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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**JAPANESE GOODS**  
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Corner Eighteenth and Franklin.

**THE EPITAPH**

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It was quite like Taber. Another man would have marched stiffly down the path and banged the front gate. But Taber still sat on the top step of the piazza and placidly surveyed the changing colors on the clouds in the west.

Agatha Vane was annoyed. She had expected her words would crush him or at least rouse him to unreasoning wrath. Instead he had looked at her quizzically and said, "Of course you're quite sure of this?" In a questioning tone which implied his disbelief, after which he sat in dogged silence on the top step, apparently pondering over the matter in the calmest of manners.

His composure irritated the girl. From her low rocker behind the vines she studied the back of his head and his broad, square shoulders. She suddenly discovered that the head was very shapely and that the shoulders suggested a comforting, manly strength, and with this discovery—oh, daughters of Eve—she nudged her brain for some cutting phrase which would penetrate the armor of his self control and wound his pride.

Taber, all unconscious of this, idly watched the sky and thoughtfully blew clouds of curling smoke into the still air.

Presently he drew from his pocket a pencil and a number of old envelope covers, on the back of which he began to write rapidly. Now and then he paused to read the scribbled lines and chuckle softly.

Agatha grew momentarily more angry. One little foot tapped the floor and she bit her lip.

"What are you doing?" she demanded at length.

"Writing," said he laconically.

"Writing what?" she asked.

"Epitaphs," said he. "I'm trying to compose a suitable one for the occasion. Wait a moment. See if any of these will do."

He deliberately assorted the envelopes and turned halfway round on the step that he might make the best use of the fading light in the west. In a solemn voice he read:

"Sacred to the memory of Love, who died from the effects of a chill, aged two years, three months and eleven days."

Agatha was silent.

"Here's another," said he cheerfully.

He lifted the envelope to the light and read slowly:

"Under this stone rests Love, who, after a precarious existence of some two years, departed this life Aug. 25. The only wonder is that he managed to hold out as long as he did."

He glanced quickly at the girl. Her lips curved scornfully.

"Sorry it doesn't meet with your approval," he observed. "Perhaps you'll like this one better: 'Here lies Love, foully murdered by the green eyed monster Jealousy.'"

There was a long silence.

"Isn't this last the most truthful of the three?" he asked.

"Jealous!" she said. "Do you imagine for a moment I'm jealous? Your conceit does you credit."

Taber smiled imperturbably.

"I hoped you were," he said simply.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth should I be jealous?"

"Well," said he slowly, as if he were pondering a matter of the gravest import, "she's a rather stunning girl, and her getup— isn't that the proper term?— is a wonder, besides which, you know, she is well fixed financially in her own right. Agatha, if you had gone auto-mobiling with a man as fascinating as the Mortimer girl is I should have been green with jealousy. You might do as much for me," he ended in a hurt tone.

"If that is your defense"— she began.

"Defense?" he said. "Oh, pardon me, but you misconstrue. I'm not making excuses for myself, but for your lack of interest in my doings. It is surprising, most surprising, Agatha."

Agatha laughed scornfully.

"Ingenious to the last," she observed.

Taber sighed.

"I see plainly that my epitaphs are misfits," said he. "Love was slain by an automobile and a girl with red hair. The girl with red hair seems to be the fatal part of the combination."

He looked thoughtfully at the sky for several moments. Then he rose from the step and stood by the girl.

"Can't you be the least bit jealous of her?" he asked.

"No," she said shortly.

"Nor of me?" he pursued.

"Nor of you," she said.

"And you meant all you said about our not being suited to one another?"

"Every word of it."

"And, Agatha, does Love need an epitaph?"

"It seems to me he was such a pauper that an unmarked grave in potter's field would do for him," she said.

Taber came a step nearer.

"Happiness is wealth," he said. "He wasn't a pauper because he was very happy."

Those few words and the tone in which he said them made her look up quickly. Taber followed up his advantage.

"I wish, since he was such a happy little chap, that he might have lived longer," he said.

The girl rose from her chair.

"Good night!" she said.

"Hold on," said Taber. "We haven't

decided on the epitaph yet."  
"Perhaps," she said, "one isn't needed—just yet." BARRY PRESTON.

**HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA.**

The Mammoth Reclining Figure at Rangun, Burma.

To the eastern traveler the statue of Buddha is a familiar sight. From Colombo, in Ceylon, to Kobe, in Japan, he is everywhere greeted by the same calm, impassive and mysterious face of the eastern preceptor of perfection. But in no city in the orient do the form and face of Buddha constitute so frequent or so essential a part of the city's decoration as in Rangun, Burma, starting place of Mr. Kipling's famous "Road to Mandalay," the stronghold of Buddhists. Notable even among the countless statues of Rangun is the mammoth Buddha, representing the strange teacher not standing or sitting crosslegged, as in the majority of statues, but reclining on a huge raised couch, his mighty form stretched out for 200 feet, while his shoulders rival the width of that wonder of the ancient world, the Colossus of Rhodes, their titanic breadth reaching fifty feet.

But one among the wonders of Rangun, this mighty figure rests near the famous Shoay Dagon, the center of the Burmese Buddhist world, crowned by the golden pagoda, which rises 300 feet above it, its walls covered with pure gold, the gift of a prince who contributed his weight in gold to the pagoda. In the Shoay Dagon there are countless other statues of Buddha, as well as relics of Gautama, the last Buddha. All, equally with the huge reclining Buddha, form a part of the religious rites of the Buddhists, for the essence of Buddhism consists in the struggle to become like Buddha, to attain his perfection by obedience to his precepts. To do this it is necessary always to have Buddha in mind, and it is for this reason that every city in the Buddhist world is literally crowded with his images. Buddha himself is not deified. Potentially every Buddhist may attain his perfection, but only by the eternal imitation of his practice.

But, while statues such as Rangun's huge colossus are important in Buddhist worship, of even more importance are the relics of Buddha.

It was about the Shoay Dagon that the Burmese made their last fierce fight when the British came to Rangun. A Venetian traveler of 300 years ago visiting the Shoay Dagon has left a description of this famous temple, conceding its claim to rivalry with his own Venice, that would serve as a contemporaneous description, and today, as in untold centuries past, the Burmese still bring their offerings of flowers and fruit, candles and paper flags, to lay before the huge reclining Buddha, whose hands would afford comfortable standing room for four of the worshippers and whose gigantic face wears the strange, inscrutable expression of calm which is the outward mark of spiritual Buddhism.—New York Tribune.

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