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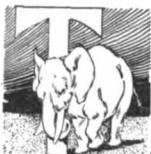
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## From the Borders of Devachan.

BY SALLIE F. TOLER.



HOSE who are interested in Archaeology, will remember the private expedition sent out to Mayapan, (El Pendo de los Mayas), in 18—, by the directors of the Metropolitan Art Museum, equipped and supported by Erastus Millman, the antiquity loving millionaire of New York.

The report of a rich field in a comparatively unexplored district, together with the hope of important discoveries bearing on Millman's favorite theory, the identity of the ancient Mayas with the primitive Asiatic races, led to the fitting out of the party.

But that which interests those who keep posted on the latest discoveries from buried history, is to know what became of the remarkable "find" which the party reported, accounts of which were published under flaming headlines, in the daily newspapers.

This is a copy of the original dispatch sent to Erastus Millman from Merida:

"TO ERASTUS MILLMAN, New York:

"We ship from Merida on Wednesday, for New York, bringing with us some of the most remarkable discoveries yet unearthed, among which is the mummy of a *tlatoani*, or Mayan noble, in a most complete and life-like state of preservation.

"Signed, HENRY LANGDON."

The newspaper accounts of this discovery were all the public ever heard of it. If any inquisitive archaeologist made more particular inquiry he was put off with vague promises and rather ambiguous explanations.

Here is a true story of the whole affair, beginning with the daughter of Erastus Millman.

Julia Millman was perhaps the most thoroughly educated woman of her age in New York. Since her father had been assured of certain fortune, he had devoted himself to two things, his passion for research in archaeology, and in training his only daughter, that she might be as enthusiastic a student of antiquity as himself. She was twenty-six years old, and could read and speak nine different languages.

With her father, she joined in the various exploration parties

from different parts of the world, and had gone with him wherever the secrets of the past are being torn from the heart of the unwilling earth. She was with the expedition of 1887, which discovered the Great Temple from the Mound, *Tell el Yahuduyeh*, one of the romances of Archaeology.

The sole reason why they had not accompanied the party to Mayapan was because Erastus Millman had been unaccountably attacked with gout, a thing which he could not account for, seeing he was of most abstemious habits in spite of his great wealth. In fact, both father and daughter lived in a manner more belonging to an humble book-keeper than to a multi-millionaire.

True, they spent money—plenty of it—but not for fine clothing, jewels, costly food or expensive establishment. They lived in an unpretending brown-stone front on East Forty-Seventh street, which was crammed from cellar to attic with treasures dug out of the ground.

There were mummies from the pyramids of Egypt, from the graveyards of Peru, and from the lava-encrusted Pompeii; there were manuscripts, in parchment and stone, from the remotest depths of India, and bronze cats from the "Cat Cemetery" of Bubastes; there were torques, armlets and beads, wrought in gold, from the bronze period, and pottery, bronze swords and shields from the same age; there were statuettes and bas-reliefs from Calamis, Phydias and Polyclethus. A part of their possessions were in the Metropolitan Museum, besides the many gifts and loans in the Smithsonian Institute and other important museums.

Julia Millman was engaged to be married to Herbert Elmore, a civil engineer, who had gone out to Mayapan with the exploring party.

Elmore was thirty, and had made considerable progress in his profession. He was very much in love with his fiancée, who received his affection in a calm, impassive way, which caused her friends to say of her:

"Julia Millman's loves and friendships are as undemonstrative as her father's mummies; they smell of the catacombs."

On the day of the party's return from Central America, boxes containing the collection had been brought to Millman's house, and Julia and her father were awaiting the arrival of Elmore, and Henry Langdon, the Metropolitan director who had sent the telegraphic dispatch, to open and examine the contents.

Presently they were announced, and Herbert Elmore took his

fiancée in his arms before them all, but half pleased at her ill-concealed impatience to get at the work in hand.

"You are not half so anxious to see me, as you are to open these boxes," he said, reproachfully. "I feel that I shall grow madly jealous of this Aztec fellow, even if he has been dead five hundred years."

"You silly boy," smiled Julia, "of course I am glad to see you; but this is a Mayan," she corrected, "not an Aztec; they are two centuries later."

Several of the smaller boxes were opened first, and the contents bestowed on shelves, previously to a descriptive labelling. When at last the box containing the remains of the tlatoani was opened, Julia and her father could scarcely restrain their impatience while the straw and palm leaves with which the figure was wrapped, were being removed.

"Prepare yourselves to be startled," said Elmore. "I believe it is the most remarkable 'find' on record. There is no shrinking away of the tissues. The whole body seems to have been preserved in some wonderful way."

"There was a method of preservation of the dead," said Millman, always ready to harp on his favorite string, "among the ancient Hindoos, which was known only to the Yoghis, but said to be shared by them with the keepers of the Egyptian Rites and Mysteries."

"But this is a Central American Indian," said Langdon, the director.

"No matter, their origin is the same. The original peopling of America dates from the time there was continuous land between this continent and Asia," returned Erastus Millman.

A cry of astonishment burst from the group when the figure was at last exposed to view.

The body of this ancient inhabitant of Central America lay in his rough coffin, looking as if he had died but yesterday. The handsome, and but faintly copper-colored face, wore an expression so benign, so near to a smile, that he appeared rather to be sleeping than dead. The heavy black hair drooped across a smooth, noble forehead, which was broad and high, and not flattened, as has been proved the custom from the numerous bas-reliefs and remains of mummies found at Palenque and Uxmal, and swept clinging round his neck like folds of satin. The brows were finely arched, and the lashes lay lightly on the high cheeks. The well-shaped hands, held close to the sides, were perfect.

"This is incredible!" exclaimed Elmore. "It is even more life-like than when first exhumed. My God!" he gasped, in consternation, dropping the hand he had taken in his, "it is flesh!"

"And what did it appear to be at first?" asked Millman, trembling with excitement, and forgetting his gouty foot, to kneel beside the box.

"Stone, or some similar substance," answered both the other men in a breath.

"We have been swindled," said Langdon. "Someone has substituted a real body for our find at Mayapan."

"Impossible!" returned Elmore. "The boxes have never been out of my sight except from the Pennsylvania depot to this house. It is the same. See this!" and he lifted the long, loose sleeve that hid the wrist, and showed a bracelet of large pearls with a pendant of onyx.

"Indian pearls!" pronounced Millman, more excited over a possible "clue" than over the extraordinary appearance of the body. "The carving on the pendant is Indian, too!"

The longer they looked, the more grew the illusion that the Mayan noble was not dead, and when Millman, removing the outer wrapping, applied his hand to the region of the heart, there was not even a sinile.

"What are we to do?" asked Langdon. "We should be mobbed if we set up an object like this in the Museum and claimed that it had been dead five hundred years."

"We must wait," returned Millman. Then he bent over the body and examined the nostrils closely.

"I was sure of it," he said in triumph; "the man is not dead; it is a case of suspended animation."

"What! For five hundred years?"

"This composition which fills the nostrils," he went on, removing as he spoke a substance that looked like a red paste, "is *mantra*, used by the red cap lamas of Thibet and the Buddhists of Mongol, when they voluntarily undergo a cessation of animation and allow themselves to be buried for thirty, forty or sixty days."

"But surely you do not credit these idle traveler's tales?" protested Elmore.

"I have no motive in telling 'idle traveler's tales' myself," returned Millman, somewhat coldly; "both my daughter and myself have witnessed the feat more than once. At Agra, an Indian Yoghi was put into a cataleptic state by another Yoghi,

and buried for thirty days. We saw him buried and exhumed again after the wheat had grown over his grave, which was watched night and day during the period."

Julia had uttered no word all this time. She stooped, awed and speechless, gazing at the beautiful face, which for some reason appealed to her, not as an archaeologist, but as a human being. At length, she rose to her feet, and said to her father:

"If you think it is as you say, it is your duty to do all you can to resuscitate him. You know how they do it," she added in a whisper.

Her father looked grave.

"It was a knowledge almost fraudulently obtained," he said, "and I promised, only in an extreme case—but this is an extreme case."

"The fact is," continued Millman to the others, "I must be alone with my subject for the experiment."

"Oh, but, I say——" began Elmore.

"We cannot place this 'find' in the Museum," insisted the old man, "no matter what we have promised. So it will remain here, anyway, until further developments. Meantime, our dinner is already delayed until I am afraid to meet my housekeeper."

Langdon took himself off, after having been sworn to secrecy, and Herbert remained to dine with his sweetheart.

To tell the truth, Julia Millman tried to meet her lover's caresses half way, that evening, but she was strangely absent, and it was with shame that she acknowledged to herself a feeling of relief when he took his departure.

Left to himself, Erastus Millman, armed with an electric battery and some rolls of old parchment, locked himself in the room with the strange presence, turned on the bright lights of two incandescent lamps, and commenced his work.

First, he examined the rolls of parchment, and having found what he sought, laid it down face up on the table, with a foot from the tomb of one of Rameses', to hold it in place. Then he removed every trace of the *mantra* from the nostrils, and all obstructions from the ears. He next proceeded to turn the body over on its face. It was rigid as stone, but not so heavy.

He adjusted the battery, and applying one end of the coil to the cervical vertebrae, and the other to the heart, he waited.

No sense of the ridiculous pervaded these endeavors. It was little difference to Erastus Millman, whether the man had been

dead for five hours, or five hundred years, besides, the unaccountable life-like appearance of the body, warranted a trial.

For two hours he used the battery, applying it to various vital parts with no visible result.

Then he turned the body back again to its original position, and studied the parchment once more. From a cabinet in the corner of the room he took a substance with which he drew a double pentagram on the floor, the lines enclosing the box. A slight luminous blue vapor arose following the lines, after he had stepped inside.

Taking the stony hands of the Mayan in his own, he placed his thumb to those of the dead hands, and repeated in Sanscrit these words :

“Oh, Brahm, release the vital spark which once animated this body, and allow it to come back to its own. Oh, Brahm, unless that atom animates another, send it to take its own—so long bereft.”

Making the mesmeric passes from the head to the feet, he extended himself upon the body heart to heart, and put his lips, breathing and warm, to the lips so long silent.

“Thou Infinite breath, Dhyani Buddha, emanation of the great Brahm, intercede with thy great source, that this cold temple of stone may be animated again with the warmth of the glowing bosom of Eternal Sun.”

It was in vain. Neither the compelling force of science nor the adjurations of magic availed. There was no more sign of life than at first.

At length, exhausted and half dead himself, Millman gave over his efforts. He removed all traces of his task, turned out the lights, and went to his own room.

As he was about to enter his door his daughter came across the hall and stopped him with a question.

“It is useless! It is too late—five hundred years too late! Let me go! I can endure no more!”

Julia stood for a few moments in deep thought, then she went back into her room, and threw about her shoulders a long, dark cloak that hid her white dressing-gown, and walked swiftly down-stairs, and into the room where the mysterious mummy lay.

Without the least tremor she turned on the lights and locked the door behind her.

Kneeling beside the box, she gazed long and earnestly at the

dead face. What nobility and strength was expressed there. What a pity that so perfect a specimen of manhood should be senseless clay, while so many unworthy—

Her thoughts fell unwillingly on Elmore, and she remembered with a feeling of repulsion his rather sharp and not handsome face and his undersized body. This man must have been an ideal of stalwart strength and virile beauty.

What was the secret of his miraculous preservation? Could it be really death? She leaned across until the soft brown tresses of her loosened hair mingled with the ebon locks of the Mayan.

A sort of madness took her.

“Come back, god-like man of the past, or take me where your spirit wanders in the invisible. Oh, why do I live too late to know thee?”

Her eyes fell on the parchment, which her father in his fatigue had forgotten. She sat down at the table and studied it closely. A note in later Sanscrit impressed along the uneven edge of the manuscript caught her eye.

“And I, Sron Tsan, do add to these instructions herein preserved, that all is not told. When it may be that the spark of life is vanished so far away that Brahm himself is powerless to recall it from the borders of Devachan, then I, Sron Tsan, say it is well to call on one of the Dara-Eke, the Glorious Mothers, who represent divine vengeance and divine love. If hate animate the soul, it shall be Okken Tengri, the terrible; but if it be love, then let the suppliant kiss the lips of the deserted body, and call upon Kwan Yin.”

Julia dropped softly to her knees again and pressed her lips, warm and living, to the mouth, cold and unresponsive for centuries.

The words came to her without effort or study.

“Oh, divine personification of Avalokites Vara, come to the aid of thy daughter who, of old, was faithful priestess in thy temple. Restore me this life, or take me to dwell with him in that Eternal Lumanae, that holds the uncompleted soul.”

A warmth seemed to grow under her lips, a faint perfume emanated from the body, and the cheeks took on a living hue.

The breast, under the folds of yellow cloth that constituted the sign of Mayan nobility, heaved tumultuously, then settled into a regular healthful movement. A rich red crept into the lips, and forgetting all else but her delirious love, Julia kissed them passionately.

Presently the eyes opened wide, and returned her look of compelling adoration, with an answering smile of comprehension.



She clasped her hands and hung over her treasure snatched from the tomb of centuries, with silent ecstasy. Long they gazed into each other's eyes, while the mysterious qualities of life, so long absent, rallied to the fast quickening body.

A subtle correspondence of thought, vague and dim, yet strangely familiar, was exchanged in that lingering gaze.

"I have come," he said, and oh, joy, in a dialect of high Hindustani, which she understood perfectly.

"And you will stay?" she breathed.

"Perhaps; for a time, at least. I know not, tender white maiden, who thou art, nor why I am here amid these strange surroundings, but the gods doeth all things well. Was it Ixmal who awakened me? And is the time, the forty hours expired?"

"No, it was not Ixmal; it was I. But tell me who thou art?"

"Surely, everyone knows Kabah, third son of the house of Tsal. But I am bewildered and confused, and you are strange to me. Where am I? And who are you, with the tender, pitying face of a mountain lily?"

"I am a stranger, and thou art far from thine own land. Thy unconsciousness, instead of lasting for forty hours, has endured for as many centuries as there are beads broidered on the altar-cloth of *Tlazolteotl*." \*

Kabah, of the house of Tsal, sat up and gazed at Julia in astonishment, then made a movement of instinctive modesty as the yellow robe, decayed with ages, fell away, leaving his breast uncovered.

"How do you know this secret of the goddess of pleasure—you a young woman, and pure?"

Julia took off the long, black mantle which she wore and wrapped it about the shoulders of her strange companion.

Then she told him of the years since the land of the Mayas was overrun by a savage conqueror from across the sea, its gentle people exterminated, or fused into that of the subduing nation—of the flight of time and the destruction of his once proud country, now known only by the study of its ruins. She told him of the expedition to Mayapan, and of her father's belief and efforts and failure.

Then she told him how she had invoked the aid of Kwan Yin, the divine virgin, to help her.

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\* *Tlazolteotl*, goddess of pleasure, worshiped by courtesans, whose altar-cloth was embroidered in five hundred beaded points, emblematic of the five hundred broken vows of chastity.

"How say you? Kwan Yin, the name of one of the traditional gods of my ancestors from out of the West? See, this bracelet of pearls I wear is from that land. This pendant of onyx is graven with the name of Kwan Yin. I have ever thought her a myth, as were other gods of the strange peoples.

"And am I, of all my race, left living, far from my father's land, from the temple of our gods? Why have you recalled me to a world where all is strange?"

As he turned reproachfully to Julia, his eyes softened with a look of ineffable tenderness.

"The spirit knows no fetters," he said, "the gods themselves are not stronger than love, and my soul hath answered thine own; is it not so, my own, my mate for eternity, my twin soul who has summoned me hither? Was it not the ardent longing of your love that called me from the invisible?"

"But my spirit would illy fit my body now, and I know that I may not remain. But thou, art thou ready to follow, my love, my sweet?"

"I am yours, only yours," murmured Julia, in a voice stifled with emotion. "If it may not be in life, then yours in death."

"There is no death," answered her lover with a strange smile. "Am I not proof of the Everlasting?" and he clasped her close in his arms.

At half-past eight o'clock Erastus Millman came into the room. The body of his daughter Julia knelt, half embracing the box which had held the remains of the dead Mayan. The box was empty now, and as Millman lifted the long dark cloak which lay inside, a subtle, impalpable dust arose, and filled the room with a faint violet color, and an odor of incense.

