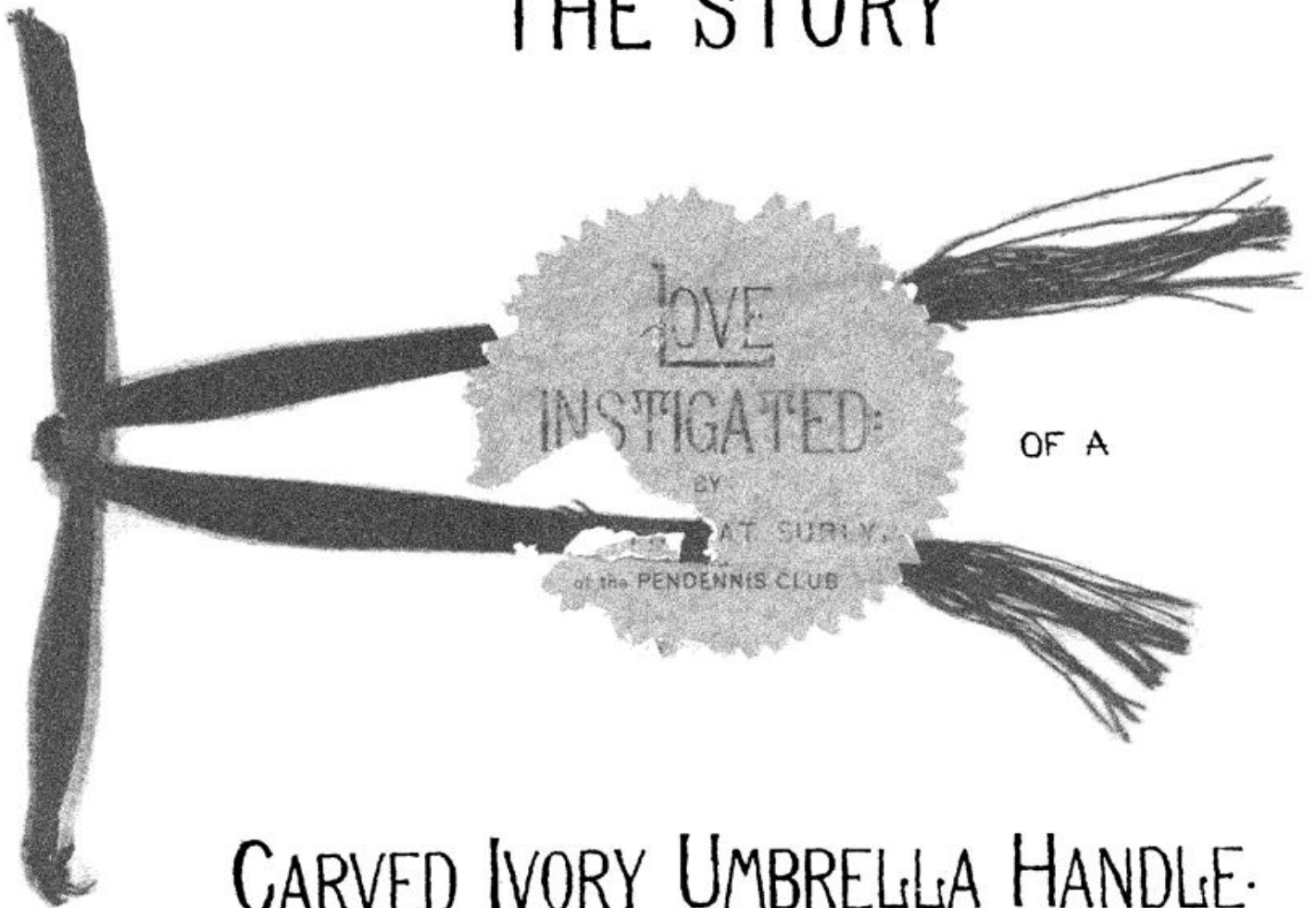


THE STORY



CARVED IVORY UMBRELLA HANDLE.

"The Man that Plants Cabbages Imitates, too. —Dobson's Choice.

**CAVEAT FILED,
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LOVE PERPETUATED: —

— The Story of a Dagger.

BY DOUGLASS SHERLEY,

— WHO WROTE
THE STORY OF A PICTURE. —



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SPECIAL·DEDICATION

TO

THE·MEMBERS·OF·THE·SHERLEY·CLUB

OF

LITTLE·:·BRITAIN:

---DESPAIR·YE·NOT·AT·ALL---

E'EN·BY·SO·SMALL·A·THING·AS·THIS·POOR·BOOKLET

MAY·YOUR

LOVES·BE·INSTIGATED!

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DEDICATED
TO EACH SINGLE SON OF ST. PENDENNIS
WHO WORSHIPS NOT AT THE SHRINE OF
THE MAIDEN PRIESTESS OF TO-DAY
---LET HIM LOOK TO'T,---
OR LIKEWISE HE MAY SOMEWHERE FIND
LOVE PERPETRATED.

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LOVE INSTIGATED.

IT WAS A DAISY BIT OF IVORY.

IT WAS A CURIOUS PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP.

IT WAS CARVED AND CARVED AGAIN WITH CONVENTIONAL LINES, WHICH FORMED A FEMALE HEAD OF EAST-INDIAN UNEXCEPTIONABLENESS.

IT SEEMED TO SMILE AND TO BECKON, AND THEN TO SCOWL REPELLANTLY---A LIVING MOCKERY!

IT WAS HATEFUL---OH, SO HATEFUL!---THE SIGHT OF SO CONVENTIONAL A THING.

AND YET THERE HAD BEEN SUCH A LONGING TO TOUCH IT AND TO HOLD IT IN THE HAND!

BUT SEE THE SEQUEL.

IT WAS NOT AN IDOL OF INDIA.

IT WAS THE CARVED IVORY HANDLE OF A TANNED
GINGHAM UMBRELLA, OF VERY PLEBEIAN AMERICAN
MANUFACTURE.

IT STOOD IN A HAND-PAINTED CHINA RECEPTACLE IN
THE LONG QUIET HALL, IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND.
IT WAS THERE WHEN I DINED WITH HIM THE NIGHT
AFTER CHRISTMAS.

IT GLEAMED AT ME WITH A SINISTER GLEAM OF ITS
DEXTER EYE!

AND IT SEEMED TO SMILE AND TO BECKON AT ME,
OUT OF THE SOFT, VOLUPTUOUS ENVIRONMENT OF
THE "INNER-SISTERHOOD," OF WHICH IT WAS A
FELLOW.

AND WHEN WE WERE SEATED AT THE GLITTER-
ING TABLE, BEAUTIFUL WITH CRYSTAL AND SILVER—
AND LEMONADE AND CAKE—
AN ESTHETIC BANQUET—
IT CHANGED, BY MEREST ACCIDENT, THAT I WAS
GIVEN A SEAT OPPOSITE THE PORTIERED ARCH-
WAY WHICH LED INTO
THE LONG QUIET HALL,
WITH ITS WINE-COLORED WEALTH OF TURKISH-
BATH TOWELING THROWN BACK.
AND AS WE SAT BENEATH THE IRIDESCENT GLOW
OF THE KEELY-MOTOR
ELECTRIC LAMP, WHICH
GLISTENED AND SHIMMERED ITS STAINED-GLASS

IRIDESCENCE ON ALL ABOUT IT, AND GAVE ITS HUE TO THE INVIGORATING BEVERAGE, WE HEADED NOT THE ELEMENTAL WAR WAGING UPON THE QUEEN ANNE EXTERIOR OF THE HOSPITABLE MANSION OF MY FRIEND.

AND WHEN WE WERE LEFT TO OUR COFFEE AND OUR PIPES, WE TALKED OF DAGGERS, AND EPITAPHS, AND TOMBS!

AND AS HE TOLD ME IN A MYSTERIOUS WHISPER THE STORY OF THE MALAY DAGGER, "GUILTLESS OF ALL GUILLE," THE VITREOUS EYE OF THAT QUAINLY CARVED ODALISQUE—FOR SUCH MY FEVERED FANCY PICTURED IT—WAS EVER GLARING AT ME WITH ITS SINISTER GLARE!

AND WHEN OUR GHOSTLY TALK WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE ENTRANCE OF OTHER GUESTS, I QUAFFED ANOTHER CRYSTAL GOBLET OF MY FRIEND'S BRAIN-MADDENING CONCOCTION, AND CASTING A LONG, LINGERING LOOK AT THE PERSIAN RUG WHICH HID THE GRAECO-ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE OF THE VAULTED CEILING, I PASSED FROM THE GOTHIC PORTALS OF THIS ESTHETIC SHRINE INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS—BEYOND THE GLAMOUR OF THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

BUT,—OH FITFUL FATE!—AS I PASSED THROUGH THE LONG, QUIET HALL AND BY THE WINE-COLORED PLUSH CORNER FROM WHOSE VOLUPTUOUS SHADOW THE SINISTER-EYED, CARVED-IVORY-HANDLE ODAL-

ISQUE CAST AN ALLURING, APPEALING LOOK TOWARD ME, AND ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY, UNINTENTIONALLY, AND UNRESISTINGLY I TOOK IT FROM ITS HAND-PAINTED CHINA RECEPTACLE, AND CLOSING THE HEAVY DOORS OF ROLLED, CATHEDRAL PLATE GLASS AFTER ME, I UNFURLED ITS SUN-TANNED GINGHAM FOLDS TO THE AFOREMENTIONED WARRING ELEMENTS. AND AS I WENDED MY DESOLATE WAY TO THE SAINTED SHRINE OF PENDENNIS, MY SEETHING BRAIN PEOPLED THE VALLEY OF UNREST WITH ELFS, AND RAVENS AND BRAHMAN GODS, AND THE DAGGER WHOSE BLOOD-STAIN BELONGED TO A VENETIAN DUKE. WHEN I PRESENTLY ENTERED THE RESOUNDING CLOISTERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. PENDENNIS

—WHEN I ENTERED THIS "HOUSE WITHOUT A WOMAN"
I SOUGHT THE SECLUSION OF A DARK, WINE-COLORED,
PLUSH-LINED CELL, AND CARELESSLY PLACING THE
TANNED GINGHAM, VEGETABLE-IVORY-HANDLED UM-
BRELLA ON THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HEARTH BE-
FORE ME,

I THREW MY MENTALLY-EXHAUSTED FRAME INTO A
A MASSIVE, DAMASK-COVERED CHAIR WITH HEAVILY-
CARVED ARMS OF HIGHLY-POLISHED OAK, AND SOUND-
ED THE TINY, TINTINNABULATING CALL-BELL FOR
SOMETHING TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF THE
TOO-EXHILERATING POTABLES OF MY FRIEND, AND
HIS NO LESS HARROWING STORIES!

BUT WHILE I THUS SAT WAITING, WITH MY FEET TO

THE COMFORTABLE FIRE, ALL AT ONCE MY GAZE WAS UNCONSCIOUSLY, UNINTENTIONALLY AND UNRESISTINGLY TRANSFIXED BY THE SINISTER GLANCE OF THE DEXTER EYE OF THE CARVED-IVORY ODALISQUE.

AND AS I SAT THERE IN THE TWILIGHT GLARE OF THE SLOWLY-CONSUMING EMBERS ON THE WIDE AND DEEP, OLD-FASHIONED, OPEN FIRE-PLACE, WITH LACQUERED-BRASS FIRE-DOGS—BENEATH THE SPELL OF THOSE STEALTHY, ROGUISH GLANCES, I, AGAINST MY WISH AND WILL, WAS LED TO THINK OF THE DARK, STRANGE AND WEIRDLY GROTESQUE THINGS OF WHICH MY FRIEND HAD TOLD ME.

AND FINALLY, AS UNDER THE STRANGE FASCINATION

OF THE VITREOUS DEXTER AND SINISTER EYES OF
THE CARVED-IVORY ODALISQUE, WHICH HELD ME
SPELL-BOUND, I LEARNED FROM THE THIN, CURLED
LIPS OF THE SAID CARVED-IVORY ODALISQUE ITS
OWN STORY.

IT WAS NOT CREATED BY LOVE.

NOR WAS IT IN ITSELF THE EMBODIMENT OF LOVE.
BUT IT BORE IN ONE OF ITS FLEXIBLE RIBS THE
TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF THE ADHESIVE QUALITIES
OF A LOVE DRIVEN BACK UPON ITSELF,—THE CON-
CENTRATION OF AN OTHERWISE WASTED FORCE.

LESS THAN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A DUDISH
RODERICK DHU STOOD FLUSTRATED WITH FIERY IN-

DIGNATION, FACE TO FACE WITH A MAIDEN PRIESTESS
—A PRIDEFUL, HAUGHTY WOMAN!

IT WAS ON THE RUE QUATRIEME. IT WAS AT THE
INTERSECTION OF TWO GREAT THOROUGHFARES.

THE CLOUDS HAD PARTED THEIR BANGS IN THE
MIDDLE, AND WERE SHIMMERING THEIR CRYSTAL
DROPS OF DISTILLED OCEAN IN TORRENTAL VOLUME
UPON THE LUCKLESS WAYFARERS.

IT CHANCED THAT THE PRIDEFUL MAIDEN PRIESTESS
WAS HURRYING ADOWN THE BOULEVARD WITH THE
SELF-SAME CARVED-IVORY-HANDLED UMBRELLA
CLOSELY CLASPED IN HER DELICATE MARIE ANTOIN-
ETTE FINGERS. SHE WAS THUS ENSCONCED BEHIND
THE SHELTERING FAUTNESS OF THE STOUT-RIBBED

GINGHAM UMBRELLA WITH THE CARVED-IVORY HANDLE, WHEN SHE PASSED OUT OF THE SHADOW OF THE MASSIVE MARBLE EDIFICE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND TURNED INTO THE RUE DE LA CHATAIGNE —AND UNCONSCIOUSLY, UNINTENTIONALLY AND UNRESISTINGLY PUNCHED A TEAR OUT OF THE DEXTER EYE OF THE RESISTLESS RODERICK DHU!

I AM SURE THAT CARVED-IVORY, OGGLING ODALISQUE WAS TO BLAME! I AM SURE THAT IT WANTONLY DROVE THE SPARE RIB OF THE STOUT GINGHAM UMBRELLA TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ITS OWN FOUL PURPOSE!

THE PRIDEFUL MAIDEN PRIESTESS HAD GREAT COM-MISERATION FOR THE ARDENT RODERICK.

SHE FRANKLY TOLD HIM SO.

AND IN A TACIT BUT POTENT—OH, SO POTENT—
WAY, BADE HIM, IF HE LIKED, TO GO WITH HER TO
HER SHRINE AND THERE HAVE HIS WEEPING WOUNDS
BOUND UP WITH "A BIT OF EAST INDIA SILK,"—AT
HER SHRINE, WHOSE DOORS SHOULD EVER BE OPEN
TO HIM.

OH! CHANCE, FORTUITOUS CHANCE! HOW MANY
FOLLOWERS OF ST. PENDENNIS ARE ANNUALLY EN-
SNARED IN THY NAME!

ERE LONG,—WITHIN A MONTH, A LITTLE MONTH—
THE DUDISH RODERICK DHU WAS A CRINGING DEVOTEE
AT THE VESTAL SHRINE OF THE MAIDEN PRIESTESS,
PRAYING THAT SHE SHOULD RECEIVE ALL HIS SUP-

PLIANT LOVE, AND "RIGHT SMART" OF HIS DEVOTION. HE WOULD NEVER LEAVE HER SIDE. HE WOULD NEVER, NEVER SMILE ON OTHER MAIDENS. HE WOULD SACRIFICE EACH TRUSTED AND TRUSTING FRIEND AND CREDITOR. SHE MUST RECEIVE HIS HEART AND HAND, AND HIS PARTIALLY-ECLIPSED OCCULAR!

ELSE, WHERE, ALL THE WHILE, WAS ALL THIS WEALTH OF PASSIONATE LOVE TO GO TO—IF IT WAS SPURNED AND SEND BACK TO ITS DONOR? WHO WOULD HAVE IT SECOND-HANDED?

THIS WAS, INDEED, A POSER.

IT WAS UNANSWERABLE!

SHE DID NOT ATTEMPT TO ANSWER IT. SHE ONLY

CONSIDERED THE FIRST PROPOSITION.

AND SHE THOUGHT OF THE CRUEL, CRUEL DEED WHICH SHE HAD BEEN LED BY THE VITREOUS-EYED ODALISQUE OF CARVED-IVORY TO UNINTENTIONALLY, UNCONSCIOUSLY, AND UNRESISTINGLY PERPETRATE UPON HIM; AND—TO CUT A SHORT STORY SHORTER—SHE CAST HER 'MIND'S EYE, HORATIO,' UPON HIS QUEEN ANNE MANSION FRONT, AND DETERMINED TO BESTOW UPON THE INJURED INNOCENT WHAT REMAINED—AFTER FIVE SEASONS—OF THE WEALTH OF HER YOUNG LOVE.

---THUS SIMPLY IS LOVE INSTIGATED.---

HAD THE MAIDEN PRINCESS REFUSED HIM HER SILVER-TINGED LOVE—HAD SHE SPURNED AND

THROWN BACK UPON HIS HANDS HIS PASSION TORN TO TATTERS—HE MIGHT HAVE PERPETUATED HIS LOVE BY WRITING "A BOOK WITHOUT A WOMAN," OR BETTER STILL, HE MIGHT HAVE SPENT THE FORCE OF HIS EXTRAVAGANT PASSION BY EXECUTING, IN ENDLESS NUMBER AND VARIETY, PATENT IVORY-HANDLED UMBRELLAS, QUAINLY CARVED IN THE VERISIMILITY OF THE OGGLING ODALISQUE, WHICH IMPELL-ED THE HAND THAT INSTIGATED HIS LOVE BY PEEL-ING HIS DEXTER EYE.

BUT, ALAS! THE THOUGHTLESS PAIR OF INNOCENTS DID NOT CONSIDER THAT THEIR LOVE, BEING MUTUAL, MUST, BY THE DECREE OF ST. DOUGLASS, DIE—UNPERPETUATED—WITH THEM!

OR, IF THEY WEIGHED THE DIRE DECREE IN THE
BALANCES OF THEIR SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, I DOUBT
NOT THAT THEY CONSIDERED THAT IF THEY PERPET-
UATED THEIR LOVE THE LENGTH OF THEIR NATURAL
LIVES THEY WOULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ENOUGH.
AND, METHINKS, THEIR HEADS WERE EQUIPOISED.
THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD HAS ALL THE DUDISH
BOOKLETS AND CARVED-IVORY DAGGER AND UMBRELLA
HANDLES THAT IT CAN EASILY CARRY. LET NOT
ANOTHER BOOKLET BREAK OLD ATLAS' BACK.
AND "DOUGLASS, O DOUGLASS, TENDER AND TRUE,"
CARVE FOR US NO MORE HEATHEN GODS OF LOVE.
E'EN NOW THEIR OCCUPATION'S GONE.
THE STAR-EYED GODDESS THAT SHINES FORTH

FROM THE GLITTERING SURFACE OF THE ALMIGHTY
DOLLAR IS GODDESS POTENT ENOUGH TO PERPETUATE
THE LOVE OF THIS DAY AND GENERATION, EVEN AS
BY HER INFLUENCE OFTEN IS

LOVE INSTIGATED.

BUT THE QUAINLY CARVED VEGETABLE-IVORY ODAL-
ISQUE HANDLE OF THE TANNED-GINGHAM UMBRELLA
THAT RESTED IN THE HAND-PAINTED CHINA RESEP-
TACLE THAT STOOD IN THE VOLUPTUOUS ENVIRON-
MENT OF THE WINE-COLORED PLUSH CORNER OF
THE LONG, QUIET HALL OF THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND
WHERE I SUPPED THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS—
[WAS THIS THE HOUSE THAT ZACK BUILT?]-IT

STILL GLARED AT ME WITH A SINISTER GLEAM OF ITS DEXTER EYE AS IT DOGGLED ME FROM ITS PLACE ON THE HEARTH OF THE WINE-SCENTED CELL—PLUSH-LINED CELL—IN THE CLOISTERED PRECINCTS OF SAINT PENDENNIS.

IT SEEMED TO SMILE A READY, GARRULOUS ASSENT TO ALL THAT WHICH I HAVE SAID.

THESE WORDS IT SEEMED TO MURMUR:

OH! THOU UNMITIGATED UMBRELLA-THEIF! RETURN ME TO THE HOME OF THOSE WHOSE LOVE I INSTIGATED, WHOSE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR.

WAKE YE! SLEEPING SON OF PENDENNIS, OR BY THE GODDESS SI[L]VA, I WILL EXECUTE DIRE VENGEANCE

Upon you!

EVEN AS I ONCE WAS THE INSTIGATOR OF LOVE, UPON
YOU MAY BE,

LOVE INSTIGATED!

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