



EMPTY ARMS

THE LEGEND OF TELUCH THE MAD ONE.

BY

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THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON



EMPTY-ARMS

"The Legend of Teluch the Mad One."

"The Moon strikes the Temple dome aslant;

The long, long Indian night casts her spell over the City, and even over Ganges the river.

Without the Temple sits Teluch watching for his lost love—waiting for the Dawn-that-never-comes. Many Twilights have faded on his vigil—aye, and many new Moons have come to find him watching.

Within the Temple the beat of Tom-Toms and the drone of Nautch—Girls chant a soft melody to the Gods of the Night.

Louder grow the Tom-Toms and nearer draws the Nautch, and the approaching scent of jasmine awakens in Teluch the Hope-that-never-dies, and touches the Memory of long-dead love-nights half-forgotten.

But the Jasmine-scent fades and the Tom-Toms grow silent in the Hush-of-Day-Dawn.

Teluch is left alone without the Temple, the Hope-that-was, dead in him.

His sad eyes strain into the darkness, his ears listen in vain for the chink of anklets on the feet of one who does not come....."

Old Hindoo Legend.

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