

GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of diverse meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his waters flow,
He speaks and the waters flow,
Now in a cadence low,
Now in a cadence low,
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
Beside the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.
—F. E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

FOR ISOBEL.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house, on Bourbon street, New Orleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year 1839 that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acquaintance he had formed in Paris. The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had been captivated by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtle personal charm. In turn, Bauderet's imagination was touched into singular activity and his sympathies borne away by Verot's magnetic genius.

It is rare indeed that two young men, poets both, find such an overmastering mutual interest flowing between them. Their friendship became at once a passion.

When Bauderet left Paris after a year's sojourn there he exacted a promise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him. Thus it came about that early in the autumn of 1839 Verot arrived, after a pleasant voyage, and took up his abode in the Bauderet mansion on Bourbon street.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a bachelor orphan, occupying the large, silent old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves. The house was a low, far spreading, gloomy brick structure, whose immense thick walls and small windows gave it a jail like appearance. Vines clambered over it from base to roof, and it was embowered in dusky trees. Surrounding it was a high brick wall topped with a picketing of iron. The gates were massive, and closed with huge spring locks that could be opened only from within. They were attended by statuesque keepers as black as night.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaners. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine. In the young man's blood burned the taint of unbridled passion, and in his brain a lawless imagination held high carnival. His poems were, like those of Poe, Baudelaire and Villon, suffused with something that suggested madness, but the young man showed no sign of an unsound mind. On the contrary, he was brilliantly, fascinatingly sane and logical in his conversation. He went little into society and entertained scarcely at all in the general meaning of the word. A few friends, rarely more than one at a time, were admitted through his pretentious looking gates and into his luxurious twilight parlors and dusk dim library. He was a connoisseur of wines, cigars and old books; he smoked almost incessantly, rarely drank to excess, read mediæval poetry and in his conversation was much given to advancing preposterously romantic theories touching almost all the relations of life.

When Verot arrived Bauderet met him at the wharf with every outward show of irrepressible delight; but the young Parisian at once felt that some great change had taken place in his friend. At first he was inclined to fear that Bauderet was not sincere in his expressions of affectionate joy over his arrival; but soon enough the mystery was adequately explained. Bauderet was in love. His whole nature was absorbed in the new passion.

Mlle. Des Champs was the daughter of a retired planter, whose home was but a few steps from Bauderet's gate. Recently the poet had met her. To meet her was to love her, and now he could find room for no other thought. Isobel Des Champs was the subject of his most eloquent conversation, his strangely melodious poetry, his curiously brilliant sketches in water colors.

Verot found Bauderet's house a very palace of enchantment; so vague and yet so effective were the impressions made by its rich tapestry, its massive mahogany furniture, its dim vistas of books and pictures and its solemn silence. The young patrician Frenchman had been accustomed to old houses, but here, in this city of the New World, his creole

friend had given him the freedom of one that seemed filled with an antiquity far greater than the Roman buildings of France could boast of—even the most ruined in old Provence.

Bauderet was anxious to have Verot see Isobel Des Champs, and, of course, the young visitor, especially after Bauderet's eloquent description, felt quite willing to meet the beautiful girl. Nor was he in the least disappointed when he saw her; indeed, her loveliness so far surpassed expectation, so dwarfed all former visions of maidenly attractiveness, that Verot was struck to the heart by her first glance.

If Isobel captivated Verot it was not a loss of love at first sight, for the handsome Parisian did not fail to impress her imagination in turn. From the moment of their first meeting they were ardent lovers, as everybody could plainly see, save only Bauderet. So lost in the infatuation of absolute devotion was he that he could see nothing but Isobel's dazzling beauty, could hear nothing but the rich, low music of her creole voice.

Soon enough Verot was in the seventh heaven of a successful courtship—not courtship, but love-felling and love his tening—while poor Bauderet went right on in blissful enjoyment of his imaginary lordship of Isobel's heart.

The autumn sped; the winter went like a dream, and out flashed the orange blooms, out poured the mocking bird songs, heavily drooped the roses by the walls. The breezes from the gulf were sweet and fragrant; the sky was like a great pale violet tent shutting in the world with a wavering mist dream of spring.

The time was approaching for Verot to depart for France, when one morning he informed Bauderet that he and Isobel were to be married, and would set sail within a fortnight to make Paris their home.

At first Bauderet was stupefied by the announcement. He gazed almost vacantly into his friend's eyes, while his face grew deadly white. Not a feature moved, however, nor did the quiet smile quite go from his firm, thin lips. It was an admirable exhibition of that self control which in those days was so much cultivated by gentlemen who were in the habit of settling all matters of personal disagreement at the point of sword or muzzle of pistol.

Of course Verot had counted the cost, and fully expected a duel, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that Bauderet would not demand a meeting. Furthermore, instead of appealing to the code the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable. After the first great struggle against the terrible disappointment which the disaster to his hopes had brought he drew close to his friend and wished him great joy.

Verot was both touched and awed by the strange change that came over Bauderet's face and manner. It was a slow, mysterious transformation of the man. His face took on an inscrutable mask of quiet, almost serene, resignation, behind which something suggested immeasurable depths of poignant suffering. In his eyes at times burned a light which startled Verot and haunted his dreams at night.

Love predominates everything, however, and the passionate young Parisian was so bewildered and blinded in the rose mist of happiness that the deepest significance of Bauderet's conduct was entirely lost to him. He was aware of nothing much besides his impending nuptials, the tender glory of the semi-tropical spring time and the wild futings of the lusty mocking birds.

About this time, as is now known, Bauderet went frequently to see an old negress, a voodoo charm weaver, and procured from her a phial of hideous poison—a black liquid, thick, rank, frenzy bearing—made from the heads of snakes, the tails of scorpions and the roots of various deadly weeds all steeped together for many days. Among the African voodoo workers this liquid was known by an appellation which meant "brain burner." It was said to induce madness of the most hopeless kind. Its concoction was attended with the most solemnly horrible of rites and incantations.

It was the night before Isobel and Verot's wedding day. Bauderet appeared to be in better spirits than usual; he had some rare old wine brought into the library, and he and Verot sat up till late drinking and smoking, while they permitted themselves perfect freedom in conversation.

Although, as I have said, their tastes were similar, no two men could have been less alike in personal appearance than were Verot and Bauderet. The Parisian was tall, athletic, fair, with blue eyes and yellow, curling hair, while the creole was dark, slight, black eyed, mysterious looking, possessing the singular magnetism of a face at once handsome and inscrutable. Bauderet's slightness was not physical frailty, however, for he was a noted swordsman, pos-

essed of extraordinary nervous energy. It was late in the night and the lamps were burning low, the flames flickering faintly and faltering in their brazen sockets among the pendant crystal brilliants, when Bauderet arose and said:

"Well, my dear old fellow, it is growing late, and you must not be drowsy on your wedding morn. One more cigar—just one—the best that Cuba ever gave to the lips of man, and then to your dreams."

He fetched from a little hanging cabinet a small ivory box curiously carved and mounted in gold, out of which he took two large oscuros separately wrapped in silver foil. One of these he handed to Verot, at the same time lighting the other.

"The last two of a priceless lot sent me two years ago by a friend at Havana," he said.

Verot daintily brushed the almost black cigar across his nose to inhale its fragrance, and instantly recoiled, for there came from it a strange, insinuating and unbearable stench.

"That is nothing," laughed Bauderet, with a hollow, brutal ring in his voice that startled Verot. "When you light it the smell disappears, and the smoke is exquisitely fine. See!" and he puffed a light cloud toward his friend's nostrils. "Isn't that incomparable bouquet?"

Verot put the cigar between his teeth and tried to light it, but the thrill of atrocious evil that flashed through his nerves caused him to let it fall.

"It's horrible!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear it!"

"Oh, what womanish qualms!" remarked Bauderet, almost testily, picking up the fallen oscuro and handing it to his guest. "Smoke it; this may be our last night together, and—"

Something in Bauderet's voice appealed to Verot's sympathy, while at the same time it made his heart almost sink. A man lying in his coffin, ready to be buried alive, might have had such a strain in his voice. His face was white, with that ghastliness which comes in extreme moments to a dark countenance, and his eyes, strangely dilated, burned with a dusky, deep set brilliance.

"You know how I feel, Verot—you know how I feel." Again the Parisian essayed to light the cigar; but the thing was not possible. He lunged it aside after inhaling one intolerable draught of its smoke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bauderet. "You have less courage than I supposed; but then you Parisians, as I've often told you, are a degenerate set."

Verot had risen, and now stood towering above his host, his magnificent frame expanding and a determined look in his fine, fair face.

"That cigar was poisoned!" he exclaimed, with dramatic energy of expression.

"Oh, surely not!" said Bauderet, with immediate concern, stooping and picking it up. He put it to his nose.

"Why, that is strange!" he cried. "What can it mean?"

The two men looked steadily, searchingly into each other's eyes, and slowly but clearly read the whole situation. One was aware that his deadly purpose had been discovered, the other knew that death was lurking for him in every corner of that gloomy old house. Verot was the first to speak.

"How shall we settle this?" he demanded, in a hard, dry tone.

Bauderet laughed sardonically and puffed lazily at his cigar, meantime shrugging his shoulders as if the matter were of light consequence to him.

"I think the best way to settle it is to go to bed and sleep it off," he remarked with a half yawn.

"Scoundrel, villain, murderer!" exclaimed Verot, permitting for the moment his indignation to master him, "you shall answer to me now!"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," said Bauderet calmly. "My sword room is but a step from here. Follow me if you're not afraid."

Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim rooms and along a low, narrow passage between damp brick walls, then into a bare, windowless little room.

"See here," said Bauderet, stopping close to one of the dismal walls, "this doesn't look like a door, does it?"

He flung a moment about a certain spot, pressed a hidden spring and pushed open a low shutter, disclosing another cell like apartment, dank, grimy and ill smelling. Into this Verot followed him. They halted and faced each other, a little lamp carried by Bauderet lighting up their drawn and ghastly faces.

"We can settle our little trouble here without the slightest fear of being interrupted. This is where, as I have heard, one of my reckless kinsmen, who formerly owned the house, used to confine stolen slaves what time he was awaiting a chance to run them off. Nobody liv-

ing save myself knows that this room exists."

He smiled cynically, and lifting the lamp gazed around at the slime on the ceiling bricks. Then he made a little perulant motion and said:

"The swords—the rapiers—I have forgotten them. Hold this lamp a moment, please!"

Verot mechanically accepted the proffered light; but as he did so something in Bauderet's look, or in his movement, put him on his guard, or rather startled him a little.

"You'll not be afraid to stand here a moment while I go fetch the swords, will you?"

He placed peculiar accent on the word "afraid," and Verot felt his blood tingle in response to the insinuation.

"You shall soon have your test of skill as well as of courage," he responded; "but if you are going back after weapons you'd better take the lamp. I can wait without it."

"This is not a pleasant waiting room," sneered Bauderet, again letting his eyes slowly sweep the loathsome little cell.

He was still smoking the smoldering black cigar, and the paterings of fragrance slowly strayed in the chill, damp air.

"Don't stand there like that," said Verot savagely, "or I'll stamp you into the floor."

"A coward would do that," retorted Bauderet, taking two or three light backward steps and pausing in the little doorway. "I have some doubts of your honor, or ought to have."

"Fetch the rapiers, sir," was all that Verot said. His terrible anger was mastering him.

Bauderet retreated one more step, then with a fardish leer laid his hand on the heavy shutter.

"You command, but I shall take my own time to obey," he remarked in a tone of constrained excitement. "How should you like to wait in this little boudoir until your bride comes to you?"

Like a flash the meaning and the purpose of Bauderet's words and movements leaped through Verot's mind. Already the door was slowly swinging shut.

So frightful was the thought, with its infinite suggestions of horror, that the tall Parisian stood for a single moment paralyzed.

"Good night forever, Augustin Verot. May your dreams be sweet," said Bauderet.

Slowly, steadily, the door, which was in reality a hinged section of the massive wall, swung round.

Verot let fall the lamp, which, clanging brazenly on the brick floor, remained sputtering and burning there with a strange, fantastic light. Something like a death chill shivered through the air.

One long bound the Parisian made, uttering a low, harsh cry of rage and terror as he was caught between the closing door and the jaw of the doorway.

There was a struggle like the fighting of wild beasts, the men growling and panting in the extremity of their brutal straining and tearing.

Presently a body was heaved and flung. It fell in the center of the cell, and lay ghastly and motionless beside the fast-dying lamp flame. Then the ponderous door went to with a dull thump and a sharp click of the hidden spring.

One of the rivals stood on the outside of the cell, panting and gasping, the white froth clotted on his lips; the other lay limp and lifeless within.

The mystery, which for nearly fifty years had hung over the old Bauderet homestead, was cleared up when the house was torn down. The laborers came in the course of their work to a low, narrow, hidden room, damp and repulsive, in the middle of which lay a skeleton clothed in rotten garments. This was the body of Charles Marot Bauderet, whose sudden disappearance about the time of the marriage of Isobel Des Champs to Augustin Verot had given rise to so many wild stories. In fact, so absolute had been the mystery that not the faintest clew to the missing man had ever been found until this revelation by the workmen divulged everything.

Immediately after the discovery of Bauderet's skeleton inquiry was begun as to the whereabouts of Verot, who was traced and found, an old man, widowed and childless, penniless and friendless, on the island of Corsica. He told his story as I have told it to you, and, as if the relief from the long strain of his hideous secret had relaxed his whole being, he fell at once into a state of collapse, from which nothing could rally him. He died in his seventy-fourth year, muttering with almost his last breath:

"Isobel, Isobel, it was all for you! I gave him the grave he meant to give me. It was a close and silent tomb, but at last—at last—it has given—ah!—given up—its secret!" Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of fifteen dollars claimed to be due at the date of this notice on a mortgage bearing date the sixth day of February, 1890, between Charles E. Bogle of Rochester, Monroe County, New York, of the first part, and Adelia R. Hopkins of the same place, of the second part, to secure the payment of (\$500.00) five hundred dollars with interest, part of the purchase money of the premises hereinafter described and recorded in the office of Monroe County Clerk's office the sixth day of February, 1890, at 2:40 p. m., in Liber 324 of mortgages, at page 324, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statutes in such cases made, the premises described in and covered by said mortgage located in the City of Rochester, County of Monroe and State of New York, being part of the Jennings Tract, beginning at northeast corner of lot 134, eleven links south of the southeast corner of lot 133, thence west parallel with the line of lot 132 one hundred and fifty links; thence north to the west line of lots 132, 133 and 134 to 40 links south of the south line of lot 134; thence east parallel with the line of lot 134 to the west line of Alexander street; thence south to the place of beginning, covering 30 links from south line of lot 134 and lot 133, and all of lot 132 fronting on Alexander street, will be sold at public auction at house No. 45 Elm street, in said City of Rochester, on the 24th day of November, 1891, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated the 27th day of August, 1891.
ADELIA R. HOPKINS,
Mortgagee.