

VOICE AND VIOLIN

By W. W. Hines

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Herman Muller was thrifty, very thrifty, very musical and very much in love. The fact that he was very shy and very much in love disturbed him greatly, and the fact that he was very musical disturbed other people, particularly the people in the house where he boarded. This house was in a very quiet part of Brooklyn, and from it Herman went to his work in New York every morning and returned in the evening. During business hours, from 9 to 5, he was Herman Muller, head bookkeeper for the importing firm of Drummond & Hart. After business hours he was "that moon eyed Dutchman who plays the fiddle."

Herman had tried one boarding house after another, but never had he found one where violin playing at night was encouraged either by land lady or the other boarders. Finally he had moved into this house and, in desperation, resolved to brave all the untold remarks. The quiet part of the city suited him, and really the other boarders were not as entirely unreasonable as some others he had known. Opening on to his room was a small fire escape balcony, and he had secured permission to sit on this in the evenings and play his violin softly. The softness was stipulated by the concessionaires. It was very cold on the balcony in winter time, but he was always cheered up by the society of his beloved "fiddle" and the knowledge that spring was coming.

And it was in the spring that he fell in love—not once, but twice. Now, it was grateful to his Teutonically sentimental soul to fall in love, but it is difficult even for a German musician to love two women at once with whole-souled enthusiasm. Yet he was not exactly in love with two women—he was in love with a woman and with a voice.

The woman was the new stenographer in the office of Drummond & Hart. Slender, brunette and dainty, she was in every respect antithetical to the big,

From the window where the singer sat a silvery laugh floated out. The window closed, and the voice accompanied his next no more that night.

Next day at the office he stole many furtive glances at Miss Dumont and tried to decide whether he was in love with her or with the voice he had heard the night before. Already he was beginning to think of it as The Voice, mentally capitalizing the words. Before the day was over he decided that he was in love with Helen Dumont. The graceful turn of her head and the purity of expression in her big brown eyes seemed to him worth all the voices in the world. But in the evening The Voice again accompanied his violin playing, and for an hour he was near to forgetting Miss Dumont.

This went on all through the spring, and Herman began to lose flesh under the strain of trying to decide whether he was in love with a beautiful girl or a beautiful voice. Time and again he wrestled unavailingly with the shyness which prevented him from getting better acquainted with Helen Dumont. He often met her on his way home in the evening and knew that she lived somewhere close, but he could never quite get his courage up to the point of asking permission to call on her.

Then he made up his mind that he would see the owner of The Voice. He knew that she lived in the house next to the place where he boarded, but a projecting bay window cut off the view of this house from his window, and he had no way of knowing what room the owner of The Voice occupied. One evening in June he made his opportunity. At the end of a waltz song which he had been playing he softly laid down his violin and stepped on to the next fire escape balcony. He was long armed and athletic, so it was with little difficulty that he worked his way along from one fire escape to another until he had rounded the point of the bay window. The bright moonlight made him easily visible on the fire escape, and he knew that he stood an excellent chance of being shot for a burglar, but physical danger was not half so terrifying as the prospect of continuing longer with his love divided between a voice and a woman.

As he reached the point of the bay window he peeped cautiously around it. He saw a girl leaning out of a window, and he instantly darted back. The girl was Helen Dumont. He had not known she lived so close to him, and he hoped she had not seen him. He resolved to wait where he was until a girl with The Voice should come to her window. He had to wait only a few moments before he heard The Voice humming the refrain of the waltz song which he had been playing a few minutes before. Again peeping cautiously around the wall, he again saw on Helen Dumont. She saw him and laughed that sweet, silvery laugh had heard before.

It struck him suddenly and very forcibly that he was a fool, a big German, musical, sentimental fool. The owner of the voice was Helen Dumont. Therefore he must be twice as much in love with Helen as he had thought it possible to love a woman. Very quietly he made his way back to his own balcony and picked up his violin again. If, stupid fool that he was, he could not speak for himself, he could make his instrument speak for him. The Voice was silent, but he did not care. He knew that she must understand. As a finale he played a composition of his own only in time to escape epithets hurled at him from half a dozen neighbors.

And, once having told his love with the violin, he had less difficulty than he anticipated when he called on Helen Dumont the following evening afternoon. He was in a good way.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Muller live in one of New York's prettiest suburbs, in a cottage where violin music and singing can disturb no neighbors. The wife is just as happy as a woman can be who takes vast pride in her husband's talent and stupidity. She is even prouder of his stupidity than of his talent. Herman—well, he has never got over falling in love with his wife twice, a thing possible only to stupidity like this.

A PREJUDICED VIEW

(Original.)

One night while traveling in the country I stopped at a farmhouse. I could see plainly that the farmer's wife was not a person to be lived with on amiable terms. After she had gone to bed the farmer and I sat together chatting about the dull wintery in the country and the want of means of amusement, especially for the older people. I asked him if he liked to read.

"Waal, stranger," he said, "I reckon I do like to read of I kin git the books. For a long time I had nothin' but Shakespeare and the Bible. But last winter I got a historical book about them kings and queens of England. I was interested in one of 'em, a king called Henry VIII. That king was the only man I ever read or heard about that got ahead of six women, all his wives, and didn't hev to kill more'n two of 'em neither."

"He was a monster," I protested.

"Waal, now, stranger, I hain't so sartin about that. I don't know that he was quite excusable in the matter of his first wife, the Spanish woman; but, ye see, a man to git ahead of six wimmen has got to be mighty sharp. If I remember right, Henry had married his brother's widow, which is contrary to Scripture, and after livin' with her twenty years his conscience troubled him. It may be that he hadn't order married her in the first place, but it makes a good deal of difference whether a woman's young and amiable or old and spiteful. No, I think, under the circumstances, Henry was excusable for gitin' a tender conscience at the right time. Most people's consciences prick 'em at the wrong time. Henry's came in remarkable handy."

"You surely don't approve of his beheadin' Anne Boleyn, his second wife?"

"Waal, now, I hain't so sartin about that neither. Henry's conscience was a very tender one and, as I said afore, always pricked him at a convenient time. When his first wife died, he wanted to show her every mark of respect and ordered his court to put on black. Anne Boleyn showed what kind of a woman she was when she ordered her wimmen to wear yaller. That made Henry mad. It was a convenient time to be mad. He was gittin' ready for his next wife. I reckon he hadn't been king and wise as a serpent besides he'd never at done what he did with the bull six on 'em."

"His third wife?" I remarked, "Jane Seymour, was I believe, the only one of the six who died a natural death while married to him. The next, Anne of Cleves, he divorced."

"The Cleves woman was the only sensible one of the lot, the only one that come any ways near gittin' even with the king. When he said, 'You git', she was very much pleased to go. This wounded the king sorely. A man don't like to be taken at his word by a woman, no matter how onrly she is."

"What do you think of the case of Katherine Howard?"

"Lemme see. What did she do? There's so many of 'em I forgit."

"As a mere child she had been led into several indiscretions, including a sort of marriage with a low bred fellow who afterwards turned pirate. As soon as she married the king all those who had led her astray."

"I remember now. They all turned office seekers, and the queen had to give 'em situations or they'd blow on her. Waal, now, I don't see how Henry could 'a' done any different. He wouldn't believe nothin' ag'in her till the bull thing was out. Katherine was one of them middle-of-the-road wimmen. She might 'a' lived if she'd only given in. She wouldn't own up to her first marriage. The king couldn't git a 'nulent of his marriage on any other ground, so he had to chop her head off. She done that; Henry didn't. You see, stranger, there's a peculiarity about wimmen that it requires just such a man as Henry to handle. They never give in. Katherine preferred to lose her head, and in doin' so she only showed a woman's natur."

"There's another point in Henry's favor. He had two gals to leave the crown to and only one boy, an' he was weakin'. Henry had a nateral insight into wimmen's onliness to run things, and, havin' a tender conscience, it grieved him to think o' leavin' his people to suffer under 'em. And it turned out he was right. His first darter was 'Bloody Mary,' whose name speaks for her. Then comes Elizabeth, who cut off the heads of the men she loved, and loved her cousin, Mary, queen of Scots, so well that she cut her head off too."

"No, stranger; in summin' up the married life of Henry VIII, I consider that he was a remarkable man and a very conscientious one. He done all he could to keep England from bein' poster with wimmen rulers, and for that alone he order be honored by his grateful countrymen. Six of 'em! Jist think of it, stranger. Six of 'em! What would you and I do with such a lot, restricted by law as we air? Henry VIII was a great and good man."

"The farmer's arguments set me to thinkin'. Of late years we have had lives of Aaron Burr, settin' forth his virtues, and of Benedict Arnold, showin' how bad treatment and inexorable fate compelled him to betray his country. I confess the farmer's logic impressed me as favorably as many lives I have read of the world's prominent sinners.

"The farmer having no more of King Henry's queens to discuss except the last, who survived her husband, and, as the farmer expressed it, "didn't count," he showed me to my room. I overheard a curtain lecture he received from his wife, which somewhat diminished my respect for her opinion of women in general and the unblinded character of his excuses for the great British royal Bluebeard.

E. A. MITCHELL.

THE OTHER MAN

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One dark night, while Grant's lines were investing Petersburg, a Federal force captured a Confederate outpost, and no sooner were the prisoners brought in than one of them proved to be the double of a private in a New York regiment.

The name of the Confederate was Wakefield, while that of the Federal was Thomas. The former belonged to a Louisiana regiment. When placed side by side they seemed to be twin brothers. Each was about twenty-two years old, each was about five feet five inches high, each weighed 140 pounds. Their eyes and hair were of the same color, and even their voices were the same except that the southerner had a little more drawl. The pair were as much astonished as the officers and purgans who were called to look them over.

You will not be surprised that advantage was taken of this curious coincidence to send Thomas into the Confederate lines. As a preparatory step he was given a week in which to pump Wakefield. The prisoner did not know the object, and, being of a garrulous disposition, he was ready to talk on any subject. Thomas got from him his family history complete, then the name of the town from which the man hailed, with incidents of people and streets; then the names of his officers and comrades, with incidents of campaigning. The Federal had been an actor before enlisting and had cultivated a wonderful memory. When he had stored up a thousand different things in his mind he bought the uniform worn by the Confederate and was ready to get out on his mission.

One night Thomas was taken down to the front and made a bolt for it. In other words, it was made to appear that one of the Confederate prisoners was making a dash for liberty, and the picket opened a sharp fire, but took care not to aim at the running man. On reaching the Confederate lines Thomas was sent to the headquarters of General Mahone. The general seemed a bit suspicious, and Thomas, playing the part of Wakefield, asked that his captain be sent for. It was a couple of hours before the officer arrived, and the general at once said to him:

"Captain, this man who has come into our lines tonight claims to be a member of your company. Is he or is he not?"

"He certainly is, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What's his name?"

"John Wakefield, sir."

"That settled it."

After three or four days and under pretense of visiting a cousin in a Virginia regiment Thomas covered the front and had a look at guns and fortifications. When he returned to camp, calculating to take the first opportunity to escape, he was at once put under arrest. It appeared that Wakefield and some of his comrades had raided a store of a lot of entablés, and the proprietor had ascertained their names and now demanded their punishment.

When the merchant and Thomas were brought face to face the latter declared that Thomas was not the man he represented himself to be. Why he should have made such a declaration is a puzzle, but he seemed to be guided by intuition. He was ridiculed and laughed at, but he stuck to his assertion and even denounced Thomas to General Mahone. As stated after the war, the general had felt doubts of Thomas from the first, which may again be set down to the sense of intuition.

The name of the merchant who had been despoiled was Saunders, and he was of an implacable nature. Being put on his mettle by the sneers and ridicule, he determined to prove his case at all costs. As the accused he had the general ask hundreds of questions. He knew the town and the people from which Thomas as Wakefield claimed to hail and in the course of the day had trapped him a dozen times over. As an offset all the officers and privates of the company asserted that Thomas was Wakefield and that there was no room to doubt. He went at it and related every incident of camp life for a year past and told of things which it seemed impossible for a stranger to know.

General Mahone was clearly puzzled over the case and took two days to think it over. At the end of that time Thomas was escorted back to find a soldier in Federal uniform in the general's tent, and there were also two civilians waiting. It was a little surprise for the spy. The man in Federal uniform claimed to have known Thomas as a Federal soldier under the name of Brown, and the two civilians claimed that he had never been a resident of their town.

Thomas realized that the pinch had come, and he braced himself to make a fight for his life. General Mahone treated him in the fairest manner, and acting as his own counsel, he went at it and soon had the supposed Federal soldier all twisted up and out of the running. Then he tackled the civilians, and they proved to be as easy game. Instead of being cornered up he cornered his accusers, and it was so well done that he was complimented by the general. When the case had been concluded, Mahone leaned back and looked at the prisoner for a long minute and then said:

"Wakefield, everything is in your favor, and I am going to dismiss the charges."

There is no doubt that in time the imposition would have been exposed and that he would have ended his life on the gallows, but one night during a terrible thunderstorm, with a row going on between the pickets at the same time, he made a bolt and fortunately reached the Federal lines in safety.

M. QUAD.

TIMBER IN RIVER BEDS.

Fortune Awaits the Inventor of a Method to Recover It.

"If some scheme could be devised," said a Stillwater (Minn.) man, "by which the sunken logs which fill the beds of rivers and creeks in the logging sections of this country could only be recovered, immense fortunes would be made. Along the St. Croix waters it is estimated that logs enough are imbedded in the sand of river bottoms to keep mills running for years. Under present conditions the loss is total, for no successful method has ever been devised to effect this saving.

"Occasionally logs cut years ago are forced by the washings of floods from their sand beds and driven upon the shores, where the action of sun and wind drives them out sufficiently so that they will float down stream, but the percentage of logs recovered is small, and millions of dollars' worth of property is lost beyond recovery until some enterprising genius invents a machine or process to recover the timber.

"At Stillwater logs occasionally come to the sorting booms bearing marks in use half a century ago, and when they appear the old lumbermen grow reminiscent of men who have been long forgotten, but who were important operators in the pioneer logging days of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"No possible estimate can be made of the amount of timber thus lost, but lumbermen estimate that the rivers of Wisconsin, in the value of the logs buried in their sands, have fortunes of millions of dollars if the logs could be recovered. Wisconsin has been one of the big pine states, and your Chippewa, Wisconsin, St. Croix and Menominee rivers and their tributaries contain fortunes in sunken timber.

"Strange as it may appear, the value of the timber is not lessened, even after it has been submerged for half or quarter of a century. Efforts have been occasionally made to recover sunken logs. At one time a company was organized at Stillwater to dredge streams and thus recover some of the timber, but the plan did not work with any great degree of success, this method being found too expensive. Some one will come along some day with a plan, and this immensely valuable product, now lost, will be recovered."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A CONVERTED ANARCHIST

(Original.)

The man who told me this story is dead or I could not tell it without almost surely occasioning his death:

"I was a poor man, though I belonged to a good family and had been well educated. At college I imbibed revolutionary, not to say communist, doctrines which influenced me, but not seriously, until on coming out of the university I lost my father and the assistance he had given me; then, facing the world with no means, I was drawn to embrace anarchism. There was no excuse for me. I was young, and the world was before me. I was one of the impractical, theorizing kind who prefer trying to revolutionize natural laws rather than work. Added to this, I had the faculty of inspiring others. I joined a band of anarchists and became a leader among them.

"My mother had a brother of whom I had never heard. He was considered the black sheep of the family and was never spoken of to me, the only child of his only sister. He had run away as a boy and had broken his mother's heart by never writing a line. Up to the time I became an anarchist he had never been heard from. Judge of my surprise one day to learn through collectors that this uncle had died in South America and left a fortune of \$850,000 to me.

"How quickly my theories of the world's wrongs vanished! I did not dare to break my connection with anarchists, but gradually ceased to attend meetings. One day I was horrified at receiving an order to assassinate one of the crowned heads of Europe. I knew well that should I refuse I would be myself assassinated. One advantage I would have in disobeying the order—I was rich and could isolate myself from any one who might attempt to kill me. I turned my fortune into gold and disappeared. A few weeks later I turned up in one of the southern states. My hair, which had been a light brown, was black. My beard, which had been but a few tufts, was now luxuriant. My name was changed. Indeed, as little of my old self remained as I could help. I bought a small plantation and pretended to raise cotton. In its center was my house, and no one could reach me without passing a number of my employees, whose duty it was to keep off an enemy.

"I lived for several years without hearing from my old associates, but this only assured me that at the outset I had eluded them. I knew that I had been condemned and some one had been appointed to kill me. The only question was, Would my executioner tire of the work or be withdrawn for lack of funds or other causes?

"One day I noticed that a new candy store had been opened in the village. I went inside and looked over the stock. It was very meager, and I bought nothing. A young woman who stood behind the counter looked disappointed and asked me to give an order for anything I liked and she would execute it. I am fond of chocolate and told her to make me some chocolate creams. She promised to have them ready the next day and send them to me. Instead of sending she brought them. When she was announced I told my guards to admit her. She was a very attractive looking person, and I did not desire to keep her away. She asked me to try her chocolates and tell her wherein they did not please me. I ate a few of them and pronounced them excellent. That seemed to satisfy her, and she left at once, though I would have been glad to have her remain longer.

"In a week I went by the candy shop, stopped and gave her an order for some more chocolates. She told me that she knew of a new kind that she was sure I had never eaten. I gave her an order for some of them, telling her that I would not put her to the trouble of sending them, but would call for them. I did so, but they were not ready. I called again, but still they had not been made. The woman told me that certain ingredients were required, for which she had been obliged to send to the city. She would bring them when they were ready.

"Meanwhile I never relaxed my vigilance in keeping any suspicious person from my house, and both there and when I went out I was strictly armed to the teeth.

"One day the candy woman was announced, and I ordered her to be admitted. She handed me the box of chocolates, and while I tried them she amused herself with an Italian greyhound I had always with me. The dog was lying on a rug at the other end of the room, and she went over to him and patted him. On opening the box I found the chocolates in layers of four large, flat squares. I ate two and found them delicious. The third I threw to the dog, who caught it in his teeth and swallowed it. I noticed that the woman turned pale. I was about to eat the fourth when I saw the dog looking at it longingly. I tossed it to him. As I did so the woman gave a shriek. The dog caught it, as before. There was an explosion, and his head was spattered over the room.

"The secret was out. The woman had been commissioned to murder me! She was knocked senseless by the explosion. I was unhurt."

An arrangement was made between the ex-anarchist and the woman. She wrote that she had killed her man. A coffin full of stones was buried, and the man was never again seen on his plantation. Then a notice was published of the woman's death—caused by wounds—which she managed to have reach an anarchist circle. The two lived together as man and wife till the husband's death a few years ago.

ALVA GOODSSELL.



HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE.

blond, untidy looking fellow who so admired her at first sight. But Herman was a handsome fellow despite the careless manner in which he dressed, and the new stenographer often glanced at him approvingly when she knew he was looking the other way.

Mr. Drummond, the senior partner in the firm, introduced Herman to the new stenographer. He knew Herman's reputation for shyness and only by a great effort kept down a smile when he saw the big German blush conspicuously upon meeting the frank glance of the young girl. The introduction over, Herman promptly turned to his books, more for the purpose of letting the blush die away than for any other reason. As he peered over the books he reflected with delight that the girl's name, Helen Dumont, was a name that eminently suited her.

It was not until business hours were over, his dinner eaten and the violin and himself in close companionship on the little balcony that he decided he was at last in love. Then he took the violin into his confidence, cuddling it up to his chin and playing very softly a little love song of the Rhine country. It was a light thing, rippling and sunny, and it seemed to express his feelings. He wondered if Helen was musical. She must be, her face was so sensitive, he decided.

As he played he heard a window raised in the house next door and reflected uneasily that some one would probably shout across to him to keep his fiddle playing for the daytime. However, no protest came, and he changed the air he was playing to Schubert's serenade. Scarcely had he taken up the measure of this than he heard a voice accompanying him. No words were sung; it was a sort of humming, but in a voice of so pure a soprano quality that he was thrilled through and through. Then he played one of Sauer's peasant love songs, and the voice still accompanied him, this time singing the words very softly. But other windows in his own house were raised to protest at the music.