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A NOVEL SYNOPSIS.

From London Press.

Everybody who knew Mr. Doubleday

agreed that it was entirely his own fault

that he had not achieved a distinguished

position in the musical world. His mis-

fortune was beyond question. He was a per-

fect master of several instruments, had a

profound knowledge of the theoretical

branch of his art, and was, in addition to

this, a man of wide reading and some lit-

erary power. Yet, came age of fifty, he was

engaged in a desperate struggle for exis-

tence. (The reason was not difficult to dis-

cover. Mr. Doubleday had sandy views

about the nature of art and the duties of an

artist which, however sublime, in them-

selves, are conducive neither to poverty

nor popularity nor pecuniary profit. He had

a constitutional horror of humbug to every

shape, and an unfortunate facility in hurt-

ling out his own opinions, in defiance of con-

ventionality and prejudice. By these means

he had ruined after another of the

chances life had brought him. He had

fallen as a professor at a well known musi-

cal institution by the remorseless severity

with which he kept his pupils at the

ground-work of the grand old masters, al-

lowing them to proceed to higher things.

He had made himself impossible as a conductor

by his resolute refusal to have anything to

do with works which did not satisfy his

high standards of artistic excellence. He

had lost his post as musical director of one

of the London theatres by his ferocious out-

bursts upon one or two distinguished

amateurs. In the natural course of things,

therefore, Mr. Doubleday sank lower and

lower in the world, until, meeting with

health in addition to his other reverses, he

was at last compelled to take a second

respite in a well-known London orchestra,

while his daughter Maggie—for by this

time Mr. Doubleday was a widower—

extracted what addition she could make to

their scanty means out of a middle-class

lodge.

One wet December evening the little

German came home rather late than usual

to his modest mansion, in the neighborhood

of Park street, Camden Town. Maggie

was, as usual, waiting up for him, and

from his huddle and dripping over-

coat, Mr. Doubleday had been with

himself as an umbrella. The old man turned

the little from parlor and, without many

formalities, fell to work upon the

Dutch cheese, the household loaf, and the

half-pint of beer spread out for his refresh-

ment.

"Any news, Maggie?" he inquired pre-

sently.

"Yes, great news, father," said the girl

tripping up, from her work. "I have had a

visitor."

"Primly or haughty?" asked Mr. Doubleday

fixing her with a rapid recognition that the

"water-rates" had called a few days pre-

viously, and promised a repetition of his

visit about now.

"A friend," said Maggie, in a gay tone.

"He said he had good news for you and left

this note with the messenger that you must

be at home to-morrow without fail." Mr.

Doubleday opened the note which his

daughter handed to him, and read as fol-

lows:

"Dear D.—Have you still not the sym-

phony by you about which we have been

confering? If you have, I think I

can find an opening for it, provided you will

be content with the compensation of five

pounds. I am sure it is a gem. Will call at

10 A. M. to-morrow.

Yours, GEORGE SWAN.

"Does the man, what does he want him-

self like that? Why, the very paper he

uses, who had a rapid recognition that the

reserve his company. "I don't know,"

he said, in the first place, to whom I am to

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