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Ocean Limited No. 200, a.	13.17
Accommodation No. 36 a.	10.40
Blackville train No. 60, d.	16.35
Night Freight No. 40, a.	2.25
Night freight No. 40, d.	2.50

GOING WEST

Maritime Express No. 33, a.	23.45
Ocean Limited No. 199, a.	16.20
Accommodation No. 35, a.	14.05
Blackville train No. 59, a.	10.20
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Her Place

He Takes It and Wins Musical
Honors.

By T. W. WINDHAM.

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Margaret Trentham, a fair Bostonian,
stood in a room in a German pension.
She was speaking to a young man, like
herself a musician, who had just

"You don't realize what it means to
me, Mr. Tolstoy. This is my last turn
here and the concert tomorrow my
only opportunity of playing publicly in
the Conservatoire."

"But the circumstances are excep-
tional," he urged. "It happens that
Professor Meyerhaus is in Leipzig re-
cruiting violinists for his American
tour, and it occurred to me that per-
haps he would include me in his or-
chestra as solo pianist."

"By engaging me Meyerhaus would
save the huge fees demanded by musi-
cians who have made a name, and for
me—a pause gave additional weight
to his words—"It means possibly the
opening of a career. I should come
before the public at once and without
expense instead of returning to Amer-
ica to drudge at teaching, because I
do not possess the means to make an
imposing debut."

"But you forget," she added in
self vindication, "I have rehearsed
with the orchestra throughout the
term, and the conductor will not ap-
prove of a change at the last mo-
ment."

"I have already obtained his permis-
sion," he began.

"Then if he is willing for you to
play why does he allow the decision to
rest with me?" she broke in.

The tension of a momentary silence
tried him beyond endurance. Rising,
he walked to the door, pausing at the
threshold.

"Forgive the intrusion. Unfortu-
nately I misled myself with the belief
that you would willingly cede a chance
to a professional, being yourself an
amateur and independent. I can only
hope that your triumph tomorrow"—he
lingered on the word in conscious
sneer—"will atone for the vexation of
my visit."

A large cosmopolitan audience filled
the Conservatoire hall for the final
concert of the season.

An attendant opened the piano in
readiness for the concerto as the pian-
ist came forward, escorted by the mas-
ter under whom she had studied.

She seated herself at the instrument,
and a little ripple of applause broke
from the balcony. Glancing upward in
shy acknowledgment, she met the
steadfast gaze of a man seated imme-
diately facing her, who vouchsafed but
the merest glance of recognition and
regarded the study of a music score
lying on his knees.

The players lowered their bow hands
for several bars' rest. In the full pre-
ceding the excerpt for the solo instru-
ment the sound of a sharp indrawn
breath struck downward through the
silence.

The baton beat on steadily—three—
four—"One!"

No answering chord from the pian-
ist. The conductor glared at her
aghast, the orchestra in undisguised
surprise. She started slightly, and the
color flamed into her cheeks.

The baton swooped down again.

"One, fraulein!" The conductor
leaned forward, half frantic. "Have
you forgotten?" he hissed.

A soft, level voice prompted sudden-
ly from the balcony, "The allegro
movement, key A flat minor, extended
chord."

She glanced swiftly forward with a
little impulsive gesture and rose in
her seat, faced the conductor, flashed
a glance of swift defiance and passed
with head erect through rows of thun-
derstruck musicians to the platform
exit.

Bewildered comments were exch-
anged throughout the hall, and the nota-
bility in the stalls adjusted its spec-
tacles rather irritably and awaited de-
velopments.

"These Americans! These Ameri-
cans!" chafed the conductor, beside
himself with rage; then he hurried an
order at the doorkeeper, pointing to
the balcony.

"Herr Tolstoy! Fetch him immedi-
ately!"

The man at the end had already dis-
appeared, and in the passage connect-
ing the platform with the cloakrooms
he encountered the retiring pianist.

"Quick!" she whispered. "The con-
ductor called for you."

His face glowed with trembling,
exultant gratitude. He seized her
hand and started backward conscience
stricken as a tear fell glistening on her
cheek.

She rushed past him disconcerted,
paced the step or two down the pas-
sage and turned abruptly to avenge
her momentary loss of self control in
an outbreak of reproach.

"Why don't you go? My failure
gives you your opportunity. Pray don't
hesitate to avail yourself."

"I'm sorry, so sorry," he began.

"Do go!" she reiterated less harshly.
"They will continue the program. It
will be too late in another moment."

Though she took no notice of the de-
pendant on the balcony, he still stood
travelling on, watching in close restriction
at the exit, his face, his face.

"Oh, go! Do go! Do go! Do go! Do go!

"Herr Tolstoy!"

The stentorian voice of the door-
keeper came down the passage, and
he started through a doorway.

Her companion followed, stopped a
second, and his lips parted her cheeks.
In the next the platform door closed
behind him.

An echo reached her of the allegro-
tripping, lightening, swirling across the
keys, subdued at intervals to the fur-
muit of orchestral accompaniment,
then ringing again, triumphant, quiv-
ering at the last with the rapt, exalted
passion of a love song, followed by the
silence that is greater than applause.

The pianist himself broke the spell,
rising from his seat. The hall shook
with a burst of enthusiasm. He passed
unheeded through the platform exit.

The white haired notability removed
his glasses with a sigh of satisfied en-
joyment and turned to his colleague,
his rugged Teutonic features softening
into a smile.

"Your American young ladies—do
they often take stage fright? But her
companion! He is magnificent! To
play that most difficult concerto with-
out notes, without rehearsal—touch,
technique perfect! Consider also his
youth!"

The director broke in with adroit ex-
planation and suggestion. The pro-
fessor beamed with delighted recol-
lection.

"It is the same, then, who offered his
services? You are right, my friend,
that I should change my mind, that
the world should hear of him. He
shall go with me on tour."

"Twilight in the park, the sharp, gray
twilight of late autumn. A smart elec-
tric runabout, with a lady at the lever
and a chauffeur at her side, joined the
stream of vehicles entering the park
at the Plaza. Her features were only
partially visible through her automo-
bile veil, but an involuntary exclaima-
tion broke from a man pacing aimless-
ly along the walk.

"Miss Trentham!"

"Mr. Tolstoy!"

With the answering cry of recogni-
tion she drew up close to the walk,
heedless of the rules of the road.

Half hesitating, Tolstoy went for-
ward.

"So you are back in America, Mr.
Tolstoy?"

"Yes." He muttered the monosylla-
ble without raising his eyes.

"And I see from the papers that your
European tour was a great success."

He blurted out a second affirmative.

For the moment she was slightly
nonplussed; then with infinite tact she
once more took the initiative.

"You are soon appearing in New
York?"

"Tomorrow at Carnegie hall," he re-
plied shortly.

Boardman was parading Broadway
with notices of the professor's concert.
It humbled him that she had not no-
ticed the large type at the foot of the
boards—"Solo pianoforte, Mr. Alfred
Tolstoy."

"A matinee?"

He nodded stiffly.

"Of course I shall go. It will be a
great pleasure to me to be present at
your debut," she continued.

"It happens to be the last concert of
the series," he said icily.

"I had no idea," she began in a tone
of eager explanation. "But, then, I
have been traveling abroad a good
deal with my parents since I saw you
last. We only returned from Switzer-
land a couple of days ago."

The fact accounted for her apparent
indifference, and his expression soften-
ed, but he stared moodily before him
to avoid her eyes, and the handsome
turnout in which she was seated with
her liveried chauffeur somehow forced
on him a sense of social disparity.

When she spoke again her voice had
a shy, hesitating ring.

"I need scarcely ask if you are suc-
cessful?"

He produced a memorandum and
read out some details—no trace of
pleasure or enthusiasm in his tone, only
a cynical sort of triumph in the sense
of achievement.

"Tomorrow is my final appearance
in New York with Professor Meyer-
haus for the present. I am booked
subsequently for various musical re-
ceptions; also the principal concert
agents have made me very flattering
offers."

"Shall I congratulate you?" she ask-
ed slowly.

"If you had congratulated me that
night at the Conservatoire," he broke
out resentfully, "and given me the op-
portunity to thank you!"

"You could not expect me to wait
to face every one after my failure."

"Besides"—she turned away her eyes
to hide a sudden confusion—"you—
you had already thanked me."

"It was not only to thank you—He
was confused now, struggling with an
increasing desire to make his hopeless
avowal.

"I owe my subsequent success to
you," he continued pedantically.

"No, indeed!" she broke in eagerly.
"But—I am glad—more than I can
say—that you have realized your au-
sition."

"I suppose I have."

His tone gave the lie to the acknowl-
edgment.

He had fallen so pitifully short of
realization. Could she but know!

Despair overwhelmed the remnant
of his pride and self control. He
stared his eyes, aflame with his se-
cret.

"I am still striving," he said halting-
ly, "for the unattainable."

She darted a questioning glance.
The grim white face strained toward
her through the dusk, and conviction
dashed swift upon her.

She bent impulsively, with a radiant,
triumphant smile. Her voice averaged
with a little tremor of delight.

"I think I understand. But you are
mistaken. For all you know the un-
attainable may be within my reach."

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