klased him as if she fain would have left her life upon his lips; but Filippo, not understanding, burst into a pas ston of shiddish tears. "You will be kind to him," said Maddalena huskily. Then I notteed that Messer Autonio was standing with his luge back turn of towards us all, and that his voice was very thick when he auswered, all most gently. "I will do my duty by him."

most gently, "I will do my duty by him."

And many a day have I seen Madadone stand at the corner of the courtyard wher the shadows lie the thickest, to eat-in a glimpse of Filippo as he passed, and once when he was laying amongst the children, saw her snatch him up and cover him with kisses. My heart went out to her poor hungry-eyed mother, poor deserted wife! but I could not make my sympathy known to her—which is the way of the world, you see. Those who suffer most say least; those who wish to speak find the words wanting They are, as I was then, a violin with out strings

And after some time Maddalena came no more, and I could but conjecture that the fire and grief within ber land consumed her.

The years went on, and I would scarcely have marked their passing had not Filippine grown into Pilippin that is to say, from a curly-haired, chubby-checked child, into a slender, brown-skinned boy, and then into the most beautiful of youths. There are few things on earth as lovely to look upon as it was, and when he growold concyl to sit with the other appentices on the long bench, and learn Messer. Antonica craft, there was none to compare with in beauty of person or in the making of violins. He put his soul into his work, as indeed overy artist should; but he also possessed a most wonderful instrument of his own, in the form of the loveliest voice that had ever been given to mortal man. When he sang, his voice sauded like a thousand strings in unison. There were tones in it that rominded mo of the sound of church bells, which floats in through the open windows and brings with it its divine message of peace. There was a solemnity and yet a gayety in it that told of a reflective mind and of a gay young heart.

But the strangest thing of all was that Messer Autonio, who could not but love the lad, hated to hear him sing; this was all the more curious, as he was so giffed a musician that it seemed to me asi fall true music must needs have been delight in his cars.

As I have said, many years passed and nothing of any importance happened, until one day a bearded stranger entered, who greeted Messer Antonia si fihe had been acquainted with him in bygone days.

"You do not recognize me," he said, sombrely. "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when she left us."

Messer Antonia looked right glat to see him. "You are a great honor to me," he said. "I am always proud of you. You are well—and married?"

Nared shook his head. "No," he said, sombrely. "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when she left us."

Messer Antonio stood silent for a little while, and then he pointed to Filippo, who sat amongst the apprentices. None of them, so much in ave were they of their master, durst life while, a

ade you," he said.
"Butyou cannot," answered Messer in the said of the said of

has over succeeded in diverting me from any purpose. I am too old to change now."

"May I speak to the lad?"
"As much as you like.
"As much as you like.
"I have been and held out his hand to Filippo." I used to sit here when I was young and I kniw your mother, Filippo. I want you to remember that if over you want a friend you have but to come or send to diuseppe Nardi of Florence. I will always help you, for the sake of bygone days."
The young man looked up in sur-

gone days."

The young man looked up in surpr..e. "I thank you, sir," he answered, "and will think of your words, and if aught happen to make me require friendly aid I will come to

That is right, my lad," said Nard "That is right, my mu, hearthy; but he turned away with something like a sigh. He made hi adieux to Messer Antonio, but returned of a sudden. "The singer Broa dom," he asked under his breath, "i toom, he asked duder he breath, "is the man, is he not? Remember, I never knew aught save that I had lost her."
"Yes," answered Messer Antonio

fiercely.
"Can the lad sing?"

"Yes."
"You will make him his father's rival on the stage, then?"
"I had never thought of that. I

had a far more vulgar way of snuffing him out; but, per Dio! you are a man of invention."

"I wish you would forego this

revenge."
"I will die first," said Messer Antonio, and he spoke as if he meant it

The next occurrence that impressed me with a sense of importance was of a much softer oharacter—indeed it was what was then, ay, and always will be, the loveliest thing in a world was what of lovely things to me—namely, a pair of young lovers, very young, very shy, feeling love for the first time, so ignorant of love itself that they scarce knew it had come to them. Words were few between them; yet there was a subtle language, spoken by their eyes and even by the movement of their hands, that was most eloquent. I was so happy to be a witness of it, for though I had an intuition that there was something called love in the world, yet I had nover seen it. I knew of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused medley of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of said mover seen it. I knew of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused medley of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of said that, ever since I came into being, only it was all so difficult to me; and of a sudden all grew quite clear. That was when first I saw Filippo and the little Maria, whom I had seen grow up from childhood into shy girlhood, together.

Maria was the daughter of the woman who kept the fruit stall which the apprentices patronized, and she had always been so pretty that she was a joy to look at. Her tawny ourls ran riot over her forelead, chung to the arch of her eyebrows and strayed own from her head to dance on her shoulder. It used to romind me of a beautiful siken net in which birds might be saved. I think that reither Filippo nor I, nor she herself, dreamt that she was approaching womanhood until this very afternoor I speak of.

It was mid-Lent; Messer Antonio had given his apprentices leave to enjoy themselves as they saw fit on this one holiday plucked from amid the sombre fast days. All of them were away, save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him were away, save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him were away that the path of the own of the own

you sit down and wait a while?"
"Thank you," answered the girl simply, and Filippo pulled out the bench on which the apprentices sat, and made room for her. I think it must have been the first time in his life that he noticed how pretty she was, for he looked at her with much attention, so much so that the girl blushed and finally asked him, "Why are you looking at me?"

busined and maniy asked nim, "way are you looking at me?" Filippo made no answer, but presently laid down his tools and seated himself next to Maria on the bench. "I am sorry about the rent," he said. "Are you quite sure Messer Antonio does intend to increase it?"

does intend to increase it?"

"I fear so, and then I know not what we should do, for here you see we are well known, and each morning the apprentices buy fruit from us because we are near—but so they would from any stranger, and our place would soon be filled up; but we—we must go out into the world and starve, for indeed we are too poor to pay more."

stress on the "you" that made the girl blush again.

"Alt" she said, shyly, "I know you would help us, but how can you? Messer Antonio ia a hard man."

"He is a very just man, answered the iad gravely, "and if you will lot inc. I will plead your cause for you."

"Will you she asked if you'll a maintle, only a very little, afraid of him, you know. I do not understand him. I hippo smiled. "I do not fear him at all," he said. "He is always good to me and just."

"Then I will go she said; but she showed no great alacrity.

"Why?" asked Filippo. "See, I am here quite alone and would be so happy if you would stay with me a little longer."

ittle longer."
And then there fell between the twain a few moments of delicious silence. Maria's eyes were downenst. Flippe was trying to put into words a new conviction that had come upon him, but for a long time he could not. At last he said, with a certain awkward hesitation that did not sit uncaccafully on him:

gracefully on him :

"Maria, had you over dreamt of

"Maria, had you over dreamt of loving any one?" Maria looked up, startled; her oyes gave a sudden flasn. "I do not know," she murmured. But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have—often!" But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have—often!" he cried, with growing fervor. "I have dreamt of it all through the summer nights and winter days. Whenever I have heard anything that was beautiful, anything that was good. I have known that love must needs be like it, and even more divine. And now, Marra, I know that my dreams of what love must be are true, and that it is you whom I love."

He had knelt down beside her and reverently taken her hand in his. The two young leads were very close together, and suddenly as if by magic, ere either of them had realized the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lover's kies.

"You must be my little wife Marie"."

gother, and suddenly as it by magic, ever either of them had realized the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lover's kies.

"You must be my little wife, Maria," whispered Flippo, and she drooped her head on his shoulder like a flower on its stem, but said nothing. Then suddenly there was heard a great clatter up the stones stairs.

"The padrone l'g aspaed poor little Maria, and without another word she sped down the stairs, through the courtyard, and hid herself within the shelter of her mother's house.

"Was that not the little Maria who ran past me down the stairs? She was like a little whirlwind. What brought her?"

Messer Antonio was evidently in great good humor. He was not looking at Flippo when he asked the question; but when the lad answered, he turned round sharply.

"She and her mother had heard a rumor that you intended increasing their rent. I hope it is not so, padrone." It was only the sound of his voice, only the tremulousness in it, the tender way in which the "phe" fell from the lad's lips, and yet Messer Antonio knew. His ruddy cheek turned pale. He faced the lad suddenly and looked at him fixedly.

"Whow!" he said—a long-drawn whistle, and that was call. Messer Antonio cruelly waited for Flippo to speak first.

"I hope you will not be hard on hem, padrone, for I love her and have asked her to be me wife." He said it quits boldly; it was true that he did not fear Messer Antonio. It seemed to me that the old man was making a mental calculation as to what course he should take. He did not look very pleasant when he said—

"You are very young, Flippo."

"I shall grew older," said the lad. "Besides everything is so vague as yet. We should not want to marry for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"Oth!" quoth Messer Antonio, with a sigh of relief. "Listen to me. Of course it is nothing to me; you are

for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"Oh "quoth Messer Antonio, with a sigh of relief. "Listen to me. Of course it is nothing to me; you are not bound to do my wishes. Gratitude counts for nothing in this world, and you are your own master. But this very day I made some arrangements which I thought might please you They will not nterfere with your matrimovial engagements, in which, of course, you can please yourself entirely. Everybody manages their own marriages—mismanages, I should say. But if you will follow my advice, you could far better afford to keep a wife in a littly while than by working out your time with me. For the matter of that you were never properly apprenticed and you are an independent workman. Well, Filippo, to begin the matter, you have a money making machine in that throat of yours, in the shape of a beautiful voice."

" Filippo looked up much surprised.

"Filippo looked up much surprised.
"Why, I shought you hated to hear me sing, padrone."
"But you have a fine voice, nevertheless," answered the padrone dryly, "The best tenor in Italy, I think, when it is cultivated, which it shall be by the finest master in the world. Now do not thank me. I have private reasons for what I do, a grudge which I owe to Brondoni, the tenor, whom I want supplanted. He thinks he can sing, the vain fool! Why, every note he sings rings false, as only a villian's notes can sound; and he shall be hissed off the stage yet, and "its you who shall show the people what singing means!"
"Can I do that padrone?"

"You can—you shall, you are a musician. And as for that little revenue of mine, it need not concern you. Play into just hands, that is all, and as for the little Maria, it will be a proud day for her when she is the tenor's wife."

proud day for her when sho is enc-tenor's wife."

Filippo looked as if the news were too good to be true. With a sudden impurse he seived Masser Antonio a toil worn hands and kissed them.

"I will do all you tell me padrone, he cried, "and I will work for your sake and for my Maria s!"

"That is right, answered the old man. "I trust you, Filippo: remem-ber that you do not disappoint me.

And now there must be a little gay in my narrative, for I was presently pronounced to be a finished instru-ment, and romoved to the keoping of a mist excellent musician, and as was at last permitted to make music, which needs must be the greatest desire of 2.

a most excellent modeian, and so was at last permitted to make music, which needs must be the greatest desire of a violin.

We were all much excited on the evening of which I am about to tell you, for there was to be the first representation of a great work by the famous master Ghock. There was allowed to hamous master Ghock. There was always a great feeling against German music in Italy, and it was with difficulty that this work was allowed to be performed. I had been with my master to rolearsals, and had been de lighted with a certain tenor whom all men called Flippo Flippinc, but whom I know to be my own dear Flippo, who was singing a part which has since been sung by women, so fresh was his voice; and all along I heard great discussions as to how Brondoni would take his dismissal from his post of primo tenore. Of course my knowledge that Brondoni was none other than Flippo's father added great piquancy to this performance. It seemed to me that no one knew it except myself, and I counted for nothing, for I was but a violin in the orchestra—one voice amongst many, but for all that I knew a great deal, and -looked forward with no small excitement to the evening's performance.

Well, it is divine music—we all long the programment of the properment of the programment of the programment of the evening's performance.

formance.

Well, it is divine music—we all know that—and as for my Filippo, he know that—and as for my Filippo, he was perfect. I had looked around for Messer Antonio, and sure enough I had found him, radiant, glowing with pride; and next to him, in the full charm of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

pride; and next to him, in the full charm of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

"Dear lad! He has been faithful to her, then," I thought with satisfaction, for Maria's presence with Messer Antonio was a sure sign that Filippo was still her betrothed, if not her husband.

The first part went superbly. Filippo surpassed himself; and then suddenly there arose. I know not whence, a sinister rumor. It was whispered, first amongst the musicians in the orehestra—whispered by some with horror, by others with derisive smilles and chrugs; and when the curtain was over-long in rising, I knew the report must have reached Filippo, and the rumo- was—"Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunderbolt. Did Messer Antonio know?

must have reached Filippo, and the rumor was—"Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunderbolt. Did Messer Antonio know? I wondered that he sat there so erect, so sure of himself, so proud of Filippo's success, and then I trembled at the horror of it all, for it meant nothing else but that, through the son's instrumentality, the father had made away with himself. It was so horrible! My poor unsuspecting Filippo singing away so Justily for art's sake, for Maria s sake, for love's eake; all the time an instrument of revenge—himself innocent of all revenge.

I thought of Gisseppe Nardi. "Forego revenge," he had said. And then I remembered Messer Antonio's answer: "I am too old to be diverted from my purpose," and it seemed to me that the world had become more jangled and out of tune than ever. and that no amount of striving could ever put it right.

Yes, the news travelled to Messer Antonio, for he had become impatient of the dolay, and had asked the reason, and had learned it. I saw the ruddy color leave his cheeks, the sunken eyes flare up, and then suddenly he sank back in his seat, an inert mass. Most likely the horror of it had burst upon him; perhaps for the first time he realized that he had made of the son the lather's murderer.

derer.

Maria's thoughts were revealed in her face. Her anxious eyes gazed at the ourtain. Doubtless she was impatient to witness her lover's further triumph, and a little anxious withat, lest aught should ail him. Presently there was a commotion on the stage behind the curtain. Filippo's young voice rang out lustily, louder than any other:

other:

"Of course we will continue; why not? I am sorry, of course; but why should Brondoni's death stop us? A man should learn to take defeat. It is only cowards who kill themselves!" said the bold voice, whose owner had never known what it was to suffer a day's unhappiness. "And he was not worth much—Messer Antonio always said he was a villain!" There seemed to me almost a cry of extraction of the said of th

"Oh, hush—I pray you hush!" said another voice in an agonized

The curtain was still down, and we of the orchestra could hear, but not



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"I will not hush: said Filippo, impatiently. Perhaps the thought of his beautiful sweetheart, and how she had come to enjoy his success, made him a little ruthless. "Are we to stop a whole performance, because a man has killed himself, Nardi "
Then I folt a little relieved, for I remembered that Nardi knew, and would surely tell the lad in the gentlest marger, must sing no more that night.

"You must stop!" said Nardi, firmly.

firmly.

"You are mad!" cried Filippo.
"Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the

"You are mad!" cried Filippo.
"Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the
curtain up."
"You must not sing."
"Why I." cried Filippo, furiously.
"Why I, of all me? What was
Brondoni to me that I must not sing
because he is dead?"
There was a little pause, and it
seemed to me as if Filippo even unust
have began to suspect something, for
his voice was hoarse when he whispered, "Speal".
"He was your father," said Nardi.
"You He!" was the answer, in
sharp, decisive tones.
"It is God's truth," answered
Nardi. "He was my rival. We both
loved Maddalena, Messer Antonio's
daughter—your mother. He won her,
married her, and deserted her; and
this is Messer Antonio's revenge."
"Do you know what it is you are
saying?" cried the lad. "Do you
know that I have this man's blood on
my head, and that if he is my father,
I have killed my father? Do you
know that I have here the say, that I have not here say
the people what a worthless singer he
was, that I have driven him to his
death, and you tell me quietly he is
my father? It is horrible—horrible!" the people what a wornness singer me was, that I have driven him to his death, and you tell me quietly he is my father? It is horrible—horrible!" No sne spoke, and then suddenly Flippo cried, "Where is Messer Antonio—my graudfather—that I may have my rovenge on him?" "Leave revenge," said Nardi once more. "There has been too much revenge already!" And so it was that the great master Gluck's work was not performed in its entirety, and that gradually the astonished audience left the theatre, and I was sad at heart indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

and I was sad at heart indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

For a long time I heard nothing more, for Filippo never sang again; but one evening we had been taking part in a grand service that had been performed in the cathedral. As we came out of the dark church into the still night air, we stumbled against a monk who was crouching in the shade of the porch, trying to hear the notes of the voluntary which the organist was playing.

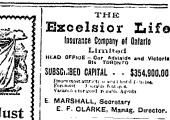
"Pardon," said the monk, as we stumbled against him, and the white face, wan in the monlight, and the yoice was Filippo's; and it seemed to me not unlikely that he should have taken his sorrow and his remores and consecrated them with himself to the service of God, not as a criminal does, but as a victim.

but as a victim.

Of Messer Antonio and of Maria, I beard that he had endowed the latter with all his wealth, and that she was about to be married to a well-known maker of violins. Poor little Maria! I suppose she was not an instrument of very flue tone herself—but then we cannot all be violins of Cremona.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never boen known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the threat, lungs and chest.

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