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BRANDON W/BEKLY SUN

\* THURSDAY, JUNE 26TH. 1913.

## ISTYCIANNICH Vincent Oswald

Yow Herald Co. All sociates? Wasn't it Jack whe gave Fritz She's improving; she's not as weak as she ture's sleep. Ahen! Do you think-er-| "Why, you are better!" he exclaimed and the room itself swayed and rocked And when the wild, piercing bells of the

Why, you are better!" he exclaimed in the wind, pletching dens of the wind, pletchi two pockets, drew from a third for them up there on the roof until? \_\_\_\_\_ disturbed in any way on any account. looking into the doctor's face much as a "So?" two pockets, drew from a third do them up there on the root until " a key, which he slowly and ab-Fritz, filled with childish solicitude for his "I-I understand?"

er fumbling unsuccessturity in o pockets, drew from a third, key, which he slowly and ab thy inserted in the slow of the larges in the prolonged absence of his is attention at last to the fact a placed his latch key in the plainly indicated that his mind bolt drew his attention at last to the fact across the box, had fallen over the roof his haggard face. that he had placed his latch key in the edge and down two flights of the fire

wrong aperture. But the whole manner of the man plainly indicated that his mind No, he wasn't killed; not quite. For was deeply engrossed. two weeks he lingered in the hospital-As he drew the key out of the door in two weeks of uncertainty and agony that order to make a fresh attempt, a bell in wore the unrobust mother down to the a clock tower clanged a single ominous last shred of vitality.

a clock tower changed a musical tremolo upon the still May air, floated quiveringly above the sleeping city with an effect not lunch before Herr Hoffmeister started on unlike that of the sinister cymbal stroke his daily matinee trip to the theatre, there in the portentous opening measures of had come the blow that felled her as in-Verdi's "Miserere" erdi's "Miserere." stantly and effectually as a dagger thrust The peal fell upon the musician's sensi-and left her life hanging by a hair-the tive ears with the depressing suggestive-ness of a knell and a violent shudder ran just died !

"Ach. Gott!" he muttered. "It is so while in the neighborhood on an assign-'Funeral March' !"

floor, as though some wakeful sonl kept vigil there through the weary hours of the night; hours of existence that dfifted slowly away like yonder slugglsh waters of the East River—for he knew that from that very window could be seen, above clustering roofs, the towering piers of Breacher Bridge the giant causeway Brooklyn Bridge, the giant causeway fortune.

itself bridges two wondrous worlds. He climbed the five long flights of stairs ing attachment to the child.

than a barely audible scratch-upon the mighty lonesome sometimes, and the kid's door of the modest little flat from the front just like a small brother to me. I'm a door of the window of which that light streamed into foreigner, too, Hofy-that's why I have so the street.

like the beginning of Maestro Chopin's ment, rushed for the doctor when the Funeral March'!" He stood the violin case in the door-leaving to fulfil his inexorable duties as He stood the violin case in the door-way, removed his wide brimmed, soft felt hat, and pulled out of his pocket a hand-kerchief with which he mopped from his face beads of cold perspiration and brushed back from his forehead the cling. Good Mrs. Maloney-descring her all brushed back from his forenead the ciniz-ing masses of dank, luxifient hair. At the same time he raised his pallid face and glanced anxiously up the front of the and had repeated the kindly office during six story tenement. All was darkness except a single bright ray that shot from a window on the fifth floor, as though some wakeful sonl kept floor, as though some wakeful sonl kept

which, to his harrowed mind, linked two seething cities much as the path of life with Fritz, Jack had undertaken to explain to the father the cause of his grow-

and gave a soft tap-hardly more, indeed, "You see, Hofy, I get to feeling al-

he street. Almost immediately the door was tives, I emigrated from the West-out opened by a stout, middle aged creature of homely type. She had the red, parbolled hands of the professional washerwoman; business. Yep; and I'm going to make the the seamed, careworn, respectable coun-tenance of the typical struggling widow; the sympathetic air and kind, pitying eyes mine. I tell you, it's a bloomin' shame the the sympathetic air and kind, physical second way you're plugging along in theatre work "Whist!" she whispered sibilantly, lay-ing a big, steam puffed finger warningly across her lips as she stepped out upon the "may you're plugging along in theatre work and dance music with your talent and abil-ity. Oh, you can shake your head, but I'm enough of a musician to know a plano

Whist! till I spake wid ye and you just take it from me, old I afore ve go in. Sure and the doctor's you're a king wizard on the violin.

low voice ran on, when it was inter- to him.

the flat. Herr Hoffmeister arose, and go- through the open door of the little room ing, "cymbal voice" of the young Ameriing down the little corridor, opened the a glow is dancing on the opposite wall of can. door to find Steele struggling for breath after an impulsive plunge up the five Yet surely the sun would not grow the right window!"

flights of stairs. The German raised his hand warningly, and the young American spoke in a low
bright so quickly, nor its light flicker in that uncertain manner. Hark! A knock at the door!—soft, 'yet
"It's locked, Chief!" whisper.

"Well, then, for her."

"No, no!" objected Hoffmeister, with

Hofy !"

die !

"Glory ! Money !" he exclaimed disdain-"Those things are nothing to me fully. when I have nobody to give them to !"

"Yes, I-I know how you feel, Hofy. And," he added ruefully, as the other's weary face sank further within the corridor and the door began to creep slowly toward the jamb, "I-well, I see I've got

to bottle up for a while. Good night, Hofy. Keep a stiff upper lip, old boy, and I'll uncork my boost first thing in the morning.'

Even in the midst of his sorrow the elder man felt a pang of regret that his "But," he excused, reflectively, "he is very young; he will grow larger."

As Hoffmeister re-entered the bedroom the soft brown eyes regarded him ques-

First, a muffled, indistinct, distant low voice ran on, when it was inter- to him. rupted by a faint knock at the door of Yes; for the morning is breaking. See! voice. Yet surely it is the familiar ring-

whisper. "I-I've just come from downtown; With a long drawn sigh, the soul of gruff, authoritative tones:-

and—and—say; Hofy, I've got a bit of good news for you." But the German broke out discon-solately:— "Three an be no more good news for "Three and a three and three and a three and a three and three

lips were white; his eyes gleamed strange-ly; his manner was tense and galvanic. "Quick, Hofy, quick!" he whispered, anxiously into the back room in time to quick apprehension. "No shock of any laying a quivering hand upon the Ger-see two stalwart firemen, incased in rubkind," he repeated mechanically, but man's arm. "I dozed off to your music ber helmets, coats and boots, crawl over positively. "If she be disturbed, she die. and woke to find the second floor of the the window still from the rounds of a

would cheef you up a bit. You know 1 go, too. Our front and root are cut on "Ann you actuary thought 10 her put, said I'd do it. I promised you glory and already, but everybody can get out the money, old boy, and I'm going to make good." Hoffmeister gazed blankly into the eager Herr Hoffmeister folded his arms im-"She sleeps. She will get well."

But the warning was superfluous,

In a twinkling a sponting column of "But we must get her out of here, water was being poured across the street into the flaming furnace.

"No shock of any kind," quoted the Ger-Steele, standing beside the grim figures man stolidly. "This would be a great whispered anxiously into the ear of the shock, No; if she be moved she surely taller:

"What's the verdict, Chief?" "Within five minutes there'll be a dozen "Hofy, for heaven's sake, wake up! It's "Within five minutes there'll be a dozen of these streams in play from the houses Hoffmeister drew his spare form to its on this side of the street. That means full height and a look of supreme scorn that in less than half an hour we'll have

her under full control." flashed from his great eyes. The reporter stole back to the figu "Listen, mein young friend. That frau

elder man felt a pang of regret that his youthful friend should be so carried away by such sordid things as glory and money when life and love were at stakes mostly foul, and I will not pairmit such other.

a small thing as death to separate us now, "It's all right, Hofy, old boy !" he whis-Go, mein good friend! I must play some more music so the noises shall not waken her."

"The young American with the cymbal further objection trembled on the and of other world to have my say. There control the boung the bou the 'cello heart." he



He's been wid her for a whole I've heard some of the tip-toppers, but hour, while I've been stayin' at the front never anything like you. All you need is windy, thinkin' maybe I might hear ye to be known. Facti You're a wonder all come down the street. Behaps I nodded, right, but nobody's had a chance to disfor divil a sound did I catch till ye scrap't cover you yet-largely because you're enon the door. I'll l'ave ye now, and go tirely too modest for your own good. Why, downstairs for a wink o' sleep wid me Hofy, that catgut music box of yours is hairns, for it's at me tubs I must be at an unopened gold mine, and I'm going to sivin in the mornin'. But be sure to gi'e find the right man to dig the yellow out me a hello if ye nade anything. And for for you. I believe I could take care of hivin's sake do try to cheer y'ursel' up, the press agent's end myself, but you'll Hur Hawfmeister, for bedad ye look have to have a bang-up manager to star fashed to death! Arrah, now, I'll be after you as a soloist on the concert and yaudefetchin' ye back a cup of st'amin' hot tay." ville stage. Then yon'll saw chunks of But he raised a hand in deprecation. gold with that bow of yours faster'n a "Nein, nein, good Mrs. Maloney! Ach, nigger can cut hunks of cord wood with r

could drink nothing-nothing!" rip. By gum, you'll be the whole cheese, "Begorra, if it wasn't for Mary Ma- all right! Gee! When you practise some I could drink nothing-nothing !" loney's grand idication she'd niver know of those great tunes of yours-those that that in Dutch nine cups means no cups, you call the solos of the masters'—why, it and so she might be after emptyin' that swate little tay caddie of hers for nothin'. Well, then, good night, Hur Hawfmeister. chest. Then I take a soft sneak up to the Since I do hope you'll have foine news for roof to get some fresh air and recover." "That is art," the German had ex me in the mornin' "Good night, mein good, good friend, plained simply.

Mrs. Maloney!" But, struck by the unutterable dejection of the pathetic figure, she turned and gave heart, man! Not art. Oh, you're going to him the only comfort she dared. make a hit, I tell you!"

"Tush, man! Now, ye don't know but "Nein! I am a musician, not a prize what the dear Lord intends to be gracious fighter; and I will hit nobody!" the Ger and merciful to ye after all. Sure I can man had corrected with solemn dignity. see that the doctor's beginnin' to wonder "Oh, that's all right, Hofy," laughed, hat himself." ... Jack, as he managed, between giggles, to He stood there, his hand on the knob, make clear to his friend what the ex and watched her unshapely figure making its slow, awkward way carefully down the flight of stairs. He felt sure that the com-

fort she offered sprung from pity, not con-

"Ach!" he murmured, shaking his head thoughtfully to and fro, "I see that Gott does not make all his angels beautiful!" For he wondered how he could have done without her in his awful trouble-without her and the other. They had heen the very props of his soul; this stout, head her her examples the present-back to the cruel reality. The beloved Fritz was gone!--and his bereayed mother was gently slipping after him. Yes, of course it had been a fearful blow to young Steele also; but Jack had youth and strength, while the poor frau had none comforting Irish woman below him on the of the latter and not enough of the for fourth floor, and that slim, helpful young mer.

covered the fire and police departments of on the doorknob.

man that donned a helmet, every police- murmured wearily :---

Raid Hagle

And then-Eat, ah, here he was-dreaming all this "Ach!" he murmured, shaking his head sweet foolishness of the past! He must come back to the horrible present-back

Anerican above him on the sixth floor-that eager, bright faced comrade, the reck-Hoffmeister's tense mind during the few

less tongued, gentle hearted reporter who moments he paused there with his hand

the city for an enterprising newspaper. He gave a long, deep sigh, passed a Apparently Jack Steele knew every fire paim slowly across his forehead, and

man that wore a uniform, not to mention multitudes of other things and people: and to him the whole great metropolis. "Well, we seem to be at the end of all things. When I have nothing left I care no more for life."

with all its wonderful happenings, was merely a gigantic news agency for the pen the door, almost colliding on the threshold with the doctor, who was

wand of the master swept the sleeping strings and woke them to life and action. Softly and gently—mystically as the first faint breath of spring itself fails from the bosom of nature upon the child face of expiring winter—those wondrous notes trembled into being and stole melt- Then, after closing and carefully fasten- take until the other boy's father called notes trembled into being and stole melt-ingly upon the still atmosphere of that death chamber, filling the room with peace and love, surcharging the air with ribrant life. Now, the gushing tones soared dominantly upward; abon, sunk into quivering murmurs that seemed like the futtering warblings of young nest-the futtering warblings of young nest-the futtering warblings of young nest-the futtering warblings of young nest-

the fluttering warblings of young nest-lings who, inspired by the season's glow shut out the whole horrible world and can He slid deftly over the sill and started ing warmth, had burst from their snug retreats with joyous song only to shrink back to the downy havens overcome with timidity at their own audacity. Yet, con-

standing. Then together they resumed their rambling through the charming vistas of the past. of the past. On ticked the clock and around sped the hands, but time has no dominion over those who have left her realm-no mean-ing for those who are gazing into the depths of eternity.

Then he turned and nopensity.
The he turned and nopensity.
The he turned and nopensity.
The hermation of the little suits. Softly pushing of hermation of the little suits.
The suits of the little suits.</little suits.</

"Yes, yes, I will play it again, Emilie Listen, Liebchen! and I will play it for you as it never was played before!-no, not even then?" He stood erect, his gaze fixed upon space, his large eyes shining luminously between the heavy locks of hair that dropped across the temples of his broad forehead. The thin hands in the bed clasped themselves ecstatically as the magic wand of the master swept the sleeping strings and woke them to life and action.



the doctor insistently. "No shock of any luck, Hoffmeister." I'll be back signin

Baid Eagle.
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