

young hands on the stooping shoulders, murmur words of loving admiration, dearer to the Professor's heart than the plaudits of all the world beside. His thoughts dwelt sadly on it now as, half unconsciously his fingers began to stray among the harmonies of its grand Adagio, sounding so like the Requiem of his buried hopes. But as the music grew louder, dwelling on the air in strains of haunting sweetness that died away at last in one long sobbing note, his grief grew calmer and hope awakened within him once again. His old love for Carl began to assert itself, and even in thought he was very tender of the boy, murmuring sometimes as though pleading for Carl against the reproaches which rose unbidden to his lips, "He did not understand."

Every evening he would walk down the rose bordered path to the little gate, and shading his eyes with a hand which of late had grown more unsteady, gaze earnestly out, out to where the stones of the street gave place to the dust of the road, for Carl must surely come soon.

Carl did return, on one bright evening at the summer's end, for in those days he was constant to nothing; the pity of it was that he should have returned so late, for soon after his home-coming the Professor left the Gray House forever. And when they brought the boy to the room where Rudolf lay still and weak, for the end was near, his mind was strangely confused and his memory busied with the past, the far past wherein Carl had no part.

Perhaps the boyish face, white and set with grief, bent low over his pillow, may have awakened some dim remembrance of the later years, for he seemed to be striving hard

to grasp some memory which was slipping from him. All at once his face brightened and he said in a voice that was weak but clear, "Little Carl—a great man—now. Thou wert gone—so long." And after a space, "Nay Carl—there is too much of joy—in thy playing of the Adagio. It should go—con dolore."

So even at the last the Professor must have been busied with those dreams of his, but, perhaps, the next awakening (which came soon after) was happier than the others.

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What remains is an old story, for it happened with the Professor as with many another, that only death was needed to set the seal upon his greatness that the world might worship at his shrine. Tales of the wonderful village genius, which soon began to be heard in the outside world, brought many pilgrims to the Gray House.

One day a goodly company of musicians, the greatest of their time, softly entered the room where all of life's pleasure and pain had come to the Professor, and where Carl now gave them such welcome as he could, for his heart was heavy. One, the greatest among them, seeing the score of the sonata where it lay dust-covered just as the Professor had left it, began to play idly at first, then, as he realized its grandeur, with fire and pathos such as none save he whose hands were forever stilled, could breathe into its harmonies and a great hush fell upon the room.

Carl sat apart from the rest with bowed head, and as the plaintive notes of the Adagio throbbed and swelled on the air, and he thought how Rudolf's love for him had inspired it all, many things became clear to him whereof he had not dreamed