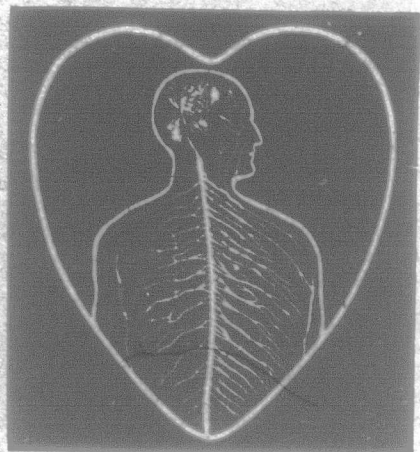


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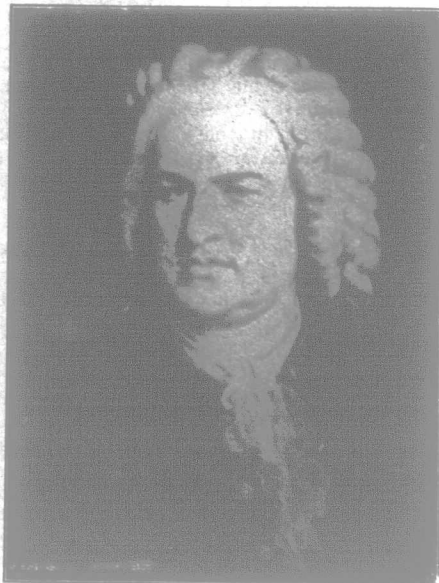
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Bach.

Born at Eisenach, Germany, 1685.
Died at Leipsic, 1750.

[To engender and diffuse faith, and to promote our spiritual well-being, are among the noblest aims of music.—Bach.]

Bach was the mightiest man who has composed music. A writer who saw him says, "His black eyes shining out of his massive head, looked like flames bursting from a rock." In the "Century Cyclopædia of Names" there are no fewer than nine Bachs, all famous as musicians—composers, organists, and even musical-instrument makers. The subject of our sketch, Johann Sebastian Bach, was the greatest of this noted family. His remotest traceable ancestor was a baker who migrated from Hungary to Saxony, and his son, John Sebastian's great-grandfather, was a carpet-weaver and musician. The two succeeding generations devoted themselves exclusively to music, and they furnished half Germany with



Bach (1685-1750).

capable musicians. Bach's versatility, facility and physical endurance were as remarkable in their way as was the quality of his creations. He wrote for organ, piano, violin, for voices unaccompanied, and with organ or orchestra, and asserted his mastery in each and all of these fields. His preserved writings would busy a copyist ten hours per day for fourteen years.

Bach was entirely devoted to his art, but his thoughts soared so far above the existing traditions, and he did so little to attract public attention, that he was but slightly heeded during his lifetime; indeed, it required a century after his death and the appreciation of a Mendelssohn to make the world realize that a veritable God had lived among men. In 1707 he married his cousin, Maria Barbara. He had to struggle hard to support his large family, but never would he depart from the lines of his ideal to gain popularity.

While yet a young man he was appointed chamber musician to the young Prince Leopold, whose patronage and affectionate friendship he long enjoyed.

Amongst Bach's most noted compositions are the five great "Passions" music, or oratorios for Good Friday celebrating the passion and crucifixion of our Lord. Besides these were several hundred cantatas for every Sunday in the year.

Amongst the most interesting selections for the Bach student are: Gavotte in G, a short but graceful and lovely example of his lighter work;

Prelude in C Major, to be played steadily, and, sensitively;

Invention in C, Invention in F, Menuet, The Fantasia in C Minor, and

The Italian Concerto.
—Adapted from "The Great in Music."

A teacher in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly," illustrated it by walking across the floor. When he asked the class to tell him how he walked, a boy at the foot of the class shouted: "Bow-legged, sir."

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE

By A. K. Green.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Miss Leavenworth," I said, "this determined shielding of another at the expense of your own good name is no doubt generous of you, but your friends and the lovers of truth and justice cannot accept such a sacrifice. If you do not assist us," I went on calmly but determinedly, "we must do without your aid. That you were the adopted child of Mr. Veeley's friend would have been sufficient to have nerved me to exert myself to the utmost to clear your name from the shadows enveloping it; but after the scene I have just witnessed above, after the triumphant assurance which you have forced upon me, not only of your innocence, but your horror of the crime and its consequences, I should feel myself less than a man if I did not sacrifice even your own good opinion by urging your cause and clearing your character from this foul aspersion."

"What do you purpose to do?" she asked.

"I purpose," said I, "to relieve you utterly and forever from suspicion, by finding out and revealing to the world the true culprit."

I expected to see her recoil, so positive had I become by this time as to whom that culprit was. But instead of that, she merely folded her hands tightly and exclaimed:

"I doubt if you will be able to do that, Mr. Raymond."

"Doubt if I will be able to put my finger upon the guilty man, or doubt if I will be able to bring him to justice?"

"I doubt," she said, with strong effort, "if anyone knows who is the guilty person in this case."

"There is one who knows," I said with a desire to test her.

"One?"

"The girl Hannah is acquainted with the mystery of that night's evil doings. Find Hannah, and we find one who can point out to us the assassin of your uncle."

"That is mere supposition," she said, but I saw the blow had told.

"Your cousin has offered a large reward for the girl, and the whole country is on the look-out. Within a week we shall see her in our midst."

"The girl cannot help me," she said.

"Is there anything or anybody that can? Miss Leavenworth," I continued, "you have no brother to plead with you, you have no mother to guide you, let me then entreat, in default of nearer and dearer friends, that you will rely sufficiently upon me to tell me one thing."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Whether you took the paper imputed to you from the library table?"

She did not instantly respond, but sat looking earnestly before her with an intentness which seemed to argue that she was weighing the question as well as her reply. Finally she said:

"In answering you, I speak in confidence. Mr. Raymond, I did."

Crushing back the sigh of despair that arose to my lips, I went on.

"I will not inquire what the paper was, but this much more you will tell me. Is that paper still in existence?"

She looked me steadily in the face.

"It is not."

I could with difficulty forbear showing my disappointment. "Miss Leavenworth," I said, "it may seem cruel for me to press you at this time; nothing less than my strong realization of the peril in which you stand would induce me to run the risk of incurring your displeasure, by asking what under other circumstances would seem puerile and insulting questions. You have told me one thing which I strongly desired to know, will you also inform me what it was you heard that night while sitting in your room, between the time of Mr. Harwell's going upstairs and the closing of the library door of which you made mention at the inquest?"

I had pushed my inquiries too far, and I saw it immediately.

"Mr. Raymond," she returned, "influenced by my desire not to appear utterly ungrateful to you, I have been led to reply in confidence to one of your urgent appeals, but I can go on further. Do not ask me."

Stricken to the heart by her look of reproach, I answered that her wishes should be respected. "Not but what I

intend to make every effort in my power to discover the true author of this crime," said I; "that is a sacred duty which I feel myself called upon to perform; but I will ask you no more questions nor urge any further appeal upon you. What is done shall be accomplished without your assistance, and if I succeed in what I here undertake, I will ask no further reward than this: that you will then acknowledge, what you must now believe, my motives to have been pure and my action disinterested."

"I am ready to acknowledge that today," she began, but paused and looked with almost agonized entreaty in my face. "Mr. Raymond, cannot you leave things as they are? Won't you. I don't ask for assistance, nor do I want it; I would rather—"

But I would not listen. "Guilt has no right to profit by the generosity of the guiltless. The hand that struck this blow shall not be accountable for the loss of a noble woman's honor and happiness as well. I shall do what I can, Miss Leavenworth."

BOOK II.—HENRY CLAVERING.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Gryce at Home.

That the guilty person for whom Eleanor Leavenworth stood ready to sacrifice herself was one for whom she had formerly cherished affection I could no longer doubt; nothing less than love or the strong sense of duty growing out of that passion, whether living or dead, seeming to offer incentive enough for her action. Obnoxious as it was to all my prejudices, one name alone, that of the commonplace secretary, with his sudden heats and changeable manners, his odd ways and studied self-possession, would recur to my mind whenever I asked myself who this person might be.

Not that without some such light as had fallen upon the affair through Eleanor's own behavior, I should have selected this man as one in any way open to suspicion; the peculiarity of his manner at the inquest not being marked enough to counteract the improbability of one in his relations to the deceased finding sufficient motive for a crime so manifestly without favorable results to himself. But if love had entered as a factor into the affair, what might not be expected. James Harwell, simple amanuensis to a retired tea-merchant, was one man; James Harwell, swayed by passion for a woman beautiful as Eleanor Leavenworth, was another; and in placing him upon the list of those parties open to suspicion, I felt that I was only doing what was warranted by a proper consideration of probabilities.

But between casual suspicion and actual proof, what a gulf! To believe James Harwell capable of guilt, and to find evidence enough to accuse him of it, were two very different things. I felt myself instinctively shrink from the task before I had fully made up my mind to attempt it, some relenting thought of his unhappy position, if innocent, forcing itself upon me, and making my very distrust of him seem personally ungenerous, if not absolutely unjust. If I had liked the man better, I should not have been so ready to look upon him with doubt.

But Eleanor must be saved at all hazards. Once delivered up to the blight of suspicion, who could tell what the result might be; the arrest of her person perhaps, a thing which, once accomplished, would cast a shadow over her young life that it would take more than time to utterly dispel. The accusation of an impecunious secretary would be less horrible than this.

Meanwhile the contrasted picture of Eleanor standing with her hand upon the breast of the dead, her face upraised and reflecting the glory of the heaven she invoked, and Mary fleeing a short half hour later indignantly from her presence, haunted me and kept me awake long after midnight. It was like a double vision of light and darkness that, while contrasting, neither assimilated nor harmonized. I could not flee from it. Do what I would, the two pictures followed me, filling my soul with alternate hope and distrust, till I knew not whether to place my hand with Eleanor on the breast of the dead and swear implicit faith in her truth and purity, or to turn my face, like Mary, and fly from what I could neither comprehend nor reconcile.

Expectant of difficulty, I started next morning upon my search for Mr. Gryce.

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