

FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

REXTON

Mr. and Mrs. George Jardine returned from Kouchibougué to the house on Church street, which they purchased recently from Martin Langan. Their daughter, Mrs. John D. Palmer, of Fredericton and Miss Florence Jardine, of Boston, are their guests at present. Egbert Atkinson, who is employed in St. John, spent Sunday at his home here. Mrs. Eugene Blodet, of Portland, Maine, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John McInerney. Rev. A. D. Archibald returned Sunday morning from St. Stephen, where he had been attending a Sunday school convention. Rev. Father Ferdinand and Rev. Father Casimir, of the Capuchin Order, opened a mission at Richibucto Village Sunday. They will conduct a mission in the Catholic church here beginning Thursday evening, Oct. 29, and closing Monday morning, November 2. A large bonfire was burned on the common near the river last night in honor of O. J. Le Blanc's victory. John A. Ferguson, son of H. M. Ferguson, who has been in the employ of the Bank of New Brunswick for some time at Grand Manan, has been promoted to the position of cashier of the bank. Through the efforts of Hon. O. J. Le Blanc, a new post office has been established at Cocagne Bay, which will be much appreciated by the people there. Dr. I. W. Doherty has received the appointment of medical attendant of the Indians on the Richibucto River. Robert Harding, who lives on a farm about a mile from here, walked to town yesterday to poll. Although Mr. Harding has passed his ninety-second birthday, he is able to work about his home every day and is in possession of all his faculties. The schooner Henry H. Chamberlain, which loaded lumber here for New York, will sail today.

Miss Mame Smith went to Moncton on Saturday to spend Sunday with friends before proceeding to Lynn, Mass. She left for there Monday morning. Miss Mary Ryan, Miss Katie Crossman and Mr. Weeks, of Butouche, spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mundie and children visited Mrs. Mundie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams Irving at Mundeville yesterday. Rexton, N.B., Oct. 28.—A very welcome rain came yesterday, which will put out the fires, help the farmers with their plowing and start the water mills. John A. Cameron has sold his schooner "Alexander" to Sydney, C.B., parties. Miss Janie McGregor has gone to St. Louis convent to study. Miss Belle Palmer spent Friday and Saturday with friends at West Branch. Mrs. Margaret Curran returned with her and was her guest over Sunday. Miss Lena Fraser is teaching school at Melrose, Westmorland Co. Mrs. Louise Chamberlain and her daughter Miss Nellie, went to Chatham yesterday. Mrs. David Thompson is confined to her room through illness. George and Fred Call went to Boies-ton yesterday with a pair of horses. They will be employed there during the winter. D. A. McDonald has gone to Bartibogue Island for the winter.

HOPWELL HILL. Hopwell Hill, Oct. 28.—Rev. Mr. Kirby, pastor of the Methodist church, gave a very interesting address on Sunday morning for the children; also blackboard illustrations taking for the subject the words, "My Son, Give Me Thine Heart." Special music was rendered by the choir. Mr. and Mrs. Mariner M. Tingley entertained a number of their friends on Saturday evening at their home here, to meet their son Joseph E. Tingley and wife, of Revere (Mass.), who has been visiting here for a couple of weeks. The evening was very pleasantly spent by all present. Ice-cream and cake were served. Rev. Mr. Kirby will leave this week on a vacation and will attend the meeting of the Grand Division S. of T., which will be held in St. John early in Nov. Mr. Kirby is Grand Chaplain of that order. The pulpit of the Methodist church will be occupied during his absence by Rev. Mr. Pascoe, of Pettitodac. William McGorman, who has been at Goose Creek during the summer, superintending the building of a breakwater, returned home a few days ago. Mansfield Steeves, of Hillsboro, a highly respected resident of that village dropped dead on Saturday while at work in the field. The deceased was about sixty-five years of age. He leaves a widow and grown up family. Mrs. Steeves is a sister of Charles N. O'Regan, of this village.

HARVEY STATION.

Harvey Station, Oct. 28.—Rev. James A. McLean, of Malone Bay, N. S., returned home on Monday evening after having spent a fortnight amongst his friends there and at Brookway. Miss Helen Shipley has come to visit friends in St. John for a few days. The Misses Annie Smith and Annie Robinson, who attended the meeting of the New Brunswick Association, are in camp at St. Stephen last week, have returned home. They gave an interesting account of the meeting at the Sunday school on Sunday afternoon. Frank Coburn has carpenters at work putting a piazza and balcony on the front of his house and making other improvements. A large crowd gathered at the telegraph office on Monday evening to hear the election returns and Mr. Crockett's victory was celebrated with much noise and shouting which subsided considerably when it was learned the Conservative party had fared so badly in the province.

NORTON.

Norton, October 28.—Mrs. Allan of Uplam, an inmate of the Municipal Home, for six weeks, died on Monday. She was buried at Barnville. Mrs. Geo. T. Keirstead returned from Boston on Friday. Rev. Mr. Kirby will leave this week on a vacation and will attend the meeting of the Grand Division S. of T., which will be held in St. John early in Nov. Mr. Kirby is Grand Chaplain of that order. The pulpit of the Methodist church will be occupied during his absence by Rev. Mr. Pascoe, of Pettitodac. William McGorman, who has been at Goose Creek during the summer, superintending the building of a breakwater, returned home a few days ago. Mansfield Steeves, of Hillsboro, a highly respected resident of that village dropped dead on Saturday while at work in the field. The deceased was about sixty-five years of age. He leaves a widow and grown up family. Mrs. Steeves is a sister of Charles N. O'Regan, of this village.

was compelled to close his shop for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davis, of Hatfield's Point, were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Price. The body of Patrick Farren, of Bloomfield, was laid to rest last Sunday afternoon by Rev. E. J. Byrne. Joseph and Stas. Brand came home from St. Leonard's last Saturday and returned today. Jas. A. Howe, of Chatham, is spending a few days here with his parents. Mrs. Hiram Britain is visiting her brother, Geo. Green, at McAdam Junction. Miss Nellie McFarlane spent yesterday in St. John. Jas. Whitney, of Perth, spent Saturday and Sunday here as a guest at the Campbell House. Miss Janie DeLong, of Sussex, is a guest at the Central House. Mrs. O. R. Patrinquin is visiting relatives in Moncton. Miss Lena Sharp, of Midland, is a guest at the Campbell House. Nelson Loughery, of Waterford, visited his parents here last week. Miss Laura Loughery returned yesterday from visiting her sister, Mrs. Bonnell, in Sussex. Richard Boon, of Moncton, returned yesterday after spending a few days here with his parents. L. D. Jones and wife drove to Chipman yesterday. Mrs. William Innes, of Bloomfield, spent Monday here with relatives. John Cummings, of Campbellton, is visiting his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Duffy gave a ball last Tuesday to their young friends. Miss E. J. McLennan went to Sussex last Saturday, where she is engaged as nurse. Mrs. Elias Warner and daughter, Ruby, spent last Wednesday at Clover Hill. Mrs. E. Wagner, who is engaged in a lecture tour for the I. O. G. T. of the province, will speak at Penobscot on Thursday and Friday of this week, on next three days he will be at Mechanic Settlement, the following two days at Bloomfield, on Thursday and Friday of next week. He will be at Belleisle Creek, on Tuesday and Wednesday following at Springfield, the next two days at Shannon Settlement, and on Nov. 14, 15 and 16, he will be at Hatfield Point. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell and son, Karl, of Moncton, were guests last week at the Campbell House. Miss Maude and Miss Lucy Campbell spent yesterday in Sussex. Miss May Campbell, of Moncton, who has been visiting at the Campbell House for a month, returns home tomorrow. J. R. Belyea, of Harcourt, was here

last Saturday en route to his home at the Narrows, Queens county. Miss M.A. Davis, of Bedford (Mass.), and Mrs. Daniel Davis, of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Myers. MONCTON Moncton, N. B., Oct. 28.—(Special)—William Armstrong, an I. C. R. brakeman, had his ankles badly sprained this morning as a result of an accident in the I. C. R. yard. Armstrong was standing on the foot board of a shunting engine when it left the rails, throwing him with considerable force between the sleepers and pinning his legs underneath the footboard. Armstrong would be laid up for some time as a result. The marriage of Margaret Brown, daughter of James Brown, to William Fogarty of the I. C. R. maintenance of way department, took place this morning in the presence of relatives and invited friends of the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. J. Savage assisted by Rev. J. Brown. No particulars were given in the bride was dressed in cream broadcloth with hat to match. After the ceremony luncheon was served at the home of the bride, after which the newly married couple left for St. John on the morning express, and will leave this afternoon for Boston and New York. Secretary Paver, of the I. C. R. Employees' Relief and Insurance Association, has submitted his report for the month ended October 26th, in which period there were four deaths. These were: William Kelly, of St. John, retired member, who had \$1,000; Charles Keith, of Campbellton, who had \$500; Albert Legere, of Legere's Corner, a member of the temporary employees' accident fund, who died from the effects of injuries received while on duty. On Saturday evening, about forty of the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Mitchell at the Cove, gave them a pleasant surprise. It was their fifteenth wedding anniversary. A very pleasant evening was spent and about midnight ice cream and cake were served. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of a large number of the Mitchell family. There were Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mitchell, of this town; Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mitchell, of Boabec; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stinson, of Oak Bay; and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Mitchell, of Eastport, Maine. J. W. Robinson's friends are pleased to see him attending to business again after his recent illness. Mrs. George Wilson's many friends are delighted to learn that she is steadily improving since her removal to her home on Union street from the Chipman Memorial Hospital, where she recently underwent an operation. Miss Reta Ellsworth, who has been spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs.

C. A. Lindow, has returned to her home in Woodstock. ANDOVER Andover, N. B., Oct. 28.—The death of Alfred Stevens, of this village, took place on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Stevens has been in poor health for the last year, and his death was not unexpected. He leaves a wife and five sons, Edmund, of California; Frank, of Moncton; Charles, of St. Stephen; March, of Yukon; and John at home, also one daughter, Mrs. William Beveridge, of Yarmouth, N.S. The sons were all at home this summer on a visit. Mr. Stevens was an old resident of Andover and will be much missed as he was a kind neighbor and a good citizen. Interment will take place in the Episcopal burying ground. ST. STEPHEN. St. Stephen, Oct. 28.—The ladies of the Chipman Memorial Hospital Aid will give a progressive bridge party on Thursday, November 5, in Eaton's Hall, Milltown, N. B. Lieutenant Colonel J. D. Chipman left for Toronto by C.P.R. on Tuesday evening. He will return on Saturday. D. F. Milne, C.E., and Mr. Vessey came from Plaster Rock last week and spent a few days in town. Dan Cameron, of the Bank of Montreal, Halifax, son of Augustus Cameron, of this town, is spending a few days at his home here. Collector Henry Graham, who was called to Boston on account of the illness of his sister, Mrs. Martin, has returned home. Howard McAdam, the taxidermist has already received this season thirty-five moose and twelve deer heads. This is more than he received the entire season last year. Next Sunday, Rev. Robert Crisp, of Milltown, N.B., will occupy his pulpit in the morning and Rev. C. G. McCully, of Calais, will occupy it in the evening. The many friends of Rev. Mr. Crisp are delighted to hear that he has so far recovered from his recent illness as to take up his church work. On Saturday evening, about forty of the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Mitchell at the Cove, gave them a pleasant surprise. It was their fifteenth wedding anniversary. A very pleasant evening was spent and about midnight ice cream and cake were served. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of a large number of the Mitchell family. There were Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mitchell, of this town; Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mitchell, of Boabec; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stinson, of Oak Bay; and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Mitchell, of Eastport, Maine. J. W. Robinson's friends are pleased to see him attending to business again after his recent illness. Mrs. George Wilson's many friends are delighted to learn that she is steadily improving since her removal to her home on Union street from the Chipman Memorial Hospital, where she recently underwent an operation. Miss Reta Ellsworth, who has been spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs.

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HARTLAND

Hartland, N. B., Oct. 27.—Election day was the quietest in the history of this parish. The heavy rain today is a good thing for farmers. The ground was too dry for plowing and many wells had gone dry. Mrs. Charles J. Shaw, mother of Co. 5th Warden Shaw, who was stricken with paralysis on Sunday, is not improving. The whole of her left side was affected and it is not expected that she will recover. Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Matheson have moved to Woodstock, where they will spend the winter. Frank and William Grant returned from the northwest a few days ago. John F. Murdoch came from the scene of his lumbering operations to vote for Carvell and said while everything was going on smoothly at the camp of the Restigouche, the total cut of lumber would not exceed more than half of that of last year. A much reduced number of men are employed and wages are, therefore, not so good as last season. Last week Mrs. Margaret Gilmour, of Windsor, Carleton county, after a week's illness of pneumonia, succumbed to an attack of heart failure. She was 68 years of age and was a native of Kings county. One daughter, Mrs. Wilhelmina Calder, of New York, is the only surviving child. Mrs. Alfred Bedford, William and Robert Henderson, are sister and brothers of the deceased. Miss Mattie McCollom returned from Fort Fairfield (Me.), yesterday, to accept a position with Keith & Plummer. George W. Robertson, of Marysville (N. B.), has been granted, through Marion & Marion, Montreal, a patent on a hoisting machine. One of the six aldermen of Magee (Tenn.), is an alderwoman—Mrs. H. P. Gattis. Her specialty is looking after the town schools.

I am blind. For many years this fact has stood foremost in my life, and I write it so now, although it no longer ranks there. My eyes, they say, are beautiful, and blue—whatever that may be—but it seems to me that anything that was intended to be both useful and beautiful and is not useful is not truly beautiful. Therefore I hide the poor eyes that will not see behind dark glasses. I judge people by the same standard, too. I have often wondered if my inner vision is not more perfect than that of most people from its external limitations—like some humble vegetable, strong at the roots. They tell me that my face is unusually handsome, but I can only treat this as the kind lie of friends. What they speak of is a childish sensitiveness and a quick play of expression when animated, strangely contrasting with the dignity and peacefulness of the face in repose, usually associated with mature years, but which I seem to have been born with. My dear mother, who is dead, saw to it that I learned the blind alphabet and received the finest possible instruction in music. My teachers were started at my slight and touchableness, and if they did not speak I knew I was only an ordinary little boy, except that I could not run and play. This is the reason I was mostly with little girls until I was quite a big boy. Their mothers liked it because I was old enough to take care of them in a way and yet was so gentle in our play as to be in no danger of hurting them. One little girl in particular I was very fond of, though she was many years my junior. Her name was Mary. She had a hand that was cool and compact and firm—a little hand that was always giving me something or offering itself to mine. She had cannolelike features—I know this because it was one of our games for the little girls to thrust their faces before me crying, "Who am I, Rudolph?" "Who am I?" Sometimes I would guess wrong just to hear them laugh, for I immediately recognize every voice, and if they did not speak I knew their faces at a touch. These dear little children were fond of me, and no doubt abetted by my mother and old Anne, made me very selfish with their petting. Sometimes the little girls would get into a heated argument as to which should marry me when she grew up; and Mary, more bold than the rest, would say:—"You are going to marry me, Rudolph, aren't you?" And I would answer:—"I shall not marry any one else." Then she would persist:—"And you will marry me, won't you?" But I would not reply, only smile and smile. It seemed to have skipped the period of adolescence, and to have prolonged my childhood until about ten years ago, when my little world changed to a big world that I could not see, understand, and I awoke to the realization that I was a man; my mother was dead; I was alone in the world; I must endeavor to persuade this world to give me a living. It was my first introduction to it—and not an auspicious one. For the first time in my life I passionately desired sight. I longed for it with a longing that was almost mad. With it was another longing, which seemed to compass and reach beyond even my wish to see—it was an ever present soul hunger of such magnitude and poignancy that I could no more comprehend it than I could comprehend the universe. I longed for companionship, as the only alleviation heaven has ever granted sorrow, and even this was denied me. My grief was certainly not diminished by this realization that it was different from other men—that I could never marry. It was at this time that I wrote "Warum?" I had not heard of Schumann's masterpiece of the same name, and I have

since let it remain as published. For years I suffered an oblivion such as generally waits for unambitious children who have the misfortune to be named for great men. Still the title is not a plagiarism; to me it came as spontaneously as the eternal question, "Why—Oh, Why," which was all I reaped from my bitter soul conflict. So Obermann's remained the obscure "Warum?" After that I composed many things with facility and some grace. The mass of listeners at my little local recitals liked them well enough and their tale made me comfortable competence. "Warum?" I played only for a few people who understand. Those other pieces, light and pretty and perhaps melodious—there is nothing to them. For ten years I worked faithfully and patiently, but I could not write a masterpiece—the E string of my heart was gone. After that stage it may give forth notes, but the angel voice of the viola is gone. So with my compositions—so with my piano! Neither could respond to the vibrations of a heartstring that was not there. My "talent," my "skill," my "technique" were all praised, but the something else I most wished praised none praised—because the thing itself was missing. I had got over my fever, my aspiration, my William Bell, I was like Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter," I walked so well I forgot how to fly. Only a month ago, when Mary returned from abroad, I felt, when staying for her quite alone, those wings throb with something of the old pain and restless impulse, as if they once more longed to fly. Her favorite is "Warum?" though she does not ask for it often. I think it makes her a little sad. She is a dear child—I do not know—I do not know if she is a dear child, or rather quite a stately lady. II. Last night I played. It was my first night before a large metropolitan audience—my debut, in fact. I was a little more appreciative crowd than I have been accustomed to play for. On the success or failure of that evening depended all. I knew that, Oswald, my pet name for him is Les Yeux, because he performs nearly the same service. I played masterpieces with which the musical world is familiar, selecting both difficult and simple; also a few things of my own composition. I was not nervous and I made no error. The applause was generous but not enthusiastic. How could it be otherwise if I was playing without the E string, without the heart throb of the E string. I had just finished the last number on the programme. It was a light pretty thing that would ring pleasantly in the ears of home going festivers, and in the lull before the eager crowd—eager to go—would rise I heard Oswald's clear voice at my side reading:—"Play 'Warum?' for me. Do not mind the others, but play it now." "MARY?" "The noise and movement sounded as if half the people had risen from their seats. I imagined ladies' hats were being pinned on. Hastily, before the noise of departure should drown it, I sounded the opening measure. They tell me that after a wondering hesitation on the part of the few who had risen to go they dropped back gracefully into their seats; but I was not heeding. I did not know if few remained or all but had left me. The trifling incident was unusual; it invited attention and brought to a hush that was the essence of the spirit of expectancy. Perhaps it was felt that no unprecedented incident must be followed by something out of the ordinary. In the absolute stillness I began. I was playing for her—for that little girl of summers gone who had been kind when I wanted to see. Perhaps I misjudged the others. I think some of them understood too, for these are some of the things Oswald read to me today they said about me:—

"The uninitiated strove vainly to place the strains that felt so strangely familiar yet sounded so new. For it was not Schumann's, but Oswald's that he played. It was Obermann's. In it, more than in the work of the older genius. There sobe I know not what ground tone of human agony. "So it flowed to the heart of each, whether understanding or no, the calm, majestic melody of his life, its sadness, its beauty, its sustaining hope. But there was a deeper element pervading it, something that stirred the heart and hinted of happiness, which, just as it seemed to reach the swell of ecstasy, trembled and broke into notes of despair. It seemed to speak of something very beautiful that had been broken, that could not regain its pristine beauty, strive how it would. So with his sympathy, a beautiful minor tune crept in, softening and almost obliterating that other by its deeper surge and harmony, like the music accompanying the break of the sea on the shore—through the sea itself remains—a throbbing life withheld by the adamant of fate. Last night, as today, they were eager to call me "genius" and herald a second Wagner. But I only stood among them, very weary, waiting for the one gasp that did not come. When they had at last left me a little to myself Les Yeux precipitately crossed a bunch of American Beauties against my shirt front. "From her," he muttered. "All! where is she, Oswald?" "She has gone to an escort?" "Did she have an escort?" "People seldom lie to me, and Oswald can't, you see, because he is my eye. I do not know, and on Nov. 14, 15 and 16, he will be at Hatfield Point. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell and son, Karl, of Moncton, were guests last week at the Campbell House. Miss Maude and Miss Lucy Campbell spent yesterday in Sussex. Miss May Campbell, of Moncton, who has been visiting at the Campbell House for a month, returns home tomorrow. J. R. Belyea, of Harcourt, was here

"I think there might be something in it. I do not care the most for the girls who rave about my music and my chin. "Yes, I have observed that spirit of ingratitude in you—and in all men. I have made a mistake in treating you as if you were different from other men, but hereafter I shall not make that mistake." I did not answer at once, as I could not get the drift of her meaning. Yet I felt vaguely that a catastrophe was impending. And do you remember once telling me when I have proved myself unkind to you, Oswald and old Anne are devoted to you, and you seem to care more for them than for your other friends." "You're right. I love them because they do things for me." "So I see," cried Mary with her girlish laugh. "The only way to get into your good graces is by kisses and sugar plums." "It appeals to me," I said rather childishly. "Rudolph, is there no place in your heart for any one besides Anne and Oswald?" "At this sudden mention of my heart it began to avert strangely as if for the first time conscious of itself, and I answered with more feeling than I had ever used to the child:—"Always room for you, Mary—my dearest little friend." "But a friend doesn't take up much room. Don't you ever think of getting married?" "Just because I would like you to be married—I think you would be happy." "Bless your dear, thoughtful little

heart for thinking of me, but I could never marry." "Why?" "Why?—do you remember as a child asking me why I could not see? And I in turn was asking an older and wiser being. I do not ask it now. The eternal feminine and the eternal question have ceased to trouble me." "But she might love you!" "She? Who—Who?" "Why, I do not know—some woman—"

and bowed my head under the heavy load of my grief. Darkness pressed in upon me. Suddenly I raised my grief stained face at a sound in the room—that footstep had never sounded on my threshold before. Did some one note the eyes that wept, but could not see? "O, Rudolph! Rudolph!" cried Mary flinging herself beside me. "I love you!" I thought it might be some phantasy of the brain, until my arms encircled her. "I believe you do love me a little after all," she gasped; and then the flood gates opened and I poured out my heart. "But what of Sterling?" I asked suddenly. "I never dreamed of marrying him. Can you forgive me for lying to you, Rudolph? I was ashamed to tell why I said that—don't you know—don't you know?" And though it does not seem possible that in that moment I could know anything but that I held her in my arms, I think I guessed her reason. "To cause his little girl to tell a lie? O, stupid, stupid man!" and then my words were lost in kisses. Our marriage took place a twelvemonth ago. "Soon after I wrote 'Les Yeux' for Oswald. My wife is just a little jealous, or pretends to be, to flatter me, for she insists I am far too humble for a great man. Immediately then I composed 'La Lacerie'—the Light—that is Mary. But I am not satisfied. I want to do something really fine for her. Perhaps I shall accomplish it in my present work, 'The Answer'—the Light—that is Mary. It has a happier melody in it than the other, for it expresses the happiness of my life. It will be far superior to the masterpieces of my youth. I know. The wings fly better for bearing two. Many times a day when she is near—and she is never far—I whisper "Mary, Mary," and reach out my hand. She never fails to see and answer with her own. It is a wonderful little hand, so firm and yet so delicate. "Oh, Mary, May I never reach for it in vain until this hour when I shall turn and face the Light. Perhaps then Heaven may in mercy grant that I shall not lose its tender pressure, but that it lend itself to mine even in eternity—to guide me in the new, bright ways—I who have grown so accustomed to the dark.

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TRUMPHE
BY ELEANOR RINN



"O, Rudolph!" cried Mary, flinging herself beside me.