

complained, but rarely smiled ; worked harder than ever, but his merry face and laugh were never again seen and heard at the merry-makings. All his idle hours were spent at home playing on a violin of wonderful sweetness and power, the wild melancholy airs of his native land. This violin was an heirloom that had descended from his great grandfather. A restless rover, with great musical ability, he had visited nearly every city in Europe as a solo player, and had bought this violin of Stradivarius himself. It was his most cherished possession, and at his death he charged his son never to let it pass out of the family. His descendants had respected the wish of the old violin player, and, though none of them had ever been players, religiously kept the violin. Thus, in the course of time, it came into the possession of Oscar. He had inherited some of the musical instincts of his ancestor, but poverty and the necessity of hard work to support his widowed mother had debarred him from learning to play. However, his native talent found a way to overcome all obstacles. By dint of patience and practice he accomplished enough to enable him to play his exquisite native melodies with a pathos and expression that no amount of instruction could have bettered. Always attached to his violin, in his anguish at Hilda's desertion, it became his only solace. He would sit hour after hour, far into the night, pouring out his very soul in its rich, sweet sounds. His mother, to whom he, if possible, grew ever more tender, saw with wistful eyes the change that had come over her once gay son, and, fearing he would never recover while so near Hilda, she proposed to Oscar that they should leave their old home and go to America. Oscar gladly consented, having long had the desire, in secret, to put the breadth of the ocean between himself and his faithless love. So they sold the cottage and the homely furniture, and, bidding farewell to their sorrowing friends, sailed for the new world. In a few days over two weeks the ship was tied up to her pier in the Delaware, and Oscar and his mother stepped ashore, with a strange feeling of loneliness and homesickness, into the crowd and bustle of the new world. Their stock of means was but small, and the first necessity was