Copyright CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER V

Monday came, serene and cloud-less, herald of a happy holiday. A tear trembled in the Judge's blue eyes as he entered the library where waited his wife, the faithful companion of his thirty years, his two brave boys, and Virginia, not less dear, to give him greeting. The solemnity of it, the reaching of the sixtieth milestone on the road of life, impressed the little group.

"Sixty years, Love," said the old man, solemnly, his hands clasping his wife's, his eyes looking into hers. "And you do not look fifty," she said, smiling up at him. He smiled, too, but as quickly sighed.

"Sixty more to you, father !" cried "Sixty more to you, latter?" thether Hal, who never suffered himself to be long depressed. "Virginia and Tom and I'll be eighty then; mother a hundred and ten, and—" Here the hundred and ten, and—" Here the door opened and Mrs. Dupont en-tered, followed by Bessie.

"Cousin Alice," continued Hal "you interrupted me in a little mathe stical calculation regarding our ages, if were to live sixty more years

How old would you be then?"
"That is a rather impolite question
te put to a woman, Master Hal," replied she. "However, I should be ninety four."

"And Bessie would be seventy-seven!" and he laughed at the thought of Bessie growing old. "The grand total, six hundred and forty-one years! How's that, Virginia, for rapid calculation ?"

'Incorrect.'

Women who do not marry never go past thirty. Bessie and I may not marry. How many times—"
"There's the breakfast bell," he said, and he offered her his arm.

After breakfast the family went the southern veranda. Below stood ble, bearing many large pitchers and a number of glasses. Loud talk and laughter announced the approach of the slaves, and the Judge left his place by his wife and went down the steps. All in holiday attire, the negroes crowded around their master and greeted him according to the dictates of their simple, loving hearts. Some slasped his hand, some kissed it. "Marster, I hope yoh'll nevah die!" said one; while another, over-come by shyness, only said, "Howdy, Marster," so low that only the mas-ter heard the words. The women, with the children hiding behind their skirts, and holding their latest born in their arms, courtesied, and volubly expressed their good wishes to the head of Cardome, always remember-ing to include its mistress. When all had passed the piazza steps, and stood grouped back on the greensward, the overseer came around the house, leading a man whose years numbered three decades and a half more than his master's—Unc' George, whose father had come with the Virginian Todd, and who was one of the first negroes born in the new territory of Kentucky. His powerful frame was bent, his step feeble and his head white; but his eyes were still bright and his mind clear. The Judge stepped to the ground as he approached and classed the carealy approached and clasped the eagerly thrust out hand. Then the negro raised both his black hands to heaven and lifted his bent head, while quavering voice, with an unlookedor strength, cried :

Good Lo'd, Good Mastah ob us all I look down dis day n' hean Dy su'vunt's prayah. Bress our good
Mastah hyah, an' make his days
many on de yearth; foh he's been
good to us, Dy po'r black chillun. when we wus bad, an' when we wuz faithful, his awa'd wus ovahpowahin'. When we wus sick, he ministaked to us; when we wus in misah'y he comfuted us; when we wus ole, keer'd foh us, an' made our las' days happy. He's be'n a good mastab to us, O Lo'd, Dy po'h black chillun. Oh, den, lub him, an' all he lubs, as he's ebah lubed us; bress him, an' his'n as he has ebah bressed us!"

The men stood with bowed heads some of the women had their faces buried in their aprons; tears were rupning like rain over Mrs. Tedd's cheeks; the eyes of her companions were moist, while the boys hid the emotions of their young hearts be-hind downcast lids and set faces. The Judge was visibly affected, and as he stood humbly there before his praying slave, the June sunshine bathing all the place, the hush broken only by the thin quavering voice, he made a picture that never faded from the minds of those

'Amen !" he said, brokenly, as the prayer closed. After a few words of thanks for the good wishes of his faithful servants, the meaning of the white pitchers was explained by the overseer calling on several of the younger men to fill the many glasses with eggnog, in which good health and long life was drunk to the master of Cardome. Then the negroes went back to the "quarters" to spend the holiday after their own hilarious

fashion The Judge soon excused himself from the group on the veranda and walked slowly down the side lawn to his office. When he was out of hear-

ing, Hal said :
"If those folks up North, who are losing their heads over the fearful condition of the slaves in the South, as they term it, had witnessed this 's scene, it would be some thing of an eye opener. To my mind | the

those same liberty-for the blacks people are the greatest lot of hypo crites that have existed since the days of those Jews who harassed, and, in the end, murdered our Lord. We look after the comfort and health of our slaves as if they were our own fiesh and blood; yet thousands of whites are dying of starvation, right inder the eyes of those who are loudly demanding the emancipation of the negro; while the people who can get employment must toll harder than slaves, and often under task.

masters compared with whom ever bed overseers are as angels. 'Sweep before your own door'—that was what I said to a red-hot Abolitionist I met on the train. He made a bound out of his seat as if he intended to pitch me through the window. Just hen the car gave a little lurch and the went sprawling on the floor, to the amusement of the crowd. He, and his like, haven't enough ballast

even to keep them on their feet."

Bessie clapped her hands crying:
"More, more!" but Hal had expressed
his mind and was now ready for

"What is on the program for this morning?" he saked of Virginia.
"Now, Harold," interposed his
mother, "you must not leave us this norning. You know the company

"O, mater !" he exclaimed, "what have I done to merit this? You surely don't mean to make me stand up in the hall and let the people in? Abe would be after my scalp in a pair of minutes.'

The mother smiled indulgently as she said: "But I do want you to be n evidence before the ringing of the dinner bell. Your uncle and aunt are even now on their way from Frankfort, and you knew they are coming as much to see you and Thomas as to help us celebrate your father's birthday. Then Mr. McDow-ell sent me word we may look for him

"Phil coming ?" cried Hal. "Then," laying down his straw hat on the railing of the veranda, "I'm quite content to ornament the parlor wall, if I have him within speaking dis

"And," put in Bessie, "as soon as the carriage is ready, Virginia and I are going over for Miss Sears."

'And who may Miss Sears be?' asked Thomas. On hearing the reply made by Bessie, Hal whistled softly. 'Poor Miss Sears!" he exclaimed.

"She will be anything but poor," corrected Mrs. Dupont. "It is understood that she will be heiress to Mrs. Powell's wealth."

"If she were to accept it from that vindictive old woman, with the straight claim of the Powells ahead of her, she would be the greatest thief outside the penitentiary!" exclaimed Hal, bringing his hand down with

force on the railing.
"Why, Harold!" reproved his mother.

"Yes, mother, I mean it!" he re-ied. "Mrs. Powell is a thief. Perplied. haps she has a reason for being one, but there can be no cause requiring the young lady to continue the trade. What did Hal mean by calling

Mrs. Powell a thief?" questioned Bessie, as the carriage left Cardome for the Park, Mrs. Todd having thoughtfully suggested that the young ladies should drive over for

"I know very little about the matter," said Virginia, evasively.
"What is that little?" pressed the

inquisitive girl.
"Mrs. Powell," began Virginia, with evident reluctance, "though quite a young woman, married Mr. Clay Powell's grandfather. He was, of course, much older than she—"

good to us, Dy po'r black chillun. because she wanted to revenge her-His han' has nebah been rized self upon Mr. Walter Powell. In 'gainst us in angah; he wus patient some inexplicable way the old gentleman became heavily involved. When he died the Powell plantation went under the hammer. The widow, as a matter of course, claimed and received her third. It was Willow-wild, which she immediately dis-posed of. The son did not have a dollar out of his father's estate. It appears that he has been unfortunate all through life, and he and his son,

Henry Clay Powell, are very poor."
"But," urged Bessie, "where does Mrs. Powell's thievery come in?"
Virginia, however, was not suffi ciently informed on that lady's disposal of the Powell funds to speal with certainty, so she wisely re-

mained silent. When the carriage reached Cardome on its return, a number of guests had arrived. Among them was Phil, who with Hal and Thomas, was seated or

the square portico, smoking.
"That is your carriage, ien't it?" Phil asked, as the heads of the horses came around the group of pine trees. "I wonder if they have Miss For-tunsta?" commented Thomas. "Do you know Phil," he added, "Mrs.

Powell has found an heiress "We had an item in the paper, think, about a young lady visitor at the Park," replied Phil, knocking the ashes from his pipe, as rising, he anticipated Thomas in opening the

carriage door. Phil and Thomas accompanied the young ladies to the parlor and Hal was left alone on the portico. Presently he heard a horse coming over the road in an easy gallop, and stopping as Cardome's gate was reached.

"Another!" he thought: "Mother must have gone out in the highways, like the King in the Bible."

The appearance of the noble black horse and the erect young rider around the pines interrupted his thoughts. "It must be Clay Powell,"

he said to himself, and left his place on the beach. The rider swung himself from the saddle, and relinquishing the rein to one of the attending negroes advanced to the portice, on the last step of which stood Hal.

"This is Mr. Powell, I believe?" said the boy; and in that moment, meeting the smouldering fire of those dark eyes, the soul of the lad went forth and clove to the the other's are use the sand of Jonathan. forth and clove to the the others even as the soul of Jonathan was knit to that of David, returning from the field of victory with the head of the Philistine. "I am Harold Todd," he added, his bright smile lighting

he added, his bright smile lighting up the frank face.

Clay Powell clasped the outstratched hand, saying cordially:
"I am glad to meet Harold Todd.
We should be friends, for you know we are the sons of friends."

"It is true," replied Hal. "My father holds no one in a higher

admiration and affection than your father; and I am honored in your wishing we should perpetuate, in our selves, their time tested and ever-

constant friendship."

He then led the way across the portico and hall to the library, where his father was seated with the Governor and a number of other prominent gentlemen who had come to join with their life-long friend in the day's celebration. When the Judge saw the approaching guest he advanced to meet him, cordiality in his face and manner.
"Welcome, indeed, to Cardome, my

young friend!" he said.
"Thank you, Judge Todd," replied the younger man. 'I am the bearer of my father's heartfelt congratulations

for you on this happy auspicious day. With those good wishes of my father and your friend, permit me to join

"Such a message from your father gladdens my heart; and to receive it from you, with your own kind words, adds to my happiness," replied the Judge. He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking into his face, where sat the majesty of youth and lotty purpose, he coninued slowly:
"As my eyes go over the group of

riends gathered around me on thi day, the faces of the absent arise befere my mental vision. And among them there are only two as sadly missed as your father's. Those two were as dear to him as to me." Then he turned away to hide his feelings, and introduced Mr. Powell to the Governor and other gentlemen.
After the ordinary courtesies had
been exchanged, the Judge drew the young man's arm within his, saying

There is a lady who would not forgive me were I to delay long in bringing you to her;" he crossed the wide hall to the parlor, and sought Mrs. Todd among the gay crowd filling the room.
"How very like his father, Judge!"

she said, holding the young man' hand in a motherly clasp.
"Yes," replied the Judge, "though there are times when he sets me

thinking of the great Clay. You knew your renowned kinsman, of ourse?" he asked. "Slightly," replied the young man

somewhat stiffly it seemed to the Judge, who said immediately: 'I thought perhaps he felt a deeper

interest in you than in other of his young relations because of your mother, to whom he was tenderly "I saw Mr. Clay only a few times," aplied Clay Powell. "You know,

replied Clay Powell. "You kno he continued, looking the Judge the eyes proudly as he made the statement, "my fortunes are not such as to admit me to terms of intimacy with the great."

The great are indifferent whether them possess fortune or not," said the Judge. "It is ever the personal worth they consider."

The young man was silent under the rebuke thus given him by his father's friend, while Mrs. Todd said softly, her slender fingers pressing those she still held:

"And the Judge and I know that the son of your father and mother is so rich in this personal worth, so endowed with noble qualities of heart and mind, that when he is received into the friendship of the great, he honors as well as is hon-"This confidence, madam, which

you repose in me, makes my heart overflow with love and gratitude. I pray heaven I shall ever be worthy

"I spoke to you a while ago," said the Judge, "of two friends whom your father and I held dearer than other friends, or even brothers. Of one you have, doubtless, often heard him speak — our knightly Castleton, whose death left us bereft of the truest love that ever man received? You may have also heard of his daughter, and only child, Virginia ?"

"The name of that loved friend has often been mentioned by my father," answered young Powell. "If to his child her father's death was a calamity, it has been largely softened by her finding a daughter's place in the hearts of yourself and Mrs. Todd."

"Ah! ours is a sad substitute, my friend, for the love she lost when his great heart ceased to beat," said the Judge, mournfully. "But let me take you to her, for the children of the children friends should be dear to each ther.'

Virginia had turned her head at their entrance, and now as the Judge advanced with the young man, she rose, her beauty enhanced by that fine graciousness which is to woman what chivalry is to man; but Clay Powell, unheeding the grace and loveliness, saw only the daughter of a man his father had loved. He bowed low over her white hand, but der, saying:

with sentiments no different from those with which he had met Mrs. those Todd

A gleam of satisfaction, ho showed on his face on being intro-duced, a little later, to Phil McDow-ell. "It is an unexpected pleasure to ell. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet the aditor of the Frankfort 'Herald!" he exclaimed. "But will you pardon me if I tell you that my fancy always painted a man of twice your years? Your views are so sober and profound, your manner of deal-ing with questions is so suggestive at great and varied experiences. I

"It is only the outside of the head that is young!" said the Judge.
"The inside is of the finest seasoned material to be found in the fournal-

"It is the friend speaking now," said Phil laughing easily; "and, for all their wiedom, the ancients made a mistake when they gave blindness

to love only."

Remarking that Phil McDowell saw merit in the work of all man-kind, save his own, the Judge returned to his other guests in the library until the announcement of dinner brought the entire company together in the dining-room.

Cardome had known many such occasions, when the head of the State, the ablest representatives of the professions, the truest disciples of the arts, distinguished visitors, beauty wealth and fashion had met at its ospitable board; and of these occasions the present was one of the happiest. The young, lovers of joy, were looking expectantly to the days open ing before them; the ambitious, if impatient, were certain of the future nigh career they sought; the old had learned wisdom, which brought them contentment and gratitude for the things that are good, which they possessed. Nothing disturbed the harmony of that time, nor were any

eyes keen enough to see the Future,

standing just beyond that hour weaving the threads of a sad destiny Poor unconscious mortals! Smile low while you may; feast; live your moments of delight, and garner up every joy; for yours are the hearts that are to hunger ; stamp this scene the faces of friends and loved ones on your memories, against the time then this house shall be the home of the stranger, while host and guest, friend and brother, shall be so widey separated that only the voice o God shall bring them again together east, for yours are the faces that are set toward an hour when weak ened forms and starving lips shall long for the crumbs from this table. But no hand appeared to write the warning on the wall.

TO BE CONTINUED

HER CAREER

Over in Berlin the American students of music declared that Mar got Hanson must have been born with a four leaf clover in one hand and a rabbit's foot in the other, or she would never had the opportunity to make her debut in opera before she was twenty one years old Back in Mifflin, Minnesota, it was

only what everybody expected Everybody in her home town knew of the girl's ambition to become s great singer. Margot's songs had seen the popular feature of hurch concerts and the society entersainments since she was a mite of a thing with yellow curls. Her ambition frightened her gentle, widowed mother, who believed in omes rather than careers for girls. but let her daughter dominate her

m Margot's high school days. When these were over Burke Payne had urged the girl to come up to Minneapolis and study her music It would be his last year in the university, and they could have some-thing of a time; he'd take her to football games and class dances; in between she could vocalize. Burke and Margot had been neighbors since childhood. The big boy had petted and teased the little girl, as is the way with big boys and little girl's the

world over.
"In between!" Margot had repeated with scathing emphasis. "I want you to understand, Burke Payne that my music is not to be tucked in between a football game and a class dance! It's to be the biggest, most important part of my life. I'm not going to Minneapolis, either. I'll take mother and go to Germany at

And Burke had whistled. 10 course, he had always known that Margot wanted to study abroad, but

He was silent for a moment before he could nod approval. "All right. Perhaps if you were in Min neapolis I would shirk, and I must get my diploma this year. Then for two years I'll slave in Uncle Jim's shoe factory, and then—" The blood had come into his cheek, his eye had gleamed and his voice

Margot had lifted her pretty head expectantly. "And then, Burke, then?" thrilling at the mystery in

the broken sentence.

He had scanned her face eagerly. "You are too young to know," he had said at last, pulling a lock of her hair as if she were six. "Perhaps in two years I'll tell you if you are very, very good and write to me at least, a week."

And then-Margot and her mother became a part of the musical colony in Berlin. And then-Tchelko, the great Tchelko, consented to take the girl as a pupil. And then—oh joy!
—after the girl had sung the famous
teacher laid her hands on her shoul-

"Kleine Amerikanerin, I believe that you can be what you please.
You have the voice! Herr Gott,
what a voice — You have the
chest of a Wagner singer, deep and broad, and your throat is round and full. You must have patience to work and work and yet work. work and work and yet work. You

Margot got ready to give all. She felt that there was nothing she could not do and be. And how she did work! She lived like a nun in the Berlin pension; took no part in the unconventional relaxations of the American students; made few friends; went nowhere but to the opera and to Tchelko's. Every hour of the day belonged to her voice; so many for vocal practice; so many for physical exercise, as her body must be kept muscle-free; so many for Italian, for French, for German She lived and breathed in an atmos-

here of music. She found time to write to Burke for there was a masterful tone in his letters that demanded an answer. But how different were their lives Burke had obtained his diploma; has had entered Uncle Jim's shoe factory "to slave for a while, and then—" Then his uncle died, and the factory became Burke's property. This was not the "and then" that once rang so mysteriously alluring in Margot' ear. Margot still remembered Burke's expression.

But she forgot it when Tchelko said, with the smile that softened her keen, clever face : "Nun, meine Theure, an artist must learn to know Nun meine audiences as well as music, else she might appear self-conscious before her public. Go you to Norway liebes Kind, and leavn audiences No one who counts will hear you in the villages there. You shall not sing at Germany until after your debut. Ach, but your voice will be a surprise I will give the musical

So Margot sang in concert through out the smaller Norwegian towns and found it a pure delight. She chose the Norwegian ballads, and they rested her after the big operatio arias she had been studying. And the people would wait around the door of the village church to kiss her hand, her sleeve, her skirt as she passed, and cry loudly : rah, Froken Hanson!" Hur-

It was a triumph, a foretaste of the future, and Margot would go back to her mother with her face aglow and her eyes like stars.

At Vossevangen, when she came back to her inn, a little fat man who had been standing before the fire stepped forward and asked abruptly: "Who is your teacher, Fraulein?" His abruptness startled her, but

she was proud to answer, Tchelko." Tchelko," he repeated the name with approval; then in the same short, gruff way: "I heard you sing to night. You will sing Weg ner, yes? Your voice tells me your temperament. I am von Wurm, the Intendant at Berlin, When you are ready for opera, Fraulein, come to

me."

"Oh, Herr Intendant!" Then she boked. He nodded understandingly and rapidly questioned her about her work and her plans.

'You are very young," he grum-d as he went away. "Your voice bled as he went away. "Your voice is older than your years. You must grow to it. It will demand much, that voice. Time, atrength, love, all life itself, perhaps." And he said as Tchelko had said: "You must work, work, work. One buys the future by the toil of the present."

She stood where he had left her,

trembling with excitement and joy.
To think that the Intendent of the Royal Opera in Berlin should have Royal Opera in Berlin should spoken to her so! It was as though she had been crowned.

The slam of the door brought her back from dreams of the future. A tall man entered quickly, came directly to her, caught her hands and raised them to his lips, as the country folk had done at the church door. I was there! I heard!" eried Burke Payne breathlessly. Margot, but you can sing !"

At sight of him she had stepped At sight of him she have. Now back as though to run away. Now Burke! Where she smiled sottly. "Burke! Where did you come from? How did you know we were here? I'm so glad to

see you!"

"Are you?" wistfully. "I was afraid you had forgotten me and Mifflin. I came to England on business connected with poor Uucle Jim's estate, and when I went to Berlin they told me you were here, and I tagged after you I'm not sure," and he laughed uneasily, "whether I'm glad or sorry.

Why, Burke ?" "Ob, you know-you know I've

always cared for you, honey. Yes ever since you were a little thing all yellow hair and blue eyes. At first it was as a pet, a play thing, and then we were good chums. But since I went to college the feeling has changed again, and I love you now as a man loves but one girl in the world. I love you, sweet, I love you!" The words seemed to force their utterance. "But this music, their utterance. But this music, this career of yours is going to come between us." He clenched and unclenched his fists. "No, don't speak yet," as she would have interrupted him. "When I heard you to night I was convinced of that. The Lord has given you be more as the condental was a second of the conden has given you a wonderful voice, dear. I don't know whether He meant you to use it in opera or not, and sleep," she commanded, but I do know that even if you loved me you wouldn't come to me now.
You've got to do and see if being a prima donna satisfies you. I shan't ask anything of you'vet—not until you ask anything of you'vet—not until you ask anything of you'vet—not until you.

Ret. have had the fame and glory. But pride and ambition if the day ever comes, dear heart, with—with what?

when you-when you want me, you'll tell me honestly, won't you?" He spoke with such a simple manliness that the girl felt abashed.

work and work and yet work.

must give every thought and act to must give every thought and act to that voice. Hein! it will be fealous, ship."

It isn't a question of fairness and demand all."

little girl "—his voice was not quite steady as he answered—" I love you. I can't help it; you can't help it. We must just accept the fact, dear little friend, and our friendship must not be broken. You will write to me of your triumphs, and in my office in he factory I'll thank God for knowing and loving you."
His unselfishness touched her, but

somehow frightened her, too.

You must not do that, Burke. As you say, love isn't a question of choice, but neither is ambition. God did give me my voice and my desire to make the most of it. I don't suppose you can understand me, but-love — love between the men and women of to-day seems insignificant beside that of Elizabeth and Senta. It hasn't the depth, the grandeur the

master put into those wonderful

women. They were content to suffer and to sacrifice if they could give." He laughed fondly. "Dear, you are so young," as though he were an " Dear, you octogenarian himself. "True always means sacrifice. Love 'True love receiving; it's giving, while life lasts. You'll learn that some day. Not for me perhaps, but for some man. You are too sweet, too womanly to be denied the lesson, and both your life and your art will be bigger when you

have learned it." She shook her head. He could not inderstand; no one could understand but those whose souls bent to the

power of the master's music.
"I had to tell you," Burke went on quietly, "and now we won't talk of it any more. I have a week to play, and I'd like to play here with you and your mother. But if my presence disturbs you I'll go. It is for you to

Bay. Again he was the old friend who had always teased and petted her. He looked so strong, so cheerful she could scarcely believe that he had been telling her he loved her. He took it very easily, she thought. He was content to stand aside while she

gratified her ambition. And he can not understand it,"

she murmured.
"Yes, I can." He took her hands. And I'll stay and prove it. But first I must say with these good Norwegi ans: "Hurrah, Froken Hanson! Hurrah!" And he kissed her hands again.

Thereafter they sailed the blue flords, climbed among the pines of Lonehorje or walked across the green pastures to Finneloft without further word of love from Burke. Yet occa sionally it spoke in his eyes or in a note of his voice, and it irritated her. Mrs. Hanson watched them wist

fully and kept silence. She was afraid of a big career for her sensi-tive girl. A single winter in Berlin d opened her eyes to the jealousies and annoyances that surround a great singer, and she did not want Margot

to suffer them. When the Norwegian holiday was over and Burke had returned to America, Margot threw herself into her work with greater zeal than ever. Tchelko declared that there was a new depth in her voice.

"Aber, it is with your brain and muscle you must study, not with your nerves," she castioned "Ach, diese Amerikaner! You will never do big things until you conquer those girl's shoulder. "If you eat and sleep you will bring fame to both of us. Let nothing some between you ence made him look up. "You are

nd your career." 'I will. I won't," Margot promised, and studied harder than before. She did not answer Burke's letter that week, nor for many weeks, and she said nothing when her mother took up the neglected correspondence. But whether she wrote or not, Burke's

letter came.

He could have found no surer way to obsess her thoughts than by ask ing nothing. If he had begged her to marry him and she had refused, she could have put him out of her mind. But he had only told her that he loved her, and that love meant giving. Involuntarily she compared him to those legendary men whose passion she heard in music; not to Tannhauser, the discontented knife, but to the unseifish Wolfram, who could sacrifica his love for Elizabeth's happiness.

The first time she found herself doing this she laughed almost hys-terically at the incongruity between a broad-shouldered shoe manufacturer and a mythical German knight. All the same, every time she sang the Tannhauser" music it was Burke, not Wolfram, who told her that love is sacrifice, is giving. The words rang a continual melody in her heart. She could not forget them, try as she would. The stirring of these emo-tions gave an added glory to her voice, and Tchelko broke into incoherent adjectives the while she grumbled to see the girl grow thin and pale.

"Bah, these nerves! They have ruined more than one great career for you Americans. Ach wass! Eat don't come to me for a week. Get out into the air and don't think."

Pride and ambition within her fought

Margot walked along Unter den Linden, her head high, her body tense. She felt tired of it all; deadly tired of the daily practice, the fencing and dancing lessons, the French and German and Italian. But she did not dare go away from Berlin. It she did that she was afraid she would never come back. It she could only make her debut now; at once. That would drive everything else out of

her mind. And then coming toward her, through the Brandenburg Gate, she eaw fat little von Wurm, the intendant of the Berlin Opera. It seemed as though he came in direct answer to her frantic wish, and she went to

him quickly.
"Herr Intendant," she said abruptly, have you forgotten that you told me to come to you when I was ready

He frowned as he tried to remem ber her, and then his face cleared. "Ach, yes. The baby I heard sing in Norway, at Vossevangen."
"And you will hear me in Berlin!

To morrow?" she begged.

He laughed indulgently, for he was in a good humer. "Yes, to morrow. Come to me at 10."

The next day at 10 o'clock Margot was standing alone on the big stage of the Berlin Opera House with the dark auditorium opening before her ike a vast cavern. No one knew. Not her mother : not Tchelko, who had never heard of that talk with the Intendant at Vossevangen. No one but that influential little fat man, listening critically somewhere in the

To her own amazement she was not nervous. She sang easily and well. "You have grown, little ene," von Wurm told her. "There is greater breadth and richness in year

voice."
"Then you will let me sing in

opera?" she coaxed timidly. He swung around in amazement. Why, you are a baby, too young for opera. Go back to Tchelko for two. three years, then come to me." "I don't want to go back to Tchelko," stubbornly. "I want to

sing in opera now." He shrugged his shoulders and sighed at the persistency of the American girl. "Look, meine Kleine," he said at last, "you have a big voice yes, but you are a baby, a baby. should find a place for you in Berlin it would not be good for you. Noin! Noin! If you are determined to make your debut now, go to one of the smaller places. See, I will give you a letter to the Intendant at Blebach, a good friend of mine. There you can have more opportunity, more appearances

than hers, where the personnel is so large." That evening Margot and her

mother went to Blebach.
"Would you like to be the mother of a Blebach prima donna?" Margot queezed her mother's hands as they sat in the railway carriage. "Could we live on \$75 a month? You know we live on \$75 a month? a beginner does not get \$1 000 for performance, like Melba or

Tetrazzini.' 'It isn't a question of money, my dear, but of your happiness," replied

her mother.

Margot flung herself back against the cushions and looked out in the gathering dusk as the train sped along. "I don't think people are sent inte a little sigh.

Baren Von Wurm's letter secured

Intendant. Margot was pale and nervous. The Intendant was unfaverably impressed by her wouth. When she began her first aria he even turned saide and began to look ever some music. Heavens!" thought Margot in

an early interview with the Blebach

She stopped short. The sudden silence made him look up. "You are not listening, she told him "Do you think it is courteous to read while I am singing ?" Baron von Waze thraw down the music with a laugh. Her spirit amused him and she was right.

And Margot sang as even Tchelko had never heard her, and Herr von Waze forgot to be bored and supercritical. "I would like to offer you an engagement," he told her frankly, " if our personnel was not full. But a debut I can give you. You shall

Sing now, Fraulein. I will listen.

make your debut in Blebach." Only a debut. She wanted to be tied by a contract. It would make her feel mere secure. Still a debut was a great deal at her age, and it might lead to more. At least she would have no time for irritating questions, for it was settled that her first appearance would be in " Tann hauser" within a month.

Tchelks was at first furious that she had not been consulted, and then sufficiently pleased to put off her other pupils and come to Blebach for a last coaching. Rebearsals with Tchelko; rehearsals with the Intendant ; rehearsals with the accompanist, and finally with the Kappel meisted and orchestra crowded the

At last the great night came. Margot in the clinging robes of Elizabeth, stood ready, her life's ambition attained. The auditorium was crowded, for great interest had been aroused in this first appearance of the young American girl. The Grand Dukeland his suite occupied the royal box.

Margot felt strangely indifferent. She wondered if all attained ambition was joyless. Tchelko seemed far more nervous than her pupil, waiting like a tall, pale statue in the wings. Then a note was handed to her, and at the name signed to the few lines Margot's face flushed, soft-ened. The statue had come to life.