

A LOVER OF MUSIC

Musk," played jubilantly, triumphantly, irresistibly—on a fiddle!

The melodion gave one final gasp of surprise and was dumb.

Every one looked up. There, in the parlour door, stood the stranger, with his coat off, his violin hugged close under his chin, his right arm making the bow fly over the strings, his black eyes sparkling, and his stockinged feet marking time to the tune.

"*Dansez! dansez,*" he cried, "*en avant! Don' spik'. Don' res'! Ah 'll goin' play de feedle fo' yo' jess moch yo' lak', eef yo' h'only danse!*"

The music gushed from the bow like water from the rock when Moses touched it. Tune followed tune with endless fluency and variety—polkas, galops, reels, jigs, quadrilles; fragments of airs from many lands—"The Fisher's Hornpipe," "Charlie is my Darling," "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin," "Petit Jean," "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel," woven together after the strangest fashion and set to the liveliest cadence.

It was a magical performance. No one could withstand it. They all danced together, like the leaves