son, and suices. She tells her story and to card for by Mrs. Prisable.

CMAPTER II.—Centinued.

Angie smiled, while Martin stared at the girl with increased astonishment. He knew who this McGuire was, and something of his history, and that Tim's Place was a hillside clearing far up the river, inhabited by an Irish family devoted to the raising of potatoes. He had halted there once, long enough to observe it is somewhat slothful condition, and the buy pork and potatoes; but this tale was a revelation, and the girl herself a greater one. This oasis in the wilderness was fully 40 miles above here, its only connection with civilization was a seldom-used loig road which only an experienced woodsman could follow, and how this mere child had dared it, was a marrel.

how this mere child had dared it, was a marvel.

But there she was, squat on the ground and watching them with big black, pleading eyes. There was but one thing to do, to care for her now, as humanity-insisted, and Angle made the first more. For each of the control of the con

river a few rods.

The moon was shimm clearly above the treetops, the campdre burned-brightly, and Martin, Ray and Levi were lounging near it when the two returned, and in che an autonizabing transformation had taken place.

Angle had gone away with a girl of ten in respect to clothing, her skirt evideatily made of runny cloth and resching but little below has been a said tree diamet shirt, and both in rags. Bolled with black mud, and bleeding, ahe was an object plitable beyond words; she returned a young lady, almost, in stature, her face shining and roay, and her eyes so tender with graiting that they were pathetic.

Another change had also come with cleanliness and clothing—a sudden bashfulness. It was some time ere ahe could be made to talk again, but finally that wors way and then her score credible intastic, welfd, simoet workish tale—the nectives she had

scarce credible.

It was a fantastic, weird, almost spookish tale,—the spectres she had seen were so real to her that the telling made them seem almost so to the rest, and boyond that, the girl herself,

so like a young witch, with her shadowly eyes and furtive giances, added to
the illusion.

But now came a diversion, for Levi
freshened the fire, and at a nod from
autic. Ray brought forth and the vent
autic. Ray brought forth and its vent
that his one pet too, and now, with
the hand place so in accord, he was
trad to exhibit his talent. He was not
an expert—a few jigs and plantation
melodies composed his repertory—but
with the moonlight gilnting through
the spruce boughs, the river murmuring near, somehow one could not fail
to catch the quaint humor of "Old
Uncle Ned," "Jim Crack Corn," and
the like, and see the two dusky lovers
as they fonted down the "Tombigbee
River" and feel the pathos of "Nellie
Grey" and "Old Kentucky Home."

Ray sang fairly well and in sympathy with each thems. To Angle and
the rest it was but ordinary; but to
this wait, who never before had heard
a banjo or a darky long,
when the services he ever see we have there.

and once two tears stole down her cheeks.

For an hour Ray was the center of interest, and then Angie arose.

"Come, Chip," she said pleasantly, "it's time to go to bed, and you are to share my tent."

"I'd rather not," the girl replied bluntly. "I sin't fit. I kin jist ex well curl' longside o' the fire."

But Angie insisted and the girl followed her into the tent.

Here occurred another incident that must be related. Angie, always devout, and somewhat puritanical, was one who never forgot her nightly prayer, and now, when ready for slumber, she knelt on the bed of fir kings, and by the light of one small candic offered her usual pettion, while Chip witched her with wide and wondering was As might be expected, affectling.

To ye spose of them candir when the control of the c

looked at her with pity.

And poor Chip, conscious that perhaps she had sinned in speech, said no more.

For a long time Angie izy sleepless upon her fragrant bed, recalling the wait's strange story and trying to grap the depth and breath of her life at Tim's Place; also to surmise, it possible, how serious a tain't of evil the singular control of the singular contr

Many years before, in a distant village called Greenvale, two brothers, David and Anni Cartis, had quarreled over an unfortunate division of inherited land. The outcome was that Annal, somewhat missanjaropic over the death of his wife, and of poculiar makeny, deserted his home and filled daughter Angeline, and wanheld. For many years no one knew of his where abouts, and he was given in a side. In the meantime his child, cas Aunt Comfort word of the was a word of the wor

mate, now the village doctor in Oreenvale, to join him on an outing trip into the wilderness.

Here something of the history of a notorious outlaw named McGuire became known to Martin, and more functions are not only to the manner of line. Martin outland the manner of line, Martin could not learn, and not until later, when he returned to Oreenvale to woo his former sweetheart once more, did he even guess. Here, however, from a description furnished by a village nonedarfpt.—a sort of Natty Bumpo and philosopher combined, known as Old Cy Walker, who had been kind out of the manner of t



"I Never Had Nothin' But Work 'n Cussin'."

birch grew in the valleys; deer, moose and feathered game abounded here, and best of all, no vandal lumbermen were encroached upon this region. It was, all considered, a vertiable apportanan's paradise. Nost likely a few thousand dollars would purchase large the state of the st

disposed of and the voyagers ready to start, she was given a place therein. The river at this point was broad and of slow current, only two day's journey was needful to reach the settlement and no cause for worry appeared—but Levif elit otherwise. "You'be to like he to the the boy pushed off, "an' don't git out o' sight o' us." "I sin't sartin' bout the boy pushed off, "an' don't git out o' sight o' us." "I sin't sartin' bout the outcome o' this matter," he said to Martin later. "I know that half-breed, Bolduc, and he's a bad 'an. From the gal's story he paid big money fer her. He don't know the measin' o' law, and if he follers down the tote road, as I caliate he will, 'n' ketchee sight o' her, the 'arts we'll know on't 'll be the crack o' a rifs. The wonder to me is he didn't ketche her 'fore she got to the woogle." It wasn't feel easy till we're out o' the woogle." It wasn't reassuring. But no thought of the comming, the ripped river that bore them on-ward, the birds singing along the fired banks, and all the ethilaration of the wilderness, soon reached the care free converse of youthful freads.

"cussin." Chip responded, when Bay saked if she never had any time she couldn't get tirred, I guess. He'd roust me up fust of all 'n' larrup me if he caught me shirkin." Once I had a lit tile posey bed back o' the pigpen. I fined it after dark an 'mornin's when I had to be more skeered o' my dad 'n I was o' Tim, the'. He'd look at me like b hated me, an 'any, 'shut up, 'if I said a word, an' I most bellewed he'd kin me, just fer nothin.' Once he saile he'd take me out into the woods a night in 'balt a bear tray with an about on only winters. I hated dad so It' a' shot him myself, I guess, if I cu' a' got hold o' a gun when he wa'n' watchin."

'a' got hold o' a gun when he wa'n'
"It's awful to have to feel that was
toward your own father," interruptes
Ray, "for he was your father."
I s'pose twan," admitted Chip, can
I's pose twan," admitted Chip, can
I's pose twan, admitted Chip, can
the seen him slap mother when shy
was on her knees a bawlin, and the
was no her knees a bawlin, and the
way he would cuss her was awful."
"But you had some friendeship from
this old Indian," queried Ray, who be
gan to realize what a pitting life the
girl had led; "he was good" to you
wann't he?"

were norrible to her.

Here was a self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet the self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet the self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet the self-evident duty thrusting itself upon her, and how to meet decident with justice to herself, the cance were peaked and all set out problem. Thus dwelling upon this complement of the self-evident duty of the self-evi

Greater Opportunities for Musicians in America

By RALPH L. FLANDERS,



S there less opportunity for musicians in this country than in other countries? If under the term musician we understand both the student and the practicing musician, the word opportunity may refer to the study of music, to the hearing of music and to earning a lirelihood by the practice of music.

As to the study of music: The teachers in this country are as good as the teachers abroad. We assert this with confidence. The mechanism of playing an instrument is the same

are as good as the teachers abroad. We assert this withfeonfidence. The mechanism of playing an instrument is the iame
here as it is in Europe, and men of the highest training, with
every possible inducement to do only their best, have for
years been busy in imparting their knowledge and skill to eta-pouth.
That not more of the result is seen by the individual local observer is due
to the fact that the pupils of a truly reputable teacher, coming from all
quarters, scatter after instruction to those remote places from which they
originally came, and there in the stress of existence fail to reach the ripest
development or remain, as do hundreds of fine talents abroad, mere local
celebrities. It should ever be remembered, in this connection, that it is
given to only a rare few to shine as world players. Our observation is to
the effect that teachers in America are more conscientious than those given to only a rare few to shine as world players. Our observation is to the effect that teachers in America are more conscientious than those abroad. At least the inclination to fleece a scholar because he is an American, a rich foreigner, is here reduced to a minimum. Moreover, a talented boy in a provincial town abroads, having exhausted the resource of a local teacher, strives, no matter how excellent the teacher may be, to finish his studies in Leipsic, Berlin, Prague or some other great center. Here, he can enjoy the best things of his art. This same condition obtains in our country. It would seem as if opportunities in this respect to study were about count were about equal.

As to hearing music: Our largest cities furnish orchestral, chamber and virtuoso concerts which correspond with those of the greatest centers

abroad.

As to earning a livelihood: Financially, the musician depends upon lesson-giving. We believe we are safe in asserting that those who carn the most in the profession, year in year out, are those that teach. Find the performer who lives by performing alone and you find the man who belongs to the small minority in the profession. Men subsist on theater samings alone, on the dance business alone, some very few on solo playing. But when one takes the profession as a whole, it is the teachers who form the overwhelming majority. Pianists, vocalists, organists—they all teach. In our large centers the number of youth now engaged in the study of music in all its forms runs high into the thousands. Every house has the piano or its violin. Excluding England, of which we know little, if one compares the earnings in France and Germany with those in our ownland, the American teacher earns more, lives better and is housed better than his European brother.

land, the American teacher earns more, lives octer and is noised octer.

Comparison of theater wages to-day in Germany with theater wages in America reveals the fact that the average American orchestral player gets more return than his German brother for his services, while the cest of living is pretty much the same. From this state of affairs has arisen of orchestral players to be Aughl Z. 212 the cry of orchestral planeard all over Germany.

Uroblem of the Begenerate

By PROF. ANDREW WILSON, Eminent English Scientist.

The degenerate, if I may judge from the attention he has been receiving for some time both in the daily journals and at congresses medi-cal, educational, and so-ciological, bids fair to become on object of perma-nent interest. Perhaps it

nent interest. Perhips it is well that society—using this term in the widest sense—should concern itself with the problems of the unfit, if only for the reason that they very intimately concern the welfare of the world at large. That the degenerate represents a very real presence in our midst is a statement that admits of no cavil or contention. Every center of population, big or small alike, produces a proportion of unfit units. This result is, obviously, inevitable, when the course of human evolution is regarded, for no exception is justified which assumes that all born will be born sane, healths and reafert

no exception is justified which assumes that all born will be born-sane, healthy, and perfect.

Roughly regarded, there are two main lines on which the questient how to stem degeneracy is of can be debated. Of these, plainly stated, the first plan of treatment resolves itself into the phrase, "Stop the supply." It would go straight to the source and origin of degeneracy and its propagation, and would, in so far as possible, prohibit, legally and socially, the reproduction of the unfit. The second mode of dealing with the will may be described as purely ameliorative. It seeks to develop and to train the degenerate into better ways of life. It demands for him the right to live, and it charges society with the duty or feorming its unfit units. Confessedly, this second plan has set before it a programme of enormous extent—so enormous, in fact, that even hopeful people, cheery optimists, may well stand aghast when they come face to face with the state of the particular Augean Stable they profibe to cleanse. Again, those who look on the degenerate as a possible, subject for reformation often seem to forget that there is a constant and fresh supply of unfit units being thrown on the world each day that dawns, and that to neglect to take care of this supply is much the same thing as endeavoring to fill the proverbial barrel at the bunghole while the tap is turned on.

Claerite, if there is to be any hone of seeing the numbers of the

endeavoring to fill the proverbial barrel at the bunghole while the tage is turned on.

Claerly, if there is to be any hope of seeing the numbers of the degenerate brought within limits which shall render their treatment at all practicable, there must be some check or other devised which shall limit—I will not say prevent, because that would be an 'impossibility—the propagation of the physical and mental wastrels that cost the country millions each year for their maintenance, and this without very much return being visible in the way of their betterment. I have not yet met with any persons who have considered this matter seriously, and who do not agree that the true and drastic remedy is that of seeking to limit the appearance of the unit on the stage of time. Estatic humanitarians, so called, who are moved to tears at the thought of the back of a brutal garotter, who has nearly killed an inoffensive citizen, being made to smart by an effective application of the "cat," are probably the only persons who would enjoy the liberty they have to-day, to multiply as they will, and to send forth into the world the diseased, the insane, the idiotic, and the criminal, to worry, perplex, and pauperins the honest man. Of such persons the least said the better, only they constitute a manace and danger to the state by their fatuous humanitarians.