

BETRAYED;

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

He thought it had taste in Clara not to have maintained longer the high ideal of his innocence had created for her. Nevertheless, when he approached her house, and had the presentation of her approving presence, he was troubled. Doubt and anxiety assailed him. When he saw through the trees the window of her room his heart throbbled so violently that he had to sit down on the root of a tree for a moment. "I love her like a madman!" he murmured. Then looking up suddenly, he exclaimed: "But she is only a woman after all. I shall go on."

For the first time Clara received him in her own apartment. She was sitting in an arm-chair, and, contrary to her custom, had no work in her hands. She appeared to be looking at two vivid circles around her eyes. She had evidently suffered much, and wept much. On seeing this dear face worn and haggard with grief, Leland forgot the neat phrases he had prepared for his entrance. He forgot all except that he really adored her.

He advanced hastily toward her, seized in his two hands those of the young lady, and without speaking interrogated her eyes with tenderness and profound pity. "It is nothing," she said, withdrawing her hand and bending her pale face gently. "I am not ill; I may even be happy, if you wish it."

There was in the smile, the look and the accent of Clara Denton something indefinable, which froze the blood of Leland. He felt confessedly that she loved him, and yet was lost to him; that he had before him a species of being he did not understand, and that this young woman, saddened, broken, and lost by love, yet loved something else in this world better even than that love.

She made him a slight sign which he obeyed like a child, and he sat down beside her. "Mr. Leland," she said, in a voice tremulous at first, but which grew stronger as she proceeded, "I heard you last night—perhaps with a little too much patience. I shall now, in return, ask from you the same kindness. You have told me that you love me; and I avow frankly that I entertain a warm affection for you. Such being the case, we must either separate forever, or unite ourselves by the only tie worthy of us both. To part would affect me much, and I also believe it would affect you. To unite ourselves—for my own part I would be willing to give you my life; but I cannot do it, I cannot wed you without manifest folly. You are younger than I am, I think."

Then hurriedly: "But there is another reason. I do not belong to myself. I belong to my daughter, to my family, to my past. In giving up my name for yours I would wound—I would cruelly wound all the friends who surround me, and, I believe, some who exist no longer."

"Well, sir," she continued, after a moment's hesitation, "I have discovered a way by which we may avoid breaking off an intimacy so pleasant and sweet to both of us—in fact, to make it closer, if anything. My proposal may surprise you, but have the kindness to think over it, and do not say no at once. It is an act of honor and grace, and was suggested at the parlor which overheard his face. She gently took his hand and said: "Listen patiently."

"Speak on," he muttered, hoarsely. "Mr. Leland," she continued, with her angelic smile, "you have seen and heard my heart's desire. I have a friend and companion, Mildred Lester. You know how much she is to me. Since she first came to us I have learned to love her with all my heart. She is more than a friend—more than a sister to me. Having watched over her so long and constantly, I have all a mother's feeling and affection for her. She is, she must ever be the same to me as my own child. She is beautiful—far more beautiful than I am, and since she has wholly recovered her physical health, her mind has developed with marvelous rapidity; and although a portion of her life is yet a blank, her education and refinement she is the peer of any lady in the land. Warren Leland, I desire you to make Mildred Lester your wife!"

Leland started abruptly to his feet and seized the woman by the wrist, casting a searching look into her eyes. Then he realized the full purport of her words, he sank back as one thunderstruck.

CHAPTER XXV.

CLARA DENTON regarded her companion anxiously for a moment, and then said: "I swear to you that I shall be very happy if you only tell me you will consent to what I have proposed."

His answer, when it came, was an impatient exclamation of irony and anger. Then he said: "You will pardon me, madam, if so sudden a change in my sentiments cannot be as prompt as you wish."

She blushed slightly. "Yes," she said, with a faint smile, "I can understand how you feel about it at this moment; but try to familiarize yourself with the idea, try to look upon me as her elder sister—her mother, if you will, and all may yet come right, and—and we may be very happy soon."

"You are a woman," she said, with a perverved, not a base one, and was suddenly touched at this woman's heroism. He rendered it the greatest homage he could pay, for his eyes suddenly filled with tears.

She observed it, for she watched with an anxious eye the slightest impression she produced on her. So she continued more cheerfully: "And see, Mr. Leland, how this will settle everything. In this way we can continue to see each other without danger, because your announced wife will be a friend between us. Our sentiments will soon be in harmony with our new thoughts. Even your future prospects, which, in a way, will also be mine, will encounter fewer obstacles, because I shall push them more openly, without revealing to my father what ought to remain a secret between us two."

"He thinks the word of Mildred, and I can let him suspect my hopes, and I will let him in to your service. Above all, I insist to you that this will insure my happiness. Will you thus accept the peculiar affection I offer?"

Leland, by a powerful effort of will, had recovered his self-control. "I can do so," said Mrs. Denton, he said, with a faint smile, "but this is all so sudden and strange." Then abruptly: "But who is Mildred Lester? You have never told me, and once you promised to do so."

"She is an orphan, of good parentage, and has but one relative in the world, a brother, who is now traveling. To all intents and purposes, my father is her guardian and protector."

"She came to you under peculiar circumstances, I believe?"

"Yes, she was traveling with her brother, and was seriously injured in the great railway accident near Cob. He brought her here, and hired the little cottage below us on the lower road, but soon consented to her being taken into our own family."

"Mer injuries affected her mind to a certain extent?"

"The effect on her memory. For a long time after the fever left her, all her past life was a blank; but by little and little certain things have come back to her, and again, other things have rushed upon her memory like a great awakening, as, for instance, her medical and other accomplishments. Still, she cannot recall her parents, nor any dear friends, nor even her brother, and there is yet a wide gap in her past life."

"It is very singular," mused Leland. "And yet not without a parallel," said Clara. "I have been informing myself on the subject, and have found many cases quite similar. Generally speaking, her mind seems very bright," remarked the gentleman. "Unusually so; she has a thirst for knowledge, and seems to comprehend, as by intuition, everything she hears and reads."

"And now you have told me all you know about her?"

"Yes, except what you already know, that she is the dearest, the best girl in all the world."

"And, seriously, you wish me to marry her?"

"Yes, it is the one great wish of my heart."

"But pardon me, dear madam. What is it you ask of me? Do you yourself fully comprehend? Have you reflected well on this? Can either of us contract, without imprudence, an engagement of such a delicate nature?"

"I demand no positive engagement of you at this time," she replied, "for I feel that would be unreasonable. You must be fully satisfied about Mildred first, of course. But if you give me any encouragement at all, this is what I propose: you shall secure me a respectable quarters in New York, convenient to some great physician—a specialist, and we will remove there with the least possible delay; and whatever can be done to restore her completely to her former self shall be done."

"I believe—I almost know she loves you already, and if you marry her I am convinced she will make you an excellent wife. Think—do think, Mr. Leland; she is so much to me, I love her better than a sister, I regard her—I love her as though she were my own child."

Still Leland said nothing. "I will speak," she went on, "and return to give me your decision, should it be favorable. If not, we must bid each other adieu."

"Mrs. Denton," said Leland, rising and standing before her, "I will speak, never to add a word to you which your dear brother might not utter to a sister, or a son to his mother. Is it not this which you demand?"

Clara Denton fixed upon him for an instant her beautiful eyes, full of joy and gratitude, then suddenly covered her face with her two hands. "You are so good! I am very happy!"

She extended her hand, and with her lips, bowed low, and left the room.

If there ever was a moment in his fatal career when the young man was worthy of admiration, it was this.

His love for Clara Denton, however unworthy of her it might be, was, nevertheless, great. It was the only true passion he had ever felt.

At the moment when he saw this love, the triumph of which he sought certain, escape him forever, he was not only wounded in his pride but was crushed in his heart. Yet he took the stroke like a gentleman.

His agony was well borne. His first bitter words, checked at once, alone betrayed what he suffered.

He was as a pitiless foe for those of others. He indulged in none of the common injustice habitual to discarded lovers.

He recognized the decision of Mrs. Denton as true and final, and was not tempted for a moment to mistake it for one of those equivocal arrangements by which women sometimes deceive themselves, and of which men always take advantage.

He saw that the sacred refuge he had sought was inviolable.

He neither argued nor protested against her resolve. He submitted to it, and nobly kissed the hand which smote him. At the miracle of courage, chastity, and faith by which Clara Denton had transformed and purified her love, he cared not to dwell upon it.

This example, which opened to his view a divine soul naked, so to speak, destroyed his theories.

One man which escaped him, while passing to his own house, proved the judgment which he passed upon it from his own point of view.

"Very childish," he muttered, "but sublime!"

On returning home, Leland found a letter from his father notifying him of his sister's marriage with Eugene Cleveland, and which was to take place in a few days, and requesting him to come to New York without delay.

The marriage was to be strictly private, with only the family to assist at it.

Leland did not regret this hasty summons, as it gave him the excuse for some diversion in his thoughts, of which he felt the need.

He was greatly tempted to leave at once to diminish his sufferings, but conquered this weakness.

The next evening he passed at Nathan Metcalf's, and though his heart was bleeding, piqued himself on presenting an unclouded brow and an inscrutable smile to Clara.

He announced his speedy departure, and explained the reason.

"You will present my best wishes to your family," said Mr. Metcalf, and especially to your sister; I hope she may be happy.

"Thank you, sir; I shall bear your good wishes with pleasure."

As for Clara, to tell of all the delicate attentions and exquisite delicacies that the tender female spirit knows so well how to apply to heal the wounds it has inflicted, how gracefully she glided into her maternal and sisterly relations with Leland, and how all this would require a pen wielded by her own soft hands.

At parting, and while for a moment they were alone together in the hall, she reminded him that he was to secure quarters for herself and Mildred in New York.

He assured her that he would not forget, and then, with a gentle pressure of the hand, departed.

The next day he left Roxbury for the great city.

One week later, Clara Denton and Mildred Lester were established in comfortable quarters on Madison avenue, only one block away from the palatial mansion which sheltered the guilty head of Cora Elliston.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REPTILE MOVES.

THE Hon. Sherwood Elliston remained in New York for some days. At the formal request of his nephew, he called upon his old friend Sidney Leland, and demanded for Eugene his daughter's hand, at the same time assuring the banker that he charged himself with the future of the young couple.

In secret, Leland had long admired, and of late had learned to love, Eugene Cleveland. Her happiness, then, when she heard her father's announcement at dinner that day, may be imagined, but can hardly be described. Indeed, it need be painful to dwell on the joy she felt, and her only regret was that Eugene had not come to her in person to press his suit.

But Eugene had not the heart to do so. He remained at his counting-room all the morning, and only called at the Leland's when he had learned that his overture was accepted.

Once having resolved on this monstrous action, the worst part of which he did not himself know, he was determined to

bring it through in the most correct manner, and by this time he was master of all those arts.

After he had withdrawn, Flora flew to her mother, who, believing in Cleveland, shared her happiness, and they set to work to look at Warren Leland still had a suite of apartments in the same stately and commodious mansion.

His political campaign had now opened, and he was very busy, visiting Roxbury or some other town in the Congressional district every day; but in order to be near Mrs. Denton, and particularly Mildred Lester, in whom—must we confess it?—he was beginning to feel a rapidly growing interest, he spent most of his nights in New York.

Finding presently that he could not attend to all his correspondence alone, he began to look at Warren Leland with a grateful eye, and soon one presented himself and was promptly engaged.

It was—Oscar Sylve!

The extraordinary session of Congress that commanded the presence of Senator Elliston in Washington was still dragging its weary length along, and Cora endured it for some time, and then, informing her husband that it was necessary for her to visit New York, promptly returned to that city.

A few days later Oscar Sylve threw up his situation, and followed her.

The next day after her arrival he was installed as Warren Leland's private secretary.

He lived in the same house with them. He came early in the morning, after breakfast, passed the day in Warren's private room, and often dined with them, if he had not to finish in the evening.

Instinctively, Flora disliked him from the first.

"His name is a bad one to begin with," she said.

"Yes," rejoined her mother; "but the man himself is a good enough creature, except that I somewhat dislike his cat-like style of looking at one."

"I don't like him," reiterated Flora. "He has such a peculiar pride, or perhaps I should say insufferable vanity, but his great fault, in my eyes, is the scoffing and sneering when the subject is religion or morals."

Eugene entered the room in time to catch his wife's last remark. He said nothing at the time; but that day, while they were dining, Sylve allowed himself to indulge in a rather violent tirade of his description. It was doubtless contrary to good taste, to say the least.

"My dear Sylve," said Eugene, quietly and yet ironically, "to me, and perhaps Mr. Leland, these pleasantries of yours are indifferent; but pray remember that, while you are a strong-minded man, my wife is a weak-minded woman; and strength, you know, should respect weakness."

Oscar Sylve first grew white, then red, and finally green. He arose, bowed awkwardly, and immediately afterward left the table.

The moment he was gone, Flora said to her brother: "I may think me indiscreet, but pray let me ask you a question. How can you confide all your affairs and all your secrets to a man who professes to have no principles?"

Warren laughed.

"Oh, he talks this out of bravado," he answered. "I don't think of his himself as being so interesting in your eyes as these Mepphistophelean airs. At bottom he is a good fellow."

"But," objected Flora, "he has faith in nothing."

"Not in much, I believe. Yet he would not deceive me. He is an honorable man."

Flora opened her eyes wide at this.

"Well," said her brother, with an amused look, "what is the matter, Flo?"

"What is this honor you speak of?"

"Let me ask you, sis," he replied.

"Great heavens!" she cried, blushing deeply. "I know but little of it, but it seems to me that honor is separated from morality in your eyes, and that without religion is nothing. They all constitute a chain. Honor hangs to the last link, like a flower; but if the chain be broken, honor falls with the rest."

Her husband, who heretofore had remained silent, looked at her with strange fondness, as though he were not only confounded but disquieted by her philosophy. Then he gave a deep sigh, and rising, said: "Very neat, that definition—very neat."

"Yes, by Jove!" exclaimed her brother, "I didn't know Flo had so much in her!"

That night, at the opera, Eugene was very attentive to his wife. Cora accompanied them, and in passing, Flora begged her to call for her next day in passing to Broadway and Twenty-third street, on a shopping expedition, for this magnificent woman was her idol, and she loved to be with her.

On their return home Eugene remained silent, contrary to his custom.

Suddenly he said, brusquely: "Flora, are you going out shopping with Mrs. Elliston to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"But you see her often, it seems to me—morning and evening. You are always with her."

"Heavens! do I to be agreeable to you. Is not Mrs. Elliston a good associate?"

"Excellent; only in general I do not admire female friendships. But I did wrong to speak to you on this subject. You have wit and discretion enough to preserve the proper limits."

For some time after her marriage Flora was quite happy; but gradually she became less so; for the first enthusiasm and first illusions of marriage could not for long deceive a spirit as quick and acute as hers.

A young girl who marries is easily deceived by the show of an affection of which she is the object.

It is rare that she does not adore her husband, and believe she is adored by him, simply because he has married her.

The young heart opens spontaneously and diffuses its delicate perfume of love and its soft songs of tenderness; and envelops in this heavenly cloud all around it is love.

But little by little it frees itself, and, too often, recognizes that this delicious harmony and intoxicating atmosphere which charmed it came only from itself.

Thus was it here; as far as the pan can render the shadow of a female soul. Such were the impetuous wishes, day after day, depicting the very soul of poor little Flo.

It was nothing more than this, but this was everything to her.

The idea of being betrayed by her husband, and that, too, with cruel premeditation, had never risen to torture her soul.

But, beyond certain delicate attentions, she felt herself neglected and slighted. Eugene had not changed Eugene's habits; he dined at home, instead of at a restaurant or hotel, that was all.

She believed herself loved, however, but with a lightness that was almost offensive.

Yet, though she was sometimes sad and near in tears, you could see that she did not despair, and that this valiant little heart attached itself with intrepid confidence to all the happy chances the future might have in store for it.

Eugene continued very indifferent, as one may readily comprehend, to the agitation which tormented this young heart, but which never occurred to him for a moment.

For himself, strange as it may appear, he was happy enough.

"This marriage has been a painful step to take; but once confirmed in his sin, he became reconciled to it."

But his conscience, seared as it was, had some living fibers in it; and he would not have failed in the duty he thought he owed to his wife.

These sentiments were composed of a sort of indifference blended with pity. He was vaguely sorry for the poor girl, whose existence was absorbed and destroyed between those of two beings of nature superior to her own, and the fate to which she was condemned.

He resolved never to neglect anything that might extenuate his rigor; but he belonged, nevertheless, more than ever solely to the passion which was the supreme crime of his life.

For his intrigue with Cora Elliston, constantly excited by mystery and danger and conducted with profound address by a woman whose cunning was equal to her beauty, continued a long time a source of enjoyment, as at first.

The gracious courtesy of Eugene, on which he piqued himself, as regarded his wife, had its limits, as Flora perceived whenever she attempted to abuse it.

Thus, on several occasions, she declined receiving company, on the ground of indisposition, and her husband would not abandon her to her solitude.

She was in error. Eugene gave her, in reality, under these circumstances, a tete-a-tete of a few moments after dinner; but late he would leave her with perfect liberty, and she would pass a pleasant hour she would receive a packet of bonbons, or a pretty basket of choice fruit, that would permit her to pass the evening as best she might.

These little gifts she sometimes shared with her mother, sometimes with Sylve, her brother's secretary, who had first conceived an aversion, was gradually getting into her good graces.

In the absence of Eugene, she always found him at hand, and referred to him for many little details, such as addresses, invitations, the selection of books, and the purchase of pictures.

From this came a certain familiarity; she began to call him Sylve, or friend Sylve, while he zealously performed all her little commissions.

He manifested for her a great deal of respectful attention, and even refrained from indulging in the skeptical sneers which he knew displeased her.

Happy to witness this reform and to testify her gratitude, she invited him to remain on two or three evenings when he came to her rooms to take his leave, and talked with him of books and the theaters.

Being indisposed for some little time, Eugene passed the first two evenings with her until nine o'clock. But this effort fatigued him, and the poor woman who had already erected an edifice for the future of observing that on the third evening he had resumed his bachelor habits.

This was a great blow to her, and her sadness became greater than it had been up to that time—so much so, in fact, that solitude was almost unbearable.

Unfortunately, her father and mother were away, and in the intervals she adopted the habit of retaining Sylve, or even sending for him. Eugene himself, three-fourths of the time, would bring him in before going out in the evening.

"I bring you Sylve, my dear," he would say, "and a good author. You can read him together."

Eugene, whenever he looked at her, wore such a sympathetic air and seemed so mortified when she did not invite him to stay, that, even when wearied of him, she frequently did so.

About the end of the month Sylve was alone with Flora about ten o'clock in the evening. They were reading "Faust," which she had never before read. This reading seemed to interest the lady more than usual, and with her eyes fixed on the reading, she listened with rapt attention.

She was not alone fascinated by the work, but she was frequently reminded of her own history across the grand fiction of the poet.

We all know with what strange clairvoyance a mind possessed with a fixed idea discovers resemblances and allusions in accidental description. Flora perceived without doubt some remote connection between her husband and Faust—between herself and Marguerite—for she could not help showing that she was strongly attracted.

When Marguerite in prison cries out of her agony and madness, a blending of confused sentiments, of powerful sympathies, of vague apprehension, suddenly seized on her breast. One can scarcely imagine their force—to the verge of distracting her.

She turned on the lounge and closed her beautiful eyes, as if to keep back the tears which rolled under the fringe of her eyelids.

At this moment Sylve ceased to read, dropped his book, sighed profoundly, and stared for a moment.

Then he threw himself at Flora's feet, took her hand, and said with a tragic sigh: "Poor angel!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Summer in Mexico.

The Indian summers of the Mexican tablelands closely resembles those of the southern Alleghenies, but in the land of our next neighbors that outgoing weather lasts from September to the middle of April. New York is celebrated in the Greenwood shade.

On the day before Christmas night the streets are enlivened by a gay procession of masked characters, figures representing the pastors, or shepherds of Bethlehem, receiving the glad tidings of the angel messengers. Next comes the Tres Reyes, or "three kings," with their cargo of miscellaneous presents; and a company of jugglers brings up the rear with an assortment of trained animals, including a trick donkey, that insists on kicking the image of Herod, carried at the end of a long pole.

The youngsters revel in outdoor sports for a week, during which the weather often remains absolutely cloudless.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Spotted the Stuffy Ones.

A great scheme of the porters of the Swiss hotels has just come to light. It seems that it has been a long custom among them to mark with a sign known to the brotherhood the luggage of the travelers, who, in their judgment, were not properly liberal with their tips. Three several signs have been discovered, one of which was current through the whole of Switzerland, the other two being meant only for particular districts. Travelers have long wondered why some of them were welcomed everywhere with most lavish attention by servants, while others could hardly obtain the least recognition from these gentry. The mystery is now explained. The hotel-keepers are trying to break up the custom, and several porters caught marking luggage have been dismissed.—Pica-yucc.

An Appropriate Name.

The founders of Phoenix, Arizona, "budded better than they knew" in naming their infant town. In some recent excavations there the ashes of prehistoric residents were found inclosed in urns. By the way, this evidence of the practice of urn burial by our predecessors, if not by our ancestors, taken in connection with our recent discoveries, should silence the complaint that this country has no past.—San Francisco Chronicle.

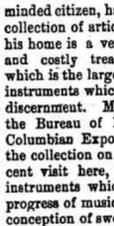
PROGRESS IN MUSIC.

A NOTABLE COLLECTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Some of Them Are Tuneful and Others Decidedly Barbaric—They May be Exhibited at the World's Fair.



Interesting collection of musical instruments as can be found anywhere, says the Detroit Free Press, is that gathered by Frederick Stearns during his extensive travels and which adorns the music room in the family residence on Lafayette avenue. Although Mr. Stearns, with the great generosity of a public-minded citizen, has given a most valuable collection of articles to the art museum, his home is a veritable museum of rare and costly treasures, notable among which is the large assortment of musical instruments which he has gathered with discernment. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of the Bureau of Music, of the World's Columbian Exposition, who was shown the collection on the occasion of his recent visit here, was charmed with the instruments which fairly represent the progress of music, showing the barbaric conception of sweet sounds as well as the later manifestations on the part of half-



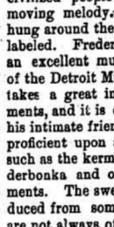
The Chinese as a Nation delight in what appeals to the senses—vivid color, original form and striking sound. Their music, therefore, is characterized by little of the spiritual. To them sensuous delight in tone is a great attraction. They base all sciences on music, and at one time the purity of its prevailing type was considered to be the test of the virtue of the reigning monarch. Even in the days of the Imperial Board at Peking still keeps a close watch over new compositions in order, as far as possible, to preserve the style of the ancient music.



The music of the Chinese, like their language, is written in vertical rows of characters from right to left. The modern Chinese have a special sign for nearly every note in their melodic system. There is said to be a curious resemblance between some Scotch and Chinese air. Among the instruments of this Nation in the Stearns collection are the yue-kin, the sona and the u-heen. The yue-kin, or the moon-gong, has four strings which are tuned in pairs at the interval of a fifth. The sona is a favorite instrument among the common people, especially at marriage entertainments and funerals. It has an exceptional shrill and piercing sound. The u-heen, or two stringed violin, has a head covered with snake skin. The bow is of bamboo and horsehair, while the strings are tuned at an interval of a fifth.



The average European who has had the opportunity of listening to a Japanese orchestra may smile at the idea of their music having any real value. In Japanese civilization, as in Chinese, music has for centuries been one of the chief factors. It takes a prominent place in all ceremonies, religious and secular, and plays a no less important part in private life. Street bands are as numerous as in China and the use of musical instruments among the people in general, is much more universal. The Japanese writes his music in the same manner as the Chinese. He cares little whether the sounds to which he listens are produced by wood, skin or clay. It is enough for him if they are pleasing to the ear. He divides his instruments into classes, perfect and imperfect. Perfect instruments are used for sacred music; all other are imperfect. Among the string instruments in the Stearns collection are the koto. The name is applied to a large family of instruments, varying greatly in size, construction and the number of strings, from the sumakoto, with the single string, to the sonokoto, which has thirteen. The kokin is a violin. This instrument has four strings of gut and is played with a long horsehair bow. The instrument is held perpendicular in the left hand, the neck uppermost and the body resting on the



civilized people to produce effects of moving melody. The instruments are hung around the walls and are properly labeled. Frederick K. Stearns, who is an excellent musician, being President of the Detroit Musical Society, naturally takes a great interest in these instruments, and it is even hinted by some of his intimate friends that he has become proficient upon a score or so of them, such as the kermangeh, the gumbry, the derbonka and other well-known instruments. The sweet sounds that are produced from some of these instruments are not always of a ravishing character, so that when the affable President of the Detroit Musical Society is asked to play a solo on some extremely curious looking contrivance he generally is so considerate as to give only a short selection, which fully impresses his visitor with the remarkable qualities of the instrument.