

A LADY OF THE PRESS.

BY FRANK D. WELCH.



HERE is a maid divinely fair Whose equal ne'er was seen. Nor one so roughly inclined As this fair one, I mean. She's young in years—scarce thro' her teens—And oh! you'd never guess That one so young and fair as she Would scribble for the press.

But truth it is, I'm pained to state,

She's got the fever bad; From early morn till late at night She works away like mad. Where'er I seek to press my suit I'm filled with sore distress, Because she has no time for me—She scribbles for the press.

Some day I'll get my dander up And plainly speak my mind, Although I'm sure so sweet a maid I nevermore could find; But while she keeps her scribbling up My thoughts I must express: Young man, beware! and never love A lady of the press.

SERGT. DELANY'S MARY.



ACE to face we sat for some time in the cars, speeding across country through Ohio. Old he was, but keen and bright of eye, erect of figure and ruddy in cheek. He sat well forward on the seat as though accustomed to it, still prevented any lounging of body. I noted him for an "old sabro" in a moment. He made the first advance, with a preliminary "Hem!" an involuntary salute, the passing of his left palm over the upper lip, where a mustache ought to have been, and a slight Irish accent.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I think you're in the service?"

"Right you are," I replied, "and if I'm not mistaken, you've been there, too."

Then the right hand went to the forehead in formal salute, and the man became rigid.

"Thankee, sir. I'm proud to say I've been that same, and prouder to know that I haven't lost the 'set up' of a soldier yet. Forty-two years eight months five days, boy and man, I saved the country in the field. Delany's my name—Sergeant Darcy Delany, Cavalry, Second Dragoons, in the long ago times—an' ther's few officers nor men of the old army that don't know Sergeant Delany an' be willin' to spake a good word for him."

"Then we talked and talked—he most—through several hours. In the congenial topic, the comradeship, and with that sort of patronage an old blade feels for the young soldier, he gave confidences that no other circumstances could have called forth, and taking the cream of his story I can connect what, to him at least, was all of his life.

"You could not have served so long and escaped wounds?" I said, to lead him on.

"I've me share of them, sir; sure they're part of the trade—give 'em an' take 'em—that's what we're for, ain't it? And the fun of givin' them even up the pain of takin' 'em, an' that squares all. But I'm a hale, hearty man yet, wid me head on me shoulders and me full complement of arms and legs, an' anything short of the wantin' of them don't count, or shouldn't."

I laughed. "I wish you could convince my wife that wounds are such trifles," I said.

"Ah! then ye're married, sir. Well, they used to say that a wife ruined a man for soldiering, but I never believed it, never!"

"Nor do I," was my reply. "I don't think I will do my duty any worse for having to earn honor for the little wife and daughter I'm going now to see."

"Wife and daughter! But you're the lucky man, sir. God care for them tenderly, and for you as you do your duty by them. That's the service shows what's in a man; ther's wounds to be got there that steel or lead can never make, an' too often ther's no cure on earth for."

"Let me tell you of my wound in that line of duty, sir—the wound I gave myself. I was, fifty or more years ago, I was—if I do say it myself—as tight as a lad as ever threw leg over a saddle and wore a blade, cocked me cap, carried a cane to cut the air, an' winked at the gulls. But I was caught early and fast. I'm of Irish extraction, tho' maybe you mightn't think it, I was brought over here so young; but Irish I am, an' so the fighin' an' love-makin' small credit to me—it's just netheral as breathin'."

"I'd just got me corporal's stripes, an' were stuck up with them like they were a Major General's, when the old—Dragoons were quartered at—an' there I met as nate a little Irish lass as ever stepped in shoe-leather. A week of hard courtin' an' I was a

married man, an' bether enlistment papers I never signed. I always needed strict discipline at home an' on duty. I had it then, an' it was the makin' of me.

"Faith, it didn't seem no more nor than from reveille to retreat after a year slipped around, and I was not only a sergeant but the father of a daughter. Mary—we called her, after the old mother of me, that I loved well, but were ever a troublesome son to; and I say it boldly, no purtier creature than our little Mary ever came on earth, and the graces of her as she grew were that astonishing that though her mother were a well-mannered, knowledgeable, brisk woman always, and I was ever a prompt soldier, yet where our Mary got her high-breedin' ways were continual the worst sort of puzzle to me.

"There may have been men, ther's men—yourself, sir, for one—that loved and loves ther little one well as I, but there were never a man loved daughter better nor I did mine, since God gave daughters to men. When she first came I were some put out that she weren't a boy, but she soon filled my heart to that degree that ther weren't room to wish for or put another if it had been a boy had come—even if he'd a-been twins. I taught her all a boy should know. She could swim, ride, shoot, run an' skate by the time she were 9 years old, so that n'er a boy in field nor garrison could anything like aqil her. An' she could whistle, too, she could, that true and sweet 'twould charm the birds off the trees to hear her. I'd laugh to scorn when some ould sorcerer would tellin' me the sayin' about 'whistling gulls an' crowin' hens'—always comin' to some bad end. 'Bad-luck back in yer teeth!' I'd say, 'harm can never come to my Mary,' an' I believed it. I always had a good strong lump of a notion of music meself, though mighty little of the talent for producin' it; but by hard work and a dale of practicin', an' after nigh drivin' me wife and all the garrison deaf an' crazy, I learned to make a fair fist, or mouth I should say, with the fife, an' could give 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Garry-owen,' an' such, to the satisfaction of meself and friends, except the regular band members. Well, she, Mary, could bate me out an' out with that same fife

in no time—she could bate the fife major himself—an' ther was no measurin' the pride I had in her.

"We lived well and happy, an' I never thought the worse for knowin' they'd glory for me, dead or alive, an' it came that Mary was sixteen year old, an' the likes of her for beauty an' style weren't to be found in the country."

"She were sixteen, as I say, an' more nor well educated for the daughter of a man and woman still in the service. We were long quartered in garrison then, an' to please her independence, an' to fit her for takin' care of herself, we let her go into the town to larn the dressmakin' trade—never a girl livin' had the fine, high taste in dress like to her.

"Well, ther' came a young lieutenant to our troop; a gay, handsome, brave chap he were, Barton by name. I respected him as an officer, an' soon I loved him as a man.

"It were some ten months after he joined, when one night I went to my quarters in the barracks, and Mary wasn't there to sit down at table with me. I'd been at the stables after I went in, an' Lieutenant Barton had come to me with his bright smile an' friendly way, houldin' out his hand. 'Good-by, Sergeant,' says he, 'I'm off to-night. 'Off where, sir?' says I. 'I resigned two weeks ago,' says he, 'an' my papers have just come in,' says he.

"I were more sorry than words could tell to be losin' him, an' that onsettled me. I'm quick-tempered betimes, an' quick-spoken, too, an' when I went in the wife says to me, says she, 'You're late, but ther's the illegit sthew for ye,' says she.

"The devil fly away with ye'r sthew, Mrs. Delany!" says I. 'Where's me daughter?'

"How should I know?" says she. 'I s'pose she's kep' late. Ate ye sthew, man, an' don't be cursin' at me, for I won't take it off youner no man,' says she.

"I'm mortifond of Irish sthew, sir, an' the woman don't live can bate Mrs. Delany makin' it. But with this an' that I were that put about I never enjoyed bite less nor I did that same evening.

"Eight o'clock came, and no Mary. I worried more and more each minute. Then the wife came out from the room in front with a bit of a note which had just been handed to her. I read it: 'Dear father and mother, I have gone away with Mr. Barton, whom I love even more than I do you.' I never stopped to read the more there was of it. I tore it into bits. I threw it from the window, and as the breeze floated it away it seemed to carry my life with it."

"Before I could find my voice to give tongue to the curses that were swellin' up in my heart and throat, I heard quick feet running up the bare stairway of the barracks, and then Mary burst in on us—in silks and satins and laces she was, like to a queen dressed for a ball.

"Oh, father! daddy!—she called me by the name she gave me in her baby days, and that she knew I best loved to hear—"daddy! mother!" she

cried, 'I couldn't go, after all, without seeing you once more. We—'

"Her mother would have taken the girl to her arms, but I stepped betwixt them."

"Silence!" I said. 'You're no daughter of mine from this hour. Mrs. Delany, don't touch her—don't look at her—don't dare to spake to her. Go from us, girl. I'll hear no word out of your mouth. Go, before I disgrace me manhood an' me uniform by strikin' ye dead. Go, before I curse ye!'

"The wife knew what I was when me temper was up, an' it cowed even the spirit in her. The girl knew, too—knew far too well to spake to me then. She looked at me, turned, and went away.

"Ah! sorrow an' wounds an' pain like to that is hard to bear. It's the broken heart I carried in me breast them days, an' long after. Comrades and friends tried to spake to me of her and of him, but I swore I'd kill the first man named the name of either of them to me—an' I'd a done it. I could not live and face the men an' officers who had known an' respected us for so long. I had the right to ask for my discharge after that length of service an' I did it an' got it, an' we went away among strangers, to hide our sorrow and our shame. I sought to find a spot where never a one should know our faces or our history."

"The wife never troubled me about me hardness, tho' 'twere a sorry time she had to live in peace with me. I knew no other trade nor soldierin' an' things didn't go well with us. I got a pension from the Government, an' that, with little else, we had to struggle on for a livin'. Not that I hadn't money by me, for I had, because Mary, somehow, kep' track of us, an' every month would come a letter with a fifty-dollar bill in it to me. No word—just the bank note. An' Christmas an' birthdays ther'd be a straight hundred-dollar greenback I'd get. So I knew that, anyway, me gurl wasn't comin' to want."

"But I didn't know what she might come to, an' I just banked that money an' it rolled up into the thousands in no time. As for touchin' of it for meself, I'd a seen the wife o' me starvin' before me eyes; I'd a crawled, begged, died for a crust, afore I'd a touched it.

"The Bartons were a rich and high family. Often I swore in me anger that I'd go an' curse them an' tell them of the ruin of the gurl and our lives. But the love that still stuck to me for Mary, an' the pride of me, held me back from exposin' the wound. We aged fast, the home, such as we could have, was dark an' still—I never missed the ould life—never wanted to hear the squeak of it or a child's voice. The wound me daughter an' me officer had given me was killin' me. That wound hurt me more and deadlier nor any I ever got from Mexicans, reds or rebels, an' I had them on my body from all of 'em."

"It were just six years from the time I got that same death-wound, an' we were livin', sorter livin', in Philadelphia, with hard scratchin' oftentimes to make things meet for quaters an' rations, when I comes in late one night from a day's laborin'; hard come down that, sir, for a born soldier. I came in late an' the wife says: 'You're wanted immediate to the Continental Hotel,' says she; 'you've been sent for twice.' 'Who is it, an' what is it?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but brush yerself up an' go at once, maybe it's good luck aqoin; an' I'll have a brave hot stew for ye ready when ye come back.' 'So I thrimmed up for inspection an' review. I'd been tryin' to get a watchman's place on the railroad, an' I thought maybe some one was wantin' to see me by reason of that."

"I goes to the hotel, an' marches bound as a sheep up to the fine clerk behind the marble counter. 'Me name's Delany,' says I; 'ther's some one here's been sendin' for me. He touches a bell, an' a black man steps to the front."

"Show this gentleman up to Parlor B," says he.

"Gentleman!" thinks I; 'Parlor B' thinks I. 'It's risin' in the world I be. Maybe they'll be askin' me to be President of the road,' thinks I as I follows the black man, all in a daze of wonder, for I couldn't think of anything but the railroad business could be takin' me there."

"Twas the iligant room I was shown into, an' never a soul in it. The servant left me there alone, an' I were just smoothin' me hair afore the big lookin'-glass, when I heard the swish like a dress beside me, an' felt that something or somebody more than common was close at hand."

"I turned half-face about, an' there stood Mary! My Mary! Oh! so sweet, so beautiful, so like a queen, with her dear, true, tender blue eyes lookin' the wistful love of her heart at me."

"Oh, daddy!" she cried, callin' me that name again, an' holdin' out her two arms. 'Oh, daddy! Listen to me now.'"

"The ould anger rose up in me, hot, though the heart was burstin' in me breast, an' the lumps were chokin' in me throat so I could scarce spake at all."

"Not a word will I spake to ye or hear from ye," said I. 'Not a word has a honest ould soldier for deserters or traitors or worse. You're dead to your poor mother an' to me. There was never a Mary Delany from the night

you left our roof.' And I gathered my strength to put it into my feet that I might go from her."

"No," said a voice that I knew well even after all them years. 'No, but she is and was Mary Barton ever since that same night, ould Sargent Darcy Delany, an' round afore me came the fine, grand Lieutenant an' puts his arm into mine an' give me the square look of a true man right into me eyes, while his other arm reaches out an' grasps Mary about the waist."

"I managed, somehow, to clear away the tears that were blindin' me. I felt a little pat on me knee an' I looked down to see a little angel face an' hear the sweet voice 'Drandad,' an' it seemed as if my Mary, 4 year old again, were standin' there at my feet.

"Tiss me, drandad," says the little one, an' I takes her up, an' Mary an' Barton helps me into a sofa, an' I sits there—me as never shed a tear for sorrow, nor shame, nor poverty, nor sufferin'—I sits there cryin' the eyes out of me head for very joy."

"They told me how they had been married before ever me child had sought me that night, six long years before. How, when I had driven her away, they went to England an' France an' them other countries, so Mary could put the top gold on all her accomplishments. How Barton's father and mother had come to them in Paris when little Mary were born, an' how they all loved and prided in my daughter, the wife of their son. They told me all this as I sat nursing the wee lass of my own Mary, an', God forgive me, I sat an' listened, never thinkin' of the poor ould lonesome wife that I had left in our shabby home an' that was waitin' for me."

"But Mary thought of her, an' soon we were in a carriage an' drivin' toward the mother fast as horses could take us. I went in first, with the baby fast asleep in me arms. The wife had gone to bed in the back room, but she heard me, an' calls out: 'Is that you, Sergeant?' an' do ye bring good news? Ye'll find the sthew keepin' hot for ye on the stove-step."

"Divil fly away wid ye sthew, Mrs. Delany," says I. 'It's a pretty sthew I've got here for ye. Come here out of that!' says I. But before she could rise from the bed, Mary was in on her, an'—well, well! can a man tell what two wimin would or could or wouldn't or couldn't do, under such circumstances. Truth, an' we was all a bit crazy for a while."

"An' when Mary unwrapped the baby there was something fell onto the floor, an' I picked it up, an' man alive! if it weren't that ould fife, that I'd never missed, tho' Mary had snatched it up, as a remembrance like, as she was being driven from her father's home on her wedding night. Always she had treasured it an' it had been the first thing she'd put in the hands of her own little baby. Faith, I waked the whole house an' neighborhood with that same fife an' 'Yankee Doodle' an' 'Garryowen' that blessed night, an' it's a good thing the police were all sound sleepers, or seemed to be, for, with what me feelin's an' bein' out of practice, I played bad enough to wake the dead."

"There's little more left to tell, sir. Our troubles and trials were all over. The next mornin', at the hotel, we all a-settin' there, I says to them: 'It must be mighty expensive travelin' in Europe an' livin' in hotels like this. Now, if ye young people are wantin' a few hundreds, or for all of that, a few thousands, I've a matter of five thousand dollars an' more, that I've been a layin' by for six years, an' ye're welcome to it, for it's more yours nor mine, anyway,' says I."

"An' with that the arms of Mary were about my neck an' her streamin' tears were on my cheeks. 'Oh, you dear, proud old daddy!' she sobbed, 'an' you would never touch that money in all your sore need! I might have known it—thinking as you did of me—but, oh! daddy, how could you think that!'

"So then I had to explain an' beg off an' make excuses like a whipped boy, to dry the eyes of my darlin'. That money, sir, went to buy a little farm where the wife an' me live now—live like major generals, both of us, an' two happier ould souls ain't on top this earth."

"There's a boy now, sir. I'm going to see him christened Darcy Delany Barton—that's why I'm travelin' now; the ould wife is too stricken with the rheumatics to come, but it shows that the Lieutenant, as I love to call him, an' my Mary, ain't ever grown ashamed of the battered ould dragoon."

I had a flask, with something in it—for medicinal purposes only. Could I do less than ask this noble ould soldier to join me in a toast to the health, wealth, happiness and honor of young Darcy Delany Barton?

I so did.

"Well, sir, talkin' mighty dry work, an' me throat's dry as a lime kiln. It's proud an' willin' I'd be to join ye in a sup for good luck to the young soldier, an' to you an' yours; but, d'ye see, sir, I wouldn't touch the drop now. Five minutes or less will bring me to them, an' lickin' the good enough in their way, but the kiss of Mary an' them babies is strengthin' sweetness that the least drop of dilutin' spoils the flavor to me lips. Thank ye all the same, sir."

A few moments more and we drew up at the station. The sergeant stepped from the cars, and as the train moved on I could still see him the happy center of a beautiful, loving family group."

Don't Bother Him Much.

Lightning struck a New Jersey farmer the other day and left him none the worse for the tussle, except that he complained for a day or two of feeling as though his mules had run away and dragged him through the fence feet foremost. People who survive New Jersey mosquitoes for half a century can stand most anything.—*Ram's Horn.*

LEECHES are caught for market in swampy places, mostly with rakes, though sometimes animals are driven into shallow waters infested by them in order that they may be fastened upon by leeches and bring them out by the quantity.

HUMOR.

Fixing a Limit.

Dumbie—I never meet old Fuddle out let's sure to put me in a dilemma. Crumbie—It would be a good thing if he could confine himself in one. Dumbie—How so? Crumbie—Why, there are only two 'horns' to the average dilemma.

Seeking a Mother's Advice.



Son—"Say, mammy, me an' Kate Mullen is thinkin' about hitchin' up together. Now I want ye to tell me if ye thinks matrimony is a fizzle?"

They Never Get Hurt.

Female Visitor—My husband has been missing for three days. Police Officer—Where was he last seen?

"Coming out of a saloon near the river, and—"

"Drunk or sober?"

"Very drunk; and I'm afraid—"

"Calm your fears, madam; he'll turn up all right."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

In Its Concentrated Form.

"Doctor," said the tired-looking caller, "I believe a trial of Dr. Koch's lymph would do me good."

"Your lungs, sir," replied the physician, "are perfectly sound. You need no consumption cure."

"But I have a tired feeling all the time."

"A kind of indisposition to take any active exercise?"

"Yes."

"Or any other kind of exercise?"

"Yes."

"Or to do anything like work?"

"Um—yes."

"What you need, sir, is the lymph of industry."

"I believe you are right, doctor," said the caller, rising languidly. "I'll live on honey for the next thirty days, and see how it goes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Hunting Season.

Mrs. Nimrod—How much are these partridges?

Game Dealer—Forty cents a pair, madame.

"Well, I'll take them. My husband has gone out hunting over in New Jersey, and if he calls in here on his way back, tell him that I have bought one pair of partridges already."—*Texas Siftings.*

It Certainly Was Grease.

Two young men, while walking beneath an elevated railway in a town which shall be nameless, were appalled to find themselves the recipients of a bucketful of oily liquid dropped from an engine above their heads.

"Bah!" said one of them, with an angry glance upward. "So this is free America!"

"You are wrong," said the other, ruefully wiping his coat; "it's Greece."—*Harper's.*

Favors a Third Party Movement.

Thinker—Do you know, Blinker, that I have been seriously considering this third party movement, and I quite advocate it. Are you in favor of it?

Blinker—In favor of it? I should say! Ever since our marriage I've had a mother-in-law officiating as third party in my house, and any movement that'll get rid of her I'll boost with all my vehemence.

A Very Considerate Burglar.

Burglar, writing to newspaper: "Editor of the Daily Squalor: 'DEAR SIR: This morning, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock, the jewelry store of Giltedge & Co. was entered and robbed to the extent of about \$4,000 in watches and diamonds. The culprit is still at large. Kindly make mention of the affair in your paper.'"

It Barred Her Out.

Mabel—I think the chief reason that marriage is so often a failure is that people marry outside their own circle. Now, I think that a woman should never marry a man who is not in every way her equal.

Jaques—Then you have quite determined, have you, to be an old maid?

A Long-Felt Want.

Able Editor—Want a position, eh? Do you understand the tariff question?

Applicant—Um—to tell the truth, I don't know anything about the tariff.

"Are you familiar with international law?"

"No, can't say that I am."

"Have you followed up the various African and polar explorations, and have you all the localities at your finger ends, so that you could write column after column on the subject without exhausting yourself?"

"I—I never took any interest in such things."

"Are you thoroughly familiar with English, French, German and Russian politics?"

"Don't know anything about European squabbles, and don't want to."

"Young man, take that desk there. I shouldn't wonder if you could make a paper that sensible people would like to read."—*Exchange.*

GUESTS ARE MANGLED.

AN OHIO HOTEL WRECKED BY GAS.

Two Persons Killed and Many Others Hurt—Stepping on a Match Causes the Catastrophe—Scores of Guests Narrowly Escaped.

[Findlay (Ohio) dispatch.] The first great disaster Findlay has ever experienced from the use of natural gas took place shortly before 2 o'clock this afternoon while the guests of the Hotel Marvin were waiting to be summoned to dinner, when a terrible explosion took place, practically wrecking the building and claiming from ten to fifteen human victims, two of whom are already dead and two others probably fatally injured. The names of the killed are: Katie Walters, a waitress, killed outright; Ella Johnson, a dining-room girl, died soon after being extricated from a mass of brick and mortar.

Following are the names of the injured: Anson Marvin, owner of the building, probably fatally injured, as he inhaled a great deal of flame from the gas; Frank Andrews, one of the proprietors, right eye knocked out and seriously bruised about the face and throat; Frank Poundstone, day clerk at the hotel; painfully bruised and hurt about the neck and face, but will recover; Albert French, porter of the hotel, cut on the neck and head, but will recover; Charles Graves, Philip Well, Jack Cahill.

This morning it was discovered that gas was escaping into the dining-room from a leaking pipe somewhere, and Mr. Marvin, the owner of the building, with three plumbers, spent the entire forenoon trying to locate the leak. About 10 o'clock they entered a chamber underneath the dining-room and found such an accumulation of gas that they could not breathe, and it was suggested that a hole be sawed through the floor into the dining-room in order to obtain fresh air. This was done, and just as the hole was made one of the dining-room girls, who was sweeping the floor, stepped on a match and in an instant an explosion occurred which not only wrecked the building but killed two girls and maimed and injured a dozen other employees.

The force of the explosion was so great that it blew out the flame of the ignited gas and no fire followed the awful ruin which the shock had caused. The whole city rocked as if in an earthquake by the concussion, and all the windows in the square were demolished, while the wreck of the hotel building was about complete, the only rooms in the house escaping destruction being the parlors and the office. Had the explosion occurred ten minutes later the loss of life would have been frightful, as nearly 100 persons were waiting to be called to dinner, and as a matter of fact one of the clerks, Frank Poundstone, was on his way to make the announcement when the explosion occurred, and was caught in the falling debris, he being one of the painfully injured.

The financial loss will be about \$25,000 on the building and \$10,000 on the furniture, all fully insured. It is a question, however, whether any insurance will be realized, as none of the destruction was caused by fire.

The excitement throughout the city over the catastrophe has never been equaled since Findlay became a municipality.

At 9 o'clock to-night another explosion occurred in the same place as the one of the afternoon, setting fire to the already wrecked and badly demolished dining-room of the Marvin House. The fire department was quickly summoned, however, and more serious damage was averted.

Ancient Music.

The works of the Greek poets and philosophers are full of allusions to the beauty and power of music. The Scriptures also laud the divine art. Nevertheless, it is more than probable that music was crude and barbaric even in ancient Jerusalem. One rather convincing proof of this is found in the constant desire of the ancients to bring vast bodies of musicians together. "Play skillfully and with a loud noise," says the Psalmist, and Josephus speaks of choruses of 250,000 voices and as many instrumentalists. It is quite probable that the old historian was exaggerating, yet the very statement shows that the ancients desired power above all things in their tonal feasts.

In Greece the same desire for fortissimo obtained, for we read of a young flute-player bursting a blood-vessel and dying through a herculean effort to obtain a very loud note, and the voice of a gentleman who took several prizes for his musical attainments in the public games was said to be powerful enough to stun the entire audience. Of course the ancient music was strongly rhythmic; of this we have absolute proof in the Scriptural allusions to the clapping of hands, and in the description of the regular stamping of the director of the chorus in the ancient Greek theaters. The surest proof of the crudity of ancient music is, however, found in the Greek system of notation, which is utterly inadequate to represent music of any intricacy. Yet it is not quite certain that we have deciphered this notation correctly, for the works on the subject are by no means explicit, and many of them have been destroyed.

The excavations in progress at Pompeii may still afford a clew to the music of the ancient world. It must be remembered that two-thirds of the city is still under ground, and it is quite possible that the remains of a musical library may yet be discovered there. At present the musical works of Boethius and of Vitruvius only serve to make the darkness of the ancient musical system more cimmerian. But this much can be stated with surety, that it was barbaric in comparison with