

THE FRAULEIN DOROTHY.

A Little German Story.

The first floor of No 117 lost caste by its cheap restaurant; the second was no better for a junk and old-iron shop; but in the third lived the Guligans who were in politics and most respectable. Midway between their apartments with the famous piano, and the Shaughnessys of the upper regions, came a clean swept little landing, from whence, of an evening, you might hear the violin of Herr Bauermeister weaving sunny little melodies, and soft, homesick quaverings all to itself.

The Herr was not famous in those days. He trudged the tenement stairs with his pot of beer like the others, and it was not yet so long ago that he played bad waltzes for bread and cheese at the variety shows that he might forget to give thanks for his beer and sausage. No one guessed as yet that he was born for greater things than the rest of the ten thousand aliens who make art for the native born, who cannot make it for themselves, unless, perhaps, it was the leader of his orchestra, or old Nick Lensen, who played with him of an evening, and heard the violin when the fire was in the strings.

Surely old Lensen knew in those times, when he puffed up the narrow stairway each night, with a musical bumping of his big 'cello at the corners and a prodigious amount of grunting over the steps between. Then the greeting was always the same. "It is well with thee, Hans?" and, "Ja Wohl, Nick," and, without another word, the two would swing off and away into Beethoven, or, when the mood was upon them, sad and sweetly through the "Pilgrims' Chorus," as in the old days in the Palm Gardens, when the chatter died away at the table, and the gay-clad officers grasped their scar-bards lest the swords should clink as they walked. Lensen, the white-bearded, who had played beneath Stockwitz at Frankfort, and a season at Berlin, must have guessed, for he was the unsparing master at these evenings. "Technique! technique!" he would cry. "Thy great savage of a violin will know no laws," perhaps holding sternly in his heart the time when he might say, "Thou art a musician, Hans. Make music for thyself."

Every night, when the big 'cello went bumping down again, Herr Hans, like a boy fresh from work, would send a lusty "Hello," to the floor above, and rasp into a laughing Irish jig-time, till the Shaughnessys, little and big, came tumbling down the broken stairway. And then deep strategy: Tim Shaughnessy, a whispered message in his ear, knocks on a little door across the landing, and would Miss Dorothy come out to play with them? And if she would, great were the doings; and if she would not, "Guten nacht," cries the musician, and drops his notes to a sleepy cradle-song. The little red heads crawl drowsily up the stairs, the lights go out in the rooms, until pretty soon the violin laughs and sobs alone.

Ever since she had come down from somewhere in North Carolina to live at 117 and work out her fortune in New York, the Herr Hans had contrived to be on the landing each morning when the door of Miss Dorothy's room opened, that he might say "A good morning, Fraulein," and keep the memory of her answering smile to turn into music at night. For of all that youthful army which a great city draws with a golden promise from the purer, cleaner, country, Dorothy, it seemed to Hans, was the freshest, the prettiest the best expression of those purities and graces which never find birth in the dingy floors of a tenement, and therefore the Herr Bauermeister would get from the maiden an inspiration in his music—

nothing else. "Hans, Hans," growled Lensen, "thou wilt soon be in love with this madchen—at thy age!" and for answer the Herr Bauermeister only picked up his violin and played a few soft bars. "That is the theme, the soul of this girl," said he. "From it I shall some day make a great sonata. I will love only the music, Herr Meister."

Each day the music grew and changed and grew again. Each day the Herr Bauermeister saw well that the soul of womankind is strange and various beyond all knowing; yet the sonata grew, until a holiday brought Miss Dorothy home for an afternoon and set its themes to confusion. But of such injuries the Fraulein could have guessed nothing, else of an afternoon, when store hours were done, she would not have sung funny dinky songs to the Shaughnessys spell-bound on the landing, with the Herr Hans in full range, nor flaunted such entrancingly ridiculous faces to make the children scream with laughter, and impossible ideas run through his head. Thus, however, was damage and mischief sown in the heart of Herr Bauermeister. Looking through the door-crack, he feloniously caught each note, and, when the songs were done and the Shaughnessys departed, he tiptoed across the hall and hung a great red rose on her door-kaob, and then back again to play a soft little *liebeslied* over and over again, until she opened her door and found the flower, and ran across to blow thanks into his keyhole. At which Hans, on the other side, smiled foolishly, and, "This is not music, thou great boy!" said he, and fell to work on a dusty etude.

It was such a holiday afternoon, the children gathered close about, Dorothy in her happiest, sauciest mood, that a strange disturbance began below. The shouts of the restaurant children heralded the great event, and the Guligan youngsters followed as far as they dared, which was until the outermost red-head spied a blue uniform and gave the alarm. Herr Bauermeister heard the noise, and, looking through his crack, saw the little Fraulein grow very pale, and reached the door just as she tore open a telegram, gave a little cry, and tumbled right into his arms. For a second he thought of nothing but the delight of having that little body lying there; then she opened her eyes and slid into a sad little heap on the floor in the midst of the frightened children. "My mother!" she sobbed. "My mother!" And at that Hans tiptoed away and brought down good Mrs. Shaughnessy, then went into his room and shut the door. Pretty soon the old Irish-woman knocked and entered with straining cheeks. "Her mother's sick to death in Caroliny," said she, sobbing without restraint. "Poor choild, she's no money to take her home."

The Herr Bauermeister was delving in a flutter of time-tables. "At six does she leave?" said he gruffly. "As for the money, I have much, and you shall say that it is from you. And now," said he, "will I play that which will soothe?"

"The saints bless ye!" cried Mrs. Shaughnessy, and went back to the room across the landing.

It was then that Herr Hans first played the great sonata whose theme is the soul of a girl. There is another motive when you hear it now, but outside Dorothy's door it sang only of purity and tenderness and sympathy, with deep quavering grief in its melodies. Another messenger boy followed the first while he played, and the trembling Mrs. Shaughnessy tiptoed shakily into the darkened room, and came bursting out again crying, "Better! Better!" that the whole house might hear.

"Lieber Gott! that is good," shouted Hans, and, tucking his fiddle under his arm, went trotting down the stairs, for it was concert afternoon and the hour

long past. He was not much of a thinker, this Herr Hans, when anything besides his music needed solving. He lived upon his sensibilities, and his violin thought for him. Perhaps it was for that reason that he could not analyze the pleasant melancholy which kept him company all the way to the way to the music hall, which made him wish to be on the little landing one instant, and the next breathing his whole heart into his violin before a hundred hearers. The streets, the air, the passers-by, went round to the thrumming swing of his sonata, and the glory of an unknown motive blending with the old music filled his mind with a curious wonder. The violin under his arm was fairly throbbing with suppressed song. Entering the side door of the hall, he heard with impatience the full swing of the orchestra which told him that his time had not yet come.

The symphony flared out in a glorious blast of trumpets, followed by rapturous applause and a prosaic rustle of whispers. In the midst of the confusion Hans entered by the drums and made his way through the chairs with a serene unconsciousness of fault. The conductor and Nick Lensen, talking anxiously together, spied him as he took his accustomed seat, and pushed their way thither with flushed faces. "This will not do, Bauermeister," cried the leader angrily; "yours is the next number." "It was a sickness, Herr Conductor," said Hans, calmly, but he beckoned Lensen closer. "Nick," he whispered feverishly, "what is that which I play today?" "Thou fool," cried Lensen, "the aria. Mad one! thou wilt disgrace us!" "It may be," said Hans, tightening the G string with unwonted care.

The Herr Conductor tapped sharply, silence spread over the chairs, and Hans stepped to the dais with uplifted violin. For the space of a breath or two he did not break the silence. Then his bow just touched the strings, and drew softly across. Three times he played a simple melody slowly and with a caressing carefulness, like one who would be sure of that which he has found. "Ach! how grows the theme!" said he, audibly, threw back his head, and was off and away into the great sonata. There was a faint rustle of surprise among the audience, and a craning of necks in the orchestra, but as the quivering strains mounted higher and higher into the fullness of completed harmony the murmur ceased. Then a new motive, wonderfully sweet, and half ashamed, stole in and inspired the old sonata, until music and musician and hearers alike throbbed to the height of the glorious love song of the violin. Then sudden silence, and "The mischief is done," muttered Herr Hans; "until this I did not know"—a few soft notes like the breath of wearied passion and it was over.

And then what a burst of applause, what crowding friends and rapturous praise! Old Nick stood trembling, with a big teardrop run to his white beard. "Hans, Hans, it is thy masterpiece!" he cried, while the Herr Conductor seized him in his arms and kissed him. But the Herr Bauermeister only shrugged. "Ach! it is good," said he. "Tomorrow I will write the score, and then, old friend, perhaps I will leave thee for awhile."

"Tonnere!" cried Lensen. "I should have guessed. It is the madchen!"

But Hans had already escaped. Outside the stage door was the tail of a string of hansoms. Only the least excitement would have urged him to such extravagance, so that the cabby who found himself possessed of so eager a passenger caught his fervor and drove down Warburton street as if at least an alderman were within. Print deals not with such astonishment as that which

First Pub. Nov. 24-3

Notice of Petition for Letters.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In re estate of Hobert Van Andel, deceased. The State of Nebraska, to Mary Van Andel, Frank Vincent Van Andel and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice that a petition signed by John F. Riffe praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to John F. Riffe has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 11th day of December, 1900, at ten o'clock A. M., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to John F. Riffe.

Notice of this proceeding has been ordered published three weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of November, A. D. 1900.
(SEAL.) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE,
Clerk County Court.

First Pub. Nov. 24-4

Notice of Incorporation.

The undersigned hereby give public notice that they have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming the following incorporation:

1. The name of said corporation is the "City Block Company."

2. The principal place of transacting the business of this corporation is at the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.

3. The general nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation is to purchase, own, repair, maintain, insure, rent, lease, mortgage, sell, and convey real estate, fixtures and appurtenances in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.

4. The amount of capital stock authorized in this corporation is \$25,000, divided into 250 shares of \$100 each, which shall be paid at or before the date of issuance of certificates therefor, either in real estate, money, or fixtures, or appurtenances, situated in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, at such reasonable valuation as shall be put thereon by the board of directors of this company, but the incorporation shall be deemed complete upon the subscription of three shares.

5. The time of commencement of this corporation is the date of the filing of these articles with the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, and the date of its termination is at the expiration of twenty-five years from said last named date.

6. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which this corporation may at any time subject itself is two-thirds of its capital stock, which may be secured in whole or in part by a mortgage or mortgages upon real estate owned by it.

7. The affairs of this corporation shall be conducted by a board of three directors, who shall choose a president from among their own number, and who shall also elect a secretary and treasurer but the last named offices may be held by the same person. The board shall also appoint or provide for the appointment of such subordinate officers as it may see fit.

R. C. HAZLETT,
C. F. SCHWARTZ,
F. D. CORNELL.

First Pub. Nov. 17-5

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to license and authority granted at Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 17th day of November, 1900, by the Honorable Edward P. Holmes, one of the judges of the District Court for Lancaster county, Nebraska, sitting at chambers; the undersigned executors of the last will of Nathaniel Leech, late of near the city of Calgary, in the district of Alberta, in the North West Territories of Canada, will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash at the east front door of the court house of Lancaster county, Nebraska, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 11 o'clock A. M. on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1900, lot numbered twenty-one (21) in block numbered one (1) in Kennard's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said sale will be held open for bidders during the whole time between said hours.

JOSEPH LEECH,
GEORGE LEECH,
Executors.

First Pub. Nov. 24-3

Notice of Probate.

In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska—E 1497.

The state of Nebraska, to Francis Van Andel, Mrs. Annie McRae and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Mollie Van Andel, deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of John Riffe as executor. That on December 11th 1900, at ten o'clock A. M., said petition and the proof will be heard at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record said will and grant administration of the estate as prayed for.

Notice whereof has been ordered published for three weeks successively prior to said hearing in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 19th day of November, 1900.
(SEAL.) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

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