

# The Song In the Spinnet

It Brought Joy to the Heart of Its Composer

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When Miss Phyllis was left alone in the old house which had been her home since infancy she felt very much like a bewildered little child who discovers suddenly that it is lost, knowing not which way to turn. In fact, her whole life had been devoted to giving so much thought to others that Miss Phyllis' own affairs had been sadly neglected. She sighed wearily as she rose to greet her sister-in-law.

"So the furniture is to be auctioned off tomorrow?" Teddy's wife asked. Phyllis nodded dumbly.

Clarissa, for that was her name, looked around with a supercilious smile. "Nothing here of much account," she said. "You're let things go to pieces shockingly, Phyllis. But I intend to help you out. I shall buy



PHYLLIS WITHOUT A WORD GRANTED HIS REQUEST.

that antique spinnet, which I have always wanted for my music room." Phyllis caught her breath sharply. "Why, I could not part with the spinnet," she said. "It has been handed down in our family for ages." "Phyllis Wentworth," her sister-in-law interrupted sternly, "do you or do you not intend to pay your just debts? That spinnet is the only article of real value in the house. In fact, it is no longer your property, but goes with

the estate." Miss Phyllis crossed the room slowly and stood looking down upon the polished case, passing her fingers caressingly over the yellowed keys. "You are right, Clarissa," she said at length, and her face was very white; "the spinnet will be sold. I have no further claim to it." But when she was alone at twilight Phyllis seated herself before the little instrument, and presently there floated out upon the summer air a melody—a wordless song of haunting sweetness such as a master might have played in days gone by. A man who ascended the porch steps at this moment waited, listening, entranced, to the harplike notes, and when Miss Phyllis opened the door in response to his summons he stood silent, as though still under the spell of her music.

Phyllis smiled encouragingly, wondering the while what errand could have brought this distinguished appearing stranger to her door. "I beg your pardon," he explained. "I have learned that you are offering a spinnet for sale tomorrow and would like to examine it with a view to purchasing."

He followed her graceful figure admiringly as Phyllis led the way into the parlor. Then for an instant his hand rested almost reverently upon the painted Cupids which adorned the quaint cover.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and the one word expressed full appreciation. As Miss Phyllis leaned forward expectantly the man's eyes sought hers. "Will you kindly tell me the name of the selection you were playing a short time ago?" he asked.

"It has no name," Phyllis answered smiling. "The little piece was one of my own fancies. I call it a song without words."

"May I be permitted, then, to hear the song again?" The stranger spoke with an abrupt eagerness, and Phyllis, without a word, granted his request. As she played on and on, her listener forgotten, the moon, looking through the window, shone full upon her upturned face, her eyes were dark with memories and tears wet her cheeks. Then, as the last note died away, she turned, half startled, to find the man's earnest gaze bent upon her.

"I am a musician," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, "but never in my life have I heard such harmony, such beauty. And you say this marvelous song is one of your own composition?"

Miss Phyllis laughed softly. "Its composition seemed to happen through no effort of mine," she replied. "I think the melody had been locked in the spinnet and made its escape when my fingers touched the keys."

That night to her was one of sorrow. She sat long before an open window gently smoothing the petals of a rose which she herself had trained to clamber up the wall; then, when all was silent, she made her way tearfully into the garden, walking among the flowers and bidding them a mute goodby. If the house remained tenanted until fall she promised herself the privilege of running over often to tend and care for this beloved garden. Then Miss Phyllis paused, dismayed at the unwelcome thought—where would she be, that she decided thus confidently to "run over?" But her face bore no trace of a sleepless night as she entered the familiar parlor upon the follow-

ing morning—in fact a pretty rose color showed in Miss Phyllis' soft cheeks, while her eyes were bright with excitement. "I do declare," an old lady whispered audibly. "Miss Wentworth grows younger each year." Phyllis chose a seat at the farther end of the room, looking with secret resentment into the eager faces of her old friends and neighbors. Teddy and his wife nodded to her from the doorway, and again a feeling of utter loneliness crept over her. Then she saw the musician crossing the room to her side.

"Good morning," he said, but in his brief glance and warm handclasp Phyllis read a sympathetic understanding and wondered vaguely that his unknown presence should bring to her this comforting sense of protection. Several minor articles being hastily disposed of, the auctioneer now drew forth the little old spinnet, while the rose color deepened in Miss Phyllis' cheeks.

Teddy's wife started the bidding by an offer of \$100, to which the musician added \$70.

"Two hundred," cried Clarissa. "And fifty," added the musician. A ripple of laughter ran around the room.

"Three hundred," said Clarissa again. "And fifty," persisted the quiet voice.

Teddy's wife paused to make a hurried mental calculation. "Four hundred," she called sharply. "And fifty," echoed the musician.

For a moment there was no sound as the auctioneer hesitated undecidedly; then with a little rush Miss Phyllis came forward, her clear tones ringing out triumphantly. "Five hundred," cried Miss Phyllis.

The auctioneer smiled into her glowing face, and down came the gavel. "Sold to Miss Wentworth for \$500!" he shouted.

Phyllis walked dazedly over and dropped on the lowest step of a ladder. Her brother's face, Clarissa's and the musician's seemed to float confusedly before her.

"Why did you not inform me of your wish to keep the spinnet?" the musician asked reproachfully.

"We did not know," her sister-in-law interrupted, "that you had \$500 to spare."

Then Miss Phyllis laughed gleefully, girlishly, and nodded to the musician. "You tell them about it," she said. There was a responsive twinkle in the man's eyes.

"You may not know," he said, "that your sister possesses unusual talent as a composer of music. Last night I was fortunate in purchasing from her the exclusive right to use one of her compositions upon a coming concert tour, and its value to me cannot be reckoned by dollars and cents."

"I sold it," Phyllis stated calmly, "for \$500."

Clarissa stared. "Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you spent every penny you have in the world to buy back a wretched old spinnet?"

"Every penny," Phyllis answered cheerfully. But as her relatives moved away in dignified disapproval she looked up at the musician with a tremulous smile.

"I am wondering now," she confided, "just where I shall keep my spinnet!" The man bent over her compassionately. "You have had enough of all this," he said. "Come out into the garden. I should like to speak to you

there." The hollyhocks which Phyllis had planted nodded upon either side as she followed him down the path. She stooped to pluck a rose, to fasten a fallen vine; then his eyes met hers—earnest, compelling. "I fear," he said slowly, "that you may doubt a love which is spoken so quickly. Will you try to bear with me—to understand? Years ago I hoped with a young man's longing to meet the one woman who could be my wife, but time passed, bringing disappointment, for I failed to find her. Then last night, when you stood before me in the doorway, when the moonlight shone white upon your face, I recognized in you that woman, and I knew that I would love you always, irrevocably. Just as I realized at once the beauty of your song, and now I beg for your promise to let me care for and protect you. That would be happiness beyond all belief. Later perhaps you, too, may learn the lesson of loving. Until then I shall be patient, I shall wait."

Birds called to each other across the silence of the garden, while Miss Phyllis sat with her face buried in her hands; then at last she looked up, smiling through her tear bright eyes.

"I do not think you will have to wait long," she said haltingly. "It is all very strange and wonderful, but the love for you is here now—in my heart—like the song that was locked in the spinnet."

### ORDER IS POWER.

There is power in order—material order, intellectual order, moral order. To keep one's word and one's engagements, to have everything ready under one's hands, to be able to dispose of all one's forces and to have all one's means of whatever kind under command—that is order; to discipline one's habits, efforts and wishes, to distribute one's time, to take the measure of one's duties and make one's rights respected, to employ one's capital and resources, one's talent and one's chances profitably. Order is power.

### Not a Distinction.

The detective was trying to get a few pointers from the man who had employed him to hunt for a runaway boy. "Has he any distinguishing marks about him?" he asked. "Yes," said the father, frowning impatiently. "The distinguishing mark about him, sir, is that he looks like me." "H'm!" mused the detective. "I should hardly call that a distinction. That's a handicap."—Chicago Tribune.

### A BOOSTER FOR BITULITHIC PAVEMENT

J. G. Gable, one of Lewiston, Idaho's most prominent business men, is an enthusiastic advocate of bitulithic pavement, says the Missoula, Mont. Sentinel. He firmly believes that this city will make no mistake in laying that kind of pavement on any or all of the streets. "It is equally adapted for residential or business streets, as has been conclusively demonstrated at Lewis-

ton," said Mr. Gable. "From the outset it was found so thoroughly satisfactory in Lewiston and so fully up to the representations of its manufacturers that the City Council wisely decided there was no need of experimenting further in paving materials or in contracting for other materials that it was plain none could prove more satisfactory from the standpoint of durability, economy and general satisfaction. The result was that all

of the paving in Lewiston, of which there are five or six miles on the principal streets, is bitulithic. "The people of Lewiston are so well satisfied with it that there is little prospect of any other kind of paving material being used there. We are content to let well enough alone."

### HOTEL ARRIVALS

The following are registered at the Electric Hotel: William Gregory, Ore-

gon City; H. W. Leonard, Portland; Gale S. Hill, Albany; W. A. Tunn, Portland; S. A. Miller Aurora, K. Bergren, Aurora; Frank McLaren, Alfred Berghard, Colton; J. Bealy, and wife, Canby; Lee Howard, William Rudolph, M. Trullinger, Molalla; Fred Schafer, Molalla; Pierce Wright, Molalla; M. G. and Mrs. O'Malley, Portland; B. J. Hawthorne, Eugene; E. V. Honeyer, Seattle; G. A. Calhoun, Portland; Vale Calhoun, LaCede, Mo.; A. Grimm.

# LOWER ELECTRIC RATES

As a result of economic methods and the acquirement of additional facilities, the PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY takes a great deal of pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Oregon City and the surrounding territory an important reduction in its electric light and power rates.

## IMPORTANT

It has been the constant policy of the Company to give good service at reasonable rates. The Company is more interested than anybody else in building up a bigger, busier and better Portland, and it fully recognizes the important influence of low rates and good service. The new lighting rate is 9, 7 and 4c per kilowatt hour. Details of this reduction and the conditions involved can be secured upon application at any of the Company's offices. Several months will be required to change over the 31,000 accounts which this reduction in lighting rates will affect. In order that our patrons may be put to the least possible inconvenience, new contracts will be mailed beginning May 1st. The Company earnestly requests that these be signed, witnessed and returned to the Company's representative in Oregon City as promptly as possible, thus avoiding the possibility of waiting in line at the office.

# Portland Railway, Light and Power Company

MAIN OFFICE SEVENTH & ALDER STS.  
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# STOP! LOOK! Listen?

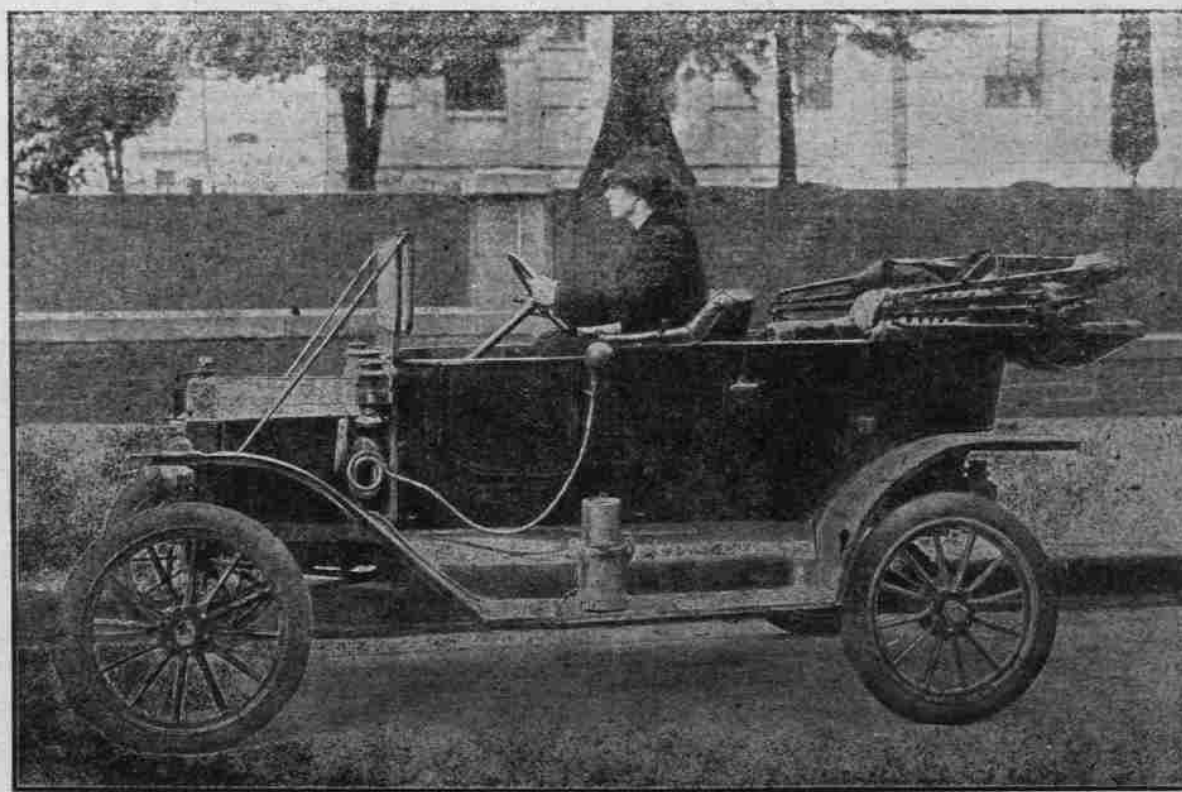
Working for the other fellow and  
Get Busy for Yourself

What can be won with a little  
work a fine prize every 10 days  
**BESIDES THE AUTO**

To what people are saying and  
you will see how popular you are  
**THEN GET IN AND WIN**



Yours for the asking



Don't it look good to you

To stimulate interest in the voting and to give each one a chance to profit by their work we will give a prize every ten days. These prizes will not affect the final count in any way as all votes will count on

## THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE

These prizes will be given to the one that hands in the largest number of votes very ten days.

The Fourth Special Prize for the best 10 days showing will be an order on some local merchant. This order is good for anything in his store worth up to \$15.00 or can be applied on a larger account. This order had ought to be worth every effort you can put forth.