a poorly trained orchestra into his beat—from which it appears evident that a good mutual understanding and a capable co-operation are much to be desired between musicians of all sorts and conditions. A ballad may be completely ruined by the sheer incompetence or subtle malice of a pianist. Sir Julius Benedict was the prince of accompanists, but I have heard him accompany so badly a *débutante* that I could not help thinking it was intentional, and that he did not mean she should succeed. Alas! such things are done both on the stage and in the concert-room. Musicians are not only a most irritable, but, I am sorry to say, a most jealous race. I do not say all musicians succumb to these mean passions. I only declare that jealousy is their besetting sin—often non-existent, no doubt often nobly resisted, sometimes overcome, but jealousy is the upas-tree of the profession. May I not add that as composers owe so much to artistes and artistes to composers, and players and singers to each other, it is a thousand pities that there should not oftener be more of an "entente cordiale" and "noblesse oblige" between them? At present their professional harmonies are too often full of "unresolved discords."

PRINCESS I-WOULD-I-WOT-NOT.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"IT isn't as if I cared for any one else. I think you know that. It's only that I—"

"That you don't care for me."

"You put words into my mouth. I had not meant to say exactly that—still, if you prefer it should stand so—"

"I do, if you are thinking of our long row home, and so are tempering the wind for my shearing. Won't you speak with brutal frankness? When a woman has refused a man directly and indirectly as often as you have me, he may suffer each time a gamut of emotions, but really he ceases to be embarrassed."

The woman who had spoken flushed a little.

"That was not a nice speech. I have always been honest with you."

"Yes, but never quite so far from covert. If I were not I, and you you, the prospect ahead might be awkward for an hour or so, and awkwardness means anguish to your mind. You are a symphony of social accords. I have never yet made a discordant scene, I think, but being repeatedly refused with such unfailing tact and courtesy is having its effects on my nerves. I am more irritable than I used to be. It would be easier if you were rude to me."

"I know it." The answer came quickly. "It is all wrong between you and me. May I speak very plainly?"

"I beg that you will. I think I have almost the right to demand it; and you can speak the naked truth and still be artistic, you know. I learned that early in my art career. One day, when we were all in the studio painting, my old master came behind me and leaned over my shoulder to find that I had boyishly draped my figure in a floating gauzy veil. 'Mr. Satterly,' he said, 'if you want to paint draped figures, paint them, and if you want to paint nude figures, paint nude figures, but spare me shimmerettes!' Won't you spare me shimmerettes to-day, Annette?"

Satterly looked up, smiling, and his companion laughed, but she was still uneasy, as her very attitude showed. The two were sitting together in a deep stony hollow formed in some wave-smitten rocks, which were at once the breakwater and rugged bluff of a small island that lay green with its pine-trees in the midst of a deep cove. The site was too exposed to winter gales for verdure, but in place of grass, nature, fertile in expedients, had laid down matted pine needles season after season, until the net-work underfoot was more dense than the prickly boughs crossing overhead. Winds and storms had filled all the nooks and corners of the red crags with this fodderlike pine, making a veritable rookery of warm nests in among the rocks. It was in one of these nests that Annette and Satterly were sitting.

"I and my shimmerettes seem to offend you to-day," said Annette, after a long

my Princess—Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not."

Annette's face changed. She looked down with a quick turn of her head.

"Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not," she repeated — "I-Would-I-Wot-Not." She recited the title over and over, as if it fascinated her. "Is that descriptive of me? Yes, I suppose it is. How discontented and fretful and peevish the name sounds —I would I wot not!" She interrupted Satterly's murmured protest. "I don't mind; it's entirely true. But don't you know that I would give the world to wot what I do want — to know my heart as others know theirs—as you do?"

"Yes," said Satterly, dryly, "there's no doubt whatever about my knowing. I am not introspective enough to be a doubter. I'm simply an old-fashioned lover on one knee before you offering my simple heart for what it is worth as frankly and as perpetually as an old-fashioned valentine picture. I have known unfortunately well just what I wanted—not ever since I first met you—I am not practised enough to pretend I have always loved you. I don't think I quite liked you when we first met, did I?"

"No," said Annette, laughing; "you thought me a worldly woman, and once deliberately told me so. I don't think I have ever had to complain of what you call 'shimmerettes' with you."

"You never will, I hope. The first time it ever occurred to me to love you was when we were walking one day under a grove of pine-trees just like these, and the ground was springy in the same way with the old and new shed needles. Do you remember that walk? I don't suppose so, but I was as I thought making myself agreeable to you, and talking cynically of what money could do, what I knew my own money had bought me of the world's favor, when you stopped short and dug the point of your parasol into the mat of pine needles. 'Bah! You haven't the money that would buy a carpet like this!' you said, scornfully, and you could have knocked me down with one of those same needles. I looked at you, and then somehow it seemed to me that I saw your beauty for the first time. I thought, 'Why, this is a woman to love!' But frankly it wasn't the first time I had thought that of a woman, and, according to experience, it seemed to me an unimportant discovery. Only I thought it again shortly, and again in a segregated kind of way, until at last the thought dropped down so often it grew as this pine-needle carpet must have grown, slowly but surely overlapping everything else. I can't tell you how I know I love you any more than the pine needles know what made them fall, or why they keep on falling."

Satterly was speaking with apparent calmness, but as Annette looked aside, the excited contraction of his eyes told a different story. Annette had been listening earnestly, now she leaned her hand on the stone by her, and with a restless gesture rose to her feet. She spoke slowly.

"I have always dreamed that if I ever fell in love it would be so deeply and overwhelmingly that I think I may have been, and perhaps I am now, afraid to loosen my hold on myself. That may be the trouble. But whatever the reason is, that hold is still there, Mr. Satterly. You have taught me nothing, and I am still my own. If I *had* to marry you—" She turned to Satterly with a smile so sweet and so frank that his heart sank in his breast—"I believe I could make you fairly happy, and you me, but I can be sure of nothing more ideal than that, and that is not very ideal, is it? As I said, if I *had* to marry you, I think it would be in all probability best and happiest for me; but marriages can't be made in that way, and as it has to be deliberate, and as the last word has to lie with me, I cannot take the responsibility of making it yes—it must be no."

She paused in a sudden embarrassment, looking away from Satterly over the edge of the rocky nest on the curved beach at the foot of the bluff. As she stood she shivered slightly.

"It grows very cold," she began, conventionally. Suddenly she interrupted herself, crying out in another voice, "Look! look! our boat!"

Satterly sprang to his feet beside her. He had left their flat-bottomed sharpy beached on the sands with the oars drawn into it; now it was floating free on the water, each moment drifting further, and already some distance away. The stealthy tide, rising and falling softly and rapidly, had washed off the light shell. They both stood staring helplessly after it.

"Can we do nothing?" cried Annette,

aghast. "We might as well be in a prison with our key drifting away!"

In answer Satterly flung back his head suddenly, looking full in her face with wide-opened eyes that fairly spoke, though she failed to read the thought behind. An overwhelming sense of something trembling in the balance seized her, but a moment later he had turned from her as if with a wrench of will-power, and began to climb from the deep nest to the rocks above. His foot was on the upper ledge when Annette, following him, caught his arm.

"What are you thinking of?" she cried, sharply. Her upturned face was suffused with color, her lips were quivering, her eyes terrified. Satterly had never seen her so beautiful or so womanly.

"The boat," he answered, simply, looking down at her. "I can overtake it."

"You must not try. I implore you! These waters are always bitterly cold. Now they are icy. They will send out a search party from home after nightfall, so we have only to wait," she went on, resolutely, as his arm seemed to stiffen under her grasp. "I am not afraid, and I am woman enough, Mr. Satterly, and proud enough, to be indifferent."

Satterly broke from her hold.

"I am not," he said. "Go to the back of the rock. For God's sake don't follow me with your eyes. If I should fail, you could do nothing whatever to help me." He drew himself up and over the edge. His footfall sounded on the hard stone fainter and fainter. Annette stood for a moment motionless, then dropped down into the hollow, crouching against the wall, her face hidden, her eyes and ears sealed—waiting.

A half-hour later the low sun, hanging like a red disk over the water, shone blindingly into Annette's face as she sat in the stern of the boat facing Satterly, who was rowing. She was utterly silent, and he noticed that the glow in sky, sea, and air failed to warm her pallor. Her face was grave, her manner serious.

"I am sorry," said Satterly, apologetically. "It was a careless trick on my part. I should have remembered what a thief the water is; but, indeed," he went on, laughing, "you need not take it so solemnly. Except for your sad fright and a little wad of wet underwear in the locker, there's no harm done. It was not so bad as it looked. The tide was with me, and the water was not too cold."

Annette dropped her hand over the side of the boat, trailing it in the water, and drew it out again blue with the chill. Her voice was shaking, but she spoke with a cold precision.

"You risked your life. The tide could have swept you out and the cold have cramped you. It is a marvel that neither happened. I shall never as long as I live forget those moments I spent crouching down among the pine needles at the back of that rock. I was afraid to see or hear. I tried to bury myself alive."

"I know," said Satterly; "I had almost to shake you awake when I came back. It was like a disappointment, wasn't it, with such preparation for horrors?"

The recollection of her terrors and his light manner seemed to double Annette's annoyance.

"What right had you to impose such an experience on me? I am not speaking of any duty to yourself."

Satterly did not answer. She went on restlessly.

"I can't forgive you for any of it. I am weighed down by the obligations you persistently thrust on me. It is not generous."

Then he looked up, his brow reddening.

"On the contrary," he answered, quickly. He rowed less strongly, and the tide swept heavily against the bow of the boat until his face was in the sunlight, and Annette could see plainly his look of indignant repudiation. "On the contrary, you are now under no obligation of any kind. You are not Princess I-Wot-What-I-Must, as you might have been. You are still Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not."

Annette's head rose proudly.

"You think, then, that I did not mean it when I told you on the island I was willing to wait for rescue?"

"You thought you meant it; but as I was I, and you you, if the chance of escape had been one in a million, and I had but half a life to risk, I ought to have risked it."

"Why?"

But Satterly had already regained his composure and his usual easy good-humor.

"I refuse to answer," he said, laughing. "Just now you stung me into saying a great deal more than I should."

"You may as well go on, as you have said so much. You think, in a word, that with the publicity, the hue-and-cry of a search party looking for us, I should not have been exactly in a position that forced me to marry you, but where it would have been more comfortable to my worldly-mindedness to do so, and so, worldly to the end, I would have married you as a mere escape from annoyance."

Satterly showed that he braced himself for what he saw had to come. "It is what you would have done," he said, firmly, "and what indubitably I should have grasped at your doing, and far better have died than been party to. You are very angry with me, I see. I don't wonder. I hardly think it will mend matters for me to tell you that I worship you just as you are, worldly-mindedness and all. You are not worldly at the core of your heart, but you have—you can't deny it—you have lived and outlived some things that other women have yet to fathom. You know, for instance, exactly how valuable the world's opinion is, and what it means to run even a little counter to it. I mean to tell you the whole truth now; it is better. When I saw the boat drifting off, I remembered that you had just told me you could marry me if you *had* to do so, and be fairly happy. I knew—forgive me—that you *would* consent to marry me because of that accident of wind and tide, and deep down in my heart I knew all in a moment that I should not be strong enough to resist such a temptation. My only salvation was to plunge in at once, and come back with the boat, or never come back to you at all. You must see that."

"You risked your life, then, to save me from yourself?"

Satterly laughed, and shook his head. "I don't know. I am getting out of my depth now. I tell you I haven't the kind of mind that untangles metaphysical confusions. I only know that I love you, and I stand now where I stood before the boat drifted away—with a fair field, but no favor whatever."

"You risked your life to save me from yourself," Annette repeated. Her voice was hard and mechanical. "You knew me better than I knew myself. Yes, I would have married you. It was very nobly done."

Satterly replied by silence only, which Annette made no effort to break. He bent to his oars, rowing strongly, while the sun sank and twilight settled on the waters. It was dark when the homing boat with its two silent occupants wove its way through the shipping and touched at the landing-pier. They could see the old weather-worn boat-master standing on the floating wharf with his lantern lit, peering out over the harbor, waiting for them. He had heard the splash of oars, and this was the last boat out. Satterly took the lantern from him, crossing the seats to the stern where Annette sat. As he lifted the light, and it fell full on her face, he paused in amazement, his hand extended to help her. It was Annette who spoke to the boatman, bidding him bring her some wrappings from the boat-house.

The man turned away, and she rose, taking the hand Satterly was still mechanically offering. As she stood beside him, the lifted light showed plainly her flushed and tear-wet cheeks. Her voice was soft with emotion, low with earnestness. All the tenderness of her beauty shone on Satterly as through a mist. It was the same imploring face that had looked up at him from the rocky nest.

"I sent him away on purpose, because I can't let myself leave this boat without speaking. Don't try to help me. I ought to say it alone. I know I am not worthy of a man like yourself—no, don't speak. But I have learned one thing from you to-night, and you'll teach me more. I know now that I never shall learn what love is except by loving and sacrificing as you do. It is with you that the last word lies, but you must never again call me Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not, for now, though I don't know just what it means, just as you do, I wot what I want."

The old boatman, limping down the pier with the wrappings, broke into a run as he heard a crash and saw the light fall and disappear from the row-boat. When he reached the wharf, Satterly was stumblingly helping Annette over the broken glass of the lantern and the seats of the boat. They were both groping and laughing.

"Lost your light, sir?" came the unnecessary question.

And Satterly's voice, strong and exultant, rang out from the darkness: "I? Oh no! I've only just found it."