

Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

Digitale Sammlung der Badischen Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

A young millionaire - K 2076

Bender, Auguste

[S.l.], um 1912

[urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-98070](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-98070)

Karlsruhe

2076

K 2076

OTTO SCHICK
KARLSRUHE
WALDSTR. 21

FR. 21

in
of
St
I
an
was
the
ran
thou
seem
an
time
this
my
gen
who
ng
woul
feste
sa
He
them

A Young Millionaire,
by
Augusta Bender.



Of all the strange people I have met in the world, Mrs. Mortimer Middleton of Philadelphia was the most remarkable. - She did not impress me particularly when I first saw her, except by a very rosy face and an exceedingly black wig, which she thought was regarded as genuine. At second glance, however, I also noticed her stately appearance - not remarkably tall, though, but rather stout - and her arrogant bearing that always seemed to cry out: Look at me, ye men and women of America! I am Mrs. Mortimer Middleton of Philadelphia, and on this side of the globe you have not met found my superior in any respect.

This lady of striking appearance was generally accompanied by an elderly daughter who was not merely homely but decidedly ugly. But her ugliness was more of the soul than of the body; for the cast of her features was not displeasing, nor was her figure.

Her moral infirmities, however, showed themselves in her whole body, in her little

170 Mrs. Starnall's
109 W. 4th Street, New York.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page.]

2

restless eyes, her knitted eyebrows, her twisted mouth, the sullen and peevish expression of her face, and in her sudden, irregular movements. - "Crazy Miss Middleton," I understood she was called by her schoolmates, when she put out her tongue ^{at} them and called them names.

She is not "mad" but "bad", said I when I came to know her better, and so she was.

Mrs. Mortimer Middleton, however, did not seem to be unhappy in the possession of such a daughter; on the contrary she appeared rather to be proud of her; for with such a foil she herself shone to greater advantage. Wherever she went, it was always Mrs. Mortimer Middleton whom people noticed. Daughter Angelina seemed a mere appendage to her mother's greatness and of no consequence, except when she made mouths at people and called them "shoddies."

It was during the Centennial Celebration that I first met these ladies at a boarding-house in Spruce-Street and learned that soon after the war they had come from the South, where Mrs. Middleton's husband had been a slave-holder - and a very cruel one,

I have been thinking of you
 very much lately and wondering
 how you are getting on. I hope
 you are well and happy. I
 have not much news to write
 at present. I am still in the
 same place and doing the
 same work. I am well and
 hope these few lines will find
 you all the same. I am
 ever your affectionate friend
 and brother
 John Smith

too
 v
 ju
 an
 ha
 bo
 or
 la
 he
 or
 d
 j
 e
 m
 m
 m
 p
 a
 s
 n
 et
 co
 M
 p
 h
 to
 it.

too.

The second time, I encountered them, I had just returned from Germany, and it was with anything but pleasure that I found they had become regular inmates of my then boarding-house in Walnut-Street.

"I am no longer at home in my own house," said Mrs. Crocker the landlady, after Mrs. Middleton and her daughters had retired; "no, I am no longer my own mistress," she continued, heaving a deep sigh; "Mrs. Middleton orders me about, just as she used to command her slaves. She tells me what dishes to cook and how to cook them - which servants I should discharge, and which keep; nay, she even wants me to have my parlor furniture altered and my sofas covered anew with a bright colored velvet or silk, so as to cheer the sight of her visitors. As if anybody ever came to see them, except that shabby, half blind boy who comes on Wednesday evenings to hear Miss Middleton play ^{the} piano. Oh, dear me, such playing! I wonder that the people in the house and the neighborhood are not driven to distraction; still, the boy seems to enjoy it. Mrs. Middleton says that her daughter

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

found him at the Blind Asylum and has been so kind to him since his blindness that he became fondly attached to her. -

"Miss Middleton kind to anybody indeed! Why, the very idea of it is enough to make one laugh! The devil himself is kinder than that crooked imp of a woman; and if you don't believe me, Miss, you just wait a little and see and hear what occurs.

I made no objection to this emphatic statement of Mrs. ^{Croaker's} ~~Langley's~~; I seldom objected to what she said; for either she offended or amused me and either state reduces me to silence.

Sometimes, however, I would remonstrate when she tried to make me believe that I was consumptive because I coughed a little, or that I had heart-disease, because I panted a little when walking home in a snow-storm. For Mrs. Croaker always delighted in dreary prospects, so her chatter was of not much consequence to anyone.

But as to Mrs. Mortimer Middleton, the landlady had judged rightly of her growing imperiousness. Mrs. Middleton wanted this and Mrs. Middleton wanted that. And to hear her speak at the dinner-table, you would believe that she was acquainted with all the millionaires in America and all the

5

nobility of Europe. Moreover she professed to be an authoress, and said that she had written ever so many books. But in fact her only work was a little volume on "Humility" which - as Mrs. Croaker said - she had published by subscription ten years ago. It was dedicated to her spiritual adviser, the Rev. Dr. Dily.

Mrs. Mortimer Middleton always spoke in raptures of this gentleman, as of her best friend and the most profound philosopher she ever met.

And then she would talk of her piety and godliness; altogether oblivious of the curious twitchings of her daughter's facial muscles. And when this lovely creature ventured to say: "Mother, you are the greatest coquette alive," or: "Mrs. Mortimer Middleton, you are always telling lies, you know!" Mrs. Middleton would look around the table and smile angelically and say: "Is n't she a just little thing to talk that way to her own dear Name!"

"I am no longer in my teens, considering that you are more than three score, mother!" giggled Miss Angelina.

Each tried to repress his laughter as best he could, for only a few days before Mrs. Middleton had told her neighbor, who had incidentally

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page.]

6

mentioned he was forty-three years old: "Why, that is exactly my age!" --

Besides of her clergyman Mrs. Mortimer Middleton also delighted to talk of her beautiful country-place. One day she wondered whether she would have some elms cut down in the avenue leading up to the mansion, another time she was sorry that she had to remove her faithful old gardener on account of palsy.

"She is talking about her husband's aunt's place who bequeathed all her property to the Duke of York, and ~~a little annuity~~ with the exception of a little annuity they are as poor as church-mice," Mrs. Crocker whispered to me after having nudged me under the table; for I was sitting next to her.

Well, it was a good thing to be rich, she then said aloud, smoothing back her greyish curls from her forehead, but as it was God's ordinance that there should also be poor people in the world, she was contented with her lot of keeping a boarding-house, and only wished she could get rid of her dreadful rheumatism.

And straightway Mrs. Mortimer Middleton prescribed for her until everyone, becoming disgusted, left the room, and Mrs. Crocker remained alone. Fortunately the door bell

Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

was rang at this critical moment.

"It is half past seven," said Mrs. Middleton, consulting her watch. "I think it is the boy who comes for his musical treat."

"I suppose it is," murmured Mrs. Crocker meekly; and "confound that shepherd boy!" she ejaculated, after pompous Mrs. Middleton had retired to the parlor.

He had nicknamed him the "shepherd boy," when, as this was the title of the only piece of music that Miss Tagelina played for him on Wednesday evenings.

"He is only a boy," Mrs. Mortimer Middleton would say with that sweet innocent smile of hers, when somebody commented on his singular attachment for her daughter.

"It is really a pity, that the poor orphan has nobody to look after his interests; for he is worth about three millions in coal-mines in the Northern part of Pennsylvania. But he does not know how to manage his affairs, and that is the reason why he always looks so forlorn and gloomy and comes here on foot, instead of riding in a carriage."

But one evening in Spring the "poor orphan" had to go away without his music; for instead of Tagelina, Mrs.

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting covering the majority of the page]

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting visible along the right edge of the page]

Miss Middleton had come down to receive "the boy" and ^{to} tell him with motherly dignity that the honor of her dear daughter forbade her to permit his frequent visits any longer, as people had ^{already} ~~begun~~ to talk about them (already)

"Isn't she a clever strategist?" Mrs. Croaker remarked after this curious declaration had been rumored about. "She will certainly manage to frighten that simpleton of a boy into matrimony with a woman of twice his age, not to speak of her ugliness and craziness."

And when the next Wednesday the boy came again, he was sent away without having been received by either of the ladies. After that he was not heard of for a fortnight - and then he came to propose in due form to Miss Angelina Middleton, was accepted, and Mrs. Mortimer Middleton gave them her parental blessing in the most dignified and solemn manner she could assume.

We all laughed and joked about this singular love-affair, but soon we began to complain of the monopolisation of the parlor by the betrothed couple. Not that they did so by any clear arrangement with our landlady, but Miss Middleton ^{would} always behave in such an arrogant

[Faint, illegible handwriting in a cursive script, likely a historical document or letter.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting visible on the right edge of the page.]

9

and ill-bred manner, when someone entered the drawing room of evenings, that we all, as if by common consent, gave them the right of exclusive possession.

"Poor lambs, how happy they are!" said Mrs. Mortimer Middleton placidly; "the boy needed someone to look after his riches, and I am thankful that Providence has singled me out for the purpose. For my daughter is of no account, you know. Only a few days ago when I intimated to her that it was time to look out for a fine house and the furnishing of it - she calmly left everything to me to look after, and so did the boy. Hadn't I not found the finest palace to be had in 'Walnut Street'?"

"But the 'Dear lambs' did not always behave in so peaceful a manner. One day Miss Tagelina Middleton came home in a fury, dragging her betrothed one after her and calling him names - miser and stingy fellow, etc., as he had declined to pay the bill in the ice-cream saloon, into which she had persuaded him.

Another day Mrs. Middleton was almost as angry with him for behaving so "ungentlemanly", as to address the coachman whom she had ordered for

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

[Faint handwriting visible along the right edge of the page]

(10)

a Drive, by "Mister" and "pleas."

At Town afterwards Mrs. Middleton began to talk in the most joyous manner about the arrangement for the wedding, which was to take place in autumn after their return from Saratoga. She invited us all to come then and see her daughter's wedding dress which were to be much finer than anything one could imagine.

To be sure, her future son-in-law did not show off just then as he ought to have done, but the reason of this was an unsettled dispute about his revenues upon which his lawyer was just engaged. No danger, however, of losing anything; for she had with her own eyes seen the deed, in which the amount of the boy's property was valued at three millions, or so. Everything would be righted by autumn, though, and her enemies and invidious friends would be just reduced to silence for ever.

Mrs. Mortimer-Middleton knew indeed what was becoming to the mother ^{in law} of a threefold millionaire. Her old acquaintances dropped since many years, perhaps, were looked up again, or written to, so as to get ^{be} informed of the present position, she was destined to henceforward occupy

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting on the right edge of the page, possibly from the adjacent page.]

in high society.

We all wondered that such a pious lady who prided herself on the highest friendship of her spiritual adviser the Reverend Dr. Cole, and who had written a book on "Humility", should harbor such worldly thoughts and sentiments.

x *
x

I lost sight of the ladies during the ensuing summer, for I went to the country early in June, and when I came home in September - if a boarding-house can be called a home - Mrs. Mortimer Middleton and her daughter were out all day to order the "trousseau" of the lovely "fiancee" and to buy the wedding apparel.

The ceremony was to take place on the first Thursday in October. It had become an old story, now, and people no longer talked ^{about} it, except when the thrifful Millionaire had said something especially coarse or silly at the dinner-table. For he was often invited, now, to stay during meal-times. And a good appetite he had, to be sure! Lament Mrs. Middleton had a deal of trouble to supply his plate with food and to smooth over his random talk.

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

14

Once he was alluded to the time when he kept "that little news-stand down on Eighth Street," another time he spoke of "that Devil of a fellow who sued him for a miserable debt of fifteen dollars."

What Mrs. Mortimer Middleton thought of all this, was to us a perfect mystery. She had seen the deed with her own eyes, — she would repeat over and over again. — Her dear son, it is true, had had ~~had~~ some financial difficulties for a time, being deprived of his property by an unscrupulous guardian. Everything, however, was all right now, and the wedding would come off on Thursday.

For three days previous there was a constant ringing of the ^{bell} door-bell and an incessant ~~flashing~~ ^{flooding} in of parcels, and of bills in larger or smaller envelopes, for Mrs. Middleton, as we afterwards heard, had not paid for any of her purchases, but had left everything for her rich son-in-law to settle.

He had been quartered by Mrs. Middleton in a large boarding-house in Ninth Street, and received all these attentions as coolly and equanimously, as only great souls and thrifty millionaires can afford

Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Partial view of handwritten text on the adjacent page to the right, including words like "to", "the", "was", "we", "no", "the", "you", "no", "was", "sup", "for", "drop".

to take things.

It was not until the wedding morning that I saw him change color and emotion stand in a most conspicuous manner, when he - stepping out of the lunch-room - encountered a ^{tall} ~~scuffed~~ lady, who had just been shown into the parlor by the maid-servant.

He looked at her with a half-frightened and - as it seemed to me - half-appealing glance. She, however, did not condescend to notice him and still less to address a word to him - but stalked up to the sofa where Mrs. Mortimer Middleton sat displaying her gorgeous black velvet dress, richly trimmed with Ermine lace. Both doors stood wide open, and the hall and staircase ^{ere} was full of people, ready to start for the ceremony which was to be at eleven o'clock in a fashionable church near by the bells of which had just chimed ~~these~~ half-quarter past ten.

The strange visitor, who apparently did not belong to the wedding-guests, as he was in every-day attire, made a somewhat impertinent courtesy to Mrs. Middleton who from indignation and utter amazement, dropped the huge satin fan with which

[Faint, illegible handwriting in a cursive script, likely a historical document or letter.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting visible on the right edge of the page, continuing from the adjacent page.]

she was playing.

"Never mind the interruption, Madam!" said the woman, planting herself uprightly before Mrs. Middleton; "there is time enough yet to go to church, that is, after you have had the kindness to settle this little bill of your future son-in-law."

"It is four weeks, now, since you installed him at my house, securing the best of my rooms for him. Mrs. Mortimer-Middleton, his mother-in-law, that is to be, would settle everything after the wedding, said he, she, being so rich, would certainly extricate him out of all his difficulties, as she had made ^{from} such efforts to get him as her son-in-law. But as I was afraid, that he might immediately set out on his wedding tour and forget all his little liabilities - here is the bill, Madam! seventy five Dollars including his washing-accounts, which I have also paid for. I will just receipt it, if I can be favored with a pencil. Of course you will at once settle such a trifling amount, which is nothing for a lady in a velvet suit."

And she impudently walked up to the table pretending to look for

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page.]

some writing utensils.

Mrs. Mortimer's Midleton's color had changed; she was ashy pale. I turned away my face and looked to the ground, so uncomfortable I felt to see that haughty lady thus humiliated. The threefold millionaire stood pale and trembling a few paces removed from me in the hall, grasping the hat rack for support.

"Mr. Stubbs! come here a moment!" exclaimed Mrs. Midleton fiercely. It was for the first time that I heard the boy called by his family name.

At this moment the bell rang violently. Mr. Stubbs trembled more and more without losing hold of the hat-rack. The colored waiter made his way to the door, and in rushed a little black-haired gentleman in an apparent state of great excitement. The young millionaire nearly fell to the ground on recognizing the new visitor's voice and tried to hide himself behind the hats and overcoats.

But no sooner had the little gentleman caught sight of him, when he furiously rushed towards him, seized him by the collar and shook him violently.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page, likely bleed-through from the adjacent page.]

"Beg pardon, Sir!" stammered the millionaire in helpless dismay; "please be silent for half an hour longer, and --"

"I will not be silent, you inveterate rascal!" interrupted the little gentleman vehemently; "you have swindled me most outrageously, but you shall not reap the prize of it, as long as there is any breath in me. You told me that Mrs. Middleton was a rich lady, and that you would pay me out of her daughter's dowry - whilst you knew very well that she had not a cent except that little annuity settled upon her by her husband's relatives."

"I did not know, Sir!" faltered the unhappy boy; "indeed I did not. - I thought Mrs. Middleton was an heiress, and perhaps you are mistaken, Sir!"

"I am not mistaken, I have been making inquiries for the last fortnight, and just this morning my apprehensions were confirmed by Mrs. Middleton's aunt at White-Town. Why -" pointing contemptuously to Mrs. Middleton who with a ghastly countenance stood under the parlor-door - "that woman does not own a single tree nor till, still less a park and a mansion, as you have

[Faint, illegible handwriting in a cursive script, likely a historical document or manuscript.]

[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from the adjacent page.]

4

~~Hold me separately~~ } " - -

"What does all this will mean?" asked Mrs. Mortimer Middleton drawing up her shoulders and looking superciliously at the excited little gentleman.

"It means, Madam! that this fellow has persuaded me to make out a deed for him, stating his amount of property at three millions, and that he would pay me five hundred dollars out of his wife's dowry when the wedding was over."

"Why, then you both should go to prison," retorted Mrs. Middleton resuming her self-possession. "Frederick, go and call a policeman in! This whole company can be arrested to that man's confession and self-accusation in regard to his criminal forgery."

"Confound your impudence!" exclaimed the little man shaking his fist at her. "You won't catch me, an old lecher as I am. you have made yourself ridiculous enough without your ears being dragged into court. So you better think a while before you interfere with me and this rascally hag of a son-in-law." cried Mrs. Middleton.

"Son-in-law, for sooth! Do you think we want another beggar in the family?"

At this moment the people on the

6

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

staircase began to start up and to utter exclamations of surprise and pain. For down rushed Miss Angelina Middleton in a long white satin dress decked with orange blossoms. She having her way among the crowd she had witnessed the last scene from above and taken in everything at a glance.

Like a tiger she sprang at the unhappy boy, clutched him by his shoulders and before he could utter a single cry, she had shoved and cuffed him along the hall, through the door hastily open, turn out a few handfuls of his brown hair and then pushed him violently from the stoop so that he rolled moaningly into the street at the feet of the amazed coachman who was to convey the happy pair to church.

At the same time a young colored man came forward from behind the coach:

"Dear me, my master!" he exclaimed rushing towards the boy to raise him up.

"Who are you?" groaned the would-be bridegroom in great bewilderment.

"Why, don't you remember me? I am to be your body-servant. Mrs. Mortimer Middleton telegraphed for me to Saratoga, where I waited on you and the ladies during your stay there."

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting covering the majority of the page]

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting visible along the right edge of the page]

29

"Oh dear me, dear me!" cried the dis-
pairing young man burying his face
in both his hands.

"My dear master, what is the matter?"
asked the colored man with pitiful tone.

"I am ruined," the other sobbed, "dis-
graced, ruined and maltreated! - Go home
to Saratoga, my dear fellows! for I shall
just as little need a body-servant as
I have three millions."

"Home? Why, I am out of service,
having counted on --"

"Oh dear, dear me!" sobbed the un-
happy boy anew, the tears gushing from
his eyes.

Meanwhile some of the visitors and
wedding guests had taken leave of Mrs.
Middleton, others had quietly stolen away
and discreetly vanished in the coaches or
across the street.

Amongst the last was stately Mrs. Hor-
tense Middleton and her daughter, still
decked with orange blossoms. Without looking
about or addressing a word to the waiter
boy and the pretended millionaire at the foot
of the steps, they entered the nearest carriage
and ordered the coachman to drive away
as fast as possible.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

20

Frederick, Mrs. Crocker's colored servant, came out of the house, and, assisted by the Saratoga waiter, guided the poor boy up the steps into the house, where they compassionately laid him on the sofa in the little book parlor. He seemed to be badly bruised and shaken, but giving no vent to his feelings you could not tell if it was his body or his heart that suffered the most.

Mrs. Crocker, half pitiful and half amused, walked up to him. Too much had she suffered from the impiousness and arrogance of these people as not to enjoy in a measure their present humiliation.

"Is it you?" sobbed the millionaire wiping his eyes. "Oh, that I had known before what a devil of a woman Miss Middleton is!"

"I wish you had!" replied Mrs. Crocker; "she is too bad for a blind man, though he be poor, and still more so for a hale and prosperous one. What in the world made you follow her, as you did, and make love to her?"

"I believed she was rich," followed the boy, raising himself a little from his reclining posture, "and - and - I also believed she loved me so much that

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

after the wedding she would pay my debts on learning that I was poor and miserable."

"Well, you made a mistake, you see!" said Mrs. Crocker smoothing his dirty and crumpled wedding coat, "I suppose it is not paid for either," she murmured.

"No, it is not," replied the boy. "Now, do tell me frankly, Mrs. Crocker, is not Miss Middleton thought to be a lovely woman after all?"

"God gracious! You have known her long enough to be fully aware that she is the worst creature that ever has tormented a poor landlady."

"Well, I did not know any difference, Mrs. Crocker, not seeing well and never having met another young woman that took notice of me."

"Young? Why she is nearly forty," cried Mrs. Crocker exultingly.

"She might have forgiven me, then," the boy remarked, meekly, "I am afraid she will never have another chance as long as she lives."

"And never would have had one," said Mrs. Crocker smilingly, "if you had not persisted in making her play the shepherd boy." ~~But~~ Do not fret ^{your} ~~me~~ (try to take

[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible handwriting on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]

22

it early. You have not lost a blessing,
but you have escaped purgatory on earth."

"But where shall I stay to night?"
exclaimed the boy with a frightened look.

"Well, stay here and sleep with Frederick;
Mrs. Middleton will certainly not come here
again, and to-morrow - -"

"Well, I had rather go now," muttered
the young man with a remnant of shame,
staggering to his feet.

"As you like," quoth Mrs. Crocker,
and then called Frederick to help the would-
be-bridegroom down the steps again. -

Thus finished the little ^{tragic} drama
of our boarding-house, and it was not
until a year later that I met Mrs. Mar-
tinez Middleton and her daughter in the
street, without their seeming to recognize
me.

I understood the ladies' reticence and
passed them by in silence, only too glad that
Miss Angelina did not make faces at me, and
that her lofty mother looked the other way.

I do not know what ~~has~~ since become
of the ladies and who has paid the expenses
of their wedding-preparations.

[Faint, illegible cursive handwriting covering the majority of the page]

[Vertical handwritten text in the right margin]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A German Village Story

by

AUGUSTA BENDER.

Escaped from the sweltering heat, the dust and turmoil of the closely built city, I love to wander back in thought to the quiet fields of my childhood on the other side of the ocean. What else can one do on the long still summer afternoons, when great Pan holds his midday ^{siesta} ~~siesta~~, or during the evenings when the numberless host of crickets and locusts keep one awake till after midnight with their shrill monotonous chirping?

It is a time for home-sickness and longing. With the old songs ~~old~~ memories rise from their graves, and sounds and voices long since died away are heard again by the inward ear and tell the old sad story of past life and long forgotten love.

When my thoughts thus wander up the lonely village road-- moving the faster the nearer they approach the parental roof-- then they suddenly start back like prancing steeds who seem to see a ghost by the wayside. For yonder at the corner, where the large sign-post extends its arms, rises gloomy and dark the haunted house--the terror of my early youth and childhood.

And again when the moon shines through my window, creeps over the floor and slowly--slowly reaches my bed and face then I quickly start up as if I had heard mysterious commotions before my door, as if somebody were bringing me,

Address: 40 W. 23rd St. N.Y.C.

Author of "The Haunted House"

There

noises

THE WANTED MAN

A German Village Story

by

AUGUSTA SCHUBERT

I stepped from the sweltering heat, the dust and turmoil
 of the dusty dirt city, I love to wander back in thought
 to the quiet fields of my childhood on the other side of
 the ocean. That side can be on the long still narrow
 straits, when great Pan holds his mighty sister, of the
 ring the evening when the numberless host of angels and
 hosts keep one awake till after midnight with their air
 still melodious things?

It is a time for home sickness and longing. With the
 old songs and memories rise from their graves, and some
 and voices long since dead away are heard again by the in-
 vent not and left the old and story of past life and long
 forgotten love.

Then my thoughts thus wander up the lonely village
 road--moving the faster the nearer they approach the garden
 and trees--then they suddenly start back like frightened
 steeds and seem to see a ghost by the roadside. For younger
 at the corner, where the large sign-post stands the sign
 there kindly and dark the hushed noise--the sound of my
 early youth and childhood.

And again when the moon shines on the window
 creeps over the floor and slowly--slowly--towards my bed and
 face then I quickly start up as if I had heard mysterious
 footsteps before my door, as if somebody were climbing up

It was a corner house with a sign-
post in front of it, as here the way from
the main street branched off towards the
little H. hamlet of Lichheim. This way, too,
was a post-road, like the main street,
a broad and well kept highway, as are
all the "Chaussées" in Germany.

And in this house lived the only
friend of my intellectual aspirations - my
neighbor Catherine Hartnagel. - To my
childish ideas, however, she was no neighbor
at all, because her house lay across the
street beyond two intervening houses,
at a distance of some seventy or eighty
paces from our own door. And how far
this seemed to me, then, and yet I could
see at any time, from our sitting room
window what was going on in their
garden behind the shed and before their
barn and stables.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

sad
away from

by word or letter some unhappy news. But instantly I remember that all my dearest ones are dead, that my old friends have forgotten me, and that I am of no value to anyone around me. Then, with a deep sigh, I turn my head out of the moonlight and ^{be} come conscious that I have heard nothing but one of those long forgotten voices of my home; and then I try to go to sleep again.

But it is a fruitless effort, and I lie awake the rest of the night thinking of my native village far away on the Franconian tableland. I see in my mind the long main street with its two rows of houses and behind them the orchards and meadows, terminating in the little cabbage gardens; over-towered by the hills which we euphoniously called "the mountains."

They seemed very high to me, those hills, when I was a child and I often wondered what was behind them, and how far it was to the mighty Rhine, which was said to be at least a hundred times as large as our village brook; and even to the big ocean, which to my imagination was (entirely) boundless.

But my youthful thoughts did not always wander "over the hills and far away" ^{to} where now I write. They also busied themselves with the simple life around me, where everybody knows whatever happens under every roof of the village. And among other things, I knew the part that richness played in love affairs, as well as in every transaction of the community, from the election of the Burgomaster down to that of the beadle.

These things did not then affect me much, for I inno-

by word of letter some unhappy news. - but I could not
remember that all my dearest ones are dead, that my old
friends have forgotten me, and that I am of no value to
anyone around me. Then, with a heavy sigh, I turned my head
out of the window and a good consolation that I have heard
nothing but one of those long forgotten voices of my home;
and then I try to go to sleep again.

But it is a fruitless effort, and I lie awake the rest
of the night thinking of my native village far away on the
Saxonian tableland. I see in my mind the four main
streets with the two rows of houses and behind them the or-
chards and meadows, terminating in the little cabbage gar-
dens; over-towered by the hills with its spontaneously call-
ed "the mountains".

They seemed very high to me, those hills, when I was
a child and I often wondered what was behind them, and how
far it was to the mighty Rhine, which was said to be
at least a hundred times as large as our village brook; and
even to the big ocean, which to my imagination was entire-
ly boundless.

But my youthful thoughts did not always wander over
the hills and far away, where now I sit. They also dis-
tributed themselves with the simple life around me, where every-
body knows whatever happens under every roof of the vil-
lage. And soon other things, I knew the part that I had
played in love affairs, as well as in every transaction of
the township, from the election of the Reformation down to
that of the parish.

These things did not then affect me, for I know

cently believed that our village life was quite exception-
 ally prosaic and that in the enchanting distance over the
 hills, it was quite impossible that people should care for
 nothing but richness and the things which could be bought
 with gold. That was the reason why I longed so to go away,
 the far-off country to me was the enchanting land of poetry.
 I hoped to find in reality what is only to be found in the
 realms of art.

As things were, I used to look down upon my neighbors
 with pity and wonder, not comprehending in the least, why an
 old stocking full of rusty Kronenthalers could be more charm-
 ing ^{to} with their heart and sight than one of those delightful
 little story books which, by some chance or miracle I got
 hold of. *It was the house of my neighbor*

*fell into
my hands*

Still less could I comprehend the here and there intel-
 lectual aspirations of some people who were my neighbors.
~~There was Katherine Hartnagel, for instance, whose father~~
~~was the inhabitant of the Haunted House.~~ To my childish
 ideas, however, she was no neighbor at all, because her
 house lay across the street, beyond two intermediate houses,
 and at a distance of some seventy or eighty paces from our
 own door. How far this seemed to me! ^{then} and yet I could see
 at any time, from our sitting room window, what was going on
 in their garden behind the shed and ^{in front of} before their barn and
 stables.

intervening

~~The house~~ *Itself* was a corner house with a sign-post
 before it, as here the way from the main street branched
 off towards the little hamlet of ~~Utzen~~ Utzingen. This
 too was a post-road, like the main street, a broad and well

...I hoped to find in reality what is only to be found in the
the far-off country to be was the excellent land of
with gold. That was the reason why I looked so to go away
become out of reach and the riches which could be found
all, it was quite impossible that people should care for
ally people and that in the economic distance over the
cently believed that our village life was quite exception-

...the things were I used to look down upon my neighbors
with pity and wonder, not comprehending in the least, why an
old sticking (off) of many phenomena could be more than
ing with their past and right than one of those delirious
little story books which, by some taste or miracle I had
come on.

...Still less could I comprehend the here and there that
lateral aspirations of some people who were my neighbors.
There was something mysterious, for instance, whose father
was the incumbent of the hospital. To my children
these, however, and was no neighbor at all, certainly not
name they were the same, only two interested persons,
and at a distance of some twenty or thirty years from our
own door. How far this seemed to me and yet I could see
at any time, from our sitting room window, what was going on
in front of the door and behind the door with the
scenery.

...The house itself was a corner house with a high roof
before it, as there was from the main street opposite
all around the little part of the hospital. The
the way to the road, it was the main street, a broad and

8
kept highway, as are all the so called "Chaussees" in Germany.

any
When I say that Katherine Hartnagel had ^{sympathised with my} intellectual aspirations, I do not mean that she was peculiarly gifted, or that she had a craving for knowledge or some elevated ideal; but that she used to read what was within her reach, although she would probably not have longed for it, if it had not been there, and that she was very liberal in her religious ideas. These she inherited from her father, but I think she never confessed them to anyone but me.

Katherine was about ten years my senior, but I did not feel the disparity of years between us, for ~~at that period~~ ^{always} of my life, I was ^{regarded} longing to gain knowledge, and considered every older person wise and able to minister to my desire to learn. Friendly visits we (re) exchanged (between us.) From the age of six years and upwards I often went with my spinning wheel to Katherine's house on a winter forenoon or afternoon: And in like manner she would come to me.

in ?
In spring time we met on the meadow behind the village where the linen, we had spun during the winter, was spread out to bleach. Katherine was quite communicative, yet it seemed to me there was always a tinge of sadness about her, I never heard her laugh heartily like other girls, and I do not think that any of the young men of the village cared for her personally. But they all had an eye ^{to} ~~for~~ her money.

or other person
Some one else
I myself was rather fond of Katherine, but not at all of her father, who had the reputation of being greedy and spiteful. I never saw him smile unless some misfortune happened to another in the neighborhood; then he laughed as

and highway, as one of the no taller persons, as was
When I say that Katherine's husband and intellectual
aspiration, I do not mean that she was peculiarly gifted,
or that she had a striving for knowledge of some elevated
ideal; but that she used to read what was within her reach,
although she would probably not have looked for it, if it
had not been there, and that she was very liberal in her re-
ligious ideas. These she inherited from her father, but I
think she never understood them to anyone but me.
Katherine was about ten years of age, but I did not
feel the disparity of years between us for at least a year
or two after I was, longing to gain knowledge, and considered
every other person wise and able to minister to my desire to
learn. Friendly visits were exchanged between us from
the age of six years and upwards I often went with my sister
one week to Katherine's house on a winter forenoon or
afternoon; and in like manner she would come to me.
In spring time we met on the meadow behind the village
where the linen we had spun during the winter was spread out
to bleach. Katherine was quite communicative yet it seemed
to me there was always a tinge of sadness about her, I never
heard her laugh heartily like other girls, and I do not
think that any of the young men of the village talked to her
personally. But they all had an eye for her money.
I myself was rather fond of Katherine, but not at all
of her father, who had the reputation of being greedy and
selfish. I never saw him smile unless some mischief
happened to another in the neighborhood, then he laughed so

it were, with closed lips, and every muscle of his face participated in this inward chuckle which to me was most odious.

Katherine's mother died when I was eight years old, a few years later, she lost an older and only sister in the early part of her married life, and her oldest brother was killed in the forest, during the yearly wood-cutting, by a falling tree.

Nobody felt sorrowful for the bereaved father nor perhaps for Katherine either; she was considered too good a calculator, ^{not to know} that fewer children make larger portions in an inheritance. All her sister's property reverted to them, as her husband, agreeably to a contract made, did not get a penny of it, and her brother was as yet, unmarried.

So Katherine was an heiress now. There was only one brother living and he was a few years her senior. I cannot recall anything that would reflect especial credit on his character. Certainly he would never marry a girl poorer than himself, but that could be said of all of the young men ^{of my neighborhood.} I could not foresee that he would be as ill disposed in his riper years, as I knew his father to be, but I could judge from his countenance that he was as little happy as ^{the} others of the family. ~~I was always a close observer, although at times not as good an interpreter of character, for I often could not understand the motives underlying actions.~~

^{therefore,} Nothing could be more in harmony with this singular family than the house they lived in. As I said before, it was a corner house with a sign-post in front: ^{of it} It was reputed to be one of the few which remained standing from

is here, with dried lips, and every muscle of his face
participated in this inward struggle which he was
conscious.
Katherine's mother died when I was eight years old, a
few years later, and I was an orphan and only stayed in the
city part of her married life, and her oldest brother was
killed in the forest, during the yearly wood-cutting of a
falling tree.
Nobody felt sorrowful for the deceased father but per-
haps for Katherine alone; and was considered too good a
calculated that her father's estate was rather portions than
inheritance. All her father's property reverted to her,
as her husband, especially so according to the law of
Germany of 18, and her brother was a very uneducated.
So Katherine was an heiress now. There was only one
brother living and he was a few years her senior. I can-
not recall anything that would reflect essential credit on
his character. Generally he would never marry a girl who
is that himself, but that would be said of all of the young
men. I could not foresee that he would be as ill disposed
in his later years, as I knew his father to be, but I could
judge from his comments that he was as little happy as
others of the family. I was always a strong supporter of
the cause of the poor and the oppressed of the world, and
I often would not understand the selfish and ungenerous
notions which he was to Germany with his uneducated
family than the house they lived in. He said nothing,
it was a corner house with a sign-post in front, it was
thought to be one of the few which carried standing trees

5/

the time of the great plague during the thirty years war, some centuries ago, and in those times it had been an inn. It certainly was very large for an old house, it consisted of two stories, the upper one projecting over the lower; while all other old houses of the first part of the seventeenth century had only one story from the ground to the roof. The windows were small and the floors of the second story were very much sunken. There was also a "secret apartment" somewhere in the house as in all those buildings that outlived the turbulent olden times,--a dark room without windows or any apparent entrance, and therefore not to be found by plundering soldiers at first sight.

Katherine often told me when I was quite a little girl that in this mysterious apartment there was a dumb man always standing in the corner; that he never opened his lips at all, but when asked what he wanted he pointed with his long lean fingers here or there nodding and shaking his head violently.

It was several years before I found out that Katherine had made fun of my credulity and that such a thing as a dumb man who forever stood erect in the corner of a dark hidden room was an utter impossibility.

My fancy, however, was excited and was not so easily brought back to charmless reality. The thought of that mysterious man in the secret apartment kept hold of me throughout my childhood; and often when I passed the house on some dreary winter evening, I ^{imagined} ~~fancied~~ I saw the nodding man behind the window of the upper story, pointing at me with his great long fingers. This was especially the case

the time of the great picnic during the thirty years war,
some territories had, and in those times it had been an inn.
It certainly was very large for an old house, it con-
sisted of two stories, the upper one projecting over the
lower; while all other old houses of the first part of
the seventeenth century had only one story from the ground
to the roof. The windows were small and the floors of the
second story were very much broken. There was also a
"secret apartment" somewhere in the house as in all these
buildings that survived the turbulent times, and these
rooms without windows or any apparent entrance, and these
rooms not to be found by passing outside as first things
happened often told us when I was little child, and
that in this mysterious apartment there was a door and al-
ways standing in the corner, that he never opened his
lips at all, but when asked what he wanted he pointed with
his long thin fingers back at these horrible and amazing things
and violently.

It was several years before I found out that something
had made fun of my curiosity and that such a thing as a
dumb man and forever good state in the corner of a house
didn't exist was an utter impossibility.

By fancy, however, was excited and was not so easily
troubled back to childish reality. The thought of these
mysterious and in the most mysterious way part of me
troubled me continually, and often when I passed the house
on some dreary winter evening, I fancied I saw the horrible
and being the window of the upper story, pointing at me
with his great long fingers. This was especially the case

Handwritten notes in the right margin, including the name "Kaufmann" and other illegible text.

when I had gone away from home without leave, to go coasting on the hillside, sleighing on the mountain, or for a good slide on the ice-covered meadows; for I was very fond of these dangerous sports.

Sometimes I fancied I saw mysterious lights flitting to and fro behind the little dark windows, and I no longer wondered that some very old people believed the house to be haunted. It was said that a dreadful murder was perpetrated there during the thirty years war. My elder brothers laughed and joked at this story, and I joined them, yet this thought would always come to me, whenever I passed the house alone at night. This I very frequently was obliged to do as I had to fetch our drinking water from a neighboring well, a task which I bravely performed during my whole childhood. But when about the age of fifteen something happened in this house, which, meek-tempered as I was, induced me to break out into open revolt. For several weeks I stoutly refused to pass that dreadful house at night; and ever afterwards when I came home on a visit, at a late hour could I pass the "haunted house" without a shudder and a terrible vision.--

This vision brought back to my sight that dreary afternoon in February, when they carried out of the back door of the shed the body of Katherine's brother, with his black hair clustering wildly around his temples, his limbs stiff and motionless--for he had hung himself with a rope to the cross beam. Aroused by the dreadful shrieks and lamentations of poor Katherine I witnessed the ghastly scene from the windows of our sitting room. She had come to the shed

hanged
by means of a
rope attached

when I had come away from home without leave, to be found
top on the hillside, standing on the mountain, or for a
good while on the 17th-18th of the month; for I was very fond
of these dangerous sports.

Sometimes I fancied I saw mysterious lights shining
top and the seeing the little dark windows, and I no longer
wondered that some very old people believed the house to be
haunted. It was said that a dreadful murder was perpetrated
let there be the story that was told. My sister
laughed and joked at this story, and I found that
she thought would always come to me, whenever I passed
the house alone at night. This I very frequently
collected to do as I had to leave out ordinary water from a
neighbouring well, a case which I always performed during
my whole childhood. But when about the year of fifteen
something happened in this house, which, near-remembered as
I was, induced me to speak a few open words. For
never at weeks I usually returned to pass that dreadful
house at night; and ever afterwards I came home on a
visit, as a fact that could I pass the haunted house, with-
out a shudder and a terrible vision.

This vision brought back to my sight that dreary at-
ternoon in February, when they carried out of the back door
of the shed the body of Katherine's brother, with his hair
fair shining with white, and his eyes, his hands with
and motionless--for he had been himself with a rope to the
cross beam. Witnessed by the dreadful mistress and another
town of poor Katherine I witnessed the body being laid
the windows of our sitting room. She had come to the end

after
had
during

in order to fetch some wood, but too late for the ensuing efforts of resuscitation to be of any use.

made
I was the more unnerved as I was much excited by a previous occurrence which had happened in our neighborhood about a fortnight before. A railroad was built through our fields,--connecting the two famous University towns *of* Heidelberg and Würzburg, and in digging the ground the laborers had found the skeleton of a man. It was pronounced by the physician to be that of a very young man and to have been in the ground for about ten years. *Nobod*

Nobody knew who it might have been, for no person had been missed in the whole neighborhood. The fallow-ground in which the body was found belonged to our dismal neighbors. Little wonder then, that Katherine's brother turned very pale and became mute when he first heard of the unearthing of a body on that field. But this circumstance attracted no further attention, though he shunned speaking on the subject and appeared very shy and strange when people reminded him of it--^{but}~~that~~ it was in his nature to look that way, having always been a man of few words and rare smiles.

after
had been during the last
That he grew paler and more shy after this occurrence was only remembered when he was dead; but even then nobody thought of bringing him into any connection with the mysterious skeleton, for as I said before nobody in the whole neighboring country was missed. Some, ~~with~~ *it* is true, within a space of years had gone to America and had never been heard of by their friends and relations; but that often occurred in the case of emigrants and was not considered

I order to let me know what you have for the evening
efforts of translation to be of any use.
I was the more surprised as I was much excited by a
previous occurrence which had happened in our neighborhood
about a fortnight before. A railway was built through
our fields--connecting the two famous University towns
Heidelberg and Würzburg, and in digging the ground the
laborers had found the skeleton of a man. It was pronounced
by the physician to be that of a very young man and to
have been in the ground for about ten years. Nobody
knew who it might have been, for no person had
been missed in the whole neighborhood. The fellow-ground
in which the body was found belonged to our district
court. It is worthy to mention that the skeleton was found
very high and narrow with the first part of the
skull of a body on that field. But this discovery
excited no interest at all, though he should be
of the subject and appeared very early and late when
his pointed out of it--and it was in his nature to look
that way having always been a man of few words and
quiet.

That he grew pale and wore his eyes very
was only remembered when he was dead; but even then
thought of bringing him into any connection with the
serious question, for as I said before nobody in the
neighboring country was missed. Some-what is true, within
a space of years had gone to America and had never been
heard of by their friends and relations; but that alone
sufficed in the case of Americans and was not considered

had in
ally-

inside

in

inside

inside

strange at all.

Thus no cause could be found for the desperate act of our neighbor's son, not even a hopeless affair of the heart for who would have thought him capable of such a folly as love! There was only one rumor of trouble in his life which, however, was neither to the credit of his heart nor brain, but showed how avaricious the members of this melancholy family were thought to be. It was said that the unhappy man had by mistake fertilized a neighbor's land instead of his own while ^e the ground was covered with a light sheet of snow and that this unretrievable blunder had broken his heart when he found it out after the snow had melted away in February.

But dead he was, and by his own hand, and there was no living voice above the grave to shed any light upon the cause of it. With the other young people of our community I followed the corpse to the grave yard, where in spite of his crime he was buried in holy ground according to the customs of our enlightened century and with the sanction of our humanely thinking pastor.

"Do not judge with harsh severeness

When thou seest another fail--"

were the lines that we sang before the house and through the village as we slowly wended our way to the cemetery. I shed heartfelt tears, and really pitied the broken down father and sister; and I was even a little angry with the pastor for making some allusions in his funeral sermon to the hard and greedy disposition of the bereaved ^{parent} ~~father~~, for whom he hoped that this visitation was to lift up his mind

evil in talking

insider

is

consecrated

would

9

CHAPTER IV

Then he came could we found for the desperate act of
our neighbor's son, not even a hopeless effort of his heart
for who would have thought him capable of such a lofty as
love! There was only one tumor of trouble in his life
which, however, was nearer to the credit of his heart not
plain, but showed new variations the members of this nation
their family were indeed one. It was said that the
neighbor had had by mistake killed a neighbor's land in-
stead of his own while the ground was covered with a light
sheet of snow and that this unprovoked murder had pro-
ved his heart when he found it out after the snow had mel-
ted away in February.

But good heaven, and of his own hand, the heart was no
living vessel above the grave to send any light upon the
cause of it. With the other young people of our township
I followed the corpse to the grave yard, where in spite of
his time he was buried in holy ground according to the
custom of our antiquated country and with the sanction of
our unscrupulous minister.

*He got there with a late evening
then I saw another fall-*

were the lines that we have before the horse and through
the village as we slowly walked our way to the cemetery.
and cheerful heart, and really killed the clock down to
that and sister; and I was even a little sorry with the
doctor for whom some allusions to his funeral service to
the yard and steady disposition of the departed father, for
you he hopes that this visitation was to lift up his mind

and heart and make him strive for purer things henceforth--
 I thought this ^{hortation} ~~exaltation~~ entirely needless: I was unable
 to imagine that after such a dreadful event people could
 live on as if nothing had happened,--but so they did.

The father became even more grasping and hard-hearted
 and exulted in others' misfortunes--and the daughter, now
 the only child, became more self-conscious, more proud and
 haughty towards people less rich than herself. At the
 same time, however, she seemed to me to become more and more
 more unhappy, although she was made a great deal more of
 than ever before as a still richer heiress --nay, the rich-
 est in the whole village. She had more suitors than ever
 now, although she was getting older, and pretty she was
 never considered--for the want of cheerfulness and vivac-
 ity.

I was of the general opinion in this matter; but I
 remember that the outlines of her face were regular and
 that her black eyes had a wild, weird expression which the
 more educated would have called romantic.

But year ² ~~passed~~ ¹ after year without her giving any
 sign of encouragement to any of her suitors. I had left
 the village by this time, but never omitted to make inq-
 uiries about her when I came home on a visit about twice a
 year. But at last, on one of these occasions, they told
 me astonishing news: They said that Katherine was going to
 marry her servant, Heckenjoseph's Christian!

There would have been nothing very remarkable in this,
 if Christian had been like other young men of the village,
 for he was almost as rich as she and only hired himself out

from a
 in her eye
 passion.

and hastened to take him to his room for the night. I thought this excellent and entirely reasonable; I was unable to imagine that after such a dreadful event people would live on as if nothing had happened,--but so they did.

The father sat up even more frantically and hard-hearted and excited in others' misfortune--and the daughter, now the only child that was left, sat motionless, her eyes fixed and heavily towards people less than her father. At the same time, however, she seemed to me to become more and more like a nun, although she was still a great deal more of a girl than before. She had a still in her manner--and she had never been in the whole village. She had never seen any one now, although she was receiving other and direct and was never considered--for the want of cheerfulness and vivacity.

I was of the general opinion in this matter; but I remember that the outline of her face was regular and that her black eyes had a wild, wild expression which she never exhibited would have called for comment.

But she passed after that without her having any sign of excitement to any of her suitors. I had left the village by this time, but never omitted to make inquiries about her when I came back on a visit about twice a year. And at last, on one of these occasions, they told me something new: they said that Kasper was going to marry her secretly, notwithstanding her father's opposition.

There would have been nothing very remarkable in this if Kasper had been like other young men of the village, for he was almost as rich as his father and only lived himself out

10
sad
intervening
- away from

I retained this important

wanted

Für Bürg - 3 Mit.
u 4 - Jannok.

as a servant according to ancient village custom because he was an orphan. ^{His} older brother, on marrying, had become possessed of his parents' house and had appropriated all the personal property, so that Christian was obliged to lease his land and hire himself out as help in another household, until he should find a wife who had a house of her own.

He certainly could have done so long before, if only, as I said, he had been like other young ^{lads} fellows; for though not quite an idiot he was supposed not to be able to count up to ten. For this reason I was startled when I heard that such a reputed imbecile was to be married; it was soon found out, however, that in spite of his supposed weak mind he was very good at figures and not at all inclined to be taken advantage of in regard to his property.

Katherine found that out herself when it was too late for her to profit by it. For everybody ^{thought} knew she had married him from pure avarice, and not for love or regard for him; and her father, to free himself from imputations, washed his hands ^{of it} ~~in the fountain of innocence~~, declaring to everybody who would listen to him that he held no part in the game whatever.

I think myself that he did not exactly urge his daughter to marry ~~the~~ servant, although he may have found it very convenient not to be obliged to pay him any more wages.

Katherine was universally blamed and called more avaricious than her father. Nobody seemed to take into account that she might have married some other young man quite as ri

as a servant attending to ancient village houses because
he was an orphan. His older brother, an orphan, had
before possessed of his parents' house and had appropriated
all the personal property, so that Christian was obliged to
leave his land and give himself out as help in another
household, until he should find a wife who had a house of
her own.
He certainly could have done so long before, if only
he had had some other young fellow; for
though not quite as rich as he was supposed not to be able to
look up to her, to his person I was carried when I
heard that such a reputed beauty was to be married; it
was soon found out however, that in spite of his supposed
wealth and his very good looks and not at all in-
clined to be taken advantage of in regard to his property.
Christian found that out himself when it was too late
for her to profit by it. For everybody knew she had mar-
ried him for pure vanity, not for love or regard for
him and her father, to free himself from obligations, and
of his house he had the reputation of being a miserly
everybody who said talked to him that he held no part in
the same matter.
I think myself that he did not exactly like his situa-
tion to marry this servant, since she may have found it
very convenient not to be obliged to pay him any more
wages.
Christian was universally liked and called more than
others that her father. Nobody seemed to take into ac-
count that she might have married some other young man first.

as rich as her servant and one possessed of ordinary intelligence.

To me the whole matter was a psychological mystery and still more so, when at a later visit at home I ~~learned~~ ^{heard} that the marriage of these two strange personages had made no apparent difference whatever in their former relations. They were mistress and servant still, --he retaining his little garret under the roof, and never allowed access to her apartments which occupied the whole upper floor.

That village gossip ^{was} ~~was~~ rife about this singular relation can easily be imagined. To me it was a matter of serious interest. I began to suspect some hidden motive apart from avarice, some motive known to nobody but Katherine. What was it?

I believed with the rest that she planned to have in a husband merely a servant, and that for that reason she chose~~d~~ the only one in the community whom she considered stupid enough never to assert himself as her husband and claim her person and property. At the same time she calculated upon assuming towards him the very rights of property that she repudiated. But in this she was greatly mistaken. He never gave her a penny of his own and when he took back his land to cultivate it himself he set all the products apart in barn and loft and allowed his wife and father-in-law only enough for a kind of equivalent for his board.--In all these transactions he was so persistent and tenacious that Katherine had ^{soon} to give up ~~soon~~ the idea of making a convenience of him.

as rich as her servant and one possessed of ordinary intel-

ligence.

to me the whole matter was a psychological mystery and

still more so, when at a later visit of mine I learned

that the marriage of these two people had been

no apparent difference whatever in their former relations.

They were almost and always equal, and retaining his

little better than in fact, and never allowed access to

her apartments which stood on the whole upper floor.

These things however, this is not the subject of this

note, but rather of the matter of the matter of

her own interest. I began to suspect some hidden motive

quite from various, some motive known to nobody but Kath-

arine. That was it?

I believed with the rest that she planned to have a

husband merely a servant, and that for that reason she

thought the only one in the community whom she considered

stupid enough never to suspect himself as her husband and

to let her person and property. At the same time she cal-

culated upon securing towards him the very rights of pro-

perty that she was entitled to. And in this she was greatly

mistaken. He never gave her a penny of his own and when

he took back his land to cultivate it himself he set all

products apart in barn and loft and allowed his wife and

children-in-law only enough for a kind of subsistence for his

board.--In all these transactions he was so parsimonious and

careless that Katharine had to give up soon the idea of

making a convenience of him.

Some two or three years afterwards they separated: He living again with his older brother and she alone with her father, towards whom she grew more and more imperious and undutiful. Katherine's father was quite old and feeble now, His disposition became more and more querulous and whining, and he openly complained in the street and fields of his unloving daughter and his wretched situation.

He died and his daughter was tearless. She leased her acres so as not to be obliged to keep servants and day laborers and henceforth lived all alone in the large dreary house, hardly ever leaving it except to do some unexpected and foolish thing. She never addressed a word to anybody except when people spoke to her first, and then she would chide them and call them bad names.

She could not behave long in this way without making everyone think that she was laboring under some kind of mental aberration. Consequently she was more and more avoided, except by children and malicious people who taunted her and took pleasure in egging her on to make ill-natured remarks. If left alone she seemed harmless and merely melancholy; but she continued to display strange freaks in regard to her property, one day buying the most useless things she could lay hands on and another complaining piteously of hunger and starvation; and at last the village authority found it necessary to appoint a guardian for her.

Years went by, in which I had not only gone "over the hills" but also over the sea, and the intervals of my visits to my native place became long and far between.

Some two or three years afterwards they separated.
He living again with his older brother and she alone with
her father, towards whom she grew more and more impatient
and obstinate. Her father's father was quite old and feeble
his nose, his hair, his eyes, his ears and nose were
and wrinkling, and he openly complained in the street and
friends of his unloving daughter and his treacherous situation.
The girl and his daughter was terrible. She looked
not at all as if she had to be obliged to keep silence and day
laborer and needlework lived all alone in the large dark
house, hardly ever leaving it except to go down unexpected
and foolish things. She never addressed a word to anybody
except when she spoke to her father, and then she would
shide from and soft down her name.
She could not have done in this way without making
everyone think that she was plotting under some kind of
mental derangement. Consequently she was more and more
avoided, kept by children and malicious people who came
to her and look forward in seeing her as to make their
total remarks. It felt alone the same business and
nearly insupportable, and she continued to display strange
traces in regard to her property, one day cutting the hair
of some friends and giving her hands on and another day
the quantity of money and articles, and at last she
visited authorities found it necessary to appoint a guardian
for her.
Years went by, in which I had not only gone over the
hill, but also over the sea, and the intervals of my visit
to my native place became long and far between.

Some years ago, a little while before I left Germany for the fifth time, I made a farewell visit to my native village; of course it was a great event. The March wind^d blew over the fields and meadows as before and swept the dust through the lonely streets and round the corners of the quiet houses. I took a long stroll over the fields and meadows and back through the village exchanging nods and smiles to some old familiar faces behind the window panes. And when I came to the "haunted house" I also nodded to the ghastly figure behind the half closed shutters. I do not know whether it was from habit or from absent mindedness for I was well aware that by that time nobody exchanged any more friendly salutes with "Therese Katherine", as she was openly called by all.

But hardly had I done so when to my great surprise she beckoned me to come in. I naturally hesitated and she beckoned anew. As I was told, however, that she had never done any bodily harm to anyone, I should have thought it cowardly to be afraid of her. So I went up the neglected steps, and immediately afterwards I heard the pushing of bolts and rattling of keys behind the door.--It was nearly dusk, and in spite of my resolution to be courageous I felt my heart throb violently.

The door opened from within. I entered silently and followed the wretched hermit into the room. It looked almost as large to me as in the days of my childhood, because now there was hardly anything in it. The well remembered spinning wheel in the corner was gone. I saw no bed

Some years ago, a little while before I left Germany
for the fifth time, I made a farewell visit to my native
village; of course it was a great event. The North winds
blew over the fields and meadows as before and swept the
dust through the foresty streets and round the corners of
the quiet houses. I took a long stroll over the fields
and meadows and back through the village exchanging nods
and smiles to some old familiar faces behind the window
panes. And when I came to the "hanged house" I also nod-
ded to the blackly painted door behind the half closed shutters.
I do not know whether it was from habit or from recent mis-
deeds for I was well aware that by that time nobody ex-
changed any more friendly salutes with "Therese Katharina,"
as she was often called by all.
But hardly had I done so when to my great surprise she
detached me to come in. I naturally hesitated and she
detached me. As I was told, however, that she had never
done any bodily harm to anyone, I should have thought it
courageous to be afraid of her. So I went up the neglected
stair, and immediately afterwards I heard the pushing of
bolts and rattling of keys behind the door.--[I was nearly
dumb, and in spite of my resolution to be courageous I felt
my heart throbbing violently.
The door opened from within. I entered silently and
followed the woman into the room. It looked
almost as large as it was in the days of my childhood, be-
cause now there was hardly anything in it. The wall paper
dated beginning when in the corner was gone. I saw no one

14/
nor picture of any sort, nothing that bespeaks cheer and comfort. An old crooked oaken table and a few tottering ^{ai} chairs were the only articles of furniture left; The floor was grey and unswept, the windows were covered with dust and spider webs; all told of the utter neglect into which things had fallen.--

"Sit down" said my strange hostess after a long mutual silence, during which she held me spell bound with her strange eyes, which shone *with a lustre of fever or excitement.* "Why did *you nod and smile at me*" she said planting herself before my chair. In the fading light of the evening I saw how feeble and wasted she was, how prematurely old her face appeared and how long and thin were her hands and arms.

"I am departing again for America" I said with all the calmness I could command.

"Oh, are you indeed?" She exclaimed with a sudden flash of recognition in her wild black eyes, "and you will never return from there?"

"Perhaps never" said I, wiping away a tear which had found its way into my eye.

"Did they tell you I am crazy?" She asked after a pause in removing her black ^{hair} ~~hair~~ a little from her withered forehead.

"I think you are not--well" replied I, unwilling to answer her question in a direct manner.

"You are quite right" she said sitting down and pressing her temples with both her hands, I have never been quite well since--since--Oh! how I would like to speak of

not picture of any sort, neither the bedstead chest and
 comfort. An old crooked oaken table and a few folding
 chairs were the only articles of furniture left. The floor
 was grey and unwept, the windows were covered with dust
 and spider webs; all sort of the other articles with
 things had fallen.--

"Sit down" said my strange visitor after a long mutual
 silence, during which my hand as well as my feet were
 strange eyes, with whom with a smile of favor or exult-
 ment. "Why don't you and the whole of me" she said planting
 herself before my chair. In the faint light of the even-
 ing I saw her face and washed she was, now presumably
 old her face appeared and her long and thin were her hands
 and arms.

"I am departing again for America" I said with all the
 calmness I could command.
 "Oh, are you indeed?" She exclaimed with a sudden
 flash of astonishment in her wild black eyes, "and you will
 never return from there?"
 "Perhaps never" said I, wiping away a tear which had
 found its way into my eye.
 "Did they tell you I am crazy?" she asked after a pause
 in removing her glance and a little from her wrinkled fore-
 head.

"I think you are not--well" replied I, unwilling to
 answer her question in a direct manner.
 "You are quite right" she said sitting down and press-
 ing her temples with both her hands, "I have never been
 quite well since--since--Oh! now I'm like to speak of"

it, but then I am afraid you will tell your mother.--

"My mother is dead" said I turning away my face.

"Dead! did she die?" the woman asked wonderingly.

"It was seven years last autumn."

"Indeed? I wonder I did not know it; but never mind I soon shall go there myself."

"Go where?"

"To where the dead are of course; I do not know exactly where that is, do you? They always said you know everything."

"I thought you did not believe in immortality," said I more and more astonished at the wretched woman's lucidity of mind.

"I did not when I was young" she replied; but I know at present that nothing dies at all on earth--no sin of ours--no crime.-- I always thought the child was dead but it came back to me."

"Your child?" said I in the utmost amazement, you never had a child."

"Oh yes, but you did not know of it--nobody knew, and that was the worst of it--nobody but my family and I, and that is why they killed him."

"Who were they?" I asked not knowing whether this was insanity or not. The accusation sounded dreadfully real and seemed to come out of a heart ^{full} of human woes and misery.

"Who?" she slowly replied, "my father and my brothers of course, for at that time there were two of them. Ha! take that dreadful skeleton away from my eyes!" and she

it, but then I am afraid you will tell your mother.--
"My mother is dead" said I turning away my face.
"Dead! did she die?" the woman asked wonderingly.
"It was seven years last autumn."
"Indeed? I wonder I did not know it; but never mind
I soon shall go there myself."
"Go where?"
"To where the dead are of course; I do not know ex-
actly where that is, do you? They always said you know
everything."
"I thought you did not believe in immortality," said I
and more astonished at the wretched woman's inability
of mind.
"I did not when I was young" she replied; but I know
the pleasure that nothing is as all on earth--no air of our
no time--I always thought the child was dead but it came
back to me."
"Your child?" said I in the utmost amazement, you
never had a child."
"Oh yes, but you did not know of it--nobody knew, and
that was the worst of it--nobody but my family and I, and
that is why they killed him."
"Who were they?" I asked not knowing whether this was
insanity or not. The situation sounded dreadfully real and
seemed to come out of a heart of human woes and misery.
"They" she slowly replied, "my father and my brothers
of course, for at that time there were two of them. But
soon they dashed away from my eyes" and she

16
began to shriek and moan and to bury her face in her trembling hands.

"There, said I, getting up and opening the door of the adjoining chamber all the while acting as if I took something up from the floor and shut it up.--"There I have put it away; look about you and see, Katherine," and I sat down again.

"yes, indeed," said she, taking off her hands, but it will rise again; it always does. And yet it is not my fault that he is dead; for I loved him more than father and mother and would have followed him to America as I promised, but they would not let him go there."

"Why not?"

"Because he was poor, don't you know? Well, perhaps you do not, you were quite a little girl then, seven or eight years old--and it is almost impossible that you should remember handsome Wilhelm," as the girls used to call him."

"Oh yes, I perfectly remember him," I rejoined. He was your day-laborer or your servant."

"Both--one after another; so you really remember him?"

"Indeed I do" I continued; it seems to me as if I could see him before ^{me} ~~him~~ now: wonderful fine eyes he had, of forget-me-not blue, golden hair and a very fair face with boyish round cheeks. He must then have been quite young."

"Nineteen or twenty" she answered with great clearness; we were both very young--too young, ^{you} to see, and that is why we were so very forgetful of our different fortunes

begin to smile and soon and to only her eyes in her
from hands.
"There, as it is, resting up and opening the door of the
adjoining chamber - sitting while sitting as if I look some-
thing up from the floor and about it up. -- "There I have put
it away; look about you and see Katherine," and I set down
again.
"Yes, indeed," said she, taking either hand, but it
will rise again; it always does. And yet it is not up
fault that he is dead; for I love him more than father
and mother and would have followed him to America as I did
miss, but they would not let him go there."
"Why not?"
"Because he was poor, done you know? Well, perhaps
you do not, you were quite a little girl then, seven or
eight years old - and ... a little impossible that you
should remember handsome William, as the girls used to call
him."
"Oh yes, I perfectly remember him," I rejoined.
"Was your day-laborer's your servant?"
"Both -- as after another: a very tall, handsome man."
"Indeed I do," I answered, "it seems to me as if I could
see him before me now; wonderful how clear he was, of
forget-me-not blue, golden hair, and a very fair face with
boyish round cheeks. He says that have been quite young."
"Kinship or family" she answered with great cheer-
ness; we were both very young -- too young, she said, and that
is why we were so very forgetful of our different forefathers

17
and of everything else around us--yes, everything. We talked often and long of our marriage, when we went to the fields and meadows together, until we dreamed that we were married.-- you may imagine the consequences."

"I wept and worried a while from shame and anxiety, but gradually I took courage and made plans for our formal marriage and broke all to my mother. She did not cry as I thought she would, nor did my father and brothers storm at me; indeed, I wondered that they took it so quietly. Alas! I had no idea of their dreadful deceitfulness.

"They quietly talked to my sweet-heart and persuaded him to go to America, where I should join him as soon as my state of health would permit me. They agreed to supply him with the necessary money for his travelling expenses and for establishing himself on a farm in the ^{U.S.} West. And if he should refuse to go there he could never hope to obtain my hand.

"Poor boy!" the unhappy woman sighed after a long pause, poor boy! he believed it all; he was too innocent and honest for this bad world and that ^{cost} caused him his fair young life. He cried and lamented a good deal at first, but soon he mustered up his courage and his spirits, made a little bundle of his scanty clothing, took the money my father had counted out to him, and we embraced each other before the very eyes of my parents and brothers, and I made repeated vows of our eternal love and fidelity.

"It was a dark, stormy night in late November, when he bade us that heart-breaking good-bye. He was to tra-

and of everything else around us--yes, everything. We
talked often and long of our marriage, when we were in the
fields and meadows together, until we dreamed that we were
married.-- you may imagine the consequences.

"I was, and worried a while from them and anxiety, but
gradually I took courage and made plans for our future mar-
riage and took all to my mother. She did not cry as I
thought she would, nor did my father and brothers seem to
me; indeed, I wondered that they look so palely.

Alas! I had no idea of their dreadful deceitfulness.
"I've a gift," said he to my sweet-heart and he handed
him to go to America, where I shall join him as soon as my
state of health will permit me. They agreed to supply
him with the necessary money for his travelling expenses
and for establishing himself on a farm in the west. And
it is almost useless to go there he could never hope to ob-
tain my hand.

"Poor boy!" the unhappy woman sighed after a long
pause, poor boy! he believed in all; he was too innocent
and honest for this our world and that taught him his fall.
Young girl! He tried and imagined a good deal at first,
but soon he wavered up his courage and his spirit, made
a little bundle of his stony clothing, took the money my
father had counted out to him, and we embraced each other
before the very eyes of my parents and brothers, and I made
repeated vows of our eternal joy and fidelity.

"It was a dark, stormy night in late November, when
he made us that heart-breaking good-bye. He was so dis-

vel a few miles on foot until he should reach the railroad at Moosbrook, and my brothers promised to join him outside the village and accompany him some distance. They were very careful that nobody should know *it*, nor that they had provided Wilhelm with money; for no one had suspected our intimacy.

"He alas! had behaved with utmost discretion and circumspection--poor lad! He paid for it with his heart's blood. They followed him in order to kill him and then they buried him in my father's field on the Gerstenhaide. I suppose you saw his skeleton.--Poor boy! they could not even now leave him undisturbed. They dug him up, but his mouth was dumb; he could never say who had laid him so low, although my brother was very much afraid of ~~his doing~~ the skeleton. He was haunted by it day and night, but it never spoke a word to him. He need not have hung himself--fool that he was! and yet, who knows, who knows! perhaps the dead can speak after all! Did you not see him move his lips when they laid him in the charnel-house, or did anyone see him do it?"

"I did not see him at all," I replied shuddering; for it had grown almost dark by this time, and the strange unhappy woman talked in tones so unearthly and despairing that I felt my blood curdle and my feet rooted to the spot. "You had a child," said I at last to turn her thoughts and mind from the dreadful skeleton.

"Yes I had a child" she continued after having for a time, eyed me with a wondering glance, but nobody knew it, nobody pitied the tortures they subjected me to. They

... a few miles on foot until he should reach the ... and
at Woodstock, and my prospects promised to join him during
the winter and accompany him some distance. They were
very careful that nobody should know it, nor that they had
provided William with money; for he had expected our
intimacy.
"He also had behaved with unusual discretion and cir-
cumstances--poor Jack! He paid for it with his heart's
blood. They followed him in order to kill him and then
they buried him in my father's field on the west side.
I suppose you saw his skeleton.--poor boy! they could not
even now leave him undisturbed. They dug him up, but his
tomb was empty; he could never say who had laid him so
low, although my brother was very much afraid of the
skeleton. He was haunted by it day and night, but it
never spoke a word to him. He need not have hurt himself
fool that he was! and yet, who knows, who knows! perhaps
the best ten years after all. Did you not see him move
his lips when they laid him in the church-house, or did
anyone see him do so?"
"I did not see him at all," I replied knowledgeably; for
it had grown almost dark by this time, and the strange
happy woman raised in tones so earnestly and despatching
that I felt my blood curdle and my feet rooted to the spot.
"You had a child," said I at last to turn her thoughts and
mind from the dread skeleton.
"Yes I had a child," she continued after a pause for
a time, "and with a wonderful chance, but nobody knew
it, nobody offered the fortune they suggested to her. They

kept me locked up for weeks in our *secret* apartment, that my cries might not arouse any suspicion in the neighborhood, nor anybody hear my baby cry when it should see the light of day.--Alas! she never saw it, I think; for that room was always as dark as a grave. I did not know if she was dead or living, for I became as senseless as a log of wood--and when I recovered my consciousness, the child was gone; gone forever! Do you think they have killed her as they killed her young father? No? Well then, I tell you, I never could believe it either. She was all right, they said, and better cared for than she ever would have been with me. The dead, of course, are always cared for, I only wonder, why they can never keep silent, dear souls? I often hear my baby cry at nights, and Wilhelm too. They shriek for help and mercy, poor things! and I--I could never lift a finger or hand for them. Do you hear her cry in the chamber there--"my mother the witch"--she says. We used to sing it ourselves sometimes, but then it never yelled in my ears like this! Do go and bid her keep still--only a little--^{very} a little while longer. I very soon shall be with her; I cannot live forever, I hope."

"You should not keep so much alone, I finally remarked. I think if you would let me speak to some of your friends--"

"Do not mention friends to me!" she exclaimed passionately. "I do not want any friends or relatives, for they can do nothing but kill--kill! Oh, I was well aware why they always wanted me to get married, you know, but my heart

kept me locked up for weeks in one small room, that
my cries might not arouse any suspicion in the neighbor-
hood, nor anybody hear my baby cry when it should see the
light of day.--Alas! she never saw it, I think! For that
room was always as dark as a grave. I did not know if
she was dead or living, for I became as senseless as a log
of wood--and when I lay covered by consciousness, she still
was happy some day!--Do you think they have killed her
as they killed her young father? No! Well then, I tell
you, I never could believe it either. She was all right,
they said, and better cared for than she ever would have
been with me. The dead, of course, are always cared for,
I only wonder, why they can never keep silent, dear mother,
I often hear my baby cry at night and whimper too. They
shook for help and mercy, poor child! and I--I could
never lift a finger or hand for them. Do you hear her cry
in the chamber there--"my mother the witch"--she cries. We
used to sing it ourselves sometimes, but that is never
yelled in my ears like that! O, no and did her keep silent--
only a little--a little while longer. I very soon shall
be with her! I cannot live forever, I hope."
"You should not keep so much alone, I finally remark-
ed. I think if you would let me speak to some of your
friends--"
"Do not mention friends to me!" she exclaimed passion-
ately. "I do not want any friends or relatives, for they
can do nothing but kill--kill! Oh, I was still worse when
they always wanted me to get married, you know, but I never

yearned for no other love again. They would have killed him, too, I fear, and that is why I fooled them all-- ha! ha!"

No curse would have sounded so terrible. I almost felt my hair rise on end and despair^{ed} of finding a way to get out of the dreadful house without awakening the slumbering ~~them~~^{fiend} in the deranged soul of that poor, crazed woman.

I finally got up pretending to look out of the window. But I merely wanted to see how it was fastened in order to cry for help if need should be.

"What are you going to do?" she said, throwing a curious look at me.--"Don't tell my brother in going out, of what I have told you just now. He is always lurking in corners and by-ways with that dreadful rope around his neck I can never turn my head without seeing either him or the other one, and then people laugh at me and call me crazy. And yet I can never weep, I can never tell anybody of the dreadful pain I feel."

"You will soon be relieved," I said, with a pitying look at her withered form.

"Oh yes, " she said rising on her feet, I know I shall, and for that reason I have told you my story at last, promise me never to tell anybody while I am living."

"Never," said I in reaching out my hand to her, as I turned away for the last time from the haunted house.

Katherine died the following autumn.



