

DIE NONNA .

by

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translated by

SENIOR THESIS

Mrs.

Elizabeth Van der Voort Gallogly.

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D I E N O N N A

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If one wishes to go from the market place of the city of Hackelburg to the city gate, he must go through the so-called "Zwinger." This is a narrow, angular street at whose end stands a large low building. While the walls of the neighboring houses consist of brickwork with timber framing, this is of solid masonry, and devoid of architectural ornamentation which are put up every where in the Zwinger so that it looks gloomy, almost uncanny.

The only decoration that the builder has bestowed on it is to be found over the gate way, a gilded hatchet chiseled out of stone, wherefore the old house bears the name of "The Gilded Cleaver."

Our kind reader shudders and thinks: "This is to be an executioner's story, like that of 'Hinko, the Hangman.'"

No, gentle reader, what we are to relate is a perfectly harmless story, that one can read in the evening a short while before falling asleep without any fear of evil dreams, and if it smacks of blood, rest assured only of the blood of those useful grunting creatures of whom even now a drove is entering into the yard of the store house.

We could easily use the opportunity to enter the interior, but as we for the moment have nothing to do in there; so we shall devote our attention instead for a few moments to the outside of the house. There is still something to be seen besides the cleaver,

to which the building owes its name. Over the sign is found, namely: A great shield, whose golden letters shine far out. At the top is displayed the sober, painted coat-of-arms; beneath stands in beautifully drawn characters:

"SAUSAGE MANUFACTORY,

Patronized by the Court of Saxe Meiningen,

Hackelburg -- Verona.

Leberecht Blechschmied and Carlo Vicenzi."

and these words are surrounded, in symmetrical order, by eight colossal medallions. The shimmering advertisement on the blackened wall of the honorable house looked like a golden eye-glass on the nose of a mailed knight, but the shield pleased exceptionally well the head of the sausage manufactory, and to the citizens of Hackelburg, and it doesn't make any difference to other people. Likewise, we would have permitted no remark to the same if it did not stand in relation to the little story that we wish to relate. In order to begin in conformity to the order with the beginning of the same, we must go back a few years. At that time the house bore above the golden cleaver only a modest blackboard, on which, with white oil colors stood written,

"LEBERECHT BLECHSCHMIED, MASTER BUTCHER."

But also in those days made sausages from the Cleaver were exported to all directions of the compass, and the name "Blechschmied" had then as today a good sound, as far as the German tongue tastes, and still somewhat farther. Mr. Leberecht Blechschmied was a man, every inch of him, sound in mind and body. His business, as has been said, was flourishing, and even if his

fortune were not as important as thought (Some called him a millionaire), still he was one of the most wealthy persons of the city and country. Mr. Blechschmied had met only one real misfortune during the fifty years that he had borne on his broad shoulders. That was at the time when his wife died in the prime of her life. He was inclined at first to contemplate the circumstance as unfortunate that his only son displayed no inclination to learn the butcher's trade. It went hard between father and son, and not until influential persons interposed did the former permit that his son should attend the Gymnasium, and later study medicine. Blechenschmied, Junior, was held rather close during his student years, and a complete reconciliation took place between father and son when the latter at his graduation he made "Trichina" the subject of his Thesis. That was in line with the trade, and the old man said quietly "My son, the doctor, is a perfect fellow, 'Like sire, like son.'" That the master, himself, then purchased a microscope and permitted his son to demonstrate its use, we mention only in this way then that which he had looked upon as a family misfortune had taken a favorable conclusion, and Blechenschmied's prospects were again cloudless. Then it became again as dark as a thunder storm, namely: a long-lost sheep appeared suddenly in Heckelburg. This was a wretch who in his youth had been good for nothing, then had wandered to American and was heard of no more. Like the lost son in the parable, he had spent his days among swine in that in Cincinnati, yet he did not return to his with the beggar's sack, but with a heavy money bag and good bills of exchange. Here he established a pork butchery, which he called in memory of the city where he got his

wealth, "THE CITY CINCINNATI."

At first, the owner of the Cleaver laughed at "the swindler," as he called the American, but when this one, thanks to a clever advertisement, became a dangerous competitor, then Mr. Leberecht Blechenschmied laughed no more but was quarrelsome in his business so that each man gladly went out of his way.

Something must happen; the Cleaver must produce something great, else it was all over with its renown. That was decided, but concerning what measures to be taken, the master was still in the dark. Discontented, he sat one forenoon in his office, and held in his hand the latest number of the "Hackelburg Daily News," in which was a correspondence couched in high-sounding phrases concerning the butchery "City Cincinnati," and with spiteful smiles, he read the exaggerated words of praise, and the farther he read the darker became his countenance. When he, however, came to the end where the correspondent claimed that anyone who purchased his supply in pork products from any other business than "City Cincinnati" committed down-right suicide, then the patience of the reader came to an end. "Plague on them!" he cried, and with that his fist fell so heavily on the table that the inkstand fell into a serious shaking. "And such a paper, otherwise so respectable, dare to print that? Disgrace and shame on this newspaper writer!" but I will -- "

Yes, just there was the rub; if Mr. Blechenschmied had only known what he would do! He arose with a sigh and opened the little wall cupboard, in whose many corners were found flasks filled with different colored liquids. "Gin" stood on that one; from which he filled his little glass, a tried means against

anger's harmful influence on spleen and liver. Half calmed the master left his office and went into the shop where the smoked meat products were displayed. At the sight of the smooth sausages which hung down from the ceiling like stalactites, the round countenance of the master took on its usual affable expression. He took down a giant sausage in his hand, smelled it, and said to himself, "After all, one gets these only in the "Golden Cleaver." He proceeded, proud as a general to examine a victorious star company until he reached a chest filled with smoked sausages. Two young people were about to empty its contents. The master took up a monstrous brown sausage and contemplated it with a certain devotion. It was genuine Veronese Salami. "Rogues, these Italians," he said and nodded his head. One like myself understands his profession, but to make a genuine Salami that the practiced tongue of a Veronese cannot distinguish, that is beyond our skill. Sausage from Verona, violins from Cremona -- therein lies their strength.

"I once heard," knowingly remarked one of the young men who were unpacking the chest, the Italians mixed donkey meat in the Salami. "That they claim," nodded Mr. Blechschmied "but after all I have with my son, the doctor, examined the Veronese Salami, chemically and with a microscope -- analysis, they call that -- and I have found nothing of the kind." Both servants stopped their work and looked up at their master with reverence. "From whence may the name "Salami" come then?" asked one again. "Concerning that," continued Mr. Blechschmied, "I am in a position to inform you, but for the sake of truth, I must admit that I do not know it in consequence of my own research."

"A few years ago, when my son, the Doctor Blechschmied, who as you know, has written a treatise on Trichina, was still a student, I once visited him at the University. On this occasion I learned to know a very interesting young man, who was also a student. He offered to show me the city, since my son had to go the hospital in the forenoon. There we saw, among other things, a picture of a renowned painter which portrayed a sea fight, and my guide, the student, explained to me the whole affair. The one who lost the battle was no other than the king Xerxes of whom every educated person knows from the rhyme. The name of the victor I have forgotten which is a matter of little importance. The bay, however, in which the battle was fought is called Salamis" "Ah!" said both listeners. "Now, when the affair was over and the trumpets had sounded victory, the admiral invited all the marine officers to a great banquet. They had captured the provision wagon, or more properly speaking, the provision boat of King Xerxes, and that gave them all the delicacies possible. Above all, by greatest accident, one found a strange kind of smoked sausage, and since they did not know its name, they decided to call it 'Salami,' in memory of the battle of Salamis, and so it is called even to this day. But now," continued the master, "enough has been said; it is quite right that you attempt to become educated, for 'Culture Makes Free,' is the motto on the dime classics published in Hildburghausen that my daughter possesses. But one must not neglect business for culture, that is the main point." In order to give weight through good example to the teaching which he

dispensed, Mr. Blechschiemied pulled off his coat, tied on a linen apron, and he, himself, took a hand in unpacking the sausages.

Suddenly, he paused and asked "Do they also carry Italian meats over there?" (He pointed in the direction where the butchery "City Cincinnati" was located.) Neither servant knew. The master murmured something unintelligible to himself. Then he stroked his shiny double chin and smilingly said, "Wait, you American, I'll get even with you!" He quickly took off his apron, put on his coat and went to the office where he sat down before a sheet of writing paper and chewed his pen.-- -- --

We leave the master at his occupation and look about in the living apartments of the Cleaver. Perhaps we will meet the young lady of the house, whom we have before heard of in connection with Hildburghausen classics.

We will ascend the dark stairs and find ourselves now in a long corridor. One one side, through a half-open door, the chirping of a canary bird is heard, and here we will enter. The room is large and cheery; it contains heavy carved furniture in a Gothic style, and on the table lay in picturesque disorder books and papers, tangled with gloves, a silk parasol, and various other articles of a woman. On the walls were hung a number of ordinary pictures whose scenes portray the German past. One shows a few Germans, clad in skins of wild animals, who, resting in the shade of an oak, are drinking from buffalo horns. One sees in a second picture Emperor Henry IV, in the castle of Canossa. Under it is written, apparently in a woman's hand,

"Poor Henry the Fourth,

Had you never cast an eye on treacherous Rome

Had you never left your trusty,

Pine-wood hidden German home."

The third picture showed and a fourth the sleeping Emperor, Barbarosa. Then followed representations from later times, -- various battlefields, the Germania, at the Watch on the Rhine, the Capture of Napoleon, etc. The one of these illustrations which attracted our attention most of all was a piece of paper protected by glass and frame, which looked from a distance almost like a hunter's target. The outermost ring was formed by a wreath of laurel; the second by photographs of German generals. In the center, however, was pasted a number of the "Hackelburg Daily News." In full-faced type was to be read "Greeting to the renown-crowned hero-son of Hackelburg, offered by Thusnelda Blechschmied." That poem in which "Bell-tones" and "Hero-sons." and "Rapture" and "Cannons" -- rhyme we have not space to repeat, but it made a sensation in its day.

The authoress of the "Greetings" was by no means Mr. Blechschmied's daughter, but his unmarried sister, Thusnelda. If however, the gentle reader has imagined from what we have related the aforesaid sister as a tall woman, provided with curls and horn-rimmed spectacles, he has greatly deceived himself. The figure which stands by the writing desk and in an undertone reads over a manuscript still moist has nothing of the traditional Blue-stocking. Except a peculiar prophetic expression in her eyes, Miss Thusnelda is large and apparently strong. Her round face glowing with health is surrounded by fair tresses, coiled simply on her neck. The lady was dressed in a cloth gown of dark color, fastened up to her throat; she wore no ornaments, not even a bright colored ribbon.

For a number of years, Thusnelda Blechschmied was considered a first-class beauty, and even today, although only a few years younger than her brother, presents a fascinating appearance to the eye. Why she, in spite of her physical attraction, and her not inconsiderable fortune, belonged with the old maids of Hackelburg, opinion is divided. Malicious people assert that Thusnelda had frightened all the men away by her eccentricities; according to other accounts, she had of her own free will dispensed with the joys of wedlock. When she perceived that the realization of the ideal that she had set up for a man was not to be found upon earth, and we believe the second reason must be more in accordance with the truth, since Thusnelda, herself, was accustomed to point it out as such.

Thusnelda, until the death of her sister-in-law had never had the care of a household (Now she believed that she was indispensable to her brother's house.), so she sought to make herself useful in other ways.

At first she had been an active member of women's clubs. She had as such stroked the orphan girls, taught them to sew, and measured out flax for the old women to spin. At this time the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals claimed her interest (Thusnelda Blechschmied it was who proposed and succeeded in getting housing for watch dogs in Hackelburg), and soon after the society for culture of female domestics called her its most zealous member. On this occasion she entered a mystic religious society, and for a long time wore a heavy gold cross on her bosom.

The Darwinian theory at that time, as in other places, created a sensation. In Hackelburg, induced Thusnelda to withdraw from the religious society, and allowed herself to be admitted into the Biological Club. At this time her room was decorated with stuffed birds and skeletons. She also possessed an imitation gorilla skull, which rested on a satin pillow under a glass shade. At the outbreak of war with France, these treasures were sent to a natural history museum for Thusnelda had recognized her true calling. She followed the example of the heroic wives of the ancient Germans. She would have liked very much to have gone to the army as a nurse, but her brother would not permit that, so she remained at home, and kept her hands busy. However, her mind did not remain idle. Formerly she had left her poetic effusions modestly in her portfolio -- now she appeared before the public eye, as a woman bard, and the "Festive Greetings" which we just saw, were by no means the single flower of her patriotic muse. The latter did not celebrate after the victorious shouts had died away. Thusnelda began an epic poem, in which she depicted the life of the Cheruscon princess, her namesake, and to be sure she applied herself in adorning the subject in the most approved form of alliteration.

The epic seemed as if it were about to become a child of grief to the poetess, for in the first place the alliteration caused her great difficulty, and for this reason the poem got along slowly. Secondly, her restless, susceptible mind was always ready to take up the latest thing. Thusnelda, the sister of the butcher, devoted herself for a short time to vegetarianism. The extreme meet everywhere, even in the Golden Cleaver.

Now Thusnelda's literary activity was divided between the Epic and an elaborated treatise on vegetarianism. Naturally the first suffered on this account, and still more because the poetess saw herself compelled to re-write a number of the passages completely. The blond German woman who in the earlier version had been delighted with greasy bacon and spicy bear hams, and had nibbled at buffalo ribs now were reduced to milk, honey and acorn coffee. To be sure they could not object. The manuscript which Thusnelda held in her hand was the introduction to the treatise on vegetarianism.

"When," she read now with raised voice, "When, we call the red war-like Comache, who on his mustang roams the prairies and lives only on the flesh of wild beasts, a barbarian, a savage, we deserve the name of semi-barbarian, semi-savage, who kill and devour the peaceful animals, the gentle cow, the harmless sheep, and the good-natured swine. No matter how much one may palliate the killing of friendly and obliging creatures, that just as we feel the joys and sorrows of life; the devouring of flesh and blood remains barbarous, an irony on humanity, a sad indication of our desire for battle and bloodshed. As long as animal food, the source of manifold barbarousness remains a general habit, whole massacres of human beings will not cease."

While Thusnelda, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes read the last part, the chamber door was opened a little more; a girl's fair head became visible. The owner of it did not express great pleasure on catching sight of the reader, whereupon she drew back, but it was too late; Thusnelda had already noticed her and called, "Emma, you come opportunely, Come on in."

The one called was a blooming maiden with a laughing red mouth, and pretty snub nose. She was perhaps not twenty years of age. Her stature rather short than tall, and perhaps she was a little too stout. After all, she was a handsome maiden and her simple domestic dress increased her physical charms. That one was Miss Emma, daughter of the house.

"Listen, child, " said Aunt Thusnelda, "I hope you will not sit longer than the scornful after you have heard me,"and now she began again to read the manuscript from the beginning. Emma, meanwhile, busied herself in the room. She did not dare to touch the disordered books, but she assigned the scattered toilet articles to their right place, and with a cloth wiped the dust from the furniture. When she was just about to put an open cupboard in order, Thusnelda let her manuscript fall quickly, and rushed towards her niece. "Drop that, Emma!" she cried, but it was too late. Emma with triumphant glance held toward her aunt a plate on which was piled some tempting pieces of red ham, covered with butter rolls, "But, Auntie, what is this?" Aunt Thusnelda flushed red as a peony. "That -- that,"she stammered,--"those are butter rolls? "with ham.--" "Certainly with ham."-- Thusnelda had composed herself. "And what is there strange about that?" she asked, as unconcerned as possible. "Foolish child, do you not perceive that in order to study the effect of animal food upon the human organism must at times take animal as well as vegetable foods?" "See here"-- she took from a drawer of her desk a book on whose leaves red and blue lines were visible, "See here -- here daily I put down the number of millimeters that my waist has decreased

since I have lived only on vegetables. In the morning after I ate that ham sandwich, I was -- I am sure of it -- I became at elast two millimeters stouter, and the pains in my side appeared again. I am convinced of it, however, for the sake of a good cause, I am willing to make this sacrifice. Do you understand me now, foolish girl?"

The foolish girl bit her under lip with her small white teeth, "Speaking earnestly," continued Aunt Thusnelda, "You would do well to follow my example. Aside from all other injurious effects of animal food, without doubt it promotes corpulence, and you are much too stout, for one of your years of age."

"The winter will soon be here," returned Emma, "then I will dance heartily, and that makes one thin." Thusnelda contemplated her niece with a glance of strongest contempt, "Germanic maidens never danced," she said positively. "Oh, pray, and where did you hear that?" objected Emma. Thusnelda reflected. "If it is nowhere expressly so stated, yet common sense is opposed to the supposition that such august women as Brunhilda and Siglinda and Wulfintrude danced. In any case, they did not dance the Lancers, and quadrille, as the horrible southern dances are called. That much is sure, and you, who were a member of the young ladies' reception committee ought to be ashamed that you find a pleasure in foreign nonsense."

Emma did what she was accustomed to when her aunt advocated her strange ideas. Thusnelda would have continued to preach for some time if the coming of Mr. Blechschmied had not

caused such an extremely welcome interruption to his daughter. The master had as usual changed his working clothes when he entered his sister's room. He entertained great respect for her attainments in spite of the fact that he called her a fool and treated her with attention that bordered almost on reverence. Emma took advantage of the occasion and slipped out of the door.

Mr. Blechschmied took from his breast pocket a piece of paper and without saying a word spread it out on the desk. Thusnelda, likewise silent, dipped her pen in the inkstand and sat down. In order to comprehend this silent scene, one must have noticed that Mr. Blechschmied was somewhat at crosses with orthography. For this reason, it was his practice when he attended to his books and correspondence himself to lay before his sister a rough outline of such letters, so that she could correct the orthographical errors just as in this case. Thusnelda had scarcely read a few lines when she jumped up as though bitten by an adder. "Leberecht, For Heaven's Sake! what are you thinking of? Do you intend to take an Italian, a foreigner, into the business?" "That is just what I intend, I am writing to a business friend in Verona. He shall send me a skillful fellow who understands the profession to a T. No matter what it costs, I will manufacture Italian sausages right here. In this way, I will drive all my competitors from the field, because it is without precedent." "Poor brother, to this end has your sinful envy driven you. I know very well that it is the 'City Cincinnati' that has suggested the idea. Let it go, Leberecht. Give the bloody trade up entirely; it is contrary to the dignity of man that he should butcher innocent

fellow creatures." "Nonsense!" the master angrily interrupted the speech. "I do not care about your affairs -- as for me you may eat cotton and knitting yarn -- but I do not permit my business to be interfered with". "Leberecht," began Thusnelda in an imploring voice "You will bring misfortune on this house if you hire an Italian." She seized her brother by the arm and drew him close to the wall. "Behold here, Leberecht, the young Conrad whose blood was spilled by the Italian's axe; contemplate the unfortunate Emperor Henry IV in the castle of Carossa -- you know the history of both -- "Yes you told me once, but what has that to do with this?" "Know, furthermore," continued Thusnelda, "that at least a dozen German emperors have been poisoned in Italy.-- You have seen the opera Lucretia Borgia.-- You should surely know that an Italian without dagger and poison is inconceivable. Ah! I can already see in my mind the cunning Veronese with yellow face and restless sparkling eyes, as he the dagger in his belt, the little flask of deadly poison in his bosom, steals into the house, awaiting the opportunity to accomplish his black plot -- Leberecht, I implore you -- !"

"Thusnelda, you are crazy," said the master calmly, "Drink a glass of water, then finish my letter, for it must go on the next mail." Thusnelda looked painfully at the ceiling and then murmured,

"Cursed with the anguish of a power

To veins the fates that I may thrall,

The hovering tempest still must lower--

The horror must befall."

"Leberecht, do you persist in your decision?"

"Yes, and now in the name of the Evil One, be still and finish my letter;" "That will never happen!" declared Thusnelda, positively. "My hand stays out of the play; do what you thin best, but bear the consequence alone." Master Leberecht, with a suppressed oath, gathered up his letters, and left, not without slamming the door. "She is beside herself today," he said to his daughter, and tapped his forehead significantly with his forefinger. He thought for a moment of trusting his child to correct the letter in question, but he believed that his parental authority would be injured, so he posted the letter as it was.

-II-

Fourteen days later, we find Mr. Blechschmied in joy, but his sister, Thusnelda, in painful excitement. An answer had been received from the business friend in Verona, which greatly exceeded the expectations of the master. Senor Antonio Vicenzi wrote, though he did not think that Mr. Blechschmied had ever succeeded in producing a perfect Salami, now he was ready to send him an experienced man in the manufacture. He made him the following proposition: His son and successor had for many years expressed a wish to visit foreign lands. He, the father, could not comprehend this, since one who knew Italy had seen the best in the world. He decided, however, to give in to the insistence of the son, and send him on a journey; in short, Senor Vicenzi explained he would count it an honor if Mr. Blechschmied would take his son into the business for a time, as an assistant. When the master had read this flattering offer, he did not take time to write a letter, but he

hastened to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to his business friend in which he thanked him for his confidence and expressed a wish that he could soon be able to greet his son. The telegram had sixty words. Having returned to the Cleaver, Mr. Blechschmied betook himself to the shop, chose the most delicious of delicacies, packed them, and sent it to the house of Dr. Miller, the editor of the Hackelburg News. Meantime he had his visit announced. On the next morning, the inhabitants read in their paper, the following notice,

"We understand that very soon Mr. Vicenzi, head of a renowned Salami manufactory will send his son to Germany to enlarge his knowledge of the same. After a short sojourn in the principal cities of Austria and Germany, the ambitious young man will stay in our city for a longer time -- it is rumored for a year -- he will be an active assistant in the establishment of Mr. Blechschmied. In truth a convincing proof of the respect in which our honored fellow citizen is held both at home and abroad.-- All honor to whom honor is due."

The imminent arrival of the young Italian furnished food for conversation over the evening cup of the assembled townspeople. Many a rare guest came to Hackelburg. Different traveling Englishmen had taken half of the beautiful surroundings for a very long time for their own quarter. Also a Russian counselor of the court had for one whole winter long lodged in the city. Not to speak of the Hungarian count who in the end proved to be a tailor. --But an Italian who came to Hackelburg, in order to perfect himself, that was something unprecedented.

The scale of public opinion, which heretofore had inclined to the "City Cincinnati" began to rock and sank to the favor of the Golden Cleaver. The head of the latter, Mr. Blechschmied, carried his head high, as in his better days. A comfortable room was prepared for the reception of the guest. Miss Emma developed on this occasion, in the curtains and the arrangement of the furniture, a praiseworthy zeal.

Also in order that the stranger might be reminded of his home, at the entrance into his new lodging, she bought with her own pocket-money, an artistic illustration entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii," and adorned the room with it.

Miss Thusnelda didn't lift a finger. She held herself in retirement, and worked with new zeal on her epic. But when she showed herself to her family, she bore the expression of a Cassandra whose warnings unheard, died away in the wind, when she announced the destruction of the blinded Trojans.

Father and daughter avoided speaking of the guest in the presence of Thusnelda; so frequently the latter was the subject of their private colloquies.

Mr. Blechschmied thought of the Italian as a swarthy fellow, with coal black hair, clad in a broad cloak and a wide-brimmed hat. In Miss Emma's fancy the guest took the form of Fra Diavolo, from the opera, and in unguarded moments she hummed softly to herself, "For a servant, there's no denying Here's a shape that's not much amiss." She also bought in the book store an Italian dictionary, and "The Art of Learning

to read, write, and speak Italian fluently in Fourteen Days." She wished to act the interpreter between the Italian and her father.

-III-

The longed for guest arrived. He showed neither the physiognomy of a bandit, nor did he wear the gay Collatrian costume of the Fra Diavalo, but there was something distinguished about him. One saw at the first glance that his ~~trade~~^{trade} had not stood in Hackelburg (not a native of Hackelburg) He was,-- permit us a detailed description, a good-looking youth, whose appearance instantly fascinated all the inmates of the Golden Cleaver, with the exception of Aunt Thusnelda, who remained shut up in her room on the arrival of the "Italian" as she called him.

The young man, Carlo was his name, could already make himself understood in the German language, (only the "sch" caused him some difficulty), but this was only interesting, at least it seemed so to the daughter of the house. His demeanor was modest and what was the chief thing, the business into which he immediately on the day after his arrival was introduced, he understood from the ground up, so that tears of joy came into the master's eyes at the prospective that opened itself. It became understood of itself that the position of the assistant in the Golden Cleaver was not that of an ordinary butcher journeyman, Senor Carlo ate with the family and accompanied them on the Sunday excursions, and also he was introduced by his chief into the "Harmony," where he soon on account of his general amiableness, and also especially on account of his skill in billiard playing, he became

an esteemed club member. Indeed, even Aunt Thusnelda began to regard this stranger with less animosity. At first she directed the maid whose duty it was to clean the guest room to keep a watchful eye on the effects of the latter, in order that she might succeed in spying out a dagger or something else suspicious, but since the good old Hannah, in spite of repeated searching could discover nothing of weapons, except a razor and two iron boat hooks; so Thusnelda calmed herself, somewhat. The fact that he manifested a pronounced preference for vegetables won her for the foreigner. The vegetarian won the upper hand of the German heroine. Thusnelda went so far as to have prepared now and then for the Italian a dish of macaroni and corn meal mush according to a recipe procured for this purpose. Moreover, Mr. Carlo accustomed himself with surprising alacrity to the new situation, and from day to day, he resembled more a citizen of Hackelburg. His imperial beard vanished; he acquired a taste for the foaming barley juice and when the cold of winter came, he learned skating. He gave up the spagnoletti, as he called his hand-made cigarettes and smoked Porto-Rico tobaccos in a pipe with a porcelain bowl, adorned with a portrait of Moltke. His Germanization went forward with gigantic steps. On the contrary Emma made no progress at all in Italian, for two reasons. Firstly, by that time the new lodger spoke very tolerable German, so that an interpreter was entirely superfluous; secondly, Emma soon apprehended that in spite of the promising title of the Grammar she could not proceed far without oral instruction. To be sure, Mr. Carlo had, with the greatest obligingness offered himself as a teacher, and Emma had accepted this proposition with still greater zeal.

But Mr. Blechschmied put his veto on it. He did not want Carlo and his daughter to talk together in a tongue that he did not understand. They might chat in German as much as they wished, he had no objection to that; so they conversed in German, and the master sat near by and listened.

But how were things going with the Salami manufacture? The first emission of gigantic sausages which were prepared with the assistance of the young Veronese in the Golden Cleaver were recognized by competent judges as excellent. Mr. Blechschmied and Carlo found them excellent also, but they had to confess there was still a great deal of difference between a Blechschmied sausage and a regular Salami. "It is in the kind of swine" thought Mr. Carlo, and now the master had shipped at great cost a carload of those lean little animals raised in Northern Italy. The result was phenomenal; no tongue could distinguish any longer an imported Salami from a local sausage.

But when Mr. Blechschmied reckoned how dearly such a sausage cost him, he said to himself, sighing, that within a year he would be a ruined man, if he did not at least double the price, and this was not practicable. So there occurred to Mr. Blechschmied an expedient which caused the very honest man no little scruple. He kept on an estate convenient to the city a number of expensive animals and manufactured his Salami from the flesh of native swine. No one except the initiated suspected the true state of affairs. The Blechschmied manufactured goods found a good sale, and the splendor of the butcheries at the "City Cincinnati" vanished before the glories of the Golden Cleaver. Mr. Blechschmied was well looked

on there, but the thought that in reality he could not possibly produce the real Salami left him no rest.

-IV-

Spring had come; through the open windows of the Golden Cleaver, swept a soft breeze and the atoms danced gleefully in the sunbeams.

Miss Emma, adorned by a white apron ran busily here and there. She slipped her potted plants which had wintered successfully, toward the windows, that looked into the court, for there they had the morning sunshine. While she threw away the yellow leaves and bound fast the tender twigs, she sang in a semitone the song which the youth of her native city liked best to sing,

"How could it ever be,
That I should part from thee --
And love thee with all my heart,
Be sure 'tis true."

A voice answered from below, clear as a thrush, and in an open window of the factory building, the slender form of Mr. Carlo became visible.

There was an exchange of greetings and signs and the eyes of both lighted with heart-felt, intense happiness.

Then suddenly a hand touched the curved shoulder of the maiden, and Emma turned around terrified. There stood behind her like Beledda, the threatening form of Aunt Thusnelda. "It has come about as I foresaw," she said in a sepulchral tone, and crossed her arms over her breast. "Unfortunate, do you love the Italian?" "Yes, dearest Aunt," answered Emma, pale but happy, "and Carlo loves me too."

Thusnelda sank into an arm chair. "Disastrous thoughts of my brother," she groaned -- "Salami sausage, you we have paid dear,-- come with me," she continued; come with me immediately to your father; he shall know what is going on here." "Aunt, I hope you won't do it?"

"Yes, I will," cried Thusnelda, in a loud voice, "Do you believe that an aunt in a comedy will uphold this vile flirtation by keeping quiet? Your father shall rescue what is left to rescue," and she drew her niece away with her.

Mr. Blechschmied sat in his office. He had just taken a hearty breakfast, and now was comfortably stretching himself in a venerable old leather covered arm chair as his sister led before him the delinquent.

Thusnelda's report was short and to the point. Mr. Blechschmied looked searchingly into his daughter's eyes; then he took her by her hand and said in a quiet tone: "Thusnelda, leave me alone with her for a few minutes." Aunt Thusnelda left; at the sill she turned again and her voice sounded suddenly weak, as she said: "Leberecht, deal with her gently; remember that she is your child!"

The master muttered something and Thusnelda betook herself off. She would gladly have listened at the door, but people were constantly going to and fro in the hall and it did not seem practicable to her. She took her place by the window and watched the door of the office.

It did not last long. The door opened as her brother came out and took his way to the room where Mr. Carlo staid.

"Aha," she thought, "it's all up with the Italian." A quarter of an hour passed, which seemed extremely long to the waiting one. "Who knows what Brother will do in his excitement? In the end he will disown the unfortunate, and give her dowry to the poor." Thusnelda wiped a tear from her eye. In her mind she saw her niece with a beggar's staff depart from the city gate. No, that should not be; she would object.

At last, Mr. Blechschmied came back, accompanied by the Italian. Both went into the office. "Now the meeting will take place," said Thusnelda to herself. The meeting did not last long. In a few minutes, Mr. Blechschmied stepped out of the office, followed by both miscreants. The three people returned to the dwelling house, and in a short time Thusnelda heard steps in front of her door. "What does this mean?" thought the informer, "Shall I have to be a witness?"

Mr. Blechschmied entered his sister's room. He looked stern and dignified. "Thusnelda," he said in a gentle voice. "You have performed a great service when you called my attention to what was going on in my house. I have settled the affair, and I hope it will be agreeable to you."

"You will not disown your daughter, I hope?" asked Thusnelda, anxiously. "No," replied Mr. Blechschmied, "I will leave that undone." "Or will you surrender the Italian to the strong arm of justice?" "Not that either dear sister, I have solved the difficulty by another method." "Well let us hear what you mean to do, you are the master here, and as father of the infatuated girl you should know what is best to be done."

"I am glad to hear you speak so sensibly" replied Mr. Blechschmied, and opened the door. "Come in, children!" he cried, and Carlo with the joyfully radiant Emma entered the room.

"Here, dear sister," said Mr. Blechschmied in a solemn voice, "I present to you Mr. Carlo Vicenzi, as my daughter's betrothed. Thusnelda stood as one petrified. "For Pity Sake!" she uttered. Emma embraced her, and stifled her words with kisses.

The clever master drew his future son-in-law quickly from the room, and said to him outside. "Just let the girl alone settle it. She will bring my sister around to her point of view in the end, and my dear young man, you must not mind if my sister looks at you askance at first, as you know she has her whims. Later she will be your best friend I know. You please me more for a son-in-law than any one else I can think of. I have told you that before, and my son, the doctor, who has written a book on Trichini will be a first rate brother-in-law to you.

-V-

The engagement was not announced at first, for as soon as it would have become known in Hackelburg, that Emma Blechschmied and the Italian were betrothed, the latter according to the old custom would not have dared to dwell longer under the same roof with his fiancée.

Now, Mr. Blechschmied intended, with Carlo, to take a journey to Verona in order to settle various weighty business matters with the father Antonio Vicenzi, for he had already telegraphed his approval of the union-- and for a few days, Mr. Blechschmied did not think it worth the trouble that Carlo should move to other quarters.

The engagement was, as has been said, kept secret. Aunt Thusnelda kept herself in retirement. She could not do anything against an accomplished fact, so she let it rest after an energetic protest to her brother who took cognizance of it with serenity.

The incident had significance for the epic; Thusnelda interwove an episode into the poem, how a niece of the Cheruscan princess fell violently in love with the Roman centurion Titus, and was deceived by this one in the most brutal manner.

We omit to depict the bridal feelings of the fair Emma. She flew around, happy as a lark and busy as a bee. There was much to be done, for her father had seldom gone beyond the boundaries of his native district. He prepared himself as much for the intended journey as for an expedition to Central Africa. There were purchases of all kinds to be made and Aunt Thusnelda, as a matter of principle would not turn over her hand, so the care of the Blechschmied's traveling outfit fell upon the daughter.

Also Emma had to have her pictures taken hurriedly, so that Carlo at least could show his fiancée's picture to his father. In short, she had her hands full of things to be done.

Just now the new traveling trunk which Emma had herself bought was brought to the house, and Emma ran to call her father so that he could pass judgment on the price. Her way led her past her betrothed's room and the door stood open so she did not abstain from glancing in. Carlo was not present; On the table lay a piece of writing paper, apparently just commenced -- and impelled by pardonable curiosity the maiden stole nearer in order to see

what and to whom Carlo was writing.

Thusnelda stood before her writing desk. She read in a loud voice the stanza she had just finished in her paper,

"Trustful hearted Thusnelda, the august,
Tried to teach her thoughtless niece,
Warned her in vain with truthful words,
Welfare oft wanes, and changes to woe."

and at each alliterative word she struck the table top with paper shears.

Then the door was hastily burst open; Emma plunged in and threw herself on the bosom of the poetess.

"Oh, Aunt!" she cried, full of despair from -- "Oh, Aunt, if I had only listened to you! Oh, the false one, the shameless one!"

"Ha!" cried Thusnelda, and clasped the paper shears tighter, "Has the skilful Italian let his mask fall at last? Speak, my child, -- you are with Thusnelda, your aunt, and Thusnelda knows how to protect you." The eye of the speaker flamed; her form increased by several inches.

"Oh, you unfortunate," cried Thusnelda, and stroked tenderly the fair tresses of the trembling maiden. "My presentiment did not deceive me. Poor, poor child -- but now, whence came the awful news?" "I have the surest proof," sobbed Emma.

Aunt Thusnelda went excitedly up and down the room. "Hah!" she cried "I see her in my mind's eye, the glowing eyed Italian girl with raven locks, a mandolin in her arms, reclining on the sofa on a vine-covered verandah." "Stop, Auntie, stop," wailed Emma.

"I hear," continued Thusnelda, " I hear her diabolical laugh when the false Veronese tells her of the fair German girl with whom he has trifled -- when he draws a parallel between you and his Bianca or Laura --" Norma is her name," groaned Laura."

"How, have you also learned her name?" "Confess, child, how you discovered the tricks of the worthless one?" With tears, Emma related how she from curiosity had entered the open door of the empty room of her fiancée, and had found a letter just commenced. "The heading" she explained, read "Caro Nona," and Caro means dear in German, Then followed a few lines which I did not understand. In the second line, however, I found the word 'amore' that means in German -- " "love," completed Thusnelda in a hollow voice, "yes, there is no more doubt about it. The skilful Italian has deceived you shamefully, but you shall be revenged if my name is Thusnelda Blechschmied. Wait here, my poor child, and I will act for you!"

She went away and soon came back with the letter on which was written "Caro Nonna" the substance of offense. "In a case like the present action is justified," she declared to her niece, who half broken down lay on the sofa.

"What will you do?" asked Emma. "You will soon see" replied Aunt Thusnelda. She left the room and came back after a while with her brother. Some time was taken before Mr. Blechschmied knew what the trouble was. He was greatly perplexed.

"But may not this person after all be only a cousin or something like that?" he asked. "No, no," sobbed Emma, "he has told me more than once that he had neither sisters nor girl cousins. She can only be his sweetheart, and I am the most unhappy creature

in all the world."

"You surely are," agreed Aunt Thusnelda -- I am sorry to say that it is not altogether without some fault of yours. Still reproaches are of no use now -- Now, Leberecht, it is your turn to unmask the perfidious Italian, and call him to account. Mr. Blechschmied could not believe it on account of the enormity of the accusation -- was the young man who had become so dear to him almost as dear as his own son, who had written the book on Trichini -- was Carlo really so unfathomably bad? No, he would not impute that to the young man. He must however have an explanation. Carlo should defend himself against the accusation, and if he could not do this, then -- then Mr. Blechschmied did not know what to do to the fellow. He doubled up his fists and rolled his eyes.

"Carlo shall come here immediately," he commanded, and Thusnelda went out in order to bring the criminal.

The young man came and presented a very perplexed face when he saw the stern expression of the brother and sister and his fiancée in tears.

"What has happened?" he asked anxiously "My Emma, I hope nothing has happened to you." "Hah!" Mr. Blechschmied cleared his throat, "everything has happened to her." He took a few steps toward Carlo so that he stood close in front of him. "Has the Signor such a good conscience so that he can look me in the eye without winking?"

Carlo highly astonished, did as he was told. "He is a hardened sinner," thought Thusnelda. "You have a sweetheart!" thundered Mr. Blechschmied. Carlo turned his face toward Emma.

"I do not mean her," continued the master, "You have another an Italian with whom you are carrying on a correspondence."

"But, dear Mr. Blechschmied, whatever made you think that?" "Thusnelda," commanded the master, "Come up and tell it to his face."

Thusnelda drew herself up to her full height; the Cheruscan princess could not have looked more majestic. "Will you deny?" she cried that there is an attachment between the young Italian lady and you? Shall I read to you the proof?"

"Then I should like by all means to see it." answered Carlo."

"Indeed, here it is." said Thusnelda, and handed to the miscreant the fatal letter, "now will you still deny it?"

Carlo snatched hastily the proffered letter, glanced hastily at it and laughed aloud.

Oh, Heaven! he is mad!" cried Emma, "Oh, the deplorable one!" The brother and sister stood stupefied. Still smiling, Carlo turned. Mr. Blechschmied placed himself before the exit with his legs far apart. "Ho, ho! Mr. Signor," he cried, in an angry voice, "I will not let you escape,-- stand where you are and give an account of yourself!"

Carlo did not appear to think of flight. He strode to the wall where he found a bookshelf, took out a volume and began to turn the leaves. The three people observed the young man's actions with speechless astonishment, and also Mr. Blechschmied began to think that the Italian had suddenly lost his reason. Now, it appeared that Carlo had found what he was looking for. He stepped up to Thusnelda and handed her an open book. It

was a German-Italian dictionary. "Please dear Madam, read this." and he indicated the spot with his finger. Wonderingly Aunt Thusnelda received the book and read: "Nonna = Avola - grandmother."

"Then the letter is addressed to your grandmother, young fellow," cried Mr. Blechschmied. In his joy the master seized the young man by the shoulder and shook him like a plum tree. "You, however," he turned to his sister and daughter "are two geese." A coughing fit of the obliging son-in-law hindered the ladies from understanding their honored titles.

Thusnelda stood for a few minutes like a stone image, then she threw the dictionary on the table, rushed from the room, casting an infuriated glance on the young couple. Emm, however, approached her lover, with bowed head, and asked gently: "Carlo, dear Carlo, are you angry with me?"

No longer they remained apart with faces stern

How he her love regained, I think you wish to learn.

And if a girl should ask this, no words to tell I'd need;

Just an embrace, a kiss, affectionate and sweet.

-VI-

The gentle reader will still remember the shield over the door of the Golden Eagle, to which we called attention at the beginning of our story.

In Verona, before a house on Mothello Street hangs a counter-part of this billboard. Still on this, the name of Signor Vicenzi takes first place, and that of Mr. Blechschmied the second place. The fusion of both houses took place simultaneously with the wedding of the young pair, and as the new sign-board of the firm was hoisted a hundred weight stone fell from the

heart of the bride's father. Now indeed he might say without any pangs of conscience that genuine Salami sausage were produced from his house.

On the day after the marriage, Emma followed her husband to Italy, and if we should transplant ourselves at this instance in the house of Senor Carlo, we would find there in a cool room a plump young housewife with thick blond tresses, and an old lady with snow white hair, the latter caressing a chubby little boy. This is the "Nonna" (grandmother) who once through no fault of her own brought about a frightful hour for the young woman. The boy's name is Herman, or Arminius, as he was called in the family. Thusnelda had made this condition that she should act as godmother to her niece's first born. What Mr. Blechschmied predicted has indeed come about; namely, his sister has made peace with Carlo. The exemplary conduct of the young husband and the tender attention which he showed his opponent, had something to do with the radical change in her sentiment, but there were still other motives.

The epic Thusnelda had finally finished, and since no publisher showed an appreciation for these pearls of national poetry, the authoress published them herself, but the critic -- we will keep silent concerning this unpleasant occasion -- suffice it to say that Thusneldawith the bitterness of an unappreciated genius, laid aside her lyre and suddenly gave up her German studies; abandoned vegetarianism when her form increased from day to day in spite of the meager food. She, Thusnelda, namely, is now an enthusiastic admirer of Schliemann, and has recently published several most noteworthy articles in regard to the treasures

of Priam in the Hackelburg museum. She has also started a collection of antiquities of all kinds, and when an invitation from Senor Carlo opened to her the prospect of widening her archaeological knowledge on the classical land of Italy, she accepted the invitation and made the young couple happy with her visit. In Verona there vanished the last remnant of prejudice which she had cherished against Italians in general and against Mr. Carlo in particular, and she remained for a long time with her niece. The fact that they complied with her wishes and gave the name of Herman, the Cheruscan prince, to their first born, she regarded as a splendid victory.

After the baptism, (Thusnelda could not endure the child's crying) she returned to her home, richly laden with broken jugs, marble fragments and coins.

In the Golden Cleaver, which after the departure of the young couple was comparatively deserted, there was now plenty of noise for the young Blechschmied, who wrote the book on Trichind, dwells there with his wife and two children. The elder youth is presumptive successor of his grandfather, whose powers are still so youthfully vigorous he does not doubt he will remain in control in the Golden Cleaver until his grandson has made his masterpiece.

It gives special satisfaction to Mr. Blechschmied, although he does not rejoice in the calamity of others, that the butcheries have come to a stop in the "City Cincinnati". The founder speculated unfortunately, on the exchange, and now lives, Oh, irony of fate-- on the income of a restaurant, in which sausage from the Golden Cleaver is to be had.

If the gentle reader ever should come to Hackelburg, let him not fail to visit that restaurant. He will then be able to convince himself of the excellence of the Blechschmied products, and of the literal truth of our story, for the latter lives in the memory of all the inhabitants of Hackelburg.

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