

**IS IT ENOUGH?: A
ROMANCE OF
MUSICAL LIFE**

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Is it enough?: a romance of musical life by Harriette Russell Campbell

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HARRIETTE RUSSELL CAMPBELL

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[See p. 186]

"ALL THE THINGS I CANNOT SPEAK I WILL TELL YOU.
SHUT YOUR EYES AND LISTEN."

IS IT 
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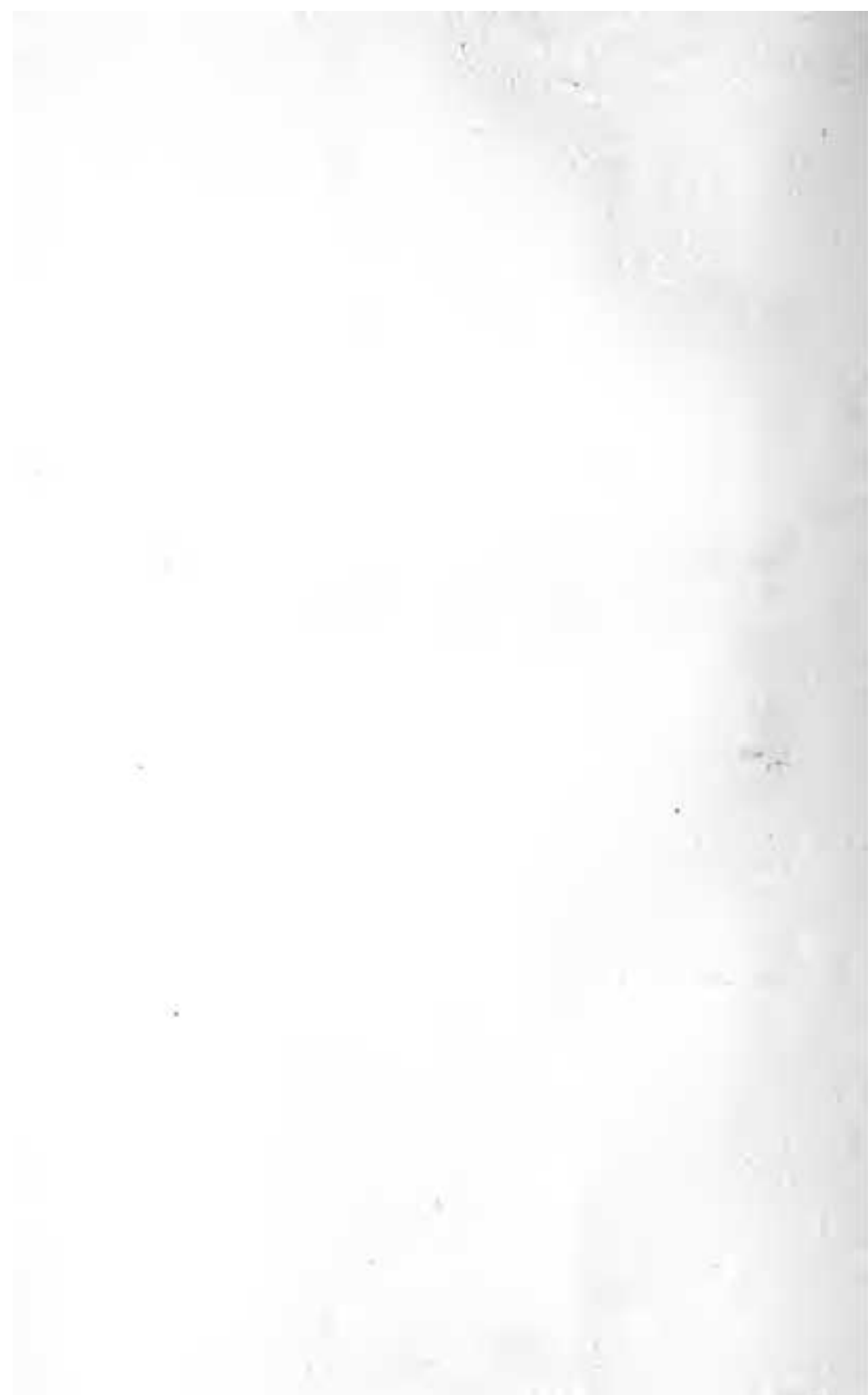
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CHAPTER I

THERE were never many passengers on the 11.23 from Boston, and on the particular morning in August with which we are concerned there were only three. The first to get off was an old lady whose relief at the sight of a bustling young woman, evidently there to meet her, was pretty to see. The second was a spruce clerical person who knew so well what he was about that he subdued rather than excited curiosity. The third was a man.

Mr. Hiram, who transported luggage for a living to and from the station, had watched the first two descend and go on their way without rousing himself from his habitual attitude on the seat of his wagon, the reins caught in the crook of his left arm, one leg over the arm of the seat, and his right hand free for the regular removal and replacing of his clay pipe, as he watched over his shoulder for a likely customer. But when the third passenger reached the gravel platform and paused there, Mr. Hiram

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sat up, swung both legs about over the low back of his driving-box, took his pipe from his mouth, and whistled. As so much exertion betrayed an unusual and striking degree of interest, it may be supposed that there was something uncommon to Beverly, Maine, in the appearance of the stranger.

He was, at first sight, a peculiar figure enough for a New England town; even for a town which was beginning to wake to new movements, to acquire a utilitarian ugliness and a veneer of prosperity which replaced the untroubled shabbiness of a former day. He was young without any air of boyishness, of inconspicuous build, and his clothes were so old that they fitted the line of his figure with a kind of grace. He wore no tie, and his collar, even at a distance, gave an impression of being anything but fresh. His hair was long, and his hat a shapeless felt arrangement, which also had an air of belonging to him in a particular sense. No one would have supposed him to be an American. His face had a kind of full-lipped comeliness, and he bore himself with an unconsciousness which is the happiest vehicle of personality.

He was laden with a paper parcel and a violin-case, and it was with no hope of a job that Mr. Hiram regarded him, for, having paused to get an idea of his surroundings, the man sauntered down the cinder walk, passed the pink station-house, and turned from sight down the shaded street.

The day was hot, and the man's face was wet and