IT WAS very early on an adorable morning in April when the ripple of a wild little tune through my open window made me hold my breath. What tiny flutes were these—so sweet, so shrill? Had Pan or one of his fauns escaped from the Luxembourg? I hurried to look.

“It is only a marchand des chèvres—as Madame will see,” said the old concierge at the door.

Only a goatherd! But he wore a blue blouse and a round red cap; his loose corduroys were tucked into sabots; he carried a crooked staff. Moreover, the goats he drove before him up the avenue appeared to be quite accustomed to the minor melodies—brief and wayward as the bird music they reminded me of—that floated from some small instrument he was playing. I half feared he might escape, but he saw me crossing the broad white street and halted with his goats and his dog.

“Madame desired some goat’s milk—without doubt? Bien. She could observe for herself; it would be of a freshness!” When he found that “Madame,” on the contrary, desired only to know how and on what he produced his fantastic music, he looked mildly astonished. But the secret dangled at the end of a silken cord he wore about his neck. From under a fold of his blouse he pulled out the miniature Pan’s pipes cut from some pale yellow wood.

“I almost believe you are Pan!” I exclaimed, evoking a gesture of deprecation and the modest disclaimer—

“I am not that Monsieur Madame appears to believe me. I am Martin d’Arudy from Béarn at the service of Madame.”

“From the Pyrenees?” I asked incredulously.

“Even as Madame says”—he replied, replacing the red bérêt upon his curly head after an elaborate bow.

“Possibly Madame knows my mountains down there?” he added tentatively. But I was absorbed in an examination of the tapering affair of polished wood that hung from the twisted cord. I half expected the negative answer I received when I asked Pan if he would part with his pipes.

No; the instrument was one of which he was fond. He had cut it himself from the stubborn boxwood during the long winter evenings. It was such a one as his father had played and had taught him to play. Yes, there were many of these instruments in use là-bas—down there in the mountains. But this one he had made
MARTIN D'ARUDY, WITH THE "MILLER'S DAUGHTER" OUT FOR A SPECIAL PILGRIMAGE ON THE MONTMARTRE.

PAN OF THE PYRENEES REACHES PARIS WITH FILOU AND ALL THE GOATS THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL.
SOME OF THE "AFTERNOON GOATS," BIJOU, HIRONDELLE, JULIETTE, BEING LED AWAY TO SPECIAL CUSTOMERS.

THE LAST DAY OF APRIL MARTIN D'ARUDY PIPES A FAREWELL TO PARIS AND STARTS FOR THE PYRENEES.
had, as he fancied, a peculiar virtue in its quality of tone. It had remained for him, out of all the number of chevriers he knew, to undertake the long journey to Paris. He had had to set out early in the year to drive his goats across France, in order to reach Paris before April; to which he alluded as "that prettiest chapter of the spring."

The tunes he played? They were improvisations that came to him as he walked. If Madame liked them, so much the better; but they were of no interest. As Madame seemed really to care for the instrument he played, he would say that he had another with which it would be a pleasure to supply Madame; he merely ventured to believe that she might perhaps find it difficult to play, it being a matter that required long practice.

"Madame" privately concurred with him in this belief as he stood there in the sun on the Paris street, piping those mountain "improvisations" of his. Over certain difficulties in technique he became almost eloquent. To trill—par exemple—that was something of the most difficult! But with patience, one arrives. * * * Bien; he would return on the next day to bring the duplicate he fortunately possessed of this trifle Madame was kind enough to admire, and he would pipe beneath the windows of Madame that she might know he was waiting. * * * * * Mais non; it was he who thanked Madame!

All day there was running through my head:

"The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute:
And what should Master Gauger play
But 'Over the hills and far away.'"

Surely that, too, was the theme of Martin's improvisations. "Je vais siffler sous les fenêtres de Madame—"he had said; and so he did, while I tried to transfer to a scrap of music paper some hint of his theme. It was impossible to capture more than a suggestion. His playing, I found, was the perpetual modification of the musical idea of the moment. It would have been necessary to take a notation for every one of fifty variations upon it. In this lay his art; here was imagination; but here also he defied me. I gave up the attempt and went out to talk with him.

The Pan's pipes he had brought, although of the same old Greek shape, was of inferior workmanship, and, I imagined, without the silvery tone quality of the one I so coveted. There followed an argument. I had an almost guilty feeling in persisting in my desire for the instrument hung about the neck of the reluctant goatherd.
THROUGH THE LATIN QUARTER WITH PAN

In vain he assured Madame that she would find that the new one he had brought could be played "with a genuine effect." In vain he exploited its possibilities. I had fallen the more in love with the pipes of yellow boxwood on discovering, pricked into the wood with an attempt at elaborate decoration, his name "Martin d'Arudy," with the addition of "de Paris en France." There should be no doubt where Paris was! And the legend in his own patois—"Vive les chevriers de France!" Suddenly I offered double the amount he was asking for the new instrument, provided he would let me have the old one he had played.

Never shall I forget the resigned look, the sadness, with which poor Martin unfastened the red and blue silk cord and handed me my prize.

"It is yours," he said, simply.

My conscience smote me. My only inward comfort was that I knew he could make another quite as good. I stayed to ask him about his goats, and was presented to one after another. This was Marinette; this one he called Hirondelle, that one, La Laitiere, here was Bijou, there, the Miller's Daughter, and so on through the pretty series of eight or ten. As for the dog, he was a rascal and a vagabond well deserving the name of Filou, at the sound of which his frayed tail wagged with a graceless enthusiasm.

La Marquise, Juliette and la Desirée were introduced as "les chèvres de l'après-midi;" "the afternoon goats;" from which it appeared that he led the trio, toward sundown, through another street in which he had regular customers. I carefully noted its name. Who would not seize the chance to go to hear a goatherd from the Pyrenees improvise on his pipes at sundown?

A day or so later I found him wandering happily down Notre Dame des Champs—the Marquise, Juliette and the Desired in his wake. He stopped playing to pull off his cap as he passed an old church. I fancied that Our Lady of the Fields within must have heard the thin penetrating music of his boxwood flute and delighted in it. Did she wait, as I did, for another of those delicious little musical flights, joyous, airy, delicate, brief?

His greeting to me followed hard upon the quaintest of tiny tunes, ending in one of his prolonged trills.

"Can Madame perhaps improvise a little?" he inquired, a bit maliciously, I thought. "One is always ready to receive new ideas."

I did not take the opportunity offered me to improvise, but asked him instead why he liked music so much.

"It is strange about music—quoi?" he answered with a shrug. "It does something to one; I can hardly say what. It renders the
thoughts more gay. For my part— I adore it.” And I felt as one would feel who had asked the artist why he loved his art.

Very early the next morning I crossed the Place de Breteuil on my way to the market. The sun enameled the white canvas of the clustering booths, tilted like mushrooms.

“Where is Pan?” asked my sister Suzanne, to whom I had promised music suited to such an April morning. Perverse Pan!— I thought, and was glad when her attention was diverted by an asparagus vendor who remarked carelessly as we passed:

“As for me, I am merely offering this very delicate asparagus to those who can appreciate it.”

Rather than be classed among the unappreciative, we lingered to hear him explain that it was because the soil of his garden was *doux* that his asparagus was color of rose, and that he had toiled all day Sunday solely that we might on Monday enjoy such a treat as this. And Suzanne bought asparagus, while I fell a victim to iris “from the gardens of Cannes” and primroses “from the fields about Versailles.” How was one to pass a table heaped with cherries that were tied like so many scarlet buttons along the leaf-wrapped stems of tiny bunches of lilies of the valley—or ignore early strawberries from Fontenay-aux-Roses, when they were arranged in miniature earthenware jars lined with their own leaves? Everything was irresistible; the market seemed enchanted. I was engaged in the purchase of bird seed for a canary I did not possess, only because the vendor reminded me that to eat seeds was a canary’s sole occupation, when the birdlike quaver and call of the Pan’s pipes came flitting to us where we stood.

At the edge of the market we found Martin feeding his goats fresh lettuce leaves.

“I do this as a mere matter of business,” he explained to us and to the customers whose bowls he was filling with goat’s milk.

“Even *that* looks good!” whispered Suzanne to me; and as though he had heard, Martin turned to her suddenly—

“Will Mademoiselle perhaps accept a little—in the way of illustration?” Suzanne did—to my admiration; and nobody saw her furtively sharing the contents of her bowl with Filou—who wore an April rose stuck in his collar.

“Behold, it is the moment of the peony!” cried a flower laden woman passing by—and “Seize the time, for it is the moment of the rose!” contradicted another cheerfully.

“Ah, yes; today there are roses—tomorrow there may be none!” sighed the goatherd, who could not have been familiar with Omar.

“Has Madame seen the peaches from the South?” He led us to a booth where his “good friend Valereau” in a white blouse and
a red cap like his own offered the first peaches, ejaculating in the meantime:

“If there were only Paris to depend upon for good things—but no! These—par exemple—are from the far South. Vive encore le Midi!”

“Vive encore le Midi!” repeated Martin after him. “I, too, love the sun. We of the South must have plenty of sunshine. It somehow means that things move along better.”

“Yet you travel northward every year?” I asked, and watched his face as he exclaimed:

“Only for an April!” He sent a flight of shrill sweet notes out across the air—then nodded whimsically. “But I do like travel. Travel is like good wine; or like music. It stimulates—it renders the thoughts more gay. For me—I adore it.”

“But the goats; do they like it?” inquired the ever practical Suzanne.

“These animals? Why not? France—it is one pasture. May one not say so? True; I have my experiences with them en route. But—my goats must see Paris—hein?”

And the happy fellow laughed over his little joke, and went piping down the street—his shaggy dog at heel, his goats trotting before him.

From that day began our journeys through the Latin Quarter in the wake of our reincarnate Pan. Early or late, we must have trudged miles within the sound of his pipes. There was an old house on Montmartre whither we often followed, just to see him urge the goat known as the Miller’s Daughter all the way up the crazy staircase, that she might be milked at the very door of a good customer whose babies preferred goat’s milk to any other, and the Miller’s Daughter to any other goat.

What immense cheer of the sun and of the open sky we had, waiting in the gardens of the Luxembourg, while Martin went up and down the adjacent streets in search of luck! How the gaiety of the Quarter would come fluttering across to us from his wild little flutes as from some pearl-throated bird; or its sadness call and float upon some quavering diminuendo that seemed to trail soft wings across the harps of the sensitive trees! What glimpses of old interiors, of walled gardens, what pleasures of chance encounter, we owed the goatherd: as on the day he knocked at a garden door on the old Vaugirard and a little white-capped maid bearing a capacious bowl opened it to a vision of espaliered fruit trees in bloom against the warm wall, or the day when he presented his friend Jean, the cobbler, who begged for a “merry tune.”

Once we lost him for a few days, but he turned up, piping at a fête
presided over by the Lion of Belfort. He had been for a jaunt into the country, he explained, but had planned his return for the fête.

We came to know the streets he frequented; the sunrise streets, the sundown streets. We made friends with the goats, all of whom knew their names. We made friends even with Filou, who had a reputation for bad temper. It was on the broad Boulevard Gari-baldi that we made some little pictures of Martin with his friends about him. “These—” he said, when we gave them to him later—“these I shall take to my family in the mountains down there.” He only regretted the cap and blouse and sabots he was wearing.

One morning I was awakened by fairly a torrent of tunes and trills all tumbling in at my open window. Again Martin was piping “beneath the windows of Madame.” Again he swept off the round cap in greeting as I appeared.

“Good day and farewell!” he called.

Suzanne had joined me, and we exclaimed in protest, to be rewarded with the familiar deprecating gesture.

“Do you not remark that April has gone? And I go too—moi. It is time for the mountains again. Once more I come to play beneath the windows of Madame—as who should say, I thank you—and farewell.”

So we said goodbye, to him, to Filou, to the goats; and we watched them go. Down the street, tiny flitting airy tunes grew faint—and fainter—and fell plaintively silent.

Then we realized that April was gone: “that prettiest chapter of the spring.”

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The Pan’s pipes of yellow boxwood lies here before me as I write. I have never learned to play upon it. I have neither the imagination nor the breath. “To trill—par exemple—” would always remain beyond me. But I believe I know of what that little instrument would be capable in the hands of Pan.

Has any traveler lingering in the south of France for the spring to ripen into April, seen a goatherd driving his goats northward toward Paris? Has anybody overtaken Martin d’Arudy—from Béarn?

He may be known by his blue blouse and round red cap; by the ragged brown dog at his heels; by his goats that come when they hear their names—Marinet, the Swallow, the Miller’s Daughter, the Marquise, Juliette, the Milk Maid, Jewel, the Desired.

He may be known by his music; for he blows on his pipes tunes that the shepherd god once played in Arcadia.