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THE
WANDERING JEW
IN
AMERICA.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM MACON COLEMAN.

J. G. HESTER, Publisher,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Price, FIFTY CENTS.

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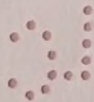
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THE WANDERING JEW IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST FORMULA.

"Dust to dust and ashes to ashes," repeated the officiating clergyman, as he stood at the foot of an open grave, where the last mortal remains of Jules DeVaughn had just been placed to rest forever.

The clods rattled upon the coffin boards. The men relieved each other by turns at filling in the earth until the grave was closed.

"Man that is born of a woman," repeated the clergyman, "is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. Turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish as an hireling his day. For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

All was over.

It was an unpretending funeral. The hearse, one carriage for Rose, the only child and surviving relative of the deceased, and one taken by some sympathizing neighbors, together with a few stragglers who had fallen in from sheer listlessness or a want of anything to occupy their time, made up the procession.

This little company, assembled to witness these final ceremonies, dispersed to their homes, their pursuits and their pleasures. Jules DeVaughn, the artist, had been buried; that was all; and the little world that knew him at once forgot him.

But Rose did not forget. She gave no expression in sobs and tears to the overwhelming grief that bore her young soul to the earth. Mute, calm, and pale as the marble slabs around her, she sought her home that chill and dreary afternoon, through the fitful wind moaning about her and floating down the yellow leaves of autumn.

CHAPTER II.

ROSE.

Rose DeVaughn was now left alone without a friend in the world to whom she could apply for counsel and assistance. The rent for their humble apartments had been paid for the month, and for the present, at least, she was sure of a home. There were a few dollars in the purse, and she could dispose of some superfluous articles, which would add a little to her scanty stock of funds. But after this was exhausted, what then? The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin; the happy sparrows chirrup the live long day, and are always sure to find their food. But Rose was neither a lily or a sparrow; she was a friendless girl in a wide city with just enough means to supply her present necessities.

When she had returned and entered her little sitting-room an overpowering

sense of loneliness and desolation fell upon her. The fire was burning briskly in the stove, but she would not prepare the frugal evening meal for her father. His slippers were hanging in their usual place, but she would not get them down this evening. His large arm-chair was standing at the table where he used to sit and study and pursue his art, but the chair was empty and its old occupant had no need for it now. His bed had been removed, and the vacant place where it had stood so long made such a change in the appearance of the chamber that Rose started when she observed it. Upon her father's table was his flute, oiled and laid away with care in its mahogany case. Henceforth it would be silent. By the flute-case was a copy of Jean Paul, which had been her father's constant companion. Often had he read selections from its pages to Rose, and she had learned to love its moon-lit haze of mysticism, and in a measure to comprehend it. She would hear the rich, mellow voice of her father intoning its broken sentences no more—no more!

In contemplating these dear relics of her dear lost father, Rose found at length relief in tears. And sleep, too, came at last and scattered the sacred incense from his golden censer over her wearied body and aching heart, and her fresh young spirit wandered far away with the music of her father's flute among the shadows of the land of dreams, while her father rested in one of the cemeteries on the outskirts of Washington City.

Jules DeVaughn had been one of that large class of emigrants who sought the shores of America during the political troubles of 1848 which convulsed all Europe. In his younger days he had given an indifferent attention to art, for which he had a real passion, and had studied music and painting in some of the schools of Italy and Germany. When the eventful days of the revolution arrived, and the heart of Europe's millions began to throb again with a hope that had slumbered since 1789, Jules DeVaughn relinquished his desultory studies entirely and hastened to his home in the South of France to take part in the general conflict.

The first condition of a successful revolution had been achieved, and Louis Phillippe was an exile. But Jules DeVaughn was not a prudent politician. His artistic and enthusiastic nature pursued the ideal in society and government as it pursued the ideal beautiful in art. He was, therefore, mortified and disgusted with the compromising measures of the Republican leaders, who, instead of building upon new foundations, as they might have done, apologized to the Bourgeoisie, continued the existing order under a new regime and paved the way for the empire. As long as there was any hope in opposition, Jules DeVaughn opposed this policy with all the energy of his nature. But with the banishment of Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin he saw the final success of the reactionary party and the downfall of all his hopes. His own name, too, was on the lists of the proscribed, and though, owing to his less prominent position and his narrower sphere of influence he might have been spared a process and escaped their fate, yet the Bourgeoisie, through the aid of the press, had succeeded in bringing the consistent radicals into such disfavor with the people that Jules DeVaughn found his situation a very embarrassing one. He was regarded with distrust and suspicion. He lived under the constant espionage of the police, and was liable to be arrested on a charge of complicity in conspiracy or treason whenever any of the hot and reckless spirits of that day might enter into any such wild and hopeless undertaking.

For these reasons he determined to emigrate from France to the United States, to abandon politics forever and to devote himself for the future to art and to art alone. His wife, whom he had married in Italy, had died during the revolutionary times, and had left him Rose, a nut brown, dark-eyed child, who was four years old when her father embarked at Havre for New York.

After arriving in America, he adhered rigidly to his original purpose to eschew politics and to cling to art. He never became even a naturalized citizen, still preferring to owe allegiance to the land of his birth, although it had banished him so harshly from its soil.

But Jules De Vaughn was as unsuccessful with art in America as he had been in politics in France. And for the same reasons. Had he painted theatres, railway coaches, ornamental signs, or the panels in fashionable barber shops, he would soon have earned a reputation that an American business man would have been proud to enjoy. He could have laid on the strong colors with a dazzling brilliancy that would have been the delight of American contractors, and he would have reaped

substantial rewards for his work. But he did not choose to do so. He refused to degrade art either for the applause or the dollars of the mob.

The consequence was that he did not prosper. The little patrimony he had brought from France was nearly gone, and there was nothing coming in to take its place.

He left New York, and after wandering from city to city with no better success finally located himself in Washington, where he spent the last five years of his earthly life.

Broken down with trials, privations, disappointments and wanderings, and in declining health and prematurely old and grey, he determined from the time of his settlement in Washington to cease his vain efforts to make a generation of practical business men recognize his art and to give his few remaining years to Rose.

The two had lived together in the strictest seclusion. But few had known the artist and his daughter at all, and these few had no further acquaintance than merely an acquaintance by sight and name. The father, driven to it from the necessity of daily bread, painted those gaudy pictures in flaming colors which are the admiration of what is vulgarly known as the "fancy," and Rose sold them to the dealers. There was art even in these pictures—a mocking irony—which the artist could have detected, but which the purchasers could not see. The proceeds derived from these sales were small, but by dint of economy the two were able to enjoy the necessaries of life—if that can be called enjoyment which is merely the prevention of physical suffering—and Rose wanted for nothing which was necessary for her intellectual and æsthetic development.

Their tastes were simple and their habits frugal. The father had often performed the offices of a mother when Rose was a child and now Rose performed the little domestic duties with her own hands. The father submitted with a philosophic resignation to the inevitable and Rose could conceive of no greater happiness than the society of her father.

In the spring time and in the balmy days of Indian summer, they would take long walks among the hills which overlook the broad Potomac and stroll hand in hand like two children, stopping to gather flowers and grasses and insects. In the sultry summer months they would take a humble cottage in some nook among the neighboring mountains. In the long winter nights when the silent white snow was falling or the storm was raging and the driving sleet was pattering against the shutters, Jules DeVaughn would read to his daughter selections from the great poets of Italy and England and from the great prose writers and dramatists of France. Sometimes Rose would get her cithern and play and sing some of the joyful airs of southern France which her father had taught her. But this she would not do unless requested, for it made her father grave and thoughtful. Some times she would read or sew while her father, with a passion which is faithful until death, would sit in his arm chair at his table and sketch designs for the canvas or compose strange, wild melodies which never found favor and were only executed by himself.

And Rose was happy. She did not know that her father had wasted his years and his genius in trying to represent in finite forms that unity in which music and painting and all the arts find their common source and centre. Of the two spirits which are given to finer souls to accompany them through life, Rose had known but one, the gentle and companionable spirit of the beautiful. She had not yet arrived at the top of those perilous heights, where the sense-world recedes and when the strong and silent angel would come to carry her on his powerful wing over the jagged precipices which would sink before her.

CHAPTER III.

FEED MY SHEEP.

"Mrs. Hearsey's grand party comes off next Thursday evening," said Mrs.

Doctor Plesington to her husband, the Reverend Doctor Charles Plesington, entering his study and handing him the cards of invitation.

Doctor Plesington looked at the cards. The style was unobjectionable. The billet was of thick English cream laid paper with an illuminated monogram at the heading.

"We shall go, I presume?" added Mrs. Plesington with a timid and inquiring look and accent.

"It is a duty we owe to society," replied her husband, with an air of solemnity, returning the billet to the large square envelope with pointed flap. "It is a duty we owe to society, my dear."

Mrs. Plesington was not, to speak correctly, afraid of her husband; she was merely embarrassed in his presence; he was so infinitely superior to her in genius and goodness, she thought.

She slipped easily to the sofa and sat down, as if taking some great liberty.

"They say the Harseys are enormously rich," she continued, looking into the glowing coals in the grate.

"They have reaped the just rewards of diligence and honesty. Their lives and conversation exemplify the true spirit of genuine Christianity. They are ornaments to the high circle of society in which they move and strong pillars to my congregation," returned the Doctor with a tone, and a slight cast of the eyes heavenward.

"They seem more indebted to chance—"

"To Providence, my dear," interrupted the Doctor.

"To Providence I mean," replied his wife, "for their good fortune than to any exertions or merit of their own."

Doctor Plesington never put aside the clerical manner and its peculiar form of expression when addressing his wife

"Mr. William Harsey," he resumed, "entered the ranks in the humble capacity of a private soldier and shouldered his musket at his country's call."

"Yes; certainly," assented his wife.

"His meritorious services were soon recognized and promotion followed with rapidity until the private soldier became one of the chief commissaries of the army of the West."

"He had a cousin in Congress, and they say he sold whiskey to the soldiers on pay day, which we all know was wrong," added Mrs. Plesington.

"Not necessarily wrong my dear, by any means," answered the dialectic Doctor. "The French army is provided with regular rations of wine, and to cut off the allowance of grog in the British navy would be equivalent to producing a general mutiny among the sailors. Any physician will tell you that a stimulant is useful in cases of physical privation and fatigue. You remember Paul's advice to Timothy. And if Mr. Harsey added to his means by the enterprise of which you have just spoken, what he received was but the legitimate profits of trade."

"Yes; certainly," acquiesced his wife submissively; what you say is all very true; if only Mrs. Harsey were a little more refined," she continued, however, impelled by a love of innocent gossip, a weakness common to the best of her sex.

Doctor Plesington explained.

"It is true," he said, "that Mrs. Harsey did not, in her earlier years, enjoy those advantages which are only to be derived from thorough training and an association with elegant society. But it is not true, begging your pardon, that she is lacking in any of those accomplishments which go to make up the truly noble woman."

Mrs. Plesington yielded as usual to the superior judgement of her husband and rose to retire.

"One word, my dear, before you go," said her husband. "While speaking of Mrs. Harsey, I have this to observe in addition to what I have already said, and that is, that Mrs. Harsey possesses one preëminent characteristic trait which you would do well to copy. I allude to her firmness. I know your artless and confiding nature and I know that you are liable to be imposed upon, that you actually are imposed upon. You listen to the complaints of the ignorant, the vicious and the low, and you believe them to be true. You think they are suffering from hunger, cold and nakedness and you occupy your time in searching them out and giving them food, medicine and clothing, in place of performing those social duties which are so especially incumbent upon your sex. When they tell you that they are seeking employment and are unable to find it, they are deceiving you. Such a state of affairs may exist in Europe,

but it is impossible that a man or a woman who is willing to work should suffer want in our enlightened christian community. Their misfortunes are but the results of their own indolence and vice, and the course which you are pursuing rather encourages them in their evil habits than tends to their wholesome reformation.

There was not the slightest admixture of severity in these remarks. The Doctor's manner was, if possible, more than usually mild and gentle. What kind solicitude for his wife! What a lively interest in the real welfare of the suffering poor!

His wife, at least, thought so, and glided noiselessly from the study without a word in reply, deeply impressed with the vast scope of her husband's efforts—which would not permit him to see the sorrow and distress immediately around him—and more profoundly impressed, on this very account, with a sense of her own duty to continue in her own humble way her work of doing good.

After his wife had left the room, the Reverend Doctor Charles Plesington locked the door to prevent intrusion from visitors and lunched heartily on hot buttered toast, cold partridge and half a bottle of generous Burgundy. After finishing his repast, he locked a drawer in his desk and took out and lighted a roasted coffee colored cigar, rested his feet upon a cushioned ottoman and reclined before the fire in his easy chair.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE EDDIES.

Rose had to be fed and housed and clothed. There was no one to do this for her and it followed, of course, that she had to do it for herself.

She was a brave girl, and set to work at once to take an inventory of the capital, as it is called, in her possession to begin life with and lay her plans for the future.

She could draw and paint and sing and play on the cithern; she was thoroughly acquainted with the elementary branches and could read, write and speak English, French and Italian with ease and fluency.

How to make these accomplishments available?

From determining to hire as a governess or a teacher, a merciful Providence and an inborn sense and spirit of independence and a love of freedom prevented her. She never once seriously thought of the stage, though she could think of no other means of applying her musical talent. Not having a very wide margin for selection, she finally made up her mind to try painting and selling pictures, and to advertise for adult pupils desiring to learn Italian and French. These two occupations would not conflict. She could paint during the day, but not by gas-light, so she would have her evenings free to give instruction to any who might come to her place of residence.

She would continue to live at her present home. The rooms were small—very small—but the rent was proportionately low. Her father's bed room had been their common sitting room. The bed had been removed and she would keep this for her own little parlor. The parlor opened into a sleeping apartment, which was merely a cabinet and properly belonged to the parlor, which fronted on the street. Both were let together, and Rose would retain them. She would continue to prepare her meals in the parlor cooking stove and would not need a servant.

Rose was just sixteen and strange as the fact may appear, it had never once occurred to her that she was possessed of a rare and remarkable beauty. But there was one at least, well aware of the fact. He had frequently observed her walks with her father, and upon one occasion had watched her home to ascertain her place of abode.

While Rose was thus casting about for the future, this same individual was moving backwards and forwards on the opposite side walk in full front of her window, crying, "*R-a-c-k-s! R-a-c-k-s! R-a-c-k-s!*"

Rose's attention had been directed to him by his protracted halt in the immediate vicinity, and she was annoyed, besides, by the constant repetition of his dull and monotone cries. She knew that he belonged to the class of street merchants who bought anything and everything, and the thought at once occurred to her that she could dispose of some unnecessary lumber to him.

She raised her window and beckoned him to come. He obeyed the call with alacrity.

It would have been difficult to have found anywhere a more miserable specimen of his type or profession. He wore an immense overcoat, which was gray and brown,

but which might once have been black or blue. It was sleek, shiny with dust and grease, and was stitched in all varieties of length in all possible directions. His hat, which he did not remove when he entered the room, was a cylinder which had passed through the first colors and had taken a dingy, foxy red. He had on a ragged red cravat ornamented with a huge brass pin. His overcoat was wrapped loosely over his chest, and a portion of his bosom front, which was exposed, was ripped in parallel strips and was filthy and discolored. His eyes were small and keen and his nose had that unmistakable contour which characterizes the venders of old clothes and cheap jewelry. His manner was rude and vulgar. Rose shrank back in disgust when he entered the chamber.

She explained the object of her call and offered several articles for sale. They were purchased at the price put upon them by the Jew.

"I gifs you more monish for your dings as any udder man; vat else you got to sell; eh?" said the merchant, examining the chamber and its contents with scrutinizing looks, and regarding Rose with a coarse, brutal stare.

Rose informed him that she was done trading for the present, and the Jew backed out, with his stare fixed upon her until she closed the door in his face.

"A treasure!" chuckled the Jew to himself, changing his tone and accent when he was fairly on the street again; "a treasure! and mine she must and shall be at any cost! If gold and Madame Zarowski's intrigues do not succeed, we will try what virtue there is in starvation; if that fail, blacken her reputation and drive her from the world. Then she is mine, soul and body mine! Ha!" ejaculated the Jew, "I would like to see one of the pretty birds escape me when she is sixteen, alone in the world and dependent on her own exertions to sustain life. It would be less expensive to starve her at first, but that would be to rob my pretty fawn of her beauty; no, not starvation, if it can be accomplished by gold and Zarowski's art. Oh my little fluttering partridge! I shall cage you soon! I have use for you."

The Jew, who rejoiced in the name of Isaacs, made a circuitous route home, crept stealthily up a back alley and entered his house from a back yard. He divested himself of his filthy garments, laid aside a wig of grisly hair and his artificial whiskers and dressed himself in his ordinary fashionable costume, and was soon busy among books and papers, working away in the interests of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill.

CHAPTER V.

THE BILL.

"These are some of the deplorable results which must inevitably follow if the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill becomes a law."

This was the concluding sentence of an article, which George Hales, a journalist, had carefully prepared for one of the great New York dailies.

The article never saw the light, for the paper to which it was sent had been absorbed in the interest of the lobby.

Not only the journal to which the article had been forwarded, but all the other journals of influence in the country had been retained in the same way.

The consequence was that George Hales' valuable communication, full of interesting history, statistics, facts and dates, with its telling arguments and earnest protests, lay in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk and the dust from the stove settled upon it.

The bill in question conveyed to a railroad company an empire of the public lands. The area of territory to be conveyed, deeded, granted and forever given away to a corporation consisting of a dozen or more persons, was larger than any kingdom of Europe excepting Russia. It was nearly equal in extent to the original thirteen colonies of the confederation. Its mineral resources were of untold value, its climate salubrious and its rich virgin soil nourished in luxurious abundance the primeval forests of the continent. It was traversed by deep and broad rivers, it contained mountains of iron and coal, vast prairies and grazing lands, broad rich valleys of amazing fertility, water power sufficient for the manufacturing purposes of a hemisphere, and

innumerable convenient sites for future towns and cities. It would one day support a hundred millions of inhabitants. It was such an empire as Alexander the Great might have allotted to one of his generals. It was a greater one than ever Napoleon Bonapart bestowed upon any of the kings that he created. And this colossal domain was to be given away! given to a corporation; a corporation composed of a dozen or more individuals! The emigrant and actual settler were to be deprived of their privileges. Millions of unborn American citizens were to be reduced to pauperism. Humanity itself was to be robbed of its rights.

Never before in the history of the world had such a stupendous prize been placed within the reach of private commercial ambition. No wonder that the press had been subsidized, no wonder that lawyers and politicians and public speakers had been hired to traverse the country and write and speak and exert all their influence in favor of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill. No wonder that millions on millions of treasure were expended in the effort to secure its passage. Life, hope, happiness and virtue must all be sacrificed, if needs be, to secure the bill. No cost was to be spared, no sacrifice avoided, no risk or danger shunned to accomplish this result.

George Hales was a popular writer and for that reason, perhaps, unknown to the world of journalism, though this was his profession. He steadfastly refused to prostitute himself to the uses for which hireling Bohemians are most usually employed. Therefore he remained poor, while more practical, but less accomplished men of his class around him were slowly and surely gathering wealth.

Some of the purest hearts and clearest brains of the country opposed the bill, and Hales was among the number. But he was dependent upon his pen for a living and could not afford to devote his time to writing even against overshadowing and controlling monopolies without pay; and he had to content himself within a narrower sphere and with lower wages.

So his manuscript article remained in the pigeon-hole of his desk and the dust settled upon it.

It is proper to mention in this connection, that Hales had had repeated interviews with Mr. Isaacs, a financial agent of a London banking house, and also with Mr. Hearsey, a celebrated railroad man, and that the object of these interviews had been to induce Hales to give his journalistic support to the bill, which as we have seen, he steadily refused to do.

CHAPTER VI.

QUACK.

Mr. Hearsey was not a member of the order of the Cincinnati, but he was the legal owner of one of the most magnificent residences of Washington City. His wealth was enormous, and Mrs. Hearsey could give parties equaled by few and excelled by none. She could command the attendance of any of the really and practically great men of the country whom she might choose to invite; and as for fashionable ladies, much as they abused her behind her back, those who were the fortunate recipients of her cards were always careful to leave them carelessly exposed on the top of the card pile in their baskets.

It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that the company assembled at Mrs. Hearsey's house on the evening appointed for her party was select.

Seated on a crimson velveted sofa in the corner of one of the rooms were the Misses Woggles, gayly entertaining a lot of young department clerks, invited to perform the male part of the dancing. The elder Miss Woggles had read an original poem a short time previous at a literary *soiree* and was ambitious to become the centre of a circle of her own.

Mrs. McWhorter, an eminently conservative lady, was deploring, in an opposite corner, to old General Bingo, the latitudinarianism of her sex at the present day, while her four amiable daughters were promenading in the hall and talking and looking all kinds of nonsense to four young men.

Professor Puffer was there, explaining to some elderly females the qualities of a

remarkable oil he had compounded, and which, on the strength of some certificates that he had been promised by certain members of Congress, he intended to bring before the public.

Dr. Pilham, who had already made his fortune on a magic bitters of some description, overheard Professor Puffer's remarks in passing, and expressed a doubt to the lady at his side that Professor Puffer's remedy would accomplish all that the Professor promised for it.

Jacocks, of the firm of Jacocks Bro's, was discussing with Shorts, of Langley & Shorts, the depreciation of public securities and the advisability of Western lands.

Lawyer Snagg was entertaining Mrs. Fidgette with the history of the law of divorce.

Mrs. Crimples, with a marriageable daughter well in hand, was telling Potts, a well to do hardware merchant and batchelor how she used to know Mrs. Packham, who was blazing in jewels across the room, when she made pies and sold them to the soldiers. Mrs. Crimples informed the hardware merchant further that Miss Packham, Mrs. Packham's daughter, who was flirting at that moment with a West Point cadet, was sadly deficient in early education and training. Mrs. Crimples did not ostentatiously display jewels *herself*, but if *family* was to be taken into account, she would not be afraid to compare notes with *some* people.

The company was entirely too large, and the topics of conversation too numerous and too frequently changing, to give more than a few random expressions picked up here and there in the general hum and buzz of voices. There were present merchants, lawyers, judges, doctors, professors, members of Congress, clergymen and clerks. They talked of business, literature, art, politics, religion, fashion, scandals and the current events of the day. It was evident that all were enjoying themselves, immensely, whatever they may have said in disparagement of Mrs. Hearsey or her entertainment after they left her house. As to the genuineness of the carpets, the luxury of the furniture, the brocade and the brocatelle, the Persian and the Italian cloths, the Sevres porcelain, the gauzes and the muslins, the silks and the the satins, the pearls and the diamonds, the ribbons, the laces and the velvets, the snowy undergear, the shoulder straps and the gold lace, the exact descriptions of the ladies and the number and names of the guests, Jenkins was there to record it all and a faithful report appeared in the next morning's paper.

It was about eleven o'clock, and the elder guests had instinctively gravitated together to the lower drawing room. Mrs. Hearsey, fatigued with the labors of the evening, was reclining on a divan in as languishing an attitude as her great size and large bones would permit, and by her side was the Reverend Doctor Charles Plesington.

Mrs. Hearsey had not, in early life, mingled with those people who constitute what is generally understood under the term "society." She had sometimes chopped off a hog's head or torn off a side of spare ribs for some of their servants, but this was as near as she ever approached in those days. For her father was a pork butcher and Mrs. Hearsey used to help in the business and she was better acquainted with the sharp crackling of boiling fat and the smells of the slaughter-house than with the crisp rustling of atlas and the perfumes of Araby. A lucky speculation in hogs, a rise in the price and a contract to supply the Western army, made her father's fortune. He retired from business, and Mrs. Hearsey left the stall. Shortly thereafter her father died, and she, being his only child, became the possessor of his estate and married Mr. Hearsey, whose rise in life was owing, as we have seen, to somewhat similar circumstances.

If there was nothing specially attractive about Mrs. Hearsey's person or manner there was certainly nothing repulsive about them. She was near forty-five, in robust health, and though her features were coarse and large, she could not be said to be positively ill-looking. And then when she was alone with Dr. Plesington there was a knowing twinkle about her eye, or a look or a tone of melancholy, or an indescribable softness and disposition to draw nearer to him, that greatly added to her attractions.

Doctor Plesington smiled upon Mrs. Hearsey.

Mrs. Hearsey smiled upon Doctor Plesington.

This innocent flirtation was interrupted at this interesting point by the approach of Mr. Hearsey, the husband, who inquired of his wife in an anxious and uneasy

manner, "what could possibly detain the Senator and Madame Zarowski?"

"I do not know I am sure, nor do I care," replied his spouse in an angry and contemptuous tone, which might have been heard by every one in the room; for Mrs. Hearsey had not acquired that command of her temper which is indispensable in elegant society. "I have been waiting supper for them," she continued, "an hour, because you begged me to, and I shall wait just fifteen minutes more by the clock and not one minute longer; it's all the doings of that foreigner Zowski, or what you call her. She wanted to keep the Senator with her as long as she could, and then come late to make a sensation. The people are getting hungry, I know, by this time, and the young ones want to go to dancing. I shan't invite her again to any of *my* parties I know."

Mr. Hearsey was too well accustomed to such demonstrations to manifest any excitement. He merely turned on his heel and walked away to resume his conversation with Isaacs, whom he had introduced into Washington society that evening as a financial agent of an old established banking house in London.

One reason for Mrs. Hearsey's outbreak on this occasion might have been the abrupt termination of her pleasant *tete-a-tete* with Doctor Plesington, who had taken this occasion to desert her side; or her wrath might have arisen from the profounder fact that she suspected from former observations that Madame Zarowski had found favor in the eyes of Doctor Plesington.

Jacocks, of Jacocks Bro's, had joined Mr. Hearsey and Mr. Isaacs, and the two former were soon engaged in an earnest and animated conversation, though it was carried on in an under tone. Isaacs was imperturbably calm and seemed utterly indifferent to the subject matter which so deeply interested his companions.

"The Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill *must* become a law this session of Congress," said Mr. Hearsey in a low, but resolute and determined tone.

"A very desirable result without doubt," said Jacocks, "we can count upon the House; but the Senate; if only the Senator——"

He did not finish his sentence. There was a visible commotion among the company and in a moment more a liveried footman in knee breeches, but lacking the powdered wig, announced the Senator and Madame Zarowski.

Mrs. Hearsey greeted the Senator cordially, but the cold reception extended to Madame Zarowski was ludicrously in contrast with that accorded to her escort.

Madame Zarowski was not in the slightest degree disconcerted. She barely touched Mrs. Hearsey's hand with the tips of her delicately gloved fingers. She did not even seem to observe Mrs. Hearsey's presence at all, and remarked to herself in distinct language, for Mrs. Hearsey's benefit, that she had been so agreeably entertained by the Senator, that she had forgotten all about the stupid ball until the Senator had called it to her attention.

Mrs. Hearsey was furious. Indeed there is no telling what she would not have done then and there, had not Doctor Plesington, like a guardian angel as he was, appeared on the scene just in the nick of time to prevent a catastrophe by calling Mrs. Hearsey's attention and apologizing for the absence of his wife, who was detained by illness.

Mrs. Hearsey was always ready to accept any apology for the absence of Mrs. Plesington when Doctor Plesington was present.

The apology was entirely satisfactory and the pair resumed their seats and the conversation where they had been interrupted by Mr. Hearsey wondering what detained the two guests who had just made their appearance.

Doctor Plesington smiled upon Mrs. Hearsey.

Mrs. Hearsey smiled upon Doctor Plesington.

"Do you think, Doctor, that marriages are made in heaven?" artlessly inquired Mrs. Hearsey.

"In one sense, yes; in another sense, I should return an answer in the negative," replied the dialectician.

"I don't know that I exactly understand you," returned his companion, "what I mean is, do you think it is wrong when we are married to—to—think of anybody else than our husbands or wives?"

"Our emotions," explained the Doctor, "are not subject to our wills nor can they be made so. The laws of nature are not more inflexible in the physical world than the laws which control the operations of our thoughts and feelings. I love that

which is attractive and have an aversion to that which is repulsive in spite of myself. The sphere of morality is confined in freedom, in the will; not in the attempt to evade or resist immutable law. But the unwarranted extremes to which this doctrine is carried is astounding. The paramount consideration is the proprieties of society."

While the Doctor was laying down these principles, his eye was following the graceful and haughty form of Madame Zarowski, who in her turn was not long at a time absent from the side of the Senator.

Supper was announced and quickly dispatched by the hungry guests. The music commenced, the dancers took their places and the work of the young department clerks began.

While the dancing was going on, Mr. Hearsey made the Senator acquainted with Mr. Isaacs, the financial agent of one of the oldest banking houses in London. The Senator was glad to make Mr. Isaacs' acquaintance. Mr. Isaacs felt highly honored by an introduction to the Senator.

"Mr. Isaacs, Madame Zarowski;" said Mr. Hearsey. Zarowski bowed with dignity; Isaacs bowed profoundly. He asked the pleasure of her arm for a promenade. The request was granted, and the two passed into the hall and the back piazza for a breath of fresh air, leaving Mr. Hearsey and the Senator in conversation.

"Is the Senator still as intractable as ever?" asked Isaacs when the two were alone.

"Quite so," was the reply.

"Then your charms have lost their wonted power, Irene," said Isaacs with a fine tinge of sarcasm.

Zarowski made no reply.

"The love of money is not his passion," soliloquized the Jew rather than addressed himself to his companion.

"His own private fortune is large enough," interposed Zarowski.

"Yes; quite large enough for one who desires no more," philosophized Isaacs. "A petticoat may have more attractions. He seems fond of you, Irene."

Zarowski started but kept silence.

"But his fondness for you is not that all consuming fire which braves danger and ruin to accomplish its purpose," continued the Jew, careless and indifferent to the wounds he inflicted.

Zarowski did not reply.

"Irene," said the Jew, "form the acquaintance of Rose DeVaughn, bring her to your house and introduce the Senator. Mrs. Doctor Plesington knows her and will assist you."

The Jew chuckled a low chuckle to himself when he said this.

"There," said he, "I have done; I have no further commands for you this evening. Let me hear a good report, for I shall see you soon. Time presses. My arm."

He led her back to the drawing-room. The guests were beginning to take their leave. The Senator and Madame Zarowski soon excused themselves. Isaacs, Mr. Jacocks and Doctor Plesington followed shortly thereafter.

By ones, by twos, by threes, by fours and by fives the guests disappeared. The Woggles, including the elder Miss Woggles, Mrs. McWhorter and her four amiable daughters, and old General Bingo, Professor Puffer, Doctor Pilham, Jacocks, of Jacocks Bro's, Shorts, of the firm of Langley & Shorts, Snagg, the lawyer, Mrs. Fidgette, Mrs. Crimples, Potts, the hardware merchant, Mrs. Packham and daughter, and the cadet, all went. The music ceased. Mr. and Mrs. Hearsey were left alone and Mrs. Hearsey's party was over.

CHAPTER VII.

TWIN SOULS.

George Hales, the writer and journalist, did not have an office on Newspaper Row or F Street. He occupied two small rooms, plainly, though tastefully furnished, in a less fashionable part of the city. Strictly journalistic work, by which we under-

stand ascertaining the facts of the past twenty-four hours and enlarging upon them in a sensational style, he did not do. He confined himself chiefly to making abstracts of documents and collating, digesting and arranging available information on interesting and important subjects. This kind of work did not pay very well, although his faculties of keen discrimination and of breadth of vision pre-eminently qualified him for that kind of intellectual labor where analysis and synthesis are indispensable. But as the reading public makes no very great demand for this particular kind of talent, and as Hales had his own notions about journalism and stuck to them, he eked out his living by writing stories for the popular weekly press, in addition to his heavier work, and continued true to himself.

He was fond of quaint literature and was constantly dipping into books known not even by name to the readers and most of the writers of the present day; works on Alchemy and Astrology, the text-books of the theurgists and of the Rosicrucians, the treatises of Jacob Behme and Swedenborg, and the books of Ezekiel and the Revelations. He saw, or least fancied that he saw, a deep political significance in this literature akin to that found in the book of Daniel. He looked down, or thought that he did, into the secret heart of the writer and saw there a profound and an infinite longing for a higher state for man on earth than the positivists and the skeptics had ever permitted him to hope for. He was a poet, though he had never written verses, and was penetrated in every fibre of his soul and nature with the sense of religion. The life of a person so constituted must necessarily be a lonely one. The ordinary excitements incident to the pursuits of men, as the pleasures of friendship and of social intercourse, did not meet the wants he felt or supply any worthy goal for his aspirations. He saw no hope in waging a contest for ideals against the combined powers of organized society. He would rather cease to struggle to make men recognize them, and would worship his gods alone in the solitudes of his own soul.

One morning while sipping his coffee and glancing over the papers, his eye chanced to light on an advertisement in which a young lady proposed to give instructions to adult pupils in French and Italian. Hales wanted a translation of some old Italian legends and stories, and the thought occurred to him that he would call on the "young lady" and see if she were qualified to do the work.

That evening he dressed himself with somewhat more care than usual, drew on his overcoat and gloves and started out to go to the street and number designated in the advertisement.

After a half an hour's walk he arrived at the place of his destination. He rang the bell, inquired for the lady and was shown to the door of Rose DeVaughn's little sitting-room. He knocked and Rose opened the door and admitted him.

Hales saw what he did not expect to see, or rather he had not expected anything at all further than the common place business transaction of going to a translator and leaving some work. But when he stood in Rose's little parlor and saw her dressed in a dark red skirt and a closely-fitting black silk bodice that showed the form of a bust and a pair of shoulders that Rubens would have adored, saw her luxuriant jet black hair loosely gathered in a loop and falling in massive tresses down her back, gazed upon the rich color of her dark brown face and felt the influence of her large and lustrous eyes, George Hales forgot for a moment all about the package of Italian volumes that he had in his hands and stood transfixed to the spot, enraptured with the beauteous creature before him. His heart and soul absorbed her beauty like a thirsty sponge. The blood pulsed quicker along his veins. Strange and novel sensations, such as he had never experienced before, trembled along his nerves. All the vague, wild, restless, infinite longings and yearnings and hopes of the soul within him were in harmony and he bathed in a deep, calm sea of joy and rest. The infinite and ideal had become incarnate and real in the form of a woman.

Once in the course of a complex physical and spiritual existence a transfiguration is possible for such natures as George Hales' and upon this occasion he had made the transition.

Such a transition is sudden and tempestuous; when it comes there is no room for thought and feeling—all is spontaneity.

When he had recovered himself, he stammered out the object of his visit.

Rose, utterly unconscious of what Hales had experienced, bade him be seated and state more particularly what he wished.

Hales complied, and as books had to be handled between them, he naturally

took a seat by her side for their mutual convenience.

After looking over the volumes generally for some time, a longer time than was in fact necessary to give that general view of their contents, which Hales undertook to do, one volume was taken and a story was selected for translation. The probabilities are, that if Rose had not been able to do the work in the most satisfactory manner, Hales would nevertheless have given her the job. But she was thoroughly competent to do it and to do it in the very best taste.

The purposes for which Hales wished these translations did not require a written version. He only wanted the plot to re-arrange and work up in his novelettes.

It took Rose over an hour to make the translation, for she took greater pains to be accurate in words than was required for the object in view.

During the reading, Hales continued by Rose's side that he might catch every word she uttered. Sometimes Rose would turn her full face on him and ask if he fully caught the meaning. Frequently he said he had not, exactly; and would ask her to give it in her own language without following the words of the original. This she would do and that prolonged the time, and Hales could hear her voice and watch her changing expression.

Nor did the time seem long to Rose or the task irksome. George Hales was the first man except her father with whom she had engaged in any reciprocal occupation or with whom she had ever been alone for an hour. And George Hales was a man for whom more than one woman would have risked much. He was rather tall, muscular and handsomely proportioned, with light auburn hair, a remarkably clear complexion and light grey eyes. His manners were quiet and easy, and he was naturally disposed to be silent, but when he spoke, his tones were deep and earnest. There was an air of entire self-reliance about him, which, without being in the slightest degree ostentatious and offensive, commanded universal respect.

The translation was finished at last, and by the time it was completed, Hales and Rose were far advanced in each other's acquaintance. There was nothing done or said or intimated with any purpose of bringing about any such result. It sprung up as the flowers spring up when the soil is warm and the sun shines upon them. The immutable laws had caught them up in their universal sweep and they were but the passive subjects of inexorable fate.

Hales could find no reasonable excuse to prolong his call, and so an arrangement was concluded agreeable to both parties that Hales should come as often as he liked to have his translations made, and that she should receive a certain fixed price for her services.

Hales went home filled with new reflections, new purposes and new hopes; and Rose, the little Italian painter and teacher, was at the bottom of them all. Rose also had undergone some new experiences and went to bed that night to dream of George Hales and Italian stories.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIZE.

Madame Zarowski was alone in her richly furnished saloon. She was dressed for the evening and waiting to receive the Senator and Rose. But neither of these two expected guests expected to meet the other. They did not even know of each other's existence. The meeting of the two had been arranged for by Madame Zarowski in obedience to the instructions of Isaacs at Mrs. Hearsey's party.

Madame Zarowski had made a visit to Mrs. Doctor Plesington to ascertain something about Rose and find out the best way of forming her acquaintance. Mrs. Plesington had received her politely, but not in that cordial manner which was natural to her generally. She knew very little about Rose. She had only seen her once, and that was during her father's last illness when she had called, upon hearing that a poor artist was sick and might be in need of attention. She had found him well cared for and did not repeat her visit. She knew where Rose lived then, but that was all. What did Madame Zarowski want with Rose, Mrs. Plesington had inquired with a

distrust foreign to her unsuspecting nature. The reply had been that her visitor had learned that Rose's father was a painter and he might have left some pictures which she would like to purchase and add to her collection.

That same evening Madame Zarowski had called on Rose and found her alone, happy as a bird and busily engaged in drawing designs for paintings. During her visit, which was a brief one, she learned from Rose the outlines of her history and that she had no friends and was entirely dependent upon herself. She admired Rose's paintings, purchased one and paid for it, and then exacted from Rose a promise to call on her the evening following at eight o'clock for some new work, and took her leave. But not one word did Rose say about George Hales.

Madame Zarowski seemed to be ill at ease. She was nervous and excited, and being alone, gave expression to her restlessness. She paced the room impatiently. She looked frequently at the elegant French clock on the black marble mantle-piece. Rose was to be there at eight, and the Senator had sent word that he would be there at nine. It was now nearly eight.

"If anything would only happen to prevent this meeting," she said to herself, "but Isaacs must be obeyed; wretched woman that I am, will nothing short of death deliver me from this cursed Jew!"

Madame Zarowski was a judge of female beauty. She was beautiful herself. Her interview with Rose had been a short one, but she had seen enough to convince her, knowing as she did the temperament and disposition of the Senator, that he would be at Rose's feet as soon after he had seen her as an opportunity would permit, and an opportunity he would make. It was this that distressed her. She loved the Senator as much as she was capable of loving. She did not love him solely on account of his rank and wealth and his acknowledged abilities, but on account of all these together with his own individuality. Her affection towards him was something more than mere vanity. She had never attempted to influence him with a view to her own pecuniary advantage.

It is due to truth to say this much in her behalf. The Senator, to say the least, was fond of her society. She was in his confidence and he spent most of his leisure time in her saloon. Not that he was really enamored of her person; but then she was a fascinating woman in her way and when she chose to exert her power there was no man possessed of any sensibilities at all, who could entirely resist her. Hundreds were dying for her, to use the gallant phrase of the times of chivalry, to whom she had not extended the smallest of her favors. Society—that is, the female portion of it, which in fact constitutes what is thus popularly denominated—hated her, but feared her and invited her to its entertainments. In other days she would have been the queen of love and beauty to invest the conquering knight with the guerdon of his prowess; or she would have been a reigning toast, over which enthusiastic youths would have drunk themselves blind. In the time and place where her present lot was actually cast, she might have been queen of the lobby had she been so disposed, and had the shadow of Isaacs been removed from over her.

None but a woman can fully understand the anguish of wounded pride she felt while waiting in her saloon for the time to come for her to enact that common-place part of introducing two strangers to each other. To see the triumph of her rival with her own eyes—in her own house—to see her conquest of the man she loved, and to be herself the instrument of bringing this fatal meeting about! Her agony was terrible. Her face flushed, her bosom heaved, her teeth were set and her whole frame trembled. Once she started as if firmly resolved on some desperate purpose, but she shrunk from the effort and murmured in a tone of despair, "Isaacs must be obeyed."

She composed herself and resumed her usual manner in time not to expose any trace of her emotions to a servant who entered a few minutes afterwards to announce the first expected visitor.

Rose had never seen such elegance and luxury in her life before. The soft velvet carpet, the richly covered rose-wood chairs and sofas and ottomans covered with blue satin, the standing furniture of the finest polish and inlaid with ivory and gold and porcelain and worked in mosaics of pearl and tortoise shell, the articles of *vertu* ranged in *etageres*, the select paintings on the wall, the rich damasks and China cloths, and all flooded with the light of the frosted silver chandeliers sparkling with cut crystal pendants, was enough to have overwhelmed a good, simple-minded girl who had never seen or dreamed of such splendors. Madame Zarowski observed every mo-

tion and expression of Rose's countenance with the most intense interest. The scene had made no visible impression on her visitor whatever. She entered the saloon and was seated at Madame Zarowski's invitation with as much ease and self-possession as if she were in her own cozy little parlor at home. To an imagination familiar with the treasures of Italy, even Madame Zarowski's reception room was quite common place. This had not escaped Madame Zarowski, and she took fresh hope. An hour ago she could have strangled Rose; but now, seeing what little influence external wealth and luxury and fashion had upon her, she might possibly become her friend. She was satisfied that Rose was not mercenary. Her indifference could not have been assumed; her nature was too ingenuous. Perhaps after all she might reject any proposition the Senator might make, or it might be that she had a lover and was faithful. The supposition that the Senator would remain untouched was not entertained.

After the usual salutation had passed between them, Madame Zarowski produced a large portfolio filled with drawings and designs. There were fiords and cliffs in Norway, forests and reindeer in Lapland, wolves and sleigh rides in the steppes of Russia, the turban and the crescent and scimitar, there were landscapes of the Tyrol and Switzerland, Italian lakes, German farm houses and French chateaux, Dutch tiles and gables and English lanes and cottages. Madame Zarowski had consumed considerable time in looking over and explaining the collection. Her ostensible reason was to select the designs she wished to give Rose to work upon; her real motive was to detain Rose until the arrival of the Senator.

"I wish, Rose, you would paint this for me," said Madame Zarowski, giving her an English country landscape which she had chosen. "I think I will have work to keep you occupied for some time to come, and as I am the first customer, I must beg you to refuse all others who may come until you have finished up for me," she added in a friendly tone and manner.

Rose promised.

"Have you sold any of your paintings yet?" asked Madame Zarowski.

"I have offered some for sale. but the men at the shops tell me there is no market for such paintings as mine," replied Rose.

"You give instructions in French and Italian you told me?"

"Yes."

"Have you many pupils?"

Rose blushed. Madame Zarowski noticed it. Rose thought of George Hales, and bashfully answered, "not many."

Madame Zarowski did not pursue her interrogations any further; she perceived that Rose had not suspected the drift of her questions and she did not want to run the risk of arousing her suspicions.

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door. Madame Zarowski's lip quivered for a moment as she said "come in," and the Senator entered the room.

Before he had time to explain, for the benefit of the stranger present, the liberty he had taken—and which he always took—of tapping at the door of her private reception room without any previous announcement, Madame Zarowski had introduced him to Rose.

"An artist," said the Senator at hap hazard to Rose, noticing the design in her hand—for Rose had picked it up from the table and was going to take her leave—"And if her skill be equal to her beauty, we shall have a new star of double magnitude in the firmament of Washington celebrities," added the Senator, without waiting to ascertain the correctness of his first presumption.

This speech displeased and mortified Rose. She felt that no one, much less an utter stranger, had any right to address her with such freedom of speech. She was anything but prudish and cared very little what other people thought of her so long as she could make a living and be at peace with her own conscience. Hence she resented this little piece of harmless gallantry by calling for her hat and cloak and taking her leave without making the Senator any reply. Madame Zarowski was at ease so far as Rose was concerned.

"What little bird of Paradise is that, Zarowski, and why have I never seen her before?" queried the Senator after Rose was gone.

"She is the daughter of a poor artist who died a short time ago and having nothing to leave her, he bequeathed her to the care of God and her country."

"And are not we the country," joked the Senator, "and can not I make out a title to this pretty *bon bon*?"

"Not by such evidences as you gave to-night. You mortified and embarrassed the girl and she carried away no very favorable opinion of your most honorable self; and you boast that you know women!"

"A spirited, hot blooded young creature, I swear," said the Senator admiringly.

"Not very warm towards yourself, however," retorted the lady.

"The coal in your grate is as cold as a stone until it is warmed into a generous glow by the proper appliances," argued the statesman.

"And your vanity, doubtless, leads you to take it for granted that you possess the necessary caloric properties, I suppose," said the Madame.

"At all events, I shall put them into operation the first opportunity I find—or make," rejoined the Senator.

"What if she have a lover?" objected Madame.

"Oust him from her good graces," was the reply.

"If she decline your honorable attentions?" interposed Madame further.

"Press them the harder until she accepts them," answered the Senator.

"But if she holds out in her opposition?"

"Then find some way to overcome it."

"But I tell you," urged Madame Zarowski vehemently, "that there are some women whom neither arts nor entreaties, wealth or power, danger or death itself can overcome."

"Whose acquaintance I have yet to form. But tell me; where does the obdurate charmer make her nest? I must not lose sight of her."

"Madame Zarowski gave him the particulars of her history as far as she knew them and gave him her address. The Senator took out his pocket-book and took down her number.

The Senator had caught but a glimpse of Rose, but that alone had been sufficient to excite his curiosity and imagination. He was too good a critic not to have noticed the rich brown peach color in her cheeks, her massive natural hair; and as she wore her dark red skirt and tightly fitting black silk bodice he could not help admiring the wonderful symmetry of her form. He was already deeply enamored of her and was determined to see her again and to kiss those lips if art and patience and perseverance would enable him to do it.

The Senator grew restive in Madame Zarowski's company this evening. She saw it and knew that the slender hold which she had upon him was giving way. He soon bade her good evening and retired and left her alone to her reflections.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONTRACT.

It was a bitter cold night. The north wind whistled and blew and stormed. The sleet drove against the shutters and panes and danced and whirled along the narrow alleys between the tall houses and around the corners. It was a night of suffering and terror to the poor in their wretched hovels without fuel or sufficient clothing. It was a night for rousing fires and good cheer in doors. It was a night when no one was to be found upon the street except the homeless outcast, who sought the best shelter he could find in some vacant stall or in some lumber yard; or except some one who was on a mission involving something not much short of life or death.

That night Doctor Plesington informed his wife that he had an appointment which could not by any possibility be postponed. His wife said something about its being such a terrible night to be out in; but the Doctor plead duty and his wife was satisfied. That delicate and noble hearted little woman would have gone out herself through that fearful storm to comfort the sick and suffering and to cheer the dying if she had been called upon to do so. She felt proud that her husband was actuated by similar impulses of duty, as she thought. She never inquired where he was going, but helped him on with his leggings and wrapped thick, warm, woolen comforters around his neck and breast. The Doctor then drew on his overcoat, put on a tight-fitting fur cap, encased himself in a rubber water-proof over-all, drew on his gloves, and started out.

The keen, sharp wind and the sleet drove full in his face as he went along. He compressed his lips, bent his head forward and inclined it to one side, the better to pierce through the warring elements. Once he stumbled and almost fell, for the lamps were misty and dull and the night was pitch dark. He recovered himself and hurried on with rapid steps. He encountered no one. He saw no one on the streets. Not the rattling of a wheel or the tramp of a horse was to be heard in any direction. The street cars had been hauled into the sheds and the drivers were huddled around great roaring stoves at the stables. There were no carriages on the stands. Dim lights were burning in the shops and the clerks had retired to the counting-rooms and offices in the rear. For once, business had resigned its empire for a while, and a common instinct to seek safety from the terrors of nature was in the ascendant in every breast. The dogs were crouching in their kennels at home or shivering on the sheltered side of buildings or walls or wherever they could find protection; not a bark was to be heard. Except the raging of the storm all was silent.

After a hurried walk of about a quarter of an hour he reached the place of his destination. He pulled the door bell vigorously. The door was opened immediately by a weather-beaten old woman and Dr. Plesington was admitted. She had evidently expected him, for as soon as he had given his name she at once showed him into the private business office of Mr. Isaacs, the financial agent of the old established London banking house.

There he found Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Hearsey, seated at a large round table covered with books and papers and maps.

"A fearful night, Doctor," remarked Mr. Hearsey, after Doctor Plesington had removed his wrappings and sat thawing before the fire.

"The good shepherd knows no cold or heat when the welfare of his flock demands his care," said Isaacs with an irony which was not lost on the Reverend Divine.

"But come," said Mr. Hearsey, who was anxious to proceed to business, "this meeting was appointed to take into consideration the best ways and means of securing the passage of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill."

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. Will Mr. Hearsey please to state exactly where we stand to-night, in order that we may know precisely what has been done and what yet remains to be accomplished?

MR. HEARSEY. About twelve months ago, a few gentlemen conceived a noble enterprise. It was the patriotic idea of consolidating two proposed great lines of railroad and of obtaining from the government a grant of public lands sufficient to build and equip both roads and put them in operation for the public welfare.

MR. ISAACS. The land provided to be granted is actually worth to-day three times all that the road will cost when finished and equipped; ten years from now it will be worth, in good hard money, one hundred times as much. Do we risk such vast sums of money to secure the passage of a bill which will end in being merely a public benefaction!

MR. HEARSEY. That is all understood between us.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. Certainly.

MR. ISAACS. There is no other human being in the house except ourselves and my old deaf housekeeper; and as we are not talking to see ourselves reported in the morning papers, we might as well talk business in a business manner, and dispense with the popular slang of the politicians, editors and preachers. Will Mr. Hearsey proceed.

MR. HEARSEY. A new company of corporators was accordingly constituted, composed of the principal men of both the other two companies, and these two companies were formally dissolved. There exists now but one company, and I have the honor to be its President. We have been organized about ten months and at the beginning of the last session of this Congress, our bill, the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill, was introduced by one of our friends in the House of Representatives and referred to the appropriate committee. Ever since the introduction of our bill, we have confined our energies to interesting members of Congress and other persons of influence in our scheme.

MR. ISAACS. I hold in my hand a book containing memoranda of the amount of funds already expended in the prosecution of our plans. In most cases of payments, I hold vouchers to account for the funds disbursed. In some cases, you will readily

understand that to obtain such vouchers was impracticable, the persons receiving the money not wishing to give any written acknowledgments which might possibly show hereafter that they had been in any manner connected with our company.

I have separated the accounts into two classes. The first class comprises all those accounts in which vouchers were given. The accounts have been generalized for convenience in some instances, but the vouchers are ready for an exhibit in every specific payment. I will read the memoranda:

CLASS A.

WHERE VOUCHERS WERE GIVEN.

1		
Paid to proprietors of New York Journals.....		\$298, 463 30
“ “ “ Boston Journals.....		143, 755 48
“ “ “ Phila. Journals.....		212, 346 12
“ “ “ St. Louis Journals.....		176, 042 50
“ “ “ Chicago Journals.....		47, 376 25
“ “ “ Cincinnati Journals.....		175, 000 50
“ “ “ Press of other cities.....		247, 853 00
		<hr/>
Total paid to the press.....		\$1, 426, 061 05
2		
Paid to sundry Church Committees.....		\$76, 431 00
“ Synods.....		34, 246 04
“ Conferences.....		123, 421 06
“ Conventions.....		43, 344 75
“ Young Men’s C. A.....		10, 015 05
“ Religious Press.....		50, 250 20
“ Benevolent Societies		100, 000 00
		<hr/>
Total		\$437, 708 29
3		
Paid to divers Play-wrights ..		\$3, 000 00
“ Circus Companies.....		5, 000 00
“ Negro Minstrels.....		4, 000 00
“ Popular Lecturers.....		9, 000 00
“ Women’s Rights Association.....		2, 000 00
“ Country Politicians.....		7, 000 00
“ Working Men’s Societies.....		2, 500 00
		<hr/>
Total.....		\$32,500 00

CLASS B.

IN WHICH NO VOUCHERS HAVE BEEN GIVEN.

1		
Paid Professional Journalists in Washington.....		\$37, 500 00
“ Irregular Correspondents		3, 500 00
		<hr/>
Total.....		\$40, 000 00
2		
Paid to members of the House.....		\$2, 520, 000 00
3		
Paid to Senators.....		\$3, 240, 000 00
4		
Paid to Judges.....		\$876, 000 00

	5	
Paid to Department Officers.....		\$1,000,000 00
	6	
Paid to Confidential Clerks.....		\$25,000 00
	7	
Paid to Female Lobbyists.....		\$40,000 00
Total amount without vouchers.....		\$7,741,000, 00
To sum up, we have paid to the press.....		\$1,426,061 05
To Religious and benevolent societies.....		437,708 29
Miscellaneous.....		32,500 00
Sum total with vouchers.....		\$1,896,269 34
Sum total without vouchers.....		7,741,006 00
Grand total.....		\$9,837,269 34

which is the precise amount which we have expended up to date in endeavoring to secure the passage of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. I think I may say that the portion of the fund which was expended under my supervision has brought forth fruits. The moral sentiment of the christian people of the country in regard to the bill is right. The churches are a unit in its advocacy. The roads open up new channels for christian civilization. Churches and school houses will spring up in the wilderness; the desert shall blossom as the rose, and new fields will be opened for the ministers of salvation bearing good tidings.

MR. ISAACS. A true christian worker!

MR. HEARSEY. It was a part of my duty to regulate the press of the country. I have expended a heavy sum of money in this direction, but I am satisfied that it has not been misapplied. Though the influence of the newspapers in moulding public opinion has somewhat declined, yet their power is still enormous. None embarking in a grand enterprise like ours can afford to have the press arrayed against them. And the only way to secure it is to subsidize it. In my interviews with the gentlemen proprietors, I hinted at what seemed to me to be the extravagance of their charges. But they convinced me by a recital of prices paid in various similar but smaller transactions that their rates were not unreasonable for the services required.

MR. ISAACS. I bought up your members of Congress, judges, department officers, confidential clerks, popular lecturers, negro minstrels and comedians as cheap as they would sell.

MR. HEARSEY. Our majority is sure in the House.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. We only want the Senator with us to secure the speedy and certain passage of our measure. I do not see how he can hold out much longer.

MR. ISAACS. Do you know how to bring him around?

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. I must confess that I have brought every consideration to bear upon him, but without effect.

MR. HEARSEY. He is the most remarkable man with whom I ever came in contact. Pride of opinion seems to be his ruling passion; for the most magnificent profers of reward delicately hinted fail to move him in the least degree.

MR. ISAACS. And yet he has his price if you can find out what it is.

MR. HEARSEY. This is the last session of this Congress, and what is done must be done quickly.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. All the work we have done will be lost if this Congress goes home without passing the bill. We shall have to begin anew with the next Congress.

MR. ISAACS. A way MUST be found to silence the Senator's opposition, and it WILL be found. The bill will be passed this session—if not by one means, why then by another. But let us three here to-night come to a final understanding and agreement about our own mutual relations and interests in the enterprise after the bill has passed. State your understanding, Mr. Hearsey.

MR. HEARSEY. The corporation of which I am the President is already organ-

ized and chartered. When the land is granted, it will be given to us finally, irrevocably and absolutely. The only condition attached is that we shall construct the road in a reasonable time. This, of course, we propose to do. A fund of ten million was to be raised to secure the necessary legislation. The London firm which you represent advanced nine of the ten millions and we advanced one million. It was a pure venture. In consideration of the nine millions advanced by your firm I was specially instructed by the company to enter into a treaty with your firm in London through yourself as its agent. The terms of the treaty I am now authorized and instructed to make are the following:

You will advance all the funds necessary to build the road and put it in operation as required by the bill. You are to receive twelve per cent interest on the amount so advanced, and shall receive as a security a mortgage on every acre of the land granted by Congress. You are to receive in addition certificates of stock as the funds are paid in, sufficient to give you the control of the road.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. I have been appointed in the nature of a trustee for the Company to join Mr. Hearsey in executing this contract.

MR. ISAACS. Gentlemen, the articles are ready for signature. I shall not fail to comply with my part of the stipulations.

Mr. Isaacs produced the articles and handed them to Mr. Hearsey who read them aloud that Doctor Plesington might hear them. They had been properly framed and were entirely satisfactory. Mr. Hearsey signed and attached the seal of the corporation which he had brought with him for the purpose. Doctor Plesington signed after him and then Isaacs signed last. Copies were signed in like manner and exchanged and the contract was executed.

CHAPTER X.

COMPENSATION.

George Hales continued to visit Rose. He delayed a week after he made his first visit until he made his second one. But the time hung so heavily upon his hands and he became so nervous and restless thinking about her that he made two visits the second week, and three the week following that. He had but few acquaintances and no intimate friends and scarcely ever mingled in society. He now passed most of his evenings with Rose and was quite domesticated in her little parlor.

And Rose, too, she would stand at the window in the evenings and watch to see his form pass the gas-light on the corner. And she loved to hear his footsteps in the hall and to open the door for him and welcome him in.

Rose continued to translate Italian stories and Hales paid her the little wages agreed upon punctually at the end of every week, which was enough to pay her little rent; and as she did not eat much more than a bird and only kept one fire in a tiny parlor stove and did her own house-work, the price paid by Madame Zarowski for the picture she had bought on her first visit would supply one of her simple tastes with everything she needed for a month. Her wardrobe was well furnished and the work that Madame Zarowski had given her would keep her profitably employed for an indefinite time.

But the evenings which she and Hales passed together were not entirely devoted to Italian literature. They would have the most interesting possible conversations; sometimes Hales would read her selections from the best philosophical literature of the day and follow it up with explanations and illustrations, and sometimes he would read her one of his own nervously written logical articles on some social question, or one of his novellettes and ask her for suggestions; sometimes Rose would sing him one of those sweet songs of Southern France and accompany it with the music of her cithern. And then Hales would forget for a moment the inexorable chain of circumstances which bound him down and surrender himself to the visions of his mystical imagination and wander away among the golden temples of the future, for which he was unconsciously helping to lay the foundations.

Occasionally on fine days the pair would start out early in the morning and pass

the day among the hills which overlook the dome and the broad flowing river; and at noon they would sit down together on the trunk of a fallen tree, near a clear strong spring which bubbled up among the gnarled roots of a poplar, and make their simple repast. There were some fine ladies who lived in fine houses across the street who knew Rose well by sight, who envied the two their youth, their beauty and their love, when they saw them start out on their excursions, and who would gladly have exchanged places with Rose, as she went tripping along with a little basket on her arm and looking so radiant and happy.

Hales was rapidly beginning to look upon Rose's parlor as his own proper home. Already he had brought some of his books and papers and left them there, and some evenings he would sit there and write, while Rose would read or sew. Upon these evenings Rose would always prepare sandwiches and a cup of coffee, and give Hales permission to smoke a cigar.

The relation, though innocent, existing between them, would not have been approved by the Reverend Doctor Charles Plesington. That gentleman's happiness, it is true, would have been complete on earth had he occupied a much nearer relation to Madame Zarowski. But then society had its proprieties.

Meanwhile, Hales and Rose were profoundly ignorant and indifferent as to what society might think or say about them. Rose had never been trained in its ways to begin with, and Hales had been fighting shams and falsehoods all his life. They owed society nothing and asked none of its favors. They were a law unto themselves and constituted a society of their own and never dreamed that they were bold and defiant or heroic or anything of the kind. They followed the laws and impulses of natural affection and of their own hearts. They loved each other and were happy. Society might go its way. As long as they could compel it to permit them to exist, it would do so; when they could no longer compel it, it would leave them—to starve; as it had millions of times before left the old, the sick, the decrepit and the infirm to starve, when they could no longer toil for it.

The good spirits held companionship with Hales and Rose. Their hearts were pure and their souls were at peace. Their days were full of joy, and at night their sleep was calm and sweet. In their dreams they would meet each other again in the Spirit Land and their spirits would blend and mingle there in that unity which completes the soul and perfects its happiness on the other side of the dark river of Death.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REPORT.

About a fortnight after the meeting of Doctor Plesington, Mr. Hearsey and Mr. Isaacs to discuss the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill, a man enveloped in a great fur coat, and wearing a tall rimless fur cap, opened the iron gate and passed up the marble steps into the porch of Madame Zarowski's house and rang the bell. It was about dusk, and the face of the man was almost entirely concealed by the great cap and the muffler of his coat. He might have been an artist, or a peddler of the better class, for he carried two elegant bronze statuettes, one under each of his arms, which were folded on his breast.

It was no other than Isaacs, the Jew, who had come to pay the Madame a visit, and, for certain reasons of his own, desired that it should be kept secret.

He handed his cap and gloves to the servant who opened the door, with an air and tone of authority and ordered the servant to announce him.

He merely intended to give Madame Zarowski notice, so that he might not intrude on her privacy, for he followed the servant up and entered the reception room, where Rose had met the Senator, at the same time with the servant.

"The compliments of the season, and how goes it with her ladyship; has she brought the haughty statesman to her feet or has the pretty little Gipsy stolen him soul and body away? Matters of greater interest have detained me or I should have

been here sooner. Speak and tell me quick what you have done. Time presses. I have much to accomplish yet to-night," began the Jew in a hurried and impetuous manner and insolent tone.

"I wish you could cease to mock me, Isaacs; my situation is sufficiently distressing without the addition of your heartless irony," replied the lady.

"Irony! my dear Irene," continued the Jew, "the good angels will smile at your blessed work; you have coupled two loving bosoms; the Senator's affection for the Gipsy is so pure and warm; so entirely unselfish; he! he! so solely devoted to the happiness of its object, eh?"

Madame Zarowski remained silent.

"Did the Senator meet her here?"

"He did."

"Did she inflame his passion?"

"She did."

"What was his manner?"

"Rash and impetuous."

"Fool!"

"But she repelled his advances."

"Only fans his desire."

"The interview was brief; she became offended at his familiarity and took her leave before he had an opportunity for any further gallantry."

"Was the baggage not over-powered with your patronage and the splendor of your establishment?"

"On the contrary; she appeared quite unmoved."

"She has visited you since, and met him?"

"Yes."

"With what results?"

"He took care not to repeat his first mistake and restrained his impatience."

"Had his passion cooled since the first rebuff?"

"No; it was fiercer than ever."

"And she?"

"Was utterly indifferent to him."

"She is young; perhaps she has a lover?"

"She has."

"Who is he?"

"One Hales, a writer and journalist."

The Jew paused for a moment and then resumed his interrogations.

"She does not suspect you?"

"No."

"She will continue her visits?"

"Yes."

"And the Senator?"

"Will of course do the same as long as he meets her here."

It required all of Madame Zarowski's strength—and she was strong—to undergo this terrible ordeal. Though cold and selfish and though she could be cruel when her plans required it, she was not naturally wicked and never inflicted pain out of pure love of cruelty. The Jew had taken care to make her feel most keenly the degradation which the task he had imposed upon her brought with it. Not satisfied with this, he had laid bare her own fatal passion for the Senator and made it the object of ridicule. He had trampled her in the dust and mocked at her humiliation. Madame Zarowski was prostrate in the dust before him. She was like the leopardess whose fierce eyes would gleam and blaze in the absence of her keeper, but which would crouch and cringe in terror when its keeper entered the cage with his red-hot iron bars.

"You promised one day to set me free, Isaacs," said Madame Zarowski after a moment's silence.

"Yes; when I have no further use for you I shall do so," replied the Jew.

"I have served you faithfully," she pleaded.

"And with good reason," replied the Jew; "most women would prefer your rank and your life of ease and luxury and the privilege of eating my bread and of giving out to the world without fear of contradiction that this magnificently furnished house

which is my property was their own, as you do—I say most women would prefer this, to being published as I could publish you, and to take the final plunge from the work-house to the Water street dance-houses and the pauper's burying ground; eh?"

A death-like pallor came over Madame Zarowski's face but her nerves did not fail her. She made no further plea or protest. She was silent and calm.

"Hear me, Irene," said the Jew, "spare no art or intrigue to subdue Rose to the wishes of the Senator. Continue to keep yourself informed through my servants who attend you of all her movements, as you have done. Entice her with follies and fashions. Encourage in her a love of display and of dissipating amusements. Excite her vanity and supply her freely with all the means necessary for its largest gratification. As she is more beautiful than other women, create in her the ambition to outshine them in the world of fashion. For these purposes you may draw to an unlimited extent on the bank account placed to your credit. If you succeed in accomplishing this, she lies helpless and powerless at your disposal. Ambition, luxury and fashion will soon drive that miserable scribbler Hales from her thoughts. For the gratification of these passions, which will have become a second nature, she will be dependent upon you for the means. If you withhold them, you will dry up the sources of her life and being. Then the sacrifice will be ready and the dead old artist's pretty daughter will play her part in the comedy entitled, "The Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill." Meanwhile, manage to bring the two together as frequently as possible and advise with the Senator as to the best method of prosecuting his suit. The fact that you love him yourself will better enable you to explain to him those secret arts and influences, which are most likely to succeed in this combined attack of both of you on the heart of your proposed rival. And to quicken your wits and energies I give you my promise that when you have accomplished this task and secured the Senator for the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill I will let you go."

Having said these words and muffled his face, Isaacs left her abruptly as he had come, without waiting a reply. He did not carry the bronze statuettes away with him.

"She has a lover," he muttered to himself as he went along. "I know him, a dangerous man and not without influence on the Senator. There is another hand needed in this business. I want one more partner and I know where to find him."

Pursuing these meditations, Isaacs reached his chamber, and forthwith proceeded to unlock a secret closet, take out the great greasy overcoat, the battered cylinder and ragged red cravat, the huge breast pin and grizzled wig and whiskers, and packed them away in his valise.

CHAPTER XII.

SPIRITUALISM.

The evening after Isaacs visit, Madame Zarowski was favored with a call from Doctor Plesington.

Neither this gentleman or Mr. Hearsey knew anything about the relation existing between Isaacs and Madame Zarowski. This was a profound secret, known only to the two persons themselves and to the confidential servants that Isaacs had placed with Madame Zarowski to act as spies upon her movements. In fact they had been introduced at Mrs. Hearsey's party as though they really were entire strangers to each other, and both had united to maintain the delusion.

When the Doctor's name was announced, Madame Zarowski sent him word to be kind enough to wait a few minutes in the ante-room until she was prepared to receive him.

She kept him waiting full an hour. And though the ante-room was warm and comfortable and well provided with files of newspapers, reports, periodicals and quite a variety of books, Doctor Plesington began to grow nervous before the time of his probation expired, especially when he thought of his ridiculous situation and the amusement it would afford the public should it become generally known.

While her admirer was waiting without, Madame Zarowski was finishing up the labors of the day.

She had before her two books; one large one and one small one. At the head of every left hand page in the larger one was written in a bold, full hand, the name of a member of Congress. Then after a vacant line the name of a female was written in a small fine hand in red ink on the margin outside of the perpendicular red line on the left. On the body of the page, and commencing at the name written on the margin, were notes. Then came a vacant space and another female name on the margin and notes as before. And so on following. The two pages allotted to each member were nearly all filled, and under many names the two pages were not sufficient, and additional leaves had been gummed in to furnish the necessary space. The notes related to the particular kind of influence that each lady was to bring to bear upon the member whose name stood at the head of the page and to the results which had been accomplished by these efforts.

The smaller book contained the names of the members and the ladies arranged in the same manner but without the notes. Opposite each lady's name were dates and figures, representing sums of money which had been paid them or presents which they had received. Entries in this book would run thus:

Ione St. Clare, Dec. 21, 18—, \$100 00.

Lilly De Vere, Jan. 5, 18—, Velvets.

Maud Melville, Jan. 10, 18—, Diamonds.

The names were fictitious to avoid exposure in case the book should be mislaid or stolen, but they all represented real persons. Doctor Plesington had a similar record at home, showing the amount of money he had expended to "produce the grand moral sentiment of the christian world in favor of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill." So had Mr. Harsey. But neither of these two co-laborers with Mr. Isaacs supposed for a moment that Madame Zarowski was similarly occupied. These two sagacious men of the world took her to be exactly what she gave herself out to be—a wealthy and fashionable lady of American birth and education who had married a Polish count, spent much of her time in Europe, had lost her husband and who devoted that part of her time which was not given to society to literature, and who proposed to spend the winter in the city for the express purpose of gathering the material for a volume she intended to publish, which was to be entitled "Recollections of a Winter in Washington."

When Madame Zarowski had finished up her entries and notes, she locked up her books carefully in an elegant rose-wood secretary, put the key in her pocket and opened the door and said, "Doctor Plesington, come."

Doctor Plesington was a generous liver and possessed a robust and vigorous constitution and was not easily thrown off his guard; but the sweet and gentle manner in which Madame Zarowski had uttered the words, "Doctor Plesington, come;" taken in connection with the fact that she had opened the door herself instead of ringing for a servant, caused a tingling sensation to quiver over the surface of his nerves.

Madame Zarowski might not have been expected to have been in a very gracious mood towards a lover to whom she was indifferent and who really annoyed her with his attentions, so soon after she had entirely lost the Senator and been interviewed by Isaacs. But she was a prudent woman and had been thinking. Her situation was a desperate one. She was completely at the mercy of Isaacs, and did not know how soon she might need a friend. Upon Doctor Plesington she could rely so long as she gave him a little hope and maintained her own high position in the world of fashion; so she relaxed her manner towards him and became gracious.

Doctor Plesington entered in his oiliest manner and composed himself in a great fauteuil.

"Some time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, Doctor," began Madame Zarowski, with a deprecatory air, as if vexed at the Doctor's neglect; and yet in a tone of such mingled sweetness and sadness that the Doctor's heart fairly dissolved in an ecstasy.

"My dear Zarowski—my dear Madame I mean—"

"No formulas among true friends, my dear Doctor," said Madame re-assuring him in the kindest manner.

"Well, then, my dear Zarowski," said the amorous Divine, drawing the fauteuil nearer to the sofa where Madame rather reclined than sat, "your own merits more

than the commanding position you occupy in our society has frequently given rise to a wish on my part for your more intimate personal acquaintance."

"Which was reciprocated on the part of your humble servant," replied Madame Zarowski, with a languishing look.

The fauteuil approached again and the dialogue continued.

DR. PLESINGTON. Two considerations concurred to prevent the fulfilment of my wishes. First. I feared that among your numerous friends and admirers you would find so many whose pursuits in life, not being so grave as mine, could with propriety entertain one of your happy and joyous nature in a manner which, while eminently proper for them, would not, in the eyes of the world, be consistent with the dignity of my calling. Second. I was aware that you devoted that portion of your time which was not given to the discharge of your social duties to literary pursuits; and I was not disposed to trespass on your valuable time.

ZAROWSKI. But I am not actually engaged in writing now. I am merely gathering the materials for my book, which, as you know, I intend to call "Recollections of a Winter in Washington." So if my friends desire to aid me in my work, they will visit me and gossip with me as frequently as they conveniently can.

Again the fauteuil drew nearer.

Doctor Plesington could express himself forcibly and could deal in plausible logic when he thought it expedient to lay aside the oratorico-pulpit style; for he was a man of the world. Upon this occasion he thought it expedient to do so, after having made a few flourishes of the clerical school at the beginning.

He proceeded.

"Your book will certainly be an interesting one if its contents meet the bill on the title page."

"That will depend upon the extent and interest of the author's experience," said Madame Zarowski.

DR. PLESINGTON. Will you treat the subject generally or confine yourself to a few principal topics?

ZAROWSKI. Principally the latter. I shall first take a brief and comprehensive view and then give particular attention to those points which would be most likely to interest a stranger visiting our shores. There will be nothing specially Washingtonian about the book; I might equally well have substituted the name Boston or New York. But I happened to be here and so I said Washington.

DR. PLESINGTON. What particular feature of American civilization would you single out as the one which would strike the educated foreigner with the greatest force?

ZAROWSKI. The religious element.

DR. PLESINGTON. You surprise me.

ZAROWSKI. That may well be. The religious spirit exerts less influence on our professional religious teachers than on any other class of persons.

DR. PLESINGTON. Be kind enough to explain.

ZAROWSKI. The connection between Church and State existing in Europe creates the same hostility against the former that naturally exists against the latter. The masses of the people look upon both as acting in concert and mutually supporting each other in pressing them down. A feeling somewhat akin to this exists in this country towards our fashionable churches. Here this a mere prejudice. These churches are merely the creatures of society, so-called, and neither exert an influence on government or on the people, outside of their own limited circle. Their best efforts are always due to the religious spirit which presses upon them from the outside. The churches clung to slavery to the last, and yielded when they could no longer resist, to the principles of a philosophy in exact opposition to the ground teachings of their formal confessions.

DR. PLESINGTON. The churches received the credit of emancipation at all events.

ZAROWSKI. To show that they did not merit it, it is only necessary to note that they utterly repudiate the principles upon which abolition was waged, and which alone can justify the abolition. The condition of slavery is relative. *Absolute* slavery never did exist in this country. The slave *did* have rights which his master was bound to respect, and that, too, by the laws of every slave commonwealth. Masters could not take the lives of their slaves, and some have been hanged for doing so. The black slaves were *more* enslaved than the white slaves. That was all. The masters of the black slaves commanded their labor without *any* compensation. The masters

of the white slaves command their labor for an *inadequate* compensation. The only difference between the two classes consists in the *degree* and not in the *nature* of the enslavement. If the churches were honest, they would advocate the emancipation of the race on precisely the same principles that the abolition of slavery was demanded—human rights—but they do not. On the contrary, with an ignorance equal to their inconsistency, they appeal to the rabble and lead them on in hurling the cries of “socialism” and “infidelity” against the radical thinkers of the day who are merely repeating the doctrines proclaimed in Judea over eighteen hundred years ago.

DR. PLESINGTON. But the outside religious spirit of which you speak possesses no forms through which to express itself. I mean it is not organized.

ZAROWSKI. If it has no organization it has vital force, and organization will naturally take place at the proper time. As to forms, it expresses itself through all forms and is now struggling for a fuller and a freer expression. If the churches have organization, that is all they do have, except their money; for their fires are long burnt out and only ashes and dead coals remain.

DR. PLESINGTON. I suppose you regard spiritualism as one of the forms through which this religious spirit expresses itself?

ZAROWSKI. I do not regard spiritualism as a form at all. It is a sentiment. It cannot be put down with printers' ink in thirty-nine, or in any other number of articles.

DR. PLESINGTON. But if spiritualism mean anything at all, surely language, which is the expression of thought, can convey some conception, however limited, of what it is.

ZAROWSKI. Spiritualism is a profound truth. As I stated, it is a sentiment and cannot be conveyed in symbols, either of sounds or of letters, which are only appropriate to represent definite conceptions. What is soul? What is sense? When you define these, I will explain what I mean when I say that the essence of spiritualism consists in the union it makes between soul and sense. The heathen religions ignored soul; the Christian religion ignores sense. Spiritualism recognizes both.

DOCTOR PLESINGTON. In that view of spiritualism I find it ineffably sweet.

Madame Zarowski languished in the corner of the sofa. Her head had reclined backward and reposed softly on the silk covered cushion, exposing her full round neck and affording a glimpse of a dainty bit of her bosom of snow. The flowing folds of her robe were gathered up on the sofa and a pair of charming little feet, encased in bright brown silk stockings and slippers of blue satin, peeped out, exhibiting a pair of ankles of faultless mould and beauty. One arm rested on the back of the sofa and the other was under her neck.

Doctor Plesington hitched the great fauteuil nearer to the sofa and continued:

“Considered from this standpoint, spiritualism is the natural religion of humanity. The union of soul and sense! There is a coarseness and brutality inseparably connected in the average mind with the enjoyments of sense, which places moral sentiment in direct conflict with the sweet operations of nature's laws. It is the province of spiritualism to end this conflict by harmonizing the two opposing elements. With spiritualism, the Absolute is the Real, and the most ravishing delights of sense make up the highest and finest joys of the soul. Spiritualism sees no state or condition, present or future, where these two elements are not combined to constitute the individual unit of personal conscious existence. The one supplements the other and makes it round and complete, which by itself is only a fragment of the whole. To sever this union is to mutilate and degrade humanity; to enjoy both in their fullest extent together is its chief excellence. As the longings and desires of Soul and Sense cannot be suppressed by arbitrary laws and enactments, spiritualism teaches that true manhood and true womanhood will disregard the police regulations of society and put themselves in harmony with nature, where alone true happiness is to be enjoyed. But these speculations are not for the vulgar herd. They would be misunderstood and misapplied. And above all things, would it be improper for a clergyman like myself, officiating in one of the most respectable of churches, to give expression to any such opinions. But my dear Zarowski, we are the Gymnosophists and have an esoteric doctrine for ourselves and an exoteric one which we give to the rabble. The vice of spiritualism is that it reveals the secrets of our order.”

Doctor Plesington drew the fauteuil quite close to Madame Zarowski and rested his arm upon that end of the sofa where her head was reclining.

"How often" he said, "have I felt even in the moments of my highest exaltation, the want of something to render my satisfaction complete and full. I have watched at sunset the changing colors die away as they fell on the landscape of hill and dale and river and ravine and lake and plain and forest. I have stood upon the shores of the boundless ocean and watched the sails of the distant ships; I have stood among the solitudes of the mountain peaks and viewed the sombre and solemn grandeur of nature; I have been transported from earth on the enrapturing strains of music; I have watched the white cranes suspended high in heaven, slowly winging their way to sunny Southern lands, but amid all these scenes and emotions the heart was not yet satisfied. Something was wanting still."

"But these moments of combined spiritual and sensual delight are of brief duration, my dear Plesington," she resumed, with a wearied look and tone, "and we must descend from our supernal heights, and come down and perform our several tasks in the world of practical business life."

"Only to renew our strength for similar enjoyments in the future," observed the Doctor in the true spirit of the Epicurean philosophy.

"For instance, in the matter of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill," remarked Madame Zarowski with a significant smile.

Doctor Plesington looked startled. He had been so deeply interested with Hearsy and Isaacs about the bill, and so deeply interested with Madame Zarowski in affairs of love, that he had never connected her image with the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill, in all his thoughts.

Madame Zarowski saw his surprise and went on to explain.

"It ought not to appear surprising that a lady of such extensive acquaintance as I have in the city, and possessing fair powers of observation, should know something about this gigantic scheme. At Mrs. Hearsy's party, I observed her husband engaged in earnest conversation with a Mr. Isaacs, a financial agent of a house in London, and with the Senator. I suspected from the fact that the Senator is the only barrier to the passage of the bill—of which fact I am informed by some of my numerous lady visitors who know much more of the matter than I do—that Messrs. Isaacs and Hearsy were endeavoring to overcome his objections. And then, judging from your intimacy with Mr. Hearsy, and your active support of the bill in your own circle, and I might add," continued the Madame, with a roguish cast of her eyes upon the Doctor, "from your naughty attentions to Mrs. Hearsy—"

"My dearest Zarowski! I protest that I never—"

"that you yourself were somehow interested in the enterprise. Now, I will pardon your infidelity to me."

"Dearest—"

"upon on condition, and that is that you tell me all you know about the bill."

"Well, then, my love, since you will not permit me to exculpate myself from a suspicion which is as groundless as it—"

"Not one word more on that subject. My jealousy is easily aroused. Proceed with what you have to say, and I shall try and bury in oblivion the sad memory of your faithlessness."

After such a spontaneous gush of affection and devotion, Doctor Plesington could not do less than open up the innermost chambers and recesses of his confidence.

He recapitulated in detail all that had been said and done at the meeting between Hearsy, Isaacs and himself, at Isaacs' house, down to the execution of the contract and the exchange of the papers.

"But," he added in a low voice, drawing close up to Madame Zarowski, "Hearsy and myself are dissatisfied with Isaacs, and have determined to oust him when the proper time arrives."

"What is the cause of your dissatisfaction?"

"Isaacs is an insolent and grasping Jew. His manner is dictatorial and insulting, and according to the arrangement, he is to have all, and we are to be mere pensioners upon his bounty."

"But how can you possibly oust him after he has advanced the sum agreed upon, and the contract has been executed?" inquired Madame Zarowski with increasing interest.

"In every great bill," said the Doctor, "which has been thoroughly canvassed, there is always a greater or less period of time, which necessarily intervenes between

the point when it becomes absolutely certain that the bill will pass and the point of time when the bill actually does pass. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly well," answered Madame Zarowski, listening with the most intense interest and eagerness.

"It is during that critical interval that we intend to strike the blow. Mr. Hearsey will shortly go to New York, where he will see a majority of the directors of the company, and explain matters to them. He will remain there mostly for the present, while I shall remain in Washington, to look after things here. As soon as the success of the bill becomes a certainty, I shall telegraph to Mr. Hearsey in cypher, to call the directors together, and have the contract with Isaacs cancelled."

"But can that be legally done?" asked Madame Zarowski.

"Undoubtedly," answered Dr. Plesington, "there is no difficulty whatever of that kind in the way. Either party may withdraw from the agreement before the bill has passed, upon payment to the other party with interest, all the money advanced by that party. Our company was entirely without means when this scheme was inaugurated, and we were compelled to go to the Jews. When the certainty of the success of the bill is ascertained, we can readily raise the nine millions which Isaacs has advanced, and pay him off, and get rid of him immediately."

"Do you anticipate any difficulty in carrying out this plan?" inquired Madame Zarowski again.

"No serious difficulty," replied the Doctor. "Of course, Isaacs will be kept in profound ignorance of our intentions; otherwise, he would defeat the bill and ruin the individual directors with his charge of the nine millions in gold coin, and his exorbitant interest, likewise payable in specie."

"Will you not be required by law to give Isaacs due notice of your intentions to withdraw from the contract before the passage of the bill?" continued Madame Zarowski, for further information.

"The law will be observed to the letter," said Doctor Plesington. "A notice will be made out and placed in the hands of responsible witnesses, who will keep copies and be able to testify that they placed it in the post-office in ample time for Isaacs to have received it before the bill was passed."

"But then," said Madame Zarowski, "you defeat your own purpose in giving Isaacs the notice, before the passage of the bill."

"Not if the post-office clerk forgets to send it," whispered Doctor Plesington in Madame Zarowski's ear.

CHAPTER XIII.

WANTED A PARTNER.

About eleven o'clock at night, a few days after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, a shabby-looking individual might have been seen crossing City Hall place in the direction of Chatham street. He wore an immense thread-bare overcoat, lined and stitched from top to bottom. A red cravat, ornamented with a huge brass pin, was tied round his neck and he had on a cylinder hat which had been black in time, but which was of a dingy red color now and badly battered. He carried in each hand an oil daub, cased in a gilt wooden frame. One would have taken him for a Jew with pictures to sell, had such an one been near enough to see his coarse grizzly hair and note the outlines of his face.

He entered Chatham street. The pawnbrokers were doing a driving business, but the pedestrian with the pictures did not stop to offer his wares to them. Rum-sellers were busy and concert-saloons blazed with gas and tawdry finery, but Isaacs, for the sagacious reader has doubtless penetrated his disguise, did not stop to propose a sale. He passed, without stopping, all the low, dark, foully-smelling shops, where still filthier and fouler creatures vended imitation jewelry, old clothes, cheap clothing and stolen goods. He emerged from Chatham street into the square, where he paused for a moment as if hesitating which course to take, and then proceeded up the great thoroughfare of the Bowery.

He had not gone far when he dived down a flight of steps and entered a low, narrow bar-room in the cellar.

There was a dozen or more customers and loafers of both sexes, and three or four ragged children standing in front of the bar. In the corner behind the counter stood a double-barrelled gun, and lying on one of the shelves was a twelve-inch revolver. The bar-tender, a great red whiskered man with a pock-marked face, was serving the vilest whiskey and gin at five cents a glass.

Isaacs passed his pictures to the bar-tender, who took them with a deferential look, and then after a hurried survey of the miserable wretches around him, he opened a green baize side door in the bar-room, paid ten cents to the doorkeeper who sat in the hall, and passed through another door into the dance-room.

The hall was some forty or fifty feet long by about half that width. It was dimly lighted. At the opposite end from which he entered were three musicians, a tall, bald headed man with base viol, a girl of about thirteen with a harp and a boy of about sixteen, dressed in an old coat of black cotton velvet and a pair of smeared white corduroy pants, with a violin. All around the walls were ranged rough wooden benches, which were occupied by such of the visitors as were fortunate enough to secure them during the intervals between the dances. There were from twenty to thirty females present, ranging from thirteen years of age to twenty or thirty—it was hard to tell—participating in the amusement. There was not one among them all that had the slightest vestige of beauty or freshness about her. It was impossible to approximate with accuracy the ages of any of them except the youngest, and the ages of these were only to be judged by their size. They all looked care-worn and haggard, and bloated and pimples from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. The faces of some of them were sallow and sunken, and their eyes large and lustreless; these were the victims of consumption. Most of them were under the influence of drink, and some were noisy and boisterous and obscene in their language and gestures. They were dressed in every variety of costume, according to their individual tastes and means. Some wore soiled and discolored tights; others had donned the garb of a Scotch highlander; some were flower girls and others gipseys. They had on second-hand laces and ribbons, faded and stained; cast-off frippery and finery and cheap jewelry, either stolen or purchased from the shops in Chatham street. They were whitened and bedizened with powders and paint, and those who had any, freely exposed their dirty, yellow bosoms. Those who had none made up for the deficiency by a display of still coarser attractions.

The men were more in number than the women, but they were constantly coming and going, while the women remained, unless escorted away by male companions. The men were for the most part well-known to the police and were thieves of every class and gradation. They bore the marks of extreme debauchery. They were filthy in person and meanly clad and emitted foul odors of rum and tobacco.

Isaacs stood for a few moments in the heated, crowded room, filled with pestilential vapors, and took the men one by one in review, as if he were on the look-out for some one he expected to find.

The result of his examination seemed to be unsatisfactory, for when the signal was given for the dancers to take their places, he threaded his way through the crowd to the opposite end of the hall to a small bar in the corner near the musicians, where the visitors were supplied with liquors. He passed a few hurried words in an undertone with the bar-tender and received from him a key, with which he opened a side door and entered a hall. The hall was narrow and about thirty feet long and dimly lighted at the other end by a single jet of gas. On either side of the wall was a row of cabinets, each cabinet about five feet wide and seven feet long. The bar-keeper in the dancing hall kept the keys. Some of the cabinets were occupied. The air was close, and foul with the sickening smells of corruption and disease.

Isaacs passed through this hall, and opened with a key which he took from his pocket a heavy door, very strongly secured and locked in a peculiar manner.

He entered a small room and locked the door securely behind him. A dim jet was burning feebly on the side of the wall. One would have taken the room he had just entered for a junk shop, to judge from the character of its contents but for the fact that it had no windows, or doors, or any visible place of ingress or egress, except the massive door through which Isaacs had entered. He listened instinctively for a moment. All was still, except the faint noise of the dancing and music. He then

sprung open a false panel and passed through the aperture. He replaced the panel after him, and descended a rickety, spiral stair-way. It was pitch dark. He landed on a stone pavement below, and thrust his arm as far as he could reach through a grated iron door which stopped his way. He found and grasped a knob, or handle hanging by the wall inside. This he pulled three separate times. The first time, he gave a long, steady pull; the second time, two short, quick jerks, with a moment's interval between them; the third time, he gave three jerks, and in rapid succession. All was as dark and silent as the grave. Presently a lamp appeared at the other end of a long, vaulted subterranean passage. A moment afterwards, a man appeared, and came towards the door where Isaacs stood. "Sharp on time, old Israel," said the man unlocking the door and admitting him.

"Yes, yes," said the Jew, "pusiness is pusiness, unt time is monish."

One more passage traversed, and one more door opened and passed and closed behind him, and the Jew found the end of his route.

There was a small, red-hot stove in the vault or cell, whatever it might be called, with a kettle of water simmering on the top of it. In the center of the cave or den, stood a plain, round deal table, where piled up in a promiscuous heap among well-filled bottles and decanters, were lemons, cigars, sugar, silks, laces, chains, watches and jewelry. A pack of cards lay on the table, at which two villainous looking fellows with shaggy eyebrows and gray-black whiskers, were seated.

"I wants to see dis shentlemans vot you calls Mister Nobby Dick, by myself, a leettle whiles," said Isaacs, breaking the object of his mission, in the genuine Israeli-tish tone and accent.

Isaacs' conductor nodded to the two men at the table, and they withdrew through a dark aperture in the rough stone wall, into a passage or vault, leading in a nearly opposite direction to the one by which Isaacs had entered. When the sounds of their footsteps had died away in the distance, Isaacs closed the thick, sheet iron door through which they had made their exit, and continued: "You knows me, Mister Nobby Dick, and you gifs me one peeps yesterdays, on Shatum streets, unt tells me to come and see you here to-nights."

"Well, old Israel, come to swindle me out of my hard earned merchandise again, I suppose?" said Nobby Dick.

"I buys noting from you dis long times; I see you not also dis long times; I have no pusiness mit you dis long times; once I buys one vatch from you, Mister Nobby Dick, eh?"

"Yes," said this worthy, "a heavy, fine gold chronometer; you paid me ten dollars for it; it was worth two hundred and fifty."

"Then why you no sells him to somebody else? But I buys no more tings, Mister Nobby Dick," said the Jew, slowly shaking his head.

"What do you mean," roared Nobby Dick in a deep and threating voice and tone.

"Mebbe you don't know who dat vatch belongs to, eh?"

Nobby Dick gave a start.

"Dat vatch gets me into droubles some days," said the Jew forlornly, "and you pays me back my monish ven I lose dat vatch."

Nobby Dick jumped from his seat and was about to take the Jew by the throat, when that indefatigable man of business asked him to wait just one moment, and hear what he had to say, before he was strangled.

Nobby Dick desisted and the Jew resumed:

"De man vat owned dat vatch is dead. De harbor police find his body in de vater. De man vat sell de murdered man de vatch know de kind and de number of de vatch. Dat vatch you sell me."

"Death and damnation!" exclaimed Nobby Dick, "but day-light will never shine on you again, cursed dog of a traitorous Jew!"

Nobby Dick drew a knife from behind his back, and with eyes glaring like a tiger's, advanced toward the Jew.

"De man vat owned de vatch was murdered mit a shlung, unt de shlung unt one of de bills vat vas in his possession is mit de police, unt de police is all around dis house," coolly observed the imperturbable Jew.

Nobby Dick let fall his arm and seated himself and told Isaacs to explain.

Isaacs did so.

"You sees dat de police does not knows dat you is here in de house. I tells de police

I comes here to looks for you, unt de police waits outside till I come back. De vatch, de shlung unt de bill is all in one leetle case vat belongs to me mit de police sealed up; de police does not knows vat is in de box all sealed up, unt I tells de police to keep all dem dings till I comes back once. If I don't comes back to nights, de police opens dat box unt finds dem dings, mit one letter which explains it all; who was murdered, de jeweler vat sold de vatch, unt de man vat identify de shlung, unt de man vot fished him up out of de river, unt de man vat identify de bill, unt de man vat got him from you. You wants to know how I gets all dem dings? Vell, I gets dem all mit my time hunting for dem ven I find de number of de vatch advertised in de paper, unt I vastes my time unt I pays my monish. I tells you no more now. I can hang you Mister Nobby Dick."

Nobby Dick's hand sought the handle of his knife, but his better judgment prevailed.

"Well, then," said Nobby Dick, "what do you want, for I know you did not come here to do me a good turn or to risk your life in my hands for nothing. Speak and tell me what is your price for my life. Tell me what I am to do to get those evidences out of your hands and be free. Is it murder? Yes; I will commit one more, or two, if necessary to cover up the first. Why not? "It's always the way. Speak and command me. But mark me, Jew, if you play false, this knife shall find your heart before I find the gallows. Speak."

Isaacs turned his face for a moment from Nobby Dick, and when he turned it towards him again, Nobby Dick, accustomed as he was to disguises, was astounded at the transformation.

"Now that we understand each other," said Isaacs, dropping his barbarous jargon, "disguise is no longer necessary. Though you are totally unacquainted with me, I have known and liked you since our first acquaintance. Otherwise I should not have been at the trouble and taken the time and paid detectives to track up the evidence against you, and taken care so to manage the investigation that even the detectives themselves whom I employed were kept utterly ignorant of what they were doing, and could pick up no possible clue upon which to begin a new investigation hereafter. It is unnecessary to go further into detail than to state that my real object in making your acquaintance some months ago—which I did under the pretext of wanting to buy your stolen goods and actually buying a watch—was to secure your services in some jobs of my own, in which I could have paid you more money than you were making and where your own personal risk would have been much less. But though you pleased me, I could get no hold upon you to secure your fidelity. Fortunately, however, the watch which I purchased gave me the clue to the discovery which I have made, and I have been able to run you down as I have explained. Your neck is in my hands, but the police will never know the fate of the man picked up in the harbor, unless I furnish them with the information. Now, if you are willing to enter my service, and shrink from no deed that I may require you to perform, in consideration of heavy wages—for I am rich—and silence on my part, call on me privately to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, over the Lake on the Square, and we will arrange the terms. There is nothing serious on hands now, and there may not be at all. This much for your present satisfaction. And now, Mr.—Mr.—Tyrrell—henceforth that shall be your name—good night!"

Without waiting a reply, Isaacs put on his wig and whiskers and greasy, thread-bare overcoat and emerged into the dancing room by the way he came, took his pictures from the bar-keeper and passed into the street.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPECKS OF CLOUD.

Rose and Hales continued to love each other and to pass their evenings together. Rose was busy as a bee all day long with her painting and was always glad when night came, not only because it usually brought her lover, but because she could lay down her brush and pencil and rest her eyes. Hales was busy, too, in his way; but

fortune always seemed to take sides against him. He was one of those men who seem born to be unsuccessful—laborious men of great energy and force of character, but who expend their strength in directions that do not lead to pecuniary profit—. His nov-ettes, religio-political in tone, founded upon the old Italian legends, brought him in but a mere pittance. His publishers said that the country was flooded with just such productions, and that they could not afford to pay more than a merely nominal price.

Sometimes he gathered information and arranged facts and tables for the Senator, who received great credit for accuracy and range of research when his speeches were printed. But Hales received less for a day's work applied to this purpose than the stone-cutters upon the public buildings.

His pecuniary condition embarrassed him. It did more. It mortified him. He lived with the most rigid self-denial, and yet it was all he could do to pay Rose the paltry sum he agreed to, for making the translations. Should he withhold this expenditure, he must give up Rose, he thought, for his pride could not endure the humiliation of living upon her bounty. But to give up Rose was to give up all, and that was to give up life itself. The thought of giving her up was not to be entertained for a moment. So he starved on his crust in his attic and gave his money to Rose.

Every evening when Hales did not come, Rose was at Madame Zarowski's. This lady was her only customer, and she was constantly sending Rose word to come to see her about this thing or about that. This line was not sufficiently shaded, that color was too light, or this too deep. Madame Zarowski made pretensions to art herself, but even if she had not, she was the purchaser, and her views and suggestions had to be followed. Consequently, Rose was there very often. Upon these occasions she would invariably meet the Senator. She was on friendly terms with him. She overlooked his first rude demonstration when Madame Zarowski explained to her that it was merely a harmless gallantry, which, although it might be exceptional in itself, could not be regarded as an insult, as it was the universal practice in society. And then Rose was the more disposed to pardon the offence, as the Senator afterwards observed towards her the strictest decorum and propriety. She thought she discovered some marks of attention in his behavior, but these were so delicate and refined, and his manner was that of so complete a gentleman, and his conversation so entertaining withal, that by dint of consummate skill and the advantage of frequent opportunity, he not only repaired his first mistake, but succeeded in winning her good opinion and esteem. As to Madame Zarowski, Rose looked upon her in the light of a customer, rather a troublesome one indeed, but being her only one, as a proper subject for consideration. But she was not now so profitable as she had been; she had offered Rose some costly presents on one occasion, to be received as such, and Rose had declined to receive them in such an emphatic manner, that the experiment was never repeated. For Rose was proud, and there was no such intimate relationship to justify such a gift; she was unwilling to accept the obligation and place herself in a false position. From that time forward, Madame Zarowski had given her no new work. In fact, Isaacs had told her to cut Rose off, if she continued refractory. At present, she was merely finishing what work she had on hands, and when this was done, it was questionable whether the Madame would require her services any longer. Then she would be entirely dependent upon Hale's translations, unless good fortune would throw something else in her way.

Rose's nature was the very reverse of Hale's. He was from the North—grave, reflective and melancholy. She was from the South—hopeful and happy and joyous. With her the love of beauty was an instinct. She loved the skies and the fields and the forests and the rivers. And she loved to see the gas-lights of the chandeliers flashing upon beautiful women, clothed in beautiful garments and sparkling in jewels. She enjoyed beauty in all the simplicity and enthusiasm of childhood, and never once thought it a hardship that she herself could not shine and dazzle among the glittering throngs she saw through the windows of the houses as she passed along the street at night. Like the beggars that bask beneath the sun and skies of Naples and watch the glorious bay the live-long time from morning till the sun sinks in his bed of roses and lilies in the West, her enjoyment of beauty was complete in itself. There was no admixture of sadness, discontent or envy to dim the purity and lessen the joy of her emotion. She did not know what it was to have enemies, or to stand guard against the treachery and plots of pretended friends; or what it was to engage in that terrible battle, called "the struggle for physical existence," which only those can properly un-

derstand who have had it to fight.

So Rose was at peace with the world and loved everybody.

But she was a full grown woman in heart and mind and soul, as well as in body. There was no real danger to be feared for her on account of her ignorance and inexperience in the ways of the world. She had escaped the torturing and mutilating process which young ladies must undergo to prepare them for society. The growth and expansion of sentiment and thought within her had not been forced into cramping forms and moulds to grow rigid in unnatural shapes. She had developed into true womanhood, the free and graceful woman of nature, as nature had formed her, and as nature alone had caused her to grow. Of course, she was not philosophical and reflective. It is only diseased humanity that turns within and feeds upon itself; and Rose was free from every taint of education. Her womanly instincts would keep her from harm.

There were no secrets between Rose and Hales. Hales knew all about her visits to Madame Zarowski and whom she met there. He had no fear that she would forget him and become discontented with her narrow sphere and sigh for the blaze and fashion of the great world into which she had been introduced at Madame Zarowski's house. And he was right. Rose continued loving and affectionate and happy. She felt somehow as if she belonged to Hales, and this sense of dependence was so sweet!

When he would come in the evenings, she would sit down close beside him and talk to him with all the artlessness and innocence of a child.

The storm might be at its wild work without, and the favorites of wealth and fashion might be rushing by outside in silks and furs, in carriages that rattled to and fro, and the great world might sup and drink and sing and dance. What matter? Rose's parlor would be a Paradise, and of all the gay devotees of pleasure and amusement, there would be none so completely happy as Hales and Rose.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISTAKE.

Hales and Rose were alone together in the little parlor. It was late at night and Hales was still busy, writing rapidly, with his books and papers piled on the table and on the floor around him. Rose was seated opposite working at some embroidery. The sandwiches and coffee cups were on the table and the water was boiling and bubbling in the kettle on the stove.

Rose never interrupted Hales when he was writing and this evening he had been engaged much longer than usual and scarcely more than a word had passed between the two for hours. Hales worked away and Rose kept still.

"There now, it is finished at last;" said Hales, throwing down his pen and turning his chair facing Rose and the stove; "finished at last and probably the last piece of literary work that I shall do for some time to come if I am to escape starvation and have something left for Rose."

"What is it George; tell me," said Rose looking up enquiringly from her stitching.

"It is simply this, Rose, that I have nothing to do and have not enough money to pay for a dinner to-morrow unless I sell some of my books or clothes," replied Hales.

"Ah! is that all!" laughed Rose, "why then come and dine with me to-morrow," she added archly.

"But seriously, Rose," answered Hales, "the question is a grave one. I might share your meal to-morrow and the day after and the day following that; but, you know this could not continue. And then I have other expenses. It is true they are light, but without the means to meet them, the amount will make no difference and I am none the less a beggar."

"Take this then," said Rose, taking out her pocket-book and tossing it to him with assumed gravity and condescension, "and eat and drink to my health and your own better encouragement."

Hales could not resist smiling himself, desperate as his real situation was, at the mock heroic tone and accent with which Rose was pleased to make known her grace.

He said, "you *are* a darling!"

"But so are not you when your courage fails and you give up hope. What will become of poor little Rose when you forsake her?" she replied, with a pearly tear standing in her large black eye.

"Dearest creature," he exclaimed "I was wrong to give you pain, but I merely meant to state my present situation, and to have you help me to consider what next to do."

Rose dried her eyes, and in a moment more was radiant with happiness.

"Madame Zarowski has given me no more new work for some time past, and has paid me for all I have done, and my entire fortune is in the pocket-book in your hands and I must think of something, too, and so we will hold a council of war together. But first let us estimate what is our present strength to oppose the common enemy."

Rose spoke this in a firm and soldier-like manner.

Hales opened the pocket-book. It contained seven dollars and some cents.

Hales shook his head with a melancholy smile.

"But the rent is paid for my rooms in advance for this month, and we have enough to last until one or both of us find something to do," said Rose gaily, "and then you know I shall see more of you if you dine with me every day in the meanwhile," she added with her large, loving eyes cast affectionately upon him.

"I have made a terrible mistake, Rose," said Hales, changing the tenor of the conversation, "but then it was before I saw you and learned to love you."

"Is it too late to correct it?" she asked.

"Possibly not; at all events I am determined to make the effort to do so," he answered.

"And the sooner the better, too, George," said Rose; "but what was your mistake?" she enquired.

"Trying to enjoy the luxury of being an honest man when my pecuniary means would not admit of the extravagance," replied Hales bitterly.

ROSE. I do not understand you; you have always been honest?

HALES. Unfortunately; Yes.

ROSE. Why unfortunately?

HALES. Because had I not been so, I would not now be penniless and dependent, for a while at least, on your kindness for food and shelter. But I shall correct my error and go as far as the best of them for all time to come.

ROSE. But you will not do anything wicked?

HALES. No; dear child. On the contrary; I shall do something which is regarded as eminently proper and patriotic, and shall be applauded for doing so.

ROSE. What will that be?

HALES. I am going to support the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill.

ROSE. And what is that?

HALES. It is to give away something less than half of the territory of the United States to a dozen or more persons and their successors in fee simple forever.

ROSE. And how can that affect our happiness in any way?

HALES. True, child; how can it?

ROSE. And why will you support it?

HALES. For money.

ROSE. And is there anything wrong in that? I paint for money and why should not you write for money?

HALES. There is no reason why I should not. Long enough have I beat my head against the iron bars of my cage like a mad fool; long enough have I lived under the delusion that there was hope in the sordid and vulgar rabble. I thought that I,—I, a miserable beggar, not even secure of my own existence, might accomplish something on the side of Truth and Justice, although the wealth and rank and power of the land were arrayed against me. I had a wild and glorious dream of God and humanity. That dream is past.

ROSE. And what will you do, George?

HALES. I shall write a line to Mr. Hearsey and tell him I have reconsidered the

matter and am willing to support his bill.

ROSE. And then we shall have money; shall we not, George? And we shall be so happy; so happy!

HALES. Yes, Rose, we will be happy and you shall be my only divinity.

ROSE. But tell me; what is that you have been writing to-night?

HALES. It is an anonymous communication addressed to the Senator. I want to test him. I know his ambition and his power. Will he dare be great? Will he have the courage to grasp for the stars? This is what I wish to ascertain. The means are in his hands; the opportunity is before him. If he raise the flag and sound the cry there is a career before him that mortal man has never made. In my communication I have endeavored to show him how this is so. This is my last effort in this direction unless I hear of something from the Senator to indicate the purpose I have suggested to him. If I hear nothing from him, I shall apply to Harsey and if he makes no favorable response, my literary labor is ended and I shall seek some other field of enterprise to realize the means to make you happy.

ROSE. When by your side I am always happy, George.

And Rose skipped like a fawn across the room and took her cithern out of its case in the corner, and began to sing and play some of the happy songs of happy Southern France.

And Hales sat silent and thoughtful. His look was care-worn and anxious.

When Rose had finished her songs she crept up to Hales and put her white arm around his neck, smoothed back his hair, and then nestled her face close up against his. Hales pressed her hard against his heart and kissed her on the forehead.

"George," said Rose, "do you know how I would like to die?"

"What makes you think of dying now, dear Rose?" asked Hales.

"I cannot tell, but the river is so broad and beautiful, and seems so like a grand old friend," replied Rose. "But," she added, with a fearful determination of purpose which looked out at her eyes, "I have a poison for those who would harm you, George. My poor, dear, old father—her eyes filled with tears and her voice faltered—gave it to me to use in the last extremity. The revolutionists used it in the old times in France, he said. It does not produce death immediately, but administered at intervals for a little while it destroys the nerves of the brain and reduces the victim to complete subjection to the will of any person who is about him and chooses to control him. After a time idiocy follows and then comes death."

And Hales had a glimpse for the first time down into the deeps of Rose's soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TABLEAUX.

Madame Zarowski spared no pains or expense to make her house attractive. And being herself a woman of wit and culture and taste and fashion and beautiful besides, she succeeded.

She had appointed an evening for tableaux in the drawing-rooms, and had invited a select few of her friends to be present at the entertainment.

Madame Zarowski's circle was the innermost one of all the charmed circles in Washington. And her tableaux!—those who were so distinguishedly favored as to have the entree there had penetrated into the very sanctum sanctorum of the arcana of high life.

Not that her tableaux were essentially different from those exhibited in the cheap theatres in large cities—especially those in sea-port towns—only the actors and the spectators belonged to a different class from these. The *nymphs du pave* who advertised their charms on revolving pedestals, in the temples of art about Chatham square and the Bowery, for an admission price of ten cents, could not be compared for a moment with the beautiful bevy of young girls that Madame Zarowski selected with such care from her wide field of acquaintance. Nor could the weather-beaten sailors, the besmeared and brass-bejewelled Jews, the pickpockets and the thieves who frequented

the aforesaid temples be mentioned in the same connection with the learned doctors, the lawyers, the judges, statesmen and divines who attended the tableaux of Madame Zarowski.

Upon a closer examination, the resemblance between the two classes of exhibitions would become more apparent. Madame Zarowski's girls were poor and fond of fashion and display, and for the most part without natural protectors. They had been selected solely with a view to their natural beauty. And they vied with each other in the arts of exposing their personal attractions to the best possible advantage. It must be remembered, too, that statesmen and divines, as well as thieves and pick-pockets, are but human creatures after all, and none the less susceptible to the charms of leg and bosom, by reason of their high vocations. As for the girls themselves, they enjoyed it, and so far from being offended at the gallant remarks and observations of the distinguished guests assembled, this would only stimulate their ambition to render themselves deserving of the compliments they received. Madame Zarowski, who was the priestess of these rites, did not demand a fee of ten cents from each spectator, but if the flame of soft desire had been kindled in the breasts of any of the lawyers, judges, statesmen or divines who were present, the priestess could so arrange it that the unhappy one thus stricken could meet the object of his passion alone in her own private parlors upon another occasion, when he could pour out his soul without fear of intrusion or interruption. The consideration which Madame Zarowski would receive for this favor would be a promise to support the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill.

Rose was one of the young ladies selected by Madame Zarowski to appear in the tableaux. When she first received the note of invitation and request, she was not disposed to go, but she reflected that she was sadly in need of funds, and that by gratifying Madame Zarowski, she might receive from her some more work, and thus be able to put Hales and herself on a living footing. This consideration determined her purpose, and she went.

She was graciously received by Madame Zarowski, who presented quite a number of gentlemen to her for an introduction. Among the gentlemen thus presented, were the Rev. Doctor Charles Plesington, Mr. Isaacs, and a Mr. Tyrrell, a young gentleman of family and fortune, it was said, who was on a visit to the capital city. Mr. Hearsey was not present, but his good lady was there, having been escorted by Doctor Plesington, and Rose was presented to her.

The guests were not numerous, but the company was *elite*. A noticeable feature was, that, with the exception of Mr. Tyrrell, all the male guests were of middle age or past it; while all the ladies except Mrs. Hearsey and the priestess were under twenty. The absence of the department clerks was also worth remarking; but the fact that there was no dancing might account satisfactorily for this vacancy. It is further proper to mention in this connection that Jenkins was not admitted. He had struggled hard to obtain a card, but had failed.

The most remarkable thing, however, about the entertainment was the ease and freedom which prevailed, and the want of anything like fashionable etiquette. There was no profusion of silks and jewels and laces. Madame Zarowski herself was dressed in a plain white muslin, with a black silk cape thrown over her shoulders, and her hair was bound with a single blue ribbon. The young ladies had received their instructions and came attired in an equally simple and unassuming manner.

This was a prudent arrangement of Madame Zarowski. One and all of the young ladies present, excepting Rose, would willingly have put their charms alone, in competition with the world; but most of them being unable to afford a fashionable party dress, would have hesitated to have come where what they had on might have been made the object of criticism. And the very object of the tableaux was to bring these ladies together, and pass them in review before the distinguished gentlemen present. And this object would have been defeated, had dress been made a requirement of admission. And then again, simplicity and economy in dress was an evidence to the experienced old voluptuaries that the young things were yet fresh and uncorrupted, otherwise they would have been able to have displayed more extravagance.

There were no servants on these occasions and the guests helped themselves and each other.

The long suite of drawing-rooms and boudoirs and side-cabinets were all thrown

open, and in the end of the furthest room stood tables piled with all the materials for a luxurious cold collation. There was boned turkey, duck, partridges, quail and venison. There were coffees and breads and cakes and confectioneries. There were pyramids of wine bottles, filled with the oldest and choicest juices, piled upon the sideboards and stronger liquors were on the shelves underneath. There were wax candles and boxes of fine cigars upon the centre-tables. The shutters were closed; the double window sashes were down and the heavy curtains were drawn inside.

There was no formal invitation to take refreshments. The tables were there and ready for each one to partake, whenever and as often as appetite prompted. Some were eating and drinking, some were promenading the saloons in couples and some of the gentlemen were smoking and some of them were paired with the ladies and closely engaged with them in conversation, on the sofas, in the cabinets and boudoirs. All seemed to be supremely contented and happy, excepting the unfortunate Doctor Plesington. For Mrs. Hearsey, knowing his general weakness in this direction, had managed to get an invitation and was present for the single purpose of mounting guard over him. Owing to this circumstance, the Doctor was not so brilliant and entertaining as he had been when he was in the apartments the last time.

Rose amused herself, too, in her way. But her enjoyment was quiet and rational, and not wild and stormy. She was such a still and demure little thing in company that but few ever noticed her presence. It was so upon this occasion, and the Senator had her all to himself in a little library which opened into the drawing-rooms, and where the two were looking over books and pictures together.

At eleven o'clock the tableaux were to begin. The stage had been fitted up in the end of the suite of drawing rooms, opposite to that occupied by the refreshment tables. A cabinet which opened upon the stage behind the curtain, and which was accessible from another room in the house, was used for the green-room.

No cost had been spared in making the arrangements. Appropriate costumes of great elegance and taste had been prepared at the theatre establishments. The scenery had all been painted by the best artists, expressly for the occasion. The rarest flowers and plants had been provided. Isaacs himself had recently furnished Zarowski with pearls and diamonds. Everything was complete for the exhibition down to the chemicals for the colored lights and the gold and silver shower dust.

Madame Zarowski had selected or designed all the tableaux herself, and being a lady of excellent taste in such matters, had so arranged and apportioned them as to bring out all the strong points of the young ladies in the best manner possible.

To Rose had been assigned the death-scene of Cleopatra with the basket of fruits and flowers and the asp.

The guests were all seated in rows facing the stage and the curtain was ready to rise. Five or six musicians who had been in waiting below were admitted. The music began, the bell rang, the curtain went up.

A rich variety of beautiful tableaux appeared in succession on the stage. The display of feet and arms and neck and ankles was all that could be desired. The spectators were loud in their approbation, and the young lady performers were happy.

"Cleopatra in the death-scene!" announced Madame Zarowski.

A low, deep murmur of approbation was heard from the audience as the curtain slowly went up, and Rose appeared in this great picture.

Her physical beauty and symmetry were perfect. Her robes were the richest and most elegant that art could devise or money could procure. A tiara of diamonds sparkled and burned in her thick black hair, clusters of pearl hung about her dark brown neck and shoulders, and a bunch of opals was fastened on her breast. The scenery in the back-ground represented the pyramids, the Nile, lotus flowers, and a forest of palm trees, under a dark-brown African sky. She was seated on a throne, and attendant maidens were ranged in groups around her. Her arms were bare, and her left was hanging carelessly down over the back of the throne and fully exposed. Her right elbow was resting upon a table covered with the cloth of gold, and her head slightly inclined backwards and to one side, seemed to be resting upon the tips of fingers that looked like flower-stamens and had the roseate glow of sea shells. Upon the table stood the fatal basket, filled with fruits and flowers. Her eyes were cast upwards and fixed on vacancy. Her throat and a portion of her richly-colored bosom was exposed. She sat motionless as a statue, blending in her expressive face the passions and emotions of love and despair, of sorrow and defiance. She was a woman-symbol

of the dying gladiator.

When the curtain fell, the applause was unbounded. The men all wished to know who Rose was, and the young ladies were all undergoing an agony of jealousy. Madame Zarowski maliciously asked Mrs. Hearsey if she had noticed the enthusiastic admiration of Doctor Plesington. That estimable woman thought she had, and proceeded at once to put the unfortunate divine under a still stricter surveillance.

Rose's part concluded the performances. The musicians withdrew, and the servants were ordered to remain below and admit no one, under any circumstances whatever. The drawing room doors were closed and the merriment proper of the evening began. The ladies now appeared among the gentlemen again in their costumes. There was feasting and drinking and high revelry. The old roués plied the girls with generous wines until the color mantled in their cheeks and their eyes sparkled with excitement. There was love-making and flirting and intrigue, and there was billing and cooing going on in the adjoining boudoirs and cabinets. The wine flowed and the girls romped. The lawyers, judges, statesmen and divines caught the infection. They mingled furiously in the revelry. The gas was turned down low, and blind man's buff was played; forfeits were taken, and the penalties were rigorously exacted. The girls submitted and the old libertines triumphed. For wine and passion ruled the hour. Only poor Doctor Plesington did not enjoy himself at all. Driven by the supervision of that excellent lady, Mrs. Hearsey, to the very brink of despair, that worthy divine had poured out libations to Bacchus until he was hiccoughing helplessly in close proximity to Dame Hearsey's crinoline. But that strong minded woman had conquered. She would have no further occasion for jealousy that evening and so she was contented with the manner in which she had performed the duties which she had imposed upon herself.

Rose took no part in the wild excitement of the evening. As soon as she came off the stage, the Senator led her back again to the library where they had been looking over the books and pictures, before the performances had commenced.

After a long interview, the Senator left her alone and passed into the drawing-rooms, and gave his arm to Madame Zarowski.

Madame Zarowski conducted him through the noisy and tumultuous company and led him through two or three rooms into a private apartment of her own.

"And what has been the result of the honorable Senator's suit this evening?" asked Madame Zarowski when the two were seated alone together without fear of interruption.

"Rose still remains as indifferent to me as ever," answered the Senator with vexation and chagrin.

ZAROWSKI. Did you declare your passion?

SENATOR. No; for that would only have been to subject myself to additional humiliation at her hands.

ZAROWSKI. How then can you expect her to be aware of its existence?

SENATOR. Because my attentions to her ever since I first met her here—and you have afforded me ample opportunity—have been of such a character that she could not possibly mistake them.

ZAROWSKI. And have you exhausted all your arts?

SENATOR. I have laid siege to her heart from every point. I have tried the most delicate flattery and made the most insinuating appeals to her vanity and her ambition; I have tried to create new hopes and aspirations; I have gone so far as to attempt to excite her fears. All my intrigues and schemes have come to nothing. She is as obdurate as a stone.

ZAROWSKI. And does the honorable Senator propose to abandon the pursuit and give up the game?

SENATOR. Give her up! Not while life and vigor last. What does all my wealth and power and all the pride of my position avail me as long as she can baulk my wishes? I tell you, Zarowski, without her I cannot live. She haunts my very soul. Her image is constantly before me to torment me by day and by night. I follow her in my dreams. My passion for her consumes me. If she withhold herself, I shall die of desire. But she must and shall be mine at every sacrifice and every risk.

The Senator spoke this fiercely and in a voice husky with passion.

"And would the honorable Senator give his commanding influence to the sup-

port of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill, if the goddess that he worshipped were placed in his arms?" demanded Madame Zarowski.

For a moment the Senator paused, and then replied:

"Even that, Zarowski."

"Has she agreed to meet you at your apartments on the pretext on your part of giving her work?" asked Zarowski.

"She has," replied the Senator.

"Your hand, Senator, on the contract."

"My hand, Zarowski."

"And your word of honor?"

"And my word of honor."

The bargain was closed.

Madame Zarowski left the Senator and sought Isaacs. She found him alone in a cabinet awaiting her. She repeated to him the conversation she had just had with the Senator, and then she went on to give that part of the conversation with Doctor Plesington which related to the proposed treachery of that divine and Mr. Hearsey.

Isaacs had not seen her since his return from New York; he had been too busily engaged. He listened attentively to what she had to say, and when she had concluded, he told her that she had served him faithfully.

"And may I be free now?" she asked timidly.

"Yes; you have done all that lies in your power to do and can serve me no longer," replied Isaacs in a milder tone than his accustomed one. "I shall take the girl in hand myself now."

"And the horrible history of my life in Paris, before you took me from the cafe chantant in St. Antoine?" faltered Zarowski.

"Shall die with me," said the Jew.

"Heaven bless you," sobbed Zarowski, clasping his hands in hers and covering them with her kisses and her tears.

"And though the Jew is cold and cruel," said Isaacs, "he never fails to reward faithful service according to its value. You have done all that you could, Irene, and the balance of the amount placed at the banker's to your credit and to be expended in my service, which is not yet disposed of, shall be your own. It will make you independent and place you above the world. Up to this point our destinies have been mysteriously connected, but here they separate. Good-night and FAREWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOBBY DICK.

"Nobby Dick," alias Mr. Tyrrell, had met Mr. Isaacs the next morning after the interview between them "over the Lake on the Square," and had accepted his conditions and entered his service.

Mr. Tyrrell—for so he shall be designated in the remainder of this history—was every way qualified to succeed as a man of the world. He had originally been trained to business and understood it thoroughly. He was active and industrious, sprightly and good-looking, was possessed of an average degree of culture and had polite and easy manners. He could readily make himself a favorite with any reasonable employer, and become popular generally. It was owing to these qualifications that Mr. Isaacs had selected him.

Tyrrell's career in that species of vice which is ever liable to meet with open and disgraceful punishment had been a short one. He had been led astray in the usual manner. Hard work and insufficient pay, then pilfering from his employer, followed by a discharge and the impossibility of obtaining any honest employment that would afford him the means of gratifying his large stock of desires and wants, had been the moving causes which impelled him to take to vulgar thieving, from which beginning he had been led on and on until he had committed the deed which put his neck in Mr. Isaacs' pocket, as we have already seen.

He was not generally known to the police, and to his objection that he had been discharged for pilfering, and that some of the detectives had had their eyes upon him, and that he might not succeed in society, Mr. Isaacs had allayed his fears and reassured him with the statement of his—Isaacs'—experience, that so many men of the world were in the same box themselves, that they readily overlooked such youthful delinquencies on the ground of inexperience, unless, indeed, the culprit had been the subject of disgraceful punishment for his offence, in which case there would be no hope for him.

Mr. Tyrrell had accompanied Mr. Isaacs from New York to Washington and had there been introduced into the best society. Madame Zarowski had received him and invited him to her tableaux, which was *such* a distinguished honor. Doctor Plesington was too happy to vouch for him at any time, and Mrs. Hearsey gave him an additional shove by sounding his praises wherever she went.

Mr. Tyrrell had been placed as one of Mr. Hearsey's confidential clerks through Mr. Isaacs' influence for the purpose of observing and reporting to his patron all the movements and operations of his nominal employer that he might chance to find out.

Mr. Hearsey had given the place to Mr. Tyrrell because he desired to show to Mr. Isaacs the extent of his good will and confidence towards him, and to allay any suspicion that might arise in his bosom, derogatory to his—Mr. Hearsey's—good faith and honesty in their mutual grand enterprise.

Mr. Tyrrell conducted himself in all respects as a gentleman of breeding and honor. Being supplied from Hearsey and Isaacs both with all the money he wanted, he was able to gratify his wants and desires without being reduced to the terrible necessity of grand and petit larceny or burglary or forgery.

Mr. Tyrrell was furthermore strictly temperate in all his habits and was—following Mr. Isaacs' advice—a regular attendant on divine worship in Doctor Plesington's church. He was on the high road to success in life.

Not that any wonderful moral revolution had taken place in Mr. Tyrrell's sentiment organism; on the contrary, he remained essentially and identically the same "Nobby Dick" of former times. His circumstances were merely changed and his range of operations enlarged; that was all. He was still as ready to scuttle a ship or cut a throat as ever he had been to pick a pocket or crack a till while engaged in his former field of enterprise. The only difference was that he would do these things now under the wing of an all powerful protection and in strict observance of the rules of propriety.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PLOT.

"The session of Congress draws to a close. There is no time to be lost. What is done must be done quickly. But that was famous generalship in Irene to draw Hearsey's treachery out of that old fool Plesington! I had expected as much from him, but not in that direction. Tyrrell will take care of Mr. Hearsey. And that obdurate wench of a wild gipsy girl who holds out in refusing the Senator! Poor thing! Why does she not meet the Inevitable easily and gracefully like a lamb that is led to the altar to grace a festival? She might approach her fate crowned with bays and roses, the emblems of love and conquest. She refuses. It is not my fault. She is to visit the Senator. But if he could not win her in Irene's boudoirs he cannot improve results in his own chambers. It was the fierceness of his passion that prompted him to exact from her the promise. It must be looked to that in the rage and tempest of desire, the Senator does not forget himself and ruin all by a fatal attempt to coerce her will when the two are alone together in his great, dark mansion. But she shall be his. He has given his hand and his word and his honor to support the Bill on this condition. And he shall possess her in spite of all her refractory efforts; in spite of all her struggles to resist and escape him. And no form of law or requirement of society shall be violated in placing him in full possession."

Thus soliloquized Isaacs, the Jew, as he sat alone in his business office about

eleven o'clock at night with his right arm resting on the round green table and his eyes fixed upon the glowing coals in the grate.

Isaacs was not given to soliloquizing or idleness.

On this occasion he was waiting for Mr. Tyrrell to come in and make his report. Presently the door opened and this gentleman made his appearance.

ISAACS. Anything further from Harsey?

TYRRELL. Nothing of importance. He spends most of his time in New York as you are aware.

ISAACS. Was there anything of interest in his correspondence?

TYRRELL. Yes.

ISAACS. What?

TYRRELL. A supplicating letter from Hales, the journalist, whom you ordered me to keep eyes upon and run down, stating his pecuniary distress and begging employment.

ISAACS. Was he poor; very poor; the pauper?

TYRRELL. Entirely destitute and due for a week's lodgings.

ISAACS. What did he propose to do?

TYRRELL. Write for the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill.

ISAACS. Mr. Hales' services once solicited are no longer required.

Mr. Isaacs rubbed his hands in a great glee and seemed to be meditating.

"Tyrrell," said Isaacs, "this man Hales is a great scoundrel."

"And a dangerous man," added Tyrrell.

"His socialistic principles and his inflammatory appeals to the working men may result in great mischief," said Isaacs.

"And lead to the destruction of towns and cities by fire and to mob processions with red flags and cries of "Bread or Blood," put in the late Mr. Nobby Dick.

"He is a debauched wretch, who has spent his substance in riotous living with a mistress," said Isaacs.

"And is capable of committing any crime in the calendar," added the virtuous Tyrrell in an emphatic manner.

"Such a man should be made an example of," said Mr. Isaacs.

"I have informed Mrs. Harsey of his relation with the Cleopatra of the tableaux and you may depend upon her giving it sufficient tongue in the community," remarked Mr. Tyrrell.

"Good," said Mr. Isaacs with a grunt.

"I have made the fellow's acquaintance as you ordered me, and stand on fair terms with him. I have watched him and dogged his steps wherever he has gone, but I can ferret out nothing that would justify his arrest by the legal authorities. I must confess that the villain's schemes are too deep for me," said Tyrrell, with a solemn shaking of the head.

"Society will not require overwhelming evidence to send such a dangerous character to the gallows or the State's prison," strongly observed Mr. Isaacs.

"And the man who might bring him to justice would be rewarded as a public benefactor," said Tyrrell, looking keenly into Mr. Isaacs' eyes.

"Has Mr. Harsey properly authorized you to sign his name in his absence?" asked Mr. Isaacs.

"Only the other day he bestowed upon me that flattering mark of his confidence," answered Mr. Tyrrell.

"Do you know the 'Rogue's Post,' Mr. Tyrrell?" inquired Mr. Isaacs.

"I heard an old stager once allude to it. But it must be a rare article and its use confined to the very top of our profession, for I have never seen it or even heard it spoken of but this one time. It is a kind of writing paper, I believe, that possesses some very peculiar properties," replied Mr. Tyrrell.

Mr. Isaacs went to his safe, unlocked it and sprung a secret drawer in the side and produced a sheet of paper.

"And now, Mr. Tyrrell," said Mr. Isaacs, "I will give you the master's degree."

Mr. Tyrrell took the paper and examined it with great care. There was nothing about it to distinguish it from ordinary fine letter paper, except, perhaps, that it was not ruled and was not very smoothly glazed.

Mr. Isaacs took a pen and wrote his name on the lower margin of the sheet. Then

he tore it off so as to make jagged and irregular indentures. He then produced from the safe a small, square bottle wrapped in buckskin and cased in lead, and took a small camel's hair pencil and applied a few drops of the pale, colorless liquid which it contained to the sheet lying before him, covering a space large enough upon which to place the slip he had torn off with his name upon the moistened surface, and then penciled it over with a few more drops of the same fluid. Then he dried it before the gas and handed it to Mr. Tyrrell for inspection.

Mr. Tyrrell was lost in wonder and admiration. He had never seen anything half so beautiful in all his life. The slip containing the name seemed literally to have been melted into and become absorbed in the page upon which it had been pasted! There was not the vestige of a line or shade or color to show the shape of the slip that had been attached.

Mr. Isaacs then took the sheet and placed it between two leaves of tissue paper, and held it before the gas, and lo! there was to be traced clearly and distinctly the jagged and irregular outlines of the indentures.

"This is no slight of hand performance, Tyrrell," said Isaacs, amused at his dumb astonishment; "it is tangible reality. But few living men besides myself have the secret of this paper, and it is never employed except in the rarest and most extraordinary emergencies."

Mr. Isaacs then took a drop of oil and water and loosened the slip and pulled it off.

Tyrrell continued to stare in mute amazement.

"You have not of course replied to Hales' letter?" asked Mr. Isaacs with a negative accent.

"I was waiting your instructions," answered Tyrrell.

"My instructions are these," said Mr. Isaacs: "you will take with you this evening three sheets of the 'Rogue's Post.' One of them you will retain yourself. Upon one of them you will address a polite note to Mr. Hales, regretting your inability to comply with his wishes. To this note you will attach Mr. Hearsey's signature. You will deliver this note in person to Mr. Hales, and carry the other sheet with you and manage to secrete it in Hales' papers where you can find it again. Then your skill as a pick-pocket will enable you to detach Mr. Hearsey's signature from the note—and for this purpose you must write Mr. Hearsey's name well below the body of the note—place the nameless note in a pigeon-hole in Hales' desk, and bring back the slip containing Mr. Hearsey's signature with you. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Tyrrell, "and an easy job to put up on that absent-minded, dreaming, unsuspecting fool."

"After you have done this," continued Isaacs, "you will write on the sheet which you have retained an order purporting to be from Mr. Hearsey on myself, to pay to George Hales the sum of five hundred dollars for services rendered in the support of the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill. To this order you will attach the signature of Mr. Hearsey, which you have torn off from the note addressed by yourself to Hales as you have seen it done by me here to-night. You enclose this order to my address through the post-office. By return post I will send the money to Hales. Be ready with a policeman at the post-office and seize him and charge him with the crime before he has an opportunity to explain, or to send the money back. He can only deny all knowledge of the affair—any thief would do the same—but who will believe him?"

"But might not the note addressed to him, being on the same kind of paper, implicate Mr. Hearsey and myself in the transaction?" thoughtfully suggested Mr. Tyrrell.

"To prevent this very thing is the object of this third blank sheet, which you are to secrete among Hales' papers. While Hales is in your custody, you will take out a search warrant and discover the note addressed to Hales and the blank sheet which you have secreted. But first you will show the outlines of the slip attached to the order through the tissue paper. Then you will remove the slip and show that it exactly fits the place where it was torn off the note he received from you. The evidence will be conclusive. The blank sheet of this paper which you find there will prove that he keeps the material on hand, and is a professional forger."

"But this plan involves an exposure of the paper, and it will be seen on examination that the paper on which I wrote the note to Hales is of the same character as

the paper on which the order was written, and also as that of the blank sheet," objected Tyrrell.

"In the first place," said Isaacs, "I am the prosecutor in the case, and there will be no such examination as you fear, to show the kind of paper on which your note to Hales was written. I will retain the evidences in my own possession, and produce just so much as may be necessary to secure his committment without bail. When this is done, my purpose is accomplished. I have no revenge to gratify upon Mr. Hales, and shall prosecute him no further than is necessary to accomplish my purpose."

Upon the renewed assurance of Mr. Tyrrell that he fully comprehended the arrangement, Mr. Isaacs gave him the paper and the material, and ordering him to begin at once, dismissed him from his presence.

"Strike down the buck and secure the doe," said Isaacs, rubbing his hands when he was again alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY COUNTRY.

The Senator was at home. He was seated at his desk and busily engaged at work. On his desk stood a basket full of papers and letters. The papers he merely glanced at and threw among the waste paper. But he read all the letters; some rapidly, merely noting the substance of their contents; others he read more carefully. None of the letters were thrown away. He would put them back in their envelopes and make a mark or a sign upon them. Sometimes he would write out a brief memorandum. His confidential secretary in the next room understood these marks and signs and would get the letters and answer them every one without exception, exactly as the Senator would have them answered, and would sign them with a *fac simile* of the Senator's signature. This was his duty. Often he could not do all the work himself and would distribute the work among assistants and direct how it ought to be done.

There was nothing of a strictly confidential nature in the letters turned over to the confidential secretary. Letters of that character the Senator arranged in the drawers of his desk and carried the key himself. The most of the letters answered by the secretary were for information or solicitations for petty offices, some of them volunteered advice and others begged support for some private bill; some were for charity. They were on all possible subjects, but those given included the most of them.

For these there were stereotyped answers, always courteous and pleasant, assigning some very satisfactory reason why the Senator could not do as requested; which he regretted. On letters in relation to his support of bills, he—or rather his secretary—would say that the bill was not yet before the Senate, and until he should hear it discussed he would not have the necessary information to justify his giving an opinion. Every correspondent received an answer and all were pleased, and some felt honored at receiving such a polite response, and signed, too, by the Senator himself. The secretary filed all the letters received, in order, in a book kept for that purpose. The names of the months were printed in gilt letters on the backs of these books in which the files were kept.

The more important letters the Senator filed in his own desk and answered at his leisure. But it was a noticeable fact, that none, even of these letters, contained original matter of really great importance. They contained allusions to such matters and were explanatory of important matters, but they did not have direct reference to these matters themselves. This was because persons having such matters, requiring legislation or official action, were either present themselves or had their agents in the city, and these things were arranged orally, whereby a much better understanding could be arrived at between the parties.

The compartments of the Senator's desk were arranged under two divisions. One was labelled "Business," and the other "Political." The first had reference to his legitimate official duties, and the second referred to his individual political interests.

Both these principal divisions were appropriately sub-divided and labelled. The division marked "Political," was the one of the most interest. It was labelled in one of the compartments with the names of the States. The Senator knew every man of any mark in every State who was his friend. He knew very many who were his friends who had not made any mark at all. In this division he kept large ledgers and books, and in one of these books he kept the names and post-office address of all his correspondents.

In a row of very light covered books—so made to economize space and save strength in handling—on the upper shelf, extending the whole length of the desk, was recorded all the Congressional districts in the United States, with a sub-division of the counties under each. In every county in the country, (except the counties of his own State) where the Senator had friends upon whom he could rely, their names were written under the names of the respective counties where they resided. In his own State this arrangement was continued down to the townships. He was doing the same thing in the other States as fast as the increase of his friends permitted it. All this required labor, but the Senator never spared expense in clerk hire. He had been elected Governor and then Senator, owing to this laborious and thorough organization, and what might not be reached if this same plan was extended to the country at large? He was in the prime of life, enjoyed vigorous health, was possessed of great personal popularity, his ability was universally acknowledged and his fortune was very large. There was nothing that he might not aspire to.

The Senator never received company in the evening before he had finished his mails and had given directions about answering the letters, and answering all that required answering from himself personally. This was his rule. Sometimes there were special cases and he made exceptions. But for general visitors and in all ordinary cases, he was inflexible.

He had finished the contents of the basket, and the confidential secretary had taken out the last letters and closed the door behind him. He had written all his answers and put them into the mail-box and locked up his desk. He was relaxing himself a moment before he opened the door to admit the crowd that was in waiting below.

This was the night that Rose was to visit him, and he was somewhat nervous and impatient. A female intrigue was the only thing which divided his mind with ambition. It was yet early in the evening, and he intended to feign illness to get rid of his visitors, so that when Rose came he could have her alone. The Senator occupied his own private house. It was a dark and sombre looking building of grey stone, mossy and mildewed and one side covered with creeping vines. Its internal arrangements were made solely with a view to his own convenience. Being a single man, the house was not well adapted for a family.

The waiting-room, the large parlors and the dining hall were on the first floor. On the second were arranged in suites, working rooms, private parlors, the library and bed rooms. The third story was for servants and lumber generally.

The Senator rang the bell and ordered the servant who answered it to bring up the cards of the gentlemen in the waiting room below. The servant collected them upon a silver waiter and deposited them upon the Senator's desk. The visitors were rapidly disposed of, all with comforting assurances, but disposed of nevertheless. The Senator plead illness. He was not usually ill, and it was not his habit to appear anxious to get rid of those who called. So he was excused. The servant himself declared that he had never seen the Senator so prostrate since he had been in his service.

The Senator left his working-room and went into one of his private chambers where he intended to receive Rose. He gave special orders to his servants to admit no other visitors and to excuse him on account of indisposition, but if a young lady should come, to let her in.

The chamber into which the Senator went was a temple dedicated to Venus. No man ever crossed its threshold except himself. Its ceiling was a dome frescoed with cupids and Hebes. From the centre was suspended a chandelier of silver, crusted in grotesque forms of satyrs, fauns and water-lilies. The walls were covered with white satin and hung with paintings of soft and glowing female forms of the school of Rubens. The carpet was elaborately manufactured to represent a cushion of thick green moss, sprinkled with red rose buds. The furniture—the ottomans, divans and sofas—was of massive black old mahogany, polished till it shined and gleamed like jet in

the reflected brilliancy of the chandelier. It was of the Turkish pattern and covered with Turkish cloth richly embroidered. On the mantles and *etageres* of the side furniture were exquisite vases filled with cut stone and rare and beautiful shells, and there were statuettes and carvings representing scenes in the loves of the water nymphs and the dryads. Immense bosks of fresh flowers in hanging baskets emitted their fragrance, and from a censer on an altar-shaped centre table, a fine, thin smoke, scarcely visible, curled upwards from the burning of aromatic gums. The oppressive fragrance from the flowers and gums benumbed the senses and induced languor and passion. In one corner of the room was a bed of eider down, half hidden from view by curtains of fleecy gauze. On the yellow maple canopy was painted the amours of Leda and the swan.

The Senator was restless and uneasy. He looked at his watch and he paced the chamber. It was time for Rose to be there. Would she come, or would the little minx deceive him? No woman had ever baffled him so long a time before. For the most part they had surrendered themselves willing victims on the first assault. And how should he receive Rose when she did come? Should he continue the old fraud about art and her paintings, or should he throw himself at her feet and declare his love? The Senator's passion was consuming him.

While these doubts and embarrassments were going on in his bosom, Rose was on her way to fill her appointment and meet him as she had promised.

Poor thing! She was thinking all the time about George Hales, and thinking that the Senator whom she was going to see was so very rich, and a great man and a good man. For so he had impressed her. She was thinking that her dying father had bequeathed her to God and her country; and she thought that the good, kind Senator would give her work, and that then she would have money and she and George would be so happy when they took their long rambles among the hills and were alone together in her little parlor. For since Madame Zarowski had ceased to give her work, she had been without means, and her rent would be due in the morning, and Hales was as poor as she was. So she hurried along under the gas lights to be in time to meet her appointment.

But she did not see the dark, muffled form across the street as she entered the door of the Senator's house. But if she had, it would not have attracted her attention, she was so deeply occupied with the thought of getting work and earning a little money.

In less than a minute after Rose had entered, Isaacs, for his was the muffled form across the street, crossed over and rang the bell at the same door.

The servant who opened it for him explained that the Senator was ill, and that he had received strict orders to admit no one. But Isaacs overcame his scruples. He told him that he understood the arrangement, and enforcing this argument with a few good gold pieces, the servant allowed him to enter the waiting-room.

But he was scarcely seated before he heard a shrill, piercing scream from upstairs. He rushed up into the Senator's working room—another scream—he bursted through doors in the direction from which the screams proceeded, until he was in the chamber face to face with Rose and the Senator. The Senator stood humiliated, crest fallen, glowering and biting his lips in silence. Rose, with her face flushed with the rush of blood, her long, black hair streaming down her back, and her large eyes flashing with rage and indignation, was standing in a corner of the room, her lips half open as if to speak, her arm extended and her finger pointed at the Senator.

There were broken glasses and vases, and scattered flowers on the carpet indicating that there had been a struggle.

"This insult shall be avenged," said Rose when Isaacs had entered; and then left the chamber hastily without speaking another word, and passed into the street.

"Senator," said Isaacs, before the former had recovered from his confusion, "perhaps I have arrived in time to save you from utter ruin. How far you have succeeded in carrying out what—from the disordered condition of this chamber—seems to have been your purpose, I do not know. But this is certain; the girl has been deeply wronged and may find friends—aye, and powerful friends—to take her part."

The Senator had not yet recovered his wonted courage. His exposure had come upon him so unexpectedly and suddenly. He was abashed and confounded and timid, as the strongest men will be, from a sense of conscious and detected guilt.

"And what brought you to play the spy about my premises?" asked the Senator

with as much scorn and contempt as he could force into his tone and accent under the embarrassing circumstances.

"Your own protection," replied the Jew, "and if your Senatorship will lay aside all epithets and compose your feelings—which must be no less ruffled by my intrusion than by the ill success of your amorous enterprise—and consider the matter rationally, something may be evolved to your Senatorship's advantage."

"And who are you that dares to address me in this insolent manner?" asked the Senator with rising indignation and anger.

"Your master," replied the Jew, carelessly smelling at a bouquet he had picked from one of the vases.

"Scoundrel and dog! Begone from my presence before I pollute my hands with the touch of your Jewish carcass!" roared the Senator in a towering passion, rising from his chair and advancing towards the bell to ring for his servants.

"Gently; gently," said the Jew. "Would you send me for a warrant to have you arrested, and cause me to hire the greatest criminal lawyers to prosecute you for your crime, or would you risk a murder to remove a witness in preference? Should you attempt the latter alternative, you will find my nerves of a firmer texture than those of a defenceless—as you suppose—and orphan girl."

The Jew triumphed.

"What would you say?" asked the Senator resignedly.

"I would say that I am intimately acquainted with all your designs and purposes relative to this girl, and with all the arts and intrigues you have employed to bend her to your will since your first acquaintance with her at Madame Zarowski's," deliberately answered the Jew.

"Zounds! And has that false cat betrayed me?" ejaculated the Senator with bitterness.

"Madame Zarowski is in my service," said the Jew, "and she informs me of a solemn pledge you made her to be performed on a certain condition. Is it still your purpose to fulfill that pledge upon the performance of the precedent condition?"

"More than ever, Jew, since you have compelled my confidence and forced a right to demand an answer," replied the Senator.

"You do well to say more than ever," said the Jew with a leer. "Your true connoisseur in matters of desire knows how to unite the passions. All the secret arts of love known to the voluptuous Turk can teach no higher exstasy than to enjoy, and triumph, and revenge together. And you owe your willful little nut-brown maid a lesson, eh?"

"And this unfortunate scene of to-night——"

"All nonsense," interrupted the Jew, "you were awaiting me on some business; the girl came and annoyed you; she was pert and you jocularly took some liberties; she screamed, you discovered that she was a black-mailer and ordered her off the premises; I am a witness to the substantial facts. You could have her arrested if you chose and it was not in conflict with our plan."

"And the girl——"

"Shall be yours," replied the Jew before the Senator could finish his sentence. "But," he added with a warning look and gesture, "remember your part of the contract. Remember that the Jew holds your honorable self and all your honorable colleagues in the hollow of his hand. The wealth and power of this nation is his. Your public securities to which this broad land and the toil and sweat of this people are pledged are his also. He furnishes the means for your colossal enterprises and holds the mortgages upon them. He makes and unmakes your Senates with a breath. He controls your press and raises up your boasted party organisms and puts them down to suit his pleasure. He permits your nation to exist until it shall suit his purposes to destroy its life. Be wise. Adieu."

The Jew went his way and left the Senator alone in the desecrated temple of Venus.

CHAPTER XX.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The plot against Hales, contrived by Isaacs and executed by Tyrrell, succeeded

in every detail. Hales was arrested and in spite of all his protestations was looked up in a felon's cell charged with an infamous crime. He had no friends—no money. It was a common thing.

The affair caused no excitement whatever. It was the most natural thing in the world, it was said, for a spendthrift and a libertine and for one entertaining such infamous social opinions as he was said to entertain, to wind up in the State's prison for forgery.

The thought that he might be innocent occurred to no one who read an account of the affair in the evening papers. Those high toned journals enlarged upon the heinousness of the crime. They showed that the evidence was overwhelming. The high character of the witnesses, too, was noticed. There was Mr. Hearsey's clerk, who had been received into the most fashionable society in the city, whose strict integrity and gentlemanly bearing had been a matter of public observation. Mr. Tyrrell, the gentleman in question, was, further, a regular attendant at Doctor Plesington's church and that distinguished Divine would take pleasure in vouching for him, as would also Mr. Hearsey, who had shown his appreciation by appointing Mr. Tyrrell his private secretary, a post to which no young man would be advanced unless his employer had the most undoubted evidence to convince him of his worth and character.

The gravamen of the crime, however, was assigned to be that Mr. Isaacs had been made the intended victim. The *Evening Luminary* wished to know if there was any one unacquainted with the fact that Mr. Isaacs was, perhaps, the greatest public benefactor in "our midst." It was stated that his benefactions were not confined to one locality or section but embraced the entire country. His spirit of enterprise and vast means had enabled him to furnish employment to thousands and render them his debtors for their daily bread, while his large hearted liberality and charity had supplied the necessities and the wants of the widow and the orphan. None other than just such a wretch as Hales was represented to be—as stated in this journal—could have conceived—much less perpetrated—such an atrocity on such a man. Society had cause to rejoice, as was stated further, that it had rid itself of one more of those pests who disregarded the eternal fitness of things as expressed in the sublime and immutable law of supply and demand, made war upon the conveniences of society, and endeavored to organize strife by inciting a spirit of discontent and insubordination among the working men and women, who, that journal asserted, were contented and happy, and would do well enough, if the demagogues would only let them alone.

The comments of the "*Luminary*" were mere echoes of the sentiments of the community.

When Mr. Tyrrell informed Mrs. Hearsey of the arrest and imprisonment of Rose's lover, that good lady's delight knew no bounds. Mrs. Hearsey viewed things from her own stand-point. She had hated Rose from the time that Madame Zarowski had poisoned her mind with the suspicion that Doctor Plesington had looked upon her with a favorable eye. She bore no special malice towards Hales personally, but anything which would humiliate Rose would be a triumph to her. So she got on her bonnet and furs and drove straight to Rose's land-lady, made herself acquainted and stated to her all the circumstances, and wound up with warning her against the "viper" she was cherishing in her bosom.

Isaacs complimented Mr. Tyrrell on the neatness and dispatch with which he had done up the job and told him that he was afraid that he would require his services before long in a much more serious business, in which Mr. Hearsey would be the victim.

As Mr. Isaacs said this he looked strangely at Mr. Tyrrell.

And Mr. Tyrrell looked strangely at Mr. Isaacs.

Meanwhile, George Hales, humiliated and crushed, was lying in prison under charge of an infamous crime, and Rose, as yet, knew nothing at all about it.

CHAPTER XXI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The night that Rose left the Senator's house her sleep was broken and irregular. It was long before she could find repose at all. She had gone expecting work and had met with insult and violence. She had hoped to find the means of support for her-

self and to aid Hales in his embarrassment and had received instead, dishonorable propositions. She now understood the meaning of all the Senator's professed kindness towards her.

She wondered what there was about her that had given the Senator the feeling of liberty to treat her as he had done? She wondered if other girls had ever met with similar treatment. She was wounded in the heart. But she was not humiliated or crushed. There was a quality of steel about her heart and soul, and a glint in her dark black eye that showed a consciousness of self-respect and a spirit unsubdued. What would George say about it, she thought. Should she tell him or not? There was no one else who cared for her or for whom she cared sufficiently to induce her to mention the matter at all. As to having any legal rights, the thought did not once occur to her. She thought she would not tell George; it would only distress him to no purpose. But that she would revenge the insult, and revenge it terribly, was something well settled in her mind. The only question was how and when? But there was no necessity for haste about this. It was one of those inevitable things of the future, like death, which must come. So she could afford to put by the thought for the moment.

What more deeply interested her immediately was how she was to live, and how George was to live. She had failed to get any other pupils than George in her proposal to teach French and Italian. Madame Zarowski had given her no more work, and it was not probable that she would, though she had gone to her tableaux and acted in them for the express purpose of gratifying her, with a view of getting a continuation of employment from her. In this she had failed. Neither could she sell her pictures at the shops. What could she do? George could not aid her, for he was as unfortunately situated as herself. What *was* she to do? This was the question which kept repeating itself over and over again until it nearly drove her to insanity. She could not work upon the street or break stone or shovel earth; she had not the physical strength. She had no means of sustaining animal heat and life that she had not tried to render available, but without effect.

In the morning her rent would be due and she could not pay it. She would be hungry and she would not be able to purchase food. In a few days her fuel would be all consumed, and how was she to get any more? She could not even compete as a chamber-maid or as a cook or washer and ironer with a thousand brawny armed women that would step in and take the places before her. What *was* she to do? She had no money and she had no friends able to help her—only one single friend, George Hales—Her conscience told her that she had done her duty and was pure. How gladly she would have done something that she was capable of doing to have given her a modest—a very modest—living, that she and George might be happy!

But there was no prospect—not even a hope. Why had she been born? Why had she been placed upon the earth where she seemed to be an alien and an intruder? Who was responsible for this greivous wrong and injustice? Not she herself; not her dear, old, dead father. When Rose thought of him she wept. It was the only thought that would bring tears to her eyes.

She was becoming wild. The eternal repetition of the question, "what shall I do?" had fixed itself on her brain. Awake, her brain would be beating with it; in her broken slumber its monotonous throb would arouse her. Was she growing mad? The eternal question in an eternal monotone beat through her nerves with every pulsation of her heart. It set itself to musical rythm and kept time to the throbbing of the heart and brain. "*What shall I do?*"—like the ticking of a clock, the first word to one stroke of the pendulum and the other three in the same time before the pendulum struck again. Rose was getting near to the doors of a mad-house.

Should she go to the alms-house, or should she beg, or should she sacrifice her womanhood, or should she die? These seemed to be the only alternatives. "What shall I do?"

A thousand girls have gone through just such moral agonies, but not one out of them all was like Rose. She had in her the fiery, revolutionary blood of the south. She was of the Latin races. She could have closed the doors and windows and set fire to the charcoal with as much care and deliberation as any grisette of Paris, had she thought it necessary; but she did not think so. Her bosom was tossed with quite other emotions.

She felt that a terrible wrong was being done to her. She felt that she had a

right to live and love George and be happy, and that she was being deprived of this right. Her resentment did not fall upon the Senator for this. It was this necessity which had driven her to him for work. She felt the wrong, but did not know where to place it.

In her madness and despair she could have seized a torch and plunged it into all the treasures of the wealth and the art of the ages, and plunged after it into the blazing pile with a wild shout of defiance. She began to understand how it was, as her father had told her, that ten thousand women excited by Camille Desmoulins could surge from Paris to Versailles, drawing canon, and pull down the horses of the royal officers and roast them at the fires they had kindled, and eat the half raw and quivering flesh. She began to understand now that there were lofty moments of exaltation when the soul could laugh danger and death to scorn, and triumph over all in the hour of dissolution. She felt that the days of heroism were only ordinary days, and would be certain to appear again whenever the time came round.

Rose wanted to live. She was young—not yet seventeen—she wanted to live and she wanted George to live, and she wanted to be happy with him. It would require but little—very little—for them to live and be as happy as the days were long. A little food and clothing and shelter, and fuel in the winter time—that was all—and how willingly they would both labor to secure it, if they only had an opportunity. The fishes of the sea and rivers lived; the birds of the air lived; the hares and foxes of the fields lived; people all around her lived, and that too, without labor; why could not she and George live, who were willing and able to do something for the common good?

Rose was exalted and depressed by turns. Now she was elevated to heaven in a sacrificing effort of heroic daring, and then she was dragged down to earth again when she thought that she might be turned into the street in the morning because she could not pay her rent. Her face was by turns hot and feverish with the excitement of high resolve, and pale and moist with large cold drops of perspiration.

With these reflections and emotions Rose passed the night after her visit to the Senator, half waking, half dreaming by fits and starts of Hales and the happy spirit land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST STRUGGLE.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning following the wretched night which Rose had passed after her visit to the Senator, that Mrs. Harsey had driven to Rose's landlady and formed her acquaintance for the purpose of narrating to her the circumstances of Hales' arrest, and warning her against the "viper."

Rose had risen unrefreshed and looked haggard and weary. She had put on her little pot of coffee to boil, more mechanically than from any want of stimulant or nourishment. She was still in her morning gown and did not seem to be making any preparations to dress for the day.

She heard a sharp rap at the door. Surprised at a call at this unseasonable hour, she went to the door and opened it herself to see from whence proceeded the alarm.

"Begone from my house this instant!" cried her landlady who stood before her with her face flushed with excitement and gesticulating violently with both hands. "Begone! How dare you disgrace my house! Off, or the police will move you. Your things will remain until your rent is paid."

The landlady was a long, sharp, keen, sallow woman of about forty-five, in white cap and apron, not scrupulously clean.

Rose and her father had lodged there for two or three years, and Rose had retained the rooms after her father's death. During all this time the rent had been punctually paid whenever it had become due, without a single omission. Rose and her father had been, and Rose was, what are called by ladies renting small apartments, "most excellent lodgers," not merely on account of the regular payment of the rent, but because they were such quiet people.

The circumstance that Rose had not paid her rent would not have been a sufficient reason to have determined the landlady's mind to give Rose such peremptory notice to leave the house; neither would any suspicion of her own as to what might have been deemed an improper relation between her and Hales, or even the arrest and imprisonment of Hales itself been sufficient. Miss Brackman—for that was the landlady's name—was like all others of her class who had to subsist the best way they could by letting lodgings. When she knew her lodger well, and was satisfied, she would always prefer to overlook a failure to pay rent at the exact date than to deport herself in such a manner as to lose her customer.

This would have been her course in regard to Rose, but for the intervention of Mrs. Hearsey. For this guardian of female virtue had whispered in Miss Brackman's ear that morning, that an irregular intimacy existed between Rose and Hales, which in itself was nothing, it was true, but that it was the common talk in some of the best circles of society in the city, and that if she continued to keep Rose in her house, that her house would soon acquire a disreputable fame, and that Miss Brackman herself, however innocent, would be sure to share the opprobrium.

Miss Brackman became alarmed and declared with emphasis that if she had had the most remote suspicion of such a state of things, she would have "dumped" the little hussy into the street in such an incredibly short space of time that her head, (the hussy's), would have swam by reason of the suddenness of the change.

Then Mrs. Hearsey proceeded to state the circumstances of Hales' arrest and imprisonment, his spendthrift habits, his debauchery and his profligate social principles and his final capture as a forger. Mrs. Hearsey also spoke of the search-warrant and of the material for forgery found in Hales' possession, and did not doubt, if the truth were known, that Rose was in collusion with him, if not an active partner in his crimes. She had no doubt that a similar warrant would have to be taken to make a search among Rose's possessions, and she felt sure that the result of such an investigation would establish Rose's guilt beyond any question. But this, suggested Mrs. Hearsey, would be extremely unfortunate for Miss Brackman, and for the hitherto respectable character of her house. Mrs. Hearsey added in conclusion, as she was taking her leave, that she had been prompted in making these disclosures solely with a view to her—Miss Brackman's—interest, and out of her—Mrs. Hearsey's—general regard for the cause of virtue and religion.

It was an event for a carriage to stop at Miss Brackman's door; how much greater an event was it for the great and fashionable Mrs. Hearsey, wife of the great railroad king, Mr. Hearsey, to get out of such a carriage and cross the threshold of Miss Brackman's rented house!

This effort was not lost on the appreciative instinct of Miss Brackman. She was overwhelmed with confusion at the honor which Mrs. Hearsey's visit had conferred upon her. It had placed her reeling under obligations to that lady which she felt she could never pay in life. It was, therefore, but the work of a moment after Mrs. Hearsey had gone, to rush up stairs into Rose's room and tell her that "she must begone from her house in an instant."

What was Rose to do? She could not quarrel with Miss Brackman, for that would be to recognize an equality between them. It was not worthy of serious revenge, and to gratify a petty spite for an insult from a low creature was not in Rose's nature. So Rose merely told her that if she would speak in a respectful manner she would hear her, otherwise, being as yet mistress of her own apartments, she would close the door, for Miss Brackman had not entered the room.

Although Rose gave no expression to any feeling in response to Miss Brackman's brutality, yet her sensitive nature was keenly alive to the terrible circumstance, which in a manner, put her at the mercy of Miss Brackman's insults. Rose could not pay her rent and it was due. She did not have one single dollar in the world. She was a "pauper" and Miss Brackman had a right to tell her so and to call her a swindler and to threaten her with the police.

Rose was ignorant as yet of the fate of Hales, and thought that Miss Brackman's outbreak was due to the fact that she had not been able to pay her rent. But she was at once to be undeceived and made acquainted with the fearful calamity which had fallen upon her.

"A pretty piece of business to have the police searching your trunks for stolen property and burglars' things and all that," said Miss Brackman in a hurried and ex-

cited manner, "and you a lodger in my house, and me a poor but honest woman! Go to your lover, Hales, or whatever his name is, and never put foot in my house again until you come to pay your rent, for if you do, I will have you taken to the station-house for a common thief. If you want to know where to find your lover, you will find him lying in jail for forging an honest man's name to a note."

Rose only heard the last words that had been spoken. Hales in prison! For forgery! It could not be! It was some awful mistake! Some terrible dream!

Rose sprang upon Miss Brackman like a young leopard. She seized her fiercely by the arms. Every fibre of her body quivered. Her eyes flashed fire and her dark-brown face turned crimson.

"Infamous woman! You lie!" cried Rose, utterly losing herself in a paroxysm of rage and grief. "You would add to my tortures by your base slanders. George Hales is innocent of any crime. He is not in prison, say that he is not in prison or I will tear your foul tongue from your throat!" shrieked Rose in tones frantic with despair and clutching Miss Brackman's throat and tightening her grasp. Then in a moment she relaxed her hold and fell at her feet and implored her to have mercy upon her. She plead with her to tell her that what she had said was not true, but merely intended to insult her because she could not pay her rent. She plead with all the eloquence of a strong woman's heart in the desolation of its love; she clung to hope with the tenacity of the drowning wretch who catches at the sea-weed and is washed lifeless ashore with his hands clutched upon it in the rigidity of death.

In vain!

Miss Brackman was not wicked and bore no malice towards Rose. And now, seeing that poor, crushed, half-senseless thing crouching in terror at her feet, she took pity upon her and told her with a kinder accent that what she had stated was true; that George was then in prison on a charge of forgery; and that her own—Rose's—name was mentioned in connection with the affair.

After Miss Brackman had made this explanation she retired.

Rose did not weep or sob or wring her hands or tear her hair. She was calm—terribly calm and still—but very cold and pale.

What could she do? She had no money or any friends, and Hales needed both. Madame Zarowski would not help her—even if Rose could find her—for she had even refused to give her work when she needed it, and besides, Rose was proud.

She glanced round her room. She took an inventory of all her worldly possessions as she had done that chill Autumn evening after she came home from her father's funeral. But with quite other emotions. Then her sorrow was sanctified and soothed by all the tender recollections of the past. The peaceful spirit of her father could look down on her from its sphere of calm repose and could bless her.

There stood the same table at which her father had pursued his art, and upon it was the old mahogany flute case with the flute oiled and laid away as he had left it. There was the old and well-worn copy of Jean Paul standing at its accustomed place. There was the old arm-chair. Rose had preserved these from a sense of religious veneration for her father's memory and she loved to see them about her. It kept her father's spirit nearer to her she thought. And that spirit would be happier too, Rose thought, when it lingered in her presence, if these relics were near.

Rose's furniture consisted of a bed and fixtures, a little parlor stove, her father's table—as she called it—where Hales used to write, a table in the centre of the room, and a cupboard in the corner.

She changed her clothes. She put on a heavy, stout woolen dress and laid out her cloak. Then she took out all her articles of wearing apparel from her trunk. She laid them neatly together and folded them up in a large bundle.

There were some toys and trinkets that she had played with when a child. There was a wax doll, a little China set of play things and an ivory cup and ball. Then there were two rings. One had been her mother's wedding ring; the other had been a birth-day present from her father. They were not worth much in money.

All these articles Rose laid on her father's table to themselves.

Then she put out the fire in the stove.

After she had done this she went out and found a second-hand dealer and brought him to her room and sold him the furniture for cash in hand.

It was then a little after ten o'clock and the things were to be removed that afternoon.

When Rose had finished business with the dealer, she put the toys and the trink-

ets and the two rings and the copy of Jean Paul and the flute with its mahogany case all into a little basket—the one she used to carry with George and her father in their rambles among the hills—she took the basket and the clothing and left the house. She took along the cithern.

The landlady did not see her go, or if she did, she never stopped her to make inquiries.

Rose went to a dealer and sold the clothing.

Then she went to a pawn-broker and pledged the toys and the trinkets, the rings, the copy of Jean Paul, and the flute with the mahogany case and the cithern.

There was a gleam of hope and Rose thought one day she might redeem these treasures.

When she had turned into money all her earthly possessions except the clothing which she wore, she sought the prison where George Hales was lying.

When she arrived, the jailor, a blunt, plain-spoken man, told her she had no business there; that it was no place for the "likes of her." He told her further that it was little satisfaction she would get if he let her in, for the prisoner Hales was in a raging fever and rattling all kinds of nonsense in his delirium. The doctor, he said, did not think he would live over the night; he had the prison fever and his brain was affected. At last he told Rose roundly that he could not let her in without a permit from the proper officer and that she need not waste her time.

Another long and weary tramp for Rose. She would not hire a carriage, urgent as the case was, for George would need the money. She set out to get the permit. She was desolate and heart-broken, but the strong angel came to her now and lifted up her soul and will far above the real, working world around her. She was tired and foot-sore, but she kept on her way. She knew that Hales was innocent and she knew that he had been made the victim of some dark plot, which she could not understand. She scorned and despised the laws; she despised the miserable creatures who hired themselves out for pay to execute them; she despised the dumb, stupid people among whom she passed, for submitting to them.

She found the proper officer at last, stated her request, and received a permit.

Another long walk back and a presentation of the permit, and the jailor let her to Hales' cell.

He was dying.

At her request, Rose was locked in with him that she might the better give him the last attentions that he would need on earth.

The cell was in the lower range where the worst class of criminals were confined. The air was foul and noisome. None could penetrate from without, and all the light that entered through the grating of the door was from the dim and narrow stone corridor, in each end of which a feeble jet of gas was burning. The stone floor of the cell was cold and damp. There were two great iron rings there where prisoners were sometimes chained down. The stone walls were covered with green mould and were scrawled over with the reflections of former occupants. The prisoner was allowed two old blankets which smelled of disease.

Rose's womanhood did not forsake her. She watched over and tended her dying lover in his prison cell with all the tender care of a mother for her first born. The jailor passed to and fro on his rounds in the corridor but never interrupted them.

Hales could not speak. His eyes were growing glassy. But he was young, and terrible as the stroke upon his brain had been, and fierce as the prison fever was, the spirit seemed loath to take its flight, though reason had already gone. The spirit seemed as if it wished to speak; to say something, before it could depart in peace. It seemed to suffer intense pain and agony in making a vain effort for expression. The struggle lasted long. Rose, seated upon the cold, damp stone floor, rested the head of the dying man upon her lap and sponged his forehead and lips with vinegar. The jailor passed his rounds, the sun was sinking and Rose kept watch. Not a sigh or a sob escaped her. She seemed to be as cold and strong as the iron bars that formed the grating of the door that shut her in with George. And still she watched and ministered to her dying lover. She had no emotions. Over her soul there reigned a calm; the calm that precedes a high resolve. She did not reflect. The Infinite Soul was working spontaneously within her own.

Rose heard the fatal rattle in his throat, the infallible precursor of dissolution. She observed the nervous twitching and the wild, restless glare of his glassy eyes.

She noticed his nervous fumbling at the blankets. Her instinct told her that the end was near.

Suddenly there was a change. At once he became calm, the twitching ceased, the death rattle was still, his features became composed and his eyes resumed their natural expression.

He turned his eyes upon Rose full of all the love of other days and reached out his arms to clasp her round the neck and said clearly and distinctly, "ROSE," and then was DEAD.

The jailor unlocked the door and let Rose out. She gave him all the money she had and made him promise to give Hales as decent an interment as he could. The jailor promised.

When Rose reached the open air it was dark. It was cool and damp. It was late at night. The full moon gave out a dull and gloomy light from behind the dense masses of fog and mists. The wind moaned in fitful gusts at intervals and then was still. Rose was walking in the direction of the South. She was insulted by some ruffians of the night, but she did not heed them. She continued on her course.

Presently she came to great piles of coal and could distinguish the masts of the vessels. She was approaching the river. She looked round to see if she were pursued. No one was to be seen.

She reached a dismantled old quay, where the water was deep and the steamboats used to come. She gathered her cloak around her and stood gazing into the black water below, beneath the dull and misty light of the full moon that dreary, moaning night. She thought of George, driven to prison and to death. She thought of her dear old father and the flute and the mahogany case; she thought of her mother, whom she could dimly remember as the angel of her childhood in happy Southern France.

She inclined forward, when she was suddenly seized by a strong arm and forced violently backwards.

It was Isaacs, who had learned she had gone to the prison, and had watched and tracked her since she had left it.

"What evil being are you who would snatch a worn and weary creature from her rest and peace?" asked Rose imploringly.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Why should I live?"

"For revenge."

"And can you give it to me?"

"I can."

"Then take me with you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SACRIFICE.

The next morning Rose awoke in a luxurious chamber in the house which had been formerly occupied by Madame Zarowski. That lady had made her final exit from the scene and Rose had been installed by Isaacs in her stead. That day she addressed a note to the Senator, and that night she rested in his arms, and the Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill WAS SECURED.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AD FINEM.

Madame Zarowski has passed from the scene, and let us hope has found rest and peace at last.

Mr. Hearsey's dead body was picked up floating in the water by the New York harbor police. There had been a mystery about his death, which had never been un-

ravelled. He was in New York, the papers said, to attend a meeting of a Railroad company of which he was the President. He had called a special meeting and had an important proposition to make. What this proposition was no one ever knew, for Mr. Hearsey never lived to attend the meeting which he had called. His confidential clerk, a Mr. Tyrrell, had accompanied him from Washington and had disappeared at the same time.

Mrs. Doctor Plesington still continues to relieve the sufferings of the poor and the needy and to believe in her husband, the Doctor, as implicitly as ever.

Doctor Plesington has made a fortune and retired from the pulpit and devotes his time to consoling Mrs. Hearsey's widowhood.

A terrible calamity over-took the Senator. He was suddenly seized with a strange disorder, such as the physicians had never witnessed and against which all their remedies were of no avail. In the midst of the most vigorous health and activity, his mind gave way by degrees until he became a perfect imbecile. He gave Rose money and jewels as long as he had any ready means and then disposed of his estate and gave the proceeds to her. He lived but a short time after the curse fell upon him and died an idiot.

Rose did not remain with the Senator until his death. After she had exhausted all his means and secured them to herself, she left him to die in poverty and among strangers, calling out her name.

Rose herself is in Paris now, where you may see her sometimes in the Bois de Boulogne, driving two Arabians, one milk white and the other jet black. Sometimes you may see her in a private box at the opera, sparkling in jewels and fashion and entertaining half a dozen elegant gentleman at the same time. But she takes them to the card tables and ruins them and then turns them adrift. She is sparing of her favors and takes remarkable care of her health and of her wondrous beauty. They call her in Paris *la tigresse*. But she is kind to the poor and lavish in her charities to suffering prisoners.

The Grand Consolidated Railway Land Grant Bill became a law and the individual interests under it vested according to the contract that was executed between Plesington, Hearsey and Isaacs, that bitter cold night at Isaacs' house.

There were some rumors of bribery connected with the transaction, but that was all disproved and found to have originated in a forged letter of credit, demanding money for pretended services in favor of the Bill. The scoundrel who had forged the letter was imprisoned and had died in jail—it was said.

THE END.

THE WANDERING JEW
IN
AMERICA.

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THIS is the title of a book, written by Mr. Wm. M. Coleman, late of North Carolina, and well-known in that State, but now a practicing Attorney at Law in Washington City. This book is certainly one of the most powerful works ever issued from the American Press. Its satire and sarcasm are terrible. It brings forth into the light of day, with fearful vividness, the corrupt practices adopted to influence Congressional legislation, and shows how manly honor and womanly virtue are both sacrificed to rob the masses of the American people for the benefit of a few shoddy millionaires. In short, it is a picture—written in popular style that every one who reads can understand—of the deep degradation into which our institutions have fallen, and of the utter hopelessness of all efforts at reform until the great overshadowing MONEY POWER is broken and ground to powder.

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