

POOR LIZZIE LEE
ANOTHER VICTIM
OF THE
NOTORIOUS MADAME LAFARGE.

A FULL HISTORY OF HOW A BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK HEIRESS WAS INDUCED TO
ELOPE WITH HER FATHER'S COACHMAN THROUGH THE EFFORTS
OF THE NOTORIOUS MADAME LAFARGE.

HOW SHE WAS DRIVEN FORTH BY HER FATHER, DESERTED BY HER BRUTAL
HUSBAND, AND FINALLY TAKEN WITH HER CHILD
TO THE ALMSHOUSE, AFTER

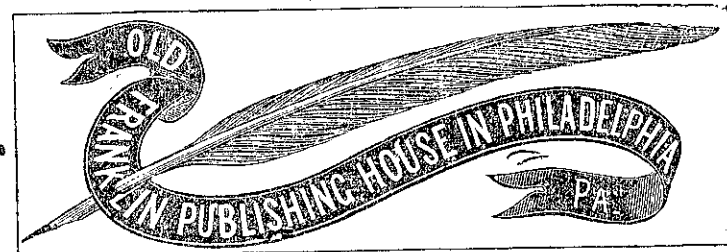
A LONG STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY AND SICKNESS

The Most Touching, Heart-rending Narrative Ever Published.

EDITED BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

[Charles Wesley Alexander]

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POOR LIZZIE LEE.

"May the curse of God rest upon the soul of any one who leads astray a honest woman!"

These bitter but just words fell from the lips of Mrs. Berylton, a lady nurse at the almshouse, as she gently drew a white sheet over the face of a dead girl whose immortal soul had just gone into eternity.

Mr. Bradshaw, the editor, at this time happened to be on a visit to the institution, and, meeting one of the keepers in the corridor, was thus addressed:

"Mr. Bradshaw, if you want something that will beat all the fiction you ever wrote, or you ever heard of, just go into room 29 there, and speak to Nurse Berylton. Ask her to tell you the history of the girl that's just dead. Did you notice that tall old man who passed out as you came in at the office door above?"

"Yes, I did, and I thought he was rather a hard looking customer," replied Mr. Bradshaw.

"Hard looking!" exclaimed the keeper, "hard looking! Why man alive, he's a perfect brute! He's that girl's father. He ought to be shot!" He's that girl's father; rich as Astor almost, and with a heart ——— Well, there, I don't know how to tell you how hard it is. But you just step in and get Nurse Berylton's account and publish it. There never was a novel equal to it I believe."

With his curiosity thoroughly excited by this glowing, vivid description, Mr. Bradshaw speedily exchanged salutations with Nurse Berylton, and, stating what he had heard from the keeper, requested her to give him some account of the deceased.

"Oh, Mr. Bradshaw, its pitiful, is that poor creature's story," replied the nurse, with deep sympathy in every tone. "Poor soul! poor soul! Here, just come and look at her face, and tell me if you see anything bad, or wicked, or deceitful in it."

As she spoke, the nurse stepped to the rough, humble pallet, and, with much tenderness, drew back the sheet so that Mr. Bradshaw could see the features of the corpse.

A long silence ensued, during which he gazed upon the deceased. She had evidently been quite young and most beautiful. Independent of her well shaped lineaments Mr. Bradshaw was forcibly struck with the abundance and rich lustre of her hair, which was of a pure flaxen color, pervaded by a tinge of that golden shade so often spoken and written of, but so seldom seen.

[In this connection we stop to state a fact which is true. Perhaps the reader may have noticed an account going the rounds of the newspapers sometime ago concerning a girl, who, having given away all her money in charity, came across a poor woman with a sick child. The child was likely to die, the mother had no money, neither did the young heiress. She was afraid to go home for more cash, and she was in much anxiety to help the woman with the sick baby. In a moment she had settled what she would do. Telling the woman to stay there till she came back, she ran into a hair dressing establishment near by, had her hair all cut off, got ten dollars for it from the hair dresser on the spot, and then ran back and gave all the money to the poor woman. The charitable little heroine was Miss Lizzie Lee, and now, all alone she lay sleeping the last slumber on a pauper's cot. No one was near to help her with her baby in the dark hours of sickness, penury and death. None! none save the angels of God.]

As the editor looked down upon the placid, peaceful face of the dead girl, with its sweetly shaped mouth, fine forehead, and long eyelashes, he was forced to acknowledge that there never could be anything bad about any one with such a face as that.

"No, poor dove," acquiesced Nurse Berylton, first kissing the white marble lips, and then reverently replacing the sheet over the face, "that's what I told her brute of a father. Mr. Bradshaw, I wouldn't be that hard-hearted old wretch, no, not for twice his money bags. But sit down here, and I will tell you her whole history, and when I have done you will say as I say about her old brute of a father. And just you print it, Mr. Bradshaw, and let the community know what kind of people there are in what they call the upper crust of society."

Mr. Bradshaw did as the nurse requested, and listened most attentively to the following history of Lizzie Lee. During the recital Nurse Berylton mingled through it a number of her own remarks which were more powerful and pungent than they were elegant, and as the reader is already familiar with her opinion of Lizzie's father it is unnecessary to repeat them.

MADAME LA FARGE AND HER VICTIM.

This Madame La Farge has figured extensively in her nefarious work in several sections of the Country. She is the same woman who came to this city and set up what she called the Belle Valley Boarding School,

which was broken up through the bravery and suspicions of two of the young lady scholars. When she started this wicked enterprise, an account of which was published before, she added the letter y to her name, making it La Fargey.

It was through this woman that poor Lizzie Lee was brought to her sad fate, and therefore we give the details from the moment of her introduction into the family of the Lees.

Mr. Lee and his daughter Lizzie were one day strolling along the promenade at Newport, the fashionable watering place, when all at once the father's attention was attracted by an elegantly dressed lady who, sitting under a shady tree upon a rustic bench, seemed to become suddenly ill. Leaving Lizzie he sprang forward to the side of the lady. The latter seemed in such peril of falling to the ground that he was obliged to take her in his arms and support her, until, by his own exertions and those of Lizzie and two other ladies passing by, she recovered sufficiently to thank him in the most refined and grateful manner for his timely assistance. The whole affair was a cheat and a fraud.

This lady was no other than Madame La Farge, and she certainly must have been possessed of that mysterious influence called personal magnetism; for immediately Mr. Lee was much attracted by her, so much so indeed that on the following day he escorted her round the various promenades, and took her back to her hotel in company with his daughter. Mrs. Lee had been dead ever since Lizzie was an infant. Before the season was over Mr. Lee had become so infatuated with Madame La Farge that he invited her to visit his daughter at their home.

The invitation was quickly accepted, and the visits of the Madame became frequent at the domicile of the Lees. Had Lizzie only had a mother or some elderly female relative near her to advise her, and to watch the insidious approaches of the demon woman, all her subsequent misery might have been avoided. Her father was one of that class who are self opinionated, ignorant of human nature, obstinate, and so sternly virtuous that they can forgive nothing.

One night Madame La Farge took her way to a fashionable supper room up town, and there met by appointment a stylishly dressed man. Supper was ordered, and, while eating, the following conversation was carried through:

"Well, Madame, what progress with Lizzie?" asked the man.

"Not so promising as I hoped."

"You better hurry things up then, for I've got to make a big strike before long or else I'll go off my feet."

"Do you know I was thinking to day that it would work splendid if you could only imitate the Boker affair," remarked Madame La Farge.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Ruy Gilford, for such was the man's name,

"ha! ha! ha! but how would I get to be old Lee's coachman? He has a confidential man now. And then even if I did, I would have to work too hard, and that don't agree with me you know."

"Consider the Prize!" deftly suggested La Farge.

"Lord, that's what has kept me to my bargain all along," replied Gilford. "Now look here," he continued, drawing closer to his wicked companion, "I tell you what, I have already paid you three hundred dollars for what you've done, and there's no progress yet. I'll give you another hundred to night, and when you succeed in getting me in as Lee's coachman, why I'll give you another hundred. After that you've got to help me, and second all my efforts, and when I get the prize safely in my clutches, so that there 'll be no slip up, I'll pay you five thousand dollars. You see when I marry the girl the old man will raise thunder the same as old Boker did with his daughter. Then after a while, he'll forgive us, and then you see I'll get my claws on his money bags, and it will be altogether lovely."

Madame La Farge thought for a few moments, and then replied: "That would be rather indefinite, Ruy. You know I work for money and nothing else. Now I'll make you a proposition. You give me a judgment for five thousand dollars, and give me a hundred dollars to night, and I'll warrant you that within another month you shall be old Lee's coachman at least, if not his son in law."

There was something positively hideous in the jezebel's smirking grin as she uttered these words to her companion, who at once promised to comply with her demands. He called a waiter to bring him pen, ink and paper, and when they were handed to him he at once wrote out the necessary document and placed it in the Madame's possession, together with two fifty dollar bank bills.

"Now," said the fiendish woman, "by to morrow night I'll fix up my plan of attack. You meet me here at eight o'clock, and I'll tell you exactly what I want you to do."

The two parted, and, according to their appointment, met again the next evening as agreed upon.

"Well," said Madame La Farge, opening the conversation as soon as they were seated at a safe distance from any one's hearings, "I have hit on a plan for trapping the prize bird."

"Good! let's have it in double quick time!" eagerly though cautiously replied Gilford.

"It is this. I shall manage to have Lee's coachman insult me some time this week. I shall then complain of him, and have him discharged. Next I will recommend you. You come with a note from me, and look out you play your part right, and you'll get the place. Once in the situation you and I can work things together, so as to make you as cer-

tain to win as though you had ten aces in a pack of cards. Further details of the infamous plot were arranged between the two and again they parted, each to play the rôle selected.

THE OLD COACHMAN OUT AND THE NEW ONE IN.

Madame La Farge soon discovered how to offend the trusty coachman of her infatuated friend, for he was a shrewd man, and had, on several occasions, given the Madame very decidedly to understand that he did not like her — not exactly in words, but in unmistakeable actions. True to her promise to Gilford, Madame La Farge succeeded ere the week was out in having the old coachman discharged.

"Go, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lee after he had paid his faithful servant, "begone, and never come to me for employment under any circumstances."

"Mr. Lee," answered the sensible fellow, "I aint 'farmed nor nothin' like that; but before I do go, I'm agoin' to give you a piece of my mind. You like people to fawn on you and creep round you too much. Some day you'll be sorry for it, for the wust poison snake is the handsomest and the slyest. An' that's the kind o' one that there Madame is."

Mr. Lee did not deign to reply to this, but angrily waved his hand for his old servant to go.

The day following he wrote a very polite and formal note to Madame La Farge, telling her of the insolent coachman's discharge. She, in return, took good care to drop up accidentally to see Lizzie, and, while making the visit, she was equally careful to inform Mr. Lee that she knew a most exemplary young man who had served in the same capacity to the Duc d'Aumale in Paris. She spoke so highly and confidently of his ability, and especially of his aristocratic style — this was Mr. Lee's weak point, and the Madame knew it well — that Lizzie's father resolved at once to take the new man on, at even higher wages than he had paid his previous coachman, Robert.

Accordingly three days later the new coachman made his appearance and was engaged by Mr. Lee. To a stranger the fellow would no more have been taken for Guilford than would the Tycoon of Japan. His appearance, manner, and in fact speech, also, had undergone an entire change. The villain, like all men of the world who live by their wits studied up the characteristics, whims and temperaments of his new employer, and made it his constant aim to humor and pander to them that he might the more certainly accomplish his own object.

Mr. Lee was in ecstasy, and often assured Madame La Farge that he was delighted with his new servant.

"He understands his place exactly," would remark Lizzie's father.

In his intercourse with his superiors he is properly behaved, and with persons outside our own establishment he assumes a dignity every way suited to a servant for a family in our own standing."

This was the first step gained in the plot. The next soon followed.

"Mr. Lee," suggested Madame La Farge one day to Lizzie's father, "Lizzie should learn to ride in the saddle now. It is a most graceful accomplishment; so invigorating to the physical culture, and so much in the proper style. In Paris, as you are doubtless aware all the younger ladies of fashionable families invariably ride out entirely unattended, except that a mounted groom in livery attends them, riding at a respectful distance behind, merely to render assistance in case of necessity.

"I noticed that while I was last in Paris," rejoined Mr. Lee, "and I think it quite a pleasing feature of fashionable society. I think I shall adopt your suggestions, get a saddle horse for Lizzie, and have her taught."

A month later Miss Lizzie was seen riding out in the mornings attended by the new coachman. The fly was now in the web of the loathsome spider, and her destruction was comparatively an easy task to the experienced villain who had selected her for his victim.

First he was all respect, and all attention, generally taking care to retire rather than intrude himself upon Lizzie. But he took the utmost possible care also to lose no opportunity of making an impression upon the susceptibility of her heart.

Lizzie, naturally proud and vain, was greatly pleased at the style in which she was living, and felt quite elated as she noticed what a sensation she created. All the women and girls in the streets, and at the windows, as well as all the gentlemen, bestowed glances of admiration and envy upon her as she rode by, and she began to hear remarks as to what a stylish servant she had. So it came, that not only did she take much pains in dressing herself for riding, but she also took equal pains to have the coachman liveried in a manner becoming her own situation in life. This pleased the father immensely to see his daughter carrying out his own ideas of style.

All this time the plotter was winding thread after thread of his deadly snare around his victim. Did she admire a flower or shrub growing high up on the rocky cliff, he instantly clambered up and got it for her. If her horse chanced to stumble or break suddenly into a more rapid gait than usual, he was instantly at her side with some well turned expression of anxiety or apprehension for her peril. If she rested in some shady nook of the woods he would see that she had the best spot to sit in, and finally he presumed to ask her permission to read from a book of poetry for her pleasure. She consented, and was astounded and delighted to hear her groom read like a professional elocutionist. This in-

cident seemed to be the breaking of the ice, and from that day forward Lizzie regarded Gilford more in the light of a companion than that of a servant.

IN THE TOILS.

"Well, how are you getting along, Gilford?" asked Madame La Farge one evening at the supper saloon where she always met her villainous companion.

"Oh, splendid! the prize will be mine very soon now. You keep up your part and I will keep mine up all right. And when I get the money you shall have not only the five thousand, but more. You've got a better plotting head on you, Madame La Farge, than any man I ever saw."

"I know it, and I'm going to make my headwork make a fortune for me!" laughed the hideous hearted woman. "If you," continued she, could only hear the awful yarns I spin to the Lees about you and your family in Paris; how you all saw better days, were intimate in the Emperor's household, had untold wealth, influence, position, and so forth, and so on, you would laugh yourself to death."

"Egad! remarked Gilford," wouldn't it be best to come out flatfooted with the old man, tell him I'm a ruined French noble, and ask him right straight for the girl?"

"No! you'll spoil all, by that kind of nonsense. Lee is too strong a believer in money. The Emperor Napoleon, without money, would be of no account to him. No! no! money is everything with him. Play your part round Lizzie. Get her consent to a secret marriage, and then you've got him foul. After that he may come down friendly enough. Do that, now, and don't spoil the affair by any foolery."

The cool, businesslike manner of Madame La Farge while uttering this advice was perfectly frightful. After some further conversation during which the next ensuing portion of the diabolical plot was discussed and agreed upon by the two arch plotters, Gilford and La Farge separated.

Upon the occasion of Miss Lizzie's next gallop, Gilford made up his mind to make the final move, which was to secure to him his victim and his coveted prize.

On the morning in question he mounted a new livery of dark blue, which had been chosen by Miss Lizzie with the special intention to agree with his complexion. And most unquestionably the villain, in outward appearance, was quite handsome and striking, being noticed and remarked upon by nearly every body.

During the ride Gilford displayed more than his usual disposition to

please, and yet retire from Lizzie, so much so, that when they both came to the usual place for resting, Miss Lee said, bantering to the coachman:

"Why, Ruy, what ails you to day? you must be melancholy!"

"Oh, nothing much, Miss Lizzie; nothing much. But you know sometimes I cannot help thinking sorrowfully of the olden times at home in France. Oh, France! la belle France! shall I never see your shores again?"

Gilford uttered these last words with much tragic force, and then, as though recalling himself, he continued:

"Oh, Miss Lizzie," I am terribly rude, but, I know that you will forgive and pardon me, and I will try to be as merry as you like."

"Well, here, sit down and read this beautiful passage from *Love's Labor Lost*," laughingly commanded Lizzie, handing a small volume to Gilford, who, with a bow, promptly obeyed, and read in his best style the desired passage.

A momentary silence ensued, and then, with a well assumed excitement, the wily villain nervously shut and handed back the book to Lizzie, saying as he did so:

"Miss Lizzie, to-morrow I must leave your father's employ."

This was like a clap of thunder to Miss Lee.

"Leave! leave! why, Ruy, what for? Is not everything agreeable to you?"

The intense anxiety, not to say regret that unconsciously exhibited itself in the fair speaker's tones showed the schemer that his arts had been successful.

"Let me explain, Miss Lizzie," he replied. "I am, as you see, a coachman, and I was a coachman at home. But my family was of a superior class in France, and little did I dream, when I was a gay, light-hearted boy, playing round the silvery fountains at my father's chateau, waited on by innumerable servants, fondled and petted in the lap of luxury, that I would, at a future day, become myself a servant, a coachman to the Duc d'Aumale. But such are the caprices of Fortune.

"When the dreadful tempest burst upon me, I was in despair, and actually took a duelling pistol, and placed it at my heart to end my career. But Conscience forbade the act of self murder, and, instead of committing suicide, I resolved to suffer my fate and work honestly for my bread. It has been a fearful trial, Miss Lizzie, to my once proud spirit to put up with what a servant is obliged to endure, and yet I have never repined or reproached myself.

"You ask me why I wish to leave your father's employment. May I tell you the truth?"

Lizzie suspected about what the reply would be, and, for a moment or

two, she hesitated between pride and curiosity. Curiosity, and, we may safely add, a spice of a far stronger feeling, caused her at last to assent, and her groom resumed, as follows:

"Thank you, Miss Lizzie, and I will be candid with you. Ever since the moment you first addressed me, I have loved you. Now, do not start in that way, because I merely tell you the whole truth. Oh, your voice was so dignified, and sweet, and gentle, and you looked at me so kindly. No one had ever looked at me that way, since my darling sister bade me farewell, when she was dying with a broken heart, over the misfortunes of our family. Daily, yes, and hourly, the mysterious chain which that look cast around me has tightened with a sweet enthrallment which enslaves me, and yet I cannot cast it from me. Yes, and were I to live a thousand years I could not, would not rid myself of its golden links. Had I only now the wealth I once had in prospect, then I could uphold the position in society to which my genteel birth naturally entitles me. But being poor, I dare not aspire ever to raise myself from the slough in which I have fallen.

"Yet I cannot stifle the longings of my heart; nor the aspirations of my soul. To be sure it may be all wrong for me, a coachman — though I have noble blood in my veins — to love *you*, Miss Lizzie. But I cannot help it. Of course, neither you nor your father will ever consent to look upon me favorably, and if I remain here longer, with you constantly before my eyes, I shall certainly become insane. I have borne it a long, long time, and I have sought to drive it from me; but it remains immovable. So I must, now, at once and forever, tear myself away, and go somewhere out of sight. But, believe me, when, in the future, you should chance to give me a thought, it will, I assure you, be worthy of one whom Misfortune prevented from aspiring to the love of a lady so good, so lovely as you, Miss Lizzie."

"Ruy! Ruy! you terrify me, by such a strange talk as this," exclaimed Miss Lee tremulously.

"I ask pardon, if I do, Miss Lizzie, and, during the short hours that I remain your servant, I will not offend again," quickly interrupted Gilford.

"Oh, you do not offend me!" rejoined Lizzie, scarcely knowing what she said, for she was completely bewildered by what had occurred.

Gilford had it on his tongue to utter some other love speech; but the wary villain was too cautious, and restrained himself, thus leaving Lizzie to say something else, or place herself in an awkward position. After a short silence she said: "Ruy, you must not leave. I do not wish you to leave, at least not so suddenly."

"Well, Miss Lizzie, I will obey you, though every moment hereafter will be torture to me."

Ruy Gilford bowed his head with a deceitful sorrow that made a deep impression on the susceptible girl in his favor. And thus he remained until Lizzie broke the silence again by saying:

"Ruy, let us go back home."

He at once assisted her to her saddle, and she galloped off, followed by the treacherous coachman, who inwardly gloated over his success; for he saw only too well that he had really succeeded.

THE COACHMAN WINS THE HEIRESS.

The communication between Lizzie Lee and the coachman for the ensuing week was quite distant; for while maidenly modesty restrained the one, caution held back the other, from further advances than he had already made.

One day, however, during a ride, as usual, Miss Lee while resting at the old place, voluntarily broached the subject, by the remark:

"Well, Ruy, I hope you have altered your mind about leaving us, for I know papa would not like you to go away."

Before replying, the villain keenly scanned the features of his intended victim, to read what might be her thoughts, and then said:

"I have remained thus far, Miss Lizzie, in obedience to your command. As I told you before, I have learned to love you; nay more, I have learned to adore the very ground on which you walk. Words cannot tell how I love you."

"I should feel very lonely if you were to go away, Ruy," remarked Lizzie after a pause.

"Then I will not go, if it gives you one moment's pain or if it would cause you to feel lonely, though it must make me more and more miserable."

"But really, Ruy I cannot see why it should make you miserable," said Lizzie.

"Miss Lizzie, you have read of Tantalus and his cup of Nectar, how it was always filling up till just as it reached his lips, it suddenly disappeared, and he was left with his unquenched thirst increased ten fold. So it is with me."

"But why should it be so?"

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Lizzie," exclaimed Gilford, "do not utter such words as those, for they bid me hope for what I dare not. No! no! do not speak so."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Do you not see?" asked the base tempter, like another Mephistopholes. "You awaken in me hope that I, so lowly, may look up-

ward to you, who are so much exalted above me, and may some day be able to call you — no! that word shall not be spoken."

"Oh, yes, speak right out in meeting!" retorted Lizzie, with a merry half mischievous laugh.

Girls, nine times in ten, in the presence of men talk, and utter remarks because they do not know exactly what to say, and yet they want to keep up a conversation. In this way many a girl has made sorrow for herself afterwards by careless words uttered in an unguarded moment.

"Well, I will, then," replied Ruy, since you bid me to do so. I will say that you have awakened within me the hope that I may some day be able to call you — *my wife!*"

The eye of the wretch were fastened upon Lizzie, like those of the deadly basilisk as he uttered these words.

Lizzie's fatal moment came now, passed away, and left her the victim of the designing adventurer. For, instead of rebuking him sternly, she smiled half incredulously, and replied:

"Why, Ruy! how could you ever expect to win an heiress like me?" Now that would be altogether too romantic."

"But not impossible!" thought Gilford, as his base heart fluttered with his fresh success.

"I could not expect, or at least hope, for such a happy result, and therefore I compare my situation to that of Tantalus," he replied.

"But let us change the subject," he continued, after a pause; and, not knowing what to say more upon that theme, Lizzie acquiesced, and they talked of the scenery in this and other lands until it was time to return home.

During all the manauvering so far carried on, Madame La Farge had been most industriously busy with her part of the infamous plot. Insidiously she had instilled into the mind of Lizzie, her opinion of the new coachman. In her presence she was constantly speaking of his once wealthy and distinguished family, and regretting his misfortune of becoming poor, until finally she had got Lizzie actually in love with the fellow.

She carefully kept Gilford posted in all her successful moves, and between the two designers the victim stood no chance of escaping from their deadly toils. They were like two old gamblers with a stuffed pack of cards.

"Madame La Farge," said Lizzie, one day, "I wish to tell you something in confidence, and to ask your advice what you would do."

"Well, darling, what is it?" asked the Madame, passing her arm around Lizzie, and kissing her fondly as a mother might have done.

"It is that Ruy Gilford, our coachman, and I are in love with one another. I love him dearly and he just as sincerely loves me."

"Oh, darling! really! I do not how to tell you my surprise! Have you spoken to your papa about it?"

"Oh, my no," replied Lizzie, in her simplicity, "that would never do. He would kill me if I were to tell him I loved a coachman a common servant!"

"My! my! that is a dreadful dilemma to be in, darling! and I hardly know how to advise you in such a delicate matter. You see I am a friend to all three, your father, yourself, and Ruy Gilford. How in the world did you ever come to do that? "Oh, why did I ever recommend him to your father?"

"I do not know!" replied Lizzie, "indeed I could not tell you if I were executed for it. But I *do* love him; and I know he loves me. Oh, tell me what I shall do?"

"Let me think a day or so over the affair calmly, and then I can better advise you, my darling," replied Madame La Farge.

"Well, please promise me not to say anything about it to papa."

"Oh, never fear, sweet one, about that! I will not betray, even to so dear a friend as your father, any confidence you repose in me."

"And," added the vile woman in her own mind, "I'll guarantee I won't drop a syllable to the old stuck up fool any way, till after I get the five thousand from Ruy Gilford. Ha! ha! the plot works as charmingly as the most skilful novelist could lay it out."

On the next day old Mr. Lee had business which required his absence for a few days from the city. The coachman drove him to the depot, and, upon bringing the carriage home, he at once sought the library, where he found Lizzie reading.

She bade him come in and sit down, and the conversation at once assumed a warm and affectionate tone. Matters had reached such a stage now, that Gilford felt sure of his prey, and, accordingly, he moved forward with more assurance and boldness, though he was still careful and guarded in his expressions.

"Well, Lizzie, my dearest idol," said he at last, after they had been talking a long time, tell me what hope there is for me. With you I can be the happiest of mortals, without you the most wretched creature on earth! Life without you will be hell to me; with you it will an ecstatic heaven!"

"Ruy, if I marry you, my father will assuredly disown me. For your sake I could to day leave this grand house, leave all this luxury, and go live in a tenement; go and endure all that mere poverty would bring me. There is but one dread that makes me halt."

"And what is that, dearest?" asked Gilford, seizing Miss Lee's hand.

"It is that sometime or other you will cease to love me."



Lizzie Lee, the heiress, selling apples in the street for a living.

"Hear me, before Heaven!" exclaimed the schemer, going down upon his knees, and assuming the utmost fervor of manner. "Here, on my bended knees, I swear to you that I will never cease to love you; but will ever cherish you as the most precious treasure I have."

"Then, God over us both, as our witness, Ruy Gilford," replied Lizzie, with almost a weird solemnity. "I give you my hand and heart."

The victory was completed; the victim had sacrificed herself, and Ruy Gilford's coveted prize was his.

"Oh, darling, darling, how inexpressibly happy you make me feel," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and pressing his profane lips to hers.

"To-morrow night we will go and see a clergyman and he married."

"What will papa say, Ruy?" gasped Lizzie, with a trembling dread but no regret in her voice.

"No doubt he will be exceedingly angry at first my darling. But I think we shall soon be able to win back his love for you at any rate. At least let us hope so."

"Well, I *will* hope so, for your sake, Ruy; but I fear it is a vain hope. You do not know papa as well as I do. He is very stern and unforgiving."

"Stern men than he is have given way to the promptings of fatherly affection. To-morrow night be ready, darling, at seven o'clock and I will come here to the library for you. Till then, sweetest angel, fare well!"

Again the villain kissed those pure, unpolluted lips and glided from the apartment like a baneful shadow. As the door closed behind him a revulsion of feeling came over Lizzie, and, clasping her hands together, she flung herself on a lounge and burst into a flood of tears.

"I have read," she murmured to herself, that human beings are constantly influenced by good or bad spirits. By which of these am I guided in this matter? The future is strangely cloudy. I ought to feel happy; yet I cannot. I seem like one who has flung herself from a pinnacle of felicity and brightness out over an abyss of misery, over which I float borne up by a dark pair of wings which must quickly fail, and plunge me downwards. Pshaw! all girls cry and act foolishly when they're going to be married, and I am no exception to the rule. I'll drive it off!"

Springing up like a person seeking a desperate remedy, Lizzie bounded into the parlor, and, seating herself at the piano, she half unconsciously commenced to sing the song, "THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME," from the opera of *The Bohemian Girl*.

She was a fine singer, and she rendered the well known ballad with the most exquisite tenderness and pathos. Just as she was in the middle

of it Madame La Farge, like a bird of ill omen, entered the room, and stood listening to the sweet melody in silence. Lizzie did not know of her presence till she had finished, when, turning round she beheld the wicked woman who had actually compassed her ruin. Madame La Farge had just seen Gilford, and heard from him of his success. She was well posted, therefore, how to speak to their mutual victim.

Kissing Lizzie with the utmost fondness, and praising her singing, she told her that she thought there was too much melancholly in the song. Lizzie thereupon opened her whole heart in regard to her promise to marry the coachman, and said in conclusion:

"Madame, it may be for good, or it maybe for bad; but Fate forces me on to marry Ruy Gilford. I love him to distraction. You must be a friend to us and help us, and then when the storm comes, you must be peace-maker between us and papa. Now you will promise, won't you?"

The temptress, seeing how matters stood, felt that there was no longer any necessity for caution even, and she at once agreed to Lizzie's entreaty, binding her however, by a solemn promise that she would never divulge her action to any one.

It is unnecessary to follow the details of the further performance of the vile plot. But ere the church bells of the city rang ten o'clock the next night, poor, thoughtless, deceived Lizzie Lee was joined in Holy Wedlock to her father's coachman. The scheming villain, Ruy Gilford had secured his prize beyond mistake, and Madame La Farge chuckled over the idea that she would soon have the five thousand dollars in her possession which was to be Gilford's reward for her assistance. Dreading to be in the house when her father should first find out the fact of her marriage, Lizzie persuaded Ruy her husband to take boarding for her at a hotel.

THE FATHER'S RAGE.

Mr. Lee was exceedingly fond of his daughter Lizzie. She was his only child and his sole object in life seemed to be to have her married into a family as high in position and wealth as his own. It may well be imagined, therefore, what a stunning blow it was to him when, on his return home, instead of having Lizzie meet him with her merry welcome and fond kiss, he picked up, opened and read the following note.

DEAREST PAPA:

Ruy and I fell in love with each other and have got married. I hope you will forgive us; for if you do not I never will be happy. You know he is highly educated and has a very aristocratic family.

"We will both do what is right and he joins me in wishing you every happiness. I know, as I write this how angry you will be, because we did not tell you before hand. But we were afraid if we did that you would stop us.

"Now please, dearest papa, forgive us and answer this letter favorably that we may come back home to you.

Your naughty but loving

LIZZIE.

The father was white with rage. Sitting down, he turned the note over and wrote on its back:

"You have made your bed; lie in it, with my curse for your pillow!"

J. R. L. LEE.

Ringing for a servant, he bade him take the letter to the direction named, and leave it. If he felt any real sorrow he never showed it, for his household went on the same as usual, and in not a single iota did he alter anything except to get back his old coachman, and to issue an order that at any time, if Lizzie, or Madame La Farge, or Gilford should attempt to see him, the door should be shut in their faces. He never even made any remark when he noticed the items in the newspapers concerning his daughter's elopement.

A THORNY PATH FOR LIZZIE.

When her own note with her father's bitter endorsement was brought back to her, poor Lizzie's face grew white, and her hand trembled like an aspen as she handed it her husband. He read it, and with a coarse laugh, said:

"Oh, you'll have to go at him again, Lizzie. Don't let up on him with one dash."

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure!" is an old saying, but alas! it is too often a true one as the subject of this narrative found it."

Ruy Gilford had a little money left, and while this lasted he treated his loving young wife middling well. But when it was gone, by which time also he found that there was no hope of a reconciliation with his father-in-law, he began to abuse Lizzie.

It was bad enough to lose her father's love; but when she found out the true reason why Ruy had married her, and found out also that he was nothing but a common adventurer, who, had in concert with Madame La Farge, played a villainous scheme for her money only, and not for herself, her heart seemed ready to break.

They had now been married a year, and Lizzie was the mother of a

lovely little girl baby. For hours she would sit all alone in her miserable room crying over her baby, and kissing and talking to it. It was about this time that one day Madame La Farge called to see her; and, actually, that wretched, wicked creature made a most infamous proposal to Lizzie to put her infant in the children's home, and go embrace a life of shame. "You will have plenty money then," said she, "and all sorts of pleasure."

"Woman, or fiend, whichever you may be," exclaimed Lizzie, rising up, "do you see that door? Go away now, and remember, if ever you dare to come here, or anywhere I am, I will tear you limb from limb."

Madame La Farge attempted to talk further, but Lizzie, who was very determined, caught up a stool, and bestowed several such heavy blows on the temptress, that she fled incontinently.

Shortly after this, Gilford came in one night, and commenced to quarrel with Lizzie, applying to her all the vile epithets he could think of, and finally cutting her several heavy blows with his cane. After this brutality the villain, packing up what things he wanted in a bundle, said:

"You git out home to your old daddy, and tell him to go to the d—l; for I'm going to leave you. I can't make nothing off of you, and I'm tired of you anyhow. I've seen a gal I like a good deal better; twice as pretty as you are, and not afraid to help me a little to make a living, by making herself agreeable to gentlemen with lots of money. Don't you come bothering after me, mind that, or she'll broomstick that tow head off of you. She's a regular screamer, and she'll do it."

Every word of this dreadful language pierced poor Lizzie's heart like a poisoned dagger, and when, as he finished his tirade and went out, slamming the door violently to, she sank on her knees, and, bursting into a paroxysm of tears, she groaned:

"Oh, my father! my father! your curse is indeed a hard, hard pillow. I am heavily punished for deceiving you!"

All that night the miserable girl, with her baby clasped to her heaving bosom, lay in bed, and sobbed, till she felt as though she were going insane.

Early the next morning Lizzie got up, and sitting down, wrote a long note to her father, couched in the most touching terms, and asking him to forgive her and take her home once more. In it she told him, of the brutality of her husband, how he had treated her, and how he had left her. Folding up the missive she next dressed her baby, and, starting out, she walked to her father's house. Ascending the grand, brown-stone stoop, she rang the bell. Trembling in every limb, she waited till the summons was answered by the porter; and when he came she handed him the letter, with the words:

"Give that to father, John, and tell him I am on the stoop, waiting."

"God help you, Miss Lizzie!" exclaimed the faithful old servant, taking the note, "your father told us always to shut the door in your face. But I, for one, won't do that. Oh, we servants have talked sorrowful enough over you, since you went away. You stay till I give Mr. Lee the letter."

In a few moments John returned to the door, and with a grave face, handed back the letter. On it was written that same terrible sentence as before. *You have made your bed! Lie in it, with my curse for your pillow!*

J. R. L. LEE.

As Lizzie read this she merely said to the servant, "Good bye, John," in a gasping kind of tone, and, turning away, she hurried down to the street, where she mingled with the careless, hurrying throng and walked along, not knowing whither she went, her mind was so confused. She hugged her baby so tightly that it commenced to scream. This recalled her to herself, and she did not press it so closely, but merely sighed and groaned in her utter desolation as she increased her pace, that she might get back to her room in the tenement house.

In due time she reached this miserable abode. Flinging herself down upon the old mattress which served her for a bed, with the child still in her arms, Lizzie lay perfectly quiet like one who is recovering from a stunning blow. Presently she commenced to cry, and for an hour she wailed and wept and reproached herself for her misery and the misery of her child. But never did she speak a word against her father, nor her brutal husband. Then she fell asleep from exhaustion, and did not awake for over two hours. When she did arouse, and remembered all, she did not weep again; but going down upon her knees, and bending over her slumbering child, she clasped her hands, and murmured:

"Oh, my darling baby, though all the rest is lost to me forever I have you left yet my treasure. I have sinned, but not wickedly. And to day I take up my cross and commence my pilgrimage toward eternity. Father in Heaven, and she raised her aching eyes upward, "Father in Heaven, I humbly beseech Thee, to give me strength to bear it."

At this moment little Lizzie opened her great blue eyes, and smiling, stretched forth her arms to her mother, who, catching her up, kissed her over and over again.

POOR LIZZIE'S FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

Lizzie little knew the fearful trials which lay before them, and perhaps it was this ignorance and the bright little star of Hope, shining in the

long distance, which caused her to face the dark future with so much bravery. Poor, brave, noble, unfortunate girl! If your father ever lets his imagination carry him back to see you thus, struggling, and to see himself standing by and looking coldly upon you sinking, steadily sinking, when he might have helped you and saved you, his heart ought to upbraid him, if he has a heart at all.

The young mother had yet some pieces of her jewelry left, and these with some other articles which she now considered useless to her, she forthwith disposed of, and realized about eighty dollars all told. This she divided into sixteen parts of five dollars each. She calculated that in this way she could with great care and economy live through the Winter very nicely, and that by the time Spring came she would be able to do quite well.

In pursuance of her plan she hired another room, and used to go out to hunt up work. But it was easier to search than to find. Crushing down all her natural pride, she first tried her former acquaintances to obtain some employment. Yet not only did she fail to get work; but most of them actually insulted her so maliciously, that sometimes her blood fairly boiled. Finding this effort so unsuccessful she next tried strangers, answering advertisements for nurses, governesses, servants, and so forth. But she fared very little better than before. For when she would go, and the advertisers found she had a baby, they would either tell her point blank, with coarse laughs, that they did not want girls with babies or "brats" to nurse; or that females like her should be out of the road in the alms house or in prison. She better behave herself, and go back to her husband like a decent woman ought to.

Four weeks had gone by, and yet she had not succeeded in obtaining the slightest employment. In the fifth week, at the suggestion of an Irish woman, she bought a bucket, brush, soap, and house cloth, and actually went round to stores and offices scrubbing. In this way she managed to pick up eight or ten dollars in one month, which pleased her very much, though it nearly killed her to work in that way. She persevered, however, till she made herself sick.

When she got well her cash was reduced to about twenty-five dollars. She now began to worry for fear she could get nothing to do. One day as she was going along the street she took notice of a woman who was selling candies and cakes in the street. This woman had a little boy with her, and prompted by curiosity, Lizzie stopped, bought a cake for her baby, and entered into conversation with the boy's mother.

She learned that she was a widow, and that she made a living, and a good one too, for herself and child by selling cakes and candies in this way. Here was a new idea for Lizzie. Why could she not do just as well as this woman? She resolved to try; and the next day she went

out and invested seven dollars and fifty cents in a table and stock of apples, as the dealer told her she could make a great deal more money off of apples than anything else. He cited several cases of old women who though apparently poor enough, had died quite wealthy through strict attention to their apple vending.

The next matter for Lizzie's consideration was what locality she should choose, in which to set up her little stand. The dealer again assisted her with his judgment:

"You've got a baby to look after," said he, "and women who have to sell apples, don't have too much money for to pay servants to mind their babies. So I tell you what to do.

Put your stand on the main street nearest to where you live. And when you go out to sell always take your baby along. A baby's worth a dollar a day more to an apple woman's chances, even if she has to hire one. And that one of yours, being as she's almost three years old, is worth a good deal more. Because you can teach her to say thankee, when any body buys off of you. And them things takes like the very deuce."

Lizzie felt rather badly at this excessively practical advice; but she said nothing. When she got home and stated to her neighbors her resolution they all appointed themselves a committee of advice upon selecting a proper spot for the apple stand, which considerably bewildered Lizzie, as she had presented to her at least fifty suggestions.

Finally she chose a nook directly by the Baptist Church on the main street nearest to where she lived. Ernst and Karl Kurtz, two good natured German lads, who lived in the same tenement house, carried her table, and chair, and basket of apples to the designated spot, for which service she gave them some pennies.

"When I went to set out my table," said she to Mrs. Berylton, "and saw the people all staring at me so hard, I felt cut to the very heart, and was almost ready to run away and leave it. But then when I thought of little Lizzie, all my pride melted away like a mist. After piling up my fruit in pyramids, I set down with Lizzie on my lap, and waited patiently for some customers. The first one was a newsboy, who after buying three apples, remarked with a curious kind of half pitying leer:

"Say, lady, you're green in this bis'nis aint you? Why you oughtn't ter come out fur two or three hours yit. And you won't sell much anyhow, fur you're dressed too fine fur an old apple woman."

"And away he dashed toward a customer with his papers. I did not understand this young curb-stone philosopher, until afterwards, when in my daily experience I found that he was perfectly correct.

"One day two sharp-looking men, well dressed, walked up to my stand, and one of them said:

"Look here, sis, what lay are you on? You're a new recruit."

"What's your name and where d'ye live?" asked the other, in a tone of authority rather than insult.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I do not understand you what you mean."

"I told you so," said the first speaker, addressing his companion. Then turning again to me, he resumed:

"Young woman, we are detective policemen! We don't want to disturb you; only we want to be sure you are all right, and are not on some lay as we call it."

"I at once gave them candidly my history, and why I was obliged to sell apples. The oldest of the two then said:

"I hope you'll get along, young lady, but you won't like it much, I tell you; for you'll be insulted every hour of the day in all sorts of ways."

"I found this warning only too true. Men of bad intentions would make a pretext of buying from me only to make grossly insulting remarks to me. But when they were sober I generally managed to get clear of them by quietly rebuking them. Sometimes, however, half drunken wretches would stop and give me a great deal of annoyance. There nearly always though, was some one passing by at such times who, upon my appeal, would interfere in my behalf and protect me.

"I often and often saw many of my former acquaintances, both gentlemen and ladies, or rather men and women, who, upon seeing and recognising me in my new occupation, would turn up their noses at me; or in some other offensive manner hurt my feelings. Indeed I am certain when it became known that I, the disowned heiress, was selling apples in the street, numbers made it a point to pass that way to see me. All this was dreadfully galling. Yet the only thing I had to do, to scatter it, was to turn my eyes upon my little Lizzie. And at once I had my hope and consolation."

Though constantly exposed to gross and varied insults, poor Lizzie persevered with her apple selling, because she could thus make money enough to keep herself and child quite respectably.

It seemed, however, that she was not destined to enjoy even this moderate piece of good fortune very long, for all of a sudden she was overtaken by a fresh calamity in the shape of the Scarlet Fever; by which terrible malady her little girl was seized.

When her neighbors found what the trouble was, they all refused to go near her, or render her the slightest assistance, with the exception of the German woman, the mother of the two boys, Ernst and Karl, already mentioned. But Mrs. Kurtz was herself afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism so badly that she could render but small help to Lizzie. She cordially and fearlessly did the best she could, however, which great kindness was duly appreciated by the young mother.

Day after day and night after night did Lizzie Lee watch at the bed

side of the little sufferer, administering to her every want, nursing her when she cried to be taken up, and soothing her tenderly when she raved in her fevered delirium.

"You need not thank me for your child's recovery," said the doctor when he made his last call, "but your own unceasing attention and good nursing."

"The great crisis was over, and the child was safe. But how was the future? Lizzie had no money at all. She was completely worn out in mind and body. Her child was a mere wreck, requiring nourishing food and great care to recuperate her.

"The sky is dark again," groaned the poor mother, as she lulled Lizzie to sleep one night. "Once more, and for the last time, I will write to Father."

She got down pen, ink and paper, and wrote:

"My dear Father:

I have resolved to make this final effort to soften your heart toward me. I know, dear father, I have sinned, sinned dreadfully against you. But was it so dreadful as to extinguish every spark of the love you once had for your only daughter? Is there nothing in my previous affection and obedience to you, that will rekindle an ember in your heart?

"Or if you think I ought to be punished, my dearest father, let me tell you how I have been punished since I wrote to you before. I have stood day after day in the streets selling apples, exposed to ribald insult, and contumely, and vile temptations. But I have borne all patiently to live honestly and to preserve your name from disgrace. I shall never dishonor it by begging or living an unvirtuous life. My mind has all along been made up to that.

"Even now I would not write you, but go away quietly and die in silence and sorrow if I had only myself. But, dearest father here in this bed beside which I am writing, is my child, little Lizzie. She has just recovered from Scarlet Fever. Her sickness has swept from me every cent of my money, and to night I am so wearied in body and spirit, with nursing her, that I can scarcely hold up my head. Oh, she was becoming so interesting when stricken down. If you would see her once you would love her I know. She could talk very plainly, and I taught her to repeat that piece you used to like me to speak for you, don't you remember it? GOD SEES THE LITTLE SPARROW FALL!

"My dearest father if you will but take me back again, I will promise to submit to anything you may say I must do. I will wait on you, and be your servant, and mind everything you tell me. Can't you try and overlook my fault, papa? Christ forgave the wicked woman who was brought to him for condemnation. And will you not forgive me?

"My heart trembles at the thought that you may refuse, and that you may return this letter to me with the same awful endorsement as the others. Please don't do that, papa. If you will not forgive me, don't send this back. Also, if you will not pardon me, then for the love of God, take my darling baby Lizzie — that's her name — you can change

it if you hate it; take her, and raise her to be a good, obedient girl. If you will take her, dear papa, so that I may be sure she is safe, I will send her to you. I will give her up — though that *will* break my poor heart to part with her. But I will even do that for her sake. If you would only let one of the servants bring her to a window, say every Sunday afternoon, so that I could see her as I went by, I will never attempt to come in, nor will I let her see me.

"Oh, my father, this is all I know what to say to you — if not me, then my darling, darling, innocent, helpless baby girl. For her I go down on my knees, clasp my hands, and humbly, hopefully ask this for her. Please, oh, please papa, do this?"

LIZZIE."

In her agony poor Lizzie went through the very pantomime she had described in her letter just as though her father stood before her.

But even she did not fully comprehend the hardness of Mr. Lee's heart. When her letter was put into his hand, he opened it with a grim cold smile, as though glad of a fresh opportunity to inflict new torture on the suppliant. Coldly, calmly he read it, sipping his coffee now and then, and when he had concluded he just as calmly, just as coldly took up his pen, and wrote on it the old, poisonous line:

"*You have made your bed! Lie in it, with my curse for your pillow.*"

J. R. L. LEE.

Then he sealed it up and directed it in the name of *Mrs. Lizzie Gifford*, as though to add a degree more of suffering to the cruel wound he gave the once beloved child of his heart.

THE FAREWELL TILL ETERNITY.

When Lizzie got the envelope and looked at the direction, in her father's handwriting, a cold chill seized her, for she conjectured what was inside. For several minutes she could not move; and then with a desperate effort, she tore it open, and read that frightful line. Very slowly, and with despair whitening her face, she refolded the letter, placed it carefully within her bosom, clasped her hands, looked upward, and said:

"Farewell, my father, till eternity."

A rap came to the door at this instant. The new comer did not wait to be told to enter, but did so at once. It was the landlord, and his salute was:

"Here, I want you to clear out uv this, inside of three hours. If you don't, I'll kick you out! I've lost enough on you already, ketching the

Scarlet, and fetchin' it into my property, and skeerin' other tenants out."

The noise and bluster he made aroused little Lizzie, who nearly went into convulsions with fear. In utter despair the mother caught up the screaming child, and ran out of the house, scarcely knowing where she went or what she did. Her child presently became quiet, and she walked along till she came to a wretched tenement house in a court off of Baxter street. Into this she went, and, by giving a woman on the top floor a silver half dollar, which was little Lizzie's only plaything, she was permitted to occupy a very small, dark room, or rather closet, with not a vestige of furniture except a bunch of dirty straw. On this she sat down, and immediately became dreadfully sick. Sinking back she became insensible, and when she awoke, it was quite dark and her child was asleep on her breast.

She tried to get up, but could not, and continued to grow worse and worse. There she lay, helpless even to give an alarm, until little Lizzie awoke and commenced to scream and cry so frantically as to bring up some of the poor dwellers on the floor below, to see who was "killing a baby."

These superstitious people, when they found Lizzie was sick, at once said she had the "fever," and, running out, told a policeman so as to have her taken away to the hospital. The officer, when he came up, saw what the true state of the case was, and, going out, brought in some nourishment for the invalid. Leaving her in charge of two women he reported the case at the station, and runners, with a carriage, were dispatched to take Lizzie out to the almshouse, with her child.

There she was instantly put to bed, and a regular course of medicine administered. Luckily she was assigned to Nurse Berylton's Ward, and in the keen, kind-hearted lady, she at once found a sympathetic friend and protector. Mrs. Berylton was not long in winning from her her whole history, and she was most highly incensed at the cruel conduct of the father. What had most forcibly impressed the nurse with Lizzie was, that when she had undressed her for bed, she had found in her bosom her marriage certificate, and the last letter which the poor girl had written to her father. She had, it is needless to say, read both attentively; and, therefrom, concluded that the unfortunate patient was a most worthy, virtuous, and unjustly abused victim.

Lizzie had been three days in the ward with prospects of getting well soon. But suddenly toward morning of the third night, her symptoms became quite alarming. The physicians could not tell what ailed her. All she could tell them was that she had a pain "here," holding her hand over her heart.

"I know I am dying," said she to Mrs. Berylton. "Oh, I know I am dying. I would like to see father, but he won't come to me. I am not

sick, but I am dying with a broken heart. Don't you think father has punished me too hard, Mrs. Berylton?"

There was something so utterly pitiful in the tones in which Lizzie asked this question, as she held her little girl's hand tightly in her own, that the nurse, accustomed to many a touching scene, cried over her poor charge.

"Lizzie, you *shall* see your father. I will go for him myself, and I'll guarantee I will fetch him. He won't bluff me with his iron heart! no a bit of it!"

Nurse Berylton immediately left the room, after calling another nurse to remain while she was away, and, going to the steward, got him to order out the carriage for her, and in less than twenty minutes she was on her way to the brown stone palace of Mr. Lee.

"Tell Mr. Lee I wish to see him on a most important business at once," said the stern woman, as she took the proffered chair in the reception room.

Such a peremptory message brought Mr. Lee in quick time to see who such an intruder upon his dignity might be. But he had no time to collect his stylishness and pride, before his fair visitor commenced the attack.

"Mr. Lee, my name is Mrs. Berylton, nurse in the almshouse. Your daughter, Lizzie, as sweet, and good a young woman as I ever saw, by your inhuman cruelty, is now dying in my ward. She cannot last many hours longer. I have come to take you to her bedside. Please use dispatch, and come with me at once."

The millionaire was aghast. Never before had he been so handled. He was all confusion. But he began to recover himself, and to rate his visitor for her incivility and so forth. But his efforts were cut short by the nurse who drew forth the letter and certificate, and said:

"Time sir, is too short to be wasted in such talk as this. I want you to come. If that poor child of yours dies without you going to see her. I will, with these, make you rue your denial!"

The supercilious man was disconcerted and conquered, and, without more ado, he actually entered the carriage, and, in company with the nurse, went to the institution.

Hastening up to the ward, Nurse Berylton found Lizzie still living, but momentarily growing weaker.

"I've brought, him; your father, I mean," said she bending down to the ear of the expiring girl, who instantly seemed to gain new strength.

Little Lizzie stood on a wooden chair alongside the bed, and held her mother's hand in hers.

At this moment Mr. Lee entered the apartment, cold, stern, and unrelenting. The magnetic influence Mrs. Berylton had hitherto exercised over him appeared to be broken, and his face seemed as though he had

come in only to utter with his tongue the curse he had written with his pen on Lizzie's letters.

He stood at the foot of the bed, evidently noticing more than anything else, the number — 29 — that was painted on the rough head board.

Lizzie, with her fast glazing eyes raised herself up, and cast into her father's face an intense look of inquiry, as though to see if his feelings were altered toward her. But his face was still calm and imperturbable. Then she slowly stretched forth her hand toward him, and said; "Father," in that doubtful, tremulous-kind of a voice which might be used by a person seeing a spirit.

"Well," was the reply, in a cold, indifferent tone.

It was enough.

"Oh, father, I thought you came to forgive and not to torture me! Your Curse is a hard pillow for a dying bed!" feebly said poor Lizzie as she sank back again upon the bed.

As she fell, little Lizzie called to her in her childish way, and reached over to pinch her ear, which was one of those endearing little odd ways that is often noticeable in very young children, and which they never indulge in only with those they love.

The child's voice and action seemed to recall the mother, and, starting up to a sitting posture, she seemed suddenly to become strong once more. Extending her arm toward her father, she pleaded:

"Oh, my father! curse me if you wish to, here on my dying bed, but do not turn your back on my darling, helpless, homeless, little Lizzie! If I am guilty, she is pure and innocent. Revenge yourself as much as you like upon me for my disobedience, but when I am dead please take care of my poor baby. She will have nobody to look to her when I am gone. For God's sake! for God's sake, dear father, say you will! say you——"

Lizzie had let go of her child's hands, and clasped her own in earnest supplication to her obdurate father in hopes of yet softening his heart toward her offspring.

The effort, however, was too tremendous for her shattered frame to endure. The pallor of immediate death rushed over her face. She felt that all was over, and, spasmodically unclasping her hands she tried to stretch one toward her child, upon whom, also, she turned her last look of fondness in this life.

Thus making her final appeal for her darling, poor Lizzie Lee fell back dead upon the pillow.

"Well, you are indeed a stony-hearted man!" exclaimed Nurse Berylton, to the dead girl's father, who stood contemplating his inanimate daughter without moving a muscle. At last he spoke, more in soliloquy than addressing any one:

"Lizzie was once a good girl; but she disobeyed me, and she knew

what the result would be. I told her, as she made her bed, so she would have to lie in it. I am sorry, but she had no one to blame but herself."

"Well, sir, I would rather lie there on that poor thing's death bed, than in yours when you come to die, with all your pillows of down," remarked Mrs. Berylton, sternly.

"Madame," answered Mr. Lee, "you will oblige me by keeping your opinions to yourself. I will send an undertaker here to bury the body. Where is the superintendent's office? I wish to confer with him in regard to the affair."

Being informed by a runner — for Mrs. Berylton was too incensed to reply to him — Mr. Lee, without noticing Lizzie's child at all, no more than if it had been that of a common pauper, left the ward, and entered the steward's office. There, in the most business-like manner, he made arrangements for his daughter's funeral the next morning.

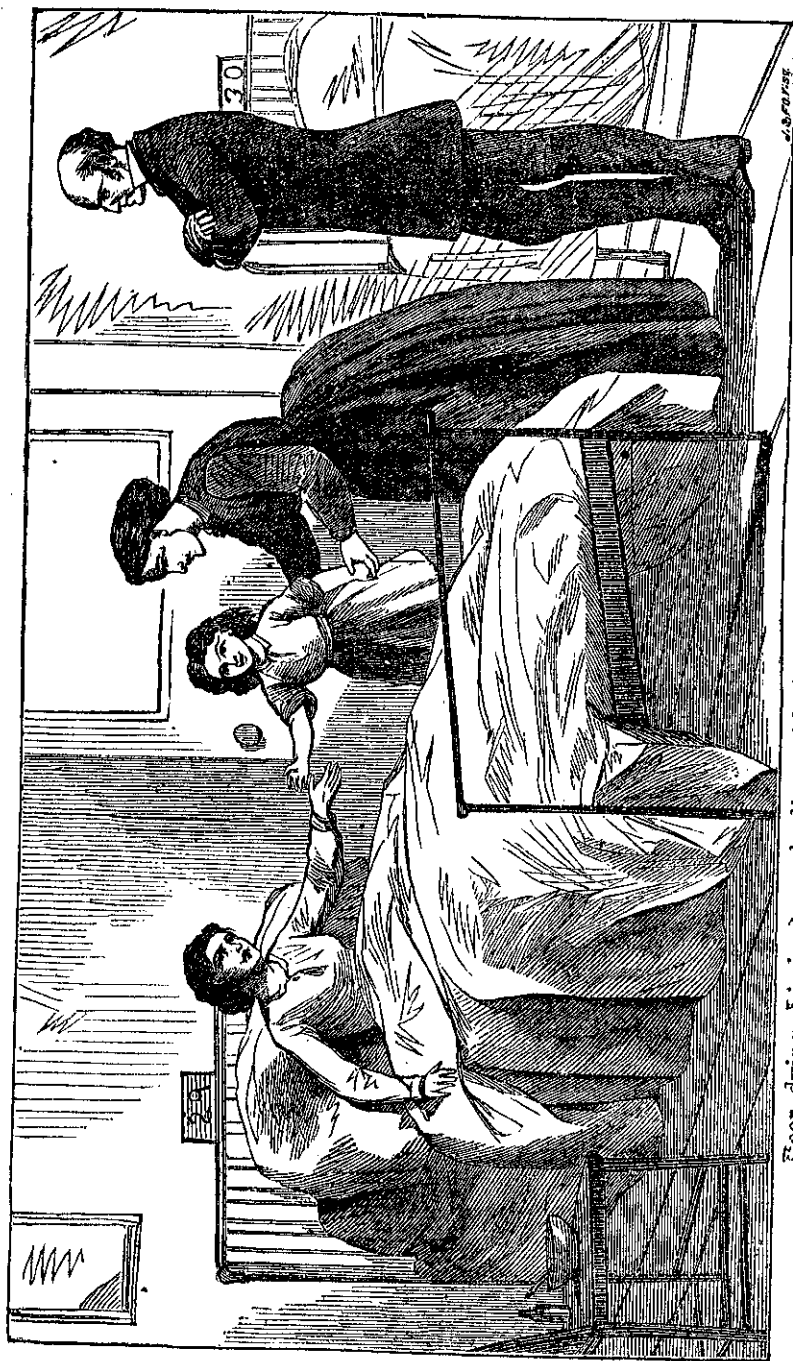
At the appointed time a plain hearse came to the house, and Lizzie Lee was borne away and buried in the family lot of Mr. Lee, no one but her father and a clergyman attending. Whether he relented then or afterwards, is not known; but, in about a week he removed little Lizzie from the almshouse, after going through the formality requisite.

And so has ended the most romantic and touching tragedy of the present day; a sad, sad warning to thoughtless young girls not to rush into ill-assorted marriages.

Madame La Farge has fled from the country for this, and other villainous transactions in which she has been engaged, while Gilford makes no attempts to conceal himself; but actually boasts of having married a millionaire's daughter, and being old Lee's Son-in-law.

Poor Lizzie Lee! peacefully may you repose under the wild flowers after your young life's sorrowful storms.

THE END.



Poor, dying Lizzie Lee pleading with her cruel father to care for her child.