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# MARDI GRAS;

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## *A Tale of Ante Bellum Times.*

BY TIM LINKINWATER. *found.*

*Waldo, James Curtis*

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**MARDI GRAS;**  
**A TALE OF ANTE BELLUM TIMES.**

BY TIM. LINKINWATER.

CHAPTER I.

"We will thank Heaven  
And then we'll see maskery."

In Catholic countries the Carnival time, especially the week immediately preceding the advent of Lent, is devoted to social enjoyments—balls, parties, theatres and the like entertainments are indulged in by almost the entire population. It comes in the early spring of the year, and the pleasures of the winter season are now brought to a brilliant termination, preparatory to the commencement of that season of austerity, observed by the "children of the Church" as a reminder of their own weakness, and to bring them to a proper feeling of humility in contemplating the life and sufferings of Him, who assumed our weak humanity, who fasted and was sorely tempted, that we, through his example, might gather strength to pass through the troubles and cares of this world with a fortitude and resignation worthy of His name.

In no other part of our own country, are the ceremonies of the Carnival so well observed and heartily enjoyed as in New Orleans, where a large majority of the people are of the Catholic faith and where there is also yet a very strong element of the French or "Creole" in the population, who have given to the place many of the customs of the mother country, customs which their fellow citizens of other nationalities are not slow in imitating, or improving upon, and fully enjoy.

Mardi Gras, a French term signifying Fat Tuesday, is the last day of the season of pleasure, and is always marked by the wildest scenes of gaiety, and is given over to amuse-

ment by almost the entire population of the Crescent City. In the Church the day is known as Shrove Tuesday, being the day on which, in olden time, the faithful were wont to make their shrift, preparatory to "receiving the ashes" on the following day, Ash Wednesday, thus entering the season of fasting and prayer with proper humility and devotion.

In a quiet cottage, in what was then the "far up town" district of New Orleans, many years ago, Mr. George Macourty resided. A neat open fence enclosed the front of the grounds, through which the passer-by was tempted to pause and look at the graveled walks bordered with beds of violets, with a collection of choice roses, the beautiful camelia, and fragrant magnolia. A few feet retired from the street, with a small grass plot intervening, was the house, with a wide gallery in front and along the side. There was not only an air of quiet comfort about the place, but a degree of beauty and elegance that gave evidence that the owner was on the road to opulence and wealth.

George Macourty was a commission merchant, whose principal correspondents were English, from whom he received large consignments of ale, porter, whiskey and other articles of foreign make in that line of trade. He had now been established for himself about five years, his predecessor having retired from business just before the crash of '37.

Mr. Macourty was a young man, of medium height, with light hair, and an open, good natured countenance. A man of good education, business talents of a high order, and a private character of honor and integrity, he was al-

ready considered one of the most prominent citizens of the place. His wife, *nee* Cecelia Mary Christie, a native of the north of Ireland, was a lady of superior education, brilliant accomplishments, and refined tastes. She was tall and dignified in appearance, with large, bright, black eyes, an abundance of glossy hair, black as the raven's wing, and a face that was full of intelligence and radiant with rare beauty.

They were devotedly attached to each other, and were loved and respected by a large circle of friends. During the morning meal Mr. Macourty was persuading his wife to attend the Mardi Gras ball, to which she half consented.

After breakfast she accompanied her husband as usual to the front gallery, to say good bye to him when he was leaving for the day's business. As they stood there he said:

"Well, Cecelia, I think you had better go. It will be a splendid ball, McDonald and his wife, MacVain, even old Mr. Cummings will be there, and I know you will enjoy it."

"But the baby, George? I think you forget her."

"No indeed, I do not," he replied smiling, "but surely Aunt Lotty can look after her."

"Just as you like, my dear," his wife replied, "I know Lotty will take good care of her."

The patter of little feet was heard behind them, and a bright little child of two years ran from the side gallery and with a cry of joy caught her father's hand.

"Papa go? Papa store? Ceely go?" said the child.

"Kiss papa, good bye," he said, bending over her, and putting back the long, shining curls that half hid her bright, animated face, while the child, with a merry laugh, turned her rosy lips to him.

"Kiss mamma—kiss Ceely," said the child, and he playfully obeyed.

"You will go to-night, Cecelia?"

"Yes, dear."

"I will not come home until six," he said, "and then I will not go back in the evening, but we will get ready for the ball."

As he turned to go, a gentleman passing by, with a polite bow and friendly smile, said, "Good morning." He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, a full, well developed chest and limbs in such perfect proportion as made him an observed and admired figure. His hair,

closely trimmed, was of so dark a red that in these days of polite description it would be called auburn. His face was full, with high cheek bones, while a smile that lingered around his closed mouth was a mixture of good nature and sarcasm, leaving the beholder in doubt whether to encourage or avoid the acquaintance. Such was Percy MacVain, a man of wealth and education, a native of Ireland, who since his business had called him to New Orleans, had been one of the leaders in social as well as commercial affairs.

"Why, Mac, what are you doing up here?" said Macourty, "come in, come in, I'm glad to see you."

"Thank you, George," said the other, as he walked up to the gallery. "How are you, Mrs. Macourty? and how's my sweet-heart?" he said, stooping to kiss the baby. "How do you do, darling?"

"Ceely's well," the child replied.

"I was just looking around this morning," said MacVain, when the other had answered his salutations. "I think it would be a good idea to buy some property in this neighborhood—I mean it would be a good investment."

"Not only that," replied Macourty, "but it will be a good place for a future residence."

"An old bachelor," said MacVain, the smile deepening on his face, "has no use for any such provision."

"You are claiming to be an old bachelor too soon," Mrs. Macourty said good naturedly, "in the old country a man of thirty like you, is only a right smart lad."

"Well, if I am not an old bachelor now, I soon will be," he replied, "especially in this country. But I must be getting down town, although as this is Mardi Gras day, I suppose there will be little business doing. Do you go to the ball to-night?"

"I think we will go," replied Macourty, as he repeated his good byes to his wife and baby, and prepared to accompany his friend to the business part of the city.

During the day there were a large number of people walking the street in mask, but the greater portion of them mere young men or boys. These generally carried bags of flour, from which they sprinkled the passers by, without much respect for persons.

In the afternoon Mrs. Macourty took a seat on the front gallery, watching the few maskers, who strayed away from the principal part

of the city and passed her residence. Her little child played on the gravel walks near her, sometimes running to her with little shells to claim her admiration, and again shouting in glee at the characters in costume that went along. An Indian chief, in war paint, with an immense plume of eagle feathers, passed along, but his war whoop was not as good as his disguise, and failed to create terror in the hearts of the hearers. Two or three cavaliers, booted and spurred, with gay colored mantles and plumed hats, came next. With these the baby was greatly pleased, calling to her mother, "see, mamma, oh—pretty." After these came a courtier of some olden court, with a cloak loosely thrown over his shoulders, and a long sword carried at his side. There were numerous other characters, some on horseback, some in carriages, but most of them on foot. To give directions in some household duties Mrs. Macourty went into the house, leaving her little daughter busy playing amongst the flowers. Scarcely had she closed the door behind her when the courtier, with cloak and long sword, appeared at the gate, opened it and quickly advanced to the child.

"Oh! see, see the man!" cried the child, not in the least frightened.

"Ceely, come go get some cakes," he said, stooping over the child. His face was masked, but she recognized his voice, and dropping the shells and flowers from her little hands, she eagerly answered:

"Ceely go—get cakes—get mamma cake too."

"Yes, yes, darling," the man replied. Taking the little one in his arms he passed out of the gate, and going down the street turned the first corner, where a carriage was waiting. Placing the child in a carriage beside a woman closely veiled, the man entered it himself, and told the driver to move on. The carriage was driven rapidly away, turning many corners, and passing through side streets to avoid pursuit, if any should be attempted.

"Where Ceely going—don't—let Ceely go," cried the child.

"There, don't cry, Ceely, we will go see papa," said the man, and then turning to the woman he said, "you understand, Sarah, the child must be well taken care of. Spare no money, and if your supply ever runs low let me know, and more will be sent."

"I'll do what I can," replied the woman, "but I don't like it. There is trouble at the bottom."

"Pshaw! none of your low superstitions," cried the man, "take the boat to-night, go at once to New York and locate near the city. You know the country well and there can be no danger."

"I will obey your instructions," was the curt reply.

"It is well," he replied. "You are not known in this part of the country and can never be suspected. Change the child's dress, give me the one she has on, and I will cause it to be placed somewhere, that will mislead them."

The child cried and resisted, but the change was soon made, and she was again assured that she would soon see her papa.

"These traps," said the man, laying aside the cloak and sword, "you can throw in the river when you get well on your way. Write and keep me informed of your movements and remember for your trouble you shall have money enough to settle you for life." Look out and see if there is any one passing."

"No, this is a lonely spot, and there is no one in sight."

"Good bye. Take good care of the child and let me hear from you often." The carriage halted for a moment and Percy MacVain stepped out and walked quickly away.

The boat was ready to start, one plank had been drawn in and the hands were at the oar when the carriage drove up. Taking the child in her arms, closely muffled up, Sarah hurried on board, followed by the negro driver with the small trunk and packages that made up her baggage. In a few minutes the steamboat backed out from the levee, and followed by the loud cheers of the crowd on the shore, was soon rapidly cutting the water on her trip northward. Sarah sought a stateroom and there remained with the kidnapped child.

"Where Ceely going?" asked the child through her stifled sobs, "where's mamma? Ceely go papa," and then she would break into another spell of bitter crying. Sarah used all her persuasive powers to console the child but in vain. "Go away, Ceely wants mamma. Go away, where's mamma," and thus the little girl scolded, cried and begged for deliverance, until her young nature was overcome by exertion and grief, and she sank to sleep on the narrow berth of the steamboat. Through the long night the baby slept, but her rest was not tranquil, the trouble that filled her little heart came forth in uneasy cries and smothered sobs that at times convulsed her whole frame.

## CHAPTER II.

Her household duties occupied but a few minutes and then Mrs. Macourty returned to her seat on the front gallery, and called to her little girl. As she received no answer, she thought the child was busy with the shells and flowers and went to look for her. Not finding her she went into the kitchen and asked Caroline the cook if she had seen her. Becoming anxious about the child, she called to Lotty, the nurse, and a regular search was made, every corner was visited, rooms were thrown open and every one about the house gave their assistance. Lotty ran into the street, up and down the square, asking of every body if they had seen the lost child.

"What is the matter, aunt Lotty," asked, a little boy of six or seven years, as the woman came up to him.

"Oh! Marser Phillip, my baby! my baby!— Oh! Marser Phillip de dear little angel! Miss Ceely!" cried the woman, wringing her hands. "What about her, aunt Lotty?" eagerly inquired the boy.

"Oh! she's done gone, she's done gone!"

"Gone! where to, aunt Lotty?" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh! I dunno, she's gone," was the reply.

Mrs. Macourty by this time had satisfied herself that the child was not in the house and came out to where the nurse and Phillip were standing.

"Lotty, go down to your master's store, 'she said,' and tell him we cannot find Cecelia. He will know what it is best to do; hurry now, my good girl, hurry."

"She must be near here," said Phillip, as the girl hurried away, "she could not go far."

"I do not see how she got out of the front gate," said Mrs. Macourty, thoughtfully, more to herself than to Phillip.

"Perhaps she has been stolen," replied the boy.

"Oh! my God! Oh! Holy Mother forbid!" exclaimed the lady, becoming more excited as the idea forced itself upon her. "Who would steal her? What would they do with my baby? Oh! where is she? Cecelia, my darling!"

The search was continued, in which all the neighbors joined, looking and inquiring everywhere they went. The police were notified, the station houses searched, and messages sent

to distant friends that they too might give their aid.

Mr. Macourty came home, and offered such consolation to his wife as words could convey. As she was certain the front gate had been closed all the time, the conviction came upon all minds that the child had been stolen, but for what purpose, or by whom, no one could imagine.

In a handsome brick house, in the lower part of the city, over the door of which was suspended the sign "Rooms to Let," Percy MacVain had his apartments. The front room, or parlor, was on the first floor and the windows opening on the street were shaded by handsome lace curtains, supported by gilded cornices. The floor was covered with rich carpeting, two large easy chairs, four mahogany damask covered chairs, and a fine large sofa were distributed about the room. Between the front windows there was a piano of the latest pattern and beside it sat a harp, while at one side of the room was placed an elegant sideboard, covered with silver-ware, goblets and decanters of the richest styles of cut glass. Numerous paintings, some of them choice copies of the old masters, and fine engravings, adorned the walls, and a handsome timepiece, with other ornaments filled the marble mantel-piece. The back room was the bed-room, and was furnished with the same style of comfort and elegance.

"Well, it is done and an old grudge is repaid," said Percy, as he paced through the parlor, meditating on the events of the day. "There will be no ball for her to-night." He paused before the sideboard and taking up a decanter filled one the glasses with the liquor it contained. "As for Sally," he continued, "she is as true as steel. Her folks served in the family in the old country for generations and there was not one amongst them more faithful than Sally." He took the glass and draining its contents said, "Here's health to thee, Cecelia, and sweet dreams for thy companions in this night's rest. Ha! ha! ha! So much for your scorn of Percy MacVain."

Again he strode up and down the room, lashing himself into a fury with the fierce thoughts that crowded his brain. "To think," he said, "that Cecelia Christie, the haughty aristocrat, who with pride traces her descent through long generation of wealth and nobility as high as any that ever lived in Ireland, without a

blot or stain to mar their escutcheon, should reject an offer of marriage from me, whose family is as good and noble as her own, to marry with an American parvenu, whose very name marks him as of a mongrel race, the mixture of half-a-dozen foreign bloods."

He sat down beside the harp, and for a few moments ran over the strings with the magic touch of a master of the instrument, then pushing it from him, he continued his walk. "I've struck her heart's core this time and although she will never know who has done it, I will have my revenge in knowing that she has suffered."

Suddenly there came before his mind a vision of the innocent babe thus rudely torn from a mother's arms. He saw her sweet smile, heard her merry laugh and remembered the confidence with which she had come to him, had welcomed him as a friend. Then he heard her cries of distress, her pleading for release and her childish calls for the loved ones at home. As these scenes grew more vivid, in spite of his efforts to drive them off, his anger gave way, visions of his own childhood crowded in with them, he sank into an easy chair and was soon lost in a deep reverie, in which feelings of regret, and the not entirely extinguished sentiments of honor and manhood, took an important part.

On the following day Mr. Macourty continued his search for his little daughter. Letters with full descriptions of the child, the dress and jewelry that she wore, were sent to the police and municipal authorities of St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Boston and other important cities, and a large reward was offered for her discovery. A traveling show was performing in the city at the time, and Mrs. Macourty conceived an idea that her child was there a prisoner. Her husband with the proper authorities called on the showman, a very honest, good hearted man, who listened to their story with sympathy and readily gave his consent to have his quarters searched, although he evidently felt grieved at the doubt thus thrown upon him. The search being over, the kind-hearted man, took full items of the appearance of the little girl and promised that if he met her on his travels he would at once let Mr. Macourty hear from him. On Saturday some boys who had been off fishing, found a child's dress torn and muddy on the banks of the canal, and one of them having heard of the abduction of the

child, he took the little garment and brought it to Mrs. Macourty, who was overwhelmed with grief at the sight of it. It was the dress, she knew, that Cecelia had worn the day she was spirited away. Friends came in and said that she must have been thrown into the canal after having been robbed. The canal was dragged for her body but nothing was found.

Old Mr. Cummings and his son Phillip were very active in all the efforts to trace up the lost child. Phillip was a bright and clear minded boy, possessing ideas far beyond his years and often suggested new routes to be taken, new places to be examined. All their efforts were vain, however, as no clue could be found, further than the child's dress, and so nearly everybody believed that she was dead.

## CHAPTER III.

Two years passed by, and Percy MacVain thought that he might now venture to visit Sarah Murrey, and see the child, through whom he had gratified his spirit of revenge. As the summer came nearer he grew more impatient to make the proposed visit, which he had not made when on his last summer trip, for fear that something might lead to his detection. The cotton season was now nearly over and he resolved to close up his accounts, so that his clerks could, as usual, attend to such business as required attention in the summer season. He had been moody and dull of late, many invitations to social gatherings had been neglected, the city had become irksome to him and he hoped that the excitement of a fashionable tour would restore his former self-possession and good spirits. As he walked along the street, a determination to throw off the gloom that oppressed him strengthened his mind, and he resolved to make a social visit. He had received many invitations to the Mardi Gras entertainments this season, all of which had been allowed to remain unanswered on his table. The most brilliant of these had been given by Mrs. Robert McDonald, and, although it was now long past Easter, he turned his steps towards the fine mansion of Mr. McDonald, to tender his excuses for past unsociability. He was ushered into the spacious and elegantly furnished parlor, where the lady of the house soon joined him. He had known her in the old country, where she had been a school-mate and companion of Mrs. Macourty.



She was a small lady, mild and pleasant, with a kind heart that won her friends, and made her welcome in every circle. Her health was good, but she looked delicate, and this had given her friends the idea that she was not well, and extra care must always be shown for her, lest something should happen. This caused herself and her husband to spend much of their time in traveling.

"I thought you had taken orders and retired from the world," said Mrs. McDonald, as he finished rehearsing the usual excuses for not calling before.

"Not yet, Mrs. McDonald," he replied.

"I knew that if you were in love, it must have been with some of our Protestant belles!" continued the lady.

"And why did you think that?" he asked.

"Because I never see you in church," replied Mrs. McDonald. "It must be nearly three years since you were at St. Patrick's."

"Not quite so long," he replied, annoyed at the mention of church, "Yet I am proud that my absence has been noticed!"

"Yes. I have heard some of our young ladies," she said, "wondering where Mr. Percy MacVain kept himself."

"My thanks are due to the ladies for their kind interest in my welfare," he replied, "and as an evidence of my appreciation of their good will, I shall be more social in future."

"Now that is well said, and as a further proof of your desire to please, you should give us a wedding."

"But where shall I find a partner?" he inquired.

"Why, there is Miss Lucy Morton, how would she do?"

"A beautiful lady, tall and commanding in appearance," was the ironical reply.

"Educated and refined," continued the lady.

"Just from the Louisville refinery," said he.

"Rich, and of good family," Mrs. McDonald continued. "Plenty of money, and of illustrious ancestry," he sarcastically replied, "her father was a shoemaker and her—"

"Why Mr. MacVain!" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"Is it not so?" he replied, and then to give a gloss of good humor to his remarks he said, "American aristocracy, you know, Mrs. McDonald, the coat of arms—a shoemaker's bench or a tinker's furnace, with a bow of wooden nutmegs."

"This is a republican country," replied the lady with dignity, "and we have no such proud and unjust distinctions here."

"No! Well my observations of American society had led me to believe they were very fond of aristocratic titles and exclusive in their 'sets'?"

"I have seen nothing of that kind?" replied the lady.

"Ah! but you are here, located like a star in your particular circle of society, and you see very little beyond it, but I move through all classes, and there is no country where titles are more cherished than in this, whether it is General, Colonel, Major, Governor or Judge, the title is pertinaciously claimed, and the general tendency amongst the people, is to look down upon their fellows and exclaim, 'I thank thee Oh! Lord that I am not as other men!'"

"Really, Mr. MacVain, your long seclusion must have roused your judgment," the lady replied, "you owe it to yourself to be more social in future, and shake off this unnatural bitterness."

"I meant no offense," said he, "and as you are, like myself, from fair and beautiful Antrim, I did not expect you to champion the American nation."

"I have spent many pleasant years here," replied Mrs. McDonald, "and have met many true friends, therefore, I do not like to hear them unjustly spoken of."

"Prosperity always has friends, Mrs. McDonald," he replied, dropping once more into the cold and sarcastic tone that had of late suited his frame of mind; "money makes respectability here, and without it, the descendant of any of the heroes of the old revolution, is a nobody, while the cobbler, or pork-packer of yesterday, if he makes money, comes into the first society, no matter how rough and uncouth his manner, or how ignorant and illiterate his mind."

"That the poorest citizen may by energy and talent rise to the noblest positions," replied the lady, "is only an evidence of the superiority of a true republican government."

"Although I cannot endorse your opinions, it would be ungallant in me to try to controvert them," he replied, "and I suppose the memory of a brilliant season, lends a charm to your views of society here."

"We have had a season of mingled pleasure and sorrow," said Mrs. McDonald, "the death

of Mr. Cummings, followed as it was in so short a time by that of his wife, was a very sad event, both of them such excellent people, such good and kind friends to all around them."

"Mr. Cummings was a gentleman of the old school, high minded, refined, and the very soul of honor," said MacVain, "and his wife, an exemplary woman. What became of their son?"

"He will return with Mr. Cummings's brother, who has come on from Brooklyn to attend to the settlement of the estate."

"Poor Cummings, he was unfortunate, one loss after another, until at last I suppose there is little left."

"Mr. McDonald says there will be nothing after the debts and expenses are paid," replied the lady. "Mrs. Macourty wanted Philip to stay with her, she feels so attached to him for the interest he took in the search for her child."

"Yes, I have heard—it's very natural," replied MacVain, disconcerted at the mention of the injured lady's name.

"Poor Mrs. Macourty," continued Mrs. McDonald without noticing his manner, "she has never been the same since the little darling was stolen. She will not believe the child is dead, but mourns for her all the time—pale, thin and nervous, oh! she has changed so much."

"I have no doubt of it," he replied, still uneasy on the subject, "but she must feel better since they have another child to occupy her mind."

"Yes, I know she does," said Mrs. McDonald, and a beautiful girl, too, but then it looks like Cecelia and that constantly reminds her of the lost one. If the child had died, you know—but you are not going?"

"I think I have made quite a visit," he replied, preparing to leave, for the conversation had turned on a subject that he could not follow with composure. "I am going north in a few days," he continued, "and hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at some of the fashionable resorts during the season."

"We shall spend the summer at Biloxi," replied Mrs. McDonald; "we have a place there, you know, and I much prefer it to the fatigue of traveling and the annoyance of changing from hotel to hotel on a long tour."

After a few more casual remarks, and an

exchange of friendly adieus, MacVain departed. As he walked along the street, his thoughts turned towards the home of Mr. Macourty. They had always been friendly with him, and although his offer of marriage had been rejected by the lady, she had treated him since as an old friend, while her husband had welcomed him when he visited their house in the most cordial manner. As he reviewed the many happy hours he had passed with them, both before and since their marriage, he felt assured that he alone had treasured enmity and unkind feelings. He was a bold spirited man, quick to anger, and deep in revenge, but when that feeling had been satisfied, his better nature returned, and he had often heaped benefits on those whom he had before considered enemies, as if he would cover up his evil acts with a load of kindness. With an immense fortune at his command, he was careless of money, and when applied to for charity gave with liberality and without question. Proud and aristocratic, he was acknowledged as a leading man by those of his own circle in society, and by those in the humble walks of life, he was treated with deference and respect, which he received with the ease and grace of one entitled to it by right of rank and education. The burning desire for revenge against Mrs. Macourty, which he had carried in his heart for years, and which he had satisfied by kidnapping her little daughter, had long been on the wane; the act which had fulfilled the wish, had weakened the strength of the feeling and he had begun to wish that he could do the injured lady some act of kindness to make amends for his cruelty. He was now fully resolved to visit Sarah Murray without delay to see the child, and several times the thought passed through his mind that in the fall he would have her returned to her parents. As he formed these plans and turned them over in his mind, he came to the corner of Canal and Chartres streets, where a lady and gentleman were standing looking in the window. As he was passing, the lady looked up, and he recognized Mrs. Macourty. Raising his hat, with a hasty "good evening," he hurried on. All that Mrs. McDonald had told him of the failing health of Mrs. Macourty was more than true, her pale face overshadowed by a look of deep grief, through which there was no ray of hope, sent a thrill through his heart that was akin to fear.

When he entered his room, the gas was burning, the furniture was arranged with care; but indifferent to all this, he drew an easy chair before the fireplace, although the weather was warm and there was no heed of a fire, seated himself, and gave way to the visions that the incidents of the day created in his mind.

"I was a fool and a villain," thus ran his thoughts, "to commit such an act. If I had killed the child it would not have been so bad, but this endless torture that I know Cecelia feels and which I begin to share, is too much. If she should die? My God! and I her murderer, bloodless, yet bloody! A curse on this brooding mind, that, once injured never rests until some mean damning act of retaliation overpays the debt! What was it to me, who Cecelia selected, since she rejected me? Am I a man, and yet follow like a snake for revenge on an offense that I would be ashamed to acknowledge had even ruffled my temper? What a foul blot it would be on my name if once it was known—Percy MacVain a kidnaper! Oh! fool that I was—but I will set it all right, the child shall be returned, and they shall have proof of her identity, even if I myself, must face them with a full statement of the facts."

He remained thus musing for a long time, formed plans for bringing the kidnapped child back to her parents, dwelt long on the joy this would bring to her mother's heart, and enjoyed for a time a relief from the care that had oppressed him, by anticipation of the pleasure that would flow from his act of restitution.

Going then to the front window, he discovered a package laying on the piano, and, picking it up, he carelessly opened it, saying to himself: "A package from Muller—the coat—looks well. Muller is a good tailor and an industrious man, deserves encouragement. Yes, that's just the thing." As he spoke the paper fell upon the floor, and he stooped to pick it up. "A Troy paper, the Troy Budget, yes, but old." As he was about to throw it down again, he started as if electrified while he read:

"DIED: On the 2d inst., Miss Sarah Murrey, a native of Glenasmole, County Antrim, Ireland, formerly of New York city, and for the past two years a resident of this place."

"Dead! impossible!" exclaimed MacVain, then, reading the notice again, he said: "Yes, it must be her. I know no other Sarah Mur-

rey from our place. Dead and amongst strangers, and the child—my God, what will become of her? And my letters, if they have fallen into some sharper's hands, what a wreck he may make. Two months dead, and I not know it—ah! well, if any one had found the letters they would have written to me before this, but what of the child? It is strange Sarah did not tell those around her to send me word. How came she in Troy, when all her letters were dated in New York, and I thought she lived there. This is mysterious. Can she have played me false, abandoned the child and used for herself the money I sent?" His anxiety to visit the North was now greatly increased. Winding up his business as hastily as he could, paying attention only to such matters as he could not leave to his clerks, he was in a few days prepared to start for Troy.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Cummings' estate turned out badly. The old gentleman had been for many years a leading merchant of New Orleans, and was successful in amassing a very large fortune. He was kind and generous almost to a fault; being himself strictly honorable and just, he was confiding in nature and judged every one to be above deception and fraud. When the financial crisis of '36 and '37 came on, he was in the full tide of prosperity, and his paper belonged to the "gilt edged" class. To him his friends applied for assistance when in trouble, and he aided them without stint or limit. To some he loaned money, and for many others he became endorser. Then there came a time when those who met their financial engagements were the exception to the general rule. As fast as the notes which he had endorsed were presented, Mr. Cummings paid them, sacrificing, to raise the money, his stock in trade, real estate and everything available. To crown his misfortunes, an intimate friend, interested in some of his business transactions, ran away with nearly a hundred thousand dollars and was never heard of afterwards. Before these accumulated disasters, his immense fortune melted away, as rapidly as snow beneath the sun of June, and so it happened that, after the estate was settled, nothing was left to his son Philip, but the worthless book accounts and protested notes of his father's once extensive business.

Philip had lived with the family of his uncle in Brooklyn for three years, during which time he attended school, and in the leisure hours performed such services about the house as were required. It very often happens that children do not appreciate the kindness of relatives with whom they are placed, when unfortunately bereft of parents, and so it was with Philip. The little services that he was capable of performing became irksome to him, and he began to think he was looked upon as a servant in his uncle's family. As this feeling grew within his heart, he resolved to strike out boldly for himself, and he informed his uncle of this determination. Mr. William Cummings was a clerk in a leading New York dry goods house, with a moderate salary, on which it required much management and economy to support respectably his wife and four children. He was a kind-hearted man, and had done all in his power to make Philip at home and console him for his loss. He was much surprised at the boy's determination to leave a comfortable home, and reasoned with him on the folly of his course. These remonstrances so far prevailed with Philip that he consented to board with the family, upon condition that his uncle should accept half of his wages in payment for it. For the first few months Philip worked in a clothing store near the Catherine Ferry, and afterwards went to the dry goods house of Barege, Muslin & Co. on Grand street. This was a large establishment, employing forty or fifty hands and doing an extensive retail trade. Mr. Muslin was an old friend of Uncle William, and took Philip as a package and confidential errand boy, paying him two and a half dollars per week, the half dollar being the result of the aforesaid friendship and to make a distinction between Philip and the other young lads in the store. One morning in early June, about a year after Philip had commenced work, he was brushing up the embroidery department, preparatory to the business of the day. Mr. Peter Droll was head of this part of the store, and Mr. Samuel Sellwell, was his first assistant. Mr. Droll was a short, thick-set man, with black hair and a heavy beard. He was about forty years of age, and had been in the business nearly thirty years, most of the time in the lace, embroidery and trimming stock. He was a quiet, genteel man, a great favorite with the ladies, to whom he was "so polite and respectful." His assist-

ant was a tall, slender man, with long, curling hair, a light moustache, blue eyes, and a good-looking face. He was a man of dash and gallantry, knew how to be attentive and polite, but had presumption and impudence enough to push himself forward. He was a ready talker, and made whatever assertions suited his purpose, with a bold and decided manner that prevented contradiction, if they did not carry conviction with them.

"Here, Phil," said Mr. Droll, "run over the way and tell Bill to send me a paper of tobacco, Anderson's Solace—and tell him if it is not fresh I'll chew it up and never pay him."

"There's one of the ten dollar valencien collars gone out of this box," said Mr. Sellwell, opening the box and counting them over.

"I sold it yesterday," said Mr. Droll.

"Then why didn't you mark it off?"

"You mark off your own sales, my boy, and you'll do well."

"That's all very fine, Mr. Simmons," said Sellwell, "but if the old man saw that, there'd be a row."

"He be d—d. I've forgotten in a week more about the business than he ever knew."

"Who'd you sell it to, Pete?" inquired Sellwell.

"A little, squint-eyed woman in black."

"You had a good day yesterday, didn't you, Pete?"

"Good day! Of all the mean, squeezing, jewing old crones I ever saw, yesterday's turnout was worst. They came from Jersey and Brooklyn, and every one of them came right to me. There was that fat woman in the sky blue silk, with her daughter in a gray poplin, did you see them?"

"Yes, what did they want?" Sellwell asked carelessly.

"The old woman says, 'Have you any Jaco-net edging?' says I, 'Yes mam, a very fine lot,' and I took down the box. She commenced to haul them over, prying this, squinting at that, and criticising the other. I saw in a minute what sort of a person I had to deal with. She says, 'I want it to trim a baby's dress, and I think a yard and a quarter will do.' 'Oh! no, mamma,' says the young one, 'a yard and a half,' then they had an argument whether it should be a yard and a half or a quarter. 'Show me how much is a yard and a quarter,' says the old one. So I showed her a little over a yard, making it short, so she would take

the half. Then she talked about prices, wondered, oh'd! and ah'd! and finally took a yard and a half at eighty cents."

"What was it marked, Pete?"

"Sixty cents!"

During this conversation the men had finished their arrangement of stock, and Philip returned with Mr. Droll's tobacco. Mr. Muslin called him to go to the postoffice. Going down Grand street to Broadway, he caught on to the rear of a stage going down town, and, keeping out of sight of the driver, rode as far as the Park. He now mingled with the crowd on the street, and, as he passed along, stopped every now and then to look in the windows. While standing admiring the jewelry displayed in one of the windows, and speculating on the length of time it would take him to master fortune enough to become the owner of one of the elegant watches that tempted his gaze, a gentleman and lady paused a moment before the window and then passed on. The lady was a small person, with a kind and beautiful face, and leaned lovingly on the arm of her companion, a tall man, with an upright air and a steady step that looked military. His round, full face was covered with a heavy, dark beard, neatly trimmed, his fine grey eyes beamed with good nature, and his whole appearance denoted that he was a man of wealth, and enjoyed the use of it most when alleviating the wants and sufferings of his fellow creatures. As they crossed the street towards the Astor House, a little girl, with a basket on her arm, accosted them with the request, "Please buy some matches, shoe-strings or pins." She might have been eight years old, certainly not more, a child of slender form, pale and care-worn face, the haggard look of which was relieved by a pair of large, bright, black eyes. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and thrown carelessly back, the long, matted locks falling over her shoulders in uncombed disorder. Her face was not handsome, but attractive, possessing a charm that the beholder could not resist when looking upon, yet for which he could not account when she had passed out of sight. The lady and gentleman looked kindly at her, and, gently refusing her wares, went on their way. In front of the old church below, another little merchant sat with a basket of apples before her. She was apparently about the same age as the one they had just passed. Her form was strong and well developed, a round, smiling

face, on which the bloom of the peach and the white of the lily shone out in such proportions as indicated health and gave beauty to the possessor. Her mild, blue eyes were shaded with long, drooping lashes, that, as she looked down, touched the velvet softness of her cheek, and her light, brown hair lay in coquetish ringlets on a broad, fine forehead, or fell in waving abundance from a well shaped head. The weather was warm, and the sleeve of her neat, calico dress was tucked back, showing a round, well moulded arm, on which the dimples came and went as, with care, she dusted and arranged her little stock. The lady paused, and, in the quickness of the movement, brought her companion around, facing the girl, as she exclaimed, "Oh! what nice apples, are they not, Robert?"

"Very pretty, indeed," replied the gentleman.

"Will you buy some, madam?" said the girl, looking up when she spoke. As she looked at her childish face, full of animation at the prospect of selling her apples, the lady said, in a low voice, to her companion:

"What splendid eyes, Robert, and a face so innocent and beautiful."

"A good looking child," he quietly replied, and then answered the girl by asking the price of the fruit.

"These are five cents a piece," she replied, pointing to one basket, "and these two and three cents."

"These are very fine," said the gentleman, stooping over the first basket, "and these are good. Any of them would eat well."

"Buy some, Robert," said the lady, as he stood up again.

"How much will you take for the lot?" said he, smiling as he spoke.

"For all of them!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, and to deliver them for me, it is not far."

"I think—well, two dollars and a half—if you please sir."

"You will bring the apples this evening, at five o'clock," said the gentleman, dropping a five dollar gold piece into her hand and giving her a card; "this is my card, Parlor B., Astor House. You can bring me the change, too."

"Yes sir, thank you sir," was the reply of the delighted girl.

"You can find the place?"

"Oh! yes sir, I will be there."

"I shall look for you at five," said he, as he started away with the lady, "good bye."

"Good bye and thank you, sir," replied the girl.

"Why did you buy so many apples, Robert?" asked the lady.

"Well, Mary, you seemed to take such an interest in the girl," he replied, laughing, "that I thought I would set her up in business."

"I suppose they will keep," continued the lady.

"The apples! yes, all we will ever see of them."

"What do you mean, Robert?"

"I mean that she will never bring us the apples."

"Oh! you wrong the child, Robert."

"You will see," he replied, "I do not expect her to bring either the apples or the change."

"Then why did you leave it with her?"

"To show you, Mary, how little you can judge of these wild children of New York by appearances. Now here is one, innocent looking and—well, beautiful, if you will, and yet I'll guarantee she will never be seen by us again."

"Then it was wrong in you to tempt her," replied the lady.

"Perhaps it was," he replied, with more seriousness, "I never looked at it in that light."

"I did not think you would judge so harshly," said the lady, "and I still think she will do what is right."

"I hope she will come, Mary," he replied, "for since you mention it, I think it was not right to tempt her to do wrong."

"They walked on, discussing this and other subjects, admiring the fine buildings, and watching the crowds moving in every direction, with an interest that showed they were strangers in the city."

When Philip came to where the apple girl sat, he stopped to speak to her, for, in passing and repassing so many times, there had begun an acquaintance between them.

"Mary, I want an apple," said Philip, offering her two pennies.

"I can't sell you any now," she replied, with a smiling, quizzing look.

"Not sell any!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied, laughing at his astonish-

ed look, "you see I've been doing a wholesale business."

"What's the matter, beauty," said the match girl, who now came up.

Mary looked surprised at the new-comer, and after a moment's reflection, asked what she meant.

"What do I mean?" replied the other, "why what are you packing up for? Are you going to leave Broadway? You'll find your beauty will get more customers here than elsewhere."

"You are candid," replied Mary, her face coloring, half in anger, "I am not going to leave Broadway, however, but I have sold these apples, and, therefore, need not stay here, but will get more and come back."

"Where's your customer?" asked the other, and then, making a deep reverence to Philip, she asked, "Has this young gentleman bought you out?"

"No, I haven't," replied Philip, sharply.

"The gentleman who bought them, has gone on towards Wall street," replied Mary, "and I am to leave the apples at the Astor House."

"Oh! he hasn't paid you for them," said the match girl.

"Yes, indeed he has," said Mary, triumphantly, "and I have two dollars and a half change to take to him."

"And you're going to do it?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, you're a green 'un, I'd like to catch myself doin' such a thing."

"Why, what would you do?"

"Do! I'd clap the money in my pocket, move to another point, sell my apples again, and keep the whole of it."

"Oh! you wouldn't be so wicked?"

"My eyes! wouldn't I? Well, you wait till you've seen as much of rough and tumble as I have," replied the match girl, with a knowing nod.

"And what would your mother say?"

"I'm 'bliged to you," she replied, with a sneer, "but I ain't troubled with anything of that kind."

"Shame to speak so of a mother," said Philip. "Nobody wants any of your gab," said the girl, "come now, Sis, just you follow my advice, go with me to-night and I'll show you some jolly fun."

"No, I can not, replied Mary, decidedly, "I would not be so deceitful, besides my mother would not let me be out at night."

"Oh! you've got a mother," replied the other, as she started off; "well, by-by, doughy, I'll see you again."

"The gentleman gave me his card," said Mary, showing it to Philip, "and I would not disappoint him for the world."

"You are right, Mary," replied Philip, as he took the card. "Robert McDonald, New Orleans," he exclaimed, "why, I know him, he is such a good man and his wife is a sweet lady."

"It must have been his wife that was with him," said Mary, "and, as you say, she is a real angel-looking lady."

Philip now thought of the postoffice, and bidding Mary good-bye, he hastened on. After getting the letters, he caught on behind a Grand street stage, and rode up, arriving at the store just as Mr. Muslin was beginning to get impatient at his long absence. The match girl continued on her way, offering her wares to those she met, with a careless indifference that showed long usage to the roughness of the world. Turning into Dey street, without noticing where she was going, she ran against a gentleman coming to Broadway, and, without apology or being in the least disconcerted, said, "Buy some matches, sir!"

"No," was the sharp reply.

"Well, you needn't strike fire," said she, with a sneer, "nobody's going to cry if you don't."

"You are an impudent girl," said he.

"You're no gentleman," she replied, with a toss of her head, "or you wouldn't speak to a lady that way."

"This is the first time," said he, smiling, "that I ever knew a lady to be a match girl."

"I'm a match for you, any how."

"Come now," said he, "don't you think it is wrong to act so bold and unwomanly?"

"Don't give me none of your lectures," said she, drawing near to him, "I had enough of that thing when they called the mission last winter."

"But don't you think," said he, looking at her quite earnestly, "that if you were quiet and genteel you would sell more of your goods?"

"Lord bless you, no!" said she, with a knowing nod, "you men loves to be run against, fooled with and talked to, and I tell you I don't carry my tongue in my pocket."

"How old are you?"

"Don't know," she replied carelessly, "some says I'm nine and some seven, so I splits the difference and calls myself eight."

"Where does your mother live?"

"Ain't got no mother, nor father, and, for that matter, no friends, neither. I goes and comes as I likes, and it's nobody's business, so long as I pays my way."

"Humph! you're a strange creature," said he, musingly, "what's your name?"

"I call myself Cecelia, the wanderer."

"Cecelia!"

"Yes, that's a pretty name, ain't it?"

"Cecelia, about the right age too," said he musingly; "I wish Williams was here."

"What's that you say?" asked the girl.

"What else is your name besides Cecelia?"

"Well I think that's enough," she replied pursing up her lips and looking wise, "but some folks don't, so they add Benson, and I lets em do it."

"Yes—Cecelia Benson—Benson, I don't remember any friend of Sarah's by that name," said he thoughtfully. "Benson—there are plenty of them in the old country, but none that she ever knew."

"What are you talking about?" said she.

"I was thinking," he replied.

"Oh! well if you're going to thiak, I'm off," she replied, "but you ought to buy some matches now—cos we're good friends, eh! ain't we?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," said he arousing himself; "now here is four bits."

"Four bits," said she taking the money, "that's what we call four shillin', but its all the same, it'll pass."

"Well I don't want any matches now," said he, "but meet me here to-morrow at twelve o'clock and I'll give you another half dollar and take the matches."

"Will you now?" she said; "that's clever of you. What's the world coming to? There's a gentleman trusts Beauty with five dollars, which anybody would think was a lungy trick, and here's another gives me four shillin'! My eye, I'll have to join the Mormons or turn a Millerite, the world's a coming to an end sure, and I must get some religion somewhere!"

"You are a wild child," said the gentleman, reprovingly, "but you will meet me to-morrow."

"Oh! to be sure! I never was known to dodge a good thing," said she, as she went away, "and especially a soft one like this."

The man continued his walk up Broadway for some distance, then turning into a side street,

he was about to enter one of the plain brick houses halfway down the block, when another person accosted him, with,

"Good morning Mr. MacVain."

"Well, Williams any news?"

"Oh! no, sir, just the same old story."

"I wish you had been with me to-day," said MacVain, "I think I have at last found the right person."

Which!—the woman?"

"No the girl," replied MacVain. "I wish you to watch me to-morrow on the corner of Broadway and Dey streets about noon. You will see me talking with a match girl; when we separate, follow her and see what you can make of her."

Perey MacVain entered the house, and going into his own room, sat down to study in his mind the features of the strange child he had met, to trace in her face some likeness to Mrs. Macourty, for he now believed that he had at last found the kidnapped child.

For four years he had almost entirely neglected his business to follow up this search. In Troy he had found, after a long inquiry, the house where Sarah had boarded, and the land lady gave him all the information she could. Sarah's trunk was there, and this he was allowed to search. A very good wardrobe, a letter from some friend who signed her first name only, and which contained no items of interest, a gold watch and a considerable sum of money, were the only articles belonging to the deceased in the house. MacVain had written her a great many letters—what had become of them? The landlady said, and one of the servants who had been an especial favorite with Sarah, corroborated the statement, that Sarah received a great many letters, some with foreign postmarks, and others from different parts of the Union, but that she had carefully destroyed them all, sometimes burning them as soon as received. They had often remarked this peculiarity and were quite sure that she had preserved no letters; they did not know why she had done so, it having been none of their business, and they asked no questions. She had no child with her, none had ever visited her, and they had not heard her speak of any; in fact she seemed to avoid society, and kept her affairs to herself. In the search amongst her clothes, MacVain, had discovered, what escaped the notice of the others, a pair of infant's shoes, but little worn, and these he

placed in his coat pocket, never doubting that they were the same that the child had on when carried away. There was no clue to the matter there, and after spending several months in the neighborhood, he went to New York. An advertisement for a thorough and competent detective, which he inserted in one of the daily papers, brought about an interview with Mr. Henry Williams. Williams was a native of the city, a man of excellent character, but one who in his early days, had been "through the town," and knew every crook and turn in it. He had served as a special officer in the service of several banks and railroad companies, and had made the "secret service" his especial study, and in working up some famous cases had gained a wide reputation. MacVain wanted now his whole time, and when he stated the compensation he would require, closed with him at once and detailed to him a history of the case, suppressing only the real name of the child and his own agency in her loss. Since that time Williams had spent his time in working up the history of every wandering girl that by any reasoning he could think was the right one. Besides his regular salary, a large reward was to be paid him on the successful termination of his service, and he had become, from long study, deeply interested in the case. Several times he had thought he was on the road to success, but after spending weeks, sometimes months in hunting up the history of the girl he had picked out as the lost child, he would discover her parentage or place of birth, friends and relations, and would have to commence on another track. He was, therefore, much pleased to find there was at last a good prospect for success. He as well as MacVain, rested easier that night, with the hope of an early termination to their long and tedious hunt.

#### CHAPTER V.

When Mr. McDonald returned to his rooms at the Astor, he was well tired out with his long walk, and laying down on a sofa, he advised his wife to take a good rest before preparing for dinner. She sat down in a large arm chair and declared herself completely tired out. While she untied her bonnet and loosened her shawl, she told Robert that she wished he had brought with him some of the nice apples they had



bought, as she felt hungry. He advised her to ring the bell and order some lunch, observing with a smile, that the apples would not come until five o'clock. Mrs. McDonald made no reply, but taking her bonnet and shawl went to the center table to lay them out of her hands.

"Look, Robert!" she exclaimed, pointing to a large pile of apples heaped upon the table; "will you have one?" she asked triumphantly holding up a splendid specimen.

"I am right well pleased," he replied, "that you are right and I will eat one with a good relish."

"You see, Robert, the girl is honest."

"Is the change there, too?" he asked.

"No, but I will guarantee that it will come."

"I have no doubt of it. At five o'clock the girl will bring it, I expect, so as to be sure that I get it."

And so they rested themselves, took their dinner and returned to their parlor to read the magazines with which they were provided. At five o'clock a servant knocked at the door and being told to come in, said a girl was waiting to see Mr. McDonald—and obeying that gentleman's wishes, he admitted her. She came forward modestly and saluted the lady and gentleman with an easy grace, and resuming her erect position with an air of simple dignity, said that she had delivered the apples early, so that she might buy more and resume her place on the street, and she had now called with the change, which, as she concluded her explanation, she placed in Mr. McDonald's hand.

"You are a good girl," said Mr. McDonald kindly, "and deserve to be encouraged; take this change and keep it, it will help to increase your stock, or get some article you need."

"I thank you, sir," she replied, "but I would rather not."

"Not take it!" exclaimed the astonished gentleman.

"No, sir, if you please," and then she added with a dignity far beyond her years, "I have only performed my duty, and therefore am entitled to no reward."

"You have acted honestly, my child," said Mrs. McDonald, her face glowing with pleasure, "and in a world of temptation, such actions deserve both commendation and reward."

"My wife is right," the gentleman said, "take the change."

"I cannot, sir, but I thank you all the same."  
"Why can not you take it, you are welcome to it?"

"My mother, sir, always tells me to accept of no money, that I have not honestly earned."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. McDonald.

"Mary Collins, ma'am."

"How old are you, Mary?"

"I was eight years old last Shrove Tuesday," said Mary.

"Indeed! you are a Catholic, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'm," the girl modestly replied.

"That's a good girl," replied Mrs. McDonald.

"I am sure you are a great assistance and consolation to your mother."

Mary then bade them good-bye and started for home. Going down Fulton street, she was soon in the crowd of people who were all hurrying towards the ferry-house. There were females of all ages, from girls like herself to decrepid old women, from the hat factories, book-binderies, cloak makers, tailor shops and stores of different trades where they were employed to sew, fold, cut out or do other work. There were crowds of men and boys, of all ages and belonging to every class and trade, the shop boy with his basket or can, in which the lunch that made his noon day meal was carried, the porter, carpenter, and black-smith covered with the dust and smoke of a hard day's toil, the clerk, merchant, broker and professional man, in all the styles of dress known to a city, from the plain Quaker, with his broad brimmed hat, to the consequential clerk in the latest style of garments and shining beaver hat. All were hurrying, like the waters in a swollen river, towards the one point of exit from the great city, seemingly unconscious of the existence of those around. Near the market a man was standing, apparently waiting for the arrival or passage of some one. He was tall and commanding in appearance and dressed with scrupulous neatness, rich in material, without any of the show or flash of a fop or man of the town. Was he studying the phases of human nature in the passing crowd? In this rushing, bustling throng there were hearts as lonely and disolated, as if they were lost in the forest of the west. The man of wealth and ease passed along, and at his side were those oppressed with care, want and misery. The young girl, tender in years, whose face, pale and thin, yet clouded with a look of boldness and wordly knowledge, gave evidence

of the pinching poverty that had driven her from home, where childhood usually nestles, to struggle for existence, was followed by the lady whose affluent circumstances afforded her all that heart could wish or money buy. There they go, the rich and poor, the lame, blind and sick with the strong and robust, the educated and refined side by side with the unlettered, rough and uncouth; youth and age, an active, living stream, whose numbers would almost lead a stranger to believe that the city would soon be empty.

As they went by, Percy MacVain, for he was the stranger standing there near the market, looked with eagerness at the features of every young girl that passed, to discover some line or trace or movement that would give a clue to the object of his weary search. For three years, whenever in the city, it had been his custom to place himself near some of the leading ferries every night, and watch thus in the crowds that left the city for their homes, hoping to discover the lost child. But this evening his wish was changed, he believed that in the little match girl, he had found the object so long and patiently pursued, and he had now taken one of his old stands, to see if she would pass that way. He felt a relief of mind he had not known for years, and was quite conscious that during some of the dreams of joy, yet to come, which had come over his mind that evening, the match girl might have passed without his noticing her. Mary noticed the stranger, and as she was passing looked up at him, when by an unlucky chance her foot slipped, and she stumbling forwards, before she could resist the force of the slide fell upon the pavement, and the apples in one of the baskets were scattered over the sidewalk. She was up in an instant, and busy in gathering up the fruit, in doing which she was assisted by MacVain. Confused and deeply blushing at her awkward accident, she said, "Thank you sir, don't trouble yourself."

"It is no trouble," he replied, as he looked admiringly at her beautiful face and caught a glance of her full blue eyes, "you had an ugly fall, did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, and receiving the last apple that he had picked up, she thanked him again, and hurried away. As she entered the ferry-house she joined the crowd that was hurrying to the boat that was then on the point of leaving. The boat moved slowly

away from the pier, and those a little behind time made a rush and sprang on board. As she moved further out they come in twos and threes and putting forth all their powers jumped on. Then one young man came rushing through the gates and running at the height of his speed, the boat was far out in the stream, but nothing daunted he leaped—amongst the crowd on the boat there was a shudder of horror and fear, while the females uttered an involuntary "Oh," but in an instant more, the daring young man lighted safely on the boat and carelessly stepped across the chain.

"Why, Philip," said Mary, as he came to her, "what a reckless jump that was, you came near missing the boat."

"Oh, no, I didn't, Mary," he replied, "I was sure of my distance."

"But some of these days you will fail."

"Such jumps are made every day," he replied.

"I don't see why you should risk your life so," she replied.

"There was no risk, Mary," said he, "I saw you go in the gate and I was sure you were on this boat and that is why I did it."

When the boat reached the Brooklyn pier, they went ashore and up the main street, which was now lighted and crowded with people taking an evening walk, or attending to some trifling purchases in the stores. Turning into Myrtle avenue they continued on until near Fort Green, when going into a side street they were soon before a row of small frame buildings, at the third of which Mary stopped. It was like the others, a low, one story house, with a small stoop in front. The doors and windows were rickety and old, the shutters on the latter being nearly all broken out and gone. There was a little alley at the side, communicating with the small back yard, showing that some attention had been paid to neatness and convenience in building the row. A crowd of children were playing on the street, several of whom came forward and spoke to Mary and were kindly answered by her. Philip had promised her, while they were walking out, that he would bring her a book to read, and now saying that he would do so on Sunday, he bade her good-night and started for his uncle's house. Mary opened the front door and went into the room, where by the light of a candle, an old woman was yet busy sewing. She was a person of low stature and in former

years had been stout and robust, but age, exposure and sickness had left, as it were, only the skeleton of her former self. Her face was mild, and bore a pleasant look, though now pale and care-worn. Her hair was thin and silvered over with long years of care, and many disappointments in life. Her dress, well worn, had been brushed, mended and turned, and her whole appearance was that of a person who had seen good times, and even yet struggled hard to keep up a respectable appearance. Stooping over, Mary kissed her and tenderly inquired how she felt.

"I feel better, my child," she replied, taking off her glasses and wiping them in a mechanical way as she spoke, "as the summer comes on I gather strength, and hope for even better yet."

"I am glad to hear you say so, mother," the child replied, "I am sure when your health is good we will get along finely."

"Yes, dear, but I can hardly expect ever to be strong again."

"Do not say so, dear mother," the child replied earnestly, "what would I do without you? Think of all that and cheer up."

"I do think of it often," said her mother, "and in truth it is the only reason why I would wish to live."

"See, I brought you some nice jelly," replied Mary, "and a mutton chop for your breakfast, I am sure you will relish them."

"You are always thoughtful, Mary, dear."

Mary then busied herself in preparing their little supper, of which she ate with the hearty relish of youth, and the neat arrangements, with the excellent manner in which the food was prepared, made even her invalid mother enjoy the meal. After the dishes were washed and put away, she took a book and read for a short time, after which they said their evening devotions together and then retired to rest.

#### CHAPTER VI.

As the twilight shadows gathered over the city, work-shops, stores, manufactories and offices poured forth their operatives, workmen and managers, each one seeking the direction of that oasis in the desert of life, called home, where for a few short hours of night their bodies should find rest and their minds be relieved of the load of care and anxiety brought

by the thoughts of the uncertain morrow. In the throng that moved up town, Cecelia Benson, the match girl, pushed her way along, elbowing this one and jostling another of the crowd with a careless indifference to their feelings or opinions. She passed out of one street into another, until, turning into one of the short streets that cross Centre, she entered one of a row of high brick buildings, around the door and alley way of which a crowd of ragged children, and older boys and girls were gathered, talking, laughing and disputing with each other. As Cecelia came forward they stopped their play and conversation, some as if in fear and others in admiration of the new comer. One, a boy of about fourteen years of age, with a coat, the tail of which was very long, and the arms very short and often patched, addressed her.

"I say, Ceal, how much did you make to-day?"

"None you're business, Jake," was the short reply.

"You needn't bite about it," said Jake.

"Well, you needn't poke your nose in other people's affairs," replied the girl. She entered the house, followed by the boy and one of the larger girls. Passing through the long, dark hall, in which the mud and dirt of passing feet for months had accumulated, she went up the winding back stairs, rickety and worn, while here and there great pieces of the plastering had fallen out. All the way up, the walls were so blackened with the smoke, and dirt of years, that it would have been hard to even suppose they were ever white. Still ascending until she reached the fifth and last story, Cecelia went along a dark entry, at the end of which, through an open door, she entered the small room that constituted the home of herself and three of the other young girls of the place. In one corner of the room a large sized mattress was rolled up, and the clothes belonging to it were piled over it without care or order. Two single mattresses were placed side by side in another part of the room, and the coverings of these were arranged ready for their occupants. A medium sized pine table sat before the small fireplace, and served both as a dining and centre table. The room contained two chairs, and some small boxes that answered the double purpose of holding the wardrobes and other possessions of the occupants, and when necessity required,

were used as seats. Around the wall were hung or pasted up, numerous pictures cut from the illustrated papers of the day, torn from books, or picked out of the dirt boxes in front of dry goods and variety dealers' stores. A candle, half consumed, was burning on the table, seeing which the girl said.

"Somebody's precious wasteful, to light a candle and go off and leave it a burning. Hope it's one they paid for themselves." A heavy breathing attracted her attention, and turning around she saw one of her companions laying on one of the small mattresses. "Betsy, Betsy," she said, shaking the sleeping girl; "Betsy, you're on my bed and you ain't undressed neither. Say, look at you, with your dirty feet on my new quilt."

"Go away, and leave me alone," said the other, half aroused from her slumber.

"You're drunk, Betsy," said Cecelia, "and you're in my bed."

"Don't care," drawled out the other.

"Oh! you don't! Well, I'll see," replied Cecelia, now thoroughly angry. As she turned to search for something in the shape of a whip or stick to wake up Betsy, she was interrupted by the entrance of Jake and the girl with him. This girl was one of those who occupied the large bed, and was a favorite with Cecelia.

"Look, Nelly," said Cecelia, "there's Betsy in my bed, as drunk as she can be."

"Oh! never mind her," replied the girl, "have you anything good to eat, Cecy?"

"If I ain't, I've got the money to buy it with." As she spoke she took a small pitcher off the table, and, turning it over, gave it a good shake in lieu of washing it; "here, Jake, go down to the corner and get some beer, a loaf of bread, and let them put a rare done dime steak in the loaf."

"Let him get some cheese, Cecy."

"Well, get some, Jake," she replied, "and don't be gone all night—and, look here, Jake," she said, calling him back, "don't drink none of the beer till you get back."

While he was gone the girls cleared the table and placed the chairs for themselves and a box for their messenger. He was back very soon, and with him came a girl fifteen or sixteen years of age, who very coolly seated herself in one of the chairs, and ordered the boy to spread out his purchases.

"Well, I like that considerable," said Nelly,

looking at the new comer, "if you want a seat, Sally, take a box, for that's my chair."

"I guess I pay as much as any of you in this room," replied the large girl, "and I've as good a right in here."

"Oh! you're always around when there's anything good to be had for nothing," said Cecelia, "get up out of that chair, you sponge!"

"Say that again, and I'll—"

"You'll what?" said Cecelia, angrily, "What'll you do? Turn the North River in on us?"

"Take your old chair!" said the other, starting for the door.

"Come back here, Sally," said Cecelia, wiping out a tumbler with the skirt of her dress, "come, have a glass of beer and, something to eat."

The girl came back and seated herself at the table on an empty candle box. The conversation almost ceased during the time they were eating, each one helped themselves and the beer was circulated until finished. The boy was the first to finish his meal. Getting up from the table, he went to the mantel-piece and took up a pack of well worn cards, the dirty backs and frayed edges of which spoke of their long service. Again seating himself at the table, he began to shuffle and deal the hands for an imaginary game.

"Let's play a game of seven-up," said the oldest girl.

"Oh, no, Sally, let's play euchre," said Nelly.

"Poker is the most amusest game," said Jake.

"Well, now, I tell you what it is," said Cecelia, "nobody plays that can't show their money before they commence."

"You're terrible pertickler," replied Sally.

"I don't care," said Cecelia, as she cleared the table, "I ain't going to play for nothing."

"I'm willing to that," said Sally.

"Yes, but let's see the documents," the other replied, "them as looses never pays unless the money's up."

As she was determined on this point, each one produced the money they had, Nelly and Sally about a dollar and a half each and Jake a dollar, at which Cecelia triumphantly counted up her capital of nearly four dollars, remarking that she knew all along that none of them could match her.



"Take the pitcher, Jake," said Nelly, throwing out a five cent piece, "and get some more beer before we commence."

"I am tired of beer," Sally exclaimed, laying out a dime, "put in all round and let him get some whiskey."

"Whiskey's too common," said Cecelia, making her addition to the refreshment money, "let's have a bottle of claret."

Claret was decided upon, and Jake soon returned with a bottle of that article.

The game was commenced at once, and each one entered into it with a coolness and calculation that showed they were no new hands at it. The bets were made freely, and, for the parties engaged, heavily; the fortunes of chance, whether for or against, were taken with apparent indifference, while the wine was passed around often. After they had been playing an hour or more, Cecelia and Sally only were in on the hand, the former quietly covered the money with her hand and said, "You forfeit this money; you are cheating, and I claim the pool."

"What do you mean by that?" indignantly replied the other, reaching out for the money.

"No, you don't," said Cecelia, "just take them two cards out of your sleeve, you can't come that on me."

Finding herself caught, the other girl dropped the cards on the floor, and tried to explain that she had lost them while dealing the last hand. Cecelia kept the money, some liquor was sent for, and the game continued. It was after midnight when they stopped playing and retired to sleep, fortune having favored Cecelia, who had won nearly all their money from the others. After she had gone to bed, sleep refused to come to her relief; the liquor which had stupefied her companions seemed to have excited her nerves and driven away the possibility of sleep. She thought of the events of the day, laughed heartily as the idea of some of the scenes passed through her mind, and wondered what MacVain wanted with her the next day. Then the idea of a pleasure trip occurred to her, and she resolved to go down to the fishing banks on the following day. She remembered a boy she used to know who sold papers on a railroad train, and she thought that it must be a pleasant life to travel about from city to city, with so many changes of scene and hurried along by the bustle and activity of the traveling crowds. Being of a

restless, changing nature, these thoughts, as they dwelt in her mind, made such an impression on her, that she determined to leave the place at once, and seek new adventures amidst new scenes. Why should she remain there? Without mother or father to control or guide her young mind, no relative to whom she could go in joy or grief, not even a friend for whom she felt more than the friendship of the passing hour, she began to think her present life irksome, and longed for the coming day, that she might put her new resolve into actions. She slept but little; under the excitement of the dreams that haunted her mind, she could take but fitful naps, from which she ever and anon would start up, and look out anxiously for the first sign of the coming day. When at last it broke forth in all the gorgeous loveliness of a June morning, she hurried down stairs to the back room, which was occupied by a junk dealer, who was also lessee of the entire house, renting the rooms to the different occupants, by the day, week or month, taking care in every instance to get paid in advance. No extra lodgers were allowed in the house; visitors, even, though they shared the bed occupied by their friend, were obliged to pay for their nights' lodging, or it was charged to the person who invited them. This rule was rigidly enforced, as Mr. Sanderbund said, to "keep up der dignity mit der house."

When Cecelia entered she found him, by the dim light of a lamp, examining the purchases made by his wife, during his absence on the previous day.

"Humph! vot you want?" he asked.

"I'm going to leave," was the curt reply.

"Vy? Dat ish a nice room."

"I didn't say it wasn't."

"Vell, it is so cheap as vot they ask enny vere else," said he.

"I don't care anything about that," Cecelia replied.

"Vot is der matter?" he asked, for she always earned a fair amount of money, was good pay and never higgled at his prices. "You will not get a more better place in der sitie."

"That's all true, I suppose," she replied, "but I'm going to leave the city."

"Leave der sitie!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, with mock dignity, "I'm going to spend the summer with my cousin, the senator."

"Vell, I spose dat ish all right," he replied.

"your pill ish paid and you shall go ven you likes."

"Yes, but my bill is paid for the full month," she said.

"Vell, if you likes, you stays der full month I no turn you out."

"That's as much as to say if I go before my month is out, you will refund nothing?" she said, inquiringly.

"No, I can not pays you pack," he said, hastily, "dat vas against der phules."

"Just so," she replied, "but we will not quarrel about that. I have got some things up stairs I want to sell you. I suppose you will buy them?"

"Ya-as. I pays down and I pays you so much as nopody else would do."

With this they proceeded up stairs to the little room, where Sanderbund purchased the few bed-clothes and other articles that Cecelia could not take with her. She was too much engrossed with the idea of leaving the city to stand with him about the prices, so that he got the articles at his own terms, congratulating himself that, if he lost a good tenant, he would make something on the bargain that closed their acquaintance. Rolling her scanty wardrobe up in a small bundle, Cecelia left the house before the other occupants of the room, stupefied with their frolic of the night before, were aroused from their slumbers, and thus, alone, all her possessions in the little package, the child started out for a new battle with the world. No feeling of loneliness oppressed her heart, for she had always been accustomed to take care of herself, and follow the dictates of her own will. She felt a relief at the idea of entering upon new scenes, and, having resolved to try Boston, she tripped gayly along towards the New Haven depot.

MacVain was at the appointed place long before the promised time, and waited patiently hour after hour for the little match girl. He could not account for her not coming, never dreaming that she was far on her road to another city.

Mr. Edward Crape was the junior partner of the house of Barege, Muslin & Co. He was a slender man, of three or four and twenty, dressed in the latest style and the best material. He had a very light moustache, the only show for a beard that had yet blessed his hopes, and repaid his assiduous attention to that part of the "make up" of a man. His

hair was always parted in the centre, a fact which did not detract from the disagreeable appearance of a low forehead, and a short, well turned-up nose. About dry goods he knew very little and cared less; he was a nephew of Mr. Barege, a fact that accounted for his interest in the house, where he had been for many years. He went from one department to another, introducing customers to the salesmen, and making suggestions to them about the arrangement of their stocks, hints that were generally thrown away, as the men knew more about the business than he did. He was not shop walker, but acted as an assistant to that important individual. His especial delight was to order and direct the boys of the establishment, who, while they despised him, dared not disregard his orders. To show his authority and domineer over those around him, was consistent with his small nature, and these younger employees were the only ones who would listen to him without rebelling.

"Mr. Droll, you had better display a common point this dusty weather," he said one day, "the fine ones will get damaged easily."

"Certainly, sir, that is only reasonable," said Peter, adding, in an under tone, "Wonder if the fool thinks he can learn me anything."

They had been busy, and Mr. Droll had not had an idle moment since the morning. He was a great favorite with the ladies, especially such of them as liked to dilly-dally over their purchases, admire this, and compare with that, talk about the fashions and discuss that ever ready subject—the weather.

"It is a very pretty lace," said Mrs. Gable, an occasional customer of the store, who was "well to do in the world" and delighted in shopping.

"Elegant, Mrs. Gable, real article, very fresh and new," replied Peter, while, in an under tone, he added, "been in the house seven years, and I'd like to get rid of it—if it would only hold together until she sewed it on, that's all I'd care for."

"Which do you think would be most suitable, Mr. Droll?" inquired the lady, holding up two pieces of the lace.

"That in your right hand," he said, with a smile and a deciding nod of his head, continuing, soto voce, "how should I know, she didn't tell me what she was going to do with it."

"I believe I'll not mind it to-day," said Mrs.

Gabble, "I want it to match, and I haven't got a sample with me."

"Very well, Madam, any time, we always have a good assortment," replied Peter, in his most bland and gentlemanly manner, saying to himself, "I thought so! She don't want to buy lace, more'n a calf wants buttermilk."

"Oh! Mr. Droll, I almost forgot to ask if you had bobbinet for shawls?" and Mrs. Gabble took her seat again.

"Yes, ma'am, we have, they just come from the custom-house yesterday."

"Let me see them, Mr. Droll, if you please."

"With pleasure, Mrs. Gabble, and I'm sure you haven't seen such goods before this season," and Peter turned to select the box, saying privately, "Eh, gad, what a bore, I pity poor Gabble."

"Oh, isn't that fine, such an elegant texture, just like a cloud," said the lady, admiring first one piece and then another, "what is the price of this?"

"That is worth four dollars," replied Peter. The piece was marked to sell for three. "She won't buy it, and, if she does, she'll jew me down."

After looking at the entire contents of the box, and admiring them all, Mrs. Gabble returned to the first piece she had looked at.

"Is four dollars the best you can do for this?" she asked.

"I declare, I believe she does want to buy," said Peter to himself and then continued, aloud, "Well—let me see—to an old customer like you—under the circumstances—well, I'll let you have it for three."

"Three dollars?" she said, with hesitation.

"Yes, ma'am, and it is very cheap," then he continued, in an undertone, "now, haggle away, you contemptible old crone."

"Well, I'll see—I'll be over again first of the week," she said, rising to go, "and I think I will take it then."

"If you want it," Peter replied, determined to make a sale if he could, "I will give it to you to-day for—two dollars and a half."

"Not to-day, thank you, Mr. Droll, it is very fine, and reasonable, too, but I'll wait till next week," and Mrs. Gabble graciously took her departure.

"Good day, Mrs. Gabble," said Mr. Droll; "such an infernal set of shoppers I never did see; talk, twaddle, talk, jew, jew, jew, may the devil fly awa wi'em."

Three or four customers followed Mrs. Gabble, were waited on by Peter, whose equanimity was by this time restored. He was a kind-hearted man, firm in his friendships, with many peculiar ways and odd sayings. A long experience in the business had given him a tact of understanding his customers, almost at first sight, and with those who came to buy he was quick, fair and just, and with "professional shoppers" he could get along better and make more sales than any other man in the house.

Mr. Crape brought forward a lady and introduced her to Mr. Samuel Sellwell as a particular friend of his, who wished to get a lace point, and requested that gentleman to "put them down low."

"A lace point," said Sam, taking down a box, and drawing one out with a flourish, "is the easiest thing in the world to sell, because the quality tells at once, and they sell themselves—at least ours do. These we imported direct, paid for them on the other side before they left the door of the manufactory, and we, therefore, got them cheap. That's the way we do business. We say to the manufacturer, 'We want these goods and here's the money.' That always brings them at the lowest possible price. This point is worth—well, it is worth five hundred dollars—ah, well, madam, but look at the lace, see the work, just examine the pattern. That point was made expressly for Queen Victoria, but when it was finished, for certain reasons, she thought it did not suit, and our buyer, happening along, picked it up at three hundred dollars, for which price we now offer it."

The point was really a handsome article, and was marked to sell for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but Sam talked away about its beauties, its foreign history, and their good fortune in securing so rare an article, with an air of sincerity that would have impressed almost any lady with the idea that she was fortunate in being allowed to see it.

"It is very handsome," replied Mrs. Miller, looking at the article with admiration, not unmingled with awe, "but I do not want so expensive an article."

"Here, madam," said Sam, exhibiting another, "is a real pusher lace, very fine, from one of the most celebrated makers of France—a rare pattern, the first of the kind ever introduced into this country."

"What is the price sir?" inquired Mrs. Miller, looking as if she was almost afraid to ask the question.

"One hundred dollars, madam, and certainly the cheapest article in New York at that price. We had eight hundred of them, all different patterns, but of the same quality, and this is the only one we have left."

"It is more than I care about giving," was the reply.

"Ah, now we come to it," and Sam drew another out of the box with a triumphant flourish, "this is the Lama, very stylish, we have been selling them at sixty-five dollars, but this one I will put to you at fifty."

Mrs. Miller examined the article closely, declared it very handsome, but hesitated to say more.

After this Mr. Sellwell exhibited four or five others, displaying them in the best light, and expatiating on the beauty and elegance of each one.

"Now here is one," said Sam, in a confidential manner, "that Mr. Muslin put aside for a friend of his—it is a very neat pattern, fine quality, and will wear a life-time. You see, this work is very light and airy, that vine is beautiful, the color is elegant and will never turn—we've sold over three hundred of them this week."

"How much could you let me have it for?"

"Well, now—let me see—it is marked—Mr. Droll, what do we sell these ME points at?"

The private mark of the house was Cumberlandland, so Peter promptly answered, "Thirty-five dollars."

"Yes, madam, thirty-five dollars," said Sam, "but, as it is you, I'll call it thirty, and run the risk of a scolding."

Mrs. Miller took the point at that price, paid the money, and was politely bowed out by Mr. Sellwell. In wrapping up, the mark had been shown to Mr. Crape by the foreman of the packing room, and Mr. Crape, as usual, was led by curiosity to the cashier's desk, where he learned the price that Mrs. Miller had paid for the article.

"Mr. Sellwell, didn't I tell you Mrs. Miller was a friend of mine," said he, approaching that gentleman in a great passion.

"Yes, I believe you did," carelessly replied Sam, as he folded the points and put them away.

"The point you sold her was marked twenty-

two dollars, and you charged her thirty, sir!" said Mr. Crape, his rage increasing.

"Well, if you wanted a point given away, you should have waited on her yourself," replied Sam, returning a box to its place on the shelves.

"I'll have you know, sir, that I won't have such things in this house."

"Oh, come now, don't kick up such a ruffle about nothing," said Sam, stopping in his work to address Mr. Crape.

"If you speak to me in that way," was the reply, "I'll discharge you."

"When?" coolly asked Sam.

"Now, right away, sir," said Mr. Crape.

"Well, this ain't the only dry goods store in New York," said Sam, taking down his hat, "and this will suit me as well as any day."

"Go to the office, sir, and have your account settled," said Mr. Crape indignantly.

"Well, you come along," said Sam, and the two walked into the office, where Sam, requested to have his account made up. Mr. Barege, was in his great easy office chair, and looked up with surprise, when he heard one of the best salesmen in the house request a settlement. He inquired the cause of the disturbance, and Mr. Sellwell related what had happened, with an occasional interruption from Mr. Crape.

"I'm surprised, Mr. Sellwell," said Mr. Barege, "that you should charge such an outrageous price."

"The goods were marked low," replied Sam, "and well able to stand the price."

"Well, I've no objection," said Mr. Barege, in a half reproving tone, "that you should ask a fair profit, but fourteen dollars out of thirty! Don't do it again, Mr. Sellwell."

"All right, sir."

"By the way," said Mr. Barege, "you were absent three days last week, Mr. Sellwell."

"Yes, sir," replied Sam, with a solemn look, "my aunt in Jersey City was sick, and there being no one but servants there, I staid to look after the old lady."

"Ah! how came you on Broadway, Wednesday evening?"

"Wednesday? oh! yes," said Sam, suddenly remembering, "I came over to get some medicine. The article ordered by the doctor could not be found in Jersey."

"It must have been a new medicine," replied Mr. Barege, "since you had to go to a larger

bear saloon for it! That will do, you can go to your stock, Mr. Sellwell, and I trust your aunt will not be sick again soon!"

"Thank you, sir, I hope not," said Sam, very gravely.

Mr. Crape, defeated in his attack on Sellwell, came out in the store and meeting Philip, who had been watching with interest all these different scenes, thought to take revenge on the boy by ordering him to clean the windows.

"That's not my work," said Philip.

"Oh! it is't, well I'll see," replied the irritated gentleman. Fortunately for Philip, Mr. Muslin, called him at this time and sent him off on an errand down town.

Mr. Droll had been troubled with a cough for more than a year, which at times was so severe as to seriously frighten his friends. On this day he had suffered from it more than usual, and Sellwell, while he related to him the scene in the office felt worried at the signs of consumption that were plainly traceable in his old friend.

"Confound this cough," said Peter, "I believe I've got the consumption."

"Oh! nonsense, Pete," replied Sam, concealing his real feelings, "you have caught cold, take a good hot apple toddy when you go to bed to-night and you will be better to-morrow."

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon, as he had promised, Philip started out to pay a visit to Mary. He took with him three or four of the best books he had, which he intended to loan to his young friend to read. The day was very pleasant, calm and still, the very air seeming to know that the day was holy, and to hang with a mellowed brightness over the city of churches; a few fleecy clouds were moving slowly through the heavens, while the sun gave a cheering brightness to all around, without an oppressive or glaring heat. Philip was so pleased with the serene and happy scenes about him, that without noticing his progress he passed the street he should have turned into, and did not discover his mistake until he arrived at Fort Green. Turning to retrace his steps, he was hailed by a familiar voice and was then joined by Mr. Droll, who inquired where he was going.

Philip urged his friend to join him in paying a visit to Mrs. Collins' house, and dwelt so admiringly on Mary's beauty and goodness, that Mr. Droll consented.

Mary answered their knock at the door and received them with a childish ease and grace that pleased Mr. Droll very much, and when Mrs. Collins welcomed them in her kind and gentle way, he felt himself quite at home. Philip and Mary were soon engaged with the freedom of children, looking over the books he had brought, examining the modest ornaments of the room, and discussing the different subjects that occurred to their minds. Mr. Droll and Mrs. Collins, were equally interested in the conversation that passed between themselves. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and she was from the Glens of Antrim, in the ever green Isle, and a comparison of the two countries, with a relation of the many incidents of childhood that still dwelt bright in their memories, made the time pass pleasantly away, and caused them before the evening was over to feel a friendship for each other that it might have taken years to create, under different circumstances. The visit was so agreeable, in fact, that Mr. Droll was pleased with the invitation given to call again. His Sunday walks thereafter usually included a visit to Mrs. Collins, and frequently during the week he would stop in for a few moments. At these times he took great pleasure in assisting Mary with her studies, and often brought her books that he thought would be useful or entertaining. He was fond of music, and as an amateur, was considered an excellent performer on the piano, violin or flute, the latter of which he sometimes brought with him, and varied their amusements with music. Philip usually accompanied Mr. Droll in his visits to Mrs. Collins, or was there before him. He now took more interest in reading and in studying with Mary, than he had ever done at school, and as Mr. Droll always included him in his instructions, often jokingly said that he was now attending college and that when he graduated he expected to get a Droll diploma.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Although it is a common saying that "the age of miracles has past," and we no longer find the kings and rulers of Christian countries, or their statesmen and lawgivers, wise judges and men versed in science and literature, consulting sooth-sayers and astrologists, asking of them the unveiling of the future, and

yielding to their predictions implicit belief, and to their mandates a blind obedience, yet we find the descendants or successors of the mysterious men of science who flourished in the middle ages, still practicing the arts and wiles of the profession. Whether it is that imposters and illiterate persons have degraded the once noble art, or that the world has become so practical as to regard all pursuits as mere trades and matters of business, or that the superior intelligence of the age has discovered it to be the veriest humbug, which ought to be exploded, certain it is that the professors who pursue it are no longer looked upon with that respect and superstitious awe that characterized their lives in "the good old days." Yet there are many of them who do a very lively business, and amass immense fortunes—the test in these latter days of success and deserving character. They have their followers, who pay profound reverence to their powers, their visitors from curiosity, and through the credulity, hopes, fears and ridicule of the world, hold their authority and reap their harvest.

Madame Clementine Pavalio, was one of the most celebrated fortune tellers, and astrologists of the city. She understood her calling to a nicety, and while she advertised extensively, her cards and circulars were so well worded, and her appeals so judiciously made, that even those who ridiculed the idea of belief in such a science, were drawn through curiosity to visit her rooms. She claimed to treat her subject scientifically, and with new and improved apparatus to assist her, she read the past, present and future, assisted in consummating matrimonial engagements, gave a likeness and told the disposition of the future husband or wife of the applicant. She described the friends and pointed out the enemies of her visitors, and warned them of the dangers hanging over the future. She often gave information that led to the arrest of thieves, and defaulters, and the recovery of articles stolen; many of her exploits in this line had been important in their results, and these with the facility and accuracy with which she had read the past lives of some of her most important clients had gained for her a wide reputation and left a deep impression on the minds of a few of the most incredulous. If they had been allowed a peep behind the scenes, as we shall presently take, their wonder would have been much abated.

Her residence was a brown stone front house of imposing appearance, near Broadway, on an up-town street, and the silver knob to the door-bell, was encircled by a handsome band of the same metal, bearing in plain, but not overgrown letters, the name, Madame Clementine Pavalio. On one side of the spacious hall, by which the house was entered, there hung a magnificent oil painting of Puck, starting on a mission to girdle the earth, while opposite there stood a marble statue representing fortune in the act of emptying her horn of plenty. The consultation room, which looked out upon the street, was large, with high ceilings, and the high windows that reached nearly from floor to ceiling were shaded by elegant lace and damask curtains. The furniture was of elaborate pattern, rosewood and satin, of the finest quality and newest styles. On the mantle-piece, which was loaded down with costly ornaments, there was an upright card case of mother of pearl, supported by a pedestal of pure gold, and in this the cards of fortune were placed, after being shuffled for dealing. On an elegant marble top center table there stood a miniature globe, on which all the countries of the earth were delineated with accuracy and in the best style of art. A large pier glass was placed between the windows, opposite to which was the horoscope of destiny, so contrived that while the visitor unsuspectingly looked into it, the astrologist quickly took their photograph, which could be afterwards used, either to gather more particulars about the principal, or to send to some distant correspondent, as the likeness of a future partner in life.

On one of the sofas in this room a man was leisurely reclining, while near him in an arm chair the renowned fortune-teller was sitting. He had evidently just come in, and stretched himself wearily out, while she in a compassionate tone said,

"You seem weary, my dear."

"I am weary, and what's more, I am worried and disgusted with this interminable search. It is first one track and then another, and entirely different one, all leading to—nothing."

"Well, my dear, you get paid all the same, don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes! but that is not all a man works for. I get paid liberally, but then I could make just as much working up the private cases that would come to me, if I was free to take them, and then there would be variety,

and the satisfaction of success. Now here I've had this one case since the year after we were married, and I am no nearer success than when I first took it."

"It is strange," replied his wife, who wore her high sounding foreign name only for business purposes, but was Mrs. Williams in private, "that Mr. MacVain does not tire of this fruitless search."

"Not he!" exclaimed the detective, "I never saw such a man! Disappointment only sharpens his desire for success, and drives him into new channels and on to new plans."

"Why is MacVain so anxious about the recovery of this child; was she a relative of his?"

"No—I think not. There's some terrible mystery about it and it is fast wearing him to the grave. I think from the way he talks and the weight it is on his mind that he either stole the child or had it done?"

"He did? What could induce him to do that?"

"I don't know, perhaps money—may be it was done to conceal the child's birth, though if it had been that she would have been stolen before she was two years old. He's the deepest man I ever got hold of; you can't find out much that he don't want you to know, and if you do think you've struck a trail, you never know whether you are right or not."

"If he would come here, I might lead him by prophesy to do as you wish."

"Yes, but he would not come here. He would hoot at the idea of consulting a fortune-teller, and I would not hazard my reputation with him by such a proposition."

"No, it would not do for you to do that—I only wish he would come of his own accord. As it is, why don't you throw up the engagement?"

"I can't do that very well. I've hinted that way several times, but MacVain is never willing to listen to such a thing, and he has been so liberal with me, that I could not honorably drop the case against his will. This match girl he thinks is the child he is looking for, and that belief has raised his hopes higher than ever before."

"And you cannot find her?"

"Find her! You might as well look for a grain of chalk in a barrel of flour, as to look for one particular vagrant amongst the thousands that infest every alley, lane, and tene-

ment of the city. Besides, I never saw her, and MacVain only saw her once, and may have given me a very poor description of her."

"Yet it is strange you can find no trace of her."

"It is, indeed, and baffles me entirely. I wish MacVain would drop the case. I would willingly give up the chance of earning the handsome reward that is promised on the successful conclusion of our search."

The door bell was rung at this moment, and to avoid the visitor, if it should be some one wishing to consult the Madame, Mr. Williams retired into an adjoining room, and the servant announced that a gentleman wished to see the Madame. She was ordered to admit him, and a moment afterwards ushered in Mr. MacVain, which astonished the fortune-teller, the more, because he had been the subject of her late conversation with her husband.

Recovering from her surprise, she invited him to be seated, and awaited the disclosure of his business, in dignified silence. MacVain cast a searching look around the room, noticing the magnificent furniture and elegant ornaments with indifference, but when his eyes fell on the instruments of her science, a sneer curled his lips as he said:

"I suppose you think I have come to consult you about the future, to ask you if my star of destiny shines brightly and get you to unfold the past, present and future, to my wondering eyes."

"It is neither just or wise," she replied heartily, "to mock at that which we do not understand and have never tested."

"Do not think that you can impose on me," he replied, his eyes flashing with resentment at her rebuke. "You could tell me nothing of the past that would be pleasant to hear, the present's open before me, and the future is hung with a veil as impenetrable to you as to myself—no, I want none of your sight seeing or witchcraft."

"I know you too well," she replied, carelessly, turning the miniature globe on its axis, "to suppose that you come with any belief in my powers—Percy MacVain is a cynic in human affairs, a neglecter, almost an apostate in religion, and believes in nothing firmly—except his own infallibility."

"MacVain started with surprise when he heard his own name thus announced, and the flush of anger deepened on his face as she pronounced her estimate of his character."

"You were born rich and proud," she continued, apparently indifferent to his resentment; "wayward, self-willed and unrestrained, you grew up, with a mind stored with the wealth of science, literature and the fine arts, a position in the highest social circles of the world, and a fortune almost unlimited; you have used your advantages for your own gratification and pleasure, never caring whose heart was torn or life blighted, so that your ends were gained."

"Tis false," he exclaimed, stamping his feet angrily. "I did not come here to be insulted with your impertinent surmises about my character."

He was surprised at the amount of knowledge she displayed and her words were the more galling as they were so nearly true.

"I told you," he continued, endeavoring to control his feelings, "when I came in that I wanted no history of the past, no comments on the present and no guesses at the future. I came to ask your assistance in an entirely different—"

"Yes, I know," she said interrupting him, "you wish me to help you in finding a little girl who was stolen from her parents in New Orleans, and who it is your duty to see returned to her home."

MacVain could not conceal his surprise when Madame Pavalio gave this further proof of her knowledge of his affairs, and although a man of strong mind, he was for the moment shaken in his disbelief of her science. He therefore quietly answered:

"Well—and if I did?"

"I cannot assist you now," she replied, "the time has not come yet."

"Oh! you cannot," he said, the old sneer returning to his lips, "I thought you could read the future like an open book."

"The dispositions and intellects of men differ," she replied, again slowly turning the little globe and measuring her words as she spoke, "so it is with the scroll on which is written their future destiny; some lie open before the true astrologist as plain as a book, others are obscured by occasional clouds, while a few are shrouded in an impenetrable veil that not the most acute science can lift. Those who pretend that the destiny of all men can be read by them, err, either through intention or ignorance, yet there are very few of this latter class."

"With the fine points of your science I have nothing to do," replied MacVain, "I want your assistance to find this lost child."

"It would be useless for me to try now," she replied, "the lines of your destiny and of hers lie far apart and diverging. You have seen a girl of the same name, a match girl; she is not the child you want to find. No, you need not shake your head. I am right, and if you find this match girl you will then know that I am."

"Well, you give no encouragement," he said, "and would seem to aim at dissuading me from a further search."

"Your further search will prove fruitless," she replied. "I may tell you more at another time, but just now your chart of destiny is not very plain."

"You know that I do not believe in your revelations of the future."

"That I cannot help, my reading of the past you know to be true, time will prove my correctness about the future."

"And you say that I will never find the child?"

She did not reply for some minutes, but sat intently studying the little globe as it revolved, then going to the mantelpiece she took down the card case, and as the pack it contained was slightly soiled, she took from the drawer of a table a fresh one. These cards were made in the highest style of art, the edges were gilded and the backs ornamented with fine steel engravings of mythological subjects. After shuffling them well, she placed them in the case beside the globe on the table and again took her seat opposite to MacVain. As the globe slowly revolved she drew the cards from the case, and laying them out on the table, read to him in a studied manner:

"The woman with whom you placed this child," she said, "died without leaving you any clue as to what had been done with her. The child is well and has grown very rapidly. She does not now live in this city. You have met her and spoken to her." MacVain started and then leaned eagerly forward, while she continued, "you will meet her again and often, but you will not know her. Your inquiries will be without success, and you will meet her where you least expect it."

"I will speak to her and associate with her?" he inquired.



"You have spoken to her," she replied, and after a pause added, "and will speak to her, but will not know who she is. There—see these cards are all black and mixed suits; I am not therefore able now to tell more with certainty."

"You think then," he asked, "that I will never find her?"

"That you will see and speak to her again, is certain," she replied, but I think you will never know her. Ah! the queen of hearts and jack of diamonds, that is blood! Beware! there is a cloud here, and if you continue, it will lead to great trouble—yes, to bloodshed."

"Madame, if I believed what you have said," he replied, "I should be the most miserable of men. But I am confident of success; I must be successful, for until I am so, I can never be happy."

"If you find her at all," she answered, "it will be many years hence, but I do not think you will find her, and, therefore, advise you to give up the effort."

"Not I! by the light of my soul, I will pursue the search as long as life lasts, summer and winter, warm and cold, through all Christendom, I will look myself and have my agents busy until success is gained, or death relieves me from the task."

His eyes flashed as he spoke, his lips contracted and a look of unalterable firmness settled on his face.

"Perhaps you will assist me," he said, as he arose to go, "if so, I will pay you well."

"No, no, no, I can not," she replied, drawing back, "there is blood between you and her, and I doubt if ever you will succeed. The danger that awaits you may engulf those associated with you, and, therefore, I decline the offer, no matter what the reward."

"Very good, as you please," he replied, smiling at her earnestness, and then he laid on the table a sum of money that, he thought, would be sufficient to pay for the interview. "Good bye, Madame, I may call and see you again."

"I hope you will," she replied, as she returned his bow, and a servant conducted him out.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The ties of home are strong and almost universal. The heart turns from the cares of the

world, the rude jostling of the busy crowds, the continual jingle of money and the pursuit of the ever needful dollar, from the overtasked brain, the weary limbs, and the dull, drowsy plodding of the day—from all such over-hanging clouds the heart turns away to seek bright visions of joy, amidst the groves and walks, the vine-hung cottage, or, it may be, the ever-recurring, hot and cheerless side-walks, and piles of brick and mortar that make up a city, where once, in a happier time, home was known. The feeling is confined to no class or nation; rich and poor alike are haunted by it, for it seems to be innate in the human breast. As "distance lends enchantment to the view" when looking upon the works of nature, the majestic hills, the spreading valleys, and the limpid, running water, so time softens the memory of the past, and there are few passages in life, however hard and toilsome, which, viewed after the lapse of years, have no pleasant visions intermingled with their trials, that make the heart exclaim, "Ah, those were the good old days!" Thus the mantle of oblivion is cast around the sorrows of life, obliterating their pain, or mellowing them down, so that the joys that came with them stand above and overshadowing them with a tranquil, holy light, that causes us to look back with mingled pain and pleasure. A few years hence, and to-day will be counted in "the good old time," and if we could but realize this fact, so as to season our lives with contentment, how much greater would be the pleasures of this life, how much lighter its burdens.

When Cecelia first arrived in Boston, she was delighted with all she saw. The new scenes, strange faces, manners and customs, made a variety that, for the time, engaged her whole attention. She soon became acquainted with other children of her own class, and with some of these took up her abode. In this way she passed the next few months, making excursions to Cambridge, Roxbury, Malden and the neighborhood, always peddling some sort of wares with very great success. When the summer had passed away and the autumn was deepening into winter, this roaming about became less agreeable, often trying and painful, and she began to talk of New York as home, and of returning to it. With her it needed but the resolution; no ties bound her, no dear friends by love and kindness, caused a sigh of regret at parting.

True, she had no brilliant memories connected with her life in the great city. For her no hearth stone had ever been warm and bright, or hallowed by the love of a mother, the watchful care of a father, or the merry joys of brothers and sisters. To all this she was a stranger, yet even her dark life had its rays of light and comparative pleasures. The dark little room at Sanderbund's possessed a charm for her thoughts, which were ever reverting to it, and the boon companions which she had met there she now remembered with a feeling akin to love. Her present life was too quiet, and she longed once more for the old haunts, the bustle and throng, the never-ending tide of strangers and the boisterous revelries that had combined to make up what there was of pleasure in her past existence. Like the majority of those raised in our great city, she had come to think that "other places may be very good in their way, but—there is only one New York."

The inmates of Sanderbund's house were surprised, one morning in early December, by the return of Cecelia, which, to them, was as sudden and unexpected as had been her departure. She was placed in the same room and with the same companions, excepting the girl Betsy, who had been moved to another room.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Nelly, as they sat together, partaking of the breakfast which Cecelia had sent out for.

"Oh! all round! I went to Boston, Lexington, Salem and saw Bunker Hill and all them things, I had a nice time, I tell you."

"You goin' to stay here now?" inquired Nelly.

"Yes, I am, for, after all, their ain't no place like New York."

"That's so," replied Nelly, "I've often heard them as had gone all over say the same thing."

"So Betsy has left you?" asked Cecelia.

"Yes, but she lives down stairs."

"Why did she leave?"

"Oh, she's hitched. You remember Jake, yes, of course you do; well, him and her made a match, and she's livin' with him."

"What a jolly go!" said Cecelia, "ain't they well matched, though? He's a sleepy-headed booby, and she's a lazy good for nothing."

"And they can both drink as long as anybody else will pay for it," said Nelly.

"Oh, it's a nice match, but it won't last long," replied Cecelia.

"I don't think it will," said Nelly, "for they've had one or two fights already."

"Well, we'll give 'em one good night any how," said Cecelia, "as I've just got back, it's no more'n fair I should stand treat, so you tell them and the girls to come up here this evening, and we'll have a little supper. Ten o'clock is early enough, as I want to take a walk through Broadway by gas light, just for old times."

With this agreement the girls separated, Cecelia going to the little restaurant at the corner to order the articles she wanted for the evening's entertainment.

The night was bitter cold, the wind sung drearily around the corners, and swept with full fury through Broadway. The clouds hung heavily in the sky, portending a fearful storm, warning the citizens to seek shelter in their homes. Percy MacVain, who had remained in the city much over his usual time, still cherishing the hope of finding the girl Cecelia, and then, by further investigation, settle the question of her identity with the lost child, was to leave for his home on the morrow, and had resolved to spend that night in visiting the tenement houses and low resorts and inquire for the object of his search. He had visited several of the ferries, and spent hours in watching the tide of people who were hurrying to their homes across the river. It was nearly nine o'clock when, after visiting several up-town places, where he thought he might meet with success, he came into Broadway and walked towards the Battery. Cold, dark and cheerless as the night was, there were crowds of poor unfortunates passing along the street, eagerly scanning the face of every man they met, hoping to receive a small pittance, that would relieve them from distress, for this one night, at least. Some were clad in gray colored poplins and merinoes, with flashy ribbons on their hats, and streaming out behind, their shoulders covered with shawls of every color and texture. Others wore soiled and time-worn silks, cut in last year's fashion, and carried fans in their hands, as if in mockery of the season. Some were yet in summer costumes, light bareges, chene poplins and debayes. Others appeared in calico dresses, and cowed shivering before the cold blast as if the thin calico was all that protected them from the rude winds. Some were old and careless, making their appeals for aid with a brazen ef-

frontery that knew no shame, others, advanced in years, were yet more modest in their demeanor. There were young girls, tender in years and delicately formed, who seemed to be gliding, more swiftly than the others, down that dark and terrible road of ruin, below shame, lost to honor, beyond hope, far, far beyond the pale of law and affection. One of these he noticed particularly, a little child, with a thin, pale face, where hunger and neglect had left deep traces, the dark eyes shining out from the ashen paleness that surrounded them, with a fierce, unnatural light, her thin calico dress driven close to her form by the chilling wind that swept down the street, and as she went by, a small voice within his breast seemed to say, "Is it here, Percy MacVain, that you would look for the victim of your malice? Is the delicate child, torn by you from the embrace of a loving mother, one of these? Have you taken her from a home where every influence would tend to virtue, honor and refinement, that she might fall into this road of misery, want and crime? But for you she would have been surrounded by luxury, protected by kind and affectionate parents, and have become the pride and joy of her home—see is she now one of this throng? Think, oh man, of the angel you have torn from the influence of religion, from the love and reverence of God, and placed on the high road to degradation and shame!"

As these thoughts coursed through his brain, ever returning when he strove to shake them off, one of the women stopped him, and asked for charity in God's name. Pulling forth a dollar, he gave it to her. Thanking him, she went on, and he, prompted by curiosity, followed. Going up Broadway, before reaching Canal street, she turned to the left, and descended into the under-ground story of the corner house.

The room he entered was entirely underground, the story above was occupied as a notion store, this was a bar room, fitted up in handsome style. Passing through this, MacVain found himself in a long room, resembling a cave, which was immediately under the sidewalk of Broadway. It was occupied as a shooting gallery, and as he stood there, surveying the rough appearance of the place, a young man, holding up a pistol, good naturedly asked him if he would take a shot. This was Mr. Samuel Sellwell, who, having finished

his day's work, was out for a little recreation. MacVain surveyed the stranger for a moment with a distrustful look, but the good natured face of Sam overcame his repugnance to recognizing such chance companions.

"I seldom shoot at such a mark," he replied, pointing to the figure on the iron screen, "but your challenge comes with so much confidence that I will try it."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be an extra shot," replied Sam, "but I like the amusement of the thing."

"Very well," said MacVain, pointing to the keeper, a lame man, who went about with a long step and a short one, "this gentleman shall call for us, and we will fire in turns at the word."

"At the word!" exclaimed Sam, "I never fired that way in my life."

"It is the only way to have any amusement," said MacVain, "and I never shoot in any other way—but, as you say you prefer a steady aim, you can fire as you like, and I will fire at the call."

Each one had three shots, and, as it was agreed that Sam should try first, he took his place, and, after a short aim, fired. One of his shots struck the pivot, ringing the bell, and the other two were less than a quarter of an inch from it. MacVain fired at the word, without care or hesitation, two of his shots ringing the bell and the other touched the spring, but too lightly to stir the bell.

"Well done, well done," cried Sam, "let's try it over."

"That's not good shooting," said MacVain, "at least down our way we would think it poor—only one shot was fairly in the centre."

"I don't think you can beat it," replied Sam.

"Oh, yes I can," said MacVain, smiling, "that would never do in pigeon and squirrel hunting."

"If you are dry," said Sam, confidently, "we will take something on it that you don't beat it this time."

"I am not much in the humor for drinking," replied MacVain, who yet felt as if he must vindicate his skill with the weapon, "but I will take your challenge."

Sam took his place, aimed with extra care, and rang the bell with his first two shots, but success and eagerness to do well made him aim a little unsteady, and the third shot missed the centre by the smallest fraction of distance.

"That was very well done, for a steady aim," said MacVain, who now took his position, and, as the word was given, fired with a quick but careful aim. His three shots rang the bell, two of them striking fair in the center.

"By Jove, that is good shooting!" exclaimed Sam.

"First rate! splendid!" exclaimed the keeper, with an admiring look at MacVain.

"What will you drink, sir?" asked Sam.

"Excuse me," replied MacVain, "I really don't feel like taking anything."

"Oh, that will never do," said Sam, "you must take something. Come now, it's a cold night, take a hot Tom and Jerry; of all the places in New York, this is the best for Tom and Jerry."

"Very well," said MacVain, yielding reluctantly to Sam's importunity.

They rang the bell and gave the order to the servant when he came, Sam in his good nature including the keeper in the order. The foaming beverage, smoking hot, was compounded just right, and they all pronounced it the best they had ever tasted.

After finishing his glass, MacVain said he must go, and Sam replied that he had stayed long enough himself and would go a short distance with him. As MacVain returned to the bar room, he looked about him again, wondering where the woman had gone that he was following when he entered the place.

"You are a stranger here?" said Sam, inquiringly.

"I am not a citizen of New York," replied MacVain, "but I have spent a great deal of time here."

"Come this way," said Sam, taking his arm and drawing him towards the side street, "I'll show you a sight, the like of which you never saw before."

They passed through the door into a long, narrow passage or hall, under the sidewalk of the side street. Along this was ranged a dozen or more stalls or small apartments, separated by a thin board partition, and all having a door opening into the hall. In each one of these there was a long, rough table, with benches running around it for seats. When MacVain entered this place he started back with horror at the sight that met his eyes. The hall was crowded with women like those he had seen on Broadway, who had taken refuge here from the cold of the street. Some

were laughing and relating their experiences of the night with loud words and rude jests, others were singing the rough street songs of the day, others were in the stalls, indulging in such drinks and refreshments as their scanty means would afford, while many were lounging around, waiting for the appearance of some one from whom they could beg the means to pay for something to satisfy their hunger or thirst.

When the men entered a crowd gathered around them, asking for some refreshments. All sorts of drinks and an endless variety of dishes were suggested by these, each one urging her claim to consideration until MacVain felt sick at heart for the degradation he witnessed.

"Take care, get out of the way," said a young girl, pushing the others aside and presenting herself before him, "this is a friend of mine, and I know he'll stand treat for the crowd, if you will only keep quiet."

"My God! Cecelia, you here!" exclaimed MacVain.

"Yes, it's me," replied the girl, much surprised that he should remember her, then half fearing that he would demand a return of the money she had cheated him out of, she regretted having spoken to him. If she had known how little he valued money, or yet, if an idea of why he felt so strong an interest in her had crossed her mind, she would have had no such feeling. Remembering how his sombre manner had impressed the girl before, and believing that it was the cause of her not returning to him the following day, he resolved not to awaken her suspicion by questioning her too closely, or frighten her away by a reproof for being in such company. Assuming a careless freedom he was far from feeling, he ordered one of the waiters to take the orders of the crowd, and requested Sellwell to join them. That gentleman was astonished at this change in his companion, with whose reserved and dignified manner he had been deeply impressed. Nothing in the city was new to him, however, and he accepted the invitation with a cordial approbation.

"How have you been?" asked MacVain, addressing Cecelia.

"I've been bully, never was sick in my life," replied the girl.

"You live in Brooklyn?" he said after a short pause.



"No, I don't," she replied, and then the feeling of distrust returning, she added, "I live in Williamsburg."

"Oh! you do!" said MacVain, thinking that he had gained one point, "what part of Williamsburg?"

"Two squares from the King's County Hotel," she replied.

MacVain did not want to question her too closely, lest he should anger or frighten her, and, therefore, after a short time he withdrew, followed by Sellwell.

"That's some of New York under ground," said Sellwell, as they stood on the corner of the street.

"A disorderly crowd," replied MacVain, "and much to be pitied."

"That's so," replied Sam, glancing at his watch. "A quarter to ten, well, I'll bid you good night, sir."

"Good night," replied MacVain, and they separated.

#### CHAPTER X.

Soon after MacVain left the saloon, Cecelia remembered her engagement with her friends at Sanderbund's and took her departure also. The room was in the same order, or disorder, as when she occupied it before. The few articles that she had disposed of to Sanderbund had been rented to the other occupants of the room. The old table was well covered with dishes for the evening's entertainment, oysters in several styles, beefsteak, a chicken salad, with an abundance of bread, claret wine and draught ale, being the principal attractions; to which was added, later in the evening, a large bowl of smoking hot whiskey punch. The company consisted of Cecelia's old friends, Nelly and Sally, who were still inmates of the room, and Betsy and Jake, who came up from their room on the next floor. When all were seated at the table, Cecelia invited them to make merry and help themselves, a request which each one proceeded to obey without further ceremony.

"I'm glad to see you back, Ceely," said Jake, with his mouth full.

"You're eatin' as if you were," said Betsy, contemptuously.

"Come, Betsy," replied Cecelia, "let him eat, that's what I want him to do and you too."

"What are you going to do this winter?" Nelly inquired, as she emptied her glass.

"I don't know yet," replied Cecelia, "but I s'pose I'll sell something and gouge what I can."

"If I had money," said Jake, after a deep drink of the ale, "I'd go South."

"What would you do South?" inquired Betsy.

"Do? I'd beg, or sing, or peddle something," he replied.

"I've heard say," said Sally, "that folks who went down to Mobile, Charleston or New Orleans did mighty well."

"That's so!" exclaimed Jake, "why, I know a feller that went South last winter and come back with over five hundred dollars."

This was a new idea to Cecelia. She had tried Boston and the neighborhood, but a place where five hundred dollars could be made in a single season, seemed to her like a fable.

"Which is the best place to go to?" she asked.

"They are all good," replied Jake, "but I expect New Orleans is about the best. Dick said it was the liveliest place."

The conversation became general and embraced such a variety of subjects as they were conversant with, amongst which the theatre, circus and negro minstrels were the most prominent. After they had all satisfied their appetites, the whiskey punch was placed before them, and, as in the most aristocratic assemblages, the fun grew fast and furious. They told stories, related jokes and sang songs, laughed, shouted, and finally Jake danced a break down for them.

"Jake, how much does it cost to go to New Orleans?" asked Cecelia, when the noise subsided a little.

"Depends on how you go," replied Jake. "If you manage right, you can sponge your way nearly all through, and if you pay it will cost—well, may be eighty or a hundred dollars."

"What do you know about it?" said Betsy, who had been taking liberally of the whiskey punch.

"I know, 'cos Dick told me," said Jake, "and you better hold your jaw, you had."

"Oh! yes," replied Betsy, between a cry and a storm of rage, "get up a quarrel now, you're always pickin' at me, always a findin' fault."

"Hush up now," said Jake, "you're drunk—as usual."

"Am I? Am I?" cried Betsy, "drunk as usual, hey? Who earns the money—say how much have you made these six weeks? who paid old Sanderbund the rent last month, yes and this one too?"

"Are you going to stop?" cried Jake, seizing a chair.

"No, I ain't," replied the girl.

"Won't you?" said he, raising the chair over his head, when Cecelia stepped in between them.

"Not here Jake," she said firmly.

"Not here," he repeated, surprised at the interruption.

"No, and if I was Betsy, nowhere else."

"What would you do?" he inquired with a sneer.

"I'd break your head or stab you; you never would strike another woman, that's certain!" replied Cecelia, her eyes flashing with anger.

"Well, you and I ain't got no quarrel," he replied, shrinking back from her piercing look; "I don't want to offend you, I'm sure."

"Then shake hands with Betsy," replied Cecelia, "and let us drink once more to everybody's good health."

Peace being thus restored, they all applied themselves once more to the punch until the last drop was gone, when after many good wishes Betsy and Jake retired to their room, and the others pretty well overcome with their potations sought their rude beds in the corners.

As the night advanced, the wind grew more furious, and the clouds that whirled through the sky gave promise of a speedy storm, which the severity of the weather told must be snow. About one o'clock in the morning, the wind lulled a little, although still very high and the air seemed to grow more intensely cold, every thing was freezing hard and fast. The policemen drew their great coats close about them and huddled close to the corners and friendly door-ways. Such citizens as were yet on the streets hurried on their way, bending over as they went, thus to catch less of the wind, and drawing their bodies close together, so it seemed, to avoid the piercing cold, while their breath turned to ice, covering their comforters, mufflers and collars as they went quickly on. Save by these few passers, the streets were quiet, and for once the great city seemed to be asleep.

Suddenly there came a gleam of light against

the sky, scarcely perceptible at first, and then a glare shown over the district near the Tombs, while from all around the loud voices of the watchmen raised and reiterated the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Then came the ding, dong, clatter, bang, of the bells, and in less time than it would take to tell it, half-a-dozen engines, followed by the brave and devoted men who were to man them, were rushing through the streets, with the speed of race horses, indifferent to the piercing cold. Now down Center street they come, then around the corner, and in a moment more the first stream of water is playing against the walls of Sanderbund's tenement house. Another and another company came quickly upon the scene, until the whole available force of the department was on the ground and hard at work.

"Now boys, hurry up, for God's sake don't let us be last," cried a man, fire hat in hand, running along the line of men of a Hook and Ladder Company. The company dashed along, onward, faster and faster until they arrived at the scene of the fire.

"Now loosen them ladders quick," said the foreman, the same man who had encouraged them on the road down.

"Where do you want them, Sellwell?"

"Get 'em off and we'll see," answered the foreman—our old dry goods friend, Sam Sellwell.

"Bring one of yer ladders over here, Sam," said the foreman of one of the engine companies, "here's a woman in the third story."

The fire had commenced, it seemed, in the lower story, and must have worked with wonderful rapidity, for all the lower doors were closed, and excepting the woman at the third story window, no sign of life had yet come from the house. The flames were already shooting out of the windows of the second story and lapping the lower part of the house in a great sheet of fire.

"The devil himself couldn't stand that heat," said one of the men as he attempted to raise the ladder against the burning house.

"For God's sake hurry," cried the woman, appearing again, and now with a child in her arms.

"Up with the ladder, up with it, hurrah now," cried Sam.

"Then there came a wild shriek of horror, pain and agony and the woman disappeared,

and in a moment more the flames were seen shooting wildly up against the ceiling and around the wood-work of the room she had occupied.

Those who had composed the little party in Cecelia's room, had retired to bed more than an hour before and slept heartily after the indulgences of the night. Jake was first to hear the noise and hardly knew for some moments, what to make of it. When fully aroused he sprang from bed and in doing so aroused Betsy.

"Where are you going, Jake?" she asked.

"I'm going to get out of this," he answered in a hasty, angry tone, "don't you hear, you sleepy-head, the house is on fire?"

"On fire, oh! my God!" exclaimed the woman, springing up, "what will we do, what will we do?"

"Do! get out of this," he said starting for the door.

"Take me, Jake," she cried, catching hold of him, "take me along Jake."

"Let me go," he said, trying to shake her off.

"Oh! don't leave me, Jake!" she pleaded, "what will I do—don't leave me, oh! for God's sake, don't leave me."

"Let me go, you fool," he cried, pushing her rudely from him and hurrying down the hall. When he reached the stairs, he ran down them, in his hurry passing two or three steps at a time. When he reached the curve of the stairs his foot slipped, and stumbling forward he came head foremost on to the floor, which, rotten by years of use and weakened by the flames that had been burning against it, now gave way beneath him, and as he uttered a foul imprecation on his soul, he was hurled below, striking a burning rafter here and a projecting plank there, until at last, senseless and almost lifeless, he was stretched out on the heap of burning timbers on the ground floor. Betsy had followed him to the stairs, witnessed his fall and as the flames shot angrily up through the hole made by his passing body, she could go no further, but stood calling in a wild frenzy, "Fire, fire, fire."

Through all this not a movement had been heard on the upper story of the building. Cecelia slept soundly, and dreamed of the scenes she had passed through during the summer. Then her mind wandered to the storied fields of the South, and visions of mangoes, bannanas and tropical flowers, laden with heavy per-

fumes, filled her dreams. At last there came a confused noise, she thought some one was calling her, then there was the sound of many voices, and she started from her bed, half asleep, to hear Betsy's horrid cry of "Fire, fire."

"Nelly, Sally, get up," she cried, pushing the sleeping girls with her feet while she hurriedly put on some of her clothes. "Nelly, wake up! Nelly, Sally, don't you hear?"

"What? what is it Cecy?" they both inquired.

"Come," she replied, "hurry up, the house is on fire! Listen! My God! we will all be burned up!"

They all heard the cries in the street, the dull, measured stroke of the engines as the men worked on them, and the crackling, hissing noise of the flames as they raged and rolled nearer and nearer, while ever and anon, above all, came Betsy's cry of "fire, fire."

Cecelia rushed out into the hall, where the smoke and heat were almost overpowering, and comprehending the position at a glance, called to Betsy, who was yet standing by the stair-way below.

"Come here, Betsy, if you stand there screaming you will never escape. Come here, quick, up with you and we will see what we can do."

She then ran to the end of the hall, threw open the front window and called to the men in the street below. The occupants of the other rooms on the floor, men, women and children, to the number of thirty or forty, were now coming out, crying, screaming, wringing their hands and running to and fro. The scene was terrible below them, the fire raged fiercely, approaching nearer each moment, the crisping and hissing of the flames was painfully distinct, the smoke swept through the hall in choking, blinding clouds and the heat grew more and more intense. There seemed no chance of escape but by the front windows, and to leap through them would be certain death on the stone paved street below.

"Bring that long ladder here," cried Sam, as Cecelia appeared at the window above; "hurry up, let's make one more effort to save them."

The ladder was brought and placed against the burning house, but the heat was so great that the men could scarcely stand by it. "Who

in it—can go up there?" said one of the men, "just look at that flame, it would roast a feller before he could get up."

"Stand aside," said Sam, preparing to ascend; "it never shall be said they burned to death without an attempt at rescue from us."

"But look, Sam," remonstrated the man, "who could go through that?"

"Who ever saw a true fireman afraid, when human life was to be saved," said Sam, firmly. "I say, George," he continued, addressing a man with one of the pipes, "just turn your stream on me and keep it there all the way up."

The man obeyed and Sam began to ascend. Soon two other streams are turned on him and his ladder, and his progress was watched with breathless interest by all of the immense crowd assembled. On he went, now he comes to where the heat is fiercest, and hesitates for one brief moment only; but what a thrill went through the crowd, and on he goes—now he nears the window and—he is inside. A sudden thought seized the fire bound victims and with one accord they rushed for the window to throw themselves out upon the ladder. In vain did Sam talk to them, calling on them to wait, to go with care or help each other to escape. Some in their hurry missed their footing and fell, children were pushed entirely out, and thus hurled to the street below. A few clinging to the ladder were bruised and trampled on by others above them, or burned by the flames that darted up and flashed around them. The firemen kept their streams steadily on the ladder and thus kept a few from perishing. At last the ladder was clear once more and his companions called loudly for Sam to come down.

Cecelia had retired when the rush began, and now that it was over, she approached the window and looked out from the giddy height. Through all this time she had been terribly quiet, so quiet that it seemed as if reason had left her; and as she looked out of the window her courage failed and she turned away again.

"Come, I'll help you," said Sam, "let me step out and then you hold on to me and we'll go down together."

"No, no, I can't," she replied shuddering, "to fall there would be certain death."

"To remain here is certain death!" exclaimed Sam, and he caught her firmly in his arms and stepped forth. The shout of delight that

his brother firemen sent up, as Sam appeared on the ladder, was hearty and prolonged. All the streams of water in the neighborhood were turned upon him at once and as he descended step by step, cheer after cheer was given, and when he reached the ground in safety with the rescued girl, the members of his company relieved him of the burden, and he was almost overpowered with praises and congratulations.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The sun rose clear and bright gilding the church spires and house tops with a flood of light, cheering wherever it penetrated, and dispelling all thoughts of the storm that had seemed so imminent the night before. It was a calm winter's morning, and, although the trees were leafless, and the grass was withered and brown, the warm rays of the sun made a pleasant mellow light, making it seem like a day in that loveliest of seasons, Indian summer. The busy hum of the returning current of merchants, clerks, needle women and laborers, as they came from their homes across the two rivers, or from the upper part of the island, soon grew strong, and the preparations for the day's business were noticeable on everywhere. The boys at Barege, Muslin & Co's., were sweeping out and dusting, the porters made great piles of calicoes and domestics and hung out attractive shawls at the doors, the clerks who came early were arranging and assorting up their stocks and everybody about the store was busy.

"We'll have a fine day after all," said Mr. Droll, who was marking a lot of handkerchiefs that had just come in.

"Yes, we are likely to do a good trade," replied Sam, with a look at the agreeable warmth outside, "and the more the merrier," for I just want a roaring trade to keep me alive to-day."

"You're 'owly,' to-day, hey?" said Peter, "were you at a fire or frolic last night?"

"A little of both, especially the fire business," replied Sam. "Eh! gad, you ought to have been there, you never would have wished to see another fire."

"What was it, Sam?"

"A tenement house, chock full of people, not more than a dozen of whom were saved," replied Sam. "Such a sight! My God! to hear the poor people shrieking for help! Well, all

I've got to say—good morning madam, mourning collars? Yes, madam, a fine lot."

At this moment Philip came in, and being late, was met at the door by Mr. Crape, who angrily inquired where he had been; but Philip seeing Mr. Muslin near the lace stock, stepped over to him and made his explanation.

"I was up nearly all night," he said, "with a friend who has been very ill for a long time, and died this morning."

"Indeed, Philip," replied Mr. Muslin, "I am sorry to hear it. Any of your uncle's family?"

"No, sir," said Philip, "an old lady who lived near us, and as they have no one to assist, I should like to be absent until to-morrow afternoon."

"Very well, Philip," replied Mr. Muslin.

"What is the news?" asked Mr. Droll, as he came forward.

"She is dead," replied Philip.

"Poor old lady, I am very sorry," said Mr. Droll. "How is Mary?"

"She is very quiet, but seems to feel her loss very much."

"Yes, yes, poor girl," replied Peter, "it's a terrible loss to her."

"I am going to see about the funeral," said Philip, "and I'll sit up there to-night."

"I'll come over," replied Peter; "I will be with you about nine o'clock and keep you company in your watch."

Mrs. Collins had been failing very rapidly, and the physician who had been waiting on her, had long known that he could do nothing more than give her temporary relief from pain, and make her death more tranquil and easy. When Philip called the previous evening, Mary said that her mother was much worse, and when he went into the room he was surprised at the change which had taken place since the morning. He insisted upon remaining during the night so that he might help Mary in the trying time that he knew was now close at hand. Mrs. Collins looked up, when he spoke, and recognized him with a smile and a kind salutation, after which all were quiet again. She was quite free from pain and breathed softly and freely, except a slight rattle now and then, which seemed to annoy her more by its strangeness, than by any pain it gave. About midnight the death look became more distinct, her eyes wandered uneasily about the room, and Mary, thinking that she

wanted a drink, gently raised her up, and offered her some, but she still continued to look anxious.

"What will you have, dear?" asked Mary.

"I am—going now—Mary—I know—I cannot live—"

"Oh! no, no, no, dear, do not think of that," said Mary.

"Yes, Mary—I must—I cannot put it off"—and she looked at Philip.

"What is it, mother dear?" said Mary tenderly.

"No—I am not—" again she paused and looked anxiously at Philip.

"Will you have the priest, mother dear?" asked Mary.

"Yes—yes—quick, Mary—quick."

Mary requested Philip to go to the Cathedral for one of the Fathers, which he did at once. During his absence Mrs. Collins talked to Mary as much as her strength would permit, advised her about her future life, and unburdened to her the few thoughts that had laid buried in her mind for years, and gave her an outline of the history of the family, many of the facts and incidents of which were new to Mary.

When Philip returned with the priest, she was quite calm again and received the Father with evident satisfaction.

After this she fell into a gentle sleep, so peaceful and calm that the watchers were almost persuaded that she was getting better and would soon be out again.

About four o'clock she awoke, and requested that she might be allowed to sit up in bed. Mary raised her with tender care and held her head in her arms, while Philip arranged the pillows so that they would support her when she was laid back again. While in this position, she looked lovingly into Mary's face, smiling upon her, and saying with the depth of true heart-feeling, "God bless you, Mary, dear," she quietly passed away; her face bore the peaceful repose of an infant's in deep sleep, and Mary laid her back upon the snowy pillows—dead.

The neighbors came in early in the morning and kindly assisted in the arrangements, laying her out in the parlor of the little house, and preparing Mary for the funeral, which was to take place the next day.

When Mr. Droll came over in the evening he found all these preparations concluded, and several of the neighbors who had come in, some

to stay all night, and others to spend the evening. The furniture was arranged with care, and the few ornaments of the room were removed or covered up. The remains, dressed in a black silk dress, were exposed on a large table covered with drapery of white, over which were strewn flowers and evergreens, arranged in wreaths, bouquets and festoons. Around the corpse wax candles were burning, and at the head a large crucifix was placed. Many of the callers upon entering made the sign of the cross, and kneeling, said a prayer for the rest of the soul of the deceased.

For an hour or two after Mr. Droll arrived, visitors were coming and going, each one saying some kind word or offering some consoling reflection to Mary, who sat by one of the little front windows, her heart too full of grief and sadness, for relief through the medium of tears. She felt that now she was alone in the world, there was no relative to whom she could go, no friend upon whom she could rely, or from whom she had a right to expect comfort or assistance. Alone in the world! The strong man loses mother, father or wife, and he feels alone in the world. The woman, with a mind fully formed, trained and educated, loses these dear friends upon whom she has leaned for support and kindness, and she feels that she is now alone in the world! And these are terrible. But Mary was a mere child, kindly and tenderly cared for, raised to love and cherish home and home influences, taught in the paths of virtue and goodness, her mind trained to adore and venerate the Church, Her Redeemer, and God. How unprepared for the battle of life was that innocent, confiding child! The change from this home, humble and plain as it was, to the rough, designing, wicked world, would be great—very great.

As the night wore on, the watchers became more sociable and passed away the time in conversation.

"The old lady looks very natural," said Mrs. Boddice, a broad shouldered, good natured lady, who kept a small variety store over the way.

"As true as life," replied Miss Catherine, an Irish servant girl, who had known Mrs. Collins's folks in the "ould country," "nice well-to-do people they were too," she often said.

"She was an excellent lady," said Mr. Droll, as he took a seat near them.

"Ye might well say that, sur," replied Cath-

erine, "she was a well eggicated woman, as was her mother before her."

"You knew her at home?" inquired Peter.

"I didn't know herself much," replied Catherine, "she was older than me. I remember well when she was married to Mr. Collins, and a few days after left to come to this country. I was quite young then, but I never shall forget how handsome she looked and how beautiful. Miss Sarah Murrey was as the bridesmaid. It was the handsomest sight I ever saw."

"I have talked with her often about the old country," said Peter.

"Her folks had a nice farm, and everything comfortable," replied Catherine, "and were well connected, the mother was a born lady. I knew the younger children, and lived once for a short time with the family."

"She came to this country while she was young, I have often heard her say."

"Yes, her husband was mixed up in politics and was crazy to come to a free country," replied the girl.

"Thousands have left their homes," replied Peter, "for no other reason. The persecutions that have cursed that country have been a great benefit to this, by sending out many a good and brave man to seek a home here."

"Oh! that's true," said the girl. "Now there was the young Squire, he was suspected of having something to do with trying to get up a revolution and was compelled to sell out and leave. Ah! that was a fine estate, a whole country side which had belonged to his family for generation after generation. He was a fine looking young man and never a tenant was distressed by him or his fathers."

"It was a sad thing for an old family to be broken up so."

"So it was, sir, and one of the best in the country," replied Catherine. "Before the union, as they call it, they belonged to the nobility of the land, and for their opposition to English rule and the abuses heaped upon our country, their titles were taken away and their estates cut down, and after all the young Squire was compelled to leave. I don't remember the charges brought against him, but I have often heard the people talk about him and Sarah Murrey. She was sempstress for the family, a very handsome and intelligent girl, and the folks used to say she was in love with the young Squire, but of course their positions in life were too different to admit of their

union. After he sold out and came to America, she came out here also."

"Did they get married?" asked Mr. Droll.

"Oh! no. He lives way down south somewhere, and she lived here. It is only a short time since I was speaking to Mrs. Collins about her; she and Sarah were always good friends. Sarah died very suddenly, while spending some time in Troy. I don't think she ever saw the Squire after she came out here. If she did no one ever knew it."

"Very sad, such breaking up of families," said Mrs. Boddice, who had sat quietly listening to this conversation.

"It's awful," replied Catherine, "but friends are friends in life and death, and Mrs. Collins told me that she knew Sarah was dead before she heard of it through the papers, because she saw the banshee."

"You don't believe in the banshee, do you?" asked Philip, who now joined the circle.

"Not believe in the banshee?" exclaimed Catherine, "there's nothing truer than the banshee. Sure my own cousin saw her. You see, cousin John was much in love with my sister Mary, a lovely girl, the darlin' of the family. It was no wonder that John loved her, for everybody done that, and so he wasn't to blame. But you know the holy Church forbids such marriages, and me mother wouldn't ha' listened to it at all. Mary loved John, and in truth he was 'as fine a young man as ever struck a blow for the ould country or emigrated to free America to escape oppression and wrong. One morning John he comes up to Mary, as she was standing at the front door, God love her, and he says, 'Mary, darlin', I'm goin' across to the good country, and won't you come along?' 'John, I can't, because mother would never forgive it.' 'Sure, Mary,' he says, 'an' after the knot's tied and all over, your mother will say God bless you.' 'Now, John, dear,' says she, 'an' heaven rest the darlin', 'John,' says she, 'you know the Father would not marry us.' 'The ould man will do it,' says John, 'an', if he don't, the Squire will.' 'John, John,' says Mary, 'her eyes standin' out wid horror, 'I didn't think, John, you'd speak so disrespectful of our Holy Mother, the Church.' 'Is it I,' says John, 'would say anything against the Church? not I, my darlin', but sure if we played a little trick on them, and got the Squire to do the job first, they would add their blessings after-

wards.' 'No, no, John,' she says, 'I never can do anything behind backs, like, an' you better try an' find some one more deserving of your love, John,' and so, after a long talk, they separated, both of them feeling very sad indeed. John he came to America, and from that very day Mary kept failing in health, just pining away like. Now, one morning, it was a Sunday morning, and John was layin' abed later than usual, mind, he were here in New York, and we were in the ould country. In his room there was a pair o' stairs, which led up into the room over head. He looked up, as he lay there in bed, and who should he see but me sister Mary, a comin' down the stairs. He was surprised and sat up in bed, and she, looking him right in the face, kept on down stairs, came round the foot of the bed, up to the side of it, and stood there, looking steadily at him. Her face was very pale, but natural, and her big brown eyes seemed filled with compassion and love for him. That way she stood for more'n a minit, and then—she was gone, how or where he could not tell. At that very moment, in these arms of mine, me sister Mary, Our Holy Mother pray for her, took her departure for a better and happier world."

This story, told in a low, full tone of voice, and with an earnestness that left no chance to doubt the speaker's sincerity, told, too, in the presence of death itself, made quite an impression on all present.

"The ould country is full of legends of interest," said Mr. Droll, after a brief silence, "and in my own country it is the same. There's not a crag, or peak, or rocky pass but has its wild story of former days. In our town there lived, and, for aught I know, lives there yet, a sturdy old fellow, by the name of Hugh McFall. He was a brawny, roaring boy, a good worker at his trade of blacksmith, and when at his forge could make the sparks fly with the next man who came along, no matter who he was. Hugh was a good man to his family, a wife, a gentle, kind-hearted creature, and four or five healthy, blooming children, and for all the country round there was not a man more esteemed as a mechanic, nor more welcome as a friend, than jolly Hugh McFall. But Hugh loved his pot and his glass, and, after a few weeks of steady toil, on an extra good job, he was sure to wind up at the public house of the town, and there spend his money, and an hour or two, or mayhap a whole night of drinking and carousing

with a lot of boon companions. He was an inveterate card player, and would play day or night, Sunday or Monday, and never knew when to stop. This cost him nearly all his earnings, and at times his poor family would be distressed for food. One Sunday night he was coming home from drinking and card playing, and had to pass through a potato field for a near cut. When he came to the stile where he had to cross the fence, a strange man, very well dressed, was standing there, apparently waiting for him. 'Good evening, Mr. McFall,' said the stranger. 'Good evening, sir,' says Hugh, 'but you have the advantage of me.' 'Oh, that's nothing,' replied the stranger, 'I have that of a good many people. I know you well, however, and would like to play a game of cards with you.' 'Not to-night,' says Hugh. 'Oh, come man, it's a bright moonlight night, and we may as well have a little fun,' replied the stranger. 'No, I'm going home,' insisted Hugh. 'You better try me a while,' says the stranger, 'I'd like the fun just now.' 'But I've been playing,' replied Hugh, 'and I'm going home.' 'I have heard you were the best player in the town,' says the stranger, as he produced a pack of cards, 'and now you back out when I ask you to play.' The sight of the cards, coupled with this banter, was too much for Hugh, and so they sat down by a large, flat stone that lay in the 'radden,' or foot path, and began to play. Money was staked by both, and piled up beside them on the stone. Hugh won and lost, and so did the stranger, when, after they had played for nearly an hour, Hugh accidentally dropped one of his cards, and, when he stooped over to pick it up, his eyes came near flying out of their sockets, for, lo, and behold, the stranger had a cloven foot! Recovering himself, Hugh, who was a Catholic, hastily made the sign of the cross. 'What do you mean by that?' exclaimed the stranger, getting up in a rage. Hugh devoutly repeated the action, saying the words aloud, when the stranger at once vanished and Hugh hastened home. From that day he never touched a card, or got drunk again, but many a time he told of his game of cards with the devil."

Mary had been absent from the room for some time, and returned as Mr. Droll finished his story. Her black clothes, pale and care-worn face, and sorrowful expression, as she looked at them, her eyes made peculiarly and unnatural-

ly bright by the excitement and trouble through which she was passing, made a deep impression on the watchers. In a quiet manner, which showed how great was the emotion she had subdued within her heart, she asked them to go into the back room.

Here they found prepared for them a lunch of coffee, bread and butter and boiled ham, which they partook of heartily, chatting during the time about the weather, fashions and general topics of interest of the day. Returning to the parlor, after a look at the corpse and some casual remarks about the life-like looks of Mrs. Collins, they once more took their seats. Mary had resumed her seat near the window, and, although the night was well nigh gone, she gently but firmly refused all entreaties that she should retire to rest.

"That people do sometimes revisit the earth after death," said Mrs. Boddice, that subject having been introduced by Mr. Droll, "there are many persons who will testify, persons of such character and standing that their evidence is beyond question."

"We have a thousand such tales in Scotland," replied Peter, "but I thought those who saw the wonders were like Burns, when counting the horns of the moon, 'but whather she had three or four, he cudna tell.'"

"That is the popular idea," said Mrs. Boddice, "people hoot at such things because it is fashionable to do so. What I am going to tell you rests on too good authority to be questioned, except by those who are determined not to believe. In our church, down here, we had a sexton, who served there for many years. Old Joe was known everywhere and esteemed by all who knew him. He was a pious, upright man, as near a saint as human nature can be. He would deny himself every comfort, live on the least possible moiety, that he might save his salary and the alms that were given him, and with this money he would hunt out the deserving poor, and assist them, and few, very few people ever knew of his charities. Every morning, long before daylight, he would be in the church, doing the stations, saying some litany or prayer, and throughout the day and night much of his time was spent in the same manner. So well known were his pious habits, and so highly was he esteemed, that he was frequently requested by people of the parish and from other parishes, too, to pray for their deceased friends, or the conversion or



return to the Church of sinners. These charges were always accepted by Joe with evident satisfaction. I think I see him now, that good old man, so tall and straight, with no extra flesh on him, a muscular man, used to austerity and penance in his personal habits, but with a face full of expression, so kind and gentle, and the finest, most expressive dark brown eyes I ever saw. One of the members of the church died and was buried, it's no use wounding feelings by mentioning names, for he has a large family living here yet, but I will call him Mr. B. About six weeks after Mr. B's death, as good old Joe was saying the stations early one morning, he felt something run against him like a man. He got up and looked around, but nothing was to be seen. He knelt again, and was again jostled, and this continued so that he could scarcely say his prayers. This continued for several days. Whenever Joe entered the church he was run against, pushed and jostled around so that he could hardly attend to his duties or say his devotions. Finally he went to his confessor, and asked his advice, giving him a history of all that had happened, and the good Father advised Joe to speak and ask what was wanted. He had no sooner returned to the church than the same demonstrations were commenced, and, making the sign of the cross, he demanded, in God's name, what was wanted, when, right there before him Mr. B. appeared, just as he had often seen him in life. 'What do you want?' asked Joe, again blessing himself. 'I want you to make a restitution for me,' said Mr. B. or what had been him when he was alive, 'and I can never rest until it is done.' 'Very well, what shall I do?' asked Joe. 'Go to my house, and in the box where I kept my private papers you will find a watch, a fine gold watch which I never used, because I came by it unjustly. Tell my wife to give it to you, and take it to Mr. D., to whom it belongs.' Joe not only promised to do this, but also to pray for the poor sinner. He went to the house and told Mrs. B. what had happened, and they together looked for the watch and found it. It was a very valuable article, and Mrs. B. refused to give it up, saying that Joe had been dreaming and she did not believe Mr. B. had come by the watch dishonestly. While she was talking her husband appeared in the room and directed her to give the watch to Joe. She did so, of course, and Joe took it to Mr. D., who at

once recognized it and was glad to get it back again. The family were very much distressed about the matter for fear it would become known, which it never would, if some of them had not had long tongues and told it. However, very few people have heard it and I suppose it will go no further."

The first faint light of morning was by this time appearing in the east and the friends got up and walked around the room, through the yard, and finally took their departure. At ten o'clock a few friends assembled, and the unpretending funeral procession took up its way to the cemetery, where the last solemn services of the church were performed, and the ground received the mortal remains of one, who when living had well and faithfully discharged her duties to her family and to society, and with truth and sincerity, as well as frail human nature may, had sought to follow the teachings and precepts of her Divine Master.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Early in the morning of the day after his visit to the Broadway cave, Mr. MacVain left his rooms to look for Williams, to acquaint him with the events of the previous evening. He found him at the Star, a well known English eating and ale saloon, where they took breakfast together and arranged their plans for the future.

"I managed the business well," said Mr. MacVain.

"I knew, the moment you came in," replied Williams, "that you had good news."

"The meeting was very unexpected," continued Mr. MacVain, "and I was afraid to ask her, in a direct manner, any questions at all. But, by seeming indifferent and careless, I got all the information I wanted."

"It was a very fortunate adventure," said Williams, "and will enable us to bring this trail to a speedy termination."

"Yes, so it will," replied Mr. MacVain, "we will go over and hunt her up, and I will then leave the case in your hands. By getting well acquainted with her you can learn her history and be able to tell whether she is the child I am looking for."

"Oh, all that is easy enough, now that we know where she lives," said Williams, "though it is deuced strange that I never met her on the ferry."

"It is the only ferry that I have neglected," replied Mr. MacVain; "I have seldom watched there, the very place I should have been most at."

When they had fully talked the matter over, they crossed the Grand street ferry together and inquired in the neighborhood indicated by Cecelia, but could find no one that knew anything about her. There was a man who kept an extensive store for the sale of groceries, meats and vegetables, and some of the neighbors said that "he knew everybody," and to him the two gentlemen went. After thinking the matter over, as if reviewing his extensive acquaintance in procession in his mind, this man shook his head and said that there was no such girl anywhere in the neighborhood. They now returned to the city again, perfectly at a loss to understand the new disappointment. Mr. MacVain remembered that the girl had answered him freely and without hesitation, and he was at a loss to know why she should deceive him. Lost in a deep study over the conduct of this strange girl, he did not notice that they were again in the city until accosted by a poor woman, in a torn dress, covered with dust and charcoal marks, who asked for alms. His first impulse was to draw forth a small sum of money and give it to her, but Williams interfered and asked the beggar where she lived.

"Oh, sir, I did live at Sanderbund's, but you know it was burned up, and my poor Jake was lost in the fire," answered Betsy.

"That was the tenement house that burned last night," said Mr. MacVain.

"Yes, sir, it was," replied Betsy, "and an awful sight it was."

"Were there many people lost?" asked Mr. MacVain.

"Yes, sir, nearly everybody in the house," replied Betsy, "and we would all have been burned up if it hadn't been for Ceely."

"For who?" exclaimed both gentlemen.

"Ceely—she lived in the story over me," replied Betsy.

"What more than Ceely was her name?" Mr. MacVain inquired.

"Ceely Benson—but did you know her, sir?"

"Where is she now?" asked Mr. MacVain, without noticing the other's question.

"I don't know, sir," she answered.

"Mr. Williams, let us go to my room," said Mr. MacVain, "you come with us," he added,

addressing Betsy, "and give me what information you can about Cecelia and I will reward you liberally."

This arrangement was agreed to, and the three proceeded to Mr. MacVain's apartments. Here Betsy gave a history of Cecelia's movements from the first of her acquaintance with her, and finished by giving it as her opinion that Cecelia would go to Boston again unless she found a good place in the city. She willingly volunteered to assist in hunting her up, and the next four or five days were spent in visiting such places as Betsy thought Cecelia would go to. In none of these could they hear anything of her; she had not been around and no one had seen her. Mr. MacVain supplied Betsy with new clothes and money to pay her expenses, and advised Williams to employ her during the next few months to help him look up the missing girl.

"I must go home," he said, speaking to that gentleman, "my business demands my presence in New Orleans, and I will again leave the whole matter in your hands."

Williams hesitated some minutes before replying, as he had determined to try to give up the situation, if possible, and was now studying how he should bring it about.

"Really, Mr. MacVain, I fear that, when we find this girl," he said, "it will only be another disappointment."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. MacVain, who had not allowed himself to doubt the identity of the girl.

"Well, I can not see the reason for supposing that she is the child you are looking for," replied Williams.

"Why, her name, age, and desolate condition, without friends or family," said Mr. MacVain, "all this is in favor of the supposition."

"The name I don't think much proof, it is not a very uncommon one," replied Williams, "and, as to the other circumstances, we have followed up a score of more promising cases only to be disappointed at last."

"Well, sir, while you are looking her up, if you see any one else that you think is the child we are in search of, you can pay attention to them," replied Mr. MacVain. "As to giving up the case, that is out of the question. I will follow it as long as I live, cost what it may, and as it may, no exertion of mine shall be wanting to bring it to a successful conclusion."

This was said in a manner so emphatic and decided that Mr. Williams was convinced it would be useless to argue the point any further. He, therefore, promised to do all that could be done, and, on the following day, Mr. MacVain started for his northern home.

Having business to do, he proceeded to Buffalo, where he took one of the lake packets for Chicago, thence, by stage, to Peoria, and from there by boat down the Illinois river to his destination.

Having transacted his business, Mr. MacVain went on board the new and elegant steamer, *Western Wave*, commanded by Captain Joe Brown, one of the most popular men on the Mississippi river, which has always been famous for polite and accommodating men. The boat was built to combine speed, comfort and freight capacity, and was now in her first season. As Mr. MacVain stood leaning on the guards of the passenger deck, watching the crowd on the levee below, hurrying to and fro as the hour for the departure of the boat drew near, a hand was laid familiarly on his shoulder, and a cheerful voice exclaimed:

"It's a long time since I saw you a little while."

"Why, Dick, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. MacVain, as he grasped and warmly shook the other's hand, "how are you, old boy. I declare, of all men, you are the last I expected to see, and the most welcome."

"Thank you, Mac, thank you, I have been hearty, how have you been yourself?" replied his friend, "where have you been so long?"

"Knocking about here and there," replied MacVain, a tinge of melancholy crossing his face, as he thought of what had been his business, and how fruitless all his exertions had proven; "but I must now ask where you have been?"

"Been to York," was the reply; "our house had a claim against the underwriters on a cargo of cotton, and I went on to settle it. I've been away two months and am anxious to get back."

"All well, Dick?" inquired MacVain.

"Why, yes, when I heard from them Sue said her health was good and the children were as lively as crickets," replied Dick.

Richard Cheerful was a man about twenty-eight years of age, of medium height, with stout, substantial limbs, broad shoulders and full chest. His head was well formed, with a

high, fine forehead, made more prominent by the fact that he was getting a little bald in front; his hair, which was thick and heavy on the rest of his head, was kept trimmed short and neatly combed. He wore a moustache, and the remainder of his full, round face, was shaved clean and bore a look of kind, open-heartedness that was charming to see, while his dark brown eyes were full of merriment, sparkled with the light of wit and humor. No man was better acquainted from the Balize to Cincinnati or St. Louis, than Dick Cheerful, and at home he was a favorite with everybody. No party was complete without him; no amateur concert was perfect without his voice; and the masquerade at which he did not appear in some grotesque character was voted a lame affair. His wife was his companion in all these amusements, and enjoyed his popularity, and felt far more pride in it than Dick did himself, for, in fact, it was so natural for him to be pleasant and agreeable that he could see nothing unusual about it.

He was a native of Natchez, where his father was a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation, having been District Judge and a member of the Legislature. Although enjoying a good practice, the judge was too loose a manager to get much ahead of the world, generally living fully up to his income. Dick took to the river in his youthful days, as "natural as a duck takes to water," and having run away from school when fifteen years of age, was shortly afterwards discovered filling the position of barkeeper's boy, on a packet plying between Cincinnati and St. Louis. After this he was "Mud Clerk," on the coast packet trade of New Orleans, and then for several years, was first clerk on some of the most popular boats that plied between New Orleans and Louisville or St. Louis. When twenty-one years old, Dick married Miss Susan Andrew, and two years later took up his residence in the Crescent City, having accepted the position of book-keeper and cashier in the wealthy and influential commission house of Cane, Plant and Cotton. His extensive acquaintance, thorough business qualifications, and honorable character, made his services almost invaluable to the firm. His salary of four, was gradually increased to six thousand dollars per annum, but he was one of those men who could never allow a wish of his family to remain ungratified, and they having had no les-

sons on the subject, knew nothing of the value of money; add to this the fact that every hard-up steamboat-man, out-of-place clerk and broken down countryman, went straight-way to Dick for "a little loan for a month or two until times would mend," and that the twenty-five, fifty, hundred or more dollars, which he was sure to lend, after hearing their tale of woe, in nine cases out of ten never came back, and the fact that he never "put money in his purse," to stay there, will be easily accounted for. Mr. Thomas Cane, was an elderly gentleman who had seen much of hard times, and "man's inhumanity to man," had made his fortune by steady, persevering industry, and knew just exactly how many cents it takes to make a dollar. But he was a kind-hearted man, indulgent to his clerks, whom he treated as members of his family, and knew how to be charitable and generous when he believed the object a deserving one. Mr. Plant was a tall thin man, who prided himself much on his learning and business qualities. By some strange chance he had gained the entire confidence and esteem of Mr. Cane, and was admitted to the firm without a dollar of capital, at a time when the standing of the house had been established and success rendered certain. He lived high, was familiar with "Boston," "Poker" and their companions, was a leader at the club, visited the watering places, and indulged every whim or passion that crossed his mind. All this he carried under an austere deportment, was ostentatiously honest and a great lecturer on other men's follies. For many years his expenses were more than his income, although his share in the profits was the same as Mr. Cane's. By fortunate outside transactions, at which he played high, and the failure of which would have forever swamped the whole concern, he made some large amounts of money, which being placed to his credit, suddenly brought his account with the firm up to an equality with that of Mr. Cane. He was a bachelor, and sneered at domestic affections and family ties. He looked upon poor men as necessary evils, and when applied to for relief by some unfortunate, he was often known to answer, "poor, indeed, what's that to me, the d-fellow ought to be ashamed to beg." Never having known adversity, selfish, conceited and pedantic, his God, his world, his all, might be named in two words—"Alfred Plant."

Mr. David Cotton was a hard working, quiet man, whose extensive acquaintance and thorough knowledge of business, had gained him a subordinate place in the house, with a small share of the profits.

Dick's account with the house was generally over-drawn four or five hundred dollars, except at the end of the commercial year, when by extra pinching and some "shinning" he managed to square it up in time for the annual balance sheet and business statement.

"Richard, Richard," old Mr. Cane would say, in a half reproving, half sorrowful voice, "this won't do, there's your account five hundred dollars over-drawn."

"If you want the money, I'll hand it in tomorrow," Dick would reply.

"It's not that, Richard, it's not that," the old gentleman would continue, "but really you ought to save your money."

"I am going to do so," and a quizzical look would cross Dick's face.

"Gang ta die neire filled the kirk yard," as the Scotch say, would be Mr. Cane's answer; "you're getting old enough to look before you and should prepare for a stormy day."

"What's the use of borrowing trouble," Dick would reply, "it's hard enough to get what a fellow wants without hunting up disagreeable things."

The lecture would usually end with a hearty laugh, or a dubious shake of the head from the old gentleman.

Amongst the passengers assembled on the *Western Wave*, there was a gentleman who bore himself in an erect, military manner, seemed to measure his steps and walk with as much precision, as a first sergeant drilling a green squad, and calling out, "left, left, left." He wore a fierce moustache, with bushy side whiskers in English style, his hair was black, and long, and combed with much attention, a diamond pin sparkled in his cambrie shirt front, and a heavy gold chain, with many charms and trinkets attached, indicated that he wore a watch. As the boat was backing out to commence her downward trip, this person approached Dick, and giving him a look of recognition said:

"Mr. Cheerful—I believe."

"Yes, sir," replied Dick, with a look that said, "who are you?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Delta Club last spring," said the other. "I'm a



New Orleans man myself—Spades is my name' Colonel Spades, at our service."

"Glad to meet you, Colonel," replied Mr. Cheerful.

When Dick rejoined Mr. MacVain, that gentleman asked:

"Who was that you spoke to there, Dick?"

"He says he is a New Orleans man," was the reply. "Spades, Colonel Spades is his name."

"Ah! yes, certainly," said Mr. MacVain, "I remember him now, I saw him at Niagara," then sinking his voice he said, "his business is keeping a tiger."

"Just so!" replied Dick, "you can easily tell by the cut of his jib, that he belongs to the fancy."

Captain Brown was a man of great experience and one of the most cautious men on the river. The water happened to be very low between St. Louis and Cairo, and the Captain kept the lead going nearly all the time. Frequently he would stop altogether, and send a yawl in advance to look for the channel and place buoys for the pilot to steer by. The first night being rather dark and cloudy, the boat was laid up until morning. Some of the passengers thought this was acting too cautious, but they were satisfied of the wisdom of the measure, when on the way to Cairo they passed some six or eight boats hard and fast aground that had left St. Louis two or three days before the Western Wave. After passing Cairo the boat began to show her qualities, a good weight of steam was put on and away she went, passing every other vessel that came in sight. One day as Mr. MacVain sat reading in the cabin, Dick came in from the guards. There had been another grand cheering, fuss and commotion, by which Mr. MacVain knew that they had caught up to and passed another boat, probably the sixth or seventh that they served in the same way.

"What boat was that, Dick?" asked MacVain, looking up.

"Oh! a Cincinnati tub," replied Dick, "the Indian Queen."

"Something of a name," said MacVain.

"Yes it is," replied Dick; "from the way she is running I guess she will get down to Orleans about a week after we do."

There were two men on board, who were going to Texas to buy cattle. They were farmers from Illinois, large and powerful men, dressed in homespun. They had already made

several successful trips and were now returning with sufficient funds to buy a large drove of cattle. Mr. Elder, the youngest of the two, had seen much border service and had served through the Mexican war; and the other, Mr. Allensworth, was well suited in limb and nerve to be his companion, in a business that involved much danger, and many fatigues and privations.

The boat was no sooner under way, than Colonel Spades began to look about for partners on the trip. Mr. MacVain, although extremely polite and courteous, was too dignified and reserved to permit any show of familiarity; and Dick avoided his advances with good natured excuses. The Colonel soon hit upon the two drovers, and by ingenious maneuvering, before the first night was over, engaged them in a game of cards, in which they played against himself and the bar-keeper. But they played too cautiously, never losing more than five or ten dollars at a sitting, and the Colonel was constant in his endeavors to get some of the passengers into the game instead of the bar-keeper, with whom it was evident he had a private understanding. The boat was nearing Bayou Sara, and the Captain said that they would be in New Orleans by ten o'clock next morning. A game of straight poker was going on between the four, who usually played in that set, and several of the passengers, Dick and Mr. MacVain, with the rest were standing by watching the playing. Later in the evening, the barkeeper was called away, and Colonel Spades, looking up at Dick, said:

"Take a hand, Mr. Cheerful."

"No, I thank you, Colonel, I'm not lucky in such speculations."

"I guess you can play a better game than I can," said the Colonel.

"I'm too near home," said Dick, laughing, "to commence a spree, a man within twelve hours of home, ought to be sobering off."

"You'll do," said Mr. Elder, "come, take the hand, and I'll see you through."

"That's a bargain," said Dick, taking a seat at the table; "you must draw it mild, Colonel, remember I am a green horn."

Colonel Spades was not pleased with the ironical tone in which this was said, but without answering, dealt the cards, and the game proceeded. Dick played with less caution than the two drovers had been doing, and

once or twice was caught for a nice little sum. He watched the game closely, and while he took his losses with the best of good humor, no movement of the players escaped his notice. This was done in a careless manner that led the others of the party, as well as the lookers on, to believe that he was playing without calculation or management. It came to the Colonel's deal, and emboldened by Dick's manner, he put up a blind of twenty-five dollars, at which the two drovers protested, and then threw up their hands. The hand dealt to Dick was a good one, and he continued playing.

"I'll see you, Colonel, and go an X better," he said carelessly counting out the money.

"There's your ten, and twenty better," said the Colonel.

"And twenty better," said Dick, perfectly cool.

The Colonel very adroitly slipped a card out of his sleeve into his hand, and then watching an opportunity, discarded one from those he had previously held. This movement was not lost by Dick, but he said nothing, and looked so calm and indifferent, that Mr. MacVain, who had also seen the trick, felt uneasy, and in a quiet way, did his best to attract the attention of Dick.

"I see your twenty, and go you fifty better," said the Colonel. As he placed the money on the table, and changed another card, and this time he was observed not only by Dick and MacVain, but also by Elder, who at once determined to expose him. The Colonel had now got his hand fixed to suit him, and inwardly chuckling at his adroitness, he launched boldly out.

"I'll see you, Colonel," said Dick, drawing out a roll of money, "and go you fifty better."

"Well, I declare," said the Colonel, elated at his success, "I'll go you a hundred better."

"And I sweep the boards," said Dick, suiting the action to the words by drawing all the money over to his side of the table.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the Colonel, springing up.

"When I play with an honest man," said Dick, firmly, "if I lose, its all right, but when I play with a scoundrel, I take all the chances, and I never allow myself to be cheated, if I know it."

"I'll have satisfaction, sir," cried the Colonel, placing his hand under his coat, as if

feeling for a weapon; "give up the money at once."

"When this little dog stops barking," replied Dick, placing a pistol before him on the table, "maybe I'll give up the money."

"Bravo, for you," said Elder, striking the table with his fist, "that ar's well said, fur I see him change the cards with my own eyes."

"Oh, if every one is against me," said the Colonel, looking around, "of course I can do nothing—but I'll see you again when I can have fair play."

"If you had known me, as well as you pretended to," replied Dick, "you would never have tried such a lame game on me—I've run this river too long to be imposed on by such child's play."

"I'll report you all over Orleans," said the enraged Colonel, "as a cheat and braggart."

"Look you, Colonel Spades," said Dick, facing the gambler with a fierce, determined look, "I know you well, and nothing you can report of me will affect me in the least. All I've got to say is that you must be careful what you talk about, for I'd just as soon give you a dose of lead for breakfast as not. Be careful who you trifle with, and never try to gull an old Mississippi steamboat-man, nor to bully him into silence when he catches you trying to steal."

Colonel Spades' courage melted before Dick's flashing eyes and menacing look, and he slunk away to his stateroom, like a whipped cur.

It was about ten o'clock next day when the boat reached the Stock-Landing, where Dick got off, and took a cab for his own house, where he was anxious to be once more. Mr. MacVain and the other passengers remained on board until the boat landed them at the levee below, where they were all much pleased to arrive.

Since he had left his home, Mr. MacVain had been constantly in search of the missing child, a fruitless search, full of disappointment, anxiety, and gloomy prospects, and he felt a comparative relief when he once more entered New Orleans.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

When Cecelia escaped from the crowd of kind-hearted men who had received her when she descended from the burning building, she

scarcely knew what to do. Her clothes, except the scanty covering that she had thrown on when awakened from her sleep, were lost in the fire, but fortunately her small capital in cash was contained in the pocket of the dress she had saved. Not knowing where she was going, except that she was leaving behind the scenes which the experience of the last few hours had made terrible, she started across the city, and entering the ferry-boat, was landed in Jersey City just as the sun began to illuminate the rolling waters of the river she was crossing. Passing along the street, she attracted the attention of a woman who was cleaning out the saloon of a small public house. The woman looked at her with much interest and seemed to be kindly disposed, so that Cecelia, stopping, asked her for a drink of water.

"Where do you come from?" the woman inquired as she handed her the drink.

"I came from New York, but just now," answered Cecelia, humbly. "I came near getting burned up last night."

"Dear me! you don't say so!" exclaimed the woman, "was there a fire over there last night?"

"An awful fire, mem," said Cecelia, "and ever so many people burned to death."

"Oh! how terrible! And were you in it?"

"I was in the fifth story of the building, mem," said Cecelia, in a weak voice, "and was saved by the firemen."

"They are a noble set of men, a fine lot of men," replied the woman. "Was it a tenement house?"

"It was, mem," replied Cecelia, "and I lost everything I had, but just the clothes I have on my back."

"And they don't seem to be enough to keep you warm."

"No, mem, they don't," said Cecelia.

"Perhaps I have got an old dress I can give you," replied the woman; and so she went into the house and soon returned with a dress, not much worn, which she rolled up and gave to the girl. Returning thanks for her kindness, Cecelia went on her way. She had now conceived a new idea—a plan for replacing her lost clothes, and spent the balance of the day in begging from house to house for old clothes. At each place she rehearsed the incidents of the fire, with a cunning of position and a pathos of expression, that would have been creditable to her as an actress on the stage.

In several places she received food, and in one or two money. At night she gathered up her bundles, which she had left in different shops along her route, so that those from whom she begged might not know that she had any thing more than what covered her. Loaded down with these gifts, she sought an out-of-the-way inn, and took a room for the night, complying with the rules of the place, by paying in advance. Here she overhauled her bundles and selected therefrom a very respectable assortment of clothing, for she had received not only dresses, but cotton and woolen underclothing, stockings and even handkerchiefs. Some articles she cast aside as too much worn to be kept, while others were too small to fit her. Having made up her bundle, she next turned her thoughts upon her future plans. What should she do and where should she go? These questions she asked herself over and over again. To return to New York seemed almost impossible, after the terrible scene of the fire, and to go again to Boston, was not suitable to her wishes. After much deliberation, she resolved to try and beg her way to the South, of which Jake had given so flattering an account.

The following morning she carefully fixed up her clothes and started for the railroad depot, where she loitered around, watching for some one whose face would give her encouragement to speak. After looking for some time without a satisfactory result, she placed her bundle on a seat in the Philadelphia train, and went out again to procure something to eat on her journey. As she was returning to the depot, the clerks in a small dry goods store were trimming the doors. She stopped to look in the window, and the young men, having made a pile of blankets, finished it off with three or four shawls. One of these, a dark ground, with a bright red border and heavy fringe, the girl admired very much. It was a warm shawl, of fine quality, and she thought it would be very comfortable while traveling. Watching an opportunity, when the two clerks, who were laughing and talking over some party or entertainment which they had attended the night before, were off their guard, she loosened the shawl from the rest, and, placing it under her arm, she hastened back to the depot, and once more took her seat in the train.

The cars were rapidly filling up; porters were running around in the mad endeavor to

do more than they could; ladies were hurried in, some timidly, others boldly took their seats; news boys were running about crying their papers, and the place was, for the time, transformed into a perfect pandemonium. The girl looked out of the window. The preparations were nearly completed. A few last adieus were being said, the freight was all in and the platform nearly deserted, when she noticed one of the clerks she had seen in the dry goods store standing by the door and anxiously looking around, as if in quest of some one. Then he came leisurely towards where she was sitting, and her blood almost ceased to circulate as she imagined that he had recognized her. As he advanced, his eye ran from car to car, and then he stepped quickly forward, as if he would enter the train, when the bell rang and they moved away, slowly at first, but with increasing speed, until the depot and city were left far out of sight.

"Your ticket," said the conductor, stopping before her.

"Please sir," she replied, "I haven't got any."

"The money, then," he said, shaking a roll of bills in a careless manner.

"I haven't got any money, sir."

"What are you doing here, then?" he asked, rather roughly.

"I want to go South, sir, if you please. My mother, sir, is in New Orleans, and I want to go to her, and I haven't got any money."

"Do you expect to get to New Orleans without money?" he asked.

"I hope I shall, sir. I don't want to stay here, sir, because I have no friends here. My aunt, that I lived with, died two months ago, and I have had no home since, and I must get out to my mother."

"You are a very small child to start on such a journey alone," said the conductor, after a steady look at her, during which time he seemed to be considering what to do. "I suppose you can't help being small, however, and I admire your pluck, so you can go as far as Philadelphia, I don't go any further."

At Philadelphia she went directly to the cars for Baltimore. Before the train started the conductor came round, and seeing her, a rough-looking, poorly clad child, asked where she was going and if she had a ticket. To him she told the same story as to the former conduct-

or, but her story was not believed. The conductor accused her of trying to run away from home and ordered her off the cars. Finding that prayers and entreaties were alike unavailing, Cecelia left the depot, and sought a cheap place to stay all night. Here she remained several days, and had almost determined to give up the effort to get South, when she met the conductor of the Jersey road and told him what had occurred. The kind-hearted man drew out of his pocket a time table card of his road, and wrote on the back of it:

"The bearer of this, Cecelia Benson, being without friends in this part of the country, with the pluck and perseverance of a true American, has started on a journey to find her relatives in New Orleans. As she has no money, the gentlemen connected with the railroads and other public conveyances on the route, are requested to pass her free, and give her such advice and assistance as may be within their power, consistent with their duties. WILLIAM JONES, Conductor."

"There, sis, that will pass you plump into the Crescent City," he said, "or I much mistake the good feeling of our craft."

"Oh! thank you, sir," replied Cecelia, "and I shall soon be with my mother again."

"I hope you may," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "I sincerely wish you success. Good-bye, and when you get down there drop me a line to let me know how you get along."

"I will do it, sir. Oh, thank you," she said, accepting the gold piece he held out to her.

The conductor's pass acted like a charm until she reached the stage road, where she had to take a stage to cross the Alleghany mountains. The coach was already filled with passengers and the agent said that she must wait.

"How soon can I get on?" she inquired.

"I'm not the proprietor," replied the man, "if he was here he might send you on at once; as it is, you will have to wait—I don't know how long, may be a week or two."

"Don't the stages run every day?" she asked.

"Sometimes they do, sometimes every other day," he replied, "but dead-heads must wait until there's plenty of room when I'm around."

"Don't you sometimes ask favors of this road?" she said, again showing the conductor's pass.

"Well, suppose we do?" replied the man.

"The next time you do so, will you wait a week or two to get an answer?"

The man looked at her for a few minutes, surprised at her sharp reasoning, and then laughingly said: "Well, you're a cute one. If you were a boy, you would make a bright addition to Congress, or some other assembly of the kind, when you grow up."

"I am only asking," replied Cecelia, "what my friend Mr. Jones said would be readily granted, and if it wasn't, that I should report to him."

"It is all right," answered the man, "these little favors are usual from one route to another. I'll send you over to-morrow or by Monday, and in the meantime you can stay at my house, so there will be no bills to pay."

"Let her come in here," said an elderly gentleman, leaning out of the coach window, "we can crowd a little. Let her come, she will not take much room and we will be warmer for sitting close together."

"If there is no objection," said the agent, approaching the stage, "I would be very glad to have her go."

"There was no objection, and so Cecelia was placed in the coach beside the gentleman who had spoken in her favor. The driver cracked his whip, and away they went, drawn by four good horses, which, being fresh, traveled the first few miles at a good pace. In those days a trip across the mountains to Pittsburg was quite a tedious journey, and consumed from three to ten days, according to the state of the roads. It was through a bleak and cheerless country, where there were few marks of the progress of civilization. The road ran through valleys overshadowed with gigantic trees, or lined with deep, impenetrable forests, of vines, briars and brush-wood, interspersed with groves of young trees; now it toiled up a steep, mountainous pass, ran along the edge of some high precipice, and descended into the valley again with an abruptness that rendered it difficult for the horses to keep their feet, or for the driver to lock the wheels secure enough to keep the stage from running down the team. As they were driving up the valley, Cecelia, who had been raised amidst the din and bustle of a great city, regarded everything with interest. There had been a very light fall of snow, and the branches of the trees which overhung the road almost forming a canopy,

as far as the eye could see in all directions, was covered with it like a pure and spotless mantle, and as the sun fell on this shining surface, or here and there broke through the openings, casting fanciful shadows on the ground, the road now running along the banks of a little stream, the frozen surface of which shone like burnished silver, or where, covered by the snow, like beds of fleecy down, the road then turning off into the deep forest, and again back to the margin of the stream, the girl was lost in silent admiration of the scenery and her face glowed with the pleasure produced by the novelty of her position and the ever changing panorama before her.

"A beautiful and romantic scene," said the old gentleman, "how prettily the river winds through the woods yonder."

"Is that a river?" said Cecelia. "I thought little streams like that were called brooks. See, it is so shallow that the rocks stick up through the ice, and I am sure if there was no ice I could wade across it without wetting the tops of my gaiters."

"Nevertheless, it is a river," replied her companion, "and nearer the sea is a noble one, too. It is one of the most famous in our country and holds a bright place in our early history."

"Yes—does it?" said Cecelia, not caring to show her ignorance of history by venturing to name the stream.

"Yes, this is the Potomac, famous in song and story," he replied, "on the banks of which stands the capital of our country, and around which romance has thrown some of her most enchanting legends."

The first day passed thus pleasantly, sometimes in conversation and at others in silent meditation. At night it was extremely cold, and the stage tossed about so that none of the party could sleep much. The next day the mountains became more abrupt and the horses toiled and struggled up their sides, making but little progress. At regular stations the horses were changed and the travelers were allowed time for meals, and on such occasions Cecelia's little pocket money enabled her to purchase what she wanted, and procure refreshments with the rest. On the road the passengers frequently got out, and walked, both for the purpose of reducing the load, and to keep themselves warm. Progress to the poor horses was so difficult that they

had no trouble in keeping up with the coach, and in fact were often far in advance of it. Night came on again, and they all kept their places in the stage most of the time, but it was so bitter cold that they suffered very much, although well muffled up in heavy clothing, shawls and blankets.

Next morning the sun rose on a discontented, worn-out company of travelers. The horses were denounced as old and broken down, the contractors of the route were set down as old fogies and speculators, and it was declared that the accommodations afforded were a sham and an outrage. Cecelia and her friend, the stout, full-faced gentleman, by whom she sat in the coach, were the most cheerful of the company. This gentleman had traveled a great deal, and took the evil with the good in a perfectly unconcerned manner, always having some pleasant or interesting story to relate to beguile the time, and Cecelia seemed to catch some of his good nature. When night came again the weather had become more intensely cold, and the passengers huddled close together, wrapping their shawls and blankets about their limbs, and putting into use every article that would add to their comfort.

"They'll have sharp eyes that ever catch me in such a box again," said one gentleman.

"I never was so hungry in my life," said another. "That fellow said we would get supper at six o'clock, and it must be ten now."

"I think he ought to drive faster," said a little lady, in a gray woolen shawl, with a big tippet around her neck, "people could almost walk as fast as we are going."

"It is a perfect shame," said the first gentleman; "they advertise it as the best route in the United States, and I am sure it is the worst."

"I don't think the road is as bad as the one between Chicago and Peoria," said Cecelia's friend. "This is a poor season of the year to travel for pleasure."

"Pleasure?" answered the other, "there's no such thing on this route."

"I have no doubt it is a pleasant trip in summer," replied Cecelia's friend, "when the roads are good, the forests covered with verdure, the brooks running, and all nature rejoicing."

"I'm glad you can imagine such scenes," said the first, "for myself I don't think—"

The stage made a sudden dash forward and then stopped before a common country inn,

from which several men came out and began to assail the driver with questions. That dignitary descended from his box and, opening the door, announced to the travelers that they could get supper here and warm themselves by a good fire—news which caused the coach to be suddenly deserted.

The room which they entered was furnished in a plain manner, but looked neat and cheerful. The fire-place was a great, wide-jawed arrangement, in which was placed one immense log at the back, and a pile of smaller ones in front, supported by the old-fashioned andirons which were common in those days. The fire snapped, cracked and roared; the flames, lapping the great back log and leaping up the chimney, sending forth a heat and a glare that seemed more than usually pleasant to our half frozen friends.

"It's mighty cold in these parts," said the head grumbler of the party, getting thawed into something like a pleasant mood, as he stamped his feet on the oaken floor to hurry up the warming process.

"Wa-al, now, I've seed it a heap colder nurr this," said the landlord, smiling good-naturedly, though maybe this'll do to commence with."

"I wouldn't live on the top o' this hill," said the second grumbler, tugging at his gloves to get them off, "if I was paid for it."

"Wa-al, I calkerlate there's a mighty site wus places nurr this," said the landlord, just a little miffed at the aspersions cast on his native place. "You'd like it better ef you were here awhile."

"You are right, landlord," said the cheerful man; then, turning to Cecelia, he asked, "did you ever drink any whiskey?"

"No, no, sir," she replied, surprised at the question.

"Well, you had better take a little," he said.

"I guess not, sir, I don't know how it would taste."

"Taste! why, it will be fine, better than candy," he said, laughing at the little girl's confusion, "if they don't have very good living in this country, they know what good whiskey is, and keep it, too. Come, you better take a good punch, it will warm you up, put life into you, and be pleasant to taste."

"Well, sir, I suppose so."

"Of course! now, that's sensible. Landlord, bring a light whiskey punch; have it hot and

nicely seasoned, and fetch one for me—only you need not mind about making it light."

The punches were brought, and Cecelia sipped at hers and then made a wry face, as if she did not like it.

"Come, now, that will not do," said her friend, "try again, it will do you good, a moderate amount of the real Virginia mountain dew will hurt nobody."

Cecelia tasted again, then a little more, and again, until her glass was empty. After a while they had supper, a good, substantial meal, well and cleanly gotten up, such as the country inns of America used to furnish before railroads and telegraphs were so common, and civilization and refinement were so generally diffused over the country. Instead of the villainous snot water, tough beefsteak, dry looking turkey, sour bread and indigestible doughnuts of the railroad hotels of to-day, they had good amber-colored coffee, smoking hot, with real cream in it, biscuits, hot and light as a feather, fresh butter, sweet and good, chicken, fried nicely brown, with a rich gravy, broiled venison, with the natural flavor preserved in it, and that once never missing, now seldom seen, dish, pork and hominy, which was gotten up in a style that would have cast no blot on the reputation of the cook. Ample time was allowed for the meal, and when it was over the travelers returned to the sitting room.

"Now, then, gentlemen and ladies," said the driver, "we are all ready."

"You're not going on to-night," said the head grumbler.

"Yes, sir, that's my orders," replied the driver, "and besides there's no telling how soon there may come a storm, and I don't want to be snowed in."

Taking another look at the comfortable fire and a last warming of toes, the passengers resumed their seats in the stage. They were so much fatigued with their long journey that neither the noise of the stage, or the roughness of the road kept them awake. The coach rolled forward, then righted up, pitched all on one side, nearly turning over, and the next turn would bring the other side over, and the passengers were thrown first one way and then another, pushed into a jumble in one corner and then back again. Through all this they slept, only waking up for a moment, when some extra great lurch was made by the vehicle. The morning of the fifth day brought them to

the end of the stage route. Before separating, Cecelia's friend, to whom she had related the same story that she told to Conductor Jones with such improvements as suggested themselves to her mind, endorsed the conductor's pass, adding a request that all who could assist her on the journey would do so. The name he signed to this was one of the most popular and beloved in the western country, and since has received the nation's honor and reverence, although the bearer of it has been "gathered to his fathers."

At Pittsburg Cecelia applied to the captain of the Indian Queen, a small boat, which was advertised to leave for New Orleans immediately. After reading her pass and the endorsement of it by her late fellow-traveler, the captain gave her permission to come on board. It was so late in the season, he said, that he was fearful that his boat would get frozen in before they reached a warmer climate, and, as he had a good load on board, he left that evening. After a trip of eleven days, the good boat arrived safely, and, with twenty-five cents in her pocket, Cecelia landed to try her fortune in the Crescent City.

#### CHAPTER XIV

Mary returned to her home with a sad heart, for there was no one there to welcome her, and cheer her life with love and kindness. The many privations that she had borne, the tasks of work that she, although tender in years, had performed; her perseverance in the endeavor to earn the little money that had been their main support, and her denial of all pleasure and amusement to herself, she had felt a pleasure, because they added to the comfort of her who had been in all things a kind and loving mother. But that support was now gone, for, although her mother had been feeble, and unable to do much, her presence commanded respect for the house, her influence was the tie that held them together as a family. The house must now be closed, the furniture sold to pay the rent and funeral expenses, and she must go out into the world to seek a living amongst strangers. Mrs. Boddice, had remained behind, while the others followed the corpse to the city of the dead, and when Mary returned, all traces of the sad event had been removed. The furniture stood in its ac-

customed arrangement and shone with the brightness of recent dusting and cleaning. The geraniums stood in the nearly closed windows, the books lay on the centre table, as they had always lain, the sea-shells ornamented the sides of the hearth, everything was placed with careful attention to their former positions, that the house might look natural to the sorrowing child.

When she entered the parlor, the feeling of desolation became more oppressive, there was a solemn stillness in the room, a cold, cheerless feeling in the air, a dark mist hovering over everything, the mysterious spell that binds the heart, and fills every movement, thought and action with thrilling, divine emotions, when within the circle of home, was broken, and the objects once loved, admired and cherished, had now lost their charm, and were but so many objects to remind her of the hopes, of the past now dead forever. This was to be her last night in the old place, for she could not bear to remain there alone. Mr. Droll, had volunteered to dispose of the furniture and get a place where she could board, and was to return in the evening to tell her what arrangements he had made. When he went back to the store, the subject was uppermost in his mind, and in the intervals between waiting on customers, while re-arranging his stock, he turned the matter over and over, forming now one plan and then another. He had become deeply interested in the child, and was anxious to do for her something that would be a lasting benefit. He was a quiet, unassuming man, kind and just to all with whom he came in contact, and, although economical in his own expenses, was liberal towards those who needed, and in his judgment were worthy of assistance.

"If she is left to herself—that will not do—she is too handsome a child to be left to street peddling—no, no, she would become the dupe of some villain. True, it will be expensive to me, but what do I live for. My brother has his family around him, and with mother in the old home in Aberdeenshire, they are comfortable and happy—please God, I'll take a walk in them, some day, soon"—here an interruption would occur, and after the customer was gone, he would return to the subject. "I am getting too old to care to marry, and why shouldn't I take care of this bairn, its no good laying the money by to rust—perhaps by-and-

by, when I'd be getting feeble—and my health is not very good, anyhow—it might chance the chiel would mind the day I was good to her, and be kind to me in the day of trouble. What will I do? Start her in a little store of her own? No, no, that will not do. She's young and must have some education."

In this way, he talked to himself all the afternoon, hardly able to decide what course he would pursue. Mr. Sellwell tried several times to engage his attention, but without success, and finally gave it up, saying that "Old Peter was either in love or gone clean daft, and in either case it was a hard matter for the old fellow."

In the evening Mr. Droll got off early, and after calling at his boarding house, went over to see Mary.

"Well, Mary," he said, "what would you like to do?"

"I do not know what I shall do, sir," she replied. "I suppose I can make a living selling fruit. Sometimes I have made out very well at it."

"Yes, that's true," he replied, "but don't you think if you could go to school that you would like it better?"

"Oh! Mr. Droll, how can I go to school," she replied; "mother said often that when her health improved I should go to school, but—"

The memories of the past that crowded upon her were too much for her young nature, and she gave way to her long pent-up feeling in bitter, scalding tears. They were the first that she had shed since her mother had blessed her with her dying words, and now it seemed as if her whole frame was convulsed, as the deep sorrow of her heart came forth in strong, impassioned sobs. Peter had seen ladies angry because goods were too high for them, sorrowful for the want of money, indignant at fancied slights in the store, proud, haughty, dignified, angry, all this he had seen with the customers in the store, or the ladies at his boarding house, but to real sorrow and grief he was a stranger. He could do nothing now, but offer gentle remonstrances and kind words of consolation and reassurance. Her tears were a relief, and when the fit subsided, she was more calm and confident than she had yet been—a change that pleased Mr. Droll very much.

"Come now, cheer up" he said, "you shall



not suffer while I can earn money, and you shall go to school too."

"You are very kind, very indeed," said Mary, with a decision far beyond her years, "but I must earn my way through the world."

"That sounds strange in a little child like you," he replied, "and I beg of you to banish the idea at once."

"Mother taught me much, Mr. Droll," she said, "and by reading I have learned a great deal, and I am much better advanced than you think."

"So much the better," replied he, "you can board where I do—Mrs. Reed told me this evening that she had a room you could have, and there is a very nice school near by, where you can attend—you will be comfortable and, I trust, happy."

"But the expense would be heavy," she replied, "and I would not like to tax your friendship so much."

"Never think of that," he replied, "sure I have some little money laid up in the bank, and I am earning more than my expenses—what is the value of money if we can not do good with it?"

"Indeed, sir, I thank you," she said earnestly, "but I cannot accept your offer and allow you to spend your savings in that way."

"I tell you, Mary, I do not need the money, and I am sure I could make no better use of it than in giving you a chance to get an education, that will fit you for that struggle with the world which will come soon enough. Say no more on the subject but consider it settled that you are to come over with me."

"But Mr. Droll, just think—"

"Nay, now, it is my wish," he said, "and instead of saying Mr. Droll, you may call me Uncle Peter—just think, for a moment, how comfortable you will be."

"If I could hope to ever repay you," she replied, "it would be different, but to be so great a tax on you, and never make any return for your kindness would be too much."

As she stopped speaking, Philip Cummings came in, and greeting them kindly, took a seat near them. To him Mr. Droll now appealed for support of his proposition.

"I want Mary to board at Mrs. Reed's and go to school for a while," he said to Philip, "and I will pay the expense. I have no one but myself to take care of now, and I would be glad to have her do it."

"My dear, kind friend," said Philip, enthusiastically shaking Mr. Droll's hand, "this is generous, indeed, and the best arrangement that could be made."

"There now!" exclaimed Mr. Droll, triumphantly, "didn't I know it? Now you see my plan is endorsed by Philip."

The proposal suited Mary very well. Mr. Droll had gained her confidence and esteem by his uniform kindness, and she was ambitious of an opportunity to improve her mind, but her mother had impressed upon her the idea that it was mean and degrading to accept favors from strangers, it was like taking charity, instead of working for what she wanted.

"Your offer is very kind," she replied, "but mother always taught me it was more honorable to get a living by labor, even though it was scanty and poor, than to depend upon strangers."

"But I am no stranger," urged Mr. Droll, "I was a friend of your mother's, and I am sure, if she was living, she would approve of your going under my care. I have no relative in this country, and am able to pay the little expense that your schooling will be. I am only doing as I would wish some one else might do, if a sister of my own was left unprotected. As for your paying me, you can do that in being kind and good, and persevering in your studies, as for the money, the satisfaction of doing that which I believe is right will be a daily recompense. You must urge no more excuses, come with me, go to school, and excel all your companions in your classes, and you will always find a good friend in Uncle Peter."

"I am sure our good friend is right," said Philip, "and I hope you will accept his offer."

"It will be a very great satisfaction to me," continued Mr. Droll. "Your mother I esteemed very highly, she was a lady of fine feeling, sensible and good, and to take care of her only child, and assist her on the road of life, will be a constant pleasure."

"I hope I appreciate your kindness," replied Mary, "and I understand the many advantages that I shall enjoy under your protection and care. It may be that some time in the future I will be able to reward you, at any rate I will do the best I can to please you by attention to my studies."

"That is well said," replied Peter, his face beaming with pleasure, at his triumph, "I am sure you will do admirably."

"So she will, I know," said Philip, equally pleased that the difficult problem was solved, "and it will be a step she will never regret."

They conversed long on the plans for the future, and were equally well pleased with each other. Mrs. Beddice sent her servant girl over to sleep in the house and keep Mary company, a thoughtful attention that settled another difficult question for them.

On the following day Mary removed to Mrs. Reed's, taking with her a small trunk of clothing and a few articles that she did not wish to part with. The remainder of the contents of the old home was disposed of by Mr. Droll, who charged himself with the settlement of the whole business. Mary at once entered school, with instructions to the principal from Mr. Droll that she should enjoy every facility for improvement, as he was willing to stand all reasonable expense in the matter of her education. At first Mary took up only the lessons common to an English school, but in a short time French, music and embroidery were added to these. In all of these, except French and needle-work, Mr. Droll was well versed, and spent his evenings in assisting her to perfect herself in the tasks assigned to her. Philip was a frequent visitor, and joined with interest in the conversations that their occupation brought up.

#### CHAPTER XV.

After returning her thanks to the Captain of the Indian Queen, Cecelia started out into the city to find some cheap place to live in. The little child dressed in odd fitting clothes, with the great shawl wrapped around her, and her bundle of clothes under her arm or on her shoulder, attracted much attention as she trudged along the streets, looking curiously around at everything that was new or interesting to her. Many people stopped to look back and wonder who the strange young creature was, and, once or twice, some kind hearted person, thinking that she probably belonged to some emigrant train, and had lost her way, spoke to her, inquiring where she was going. Once a round faced, good natured looking gentleman, took the cigar from his mouth as he was passing, and, smiling pleasantly, was about to say something to her, when another gentleman came up, and greeting him with

friendly warmth, began with "'Pon my soul, Dick, I'm glad to see you back! When did you get home? How have you been?" and the two passed on, chatting pleasantly together. At last she found herself on Chartres street, then the street for dry goods, millinery and fancy articles. A few steps from Canal street she stopped to admire the goods displayed in the window of a large dry goods store, and was wishing that she had plenty of money to buy some of the silks and other pretty articles, when she observed a lady coming down the store towards her. She was tall and queen-like in figure and carriage, her luxuriant hair, richly black and fine, was combed in bandeaux, her features were beautiful and regular, her eyes were black, full and sparkling, and her face, a little pale, bore an expression of dignity and refinement, that commanded respect and admiration from all beholders. The clerk, who had politely followed her to the door, bowed as she passed out and said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Macourty."

Cecelia thought that she had never before seen, a lady so beautiful, and the pleased expression of the child's face must have been noticed by the lady, for she stopped a moment to look at the strange figure, and then went over to where the girl was standing. They stood there silent for some minutes, when Mrs. Macourty asked her if she thought of making a purchase.

"I wish I had the money," Cecelia replied, "to buy that green silk, its so pretty."

"Yes it is," said Mrs. Macourty, looking at the queer costume and large bundle of the child's, "where are you going?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't live any where, now," replied Cecelia, looking up into the sweet face that bent over her, "I just come here from New York."

"From New York!" exclaimed Mrs. Macourty, "and all by yourself, or had you friends with you?"

"No ma'am, I didn't have any one with me."

"Why did you come here, so far away from your home?"

"I have no home there now," said Cecelia, "my mother is here, and I come to look for her."

"You come to look for your mother? Well I hope you may find her," as she said this she turned as if to go away, and then, after some

thought, she continued, "where are you going to stay to-night?"

"I don't know ma'am, I haven't found any place yet."

Mrs. Macourty thought of the many evil ways that were open to such an unprotected child; of the rebuff and scorn she might meet in seeking a lodging place, and then said:

"Come with me, child, and I will give you shelter for to-night."

The girl accepted the invitation without hesitation, and they crossed Canal street again, to take an omnibus for up town. Nothing much was said during the ride—Mrs. Macourty was thinking of the little ones at home, Annie, a bright eyed child of six; George, a boncing boy of four, and Maggie a rosy cheeked cherub of two years of age. These had come to comfort her, and fill her heart with love and her mind with anxious care, since the loss of her first child. But all their smiles and winning ways could not sever her thoughts from the darling, who had been so mysteriously snatched from the home-circle. Years had passed, years of doubt and hope, of anxious inquiry and earnest prayer, and the grief of that loss was as fresh and fervent as when it first occurred. Mr. Macourty felt the blow terribly, but he was in the whirl of a successful business, and the reasoning of friends turned his mind to other subjects, or persuaded him, as he endeavored to convince his wife, that the child was dead. But a mother's love is deep and lasting; no reason will sway it, no time blot it out; even though repelled and scorned it turns again and again to its idol. Mrs. Macourty would have been happier if she had known that her little one was dead; then her heart would have turned to the little green mound, or the marble tomb that hid from her the object of her love, and her grief would have been relieved by the certainty that before the Throne of Grace one angel voice was pleading for her. No reasoning could persuade her that the child was dead. For days and weeks the question was ever present to her, "What is she doing?" Visions of the dear babe, growing up in want, ignorance, amidst crime and misery, without the knowledge that there was a God, or that sin brings degradation, would haunt her mind and hang over her life like a pall. And as she rode homeward with her little stranger, she

wondered if her Cecelia had fallen that low, and for the sake of the absent child she resolved to aid this young wanderer in her search for her mother.

At the gate they were met by the children, who were delighted to see their mother home again, and Annie shook hands very agreeably with the little stranger, and volunteered to show her all the toys and make her comfortable. Maggie, with her sweet face full of merriment, came laughing and shouting "Me appee, mamma, me appee."

"Yes, darling, I brought you an apple," said Mrs. Macourty, catching her in her arms and kissing her. She was so like her lost baby, in her looks and her childish ways, that her mother was constantly reminded by her of little Cecelia.

After laying aside her street dress, and arranging her toilet, she returned to the sitting-room, where Cecelia and the children were busy inspecting the playthings that Annie had brought out.

"Who did you live with in New York?" Mrs. Macourty inquired.

"I lived with a lady named Brown," replied Cecelia, "but I did not hear from my mother for more than a year, and so I came out here."

"What is your name?" Mrs. Macourty had been too busy with her own thoughts to ask the question before.

"Cecelia, ma'am."

"Cecelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Macourty, startled by the coincidence of the name.

"Yes, ma'am, Cecelia Benson. My father died when I was very young, and my mother had to work very hard for our support."

Mrs. Macourty was reassured by this apparently straight and circumstantial story. The excitement was all gone, and although she wondered at the strange accident that should bring to her home, one of the same name and about the same age as her own lost child, she did not doubt the story at all.

In the evening Mr. Macourty returned, and was met with kisses and loving words by his wife and children. He had grown stouter than when we last saw him, wore a heavy beard, and looked more settled and manly, but the seven years had improved his looks, for he seemed younger than before. His wife told him the stranger's story, and dwelt much on the fact that her name and age were the same as that of the child they had lost."

"You don't think that is our child?" said he.

"Oh! no, George, not at all," replied Mrs. Macourty, "she says her mother is living in this city. No I did not think that—but she is so poor and friendless, I—I thought—" here she paused.

"Well, my dear, what did you wish?"

"I thought that we might let her stay here for a while," she said, "until she can find her mother."

"Just as you like," he replied, and so the matter was settled.

After supper the little ones were sent to bed, and Cecelia was placed in a small room next to their's, with a door connecting the two rooms, through which she watched the other children as they prepared for bed. Annie knelt before an altar ornamented with a small statuette of the Blessed Mother and child, and, blessing herself, said her prayers, after which she taught Maggie to do the same. George was less reverential in his devotions, dropping on his knees before the altar, he made a very large sign of the cross, and rattled off his prayer as if he were racing against time. This was a new and novel sight to Cecelia, whose only prayer was the Our Father, which she knew but imperfectly, and had seldom used. Mrs. Macourty soon came upstairs, however, and requested Cecelia to come and say her prayers. Cecelia was good at imitation, and she now went forward, knelt before the altar and blessed herself as nicely as if she had been used to doing so all her life. She then recited the "Our Father," the mistakes she made were kindly corrected by the lady. Next morning, as they were seated at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Macourty asked Cecelia if the lady was kind that she had lived with in New York.

"Oh! no, sir," she replied, with a well-acted shudder, "she used to beat me, and treat me very bad."

"Poor child, how you must have suffered," said Mrs. Macourty, "what a terrible thing to think of leaving a child to strangers."

"Yes, ma'am, she used to vent all her madness on me," replied Cecelia, looking mournfully around, "but that was not the worst."

"What else was there?" asked Mr. Macourty, in a doubtful tone, for the stranger had not made a very favorable impression on him.

"They were Protestants, sir," said Cecelia,

with an injured look, "and would not allow me to go to our church."

"She would not let you go to mass?" said he, still more doubtfully.

"No, sir," she replied, "she wanted me to be a Protestant, and used to whip me when I asked leave to go to church, and so I ran away."

"She had no right to interfere with your religion," said Mrs. Macourty, who believed Cecelia, and admired her courage in adhering to her church.

A few days were spent in looking for Cecelia's mother without any thing being heard of her, and then Mrs. Macourty said it was a shame that the girl should stay at home idle.

Cecelia was sent to a private school in the neighborhood, kept by a lady of much experience and ability, who promised to see that the girl was well cared for and aided in her studies.

When she returned from school in the evenings, after having dinner, she was allowed a time for play, and was then called in to prepare her lessons for the next day. But Cecelia did not fancy such employment, and, instead of studying her lessons, she looked at the pictures, played with her slate and pencil, and idled her time, except when Mrs. Macourty sat beside her and watched what she was doing. When visitors came, as they did almost every day, she was called in to see them, and introduced as Mrs. Macourty's adopted daughter. Mrs. McDonald called one day, and took a very kind interest in the young girl, asking her questions about school, play hours, about her books and companions, and spoke to her very encouragingly and with much approbation.

"You have adopted her?" said Mrs. McDonald, after Cecelia had left the room. "I notice she calls you ma."

"Yes, we intend doing all we can for her," said Mrs. Macourty. "Poor thing, she seems to have no friends or relatives, and so I told George I was going to make her one of the family, and he replied that I could do as I liked."

"Robert says that I may adopt a child whenever I want to do so," said Mrs. McDonald, "and I have often thought seriously of doing it, but have found no one that I liked exactly."

"I am afraid that, if you wait until you are suited exactly," said Mrs. Macourty, smiling, "you will be a long time making a choice. We



all have our faults, but if you took a child I think you would soon come to love it so well that you would not part with it."

"Oh! I certainly intend to do so," replied Mrs. McDonald.

On another afternoon, as Cecelia sat thumbing her books, Annie came in, her face full of pleasure and her eyes dancing with excitement.

"Come into the parlor, Cecelia," she said, "come into the parlor!"

"No, I won't," replied Cecelia.

"Oh! yes, do!" said Annie. "Mr. MacVain is in there, and he is such a nice gentleman. He always brings us something good, pictures or candy, or apples, or something good! Come in now, quick!"

"I shan't do it, I tell you," replied Cecelia, who was out of temper about her lessons.

Almost every day at school she would get a scolding about her lessons. The teacher excused her poor recitations for the first two or three months, because she knew that the child had not been used to confinement and study; but when this time had passed she would sometimes get out of patience, and such scenes as the following occurred nearly every day:

"Why, Cecelia, you do not know this lesson," said the teacher. "Did you study at home?"

"No, ma'am, I did not."

"You did not! well, why not?"

"I don't have time," replied Cecelia. "I have to set the table, wash the dishes and help with all the housework."

"You do! And Mrs. Macourty does not tell you to study at home?"

"No, ma'am, she don't," replied Cecelia. "She says I must learn to work, so that I can support myself."

"That is all very proper," replied the teacher, "but I don't see why she sends you to school, if she will not allow you to prepare your lessons, at least partially, at home. But I suppose she knows her own business."

Mrs. Macourty's store-room was well and liberally supplied, and, as she had the most implicit faith in the servants, it was seldom locked. Cecelia saw this, and, although she was given money to spend on toys and other articles that children covet, she thought she would increase the supply. To do this she would take from the store-room a few bottles of wine, cordial or liquor, some soap, starch or

other articles, and, hiding them among the bushes in the yard, she awaited a favorable opportunity, when she would take them out to some corner grocery, and sell them for a quarter of what they were worth. Sometimes she told the keeper of the shop that her ma was short of change, and sent her out to sell the articles; and again she would say that her ma had given them to her, and, as she did not want them, she would sell them.

In summer she had two months' vacation, and then returned again to school. After she had lived with Mrs. Macourty about ten months, the time seemed too dull and inactive for her, and she ran away. She had taken a great fancy to Mr. and Mrs. Cheerful, and went to their house. As an excuse for running away, she told them that Mrs. Macourty did not give her enough to eat, that she had to be a servant for the other children, and that she had been frequently whipped in a cruel and unmerciful manner. Mrs. Cheerful listened, with wonder to the outrageous stories she told, and did not know exactly what to make of it. She had always thought that Mrs. Macourty and her husband were such good people. Mr. Cheerful, when he came home, was surprised to find Cecelia there, and listened to her story with ill-concealed doubt and anger.

"You must think we are fools," he said, when she had finished, "to come here telling me that story. Mrs. Macourty is a perfect lady, incapable of harming anyone, or treating anyone cruelly, and her husband is a fine, honorable man. Come, you can't stay here. Get ready and I will take you back there. If you want to run away again, do not come here."

Mrs. Macourty had been in a perfect fever all day about the child, and could not imagine what had become of her. When Mr. Cheerful brought Cecelia back again she was much shocked at the tales she had been telling about them, and asked why she had done so. Cecelia pretended to be very penitent, cried a great deal, and promised not to do so any more. After this Mrs. Macourty took her back again and the next day she returned to school.

The decided manner of Mr. Cheerful disappointed Cecelia very much, and from that time she avoided him and his family as much as possible. She pronounced his singing horrid squeaking, his conversation dull and ill-natured, and declared him the most disagreeable

man she had ever met. She was not long, however, in finding new friends outside of her adopted home. Mrs. Marie Le Crasseux was the person to whom Mrs. Macourty gave all her sewing that could not be done at home. She was a woman much under the medium height, small and delicately framed, pale and thin, with large black eyes, the lustre of which increased the unnatural appearance of her thin lips, sunken cheeks, and sharp, straight nose. She looked like a woman who would faint at a spider and sink under the fatigue of ascending one short flight of stairs; yet there are probably few women whose lives are so full of trouble and care, constant work, worry of mind and wear of body, as this poor, broken-spirited woman's was. She did much of the sewing, especially the fine work of the neighborhood, and long after the last omnibus had rattled by on its way up town, after the last straggler from the theatre or opera had sought repose, and the carts and market wagons were wending their way to a new day's business, long after her liege lord had been tucked into bed and snoring, her needle was flying fast, and night after night, by the dull and gloomy light of her lamp, she pursued this weary, lonely, unending work. She had a large family, and her days were spent in cooking, washing, ironing and mending for them, with now and then a chase to this or that lady's house to return finished garments or to get new work. Some member of her family was always sick, and requiring, medicine and attention. With all these duties devolving upon her, she, at least, might with much reason exclaim, "A woman's work is never done." Yet she found time to attend church and perform her duties as a Christian, was sometimes social with her neighbors, and exhibited a wonderful amount of hope and cheerfulness. Her husband was an amiable cross between the tiger and the wolf. Mons. Antoine Le Crasseux was born in one of the border provinces of France, and settled in New Orleans in early manhood. He was the senior of his wife by fifteen years, and exercised his authority as lord and master ere the honey-moon had completed its first quarter. He was about five feet ten in height, but stooped so that he looked much less than that. Stooping forward, his shoulders were rounded to almost a deformity, his head drooped until his chin nearly touched his chest, the long beard, which covered his hard,

dry face, flowed almost to his waist, and his black hair fell in a loose, uncombed shower of "matted and combined locks" around his neck and shoulders. He was no advocate of the external application of cool, clear water, often going for weeks without washing his hands and face, while, as to bathing or cleaning his person, he often boasted that he had not done so since leaving his native village. He was a moulder and pattern maker in iron work, very tasty and ingenious, a perfect master of his profession, at which he found, in one of the largest foundries of the city, constant employment at the best wages. He was a "Jack of all trades" with talent and capacity sufficient to rank with the best workmen at any of them that he turned his hands to. As a carpenter, cabinet-maker, paper-hanger, upholsterer or decorative painter, he had worked with success, at such times as the business of the foundry would be dull, or when he, in a fit of ill-temper, would leave that place. With all these advantages in himself as a workman, and with a wife who drudged and toiled steadier and more abjectly than any negro cook in the city, he was always poor. His family lived in the smallest, most tumble-down house, in a neighborhood of small, tumble-down houses, and but for his wife's perseverance in patching, mending, turning and darning, they would have been continually in rags and tatters. In his family was included his nephew, Felix Le Crasseux, a young man of about twenty years of age, of medium height and build, with long, sandy hair, a light beard of the same color, a florid, badly freckled face and grey eyes, over which hung shaggy, reddish brows. Some of his front teeth were missing, and those that were yet left were badly decayed or covered with tartar. In point of cleanliness he was a little improvement on his worthy uncle, but scarcely enough "to brag of." With this delightful family Cecelia soon became intimate, and spent many of her evenings with them, relating her woes and inventing horrid tales of the persecutions she suffered in the family of Mr. Macourty. To these stories, had she dared brave her husband, Madama Le Crasseux would have given the lie, but as he listened with satisfaction, throwing out exclamations, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, of approval and encouragement, she kept silent, while the nephew, a dull, sleepy-looking fellow, half fool and half

knave, swallowed the whole as gospel truth. After an evening spent in such conversation, Felix would escort Cecelia back to Mrs. Marourty's, where she would greet everybody in the most affectionate and confiding manner. She was always careful, when retiring at night, to kiss all the family, with manly demonstrations of love and respect, and when in her room her *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters* were so loud and earnest that they could be heard by the passers in the streets. Thus the second year and much of the third passed away when an old friend joined the family once more.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Two years had rolled by, and the autumn frosts were once more giving the leaves a variety of rich colors, and the winds, as they whistled through the woods, were covering the ground with a leafy carpet, leaving the trees bare and cheerless. The travelers who had thronged Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch and through the Canadas were on the wing for home. The western and southern merchants had replenished their stocks with the latest fashions and patterns of fall and winter goods, and their grain, flour, pork, cotton, rice and other products were now coming forward to restore the "balance of exchanges." The great American metropolis was daily becoming more crowded and gay; those who left for distant homes being more than replaced in numbers by returning citizens and crowds of visitors from all parts of the world. Our old friends, Barege, Muslin & Co., had been doing their full share of the business of the city, and, rich at first, were rapidly nearing the point of immense wealth and influence. Philip Cummings was now a junior salesman, that point where the occupant is neither one thing or the other, now an office boy, then a messenger, a salesman, and so on, filling all gaps that occur. He was a favorite with the seniors of the firm, who prophesied that he would be a brilliant salesman in a short time; but with the junior, Mr. Crape, he was less fortunate, that gentleman still keeping up an old grudge against him. Peter Droll, kind-hearted, generous Peter, was rapidly going down hill in health, and had been obliged to miss many days from his work. The seniors of the house manifested much interest in his case, because

he knew the business thoroughly and was a valuable hand, but mainly, let us hope and believe, through kind and Christian feeling.

"Mr. Droll," Mr. Barege had often said, "you must take care of yourself. Go down to my house at Elizabeth. There's plenty of good, fresh milk and butter, pleasant walks and shady groves to loiter in. There's a good team and a comfortable carriage always at your service. Come, now, don't be foolish, man, and shake your head at me. Get ready and go over and stay three or four months, just as long as you please. It will not cost you anything, and you will be perfectly welcome."

"Look here, Mr. Droll," Mr. Muslin would sometimes say, and always kindly, "you are not able to stand the worry and fatigue of business. Take a trip off west, or south, relieve your mind of all care, go where you will see the most life and be comfortable. If you run short of money, you know—why just drop a note to me privately and I'll loan you what you want, and when you get back a few months from now, you will soon catch up again."

Amongst the clerks of the house there was much shaking of heads and regrets expressed that Mr. Droll was "in a bad way."

"Look here, my Scotch Seminole," Sam Sellwell would exclaim, in his off-hand way, none the less sincere in kindness and good feeling than others who were more choice in their words, "look here, Pete, you're trifling with this thing too long. You don't hold a very strong hand, and the first thing you know your pile will be covered, and when the game is called, and you show your hand, you'll find old Death holds all the aces, and there'll be no show for you at all. Take time now to recuperate and you may euchre the old fellow in spite of his cunning."

To all these friendly solicitations Peter returned evasive answers, promising to consider the matter. He was of a retiring nature and feared that he would give trouble to others if he accepted the advice given him. There was another and stronger reason for his refusal to go away. His ward, Mary Collins, was progressing rapidly in her studies, and stood among the best scholars in the Institute, where there many that were older than she was. Her music was pronounced excellent, and her voice was wonderfully clear, full and melodious. She had carried off a majority of the prizes at the last examination, and re-

ceived the special compliments of the examining committee. For years before his acquaintance with Mrs. Collins, Mr. Droll had lived almost entirely secluded from society. He had few acquaintances, and these were among the men with whom he was thrown in contact by his business. He had found in Mary a respectful and obedient child, careful to please him and attentive to his wants, especially of late when he had been so unwell. His heart, which had been for years a stranger to finer feelings, found in her an idol in which all its store of love could be worthily bestowed. He loved her as a father or older brother, and was never tired of hearing of her triumphs at school, or her praises in the homes that they visited together. Mary had joined the choir in the neighboring church, where she was considered a valuable assistant, and Mr. Droll always went with her to Mass and Vespers, and seated himself in the gallery near by, where he could not only hear the tones of her sweet voice, but might also watch her beautiful face, which seemed filled with inspiration as she joined with heartfelt devotion in the grand anthems of praise. She had not been long with the choir before she was given a leading part at High Mass in the *Credo*, *Gloria*, *Offertory* and *Agnus Dei*, and at Vespers in the *Magnificat*.

Mr. Droll had been brought up a Presbyterian, but was not disposed to interfere with the religious preference of his niece, as he called Mary, but encouraged her in performing all her duties in the Church of her choice.

"It is bad, very bad, to see a man without a settled religion," he often said, "but it is far worse in a woman. Not that I think the obligation to worship God is any stronger on one than the other, but there is an ennobling influence, a delicacy and refinement about a truly pious woman that is beautiful to see, and which is felt and respected by the roughest of men. A woman without religion is like a vessel in a storm on a rocky coast, without rudder or anchor, and is liable to be wrecked at any time in the storms of passion and sin that are continually raging in the world."

If he left the city to go to Mr. Barege's country residence, or on a trip, as suggested by Mr. Muslin, what would become of his niece? His salary, he knew, would be suspended during his absence, and he would be deprived of the means of paying for her board and education. Therefore he struggled against the disease

that had settled in his constitution, that fatal destroyer, consumption, which was slowly but surely undermining his strength and bringing him nearer to the grave. Mary watched him with care and her heart was filled with apprehension on his account. She heard others urge him to take a vacation from toil and anxiety, and often joined her solicitations to theirs that he should do so.

"What do you say, my little pet?" he said to her one evening. "Do you want to get rid of Uncle Pete?"

"Oh, no, Uncle, it is not that," she replied. "You know how badly I would feel to part with you. But your health demands a relaxation and this is of the first importance to me. I cannot bear to think of you working your life away when a few months, perhaps only a few weeks, would restore your health."

"And what would become of my little niece?" he inquired, as he kindly drew back her long curls, "what would you do while I was gone?"

"Don't think of that, Uncle. I will get along very well. I am sure I can," she replied. "I will try to get a class in the Institute or a music class. Believe me, the thought that you are relieved from the worry and care of business, the hope of seeing you return improved in health will give me strength to do any work."

"It will not do," said Mr. Droll. "When I go I must take you with me. I wrote to the folks at home that I was going to bring you over there, and I have had three or four letters since urging me to do so."

"In Scotland! Will you take me with you?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes my dear," he replied. "This is October—well, by January I shall have money enough to go."

"How much money do you require, Uncle?"

"I went down to see Captain Evans, of the ship Oakwood, to-day," said Mr. Droll. "He will take us over to Liverpool for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and for another hundred we can go from Liverpool to Aberdeen. He leaves on Saturday of next week, and if I had sixty dollars more we would go, but he will leave again sometime in January, and then I shall be ready."

"Go with him now, Uncle," she replied. "You go and leave me here. I shall feel so happy to know that I am not keeping you away from

those you love, and with whom your strength will, no doubt, return."

"I should like to see the old home again," he replied, a slight accent of sadness in his voice, "and if it is God's will, I shall do so soon, but I cannot go without you. It will not be long until we can go over together, and then—"

"Then what, Uncle Peter?" she said, seeing that he hesitated to complete what he was saying.

"You will be with our folks, and, if anything happens me, you will have a good home, with kind friends," he replied. "Brother John has promised to be a father to you, and if death comes for me, I will feel more contented at the parting."

"Don't talk about death, Uncle," she replied, wiping away the tears that were filling her eyes. "You will be strong yet, and live many a day to guide me with your wise advice, and cheer me with your words of kindness."

"If it is God's will, Mary," he said, kindly caressing her head. "I hope he will spare me to see you comfortable and happily settled in life, but it will do no harm to provide for the worst, and so I feel that I must get home."

The next day was a busy one at Barege, Muslin & Co.'s, and everybody about the place was on the alert to fill the demands of the throng of customers. A little past noon, as Mr. Crape was standing near the lace department, he observed Philip, who was showing the shawls and sacks to a very stylish lady in a dark brown silk dress, with furs and cape to match. After the lady went out without buying anything, Mr. Crape came forward and reproved Philip for trying to wait on the lady, telling him that he should have called one of the older salesmen. While they were folding up the articles to return them to the boxes and shelves where they belonged, Mr. Crape missed a shawl and asked Philip where it was.

"I don't see any such shawl here," said Philip, turning them over and searching through the pile.

"It certainly was there a few minutes ago," replied Mr. Crape, continuing the search with nervous anxiety.

"It may have been, sir, but it is not here now," said Philip.

"May have been?" exclaimed Mr. Crape, getting angry. "Didn't you show a shawl marked fifty dollars, with vine embroidery and a large flower center, to that lady?"

"No, sir, I did not," replied Philip.

"But I know you did, for I heard you say to her 'fifty dollars,' and that was the only one of that style at that price."

"I told her that the lace point was fifty dollars," replied Philip, but I did not show her a shawl at that price."

"You needn't try to get out of it in that way," said Mr. Crape, who was by this time in a towering passion.

"Get out of what?" said Philip, aroused by this remark.

"Oh, it is a great deal more convenient," said Mr. Crape, sneeringly, "when a young man has a stylish lady friend to allow her to steal a nice shawl than it is to buy one for her."

Without the least hesitation, before Mr. Crape had finished speaking, Philip struck him in the face with all the force he was master of. Before a second blow could be struck by him, or one returned by Mr. Crape, three or four clerks interfered and separated them. The event created a great sensation. Many of the men rushed forward to see what was the matter, while those who remained in their stocks eagerly inquired of others what was going on. A fight within the sacred precincts of the "store" was something that few of them had ever dreamed of; they were horrified at the idea; and that one of the boys should dare strike a member of the "firm," was even more wonderful. The culprits were ordered back to the office, where both of the seniors were present, and before this "high court" they were at once arraigned.

"What does this mean, Mr. Crape? A nice return for my kindness to you, Philip," said Mr. Barege, turning from one to the other, "a pretty state of affairs, indeed. A brawl, a bar-room scuffle, here in the store, with a crowd of customers present."

"What was it about, Philip?" asked Mr. Muslin, who was perfectly cool and quiet.

"What was it about?" Mr. Barege broke out again, "that's the question. How dare you kick up a row here?"

"Mr. Crape can tell you all about it," said Philip, motioning towards where that gentleman was standing silent and sullen.

"Well, sir, we are waiting to hear from you," said Mr. Barege, turning to his nephew.

"I am going home to change my clothes, and bathe my face," replied Mr. Crape, wiping the blood from a small scratch on his cheek,

"when I get back I will answer your question."

"Very well, sir, very well," said Mr. Barege, "you can both go until this evening, and then we will hear what you have to say."

"For myself," said Philip, stepping forward, "I have very little to say. I am very sorry the fuss occurred in your store, but if it was to do over again, I should act as I have already done, and if we had not been parted I should have done my best to give him a thorough whipping. I shall not come back this evening, as I have determined to leave you, for while I appreciate your kindness and thank you for it, I cannot live any longer with him." As he concluded, he pointed contemptuously at Mr. Crape.

This was another surprise, and one that was well founded, for Philip had been kindly treated by the senior partners, and if he remained, had a good prospect as a salesman in the future. After a short consultation together his employers concluded that it would be best to let him try for a time to get a situation elsewhere, after which they had no doubt he would be glad to return to them. His account was made out and Mr. Muslin, while paying him the amount due him, offered his advice on the course that he should pursue for the future. Philip replied to him respectfully, and with proper deference, and after saying goodbye to the seniors, and to some of the clerks with whom he was on friendly terms he left the store.

As he walked down Broadway, thinking of the events of the day and forming plans for the future, he saw two men standing on one of the corners, engaged in earnest conversation, one of these looked so familiar, that he soon remembered that he was Mr. MacVain. As he came forward, Mr. MacVain said to his companion.

"Another season spent in this fruitless search! It does seem strange that no one of her old companions has ever heard from her."

"It is very discouraging, indeed," replied his companion. "I have watched for her in Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, all over, in fact, and have been assisted by Betsy and two of the best detectives in the country, all without any success."

"This old detective, Joe Bodkers, that you say is such a good hand, what does he say?" inquired Mr. MacVain.

"It's a regular puzzler, he says," replied Mr. Williams, "he thinks the girl must have died from the effects of the fright at the fire, or from exposure afterwards, or may be that she was not rescued at all."

"As for that," replied Mr. MacVain, "we have the testimony of Betsy, who is positive that she saw her brought safely out of the house."

"That's true, sir," said Mr. Williams, "but if she was saved, where did she go to so suddenly? You know that is the last that was seen of her."

"I have no doubt she was saved," replied Mr. MacVain, "but where she has gone is a mystery I hope we may yet unravel."

"Nothing will be left undone, that can assist in bringing success," replied Mr. Williams.

"I think I shall go home next week," replied Mr. MacVain, "these long seasons, which others devote to pleasure and recuperation, but which are times of racking anxiety for me, are wearing me out, and I shall hereafter, make them shorter. I hope that you will persevere, and soon meet with success."

During the latter part of this conversation, Philip had remained at a respectful distance, too far off to hear what was said, but as he saw the stranger go away, and Mr. MacVain turn to go down town, he stepped quick to overtake him. At first, Mr. MacVain did not recognize him, but when Philip told his name, he was received in a very friendly and cordial manner. During their walk, he related to Mr. MacVain much of his life since his arrival in New York, and expressed a wish to return to New Orleans. His friend promised that if he did do so he would aid him in procuring a situation, and offered to assist him with a loan of money to pay his passage. This Philip thanked him for, but said it was not necessary as he had saved enough from his wages, small though they had been, to enable him to return to his native city.

When Mr. Droll returned that evening to his home at Mrs. Reed's boarding house, Mary met him at the door, and with a peculiar look of pleasure, mixed with girlish mystery, welcomed him after his day of labor and excitement. After their tea, a meal served in the plainest boardinghouse style, they returned to the parlor, and Mary played for him some of the fashionable airs of the day, then sang an old Scotch favorite, which he always admired,

and praised very much. But it was evident, there was something on her mind, she had some secret to tell, or some new triumph at school to surprise her dear uncle with.

"What is it, Mary?" he said, as she left the piano and took a seat beside him. "Another medal at school, eh? You will lead them all before long, I know you will."

"It is not that, Uncle," she replied, looking wistfully into his face.

"What then, dear?" he asked, with an encouraging look and smile.

"Shut your eyes and hold fast all I give you," she said playfully, her fine blue eyes full of anticipated pleasure. Mr. Droll complied, and to his surprise received in his hand six ten dollar gold pieces.

"Why child, what does this mean?" he asked, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak.

"You said, Uncle," she replied, "that if we had sixty dollars, you would go with Capt. Evans, and so I got you the money."

"But how did you get it?" he anxiously inquired, "if by my repining and wishes to go home, I have induced you to do anything not strictly honest, or to beg or beseech yourself—"

"Uncle, uncle!" she exclaimed, and her beautiful face flushed with pain, that he should have such thoughts of her, even for a moment.

"Forgive me, Mary, I know that you are all truth and honor," he said, as he looked into her distressed face, "but I was surprised that you could get such a sum."

"The money came honorably into my hands," she replied, "it is the last legacy of my poor mother, but had I prized it a thousand times more than I did, I would have parted with it and felt happy in doing so, since it will enable you to take a recess of which you stand so much in need."

"My dear Mary," he said, kindly patting her head, "perhaps you have done wrong in parting with this money, if your mother left it to you, for a time of distress and want, for I think we might get along without it for a while yet."

"No, no, dear uncle," she replied, coaxingly, "keep the money and let us go now. When you get back next fall, you will I trust, be fully restored to health. Just think what a

happiness it will be to me to see you strong and well once more, and to think that I aided a little, if ever so little, in bringing about so desirable an end as the restoration of your health."

"It shall be as you say," Mr. Droll replied "and I will go to-morrow to close the bargain with Capt. Evans. He is a very nice man, a native of Maine, and understands his business thoroughly."

This matter being thus settled, Mr. Droll gave Mary some account of the disturbance at the store, and of Philip's leaving there. While he was speaking, Philip came in.

"There is the bad boy now," said Mr. Droll, as he came in.

"If I thought such was really your opinion, I should feel very sorry, indeed," said Philip, as he took a seat near them.

"What will you do now, Philip?" Mary inquired.

"Oh! he will go back again in a week or two," said Mr. Droll.

"You are mistaken for once," replied Philip, "I am going to New Orleans."

"To New Orleans!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes, it is my native place," said Philip, "my father was a prominent merchant there for many years, and had many friends, I will try my fortune there."

"I am sure you will succeed, Philip," replied Mary, "if you continue to be as steady and attentive as you have been here."

"I shall try hard for success," he said. "I thank you, Mary, for your good opinion, which I assure you I prize beyond all other considerations."

"My advice or commendation are of little value," she modestly replied, "but I hope you will gain golden opinions from those to whom you go, and that you may ever remember that there is One above whose service is more honorable and whose rewards are far greater than those of earth."

"Where ever I go, Mary your good counsel, your words of encouragement and kind friendly interest will ever be remembered," he replied.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Philip," she answered with childish simplicity, "we have spent happy hours together, and it will always be a pleasure to me to know that I am kindly remembered, especially as we are soon to go to a country strange and new to me."

"You are going away!" exclaimed Philip.

"Yes, we are going to Scotland," replied Mr. Droll, "I shall tell them at the store, to-morrow, and get ready to go on the Oakwood next week."

The evening was spent in discussing their plans for the future, and with many expressions of friendship and mutual good wishes they at last separated. Having nothing to detain him, and being anxious to get back to the scenes of his childhood, Philip left for New Orleans on the second day after.

The eventful Saturday came, the time intervening seeming even shorter than our friends had anticipated. The good ship Oakwood, Capt. Evans, master, was ready for sea, and the last preparations were being hurried to completion. Mary was already on board, and Mr. Droll, who had gone on shore to procure a few nice articles for food that he thought they might want on the voyage, was just returning, when Mr. Sellwell, the last of his friends who came down, shook him warmly by the hand, and, almost crying, bade him God speed. "Good bye, Pete, good bye, old boy," said Sam, as Mr. Droll reached the deck of the vessel. "God bless you my hearty, and may you come back fat and sound as a buck."

Mr. Droll returned the salutations of his friend, and as the vessel left her mooring, went below to Mary.

"Here we are Mary, all right," he said, cheerfully, "your room is next to mine, so that if you are sick or want anything, you can easily call me."

"We will be very comfortable, uncle," she replied, "and I hope we shall have a quick and pleasant trip."

"I hope so, dear," he said, "we start in good trim, anyhow, as we have a hundred dollars in gold, our passage is paid, and if we should run short of funds—why, I can get sixty or eighty dollars for my watch. Come let us go on deck, and take a look at the old place, it will be the last we shall have for several months."

They stood on the deck as the vessel passed out of the river and down the narrows, and although they had many a time before, seen the boats running in the harbor, had often passed the picturesque valleys, and groves of Staten Island and the gray walls of Fort Hamilton those objects, and everything around possessed an interest that they had never felt before.

There they remained looking back until city, fort and island faded from their view and everywhere around them, nothing could be seen but the dark blue waters of the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The house of George Macourty was one of the best in the city, having inherited a good reputation from the founder of the business. By close attention, and strict integrity, Mr. Macourty had extended his trade slowly and surely, meeting every engagement promptly, dealing with his patrons in a fair, just and honorable manner that ensured him their future custom. There was no dash or brilliancy; no wild speculation about his business, but all the details were carefully attended to, ceaseless energy and never tiring perseverance were employed, and success had followed. He was now able to keep a large cash balance always on hand to meet the drafts of those who consigned goods to him, to take advantage of any fluctuations in the markets and to cover all the contingencies of his business. Besides this, he owned considerable real estate, and was the holder of stocks, bonds and mortgages to a large amount. His business was now so extensive and profitable that each year the balance sheet showed a handsome addition to his fortune.

It was a morning in November when a young man passed along the street, evidently in search of some place he had seen before, for as he walked on, he read the signs over the doors of the stores, and occasionally paused to observe what was going on within. Everywhere the evidences of a prosperous business were to be seen, boxes and bales of goods were arriving and departing, clerks were engaged in selling and shipping, and all through the streets bustle and activity prevailed. In front of Mr. Macourty's store there were long rows of casks of ale and wine, boxes of foreign liquors, and bales of imported goods. A clerk was receiving goods as the draymen brought them from the ships, another was marking the packages that were sold and yet to be sent off, and two warehousemen were moving the goods about as they directed. The young man asked one of the clerks if Mr. Macourty was in, and was answered in the affirmative, that he could be found in the office up stairs.



The merchant was in his easy office chair, reading the morning paper, and so intently engaged that he did not notice the young man's entrance.

"Do you want another clerk, sir?" inquired the young man.

"Not at present," replied Mr. Macourty, without looking up.

"Could you tell me where I would be likely to find a place?"

"Really I could not," replied Mr. Macourty, carelessly. The book-keeper, who had been busy over his books, looked around and with a smile, kindly said, that he did not know of any vacancy at that time.

"Good morning, sir," said the young man, and with a disappointed look he turned away.

"You want a situation?" said Mr. Macourty, suddenly throwing down the paper.

"Yes, sir, I am looking for a place where I can earn a living, and am willing to work," replied the young man.

"What can you do?" inquired Mr. Macourty, in an absent-minded tone, for something about the young man's face had struck him as being very familiar, and he was trying to think where he had met him before.

"I write a good hand and am tolerably quick at figures, I—"

"What is your name?" said Mr. Macourty interrupting him.

"Philip Cummings, sir, my father Peter Cummings—"

"Why certainly," exclaimed the gentleman, again interrupting him, now shaking hands with him, and looking very much pleased; "I ought to have known you at once, Philip. I am glad to see you, very glad to see you, come in here and sit down. Why Mrs. Macourty will be delighted to see you I am sure, you must go with me to dinner—certainly, I declare, you look very natural, but have grown very much. Mr. Browsee—Philip," he said, introducing the book-keeper, "Philip is an old favorite of ours," he continued, "and the son of a much loved friend. Take a seat, Philip, and tell us all about your adventures for these—let me see—it must be seven or eight years since you left us?"

"Yes, sir, it is," replied Philip.

"How is your Uncle, and how did you leave the family—well—eh?"

"Very well, indeed, sir," said Philip, "my uncle is an excellent man, and treated me as if

I had been his own son; in fact, they were all very kind to me, and I owe them much love and gratitude."

"I am pleased to hear you say so," replied his friend, "there is nothing more commendable in a young man, than a proper estimation of the kindness of those to whose care he has been indebted. You want a situation? Well, I will try to make room for you, it will be a poor place at first but you can work up, you know."

"I shall do my best to do so."

"I think you can make him assistant entry clerk, Mr. Browsee," he said, then addressing Philip he continued, "you will have some entries to make, letters to copy, go to the post-office and bank, get bills of lading signed, and so on. Mr. Browsee will initiate you. Your salary will be fifty dollars a month, and if you improve, as I am sure you will, it will be increased. I want the best of help about me and never quibble about salary when I am pleased with a clerk's services."

Philip expressed his thanks to his friend, and after a short time spent in conversation, the business of the day was resumed, in which the young man at once commenced to take his part. Mr. Leonard Browsee, who was immediately over him and from whom all of his instructions and orders would come, was a man about twenty-five years of age, tall and slender, affable and gentlemanly in his manner. He had been with Mr. Macourty for the past five or six years, and had discharged his duties faithfully and with untiring energy. His constant application to business and watchful care of his employers interests, had gained his confidence and esteem and the management of the books, cash and office affairs of the house were now left entirely to him. Constant confinement, long and laborious office hours, and the ever present ambition to become more and more useful in the business, had gradually worn out the strength of Mr. Browsee, who was at best never very strong, and he was now an invalid, often more fit for the sick ward of an hospital, than the active duties of the office. His employer frequently urged him to take a vacation, or to throw some of his duties off on the other clerks, but he felt justly proud of his position in the house, and the high estimation placed upon his services, and would never consent to leave his

post, for even a short time, for fear of losing some of the influence that he possessed. He was not a married man, but had a mother and three sisters, with whom he lived, and who were supported by him. For them he was always thoughtful, and anxious to gratify every wish or desire that they expressed.

When the hour for dinner arrived Mr. Macourty called Philip, and together they went up to his residence. He thought the place had improved very much since he was there before, and as they passed into the parlor many new beauties about the house met his view. Mrs. Macourty met her husband as was her wont with a kiss of welcome, and he, pointing to Philip told her that he had brought a young friend to dine with them. But a woman's eyes are sharper than a man's, and her heart once impressed with an image, either in love or hatred, retains it through long years of absence or neglect.

"Philip, my dear Philip," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him again, "why Philip how delighted I am to see you. How well you look—and almost grown to be a man—I am so glad you are back again."

"Thank you, my good, kind friend," said Philip, tears of pleasure filling his eyes, "your welcome completes my happiness and makes me feel at home."

The children, Annie, George and Maggie, were now presented to Philip and Cecelia came in soon after, and was also introduced. She recognised Philip at once, and during the afternoon found an opportunity to have a long talk with him. She inquired about the changes in New York, what had become of Beauty, as she called Mary, and why he had come out to New Orleans,

Next morning Philip was at the store early and from that time was very successful in filling the position given him. He obtained board at a comfortable house and was soon at home again. He frequently visited Mrs. Macourty who treated him with the kindness of a mother and took a lively interest in all that he did. Under her guidance he was soon a regular attendant at mass at St. Patrick's Church. To him Cecelia, with whom he had every opportunity to become acquainted, was as great an enigma, as she was to others who thought they knew her well. She was still

attending school but with little improvement, and the prospect seemed to be, that she would never make more than a very ordinary scholar. It was not that she lacked the capacity, for if a new ballad came out particularly funny or full of slang, if she visited the theatre and the play was grotesque or ludicrous, if there was any tale of scandal going, these she would learn, and repeat word for word, with appropriate embellishments in actions. The visitors at Mrs. Macourty's were persons who moved in the best society, and Cecelia was always invited to call on them and associate with their children, but she would seldom do so. If, on the other hand, the milkman invited her to ride in his cart, or Mr. Le Crasseux asked her to spend the evening at his house, she was always ready and anxious to comply.

Mr. Le Crasseux was working in the foundry, where he was getting extra pay as a first class workman, for the orders on hand for iron work were very extensive, and it was necessary to work over time in order to fill them. The men were sitting around the foundry one day about a month after Philip returned to New Orleans, when Tom Binney, who had recently married, came in. It was the hour allowed for dinner and they were chatting socially, each one, as he came in from his meal, taking his seat in the crowd and joining in the conversation.

"Here's Tom back a-ready," said Billy, winking to his companions, "his bride must have received him coolly, or he wouldn't have been in a hurry to get back."

"Oh! he takes his sweet-meats in small doses," put in Joe, a strong stalwart fellow "so that the novelty will last longer."

"Go on fellers," said Tom, good naturedly, "have your joke, you can't phaze me."

"No but the marrying did," said another.

"Well I never see a feller as nervous as you was that day," said Billy.

"I believe he was sort o' scared," said Joe, laughing.

"And you'd a thought he was afraid of leaving some of the foundry dirt on himself," said Bill, "I'm blessed if he didn't scour and scrub himself as if he'd been an old tin pan."

"That's so?" exclaimed Joe, "I'll be hanged if he didn't take two baths that day."

At this there was a hearty laugh, in which Tom joined, frankly admitting that he had done so.

"Well you were greener than I thought for," said Le Crasseux.

"I suppose you didn't bath twice the day you was married?" said Tom turning to the new speaker.

"That I didn't, nor once neither," was the reply.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Bill, "well I wouldn't tell it."

"I don't believe in no such foolery," said Le Crasseux doggedly.

"I don't see any foolery about keeping one's self clean," said Tom.

"Well I do," replied Le Crasseux with a sneer, "I don't believe in washing your health away. I haven't taken a bath since I landed in America."

"Whoop-pee!" exclaimed Joe, "well I'll be shot if I wouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"I am not, however," replied Le Crasseux, with emphasis, "I haven't taken a bath since I was a boy and I don't mean to take another."

"You are a dirty dog," said Joe, indignantly.

"You are not fit to associate with gentlemen," said Bill.

"You are a disgrace to the city," said Tom.

"Go on; what do I care what you say," said Le Crasseux, contemptuously.

"You haven't taken a bath since you were married?" asked Joe.

"No; nor for years before," was the reply.

"And you say you don't intend to?" again asked Joe.

"I don't intend to and I won't," said Le Crasseux.

"Well, you shan't stay in this place and make that boast," said Joe. "Come on, boys, let's give him a taste of cold water."

Without further words, Joe seized upon Le Crasseux, and the others assisted in carrying him to a back room of the foundry, where there were long, deep troughs filled with water. While Joe held him, in a grasp that defied all his turning and struggling to get away, the rest of the men pulled off his shoes, coat and other clothes, when they lifted him up and placed him in the water; one now ran for soap, and another for the coarse roller towel used for their hands and faces. Le Crasseux was then well soaped and rubbed, and his head thoroughly washed, after which he was rubbed down with the crash and allowed to dress. He came out a new man in looks, but

with an additional quantity of vinegar in his disposition.

When he returned to his home that night a thunder-cloud of anger hung over his dark brow and made his face even more forbidding than usual. He had not the courage or spirit to show his resentment to the men at the foundry, but spent his afternoon in sullenly brooding over the treatment he had received at their hands. His wife saw at once, when he entered, that there was something wrong, and hastened to put the children out of the way and give him his supper.

The impending storm was averted, however, by the entrance of Cecelia and Felix, who had been taking a walk together. Cecelia was a great favorite with him; they were kindred spirits; he always took great pleasure in hearing her wild stories and encouraging her in making complaints against her adopted parents. There was, too, a friendship springing up between his nephew and the girl, which he encouraged, hoping that it would lead to their union for life.

Cecelia had a surprise for him, one that he hardly knew whether to feel pleased at or not. After a long recitation of her wrongs, the slights put upon her and the oppression under which she suffered, in telling which he encouraged her, although he believed them false, she announced that she had left Mr. Macourty's house, and asked him to give her a home, until such time as she could get work to do that would support her. He did not like this, because he did not believe she would try to get another place, but, once with his family, would become a fixture, and further, he knew it would damage her prospects for the future, in which he felt an interest, on account of the plans he had formed for his nephew.

"Don't you think it would be better to try to get along with them for a few months longer?" he asked.

"I can't do it, sir," she replied, with a downcast look, "I can't stand it, sir, I must leave them."

"I never heard of such persecution," said Felix, who wished to have her in his uncle's house, so that he would have a better opportunity to pay his attentions to her, "it is a shame for people to act so and put on such airs about religion."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Le Crasseux.

"Oh! of course you don't!" exclaimed her husband.

"Well, I don't," said his wife, firmly, "Mrs. Macourty is a kind lady, and has been a mother to Cecelia. Don't have anything to do with the girl, for I tell you she don't tell the truth."

"But I will protect her," he replied, "so you needn't say anything more."

"If she comes here it will make Mrs. Macourty angry, very justly so, too," said his wife, "and I shall loose her sewing."

"That's all right," he replied, "your sewing don't amount to much. If she wants to get mad, let her do it. This is my house and as long as I've got one I'll give Cecelia a home."

The opposition of his wife only confirmed Le Crasseux in his determination to favor Cecelia, and it was consequently decided that she should make her home with their family for the future.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Oakwood was a good sailer and her master was thorough in the knowledge of his business. Every part of the vessel was kept perfectly clean and in proper order, every man of the crew had his duties to perform, and was particular to do his work well. Mr. Droll and his ward were the only passengers on board, and in point of room were as comfortable as if they had been at Mrs. Reed's. The table was not so satisfactory, although even that would have been acceptable to those who were in good health and willing to live in plain style during the few days of an ocean passage. The last outlines of the shore had hardly faded from her view when Mary began to feel that terrible nausea which, to those who live on the land, has always been the greatest shadow overhanging a sea voyage. For three days she was very sick, and seldom left her room. When this passed off she found that Mr. Droll was much worse than when they started and had only kept around to encourage her. In the evening, when they went on deck, it was with difficulty that he ascended the stairs, and he sat for many minutes completely exhausted, then a spell of coughing followed, that was more violent than any she had ever witnessed

before. The weather was clear and the wind fair, the noble vessel ploughed through the waters of the ocean in fine style, giving good promise of a quick trip.

The next day Mr. Droll found himself too much exhausted to venture on deck. The day was spent in reading or playing checkers, and the evening twilight faded into the darkness of night while they talked of the past, of the church where she had sung in the choir, of Philip and his return to his native city, and other topics, the memory of which gave them much pleasure.

On the day following her friend was so much better that Mary felt greatly encouraged, and talked gaily of their visit to Scotland and the pleasant times she expected to have there. She sang to him many of those dear old ballads, that touch the heart in their simple melody, and fill the mind with harmonious feelings by the depth and beauty of their sentiment. In the evening they walked around the vessel, watching the sun as he sank in golden glory behind the limitless space of water, and were filled with pleasure at the serenity and beauty that surrounded them. When she retired to rest at night, Mary felt relieved of a heavy load of anxiety and soon fell into a quiet and happy repose.

How uncertain are the pleasures, and fleeting the joys of life! Who that has watched with some dear friend through the varied scenes, the lights and shadows, the failing strength and rallying bloom, the deceptive turnings of consumption, and cannot tell of the bright hopes and heart-breaking disappointments that attend every stage of the terrible disease? Now comes the palid cheeks, the short, hacking cough, the feeble step and the heavy, drowsy feeling, and with a mind overtaxed with pain you seem to see the grim messenger of death standing ready to strike down his victim. But there comes a silver lining to the clouds, the warm glow of life returns to the face, the step becomes elastic, and the walk upright and buoyant, the pain leaves the chest and the eyes glow with a brilliancy that seems almost ethereal. Hope returns, the disease has changed for the better, health will come again and our friend will be spared for many years. Vain and delusive hopes, for, even in that moment of brightest visions, the destroying

angel, with noiseless steps, is approaching more surely to his prize.

In the night Mary awoke and heard Mr. Droll in his room, which was next to her own, coughing violently, and breathing short and hard between the spells, as if in great distress. Hastily throwing on her dress, she entered his room and found that the spell had brought on a hemorrhage, and he was now throwing up large quantities of pure arterial blood. To her, the minutes seemed hours and dragged slowly along through time while the attack lasted. The cough shook and convulsed his whole frame, while he was almost suffocated by the blood that filled his throat, ever and again coming out in a frightful stream. At last he fell back upon the pillow, weak and exhausted, a deathly palor spreading over his face, and the throbbing of his pulse coming so soft and slow that it was almost lost altogether. When it was near morning another attack came, nearly as severe and long as the first. After this he fell into a sleep which lasted until after 10 o'clock. As they did not go to breakfast the Captain came into the room, and when he saw Mr. Droll he shook his head ominously and went out again. In a few minutes he returned, took the invalid's hand and felt carefully for the pulse, looked carelessly around the room, and was leaving again when Mary asked what he thought of Mr. Droll.

"Well, he may last as far as Liverpool," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"May last! Do you think him so low Captain?" anxiously inquired the girl.

"Just as low as he can be and live," he replied. "I didn't much think he could stand a sea voyage, but I never thought it would take him so sudden."

"Is there nothing that could be done, sir? Do you know of anything that would do him good?" she asked.

"Humph! not a thing—he's very low—probably won't last through the night—but the confounded disease has so many turns that you can never tell," and with these words he left the room.

Mary watched patiently by his side until he awoke and looked languidly around the room. When he saw her he smiled and then closed his eyes again, as if he was too much worn out to keep them open. She watched him again,

silently and sadly, and when he again awoke, asked how he felt.

"Much better," was the reply, but the feeble tone of his voice and the traces of pain on his death-like countenance made a different answer.

Mary went to the cook-room and got a cup of coffee for herself, and after some difficulty procured for her uncle a cup of tea and a little toast. There was no fresh meat on the ship, not even a chicken, and she was, therefore, obliged to take such refreshment as she could get. But she found Mr. Droll too weak to take anything more than a sup of the tea, after which he slept again.

He was much refreshed afterwards, and with a look of grateful love asked Mary to go and lie down, saying that he feared that she would be worn out with watching. This she gently refused to do, but remained with him, paying such little attentions as she could. The day passed quietly away and but one little hemorrhage came on during the night. Thus the days and nights passed with no other change than that the invalid was growing weaker all the time. Mary was constant in her attentions. No daughter could have been more gentle and loving. Every care was taken by her to keep the room in cheerful and clean order, to make his bed comfortable and his position easy. Such articles of nourishment as they had provided, or could be obtained on the ship, Mary prepared for him with her own hands, and out of very little succeeded in making dishes that were pleasing and acceptable to him. In these labors she neither received assistance or encouragement from any one attached to the vessel. The Captain seemed to avoid all communication with them, for fear of being troubled to do something for the sick man.

After a night of broken rest, short spells of sleep, interrupted by spells of coughing, made worse by a slow fever that had settled on him, Mr. Droll was taken with another fit of spitting blood, which frightened the young watcher so that she hurried out to hunt up the captain and beg his assistance.

"What's the use?" he replied, impatiently. "I can do nothing for him. If he holds out three days longer we shall be in Liverpool, and then may be you can find a doctor who will try to cure him."

"Are we so near the end of the voyage?" she inquired.

"Yes, I think so," replied the captain, with a look at the sky. "We have a fair wind and good weather, and ought to make it in that time."

"Oh, I am very glad to hear it!" she earnestly replied.

"Yes, but when you get to Liverpool," he said, "if you want a doctor you will require money to pay him."

"We have money, Captain," she replied, "plenty of money to pay all expenses."

"Have you? Well, you are all right then," he answered, in a careless tone. Finding that the captain would do nothing for her friend, Mary left him and returned to the room.

"Mary dear," Mr. Droll said, when she took her seat beside the bed, "you have been a good girl, and I hope you will always be happy. My greatest regret now is that I cannot leave you as comfortable as you deserve to be."

"Don't think of leaving me, Uncle," she replied, putting the hair back from his forehead and smoothing his pillow, "we shall soon be in Liverpool, and then you will have such nursing and care that you will recover your strength and be able to travel up to Scotland."

"Ah, I never shall see Scotland again," he said, with a sorrowful look. "My poor mother, if I could only see her once more, how happy I would be! Dear, ever kind mother, this will be a sad blow for her."

"Nay, Uncle, do not feel so low spirited," she replied, suppressing with difficulty the grief that filled her heart. "You are no worse to-day than you have been, and once we reach the land you will soon recover."

"I may not look worse," he replied, "but I feel that I am much weaker and rapidly sinking. I cannot last much longer, and although I should like to have you remember me, Mary dear, I do not wish it to be with sadness or repining, but rather with the pleasant glow like that which the thought of some good deed, some happy hour or some quiet moment of rest gives to the mind."

"I shall always cherish your memory, Uncle, as the best and kindest of friends," she answered, while, in spite of her efforts to keep them back, tears of sorrow ran down her cheeks.

"Yes, Mary, and when you kneel before the

altar to return praise to Him who watches over the orphan and the friendless, offer up some petition for me," he continued, while his face glowed with the pleasure of calm resignation and his eyes seemed to be filled with the light of hope. "You know so well how to pray, you are so pure and good that Our Father will hear you, and although I have been taught a different religion from yours, I trust that He will forgive me if I am wrong."

"There can be but one true Church, Uncle," she replied. "Our Saviour established only one, and that has endured, and will endure, through all ages."

"I have often thought of that, Mary dear," he said, "and sometimes had almost determined to become a member of the Church with you—but it is too late now, dear, too late now."

"God is just, Uncle, but He is also merciful," she replied. "For your sins and errors you can offer Him sorrow and contrition, and these He will not despise. Try to awaken in your heart deep feelings of love for His goodness and mercy, and a sincere regret for the offences committed against His holy will, and with patience and resignation await His call, with full confidence in His boundless mercy."

"With your help, Mary, I will try," he replied.

Thus encouraged, the young girl took the prayer book, knelt by the bed side, and with fervor read many of the beautiful, solemn and appropriate devotions. At her request he followed her through the creed, the act of contrition, the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, and the Adoration of the Cross. After this he sank once more into sleep, a sleep which was more calm than he had enjoyed before for some time. While he rested she placed by his side a plain wooden cross that she always carried, which she prized very much, because it had been blessed for her by the good Father of the church where she used to go with her mother. When he awoke he asked for a drink of water.

"Thank you, child," he said, in a low, clear voice. "I have had such a good sleep, Mary."

"Yes, Uncle, I thought you were resting well."

The sun was sinking now low down to the waters, and from the little window of his room he could see the waves as they danced in the golden light of an early autumn sun-set.

He looked upon the beautiful scene quietly for a while, and then struggled to raise him-

self upon his elbows, that he might view it better, but his strength was gone and he sank again upon the pillow. Mary saw the effort, and, hurrying to him, fixed the pillows and then raised him almost to a sitting position.

"God bless you, Mary dear—pray for me," he said, and then, raising the crucifix he pressed it to his lips, his eyes closed, his lips gently parted, and a smile of sweet satisfaction spread over his face as he fell back on the pillows—dead. Mary looked long and wistfully into his face, which was as calm as if he were only asleep, and, as she arranged the bed and put his hair back, Captain Evans entered and asked how he was.

"He is dead, sir," the girl quietly replied.

"Indeed! yes—that's so," replied the captain, as he took the lifeless hand in his and felt for the pulse that was now stilled forever, "yes, he's gone. Well, you leave the room now and I'll fix him up."

"I cannot leave him, sir," she said.

"Why, you can't fix him," replied the captain. "It's not fit work for a delicate young thing like you."

Mary gave such directions as she thought of in relation to the arrangement of the corpse and then left the room. When she returned he was dressed in a neat suit of black clothes, with a nice shirt and well-tied cravat; his hair had been combed back from his forehead and his face cleanly shaven. She felt grateful to the captain for this kind attention, and believed that beneath a rough exterior he carried a good heart. Mr. Droll's watch guard, a plain black ribbon, was around his neck as he always wore it, with the end in his vest pocket, and, as she wished to know the time, she pulled it out, but the watch was gone. She thought the captain had so arranged it, in order to keep the watch from being buried with him, and recognized in the act another evidence of his watchfulness and forethought.

During the night she watched alone with the corpse of her friend, and thought through the dark hours of the night of how great to her was the loss of this only true friend, who had been to her like a father. She could not think of the future, of what she would do, now that he was gone. The present, the dark, storm-clouded present, hung over her with the gloom of a pall, and she could only think of her kind,

indulgent friend, uncle and father, as he lay there before her in the cold and rigid form of death. There was one friend she thought of and whose presence would have cheered the gloom that surrounded her. During their long acquaintance Philip Cummings had joined in her studies and sports, had sympathized with her in her troubles and trials, and had always taken an interest in whatever engaged her. There had been no set ways or speeches between them, no artificial plans to win confidence or esteem. They had played, studied, sung and walked together without any thought of being more than friendly and agreeable. When they had differed in opinion on any subject, or in wish about any recreation, they had spoken candidly and without any attempt at an agreeability they did not feel. Yet a friendship, a mutual esteem, and a deep interest in each other's welfare, had sprung up between them, which was all the more deep and sincere, and was likely to prove the more durable, because it sprung up unheeded and unsought by either. She thought often during that long night how grieved Philip would feel when he heard of the death of Mr. Droll, who had been so kind to them both, and how sincerely he would sympathize with her if he was only present.

Early next morning the captain came in, attended by one of the men, who carried some ropes. He was surprised to find her there and more so when he learned that she had watched all night.

"Well, I think it's all nonsense to watch with a dead man," he said, with a careless, rude manner, "just like it would do him any harm to remain alone."

"It may be foolish," she replied, "but it is customary, and, I think, is but a poor tribute to the memory of a dear, lost friend."

"Well—well—as you like," he replied, impatiently. "I suppose you want to say good bye to him; if so, hurry up, so that we can put him over before the sun gets very high."

"Put him over, Captain!" she exclaimed, "you surely are not in earnest."

"To be sure, I am," he said. "Didn't you ever hear that people who die at sea are buried in the water?"

"Such things I know occur on emigrant ships and in mid-ocean," but you are not pressed for room, and, besides, two days more, or three, at most, will bring us to Liverpool."

"Can't see that that makes any difference," he replied.

"But, Captain, he has friends who will want the body, and will gladly pay you for the trouble of keeping it," she urged.

"Your canny Scotch are not over liberal with their ha'pence," he replied, "and will not mind it; in fact I have no doubt they will thank me for saving them the expense of a funeral."

"You speak very lightly of your fellow men," she replied, with dignity, "and very irreverent of the dead. I am surprised that one who is so constantly in danger should speak so carelessly of the trials of others."

"Well, Miss, if you are through, we will proceed," he said, with a sneer.

"Think for a moment, Captain," she urged upon him, "only two days more and we will reach Liverpool, where you can have the body cased and his friends will take it from you. That will be a great joy to his mother, a consolation to his brother and a favor they will forever feel grateful for. Do not put him overboard! Have some consideration for the wishes and prayers of his friends."

"It can't be done," he replied, firmly and decisively, "the body must go over now."

"Since you will not listen to my prayers for the body of my poor friend," she said, sadly, "you will at least let me conform to the rules of Christian burial."

To this the captain reluctantly assented. The body was wrapped in a blanket, bound up with cords and then removed to the deck, where it was exposed until Mary completed the ceremonies of the Church over him. Kneeling on the deck beside the corpse, she read the Litany of the Dead and the solemn and beautiful office of burial, while the men stood by with heads uncovered and respectfully bowed down. When she had finished, she stooped for a moment over the body, kissed the cold lips, a last and final leave-taking of a good and generous friend, and then stood back. The captain gave a sign and two of the men stepped forward and closed up the folds of the blanket. The corpse was then carried to the side of the vessel, and slowly lowered into the deep blue waters of the ocean, which, parting, received him to their bosom, and then forever closed over all that remained of poor, gentle, loved and loving Peter Droll.

Mary did not go on deck again that day, but employed the time in the sad duty of arranging and packing away the articles that belonged to her uncle. When she went above next morning she found the captain superintending the work of the crew and giving orders to have the vessel put in order before they entered the port. He acknowledged her presence by a mere nod and continued his work. As he passed her she expressed a wish to speak with him, to which he replied by the demand "What do you want?"

"Captain, there was money in my uncle's trunk, she said, with some hesitation "and I cannot find it now."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" he asked, in a rough manner.

"I thought you might have seen it, sir," she replied.

"You and I are the only persons that have been in the room," he said, turning angrily around, "and I did not see the money, nor do I believe there was any."

"I saw it, sir," she replied. "I counted it the day before my uncle died. There was one hundred dollars in gold—three twenty dollar pieces, two ten and four five dollar pieces."

"It is a game, nothing more," he answered, with a sneer. "There was no money there, but you think you will make a hundred dollars out of me. You can't do it. You needn't try—it won't do."

"You may have seen his watch, Captain, for I cannot find that, and you certainly remember that he had one?" she anxiously inquired.

"Certainly I saw his watch," he replied.

"Well, sir, do you know where it is?" she inquired, hopefully.

"Why it was buried with him!" he exclaimed, "didn't you see the ribbon about his neck?"

"Yes, sir, I saw the ribbon," she replied, "and the watch had been taken off. I examined it myself."

"That's a lie, for I know the watch was buried with him," he replied, fiercely, and then ordered her to go below, and not try any more swindling on him.

When they reached Liverpool, the Captain told Mary that she could remain on the ship until Mr. Droll's friends could be heard from, a permission she was obliged to accept, as she was left without money. In due season Mr. John Droll answered her letter in person—He



greeted her very kindly, and listened with interest to her account of the long and patient suffering, last illness, death and burial of his brother. To his demand for his brother's money and watch, the Captain returned the same answer as he had done to Mary. Finding that his protests and arguments were useless Mr. Droll told the Captain to have the baggage put ashore and they would leave him.

"I want the passage money for your brother and this fast young lady," replied the Captain.

"My brother wrote me the day before he left New York," replied Mr. Droll, "that he had paid the passage money."

"Well, sir, I don't care what he wrote you. The passage money has not been paid," replied the Captain.

"He would not tell a lie about it, Captain," said Mr. Droll, "and I can show you the letter."

"I don't want to see the letter," replied the Captain, "I want the money, and I will have it."

"The passage was paid," said Mary, feeling in the pocket of her sack for the paper, "and here is the receipt."

"The receipt she produced was in the handwriting of Mr. Peter Droll, and was for the passage of himself and niece, but in the hurry and excitement of getting ready to leave New York, he had neglected to get it signed. The Captain's triumph was complete, and without further argument Mr. Droll asked the amount of the bill.

"Well, as there has been some misunderstanding," replied the Captain, "I will let you off with twenty pounds, although it ought to be at least forty, as I had the trouble of nursing and attending him in his last illness!"

To this Mr. Droll made no other reply than to pay the money and order the baggage put on shore."

When they arrived at the hotel where Mr. Droll had stopped, he procured a room for Mary, where she was comfortable and could enjoy a little repose.

"You must be worn out my dear child," he said to her, "and we will therefore remain here a few days, so that you can get rested and recover from the fatigue and excitement of the events of your voyage. After that we will go up to Scotland where I can promise that you will be cordially welcomed."

## CHAPTER XIX.

The steady perseverance with which he undertook the duties devolving upon him and the tact and ability that he displayed in business, soon gained for Philip the entire confidence of his employer. He had a decided advantage in being a favorite with Mrs. Macourty, who treated him as she would have done a son, and never tired in her praises of him to her husband. In addition to this his father had been an esteemed friend of Mr. Macourty's, and a man who had stood without a blemish or reproach in social and business circles. Many of his evenings were spent at Mr. Macourty's residence, and here every thing was done to make the time pleasant to him. He accompanied Mrs. Macourty and Annie, sometimes with George and Cecelia, in her visits to their friends, and was thus soon introduced into a large and agreeable circle of acquaintances, from whom he received numerous invitations to parties and social gatherings, that took up much of his spare time. On Sundays and other holy days, he occupied a seat in Mr. Macourty's pew at St. Patrick's, and was attentive to his duties, earning an enviable reputation everywhere he went. Mrs. Macourty often talked with him about her little daughter, in whose rescue he had manifested so much interest at the time she was kidnapped. He sympathized with her sincerely in her grief at that loss and entered fully into the hope that some day, the child would yet be recovered. It did not matter how long she talked on the subject, he always listened with interest, and kept up his part of the conversation in a manner that showed his heart was in the matter. Under these circumstances it was no wonder that her heart warmed to him, and that he soon became with her almost as dearly loved as one of her own children.

One of his first acts after entering the office of Mr. Macourty, was to write to Mary, and inform her of his good fortune. This letter was written with great care, read, corrected and re-written, for now that they were separated by so many miles of distance he felt more delicacy in addressing her, than he had done when they were together. After finishing the letter to his satisfaction, he directed it to her at the town in Scotland where he knew she was going with Mr. Droll, and carried it to the post office to mail it himself. Months rolled

away and there came no answer. Had she forgotten him? This question recurred to him frequently, and began to possess far more interest than he had ever thought it would. He remembered the pleasant hours they had passed together, the child-like innocence of her manner, her cheerful disposition, and her words of encouragement, and the thought that other friends now filled her mind, and had caused her to forget him, weighed heavily upon his heart. He would often run over the list of those he now visited, and compare them with her, but there was none so beautiful and good as she was. At last, his letter came back to him. It was returned through the Dead Letter Office, with the simple endorsement, made by the Scotch post-master, "no such person resides here, or is known in this neighborhood." What could this mean? He had agreed with her before they parted that his letters should be directed to her personally, and now the first one, had come back, without having been called for. For several days he carried the letter in his pocket, frequently reading the postmaster's remark on the back of it, and pondering over the singular manner in which Mary was acting. Then in a fit of anger and mortification he tore the letter up, and distributed it in little pieces as he walked along the street, determining in his own mind that she did not wish to hear from him, and that it was beneath his dignity to trouble her any more. This amiable frame of mind lasted for several weeks, during which he made himself pleasantly miserable, by brooding over the uncertainty of earthly affairs, and the changeableness of female nature in particular. He then began to think with more reason about the matter, and remembering the guileless sincerity and candor of Mary, came to the conclusion that something unexpected had occurred, a shipwreck perhaps, and he therefore wrote to Mr. Peter Droll, directing the letter to the care of his brother John.

During this time he was attentive to his business, and in his leisure was sociable with the many new friends he made. The withdrawal of Cecelia from the house of her adopted parents, was an unexpected surprise to him, a step that he was at a loss to account for. Mrs. Macourty was much annoyed at the circumstance, and troubled to think of the future that such conduct would lead to. Her husband felt less interest in the matter. He

argued that they had done all they could for the child, and as she continually showed by her actions that she was incapable of appreciating their kindness, it was their duty to let her take care of herself. But his wife felt an interest in the wanderer, and wished to persevere in the effort to redeem her from her wild, uncouth ways. She was very indignant at the Le Crasseux family, and when that lady called she was received in a very cool manner. Mme. Le Crasseux protested that she was opposed to receiving Cecelia in her house, and that she had neither encouraged or believed her stories. After the matter was explained to her Mrs. Macourty felt sorry for the little woman and fully excused her from all blame in Cecelia's flight.

After an absence of two months Cecelia began to think of the comforts of the home she had left, and requested permission to return. At first Mr. Macourty refused to give his consent, but the reasoning of his wife and the special pleading of the children, with a good word from Philip, changed his resolution, and the girl was once more taken back into his family.

While at Mrs. Macourty's one evening, Philip learned that Mr. MacVain had called to see them, and had enquired for him. The next day he called at that gentleman's office to see him, and was very kindly received.

"So you are with Mr. Macourty?" said Mr. MacVain.

"Yes, sir, I am an assistant in the office," replied Philip.

"I am very glad to hear it," said his friend, "it is one of the best houses in the city, and as you have a footing there, with attention to business your fortune is made."

"I am very well satisfied," replied Philip.

"Yes, you ought to be," said Mr. MacVain, "for Mr. Macourty is an excellent man, kind and just, and has the reputation of paying as liberal salaries as any one in town."

"He pays splendidly, every man about the house is paid a good salary, besides which they tell me that a Christmas never passes without each one receiving a liberal present in money, with kind messages that are as grateful to the feelings as the present is acceptable."

"That's very nice, and just like him!" he replied, and a shadow of sadness came over him as he thought of the deep injury he had done

this excellent man," I do not know a better man than George Macourty."

As Philip was leaving, two Sisters of Charity entered, and quietly waited until Mr. MacVain was at leisure.

"Good morning, Sisters," said that gentleman, in a kind and encouraging manner, "what can I do to serve you."

"We are raising funds, sir," one of them replied, "to paint our asylum. It has not been done for a long time, and is necessary both for the comfort of the orphans under our care, and as a means of preserving the building. We also need some winter clothing for the children."

Mr. MacVain bowed again, and received from her the subscription list from which he read, half aloud, "Robert McDonald, one hundred; Dick Cheerful, twenty-five; Thomas Cane, one hundred; Alfred Plant, one hundred; George Macourty, one hundred; Len Browsee, fifty; Albert Brown, twenty-five; Sam Teller, one hundred; and so it goes," he said "no body under twenty-five dollars yet."

"We have another list in this little book," said the Sister, "on which are the names of such as can only give a little, for every sum, however small is acceptable."

Mr. MacVain wrote on the paper, "Percy MacVain, one;" then added the names of three of his clerks, who had been with him for a long time and managed his business for him, when he was out of the city. "Albert Mayland, William Thomas, and Paul Ballarie, one hundred each," and directed his cashier, Mr. Mayland to give him "four hundred dollars and charge it to expense account."

Philip took the small book from the Sister, and inscribing there "cash, ten dollars," handed the amount to her, and bidding Mr. MacVain "good day," returned to his business.

The season was one of activity and prosperity in commercial matters, and the city was very gay and lively all the time. In the summer Mrs. Macourty went over to Biloxi, and her husband spent much of his time there also, leaving Mr. Browsee in charge of the business. Mrs. McDonald and many others of the city passed the warm season on the lake shore, and Philip made several pleasant visits to them during the summer.

## CHAPTER XX.

After a day or two passed in perfect quiet, Mr. John Droll took Mary around the city, pointed out the beautiful buildings, visited some of the places of amusement, and exerted himself to make the time pleasant and to draw her mind from the grief and trouble that oppressed her. She was never tired of praising his brother, and would sit for hours relating incidents connected with their home in New York, dwelling with much pleasure on his kind and generous acts, his honorable reputation with all who knew him, and the gentle and quiet interest he always manifested in her studies and amusements.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Droll, when they had been a week in Liverpool, "I think we may get ready now to go home."

"I have been thinking of that, Mr. Droll," she answered, with some hesitation, as if she hardly knew how to word what she had to say, "I am grateful to you for your kind attention, as, indeed, I ought to be, but I—the truth is, with all thanks to you, I have resolved to return to New York."

"Return—return, why what do you mean? It can't be, no, no, don't think of it," exclaimed the surprised gentleman.

"I do not doubt the sincerity of your friendship in your offer of a home," she replied, "but I have thought the matter over well, and I must go back."

"I'll wait a week or so longer," he said, earnestly hoping that she would alter her plans, "and perhaps you will change your mind. I promised Peter in my letters to him, for he always wrote about you in every letter of his, that I would receive you and take care of you, as I would a child of my own. I do not say it to make you feel any obligation, but as an assurance to you that you will be welcome, myself and wife will do all that we can for you, and as the companion and adopted child of my poor brother, you are sure of a warm place in my mother's heart. Therefore, I hope you will not disappoint us, you are already counted as one of our family and they will all be sadly grieved if I return without you."

"My kind, generous friend," she answered, with great earnestness, "I am unable to say to you in words how much I thank you for this offer which I cannot accept. I am an Ameri-

can, and I long to return to my native country, should I return with you to Scotland I might never get home again, but here I will claim the assistance of the agent of our country, and through his influence get a passage."

"Upon my word, Mary," said Mr. Droll, somewhat nettled at her patriotism, "I think your experience with Capt. Evans would somewhat shake your faith in American gentlemen."

"There are mean and dishonest people in every nation," she quietly replied, "and of course I cannot claim exemption from the rule for mine. Yet such men as the Captain are the exceptions, for as a class, there are no men more honorable, high minded, just and generous, more delicate in their attentions to strangers or more kind to the poor and friendless, than the men of my own country. I will go to the American Consul and he will give me protection and a passage home. I beg of you not to think hard of me nor judge me ungrateful or thankless. When I left home with my Uncle, we thought, that by next fall we should return. There are reasons why I am anxious to remain in New York, at least for a time, reasons that I am sure you will say are sufficiently strong to justify my determination to return home, and as a justification of my action, I beg of you to listen while I give you an outline of my past life."

"I do not ask it, Mary," he replied, thinking from her manner that the subject was painful to her, "I am sorry I cannot change your determination, but since I can not, you must allow me to do what I can for you."

Mr. Droll at once made inquiries for a good ship for New York and secured passage for Mary on the Rockport, which was then ready to sail. At parting he gave Mary the receipt for her passage home, and offered her fifty pounds in gold, that she might not be without money on her arrival in New York. But Mary felt perfect confidence in her ability to earn her own support, when she was once more in her native country, and the early lessons learned from her mother, made her feel a delicacy about accepting any more assistance than her circumstances made necessary. Mr. Droll was urgent, however, in his offer, and seemed to feel slighted at her refusal, she therefore accepted from him ten pounds in gold.

Mr. Droll parted with her with much regret

but as further argument to induce her to go with him to Scotland would be useless, he requested Captain Tollis, to take good care of her, and with many good wishes left Mary on the ship. Her homeward voyage was as pleasant as she could have expected under the circumstances, and was without any particular event to make an extended notice interesting. They experienced a little squall which lasted for the greater part of two days, with which exception the weather was fine and favorable. Captain Tollis, a native of New York, was a large, powerful man, with a full beard slightly mixed with gray. His face was open and convivial in expression, and his eyes seemed brim full of mirth and humor. There was beneath his careless joviality, the refinement and natural nobility of mind and thought, which gave him the tact to understand those with whom he came in contact, and to appreciate and respect innocence and virtue, and to assist and comfort the poor and distressed with a delicacy that made his attentions acceptable to the most retired and diffident of his passengers. He was during the whole voyage kind and attentive to Mary, furnishing her with books to read, and doing all that he could to make the time pass pleasantly.

As soon as they arrived at New York, Mary went to Mrs. Reed's to secure a room and board. The kind hearted Captain insisted that she should leave her baggage on board until she had made a bargain with Mrs. Reed—and it happened that it was fortunate that she did so, as that lady's house was full and she could not accommodate her. After many inquiries and applications at different houses, Mary was supplied with a place at Mrs. Scraps on a cross street that was then considered far up town. It was a dingy looking brick house, with granite steps, well worn, and a basement below that looked like a dungeon. The window blinds were dust covered and hung on hinges that creaked forth a doleful cry whenever touched. The front doors and hall way, were grease bespattered, and the grease by long exposure had acquired a hard, burnished appearance, that would have shown with striking effect, but that the balance of the house was rapidly approaching an equal state of dingy dirtiness. The furniture, originally plain enough, had become marred and defaced by long use, the appearance of every thing

about the place denoted that the inmates lived, or rather "got along" with as little work as was possible. Mrs. Scraps was a very tall woman, with a sharp, thin figure, a small mouth, with lips that were drawn close, and cheeks sunken and colorless. Her eyes were sharp and darting, and seemed to read the thoughts, at times, of those who applied for accommodations, for by these quick glances she decided whether she would get paid or not, and was usually correct. The class that she entertained was made up of clerks, sewing women and others whose incomes were too small to indulge in many of the luxuries of life. Mary was furnished with a small back room on the second story and in it spent her time while in the house, feeling too sad after the events of the past few months to associate with the other boarders. There was not much sociability about the house, nearly all the boarders, knowing the hours for meals, came in just in time, and after hurrying through with their repast left again, but there were a few who frequented the parlor, from whence Mary often heard the sounds of loud talking, laughing and singing, varied occasionally by a performance on the piano, which though old and out of tune, was yet capable of producing that which would pass for music to ears not thoroughly educated.

After thanking Captain Tollis for his attentions, Mary had her baggage removed to her room and there sat down to write a letter to her friend, Mr. John Droll, informing him of her safe arrival in New York, and the thoughtful attentions of Captain Tollis, informing him also that the Captain was an American.

She now began to seek for some employment which would yield income sufficient to pay her expenses. She applied in many stores for sewing without success, some had already engaged their full complement of hands, others were well supplied with manufactured articles and a few considered it "between seasons," and would give out no more work for a time. Thus two or three weeks passed away, every day was spent in making applications, now as a teacher in some school, but here she was refused generally on account of her youth, again she would answer an advertisement for seamstress or nurse, or ask for a position as sales-woman in some millinery or fancy goods establishment all without success.

One day she stepped into an intelligence office, which she had often passed before, and had began to wonder if it was not possible that she might get something to do through that medium. The old man who kept the place, looked surprised to see in his shop looking for work, one so young, good looking and evidently carefully brought up, and asked what she could do. After hearing her qualifications, he said that for a fee of fifty cents in advance he would register her name, and if possible procure a situation for her. Mary replied that she might call again and went on her way. She had not gone far, before a hand was gently laid on her shoulder and a voice at her side inquired, "I beg your pardon, Miss, but are you looking for a situation?"

The stranger was a man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with moustache and neatly trimmed whiskers, light complexion and an easy self-confident air, not too brusque to be agreeable.

"Yes, sir—I would—be glad to find a place," replied Mary.

"What can you do? What sort of a place would you prefer," inquired the man.

"Well, really I would not refuse any means of honestly earning a support," she replied, wondering what he wanted her to do.

"Exactly—but you have a choice?" he asked.

"I think I could teach," she replied, thoughtfully, "I have had a very good education, but they all say I am too young."

"Not at all!" he exclaimed, "If you have the education, your youth will be no objection."

"I am very glad you think so, sir," she replied, "for my money is nearly gone, and I am anxious to do something."

"You have some money?"

"Oh! yes, sir, a little, forty or fifty dollars," she said, encouraged at the tone of his voice, "but of course I am anxious to get something to do before that is gone."

"Very right, you're perfectly right," he replied, "and I am glad I met you, for we want industrious, energetic persons like you."

"Do you want teachers, sir?" she inquired.

"We want persons in every branch of industry, arts and sciences," he replied, with dignity, "I am Andrew W. Hudlestone—you may have heard of me. I am agent for the Great Western Emigrants, Benefit and Protective Industrial Association, we are engaged in

sending the poor and unprotected from this hot-bed of misery and crime to the bountiful fields of the far spreading west. Already this year have we rescued from hunger and starvation, if not from a far worse fate, thousands of residents of this over crowded city."

"Can I call at your office, sir?" she inquired.

"Office, Miss," he said, in injured tone, "we have no office here. In this sinful place we want "no local habitation," although we have a "name" that has already become the terror to the wolves of this city. No—no—in the beautiful city of Pietyville, near Innocence Grove, in one of the most fertile valleys of that beautiful country we have established our head-quarters, and now in every direction we are spreading our influence, everywhere the busy hum of the industry of a happy people may be heard."

"I could teach, besides English," said Mary, anxious to make an impression on so distinguished a person, "needle work, embroidery and music."

"You are just such a person as we want," he said, "you will prove in your dress and manners an excellent example to the children of Pietyville, and I have no doubt but that you are competent as a teacher of all you have named. Yes, you are just what is needed."

"I—I don't know how to get there," said Mary.

"I have a company who are going in a day or two," he replied. "There are nearly a hundred of them in all, and I will call on you and give you all the particulars. I'll call this evening."

"The expense, sir—how much does it cost to go there?" she inquired.

"The passage and other expenses will be about eighty dollars."

"I have not got that much, sir," she replied.

"Don't worry over that," he said, blandly. "We pay your expenses to Pietyville out of the association funds, and when you get there twenty or thirty dollars a month will be deducted from your salary until the amount is repaid. But you see that will be easy on you, as we shall probably pay you seventy-five dollars a month, and furnish you with board."

"That is a very large salary," she answered, delighted at the brilliant prospect before her.

"Oh, we pay well in the west. It is not like here in this corrupt place," he replied

with enthusiasm, "and the best enterprise in the whole country is that of the Great Western Emigrants Benefit and Protective Industrial Association."

"I am very glad to hear it, for according to your terms even the poorest person can go there," said Mary.

"Yes, miss, no matter how poor they may be so they are of good character," he replied, with a severely honest look, "but we admit none but those who are strictly honest and reliable. No money is necessary—of course it is well to have some money along in case of accident—but it is seldom that emigrants have to use it."

They had been walking up town during this conversation, and when the gentleman said that he could not go any further at that time, Mary gave him her address, and he promised to call at Mrs. Scraps and see her. This he did frequently during the next three or four days, and dwelt so enthusiastically on the advantages offered by the Great Western Emigrants' Benefit and Protective Industrial Association, that Mary settled with Mrs. Scraps and prepared to leave for the serene and beautiful city of Pietyville.

The expressman called for her baggage, and she took an omnibus and soon reached the Hudson River Railroad Depot, the point from which the new additions to the western city were to depart. Here she was met by Mr. Andrew W. Hudlestone, who excused himself for not calling for her in person, by saying that his time had been so occupied with the other emigrants and the details of their starting that he had not had time.

"There, sit down here," he said, when they were in one of the ladies' cars, "the other members of our company are in the forward cars, but they are so crowded I don't think you could find a seat now. When we get on to the Central road we will get a car to ourselves, and I will introduce you. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Saying which he departed to take care of the baggage and get the tickets for the company. There was a busy crowd around the depot, and the children that fitted to and fro selling cakes, candies, fruit and papers reminded her of the time when she was an apple girl on the streets of the great city. Hard and trying as were those days, she now looked back to them with pleasure, and shuddered to think of the

trials through which she had passed since that time. The car filled up rapidly and she knew by the movements of those around her that they were about to start when Mr. Andrew W. Hudlestoune returned.

"I declare, there never was anything so unlucky," he said, "my cashier, instead of meeting me here, as I directed him to do, has gone to the upper depot. It's too bad, for I am short of money and cannot get the tickets."

"That is unfortunate," said Mary, anxiously.

"What will you do?"

"I am only sixty dollars short," he replied, in a low tone, "and if you have that much let me have it, and I will return it at the upper depot."

"I have not got so much," said Mary, producing her portmanteau, "but you can have what there is."

"I will try and get the rest of some of those in the front car," he replied, as he started in that direction, after counting her money. "I have fifty-two dollars here."

He left the car and in a few minutes more they started for the upper depot. She waited his return, but as he did not come, she thought he would join her at the upper depot. When they arrived at that place there was a few minutes of noise and confusion, and then the steam engine took them off at a rapid rate. Still the agent of the Great Western Emigrants' Benefit and Protective Industrial Association did not come.

"Your ticket, miss," said the conductor, stopping by her seat.

"The gentleman with my ticket is in the other car," she answered.

The polite conductor bowed and passed on. The train flew on miles and miles away from the great city. Here, on one hand, was the beautiful Hudson, rolling grandly to the sea, with rocky cliffs on the other shore, here and there a residence looking out from the forests that lined the bank, and on the other side of the road walls of hewn stone, high peaks, running brooks and prosperous villages.

"Tickets!" shouted the conductor, as he entered the car. Mary did not know what to do. She had no money and Mr. Hudlestoune had not returned. "I have no ticket, sir," she said to the conductor. "The gentleman who was to have brought me one has not returned."

The man looked at her for a few moments as if studying her features and deliberating on what he should do.

"Where were you going?" he inquired.

"To the west, sir," she answered.

"And who was the man you were going with?" he asked, still looking curiously at her, to see if she acted honestly.

"Hudlestoune, sir."

"You gave him your money?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I loaned it to him, but he said he would give it back at the upper depot in the city," she replied.

"Have you known him long?"

"Only a short time, sir," she answered.

"He said he was agent for the Great Western Emigrant's Benefit and Protective Industrial Association, and I was going to their city in the west. He said there was about one hundred other emigrants on this train going to the same place."

"I am sorry for you," he replied, "for you never will see your money or that sharper again."

"What do you mean?" Mary anxiously inquired.

"I am sure the fellow was an imposter," he replied. "He has got your money; that is all he wanted, and you will never see him again."

"What will I do?" she asked, as the truth became so plain. "I have no money and no friends. What will I do?"

"Well, miss, I can't say," he replied. "This is getting to be a common trick with the sharpers, and ought to be stopped by the police. It has left many a poor person without friends and money."

"I would never have suspected such a nice looking gentleman of so base an action," she said, "and now—dear me—what can I do?"

"You had better go back to New York," said the conductor, kindly, "I'll see that you are passed back free of charge."

Mary accepted his offer with many thanks and after a weary journey found herself once more in the boarding-house of Mrs. Scraps. That lady was not much surprised at her story. She sneered at her verdancy and hoped it would learn her a lesson.

## CHAPTER XXI

Once more Mary began the dreary round of application for work, something that would

give her a living. Her money was now all gone and the confidence that the possession of even so small a sum gave her was wrecked with its loss.

"Teacher—hum—yes, there's one vacancy," said Mr. Saveall, an ex-onion merchant, as he looked over his eye-glasses at the youthful candidate. "Don't think you'll do—too young—no use."

"You do house work?" said Mrs. Wilson, as she threw herself on a sofa and eyed the girl in a calculating way, "no—I don't want you. You would get sick and be on my hands I don't know how long."

"I am really sorry, cissy," said the good natured Mrs. Plump, "but I have just engaged a nurse for the baby. It's too bad, a young thing like you, so well brought up, so lady-like and tidy, should have to live out."

"Governess! Take you for governess in my family!" said Mrs. Greeneyes, "a handsome young girl like you—no indeed! My husband is doubtful enough anyhow, but with you here—no, I don't want you. Go. You look brazen enough to make me sick!"

And so it happened that there was always something in the way, until, heart-sore and almost worn out, she applied for work to a manufacturer of ready made clothing. The man looked at her for a few minutes, evidently considering whether it would be advisable to try her or not. At last he produced a bundle of vests that had been cut out during the day, and directed her to do the best with them she could. She took the bundle and hurried home with it. Mrs. Scraps was pleased to see that she had obtained work, for she had begun to feel uneasy about her pay, which was nearly three weeks behind.

Mary worked industriously at the vests, and when she returned with them on Friday the proprietor of the store, after a careful examination of them, said they would do and paid her for the work and gave her more. The allowance was small, but she hoped, by close application, not only to pay her expenses, but, little by little, to clear what she was already behind.

"I've changed you," said Mrs. Scraps, when she returned.

"Changed me?" said Mary, not understanding what was meant.

"Yes. I moved you on to the third floor,"

replied Mrs. Scraps. "A gentleman who boarded with me two or three years, and then left, came back to-day and wanted his old room. He is a very nice man, Mr. Sellwell is, and as you were in his room I had to move you up to give it to him."

Mary could make no objection to this as she was in debt to Mrs. Scraps, and was, in a measure, dependant on her; but she felt much grieved at the careless manner in which she was treated, and the rough indifference shown to her wishes and comfort. Hurrying to her new room she put down the work she carried, and taking a chair, leaned her head on the bedside and gave way to the sad thoughts that filled her mind. She was alone, and felt with crushing weight the troubles and trials that surrounded her. Her thoughts flowed back over the time when her mother welcomed her return every night to their little home in Brooklyn, to the happy days spent with her uncle, kind Peter Droll, and of all the friends, then so kind, Philip only remained, and he was in a distant city. She had not heard from him and might never do so, yet she thought it would be cheering to know that at least one friend remembered her.

Recovering from her despondency, she resolved to work more constantly until free from debt to Mrs. Scraps. Early and late her needle was going, and the time given to her meals was begrudged, so intent she had become on the hope of showing Mrs. Scraps that she could be independant. Sometimes, as she passed up and down stairs, she heard others enjoying themselves in the parlor, or met some of the gentlemen on the steps or in the hall, but she went quickly on thinking of her work and the object to be gained by it. This confinement soon began to affect her health; her cheeks were pale, her eyes black and sunken, a nervous fever, with terrible headaches oppressed her, and at times she was obliged to rest from her work. One dark, rainy afternoon she ventured out to return some articles she had made, and when returning a sudden shower came up, and, before she could get shelter, she was completely drenched with water. By the time she reached home she was in a violent chill, which lasted for a long time and left her in a high fever. On the following day she was unable to get up at all, and when Mrs. Scraps came up about eleven o'clock she found her very sick. She was given a little



tea and left to herself until dinner time when a plate of soup was sent up, which she could not eat, and at night the tea was repeated.

For three days this attention continued, but, on the fourth, the girl was so much worse that Mrs. Scraps sent her son Johnny for Doctor Keep. When the doctor saw the invalid he shook his head dubiously and said that he ought to have been sent for at least three days before.

"Uncle Peter, you must go," said Mary, opening her eyes and glancing wildly around. "Don't think of me; I will get along."

"She is out of her head," said Mrs. Scraps.

"Yes, she is a very sick girl," replied the doctor, and, after some further consideration, he wrote the prescription and gave directions about her diet and nursing. As they came down stairs some of the gentlemen who had just finished dinner were standing in the hall.

"Get some ice and keep her head cool; give her a little ice-water to drink," said the doctor. "Let some one stay with her all the time and give the medicine regularly."

"Couldn't she be sent to the hospital?" asked Mrs. Scraps.

"No, madam, not at all," replied the doctor, positively. "If you moved her now it would be sure to kill her, and without great care she cannot recover even here."

"Who is sick?" asked one of the gentlemen, after the doctor had left.

"The girl that had your room before you came back," said Mrs. Scraps.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it," said the gentleman.

"Yes; I am sorry, too," replied Mrs. Scraps.

"Johnny, go get a carriage."

"What for, mother?" the boy asked.

"To take the girl to the hospital," said Mrs. Scraps.

"You certainly do not intend to send her away now," said the gentleman.

"Why not, Mr. Sellwell?"

"She is too sick," replied Mr. Sellwell. "Didn't you hear the doctor say it would kill her to be moved?"

"Yes; and he said that she must have a nurse," said Mrs. Scraps, "and nourishment, medicine and all that sort of thing."

"Well, of course she must," replied Mr. Sellwell.

"Certainly! Oh, to be sure!" said Mrs. Scraps, angrily, "but how is she to get them?"

I can't get them. She owes me now for board, and I am not bound to take care of all the stray children of New York."

"Well, but—Mrs. Scraps—"

"John, get that carriage," shouted the landlady, stamping her foot impatiently.

"Not so fast, Mrs. Scraps," said Sam Sellwell. "You shall not send her out doors for want of money as long as I am here. I'll pay the bills; so let her stay."

"You must be getting rich," said Mrs. Scraps, with sarcasm.

"Not to hurt," replied Sam, "but you know I always pay what I say I will, and so far as that goes my word's as good as Mr. Barege's. I don't know this girl, more than I've seen her two or three times passing up and down stairs, but as long as I've got a dollar no poor creature shall be turned out of a house I'm in for the want of it."

"That may be very well for you, Mr. Sellwell," replied Mrs. Scraps, still much out of humor, "as you have nobody but yourself to look out for, of course you can do as you please but I can't afford such luxuries."

"I say I'll pay the bills," said Sam, with emphasis, "don't that make it right? Get a nurse for her and send for what is wanted. Tonight I'll bring you twenty dollars, and more hereafter if you need it."

"You'll pay all the expenses?" inquired Mrs. Scraps.

"Yes, I'll pay you the girl's board, too," replied Sam. "What money I am short I can get from our company. So, now, you must see that she is well cared for."

"I'll do that," said Mrs. Scraps.

"Mind now," said Sam, impressively, "if I find you neglecting or slighting her I'll leave your house and never do another hands' turn for you. Just see to it."

"Very well, Mr. Sellwell, I shall do all I can," said Mrs. Scraps.

It was three weeks before Mary was sufficiently recovered to leave her room. Mrs. Scraps had informed her of Sam Sellwell's generosity, and with a few pelishes to her own exertions in Mary's behalf, said that Mr. Sellwell was the best man she ever knew. In the evening Mary went down to the parlor and was introduced to her benefactor and some of the other boarders of the house.

"I cannot express to you the sense of grati-

tude that I feel," she said to Sam, "for your kind interest in me. I shall always remember it with thankfulness, and if health is restored to me, I hope to be able to repay the expense that you have been under for me."

"Don't—don't say any more," replied Sam, feeling more embarrassed by her thanks than he would have felt in risking his life at a fire. "It is a pleasure to see you better. I hope you will get strong soon and meet with kind friends and success everywhere."

"I trust that I may, and my first effort will be to pay you."

"Excuse me, but I don't want that," he replied, "I am proud of the use made of this little bit of money, and unless you are selfish, you will not deprive me of the pleasure, by repaying it."

"I hope I may get a situation soon," she said. "I would like a music class, or a position in some good school."

"Do you understand music?" he said.

"Yes, music, drawing and embroidery were taught at the school where my uncle, Mr. Peter Droll, sent me," she answered.

"Mr. Peter Droll, Peter Droll!" exclaimed Sam, "not Peter Droll, that was a clerk at Barege, Muslin & Co.'s."

"Yes, sir; did you know him?" she asked.

"Know him! yes indeed I did," he replied, enthusiastically, "he was in the same stock with me. He was a good man; a real, fine, old-fashioned gentleman."

"He was, indeed, sir," she said, pleased to hear him praise her uncle.

"Where is he now?" he inquired.

"He is dead, sir," she answered, sadly.

"Is it possible! Well I did not think he would live long," he said, "poor friend Pete, he was a good fellow and I am sorry for him."

Mary then related to Mr. Sellwell the particulars of Mr. Droll's death, in which he was very much interested. Sam now interested himself in getting a situation for Mary, and by the time her strength was sufficiently recovered to allow her to accept it, he had secured a position in a private school, where she was to teach a class in the usual studies and give music lessons.

A few days after she entered upon the duties of this situation she received a letter from Philip, who stated that he had just received a letter from Mr. John Droll, giving the news of the death of their friend Peter, and the infor-

mation that she had returned to New York. He gave a bright account of his own prospects in New Orleans, and asked her to come out there, assuring her that she could find a good situation, and of the pleasure it would give him to assist her.

In reply she briefly stated her present occupation, and expressed her pleasure at his good fortune. The correspondence thus begun lasted for over two years. About that time the school in which she was engaged was broken up, and in looking for another situation, Mary's attention was called to the following advertisement in one of the morning papers, which she at once resolved to answer:

WANTED—As traveling companion to a lady now here on a visit, a young lady of education, affable temperament, refined manners and good character. To such an one the greatest inducements will be offered. Apply at Parlor B, Astor House.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The fig trees were budding forth, the peach and orange trees were in blossom, the gardens were full of flowers and the people of New Orleans were enjoying their early peas, cucumbers and other choice vegetables, although it was yet in the month of February. Mr. Dick Cheerful having kissed the folks at home with an extra smack to the baby, put his hat on, and, drawing a long whiff at the cigar he held jauntily between his teeth, started for the door, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the remark from his better half that she wanted some money.

"Money! Sue—I have't got any money," he replied, smiling.

"The children want shoes, and it's time to buy spring clothes," said his wife.

"Well, go get them," he replied, carelessly.

"But you told me, Dick, not to make any more debts."

"That's so!" he replied, suddenly remembering his resolution to make no more bills on credit, "by Jove, I can't help it now. I sent to Mr. William Belden, of New York, my usual present to my aunt, and I paid old Shavie one of the notes he held, and that's taken all the money, so we'll just have to run our faces again."

It was so easy in those days to get whatever was wanted and "have it charged," that many

who were counted more prudent than Dick were in the habit of "running their faces," and Dick, after a shrug of the shoulder and a thoughtful roll of his cigar, troubled his mind no more about the matter. When the new clothes were put on he praised the patterns, admired the styles and claimed the "beverage" on each new article. On the same morning Mr. Macourty was walking up and down his elegantly furnished office in deep thought, Mr. Browsee had been sick for several weeks, and had returned to his desk on the day before, but in such poor health that it was evident that he could not permanently resume his duties for some time to come. Mr. Macourty was much attached to him and felt very solicitous about his recovery, but thus far all overtures looking to a trip for recuperation had been refused by his clerk. He had not made his appearance, although it was nearly ten o'clock, and Mr. Macourty had concluded that he was worse, or had prudently remained at home. As he took another turn in his walk, however, Mr. Browsee entered the office, muffled up in a great coat of beaver cloth, with a large plaid scarf around his neck and his hands covered with warm woolen gloves. He was looking miserable indeed, and took a seat with the air of a man completely exhausted.

"Good morning, Len, how do you do feel?" said Mr. Macourty, cheerfully.

"I am getting better, sir," was the reply.

"I have been thinking of you," said Mr. Macourty, seating himself near by and laying his hands kindly on the others knee, "and I have concluded that you must go off for a trip."

"I don't think it necessary," replied Mr. Browsee, with an effort to look easy, "I am getting better."

"I hope you are, Len, I believe you are," replied Mr. Macourty, "but next month is March, the worst time in the year in a damp climate like this for an invalid, and I am anxious that you should pass it in Havana."

"The fact is, Mr. Macourty, I am not able to do so," said Mr. Browsee, "my house is not quite paid for yet, there's a thousand dollar mortgage on it, and I cannot leave it unpaid for."

"I know your building has taken your money," replied his employer, "but leave that to me."

"My mother and sisters—I have no cash to leave with them and——"

"All these objections are easily overcome," said Mr. Macourty, kindly, but with a manner that settled the question "you can go from here to Havana and from there across the water, to Italy. Wherever you go with our letters of introduction, you will find friends, and our correspondents will cash your checks for whatever money you require, which will be paid at sight here—you need not shake your head, they will not be charged to you, but to expense account, and your salary I will pay to your mother the same as if you were here—don't say a word, I have thought the matter over well and that's what I say. Why, my friend, you have served me faithfully for years, early and late, hot and cold, you have always been at your desk. I am not one of those who consider a clerk as a machine to be worked as long and as hard as possible and then kicked out? I value your services very highly, but I value you as a man and a friend more than as a clerk, and I am anxious that you should regain your health and be once more strong and hearty."

"But the books, Mr. Macourty," said Mr. Browsee, so overwhelmed with his employers kindness that he could scarcely find utterance for the words.

"Phillip will have charge of the office," was the reply, "he is young yet, but I think he will get along. I have great confidence in him, he's very steady, and ambitious too."

"You are right to feel confidence in him," said Mr. Browsee, "but he is young for so responsible a position."

"Yes, so he is," Mr. Macourty thoughtfully replied, and then added cheerfully, "but that is a fault that will lessen every day. He does very well. I have already given him the power of attorney and he took off the last balance sheet without an error, as clean and nice as if you had done it yourself—and I could not say more!"

"I am very glad of it, sir," said Mr. Browsee.

"I have advanced his salary to twenty-four hundred and he feels greatly elated," continued Mr. Macourty, "and will work hard to bring things up regularly—so you see, we will take care of the business while you are gone, and when you come back you shall have an interest in the house."

"Mr. Macourty I—really sir, I don't know how to thank you," replied the clerk.

"You will please me most by following my directions in this matter," replied Mr. Macourty, "don't hurry back, take your time and if a year or two's absence restores your health, the time will be well spent for yourself, your family and me."

After a further discussion of the details of Mr. Browsee's trip the merchant took his hat and went out to get posted in the markets and and see what was going on. As he had some business at the Bank of Louisiana, at that time the "Ajax" of the banking circles of the South, he passed through the post office to see if there was anything there, a habit that business men generally have.

The clerk, knowing him well, without being asked, handed out a letter post-marked Mobile, an inquiry about an expected shipment of claret, and a small package, that might have contained a photograph or something of the kind. He turned it over, wondering what it was and then broke the seal and drew forth a small package around which a letter was folded, taking this off there remained a box, such as is used by jewelers. This he opened and with an exclamation of surprise, drew forth a small gold cross, richly studded with diamonds and bearing the inscription "C. M. C. February 16th 1822." It was some minutes before he was sufficiently composed to open the letter and read.

"New York, February, 7th 1854.

Dear Sir—Some years ago your daughter suddenly disappeared from your residence, believing that she had been stolen, your wrote to me, placing the matter in my hands to trace her up, giving a description of the dress and jewelry she wore at the time. After a long and fruitless search I gave the matter almost up, thinking of it once in a while as incidents connected with my profession recalled it to my mind. A few days ago while searching a Pawn-Broker's shop for some articles recently stolen, I found in one of them, exposed for sale, the enclosed cross. The peculiarity of the workmanship and the beauty of finish struck me at once, and I asked permission to look at it. My surprise was great when I found on it the inscription "C. M. C. February 16th 1822" which I remembered you had given me in your letters above referred to. Feeling assured that this was indeed one of the pieces of jewelry worn by your little daughter when she was stolen, I entered into negotiations with the broker, Isaac Emanuel, who, by the way, is a man of good character and very reliable,

for the purchasing of it. I tried to manifest no anxiety about the matter, and think I succeeded pretty well, as I gave him only one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the cross, which I think it is fully worth. I then asked him how he had got it and all the particulars, which are not very full or encouraging, but may be briefly stated as follows: the cross was purchased of a girl, pretty well grown, probably ten or fifteen years of age, cannot tell exactly, was a good looking child and seemed to have been well brought up, looked in good health and stated that she was going to leave the city, said she had always owned the cross, that it had belonged to her mother, did not say where she was going, nor who with, if anybody. He has not seen her since, but thinks he would know her, but about this, is not certain. I told him it was important that I should find her, and that if he was instrumental in tracing her up, I would give him one hundred dollars for his trouble. I told him the particulars of the case, and being a man of good feeling, he took a deep interest in it, and said that independent of any hope of reward he would do all that he could. Hoping that what I have done will meet your approbation, and awaiting your further orders I am

Your obedient servant. JOE BODKERS."

This letter he read over several times, and then carefully examined the cross that had come with it, while he was filled with emotion at the sudden re-appearance of this piece of family jewelry, opening afresh the question of the whereabouts of his lost child. As he stood there, a flood of memories of the past crowding his mind, Mr. MacVain was passing by and stopped to speak to him.

"Good morning, George, is there any thing new?" he asked.

"News! yes, Percy! astonishing news," was the excited reply, "after years of fruitless search, I have at last got a trace of our lost child."

"Indeed?" cried MacVain, startled at the unexpected announcement.

"Yes, here is a cross that was given to my wife, and bears the date of her birth. It was a present from her grand mother, and our little girl was often allowed to wear it to please her," said Mr. Macourty, "here read this letter, Percy, and see what you think of it."

Mr. MacVain read the letter with deep interest, an interest which was heightened by the exertions that he had made through so many years to discover the child. The main points of the letter strengthened his belief that the match girl was the child they were

looking for, and he resolved to go to New York and see Bodkers and the pawn-broker, and get all the particulars about the case that he could.

"There is some hope here, eh?" said Mr. Macourty, as his friend finished reading.

"Yes, it is a ray of light," replied Mr. MacVain, thoughtfully, "the child left the city—that's bad—but may lead to something—well it should be followed up."

"Certainly—I shall write to him at once," said Mr. Macourty, "and tell him to prosecute the search thoroughly. I will send him money and tell him to spare no expense. What a blessing it would be if we could find her!"

When they separated Mr. Macourty went home at once, to communicate the news to his wife. All her old hopes were fully revived by the return of this familiar keep-sake, the story of the lost child was told again and again in the neighborhood, and for a time, Mrs. Macourty fostered the belief that she would soon see her darling again.

"Bodkers," said Mr. MacVain, musingly, as he left Mr. Macourty, "he is a friend of William's. This cross, may be the end of hope, or the beginning of a long trail to search up the child. Left the city he said—yes that is why none of them could find her. She has evidently been compelled to sell that cross to raise a little money after the fire at Sanderbund's house—the sad experience that I have had in many years of ceaseless energy in this pursuit leaves but small hopes that George will be successful. At any rate, I'll go to New York and start a new search in person, for I would give property, life, and everything, for success in hunting up the child, and repairing that great injury."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The clerk at the Astor House directed one of the servants to show Mary to parlor B, and as she ascended the stairs she thought of the time when she had visited the same place as an apple girl, and remembering the kind reception she had then received, wondered if she would be so fortunate on the present occasion. The servant pointed to the door, and then, seeing her hesitate, stepped forward and gave a gentle knock on the door. Answering the

summons, given in a female voice, to "come in," Mary entered the room and advanced a few steps towards the lady, who arose to meet her, and then paused in the pleasant confusion of a sudden surprise, for before her stood the lady to whom she had brought the apples so many years ago.

Mrs. McDonald stood with the air of one who has met an old and dear friend, the familiar lines of whose face touches the long dormant chords of the heart with pleasant emotion, while the lips refuse to utter the name, and the mind races over the scenes of the past, vainly endeavoring to identify the visitor amongst the friends that lived in the years that are gone.

"Do you wish to see me?" inquired Mrs. McDonald, still admiring the beautiful face and faultless figure of her visitor.

"Yes—if you please," replied Mary, much agitated at the strange meeting. "I come to answer an advertisement."

"Oh! yes—certainly, take a seat," and Mrs. McDonald placed a chair near the one she had arisen from and now resumed.

"Is the situation filled?" Mary anxiously inquired.

"Oh! no it is not," Mrs. McDonald replied, "do you wish it?"

"If I am a suitable person, I should like it very much," Mary replied.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. McDonald.

"Mary Collins."

"Mary Collins—Collins—excuse me, but your face is very familiar."

"You have forgotten me," said Mary, "but I could never forget your sweet face, and kind, encouraging manner. Many years ago, in this very room, if I am not mistaken, I brought you a basket of fruit and some change. You were pleased with the poor apple girl, and said such words of kindness that I could not forget them."

"Yes, yes, I remember, we have often spoken of that incident, my husband and I. It was natural that I should not remember you, for then you were a little girl, now you are a young lady," said Mrs. McDonald.

"I am glad you remember me now," replied Mary.

"Yes, it is not that," said Mrs. McDonald, musingly, "the face is strangely familiar—well

it must be some imagination—" then, she continued, "Mary, your mother, I remember you speaking of her, how is she?"

"She has been dead for many years," was the sad reply.

"I am sorry to hear it, Mary, very sorry," said Mrs. McDonald, "the greatest loss we can meet here on earth is the loss of a mother."

"Yes, Madam, her loss was a terrible one to me."

"You have received some education?"

"Yes, Madam, through the kindness of a dear friend, now, unfortunately also dead, I have had very good advantages."

During the next hour, Mary related in a simple, straightforward manner, much of her past life, and in the narrative Mrs. McDonald became much interested. After awhile Mr. McDonald returned from a morning walk, and was introduced to Mary. He remembered, when it was mentioned by his wife, their first meeting very well, and greeted Mary very kindly.

"Excuse me, Mary," said Mrs. McDonald, rising and going to another part of the room, "come here, Robert, I want to speak to you."

"Well, what is it?" said he, smiling as he joined her.

"She has come to answer that advertisement," replied Mr. McDonald, "but you promised that when I wanted to, I might adopt a child, and I have now selected this girl—that is, if she will consent."

"Have you thought well of it?" he asked, thoughtfully playing with her hand.

"Yes—you know she is no stranger to us," replied Mrs. McDonald, "we know her to be honest, her manner is good, she speaks and acts like a person of refinement, she is handsome, and above all she is pure and innocent."

"I think so," was his deliberating reply, "yes, I think so, and I approve of your choice."

"But it must be as no step-child, Robert," said his wife, "if we take her she is ours and must be received and respected as our child, and when we go back to Louisiana we must complete the adoption according to the laws of our State."

"Very well, my dear," said her husband, "all that I consent to, and may God bless and prosper your choice."

When the proposition was first made to

Mary she humbly but firmly refused it. Mrs. McDonald was surprised and grieved at this unexpected return for her kindness, but had set her heart so strongly on the project, that she urged the child for her reasons, setting forth in glowing colors all the advantages of the home and position she had been offered.

"Your offer is one that I will always gratefully remember," said Mary, while the tears coursed down her cheeks, "and that I would accept if I could."

"Tell me why you can not," said Mrs. McDonald, persuasively, "whatever you say shall be confidential."

"I'll leave you to talk it over," said Mr. McDonald, as he arose to leave.

"No, sir, if you please," said Mary, "let me say to you both what I have to say, and I will then leave the decision entirely in your hands."

With much agitation and often stopping to wipe away the tears that filled her eyes, and suppressing as much as possible her feelings Mary told her story.

"And is that all my child," said Mrs. McDonald, putting her arm around Mary's neck, and kissing her repeatedly.

"I am done, you know all, replied Mary, through her tears.

"There is nothing wrong or dishonorable about what you have told us," said Mr. McDonald, himself deeply moved, "nothing for which you are to be blamed, and, in fact it is only an additional reason why you should accept our offer."

"Yes, my dear child," said Mrs. McDonald, caressing her, "you must stay with us. You will find relief from all the cares and anxieties that have oppressed your young life."

Their plans for the future were fully discussed. Mary was to be their child, to be known and treated as Mary McDonald. After their consultation was over, Mr. McDonald called a carriage and with Mary proceeded to Mrs. Scraps' to remove Mary's baggage. It chanced to be the dinner hour, and in the hall they met Sam Sellwell and Mary introduced him to her new father.

"I am glad to see you Mr. Sellwell," said Mr. McDonald shaking him cordially by the hand, "your kindness to Mary, whom I have known for many years, and have now adopted as my daughter, will never be forgotten."

"Don't mention it sir," said Sam, highly delighted at Mary's good fortune. "I have tried to do a man's duty, and if you remember me now and then with kindly feeling I shall be fully repaid."

"Remember you! You are a whole-souled, good fellow," replied Mr. McDonald, shaking hands with him again, "I shall be glad to have you call on us at the Astor House and if you ever get down to New Orleans, you will be welcome at my house as long as you choose to stay."

Mrs. Scraps was all smiles and politeness, and wished Mary all sorts of good luck, while Sam helped them into the carriage and bid them a cheering good-bye.

The McDonalds remained in the city for two or three weeks, during which time such additions were made to Mary's wardrobe as were required to fit her for the new sphere in society to which she had been called, and her adopted parents soon found that she was worthy of their highest love and esteem and that in conversation, music, deportment, and all the finer accomplishments of her sex, she would reflect credit upon them and became a bright ornament to the circle in which she would move. After they left the Astor House they went down on the Jersey coast to spend a few months. Mary, although she wrote to Philip, did not mention her new position, any further than to say that she had been very fortunate.

"Philip Cummings, New Orleans!" said Mr. McDonald, as he took her first letter to mail it, and with a sly twinkle in his eyes, turned it over and over, "I did not know you were acquainted with Phil."

"Oh! yes, sir," she replied, modestly blushing, "he was a clerk with Mr. Droll, and spent many of his evenings over with us."

"Ah! yes—well that's so," he replied, "I remember he told me last winter that he was a dry goods man here. Phil is a promising young man and has a good position."

"So he has told me in his letters, sir," she answered.

"A lucky dog, Phil is," he said cheerfully, "there's not many men at his age that holds the per pro of such a house as George Macourty's and on such a fine salary."

"Philip deserves his success, sir," she replied.

"So he does," said he, laughing, "I am not saying he don't, am I? But he could not have

fallen into better hands, for I'll make no exceptions, my old friend George Macourty is the best, most liberal, most honorable merchant I ever knew."

"You may well say that," said Mrs. McDonald, "he is a good man in every respect, a good Catholic and lives up to his religion, which is more than some men can say that I know."

"Now you needn't be hinting at me," Mr. McDonald, good naturedly replied. "I am sure I went on Easter, and that ought to satisfy you."

"I did not say a word about you, Robert," said his wife, laughing, "I think you are coming out finely."

"And will be a good boy, bye and bye," he added.

"I expect so," she replied.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. MacVain had been two months among his train of detectives and followers in New York, looking for traces of the lost child. Williams had made inquiries again and again in every direction, and Bodkers repeated his opinion that "it was a puzzler," and to Mr. MacVain's offers of reward replied that he could not do more if he was to be made President by success. Mr. Emanuel, the pawn broker, gave as little satisfaction in the matter. He was sure he had purchased the cross from a girl, but it was many years ago, how many he could not tell. He thought she was about twelve years old, but she might have been a year or two more or less, as he was not a very good judge of people's ages. Her hair might have been black, but he thought it was brown. It was not unusual for him to buy pieces of family jewelry; it was an everyday occurrence. His customers comprised all classes. Sometimes they were old and infirm, and seemed ready to part with life, now that their keep-sakes and heart-treasures were going; again they were young and the value of friendship and the halo of association had not yet been impressed upon their hearts. Some entered timidly as if dreading the mortification of an exposure of their poverty, while others came with an easy nonchalance showing that they were no strangers to such places.

Some were dressed in the tawdry finery of a butterfly, that told plainly their character and calling, and it was a strange study to notice with what different emotions these parted with, it might be, the last link that connected them with once happy and honorable homes. Others were clad in the simplest dress that innocence and poverty, often refined by the memory of brighter days, could wear. In this crowd of young and old, high and low, modest and brazen, making a continual, never ending round of characters, why should he notice one customer more than another? If he had known—ah, yes—if he had even suspected that such an interest would have been manifested in the girl who quietly accepted his offer and left without particularly attracting his attention, he would have been more careful in noting her looks and actions.

Disappointed in his hopes of getting at least one definite point to start from, Mr. MacVain resolved to quit the city for a time and visit some of the fashionable resorts, so numerous around, and convenient to, the great city.

At Long Branch he found a large crowd of visitors, many of whom he knew, and here they all seemed devoted to a continual series of pleasures. Tired of chatting, music and dancing, he started one morning early for a walk through the country. Through lanes, over pastures and beneath the shade of forests, he strolled on, not minding where his wandering would lead him. He came at last to the banks of a basin or inland bay, back of the long, sterile strip called Sandy Hook, and the placid look of the water pleased him well. A boatman in a small skiff was just preparing to leave the shore and he asked him where he was going.

"To Little Silver," the man replied, pointing to the opposite shore. "Do you wish to go over?"

Feeling in a mood for adventure, Mr. MacVain answered in the affirmative, and, seating himself in the boat, was soon gliding over the mirror-like surface of the water, which was so clear and placid that the pebbly bottom could often be seen. Rounding the point, the boat shot up into Little Silver creek, a small running stream, on the banks of which were several fine residences, groves of fruit trees, lands and lawns with large shade trees, and in the distance, fields of luxuriant grain.

Passing from the grassy bank of the creek to

the main road, a broad, old, country road, Mr. MacVain walked on beyond the few houses on the point and was once more getting into the open country, when he observed the approach of a lady, and slackened his pace that he might observe her as she passed. She was young, near the age so often sung about "sweet sixteen," her form was perfect, tall, dignified and queen-like, with such a walk and manner as might have graced the kingly courts of the days of "belted knights and fair ladies." The expression of her face was a happy blending of firmness and decisive character, with purity and child-like innocence; her mouth was small, with rosy lips firmly closed; her eyes were large, and of that blue which, in meditation or calm repose, look dreamy and melting, yet when aroused to feeling and under excitement, sparkle with a brilliant and dazzling light. The bloom of her complexion would rival the first blush of rosy morn, falling upon the velvety softness of the mellow peach, and around her presence there was an air of refinement, cultivation and worth, which captivated the admiration and respect of all beholders.

As she passed he stood spell-bound as in a dream, while the bright vision of some youthful fancy was realized in her. He waited a while and then followed at such a distance as not to attract her notice. At a distance, as he again approached the few dwellings on the point, he saw a gentleman coming towards him, and, as he joined the lady, MacVain recognized his old friend, Mr. Robert McDonald, and, quickening his steps, he soon came up with them.

"Why, how are you, my dear Percy, I am glad to see you!" exclaimed Mr. McDonald, stopping in his walk.

"Well, very well, thank you," answered Mr. MacVain, casting an inquiring look on the lady.

"My daughter, Mary," said Mr. McDonald, noticing his friend's look. "Mary, this is my friend, Mr. MacVain, of New Orleans."

"I am proud to meet you, Miss McDonald," said Percy, with a puzzled air, as if he did not know what it meant.

"As a friend of my father's I am pleased to see you," Mary replied, with dignity and grace.

They conversed pleasantly until they reached one of the houses on the side of the road, when Mr. McDonald said: "Here is where we



are staying. Mary and my wife preferred a quiet country house to a fashionable resort. Come in and see my wife; she will be very glad to see you."

Mrs. McDonald welcomed Mr. MacVain in a friendly manner, and some time was spent in conversation, after which they had dinner, and then, going to the parlor, Mary played for them some of the most popular music of the day, varied, by request, with some of the old, familiar melodies, the popularity of which bids fair to last through all time.

An excursion was then proposed, and, procuring a fine, large boat, they took a sail down the creek, around the bay and back to the wharf again, arriving just in time to hear the rustic old bell clatter out the summons to supper.

"By Jove, Mac," said Mr. MacVain, "I like your quiet retreat so well that, if I thought it possible to get a room, I would come over and stay a few days."

"That's a capital idea," replied Mr. McDonald, much pleased. "Old Mr. Binger can give you a room, I am sure, and if you come over we'll have a jolly time."

Mr. Binger, the landlord, was consulted, and a room was assigned to Mr. MacVain. A carriage was then furnished in which he returned to Long Branch, and, having settled his account there, he appeared, early next morning, among his friends at Little Silver.

"Come Percy, we are going crabbing," said Mr. McDonald, as he appeared on the porch of the house, a great straw hat on his head, and a long pole, with a net at the end, over his shoulder. The ladies appeared in sea shore hats, and the company went down on the wharf. The net was handed over to Mr. MacVain, with instructions that, when the crabs caught the bait, he should slip the net under and bring them up, which kept him busy, as there were three lines out and the crabs were not slow at biting. At first he was a little awkward. Once, while catching for Mary, he came near falling into the water and taking her in with him. He soon became, however, as expert at this and the other sports of the place as any of the visitors, of whom there were some forty or fifty at Mr. Binger's. Days and weeks rolled on in this secluded spot, where all followed the bent of their own inclinations. Now fishing, bathing or boating on the creek or bay, at other times riding

through the country, the scenery of which was interesting and beautiful, and at times these rides would extend to Long Branch. Here Mr. MacVain and the McDonalds met many of their friends from the South, to whom Mary was always presented as the daughter of the latter, and many pleasant dinner parties and excursions resulted from these visits. One of Mr. McDonald's favorite trips was to cross the creek in their boats, taking with them a good lunch, and to ramble off into the pleasant woods until tired, when the servants would bring up the refreshments, which they would arrange on the ground. Then, seated beneath the grand old trees, the party would spend an hour or two in pleasant conversation, relating quaint or amusing stories, at which Mr. MacVain had a happy and telling manner. He would often join Mary in singing some song or favorite melody, making the forest ring with the music of their voices. In the evening they would take a sail, or stroll through the gardens, or, remaining in the house, the time would pass rapidly away while they amused themselves at whist or euchre, or joining with other parties in the house, dancing, music and conversation would soon fill up the hours.

In the pleasures of the present Mr. MacVain had buried the cares, anxiety and remorse of the past; and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, for the time, at least, the disappointments of his long and fruitless search for the lost child were forgotten.

A new existence had dawned upon him, and it seemed as if the spring-time of life had returned, shedding its rosy hues on all that he saw. He was Mary's constant companion and joined with sympathy in her every mood, sang, laughed, danced and played, or with meditative air promenaded the shady lawns, or sat in their boat listlessly beneath the tranquil light of the moon on the silvery waters, drinking in the melody of her voice as she discoursed of religion, science and literature, or of departed friends, or as, with depth of feeling she, in harmonious tones, breathed forth in song some devotion to the Blessed Mother, or with enthusiasm awakened the echoes of wood and shore with the full melody of the grand anthems of the Holy Church.

As he watched her in these varying moods, it seemed as if, going back through the dim vista of departed—aye, lost—years, he once

more stood within the halo of his youthful days; the simple chapel, where, by his mother's knee, he had so often knelt in devotion; that fond mother's smiles and caresses; her prayers for her often headstrong boy, the only hope and consolation of her life; all came back to him, and he longed, once more to feel the soothing influence of that religion, which had been his guide and consolation in those youthful days. When his mind returned once more and he looked into Mary's blue eyes, so full of depth and ethereal beauty, or flashing bright with mirth or soul-stirring feeling, when he looked upon her clear, fine forehead, her rounded, dimpled chin and her mouth small, full and beautifully formed, he thought of the love his heart had known so many years before, and wondered if it was indeed warming again to a new, and, he thought, not less worthy object. He had proposed to stay for a few days at Little Silver, but the days lengthened into weeks, and he still remained, often proposing to go "next Monday" or "Wednesday" but always allowing some new excursion to defer his departure.

Servants are shrewd observers of the actions and motives of their employers, and in this the old time negro servants were equal to any that ever were "in service." With the McDonalds there were three colored servants, John, a likely boy, of forty years, or thereabouts, who attended to the baggage when they were traveling and acted as a general body-servant; Linda, some five or six years his junior, a great talker, and Sarah, a young girl, about sixteen years of age, who had especially attached herself to Miss Mary, or "young missus." These were all negroes of the blackest type, and possessed that pride, superstition and reverence for "master's family," which characterizes the real negro.

"Fore God, I b'leve Mis'r MacVain are in love with young missus," said Aunt Linda, as the three sat together in front of the kitchen.

"Him! you tink young missus look at him?" said Sarah.

"Why not? he's a nice gent'l'm ain't he?" inquired John.

"Why, he's done bin old 'nuf to be her fader," said Sarah.

"I ain't a gwine to say dat young missus tink of him," said Aunt Linda, emphasizing her views by gestures with her arms and nod-

ding of her head, "I dunno bout dat, but I tell you what, he tink a heap o' her. I dun see 'nuf far dat."

"He's berry perlite, as a gen'l'm ought be, but I dunno 'bout—" said Sarah.

"Don't tell me; ain't I seen white folks 'nuf to know?" said Linda. "Can't I see? I know dat he tink heap ob her—ebbery whare she goes dar you sure to see him, and de 'tensions what he pays her, it's just 'nuf to make it plain dat he lubs her shua!"

"I say he's too ole," said Sarah, with a toss of her head.

"He ain't so berry ole, neifer," John answered. "He's a rite young man, an' a mitey han'som one, too, an' he's got plenty money!"

"What's young missus want uv munney? Ain't massa got heaps ob it?" replied Sarah, indignantly. "What you tink she care for munney, when massa an' missus hofs dun tole her dat wot's theirs is hern? A bu'ful young angel like her ought to get a nice young man when she marries."

They continued their discussion until called to serve those to whom they were attached. Linda thought Mr. MacVain was in love with Mary. John, who had been favorably impressed by sundry quarters and half dollar pieces from Mr. MacVain, thought that it would be a very good match for Mary; while Sarah, as the one nearest to Mary, thought he was too old and indignantly denied all probability of such an event.

When Mr. McDonald ordered the trunks packed for a trip, as he said, to show Mary something of the world, Mr. MacVain became one of the traveling party. They visited St. Catherine's Wells, Montreal, Niagara and Saratoga, viewing the novelties and curiosities of these well known summer resorts, and enjoying the change of scenery and the gay society found at them. One morning after their return to the Astor House, Mr. McDonald having nearly completed his arrangements to go home, met Mr. MacVain, who requested him to go into the reading room to hold a few moments conversation in private.

"You are going home soon?" inquired Mr. MacVain.

"The first of next week," replied his friend, wondering what was coming.

"Miss Mary will go with you?"

"Certainly, for although, as you know, she is an orphan, I have adopted her as my daugh-

ter, and as such I wish her to feel and act," said Mr. McDonald. "When I get home I shall complete the adoption according to law, and those who wish to be my friends must know and receive her as my daughter."

"I have your permission to visit her when you get home?"

"Why, Percy, what a question! of course you have."

"But you do not understand me," replied Mr. MacVain, "I wish to become a suitor for her hand."

"This is a subject on which I would tolerate no trifling."

"Trifling! I never was more serious in my life," said Mr. MacVain, "I love your daughter sincerely and would make her my wife."

"Humph, Percy, you are too old for such a young girl."

"I am not too old to love sincerely," replied Mr. MacVain, in a calm, dignified tone. "I can honor and protect her, and if I am a little old, my feelings are but the deeper and more unchangeable."

"Well, 'pon my honor, I never thought of that before," said Mr. McDonald, "but it may be for the best. You are one of my most intimate friends, and I have always esteemed you highly, Percy, so I will say that if you can win her you may have her—but her will is to be perfectly free, her actions and choice unfettered."

"I have your consent to try?" inquired Mr. MacVain, much pleased.

"Yes, yes, you have; but, mind, I give you no encouragement and no unfair advantage. The field is open and if you win you shall have my blessing, but if you lose you must take it like a man."

## CHAPTER XXV.

The absence of Mr. Browsee, who was looking for health in foreign countries, brought Philip prominently forward, and he soon became well known amongst the merchants and business men of the city. The confidence reposed in him by one so well known and highly respected as Mr. Macourty, gave him at once a standing and weight in the community. He was soon a favorite with the young men who approximated his own age, and amongst them

they formed a circle, where plans for mutual amusement were brought up and carried out. His especial favorites were William Malureath, the favorite clerk of one of the private banking houses of the city; Louis Fontane, the son of a wealthy broker, and Carl Amber, whose father was a prominent cotton-factor, and with these there were some ten or fifteen others, all regarded as the most promising young men of the city. They went in a crowd and were almost inseparable; they broke the chrysalis of youth and took the airs and manners of men at about the same time. At first the pleasure of a good Havana cigar, a stroll through Jackson Square on Sunday evening, a game of billiards or ten-pins, with an occasional visit to the lake, made up the sum of their indulgences, but as one ventured a little further on in the road of pleasure and dissipation, the others soon came up to and passed his standard, until they were known as a "fast crowd," at all the saloons, livery stables and public places of the city. Philip became lukewarm in attendance at church, dodged in and heard a low mass or heard none at all, called less frequently at Mrs. Macourty's and made shorter visits, and avoided speaking about the manner in which he spent his time. Mr. Macourty mentioned to his wife his fear that Philip was going astray, but she looked upon Philip as a son, and, with the confidence and love of a mother, would credit no report of the kind. In May the family went as usual to Biloxi, and Philip was left to himself, not only as to the occupation of his leisure time, but also in the management of the business, Mr. Macourty returning to the city for a day or two, now and then, just to see that everything went right. During this summer the young men formed the Crescent Dramatic Club, with rooms on Carondelet street, and here games of cards and chess, with a varied assortment of reading matter, were provided. It was a copy on a small scale and in modest style of the Pelican, Commercial and Delta Clubs, established by their seniors. Philip had corresponded regularly with Mary, but in the fall, just after Mr. Macourty's family returned to the city, he was surprised to receive a letter from her requesting him not to write any more until he heard from her again. What could this mean? Had the news of his dissipation reached her? He half feared that it had, but resolved to wait and see when she would break the silence.

About a month afterwards he went to Mrs. Macourty's to spend the evening and was received by Mrs. Macourty in the same kind and friendly manner, as had always been her custom. No allusion was made to the change in his conduct, because she believed that if he was really going astray, he would be reclaimed sooner by kindness than by having his faults continually spoken of. The children were out visiting at Mrs. Cheerful's when he arrived, but soon came in.

"Well, how is Mrs. Cheerful?" said Mrs. Macourty, after the salutations of meeting had passed.

"Oh! she is well and all of the children, too," replied Annie, in a joyous manner, "and Mrs. McDonald's home, we stopped there as we were coming back."

"I am glad to hear she is back," replied her mother. "How is she?"

"She is very well," said Annie, "and you ought to see her daughter!"

"Her daughter?" exclaimed Mrs. Macourty, "Yes, ma, her daughter," replied Annie, "Mary McDonald. Oh! she is the sweetest girl you ever saw, so winning in her manner, so good natured. I declare I loved her the moment I saw her."

"Well, Annie, you are an enthusiast anyhow," replied her mother.

"Ask them if I am not right," said Annie, pointing to the other children.

"She is really a beautiful young lady," replied George, "and worthy of all Annie's praise."

"A young lady," said Philip, "I did not know Mrs. McDonald had a daughter."

"She has long been talking of adopting a child," replied Mrs. Macourty, "and I presume this is some one she has taken in that way."

"She has made a splendid choice," said George.

"Indeed, she has," said Annie, her eyes sparkling with delight, "she is worthy of being anybody's daughter—you ought to hear her sing!"

"I shall certainly go down and see this prodigy," replied her mother.

"Who is that?" asked Cecelia, just then coming in.

"Mrs. McDonald's daughter," answered Annie.

"Didn't know she had a daughter," replied Cecelia, carelessly.

"She has probably adopted her as such," said Mrs. Macourty.

"I don't see what she wanted to do that for," replied Cecelia. "It's strange what luck in getting homes some gutter rats have."

"Fie, fie, Cecelia, you should not speak so," said Mrs. Macourty.

"Come down with us to see her to-morrow evening," said Annie, "and you will think as I do."

"I don't want to go. These folks that are picked up from nothing and suddenly get into good positions put on too many airs for me."

"You have not seen her; wait till you have before you judge so harshly," said Mrs. Macourty.

"I don't want to see her," and Cecelia seated herself at the piano and began to turn over some music.

"Mrs. McDonald told me to ask you, pa and Cecelia to come down to-morrow evening," said Annie to her mother, "will you go?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and we will tax Philip's time to come and go with us."

Philip would rather have been excused, but considered it good policy to accept the invitation, and on the following evening he went with them to Mrs. McDonald's house. The parlors were well lighted and several friends of the family had called in to see them after their summer tour. Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Macourty having been schoolmates, were warmly attached friends, and their meeting was now most cordial. Mr. MacVain was also present and the children were especially delighted to see him.

"Come up stairs," said Mrs. McDonald to her old friend, "I want to introduce you to my daughter."

"I shall be pleased to see her," replied Mrs. Macourty. "The children have done nothing but praise her since they were here."

As they started to go out, the door opened and Mary entered, and with a graceful, self-possessed manner advanced to meet them.

"I am happy to meet you, daughter," said Mrs. Macourty, as she gave Mary a loving kiss. "I have heard good reports about you from my children, and I am sure you are deserving of them."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Mary,

warmly returning the salutation. "I hope that we shall always be good friends."

Philip, whose astonishment at finding Mary so unexpectedly was very great, now came forward.

"I hardly know whether to greet you as Mary," he said, in a voice scarcely audible from the emotions struggling within him, "or to bow to a new acquaintance in Miss McDonald."

"Between old friends, Philip," she replied, extending her hand with a pleased look, "new circumstances need bring no cold formalities."

Mr. MacVain, who had been surprised by the recognition between Mary and Philip, watched them attentively, as they were together often during the evening, and the look of tranquil happiness, or merry, joyous pleasure that shone at times on Mary's face, as Philip, in his best mood, chatted of the fashions, related anecdotes, criticised the new books and plays, or joined in the song or dance, as he looked upon her during these changes he feared that he had discovered in Philip a formidable rival. Mr. Macourty came later, and with him Mr. McDonald, and the evening passed pleasantly to all.

"I was glad to see Philip there," said Mr. Macourty to his wife, after they had returned home.

"It seems they are old friends," replied his wife. "Mrs. McDonald says they have corresponded ever since Philip came here."

"She is a charming girl," said Mr. Macourty, "my heart warmed to her the moment I saw her."

"And mine! I never met any one with whom I was so well pleased."

"I trust that she will have a good influence on Philip," said Mr. Macourty, "and win him back from the fast crowd he has fallen in with."

"I don't think Philip is very wild," said his wife, while the anxious tone of her voice told that she feared he was.

"He has been going it pretty loose," was the reply. "His salary is drawn nearly a month ahead, and there are unmistakable signs that he is going the road to ruin."

"I hope that it is not so bad as you think," replied Mrs. Macourty.

Philip was pleased to find Mary grown so much and for a time was very attentive to her, but the influence of the club and an imagined change in her manner to him worked upon his

mind until he became almost a stranger at Mr. McDonald's. One evening as he entered the Crescent Club, carelessly sauntering in smoking a cigar, he heard some of the members talking of Mary and praising her earnestly. The universal favor in which she was received created a feeling of jealousy with him. If he had met her in poverty, struggling to maintain herself, he would have rushed to her assistance and would have made any sacrifice for her. He found her now surrounded by every comfort, in the midst of elegance and refinement, with friends who were deeply devoted to her and hosts of admirers ever ready to flatter and praise, and having looked forward to their meeting with the hope that he would then guide her actions and monopolize her society, he became sensitive of every look and word.

One of the visitors of the Club was Col. Spades, who, having received an invitation from one of the members to call at the rooms did so and continued his visits regularly, not an evening passing without his spending a part of it there. He was not long in starting parties in games of cards at which the betting was often very large, and through which he always passed largely the winner. He managed his points well, flattering the members and paying deference to their judgment, so that he was soon a favorite with the whole Club. His bland and affable manner, gentlemanly bearing and handsome dress, with a continual talk about his horses, plantation and negroes, his money in bank and estates on the Hudson, all of which were dwelt upon and yet in a manner that avoided the appearance of boasting, made a deep impression on Philip, and, as the Colonel was particularly friendly to him, the card parties were seldom made up without him.

When Philip was short of money in settling his losses, the Colonel accepted his note, declaring with marked politeness that it made no difference, any other time would do.

At last the season closed and the Colonel announced in the Club that he was going to see about his estates in the North, collect his dividends in New York, and see the world at the fashionable resorts, and the news was received with much regret by the members, who were sorry to lose the gallant Colonel.

It required some finagling on Philip's part to raise the six or eight hundred dollars that

he was behind with the Colonel, but he felt too much pride in his name to think of hesitating about the matter. He therefore borrowed the money and took up his notes.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Dick, the children want to go to the lake," said Mrs. Cheerful, as her husband stood holding the burning match ready to light his cigar. They had just finished their breakfast, and the little ones stood around anxiously awaiting Mr. Cheerful's reply.

"I'd like to go myself," he replied, with a comical shake of his head, applying the match and giving a few vigorous puffs at his cigar.

"Now, papa, can't you say yes?" remonstrated Edward, the oldest of the boys, and Charles, Nelly, Julia, Susan, even down to little David, cried in a chorus, "Please do, papa."

"You have sent the remittance for your aunt, haven't you?" inquired Mrs. Cheerful.

"Oh, yes, long ago," replied her husband. "I'm tolerable easy so far as money goes. All I owe is a thousand to old Shavies, and he don't want his money as long as the interest is paid."

"Well, don't you think we can go?" she asked.

"I expect so," he said, stooping down to play with the children.

"When?" she next inquired.

"Why, my dear Sue, any time you like," he replied, "I'm agreeable to a day's fun any time."

"I will ask Mary McDonald to go with us," she said.

"All right, ask who you like," he replied.

"I think Philip would—"

"Yes, do ask Philip," he said, interrupting her, "he will be a good addition to the company, and we'll go next Friday."

"Oh, Papa! not Friday, because then we can't eat anything but fish," cried all the children.

"Well, don't you go to the lake for a fish dinner," he laughingly answered.

"I think Wednesday would be a good day," his wife quietly replied.

"Wednesday it is, then," he answered, and with a kiss all round he left for the office.

Mrs. Cheerful's disposition and life was a

happy blending of domestic, loving qualities, with the gay and brilliant accomplishments that ornament the social circle. She was tall and well formed, with a mild, sweet face, a broad, fine forehead, luxuriant auburn hair and sparkling, bright eyes. In company she helped Dick when he sang, her conversation was light and vivacious, or, when appropriate, sober, earnest and well expressed. She enjoyed that which was gay and amusing, or sympathized earnestly in whatever brought out the nobler and more serious feelings. At home she was the center of the circle of love; happy and contented, attention to every duty and every want. It would have puzzled, a good judge of human nature, had he studied the question, to have told whether she or her husband ruled the house, such perfect harmony existed between them; if they ever differed in judgment or wishes, the feeling was buried as deep as the waters of the Atlantic, and never came to the surface. The children were trained from early infancy to ready, immediate, unquestioning obedience, and the foundation being thus early laid, as they grew up, a look, a motion of the head or raising of a finger, was all that was required.

"Going to the lake," was a great recreation for the family, one that was indulged in two or three times each summer, and was alluded to throughout the year with great delight.

"Hurrah! bully! won't I catch the crabs," shouted Edward, starting off to the play room to get his kite strings.

"I doin' tech tawfish," said David, as he toddled after him.

"Ma can I take my doll?" asked Nelly.

"Well, I don't think I would, it might get broken," replied her mother, and that ended it.

Everything was enthusiasm and bustle with the children, all of them being anxious to do something to prepare for the expected trip. Their mother directed their efforts, encouraged the glow of pleasure, assisted the boys in the construction of crab nets, told the girls what clothes to arrange for the occasion, and allowed every one to have a part in the preparations. Nelly having called to ask Mary to go with them, the proposition met with the hearty approval of Mrs. McDonald, who said that Mary would be on hand in time. Mr. Cheerful went round to Mr. Macourty's office to invite Philip,

who was delighted to have an opportunity of joining them for a day's pleasure.

When Wednesday came, the baskets were carefully packed with an assortment of good things; boiled ham and fried chicken, with a nice leg of mutton baked, blackberry and lemon pies; a large pound cake, in the making of which each one of the girls claimed to have had a part; a fine lot of small cakes, with some nice ginger bread, three loaves of very light home-made bread, crackers and cheese, sardines, pickles and sauces, knives and forks, plates and tumblers. Then there were four bottles of good old claret, and four fatter, more portly bottles, the corks of which were expected to fly with a bang, "when the wire was cut; a bottle of cordial and one of sherry, and still another labeled "sazerac," which was taken along to scare away any such unwelcome guest as cholera. There were fishing lines, baits, and nets, with a basket to carry the spoils in, and bathing clothes for the whole party. Samson, the porter at Cane, Plant and Cotton's, a stout, good natured negro, who "thought the world and all of Massa Richard," had asked permission to go along, and the baggage was divided between him and Rachael and Josey, Mrs. Cheerful's servants. The house was closed up for the day, and if anybody had called, they would have found nobody at home, but the faithful dog Spot, who stretched himself out on the front gallery to watch the premises until their return. They were all dressed in plain, neat clothes, for they were going to enjoy themselves and, like sensible people, wore nothing that would be easily spoiled, or which they would feel much regret, if torn or damaged. The children laughed gleefully as they entered the omnibus, the negroes and baggage having been put on top, and Charley told Mary what a pile of fish he was certain he would get, and Nelly amused Philip with an account of all she had done towards getting ready. At every jolt of the omnibus the girls would laugh and the boys cheer until they reached the railroad depot, where they alighted with alacrity and entered one of the cars of a train standing there almost ready to start for the lake. At nine o'clock the train would go, and after seeing that everybody was seated, Dick went out to get the morning paper. Philip saw him at the depot conversing with two or three other gentlemen, when his friend Col. Spades came

forward and with a blande smile, extended his hand, saying:

"Good morning, Mr. Cheerful, glad to see you, sir."

"I don't know you," replied Dick, in a short, forbidding manner.

"Colonel Spades—I had the pleasure of traveling with you—"

"Yes, but when a trip is over," replied Dick in the same cold tone, "I never acknowledge a traveling acquaintance—*unless he is a gentleman.*" Putting full emphasis on the last sentence, Dick looked the Colonel full in the face, then turned to the gentlemen he had been conversing with, and bidding them "good morning," entered the car. The repulsed Colonel shrugged his shoulder, looked around with a sneering smile, and then went away. Philip was at a loss to know what this could mean, what spite Mr. Cheerful, the most jovial of men, could have against his friend the polished military hero, but the train soon began to move, the children stood up at the windows and shouted out their delight, and in conversation with Mr. Cheerful and Mary, he soon forgot the incident. On they went, now passing the suburbs of the city, then Gentilly station and the Jewish "City of the Dead," after which the route lay through a swamp, with willows and half grown trees, cane brakes and wild vines, making a dense, low growth that looked impenetrable, a ride of about six miles brought them to Milneburg, the end of the Pontchartrain railroad. By Mr. Cheerful's directions they sat still until the train ran down on the long wharf, when bag and baggage, they hurried out on to the trestle work, and walked out towards a small house, over the door of which, on the glass sides of a lamp, was the sign "The Last Chance."

"Ah! Signor Angello, how you was since I see you last time," said Dick, shaking hands with an elderly, good natured gentleman, evidently a Spaniard, and landlord of "The Last Chance."

"I bin vere well, Meester Cheerful—I glad to see you and your good folks—dey all well?"

"Oh! splendid—here they are—the whole crowd," Dick answered gayly. Angello made a profound bow to the ladies, and then continued addressing Mr. Cheerful.

"You wanta de room for rest yourselves, come in—you vere welcome." He assigned one of the rooms of his house to the party,

and there the baskets were deposited. Mr. Cheerful gave Angello some money and asked him to get some ice for their party, and on the next train it came down from the City.

In a short time the whole crowd were out on the wharf fishing for crabs, and great was the delight when little Susan shouted, "Come here quick, Papa, Philip come here, I got one," and she had; it was about the size of the now strange and antique coin, then commonly used as a half dollar. Dick laughed and said it made no difference, big or little the children enjoyed the sport. Every hour a train came down from the city, and then they would stop to see the crowds that came to take the boats for Mobile or the lake coast, or who came, like themselves, to enjoy the fresh air and the ride. About noon Mr. Cheerful called them in and a lunch of crackers, cake and cheese, with some wine, was partaken of, and a supply handed over to Samson and the colored girls. After this they strolled out to the end of the long wharf, where, under the shade of the roof, put on to protect freight, they spent an hour fishing for croakers and red fish. A gentleman a little nearer the end of the wharf, was having splendid success, drawing the fish in at the rate of twenty-five or thirty an hour. Edward and Charley were jealous of the stranger's success, for nothing but provoking bites and nibbles rewarded their exertions.

"Come, let us go bathe," said Mr. Cheerful; this is fun but it lacks variety." The bath refreshed them very much, the water was low and the children romped and played in it, shouting to their hearts' content. It was then about two o'clock and the servants took one of Angello's tables and arranged the dinner. What appetites the children had! And the older members of the party, were able to pay flattering attentions to the provisions! The claret was very fine, and the corks of the fat bottles flew out with reports like pistols, the pies were excellent and the cake was perfection. After the dinner, the children with Samson and the negro girls, formed another expedition against the crabs, and Mrs. Cheerful took a seat in the shade near them. Dick lighted his cigar and taking a seat where the cool breeze blew upon him, raised his feet on another chair, spread the paper out for a quiet read and was soon asleep. Philip asked Mary to walk out on the wharf, and they stopped a while to see the

Mobile boat get in the last freight, and depart on her voyage across the lake. Passing on to the head of the pier, they took seats and watched the waves as they rolled slowly in, pouring over the break water in the distance.

"This does not look much like New York Bay," said Philip.

"No," replied Mary, "it looks more like Little Silver Bay."

"Are you going to spend the summer there?" asked Philip.

"I do not know," she answered, "but it is probable that we will be there at least a part of the time."

"May I write to you, Mary?" he asked.

"Your letters are always welcome," she answered.

"I have been wishing, Mary," he said, with hesitation "to speak with you privately—there was a time, when we were children together, Mary, that I could talk with you freely, but there seems to have come a strangeness, a reserved manner that forbids me to speak."

"I am sure, Philip," she replied, with much candor, "that I do not know what has made you think so. It is true you have not been very frequently at our house, but I presumed it was because you had found better company."

"Better company," he exclaimed, "you know I could not think that."

"Nay, then your actions have said it," she replied, with dignity, "I always treated you as a friend, but—perhaps you remember the poor apple girl and feel it too much of a condescension to visit her."

"How can you say that, Mary?" he asked.

"If it was not so," she replied, with some bitterness, "how was it that you, the only person in the city acquainted with me at that time, have been such a stranger at our house?"

"I wish that I had been more attentive," he replied.

"Don't think that I would have you forego other pleasures to call on me," she said, in the same cold tone of voice, "I merely thought it strange that one who was such an old acquaintance, and pretended to be so strong in friendship, should leave me almost entirely to strangers. It has chanced that they were more than kind, they were all that I could ask—yet you did not know that."

"Mary! my dear Mary!" he exclaimed, "I was wrong—I thought, that surrounded with new friends you did not care for my atten-



tions, that I was not wanted and so I remained away. But my heart was with you, Mary, for since I first saw your sweet face, and knew your modest, virtuous, noble disposition, since I first saw those bright eyes and heard the melody of your voice, since then, Mary, no matter where I have been, far and near, with one constant feeling, my heart has been yours, a true, devoted offering, ready to do all and dare all for your sake."

She was silent, and after a pause he continued.

"Tell me, Mary, do you love me?"

"We have been friends, Philip, but I fear we can never be more than friends."

"Why, Mary, oh! tell me why?" he exclaimed, pleadingly, "I love you with all my heart, then tell me, will you be my wife?"

"I cannot answer now," she said, restraining her feelings.

"Mary this is no new feeling," he replied, drawing still nearer to her, and speaking earnestly, "it came without my bidding, grew in my heart, and day by day became stronger. At first I did not recognize its meaning, I thought it friendship, but as it became deeper, I felt that it was love, true, enduring love, and now, without you I shall be forever lost. Say that you love me Mary, or that I may yet hope to win your love and claim your heart and hand."

"Philip, I cannot now answer you," she said, avoiding his look, "there is a deference due Mr. McDonald, who has been like a kind father to me, and he must first be consulted, but should he give his consent, I could not marry one who has forsaken his God and religion for the wine-cup and gaming table."

If he had been struck by a bolt from Heaven, Philip would have not been more surprised. For a moment he sat pale and speechless, then the hot blood rushed to his face and brow, and he started up flushed and angry. As their looks met, there was in her face firm, high resolve expressed, that conquered his feelings and he sat down beside her again.

"Am I going to destruction?" he asked in a low voice, "and is Mary interested in my fate? Tell me that you love me, bid me live and act for your peace and happiness, give me hope of a bright day to come in the future, and you may command me as if I were a slave."

"Philip, I can scarcely express what I wish

to say, for I might too deeply wound your feelings," she replied.

"Speak, Mary, I will listen, and if I can, I will do all that you wish, "only tell me that you love me, and all will not, can not yet be lost."

"Philip, I remember," she said, speaking slowly, as if struggling with the emotions rising in her breast, "the happy days we passed together when we were children, the fleeting, thoughtless, joyous hours when together we studied under good Uncle Peter. We were alone, and almost friendless then, and I was more so than you, and your politeness, kindness and sympathy awakened a friendship in my heart, which was deepened into love by after years of trouble, when almost my only consolation was your letters, full of noble, manly feelings, of cheering, hopeful advice and comfort. When Mr. McDonald acted so kindly to me and both himself and his wife, may God bless them, insisted that I should take their name and be their daughter, the pleasing surprise that it would be to you, Philip, was a happy dream to me, I thought that you loved me, and counted the days that must pass before we should meet. We met at last, and in your words and looks I found confirmation of my dream, but alas! how short was the happiness. Your visits became less frequent each week until they ceased almost entirely. Yet this I could have borne; yes, had you loved another and received her love in return, I would have crushed the feelings of my heart, and would have been happy to see you so. But no! It was not that. You were throwing away health, honor and self-respect in wild dissipations—the reports came to me often—not to me in particular, but they were the talk and regret of all your old friends. Think, Philip, of the happy hours when we knelt together in church as children, think of the kind friends whose hearts are sad at your wild life, think of the shame and dishonor that must inevitably be the end," and as her feelings became too strong to be entirely governed, she continued, her face bathed in tears and her voice almost choked at times, "and think too, Philip, more earnestly and sorrowfully, of Our Holy Redeemer, who suffered for us on the Cross, whose wounds are opened anew by your sinful life, think of His agony and bloody sweat, hear Him call to you from that awful mount, where for us He gave up

his life in the greatest agony, scoffed and jeered at by the wicked multitude, and remember that by a life of sin, you join that multitude in spirit and aid them in their revilings of the Holy One—oh! Philip, pause before it is too, too late."

"Mary, Mary," he cried, endeavoring to draw her to him, "hear me, I will do all you ask—I have been wild—I have wounded your heart, but I will do so no more—Look at me, Mary, and say that you will forgive me and love me—say it, dearest."

"I love you, yes, Philip, with all my heart," she replied, and yielding to his caresses her head sank on his shoulder, and he kissed her time and again.

"You shall be pained no more, dearest," he said, earnestly, "from this day, I will study how I can please you most, I will carouse no more, gamble no more—I will strive to do all that you could wish. My love for you shall guide every word and action."

"And the Church, Philip," she said, almost too happy to talk.

"All, all, shall be as you wish," he replied, "but I will not mention this to your father, until by my actions I have shown him and all our friends that I am redeemed."

"As you like, dear Philip," she replied.

They lingered for some time in happy conversation, when they once more returned to Angelo's to join their friends.

"Well, well, you are a nice couple," said Mr. Cheerful, who had but just awoke from his *siesta*, "I thought you had run away or gone down amongst the fishes to become mermaids and companions."

The children were still in the glory of crab-fishing, and were now joined by the others. The hours flew on and the sun began to sink low in the horizon, casting over the smooth and calm surface of the lake, long rays of silver, dancing light, that deepened in places to sheets of burnished gold. The gentle breeze that swept over the waters, cooling the air, and delighting the senses of those who had come there to escape the dust, heat and confusion of the city, was so light that it did not disturb the tranquil look of the picture.

At last, calling his troop together, with the baskets repacked, Mr. Cheerful prepared to return home. He thanked Angello for his attentions, and gave him some money to pay for his trouble.

"Oh! dear, my foot is so sore," said Charley, as he went towards the cars.

"I believe, I cut myself badly on the bar-nacles," said Edward.

"I'm tired most to death," said Nelly, with a long yawn.

They were finally seated in the cars, and with a scream and a whistle from the steam-horse, away they went, through the swamp, canebrake, and thicket, dimly discernable in the close gathering twilight, then into the lighted city streets, until at last the depot was reached. Here they had to wait for an omnibus to take them up town, and Charley seating himself on the door-step of one of the houses, leaning on his mother's parasol, presented a splendid model of a worn out child.

"Oh! me! I wish that omnibus would come," exclaimed Julia.

"Maybe they've stopped running, its so late," said Charley, with a half groan.

"Wouldn't that be nice?" said his father, laughing, but just then the bus came up and they all got in, and reached home without much more difficulty. They all slept soundly that night, and for many a long year that pleasant day at the lake was referred to with pleasure and enthusiasm.

Mr. Plant thought it was extravagant in Dick to go with his family to the lake in that way, but Dick, somewhat nettled at the remark replied: "As long as I live they shall have enough, and that of the best, and every amusement that I can give them, and I don't care a button what you say. When I am gone it will be time enough for them to wear long faces and be sad."

During the next week, Philip visited Mr. McDonald's frequently and avoided the Club and other public resorts. He was very happy and had firmly resolved to regain his former good name, with those whose opinions were worthy of consideration. When the McDonald's left for the north he went to the boat to see them off, and remained watching until they were out of sight. Mr. Macourty's family soon went across the lake, and Philip was left once more to himself.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

The weather was hot and close, and the members of the "New Orleans Can't Get Away Club," always a large club in numbers, and

substantial and steady in character, were availing themselves of every means for getting a breath of cool air and a little respite from the dust and heat of the city. Business was dull, and so Philip, closing the store early, turned the key in the lock, and passing it over to the head porter, walked leisurely off towards Canal street. The sun was yet nearly an hour from his western bed, the most pleasant part of the day.

"Hello, Phil, how-d'y—where have you been?" exclaimed Louis, as they met on Camp street.

"I haven't been anywhere, Lou."

"Why, I haven't seen you at the club in nearly a month!"

"No, I've been reading."

"Yes! Keeping quiet eh? Where are you going now?"

"Just knocking around."

"Let's go to the lake."

"Can't go now, Lou."

"Pshaw! why not?" said Louis, "come along—let's get a horse and buggy and go down. Come, we'll go around to Tattersall's and get Uncas—he's the fastest horse that travels the Shell."

"I can't go this evening, Lou," he replied.

"Yes, you can! By Jove, I struck the Havana to-day for five hundred and I'm going to stand treat."

"The mischief you did!" exclaimed Philip, "you are in luck."

"Yes, I got five hundred yellow boys," replied Louis, jingling a handful of gold "come on, we'll have a horse that nobody can throw dust on."

They then went to the stables, and ordered a buggy with the favorite horse Uncas, after which Louis proposed a "mint julep," to which Philip could make no objections, having accepted the invitation for a ride. As they came out of the saloon, Carl Amber came along, and inquired what Philip had been doing with himself of late. After a few moments conversation, Carl proposed that they should go to Bob's and take a drink.

"Come on, by the time we get back the horse will be ready," said Louis, and the three went off to get the proposed drink. Philip felt at first a pang of regret and Mary's face came pleadingly up before him, but he banished the vision, with the self assurance that he had of-

ten taken a score of "smiles" without feeling them.

When they returned the handsome turnout was ready, and, seated behind the favorite horse, they were soon going rapidly down the shell road, one of the best drives in the country. At the Half-way house they stopped to rest the horse and here another glass was indulged in. There were scores of people there they both knew, with whom they shook hands or exchanged friendly salutations. Before leaving, half a dozen more invitations to drink were received and accepted, when they once more took the road. At the lake a bath was the first indulgence, after which the pistol galleries and saloons were visited and as is usually the case, they gave and received numerous invitations to drink. A fish and champagne supper followed, over which they lingered, indulging freely, until past the noon of night, and then returned to the city, driving furiously along, heated with wine, not much caring what might happen them.

The next day Philip's head was sore, unusually so, for the conviction of his own conscience that he had done wrong, made the natural effects of his night's dissipation, much more severe than they had ever been before. He sat down and wrote a letter to Mary, acknowledging his fault and promising to avoid such temptations in future. A dozen copies of this were written and destroyed before he had one composed that suited him. As he read over again the last effort, which pleased him exactly, he began to think. "What a fool I am—she'll never know it—besides, what if she does? I am no baby, to be tied to her apron strings! It was wrong—yes, well it was—but what's a fellow to do? She is enjoying herself and having a good time generally—am I to settle down like a drone here, rolling up my eyes and saying my beads till she returns? No, sir! Phil ain't made for that! What's the harm in having a little fun? I'll have it, hang me if I don't—when a fellow is married its time to put on a long face."

The letter was torn in to very little pieces and thrown with the other copies into the waste paper basket. He then went into the sample room and opening a half bottle Mumm's Imperial, he drank it to "the health of everybody in general and our friends in particular."

Another letter was then written to Mary, it

was full of love and endearing phrases, it dilated on his loneliness and was full of prayers for her happiness and her safe return, and expressed the hope that she would have a gay and joyous season. He mailed the letter himself, thinking as he did so, that he was playing the hypocrite and so he washed the feeling down with a "cobbler" at the Gem.

He became once more a regular visitor at his Club, and drank harder and played more recklessly than ever before.

The club was formed originally for the purpose of encouraging the members in the study of the drama and to give amateur performances on the stage. All the regular theatres were now closed, and the proposition was made to commence their representations. In order to enlist the sympathies of the public, it was necessary to make it a benefit for some charitable purpose. Mrs. Drone, who had been familiar to the New Orleans theatre goers for many a year, and had been in her time a capital "heavy old woman and faithful nurse," was living in one of the back streets of the city, sick and destitute. The papers had noticed her several times, calling upon the charitable to assist her.

William Malwreath proposed that the "Crescents" should tender her a benefit; the proposition took; a letter tendering her the benefit and one from her thankfully accepting the compliment, were drawn up and published in the papers, tickets were issued, the Varieties was engaged, and two of the men employed about the place were secured for door-keeper and box-clerk. When the night came the weather was fine, the dress circle was full of beautiful ladies, in light and elegant summer costume, and the balance of the house was crowded to overflowing. The play selected was the "Honey Moon." The principal characters were given to William Malwreath, Carl Amber and Philip, while a young and accomplished actress, then just commencing a career that has since proved brilliant and successful, personated Julianna in charming style. Everything went off with decided *éclat*; the actors acquitted themselves creditably; the audience was delighted, and the papers next day complimented the club on their great success.

Three days after, a meeting was held to hear a report of the result and to direct the nett proceeds to be paid over to Mrs. Drone. The Treasurer and Committee of Managers had col-

lected in the outstanding tickets and money, and reported that, after paying expenses, there remained to Mrs. Drone the sum of seven dollars and sixty cents! Here was a nice report; everybody was surprised and they looked from one to another as if to ask what should be done. "Mr. President," said William Malwreath, rising, after a brief silence, "we have heard the report, and are too well acquainted with the gentlemen who have subscribed to it to question their accuracy. But this will never do, Mr. President, for the public. We have given a benefit to Mrs. Drone; the house was crowded; the public will expect a report, and no outsider will believe that the expenses have so nearly eaten up the receipts of so full and splendid an audience. Besides, Mr. President, it would not answer for this club to announce a profit of the paltry sum of seven dollars and sixty cents! We would be the butt of a thousand jests and never hear the last of it. I move, therefore, that each member be assessed in the sum of twenty-five dollars, to be paid to-morrow evening, and that the sum so raised be sent to Mrs. Drone."

The resolution was unanimously carried, and the papers of the following Sunday contained Mrs. Drone's card, acknowledging the receipt of several hundred dollars, the net proceeds of the entertainment given for her benefit by the "Crescents."

During the summer three or four other performances were given for charitable purposes, bringing on the boards such plays as "The Merchant's Clerk and The Wife." The theatre was always crowded, the acting fair and everybody well pleased. The financial results were, however, the same as at the first entertainment, the tax on the members following surely in the wake of each one.

Mr. Macourty was much troubled at Philip's conduct, and gently remonstrated with him on two or three occasions. Philip listened with respect to the counsels of his friend, but they produced no change in him. His work was always done, no duty was neglected or allowed pass unperformed beyond the proper time of its execution. "What right has Mr. Macourty to question me about my private life?" he reasoned with himself. "I do my work; I do it well and promptly, and that is all he has any right to inquire about."

And so the time passed on; he frequented

the club, drove to the lake with fast horses and faster companions, and daily became more and more involved in debt, and nearer the brink of ruin's precipice.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The McDonalds' traveled slowly, taking the journey by easy stages and stopping wherever interest or inclination prompted them to do so. Mr. McDonald and his wife loved their daughter truly, and felt the greatest pride and gratification in the admiration that she commanded at all the places they visited. Whatever was beautiful and attractive, in dress or ornament, was procured for her by Mr. McDonald, who never tired in his efforts to make her the most distinguished of the throng that visited the summer resorts that season. From Saratoga to the White Mountains, thence to Montreal and down to Niagara, they went, stopping at each place until the desire arose to seek a new field of pleasure. Philip's letters followed them wherever they went, and to Mary, breathing nothing but love and devotion as they did, proved a great consolation. To Mr. McDonald, who was a shrewd and observant man, and naturally felt the deepest interest in whatever concerned his daughter, the pleasure with which she received these letters, and the promptness with which they were answered, told him the story long before Mary raised courage to confide in his wife, and tell her love for Philip and the agreement between them.

He felt a deep pang of regret, therefore, at a letter he received while at Niagara, but considered it his duty to show it to her.

She was in the parlor of their suit of rooms, and, as he passed through, he handed her the letter, saying: "There's a letter I have just received from an old friend, and it contains bad news for you."

She wondered at his meaning, and opened the letter to see what it contained. It was from a New Orleans correspondent, and gave the news and gossip about the growing crops, the course of trade, deaths and marriages, and the usual assortment of items that were current in those "dull, piping times of peace." There was one passage that riveted her attention, and that she read over and over again, until her head was near bursting with pain.

It ran: "The summer has given our lads a chance to indulge their inclinations to dissipation. There's a delightful crowd of them who, having exhausted the novelties of the club, fast horses and low companions, have now taken to the stage. They played 'The Wife' at the Varieties last night, with Louis Fontane, Philip Cummings and William Malwreath in the principal characters."

Could it be possible that Philip, her Philip, once so correct and honorable in every action, had so soon forgotten his solemn promises to her? She could not believe it, and yet here was the evidence that it was so, from an old and highly esteemed friend of her father. His letters were regular, elegantly written and composed, and she could not believe that he would act thus to her. It became her constant thought, haunting her and making her life almost unbearable.

After they had been a few days at Niagara Mr. MacVain came there also, as he had previously done at Saratoga. With him they again visited the scenes of interest around that grandly beautiful wonder of nature. The burning spring, table rock and Indian village were visited. The different spots of interest on Goat Island were pointed out, and many of the wild stories connected with the place were told by Mr. MacVain. As they went over the island, Mr. MacVain and Mary became separated from the rest of the party, when he pointed out to her a seat beneath the trees and proposed that they should rest there until their friends came up. Mary knew that he was constantly in communication with their home, and longed to ask him if he had heard anything about Philip, but felt that her interest in the subject was so great that she might, in the conversation, say more than she wanted to. Mr. MacVain's thoughts were quite different. He had wished for an opportunity to propose his own suit, and believed that he had now found it.

"A wild scene, this," he said, pointing to the falls, "and one from which we might draw a lesson on the life of this world."

"Yes, it is, indeed, an appalling sight," she replied. "Such volumes of water, the constant roar, and clouds of rising mist, the surrounding scenery, and the wild legends, extending far beyond the time of the white men, all lend a grandeur and a mysterious charm to the place."

"The waters of the river," said Mr. MacVain, "flow slowly and peacefully on for a time, passing pleasant fields, grand old forests and quiet homes. As it nears this place its speed increases, until, with a sudden plunge, it passes over the rock down to the abyss below. Thus we travel on life's troubled river, now, leisurely and observing as we go life's pleasures around us, and then, without warning, comes the dark abyss of death."

"Such lives there are," Mary replied, "yet I should be sorry to think they were so numerous as the world asserts they are. To the thoughtful and wise,—the wise in the ways of Him who guides all—the current of life will be as steady and calm at the last as in the beginning of the voyage."

"Not so has been my life," he replied, with an earnestness which startled her. "I have been tossed and thrown about without an object or a hope, following no higher rule than the caprice of a wayward mind. Yet there has been awakened in my heart a hope of a better life, a longing for a distinct, high and noble purpose, and to you I owe this feeling. Since we first met there has been an influence, an irresistible charm that has drawn me towards you. With all the earnestness and devotion of my soul, Miss McDonald, I love you, and I now ask you earnestly, sincerely to be mine."

"Mr. MacVain, I regret—" she said, rising to go.

"Nay, I beg of you, stay and answer me now," he said, interrupting her. "You shall have such a position in society as the proudest might envy, every wish and desire of your heart shall be gratified."

"Mr. MacVain, I beg of you to go no farther," she exclaimed.

"Think of what I offer you," he continued. "You shall have all that boundless wealth can command, and the true, unchanging love of my heart shall always be yours."

"Mr. MacVain, I have looked upon you as my father's friend," she replied, "and as such, my friend, but it can never be more."

"Think well of it," he said, still pleading with her, "can I never hope to be more than a friend?"

"It is impossible," she replied, "I shall always value your friendship, and I hope we may always be friends, but we can be nothing more."

"I hope we may always be friends, we can be nothing more," he repeated, as if in communion with himself alone. "Are these set phrases with your sex, or has some fiend learned you these words, that you might repeat them to me?" and the old sneer came upon his face again as he continued, "words that I bitterly remember to have heard before, and you repeat them now with the same look and tone with which they came then," and his features relaxed, a look of painful melancholy covering his face. "Ah! that magic tone, the gracious touch and queenly bearing that have thrown a spell around me, stirring up the dormant feelings of youthful days, awakening, alas, a hope that is forever shattered and gone!"

It was almost frightful to see the strong feeling of agony that worked upon his face, and made his commanding form shake and quiver like a forest leaf before an autumn blast.

"Mr. MacVain, I beg of you to think no more of this," said Mary.

"You said we might be friends," he said, as with an effort he mastered his anger, and resolved henceforth to try and be a better and truer man, "so let it be. If I can ever assist you, command me. Let me be to you as a brother, and believe me, no brother was every more devoted and faithful to a sister, than I pledge myself to be to you."

"I thank you for this assurance," she replied, frankly and kindly accepting his proffered hand, "and I assure you, in return, that I hope you may be, through life, happy and prosperous in all things."

They now returned to the bridge, where their friends were awaiting their return. Mary had hastened the walk and was greatly relieved to escape from the embarrassing position.

To Mr. MacVain the disappointment was terrible; it was the wrecking of the last hope, and in his younger days would have brought dark and threatening feelings to his heart, but now he schooled himself to think of it calmly, and to yield without anger to his fate. He became more attentive and respectful to Mary than before, and endeavored to look upon her, as he had promised, as a sister.

Summer having passed, autumn—luxuriant in fruits and flowers, blessed with the harvests of the season, came, with pleasant weather, invigorating and cheerful. The fields of snowy cotton, thrifty cane and waving rice, once the grand staples of the prosperous South, were yielding their products, and the prospect of sharing in the profits of the commerce which these articles would give impetus to, recalled to their homes, "so-called," the floating population of New Orleans, and with the returning current there came crowds of strangers from all parts of the country, anxious to participate in the business and enjoy the hospitalities and gaieties of that place, then the most sociable in the Union.

Absenteeism! How much misery, neglect and retrogression has resulted from this curse of the South! Her fields have yielded prolific crops, the barter and exchange of which have scattered wealth, with a lavish hand, on all who have come within the circle of their influence. After gathering wealth, with astonishing rapidity for a few years, her "so-called" citizens take their earnings to enrich and beautify some Northern or Western home. From the plains of the West to the Shores of the Atlantic, from the Ohio to the Lakes, there is scarcely a hill or valley, or the banks of a stream, that has not been improved with the riches drawn from the South in this way. While millions of dollars belonging to Southern men, or to those who claimed to be such a few years ago, are invested in the railroads and steamships of the North, the few enterprises of that nature started for the benefit of their own cities are allowed to languish and decay for lack of capital. And who so ready to call out against the "lack of energy and enterprise" in the South as these "birds of passage," who use the money made in their business as Southern merchants or planters to build Northern railroads, improve country seats in the North, and who spend thousands of dollars annually in visits away from their own States?

When the McDonalds' returned, Philip lost no time in calling upon Mary to express his pleasure at her safe arrival and to hear an account of her trip, the different changes in which he had already heard by letter. Their first evening was passed very pleasantly, although she had fully resolved to remonstrate with

Philip, and demand that he should respect his promise to her, Mary allowed the evening to pass without a word on the subject. When, in the course of a week or two, she found that everybody was talking about Philip's mad career, holding up their hands and opening their eyes in "holy horror" at his dissipations, with a true womanly affection she clung closer to him, palliated and excused his faults, and exerted all her influence, quietly and secretly, to win him back. Every day she knelt before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the old church, and offered her prayers for him, that he might yet see the evil of his ways and be brought back to the path of truth, honor and religion.

In this course she was strengthened by Mrs. Macourty, with whom she spent much of her time, and to whom she became more endeared on Philip's account. Mr. Macourty had twice intended to get some one in Philip's place, but his wife's entreaties had deterred him from doing so.

"He is a good-hearted boy," Mrs. Macourty said to Mary. "He is not naturally bad, and kindness will win him back. You and I, Mary dear, must save him."

"My dear George," she said to her husband, "remember that Philip is young, and in time he will get steady enough."

"It will not do, Cecelia, he must have a lesson," he replied.

"My dear," she continued, "kindness will have a better effect than harsh measures."

"Why do you favor him so much?" he asked.

"He is the son of a very dear friend," she replied earnestly, "his father was kind to us when we were young, and—he was the playmate and favorite of our lost Cecelia."

"I admit all this," he said, "but such conduct does not look well in the confidential clerk of a commercial house."

"What has he done so awful?" she inquired.

"What has he done?" he replied, a little impatiently. "He drinks, gambles and keeps bad company."

"Well, that's bad enough, but you will not cure him by harsh measures, and cast off he shall not be with my consent," she answered spiritedly, and then added, in a joking, mischievous way, "you need not be so hard on him; you were not always so steady yourself. I have heard some queer stories about young

George Macourty, and you did not make such a bad man after all!"

This was unanswerable, so he gave her a kiss, said she "always did have her own way," and Philip was spared for a time.

Philip did not improve much; his friend, Colonel Spades, had returned for the season, and was now constantly one of his companions. When Christmas drew near, Philip thought he would have something out of the usual routine, and invited his friends to a Christmas Eve party for bachelors.

At nine o'clock in the evening Colonel Spades, Carl and Louis, who were the special guests of the evening, arrived. All the other employees of the store were gone, and Philip had arranged his supper of turkey, ham, pies, cakes and other eatables, with a large supply of liquors, in the sample room, which was next to the office. After paying their attentions to the lunch provided, and drinking a number of toasts, some "regular," and others quite "irregular," the party seated themselves around a table, a new pack of cards was produced and a game of "draw" commenced. The betting was at first very moderate, and the game was interrupted by the arrival of three friends who had been invited to "look in during the night." More refreshments were taken, and a number of toasts duly honored. The friends went away and the game of poker was renewed, the betting being more free than before. The calls of friends were frequent, and at every call the game was suspended, to receive them with becoming hospitality, and resumed as soon as they had left. Wine and liquors of all kinds were within reach, and the guest was only asked to "name his brand," and it was produced. After midnight the party became wildly merry; songs were sung, jests and stories were told, and the bottles passed around rapidly. One of the party had remained cool and collected; he had appeared to drink more than his companions, but had, in reality, taken very little. This was Colonel Spades. He was affable, gentlemanly and sociable. He was at times a looser in the game of cards, but acted as if indifferent to the fortunes of the night. His time had now arrived, and, while amusing the company with well-delivered anecdotes, he increased the bets, stocked the cards, and had soon won all the ready money his companions had about them. Then came the credit game. He still continued

to win, and accepted from his friends their due bills for their losses. When the company arose to leave, the Colonel held Philip's notes for sixteen hundred dollars, and the notes of the other gentlemen for a large amount. They reached the street a yelling, reckless crowd. The Colonel affected to be as much "gone" as his companions. One of the young men, with a loud shout, seized the Colonel's hat and placed a pack of fire-crackers in it with the fuse burning brightly. The crackers popped and banged, knocking the hat around, ruining it completely, while the young men shouted and laughed in high glee. The Colonel laughed with the rest; the loss of the hat was nothing to him, for he had made enough during the night to pay his expenses for a year or more.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" went the Colonel, "now, gentlemen, I will have to leave you, for I have no hat, and I can't go bare-headed."

He was glad of the excuse to leave them; so, wishing them all a "Merry Christmas" he went his way. One now proposed a game of billiards, another tenpins, and Philip threw up his hat to see which it should be. The result was in favor of billiards, and they repaired to a popular saloon on Gravier street, where they spent two or three hours at that game.

When they again reached the street, they parted, exchanging the compliments of the season, and Philip returned to his own rooms, a handsomely furnished suit, on Perdido, near St. Charles street. When he entered his parlor he was surprised to see Mr. MacVain seated on the sofa, quietly reading the morning paper.

"A merry Christmas to you, Philip," said he, rising and offering his hand.

"The same to you, sir, and many a happy return," replied Philip, giving him a warm shake hands.

"I am glad to see you in good spirits, Philip, for I came to speak a few words to you on a particular subject," said Mr. MacVain, at a loss to know how to introduce the conversation.

Philip's brow darkened and his lips compressed as he heard this, and he took a seat, waiting for his visitor to continue.

"You are going the road to ruin and dishonor very fast," said Mr. MacVain, "and I come to you as an old friend, to remonstrate with you, to warn you of where this life will



lead you, and I now ask you, Philip, to think seriously of the matter."

Philip fastened his fine, large black eyes, which were now flashing with anger, on his visitor, and, after looking him full in the face for a few moments, inquired: "Have you been to church this morning, Mr. MacVain?"

"No—I have not, Philip," answered Mr. MacVain, with hesitation, as if sorry to make that admission.

"Don't you think you had better 'scour your own tins' before you trouble your neighbors?" inquired Philip, with a smile of sarcasm.

"I do not pretend to be faultless. I am far from doing my duty, as I am free to confess," replied Mr. MacVain, "but I have seen enough of this world to know that the company you are keeping and the use you are making of your time will lead you to shame and disgrace."

"You will excuse me, sir," said Philip, in a formal, haughty tone, "if I beg to be allowed to manage my own affairs, and respectfully decline the advice of my 'old friends.'"

"You are more hardened than I expected to find you," said Mr. MacVain, coldly, "but I believe it my duty to speak, and I shall do so without asking your leave. For two years or more you have been the companion of gamblers and rowdies—"

"Let me say, Mr. MacVain," said Philip, in a threatening manner, "that I hold you responsible for what you say, and shall demand such satisfaction as one gentleman accords to another for your insulting language."

"You may send me a challenge if you like," replied Mr. MacVain, "but I shall not notice it. I have come here resolved to keep perfectly cool and you cannot anger me, but if you can look back to this interview, a year hence, and feel that I have said anything unjust or untrue, I will then either apologize or grant you whatever satisfaction you may demand."

"I suppose, then, I have nothing for it but to listen," said Philip.

"Ask yourself if you have acted right. Look at the debt your gambling has brought you into. Oh! you need not start—I know what I am talking about," said Mr. MacVain. "What sort of a companion is Colonel Spades for a young man like you?"

"Colonel Spades is my friend," replied Philip, angrily, "and I will not allow him to be introduced behind his back."

"Your friend!" exclaimed Mr. MacVain, "a black-leg, a common gambler, whom I have seen many a time behind a faro table, detected stocking his cards at poker, and the keeper of a *rouge et noir* table. Nice friend, this, for any gentleman. How long do you suppose Mr. Macourty will stand this conduct? Are you not afraid he will discharge you?"

"Mr. Macourty is not the only merchant in New Orleans," replied Philip, haughtily, "nor is this the only city in the country. When he wishes to get rid of me he has only to say the word."

"That's all very well," replied his friend, "but did you ever stop to think how it would sound to have it said that you were discharged for drinking and gambling? Did you ever ask yourself what sort of a letter of recommendation Mr. Macourty could give you? I knew your father for many years; he was a kind friend to me and I owe him much of my present prosperity. He was a man liked by everybody. Go now to any of our old residents and ask who and what he was, and they will answer that he was a merchant of the strictest integrity, a man of pure and noble principles, a citizen of the largest liberality and sound judgment. He lived and died respected by all who knew him, leaving behind no blot or blemish on his memory. You are his son. Wherever you go he is brought back to the minds of those who meet you, and they say: 'That's the son of Peter Cummings.' Tell me, will your present conduct reflect credit on that father's name? Will you add to the honor and high reputation of your family?"

Philip was completely disarmed by the course of remonstrance taken by Mr. MacVain, and while he wished that he could reply, he felt in his heart that his friend was right, and he, therefore, remained silent.

"This is a good day, Philip, to turn over a new leaf," said his friend, "and I hope you will determine to cut all those loose companions, and begin at once with high and noble aim, a new and better life. I know that you are in debt, and it will be wounding to your feelings to leave these haunts of dissipation without first paying all you owe. I have, therefore, to say that, if you will promise me to be steady and honorable in the future, I will let you have the money to discharge all those obligations."

"I am not yet reduced to accepting charity, Mr. MacVain," replied Philip.

"I don't offer it as a charity," said Mr. MacVain. "You can repay me at such times and in such sums as may be convenient to you—yes, and, if it will be more agreeable, you can pay me interest."

"I decline your money and your advice," said Philip. "One would think that I was the only young man who ever bent an elbow or turned a trump. If I do this or that, the gossips are immediately going around, working their jaws and rolling their eyes."

"I am sorry to find you so blind to your own interests," said Mr. MacVain, rising to go. "There's many a friend of your honored father will be sorry to see the old name brought to dishonor, and there's none that will be more ready than myself to extend the hand of friendship and do all that can be done to assist you—should you hereafter change your mind."

Philip escorted his friend to the door, and returned his friendly grip and compliments of the day in a cold, formal manner.

"A very pretty state of affairs," he said, soliloquizing; "a man but drinks an extra glass, or loses a few dollars in passing an evening pleasantly away, and everybody has his name in their mouths. I wish they'd let me alone."

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and he started for the office; not that there was any business to transact, for Mr. Macourty always made it a complete holiday for his clerks, but then they all went down some time during the morning to receive their employer's congratulations. Each one knew that he would find a letter containing many expressions of kindness, and a substantial proof of their friend's appreciation of their character and services, in the shape of a check, varying in amount according to the value and standing of the recipient. As these checks were drawn by Mr. Macourty on his private bank account, Philip never knew beforehand how much was coming.

When he entered the store, Tom, one of the warehousemen, greeted him with the usual salutation, and, to his inquiry if there was any one in the office, answered in the negative. Going up-stairs, Philip found a letter on his desk in the familiar handwriting of his employer, and in it he found a check for five hundred dollars. He looked in the envelope, turned the check over and over, opened the

envelope wide once more, and then fell into a brown study.

"Five hundred dollars! Last year it was a thousand, and business has been better than it was then. Five hundred! that will just about pay my little bills, the tailor, shoemaker and so forth. Its queer, there used to be a letter of congratulation, but looking into the envelope again, 'there's nothing here, not even a scratch, not a simple 'Merry Christmas.' That looks ominous—well, I don't care, they can all go to the devil if they don't like me and my friends."

Notwithstanding this bravado he felt crest-fallen and miserable. He returned to his room and laying down on his bed he was soon asleep. After five or six hours of rest he got up, and, reflecting on the events of the day, he resolved to put a good face on the matter. He dressed himself with great care, and after a dinner at a neighboring restaurant, called at Mr. McDonalds. Here he spent an agreeable hour and then proposed that Mary and Mrs. McDonald should go with him to Mr. Macourty's, an invitation that was accepted at once. He was looking splendidly, all traces of the carouse of the previous night had disappeared, and his spirits were free and gay. They spent a pleasant evening and when he at last parted with Mary at her own door, she was happy and full of hope.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Philip was at work early next morning. Although he had not been absent from business at all, he had not worked as perseveringly of late, as had been his custom, and he was, therefore, a little behind in his writing. In addition to the usual routine, it was now time to take stock, make up interest accounts and prepare to strike a balance on the books, to ascertain the result of the past year's operations. He was much troubled about his interview with Mr. MacVain, who had always been very friendly to him, and whose action on the day previous, his good sense convinced him, was prompted solely by a desire to serve him. He felt that he had lost his temper, and that in this Mr. MacVain had the advantage of him, having been throughout perfectly cool and gentlemanly. After much reflection he came to

the conclusion that an apology was due to his friend, and that his own character and honor demanded that it should be made. He, therefore, wrote the following note, and sent it to that gentleman's office.

"NEW ORLEANS, December 26th 1856.

Percy MacVain, Esq:

Dear Sir—Believing that an apology is due you for my ungentlemanly reception of your advice, tendered to me yesterday at my rooms, I beg leave to say that I regret the use of any expressions that may have been harsh or wounding to your feelings. I am well assured that your action was prompted by friendship to myself, and, although I could not accept your advice, I feel that it should have been received with courtesy and respect. With assurances of my high esteem, I am

Your Friend, PHILIP CUMMINGS."

To this letter he received an immediate answer, couched in the most considerate and conciliating language, ending with the assurance that his friend would be pleased to serve him at any time.

During the following week, Philip worked steadily at his books and accounts, never leaving the office until late at night.

The rooms of the Crescent Club were brilliantly lighted New Year's Eve, and crowds were continually going and coming, exchanging friendly greetings. Col. Spades was seated in one corner of the front room, apparently intent on reading the papers, but the anxious glances he threw at the clock now and then, and the close scrutiny that he gave each crowd that entered, showed that he was expecting the arrival of some person.

"Half past nine," he said, out of patience at last, "and Mr. Cummings has not come yet. He has not been here since Christmas Eve, for I have watched for him every night. If he thinks he can bluff me, he's mightily mistaken. I have got him on a string now and if I don't make a handsome thing out of him—I am a fool—that's all." Well, if he don't come here I can go to see him, and I will do it."

Leisurely finishing the bottle of wine which sat before him, he took down his hat and buttoning up his coat, started for Philip's room. The servant there said that Mr. Cummings had not yet returned, and he walked away slowly soliloquizing as he went.

"Not home yet—that's strange—where can he be? By Jove! He may be at the office—just

where I want to see him—I'll go around there—I'll insist on having Mr. Macourty's check or note, for the amount, and as he holds the power of attorney, he will give one or the other to settle the matter. Ha! ha! I will keep whichever he gives me, and hold it over him. Then I'll make him shell-out; as he is in a large house I ought to make at least ten thousand out of him, for once his foot is in—he can't get out, until he is detected—which may not be for a year or two.

Musing thus to himself he walked around to Mr. Macourty's store, and looking up saw there was a light burning in the office. He tried the door, it was not locked, he opened it and went in. As he reached the head of the stairs, another man who had seen him enter, opened the door and also went into the store.

"What, at work yet?" said Col. Spades, in a "hail fellow, well met" style, "that's too bad, and this New Year's Eve."

"Good morning, Colonel," said Philip, leaving his desk, where he had been busily engaged, "take a seat. I am getting it up fast now—never do to be behind-hand you know."

"Yes—biz is biz," replied the Colonel, coolly taking a seat, "and that brings me to the point of my present visit—about those little due bills."

"Yes, well—I think I can fix them soon," replied Philip, a little nervous.

"There's one for six hundred from last month, and the other of sixteen hundred given last week—" continued the Colonel.

"Making a total of twenty-two hundred dollars," said Philip, "well, they are good sir, and will be paid."

"Oh! I don't question that!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I am sorry to trouble you, I am indeed, but the fact is I am short—must raise five thousand, and I thought you would help me."

Philip was disappointed; he had regarded it as certain that the Colonel would wait on him until the end of the season, and in the mean time his luck might change, or at the worst, he would then try to borrow the amount.

"I really am sorry, Colonel," he replied, "but at present it will be impossible for me to pay."

"Just think a moment," persisted the Colonel, "in your position, with so many wealthy friends, you can easily arrange it."

"I cannot go to my friends just now," replied Philip, mortified at the Colonel's impertinence, "by-and-by, I may do so."

"By-and-by—is not now," answered the Colonel, with more firmness, "these are notes of hand—debts of honor, payable at any moment."

"But it has been customary," said Philip, "to give time on them."

"Time—time," cried the Colonel, in a half sneering manner, "isn't from the middle of November till now, time?"

"I tell you, sir, I have no money," replied Philip, offended at the other's manner, "and I don't know how I can raise it."

"Give me Mr. Macourty's note, I can negotiate it."

"What, sir, commit a forgery?" exclaimed Philip.

"Not at all, you hold the power of attorney, you are authorized to sign his name, and before the paper comes due, you can raise the money to pay it—or, if you are short, I will help you," replied the Colonel.

"It would never do," said Philip, "Mr. Macourty has no notes out and the effort to negotiate one would—"

"Oh! leave that to me," said the Colonel, abruptly, "I'll put it where he will not hear of it, and you can pay it without a soul's knowing it was ever given."

"It will not do, Colonel," said Philip.

"No! well—you told me you always had a good balance in bank?"

"Yes—from ten to a hundred thousand," replied Philip.

"Give me a check for the amount—tear it out of the back of the book—with a large balance like that, no one but yourself and me will know it."

"Can't do it, Colonel—very sorry, but I will not commit a forgery to assist even you," said Philip.

"Forgery! I tell you it is not forgery, you sign the name of the house ten times a day—don't you?" replied the Colonel.

"Sometimes a hundred, but that is in the course of business, and it is for this that I hold authority—any other use of the signature—any that I know Mr. Macourty would disapprove of would be forgery—and I will do nothing of the kind," said Philip, firmly.

"You will not?" inquired the Colonel, in an angry voice.

"No, sir, I will not."

"But I say you will—do you see this," and the Colonel rising from his seat, held towards Philip a revolver.

Philip's face flushed with anger and he made a movement as if he would seize a ruler to knock his visitor down, but after a moment he replied with a scornful smile. "Put up your weapon, Colonel, I am no fool to be frightened by such a display. You are safe here too, for my character has suffered too much already by association with you, for me to wish to blacken it more with your worthless life. Put up your weapon or I'll boot you down stairs."

"So this is the way you pay your debts of honor?" said the Colonel, replacing his pistol in his belt at his back.

"Debts of honor! Debts of dishonor more likely," replied Philip, fiercely, "debts made by submitting to the cheats and tricks of a sharper, a worthless black-leg. You have, showed your hand too soon—I see through you now, as I would through a pane of glass. I don't want to have anything more to do with you, but I'll pay those notes—when I get the money, I will send you word. I will pay them dollar for dollar, although I do not believe you won one cent of them honestly."

"You don't want to know me any more! oh! no! I suppose not," sneered the Colonel, "I'll tell it in every club in town, in every saloon and house, and to every man I know."

"Have a care, Colonel," said Philip, his face flushed and his eyes flashing with anger, "you may out-run even my patience."

"I offered you a way to settle this matter," replied the Colonel, "but you decline it because you do not intend to pay at all. But I'll fix you, I will call on Mr. Macourty and show him what sort of a cashier he has got—what a model young man you are."

This was the Colonel's last resort, and he expected it to crush the young man into immediate submission, but he was mistaken.

"Do so if you like," replied Philip, "Mr. Macourty has been as kind as a father to me, and I would a thousand times rather trust myself in his hands than in yours. Go tell him, but know this, sir—I will tell him myself, yes sir, I will go to him myself, acknowledge the whole truth and offer him my resignation of the position I hold."

"Very likely," said the Colonel, surprised at the turn matters had taken—"but why

should we quarrel over this—I have been hasty, you will pay, I know that—so I acknowledge that I have done wrong and I ask your pardon for what I have said.”

As he said this he advanced towards Philip, offering his hand, but Philip warned him back and answered:

“No! sir! I will have nothing more to do with you, I am glad you called, your conduct has done more to open my eyes, than all the lectures of all the friends I ever knew, could have done.”

“Well, we’ll see,” replied the Colonel, again assuming the offensive, “we’ll see how you will stand in Mr. Macourty’s eyes after my interview with him to-morrow.”

“Again I say I do not care for your threats, Mr. Macourty shall know the whole truth from my own lips, said Philip, “and from this hour I pledge my honor and name that I will never touch a card or play a game of chance again. Go now, and when you meet me, pass by me as if you had never seen me, don’t dare to recognize me under any circumstances. As for the notes, I am not going to borrow money to pay them, nor will I stoop to anything mean or dishonorable to raise it, but I will pay you the full amount as soon as I earn the money to do it with.”

“Pay him now, Philip, pay the rascal and let him go,” said Mr. Macourty, who entered in great excitement.

“My dear sir, let me explain—” said Philip.

“No necessity for words now, pay him,” said Mr. Macourty, interrupting him.

“But sir, the amount is large and I am—” Philip began again.

“I know all about it,” he replied, “yes, sir, I know all about it,” he continued, turning upon the Colonel, and shaking his fist at him, “I know who you are, sir, and if it was not that my young man, my son I will call him, is compromised in the matter, you should not have a dollar. Debts of honor! to an unscrupulous cheat and scoundrel like you! Here, hand over the notes—ah! nice thing this—here’s your money, and I regard it, sir, that every cent of it you have stolen—get out of here now, you have nothing more to expect here, and we have no use for you.”

As he spoke he backed the Colonel out of the door, followed him down stairs and closed the door after him when he went out.

“Well—he’s gone,” said Mr. Macourty when he returned to the office.

“I don’t know how to thank you enough for your kindness,” said Philip, with emotion, and scarcely knowing what to do with himself.

“Philip, my dear boy, I heard your pledge just now, and it pleased me more than an unexpected profit of ten thousand dollars would do,” he replied, kindly patting Philip’s back, “don’t say anything more about it now, I know you feel grateful, but don’t say anything—I’ll take your thanks in your future conduct.”

Philip made no more promises or pledges, but he formed a plan in his own mind, and carried it out. His old comrades, with whom he was a great favorite, were surprised at his refusal to drink with them, and regretted very much, receiving his resignation as a member of the club. They were pleased to see him do well, however, and he lost neither their love or esteem by his adherence to the rule he had made. The good people, especially a few kind hearted souls who always made it a point to know everybody’s business but their own, were surprised to see him in his old place, in Mr. Macourty’s pew on the following Sunday, but as he made it a point to go regularly after that—the novelty wore off, and they had nothing further to say—but to wonder if he would or would not, soon go off on another spree.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Cheerful was preparing to go out to attend to some business. Her dress was of black bombazine, plain and neatly fitting, made without trimming or ornament, a black crape shawl covered her shoulders, and a neat black bonnet, with a long crape veil thrown back, falling gracefully down, brought strongly out the fairness of her complexion, and her mild, sweet face, looked more beautiful under the deep mourning. Presently, Nettie came in to bring her ma a pair of gloves, black silk they were, the child too, was dressed in the most sombre garments and a shade of sadness had settled on her fair young face. What does it mean? Ah! poor thing, they mourn the loss of a protector, and their kindest friend—Mr. Cheerful is dead. The tramp of the little feet, as they rush to meet him on his return from work, each rosy mouth anxious to be kissed

first, will thrill his heart no more. He will come no more with smiles and encouraging words, kisses and caresses to cheer his wife in her weary round of duties, which until now she never felt to be trying and burdensome. The light blue smoke that ascended from his segar, wreathing about his merry face and curling around his head, until the children in glee declared that Papa’s head was on fire, has faded into the light air, and will come again no more, as he will return to gladden their hearts, never, never, never!

“Well, what of that, we must all die,” as the amiable Mr. Alfred Plant would say.

But leaving a wife, so tenderly raised, always so kindly provided for, upon whom he lavished so much love, and six young children—what will become of them?

“Ah! but that’s none of our business, we are not responsible for other men’s families,” as Mr. Alfred Plant would reply, making good the proposition with the solid logic of political economy.

Mr. Cheerful’s death was sudden and unexpected. Some boxes of machinery, for a planter on Red River, had been consigned to the care of the firm, and, as the water was low at the time, the boxes were stored in the upper part of the store. When a rise came, the planter was not ready for the machinery, and it was kept for several months, until his buildings were completed, when in accordance with his instructions they were shipped. They were lowering the boxes, when Samson, who did not notice the quick running of the rope, stooped beneath the hatch-way to pick up some trifle that he saw there. They yelled from above, and those on the lower floor shouted to him to get out of the way, but he did not hear them, and the immense box came thundering down; just as it came within reach, and in a moment more would have crushed the poor negro beneath its ponderous weight, Mr. Cheerful sprang forward, and hurling himself against the box with almost super-human energy, succeeded in swinging it far enough out to save Samson’s life, but at the terrible sacrifice of his own. The great effort he had made caused the rupture of a vital blood vessel, hemorrhage ensued, and although he was taken home, and a physician called at once, the loss of blood was too rapid and severe to admit of effectual assistance and

in a few hours he died. Then came the funeral. “His friends and those of Cane, Plant and Cotton are invited to attend without further notice.”

Dick had been a great favorite, his good qualities were many and fresh in the memory of the people, so that his friends would have made a large company, but when were added, the friends of the great commercial house of Cane, Plant and Cotton, there was an immense crowd. The body was exposed in the parlor, in an elegant mahogany case, with silver mountings, with beautiful floral offerings arranged around, and blessed candles, in finely worked silver candle-sticks, were burning around the coffin. As the friends came, the majority of them, being like the deceased, of the Catholic Faith, made the sign of the Cross and knelt for a moment in silent prayer, supplicating the Great Ruler, to have mercy on the soul that had so recently left its earthly tenement. Their actions and words were as varied as were their looks and ages.

“God rest his soul in peace,” said one lady devoutly kneeling.

“He was the good, kind man entirely,” said an old woman, her tears rolling fast over her withered and care-worn face, “sure it was himself that always wore the heart-warming smile.”

Two gentlemen come to the door and look inquiringly around to see who is there; they then walk around the corpse.

“Look’s natural’s life,” said one.

“Very much so, never saw one more like it,” replied his companion, and with a solemn nod of recognition to those he knew, he walked out with his friend.

“They’ve arranged the coffin nicely,” said a little lady in a brown silk dress, to her companion, a tall, spare figure, with spectacles.

“It will do,” replied her friend, “but they’ve got his hair parted on the wrong side, and I never saw such a bundle of a knot as they have got in his neck-tie.”

Several gentlemen come in together, and stepping forward take a kind and sympathizing look at their friend, some reverently blessing themselves, and all of them much moved at the sight. After a few remarks about the good qualities of the deceased they retire.

Presently Mary McDonald came in, looking pale and sorrowful. She had been with Mrs.

Cheerful since the death of her husband, had assisted in arranging the flowers and candles about the coffin, had worked on the mourning which it was necessary to hastily prepare for the family, and had performed many little duties, small in themselves, but unspeakably grateful to bereaved hearts, at such a time of mourning as this. Then Philip came. He was one of the pall bearers, as was Carl Amber who came with him. They were as handsome, intelligent and refined a couple as could be chosen in the Crescent City. They approached the coffin to look at their friend, spoke in low whispers and then silently joined Mary. Mr. MacVain soon after entered, and kneeling by the corpse, made the blessed sign, said a prayer for the dead, and then, with a quiet recognition of those present, retired. Many others paid similar attentions to the mortal remains, exposed for the last time, to the eyes of this world's people. Then there was a stir in the hall, visitors gave way and with stiff and stately walk, his head erect and the short curling hair combed haughtily away from his broad, cold forehead, Mr. Alfred Plant entered the mourning circle. Casting a look around the room to see who was there worthy of his recognition, he calmly advanced to the bier, looked at his late clerk for a few moments and then retired to the gallery, where he was met by Mr. MacVain, with himself appointed as pall bearers.

"A sad calamity, this," said Mr. MacVain, as they exchanged salutations.

"Yes, it's a bad job," replied the other.

"A noble fellow, he was," said Mr. MacVain.

"That's what the world said," replied Mr. Alfred Plant, coldly, "and he was a very competent book-keeper, but unfit to manage his own affairs, he was careless, thoughtless, and extravagant."

"It was a generous act that cost his life," said Mr. MacVain, surprised at the other's manner and language.

"I think it would have been more generous to have thought of his children and let the cussed nigger be killed," was the reply.

"It is a great pity, I am sorry for his family," said Mr. MacVain.

"Yes—that's the sentiment of the world—weep and cry because people who live beyond their means finally find themselves poor," said Mr. Alfred Plant, in a sneering, haughty man-

ner, "look at the extravagance of this turn out, mahogany coffin, silver plate and a dozen carriages, where's the money to come from to pay for such display."

"Indeed," replied Mr. MacVain, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "the generosity of your firm is so well known that I was sure the whole matter had been planned and arranged by your orders."

"No, sir. I have enough to do to attend to my own affairs," was the cold and dignified reply.

"At such a time," said Mr. MacVain, as if apologizing for the family, "people are not apt to stop to think of economy, but think that the best is not good enough for their loved ones, and indeed I think it is a great misfortune for his poor wife."

"She's young and healthy," replied Mr. Alfred Plant, in an off-hand manner, as if to dismiss the subject, "and she's very good looking—she'll soon marry again."

Mr. MacVain made no reply in words, but his look was full of anger, scorn and contempt, quailing before it even the cool, calculating Mr. Alfred Plant who felt the rebuke and turned away. From that time they were never friends, Mr. MacVain felt a thorough contempt, but little concealed, while Mr. Plant disliked the other from a knowledge of his own inferiority.

The house and yard was by this time filled with those who had come to the funeral, the relations came into the room, the Priest performed the appropriate ceremony of the Church, the last sad farewells were said, the corpse was carried to the hearse, the company entered the carriages and the cortage slowly and solemnly moved away to the St. Louis Cemetery, where, amidst the speechless grief of his family and the silent, heartfelt sorrow of many friends, the remains of Richard Cheerful were laid to rest. In after years the place was often wet with the bitter tears of the loved ones he left behind, and decorated with bouquets and flowers, or a simple wreath of evergreen, by the hand of some person, who remembered and thus acknowledged his unostentatious acts of charity and benevolence.

Mr. Cheerful died in February, and it was now the latter part of April. His business affairs, as was expected, were in very bad order, his liabilities summed up a very large amount and the creditors were pressing in their demands for money. Of all those whom

he had accommodated during his life, many of whom were largely indebted to him at the time of his death, only two had offered to assist his bereaved family. One of these was a baker, who had been started in his business by Mr. Cheerful, and the other was a widow, herself poorly off, to whom he had loaned from time to time, small sums of money.

The time had come when it was impossible for Mrs. Cheerful to satisfy the creditors by asking a further delay and she was therefore preparing to call on some of their old friends to ask their advice and assistance. She directed her steps towards the office of Cane, Plant and Cotton where her husband had served so many years. Mr. Cane was in Europe, and had been absent for nearly a year, so that she knew her business would be with Mr. Plant. She had always received from him the greatest courtesy and respect, and had no doubt but that he would take an active and friendly interest in her affairs.

Mr. Alfred Plant was walking up and down the elegantly furnished private office, his measured step was scarcely audible on the rich carpet that covered the floor, he was without his hat, and the smoke from his cigar, from which he gave at regular intervals, meditative puffs, curled in light clouds around his finely shaped head, as with his hands crossed behind him, he promenaded to and fro, lost in some pleasing dreaming, or conning over some new plan for business or pleasure.

Mrs. Cheerful noticed that a stranger held Dick's old place, for Mr. Plant did not believe in rotation with clerks but always aimed to get the best man for the least possible money, and having long regarded Dick's salary as too high, which he could not change before on account of the opposition to the movement by Mr. Cane, he had filled the place with a new man who would not expect so much as an old hand in the house would have looked for. Mr. Cane being absent he was able to arrange the matter to suit his own views of "political economy."

As he made a turn in his walk Mr. Plant observed his visitor and gracefully offered her a seat, which she accepted. He was quite sociable and friendly, but in a rigid, formal manner.

"Mr. Plant, I have come to ask you for advice and assistance," she said after a few moments conversation, at the word "assistance"

he grew cold and dignified in the extreme, "my business is in a very bad state; we were in debt when poor Dick died, and in order to satisfy these people, until I can earn money, I am compelled to ask a loan."

"Yes—just as I supposed," replied Mr. Plant "what do you propose to do to earn money."

"I was thinking, sir—of opening a school," she replied, with hesitation, for she felt his cold manner, "I could give music lessons, and have hopes of success."

"A school! that's always a woman's resort that or a boardinghouse!" exclaimed Mr. Plant, impatiently.

"What shall I do, sir?" she asked, nervously.

"Do! well, I don't know, can't you get a situation in a millinery store or something of that sort?" he inquired.

"If I do, sir," she answered, "I will still need assistance for a time."

"And I must give it, eh?" he said, with a sneer.

"Well, sir—I thought—perhaps—"

"How much did you want?" he inquired, interrupting her.

"I think with—about five hundred dollars," she answered, "I could pay them all something. I owe about fifteen hundred dollars—"

"And Mr. Cheerful's account was overdrawn with us three hundred dollars," he said, again interrupting her.

"Yes—well, it will all be paid in time," she replied.

"In time! That's mere nonsense. You'll never pay any of it," he said, angrily, "but I suppose you think that I am bound to support you because your husband chanced to work for me. Paid in time! That's what all borrowers say."

"I shall do all I can to accomplish it," she replied.

"All very well, madam, all very well," he said, haughtily, "but I cannot assist you. It would be against the principles of political economy to encourage living spendthrifts by supporting the family of a dead one, and it would be no kindness to you to encourage you in going into debt."

"I shall try to work out of debt, sir," she answered.

"Yes, but you can't," he said, abruptly. "Your husband ought to have been ashamed of himself for going in debt, and now what a fix



you are left in; it was nothing but criminal extravagance in him to do it."

"I did not come to hear the memory of my husband insulted," said Mrs. Cheerful, rising to her feet. "He was a good, kind, generous man."

"Very generous," said he, with a sneer, "to spend all he earned and leave you and your children to be supported by me."

"You have not done much towards it yet," she said, "and I do not wish you to do more."

"Oh, here is ten dollars," he replied, in a condescending manner, "and I may give more by-and-by."

"Keep your money, sir, none of it will ever pass through my hands," she said, in a calm, dignified manner. "Dick Cheerful had earned his thousands before you had gained the dignity of a third class clerk, and he was, through life, in all relations, what you can never be—a gentleman."

As she finished speaking she turned and left the room, but had not gone far before he called her back.

"She's a d—d pretty woman," he said, in communion with himself. "A little flirtation would be exciting for a change."

"Here, Mrs. Cheerful—really—" he said, as she returned to the office "if you must have this money—why—I will give it to you, and—I'll call to see how you get along in a day or two."

"A peculiar light was playing in his eyes, and a hypocritical smile spread over his face. With the innate feeling of self-protection always the companion of virtue, Mrs. Cheerful drew back from him and indignantly replied: "Not one dollar would I take from you if the possession of it should purchase me ease and comfort for the remainder of my life. I am sorry that I wronged my feelings by coming here. You have insulted and slandered the memory of my husband, and I pray God that His malediction may follow you for it. Keep your money; treasure it in your heart; draw your soul more into your miserable self, if it is possible, and live, as you always have, on your own admirations. But don't come near me; never cross the threshold of my house, nor recognize me in the street. I would not even speak to a man for whom I felt the thorough contempt and loathing that I do for you."

She was not like herself, her face flushed,

her eyes flashed with anger, and her whole manner became haughty and dignified, as she looked for a moment at the baffled *roue* and then retired, leaving him to his own thoughts and fancies.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The summer season being at hand, the "floating population" of the Crescent city, those who had made fair profits in business during the season, the capitalists and property-holders who had gathered in fine rents and dividends, and the clerks, mechanics and artisans, who had saved the splendid wages that had rewarded their labors, were preparing to go North or Westward to spend or invest their "balances," thus leaving the Crescent City thousands of dollars poorer, and furnishing a cogent reason for the continued existence of the swamps and forests, and the non-improvement of the hundreds of beautiful sites for country seats, gulf and lake coast residences in the neighborhood of that city.

Mr. Macourty was one of those who believed in home improvements. His surplus capital was invested in real estate and stocks of his own State and city, and his summer retreat was on the lake coast, as well improved, pleasant and healthy a location as could have been found in any part of the Union.

As he sat at the tea table, his family around him, they were talking over their departure for Biloxi, and each one had some happy suggestion to make about the arrangements.

"I think you ought to send over a new piano," said Cecelia, "the one we had last year was about played out."

"I don't think you played it out," said young George, "for you hardly ever touch a piano."

"Yes I do," replied Cecelia, sharply, "I play as good as Annie."

"Well, I'll see about it," said Mr. Macourty, drawing from his coat pocket a large package, neatly tied up.

"What is that, my dear?" inquired his wife.

"It is three thousand dollars, for Jones," he replied. "He will be here in the morning for it."

"Why did he not go to the store for it?"

"Well, he is not much of a business man and

preferred coming here," he replied. "The deeds for the lots are all made out and signed, so I told him to come here and get his money, as he wanted it that way."

The conversation was continued until the meal was over, turning on various subjects of interest at the time. When they were retiring at night, Mrs. Macourty remarked that "Mrs. McDonald's family would leave on Wednesday for the North."

"Yes; Philip is going as far as Montgomery with them," he replied.

"I am sure it will be a pleasant trip for him," she said.

"I am glad he is going," he replied. "He needs some recreation. It will do him good."

"He came out all right after all, did he not?" she said, with a triumphant smile.

"My dear, I am as much gratified at the fact as you are."

"I know it, George," she replied.

"Yes, if Philip was my own son I could not think more of him than I do," he said, earnestly, "and I am proud to say that he is all that I could wish, and, by the way, I got a letter from Len Browsee to-day."

"Ah! is he coming home?"

"No; he likes the country so well that he has written to have his mother and sisters come over," he replied, "and I have been thinking of establishing a branch house there. Len has recovered his health, he says, so that he can attend to business, and he likes the idea of a branch house, which I have no doubt would be very successful."

"He is a careful, good man," said Mrs. Macourty, "and will manage the business properly, I know."

"Yes; I think so, and shall make arrangements to send his folks over and remit him funds to commence business there."

"That reminds me," said his wife, with a sudden start, "what did you do with that package of money?"

"It is here," he replied, laughing, "and I will stick it under the foot of the mattress. No one will ever think of looking there for it, even if such a thing was possible that any one would come at all."

While they were in the sitting room next morning, Mr. Macourty reading aloud such items from the morning paper as were of interest, one of the servants came in and an-

nounced that Mr. Jones was waiting in the parlor.

"By George, the money is up stairs yet!" exclaimed Mr. Macourty, and he ran up stairs for it, but soon called out to his wife to know if she had taken it. Mrs. Macourty hurried up stairs and said she had not seen it since the night before. They searched the bed, armoire, bureau, everywhere, but it was gone. All the servants were questioned, and the children were called in and asked if they knew anything about it. The search was fruitless. Mr. Macourty knew that he had placed it between the mattresses at the foot of the bed and that he had not seen it since, yet it could nowhere be found. There was no way for it but to ask Mr. Jones into breakfast and then take him down town and pay him there.

That evening Cecelia called at M. Le Crasseaux's, and, as was usual in pleasant weather, she and Felix went out for a promenade. Ever since her short residence at Le Crasseaux's it had been a settled thing with the neighbors that "it was to be a match." These rumors had reached Mrs. Macourty, who remonstrated with Cecelia, telling her that there were many good young men who visited the house that she would prefer to see her marry, pointing out Felix's indolent, unsteady character, his lack of energy and perseverance, and exercising all her arts of persuasion to prevent the match. But Cecelia was only made stronger in her determination by this advice, and constantly thought herself the most abused of human beings. Mr. Macourty had joined his wife in her opposition at first, but, finding the girl headstrong, had privately told her that he thought it best to give Felix a little start in business and let them go ahead. This his wife, being unwilling to give up her efforts to change Cecelia's mind, had kept to herself.

But Felix had never told his love. All that Cecelia knew was merely by inference from his actions and the talk of the neighbors. She had often endeavored to "draw him out" but all the satisfaction she could get was that "he was too poor to marry, if he had a little money he knew who he would ask to be his wife." Although it pleased him to have the neighbors joke him about Cecelia, he boasted that he had never told her that he loved her, never had hinted at such a thing and did not know how she could think it.

The fact was that the wily young Creole thought Cecelia was a very nice girl, and as he had no particular choice, he was waiting to see what her adopted parents would do for her, when, if he was satisfied with the arrangements, he had no doubt he could very easily come to an understanding with her.

Cecelia was now determined to have the matter settled, and as they walked leisurely along towards Lafayette Square, she led him over to one of the benches, and there, while the moon shone out brightly and the evening breezes blew soft and cool, she renewed the attack.

"Wouldn't it be pleasant," she said, in a confiding tone, "to have a nice little home of your own, where you could be comfortable and happy after the toils of the day?"

"Yes—that would be good."

"Wouldn't it be nice," she continued, leaning on his arm, "to run off to Mobile and get married, then go North for a month or two and then return?"

"But that would take money," he answered, carelessly.

"How much would you want to commence on?" she asked, looking earnestly into his face.

"Oh, to commence right, a man ought to have—" he answered, in a calculating manner, "well—twelve or fifteen hundred dollars—more than I expect to have for—a long time."

"Is that all?" she asked, in surprise. "I've got more than that."

"You have!"

"Yes; I've got three thousand dollars!" she triumphantly answered.

"Where is it? How did you get it?" he inquired, his whole manner changed and he became at once all interest and attention.

"Never mind how I got it," she replied, "I've got it, and it's mine. I received it from an uncle of mine in New York and I want to go on to see him."

"Where is it?" he asked again.

"Oh, you don't believe I've got it," she said, taking from her bosom the package that Mr. Macourty had missed in the morning, "see, here it is."

"They look nice, don't they?" he said, picking up two bills of twenty dollars each, "you had better let me keep it for you."

"No you don't!" she exclaimed, hastily returning the package to its hiding place, "you can have that forty dollars to buy your

wedding suit, but I'll keep the rest until we're married."

"Oh, you may lose it," he urged. "Give me the package, and, to-morrow I'll put all that we don't want in the bank, where it will be safe."

"No, sir, there's no use talking," she replied, firmly, "it will be time enough for you to have it when we are married."

The more Felix talked the more explicit she grew about the terms on which she would surrender the money and he finally agreed to her arrangements.

During that night she removed her clothes from Mrs. Macourty's and he took his from his uncle's house, both parcels being left at the house of the milk-man who served Mr. Macourty's family with milk. About twelve o'clock next day Cecelia said she wanted to make some calls, and Mrs. Macourty offered no opposition to her going. About half past two she drove up in a carriage to the house of the milk-man, where Felix was waiting for her, and, after putting on their baggage, they drove off for the Pontchartrain Railroad. The next day, about noon, they arrived at Mobile and before dinner time they were married. Cecelia was greatly elated at her success in getting away without being suspected of any such design, and Felix was equally well pleased at the prospect of soon having, what seemed to him, an unlimited supply of money.

"You are my wife now, Cecelia," said Felix, as they sat in their room at the "Battle House," "and I am sure our life will be one of true happiness."

"I hope so," said Cecelia, producing a bag that jingled pleasantly to his ears, "and as you are the man you had better carry the money; you will find our tickets to New York in there, too."

He thanked her, and, eagerly seizing the bag, turned the gold out on the table and counted it over.

"Why, there is only a little over five hundred dollars here," he said, with a disappointed air, "I thought you said you had three thousand."

"So I did; but we are going to New York, ain't we?" she replied. "Well, that's enough to take us on and back, and if we had more we might spend it or lose it, so I just put twenty-four hundred in bank before I left home, and that'll be there when we get back."

"You are right," he said, feeling that it would do no good to say anything else, "and it was very wise in you to do it."

As they were walking along the street next day, Felix lagging behind, Cecelia met Philip, who was returning to New Orleans, after accompanying the McDonald's as far as Montgomery.

"Why, Cecelia, what are you doing over here?" said Philip.

"I am on my way to New York," she replied.

"The deuce you are," he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, I am," she answered and, turning to Felix, who just then came up, she said, "and this is my husband."

Philip was much surprised, but, as it was none of his business, he merely congratulated them, wished them much happiness and passed on. Arriving in New Orleans, he informed Mr. Macourty of his meeting with Cecelia, and, for the first time that gentleman formed a correct suspicion of where his lost money had gone. Although he felt very indignant at the ungrateful girl, he said nothing about the matter, but concluded, as he told his wife, that he had got rid of her cheap.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Percy MacVain, having met a severe disappointment in his courtship with Mary, had returned again to his search after Mrs. Macourty's lost child, and displayed even more energy than before. But the time had passed when he could reasonably hope for success. If living, the lost one was no longer a child, but a woman in years, and in all probability so changed that none of her relatives ever would know her. He called again on Mr. Emanuel, but received no satisfaction. The pawn-broker said that his clerk, a stupid fellow that he seldom left in his store alone, had told him the day before, when he came in after a few moments' absence, that a young lady had called and looked at all the crosses in the store, but went away without buying, as she said the one she wanted was not there. He thought that she was merely a "shopper," and had, therefore, paid no attention to her appearance, and could tell nothing more about the matter. Mr. MacVain, in his own mind, entered up the judgment that this was the person for whom

he was looking, but as she had been disappointed in her search, the probabilities were that she would not come again. Reluctantly admitting this view of the case he left the store and turned his steps towards the Astor House, where Mr. McDonald's folks were staying at the time. As he walked down the street, a gentleman on the other side, turned to the lady with him and said.

"Cecelia, there goes Mr. MacVain."

"Mr. MacVain—who is he?"

"Why, he's a great friend of Mr. Macourty, don't you know him?"

"No, I never would go into the parlor when he called there," she replied, "although I remember hearing them speak of him."

Felix Le Crasseaux and his bride went on their way, she pointing out to him many objects of interest that she remembered, and telling him of some of the grand displays she had seen in the city.

When Mr. MacVain called at Mr. McDonald's rooms, he found them all well and much pleased to see him.

"Let me introduce to you my old friend, Mr. Sellwell," said Mary to him, and that gentleman stepped forward and gave him a warm reception.

"Happy to see you, Mr. MacVain," said Mr. Sellwell.

"And I am glad to see you," said the other and, after a closer look, he continued, "do you ever practice pistol shooting now?"

"What! upon my word! why, I didn't recognize you," said Sam.

"I seldom forget faces," replied Mr. MacVain, "although I am not as good at remembering names."

"You are not married yet Mr. Sellwell?" inquired Mrs. McDonald.

"Not I, indeed," said Sam, gaily. "It would be a sin to inflict such a punishment as myself on any lady."

"Now, that is the way people talk," replied Mrs. McDonald, "when they are on the point of committing matrimony."

"Indeed, you are wrong, persisted Sam.

"Mr. McDonald came in just then, and was pleased to see the visitors and joined in the conversation.

"You have not made up your mind to visit our city yet," he said to Sam.

"Well, not exactly" replied Sam. "The

fact is, I am afraid of your friend Yellow Jack, as you call him."

"Ah! ha! yellow fever, eh?" said Mr. McDonald, "oh! he wouldn't trouble you, he knows our friends."

"I think I might have gone out there but for that," said Sam.

"I assure you we don't think yellow fever as dangerous as many other diseases that you have here and elsewhere," replied Mr. McDonald.

"It depends almost entirely on the nursing and attendance that the patient receives," said Mrs. McDonald.

"Certainly," said MacVain.

"If you come out you shall have the best of care if you are sick," said Mrs. McDonald, "and, although I am not much skilled in medicines, I am sure we would help you through a fight with the saffron gentleman."

"I will think it over," replied Sam.

After an hour or two passed thus in friendly conversation they parted. Mr. McDonald had acknowledged Sam's kindness to Mary by several valuable presents, and had offered to do more, but Sam positively refused to accept the favor, threatening, if the subject was again referred to, he would be very much insulted.

The autumn brought the usual tide of returning citizens and strangers to New Orleans. Cecelia's first business on her return home, was to purchase, in her own name, a lot of ground, with a small cottage on it, which, with the furniture she bought, took up nearly one half of her reserve fund. Felix had a notion of cabinet-making, repairing furniture, etc., and she gave him the balance of the money to start a shop in that line; before doing so, however, she required of him a marriage contract acknowledging the receipt of the money from her. She had got comfortably settled in her new home when Mr. Macourty called on her and congratulated her on her happy union.

"The money which you took from me," he said, "you are welcome to. Had you come to me and told your determination to marry, I would have done better by you; but, as you chose to help yourself, I shall accept the bargain as it stands."

Finding herself detected, Cecelia made no effort to deny the charge, but thanked him for his kindness and invited him to call often.

The neighbors were now satisfied. The

question of the match between Felix and Cecelia was settled, and they had very little further to say about them, and when they did talk, they found a match in Cecelia, who was able to hold her own with the best gossip of them all.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

All Saints' Day, one of the greatest holy days of the year's calendar in the Catholic city of New Orleans, dawned cold and cloudless on the city, bringing to thousands of hearts and homes sorrowful memories of the loved and lost, and the whole city, as if with one accord, came forth to visit the "Cities of the Dead," and express their deep regrets and cherished loves for the silent sleepers, resting there from the cares and troubles of this changing world.

To the stranger who chanced to be within the Crescent City it is a strange, solemn, yet pleasing sight, to see the unanimity of feeling amongst her citizens that prompts them thus to visit the homes of the dead, decorating the places where their friends repose, and treating with reverence the humblest grave, whose occupant, long since forgotten, perhaps with no friends left to tell over his virtues, is now numbered with the long list of "unknown."

No other holy day, or holiday, in the year's circle, so thoroughly enlists the hearts and sympathies of the people as this, the first day of November, known in the Church as All Saints' Day.

Business is almost entirely suspended, the clerks, even of the most exacting employers, are allowed an hour or two, and the streets are thronged from morning to night by crowds of people of both sexes, of all ages, conditions and nativities, going to and fro between the different cemeteries.

In the depot of the Carrollton Railroad there was a fruit stand, kept by a young Italian, then almost a stranger in the city. One end of his counter was cleared up, a white cloth with a neatly fringed border was spread over it, on which lay a bunch of rare and beautiful flowers, and a long, tapering candle was burning beside it.

"What does this mean?" inquired a passer-by of the young man.

"For my mother, sir," the Italian reverently replied, "I cannot visit her grave, for she rests in my own native country, 'yet I can remember her here.'"

What a touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of his mother! Thousands of miles separated him from the soil that held her cherished form; the deep ocean rolled between them; he was a stranger in a strange land; friendless and alone, yet his heart was full of the memory of the past, and, although he might not decorate the little green mound, he could not forget her affection and care. In his far distant native land her body reposes, but the spirit of that mother hovers in eternal love over the path of her affectionate son.

In all the cemeteries, Protestant as well as Catholic, Odd Fellows', Masonic and Firemen's, the graves were decorated, the mementoes, consisting of every ornament that love and devotedness could suggest. The tombs were newly whitewashed, the railings enclosing those buried in "mother earth" were repainted, the slabs and head boards were washed or newly varnished, fresh sods were laid and choice flowers planted around the sacred places.

On the tombs and graves were placed bouquets of the rarest and most fragrant flowers, the funeral wreath, evergreens in crosses and wreaths, *immortelles*, flowers in vases, statuettes representing faith, hope and charity, and an innumerable number of miscellaneous ornaments. Everywhere the living were to be seen coming with their offerings, or already arrived, arranging, in the most appropriate and tasteful manner, the decorations over the resting places of deceased friends, while thousands of visitors crowded every avenue by which "God's Acre" was intersected, divided and arranged.

Mounds of earth, tombs of brick, granite and marble attracted attention on every hand, many of them the receptacles of some of the oldest inhabitants of the city, some of the families being wholly extinct. Here were monuments and cenotaphs to the old citizens and cherished sons of the State, who, when living, had, by their acts, illuminated the page of history, or left a name for charity and the good deeds that enshrined them in the hearts of their fellow citizens. Affectionate tributes were everywhere seen and many beautiful inscriptions were displayed, one of

which would with appropriate meaning apply to all:

"A household tomb, to faith how dear—  
A part have gone, part linger here;  
United all in love and hope,  
A household still."

In the immense throngs that were going and coming, it would be impossible to describe all the beautiful scenes that occurred. But in the Cemeteries of St. Louis, the oldest in the city, the custom was best observed, here the observance of the day was a duty and developed into a true Christian sacrifice.

Three ladies, followed by a colored servant, with a basket filled with flowers, entered and going to an elegant marble tomb, the front of which rested on pillars of the same stone, where art had modelled beautiful figures and inscribed a glowing epitaph, the ladies with delicate taste adorned the tomb with the flowers, and then devoutly knelt in prayer.

A family group came in, and one, a little child of scarce four years, carried a beautiful bouquet of violets, tripping along, it at last stopped before a modest looking tomb and left the flowers for "little brother," who washed himself a flower in Heaven. The mother knelt and tears chased each other down her cheeks, as she thought of the little curly head that for a brief time nestled on her breast.

And there comes, with light elastic step, form erect and cheeks glowing with youthful health and beauty, a lady scarcely yet reached her twentieth year, yet the sombre weeds of a widow, cloth her form, the long crape veil, crape collar and bonnet, and all the other signs of recent bereavement are hers. She pauses before a recently opened tomb, the plaster that sealed it up is not yet dry, and here she kneels to weep and pray. The folds were not yet out of her bridal costume, when she donned the garb of a mourner, a maiden wife and widow, all in the short period of one month.

We say that this grief will be assuaged by passing years, the smile will come again, the lips will become mobile once more, and the bloom of happiness will chase the paleness from her cheeks. Truly, we say, it is a merciful provision that time dries all tears, soothes the wounded heart and heals all sorrows.

Pause a moment in the judgment.

Here comes leaning his tottering form on his heavy cane, a man, on whom the suns of near-

ly eighty summers have shone. His hair, white and soft as silken floss, falls over his shoulders, his head is bent down, and his face has been browned by exposure and furrowed with trouble and care. He frequently pauses in his walk, for he is old and feeble, and he reads as he passes along the inscriptions by the way. Ah! so many die young, yet he is left to wander and mourn alone, for all of his circle have gone before him. At last he pauses before an old brick tomb, around which wild shrubs and rank grass are growing, and over its sides the green moss clusters here and there—we should say it was neglected and that the occupants were all long since forgotten, but that we see him there, and the *immortelles* that he has bought to hang on the old tomb. There are six wreaths, simple and plain, but of different sizes, and there are six occupants in this house of the dead. The largest wreath is in memory of the wife and mother, who sleeps side by side with her five children, for whom the smaller wreaths are mementoes. Having arranged his offering, the old man leans upon the tomb and seems lost in reveries of the past, while tears course their way down his wrinkled cheeks; the passers by, all things are unnoticed and uncared for by him. We quietly steal to his side and read the simple inscriptions on the old tomb, and start back surprised, for the last of those silent sleepers, was laid away to rest full thirty years ago!

What! do human grief and human constancy last so long?

Early in the forenoon Mrs. Cheerful and the children went to the St. Louis Cemetery, taking each one a bouquet or wreath, which they placed upon the plain and unpretending tomb that contained the remains of Mr. Cheerful. A plain, marble-slab, bore his name, place and date of birth and death, and a modest tribute to his virtues as a husband and father and his upright character as a citizen.

After decorating the tomb, Mrs. Cheerful, with the children around her, knelt and offered up their petitions to Our Heavenly Father for the soul of their loved one. These devotions over, they all arose and after a longing look at the tomb, turned to go away. Just then a gentleman who had been respectfully waiting at a distance for them to leave, came forward and placed on the vault an elegant bouquet.

Mrs. Cheerful happened to look back and witnessed the action, and recognized Mr. MacVain, who, seeing that he was observed came forward and spoke to her, and then to each of the children in a kind and friendly manner.

"I was coming up to see you tomorrow," he said as they walked on, "I only got home two or three days ago."

"I am glad to see you Mr. MacVain," she replied.

"I wished to speak to you," he said, in the most friendly tone, "about business. I have heard of your interview last spring with Mr. Plant and the unkind answer he gave you, and I much regret that I did not know of it sooner. Your husband and I were good friends, more so perhaps than you knew of, and it will be a great pleasure to me to see that his family are well provided for."

"I thank you Mr. MacVain," she replied, "but I have commenced a school and hope to meet with success—"

"Excuse me," he said, interrupting her, "I do not wish to be offensive or to intrude, what I offer is based on my high esteem of your excellent husband, and the deep respect I feel for yourself. I have no doubt but that in time you will succeed with your school but for the present you will need assistance. I have heard the whole story of your troubles and truly sympathize with you for the vexations you have had, but you must not feel backward about accepting help from me. Should you succeed as you hope to and as you deserve, you can repay me, but otherwise it must never give you the least uneasiness."

They conversed further about her business as they walked towards Canal street and Mr. MacVain promised that he would arrange everything properly and in such a manner that she would be troubled no more.

Although Mr. MacVain acted in the kindest and most delicate manner and was thoughtful and respectful in all he said, it was a great mortification to her to be compelled to accept assistance, but there was no alternative between that and seeing her children turned on the street, for Mr. Shavier who held Mr. Cheerful's note for a thousand dollars had already obtained judgment for the amount.

She had just laid aside her bonnet and shawl, after returning home, when Mary McDonald called to see her.

"I am so glad to see you, Mary, dear," she said, "for I have been in great trouble the past few days, and this visit to poor Dick's grave has recalled so many joys and pleasures that can come again no more. Oh! I am so glad that my dear, kind, good husband cannot know of the trouble and mortification, the terrible sorrow that I have had since his death, it would make him so miserable. He was always so thoughtful, so gentle and loving and now to think of him, in that narrow cell."

Mrs. Cheerful gave way to the sorrow that filled her heart, for a time she sat almost motionless, her face buried in her hands, while she cried bitterly over her terrible bereavement. Tears did her good, and after them, she looked up relieved and more composed.

"He is not in that narrow cell," said Mary, soothingly, "only the body, the earthly clay lies there, immortal spirit, the soul which God gave, relieved from worldly cares and ailments, is now rejoicing in the realms of bliss. We know that he was a just and upright man, living in the fear and love of our Heavenly Father. That charity for others which he practiced with an open hand will be returned to him now many, many times over, and as he lived and walked in the ways of our Holy Church and died with faith and confidence in the intercession of Our Holy Mother and the mercy of Him who died on the Cross, we know that he is now receiving his rich reward with those who surround the eternal throne, where the love, power and splendor of the Holy Trinity are sung in anthems of praise, and the voice that we loved to hear so much here on earth is yet more clear and harmonious in that Heavenly choir."

"There, Mary, darling, very true, but it so hard to lose one so dear to us," replied Mrs. Cheerful.

"It is natural and it is right that we should mourn the loss of those who are near and dear to us," said Mary, while her face beamed with the holy faith that filled her soul, "yet we should remember that after a well spent life, our loss is indeed their gain, and while we feel poignant grief for their departure, we should turn with confidence to mother Church for strength and consolation, for truly the Catholic faith is an anchor and safeguard to those who are oppressed with sorrow and bereavement. How soothing to the torn heart are a few moments of devout prayer and medi-

tation in a quiet holy church before the altar of the Blessed Mary, or in the seclusion of your own room before the emblem of salvation."

"God bless, you, Mary," replied Mrs. Cheerful, "you are always so comforting, you direct my thoughts in the way they ought to go and I sometimes wonder that one so young and gay can appreciate sorrow as you do."

"I have seen it myself, have lost dear friends and have been in deep trouble too," said Mary, and then changing the subject she continued, "but you wanted to see me."

"I want you to help me arrange Dick's papers," replied Mrs. Cheerful. "I never have mustered courage to touch them and there they are in his desk just as he left them."

"When do you wish it done?"

"Any time, whenever you have leisure."

"I will help you now, if it will be convenient for you," replied Mary, and the offer was at once accepted.

One of the children brought a bunch of keys one of which unlocked "Papa's desk," and the turning over, examination and assortment of Dick's accounts, letters and papers was begun. Having been a book-keeper he had kept everybody's papers straight but his own and they were all mixed through each other. Here were old bills from the time he served as "mud clerk" on the Mississippi, bills of fare and other papers connected, with his trips as first clerk in the Louisville trade, letters from passengers who had traveled with him and returned thanks for courtesies shown them, the portraits of numerous passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, who had grown enthusiastically friendly during their voyage, copies of old songs, violin strings, sheet music, half worn cravats, and some dozen or more due bills from men to whom he had made loans of money.

"These you ought to give to Mr. MacVain," said Mary, as she came to some of the last mentioned articles, "as he has promised to attend to your business, he might get something for them."

"Just leave them out then, Mary," replied Mrs. Cheerful, "and I will show them to him."

"Mamma, there is a gentleman in the parlor wishes to see you," said one of the children.

"Very well, dear, tell him I am coming," her mother replied, preparing to go.

"What is this?" asked Mary, as she opened



a neatly done up package and drew out a formal looking document, "a policy of insurance?"

"I suppose it is," replied Mrs. Cheerful, "we always had our furniture insured, Dick said it was best to do so," and she went to the parlor to see what the gentleman wanted.

"Mrs. Cheerful?" said the gentleman, rising and politely bowing to her.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Bloss, madam, Henry Bloss, attorney-at-law."

Mrs. Cheerful felt her cheeks pale, and a chill passed over her as she thought of the suit Mr. Shavner had brought against her, for the thousand dollars Dick owed him.

"Be seated Mr. Bloss," she replied, recovering herself, "you wish to see me on business."

"Yes, madam."

"Proceed, I am ready."

"You wrote, madam, some six weeks ago," he replied, "to Mr. William Belden of New York, advising him of your husband's death."

"I did, sir, my husband used to send him money to be paid to an aunt residing near New York. I should have written sooner but I had forgotten his address."

"Yes, madam, he informed that you said so and wrote to me as an old friend of his to attend to the business. I should have called sooner but I was in Baton Rouge on affairs of my own."

"Yes, sir! What business did he wish you to attend to?"

"Then you really knew nothing about it? Why, bless my soul, here's a pleasant surprise!"

"Surprise! What surprise?" inquired Mrs. Cheerful. "Is his aunt coming out here?"

"Aunt! There is no aunt about it," he replied. "The money that Mr. Cheerful remitted so regularly to Mr. Belden was not for his aunt at all."

"Not for his aunt! You are mistaken, sir."

"No, madam, I am not. The fact is, that when Mr. Cheerful was in New York, some years ago, he had his life insured, and Mr. Belden acted as his agent in paying the annual premiums."

"His life insured?"

"Yes, madam, that's what he did. He got ten thousand dollars in the Good Provision Company, of which Mr. Belden is president,

and ten in the Family Protecting, and five each in the All Right and Forethought Companies—making in all thirty thousand dollars."

"You surprise me, sir."

"I expect so, madam. You see, Mr. Belden became acquainted with Mr. Cheerful through some mutual friends in New York, and introduced to him the advantages of life assurance. Mr. Cheerful, with his usual good judgment—for I knew your husband well—entered into the matter at once, and the premiums have been regularly paid ever since. Something like five or six hundred dollars a year it was."

"Yes, I remember well," replied Mrs. Cheerful, "and he told me it was for an old aunt of his. The fact is, I had opposed his desire to get his life insured, and I suppose he thought it would worry me if he told me he had done it, although since his death I have thought I was wrong in keeping him from doing so."

"Well, as soon as Mr. Belden received your letter he called on the other companies interested, and he now writes me to pay you five thousand dollars on account, and send on the legal proofs of Mr. Cheerful's death when the balance of the money will be remitted at once."

"I hardly know what to say. I am much surprised at this good fortune."

"If Mr. Belden had been written to sooner you would have had this money long ago," replied Mr. Bloss; "as it is, here is a check for the five thousand dollars, and the balance will soon come."

The business was arranged. Mr. Bloss retired, promising to call again as soon as he heard from New York, and Mrs. Cheerful returned to Mary.

"See, Mrs. Cheerful," said Mary, as she entered, "these are not fire policies, but life insurance policies, and they have been regularly renewed. Here are the receipts."

"I know, my dear," replied Mrs. Cheerful; "the gentleman who called just now came about that. Here is a check for five thousand dollars on account, and he says the remainder will be here in about three weeks, as soon as certain documents needed in the case can be sent on and answered."

When Mr. MacVain called on the day following, Mrs. Cheerful gave him the check and an account of the interview with Mr. Bloss. All the papers were placed in his hands, with a list of the amounts she owed, including the three hundred dollars due Cane, Plant & Cot-

ton, and all of these debts were paid at once. By the advice of Mr. MacVain she purchased a nice little place where her family would have a comfortable home, and the remainder, with that soon received from New York, was well and judiciously invested.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

At the time that our story opened the chronicles of the day were lamenting that the ancient spirit of the Carnival time had disappeared and that Mardi Gras day, the grand finale of the season of pleasure had been given over to a crowd of roughs; that half grown youths, neither men nor boys, had usurped the observance of a day that had once been a time of joyous hilarity, and had turned it into a rioting scene of rowdyism and buffoonery, often throwing mud, bricks and other dangerous missiles, covering the unlucky passer by with flour or worse still, white sand and lime, endangering the life and health of their victims.

The progress of our narrative has brought us to a more pleasant time, the over grown boys act with more propriety, and the rowdies have retired altogether or keep within bounds, and the ancient feeling that made the day one of so much pleasure, has returned with renewed strength. For two or three weeks mysteriously delivered envelopes, enclosing cards of rare beauty and taste had been circulating in the Crescent City, commanding the recipients to appear at the Gaiety Theatre on Mardi Gras night, Tuesday, February 16th 1858, there to meet Comus, the God of Festivity and his Mystic Krewe. The secrecy observed by the Krewe and the fact that all the invitations were complimentary and not transferable, gave the affair additional interest, and the fair ladies and gallant beaux of the city were on the *qui vive*, anxiously expecting, each one, that their invitations would come next. When Philip received his, he scrutinized it carefully and exclaimed "That's from Mr. MacVain, I'll bet."

The Krewe, which has since become a cherished institution with the good people of our Southern Metropolis, had made their first appearance the preceding year with so much success, that their second festival was looked

forward to with great delight, and although a thousand tongues asked, "Who are the Mystic Krewe of Comus?" there was not one to answer with the certainty that he was correct. The knowing ones, nodded their heads, looked wise and pointed in the direction of the Delta Club, but who ever they might be, all were agreed that they were gentlemen of wealth, for that was proven by the expensive and brilliant costumes they wore and the freedom with which they dispensed their favors, that they were men of education and refinement, because of the good taste displayed in the selection of subjects for their parades and the appropriateness of all the appointments relating to their exhibitions, and that they were men of public spirit was evident from the fact of their endeavors to add to the enjoyment of the masses by their elegant torch-light processions through the streets, restoring to the festival much of that ancient glory, the departure of which had been a cause of regret to all.

The day was warm, bright and beautiful and the services at the different churches were well attended. As the morrow would usher in the season of Lent, given up to religious observances, when all festivities and public amusements would be abandoned for the time, it is not strange that the Carnival season should culminate on Mardi Gras day, with all sorts of innocent amusements, out of doors and in doors, grotesque processions, practical jokes and a universal abandon to festivity and merry making. The stores were kept open it is true, but very little restraint was placed on the employees, and both merchants and their clerks, were most of the day around their store doors, or on the streets looking at the sights. Everywhere maskers were to be seen, singly and in groups, representing an endless variety of characters, from his Majesty of the Realms Below, to the gay cavalier of ancient times.

A troop of dusty savages, in war paint and eagle plumes, mounted on spirited horses, rode through the city, wheeling here and there, uttering the wild "whoop" and going through other evolutions peculiar to the warriors of the forest.

Numerous groups in express and baggage wagons drove through the city, some dressed as clowns, some as knights, others as gentle-

men of court circles, old men in spectacles, and Yankees in long-tailed coats.

The streets were full of people, young and old, rich and poor, all seemed to enter with spirit into the amusements of the day.

At the elegant rooms of the Delta Club, composed of the "solid men" of the city, the gathering was large and members were continually going and coming, all of them disposed to make a holiday of the occasion.

"Hillo, Plant, how are you old boy," said a gentleman just coming in.

"Why, Dan, I thought you were out in mask" answered Mr. Plant.

"Not I! the programme of to-night will be enough for me," he replied, "come let's have a bottle of wine, and drink to the church, the state and the people."

As he said this in a jocular tone, the wine was produced and Mr. Plant joined him. Dan Rockett, was one of the most social members of the favored circle, familiar with every one, his familiarity was so well timed and genial as to be acceptable to even the most reserved and dignified. When their glasses were filled Mr. Rockett observed Mr. MacVain enter, and seizing him by the arm, drew him over to the bar. "Come join us, Percy," he said, "we are doing the honors to the day."

Mr. MacVain joined them, and between himself and Mr. Plant, a formal bow of recognition passed.

"I say, Percy, who was that young lady I saw you speak to just now on Canal street?" inquired Dan.

"The young one was Miss Annie Macourty."

"No, no, the tall one, by jove she's a queen in splendor and beauty."

"That was Miss Mary MacDonald, Robert McDonald's daughter," replied Mr. MacVain, "she is to be married during the Easter holidays to young Cummings."

"Eh, Gad! he's a lucky dog," said Dan, "for she is a charming lady in appearance, and will have plenty of rhino to boot. Here's to Phil's choice, and all happiness go with them."

All drank but Mr. Plant who stopped at his wine, held it up to look through it and again tasted it, Mr. Rockett turned away to speak to another friend, when Mr. Plant said something a low tone which he did not hear, but which Mr. MacVain answered with, "That's a lie, sir, and you know it."

"You're a———" said Mr. Plant, throwing the contents of his glass in MacVain's face, which was immediately answered by a blow from MacVain which felled him to the floor. Other gentlemen at once interfered to prevent any further hostile demonstrations.

"Stand back, Percy—my God gentlemen this won't do," cried Mr. Rockett stepping between them, "this place is sacred to festivity and good fellow-ship and there must be no fighting or quarrels amongst our members."

"You shall answer for this," said Mr. Plant, scowling at his antagonist.

"Wherever and whenever you please," was the baughty reply.

"I'll send a friend to your office in half-an-hour," continued Mr. Plant.

"I'll be there to answer his summons," Mr. MacVain, coolly replied.

Friends again interfered and both gentlemen left the Club escorted by others to see that no further immediate trouble occurred.

The crowds on the streets increased all the time until as night came on the route through which the Mystic Krewe were expected to pass was lined by thousands of people waiting patiently for the grand maskers. Every balcony, gallery and door step was occupied to its fullest capacity, the beauty, fashion, wealth and refinement of the city were out in thousands, the whole forming one of the grandest sights ever seen in the Crescent City.

The weather was beautiful, a clear, calm evening, followed a warm, fine day and this encouraged even the staid old "stay at homes" who seldom turned out to see such exhibitions, to come forth and witness the grand display.

The Krewe assembled in Lafayette Square at nine o'clock in the evening with torchlights and music, no one knowing whence they had come. Here they were called upon by the Mayor of the city, who was immediately taken prisoner and the procession moved off in the following order:

*Comus*—the God of Festivity and titular patron of the Order, leads the procession followed by

*Momus*—God of Mirth,

*Janus*—God of the Years, in a car embellished with emblems of his character, and attended by the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

*Flora*—Goddess of Flowers, in a car wreathed with flowers and drawn by butterflies attended by

*Pomona*—Goddess of Fruit and

*Vertumnus*—God of Orchards,

*Ceres*—Goddess of Agriculture, in an oxen-drawn cart followed by

*Pan*—God of Shepherds and the Fauns, in gay revelry, around

*Bacchus*—God of Conviviality, in his leopard-drawn car and after him his intoxicated preceptor,

*Silenus*—God of Soakers, scarce able to retain his seat on his donkey, and attended by a group of Satyrs.

*Diana*—Goddess of the Chase, in a hunting Chariot, drawn by stags, followed by the Muses, Calliope, Clio, Erato, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Euterpe, Polymnia and Urania,

*Vesta*—Goddess of Fire, with her symbolic altar of flames, followed by

*Harpocrates*—God of Silence,

*Hygieia*—Goddess of Health,

*Esculapius*—God of Medicine,

*Fortune*—with her horn of plenty, and

*Plutus*—God of Wealth, lead

*Destiny*—on his winged dragon, attended by

*Themis*—Goddess of Justice, and

*Nemesis*—Goddess of Vengeance,

*Saturn*—God of Time, and his scythe and hour-glass, precedes

*Cybele*—Goddess of Earth, in a Chariot drawn by lions. Next came,

*Jupiter*—God of Olympus, in a winged car, drawn by eagles. He was ruler of the Festival, attended by his cup bearers, Hebe and Ganymede, and his winged messenger Mercury mounted on Pegasus. Following Jupiter was his queen,

*Juno*—Goddess of the Heavens, in her car drawn by peacocks, together with her attendants, Iris, the Rainbow, and Argus, the hundred eyed. Other deities then followed; Atlas and Hercules, with their prodigious labors; Mars, God of War, in an armed chariot, Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, in a car drawn by owls, Vulcan, God of Fire, with his anvil and sledge hammer, Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty with Cupid, in a car drawn by swans, Hymen, God of Marriage.

*Aurora*—Goddess of Morning, in a car drawn by a winged horse and attended by the Hours, precedes,

*Phoebus Apollo*—In the chariot of the sun. The God of the Sun was followed by

*Night*—In a sombre car drawn by a bat, with the twin demi-gods Castor and Pollux, in her train,

*Eolus*—God of the Winds, rests over his murky cave and is attended by his subjects Boreas, God of the North Wind; Eurus, God of the East Wind; Notus, God of the South Wind, and Zephyrus, God of the West Wind;

*Neptune and Amphitrite*—God and Goddess of the Sea, in a shell drawn by sea-horses, attended by the Tritons. After them,

*Pluto and Proserpine*—God and Goddess of the Infernal Regions, on a throne drawn by their faithful Cerberus. The procession closed with

*Hecate and the Furies*—

In this order the Krewe marched through the principal streets, the crowds of people receiving them enthusiastically, and in numbers, brilliancy of dress, beauty and elegance forming one grand ovation along the whole line of their march. The procession revived the mythology of ancient days, presenting to the spectators, in the most beautiful shape, the Gods and Goddesses that have for centuries formed a theme for the pen, the pencil and the chisel. The extraordinary character of the masks, the beauty and elegance of the dresses and the splendor and novelty of the chariots, with other accompaniments, formed a scene, the like of which is seldom witnessed.

After completing their route the Krewe proceeded to the Gaiety Theatre, where a company of invited guests that literally filled the dress and upper circles, boxes and every available space, were assembled to witness the tableaux and join in the dance. Here the richness and beauty of the ladies' dresses, the sparkling of bright jewels and the light from yet more sparkling eyes, formed a scene that surpasses in loveliness the power of description.

At the appointed hour the curtain rose and the tableaux by the Mystic Krewe began. They were four in number, preceded by a general design representing the classic Pantheon.

*Tableau First*—represented the Minerva's victory over Neptune, before an assemblage of the Gods, wherein is unfolded the truth that wisdom is better than strength and the olive wreath of peace and concord more beautiful than the steed of the warrior.

*Tableau Second*—represented the flight of time. This tableau was sustained by Castor, Pollux, the Hours, Time and Destiny.

*Tableau Third*—represented a Bacchanalian revel. This tableau was sustained by Bacchus, Silenus, Faunus, Fauns and Satyrs, Comus, the Seasons, Flora and Momus.

*Tableau Fourth*—represented Comus' Krewe and procession round the stage:

"Come let us our rites begin,  
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report."

The termination of the last tableau was a procession around the theatre, giving the spectators a close view of those whose elegant costumes and unique masks had so delighted and amused them.

After that the merry dance commenced, the parquette of the theatre having been floored over to make a large ballroom.

At midnight the Mystic Krewe suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, each deity returning to the realm from which it had been called.

In the gay and happy throng that filled the walls of the old theatre, the most select, refined and fashionable company that could be chosen in the Crescent City, Philip and Mary were much admired and spoken of as among the most charming couples gathered there.

This was in the palmy days of our Southern metropolis, when the people were in the full tide of success, surrounded by wealth and comfort, elegance and refinement, and they were accustomed to do well whatever they undertook, especially was it so in matters pertaining to the social circle. Their friends and the strangers who went amongst them were received with open hands and open doors, and welcomed with a profuse and heart-felt hospitality, not surpassed in any part of the world, and this was done without ostentation or any attempt at display.

After the young folks had enjoyed themselves for an hour or two, Mr. McDonald intimated that it was time to return home. Mr. Macourty gathered together his friends, and, with Philip and Carl Amber as an additional escort, they retired from the happy scene.

After going home with the folks, Carl and Philip consulted together and concluded to return to the theatre and join in the festivities for an hour or two longer.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The company at the Gaeties Theatre was yet in the enjoyment and excitement of the dance, the brilliant assemblage and the soul-enchanting music, when Philip rejoined the merry throng and entered into the pleasures of the hour. In the interval between the sets, when the night had nearly passed away, Mr. MacVain came to him and inquired if he was engaged for the next dance. Philip was struck with the unusual palor of his friend's countenance and his look of firmness and determination.

"I am not, Mr. MacVain," he replied, wondering at the other's manner.

"I want a friend; will you go with me?" inquired his friend.

"Certainly, Mr. MacVain; what is the matter?"

"Without making any reply, Mr. MacVain led the way, and Philip followed to the rooms occupied by the former, nothing being said by either during their walk. The rooms were lighted up and a fire burned in the grate, for the night had become chilly. On the table an open case of duelling pistols was laying.

"These look like they might do work," said Philip, taking one of the pistols from the case.

"They are intended for that," Mr. MacVain quietly replied.

"Sir?"

"The fact is, Philip," said Mr. MacVain, "I have a meeting with Mr. Plant at six o'clock this morning, at the Oaks, and I want you to be my second."

"A meeting! What is it about?" exclaimed Philip.

"A quarrel at the Club yesterday," replied Mr. MacVain. "He dared to speak insultingly of Miss McDonald, words ensued, he threw wine on me and I knocked him down. He sent his partner, Mr. Cotton, to me, and the meeting was arranged."

"Which must not take place," said Philip, "he insulted Miss McDonald, and, therefore, the quarrel is mine. I will keep the appointment."

"That would never do, Philip."

"Yes, it is the correct way of settling this matter."

"It will not do," replied Mr. MacVain firmly. "Give up that idea; come, promise me to give it up."

"But, Mr. MacVain, I am the one most interested."

"It is my quarrel and mine only, Philip. Promise me, as a friend, that you will not interfere or try to provoke another meeting with this man."

"Since you are so positive against it, I yield," reluctantly replied Philip.

"Very well, I thank you for it," said Mr. MacVain, "now you can act as my man. You will find my will in that box," he continued, pointing to a fancy box standing on the "What Not," in the corner, "and I desire, Philip, that you will put my body in a vault until you can build a tomb, and then remove it to that."

"Your body! pray don't talk so," said Philip.

"Yes; I should like to lie beneath the old sod, but then that cannot be, and, if it were possible—what would be the satisfaction—since there's no one there now that would remember or care for me; no, no, it's better here and then there'll be some one to look after the place."

"My dear friend," said Philip, with true feeling, "don't be so down-hearted and sad it will all come out right."

"I am not afraid to die, Philip," said Mr. MacVain, with energy, his eyes burning with the excitement of the time. "I can meet him as calm and composed as if I did not know it would be fatal to me."

"It will not be fatal to you," replied Philip, "you are too good a shot, you will have it all your own way."

"Skill and nerve will avail nothing against destiny," said Mr. MacVain.

"My dear sir, you are too down-cast," said Philip, going towards the side-board, "come, take something to strengthen your nerves."

"I tell you, Philip, I am not nervous or down-hearted," replied Mr. MacVain. "Feel my pulse; would a coward's beat so regular as that? No—it is destiny—"

"I do not understand you," said Philip.

"Listen. Our family, like all the old families of Ireland, is followed by the Banshee, or death warning—" commenced Mr. MacVain.

"Do you believe in such superstitions?" inquired Philip, interrupting him.

"Believe! I know it," replied Mr. MacVain, firmly. "Look at me. I am not ignorant, nor

foolish, nor yet superstitious, but I know what I have seen! When the troubles occurred that drove me from Ireland, I left my mother there and came here, where I was soon engaged in business. Going into the yard of my store one morning, I saw my mother there, saw her as plain and looking as natural as I now see you. I returned to my office and told my cashier of what I had seen, and that I knew it meant my mother's death. In time I received letters from home, informing me of the sad event, which occurred at the very moment that the apparition had visited me."

"Very singular, indeed," Philip remarked.

"Last night, or rather, night before last, for it is now nearly morning," continued Mr. MacVain, "as I sat here in my room, without a thought of my mother or home, I looked up from a reverie about you and Miss McDonald, and standing there by the fire-place, was my mother, just as I have seen her many and many a time in the years gone by; but there was a look of sorrow and anguish on her face that was painful to see. I knew then that I would soon end my earthly career, and, therefore, at once drew up the will which you will find in the box yonder."

"This vision is susceptible of many interpretations," replied Philip, "as, for instance—"

"Enough, enough, I know what it meant and that is sufficient," said Mr. MacVain. "Now we will have some coffee and prepare for the grounds, for I must be there punctual to the minute."

Not much was said during their morning lunch for which Philip had no appetite, having eaten during the night, and the new position in which he found himself, made him feel nervous and excitable. Not so with Mr. MacVain; having completed his directions to his young friend he was perfectly cool and collected. He took the refreshments with a relish and then lighted a cigar, which he seemed to enjoy, leaning back in his chair and conversing with Philip on his approaching union with Miss McDonald.

As they drove along the shell road in a cab towards the meeting grounds, they came up with another cab in which were seated Mr. Plant and his friend Mr. Cotton. Side by side they drove along, neither manifesting an indecent hast to lead the other, nor an inclination to lag behind.

Arrived on the ground, Mr. Cotton and Philip held a short consultation, measured off the ground, examined the weapons and placed their men. A solemn stillness followed, which was broken by Mr. Cotton, who came forward, and, addressing Philip where Mr. MacVain could hear him, said: "Mr. Cummings, your principal has grossly insulted my friend, Mr. Plant, and, unless an apology is offered, the matter must proceed in the usual course."

"I have no apology to offer," replied Mr. MacVain, turning sharply on the speaker, "your message is one based on gross falsehood. Tell Mr. Plant that I will allow this matter to stop only on condition that he shall at once make the proper retraction due me, and that in a place as public as that in which the insult was given."

"That settles the matter sir; we may as well proceed to business," said Mr. Cotton.

"I am waiting," was the cool reply.

It fell to Philip to call time, and, in a voice tremulous with the excitement of the occasion, he demanded: "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

To which both firmly replied, "Ready."

Then the command from Philip came, clear and distinct:

"Fire! One, two, three!"

At the word one the report of Mr. Plant's shot was heard, followed by that of Mr. MacVain's at the next word of command, and the smoke from both floated off on the clear morning as "three" was called.

The seconds hurried to their friends. Mr. Plant said as Mr. Cotton came up: "Here, let's get back to town; I've fixed him."

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Cotton.

"No! He made a clean miss of it—but I did not," he replied.

They returned to their cab and started for the city without paying any attention to the other part of the field. As soon as the command was finished, Mr. MacVain turned to Philip, who hastened forward and inquired, "Are you wounded, sir?"

"Yes. I fear badly—we must hurry back," was Mr. MacVain's reply.

Without asking further questions, Philip accompanied him to their cab and assisted his friend in, who said to the driver: "Hurry, my good fellow, drive as fast as you can."

The driver, half frightened at what had oc-

curred, put the horse to his highest speed, and never relaxed in his urging the animal until he stopped in front of Mr. MacVain's lodgings. The wounded man was too weak from loss of blood to get out, but the driver assisted Philip and together they carried him in and placed him on a sofa.

"Go get a doctor at once," said Philip to the driver, who started off immediately to obey the order.

"Bring George Macourty here, Philip," said Mr. MacVain in a weak but anxious voice, "tell him to come at once."

"Yes, sir, I'll go directly."

"Go now, Philip, at once—quick, quick!"

"But, sir, I must not leave you," replied Philip.

"Don't think of me; go immediately—half an hour and you may be too late."

Philip called in the landlady of the house, and, stepping into the first cab he saw, told the owner to drive away as fast as he could.

Mr. Macourty was preparing to go to business, and was much surprised to see his confidential man in such a state of excitement. When Philip briefly related what had taken place, he made no delay in accompanying him to the residence of the wounded man. At the door they met the doctor, who answered their inquiries very decidedly. "He cannot live through the day. The wound was mortal from the start, and he may die at any minute."

When Mr. Macourty entered the room, Philip remained in the hall, leaving the two alone together.

Speaking with difficulty, and often pausing to gather strength, Mr. MacVain at once, fully and without prevarication, told Mr. Macourty how he had stolen his little daughter sixteen years before, that his object had been revenge, that he had given her to Sarah Murray, to be taken to New York, his intention being to return the child again to her parents. Then followed an account of Sarah's death without leaving any trace of the child, and his own long, exhausting and fruitless search for her.

The surprise and horror of the good man at learning that one whom he had cherished as a friend had been his greatest enemy, was very great.

"I cannot expect you to forgive me," said Mr. MacVain, in conclusion. "I have done you an irreparable injury, and have nothing to say in extenuation of my conduct, but I assure you

that that one act has been the bane and loadstone of my whole life. Since it was committed, and I began to realize the terrible wrong I had done, there has never been a time when I would not have willingly forfeited my life to have redeemed the error and requited the injury against you and yours."

"I am terribly disappointed in you, Percy, for if there was one man that I loved and respected more than all others in my circle of friends, it was you," Mr. Macourty replied, "but may God forgive you—as I will try to do; and now that you have made all the reparation for this great wrong, that lies in your power to make, you must see one of the Fathers and try to make your peace with that Judge before whom you will soon appear."

"I'll think of it, George—I'll—" he looked around, and his friend was gone.

Mr. Macourty soon returned with a priest, one who, by long years of devotion, had endeared himself to the people of the parish, and by ceaseless, untiring energy, had built up St. Patrick's Church and placed it in the front rank amongst the churches of the country.

Their conference was long, and when it was over, the reverend Father came out, his countenance beaming with pleasure, for his task had been well performed, and his labors crowned with success.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Philip remained to attend to Mr. MacVain, and do what he could to make his situation comfortable. Very little conversation passed between them; the wounded man seemed to prefer communing with his own thoughts, and, therefore, Philip avoided distracting him by introducing subjects which, at most, were only of passing interest. The city soon caught the rumor of the duel, and it was repeated in a hundred different ways. One report was that a duel had been fought between Plant and MacVain, in which the latter was instantly killed, and, some words having passed between the seconds, that Philip Cummings had been mortally wounded. Another insisted that both Plant and MacVain were killed on the spot; and yet another that both of the principals, as well as their two friends, were mortally wounded. As to the cause of the meeting

the reports were equally varied and unreliable. Some said it was about a consignment of cotton, which Mr. MacVain claimed should have been sent to him, but that, as it had been received by Mr. Plant's house, Mr. MacVain claimed that they ought to reserve enough of the proceeds to pay the balance due him from the shipper. Others asserted that the quarrel originated in a game of cards, and others that it was an old affair recently renewed by accident.

Mr. Plant appeared at the Club at his usual hour, and for the time forgot his haughty reserve and cold formality, to give a minute and rather boastful account of the meeting, and many of his hearers felt a cold chill pass over them as he told, with the utmost *sang froid*, the particulars of his aim, and gave it as his opinion that his antagonist could not live for four and twenty hours. His company was shunned and there were few respectable men who would have any social intercourse with him.

Mrs. Macourty was much surprised at the news brought by her husband, which opened anew the grief of past years, and raised a hope in her heart that her lost darling would yet be found. Her husband immediately wrote to the New York detectives, Williams and Bodkers, and the search was once more renewed. Mr. Macourty and his wife agreed, however, that they would say nothing amongst their friends about Mr. MacVain's confession, as it would damage his character and reputation without being of any service to them, and, as Mr. Macourty said, "he has been a good man in many respects, and it becomes us, as Christians, to let him die in peace."

The priest returned in the afternoon and remained with the dying man, comforting him with good counsel, aiding him in his prayers and administering to him the last sacraments of the Church. There the good man remained until all was over, and the eyes of the gifted and accomplished MacVain were forever closed in death.

The long shadows were falling in the city, as the sun retired on his westward course, and the bell of old St. Patrick's was pealing forth the sweet notes of the *Angelus* on that calm, beautiful Ash Wednesday evening, when his immortal spirit left the perishable tenement of clay, that had held it prisoner here on earth.



The news of Mr. MacVain's death was soon known in business circles, and many of his old associates, the merchants and wealthy men of the city, called to assist in laying him out and preparing for the last sad attentions to their friend.

At the funeral, on the following day, there was a very large turnout; the old business men who had been connected with the deceased in many commercial transactions, young men who had been assisted and encouraged by him, hundreds of poor people, who remembered, with gratitude, the hand that had ever been extended for their relief, and never empty; many from the ever green Isle, who esteemed him as one who had always upheld the honor and reputation of their loved land, and was ever proud of his nativity; men of science and culture, who had recognized in him an equal and co-laborer; they were all there, vying with each other in doing honor to the dead. The arrangements and ceremonies were all conducted according to instructions he had given before his death.

On the following day Mr. MacVain's will was read in the presence of his confidential clerks, Wayland, Thomas and Ballarie, and Philip, Mr. Macourty and Mr. McDonald, who were called in, in pursuance of a wish expressed by the deceased, after the fatal duel.

The document commenced with the statement that he owed no debts and had no relatives living. There was a respectable list of bequests for charitable purposes, and another to faithful servants and some poor friends. Then there was a suitable reward to Williams and Bodkers, for their services, followed by a legacy of ten thousand dollars to "Cecelia Benson, formerly a match girl in New York city," the same to be advertised for a reasonable length of time, and, if the girl was not then found, the amount was to be divided between the parties of the two classes before mentioned.

This surprised some of the hearers, who were not aware of Mr. MacVain's long search for Cecelia and the reasons that prompted it. Felix Le Crasseaux was delighted with his good fortune, and was now confirmed in the belief that his wife was a great personage.

The will concluded with the following clauses:

"I direct that my commission business shall

be immediately settled up, and a balance sheet taken, so that the amount of capital invested therein may be definitely ascertained.

"My business as a commission merchant, I give and bequeath to Albert Wayland, William Thomas and Paul Ballarie, who have been, for many years, my faithful clerks, and kind, true friends. I desire that they shall form a co-partnership and divide their profits equally amongst themselves, and, in order to enable them to continue the business with profit and without embarrassment, I direct that they shall have the use and control of the capital now invested in the business, for the term of five years, without interest or charges, at the end of which time they shall pay over the said amount to my executors hereinafter mentioned.

"I direct that, after paying the before mentioned amounts, all of my property, real and personal, bonds, stocks and mortgages, of whatsoever nature or description, shall be divided into two equal portions. One of the said undivided portions or halves of my estate I give and bequeath to my young friend, Mr. Philip Cummings, son of the late Peter Cummings, Esq.

"And the remaining undivided portion or half of my estate I give and bequeath to Miss Mary McDonald, adopted daughter of my esteemed friend, Robt. McDonald, Esq., of this city.

"For the faithful execution of my last will and testament, I appoint as my executors and administrators, with full power to act, in all matters, as may seem best in their judgment, my friends, George Macourty and Robert McDonald, Esqrs., of this city.

"With a full belief in the justice and power of Almighty God, and in humble reliance on His mercy, this document is executed, by my hand, in the city of New Orleans, this fifteenth day of February, A. D., eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. PERCY MACVAIN."

Profound silence had been observed during the reading of this document, with the provisions of which every one seemed perfectly satisfied. Immediately steps were taken to carry out the wishes of the deceased, and, in a few days, the new sign of Wayland, Thomas & Ballarie, replaced the one that had so long hung there, and had been for many years familiar and respected throughout a large portion of the planting district of the Southern country.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Easter holidays brought a season of mirth and pleasure, which the people, released from the vigils and fasts of Lent, enjoyed with great zest. The mysteries of Holy Thursday, the awful gloom of Good Friday, and the sol-

emn ceremonies of Holy Saturday, increased and brought to a close the sorrow and mourning of the Church and her children; a feeling of sadness and awe that had pervaded the whole city, almost entirely suspending, not only social pleasures, but commercial transactions. The overhanging darkness of the close of Lent gave additional interest and *eclat* to the brightness and joy of Easter Sunday, when the altars of the churches were decorated with all the ornaments and with grand floral offerings, rendered brilliant with the light of so many candles, when canticles of praise to God and love and joy for a risen Saviour, were chanted forth by the choir and filled all hearts with pleasing emotions.

The day appointed for the union of Philip Cummings and Mary McDonald was now near at hand, and all the friends of the couple were busy with preparations and nervous with anxiety about the coming event.

Mrs. Macourty claimed Philip as a son, and was engaged in seeing that he was properly equipped for the occasion and drilled in his share of the ceremonies, which is sufficient guarantee that he was well taken care of.

The bride and bride's maids were inflicted with a course of visiting and receiving, ordering and directing, dress makers and milliners, and the fitting, changing, altering and improving, would have puzzled an uninitiated person to follow, without turning their brain and giving a lasting headache.

But the ladies did not mind it—in fact, they rather liked it! It was frequently discovered that everything was ruined! This was cut too short, that too long, and something else too narrow or too wide! Of one article there was too much and of another too little, and it was quite a certain thing that Gireaux would not get their white satin slippers done in time! But all these difficulties disappeared before the energy and perseverance of the fair ladies and their accomplished assistants.

There was to be a nuptial High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, at eight o'clock in the morning, and a gathering of friends at Mr. McDonald's in the evening, after which the young couple were to go to their new home, a handsome dwelling, with large grounds, in the upper part of the city. The invitations to both the church and the house were numerous. Philip knew everybody and everybody liked

him, and the bride's family was one of the first in the city, so that the "old families," the solid folks and staid old respectables were all on hand to honor the occasion. The church was crowded, and everyone was anxious to "see how they would look."

At last the exciting moment came, and the procession moved up the center isle, Philip, with Mrs. Macourty coming first, followed by Mary, leaning on Mr. McDonald's arm; Annie Macourty with Carl Amber, followed by Nelly Cheerful with Lewis Fontaine, Mrs. McDonald and Mr. Macourty, followed by ten or fifteen couples, old and young, particular friends of the families.

The ceremonies were beautiful and impressive, and at their close friends came forward and congratulated the happy couple.

Philip then led his young bride down the grand isle, followed by the others of the bridal party, and a large crowd of friends. After again receiving good wishes and heart-felt blessings from numerous friends at the entrance of the Church, the party entered the carriages in waiting and drove away.

When the friends had returned to Mr. McDonald's and were gathered in the parlor, Mrs. McDonald embraced Philip and giving him a hearty kiss welcomed him as her son.

"You have my treasure, Philip," she said, "she has been always a good daughter which is the best of guarantees that she will make a good wife, but you are welcome Philip with me, as a son."

"Thank you, my good, kind mother," he replied, "I shall endeavor to bear well and truly the name of son to you, and that will include being a good husband to her."

"Philip—my son, you are already dear to us and I am sure that coming years will only increase the feeling," said Mr. McDonald, warmly shaking the young man's hand, then turning to his wife, said, "and now let us have some breakfast for I am sure the young folks are hungry—if they are not I am."

"Mary, I have always cherished Philip as a son," said Mrs. Macourty, kissing the bride and holding her hand lovingly in her own, "and I therefore claim you as a daughter, I need scarcely tell you that you will always be welcome in our home, for since I first saw you, my heart has opened to you and I have almost been disposed to contest with my good friend the title of mother, when speaking of you."

As this was said in an earnest, loving manner the friends around were deeply moved, and Carl Amber, touching Mrs. McDonald, said, "Did you ever see such a striking likeness between strangers before?"

"Our Mary in her bridal costume," said Mr. McDonald to his wife, "looks just as Mrs. Macourty did the day that we saw George and her married. Don't it seem so to you?"

"Yes, it does, indeed," she replied.

Mary returned Mrs. Macourty's embrace with much feeling and began to reply but suddenly paused, and looked steadily at her friend.

"Your kindness to me, and this assurance of your love fills my heart too full for words to give an idea of the happiness I now feel, I know that time——"

"What is it Mary—are you sick?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Macourty, as Mary continued silent.

"No, no, not at all," Mary replied, hastily, "I feel very well."

Philip and the other friends came forward when they heard Mrs. Macourty's question, and Mary felt embarrassed at their anxious faces, but gathering courage, she said smiling, "It was nothing—I was—the cross you wear—it is very handsome."

"I will give it to you, Mary," replied Mrs. Macourty, taking off the ornament, and handing it to her, "and in doing so, I give you a gem which I prize above all others, for it was worn by my little daughter when she was stolen."

"Can it be—are my hopes at last to be realized?" exclaimed Mary.

Mary, what do mean?" Philip anxiously inquired.

Mary took the cross and examined it closely, while the varying expressions of her face, showed the deep emotions that filled her heart and were with difficulty subdued.

"When my mother was dying in Brooklyn," she said to Philip, while all present listened with intense interest, "she whom you knew as my mother, and she was always kind and loving to me, she called me to her and told me that she was not my mother, this scene I related to our kind friends here when they undertook the care of me, and assumed the positions of mother and father, which they have so kindly filled."

"Yes, yes, I remember it all, Mary, dear," said Mr. McDonald.

"I knew not who my parents were," continued Mary, "for Mrs. Collins could tell me no more, than that I had been stolen from my home, and given to Sarah Murray, who died when I was quite young, and the only evidence that remained was this cross, bearing the initials of my mother's maiden name—here you see them C. M. C."

Friends stood mute with surprise at this sudden discovery of one so long mourned as lost, but when Mrs. Macourty threw her arms around Mary's neck, and covered her face with kisses, the ladies and children laughed and cried in turns, while the gentlemen shook hands with each other, and hastily wiped away the tears that would come in spite of manhood and an effort at serenity.

Mr. Macourty embraced his daughter, and feelingly expressed the joy he felt at her discovery.

"I knew there was something that drew me to you," said Annie, embracing her sister affectionately, "for when I first saw you I loved you, there was a secret charm that bound my heart that I could not understand. Then when you were going to marry Philip, I thought it might be that, for I always loved him, and she cast a merry, roguish look at Philip, who was as proud and happy as it was possible to be.

"Why did you part with this precious memento of your lost home?" inquired Mr. Macourty, when they had all become more calm.

"You remember our kind friend Peter Droll," she said to Philip, "it is to him that I owe my education, he was to me a kind and indulgent friend, a brother or a father could not have been more so."

"I know it well," replied Philip, "poor Uncle Peter, he sleeps beneath the waves of the Atlantic."

"Yes—but we thought—everybody said, that a trip to his home in Scotland would restore his broken health," she sadly replied, as she remembered how disappointed she had been in that hope, "and he said that when he got money enough he would start on the voyage. At last, one evening he said that if he had only fifty dollars more he would be able to go at once. I had this cross, it was very dear to me, but his life was at stake, he had

never hesitated in acts of kindness towards me, and I parted with it, hoping that I would be able to buy it again when we returned to New York, as we had planned to do."

"We purchased it through an agent," said Mrs. Macourty, "and tried in every way to find out who had sold it at the shop where it was found."

"I sold it for sixty dollars, to a pawnbroker, a Mr. Emanuel," Mary continued, "and one day when we were in New York, I got the money from my mother," she pointed to Mrs. McDonald, "and went to the place—I remember it well, to buy it back. The man himself was not in, and the clerk told me the cross had not been there since he came into the store, which he said was a long time."

"Yes, we heard of that visit in our inquiries," said Mr. Macourty, "but we never dreamed, of course, that you were the person."

It was after twelve o'clock before they thought of breakfast, the recognition had been so sudden, and there were so many things to be said, and so many to say them, that the time flew away unheeded by any one present. At last, however, one of the servants ventured to remind Mr. McDonald that the table was waiting, and they immediately repaired to the dining-room where an elegant repast was duly honored and appreciated.

In the evening the house was brilliantly lighted and filled with friends who congratulated the young couple on their happy union, and many of them having heard of the events of the morning, expressed their pleasure to Mrs. Macourty, that she had regained her lost daughter, after so many years of suspense and sorrow. The party was one that was much enjoyed and often talked of afterwards, by those who were present. It was long past the "noon of night" before the company separated, and Philip and his young bride were duly escorted to, and installed in their new home.

#### CONCLUSION.

Every story has an end, and this is perhaps a good place to finish ours, else we might follow the fortunes of our friends to the present time, a period of thirteen years; years that the reader need not be told have been full of many

and varying changes and events of thrilling interest to every American home.

Regarding duelling as one of the most barbarous customs tolerated by civilized society, it has always been a source of regret to Philip that he did not take decided steps to prevent the fatal meeting between MacVain and Plant.

The name of Percy MacVain is often mentioned in commercial circles with respect and esteem. The friends that he injured by the one great wrong of his life, have long since forgiven him and cherish now the memory of his many sterling qualities of head and heart. Little hands have been taught to decorate his resting place with garlands of flowers and wreaths of evergreens, and when All Saints Day returns, with its beautiful custom of visiting the houses of the dead, there are few graves ornamented with more elegance and taste than that where rests the talented but wayward Percy MacVain.

Sam Sellwell holds his own against the troubles and cares of old father Time remarkably well, and is now a clerk in one of the leading dry goods emporiums of Canal street in the Crescent City. He met the "Saffron Knight," sometimes known as yellow fever, the first summer of his residence there, and having come off victorious, is now firm in the belief that the city of his adoption is the healthiest place in the Union, and destined to be the great commercial centre of the world, the Toledo theory to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cummings have been visited lightly by the troubles and cares of this life. Since their Nuptial mass, they have visited the baptismal font in the old church four times, and if the curious will there examine the records, they will find the names recorded; Philip, Mary Cecelia, George and Percy.

Mrs. Felix Le Crasseaux has an interesting family growing up to enliven her little cottage, to which an addition has recently been made. She takes the world easy and is inclined to *embonpoint*. A few mornings since she was enjoying a gossip with the milkman standing in front of her door, *en chemise et blouse volante*, and from the *patois* used we should judge that "she speaks French like a native."

OLD ST. PATRICK'S.

BY TIM LINKINWATER.

Thy bells are chiming  
While I am rhyming,  
And the sound floats out from thy belfry high,  
And awakens feelings  
Of the days and dealings  
That have left us memories that can never die;  
For with each vibration  
Comes a fond creation  
To some one listening to thy pleasant sound,  
And tender measures each fond heart treasures  
Of scenes that passed on thy sacred ground.

'Tis of hours in childhood,  
Ere care or blight could  
Within the bosom find home or rest,  
Of first communion,  
The soul's reunion  
With infant purity so sweet and blest,  
And memory sadly  
Recalls how gladly  
The heart responded to thy bell's loud call  
On that bright morning when He, adorning  
The soul with virtues, showed His love to all.

'Tis of manhood's vigor  
When war's stern rigor  
Called son and sire to the fatal strife,  
And bugle hailing  
Awoke sad wailing  
In hearts, though country was more dear than  
life;  
But with the grieving  
For the loved ones leaving  
There came a sound from thy turret gray  
Which said, "Young soldier, the brave are  
bolder  
If first their homage to God they pay."

And in hour of battle,  
When cannon's rattle,  
And flash of muskets, and leaden shower,  
And hollow death groan,  
Or lips last low moan,  
Gave fearful record of death's revel hour,  
Some ring of saber,  
In that hour's stern labor,  
Amid the din, echoed like thy chimes,  
And the dying listened, and his glazed eye  
glistened,  
For the sound brought comfort from the bygone  
times.

New Orleans, May 5, 1871.

And when homeward facing,  
Mistakes erasing  
From the step its firmness and hope from the  
eye,  
The pulses quickened  
And the breath came thickened  
As thy dim old tower loomed against the sky;  
Last friend at leaving,  
Ere defeat made grieving,  
And the first to welcome when the head bowed  
low,  
Like a mother's blessing came thy bells, caress-  
ing  
The heart from sadness and the soul from woe.

'Tis of holy marriage,  
And joyful carriage,  
When love responded to affection's wish,  
And the heart still flutters  
As in thought it utters  
Again the promise of that hour of bliss;  
And though grief's teaching  
And experience preaching  
Have oft since then overcast the way,  
The mind still treasures, mid long past pleas-  
ures,  
The tone of triumph in thy bells that day.

'Tis death now coming,  
Some life's term summing,  
*Laudate Dominum* the goal is won;  
The drooped head raiseth,  
And the sad soul praiseth,  
Though tears flow fast as thy bells are rung.  
'Tis the body mortal  
That 'neath thy portal  
Is borne in love ere 'tis laid away;  
The choir chanteth, "As the thirsty panteth  
For water, long I for eternal day."

Ah, joy and gladness,  
Or woe and sadness,  
Each feeling shared in by mortal heart,  
Comes with thy chiming,  
The feelings tuning,  
As those who listen have had their part;  
And still thy ringing  
Awakens singing,  
Or sighs that softly the sad heart tells;  
And so we'll cherish, 'till memory perish,  
St. Patrick's Church and St. Patrick's bells.

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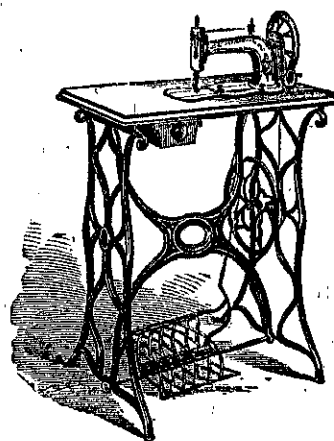
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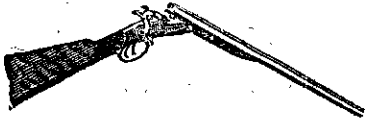
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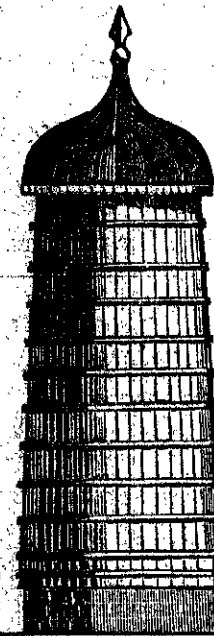
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