

The Ventures and Adventures of Charlie Gould;

A ROMANCE OF THE STOCK MARKET.

BY EDWARD F. CAHILL.

CHAPTER III.

A MODERN BOARDING-HOUSE.

A spacious frame-building, standing on its own ground, many-windowed, with broad, shady porch, and pillars twined with climbing, white Larmar roses, and the kindly Marcella Lind, surrounded by graveled walks and fresh green turf, which was carefully nursed with sprinkling hose and shovels with lawn-mower. The mathematical grass grew with well-tended evenness, and was dotted with bright beds of flowers and things which would be trees, if their feelings had been consulted, and the evening shears had been absent, but now transformed into globes and pyramids of fashionable cut—for well-brought-up trees must conform to the usage of society, or better not be trees at all.

Such was the mansion to which Charlie was conducted not unwillingly. Mrs. Harley issued from her "office" to welcome Gerie Blake, and, after the usual kissing parade, was introduced to Charlie, and said she would be glad to have him as one of her inmates.

"Come in and have a cup of tea, dear," said the mistress of the house to Gerie, "and so you had such a pleasant voyage?"

"And wasn't a bit seasick. Was I, Mr. Gould?"

"Not when I was around," said Charlie, maliciously.

"That probably covers most of the case," said Mrs. Harley, with a smile.

"I only acted under the Captain's commands," began Charlie.

"Oh, you behaved beautifully, sir. Pray don't apologize," interjected Gerie, quickly.

"Your mother is lying down, dear," said the hostess. "You will like to see her first, I suppose."

"Yes. I will run up stairs and take off my things, and try to prevail on her to come down and have a cup of tea with us," and she skipped up the steps, leaving Charlie with his new hostess.

A noble-looking woman, of perfect symmetry. The first bloom of womanhood, it is true, had passed away, but had left a ripe, autumnal beauty in its stead. Rich mouth and deep, liquid blue eyes had been untouched by the hand of time, and the delicate, slightly aquiline nose was as clearly out as ever. Yet, on looking closer, if one might be so ungallant, there were some hard lines that told of the shrewd vicissitudes of a woman's life, unaided struggle with an unfeeling world, and perhaps there was a certain recklessness of look, as of one who felt herself equal to either fortune. Unshrinking, she stood in the bright California sunlight, her little-faded complexion tinted with the rose-colored shade of a pink-lined parasol, and it may be not unconscious of its effective coloring, but using or needing no other artifice to enhance her wondrous beauty. No one knew whether there was a Mr. Harley or not. Some said she had a husband in Chicago, and some whispered that she had another in Arizona; but he was probably dead or soaped, or what not, and as the subject was not mentioned in polite society, so will we too gently pass it over.

"We dine at six, Mr. Gould. Perhaps you will like to join Miss Blake and me in a cup of tea?"

"Thanks," said Charlie, "I believe I shall not trouble you so far. I must get my things in shape."

And with a bow to signify that the audience was at an end, he found himself dismissed.

In the meantime Gerie Blake skipped up the stairs to her mother's room, and impudently burst open the door, saying as she sank on her knees by the lounge:

"Mother, dear! Here I am back again! I'm so glad to see you! I hope your poor, old head is better!" I kissing her.

"There! that will do. You young great, strong girls never have any feeling for the sick."

"My poor, old mammy! Did I hurt it? poor head? I won't do it again. I have come back to be good," she said, while smoothing her mother's grizzled scanty locks.

"What a long time you have been away. I thought you never would come back. I have been so lonely without you, and this tiresome head of mine has given me no rest."

"Why, mother, I have only been gone two weeks; but I want you to come down and have a nice cup of tea with Mrs. Harley—all to ourselves."

"No, thank you. I feel too poorly, and Mrs. Harley's spirits and rude health are very trying to my poor nerves; but I want you to hurry back to me, dear, as quickly as you can—I have such a lot of things to be done."

Mrs. Blake loved her daughter dearly; but she loved herself more dearly, and she accepted the loving service of her child as a right which had become a necessity. To a great extent an imaginary invalid, she made use of her supposed ailments to build up a kind of proscription right to unlimited attendance from all who were submissive enough to render it, and her daughter she considered her especial property.

Gerie hastily completed her toilet, and tripped down stairs joyously, notwithstanding the somewhat ungracious remark her mother had accorded her. She was one of those practical little women with active temperaments, who live rather in the present and the future than in the past. She never allowed herself to brood over misfortunes, fancied or real.

Entering the private parlor, or office as it was sometimes called, of the hostess, she sat down with a woman's quick grace to the neat tea-service, and did the honors at the request of Mrs. Harley, pouring out the steaming beverage into delicate cups of egg-shell china, which the lady of the house reserved for her own delectation and that of her special pets, of whom Gerie was one.

"And so you tell me that Mr. Charkup was on the steamer," said the lady of the house.

"Yes; he was there, in all his glory."

"I hope he was attentive!" inquired

Mrs. Harley, with a slight shade of curiosity in her voice.

"Well, scarcely—in that sense. I suppose he considers me an insignificant little chit, and he does not look like a man who cares to fetch and carry."

"I suppose he does not care for the rewards accorded for carrying brown paper packages. He is more of a master than a servant."

"I guess he never bothers himself about anything more sentimental than money or mining shares," said Gerie, with a quiet glance at her hostess.

"Talking of shares," said the latter, "He dropped me a line about the Old Judge stock before he left."

"They are still going up, I see."

"Yes, and no one knows when they will stop. I wish I could see him, for I am getting frightened; they are going so high."

"Oh, everyone says they are only beginning to go up, and that there is no telling when they will stop."

"Yes; but consider for a moment. They have gone from 44 to 89 in less than four months, and it seems as if it were more than they could possibly be worth."

"Oh, that is nothing if the reports of the experts be anything like true."

"Aye, but are they true? When I consider that if I were to sell out now, I would be rich, and could leave this drudgery forever; it almost drives me mad."

"Oh, well, my few shares are not worth selling yet," said Gerie. "With you it may be different, but I should advise you to wait until you see him—that is, if you think he is acting squarely by you."

"If I thought he was deceiving me, I believe I could kill him," she hissed with concentrated fire.

"Oh, Mrs. Harley!" cried Gerie, "for shame! But then, of course, you didn't mean it."

"It may not be a pleasant picture, but it is a true one. There is nothing more unsexing to womanhood than the hard contest of dollars and cents, and when to this is superadded the excitement of gambling, they are ready to go to greater lengths than the other, more phlegmatic sex. Their more highly-wrought feelings and emotions are more susceptible to the pleasure of success or the pain of failure. I believe that when a woman is given up to the pursuit of gain, she can be harder and keener in the execution of her pound of flesh than any Shylock of them all. They are rarely able to see more than one side of a case (Portia to the contrary notwithstanding), and are unable to perceive that the man who has failed to meet his engagements may have something to offer in his defense after all."

So they chatted until dinner time gathered together the various inmates of the house. There was Mrs. Blake and Gerie, with Charlie Gould in attendance. There was Frank Dawlish, "the curbstone broker," and his fair young wife. A curious, nomadic couple, these last, with scarcely any local habitation and not a very good name, at least, so far as he was concerned. Living altogether from hand to mouth, but always living well, going into the best society, or at least the best imitation of it, and wearing the newest clothes, they presented a most remarkable financial puzzle to the eyes of their admiring friends, who wagged their heads wisely and averred in mysterious phrase that "Frank was a rustler." He had failed in business in the city, and, having sold off his furniture and everything else which a benevolent law exempted from the clutches of the Sheriff and those pampered rogues, his creditors, he and his wife took to living at hotels and fashionable boarding-houses, and he went on "the street." He was blessed with agreeable manners and a pleasant presence, with an unfeeling reserve of talk, and, in fact, was master of all the weapons needed by those who make their living "on the outside." If his talents were now called into exercise to wheedle a dun and now to entice a possible buyer, out of whom he hoped to earn a fat commission, he was equal to either function.

There, too, was a young man who was introduced to Charlie as Mr. Holmes (commonly known as Jack Holmes), the editor of the *Bassoon*, a weekly paper of advanced views which aspired to be apostolic rather than historical in its labors. Of fine, manly appearance, with broad, open brow and clear, unshrinking eyes, he was the very reverse of Dawlish in most things, whose only point of contact with him was a chronic inability to say where the money for the next collection day was to come from. Dawlish stigmatized him (behind his back, of course, for in society we do not "say things" to each other's faces), as "a dirty communist who was doing his utmost to break down the prosperity of San Francisco," which, when translated, meant that Jack Holmes considered stock gambling the greatest curse of the Pacific Slope, and that he was unceasing in his denunciations of it, and of the political knavery in high places. If asked to characterize Dawlish, Jack would probably have called him, editorially, "a vile jackal who scented carrion for the wretched monopolies which fatten off the poor." We all know that calling names is more effective than arguments; we are accustomed to bandy the terms "communist" and "monopolist," without very clearly understanding or caring to understand the meaning of the words, and we simply use them as convenient expressions of compressed ill-will for every-day consumption. In fact, it is a difficult matter to deduce from the outgivings of our modern oracles whether it is more sinful to be poor or to be rich. I scarcely know whether Jack Holmes was in truth a communist—that awful bug bear of modern society; his paper held very advanced opinions, but these were not always consistent with themselves, nor was he, perhaps, responsible for all of them.

Fortunately the opposing forces, amidst which Charlie found himself thrown, were on this occasion plentifully lubricated with the polite unction of feminine presence. The conversation opened on the news of the day, and Mr. Charkup's return in particular.

"I saw Charkup on the street to-day, after his trip to the South," said Dawlish.

"He came just in time. There was a

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN SIAM AND JAVA. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Bros. Six francs. Illustrated covers; cloth, red, orange and gold.

This is a delightfully interesting and richly-illustrated volume, for which young America ought to give thanks. Mr. Knox is a well-known journalist, and in that capacity has traveled much in foreign parts. This is the second volume he has given to press for the youth of the land. His style is graceful, simple, clear, and to the youthful mind it adapts the text with great skill. His habits of observation, highly cultivated, gave him a great advantage in his travels. He saw all things—nothing escaped him worth seeing. But he did not sit down to tell what he saw to his readers in the usual way. He invested his recital with all the charm of the accomplished story-teller's art. He brightens his pages with scores of anecdotes, and he carries on his recital through the medium of two youths, who are supposed to be making a tour of the world, and who are to be met in one or more of the 46 illustrations, and not one of them is uninteresting. We know of no better way in which to interest boys in a recital of their own history and to induce them to enter upon the reading of such works as this under notice.

THE LOVER OF PROVENCE. A Mysterious Romance of the Olden Time. By W. A. C. S. Houghton. New York: Putnam's, 1 vol., 35 cts.

An elegant holiday volume handsomely illustrated. The manuscript version of this work, called "Aucassin and Nicolette," has been famous among the antiquarians and literary men of Paris as one of the very few perfect remaining productions of the days of the Troubadours and Trouveres; a genuine minstrel song-story, composed to be alternately chanted and recited, and called a *chanteval*. The very existence of the manuscript of this work, in its original form, is a matter of great interest, and it is not yet entirely forgotten by the London playgoers.

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It is noticed that Mary Anderson wears blonde hair when playing the character of an Italian girl, and the critics contend that it is not proper. We never have seen a blonde Italian of any kind that we can remember of, but there is nothing like originality. It is sure to win, while those who follow in the beaten path, and are afraid to brave popular opinion, generally fail. We should think a red-headed Italian girl would draw a full house.

In reference to dramatic training, Mrs. Scott-Siddons says: "I was married at sixteen to a naval officer, and engaged that I appeared on the stage for the first time. I never took a lesson; never had a dramatic training. I played Portia in the 'Merchant of Venice' the first time I was ever on the stage, and that with only a week's notice, and but one rehearsal. I never had the least instruction about gestures; was never told what to do; nobody said a word to me about the stage business. I made a success at first, and from that time to this have not had an angry word. I say this to show you that dramatic training is not necessary to make successful actresses. I have tried always to be myself, and to be entirely natural."

Irving is busily engaged in mounting Tennyson's new play at the London Lyceum. The scene of the latest drama is laid in Asia Minor, and the main incidents turn upon the love of a priestess for a King, her betrayal by him, and his subsequent poisoning by the priests of the temple. Mr. Irving has had her of course, take the part of the King, and Miss Ellen Terry that of the Priestess. The last scene, the action of which takes place in a temple, is a very powerful one, and all the applause of the night has been brought to bear upon it. Very large sums are being expended on the scenery and decorations. The pagan rites will be reproduced in all their splendor and impressiveness, and the most magnificent and regal magnificence at the altar of the temple itself.

The *London World* thus hints at a current romance of real life: Is it absolutely necessary to engage two policemen a *perpetua* when a handsome singer makes a tour, in order to protect him and his spring from a repenting and admiring husband? The case happened not many hundred years ago—perhaps not many hundred years—and a regular chase, with all possible cunning, had to be followed with persistence and thoroughness. That in a race of shrewdness and determination the weaker sex—poor weaker sex!—never gets the worst was brilliantly demonstrated in the case alluded to, when at last the despairing concert player, who had been seen her; and the inflexible was, "Never, never, never!"

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THE QUIET HOUR.

As a critic, the "Art Amateur" is now a recognized standard. As a journal of information and instruction in decorative art, it occupies the field without a superior.

From Scribner & Co., New York, we have three handsome bound volumes which are very appropriate to the holiday season—namely, "St. Nicholas" for 1880, and "Scribner's Monthly" for 1880. Owing to its recent enlargement and the great quantity of matter presented, the publishers have been compelled to put the "St. Nicholas" into two books. Each of these two make large volumes of quarto size. The two make up as handsome and useful a literary present as can be selected, probably, for either a boy or girl. "St. Nicholas" has such frequent and full commendation in these columns that any further enlargement of its praise is wholly unnecessary. "Scribner's Monthly Magazine" for 1880 makes up a large 8vo volume, which will well be termed a record of the year, inasmuch as its editorial, scientific and "World's Progress" departments are quite full reviews of the year's social and literary activities. In this volume there are not less than 446 illustrations, and not one of them is uninteresting. We know of no better way in which to interest boys in a recital of their own history and to induce them to enter upon the reading of such works as this under notice.

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