LOVE'S WAYS IN NEW YORK

New Stories of Metropolitan Life.

By MARY MORGAN.

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY DOWN THE BAY.

A Sweethearts' Sail That Ended in a Wild Ocean Race and a Dramatic Rescue.

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THE arrangement had been that they should sail down to Rockaway Beach and return on the same boat. May Lemly and Paul Rolston loved the sea.

They also loved their native city of New York, and nothing delighted them more than a sail together on the waters of its beautiful bay.

They had taken that sail together when they were mere children; they had enjoyed it in the days when, as growing boy and girl, a touch of romance was beginning to tinge their views of life, and they were about to start now upon the same old, familiar little voyage when the time was nearing that would see them enter in earnest upon the battle of life, equipped for all its trials and difficulties by a fond, trusting faith in one another.

He was an engineer on one of the transatlantic lines.

MARY MORGAN.

"BREAKING INTO FRAGMENTS AS IT STRUCK THE FLOOR."

May Lemly had a position in the office of the same steamship company, on lower Broadway, near Bowling Green.

She was at present on a two weeks' vacation, and it had happened, happily for her, that Paul's steamer would be in port during one of these two weeks.

"How do you think you will accustom yourself, May, to have your husband so much away from you when you and Paul are married?"

Her cousin, Mrs. James Renshaw, asked her this question while she sat watching her put the finishing touches to her toilet.

May lived with the Renshaws on Madison street, near St. John's Park.

"I shall have to get accustomed to it, I suppose," she replied, "because the man that loves a sailor has no other choice."

"There is nothing like being a philosopher, even when one is in love," said Mrs. Renshaw.

"Were you philosophical when you were in love, Ada?" asked May.

"Oh, you know, I was not engaged to a sailor."

"Come, now!" May exclaimed, "do you mean to insinuate that because you did not marry a sailor you are luckier than I am?"

"No; for I don't think any girl could be luckier than the girl who marries Paul Rolston," answered Mrs. Renshaw warmly.

"Then I'll forgive you everything, Ada, for saying that," cried Paul Rolston's sweetheart, as she turned around to greet her cousin with a beaming smile.

But as she turned, for some unexplained reason, a shudder seized her, and the hand mirror she had been using fell from her grasp, breaking into fragments as it struck the floor.

The two young women stared blankly at each other and at the broken glass.

"How did you do it?" said Mrs. Renshaw, "you're the last girl in the world you broke a mirror when you were dressing yourself up to go out with him he might be imagining all sorts of things."

May Lemly found Paul waiting for her when she arrived at the West Twentieth street pier.

The General Slocum was taking on a considerable number of passengers, and the upper deck already had a very gay appearance. Women predominated among the passengers, and their Summer costumes made a striking effect.

May was one of the best-looking, best-dressed girls on board.

"This must seem very tame to you, Paul," said May; "a trip of this sort to a man who is used to the excitement of ocean life."

"You have very little idea, May," said he, "of what does most to prevent me from regretting, when I am away at sea, that I ever chose such an occupation as that of a steamship engineer."

The dark blue of her eyes—so like the color of the sea itself when it is loveliest to look upon—was full of tenderness as she asked him:

"What gives you consolation at such times, Paul?"

"The thought that I will be back in New York again, my girl, and have a day down the bay with you."

They both remained silent now, while they took in all the charms of the scene.

Away to the north lay the green fringed shore of the Battery, crowned with the square red tower of the Produce Exchange and backed by the giant buildings which have made New York one of the world's wonders.

Southward, beyond the rural, wooded slopes of Staten Island, dotted with villages and country seats, lay the ocean, which so often bore Paul away from the city where his heart was held in bondage.

A big steamer was making its way through the Narrows, bound for Europe. Its decks were crowded with people taking their farewell look at America.

"Before the week is out, May," said Paul, "I shall be leaving you and New York just like that."

"Why do you remind me of it?" she said. "I was thinking the very same thing myself and it has made me sad."

Paul had given her his marine glass, through which she had been observing the scene on the deck of the ocean liner.

Everything she saw had a peculiar interest for her, because it all seemed to speak to her of him. So she continued to scan the deck of the great ship until Paul asked her whether she was not tired.

"I'm tired of nothing that makes me think of you as that steamer does," she replied.

Before he could answer an aristocratic-looking, elderly lady who sat beside May at the rail turned to her and said:

"Pray, pardon me for addressing you, but is not your husband a seafaring man?"

May blushed. "He is not my husband yet," she said; "but, yes, you are right, he is a steamship engineer."

"I hope you will let my years be my excuse for having taken the liberty of asking you such a question," said the elderly stranger, "and perhaps you would add another favor by lending me your glass for a moment?"

She gazed very steadily through the glass at the receding ocean steamer, and her face had a set expression and was white as a sheet when she handed back the glass.

Taking a card from a silver case, she offered it to May and said:

"My yacht is lying off Rockaway. I trust you will both come aboard with me as soon as we land.

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Paul and May sat in the luxuriously appointed cabin of Mrs. Evelyn Vancorlear's yacht, listening to the story its mistress told them.

"It is an unpleasant chapter of family history," said she, "but to gain my end I must reveal it to you, strangers though you be. My husband and I separated years ago. We had one child, a daughter, who died last Winter. My son-in-law is also dead. They left a little girl, seven years old, of whom I was appointed guardian. This little grandchild my husband has made several attempts to secure possession of, and yesterday, while I was absent in New York he came down here to Rockaway and took her away. I received a telegram—which my husband himself had the effrontery to send me—telling me of my loss, and to-day, after a vain search in the city, I was returning, broken-hearted, when I became interested in you young people and ventured to speak to you. When I borrowed your marine glass I had little idea what I should discover through it. But there, on the deck of that steamer, I saw my husband and grandchild standing together by the rail. He had evidently planned everything beforehand and secured passage for Europe. You told me that Mr. Rolston here, is a steamship engineer, and in my desperation—on the spur of the moment—I conceived the idea of pursuing that ocean liner in my yacht. It all depends upon Mr. Rolston, for my chief engineer left me three or four days ago. Besides, I want his help in two ways: if he will take charge of the engine-room, and, when we overtake the steamer—as I am sure we can do, for my yacht is noted for its wonderful speed—will represent himself as a New York detective, my husband will surrender, for he is an arrant coward and knows he has committed a crime."

"But if we should be at sea all night!" said Paul, glancing at May while he spoke.

"Your sweetheart is under my protection," Mrs. Vancorlear answered, "and that will be sufficient in the eyes of the world."

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May Lemly never lost the recollection of that strange race to rescue the stolen grandchild.

While the engines throbbed and the white foam flew from her bows, the gallant yacht bore them on with the swiftness of the wind.

Darkness fell upon the ocean—the land and its lights had vanished. The grim waste of waters and the starry heavens gave May a fearful sense of vastness and solitude as she sat on deck with Mrs. Vancorlear, both of them straining their eyes into the gloom of the night.

Down below in the engine-room Paul labored loyally to make the yacht win the fiercely contested race.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Vancorlear, as they now saw the giant hull of the great liner loom up ahead, marked out by her varicolored lamps.

Paul came on deck, and two or three rockets were sent up.

The gigantic ocean steamer now hove to in response to the signals from the yacht, and again a feeling of nameless terror possessed May Lemly, as they brought up under the awful black, towering side of the liner.

"The New York police!" shouted Paul Rolston in reply to the challenge that came from the liner, "with a warrant for one of your passengers, Simeon Vancorlear."

Paul had scarcely clambered up the ladder that was thrown over the steamer's side when he saw, in the rays of the lamps the sailors held, a man whom he at once recognized from Mrs. Vancorlear's exact description to be her husband.

Late as it was, the little grandchild was with him, and when Paul stepped toward him Vancorlear seized her in his arms and shouted:

"You shall never lay hands on me; we will die together first!"

But with the spring of a trained athlete Paul Rolston was upon him.

The terrified women on the deck of the yacht below saw the brief, desperate struggle for the child's life.

Then they saw Paul tear her from Vancorlear's arms, and their joy at her deliverance was succeeded by a thrill of horror as the man whom they had tracked down leaped from the rail with a cry of disappointed rage and sank beneath the dark waters.

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"Don't talk to me of sailors' superstitions," exclaimed Mrs. Ada Renshaw, as she bade farewell to May and her husband, Paul. "Here you are starting on a two years' cruise to see the world. Paul as chief engineer of the Vancorlear yacht, at twice the salary he had before the day you broke the mirror, May, and you as companion to Mrs. Vancorlear at three times the pay you got in the company's office. I've a mind to smash another looking-glass, just to bring you more luck!"

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"How did you do it?" said Mrs. Renshaw, "you're the last girl in the world to get a fit of nervousness!"

"I know it," replied May, "but something came over me just at that moment that I can't account for."

"Don't worry about it, May; but at the same time take my advice and don't say a word about this to Paul."

"I know what you mean Ada—sailors are superstitious?"

"That's about it; and if he knew that

LABOR NEWS.

The Progressive Varnishers' Union and the Amalgamated Painters and Decorators are having their hands full in a war with the German Painters' Union. It is said that unfounded reports that the Germans were not recognized in the building trades were circulated by the amalgamated body, which had the effect of strikes being declared against them.

The Jewellers' Protective Union, which a year ago unsuccessfully endeavored to make its employers recognize a shorter workday, has at last succeeded. The Manufacturing Jewellers' Society voluntarily granted their men a nine-hour workday, with an hour for dinner.

The union composed of metal polishers, buffers, platers and brass workers is now on strike against the Chicago firm, and Vice-President Flynn, of the International Union of that craft, has written strike-suspended men of the trade in this city not to go there until the present troubles are settled.

The names of employers of four shops in Brooklyn, Long Island City, Newark and Jersey City, who are employing non-union men, have been added to the list of those with whom the members of the Metal Polishers' Union are not to work.

The Brooklyn Central Labor Union has adopted a resolution to the effect that the Executive Committee be instructed to use its influence to have the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees, when letting the contract for the new Manhattan bridge, insert a clause in the specifications that only union men be employed on the work.

The Bridge Trustees have been asked to do this by the Central Federated Union, the Building Trades Council and the Brooklyn Bridge Workers' Union.

The Bridge Trustees have also been asked to insert a clause in the specifications that only American iron be used in the new bridge.

The Executive Committee of the Central Federated Union has decided to notify manufacturers that after April 1 they will expect an eight-hour workday and $3 a day. The present rate calls for nine hours' work and $2.25 to $2.50 a day. The carpenters expect to encounter no difficulty in having their request granted.

Thomas Hickey, National Organizer of the Socialist Labor party, will lecture on "Unconscious Slaves of Wage," at a mass-meeting to be held Wednesday night at 1027 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn. The same lecture will be delivered at 55 Avenue A this city, Friday evening.

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