MEN AND MONEY.

How Samuel Magee Amassed the Dollars and Cents That Made Him Rich.

The Honesty of Alderman Brennan, Who Has Made Himself Rich.

E. F. Drake, the Pioneer Railroad Magnate of the State of Minnesota.

Something About Dennis Ryan L. E. Reed, William Dawson and Other Rich Men.

It would probably puzzle Mr. Samuel Mayall himself to tell what he is worth. It is no small sum though, and is almost wholly in real estate. He has the reputation of having more dwelling houses and business blocks to rent than any other man in St. Paul. These structures are located in all parts of the city, and comprise some of the largest blocks as well as some of the smallest structures on which rent is collected. Mr. Mayall came here a good many years ago, and being a far-seeing and shrewd man he was as fully impressed with the importance of St. Paul as was the Hon. William H. Seward, when he made that celebrated speech on the capitol steps. In accordance with this idea, Mr. Mayall invested heavily in real estate, and has held it with an unrelenting grasp through a great many periods of great depression. The struggle to keep his realty has been an exceedingly unpleasant one, and for years he has been fighting his way through lawsuits, struggling with mortgages, paying interest, taxes and assessments, being defeated and swindled by cheating, dishonest tenants, and generally fleeced whenever any knave could get a hook in on him. Mr. Mayall has made a good fight, however, and it is pleasant to know that he has held everything so level that the last years of his active life are likely to be blessed with an abundance of this world's good things. Twelve or fifteen years ago he went out Seventh street and on one of the highest points on Dayton's bluff erected a large and expensive brick residence. At that time the bluff was a wilderness, and lots could be bought almost anywhere for $50 or $100. At that time Mr. Mayall was not under the necessity of buying lots for the purpose of securing a residence location. His observation had told him that that bluff was destined to become of very great importance and value, and that sooner or later large money would be made on real estate in that locality. He took a large quantity and has held on to it. He owns valuable property on Jackson and East Seventh streets, and also in almost every other part of the city. In ordinarily good times he would be a millionaire.

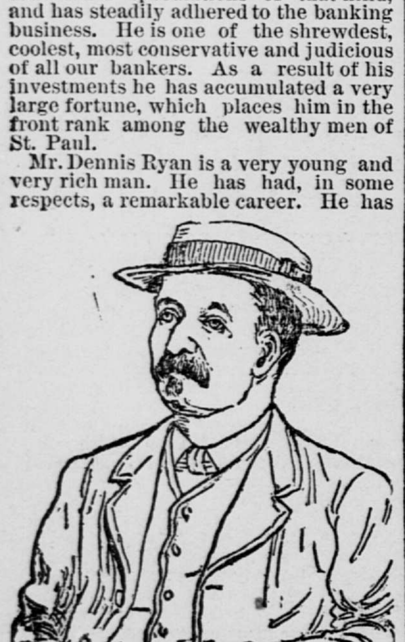
E. F. Drake may be classed as one of the wealthiest gentlemen of this city. He did not make his wealth by banking, but in a considerable degree by railroading. He came here a good many years ago, and with Col. John L. Mer-

E. F. DRAKE.

riam built the St. Paul & Sioux City road. This road was run for many years between St. Paul and Sioux City while it paid nothing, and Mr. Drake, Mr. Merrian and others kept the bonds afloat by paying the interest themselves, and doing a good deal of financiering. They finally sold the road, and it became a part of the Omaha system. After disposing of his interest in the road he erected several fine large blocks in St. Paul, which rent readily and at good prices. He has also made various investments which have proved profitable, and altogether he has accumulated a good, snug fortune of very ample proportions.

L. E. Reed is one of the oldest and most experienced bankers in Minnesota. He commenced many years ago and in a very small way. Having once put his hand to the plow, he has never looked back, and has allowed nothing to beguile him from the banking business. He owns here and there a piece of valuable real estate in St. Paul, but notwithstanding all the inducements to put money into realty he has utterly and continuously refused to be drawn into speculations of that kind, and has steadily adhered to the banking business. He is one of the shrewdest, coolest, most conservative and judicious of all our bankers. As a result of his investments he has accumulated a very large fortune, which places him in the front rank among the wealthy men of St. Paul.

Mr. Dennis Ryan is a very young and very rich man. He has had, in some respects, a remarkable career. He has



DENNIS RYAN.

been a successful miner, and through his judicious investments has piled up a large fortune, and ranks with the wealthy men of the city.

C. D. Gilfillan counts his wealth in big figures, and made it all in St. Paul. He is the man that gave us Lake Phalen water, and from that small beginning he has worked out and brought to a good degree of perfection our present system of water works. He now has his family abroad, and travels much of the time himself in foreign countries. His personal habits are not very expensive, but he lives liberally. He has invested considerable money in real estate here in St. Paul and has erected several costly blocks which are always rented and pay well.

Tom Brennan as he is familiarly known, but ex-Alderman Brennan, as he is honorably known, is one of the salts of the earth and a very successful gatherer of shekels. A few years ago he was worth nothing of any consequence, and to-day he can count his wealth by the hundred thousand. No one would take him for a money maker. His quiet, good natured, easy ways are well calculated to throw people off their guard in respect to what is passing in his mind, and what he is really figuring for. The quality of the man was signally mistaken on one occasion about six or seven years ago. At that time he was a member of the city council. Up to that time the Silsby Manufacturing company had furniseed the city with the Silsby fire engine. The city was about to buy another steamer and, of course, agents of a number of manufacturers were here endeavoring to get the contract to furnish the additional steamer, and all of them were working to the best of their ability to secure the contract, and right here is where the Silsby agent made his grand mistake and one that was decidedly fatal. He ventured to go to Alderman Brennan's house and there proposed to bribe him in the way of a liberal sum if he would vote for the Silsby steamer. That proposition settled the matter. Of course, it was indignantly refused, and at the next meeting of the council the facts were laid before that body. The agent disappeared from town, and from that day to this no more Silsby engines have been bought by St. Paul.

William Dawson is a banker, and has been for more than a quarter of a century, and at the same time has always dealt largely in real estate. His general plan in regard to real estate has been to buy large quantities of land just outside of the city limits and hold the same till the growth of the city made it necessary to take the same in. He has always owned considerable quantities of real estate in West St. Paul, in which part of the city he has always had great confidence. He has owned more real estate and dealt in it all along more than any other one man in the city. He now counts his wealth among the millions, and is taking life a little easier, though he finds it difficult to quit business entirely.

Capt. Peter Berkey is also counted among the wealthy men of St. Paul. The captain is about as handy at one kind of business as another. Whatever he goes into he engages in it with an energy that does not let up till he accomplishes his purpose. He is a good banker and was a good hardware dealer and a splendid man to settle up badly tangled up business of any kind. The captain has seen this town grow from very small beginnings and has made a great deal of money here, but he could have made ten times as much if he had not been more than half as conservative as he is.

A QUEER CASE.

A Saratoga Girl's Sensational Marriage Last Summer.

A strange story is told by a Brooklyn young man concerning an adventure he had in Saratoga last summer. Out of this adventure has grown a suit for the annulment of a marriage.

While the Brooklyn young gentleman was sitting on the piazza of the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga last summer, a beautiful young girl, a Jewess, passed. She had luminous black eyes, dark wavy tresses, a clear olive complexion, and and a lithe, shapely figure. As she passed him the young man threw at her a flower, and observed that she stooped and picked it up. The following day he waited patiently on the piazza, and when she appeared, offered her a bouquet, which she accepted. From this meeting grew an intimacy which developed into a wedding engagement. The parents of the young lady, who were Hebrews, objected to her marriage with the young man, who was a Roman Catholic, but the objection did not seem to be too serious to be overcome.

At all events the young couple agreed that they would be married privately, and for that reason, accompanied by a servant in the employ of the young lady's mother, the couple drove to Ballston Spa in September and were married by a clergyman in that village. They then returned to Saratoga and the young lady went to her mother's home and the young gentleman to his hotel where he had been boarding. They met several times thereafter. The young lady, it is said, requested the clergyman, when the marriage was performed, not to make any record of it, but he declined to agree to this. On the threshold of the door she took the certificate and tore it in to fragments, as it is asserted.

While the young husband was walking the streets of Saratoga a week after his marriage a man walked up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said; "What do you mean?" The bridegroom, startled and amazed, asked for an explanation, "Why," said the stranger, "what do you mean by going off with my wife and marrying her?" The Brooklyn man said it was true that he had been married, but he did not know that he had married anybody's wife. "Well, you have," said the stranger, "and I will hold you responsible for it." The bridegroom went at once to the house of the bride's parents, confronted the mother, and demanded to know what the story meant. The mother replied that it was true and upbraided him for abducting the young lady, who was already tied by the marriage bond.

A suit for the annulment of the marriage was brought in Brooklyn and the case has been sent to a referee. It is said that some interesting testimony has been drawn out and that sensational developments are expected before the case closes.

The young lady tells her friends that she was not responsible for what she did; that she was under the influence of the young man, and that when she entered the carriage to drive to Ballston he gave her a large bouquet, and she believed some sleeping powders that he had placed upon the blossoms and that this bereft her of her senses. This remarkable statement is only one of the many peculiar phases of the case. When the facts are made public they will create a sensation.

The young bridegroom was engaged in a manufacturing business, and at the time of his marriage was supposed to be well to do, but he had business reverses, and his friends charge that the loss of his property may have had something to do with his sudden domestic complications. At all events the case is a queer one.

The Charm of Life.

Contemporary Review.

"To space then and to solitude must be added, in order to produce the distinctively tranquilizing, effect of landscape, the felt presence of organic life. It is the total absence of this element which made the starlit, heaven appear a "sad sight" to Carlyle; it is its total absence that makes the desert and the glacier unfitting objects of continual contemplation. And it is its presence which causes those vague longings that ocean, firmament, and desert only intensify, to be instantaneously and mysteriously allayed by one glance at a Yorkshire moorland, or even at the misty flats, the long gaunt lines of poplar, the glimmering waterpools of a Flemish fen.

THROUGH THE STORM.

I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling
Through the storm;
The waves were high, the bitter winds were galling,
Yet breathing warm

Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond;
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond;

Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,
"I shall not fail."

—Nora Perry in Harper's Magazine.

HE THAT HATH EARS.

New Year's Day Has Arrived Once More on the Wheel of Time.

New Ears' Day, It Might Properly be Said, Has Also Arrived.

How Some Well-Known Citizens of St. Paul Might Be Properly Pictured.

Some of the Things That They Are Eagerly Listening to Hear.

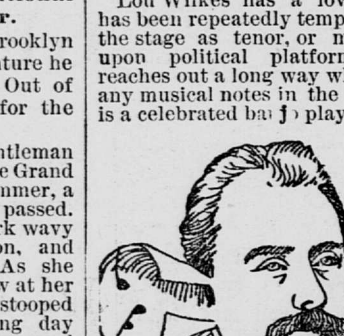
New Year's—New ears. Isn't that awful? This is New Year's day. Suppose some people had new ears to-day. An interesting story could be written with that awful pun as a text. An artist could be kept busy for months dressing up the likenesses of prominent citizens with new hearing paraphernalia, such as would suit the various hobbies and peculiarities of the said citizens. Just look here a moment and see how this would work.

John S. Barnes is getting rich. Mr. Barnes hears well enough at all times, and is an attentive listener as well as an intelligent talker upon all subjects,

JOHN BARNES.

especially sporting matters, but when the price of a base ball player is only hinted at, John is all ears and a very large portion pockets. His forte is negotiating sales of base ball flesh. Mr. Barnes has achieved a national fame as a fancier of base ballists, and he knows a good one on sight. If he doesn't sell himself as manager to one or the other of the proud Eastern leagues, he will probably secure enough good players to carry off the pennant of 1888. Manager Barnes is looking around and listening to hear if he can't secure Baldwin or Cushman for about half what he got for Sowders.

Lou Wilkes has a lovely voice, and has been repeatedly tempted to go upon the stage as tenor, or make speeches upon political platforms. His ear reaches out a long way when there are any musical notes in the distance. He is a celebrated banjo player and trums



—LOU. WILKES—

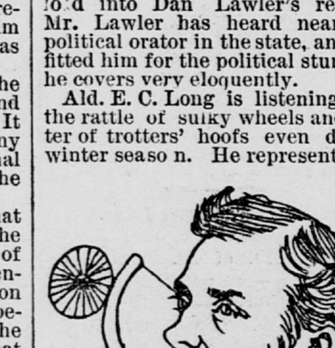
the piano very nicely. Whenever he tackles a victim for a policy he sings one of his pretty songs which he has written down upon the vibrating vellum of his memory.

Two very large ears will be needed for Dan Lawler. He hears everything

—D. W. LAWLER—

that is going on all over the state. Being a federal prosecutor, complaints are daily pouring into his ears. If they don't come direct to him they go to Gen. Baxter, and Gen. Baxter empties the load into Dan Lawler's receptacles. Mr. Lawler has heard nearly every political orator in the state, and this has fitted him for the political stump, which he covers very eloquently.

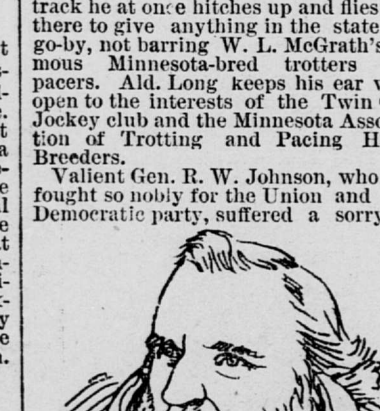
Ald. E. C. Long is listening to hear the rattle of sulky wheels and the clatter of trotters' hoofs even during the winter season. He represents in a com-



—E. C. LONG—

bined Democratic and Republican capacity a district not very far from the fair grounds, and whenever the great lumber aristocrat hears anything on the track he at once hitches up and flies out there to give anything in the state the go-by, not barring W. L. McGrath's famous Minnesota-bred trotters and pacers. Ald. Long keeps his ear wide open to the interests of the Twin City Jockey club and the Minnesota Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders.

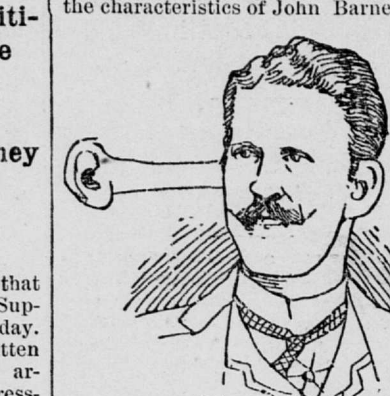
Valient Gen. R. W. Johnson, who has fought so nobly for the Union and the Democratic party, suffered a sorry de-



—R. W. JOHNSON—

feat in the Ramsey county district court a day or two ago, and if his ears look wilted and droop now, it must be attributed to that one defeat. When the uptown bridge contract was awarded by the city council to Stroebel, Gen. Johnson's ears, like those of all the Taxpayers' association, pricked with an upward tendency. Then that association met, and the ears of all pricked with a forward tendency, for the association had decided to use the strong arm of the law. Alas the courts of the land went against the association, and now there is a grievous and very unanimous tendency of ears to loop downward this glad new year morning.

Ed Hilton is a tall young man, with classic features and a mobile countenance, who wants a small section of the earth, and ought to get it. He combines the characteristics of John Barnes and



—ED. HILTON—

Lou Wilkes by the possession of both a financial ear and a musical ear. He may be pictured with an elongation on one side in the direction of Minneapolis, while the other ear is listening very attentively to the demands of the home theatrical industry, and keeps close. Sometimes a charming little would-be soubrette, who has an untrained voice like a nightingale, but who ought to go home and wash dishes for her mother, steps into Mr. Hilton's agency and pleads for a position as one of the first ladies of a traveling troupe. The Adamless Eden would suit her because she doesn't like to get too familiar with men, especially actors, and she sings Emma Abbott's lullaby until Mr. Hilton dreams of far off things of the past when he had to sing quite another sort of a lullaby. Her listener is delighted, but when she figures up her value at $50 a night, Ed's Minneapolis ear slaps the back of his chair, and to enable him to recover himself he goes to his sideboard and divides his bottle with the stage reporter. Then he goes back and says: "Mademoiselle, pardonnez moi, but may I inquire how much you will allow me as your advance agent?" It's just here where Ed's money ear gets the best of his musical ear, and the lady leaves the room in undisguised wrath.

A NEGRO GIANT,

The Wonderful Feats of a Powerful Pedestrian Called Sam Satan.

Atlanta Constitution.

Upon the Tarver plantation, in Baker county, there is a negro, a giant in height, and of almost superhuman strength. His feet are large in proportion to his stature, and it being impossible to purchase any shoes large enough for him at the stores, they have to be made to order, at a great outlay of leather and cost. He puts his large feet to excellent use, being a rapid pedestrian. He frequently leaves the plantation to foot it to town at the same time that some other party departs behind a fast horse, and when the driver reaches Albany, a distance of over twenty miles, he finds the walker already in the city. He is fond of doing acts of great strength and prowess, and goes by the name of Sam Satan.

Between the Tarver plantation and town there lies and old cemetery. Once, while making rapid strides toward Albany, Sam neared the graveyard, and he heard some one in a loud voice crying, "Get up, get up?" repeatedly. As he reached the place he saw an old man apparently driving a pair of white horses, and calling out to them in a loud voice. Upon approaching the horses and driver the trio suddenly dissapeared. There was a sudden rush of air past him, and all was still. No sign could be seen of either horses or driver. Sam now allows some distance to lie between him and that resting place of the dead in his pedestrian tours to Albany.

Righteous Indignation.

Harper's Bazaar.

"Coming down town yesterday," said a passenger on a street car to a companion, "I escaped paying my fare. I had it ready for the conductor, but as he did not ask me for it I deedn't feel compelled to give it to him."

Just then the conductor said "Fare please,"

"Why, I gave you a nickel when I got on," declared the passenger.

"So you did; I beg your pardon, sir."

Then the passenger said to his friend, with indignation; "It's an outrage to be asked twice for fare. I've a mind to report the fellow."

Won't Let Him Escape.

Albert Lea Standard.

Congressman Nelson announces that he is not a candidate for governor, senator, congressman, or any other position, and only desires the seclusion of private life. This is a modest and sensible decision, but it is hardly likely that the people of this state will consent to dispense with the services of so upright and able a public servant.

Quite Different.

Boston Transcript.

"So you are to be married?"

"Yes, and to the nicest girl in the world! Charley, she's worth a million!"

"You don't say so! Harry, I congratulate you, old boy!"

"Yes; she's worth a million of such girls as one sees in society!"

"Oh!" Charley murmurs as he goes off) "Poor devil, how I pity him!"

A Fastidious Convict.

Epoch.

Fair Visitor (to convict in for life for murdering his grandmother)—There is a bunch of sweet violets for you, sir. Have you anything to complain of?

Convict—Well, yes, miss. I'm a very tall man, as you see, and this striped suit unpleasantly emphasizes my stature. I ought to have something in a pronounced check.

He Paid For It.

Tid Bits.

Wife (on board a small yacht, tacking against a head wind)—Ah, how delightfully exciting this is! Every time the boat tacks I feel a thrill of superb pleasure all through my veins.

Husband (gloomily)—Yes, my dear; very nice. You are not paying for this boat by the hour, I think.

THE YEAR IS DEAD.

O a yearning sea, and a wailing wind,
And a frozen earth, and a sky star-blind,
And a summer kind—left far behind
With perished bloom in a grave frost-lined!
The year is dead.
O wintry whine thro' the lofty pine—
O love divine, once briefly mine,
Now coldly fled—
What could be colder
Than churchyard molder?
The year is dead!

O a yawning grave, and a somber sea,
And a wrecked boat flung on an island lea,
And a place in Mother Earth's bosom for thee,
A place too narrow to cover
In thy cold bed.
From the grave's dark brink—that scourging link
'Neath which mortals sink—the bravest shrink
Uncomforted;
For the dearest part, at its costly mart,
Good bye, sweetheart,
The year is dead.

Strong as I was, gaunt Death was stronger;
O life divine
Once briefly mine.
Beneath his kiss ye can pulse no longer.
Love's precious token—
Its spell is broken—
Vanished.
Wild sea-fowls cry
And the bare trees sigh,
Sweetheart, good-bye.
The year is dead.

—M. E. H[illegible].

UNREVEALED.

Life's good gifts come,
And lo! under foot we tread
The bloom that for us sweetness might have shed—
Before whose blessing we are blind and dumb!

Broad highways lead
Up from the fens of darkness and despair;
Yet our poor faltering feet must stumble there,
And, groping 'mid the thorns, our brows must bleed.

Our true friends reach
Strong hands to help us o'er the heights of pain;
Yet to our alien ears their cries are vain—
We own them not—by glance, or touch, or speech.

Ah, me! when from our eyes
Some swift day rends the veil, yet all too late,
How shall we stand and mourn without the gate,
Wringing frail hands in impotent surprise!

—Helen T. Clark in Chicago Open Court.

A CHAMBER OF HORROR.

From Belgravia.

CHAPTER I.

Situated at the end of a narrow street —bearing the somewhat uncommon title of Slicorum lane—in one of the largest, dirtiest and most densely populated of England's manufacturing towns, was a low, rambling, red-brick house, standing by itself in thickly shrubberied grounds bounded by high stone walls. For nearly thirty years it had remained unlet. It was far larger than its fellows —the occupiers of which were remarkable neither for sobriety, cleanliness nor honesty—too large, considering the nature of its surroundings, to have been likely to quickly find a tenant, unless in the capacity of a lodging house, and for this purpose its owner refused to allow it to be made use of.

Probably these were the primary reasons for its long-continued unoccupied condition; but as the years had rolled on, leaving house and grounds untouched, untended, save by the hand of time; as thick, dusty ivy had straggled around the windows, and sun and rain conspired to fade and deface the paint; as grass and dandelion, nettles and groundsel, had wrested the soil from dying flowers; as rust had eaten into the old iron gates, and moss and weeds overrun the footpaths; they had presented too unattractive a picture to tempt even such persons as could have dispensed with a reputable set of neighbors, and the emptiness of River's Lodge had come to be a matter of course to the inhabitants of Slicorum Lane. Great, therefore, was their surprise when it became rumored among them the house at last was taken.

But taken by whom?

Nobody knew; and after a while—the weeks passing on with nothing more enlivening than the sight of a few handcarts, containing provisions and furniture, stopping to disgorge their contents for reception by a small white-haired old gentleman, and—later on—of an unkempt looking woman cleaning one of the windows, while all around remained in unchanged dreariness and neglect—nobody cared.

Meanwhile, the new tenant had entered into possession, bringing with him but one servant, a feeble wrinkled old woman afflicted with dumbness, and over whose person dirt reigned supreme.

"You quite understand me?" he rapidly questioned his unprepossessing domestic, the evening of his arrival. "You are to hold no communication whatever with any one; are not to go beyond the limits of these grounds; and must obey implicitly—to the exact letter—the few orders I shall give you. In return, I provide you with clothing, food and shelter; and you may have for the asking anything I consider reasonable. Your only work is to keep clean the one room you will discover furnished, and to attend to your own wants."

The old woman courtesied, then set her filthy, claw-like fingers in motion.

"Cooking? I shall want no cooking?" replied the gentleman, with something of a shudder of disgust. "And as for food, and other necessaries for yourself, they shall be sent here through my ordering. I shall give you no money, for it might prove a temptation to your endeavering to break some of my rules.

"One thing more. I insist—above all —that no person shall be admitted to the house—during my absence or presence—unless by my express permission. You may consider this latter injunction unnecessary, as I lock the garden gates each time upon leaving, but I wish to use every precaution against the failure of my plans, to leave unsaid no word that might influence you—if need be—to like care."

The old woman again courtesied, furtively eying her master.

"If you please, sir, what name must I give if any one inquires?" she asked.

"No one will inquire," was the sharp reply. "And if any one calls, you need not go to the gate—you must not. But my name is Chadd. Remember now—let me impress it upon you—the house doors—both back and front—must be kept securely fastened from within, I having a key to enter as I choose. Of course, I know you agreed to all this before; I merely repeat it to be certain of no misconception.

"My comings and goings will probably be very irregular, but my room must always be ready for me—warmed by the hot water pipes, and the gas lit. I shall not remain here to-night. That is all, I think. Good night."

"There's something uncanny about him," thought the old woman, as from one of the windows she watched her master lock the tall iron gates, afterwards place the key in his pocket. "I was sure on it, when I heard his strange talk the day he engaged me. Maybe he's a gentleman burglar like as I've been told on, an's going to bring his swag here. Well, so long as I does his bidding an' doesn't peach on him he'll let me alone, I reckon; and a poor old body, who's afraid of the workhouse, and whose friends is ungrateful, must take what she can get."

With which conclusion she turned, with some curiosity, to climb the stairs and inspect Mr. Chadd's apartment.

She found it to be a large chamber, covering nearly half the area of the house, and very richly furnished. A splendid Persian carpet lay upon the floor. The walls were hung with soft velvet draperies entirely concealing the three windows, and chairs—of which there were few—the table, and a low comfortable looking couch, were enveloped in the same claret-colored material. The whole style of the upholstery was luxurious, sensuous, effeminate; and the rays of light streaming through crimson globes heightened this effect, deepening the shadows by accentuating the tones.

"Good gracious!" mused Mrs. Searle, fingering a portion of velvet. "It's a room fit for a prince. What ever that shabby, dried-up little stick of a man can want with all these cushions, and lounging chairs, and velvets, I can't imagine.

"And he said he should come here mostly of a night, yet there ain't no bed for him as I sees on. Something's wrong. Something's wrong, or my name ain't Philippa Searle.

"And I'm never to move them curtains from across them there windows. Ah! I see. They are sewn together. And there's another over the door—to keep folks from spying through the keyhole, I suppose.

"Well, Mr. Chadd, I must say, sir, you have taken great pains to keep what'll go on in here from prying eyes. And I've always to have that gas lit—day and night—why it's a regular big one—like it was in a music hall, instead of a shady old cove's best parlor," with a grim smile. "Well, I must be cautious, and—as he says—keep myself from idle curiosity. But—all the same—though I am dumb, I am not deaf, nor blind, and I shall look out, Mr. Chadd. Yes; I shall look out."

Several days went by, the old woman remaining solitary in the dingy house with its two habitable rooms. Few were the attempts made to break in upon her privacy. An enterprising vender of patent marking ink, a couple of street hawkers and a newspaper girl shook and hammered the gates, seeking admission; but as no result—not even the appearance of a face at a window—rewarded their efforts, they speedily desisted. The occupants of the neighboring houses were too much absorbed in the excitements of a hot political contest to have leisure or inclination for criticism of the new arrivals—though, to do them justice, politics or no politics, their own affairs were usually of too hazardous and interesting a nature to allow of much concern for those of other people. Had Mr. Chadd searched the whole town he could have found no more suitable and safe a spot for a quiet concealment.

Mrs. Searle had discovered a plentiful stock of provisions in her larder, on which she fared sumptuously. Her work was light; her loss of liberty of little consequence to her; even her loneliness no great drawback, her affliction rendering her indifferent to society, and her pulses sluggish in responding to that feeling of sociability, usually the outcome of a desire for congenial conversation; and her determination to retain her situation at all hazards grew with her increasing satisfaction. In short, Mr. Chadd had been as fortunate in the choice of his servant as in the choice of his house.

One evening as Mrs. Searle having, according to her custom, retired to bed at 10:30, was sleeping off the effects of a hearty supper, she was awakened by a heavy hand violently shaking her by the shoulder. The realization of the awful solitariness of her position rushed upon her with full force, as, paralyzed by terror, she passively yielded to the rough treatment.

"Get up, woman, get up," yelled an angry voice in her ear. "Great heavens!" with what sounded like a groan of despair. "Will she never, never awake?"

Slowly Mrs. Searle collected her scattered senses, recognizing, with such a feeling of supreme relief as she had never before experienced, her master's tones. But her nerves were too much upset for her to be able, at the moment, to rise in obedience to his commands and with almost frantic earnestness were the shouts renewed:

"Get up, woman. Get up, I say; or I will drag you from the room."

At last she sat up, and Mr. Chadd, releasing her, stepped quickly to the door

"Throw on something as rapidly as possible," he called through the inky darkness, "and without waiting even to strike a light, come to my room. Do you hear me? Come at once I have some orders to give you."

Mrs. Searle invested herself in a few necessary articles of clothing, then made her way to Mr. Chadd's apartment, on the outside of which she found him awaiting her, with one hand holding the door ajar. When he spoke, it was in agitated accents.

"You will remember, Mrs. Searle," he said, "that the day you entered this place I told you I should expect you to carry out my most simple instructions as though great importance depended upon their performance."

Mrs. Searle courtesied, looking with eager old eyes up in the direction of her master's face, but he was standing with his back to the modicum of light struggling through the few inches of space between the door and its frame, and she could see nothing but its outline.

"I merely wish to tell you, now," he continued, "to bring me a tumbler of hot water and brandy punctually at 3 in the morning. Mind, now! make no mistake in the hour, or the consequences may be fearful."

Mrs. Searle's fingers, accompanied by earnest gesticulations, assured him of her intention to accurately obey him. Much of the significance of these gestures must have been lost upon him in the dim light, but he appeared to be satisfied.

"I will wish you good night, then," he said, and passed through the doorway, closing the door after him.

The following morning Mrs. Searle, approaching Mr. Chadd's door at the appointed hour, in answer to a call of "Come in," entered the room. She found her master seated by the table, resting his head in his hands and looking pale and wearied. He received her graciously, insisting as he sipped his hot mixture, that she should partake of the same, chatting amicably to her, and praising the faithful performance of her duties. Her spirits rose higher and higher. "He is beginning to understand something of my worth," she thought, unctuously enjoying the steaming beverage. "Pity it is none of my ungrateful relations isn't here to hear on him."

He was a short, spare man, with sallow complexion and thin features of a peculiar cast, abnormous enough to have created in a beauty-loving person a feeling of repugnance. Presently he rose to go.

"I have not disturbed the room much," he said, glancing round with a smile. "You see I shall not trouble you with a large amount of work, Mrs. Searle. I hope you are satisfied with your situation."

A month passed before Mr. Chadd again spent a night at River's Lodge, although, as necessity recquired, he appeared at shorter intervals to open the way for the bringing in of provisions. Regular after this, for nearly half a year, were his monthly visits. Mrs. Searle's curiosity as to his movements, and his reasons for occupying his luxuriously furnished apartment, strengthened. Several times was she a listener outside his door, but with no satisfactory result. At length, however, she received an effectual check to her love of midnight watchings.

She was lying, her ear to the door, straining every nerve to understand something of what was going on within, when her unflagging patience and perseverence were rewarded for the first time by the discovery of what she knew to be an unusual occurrence. Mr. Cladd was in an overpowering passion. Up and down the room he came and went: up and down with quick, firm steps, felling, to judge from the loud thuds upon the carpet, the massive chairs in his progress, until to Mrs. Searle's terrified dismay, he stopped before the door, heavily striking it and calling out her name in harsh tones accompanied by angry upbraidings.

Unpleasant visions crowded before the old woman's eyes, grim grey pictures of the dreaded workhouse and ungrateful friends, sharply contrasting with the bright days of lazy living and good feeding enjoyed during her stay at River's Lodge, and with a groan she lamented the folly that had drawn her thitherward that night.

"To think I should have ruined myself for nothing; just out of idle curiosity. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do? I daren't open the door and go to him with him in that passion. He said himself as how harm would come to me if I did anything as what I hadn't ought, and that I hadn't to give away to idle curiosity. No. I'll just hurry away, and stay away until it's time for me to take him his brandy."

But, safe in her own room, free from the distraction engendered by the fierce outcries, under dominion of a calmer mind came reasonable doubts as to the likelihood of Mr. Chadd having had knowledge of her presence at all.

"He could only have guessed, at best, I was there, for how could he have known? He couldn't have seen me in that darkness. He couldn't have heard me, I was that particular to keep quiet, especially through that thick curtain; and it was across the door all the time, or I should have seen the light through the cracks, which I didn't. Now how could he have known I was there? Yet, if he didn't, why did he call me; and if he wanted to catch me spying why didn't he open the door and pounce out upon me?

"It's strange, like all the rest of his affairs; and I don't understand it. But I know this; if he tackles me in the morning, I'll brazen it out to him, and take my oath I was sleeping in my bed all night, and never left it until he heard me coming with his mixture."

Like many another anxious thought-taker for the morrow, Mrs. Searle, when the moment came for the testing of the need of her forebodings, found them vanish into thin air, to all appearances perfectly uncalled for. True, Mr. Chadd was silent and preoccupied, but otherwise his manner was unchanged, his "Good-day," as he left the house being affable as ever, while no word was said as to the proceedings of the previous night. Mrs. Searle congratulated herself upon her foresight. She had saved herself, so to speak, by the skin of her teeth, for had not terror prevented her she would have answered his calls by revealing her presence to him. Of one thing she was now certain. Never again, no matter how strong the temptation, would she, in satisfying her morbid curiosity, be led to risk the loss of her comfortable situation.

Gradually Mr. Chadd's visits to River's Lodge became more frequent, until hardly a week passed without his spending one night in the softly-lighted, richly upholstered apartment there. Mrs. Searle continued true to her determination to carefully refrain from giving the slightest cause for complaint, and, however lively her inquisitiveness or excited her imagination, made no further attempts to pry into her master's secrets. And when she had ceased to scheme for their discovery, and when she was least expecting to learn them, the kernel of the whole truth was forced upon her through no intervention of her own.

She had risen one morning at the usual hour, and, as had become her custom, after knocking at Mr. Chadd's door, gently pushed it ajar. Why did she start back, with a loud, gasping sob which would have been an articulate cry in one less miserably afflicted? Why did she suffer the tray, with the glass and water, to slip from her clammy, shaking fingers, as, with reeling gait, she fled into the passage? Her dress caught in the door handle, and the door, with a loud bang, echoing and re-echoing along the corridor of the dark old house, closed. Her lips were white, her teeth chattering; and, helpless with fright, she fell prostrate upon the floor.

How long she had lain thus he could not have told, when she was aroused by hearing Mr. Chadd's voice gently speaking to her from behind the still closed door.

"Mrs. Searle," he said, "are you there?"

How humble the tones! Mrs. Searle had never heard the like from him before.

"Mrs. Searle," came the voice again, the extraordinary gentleness giving place to a little sternness, "if you are there, as I imagine you are, kindly knock upon my door and let me know. Then I will explain something that may have appeared strange to you. Do not fear There's no one here, now, but myself."

Mrs. Searle, rising with a vague, feeble wonder why he didn't open the door and see for himself whether or no she was there, obeyed. Then, in accents half defiant, half awed, was related a short story, and at its conclusion, with heavy eyes and still more timorous countenance, she re-entered the apartment.

After the revelation which had come upon Mrs. Searle with such startling suddenness, the one desire possessing her was to escape from the situation which before she had so highly prized. She longed to flee trom the gloomy house, from the solitude which now so oppressed her, and, beyond all, from her master himself, whose presence filled her with dread and repulsion. Yet she dared not demand her liberty from him, and found it impossible to obtain it without his knowledge and consent. Of late, not only had gates been locked and the keys appropriated, but doors; not only was she a prisoner within the high stone walls of the garden, but within the house itself; and never once had Mr. Chadd forgotten to use these precautions. He had become aware of her fears and of her wish to leave him, and had taken effective means for the prevention of her doing so, turning upon her after each fresh invention for securing her detention a snarl reveeling his teeth, like that of a famished bull dog, to beg her to mark his carefulness in preserving her blissful retreat from intrusion, and his property from the attack of thieves. Latterly he had rapidly aged in appearance and declined in health. His spirits had become low, his temper irritable, and there was an indefinable something about him which, independent of the knowledge she held concerning him, was sufficient to inspire a feeling of repugnance in the old woman's breast.

She no longer took him his hot water at a certain fixed hour. Instead, she approached the passage into which his door opened, and what she heard, standing with bated breath at its head, decided her how to proceed. If she was warned to retreat, she returned at intervals until receiving decisive indications she might enter his room.

The climax of her apprehensions was reached when he intimated his intention of spending a fortnight at the Lodge. His looks were wild and haggard as he made the announcement, and a nervous glancing backward across his shoulder terrified her by the suggestion it presented to her mind. For the last few days she had been in a condition approaching starvation, owing to his having failed to provide her with a sufficient supply of provisions, yet she had not the hardihood to remind him of his neglect; and, after ushering him into his room, climbed the stairs to her bedchamber, and endeavored to lose remembrance of hunger in sleep.

But she could not sleep. Through the long night watches she lay, tossing from side to side, and thrusting her fingers into her ears and shuddering as she fancied she caught the sound of shrieks and groans from below—only fancied—the cries she had heard many a night, standing at the head of the passage, echoing in her brain; for no noise, however loud, from Mr. Chadd's apartment could reach her own.

When morning dawned, she timidly approached the passage, in which nothing but the fear she bore Mr. Chadd, and his assurance of her immunity from harm if she but carried out his instructions, would have induced her to set foot, but received unmistakable warnings to retrace her steps Several times that day, several times the night following, did she retire without drawing nearer to the mysterious chamber, though wild entreaties rang out, wild commands she should at once enter the apartment

The morning of the second day broke. Faint with hunger she descended to the passage. No sound came from her master's room—an intense stillness pervaded the house—and, with a relieved sigh, she shuffled up to the door and knocked.

But there was no response, and again she knocked. Still there was no response.

Her head was swimming with weakness, yet for two whole hours she stood outside the door, not daring to open it. At length, however, encouraged by the silence, and her sense of fear somewhat dulled by her craving for food, she laid her hand upon the massive knob, turned it, and walked boldly into the room.

The sun was shining brightly in through the windows, from which the curtains had been drawn aside, paling the pink rays of light emitted through the crimson globes into nothingness. The heavy chairs and couches were piled in a heap against one of the walls. Signs of a struggle—desperate, determined—were plainly visible. And in the center of the room, his white face mockingly kissed by the sunbeams, lay Mr. Chadd—dead.

CHAPTER II.

[Extracts from the diary of Sir Cyrus Dreird, alias William Chadd, of River's Lodge, Slicorum Lane.]

Wednesday, May, 1870.—At last I have, figuratively speaking, reached the end of my tether. I have committed the sin which men—time so near in their thoughts, eternity so far—esteem supreme in vileness; I have cut short a human life.

For years I have rioted in the wickedness my heart loves, but never before have I broken the code of laws my fellow-countrymen have framed. The sensations I experience at the thought of my position as a criminal are novel. I awoke the night after the murder, to feel a cold leadeny chill creeping over me—over every part of my body but my hands and feet, which were burning hot—and I fancied a heavy weight was upon my chest, which I was unable to remove. The blood seemed to stop coursing through my veins. I was—save for the heat of my hands and feet, and the dull pulsation of my heart—as a dead man. For hours the dreadful nightmare hung over me, and I remained perfectly incapable of motion. Then I fainted; and when I recovered consciousness day was breaking and it was gone.

Tuesday—For several nights I have been a prey to the same terrible sensation. I have suffered agony unspeakable.

Wednesday—I have consulted a physican. He has told me my nerves are out of order, and has recommended a change of air, lively society, agreeable occupation and more temperate living.

Friday—I have decided to travel. This fearful—I might almost call it disease—will kill me if something is not done to mitigate its horrors.

* * * * * *

Friday, August—How my jolly comrades in all the gaycities will laugh when they hear it! I havemade up my mind to marry; to eschew the delights of my wild bachelor life, and seek happiness in connubial felicity. She to whom I intend offering my hand and heart is a pretty child of seventeen. I have met her at Thun traveling with her parents. They know me by name, my wealth, my title, my reputation as a roue, everything but my crime. How they would shrink from me did they but become aware of that! And yet they do not discourage my addresses to their daughter; nay, they encourage them, simpletons!

Is not the murdering of souls the first insidious impulse given toward propelling an immortal spirit to the downward road that leads to everlasting death, to be more condemed than the mere hastening of the inevitable doom of all flesh?

Tuesday—Every day I am by Minna's side, walking, riding, driving, and every day I see more clearly the love she bears me. She is sweet and pretty; a truly womanly woman, with all the freshness of an ignorant child. I look forward to passing years of calm and pleasant existence in her companionship, and to becoming an eminently respectable member of society. I have sown my wild oats, covered them and left them. I have grown weary of evil doing. Let but my crime remain undiscovered (and who can discover it when the secret lies betwixt myself and the dead?), and all will be well.

Thursday—There is a ball at our hotel this evening. I am engaged to Minna for the first dance. Afterward I intend to lead her from the "madding crowd" and the brilliant rooms, out upon the little terrace fronting the flower gardens, and there, in the misty light of the stars and the solemn hush of evening, plight my troth.

Friday—Minna is dead. How coldly I write the words! All sense of her loss is effaced by the terrible calamity that has befallen me. Nemesis is upon me at last. Fool that I was, to dream of a tranquil Eden for such as I! * * *

Scarce a moment had we stood together, Minna and I—her little hand, upon which I had just slipped a ring, in mine—when, to my horror, the old dreadful sensation, from which latterly I had been free, stole over me. The heavy weight upon my chest, the deadness of my limbs, the fire in my hands and feet, were intensified and accompanied by a loud, whirring noise, which beat upon my brains until I fell prone before my love upon the terrace.

Her shriek I faintly heard ring out into the soft night air, bringing crowds of men and gaily-dressed women from the ball-room; then the things around me faded from my sight, and there arose in their place a being it would be impossible for me to describe; a being whose terrible countenance struck me with ineffable dread. He was a giant in form, and, though so terrible, there was beauty in his face—a beauty which, however, my soul instinctively loathed. Dumb I lay at his feet, while in monotonous accents he spoke thus:

"You have committed sins—culminating in the murder of your brother—of which it were impossible for mortal to bear the burden and live. You live because the oppression entailed by them has, by occult influence, been thrown off your sensibilities, creating me. But, though apart from you, I still have power over you, increasing or decreasing according to the evil or good motives swaying you; and in natural sequence I bring you misery, retribution for the suffering you have caused to others. The less corrupt life you have lived since leaving England stayed for a while my avenging hand. Had you revered the purity of this innocent girl (now lying dead at your feet); had you hesitated to sacrifice her to your selfish purposes, to take advantage of her ignorance and her parents' ambition to bind her to a man with your past; you might never have seen me, never have provoked my utmost vengeance. But you did not hesitate; and when her lips touched yours; when the ring upon her finger proclaimed her yours; when the love light in her eyes proclaimed her yours; when you did not waver in claiming your sacrifice; then, your exceeding sinfulness called forth my greatest force. Her purity, because unappreciated by you, proved a curse instead of a blessing to you. As she fell, horror-stricken by the sight of your countenance, upon which was reflected every evil passion you had cherished, the magnetism of her purity, working under my guiding influence, as surely as the gravitation of the spheres, drew the remnants of good from you, leaving you, because undiluted evil, at my mercy, and myself visible to you. The shock of the discovery of your true character was too much for her. She is dead; one of the guiltless sacrificed for the vices of the guilty.

"You are mine. Your passions have enslaved you to me. But, so obstinate is your temperament, you will refuse to acknowledge your bondage; you will fight against me with all the might of your inflexible will. So be it. There must be conflict. But, sooner or later, I shall completely overpower you.

"Upon the third night of each month I will meet you. You cannot escape me. In whatever place, with whomsoever you are, my grasp will be upon you; and as my hold over you strengthens, the more often shall I be with you, the more protracted will be my stay."

* * * * * * *

Tuesday—I have chosen a house to which I may retire to battle with my foe, and behind the doors of which may be concealed from the world the knowledge of my misfortune. In case my courage deserts me, and cowardice inclines me to flee from him, thus acknowledging his mastership and hastening my ruin, I have contrived that the room in which I shall meet him shall be on occasions my temporar prison. The door closes with a spring to be worked only from the outside, and I shall be compelled, from the conspicuousness of my inability to escape, to disregard any momentary weakness and confront him bravely.

I have engaged an old woman to be, unwittingly, my jailer. I think I can safely trust her to appear and open my door at a given hour, but if I see reason to doubt her I can take measures for enforcing her obedience. I can confine her to the house, as I have—to guard against tattling (if I may so speak in connection with a dumb person)—confined her within the boundary of the garden walls; and, her life being dependent on me, she will not dare run contrary to my commands. I shall keep the secret of the door (I secure it each time on leaving in a manner which renders it impracticable she should notice the spring), and she will never dream that I am her prisoner.

* * * *

My room is luxuriously furnished, and is arranged so as to defy any curiosity Mrs. Searle may manifest. * * *

Saturday, November, 1871—I have been compelled to unbosom my secret to Mrs. Searle. My conflicts with him have become more prolonged, and I cannot now accurately state the hour at which she may safely come to me. The other day she received a severe shock. Entering my room at the appointed time, she found me struggling fiercely with him. She did not, so she tells me, see him; but my face, distorted with frenzy, and my actions frightened her almost out of her wits. * * *

The verdict returned at the inquest held over the body of Sir Cyrus Drierd was "that the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE.

My songs are all of thee—what though I sing
Of morning, when the stars are yet in sight;
Of evening or the melancholy night;
Of birds that o'er the reddening waters wing;
Of song, of fire, of winds, or mists that cling
To mountain tops; of winter all in white;
Of rivers that toward ocean take their flight;
Of summer, when the rose is blossoming—
I think no thought that is not thine, no breath
Of life I breathe beyond thy sanctity;
Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,
And of all sound thou art the sense; from thee
The music of my song and what it saith
Is but the beat of thy heart, throbbed thro' me.

—Richard Watson Gilder in the New Day.