SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889.

CITY OF THE SULTAN.

A Look at Turkish Official and Business Life in Constantinople.

GOVERNMENT BUREAUS VISITED.

The Secretary of State Sends His Compliments to Mr. Blaine.

SOME OF THE OFFICIALS' SALARIES

[FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.]

Circassian Chief.

CONSTANTINOPLE August 25.—I write this letter in the Capital of the Ottoman Empire. If Paris is France, Constantinople is Turkey. It is here that the Sultan lives. Here are the headquarters of the Turkish army, and from the Government offices here go out the wires of political appointment which control the lives and property of more than 33,000,000 people. Constantinople is the center of Turkish business, and it is the pivot around which the whole Mohammedan world revolves. Situated as it is, partly in Asia and partly in Europe, it forms the connecting link of the two great civilizations, and its population is the most cosmopolitan on the face of the globe. The straits of the Bosphorus which connect the big Black Sea with the little sea of Marmora wind in and out like a wide river between Europe and Asia. They are bordered by beautiful hills which slope down in places almost precipitously to the water, and their natural scenery compares very favorably with the best bits along the Rhine and the Danube. At the beginning of these straits there is a lofty peninsula containing the area of two or three good sized farms, the greater part of the northern side of which is separated from the main body of Europe by a long inlet of water which winds around like a horn and which is known as the famous Golden Horn of Constantinople.

The lower side of the peninsula is washed by the sea of Marmora and its upper edge blocks the waters of the Bosphorus. Standing upon its shores you can almost throw a

The Sublime Porte.

stone into Asia, and by turning around you could, with a revolver, shoot a bullet deep into the body of Europe. It is upon this peninsula that the greatest part of Constantinople is built. This part is known as Stamboul, and it belongs almost exclusively to the Turks. Upon it stand the great bazaars, above its thousands of Turkish houses rise the tall minarets of hundreds of mosques, and the cries of its turbaned peddlers are mixed with the shrill tenor of the Muezzins, who five times each day stand upon the balconies of these towers and sing out the hours of prayers.

A BRIDGE OF BOATS

about a mile long and as wide as Pennsylvania avenue in Washington connects this Turkish quarter of the city with the European shore, and over this bridge there is constantly passing a throng of Turks and Christians, of Hebrews and Greeks, of brown-gowned men from Persia and broadcloth traders from Europe. An Italian writer in Constantinople says that 100,000 men go over this bridge every day, and one new idea crosses it about every ten years. This bridge leads to Pera, which is the European quarter of Constantinople. The hills on the north side of the Golden Horn are as steep as those of San Francisco, or of the bluff on which Kansas City is built. Pera has covered these hills and the palaces of the foreign legation, the Kosks of the Sultan and the homes of the swell Turkish officials stand high above Stamboul and command extensive land and water views of Asia and Europe. Pera itself is more of a European town than a Turkish one. It has business buildings like those of Paris, its stores are filled with European goods tastefully shown behind plate glass windows, and a good street car line carries you from one part of it to the other. It has an underground cable railroad. From the shores of the Golden Horn to the top of the bluff upon which the city is built, and the incline of this is as steep as that of the bluff of Kansas City. The road is well patronized, and it ought to be a paying investment.

Pera has European hotels with Swiss servants, French cooks and electric bells, in which you can be as comfortable as in any hotel in New York. And the social dinners of its people would compare favorably with those of the other capitals of Europe. As a diplomatic post the city of the Sultan is one of the most important capitals of Europe. The complications which are at any time liable to arise with Russia leads the English, the French and the German to keep immense establishments here, and the expenses of the foreign ministers for entertaining runs into the tens of thousands of dollars a year.

A COSTLY POSITION.

One of the legations uses at its state dinners gold and silver plate which is worth $100,000, and the Sultan feasts the diplomats on gold plates and furnishes them Turkish coffee in gold cups. During the past four years the American Minister has entertained very largely, and Mr. Straus has, I doubt not, spent several times the amount of his salary in keeping up Uncle Sam's end of diplomatic entertainment. He is one of the most popular Ministers America has ever sent to Turkey, and his diplomatic career has been a great success.

The Turks themselves are very hospitable, and many of the Turkish officials have a part of their houses furnished in European style. The better class of them are well educated, and there are hundreds of Turks in the employ of the Sultan who can speak French, English and German, and who are as thoroughly posted on the leading subjects of the day as the most cultured men of the courts of Europe. I dined last night with Balsamides Bey, who is well-known to everyone who has read Marion Crawford's novel, "Paul Patoff." This man is intimately connected with the Sultan, and he is, I judge, not much over 30 years of age. He was educated in one of the great Mohammedan schools, and his life has been spent almost altogether in Constantinople. Nevertheless he speaks English perfectly, can talk French like a Parisian, and is one of the best posted men I have ever met on the history of the world. He seems to have every event in our national life at his tongue's end. He knows all of the American authors and can talk by the hour on English literature. He is as well up on public men as he is on public matters, and is one of the most agreeable conversationalists I have met. He is the best type of the advanced Turk of to-day, and like many of his kind, his life is more like that of a European than a Turk. All of the Government officials of Turkey dress in European costume save that their black broadcloth coats are cut high at the neck and that their heads are always covered in the house and out with the red-fezzed, black-tasseled cap.

JUST LIKE UNCLE SAM'S.

The Sultan has his great Government departments like those we have at Washington. There is a department of state or foreign office, a war department, a department of public works and department of education, of the interior and of justice. A large number of these departments are in the vast building known as the Sublime Porte, which is located near the great palace of the Sultan, in Stamboul, known as the Old Seraglio. I visited the Sublime Porte yesterday and met a number of the leading Turkish officials. I found that many of them spoke English, and that all could converse in French. The Secretary of State asked me to give his compliments to Mr. Blaine when I returned to Washington, and to tell him that he had a great admiration for his ability. Another Cabinet Minister

Turkish Peddlers.

who has charge of the newspaper press of the Empire, and who is to a large extent connected with the interior, told me that the Government was now encouraging the newspaper, and that the day would come when each city in the Turkish Empire would have its daily paper.

There are a number of daily papers in Constantinople. Some in English, some in French and some in Turkey. The Persians have a paper. The Greeks have their organs and there are also newspapers for the Hebrews and the Armenians.

A missionary press publishes a Bulgarian newspaper, but I understand that with all these papers the censorship of the press is very strict and that the greater part of the articles published are read over by the Government officers before they are permitted to be printed. This is especially so with the Bulgarian newspapers, as the Turks are much afraid of revolutions among the Bulgarians and they cut out everything that relates to liberty or tends to the depreciation of the government of the Sultan. In the Sublime Porte the leading foreign newspapers are taken and I spent an hour in a large room in which a dozen clerks were busy translating articles which had been published in Europe and America upon Turkey. Everything that was written about the Sultan is translated and presented to him, and while I was present I noted that two of the clerks were working on articles from New York newspapers.

SOME OF THE SALARIES.

Judges in Turkey get about $320 a month. Assessors receive from $125 to $200 per month, and common soldiers are supposed to grow fat on their board and clothes and 3 cents a day. Turkey has a conscript system like that of Germany, and all of the able-bodied Mohammedan population receive a fair amount of military training. The Turks make magnificent soldiers, and those I see here at Constantinople are as finely formed and as well built men as you will find anywhere. I am told that they will soon be able to put an army of 800,000 trained men in the field, and they have the best mounted cavalry that I have ever seen. Poorly as the men are paid, they seem to be happy, and they have in fighting a courage which other soldiers have not, which comes from their implicit belief that they will go to heaven if they die while fighting for the Sultan. It may be this reason that excludes non-believers from the military service. The large number of Turks who are not Mohammedans cannot enter the army if they would, but they have nevertheless to pay an exemption tax amounting to $1 50 a year per male person, and this tax levied on the baby boy 1 year old as well as on the man of 75. When a poor Armenian, Greek or Hebrew happens to have a family of six or eight boys his expenses are materially increased, and the number of these foreigners in Turkey is so large that this species of tax income amounts to a great deal. Scattered about the hills of Constantinople are barracks which look like palaces, and which are probably built with this tax.

TAXED TO DEATH.

The Turkish people are, in fact, taxed to death. The extent of the taxation and the poor methods of its collection grind the life out of the people, and the Empire is practically bankrupt. If it could be properly managed it might yet pay its debts and prosper, but it is very doubtful whether it will do this under the present government and people. As it is, its foreign loans amount to more than $1,000,000, and there are import and export duties on nearly everything. The foreign bond holders control the customs and dues, and though there is a big tariff on tobacco, and the tobacco trade in itself is a monopoly, the Sultan never gets any of its receipts. He hands over the tribute from Egypt to the bond holders without looking at it, and he is so surrounded by his creditors that he can do nothing without consulting with them.

The business of Constantinople, like that of all oriental cities, is done in bazaars, and the bazaars of this city are perhaps the largest in the world. They are all under one roof, and this roof covers acres of narrow streets which wind in and out, cross and re-cross one another until in passing through them you lose yourself again and again as though in the mazes of Rosamond's bower. The pavement of these bazaars are cobble stones. The streets are about five or six feet wide and no carriage or wheeled vehicle can drive into them. The stores are narrow cells, ranged along the sides of the streets, with wide ledges or divans in front of them, and the merchants in turbans and gowns squat on rugs cross-legged with their goods hung up above them and piled all around them. You can buy in these bazaars anything from a clove or a needle to a pair of diamong ear-rings, and there are old gold watches by the bushel, and attar of roses by the gallon. Each bazaar street has its own line of merchandise upon it. The jewelers work side by side, the shoemakers have a street of their own, and the dealers in old arms and old clothes each have their own separate locality.

ALL KINDS OF BAZAARS.

There is a saddle bazaar where all kinds of gorgeous saddles are made and sold in cell after cell. There is a spice bazaar in which the perfumes of ground cinnamon greets your nostrils. There is a Persian bazaar where you can buy enough rich shawls to carpet a farm from every long bearded, richly dressed Mohammedan within it, and there is a bazaar where the finest of gold embroidered curtains and other rare articles in silk and silver are sold. There are bazaars of all kinds and the Turkish merchant and the traders that you find in them are of all classes and sexes and they come from all parts of the Mohammedan world. Here is a veiled lady in a balloon-like silk gown from some Pasha's harem, a black-faced eunuch with a whip in his hand stands beside her and watches her closely as she buys of a handsome Armenian. Near her stands the hamel or porter with his saddle on his back, ready to carry away for her anything she may buy, though its weight be 500 pounds. There is a Circassian with a high African cap and his breast covered with cartridge boxes. He is a chief in his native village, and he is making a trip to Constantinople. Here comes a Greek in red fez cap, gold embroidered waist and skirts which stand out from his body like those of the girl who rides the trick horse in the circus, and here comes an Abyssinian slave in turban and gown, whose face is as black as the silk hat of that European merchant who walks behind him. Here are Persians from Bagdad, Kurds from Asia and Bashi Bazouks from the interior. Here is

A PRETTY ARMENIAN LADY,

and there, flirting with an old Turk as she tries on a pair of new slippers, is a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked beauty wearing the embroidered dress of Bulgaria. There a group of Syrians are drinking coffee together and here comes a lemonade peddler with a four gallon bottle on his back, offering a drink which he claims is sweeter than honey.

Commission merchants and brokers by the dozens hang round you urging you to accept their services in purchasing. Your eyes dance in trying to comprehend the colors of the rainbow which you see all around you, and your ears are deafened with a dozen strange languages. You wander through street after street, finding something new at every step, and when you think you have come to the end your guide tells you that you are only at the beginning. I have gone again and again to these Constantinople bazaars and I find something new in every street every time I go.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MAKING BROWNIES TO SELL.

The Novel Industry Started by a Clever New York Woman.

New York World.]

Of all curious and ingenious ways of making a living that of the New York woman who invented the "ordinary brownie of commerce" takes the lead. Every knows and loves Palmer Cox's brownies, who first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, and later in book form showed what pranks they were equal to. At first they were only the old-fashioned little elves, with their skin-tight garments and peaked caps, such as all children were familiar with, but as the series went on there appeared in the crowd, first, a dude brownie, then an Irish elf, a Scotch one, a Chinese; old and young ones, brownie policemen, and one who wore a crown. The children all over the country grew to know and love them, and then this afore-mentioned ingenious woman conceived the brilliant idea of making brownies to sell. She worked at it some time, but finally with the aid of a little wire, cloth and a paint brush, she turned out a sprite that wouldn't have known himself in the glass from the real thing or from Palmer Cox's pictures.

She made three of them at a venture and sent them to the Woman's Exchange. They sold the first day, and the second day she had an order for ten. Before the season was over the Exchange alone had sold 1,500 of them, the shops and exchanges in other cities had taken as many more, and every moment she had to spare would not suffice to fill the orders that came in, and she was forced to hire several assistants. Now a well-known firm has hired her to make brownies exclusively for them. They pay her a big salary, give her an airy workroom in their establishment, where there are half a dozen girls to aid her and carry out her orders. She has copied all the varieties of brownies that Cox drew and has made half a dozen fresh sorts out of her own head. It seemed a very trifle foundation for success, but it is not the first time she has made money out of trifles, for it was she who invented the tissue paper owls which have sold by the thousands, and when the brownies lose their popularity is she confident she can find something to take their place.

HARD ON A POOR MAN.

His Wife Makes Him Tell the Truth About His Fishing.

Boston Courier.]

He had just come from a day's fishing in the perch pond, and was in the act of opening his mouth to tell of his exploits, when his wife, closing the book which she had been reading said:

"Oh! it's you, George, dear. I'm glad to see you back. It was so dull with you away that I took up the Bible to pass the time, and was reading the Book of Revelations as you came in. That's a wonderful book. And just think, it says, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' Have you caught anything?"

"No, Mary," he answered. "I didn't catch a thing, but I thought, as I went out out to get fish, we might as well have a string, so I called at the fish store and bought these."

She said she was glad to get the fish, and talked to him with much cheerfulness; but he was gloomy and pre-occupied, and scarcely said a word in reply, and, in a short time, giving the excuse that he was tired, went off to bed.

Poor fellow!

WHY SHE DOESN'T BOARD.

A Boston Lady Talks of the Annoyances of Hotel Life.

Boston Herald.]

"Why don't I go to a hotel?" replied a Boston woman the other day to a remark of a friend that it would be a pleasant change from her summer housekeeping. "This is why I don't board. I have to say 'Good morning' to 50 people I don't care a straw about. Every time I step on the piazza the other women ask me how I do, if I am going to drive, if my book is 'nice' if—well, you know the formula. Now some of these people I like and some I detest; but I have to be civil whether I am in the mood or not. If I remain in my room, I am called 'reserved,' disagreeable or worse.

"I loath fancy work, and all the boarders expect me to admire what they are making for Christmas and church fairs. Any serious reading out of doors is not to be thought of, because it is impossible to concentrate the average mind in a chatter about the relative merits of a Rosenbaum or a Redfern gown, or whether foulard is preferable to India silk, and what boat or train somebody's husband comes on that afternoon. No, I am not adapted to the summer hotel."

The Child Wondered.

Youths' Companion.]

Georgie saw a telegraph wire and poles for the first time. Gazing for a minute or two deliberately at it, he remarked, in his slow way, "Is there any woman big enough to hang clothes on that line?"

Equally Expensive.

Old Lady—Doctor, please let me have my bill.

Doctor—My good woman, I know you are not in the best of circumstances. I want nothing for my trouble.

Old Lady—Oh, that's kind of you! But who will pay the druggist?—*German Paper.*

OLD SLEUTH RACKET.

Nye Tells How a Reporter Became a Detective and a Saddened Man.

GOING IN FOR ORIGINAL METHODS.

He Continually Runs Against All Kinds of Stumbling Blocks, and is

NOW DOING TIME ON A FUNNY PAPER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ESTERDAY I saw a sad, sad reporter. He said that he had been regarded always as a good all-around newspaper man, who had begun as a journalist and gradually worked his way up. He had written every kind of descriptive work on short notice, and had done everything from a prize fight to a tennis tournament, from a four-hour speech on the tariff to a holocaust, and had been generally considered a good man.

Lately he had decided that he would strike out for original methods and thus increase his salary. He had noticed how well it paid to do the detective reporter style of work, and so he thought he would do some of it. He had come on from an interior city and other newspaper men had told him that to get on rapidly he should do some difficult thing and then write it up. Other people had tried in New York, but failed because they just tackled the old reliable stock of dime museums, elevated railroad, Castle Garden and the park, so he ought to do some daring and dangerous act, after which he could write it up and get big pay for it.

He tried it gently by riding on a street car all day and talking with the driver and conductor. He picked out a good-natured looking driver and bright conductor on a Broadway car, and rode all one afternoon with them,

GETTING GOOD STORIES

from both, while he rode first on the front and then on the rear of the car. Each man told him of the hardships of his position. The driver said that, though a young man, he had quite a family at home, and that on his salary he found it very difficult to clothe

Being Taken in by Another Reporter.

the little ones, to say nothing of sending them to school. His wife was blind, having lost her sight from the effects of overwork with her needle at night without sufficient light, so that the little ones were practically orphans. He had a long, hard day's work to do, after which he had to cook enough for the next day, and mend the children's clothes while they were in bed. And yet the company docked him at every possible point and abused him if he dared to sit down to drive on a dull day.

The conductor told a sad story of privation also. He said he had only one little girl, but she was a cripple. The child had come one day to bring his dinner to him, and on the way had been run over by a brewery wagon loaded with glucose beer and a fat driver. The conductor heard her scream and ran to her in time to snatch her out from under the hind wheels, but the other wheels ran over her and injured her spine. Now he had to leave her at home all day in charge of his wife's mother, who was paralyzed on one side and an habitual drunkard on the other. Yes, he said, the company docked him for the time he was absent, when he ran to save his little girl, though he only lost one trip. He was not a complaining man, he said, but some times it seemed hard.

FOOLED BY HIS FELLOWS.

The reporter made copious notes, and that night made two columns of the story for the Sabbath paper. When it appeared all the papers made fun of him because both the driver and conductor of that car were reporters who were also getting material for their journals, and when they saw that he was securing information for publication, they proceeded at a rapid rate to fill him up, and even as the reporter was listening to the smooth and tearful tale of the driver, the conductor was thinking up what he also would tell him.

In the afternoon the editor told him that he would not do. "You ought to know better than that," he said. "You have made us a subject of mirth, for the other papers have got their stories direct from the driver and the conductor of that same car, and the worst of it is, that they tell all about how they loaded you up with property facts and low, coarse falsehoods. You ought to know better than to show your notebook anyway unless you want to be done up. Now go and act at once and do something creditable, or go away and never come back any more. I am sick and tired of people who have no originality of thought. Why do you not lead a life of shame, or murder some one, and write it up for us?"

The reporter said he would do the best he could. He began by taking a drink at a place where you can get a cocktail, a fresh egg and a bowl of bread and milk, with music and a shave for ten cents. When we stop to consider that the cost of the bread, milk, egg, music, etc., is all taken out of the quality of the cocktail we at once arrive at the conclusion that the liquor is of an inferior quality.

SEEKING A GOOD FIELD.

He drank another and then decided to gradually work his way over to the Inebriates' home, where he had heard there was very poor food for the inmates and a good field for newspaper work. He took another Attorney street cocktail and a breath of air, and soon let off a yell which awoke a police somnambulist. Goaded to madness by thus being aroused in the middle of the afternoon, the policeman hit the reporter a sickening blow on the head and took him to the station.

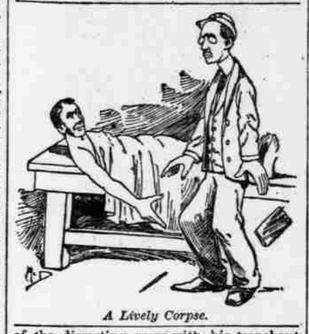
On the following day the reporter tried to write it up as far as he had gone, but his head hurt him so that he gave it up. The other papers, however, had real good accounts of the incident, giving his name and also stating that he was the reporter who had made an ass of himself by interviewing two other reporters on a street car, and filled the columns of the press with horror over an imaginary tale of woe, well calculated to injure the street car line.

So he did not try to investigate the Inebriate's home at all. He just stayed for a few days at a little inebriate's home of his own, and tried to make his wife believe that he told her about the origin of the trouble.

He hired out then for a day or two as assistant to a tinner, and went with him to assist him in putting a tin patch on the country seat of a wealthy man. Here he got to thinking once more of his old work and also of the great field for usefulness in the detective line. First he thought he would try it as a stowaway, but he only tried one vessel and found that another paper had a representative there, and one stowaway was really all that the vessel would accommodate.

A NEW LINE.

Then it occured to him to get smuggled into a dissecting class. He had heard that the classes in anatomy at one of the big colleges were very much depraved, and that they played baseball with the heart of the subject, and when they went to lunch, in order to prevent fellow-students from swiping their pipes and chewing tobacco, many of them concealed these articles during the lunch hour in the thorax of said subject. He decided, therefore, that, ghastly as the subject was, he would have to do it. After a good deal of delay he got permission as a friend only to visit the dissecting rooms as a young visiting physician from Philadelphia. He desired to reveal the true horrors



A Lively Corpse.

of the dissecting room with his trenchant pen and thus attain a name and a salary which would rattle along down the corridors of time.

He asked if he might be permitted to see the gentleman upon whom the class proposed to elucidate, and was given permission to visit the room prior to the hour of demonstration, "if he would agree not to carry anything away."

He went nervously into the place by himself in order to get up his courage. Also to make a few notes. He saw something that looked like a person concealed under a covering evidently doing the Sir John Moore act. The reporter, with his fatal notebook, went up to the table, and, wondering whether he would see a mangled criminal or a fair young Peri, he gently lifted the sheet.

It was a young man.

There was nothing at all shocking about his appearance. He looked as if he might be slumbering. One could almost fancy that he breathed.

THE CORPSE AWAKES.

Pretty soon a large fly buzzed around for a moment and alighted on the white, handsome nose. The corpse stood it as long as it could, and then brushed him off.

The reporter felt faint. He tottered and fell over against the table. It tipped up a little and the remains slid off at the side.

Seeing the note book the remains said:

"Mr., are you a reporter?"

"Yes, sir," said the sad man.

"Well, shake, if you please. So am I. It struck me that it would be a good idea to get at the inside of the traffic in dissecting goods and raw material for demonstrations. So I concluded to work it up and give it to the public. I arranged the matter so that I could be 'snatched' and I guess I must have overslept myself. The thing wasn't what you could call a success, however, although I have got enough notes to make a good story, but I have just found out, when it was too late, that another medical college surprised one of the reporters of the evening papers, so he'll scoop me at 1 o'clock on a story I had for to-morrow morning."

The sad reporter said that he went home to the office and asked for an assignment. "I have none for you," said the city editor, as he put a column story in the boiler and boiled it down to half a stickful, "we have none."

"Very well," said the reporter with a sob, "if you have no assignment for me I will go home and with the aid of my creditors I will make one myself."

He is now doing time on a funny paper.

BILL NYE.

A MILLIONAIRE'S HALF HOLIDAY.

He Spends it in a Quiet Way and Feasts on Free Lunch.

Chicago Tribune.]

The story of a salaried man who took a whole week:

"If I couldn't have any more comfort with money than some men whom I know, I had rather remain poor. The other day I had business with a man whose wealth is variously estimated from a half million to one and a half millions. I called at the office and was told that he was on his vacation. I said I was sorry, as my business was urgent. The clerk replied that old Moneybags would be at his home that night. 'Then he is not out of the city? I asked. The clerk said 'No,' and added, 'His vacations are half days off and are passed near his business.' Then I asked where I could find him. The clerk took me back of a screen and told me confidentially. I took a Cottage Grove avenue car and got off at Thirty-ninth street. I went into one of the beer gardens of that locality and there I found my millionaire with two or three others, I don't remember the number. Having transacted my business I apologized for the intrusion and left. Passing through the business end of the concern I loitered a few minutes and talked with the man in charge. I said something about his good customers.

"'Do you mean that crowd over there?' he inquired, pointing to the one in which the millionaire sat. And then he continued: 'They come here about twice a week and three of them chip in and buy a bottle of Rhine wine and then work the sausage and cheese on the counter. They call that fun, and I suppose they go down town and tell about having had a monkey and parrot time at my place. I'd like to see such men shipped to New York.'"

Curious.

Miss —— —Why, John, these gloves are not mates.

John—I know they're not, miss; and what troubles me most is, the other pair what's in on the table do be in the same predicament as these.—*Judge.*

ANDRAS NORMAINE'S DUEL.

A FRENCH-AMERICAN NOVELETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

-BY-

SARA BERNHARDT.

CHAPTER I.

HELEN DELWARE AND COMPANY.

NOVELETTE for THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH! Well, it shall not be much more fiction than fact, and it shall have for its place a single railroad train. But, as the cars are in motion all the while, there will be changes of scene, nevertheless. It will be like one of those theatrical views which are the same throughout a play as to the spot on which the action occurs, but are shown from presumably different points of the compass, so that the background changes. I do not make it so for the purpose of economy in scenic material, do believe me, but because it really was that way in the occurrences depicted in this story. They began at the Grand Central Railroad station, in New York, and with the departure of a dramatic company on a professional tour. Such a party of Travelers can always be picked out and identified the world over. Actors and actresses are cosmopolitan in their vagaries of dress. If the actor's coat is made of common-place fabric, it will have a curious cut to distinguish it, and if it be spaged in conventional accord with prevailing styles, it will be sure to be made of singular cloth. In one way or the other he is bound to be coated in a manner to announce his calling. And the actress, if her traveling suit be quiet and ordinary, there will at least be a roguish plume on her hat, or some other embellishment which says to every observer as plainly as in words, "I am an actress." So it was that in the multitude of people at the Grand Central, and in all the commotion of arrival and departure, this one small company of players displayed their occupation to all who cared to know it.

There was trouble about their trunks, confusion about their tickets, and consternation over one or two members who arrived barely in time to board the train at all, but when the wheels did begin to roll under the cars, the business manager breathed a sigh of relief as he leaned back in his seat and felt that, however the tour might end, it was commenced without mishap. His name was Wilton Ortley, and he had been an actor himself, but his voice had gone wrong with asthma, or something of the sort, and he had been forced from the art of the drama over into the commercial side of it. It was one of those sumptuous parlor coaches, luxuriously peculiar to American railroads, in which he half comfortably bestowed his company.

The principal among them was Helen Delware, a woman whose beauty bore the test of daylight admirably, and that is a great deal to say of an actress, whose professional countenance has to be a matter of artificiality. She was above the medium in size, and certainly far superior to the average of her sex in shapelinesss, which was that of a Juno indeed. She was not as young at 30 as she had been at 20, and yet there were no signs of over-maturity, either in the face, with its regular and almost classical features, or in the form, with its happy medium betwixt the slimness of a girl and the roundness of a matron. The richness of her traveling suit told of financial resources as yet unimpaired by her venture as a star actress. Helen Delware

The Tempter Succeeds.

had been less than a year on the stage, and there had been no slow climbing of the ladder in her case, from obscurity to fame. She had begun as a star, of as great a magnitude as lavish expenditure in schooling and wardrobe could produce; and if her acting was not wondrous in the way of genius, it was at all events remarkable for its clear escape from artistic failure. It is true that she had not yet exploited herself in New York, but during one season of professional visits to wisely chosen small towns she had found audiences to accept her, and now she was off for a more ambitious route through middling sized cities.

Manager Ortley, soon after the train started, took a gentleman to her and placed him in an adjoining chair. I wish to introduce this person to the reader particularly. He was Andras Normaine. It was to be seen at a glance that he was a Frenchman, and it did not take a long look to see that he was a Parisian. He was dark complexioned, as most Frenchmen are, and tall, which most Frenchmen are not. Of all the theatrical party he was the single one without a theatric aspect. The lower part of his strongly handsome face was mustached and bearded, contrary to the custom of actors, and he was enabled to leave it so by reason of his role in the comedy used by Helen Delware, being that of a gentlemanly villain, and we all know that gentlemanly villains invariably wear whiskers. Nothing but honest amiability, however, was now expressed in his bright, intelligent visage. When he politely removed his hat, upon being presented to Miss Delware, he disclosed that upright and close-cropped condition of black hair, which we are accustomed to see in Paris, but which in America is associated in idea with foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians, or Spaniards. Agreeable as was the appearance of Andras Normaine in private life, it must be confessed that when he figured in the play as a scoundrel he resorted to no alterations whatever, further than to displace his naturally urbane expression with a sneering scowl. In point of act, he had not up to this time been an actor at all, save during a week of rehearsals prior to the outset. How this had happened he explained to Miss Delware in the conversation which ensued.

"I have been much pleased with your ability, as shown at the rehearsals," the lady said, "and I am astonished to be told by Mr. Ortley that you are a novice. Do you think that you will be able to face an audience without fright?"

"If I have done well enough to please you at the rehearsals," he replied, "I think I shall do no worse before an audience. It was much more of an ordeal to act with stage companions only than it will be in a filled theater."

Andras said that in English, and with a strong French accent. The writer here wishes to inform the reader that she is composing this story in her native French language. It will be transferred into English for my American readers by a collaborator. Whether he will undertake to spell out my hero's French-English I do not know, but I fancy that he will not, because Andras spoke not grotesquely, but merely with a French accent, to print which would make him out a more or less comical speaker, while he was anything but that. So the reader will please to imagine, whenever words are imputed to Andras, that they are uttered with French inflections and accents, although they may be printed in perfect English.

"Forgive me if I seem to imply a doubt that you will acquit yourself excellently," Miss Delware proceeded, and not without manifesting a desire to treat the handsome Frenchman considerately. "I haven't any such fear. But it seems odd that Mr. Ortley should have accepted an utter novice for an important part. How did it happen?"

"I will tell you frankly," Andras replied. "I am a Frenchman of good birth and no money. I came to America aware that the former fact would be of no value here, but hopeful that the latter one might be remedied in this land of wealth-making. I had no definite plan, but simply came to New York with only a few hundred dollars in my pocket. I fancied that somehow or other lucrative employment might be secured. I went to a small hotel in University Place. That is within the boundaries, as you may know, of what has become New York's French colony. I read French names on the sign boards, saw French people in the streets, and felt less foreign than I had expected to. Whenever I ventured outside of this region, of course I found myself in a strange city of a strange land. But I had learned English quite thoroughly, and was able to make intelligent efforts toward placing myself in congenial employment. But I did not succeed."

"I trust that you will find you have succeeded now."

"I meant no disparagement of my present

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

position, believe me. All I intended to say was that I could get at first nothing pleasant to do for a living. For a little while I was an agent for a French wine firm—a boomer, my American companions called it—but I doubt if I was the means of selling as many bottles of champagne as I consumed in the process of booming it, and I was in imminent danger of pronounced dissipation before I gave up the job. One day your Mr. Ortley came to the modest hotel where I was boarding, and inquired of the proprietor for some French actor who spoke English not too brokenly. The establishment was a place where French stage folks made their home temporarily, but it chanced that the requisite guest was not there. I heard the inquiry, and at once offered my services. Mr. Ortley was inclined to turn his back on me when I confessed that I had never done any acting, but I delayed his refusal by urging that, surely, my French-English was just about the thing he wanted. He surveyed me inspectingly, and seemed satisfied that I would look as well as speak like the particular rascal which he meant to put on the stage."

"A very gentlemanly rascal, you know—a perfect gentleman in manners, with an unmistakable stamp of good breeding."

"Thank you, madam. You are considerate. I shall endeavor to so utilize what I can't help—that is, my French accent and my deportment—that the audiences will mistake it for skillful mimicry."

Andras Normaine's free avowal of himself seemed to open the lips of Helen Delware to a somewhat similar frankness. She had taken a liking to the Frenchman, and was disposed to establish unceremonious relations. This was not usual with her, and the others of the party observed it with curiosity. One of them eyed the pair covertly, but with a look of seriousness unlike the careless interest betrayed by the rest. This was John Warduff, a florid and not sentimental looking man, but when a husband sees his wife engaged in familiarly affable dialogue with a gentleman who is hardly more than a stranger, no amount of phlegmatic disposition will prevent him from becoming concerned. Mr. Warduff was the husband of Helen Delware. I have written of her as "Miss" Delware. It is a theatrical custom, as you probably know, to claim maidenhood for actresses before the public, all conditions of matrimony to the contrary notwithstanding. But in the case of Miss Delware the suppression of her wedlock went beyond the printed play bills, and extended to the members of the company, not one of whom knew that she was Mrs. Warduff. That was a whim of her histrionic ambition. Her residence since childhood had been in California, where her husband had engaged in mining ventures, making and losing money spasmodically, and finally getting to a climax in financial collapse. But his wife was more fortunate. She had speculated in gold and silver mines, too, and came out of the risks and chances with a considerable fortune in her own right. It was from this wealth that she was drawing money to support her stage career, in which her husband figured as ostensible proprietor and capitalist of the undertaking. The only person in the traveling party who knew that Helen Delware and John Warduff were man and wife was Wilton Ortley, the business manager, and he had been enjoined to secrecy.

These two men sat side by side, half a car's length from Helen and Andras. Ortley was one of those furtive individuals who hardly conceal their interest in something else than the conversation they are engaged in, provided there is another object of concern in sight. At this time, although for awhile he talked with Warduff about the ordinary business affairs of the company, he eyed the other pair so constantly that Warduff noticed it.

"What are you watching them for?" Warduff at length asked, so suddenly that the other was startled.

"Oh, nothing at all," he replied, forcing a careless air. "I was wondering whether our Frenchman can help enacting just the kind of Frenchman we want in the play. A good-looking fellow, isn't he? And Miss Delware," and he used the professional name of Mrs. Warduff, "seems interested in him."

"What do you mean to insinuate?"

"Not the least thing. No doubt she is a little anxious about his ability, or his lack of it. Are you jealous already? That is the usual folly of an actress' husband. Don't you indulge in it, particularly as there isn't any reason."

Now, Ortley was playing the role of Iago, seeking to implant the seeds of jealousy instead of eradicating them, and for this course he had two reasons. He was somewhat in love with Helen himself, and would have been glad to set up between the husband and wife a discord which should eventually estrange them. Secondly, he had faith in the solid success of the actress, and wished to get profitable control of her, excluding the husband from both the marital and business partnerships.

"I haven't any mistrust of her," Warduff went on; "she is a good enough wife. She gets interested in fine specimens of the opposite sex, like our friend, Andras Normaine, but that is all it amounts to. There is a more serious matter that I want to talk to you about."

"Money?"

"Money. You have guessed it. I want some. You know I have been gambling heavily in New York, don't you? Well, last evening I made a plunging dash at the faro table, hoping to recoup my losses of the past few weeks, if not to get ahead of the game. The game got a good deal further ahead of me. I lost a thousand dollars, which was six hundred more than I had. The remainder I borrowed from a friend, and it is a debt of honor that I really ought to settle immediately. Indeed, I promised to make a remittance from Albany, out of our first night's receipts."

"But we have already mortgaged about the whole of our share for the entire week. I wished to get from your wife the money to meet preliminary expenses, but—"

"But I told you not to, because I had already exhausted that resource. She had paid out as much, or more, than the cost of floating us out of town could possibly come to. She is no fool, and, while ready enough to stand the expenses of her stage ambition, she has a pretty clear idea of what those expenses ought to be. As she has already made me a liberal allowance for personal expenditure, beside advancing some hundreds to cover gambling losses that I confessed to, I don't think it judicious to strike her for more. But you must let me have it, somehow."

"Why not go to your wife, confess your gambling sins and ask for forgiveness—or forgiveness and money?" Ortley suggested, not averse to making the husband lower himself in her esteem.

"I couldn't think of it," Warduff shortly responded. "I mean to get along with my wife. Perhaps you think that would be an unusual thing in the theatrical profession? Well, then we shall be exceptional. My wife loves me, and I regard her as a woman worth cherishing. No, I won't go to her for the money."

"If that is the way you feel about it, I must manage it in another way, I suppose. Make a note of $500, and when we get to Albany——"

"You will find somebody to discount it?"

"Yes—if it has the signature of Helen Delware as indorser. Guaranteed by her, I know a party who will advance the money."

He tore a leaf out of a memorandum book and wrote on it a note for $500. Then he handed to Warduff the pocket fountain pen which he had used in writing, and indicated where he should sign, which he did.

"Now take it to Miss Delware," Ortley said,

Accepted With Thanks.

"and get her name on the other side. You dislike to? Well, it isn't essential that she should know what or why she is signing. Tell her it is an order for some trivial thing—anything you please. It is only a form, anyhow."

Here again Ortley meant to lead the other into difficulty. The trap was vaguely set, and when, a few minutes later, it caught the intended prey, the trapper was elated by his unexpectedly quick success.

The truth was that Warduff knew his wife's alertness too well to suppose that she would sign anything without knowing its nature. He would not trust to the small chance of a lapse in her habit of always knowing what she was about, even though she was absorbedly engaged in a dialogue with the Frenchman. But he meant to make Ortley believe she had signed the note. He said to himself that there was not much risk or criminality in forging her signature. Shouldn't a husband