

your displeasure. You're a wicked, hard-hearted wretch." She stood breathless.

"Is that all you've come to tell me?"

She stared at him in a frightened manner, and then with downcast eyes said: "No, I—I came to make a request."

"I'm good enough for that, am I?"

"The request does not concern me; only my sister."

This word seemed to give her courage. "She works much and suffers more—she has had much trouble. You don't know her, sir," she proceeded, spiritedly. "I am certain, unless you have no heart at all, that you would not harm her."

"That is not my intention."

"But you have notified us to leave, and without cause."

"I want no children in my house."

"The children,"—and she pressed her hands tightly together in her attempt to control herself,—“as though they had disturbed you. The rooms please sister, they are inexpensive, quiet, and are light for her work. But now she must move out and she is ailing.” Rosa's voice trembled, “she has trouble——”

Stöger felt something warm rising within him, but long accustomed to repress such feelings he only asked harshly, “I should like to know how that concerns me? If she is in need, why doesn't she turn to her friends?”

Rosa up to this time was all entreaty, but now she proudly stood erect. “Why doesn't she turn to her friends?” she cried, with bitterness. “Because a helpless and forsaken woman like she has no friends, and because there are, besides you, others who find sport in the tears of a widow. She wants no assistance; she seeks only her rights. Her husband was a chemist who lost his life through the negligence of his employer, and his death not only broke sister's heart, but it left her children without bread. The courts of justice must compel, by right, the manufacturer, several times a millionaire, to recompense her; every law of God and man is on her side. But what can she, a stranger in the land and without friends or counsellors, do to assert her rights? What defense does she have against all this injustice? None! With empty promises she has been put off from time to time. O, if I only were a man,” and she clenched her little hands and raised them threateningly, “so that I could revenge this injustice. My poor sister,” she continued, softly, “you are so good, so unself-