State Library July 97

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIV BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897 No. 38

MRS. J. E ZIMMERMAN.

Fall And Winter Announcement OF High-Class Novelty Silks, Dress Goods And Millinery.

A positively peerless collection of high class stuffs, confined exclusively to us. The first choice of the world's foremost weaves hurried through the Custom House under old tariff duties, we can offer you values at prices untouchable by any competition, as our orders were all placed with importers three months ago.

SILKS.

25c—Beautiful Changeable Silks, all colors; real value 40c.

50c—Extra value in Changeable Silks sold everywhere at 65c.

69c—Elegant assortment of Figured Taffetta Silks, all shades; real value 75c.

75c—Black Satin Duchess, sold everywhere for $1.00.

JACKETS.

The Kothschild Wraps for 1897 are here in all their superb quality, style and finish; the perfect fit of these Garments is well known to our trade. Note the low prices. At $2.98, good quality Ladies Beaver Cloth Jacket.

$5.00, an extra quality of Boucle and Kersey Jackets, style and figure guaranteed.

$7 50 to $15 00—we are showing a line that cannot be matched in the city.

Cloth Capes and $2 50 to $15 00.

$5 00—Boucle Cape, lined throughout, trimmed in Thibet down, front round collar; also, same style in Plush Capes; real value of these capes, $8 50

DRESS GOODS.

25c All-Wool Novelty; value 40c.

25c All-Wool Serges; value 40c.

25c All-Wool 36-inch Ladies' Cloth; value 40c.

39c All-Wool Novelty; value 50c.

50c—We are showing the largest assortment of All-wool Plain Cloths, serges, Henriettas and Novelty Dress Goods ever shown in Butler; quality sold elsewhere at 75c. Remember these styles are exclusively our own; cannot be seen elsewhere at 75c, $1 to $2, in plain and fancy weaves. We are showing as fine and exclusive line of patterns as can be found in the largest city stores. The prices on these fine imported Dress goods 25 per cent less than city prices.

MILLINERY.

All the new effects in Hats, Feathers, Birds, Ribbons and Flowers. New shapes, new combinations. This will be a great Ostrich season. Our Ostrich Goods were all bought prior to the advance Velvets also. Come and visit our Millinery Department; it will pay you. Values always the best, Prices always the lowest.

We shall not enumerate the many classes of goods we keep Come to our store, visit every department, ask to see our Winter Underwear. Hosiery, Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, &c., It will cost you nothing—to buy is your choice. All goods at their lowest prices,

AndEverything a Bargain.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

T. H. BURTON, ✷ T. H. BURTON.

✷STYLE.✷

Style is Everything Now-a-days

And we are glad that it appertains to every article in our stock, for correctness and elegance are sure concomitants to artistic development.

It Costs You no More to be in Harmony With The Best Expressed Styles of The Season, Than to Constitute "A BACK NUMBER."

By taking anything and everything irresponsible dealers may offer you. This establishment intends always to keep up with the times and you are sure of that basis yourself if you will trust us to serve you.

T. H. BURTON,

120 SOUTH MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in hand Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut than ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

101 S. MAIN St., - - - BUTLER, PA

A Pleasing Prospect

TO FIND THE COAT so satisfactory at the first trial. This is the universal testimony of our patrons, who are all lovers of neat fitting clothes. Without them no man looks well dressed.

A COAT WELL MADE is made to fit and not to set-just-hit-or-miss; an artist well may take delight in seeing a neat fitting coat. Good material, good workmanship and good fits are the proof that have made our tailoring a success. We guarantee this and ask you to look at our patterns. Our prices are cut down to the lowest notch.

G. F. KECK, MERCHANT TAILOR, 142 N. Main St, Butler Pa.

C. F. T. PAPE & BROS, JEWLERS.

Our Full Stock Of

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Plateware, etc., have arrived and we cordially invite you to call and examine our stock and get prices before buying elsewhere. We can save you money.

OUR $3.50 watch is the best in the market.

OUR $4.50 watch is the same as you pay **$5.50** and **$6.00** elsewhere.

We have about **15, $4** 8 day clocks left, will close them out at **$2.35.**

Our Stock Of

Ladies and Gents filled watches is complete. We can save you from $3,00 to $6.00 on these goods. We have the finest line of rings in the country, Diamond rings from $3.75 to $250. We give our special attention to watch repairing.

We Handle Nothing But The Celebrated 1847 Rogers' Bros. Plateware.

122 South Main St., Butler Pa.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

P. B. & L. E. R. R.

Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 30, 1897. Butler time.

Trains leave Butler as follows: Connaut Lake Express 7:25 a. m., Erie Mail 9:55 a. m. and Greenville Accommodation 5:05 p. m. Trains arrive as follows: Connaut Lake Express 9:55 p. m., Erie Mail 2:50 p. m. and Greenville Accommodation 9:20 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Connaut Lake Express leaves at 7:25 a. m. and arrives at 9:55 p. m.

Train leaving at 7:25 makes connection with Erie Ry. at Shenango, west; train leaving at 9:55 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer and with Erie at Shenango, east; train leaving at 5:05 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer, north and south.

A. B. CROUCH, Ticket Agent

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 16, 1897. BUTLER TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 A.M	9 17 A.M
Allegheny "Flyer"	8 15 "	9 32 "
New Castle Accommodation	1 55 P.M	9 17 "
Akron Mail	8 15 A.M	7 03 P.M
Allegheny Accommodation	10 05 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Express	3 05 P.M	4 55 "
Allegheny "Flyer"		3 05 "
Chicago Express	3 40 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Mail	5 40 "	8 08 "
Allegheny "Flyer"		7 03 "
Ellwood Accommodation	5 40 "	7 03 "
Chicago Limited	5 40 "	9 17 A.M
Kane and Bradford Mail	9 32 A.M	5 30 P.M
Clarion Accommodation	3 15 P.M	9 55 A.M
Foxburg Accommodation	7 10 "	8 05 "
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
Allegheny Express	8 15 A.M	9 32 "
Allegheny Accommodation	5 40 P.M	4 55 P.M
New Castle Accommodation	8 15 A.M	7 03 "
Chicago Express	3 40 P.M	4 55 "
Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 "

Trains going north at 9:32 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. make close connection at Foxburg for points on Allegheny Valley Ry.

For through tickets to all points in the west, northwest or southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent, Butler, Pa.

R. B. REYNOLDS, Supt., Foxburg, Pa. C. W. BASSETT, A. G. P. A., Allegheny, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 13, 1897.

SOUTH.	WEEK DAYS A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
BUTLER....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 15	2 35	5 05	
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 38	3 00	5 28	
Butler Junction.....“	7 27	8 48	12 02	3 25	5 53	
Butler Junction....Leave	7 30	8 48	12 17	3 25	5 54	
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 56	12 25	3 35	6 02	
Tarentum.....	7 42	9 02	12 30	3 42	6 07	
Springdale.....	7 50	9 11	12 41	3 52	6 17	
Claremont.....		9 25	1 00	4 06	6 27	
Sharpsburg.....	8 00	9 31	1 09	4 12	6 32	
Allegheny.....	8 27	9 43	1 23	4 25	6 43	
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations at 7:35 a. m., and 5:00 p. m.

NORTH.	WEEK DAYS A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Allegheny City....leave	7 00	9 00	11 25	2 50	6 10	
Sharpsburg.....	7 11	9 12	11 37	3 05		
Claremont.....		9 19	11 45	3 13		
Springdale.....		9 30	11 59	3 30	6 37	
Tarentum.....	7 34	9 39	12 08	3 43	6 4	
Natrona.....	7 39	9 43	12 13	3 51	6 51	
Butler Junction...arrive	7 46	9 51	12 23	4 00	7 0	
Butler Junction....leave	7 46	9 50	12 25	4 10	7 0	
Saxonburg.....	8 10	10 15	12 49	4 36	7 24	
BUTLER.....arrive	8 36	10 36	1 17	5 05	7 50	
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations at 7:25 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

WEEK DAYS. P.M.	A.M.	FOR THE EAST.		WEEK DAYS P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2 35	6 25	lv Butler	ar		1 17	
	7 27	“ Butler Junction	lv		12 22	
3 20	7 46	lv Butler Junction	ar	5 25	12 2	
3 35	7 49	ar Freeport	lv	5 3	11 4	
3 35	7 53	“ Allegheny Junction	“	5 0	11 2	
3 51	8 08	“ Leechburg	“	4 00	11 8	
4 09	8 21	“ Pavlton (Apollo)	“	7 53	11 1	
	8 51	“ Bolivar	“	7 2		
5 06	9 22	“ Blairsville	“	7 0	10 4	
5 15	9 30	“ Blairsville Intersection	“	5 2	10	
8 50	12 55	“ Altoona	“		7 0	
1 10	4 1	“ Tyrone	“		3	
4 10	6 23	“ Philadelphia	“			
P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	

On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7:35 a. m., connects at Harrisburg, Altoona and Philadelphia.

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station), as follows:—

Atlantic Express,	daily	3:50 A.M.
Pennsylvania Limited	“	7:15 “
Day Express,	“	7:30 “
Main Line Express,	“	8:00 “
Philadelphia Express,	“	4:00 P.M.
Eastern Express,	“	7:05 “
Fast Line,	“	8:10 “
Philad'a Mail, Sundays only		8:40 A.M.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Place to Buy

GAS COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS ENAMEL AND

IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER,

W. H. O'BRIEN & SON

107 East Jefferson St.

BEE KEEPER'S SUPPLIES

—SUCH AS—

Hives, Smokers, Brood Frames, Sections, Section Boxes, Brood and Surplus Foundation.

The best goods at the lowest possible prices.

James S. Murphy,

Mercer Co., Penna.

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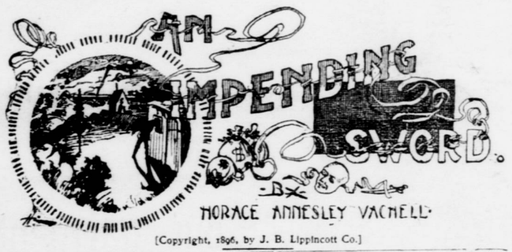

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CHAPTER I.

My father, Hugo Livingston, of Mount Livingston, Philadelphia, may be compared to a superb annual which, towering skyward, blooms bravely for a season, but dies rootless, leaving to those who have loved and admired it tender memories of beauty and fragrance—nothing more.

He inherited early in life a good understanding, fine estate, a famous cellar of Madeira, and the handsomest legs in America. These, in combination, furnished himself and his friends with an abundance of meat, drink and entertainment. He spent his money like a prince, and, wherever he went, scattered broadcast both dollars and jests. Need I add that his purse grew lighter than his laughter?—that he died full of years and honors—a pauper?

A brilliant man of the world, he never attempted to make money, because, as he often observed, the catchpenny cares of a merchant or banker wore away, by constant attrition, the bloom of high breeding—that exquisite veneer which distinguishes from the common herd the gentleman of lineage, leisure and culture.

My mother—sweet soul! I can scarce recall her face—was a Schermerhorn; her full-length portrait (by the younger West) hangs to-day in the gallery of Barabbas Boulde. The curious will please note that it is flanked on the left by a remarkable picture of a sapphire and diamond necklace, a masterpiece of Meissonier (the great Frenchman has paid but scant attention to the coarse, putty-colored features of Martha Boulde, rightly considering that the gems, not the woman, deserved immortality), and on the right by a Madonna of Andrea del Sarto. Between these two presentments of things material and things spiritual stands my dear mother, who settled with the nicest adjustment in her own lovely person the conflicting claims of body and soul. My father has said a thousand times that she loved him tenderly to the day of her death—I was barely ten years old when this great misfortune befell me—and he swore fondly that of all the women he had met she alone had enshrined herself in his heart as the kindest, the truest and the purest of her sex.

So much for my elders and betters.

Before my father died, he gave me some advice. He had little else to bestow.

"Hugo," said he (I was named after him), "what are your plans for the future?"

"The future?" I replied, vaguely; "upon my soul, I've been so occupied with the present"—I had just been graduated from Yale—"that the future has not had my consideration."

"Hugo," said my father, gravely, "you are young and ardent; and to such the choice of a profession is no happy matter."

"You would make a sorry lawyer."

"I might go west."

"The farmer, Hugo, is the historical fool. Go east, if you wish to travel; the Pierian spring is not to be found in Colorado or California. If you were an Englishman, I should advise the army or navy; but you are too old, and our officers play but a paltry role. As a money-grubber you would have to sacrifice on the altar of Mammon your youth, your breeding, your conscience"—I quote my father verbatim, neither indorsing nor condemning his words—"and that precious thing, your leisure."

"What am I to do?"

"Make haste slowly, my dear lad. The small sum you inherit under your mother's will is sufficient to carry you, afoot, all over Europe. Your face, name and wits should prove passports to decent society. Leave this question of a profession sub judice; but don't idle, and, wherever you may be, set apart so many hours each day to serious study."

Conceding that my father was a man of prejudice, I submit that his advice was sound as a Newton pippin, and came not amiss. I believe in the conservation of energy, and his words chimed harmoniously with my own nebulous ambitions. Accordingly, some two months after his funeral I decided to set forth upon my travels, being reasonably certain that he knew me better than I knew myself, and doubting nothing of his affection and solicitude for my welfare.

"The Lord help you!" said my mother's cousin, a famous banker, who had offered me a stool in his counting-house. "You are a bigger fool than your father."

"Did you ever tell my father to his face that you considered him a fool?"

I looked him fiercely in the eye, and he stammered out: "N-n-no."

"I thought not. I have his whip in my possession, sir, and know how to use it."

In this Cambyses vein I cut adrift from an influential kinsman who had good-naturedly flung me a tow-line. In his wake I might have steered my bark to fortune, lolling at ease in the stern sheets; but I was no parasite, and my dear father's good name was my most precious possession.

For two years I jogged cheerily along the high roads of life, avoiding as much as possible the by-paths, the vias tenebrosa, and following the finger of Fancy, surely the most complaisant courier in the world. The dame, however, amused herself at my expense upon several occasions. I ate a haggis in Scotland, and some blutwurst in Berlin; but, thanks to her, I listened to Tannhauser at Bayreuth, saw the moon rise out of the Adriatic at Venice, floated down the Danube from Vienna to Bucharest—an enchanting voyage—traveled across Norway in a cariole, and skated through Holland. Finally I settled down in London to 18 months' hard work as a journalist.

But the tramp fever was in my veins, and the daughters of Themis had a tangled skein to unravel. Thus it came to pass that in the spring of '81 I registered my name at the Acropolis hotel of San Francisco. I had passed leisurely from state to state, and my small capital had assumed microscopical proportions. With the exception of half a dozen magazine articles—some of them not paid for—I had done no work. But I carried good letters of introduction, had accumulated plenty of material, and confronted the future with a grin upon my face.

In this mood, looking at the world through rose-colored goggles, I sat down to breakfast upon the morning succeeding my arrival at the Acropolis, and picked up the morning paper. I was carelessly scanning its columns, when the following advertisement met my eye:

"Wanted—A young, strong, healthy man, graduate of a university preferred, who must be an athlete, a scholar, and a gentleman. Large salary to right man. Apply Omega, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Consolidated savings bank."

Reading these lines, I speculated in regard to the number of young men in California who would consider themselves eligible candidates for the "large salary," and, pursuing this train of thought, I reflected that it might be amusing to present myself between the hours of ten and eleven at the Consolidated savings bank.

Accordingly I did so.

It was the gratification of an absurd whim (unless we take into consideration the daughters of Themis), but it involved me in an amazing adventure.

To my infinite surprise, the bank was not surrounded by a crowd of athletes; and the cashier informed me, with a silky smile, that Omega was within and alone.

"The San Francisco youth," said I, "must be singularly modest."

"Admirable Crichtons," he rejoined, "are scarce as black tulips. Do I understand, sir, that you are an applicant?"

Up to this moment I had not considered this very obvious question. None the less I replied promptly: "Yes."

He looked me up and down, a queer smile curling his lips. Then he held out his hand for my card.

"My name," I replied lightly, "is—Alpha."

The cashier nodded pleasantly, and disappeared. When he returned, after an absence of ten minutes, his smile was still more accentuated.

"Omega," he murmured, "is in the president's private room. Kindly follow me."

I obliged him, and found myself inflating my chest and squaring my shoulders. Upon such occasions a man wishes to cut as fine a figure as possible, and I'll confess that the enigmatic smile of the cashier piqued me not a little. Feeling that I had embarked upon a fool's errand, I followed my guide down a corridor and into a handsome room.

At a large desk was a small man, out of whose dried-up, wrinkled, pock-marked face gleamed a remarkable pair of eyes. The owner of these waved me to a chair. I bowed and sat down.

"Mr.—"

"Alpha."

"Mr. Alpha, let me give you my card."

Upon it was engraved a well-known name—Mark Gerard. I hastened to return the compliment.

"Ah—Livingston. Yes, yes; son of Hugo Livingston?"

"I am."

"Yale."

"An athlete?"

"I played right tackle on the football team, and I hold the amateur record for putting the shot."

The man of millions lay back in his padded chair and half shut his eyes. From beneath puffy lids he scrutinized me sharply, stroking the while an imperial which sprouted sparsely upon a pointed chin.

"And your scholarship, sir?"

"I must refer you to the faculty."

He grunted approval.

"How are you fixed—financially?"

"Two hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-five cents makes up the sum total of my capital."

"Ahem! and a stranger to our city. Well, Mr. Livingston," he chuckled softly, "I'll strain a point and be perfectly frank with you. It happens that I can use a young man like yourself if—if he be prepared to encounter danger—I say danger—in my service. Does the word danger daunt you?"

"Not particularly."

"I'm willing to pay the right man $10,000 a year."

"And the nature of the service, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up a lean hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Livingston, we will discuss that presently. In consideration of the magnitude of the salary, you may reasonably infer that the services required will be out of the common. All your energies, capacities, potentialities, must be devoted to my interests. I need, not to put a fine point on it, a faithful slave."

"I think," I said, rising, "that I'll wish you good morning."

He frowned and tapped impatiently upon the table.

"I've no fancy," I remarked, "for golden chains."

"Pooh, pooh, my boy! Excuse an old man's bluntness, but don't be a fool. This is the opportunity of your life. I like your face, I like your name, and I am sure you can put the shot. Your deltoids are admirably developed. You are, possibly, the only man this side of the Rockies who can fill the bill. What, may I ask—now, don't get angry—do you consider yourself worth as an employe?"

"I can earn with my pen about two hundred dollars a month."

He laughed contemptuously.

"What a princely income for the son of Hugo Livingston."

"Do I understand," said I, "that you wish to engage me now and instruct me in my duties later?"

"Exactly. You are a football player, Mr. Livingston, an expert at the game. You must have taken part in many a contest not knowing what the outcome would be. You risked your limbs, your life even, for glory. The services I shall require at your hands may demand the exercise of those qualities which distinguished you on the campus. I can say no more."

My curiosity was stimulated. By some freak of destiny a ten-thousand dollar salary was flung in my face. Pauperemque dives me petit.

"You have said enough," I replied. "I can't afford to let such a chance slip. If you want me, I'm your man."

"Good. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

I accepted promptly, and took my leave. The cashier eyed me askance, and I nodded carelessly in response to his unspoken question.

"So he's given you the job," he muttered. Then he smiled, derisively, I thought, and sputtered out:

"My congratulations."

I returned to the Acropolis, and ordered luncheon—something worthy of the occasion, to wit: a nice little cold pint of Clicquot, some pompano—in flavor the mullet of the Pacific—a Chateaubriand truffle and a Parmesan omelet. The old Roman proverb—a favorite of my poor father's—spero infestis, metuo secundis—pricked my sensibilities, and also my appetite. Ten thousand dollars—great Scott, what an income!—were not to be lightly earned. A smart tap on my right shoulder dismissed such speculations.

"Hello, Hugo," said a familiar voice. "What the deuce are you doing in California? Taking care of yourself, I see."

He glanced at the debris of my luncheon as we shook hands. I had not seen George Poindexter for many moons and I welcomed him warmly.

"Of course," he said, awkwardly, taking the chair next mine, "I read of your father's financial troubles and subsequent death. I trust, old man, you saved something from the wreck?"

"Not a nickel."

As we smoked our cigars in the courtyard, walking up and down beneath the palms, George asked me many questions, which I answered. He was a native son of the Golden West, heir to large

"Don't be a fool."

interests, and as good and kindly a fellow as I could wish to meet. Presently he said: "I suppose you're looking for a berth?"

"I have one already."

"A good one?"

"Ten thousand a year," I replied, lightly.

"Phew! Ten thou— You're joking, Hugo."

"Not much." I pulled the Enquirer from my pocket, and showed George the "ad." "I applied for that," I said, "and got it."

Poindexter halted, an amazed look in his hazel eyes. Then he whistled and laughed.

"Where's the joke?" I demanded.

"Not on you," he replied, "but on us. The fact is that 'ad' has been running for six months, and during that time hundreds have presented themselves at the bank, in vain. Now you, an effete Philadelphian, carry off the prize. Why, men got tired of applying. Old Gerard just looked at 'em and gave 'em the bounce. But, Hugo, what does the old duck want you to do?"

"That, George, is a secret."

"Oh! I beg pardon."

"Not necessary. The secret is a secret to me."

"It is? You don't mean to say you've accepted the job blindly?"

I detected a note of anxiety in his voice which puzzled me. George, of course, knew the financier; and upon that knowledge I decided to draw liberally.

"It was there to take or leave, George. What sort of a man is Gerard? Tell me about him."

"He's a holy terror, Hugo. And another thing, if he pays you ten thousand dollars a year, he will expect to get value received. You can gamble on [illegible]"

Poindexter [illegible] voice and I encouraged him to talk. It appeared that Mark Gerard was a most singular person. He had accumulated a large fortune by sucking—I quote Poindexter—other men's brains; and this vampire-like quality endeared him to few. He was generous as a caliph if he liked a man; but he had no friends. He was secretive in his business methods and sensual in his pleasures. Certain stories, George added, in a whisper, were afloat in clubland; stories that hinted at a double life—a Hyde and Jekyll existence. Gerard had been known to disappear for months at a time leaving no clew to his whereabouts. Such persons, according to George, should be handled with tongs.

The nature of these communications was not reassuring; but I had no wish to cancel my dinner engagement. On the contrary, I cursed the laggard hours which yawned between apprehension and comprehension.

"I wonder," said George, as we parted, "if that old fox chose you because you're a stranger." This hypothesis I had overlooked.

Upon the morrow I duly presented myself at the Gerard mansion. I possessed a suit of dress-clothes, in which I arrayed myself with lively satisfaction. I hadn't tied a white cravat for over a year, and my hand had lost something of its cunning; but I felt at home in my sables and—I will not say a gentleman, for every son of the Golden West is a gentleman, but—a gentilhomme.

My patron greeted me with a keen glance. He wore, what he had worn the day before, a plain business suit, and he received me in the library.

"Cocktail?" he asked, abruptly.

I bowed; and the butler brought the drinks.

"To your very good health," said Gerard, with his queer stare.

"At your service, sir."

"I hope so," he replied, with an odd chuckle. "You've a fine appetite, eh? That's right. And I'm going to give you a dinner worthy of it. Yes, yes; a dinner fit for a prince."

He led the way to his dining room, and we sat down tete-a-tete. Mr. Gerard plied me with questions, and his servants with meat and drink.

"Know many people on this coast?" he asked, as he gulped down his soup, a wonderful puree of chicken, with asparagus points in it.

"Not a soul, except George Poindexter."

"Ahem!" He frowned. "The less you see of him the better. I presume he was at Yale with you. Just so. A fool! Leave fools alone. I'm afraid of fools. Knaves I can handle."

He gobbled up his fish, and he tried a new tack.

"You ain't engaged to be married?" he blurted out. "No? Glad to hear it. And you said you were an orphan—eh?"

"I don't think so; but I am an orphan."

"Good! I mean"—he blinked and grinned at his slip—"I mean, my boy, that for the game ahead it's better for you to be—er—free."

"You spoke yesterday of slavery."

"Ha, ha! so I did, so I did. Well, well, we're all slaves, ain't we? I'm a slave to my millions; you ought to be a slave to your appetite and—er—the exigencies of youth. You were brought up in luxury? Your father was a rich man?"

"Yes."

"I know all about that. How does this Chateau Yquem suit your palate?"

I became enthusiastic immediately. My father's cellars in Philadelphia were famous, but he had never owned such wine as this, and I said so. He seemed pleased.

"I'll give you a bottle of Lafitte after dinner," he said, solemnly, "which you will appreciate. I'm glad you know the difference between good wine and bad—between dining, as we are dining, and mere eating. You like pictures, eh?"

"That one belonged to us," I said, glancing gloomily at a fine Constable.

"I'll let you have it—when you want it—at the price I gave for it." He named a considerable sum. "You would like" he peered at me from behind his glass—"to buy back the old acres?"

"Yes," I replied, with energy, "I would."

"Things are coming your way, my boy. Lucky, now, wasn't it, that you read that little 'ad'? How long, at, say, thirty dollars a month, would it take to buy that picture, or a dozen cases of wine even? Eh? eh?"

Fifty minutes later the dinner (as he said, a dinner fit for a prince) came to an end, and we returned to the library, where coffee was served in some wonderful Belleek china cups. Then my host unlocked a grotesquely carved Chinese cabinet and produced some curious cigars, cigars never seen in the market, long and thin, with outside leaves of velvety fineness, and a fragrance which lingers still in my memory. These we lighted, and Gerard, sitting near me with his back to the lamp, sighed softly.

I confess that I was nervous. The elaborate dinner, the rare wines, the talk, turning as it had upon the glory and desirability of things material, had stirred my senses, but aroused my suspicions. Why, I asked myself, why this parade of wealth, this worship of the Golden Calf? Gerard, watching me with his shrewd blinking eyes, interpreted my thoughts.

"Contrast," he said, abruptly, "colors our lives."

"And the jade," I returned, "seems to paint blindfold; all the pigments on her palette lavished upon one fellow, while his brother man, more deserving possibly, must content himself with a daub of neutral gray."

"Your colorless man," snapped my host, "is not contented; and, take my word for it, the under dog in the fight—who seems to have your sympathy—generally deserves to be bitten. I have tried [illegible] you bad, to emphasize the difference between the rich man and the poor man. I have done it—eh?"

The sharp "eh?" provoked me.

"Yes," I answered, calmly, though my pulse was running riot; "you have made me realize, in a way I could scarcely have believed possible, all that I've lost."

"And all, my young friend, that may be found again."

"Yes," I returned, bitterly, "but the cost, sir?—the moral and physical price which must be paid?"

"I'm coming to that. Yesterday, as soon as you had left the bank, I wired the president of Yale, and received his answer before sundown. It was more than satisfactory. I'm proud to entertain so distinguished a guest. And now, as my time is valuable, to business! I must confide in you. That confidence, no matter what happens, must never be abused."

"Not by me," I answered, firmly.

"I'm willing to pay you," he said, slowly, never taking his piercing eyes from my face, "the large salary of $10,000 a year if you will take upon yourself the duties and responsibilities of being"—he paused, and the pitch of his voice dropped, "of being tutor and guardian to my only son."

"Your son?" I stammered. "I understood you had no son."

"Hush! I have a son, a pretty lad, [illegible] love well—too well for my peace of mind or body."

"But where is he?" I exclaimed.

He ignored my question and continued:

"The reasons which have forced me, sorely against my will, to keep my child's existence a secret from the world are these."

CHAPTER II.

The reasons, however, remained for a minute or two longer in his own possession. An idea, a happy thought, brought a strange sparkle to his eyes, as he rose from his chair, crossed the room and unlocked a dispatch box. From this he drew a red morocco case, which he opened and handed silently to me. It contained a beautiful miniature.

"A very lovely woman," I said.

"My wife, sir."

I glanced involuntarily at my host's wrinkled face. Was it possible that once he had played the enchanting part of Romeo to such a Juliet as this? Or had she married him for his wealth?

He held out his lean fingers for the miniature, and, leaving it in the palm of his hand, continued:

"I met her at Red Gulch, where I had made so much money. You have heard of the Black Gulch excitement; and you know, possibly, why the place came to be rechristened. No? Well, I'll tell you. It was the scene of a horrible tragedy, one of those blood-curdling crimes which shock the whole world and then are forgotten. Any old-timer will give you the particulars; but such details are not to my taste; and to be honest with you"—he shuddered—"I cannot trust myself to discuss them. The crime"—his voice sank to a whisper—"made a coward of me for life. Do you know, Mr. Livingston, that one may suddenly lose his grip and never recover it? That happened to me. The man who was murdered and so horribly mutilated was my partner, and—God!—my emotion will not surprise you when I add that he was killed by mistake. The assassin intended to murder me. My partner had arranged to visit San Francisco to buy some machinery; but at the last moment he was unable to undertake the journey, and I went in his stead. That night the deed was done—done, too, in darkness, which accounted for the blunder in identity. But the ferocity of the murder cannot be described. Only a man inspired by the most malignant hatred could have butchered a fellow-creature as—"

"He was caught red-handed, of course?"

"No. He is still at large."

"And you know him?"

"Yes."

"But the motive, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up the miniature and sighed.

"Your wife!" I gasped, overwhelmed with surprise and curiosity.

"She was not then my wife. She was married at that time to—to—the man—the fiend, I say, who killed my poor friend Ferdinand Perkins. And, fool that I was, I never suspected the truth; and the devilish cunning of the monster threw suspicion upon another. When I learned the real facts, months after the tragedy had occurred, it was too late—too late!"

His distress moved me profoundly.

"The motive was jealousy, the jealousy of an Othello. I had paid attention to his wife, a blameless woman, Mr. Livingston, good as gold, and loyal to the ruffian whose name she bore. She must have known that I loved her, for she came to me one night, two weeks after the murder, and implored me to take her away. I jumped at the opportunity, and asked no questions then. We left Red Gulch—it was called Red Gulch because—you understand—behind the fastest team in the country, but none pursued. The husband—I didn't know it at the time—was down with brain fever, and raving. Well, sir, one year later I made that unhappy lady my wife by the laws of the land, but, at her special request, secretly. She easily obtained a divorce from her first husband, on the ground of desertion and failure to provide. He had disappeared. But, to my amazement, my wife refused to live openly with me. She gave these reasons:"

He paused and wiped his forehead.

"This fiend had killed Perkins believing him to be me, and had betrayed himself to his wife in his sleep. Small wonder! She dared not tell a soul, fearing for her own life; but she consulted a confidential servant, a Greek, who was my right-hand man and entirely trustworthy. Between them they unearthed the evidences of the crime, the clothes he wore, the knife. The devil—he is alive, as I told you—has a streak of insanity in his make-up. He has a madman's cunning, a madman's strength, and a madman's ferocity."

I began dimly to understand my mission. Sooner or later I might expect to pit myself against this crazy Hercules. The prospect was not pleasing.

"Why did you not prosecute," I asked, "when you learned the facts?"

"Prosecute?" he echoed. "Not a jury in the land would have sent him to the gallows. The testimony was purely presumptive, and the fact that I had eloped with and married the accused's wife would have invalidated her evidence. I submitted the case, hypothetically, to the greatest criminal lawyer in America, and he laughed at me."

"I understand."

"I suppose," he continued, dreamily, "I might have taken the law into my own hands; I might—I had the opportunity more than once—have shot him down; but, Livingston, it's a disgraceful thing to admit, but, as I told you, I am a coward. That awful night's work destroyed my nerve, made a woman of me; and my wife implored me on her knees to leave the monster alone. I"—he laughed nervously—"needed no urging, and appreciated fully my position. 'If he finds us out,' said she, 'he will kill us.' And I believed her.

"I made my arrangements, my boy, with that astuteness for which"—his

"The assassin intended to murder me."

eye twinkled—"I'm somewhat famous. Money can work miracles, and I hedged in my poor Lucy with twenty-dollar gold pieces."

"Your wife is alive?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily; "but anxiety has made an old woman of her. Her beauty has gone. She is the wreck of what she once was. The Greek [illegible] he cannot teach the lad much longer."

"And the name, Mr. Gerard, of the murderer?"

"Burlington."

"What? The writer? The socialist?"

"That is he. I meet him," he whispered fearfully, "at banquets, at the clubs—everywhere."

I thought of that familiar figure, Damocles and the sword; of the wretch in the iron chamber, whose torture Poe has described; of many others whose sufferings have stained the page of history; and, noting the haggard features of the man beside me, his twitching fingers, his prematurely gray head, his sunken chest, and in salient contrast to these his love of life and pleasure, his great wealth, his power and fame—noting this and more, I considered my own future, and trembled. I make certain, looking back, that during this interview I bade good-