he met her, and he was very much tred that he would betray himself. So he waited as patiently as he

could.
"Constant dropping wears away a stone," he said to himself. "I shall hang on and keep up my spirits as best I may. In the meantime I shall work for money and position as no man ever worked before, and my time will come." Archie Tillinghast, who could not but notice Rush's devotion to Helen, said to him one day, "Rush, old man, I hate to see you playing tame cat to a prima donna."

Rush replied with a fierceness that must have proved to his friend that if there was anything of the cat in his disposition it certainly was not of the tame secies. "If another man had said that to me, I would have made him measure his length on the sidewalk. But I will take a good deal from you, Archie. No more of this, however.

"As you like, dear boy," returned "but I think you are cut out for something better than to stand around with a hundred other men and burn incense before a public singer."

"Your words are no doubt well meant Archie, but they are uncalled for. I am content to be one of a hundred now; there is no reason I should not be; but I may outstand the ninety-and-nine, and be swinging my censer all alone some day," he said, laughingly; and, putting his arm through Archie's, they continued their walk in peace and quietness.

Archie made up his mind to say no more upon the subject, no matter what he might think. "As well try to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky with a whisk broom as to open a man's eyes when he is in this condition," he said to himself.

Rush was not always content with himself or with his position. There were times when he resented being treated as a boy. One night in particular he was in a lamentable state of mind. He had gone to the academy with Helen and her aunt, and, naturally, expected to take them home: but West Hastings came beaind the scenes with Uncle Lightfoot Myers, Mrs. Dick Griswold and a lot of other people to congratulate the prima donna on a brilliant evening's work, and invited the whole party to supper at Del-

Helen, who thought that Rush had brought her to the theatre to accommo-date her rather than for any pleasure to himself, believed that he would be glad of the release, and said, in her politest tones: "I won't trouble you to take me home, Mr. Hurlstone. Mr. Hastings and these good friends have kindly vol-unteered their services. It was very good of you to bring me. Good night, she added, putting out her hand. He bowed over it, but said nothing as he arned to go. "Stay one moment," said Helen, taking up one of the dozen bou-quets that had been thrown to her. It was of red roses; they were not so common then as they are today. West Hastings had sent it. He always sent the same, for he liked to hear people say, as it fell upon the stage, "That is from West Hastings; he always sends those big red roses."

"Mr. Huristone, don't you want rose?" And, choosing the finest one from the bunch, she fastened it in his buttonhole.

"Thank you," he said, rather stiffly, as he bowed himself out. He would have felt better in his mind if he had seen the expression of annoyance that passed discussing this Oriental religion with over West Hastings' face and known the cause. But he didn't, and he went out across the dimly lighted stage in a most than did Archie, but it was something unenviable frame of mind.

"Am I tame cat, after all?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Shall I allow her to kick me out of her way, and then come purring back and be happy again to rub up against her garments? What an idiot I am! This sort of thing will drive all the manhood out of me. I had better take to the wilds and chop wood to the end of my days. That at least would be a manly vocation. I'll never see her again. I'll forget all that has been so pleasant and buckle down to work. I'll win fame and fortune, and then she will see what she has lost."

And he pictured scenes of future great ness, where he stood conspicuously in the foreground receiving the homage of the crowd (for what, he had not quite made up his mind), while in the backd Helen Knowlton looked on and shed, and said to herself: "Ah, mel hat might have been?" He found him-if gazing (with his mind's eye) more tently at the background, where he ed Helen, than at the foreground, where he pictured himself. Poor boy! he really suffered tortures. Just at that moment life did not seem worth living. He had been walking aimlessly along as these thoughts had been flying through his brain, and he did not notice where be was until the awning across the side walk (it was a cloudy night) reminded him that he was in front of Delmonico's.

He almost recoiled. "If she saw me he would think I was following her," he muttered. The thought hardly passed through his mind when he heard his ame called, and, turning, he saw Bessie Archer, her father and Archie Tillinghast alighting from a carriage drawn up

"We are just going into Del's to have a bird; won't you come with us? I'm sure Uncle Archer and Cousin Bessie will be delighted," said Archie, pulling him gently by the arm. Mr. and Miss Archer added that nothing would give them greater pleasure, and they said it with so much sincerity that Rush ac-cepted the invitation. Their cordiality not his only reason for accepting. hoped, poor boy, that Helen would him there, and with another woman! It was quite late and there were not more than half a dozen people in the restau-rant. The birds, however, had barely been served when a feminine rustling was heard in the doorway, and a voice that brought the blood to Rush's cheeks nd set his heart to beating like a trip per said, "I feel too tired to climb a light of stairs; let us have supper in re; it is late, and every one has gone." he didn't see the little party. It was not out of her range from the door. So they came and were waved to their seats by the dignified Francois, whom Rush

had mistaken for Delmonico the first time he visited the place.
"Why, there is Bessie Archer," said

Helen, bowing and smiling, and bowing and smiling again as she recognized Rush and the others. Rush had hit upon a plan of action. He was going to make Helen see that he could be happy with another woman (she had never for a moment doubted it), and he laid himself out to be agreeable to Bessie. For her part, Bessie was very much predisposed in his favor, and was not at all averse to his attentions. When her health was proposed by Archie, Rush drank to her with his eyes as well as with his lips, and he took a sly glance to see if Helen was looking. She wasn't, as it happened; she was listening very attentively to something that West Hastings was saying. At last Rush felt her eyes turned in his direction, and he played his ace of trumps: he took the rose she had given him from his botton hole and presented it to Bessie in his most impressive manner, and Bessie tucked it in the folds of her hair. Helen saw all this, and she said to herself, "Why, the dear boy is in love with Bessie Archer. He couldn't do better; for she is a great catch and a very lovely girl." But down in her heart she felt a little pang at losing so devoted and pleasent a friend as Rush had been; for if he became engaged to Bessie their little evenings would come to an end. However, she would not be selfish, and he might count on her as a friend to further his suit.

CHAPTER IX. USH was every hard at the office of The Dawn During his first acquaintance with Helen Knowlton he had written special articles, for which he was paid so much a column,

but now he was taken regularly upon the staff of the paper, on a salary of \$30 a week. He was in no special department, but acted in the capacity of "general utility man," which gave him just the experience that he most needed. He worked in the city department, edited telegraph "copy," and wrote occasional editorials, so that his nights were pretty well occupied, and he could not have renewed his evenings at Helen's had he been so inclined. He was trying to drive her out of his mind; but he found that simply impossible.

To refrain from calling at her house was much easier; yet he did not accomplish even that sacrifice very successfully. When he left the office of The Dawn at half past 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, he walked up to Twentieth street and passed with lingering foot-steps under her window; but he had not called upon her since the night his pride had been so wounded by what he took to be her desire to rid herself of his company. He had called at the Archers', however. It came naturally in his way to do so. Sometimes he dropped in of an afternoon with Archie, and some-times by special invitation of Bessie, who liked to talk over with him the things she was just then interested in. Buddhism was at this time attracting her attention, and, as Rush was much more liberal minded than Archie, she enjoyed

to divert his mind. Had he dreamt for a moment what a hold it was getting upon Bessie, he would have politely but firmly declined to discuss the subject. He supposed that she took it up as he did, as an intellectual amusement; but with her it was a more serious matter. To the intense disgust of Archie she renewed her acquaintance with Mme. Parapoff, and continued to attend to her seances. She did not ask Archie to accompany her any more, for she knew that he would try to argue her out of going, and as she had made up her mind to go the argument could only have ended unpleasantly. She got hold of a young married woman with a taste for the unnatural, and the two visited the very remote and dingy apartments of the High Priestess of Buddha and listened to her twaddle with credulous ears.

As Archie was really in love with Bes-sie, I should explain that she was not his cousin nor any blood relation to him; had she been I should have taken no interest in his sentiment for her. She was Mrs. Archer's daughter, but she had been adopted, when she was 5 years old, by Mr. Archer, when he married her widowed mother. Archie had been brought up to regard her as his own cousin, but his feeling towards her had been of a warmer than cousinly nature for a good many years. She liked him more in the cousinly way, and always turned the conversation with a skillful stroke when she thought he was going to express other than the sentiments of a cousin towards her. Since her devo-tion to Buddha there had been a little coolness between them. He could not tolerate any such nonsense, and the thought of the class of people to whom Bessie was turning for esoteric information almost maddened him. Buddhism was only another name for spiritualism, he argued. The latter was a burned out volcano from which its devotees were trying to throw out imitation lava to deseive the credulous. That Bessie Archer should be one of the deceived he considered a degrading thing. "Let the vicious and the vulgar run after such absurdities, if they will, but heaven forbid that a refined young lady should find any attractions in this tomfoolery!" was his re-

"My dear Bessie," he said to her, "if this Parapoff was what you say, she would be sitting in a golden temple, dealing out her words of wisdom at a thousand dollars a word. There is nothing that men would better like to knew than what the future has in store for them. If they believed that they could be informed with truth, they would pay any amount of money; for it would mave them countless sums. Peoply are credu-lous enough, in all conscience, and if

sion in the world rather than the most ill paid. They would be living in palaces instead of in dirty rooms on back streets, and their patrons would be the rich and great rather than poor deluded servant

"But they are not all 'poor deluded servant girls' who consult Mme. Parapoff. Some very intelligent men and women visit her rooms, among them your cousin Bessie Archer, who does not put herself in the class you mention.'

"With the deluded, dear child, but not with the servant girls. You can't show me an intelligent man or woman who seriously consults Mme. Parapoff. The very fact that one consults her disproves his intelligence."

"You are so prejudiced, Archie Till inghast, that if Mme. Parapoff predicted something to you and it came true, you would say it was all chance," exclaimed Bessie, indignantly.

"I am quite sure I should, Bessie, and I am equally sure that it would be," replied Archie.

"You are a very unsympathetic and narrow minded young man," said Bessie, rising to leave the room, "and I shall never again speak to you on this subject. I find Mr. Hurlstone much more liberal."

"I am sorry to hear that; I had thought better of Hurlstone," And Archie opened the door for his cousin to pass out of the and there was West Hastings lounging room. He was genuinely distressed; and well he might be-for when a crotchet of this sort takes possession of an idle dered what Helen Knowlton would think person's brain it is hard to uproot it. He if she saw her friend thus engaged. His felt sure that Bessie would become thoroughly disgusted in time, but when? He at his elbow: wondered if it could be possible that Rush was encouraging her in this non-sense. No, he could not believe that; "My handsome young friend," said a blue domino, taking his arm, "why do you pose in this melancholy attitude on you pose in this melancholy attitude on but it began to dawn upon his mind that Rush might have taken his advice about the prima donna (he hadn't seen him with her of late) and been devoting himself to Bessie. He turned pale at the young face." thought, for it was plain that Bessie liked him. Why hadn't be let his friend go on dancing attendance upon the singer? Why should he have interfered? It was just like him-always standing in his own light.

The drawing room door opened, and he heard Rush's voice saying to the butler, "Tell Miss Archer that I am here, James; she is expecting me." Then, upon seeing Archie, "Ah, you here, Archie? glad to see you. I've called to take Miss Archer to see some pictures at Goupil's; won't you go along?

"No, thanks," replied Archie, somewhat coolly: "I've an engagement down town, and must say good-by;" which he did without loss of time. As Rush stood looking out of the window, he noticed that Archie turned up, instead of down town, but he thought nothing of it, ex-cept that his friend had probably changed his mind. That he should have regarded him as a rival in the affections of Bessie Archer never occurred to him. In the first place, he did not suspect the state of Archie's feelings towards Bessie; and in the second, he supposed that Archie was thoroughly aware of his devotion to Helen Knowlton.

Rush was not altogether happy this afternoon. It was a whole fortnight since he had spoken a word to Helen. He had seen her in the meantime in an old curiosity shop in Broadway, accompanied by her aunt and West Hastings and she seemed to be buying furniture. What did this mean? Were they actually engaged and making preparations for housekeeping? No, they were not; it was nothing so serious as that. West Hastings was refurnishing the dining room in his bachelor quarters. The craze for old furniture was just then at its be-ginning, and he had asked Helen and er aunt to accompany him to this shop to look at an old French sideboard h thought of buying. Helen had excellent taste, and she sealed the face of the sideboard by pronouncing it a beauty.

This episode, as Rush interpreted it. was depressing enough of itself; but added to this he had received a long and desponding letter from his mother, tell-ing him of the Mutual Dividend Mining empany, of Col. Mortimer's connection with it, and of the offer he had made to "Do see John as often as you can, Rush dear, and keep him under your eye. You know how I dread the influence of Col Mortimer. He is a bad, unprincipled man, and dear John is so easy going that he doesn't believe there is any harm in him."

John must have been in town for a week at least and he had not yet made himself known to Rush. By chance, however, the brothers met. Rush was sent to report a masked ball at the Academy of Music-a thing he felt utterly unfit to do. "I was never at a asked ball in my life," he told the city editor.

"So much the better," replied the edi-"You will give us fresh views of a hackneyed subject. I quite envy you your new sensations. Get your copy in as early as possible, and good luck to

Rush was about the first person to arrive at the ball, and the Academy looked gloomy enough. He had been told that he festivities did not begin until late, so he arrived at 9 o'clock, thinking that that would be about the fashionable hour. There was not a woman in the place, and the only men on hand were the floor managers. He had plenty of time for reflection before the ball opened, and for the sake of the associations h wandered about behind the scenes. The stage and parquet were boarded over, but the prima donna's room was undis-turbed. He looked in and sighed. A perfume of violets lingered on the air, and he sighed again as he recognized it. and then wandered to the front, where a room had been reserved for the press. A large table stood in the center, furnished with paper, pens and ink. There were a great many bottles on the table, but they did not all contain ink, or any thing that looked like it.

He sat down and took a pen, and thought to improve the time by writing to his mother; but, as he could say nothing about John, he concluded not to.

they had the slightest encouragement to Instead, he wrote "Helen Knowlton" believe in these soothsayers they would over three or four sheets of foolscap, in patronize them to an extent that would every variety of penmanship, and then make theirs the most profitable profesfearful that the name might be discovered, he made a little pile of the scraps and burned them, watching their de struction with an expression of countenance not at all in keeping with the spirit of a masked ball. He shook his head sadly. "A man's hopes may be as easily destroyed as that paper," he said to himself, as he blew the ashes from the table. Then he sauntered out into the

There he found a very different scene from the one he had left. Men and women were crowding into the place as fast as the man at the wicket could take their tickets. Most of the men were in evening dress, but all the women wore dominces and masks. There were a few who appeared in fancy dress, but they were the German members of the society.

Rush was too young and too enthusiastic not to find excitement in the scene, and when the dancing began he thought he had never witnessed anything so brilliant and intoxicating as the movement of these many colored dominoes to the music of the band. As time wore on, the place became more crowded, and Rush recognized among the men many faces that had become familiar to him at the opera and elsewhere. There was Uncle Lightfoot Myers renewing his youth, with a pink domino on his arm; against one of the pillars of the balcony and chaffing a Columbine. Rush wondered what Helen Knowlton would think

so festive an occasion? This is Romeo's, not Hamlet's, night. Let us walk about among the giddy revelers. I want to see a more cheerful expression on your

As they walked out into the lobby, Rush racked his brain to recognize the voice or figure of the mask. His expression showed that he was puzzled.

"Ah, you do not recognize me," she said. "How sad that makes me feel! A little disguise and one's identity is gone. I should have known you through twenty disguises." And she turned her mask up at him in the most bewitching man-

"Certainly I have never had the pleasure of hearing that voice before-no man could forget so sweet a thing," said Rush, entering readily into the spirit of the ball. And so they thrust and parried, until his mask spied a spry old man with gray side whiskers and a bald head, when she dropped Rush's arm as suddenly as she had taken it, and took the other by the hand.

"Dear general, I am so glad to see you! I have been looking for you all the evening, and feared you were not coming."

The general looked pleased, though puzzled; but this was not his first masked ball, and in a few moments Rush saw him moving off in the direction of the supper room, the blue domino hanging affectionately upon his arm.

Before the night was over, Rush learned much of the ways of masked balls, and came to the conclusion that the blue domino was an entirely new acquaintance of his and of the general's. As he started for the press room, he met his city editor with a Swiss peasant girl his arm. "Hello, Hur he. And, stopping a moment, he whis-

pered, "Get your copy down early, and then have your fun. You can write it out here and send it down." And he, too, passed on in the direction of the supper room. Rush hardly recognized the press

room when he returned to it. In the first place, he could hardly see across it the smoke; and in the second, it was so noisy that he did not see how it would be possible to write there. "Hello,here's Huristone!" shouted a reporter of a morning paper whom Rush had seen at different places, but had never had occasion to speak to. "Come, fill up your glass and take a cigar," added the reporter, suiting the action to the word; only he took a handful of cigars; one he lighted, the others he put in his pocket. There were a dozen men sitting around the table, some writing, and all smoking. Rush declined both the proffered cigars and the champagne, though he lighted a cigar of his own in self defense and sat down in a corner to write. He used his note book for copy paper and his knee for a desk, and in the

Then he went out into the ball room to look around for a few minutes, after which he intended to go home to his lodgings. He had not passed half way through the lobby when he saw Archie Tillinghast standing at the foot of the staircase, with his mask in his hand, gazing earnestly at the hundreds of dominces who lounged past him or hurried by on mischief bent.

course of an hour he had a crick in his

back and a very good story written out

for The Dawn. This he dispatched.

Why, Archie, what are you doing here? You look as though you were expecting some one. Who is she? Come, old fellow!" said Rush, shaking his hand and smiling knowingly.

"I'm looking for my cousin Bessie," replied Archie. "What!" exclaimed Rush, starting

back, "Miss Archer here?" "Yes; why not? They all come; though they will deny it to-morrow. She is with her father, however, and Helen Knowlton and her aunt. They didn't come as regular participants in the ball, you know; they never do, only to see what sort of a place it is. To do them justice, they are not enjoying themselves very much. There is a sort of excitement about it, however; but when I saw them a while ago they were just recovering from a fright. A half tipsy fellow had addressed some coarse compliments to Miss Knowlton, and she was very much alarmed-more, I fancy, at the idea of being discovered than anything else, for he said, 'I know you, my beauty.' Of course he didn't know her. That's what they all say. She wanted to go home at once, but Bessie didn't. The girl evident-

ly has some mischief in her mind. I tried to find the man, to slap his face,

but they couldn't point him out.' "How did you know them, Archie?" asked Rush. He was dying to meet Helen in her disguise, for he thought he would get a mask and say some things to her from its concealment that he wouldn't like to say in open court.

"How did I know them? In the first place, I brought them here, and in the second, they are dressed alike-black satin dominoes, with a bunch of violets pinned on the left shoulder."

Rush could hardly talk with Archie. he was so impatient to break away and look for Helen in the crowd. At last, after a few commonplaces, he started in quest. He had not searched long before he was rewarded. There, sitting on one of the seats in the dress circle, he saw the object of his search. There was no mistaking the poise of that head, even had he not recognized the black satin domino and the bunch of violets on the shoulder. She was sitting alone; that was strange. Where were the rest of the party, and why should its most precious treasure be left unguarded? Hastily adjusting the mask he had borrowed from Archie, Rush sat down in a vacant seat next to the domino.

The beautiful Cinderella sitting alone at the ball," he whispered in her ear. She turned with a start; the eyes of the mask glared up at him. (Why do all eyes look so wicked behind a mask?) In a disguised voice, with just the least tremor of a laugh behind it, she replied, Cinderella is waiting for her prince and -he has come."

The boyish heart in the breast of the young man beat high. Did she recognize him? She called him "her prince. How he wished the pumpkin coach were waiting at the door that he might drive off with her in triumph! They had a pleasant chat, only he felt that he was being chaffed pretty hard at times, and he thought that some of the expressions used by the lady were hardly such as he would expect to hear from Helen's lips. "However," he argued, "one feels freer behind a mask. If she only suspected me, how differently she would speak!"

In the midst of their lively sallies (she would not allow him to be sentimental), he heard an unmistakable voice behind him say, "Don't you think we have had enough of this, aunty?" And, looking around, he saw the fac-simile of the mask by his side, and near her Mr. Archer and another black domino, which he knew was Bessie.

He felt a sinking feeling; he wanted the floor to open and let him through; but it didn't. The resemblance between Aunt Rebecca and Helen was very strong, and, except that the former was a trifle heavier, their figures were much alike. Rush had often remarked the likeness, but he never expected to be caught in this way. Well, there was nothing for it. She evidently did not recognize him; at least so he thought. When Helen spoke about going, he rose to his feet.

"Nay, beautiful mask, why tear your self away from this festive scene? Take my arm and let us walk about among the gay revelers and amuse ourselves."

He offered his arm, but Helen drew back affrighted. Aunt Rebecca gave her an assuring nod over Rush's shoulder. She took the proffered arm and they strolled into the lobby. But all his glib ness of speech had deserted him. He was going to say so much, and could say nothing.

Helen broke the silence by saying, in disguised tones, "You are not a very entertaining cavalier. Why don't you make yourself more agreeable, Mr .-Who shall I say?"

"I am speechless with happiness, fair mask," he replied. "To have so much loveliness so near me dazzles my eyes and paralyzes my tongue. If you only knew 'one half my heart would say,' to quote from an old song, you might think better of me."

"I have no doubt you could be very eloquent on any theme you chose; but I amafraid you are a young man of words. You could be just as eloquent to the next

mask that came along."
"On the contrary," answered Rush, somewhat loftily, "I would have nothing at all to say to another; my heart is not large enough for two masks.

"I have heard men protest in this way before, but they have forgotten what they said ere the last word left their lips. There was one young man in whom I believed, but even he turned out like all the rest. He professed the greatest friendship for me, visited me at my house, and we passed many pleasant evenings together; but suddenly his visits ceased. Without a word of warning he stopped coming to see me. Our pleasant evenings came to an end. Do you know why? He und formed a pleasanter friendship with another young lady, and I was forgotten.

"You are cruel; I formed no pleasanter friendship; I have never entertained but the one feeling for you since the first time I saw you," said Rush before he knew what he was doing.
"What do you mean?" asked Helen in

the most innocent manner, knowing perfectly well all the while. "You formed no pleasanter acquaintance! you have entertained feelings for me! This is very mysterious. One expects mysteries at masked balls, but I am more than surprised at being spoken to in this way by an unknown mask.

"Then you don't recognize me," said Rush, taking some comfort to himself in the thought that he had not betrayed his identity after all. By this time they had reached the end of the south lobby, and were just about to retrace their steps, when Rush felt Helen's hand tighten its grasp on his arm.

"There is that awful man," she gasped as a man, walking very unsteadily, came out of the directors' room, and, seeing Helen, started forward as if he would raise her mask. "Ah, here's my sweet violet," he said, in a thick, uncertain voice; but, before the words had fairly left his tongue, Rush gave him a quick, sharp blow between the eyes and sent him crashing up against the door of the

room he had just quitted.
"Oh, Mr. Huristone, what have you done?" exclaimed Helen, in trembling

tones; "quick, take me to my aunt." Rush thought her advice good, and at that he had not taken her to her aunt in

once acted upon it. He was only sorry the first place, and then come back alone and knocked the insolent fellow into a cocked hat. Fortunately there happened to be no one at that end of the lobby just at that moment, but he heard people coming, and was dreadfully worried for fear of the annoyance to Helen if she were discovered under such circumstances.

"Come this way," said she, leading him through the little passage way at the back of the lower tier of boxes: "there is a door here that opens on the stage, and we can go around and get to my aunt and Mr. Archer without being noticed. Oh, why did I come to this dreadful place? Aunt Rebecca didn't want me to. Oh! if I had only listened to her!"

Rush felt extremely mortified. "I beg your pardon, Miss Knowlton," said he. He had taken off his mask, and they no longer played at mystery. "I should not have struck that fellow with you on my arm, but I am not used to masked balls. I don't know their etiquette. I only knew that you were insulted, and my indignation got the better of my judgment."

"I forgive you, Mr. Hurlstone," she replied; "but I don't forgive myself for coming to such a place. It is a lesson I shall never forget. Here are my friends, she added. And Rush saw the two ladies and Mr. Archer and Archie Tillinghast.

"Aren't you ready to go home yet?" said Bessie. "I think it pretty dull

They all agreed to go, and Rush bade them good night at the door. Helen said nothing about the little episode of the obby, and he was grateful to her.

After he had seen their carriage drive off, Rush returned to the lobby to see what had become of the man he had knocked down. On the way he saw many curious scenes-among them the blue domino who had first spoken to him kissing the bald pate of the general. He was glad enough that Helen had gone. When he got around by the directors' room he heard a loud voice proclaiming, 'I'd know the damned rascal if I asw him; he took me right between the eyes, before I had time to defend myself, damn

Rush pressed through the crowd. He saw the man he had knocked down standing with his back against the wall. his hair rumpled and his shirt front pretty well demoralized. A younger man had him by the arm, and was evidently urging him to go home. The young man's back was turned to Rush, and his figure swayed slightly as he tugged at the arm of his companion. Rush stepped up to him. "Is your friend much hurt?" he inquired.

"The colonel's not as hurt as he is mad," answered the young man, turning around slowly, "though he got a pretty hard blow. Served him right; he was too fresh, making up to another man's mask." And the young man steadied himself by the wall as he turned. Rush thought he detected something familiar in the voice, though it was thick with drink; but when the fellow turned around to the light he saw who it was.

"John! "Rush!"

And thus the brothers met for the first time in New York.

York was not his last. John gave him his address. He had a gorgeous suite of rooms uptown, where he lodged and took his breakfast. He and the colonel

first

with his

brother

in New

dined at "The Club;" but it was not the sort of club men boast of belonging to. They called it the "Club" because they did not want to call it by its right name. The cooking was excellent, for its patrons were all judges of good eating, and the proprietor knew that to keep them he must cater to their palates as well as to their love of high play.

John Huristone was a born epicure, and the kitchen of "The Club" was quite as much of a temptation to him as its gaming tables, though he was pretty lucky at cards, for he had a cool head and a quick eye. Col. Mortimer won much more money, however. That he was a card sharper John did not suspect at this time, but he knew very well that he was a professional gambler, and that the Mutual Dividend Mining company was one of the biggest games he ever played. The offices of this company were in Pine street, near Broadway, and they were fitted up as luxuriously as "The Club." In the latter establishment Col. Mortimer was a silent partner. The mining company's offices were furnished in the heaviest black walnut (that wood was the fashion then), and the furniture and partitions were made of the same material and pattern. The company's monogram was carved in the chairs and over the mantel piece, it was ground in the glass and worked in the door mat. There was a whole suite of offices-

one outside for the clerks, a private one for Col. Mortimer, with "President's Room" engraved on the nickel door plate, another for the "Secretary," John Huristone and a large room, with a long table down the middle flanked by massive chairs, for the "Directors." A portrait of Col. Mortimer hung over the fireplace, and a map of Colorado, showing the situation of the mine, took up a third of the opposite wall. In a handsome velvet lined cabinet screwed to the wall between the front windows reposed specimens of the ore sent east by the company's engineer. What rich specimens they were, too! The silver fairly bulged out of them. One shelf of this cabinet was devoted to bricks of solid silver. When Col. Mortimer got hold of a doubtful investor he took him in this