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THE LION AND THE MOUSE. By CHARLES KLEIN. A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

daughter of the man he was trying to crush. Shirley, on the other hand, was still unaware of the fact that it was Ryder who had lured her father to his ruin. When at last she could lock herself in her room where no eye could see her, Shirley threw herself down on the bed and burst into a torrent of tears.

CHAPTER VIII. WHIRLING maelstrom of human activity and dynamic energy—the city which above all others is characteristic of the American people—New York, with its congested population and teeming millions, is assuredly one of the busiest, as it is one of the most strenuous and most noisy places on earth.

oped the greater part of the time in the stillness and silence of the tomb, they appear to be under the spell of some baneful curse. No merry voices of children romp in their carefully raised off gardens, no sounds of conversation or laughter come from their hermetically closed windows, not a soul goes in or out, at most, at rare intervals, does one catch a glimpse of a gorgeously arrayed servant gliding about in ghostly fashion, supercilious and suspicious and addressing the chance visitor in awed whispers as though he were the guardian of a house of affliction. It is, indeed, like a city of the dead.

So it appeared to Jefferson as he walked up Fifth avenue, bound for the Ryder residence, the day following his arrival from Europe. Although he still lived at his father's house, for on that time had there been an open rupture, he often slept in his studio, finding it more convenient for his work, and there he had gone straight from the ship. He felt, however, that it was his duty to see his mother as soon as possible; besides he was anxious to fulfill his promise to Shirley and find what his father could do to help Judge Rosemore. He had talked about the case with several men the previous evening at the club, and the general impression seemed to be that, guilty or innocent, the judge would be driven off the bench.

Europe, thought Jefferson as he strode quickly along, pointed with envy to America's unparalleled prosperity, spoke with bated breath of her great riches. Rather should they say her gigantic robberies, her colossal frauds! As a nation we were not proud of our multimillionaires. How many of them would beat the searchlight of investigation? Would his own father? How many millions could one man make by honest methods? America was enjoying unprecedented prosperity not because of her millionaires, but in spite of them. The United States owed its high rank in the family of nations to the country's vast natural resources, its inexhaustible vitality, its great wheatfields, its iron and coal and mechanical genius of its people. It was the plain American citizen who had made the greatness of America; not the millionaires who, forming a class by themselves of unscrupulous oligarchs, had created an arrogant oligarchy which sought to rule the country by corrupting the legislature and the judiciary. The plutocrats—these were the leeches, the sores in the body politic. An organized band of robbers, they had succeeded in dominating legislation and in securing control of every branch of the nation's industry, crushing mercilessly and illegally all competition.

Jefferson turned abruptly and went up the wide steps of an imposing white marble edifice which took up the space of half a city block. A fine example of French renaissance architecture, with spire roofs, round turrets and millioned windows dominating the neighboring houses, this magnificent home of the plutocrat, with its furnishings and art treasures, had cost John Burket Ryder nearly \$1,000,000. It was one of the show places of the town, and when the "rubberneck" vragons approached the Ryder mansion and the guides through their megaphones expatiated in awestruck tones on its external and hidden beauties, there was a general craning of necks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the richest man in the world. Only a few privileged ones were ever permitted to penetrate to the interior of this \$1,000,000 home. Ryder was not fond of company; he avoided strangers and lived in continual apprehension of the subpoena server. Not that he feared the law, only he usually found it inconvenient to answer questions in court under oath. The explicit instructions to the servants, therefore, were to admit no one under any pretext whatever unless the visitor had been approved by the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, Mr. Ryder's aristocratic private secretary, and to facilitate this preliminary inspection there had been the front door one of those ingenious electric writing devices, such as are used in banks, on which a name is hastily scribbled, instantly transmitted elsewhere, immediately answered and the visitor promptly admitted or as quickly shown the door.

Jefferson did not have to ring at the paternal portal. The sentinel within that door without being seen and his arrival and appearance being signaled upstairs. But the great man's son headed the list of the privileged ones, so without ado the smartly dressed, fustian jacketed boy and the door and Jefferson was under his father's roof. "Is my father in?" he demanded of the man.

from the rich man's table and disfigure the mental nature of his position under the high sounding title of private secretary. His job called for a respy and a toady, and he filled these requirements admirably. Excepting with his employer, of whom he stood in awe, he was in contact with all with ascendingly patronizing to all with whom he came in contact, as if he were anxious to impress on each and every one the signal honor which a plebeian son of a British peer, did them in deigning to remain in their "blasted" country. In Mr. Ryder's absence, therefore, he ran the house to suit himself, bullying the servants and not infrequently issuing orders that were contradictory to those already given by Mrs. Ryder.

Jefferson could not bear the sight of him. In fact, it was this man's continual presence in the house that had driven him to seek refuge elsewhere. He believed him to be a cad. Nor was his estimate of the English secretary far wrong. The man, like his master, was a greater, and the particular graft he was after now was either to make a marriage with a rich American girl or to so compromise her that the same end would be attained. He was shrewd enough to realize that he had little chance to get what he wanted in the open matrimonial market, so he determined to attempt a raid and carry off an heiress under her father's nose, and the particular probois he had selected was that of his employer's friend, Senator Roberts.

"I fear I intrude here." "I enjoyed it immensely. I never had a better one." "You probably were in good company," she said significantly. Then she added: "I believe Miss Rosemore was in Paris." "Yes, I think she was there," was his noncommittal answer. To change the conversation, which was becoming decidedly personal, he picked up a book that was lying on his father's desk and glanced at the title. It was "The American Octopus."

"Hello! Back from Europe, Jefferson? How jolly! Your mother will be delighted. She's in her room upstairs." Declining to take the hint and gathering from Bagley's embarrassed manner that he wanted to get rid of him, Jefferson lingered purposely. When the butler had disappeared, he said: "This house is getting more and more like a barracks every day. You've got men all over the place. One can't move a step without falling over one." Mr. Bagley drew himself up stiffly, as he always did when assuming an air of authority. "Your father's personality demands the utmost precaution," he replied. "We cannot leave the life of the richest and most powerful financier in the world at the mercy of the rabble."

"What rabble?" inquired Jefferson, amused. "The common rabble, the lower class, the riff-raff," explained Mr. Bagley. "If our standards were only half as respectable as the common rabble, as you call them, they would need no bars to their houses." Mr. Bagley sneered and shrugged his shoulders. "Your father has warned me against your socialistic views." Then, with a lofty air, he added: "For four years I was third groom of the bedchamber to the second son of England's queen. I know my responsibilities." "But you are not groom of the bedchamber here," retorted Jefferson. "Whatever I am," said Mr. Bagley haughtily, "I am answerable to your father alone."

his father's desk, where he sat down to scribble a few words, while Mr. Bagley, who had followed him in, scowling, was making frantic dumb-gestures to Kate. "I fear I intrude here," said Jefferson pointedly. "Oh, dear no, not at all," replied Kate in some confusion. "I was waiting for my father. How is Paris?" she asked. "Lovely as ever," he answered. "Did you have a good time?" she inquired.

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"By the way, Bagley," asked Jefferson, "when do you expect father to return? I want to see him." "I'm afraid it's quite impossible," answered the secretary with studied indifference. "He has three important people to see before dinner. There's the national Republican committee and Sergeant Ellison of the secret service from Washington, all here by appointment. It's quite impossible." "I didn't ask you if it were possible. I said I wanted to see him, and I will see him," answered Jefferson quietly but firmly and in a tone and manner which did not admit of further opposition. "I'll go and leave word for him on his desk," he added.

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