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THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN. A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW. .

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-ren me who they are so I may go to them." "Yes, dear, you shall know everything, but not now. You are tired after your journey. Tomorrow: sometime Stott and I will explain everything." "Very well, father, as you wish," said Shirley gently. "After all," she

what matter where we live so long we have each other?" She-drew away to hide her tears and left the room on pretense of inspecting the house. She looked into the dining room and kitchen and opened the cupboards, and when she returned there were no wisible signs of trouble in her

saided in an effort to appear cheerful,

"It's a cute little house, isn't it?" she said. "I've always wanted a little place like this all to ourselves. Oh, if you only knew how tired I am of New Work and its great ugly houses, its retinue of servants and its domestic and social responsibilities! We shall the able to live for ourselves now, ch, father?

She spoke with a forced-gayety that might have deceived any one but the judge. He understood the motive of her sudden change in manner, and effectly he blessed her for making his burden lighter,

"Yes, dear, it's not bad," he said. "There's not much room, though." "There's quite enough," she insisted. "Let me see:" She began to count on her fingers, "Dpstairs, three rooms, sh, and above that three more"-"No." smiled the judge; "then comes

The roof." "Of course," she laughed; "how stupid of me-a nice gable roof, a sloping goof that the rain runs off beautifully. Oh, I can see that this is going to be awfully jolly-just like camping out. You know how I love camping out. And you have a piano too."

. She went over to the corner where stood one of those homely instruments which hardly deserve to be dignified by the name plane, with a chean, gaudily painted case outside and a tin pan effect inside, and which are usualby to be found in the poorer class of country boarding houses. Shirley sat down and ran her fingers over the keys, determined to like everything. "It's a little old," was her comment,

but I like these zither effects. It's inst like the sixteenth century spinet. I can see you and mother dancing a stately minuet," she smiled. "What's that about mother dancing?"

demanded Mrs. Bossmore, who at that instant entered the room. Shirley arose and appealed to her:

"Isn't it absurd, mother, when you come to think of it, that anybody should accuse father of being corrupt and of having forfeited the right to be judge? Isn't it still more absurd that are should be helpless and dejected and unhappy because we are on Long Island instead of Madison avenue? Why should Manhattan Island be a happier spot than Long Island? Why shouldn't we be happy anywhere? We have each other, and we do need each other. We never knew how much till today, did we? We must stand by each other now. Father is going to clear his mame of this preposterous charge, and we're going to help him, aren't we, mother? We're not helpless just beeause we are women. We're going to work, mother and L"

"Work?" echoed Mrs. Rossmore, somewhat scandalized. "Work," repeated Shirley very de-

The judge interfered. He would not hear of it.

"You work, Shirley? Impossible?" "Why not? My book has been selling well while I was abroad. I shail probably write others. Then I shall

write, too, for the newspapers and magazines. It will add to our income." "Your book, "The American Octopus," is seiling well?" inquired the judge, interested. "So well," replied Shirley, "that the

publishers wrote me in Paris that the fourth edition was now on the press. That means good royalties. I shall soon be a fashionable author. The publishers will be after me for more books, and we'll have all the money we want. Oh, it is so delightful, this novel sensation of a literary success!" she exclaimed with glee. "Aren't you

The judge smiled induigently. Or course he was glad and proud. He always knew his Shirley was a clever girl. But by what strange fatality, he thought to himself, had his daughter in this book of hers assailed the very man who had encompassed his own min? It seemed like the retribution of heaven. Neither his daughter nor the financier was conscious of the fact that each was indirectly connected with the impeachment proceedings. Ryder could not dream that "Shirley if ashamed of their isolation and utter home, he had entered the service of Green," the author of the book which flayed him so mercilessly, was the

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

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. She had kept up appearances as long as it was possible, but now the reaction had set in. She gave way freely to her pent up feelings; she felt unless she could relieve herself in this way her heart would break. She had been brave until now, she had been strong to bear everything and see everything, but she could not keep it up forever. Stott's words to her on the dock had in part prepared her for the worst; he had told her what to expect at home, but the resilization was so much more vivid. Then to have come to this all in the brief spacesof a few months! It was incredible, terrible, heart rending! And what of the future? What was to be done to save her father from this impeachment which she knew well would hurry him to his grave? He could not survive that humiliation, that degradation. He must be saved in the senate, but how

She dried her eyes and began to think. Surely her woman's wit would find some way. She thought of Jefferson. Would be come to Massapequa? It was hardly probable. He would certainly learn of the change in their circumstances, and his sense of delicacy would naturally keep him away for some time even if other considerations less unselfish did not. Perhaps he would be attracted to some other girl be would like as well and who was not burdened with a tragedy in her family. Her tears began to flow afresh until she hated herself for being so weak while there was work to be done to save her father. She loved Jefferson. Yes, she had never felt so sure of it as now. She felt that if she had him there at that moment she would throw herself in his arms, crying: "Take me, Jefferson-take me awaywhere you will-for I love you! I love you!" But Jefferson was not there, and the rickety chairs in the tiny bedroom and the cheap prints on the walls seemed to gibe at her in her misery. Suddenly she thought of Jefferson's

romise to interest his father in their case, and she clutched at the hope this promise held out as a drowning man chitches at a drifting straw. Jefferson would not forget his promise, and he would come to Massapequa to tell her of what he had done. She was sure of that. Perhaps, after all, there was where their hope lay. Why had she not told her father at once? It might have relieved his mind. John Burkett Ryder, the Colossus, the man of unlimited power! He could save her father, and he would. And the more she thought about it the more cheerful and more hopeful she became, and she started to dress quickly, so that she might hurry down to tell her father the good news. She was actually sorry now that she had said so many hard things of Mr. Ryder in her book, and she was worrying over the thought that her father's case might be seriously prejudiced if the identity of the author were ever revealed, when there came a knock at her door. It was Endoxia.

"Please, miss, will you come down to lunch?"

CHAPTER VIII. WHIRLING maelstrom of human activity and dynamic energy the city which above all others is characteristic of the genius and virility of the American people New York, with its congested polygiot population and teeming millions, is assuredly one of the busiest, as it is one of the most strenuous and most noisy places on earth. Yet, deed shops, ceaselessly thronged with men and women eagerly hurrying here street on the south, and by Fifth and door. It was Mr. Bagley giving in-Madison avenues respectively on the structions to the butler. west and east. There is nothing more mournful than the outward aspect of son of a British peer, had left his these princely residences which, aban- country for his country's good, and in doned and empty for three-quarters of order to turn an honest penny, which the year, stand in stately loneliness, as he had never succeeded in doing at "Why, is it you, Jeff? I thought you

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 voiced children romp in their carefully railed 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 at no 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 Shiriey and find what his father could do to help Judge Rossmore. 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

Europe, thought Jefferson as he strode quickly along, pointed with envy to America's unparalleled prosperity, spoke with bated breath of her great fortunes. 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 bear 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, the industrial and mechanical genius of its people. It was the plain American citizen who had made the greatness of America; the millionaires who, forming a class by themselves of unscrupulous capitalists, had created an arrogant oligarchy which sought to rule the country by corrupting the legislature and the judiciary. The plutocratsthese were the leeches, the sores in the body politic. An organised 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 French renaissance architecture, with spire roofs, round turrets and mullioned windows dominating the neighboring houses, this magnificent home of the plutocrat, with its furnishings and art treasures, had cost John Burkett Ryder nearly \$10,000,000. It was one of the show places of the and when the "rubberneck" wagons approached the Ryder mansion and the guides through their megaphones expatiated in awestricken tones on its external and hidden beauties, there was a general craning of vertebrae among the "seeing New Yorkers" 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 or this \$10,000,000 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 installed between the library upstairs and 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 was at his post. No one could approach 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 flunkey opened wide the doors, and Jefferson was under his father's roof.

"Is my father in?" be demanded of "No, sir," was the respectful answer. "Mr. Ryder has gone out driving, but Mr. Bagley is upstairs." Then after a brief pause he added, "Mrs. Ryder is

in too." Jefferson went up the grand staircase hung on either side with fine old portrafts and rare tapestries, his feet sinking deep in the rich velvet carpet. On spite its swarming streets and crowd- the first landing was a piece of sculptured marble of inestimable worth, seen in the soft warm light that sifted and there in the pursuit of business or through a great pictorial stained glass elusive pleasure, all chattering, laugh- window overhead, the subject repreing, shouting amid the deafening, mul- senting Ajax and Ulysses contending tisonous roar of traffic incidental to for the armor of Achilles. To the left Gotham's daily life, there is one part of this, at the top of another flight of the great metropolis where there is leading to the library, was hung a fine no bustle, no noise, no crowd, where full length portrait of John Burkett the streets are empty even in daytime, Ryder. The ceilings here as in the where a passerby is a curiosity and a lower hall were richly gilt and adorned child a phenomenon. This deserted with paintings by famous modern artvillage in the very heart of the big ists. When he reached this floor Jeftown is the millionaires' district, the ferson was about to turn to the right boundaries of which are marked by and proceed direct to his mother's suit Carnegie hill on the north, Fiftieth when he heard a voice near the library

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, a younger uselessness. Their blinds drawn, af- America's foremost financier, hoping fording no hint of life within, envel- to gather a few of the crumbs that fell

from the rich man's table and disguising the menial nature of his position under the high sounding title of private secretary. His job called for a spy and a toady, and he filled these requirements admirably. Excepting with his employer, of whom he stood in eraven fear, his manner was condescendingly patronizing to all with whom he came in contact, as if he were anxious to impress on these American plebeians the signal honor which a Fitzroy, son of a British peer, did them in deigning to remain in their "blarsted" 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 con-

tinual presence in the house that had

driven him to seek refuge elsewhere.

He believed him to be a scoundrel as be certainly was a cad. Nor was his estimate of the English secretary far wrong. The man, like his master, was a grafter, 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 proboscis he had selected was that of his employer's friend, Senator Roberts. The senator and Miss Roberts were frequently at the Ryder house, and in course of time the aristocratic secretary and the daughter had become quite intimate. A flighty girl, with no other purpose in life beyond dress and amusement and having what she termed "a good time," Kate thought it excellent pastime to flirt with Mr. Bagley, and when she discovered that he was serious in his attentions she felt flattered rather than indignant. After all, she argued, he was of nobie birth. If his two brothers died, he would be peer of England, and she had enough money for both. He might not make a bad husband. But she was careful to keep her own counsel and not let her father have ny suspicien of what was going on. She knew that his heart was set on her marrying Jefferson Ryder, and she knew better than any one how impossible that dream was. She herself liked Jefferson quite enough to marry him, but if his eyes were turned in another direction—and she knew all about his attentions to Miss Rossmore-she was not going to break her heart about it. So she continued to firt secretly with the Hon. Fitzroy while she still led the Ryders and her own father to think that she was interested in Jefferson.

"Jorkins," Mr. Bagley was saying to the butler, "Mr. Ryder will occupy the library on his return. See that he is not disturbed."

"Very good, sir." The butler bowed and went downstairs. The secretary looked up and saw Jefferson. His face reddened, and his manner grew nerv-

"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 failing 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,

"The common rabble, the lower class, the riff-raff," explained Mr. Bagiey. "Pshaw!" laughed Jefferson. "If our financiers were only half as respectable as the common rabble, as you call them, they would need no bars to their

Mr. Bagley sneered and shrugged his

"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 haughtfly, "I am answerable to your father alone."

"By the way, Bagley," asked Jefferson, "when do you except father to return? I want to see him."

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible," answered the secretary with studied insolence. "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.

He started to enter the library when the secretary, who was visibly perturbed, attempted to bar his way. "There's some one in there," he said in an undertone. "Someone waiting

for your father." "Is there?" replied Jefferson coolly. "I'll see who it is," with which he brushed past Mr. Bagley and entered

He had guessed aright. A woman was there. It was Kate Roberts. "Hello, Kate! How are you?" Jefferson decided to say nothing of the interrupted tete-a-tete, but mentally he resolved to spoil Mr. Bagley's game and save Kate from her own folly. On hearing his voice Kate turned and gave a little cry of genuine surprise.

were in Europe." "I returned yesterday," he replied somewhat curtly. He crossed over to

i mis father's desk, where he sat down to scribble a few words, while Mr. Bagley, who had followed him in, scowiing, was making frantic dumb signs to

"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

"Lovely as ever," he answered. "Did you have a good time?" she in-



"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 Rossmore 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."

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go and pay my filial respects upstairs," said Jefferson. "I'll see you again." He gave Kate a friendly nod, and without even glancing at Mr. Bagley left the room.

The couple stood in silence for a few moments after he disappeared. Then Kate went to the door and listened to ms retreating footsteps. When she was sure that he was out of earshot she turned on Mr. Bagiey indignantly. "You see what you expose me to. Jefferson thinks this was a rendes-"Well, it was to a certain extent," re-

you ask me to see you here?" "Yes," said Kate, taking a letter from her bosom; "I wanted to ask you what this means?"

plied the secretary unabashed. "Dadn't

"My dear Miss Roberts Kate I"stammered the secretary.

"How dare you address me in this manner when you know I and Mr. Ryder are engaged?"
No one knew better that Kate that

this was not true, but she said it partly out of vanity, partly out of a desire to draw out this Englishman who made such bold love to her. "Miss Roberts," replied Mr. Bagiey loftly, "in that note I expressed my

admiration-my love for you. Your engagement to Mr. Jefferson Ryder is, to say the least, a most uncertain fact." .There was a tinge of sarcasm in his voice that did not escape Kata. "You must not judge from appearances," she answered, trying to keep | up the outward show of indignation | which inwardly she did not feel. "Jeff |

and I may hide a passion that burns like a voicano. All lovers are not demonstrative, you know." The absurdity of this description as applied to her relations with Jefferson appealed to her as so comical that she burst into laughter, in which the sec-

"Then why did you remain here with me when the senator went out with Mr. Ryder, senior?" he demanded. "To tell you that I cannot listen to your ponsense any longer," retorted

"What?" he cried incredulously. "You remain here to tell me that you cannot listen to me when you could easily have avoided listening to me without teiling me so! Kate, your coldness is not convincing."

"You mean you think I want to listen to you?" she demanded. "I do," he answered, stepping for-

ward as if to take her in his arms. "Mr. Bagley!" she exclaimed, recoff-

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