

drawing a long bow now. But I mustn't stay here chattering to you, or I shall be late at the grabiola."

They were standing at the top of the stairs as she said this, but Stuyvesant seemed in no hurry to descend them.

"Be off with you!" she cried, as she saw that he made no movement to

go. "I'm not in a hurry," he remarked, calmly.

"But I am. Where are you going now?"

"Wherever you wish me to go."

"Then run down to Maiden Lane and tell them to hurry up that tennis-racket of mine you took to be restrung. We are going to play twice a week during Lent. You can report about it when you come here at half-past four to take me to the Hospital. And go at once, or I shall be late at my lunch."

Probably Miss Katharine Vaughn was a little late at that lunch, since it was set for one o'clock and the factory whistles were shrilly announcing that hour when Paul Stuyvesant left her house.

## CHAPTER V.

### MR. PAUL STUYVESANT GOES DOWN TOWN.

But it was half-past one by the broad dial of Trinity Church when Stuyvesant turned into Broadway from Maiden Lane, having attended to Miss Vaughn's commission. He stood for a moment on the corner irresolutely. He had nothing to do and nowhere to go until the time came to call again on her. Having begun the day by oversleeping himself, he had given himself up to laziness; and he knew that he would accomplish little or nothing even if he should summon up energy to return to his apartments, where the incomplete manuscript of "A History of Circumstantial Evidence" lay reproachfully on his desk.

He glanced up and down the busy thoroughfare, from which gangs of swarthy laborers were rapidly removing the snow now trodden into a dark mire. The sun shone brightly, and the sharp breeze made him button his coat and again put on his seal-skin gloves, which he had pocketed while inquiring about the tennis-racket in an overheated store. The bracing atmosphere invited a walk, and Stuyvesant turned his footsteps to the Battery, always a favorite loitering place of his. He was descended from the New Yorkers who once had dwelt in the stately houses which lined that now sadly disfigured bit of green by the edge of the water. He was one of the sentimentalists who regretted that the pressure of business had driven every private residence away from the best spot for a dwelling on all the island of Manhattan. It was always a pleasure to him to pace the broad path above the sea-wall and to look across the blue waters of the great bay, with its unceasing panorama of ship and steamboat, tug and man-of-war.

And yet, long before he reached the Battery, Stuyvesant stayed his feet and turned aside. As he came almost in front of Trinity Church, he suddenly recollected that the office of Eliphalet Duncan was in the Bowdoin Building, No. 76 Broadway. Ever since he had seen Duncan's endorsement after James Burt's on the check he had given to Charley Vaughn, Paul had a desire to meet the lawyer and to ask him—well, he did not know exactly what it was he wanted to ask his friend. He could not get Charley Vaughn out of his mind. Even the image of Kitty, vivid as it was usually, was obscured by that of her brother. Who was the M. Zalinski to whom Charley had given the check? And what was his connection with the James Burt whom Duncan was defending for having burglars' tools in his possession?

So it was that when Stuyvesant came in front of the building where Duncan's office was, he entered; and the elevator soon deposited him opposite the door which bore his friend's name.

But Mr. Duncan was not in, so the clerk told him. Mr. Duncan had returned from a reference a quarter of an hour before, and he had only just gone out to lunch. Would Mr. Stuyvesant wait for him?—he would probably return in a few minutes.

Mr. Stuyvesant would not wait for him, because Mr. Stuyvesant thought he knew where he would find him without waiting.

In one of the small streets, almost under the shadow of Trinity steeple, there is a quaint little old house. It is indeed one of the oldest houses in New York, for it was built when New York was yet New Amsterdam. It was once the house of a Dutch burgher transplanted to the New World, where he had sought to reproduce the comfort to which he had been accustomed in his native land. It was now decayed and worn with years; its timbers were rotting at last, and its floors were uneven. It had been patched and braced up and treated with reverent care; but it was a very old house, and its time was soon to be completed. It was now occupied as a chop-house. Within its dusky parlor, with its heavily-cobwebbed ceiling and its cleanly-sanded floor, the New Yorker came for his mid-day meal. The fare which could be had there was simple and excellent. A chop off the grill, a baked potato, a kidney, a fresh mushroom, a porter-house steak, these were luxuries obtainable at Tom's as they were to be had nowhere else in America. The place was called Tom's. Who Tom was, or rather who he had been, and where he had lived, and where he had gone,—these were all questions which the frequenters of Tom's forbore to ask, well knowing that they could get no answer. The present proprietor was a only Englishman who had once been an actor. Such at least he was wont to boast himself to a new customer after a second mug of his own half-and-half. An inquisitive reporter had, after a long and difficult search, succeeded in finding the play-bill of a performance of the "School for Scandal" at old Fallick's Theatre on Broadway near Broome Street, on which Mr. Hodge's name appeared as the impersonator of Lady Sneerwell's servant.

(To be Continued.)

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10 Real Estates worth.....	300	3,000
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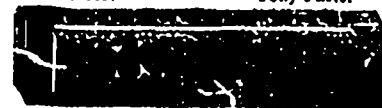
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