

## MADEMOISELLE ANGELIQUE.

AN ALMSHOUSE IDYL.

*John J. A. Becket Ph.D., in Catholic World.*

Ramsay was quite content to have Townley come back to the club window and be a comfort to him by his sympathetic idleness. But Townley really meant to do something, to go into business, and got Ramsay to tell him of some of the men that knew most about it. In this way he was introduced to two or three fellows who were in banks and brokers' offices on Wall Street. They advised Townley and gave him "tips" on stocks. The tips did not always bring in large returns, and Townley began to think he was not going into business properly.

One day he came to the Union Club in the afternoon. Ramsay almost pressed his hand, he was so glad to see him. Ramsay also was mildly excited. He used to stretch back in his chair and look at the ceiling when he was excited.

"Old man, I've got the opening for you. All you've got to do is to put some money into it, and then a lot of money will come to you. Isn't that what you want?"

"Having the money come in to me is what I want; there is no doubt about that," said Townley. "What is the scheme?"

"Why, there is a Jew fellow who knows all about money and stocks and things, and he wants to start a financial paper. He will do everything. All you have to do is to get half the money that comes in. It's sure to pay. The man has done it before and knows all about it. Of course, he needs an office and printing and things, and you would have to put in the money for that. But you will get it all back in a few months, and then you will have the rest pure gain."

Ramsay was quite out of breath with such a long speech.

"Well, there is no harm in seeing the fellow and having a talk with him. Can't you ask him to dinner here to-morrow?"

"Oh! my dear boy, I couldn't really ask him here, you know. We'll take him to Delmonico's. Wouldn't have anybody think I knew him for the world?"

"Well, invite him to Delmonico's and introduce him to me, and then you can go, and I'll talk it over with him," said Townley.

The Jew proved to be of the pumice-stoned order, all the Semitic features being softened down. The nose was thin and aquiline, but did not droop very much at its extremity, and his eyes were black but not beady, and his complexion was an olive verging on sallowness, but was not greasy. And then he really knew a lot about how much everything was worth, and, still better, could tell like a prophet what it was going to be worth a month ahead, and how to make anything they took hold of get up right away and become suddenly precious.

He had suffered a reverse out in Rio, because somebody had lied to him and not paid money, so that he had to give up things just as they were booming. But he could put some money into the scheme and would undertake the whole management, while Townley should have half the profits if he would supply the rest of the capital.

The sum he mentioned as necessary was about all Townley was worth. But it was a sure thing. In six months they would be getting rich on it. There were one or two papers in the field, but they did not meet the wants which this would supply.

It looked very feasible. Cohen talked calmly and with a quiet air of confidence and experience that moved Townley. Besides, there could not be a better proof of Cohen's assurance than his putting in all his own money. "So if it goes up, I go up too," he said laughingly to Townley.

So that middle-aged young man put up nearly his whole fortune, which was not so very great now. In three months Cohen called for more. Expenses were greater than he had expected. An office had been taken in Broad Street, handsomely fitted up, and various specious channels for the outflow of cash were presented by that worthy. But Townley had no more, and three weeks later Cohen told him in his calm way that they were running the paper at a loss and must stop unless they could get more money. They couldn't, and in a fortnight Cohen told him they must give it up.

"But my money?" said Townley.

"And mine?" said Cohen with the calm of philosophic resignation. "It was a beautiful scheme, and if you could only have put in five thousand dollars more it must have succeeded. If you can't, we will have to let the thing go and only have experience as a profit."

This was not exhilarating. There was a mean sense in Townley's part that the son of Israel had gulled him, but there was no proof. So he started in with a rich experience but no cash as the outcome of his business. He had hard work in getting anything to do. Partly because he didn't know how to do much of anything. The difficulty of acquiring money was brought home to him for the first time in his life. It fretted him dreadfully. He finally got a position on a newspaper at a low salary. It was all he could do.

Ramsay had refused to lend him anything with an unembarrassed alacrity which was another experience for Townley. He moved into a hall-room on Seventh Avenue, and dropped out of sight of his friends altogether. He had a rich uncle who had a son, but he was too proud to appeal to him, and he doubted his success if he did ask for help. He was always a little behind his salary, for economy was an occult art to him. Yet he kept up a cheerful front and worked as faithfully as he knew how. But it was hard, and every day it got harder. He did not care to make new friends, and he would not see the old ones since he could not meet them without an inevitable drain on his slender purse.

One day he was crossing Fifth Avenue. A stage was passing up and behind it was a hansom. Coming down was a heavy victoria. The hansom cabman turned in just as Townley got between the stage and the victoria. The lady in the latter shrieked, and the next moment he was crushed between the wheels of her carriage and those of the hansom.

He fell to the ground in dreadful pain and with every nerve quivering. The lady had him placed in her carriage, and he improved the opportunity to faint. When he came to he was in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from sharp interior pains. He could not move without the greatest agony, and the doctor told him to lie as quietly as possible.

After he had suffered for a week, one day the lady who had been in the victoria rustled in. She inquired after his health. He told her he suffered but was improving. She remarked that it was all that horrid cabman's fault, and she had got his number, and he could hold him to account. She asked after his means and resources. Townley said he had none then. She said: "You must let me pay for this week in the hospital, my good man, and I am sure you will have no difficulty in getting to the Island as soon as you are well enough to be moved, and you can stay there till you get better."

Townley groaned. He told her civilly that she must pay nothing for him, that he could not permit it. What a curse it was to be stricken down like this! He had only two dollars in the world!

He got the nurse to write to his uncle and tell him the state of things very fully. His uncle replied promptly that he would pay his hospital expenses, and hoped he would have sense enough to keep from being run over again, for he could not undertake to support him for life.

Townley waited till he got well enough to walk, which was not for two weeks more. Then he wrote a letter to his uncle and, almost in the words of the Apostle Peter, bade his money be to him for his damnation. After that he crawled slowly down through the healthy, well-dressed crowds on Fifth Avenue and made his way to a low brick building on the corner of Eleventh Street and Third Avenue.

It was the office of the Commission of Charities and Correction. The building was pretty well filled by women with babies and slouchy men. He had to take his turn in the line that filed by a window where a man, partially bald, sat asking questions and giving little slips of paper to the unfortunates who rehearsed their woes to him. A policeman with a sharp nose and a blunt manner stood at the opening, and hustled them along and prodded them to a prompt response to the questions.

"I have no money. I am incapacitated for work for the present, and have absolutely no one from whom I can seek assistance," said Townley in a hard voice, but with a feeling like death on him.