

me shudder. You say that the work of the sisters of Charity and of other 'religious,' male and female, seems to be all that is effective in the worst parts of your city. How do you account for it? Is it because the people really love the poor, or because they live with them and are poor like themselves? There is positively not much left to me in life, except an intense interest in the great problem of raising the poor above their present level. They suffer like driven beasts, but they are not beasts. Sometimes I think that, if I were a Catholic, and could understand what 'vocation' in the religious sense means, I might get nearer to the poor. Do not fancy that I mean the poor in the New England towns of our boyhood, who merely were not rich, and who worked every day to gain what the rich got without working. Write soon, my dear Dick, and let me know more about the Parisian poor—"

His servant said he had looked at his watch, ordered him to lay out his evening clothes before half-past eight, and written on a card, to be delivered if a certain friend called: "I shall be at the Nineteenth Century Club in time to meet you late—I have heard all the people there have to say about Socialism before. Shall drop in at the Union League to see Brooks for a minute."

He had not seen Brooks; his evening clothes still lay on the bed; he had not appeared at the Nineteenth Century Club, by which Socialism had been discussed, and now he was—where?

It came out that he had been paid two thousand dollars on the day of his disappearance. Mr. Casper Mollenhauser had gone to his office after banking hours on that day, and paid him a mortgage in bills of one hundred and five hundred dollars each. This fact was a great support to the murder theory. But the carriage driver laughed at this. How could anybody be dragged out his of *coupe* early in the evening at Broadway and Canal Street without his hearing a row? Mr. Longworthy might have jumped out—he probably did—leaving two dollars on the seat for him. As to sandbagging and that sort of thing, he had no patience with it.

John Longworthy's will was discovered. He was a fairly wealthy man. He had no relatives living, except a rich uncle in Liverpool. The will made the town stare. He left all his money for the purpose of investigating the tenement house question, and magnificently endowed a chair of sanitation at Yale College. This seemed very absurd to his friends, who thought he might have done so much for Italian Opera, the propagation of fox-hunting on Staten Island, the new Episcopal Cathedral, or toward founding a school of Ethnical Culture. But as his death could not be proved, his will remained a dead letter.

Various societies and clubs, all more or less interested in Socialism, drew up resolutions and made panegyrics. His acquaintances talked over the mystery, and one or two friends earnestly lamented him. Many, neither friends nor acquaintances, to whom he had been kind in various ways, missed his face and were sincere in their regret for his loss.

The police worked silently—more efficiently than they were given credit for. Nobody seemed to think that the search for the missing man was made more difficult by the tendency of the newspapers to make public any clue the moment it was discovered. The detectives were obliged to work in the light, instead of the dark, as they preferred, and all the time were held up to derision by the daily papers, which tried to outdo one another in showing the public how much cleverer than the police they were.

It happened, however, that the only reasonable clue was made out by a young man who had read the minute descriptions of John Longworthy's dress given by the clerk in the *Herald* office and by the newsboy. His name was Miles Galligan; having no regular employment—he was one of those unfortunates who had held political place, and henceforth live on the hope of more office—he amused himself by doing some amateur police work. Longworthy's clothes were good. The *Herald* clerk, who evidently knew about such things, declared that the coat was of French make. A glance had told him that; for the shoulders were sloped in a manner not affected by English or American tailors; and, then, the collar was very high. The clerk was positive that Mr. Longworthy's hat and coat were of foreign make.

So much stress was laid on the victim's clothes that Miles

Galligan determined to see whether he could find any trace of them or not. They were so peculiar in cut that the murderer or murderers would not wear them and yet much too good to be thrown away.

In the public mind John Longworthy had become "the victim," and his inexplicable disappearance was generally called a "murder." Galligan, having plenty of time on his hands, went the rounds of the "misfit" and second-hand tailor-shops. Time and patience finally brought him into the quarter of the Polish Jews. He permitted himself to be almost torn to pieces by the proprietors of the various caves; for their favorite method is more forcible than that of the spider who wanted to entice the fly into his parlor. A man who falls into the hands of two of these old-clothes dealers will be so tattered and torn by the time they let him go that he will need new attire.

Galligan, in his search, saw many strange garments,—which represent the foam cast up by the tide of humanity, ebbing and flowing in the metropolis. In one place was a draggled skirt of green tulle—the cast-off property of some dancer at the theatre,—hung next to a pilot coat, fished out of the river and probably lost by some drunken seaman; a little child's frock—bought at a pawnbroker's sale,—dangled near a frock-coat of dark blue, which looked fresher than the rest of the contents of the place. Galligan's eyes brightened. He pretended to examine the pilot coat. The proprietor was assisted by an aged woman, who wore a light brown wig, and carried a string of dried mushrooms and an antique goose. She had come in to bargain for the child's frock, but she diverted her attention to support the efforts of Isaac Zeayski in selling the pilot coat. She was the widow of Isaac's cousin, hence the wig; for the widows in the quarter of the Polish Jews always cut off their hair and wear wigs of unparalleled ugliness.

The pilot coat? Surely the young man was charmed by its warmth, its softness as of velvet,—look at the lining! It alone was worth the whole price of the garment. Galligan was coy. Then the widow of Simon Zeayski began. Her husband had one like it; he could not wear it out; it was buried with him. Galligan understood little of their gabbling; he examined the pilot coat carefully. It was too big!

"Too big!" Both the Zeayskis raised their hands in horror. "Too big!" they shrieked. "Why, it fits like the skin of a fat goose! It is worthy of a prince. And so cheap: three dollars and a half,—only three dollars and a half!"

Galligan turned away. The Zeayskis almost wept. "Ah," said the widow, with a flash of inspiration, "the young man is a nobleman; he would have the coat of a nobleman. Behold!" and she pointed, like a sibyl, to the dark blue frock-coat.

Galligan turned away sulkily. Isaac clung to him. "I am ruined if you do not buy. I have sold nothing to-day. It will give me bad luck if you leave my shop!"

The widow added her pleading, and put herself, the goose and the dangling mushrooms in Galligan's way.

Galligan took the coat; he turned down the collar and read the label on the inside: "Sturm, Paris." It had been made in France, and yet that told nothing. He did not dare to search the pockets, with the eyes of the voluble Polish Jews fixed on him; he held the coat in his hands, and ran over in his mind the descriptions he had read—"Dark blue frock-coat, rather long in the tails and tight in the waist, high collar, a bunch of violets."—He brought the lapel close to his face.

"Ach, Rachel," cried Isaac, "he will find the stitches beautiful, done in real silk! The button-holes are alone worth the price of the coat. I wish I were rich—I would wear such a coat on all feasts."

A faint, sweet odor became apparent to Galligan. Caught in the button hole was a withered Parma violet, hanging dry on its limp stem. Galligan's heart jumped, but he sulkily threw the coat across the clothes-line on which it had hung.

"Not to-day!" he said.

Isaac called down the vengeance of heaven on him. Rachel wiped her eyes with the string of dried mushrooms. Could human nature be so depraved as to slight such a bargain?