

The Lonely Rose.

Tea heaven far away.
Went the white rose when she died;
So I heard the white rose say.

ELEGANT TOM.

To speak of Tom Dillar in any other way than by his pseudonym of Elegant would be like speaking of Harold Harfoot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, or Louis the Debonnaire, without their distinguishing adjectives.

Tom did not know that his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was paying attention to Fanny Ormolu; and, even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormolu was making use of the young stockbroker to ruin his friend.

The ruin of Thomas Dillar, Esq., was complete. Wall street never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend.

They say that old Ormolu was so exasperated and indignant at Tom's refusal that he swore he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word.

Now, Tom was no spendthrift, nor a gambler; but then he was the merest child in business matters, and had no idea about money transactions beyond drawing his dividends every six months, and contriving to make his income just meet his expenditure.

Pete then carelessly remarked that Bob So-and-so had made nearly double that sum a few days before, by a corner in Harlow, and that he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount by a speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock.

"Trust to me," replied Pete, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity that he concluded to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., to purchase, for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Pottawattamy Coal Stock as he had the means to pay for.

Having made this little business arrangement with his Wall street friend, Tom jumped into one of the Dry Dock stages, to go up to the ship yards and make inquiries about the cost of a yacht; and that night he dreamed of winning the Queen's cup at the Cowes regatta, and of lying in anchor at the harbor of Newport, and other pleasant things connected with the manly sport of yachting.

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he saw Elegant Tom Dillar, with his coat buttoned closely up to his throat, and looking uncomfortably sharp, serious, and, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, seedy.

"How are you?" said Tom, in his usual elegant manner; but without waiting for a reply, he continued, "You needn't ask me how I am, for I can discern by your looks that you see how I am. I am hungry."

"Elegant Tom Dillar hungry!" I was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from a man whom I had known and envied in his happier days to disguise my feelings.

"Thank you," said Tom, "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that I need; and I will repay you soon."

"I offered him the contents of my purse; but he would not take more than half a dollar. 'At least,' said I, 'allow me to treat you to a supper, since you say you are hungry.'"

"You know something of my history," said Tom, "how I once lived, and how I left my property; but how I lived since, you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling."

"Good heavens!" said I, "can this be true? What, Elegant Tom Dillar, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, reduced to starvation! It cannot be true."

"But it is true," said Tom, "impossible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind that if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all."

As Tom spoke these words he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days; and, in spite of his poverty, I could not but still admire his manly spirit and self-reliance.

"But," said I, "why will you not allow me to lend you a larger sum than you have taken? You shall cheerfully welcome to more."

"Because," replied Tom, "it is all I need. I think I have found a place, and after this, I shall be rich again."

It was about three months after I parted from Tom in the cheap restaurant, that, as I entered the vestibule of the Astor House, I met him coming out of that hotel.

The reappearance of Elegant Tom Dillar in what is called society was a topic of universal conversation in fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners daily at the very best houses in town, and have danced in the most brilliant company that New York could afford, nearly every night.

change was perceptible in Tom's manner. He was the same elegant Tom Dillar he had ever been; faultless in his manner, refined in his conversation, incredible in dress, and handsomer, if possible, than before his retirement.

"But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of everybody. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarseness.

These questions began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out by his speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock, by his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty and retirement from the world.

The report of this interesting circumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became absolutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subject discussed, and even merchants talked about it on Change.

The women, poor simple-minded creatures, knowing but little of the world, had their own innocent surmises about Tom, the most plausible of which was that he had entered into a league with the —; some other ladies, who had a less practical acquaintance with human possibilities, believed that he got his money by writing poems for the magazines; while others said that he gambled.

The doctor was delighted, and put something handsome into the hand of the doorkeeper, as an acknowledgment for the favor. He got a comfortable seat near the stage, and waited with impatience for the appearance of the incomparable Higgins.

On reaching the hall he found the house so crowded that he could not even get his nose inside, but the doorkeeper recognized him, and, wishing to gratify so distinguished a patron of the establishment, offered to show him round by a private entrance, so that he would be near the stage, and might retire at his leisure.

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he continued to be a subject of talk in society, where he was still well received in spite of all the evil things that were surmised about him.

Julia Laurens was a spirited girl, and she loved Tom the better, perhaps, because he was the object of so much unjust suspicion; and her father, the doctor, was charmed by Tom's intelligence, his gentlemanly manners, his fine taste and his amiability; and most happy would he have been to acknowledge him as his son-in-law, but for the mysterious silence which he observed in respect to his income.

To fully appreciate Tom's noble conduct, it should be known that Julia, in addition to her expectations from her father's property, which was already large, and rapidly increasing, had property of her own, valued at fifty thousand dollars, which had been bequeathed her by an aunt.

Doctor Laurens, Julia's father, was a most passionate lover of music, and you were always sure of seeing him in his box at the opera, in his bright-tinted coat, with lorgnette in hand, listening to the prima donna as though she were a patient and he anticipated a fee at the close of the performance.

There was one member of the Ethiopian band where the doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated everybody else who heard him; and when he appeared, there was sure to be an overflowing house.

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