

claimed indignantly; "I seen her walking with him already twict now. He is a swell feller."

"What!" roared Levinsohn; "so, my fine lady, that's why you won't have it a respectable young man like Strasser's cousin! Shamed you should be. What kind of a schnorrer is he that he can't come to the house? How long do you know him?"

Frightened at the harm he had done, Moe hastened to repair it if he could. "Popper, listen! He ain't a beggar, honest he ain't; he's got a nice little book store, and he gave me ten cents only yesterday."

"Oh, Moe!" said Rosie, despairingly, and burst into tears.

Levinsohn, crimson with rage, seized her by the arm and Moe by the collar and began a cross-examination. He discovered that Rosaline had met the young man where she was employed; that she had been introduced to him by one of her employers, that she had known him about a month, and that he often walked home with her also; that he had a book store on Second Avenue a short distance from where they lived, and his name was Mr. Jones.

"Why didn't you tell me that you know him?" demanded her father; but Rosie obstinately refused to answer.

"Never mind, you shall marry Rosenstein now all the quicker. Oi Gott! to have it such a daughter I never expected. Mommer, believe me, it's all your fault. You didn't raise her up right and anyway she takes right after your family; she ain't got nothing of her father in her."

"Rosie, for deceiving me, you shall not go by the country when you get your vacation, unless Rosenstein marries you right away and takes you," was his parting shot as he left to go to business.

Rosie went out of her way that morning to encounter Jones as he was coming to open his store. She felt sure her father would pay him a visit, and she wanted to prepare him for it; but it seemed a delicate task.

He had never made love to her, but, womanlike, she had his secret almost before he was aware that he had one.

She made several false starts, and at last was compelled to blurt it out in answer to his direct question. "My father wants me to get married to somebody I have never seen, and—Moe—told him that I knew you and he—thinks it's your fault I won't marry the other man."

"If he comes to see you, don't you pay any attention to what he says. Popper is so unreasonable, and he says lots of things he don't mean when he is mad! Good-bye; I've got to hustle up or I'll be late to work."

Jones smiled after her. "I wonder," said he musingly, and unlocked his store.

"Humbert," he said as soon as his clerk appeared, "I'm going out of town for a few days, if any one should ask for me."

"I think a little trip will help my case just about now," he added to himself.

"What does Mrs. Levinsohn and Rosie think of the proposition?" asked Strasser that evening.

"My wife thinks what I do," replied Levinsohn, coldly; "the girl is young yet, and if I do say it myself, there ain't many what can beat her for looks. She don't need it to jump at nobody's offer."

"Surely I know it, and anyway, Izzy don't have to go down on his knees to her. Lots with bigger na dinna would be glad of the chance. That's all I got to say."

"Abe, you flies off quicker than anybody I ever sees yet, and I've seen some quick ones cinst I've been in America. Because I makes it a remark do you got to get ugly right away? I guess you expect me to come in the first thing this morning with Rosie's dower in one hand and her in the other. Remember, I ain't seen it the feller yet. I been in business long enough to learn not say I'll take nothing what I ain't seen. Pigs in pokes is hard things to sell to Jews from out of Russia."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Strasser; "I guess you ain't so orthodox that you are a complete stranger to a ham sandwich."

"Who's talking about ham sandwiches? I ain't. Me, I never mix 'em with business, and this is strictly business I'm talking about. I'd like to have a talk with Rosenstein to-night."

"For a feller what ain't in no rush, you don't lose much time, I must say. Izzy has gone out of town; I'll let you know when he comes back."

The more Levinsohn urged Rosie to think of marrying as he wished, the more determined she seemed never to do it; and he began to think that perhaps Mr. Jones was at the bottom of it in a more serious way than he had fancied.

He left the store early and made straight for the neighborhood of the offending Jones. He would just drop in to that place and tell the precious proprietor what was what, in a few words.

On the way, he thought that it might not be a bad plan to find out something about him, and so he dropped into a small pawn shop next door and made cautious inquiries.

"Perhaps you are a detective?" said the long-bearded proprietor suspiciously. "No, I'm from a wholesale book firm; this here Jones, gives us a order for a pile of books, but we ain't just sure of him. How long he's been here?" lied Levinsohn, glibly. Then the pawnbroker expanded and told all he knew.

Mr. Jones seemed to be a nice enough fellow. He had bought the business about six weeks before for cash, from the former owner, and the only thing that appeared strange was that he had identically the same name, and did not change the sign over the door. He thought that he must be a very good young man, for he had heard that he went regularly to the little Methodist mission around the corner. "Of course he might go there to sell books, I don't know. Anyway, I think he's a goy," concluded the pawnbroker.

"Then he ain't even Jewish!" cried Levinsohn, enraged; and dashed out, intent on the instant annihilation of Mr. Jones. No wonder Rosie did not tell him!

But fate had decreed otherwise. There was an inoffensive blonde young man there, who explained that he was Mr. Jones' clerk, and that Mr. Jones was out of town. No, he did not know just when he would return; could he do anything?

"Do anything! If you want to do me a great favor, be Mr. Jones for five minutes!" growled Levinsohn, shaking his fist under the astonished young man's beautifully straight nose for an instant, and then rushed out.

When Rosie returned to her desk at noon, the bookkeeper called out in a voice that all might hear, "Oh, you Miss Levinsohn; while you was out a fellow called you up. He said his name was I. Jones, and I should tell you he was going away for a short while on business, and he was sorry not to see you to say good-bye. When are those wedding bells going to ring out?"

"You're crazy," said Rosie, easily; nobody ever sees names like Jones and Levinsohn together in the engagement columns."

"What does the 'I' stand for?" said the stenographer. "Isadore," answered Rosie, before she thought.

There was a gale of laughter, and the office boy began to chant: "Izzy rich—Izzy nice—Izzy pretty—Izzy true—" and would have gone on indefinitely had not the head of the firm just then come in and cut it short.

That evening her father talked to her sternly. She listened meekly until he was out of breath and reproaches.

"Popper, excuse me, but you have told me many times not to jump to conclusions, but that's what you are doing now. You think because I happen to know Mr. Jones that I'm in love with him, and that's why I will not marry Rosenstein. Mr. Jones has never said a word to me about love. The reason I didn't tell you about him and have him call on me, is because I don't think he is a Hebrew, and I know you won't let him come if he isn't. It's not on his account I won't marry that man, but because I don't want to marry anybody now, and I've never seen Rosen-

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