

would have been all on Phillip's side in that assembly. But under the interdict of Rome they believed Phillip Augustus crushed and lost.

"By the help of God," murmured the Duke of Burgundy, "the chevaliers of France can stand against the universe."

"By the help of God, my cousin, as you say, replied the King," drily, "for it is God who makes the hearts of men brave and faithful. Gentlemen," resumed he, suddenly raising his head and changing his tone, we require your loyal support, and we reckon firmly upon it. The Pope, unmindful of the services that we have rendered to Christianity in the holy wars of the Crusades, and mixing himself up too lightly in our domestic affairs, has given an iniquitous sentence against us.

"Very dreaded lord," interrupted d'Aumale, "the sentences of our Holy Father cannot be iniquitous."

The lips of the King turned pale, while a fugitive carnation mounted to his cheek.

"Count," murmured he, between his clenched teeth, "has he promised to give thee back Boulogne, Dampierre and Dammartin?"

And as D'Aumale was about to reply, he reduced him to silence by an imperious gesture.

*To be continued.*

## HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

*Continued from page 46.*

### CHAPTER XI.

Mary Worth!

Reader, you have these cabalistic (to me cabalistic) words placed at the head of this chapter, instead of the "figures" which were promised you of the magnificent scheme of the HOPE & ANCHOR MUTUAL COAL COMPANY!

In this connection you doubtless consider it quite out of place, just as you are seated at the table with Deams and myself, your wits sharpened for the trial, to have only these two words put on the programme!

"It satisfies me," you say pettishly, "that John Brant will never succeed." Besides, perhaps you feel that I am trifling with you; or, perhaps, you imagine, on consideration, I don't deem it prudent to let you into the affair, and you call it very shabby treatment after my holding out so many inducements to attract your attention.

Suppose this to be a fact; what have you to complain of? Are we not in Wall Street? Have we passed our words to each other? Jones, having taken up my enterprise *without* examination, while you, Robinson, are wasting precious time in examining it, has secured the right to a "call" of the stock at a favourable rate, thus shutting you out from a participation in this magnificent and colossal enterprise.

After this, Robinson, think quick, and strike quick, or you will not do for the "street."

However, on this occasion only, I admit I am alarming you without cause. The matter is still "open." Let me say my say about Mary Worth, and then to business.

In the midst of these figures, how came her name interposed? I will tell you. It happened, just as I was settling myself to the work of investigation, that something whispered, "Succeed in this, and you will win her!"

And was it not possible for me to become her suitor without first acquiring a fortune, or at least a competency?

No, it was not possible, because not consistent with self-respect. I knew very well several young men about town, who were always on the look out for rich girls. There was Trovers, who had been, I was told, twenty years in search of a rich wife, [you know Trovers, lately a teller in this same bank of Mutual Safety,] and only last year accomplished his object—secured a young widow with half a million. But everybody points at Trovers, and calls him disagreeable names, and although he has quit the bank, and set up an establishment, and goes into "society," I doubt if any one respects him. Besides, although scarcely a year married, people say he and his wife

do not live happily together. He does not care, it is true, but I should care, and so I could never place myself in his position.

"If I make a strike, I shall feel satisfied in cultivating an acquaintance with Miss Worth, and attempting to win her. Otherwise not." So I said to myself after returning from Long Branch.

When, therefore, some spirit whispered in my ear the words I have just recorded, it made my pulse beat very quick, so that I breathed with difficulty, when I thought of what was possible to come of the morning's work which was before me.

"Now, Mr. Brant, I am going to act on the square with you," said Deams, with the courageous air of a man who has just adopted a virtuous resolution.

"So I suppose."

"Yes, you shall have the whole story. What I know, you shall know. We will work like brothers together, and divide even."

"Well?"

"Well," continued Deams, "this affair is all MINE. Those chaps in there (pointing to the other room) are mere—"

"Tools of yours; I thought as much," interrupted I.

"No, no, Mr. Brant, I was not going to say 'tools' but agents; they are my agents—well not exactly agents either; in fact, I got the affair up, and they do as I say."

"I think you had better let my application stand, Deams. Go on."

"You see," continued Deams, "I have known Pope for several years. He keeps a small hat and cap store in the Sixth Avenue, very honest fellow is Pope, very sung too, has laid by a couple of thousand, cash. He knows Grover P. Wilcox, the owner of the land, and one day was mentioning it to me, and how Wilcox would like to sell. I turned it over in my mind, and finally told Pope that if Wilcox would go to the expense of a map, and have the property reported on by Quartz and Silex, I would take it up, provided we could agree on the terms. We came to an agreement, which was (between us, Brant, only between us," exclaimed Deams, convulsively, as he grasped my hand in token of the confidence he was reposing in me), "which was, I say, that I should pay Wilcox sixty thousand dollars cash for the entire property."

Sixty thousand dollars!" I said in amazement. "Why Deams, you go to the public with a statement that we pay a million and a half of dollars. Three hundred thousand dollars in cash, the balance in stock of the company at par."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brant. I do not say we do any such thing. I say the Company pays that amount for the property, and so it does and so it will, or my name isn't Deams."

"That's what I call rascality," I said with emphasis.

"You are a fool, Brant, and nothing else," exclaimed Deams, thrown out of his sense of propriety by my rather startling proposition. "Hold on," he continued, seeing my face flush, "hold on and let me ask you a question or two. Suppose you had a chance to buy a lot up town for a thousand dollars, and you knew at the same time you could sell it in sixty days for two thousand, would you make the purchase?"

"Very likely."

"Then you see no objection to buying at one price and selling at a better one, provided you use no deception?"

"No."

"Well, then, where is the 'rascality' in this case? Wilcox has a very large tract of what is now to him wild land. It probably cost him a mere song twenty years ago, or he may have inherited it. He has no knowledge of the machinery of getting up a company to work his mines. We have. So he furnishes the raw material at a low figure. We buy, and get the price it should really command when properly developed. I don't suppose you are so very benevolent as to wish to work for the public exactly for nothing?"

"I admit, Deams, there is much in your argument," I said, a good deal softened, "but it is the

tremendous difference between the price we pay and the price it is put in at to the company that staggers me."

"Now stop just there," said Deams; "stick a pin there. You admit my principle is correct, only you fear I over-charge the company for the property? What if I show you by proper computations and by certificates of first-class men that we are *not* over-charging, it is all right, is it not?"

"Let the matter rest where it is, Deams, and go on with your explanations." I felt that he had the best of the argument, but I was not altogether convinced either.

"I will resume," said Deams pompously, "but I beg you, Mr. Brant, not to interrupt me again with objections until I am through; then raise as many as you please."

I was silent, and Deams proceeded.

"Let me see, where was I? oh, I was saying I had agreed to pay sixty thousand dollars cash for the property. So far so good. Then came the organization, where to begin and how to do it. That is, how to get the property honestly—mind you I say *honestly*—to the company at our price. Once deciding that it is worth all the company is asked to pay for it, the only question is, you perceive, the mere manipulation. Pope, you see, was acquainted with Coldbrook. They are first cousins. Coldbrook is in the hosiery line, and he too has some money. Neither of these gentlemen are very presentable, as you have doubtless observed, but they are straightforward honest fellows; they mean right, and will do just as they agree. Masterman I have known a good while. He used to be knocking about the street ten years ago; he went off to California, and turned up here about three months since. He knows the ropes, and will do as I say."

"Now Pope attends the same Church with Horatio J. Dempsey, and is quite a prominent person in what is going on. Helps look up orphan children, calls on the indigent families,—in fact does a great deal of good. Just as soon as I thought of the benevolent idea of furnishing coal to the poor at cost, without regard to their taking stock, I told Pope he must secure Mr. Dempsey for President, that he must urge it on him as matter of duty. Well, after he had carefully examined the certificates of Quartz and Silex, and had his own counsel, Mr. Phillips, certify as to the titles, he consented to act. Of course we asked him for no money, and donated two thousand shares."

"So far all was successful. Then I had my bargain to make with my three friends. I wanted them to open a 'banking house,' where the office of the Company should be located. It would cost at least a thousand dollars to furnish them; besides, the rent is fearfully high."

"At length we agreed on the following: Wilcox was to give Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope a contract for the sale of the property to *them*, which was to be laid before the Company, and for which contract the Company are to pay the aforesaid Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope the sum of twelve thousand dollars cash, and assume the entire responsibility of carrying it out. This twelve thousand our three friends are to divide; but in consideration of that they hire these offices and furnish them. They get besides a hundred thousand dollars apiece of the stock, after the Company is in full mining operation—not before."

Deams paused to take breath, and to see what effect his recital had on me.

"Go on," I said quietly.

Deams did not go on, but instead, he continued silent. He looked for a while very hard at me, as if trying to satisfy himself of the impression he had made.

At length broke out as follows: "Brant,—one word—we know each other well, or ought to. What I want to say is, if you are *not* willing to go into this with me, you will do nothing to my prejudice, will you?"

Deams looked so despondently unhappy that I felt sorry for him.

I answered at once—"Certainly not."

"I knew you wouldn't, my dear fellow, I knew you wouldn't. You are true as steel. I always felt you were. As to our Company, it is *right*."