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YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

"Tell Arendsen I must see him at once, about a matter of urgent importance," he ordered, and raised himself as though that were sufficient. But the owl eyes scrutinizing him from the loophole were not withdrawn.

"Mister Arendsen's out-of town," responded the youth to whom they belonged, laying emphasis on the prefix of courtesy.

"Yeh c'n see Mister Braus—or th' Manager—or—"

"I know, I know," the visitor protested impatiently. "You take my message to the whole bunch, see? Tell him I want to see him about the consignment of coffin-nails that went wrong on the way to St. Thomas two years ago. And bring me an answer quick, d'ye hear?"

"I'll tell Mister Braus that," the sentry promised, and the shutter dropped ere he shuffled away, leaving Dominic Seager a prey to emotions so mixed that he did not observe the single eye which was staring at him in pronounced astonishment from another small peephole opposite.

He heard the boy walk upstairs, and, presently, down again. He was suddenly smitten with a wild impulse to make a bolt from the place, but, ere he could find out that flight was not feasible, saw the boy beckoning him toward a low door in the distance, and thither he went. He followed his guide up an obscure staircase, along a passage, and into a room at the end of which a man sat writing. The boy at once returned to his post of observation below, and released the safety catch on the street door. Dusk had come down outside. The fly was fast in the spider's web upstairs.

Meantime the apprehensive adventurer whom he had thus introduced had seated himself cavalierly in front of the desk occupied by the personage who was at one and the same time D. Arendsen, Inc., Mr. Braus, the manager, and several other people; a very truculent-looking man of swarthy complexion, possessed of a bushy black beard and moustache, a thick mop of lustreless hair. He seemed to be indordinately busy just then, since he did not even look up to see whom it was that had called about a consignment of coffin-nails two years old. Dominic Seager had time to glance around the room.

It was a small, square chamber, unkempt and evil-smelling, scantily fur-

nished with a littered flat-top desk, a safe, a few chairs. The floor was thickly carpeted. On the opaque panes of the window which gave on a well outside lay the shadow of heavy bars. The silence was almost oppressive.

Mr. Arendsen at length raised his eyes, and so suddenly that Seager was startled. But nevertheless he met them with a successful enough assumption of coolness.

"So!" hissed Mr. Arendsen, with slowly rising inflection, and in the monosyllable there was more purposeful menace than might have been expressed in many words.

"Now don't get hot," Seager advised, controlling his own premonitions of coming trouble and speaking steadily now that he was face to face with its probable source.

"I've come to settle about that shipment, and I want you to hear me in a rational spirit."

Mr. Arendsen did not appear to have heard him in any spirit at all. He reached for the telephone standing in front of him, with its mouth piece close to his lips.

"Wulf," said he, "run round to the corner of Hudson and fetch in a cop. Fetch him straight up here, and be quick about it."

Then he leaned back, elbows upon the arms of his chair, hands clasped, and listened, as if for footsteps, his head on one side.

"I'll settle with compound interest," Seager continued as though he had not spoken, and watching him closely. "Figure it all out and let me know the amount. I'm on the square, you see, although I'll admit that appearances have been against me."

Mr. Arendsen eyed him curiously, but made no answer.

"Get busy!" commanded the other his courage rising to grapple with the occasion. It was in anticipation only that he had feared the man before him. He was quite cool and quick-witted now, ready to play to his opponent's lead.

"Get busy. You heard what I said. Do you want me to withdraw my offer or go?"

"You'll go, all right," Arendsen recoiled gratingly. "Oh, yes, you'll go—just as soon's the policeman comes upstairs. You'll go where you ought to have gone long ago, and you'll stay there."

"Then you don't want your money?" Seager asked easily.

"If you have the money, I'll get

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Here is a description of part of the Drexel—Gould wedding which took place in New York a few days ago.

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

After these had reached their places there was a craning of two thousand necks for the bridal procession was coming.

First came six ushers in conventional costume wearing boutonniers of orange flowers and diamond monogram scarfpins, the gift of the bridegroom. They were Noel Griffith, of London, William Rhinelandier Stewart, a cousin of the bridegroom, Kingdon Gould, brother of the bride; Guy Montague George Finch-Hatton, Viscount Maidstone, fiancé of Miss Margaretta Drexel, the bridegroom's sister; Jay Gould, another brother of the bride, and Julius W. Noyes.

Following these walked the bridesmaids in gowns of pale blue satin veiled in a mist of pink chiffon. They were Miss Marjorie A. Curtis and Miss Margaretta Drexel, Miss Hope Hamilton and Miss Beatrice Clafin, Miss Dorothy Randolph and Miss Elsie McNicoll. Their frocks were short enough to show dainty-heeled blue boots and were cut with low Dutch necks. They had wide belts of blue, from which hung the ends of blue sashes, catching back the chiffon overdress six inches above the hem of the skirt. The hats were wreathed in blue tulle and at the left side toward the back, rose superb pink ostrich plumes. Their only ornaments were the tiny diamond studded watches of blue enamel hung on long chains which were the bride's gifts. They carried round bouquets of orange blossoms and pink rose buds.

Behind the bridesmaids were two little flower girls, Miss Ellin MacKay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. MacKay, and Miss Edith Gould, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. They wore white embroidery frocks with blue sashes. Their large straw hats were trimmed with blue ribbon and pink camellias, and they carried artificial camellias in their baskets.

Miss Vivien Gould, the next sister to Marjorie, who makes her debut next season followed as maid of honor. Her costume was the same as the bridesmaids', except that the colors were reserved.

AND THEN THE BRIDE

Then came the bride herself, pale but lovely, her big brown eyes and masses of dark brown hair showing to special advantage through the mist of her white veil. Her gown was of ivory white satin charmeuse slightly decollete, but with long sleeves extending over the hands in a point. The train, court length, fell from the shoulders and was finished off with heavy band of embroidered orange flowers, which also adorned the chignon tunic that covered the front of the gown. Duchesse point lace twelve inches wide, was draped on the left side from the satin bodice to the hem, and from there backward to the end of the train, caught here and there by a cluster of orange blossoms. The bride's veil, which reached quite to the end of the train was of Brussels net with a six-inch band of duchesse point lace around the edge. It was fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms.

Miss Gould carried a bouquet of orange blossoms and white bride roses. She wore a chain of pearls, with a diamond-studded watch, the gift of her mother; a pearl and diamond brooch given her by her aunt, Miss Helen Gould; a solitary sapphire ring, the gift of the bridegroom.

it. I'll get it, don't fear for that. And you'll get what's coming to you. Oh, yes, you'll get that too."

"Don't fool yourself, Arendsen. If you put me away, you'll get nothing take my word for that, and in time. It'll cost you a lot to put spite on me, and—I can tell stories too."

He was beginning to fear that he had, after all, walked in a fatal trap but showed no sign of that outwardly.

"You know nothing that will do me the least harm—now," his enemy replied imperturbably. "All it will cost me to wipe out old scores I'll stand for—it's lost money anyhow. You've come here with another cock and bull story, and wanting more money. More money, my God! I know you too well, to think any other errand would tempt you to cross my threshold. It will cost no less to lock you up than to listen."

Seager was disconcerted by the intuition with which his former friend had hit the mark, and showed that by his next move.

"It's a sure thing this time," he said, "a cold-drawn cinch. I have full proof with me"—he fumbled in a pocket and produced a bulky package which he held up before the other—"all signed and sealed, all safe and certain. You're not going to be such a fool—"

"I have been a fool—once," Arendsen asserted, with dreary fixity of purpose.

(To Be Continued.)

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