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FLORAL RESURRECTION.

A Mystic Tale From the Philippine Islands, by Moulvi Iskander.

One evening in December, 1891, says the Rutherford News (N. J.), I was walking on that part of the beach of Manila Bay which runs parallel with La Luneta, the public promenade where the European residents of the capital city of the Philippine Islands assemble every pleasant evening to listen to the open-air concerts of the Spanish military bands, given between the hours of 6:30 and 8 o'clock. When the last number on the programme had been finished, and the band had started to return to the barracks, I made my way up to the promenade and through the throngs of dispersing pleasure-seekers toward my carriage, which I had left standing among others along the outer edge of the western roadway.

Five minutes before the place had been ablaze with light; sweet music filled the air; carriages driven by liveried Englishmen and containing richly dressed Spanish officers and their families, English, French and German merchants and picturesquely attired mestizos (half-castes), passed slowly around the driveway, while groups of pretty and vivacious señoritas and their chaperones walked up and down the promenade chatting gaily. The scene had been full of beauty and animation.

Now it had changed most strikingly. The Europeans hurried to their carriages and were driven rapidly away; the natives, who have been sitting on the grass listening to the music, scampered across the common east of the eastern driveway, and the lamp-men were rapidly extinguishing the long rows of lights, leaving only a few here and there so that the place might not be left in utter darkness.

It was my custom to go home to dinner after the concert and I approached my carriage with the full intention of giving to the coachman the usual order:

"A casa cochero!" (Home coachman!)

But as I put my foot upon the step I glanced up at the sky and was prompted to change my mind at once. The cloudless firmament was ablaze with stars and the southern cross stood out in bold relief, while the Milky Way seemed a stream of creamy lace dotted profusely with spangles. A cool, gentle breeze, sweeping inland from the China Sea dispersed the heat waves, which had been beating the many faces, and crooned softly among the clumps of bamboo that flanked the Grand Calzada. It was a perfect tropical night and I determined to enjoy it in solitude. Telling my coachman to drive home and that I would follow soon on foot, I turned down the driveway and passed down again to the beach. For a time I stood where the tiny wavelets almost touched my feet as they crept up the sand and gazed meditatively upon the shimmering surface of the bay. It glistened in dazzling beauty under the starlight, seemingly studded with millions of diamonds, and its bosom rose and fell as if the vast depths were breathing regularly in profound exhalation at the gorgeous bursts of light. Far out upon the water the lights of the ships at anchor winked and twinkled as if trying to rival the stars in brilliancy. Occasionally the indistinct notes of a sailor's song, or the creaking and groaning of a rope as it was drawn through a block came floating landward, telling of the life and activity among the ships.

The Luneta was now deserted and there were no signs of human life about me save the distant rumbling of carriage wheels and the blinking lights along the shore and out on the ships. These seemed dead, dull and commonplace when I turned my gaze upward to the dazzling gems of fire that checked the firmament from horizon to horizon; these wondrous, mysterious orbs which seemed to have been hung up there by the supreme God to tempt man to an effort to solve the stupendous problem of nature. What were they there for? Who placed them there and who kept and controlled them year after year, century after century, regular, changeless from movement? What power, what force, stood behind their being? These questions often came to me as I gazed, and the only reply was: all is mystery.

For nearly eight years I had been an earnest student of occultism and had followed the path pointed out by the sages of the Orient as the true and only one by which man could attain to a knowledge of himself and of the profound mysteries of human life. I longed ardently to know more of the secrets of existence and to probe to the ultimate depths of that wisdom which I have been told was the appanage of Oriental scholars who considered the materialistic science of the Occident as incomplete, misleading and illusive. Every manifestation of nature, from the growth of a blade of grass to the birth and development of a human being, had become to me a subject of the deepest interest—a special problem given to me to solve by the unseen ruler of the universe. I had acquired a superficial knowledge of physiology, botany, zoology, and chemistry, but these sciences seemed weak and impotent as means of learning the actual truth concerning nature and man. I wanted to know why the flower bloomed and the tree grew and bore fruit—not how; why man lived and moved and why his being—not how. It was comparatively easy to acquire a knowledge of the various processes of objective nature; but the impulse, the motive, the force which governed and controlled these processes was almost as far removed from my grasp as it was when I began my studies. I saw the tender shoot pierce its way upward through the yielding earth, gaining in strength, vigor and size until it pro-

duced its blossom or fruit, then scattered its seed, then withered and died. I saw the helpless infant develop to mature manhood or womanhood and slowly wither and die, as the plant has, leaving children as seed to continue, to multiply and replenish the earth. All this seemed simple and natural on its face, and even commonplace; but why should it be?

I had long since cast aside, as illogical and absurd, the theory that man was created by an anthropomorphic God merely for his own amusement and without any fixed or definite purpose; that the former had been given the earth and its products so that he might prolong his life and, dying, reap a reward in an objective heaven or punishment in an objective hell, merely because he had happened to declare his belief in a certain creed, or had failed to do so. This seemed shallow, unjust and purely a matter of chance, the whim of the omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent God. I was certain that there must be something more than this in the development of man and nature; that there was a grander, nobler purpose behind it all.

As I continued in this train of thought I turned and walked northward along the beach and up the driveway of the Luneta. On my right loomed up the dark, dank, moss-covered walls of the old city of Manila, while on my left the throbbing, glistening bosom of the bay dispersed its foam-decked fringe upon the shining beach. I had walked nearly half the length of Malecon when I was aroused from my reverie by a slight touch on my left arm, and there so that the place might not be left in utter darkness.

"Excuse me, Senor; but my master desires to see you."

I had not heard anyone approach me and was not a little startled at the touch and voice. The speaker proved to be a bare-foot native, such as I had seen about the streets and wharves of Manila, a boy in stature but a full-grown man in speech and action. He was, perhaps, thirty years of age and was dressed in the customary muslin blouse and pantaloons, the latter reaching a little below the knees. These two articles of clothing were all that covered his nakedness for he wore neither hat nor shoes. He had evidently been running for his breath rapidly and seemed considerably agitated. As soon as I had recovered somewhat from my surprise I asked:

"Who is your master and where does he live?"

He pulled at the front of his blouse and moved uneasily on his feet as he replied:

"I cannot tell you who he is, Senor, but I will show you where he lives."

I stared at him for an instant and doubts arose in my mind as to his purpose in thus accosting me, an entire stranger. It was unusual for a native, and particularly one of the class to which he evidently belonged, to address a European in a public place without first having been spoken to by the latter. Although I was American, I had been in Manila for some time and I had recovered somewhat from my surprise I asked:

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JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

... AUTHOR OF ...

"The Discovers Country," "Mary Anne Carew, Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip Carlisle, a Romance," "Oceanides," a Psychic Novel, Etc.

CHAPTER X.

"Corner Wheat, and Marry Ethel, my Boy."

"Raphael" said Mr. Scorsis, at breakfast next morning, after the events already narrated, as he sat over his coffee, morning paper in hand, "the price of wheat is at the lowest possible ebb. I am already, as you well know, worth a million or more; now, I propose to invest one hundred thousand dollars in wheat; that will buy up a large proportion of the wheat raised in this country the present year. Sharp, my son, sharp! That's the word. Shrewd, my son, shrewd! A man's worth nothing in this world if he's not sharp and shrewd. Wheat, my dear boy, is the staple article of life, or at least one of the first staple articles. The world must have bread, you know. It is always best to put your money into something the whole world must have—something that it cannot get along without. That's the way to do business, my boy; that's the way to transact biz. I will buy up this wheat, as you will see, and hold it until the world is so hungry for it, and it becomes so scarce that it will be willing to pay nearly double the price that I shall now pay; besides, my son, I shall not really be obliged to pay down one cent. My bank accounts are large, and I have unlimited credit, consequently I will bargain for this wheat, simply hold it until it doubles my money, then sell; and presto, changel, behold, my paltry hundred thousand grows fat and becomes two hundred thousand. That's the way to do it, Raph, my boy."

Raphael had been dawdling over his eggs and coffee, with gloomy, corrugated brow; and when he looked up, at his father's words, that exemplary gentleman was surprised at the fierceness of the expression of his eyes.

Raphael brought his clenched hand down upon the table, causing the dishes to rattle.

"By Jove! father! You're a brick, and a good and solid one at that. A father that any son might be proud of. I am tired of college, dad; let me come home and transact business with you; it would suit me much better than to become a musty, rusty lawyer. I would rather do as you do, sir; double my money at every investment. Money is power, providing it finds the right hands. Money and power are the two things that I covet most in this world."

"Ah! you are a son that any father might be proud of. Still, Raph, I had hoped to see you a lawyer—one of the learned legal professors, you know—or a learned professor of some kind. As I had little or no education myself, I longed to see you, my son, either a learned physician, a learned clergyman, or something of the sort."

"There isn't one of them, dad, that can make the money you do here. With one stroke you can make your thousands, while they must toil for years, and perhaps never get rich. Money is power. I want money and power. I care not a fig for the learning. What you can't teach me, pap, I don't care to know. The true reason why I wished to study law was, that I might one day become candidate for the presidency; and as a lawyer seems to stand a better chance than anyone else, I thought I should like it; but I will yield up my ambition in that direction to Grace. I would much rather be the richest man in the world. One will be quite enough in the family to sit at the head of the nation. Grace may become a lawyer and may be the president, for all I care. Money and power, father—money and power; that's my meat and drink; and I want to be right at it, now, sir. I have no patience to wait until I drag my whole weary length through college. No; I will not return on commencement day. I am determined on that. Let me have my own way, dad, and you shall see what I will do. You shall never have reason to be ashamed of me, be assured of that. Ah, father! I will take one thousand dollars, to commence with—I will take it in the morning, and I will make it two before night, or you may say that I am not a son after your own heart. The next day I'll make four, or may it crush me," and the fist came down again with a bang.

"Be careful, my boy, be careful, or you'll break all the dishes on the table. Besides, your mother will hear you, up-stairs; and she has nerves which, like fiddle-strings, are often attuned to discordant shrieks. Well, well. Have it as you wish. I will not oppose you in your laudable ambition. Give me your hand, son of mine, and we'll become joint partners. You need not commence with a paltry thousand, like some poor man's son; you may handle a quarter of a million, at least. I know what you're made of. You're a chip of the old block; a worthy son of a worthy father."

They grasped hands, this highly respected and respectable gentleman and the one after his likeness and in his own image; they looked into each other's eyes, each knowing that he could trust the other to take bread from the widow and the fatherless; to rob the poor man of the proceeds of that which had been laboriously earned by the sweat of his brow; to become rich and powerful that they might ride, rough-shod, over the lowly. They knew that they could trust each other to scheme, with seething brains, how best to rob their fellow-man; how they might rob him gently and respectfully, and keep within the bounds of man-made laws; how they might pile their dollars higher and higher, even if every one was wrested from the heart's blood of the people.

Ah, worthy sire, and more than worthy son. You are building a prison for your souls, of solid gold. Presently the inner or higher self will be walled in with solid gold, without even a window or loop-hole through which it can look forth upon the suffering souls fighting against their bondage. Mr. Scorsis eyed his son intently.

"Raphael," said he, "something has happened to bias you in this direction, for you were talking quite cheerfully of returning to college, but yesterday, I noticed the unusual gloom on your countenance as you seated yourself at the table. Make a friend of your father, my boy, and tell me all about it."

"Well, dad, you shall know all. I have been jilted by a girl."

"Is it possible that you are making up to the girls already? How time flies, to be sure. Of course, you are a man. What else could I expect? But that any girl should jilt you, is a puzzle. Why, man alive! you're the son of a millionaire! However, who is the girl?"

"Juno Galeria."

"Juno Galeria? What could have put it into your head to make up to that girl? Well, I am delighted that she has refused you. I don't care to have my son mixed up with actors, actresses, or entangled with a girl who does not know who her father is, or where he may be. Now, there is Ethel Alstead; a young lady of whom one might be proud. Mr. Alstead and myself were great friends for a number of years; and he has left his wife and daughter a very large fortune. Miss Alstead, according to English custom, has been portioned off. Her money will more than match your, my boy. Juno Galeria, indeed! Why, the girl hasn't even beauty to recommend her. She carries her head high to be sure. But, what can you possibly want of such a bean-pole, whereas Ethel is really a little beauty?"

"She doesn't put on airs, either, but is as sweet as a little rosebud; just the daughter-in-law for me. Why, sir, if it were not for that sickly fiddle-de-de up-stairs," snapping his fingers, "I would marry her myself. Still, my son, I shall not interfere with anyone who may, some day, become my daughter. But, take your father's advice on this point, as on others. Marry Ethel, sir; marry Ethel."

"I don't know but you are right, dad; but, sir, I am determined to make Juno suffer. No woman shall refuse me with impunity. I will drag her proud head in the dust. Refuse me! a Scorsis, and the son of a millionaire—the son of my father, sir. That's what I am."

"Ah, well, drag her good name where you please. I am glad you have some spirit, my boy; but marry Ethel. I will wager a fig she will not refuse you."

"That infernal French Count is after Ethel, if all reports are true."

"There are plenty of ways to rid yourself of him," said this doting parent. "Quarrel with him; put a detective on his track, and thus find out all the secrets of his life, together with his antecedents. Why did he leave his beloved France? How does it happen that he is here in America? Oh, you may be sure there is enough to be discovered about him. He may not be a count at all. He may have been a valet, and his former master dead. I have heard of such things. Win Ethel, my son; win her at all hazards. I want a daughter somewhat different from Grace. It will be sometime yet before Clara is out of the nursery; and Jimmy is still younger, consequently, you will have no rival in a brother. Great Scott! Here comes Grace. Say nothing about Juno to her, and still less of Ethel."

Grace now entered the room, and took her seat at the table.

CHAPTER XI.

Princess Grace.

"Late, am I?" asked Grace, peevishly. "Here!" to the waitress, "give me some hot coffee, and don't be slow about it."

Her dark hair was rolled on a dozen pellets or more, torn from old newspapers. She had, on rising, thrown on any kind of clothing which first came to hand in her exceedingly disorderly dressing-room; and it happened to be a very long, dragging skirt, of some leaden hue, very much frayed at the bottom; above this she wore one of her bicycle cutaway jackets, which had become rather small for her rapidly developing figure—too small, in fact, to be worn in public longer; beneath this was a very much rumpled shirt-waist, devoid of collar and cuffs. In its palmy days she had worn lace ones with it; but it was no matter how she might appear before Raphael and her father. Altogether her appearance was most slovenly and repulsive, but a flaming color was in her cheeks and a flashing fire within her eyes.

Mr. Scorsis had ceased speaking to Raphael, and was once more absorbed in the rise and fall of wheat, the political campaign, and so forth.

"Well, pa," said Grace, "how goes it? How do the notes stand to-day on woman suffrage?"

"Gaining—gaining ground, my girl—gaining ground. There is not the slightest doubt, now in the minds of any one, but the next election will settle the question in favor of woman suffrage. Four years more, Grace, and you can cast your vote with the best man in the country."

"Or the lowest vagrant or drunken rough," said Grace with a toss of the head. "Yes; I think I am fully as capable of voting as any of them; and be sure when I do vote, all the men in America could not buy my vote."

"But, perhaps you might be able to buy up the votes of your serving maids, housekeepers, washerwomen, and so forth?" queried Raphael, "besides, you could canvass for the votes of all the shop-girls of the city."

"Yes," replied Grace. "I could but follow the examples set me, since I can remember, by the so-called gentlemen who have visited you and pa here, and by all that I have heard wherever I go, or wherever I have been in the past. I will profit by those examples, you may be sure. Pa, you shall yet have an opportunity of being proud of your daughter as well as of my brother, Raphael."

"I am proud of you now, my daughter; still, I would prefer you took a little more pains with your toilet before breakfast."

"My toilet is of little consequence," she retorted. "My mind is engaged with subjects of far greater importance. How about wheat?"

"So low that I shall corner many hundred thousand bushels before night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, breathing hard, "and double your money before the month is out, no doubt?"

"It may be so," answered Mr. Scorsis. Probably by three, or six months at the very most."

"Why can't I corner something?" asked Grace.

"Oh! You're only a girl," said Raphael. To speculate in wheat would be entirely out of your sphere."

"Would it, indeed?" she retorted. "If you and pa are able to corner wheat, it is entirely within my sphere to corner it too, providing I am smart enough; and if I am not as smart as you are, Raphael Scorsis, I should like to know it, that's all. If pa allows you to corner wheat, he shall allow me to do the same, or I will know the reason why. Raph Scorsis, you have never been able to put me down, if I am your sister. When we were little, we fought it out tooth and nail, and I always came off victorious. Don't think for one moment that I shall not do the same now; I may not bite nor scratch you, nor come to blows, as formerly, when we were children; but I will beat you at everything we undertake. If you corner wheat, I will corner more wheat than you do, and get more for it when I sell. If you go to college I will go, and I will win more prizes than you can ever hope to. If you run for president I will do the same, and I know I can rule the nation better than you can."

"Raphael is not going back to college," said her father.

"I know that very well, for I listened at the door and heard nearly all that you and he have been talking about."

"Yes," said Raphael, you will stoop to any meanness, so you carry your points. It is not the first time you have been guilty of eavesdropping."

"Nor will it be the last. I claim the right to hear whatever I may be able to find out in that very convenient way. My ears were especially made to hear; and when tongues wag, ears will hear. Now if you do not go back to college I will not go to the annex at all; but I will corner wheat, and become richer than you. You never shall beat me at anything, Raph Scorsis! You never did, and you never shall. If pa gives you money to buy wheat, he shall also give me the same or more—yes; and I know all about Juno, too. Ah! how spoony you were on her; and she has refused you." Grace clapped her hands in high glee. "The idea of your asking a girl of her stamp to marry you—a girl who unblushingly announces that her highest ambition is to get a husband as quickly as

possible. Why, if you were to bring that girl here as your wife, I would make it so hot for her that she would be glad to apply for a divorce within a month. But, as pa says, I have no objection to Ethel. Fact is, I would like just such a little idiot to offset me. I need just such a foil to keep me bright and sharp. Papa, when you corner that wheat, put me down for a couple of hundred thousand, and if Raphael dares to buy a dollar's worth more, off comes his head!" and she half playfully made a lunge at him with her knife across the table. Still, both father and son well knew that she was in dead earnest about the wheat.

"Well, Grace," said her father, "I really did not intend to buy up so much; but perhaps, it is just as well. If we can jointly become worth four or five million more than I am worth at present, within the next five years, it would suit you and Raphael very well, I think; and what would either of you care whether you had a college education or not?"

"I have changed my mind entirely about it, since last night," said Grace. "Money will do anything; so I need not fret myself about becoming a dry old hulk of a lawyer. All one has to do, to become anything one wishes to be, is to get money. With it one can buy any position one happens to desire. If I have unlimited means, I wish for no position, unless to be president; really, I might accept that position for the short term of four years; but, pa—but Raph, they are agitating the question here in America, whether or not to confer titles as they do in Europe. Now that is just the thing. If one does not care to become president, one may have a title conferred upon one, and what will be best of all, the richest families may purchase any title which suits them. Now let me see, papa; what title must you have, that I may be Lady Scorsis? Oh! 'Scorsis is such a horrible name!" she exclaimed, pursing up her lips. "Well; never mind; we can have it changed. Let me see; you ought to be Lord Chancellor, or something of other; or Earl something or other. We can think of suitable names when the time comes to decide. Oh! really, I wish I could be called Princess Grace!"

"You look very much like a princess, just now," said her brother, with a sneer, eyeing her slovenly attire, "and you look amazingly like a princess when you are scorching through the streets on that bicycle of yours."

"Never you mind, Raphael. After the next return on wheat, I will turn my bicycle over to Jimmy, and I will have such a turnout as was never seen before in this country."

"I don't know about that," interposed Raphael. "That vulgar fellow, Jim Fiske, drove six-in-hand, and his carriage was as fine as carriage could well be."

"That may be," said Grace, "but he was not able to have a coat of arms emblazoned upon it; and I am determined that the first coat of arms either in this country, when we get them, or Europe, shall be upon mine."

CHAPTER XII.

Hypnotism.

It was not necessary that Mr. Scorsis should leave even his breakfast table in order to buy up or corner all the wheat, or nearly all which the country had produced within the last season. His secretary was summoned simply by touching a small white knob sunk in the casing of the door near which he sat; and when that worthy individual made his appearance, he received the orders of his employer; then, returning to his office, which was situated on the second floor of the mansion, he immediately set the telephone in operation. Mr. Scorsis' agents received their instructions. They hastened to the telephone stations, and before night the principal portion of the wheat of the country lay cornered, the property of John W. Scorsis, of Raphael Scorsis, son of the aforesaid John, and of Miss Grace M. Scorsis, daughter of the aforesaid John W. Scorsis; then the valiant trio waited, like three wily cats, until the mouse was just where they wanted it to be—or rather, the price of wheat, on account of its scarcity, was nearly or quite double what they had paid; or had been supposed to have paid, for not a cent of cash had ever left the banks, as yet, on the Scorsis' account; then, presto! the wheat changed hands rapidly, and cash poured into the banks to be accredited to Mr. John W. Scorsis, to Raphael Scorsis, son of the aforesaid John, and to Miss Grace M. Scorsis, daughter of the aforesaid John W. Scorsis.

Raphael Scorsis was a firm believer in hypnotism. The first and greatest desire of his life was vast wealth, together with unlimited power; next, to humble and bring into the dust the proud spirit of Juno Galeria. To entrap and carry her off was not to his taste. He had come to the conclusion that, as the world had progressed up to the point where little was needed but telegraphic and telephonic wires to give one man power enough to haul in wealth by the millions, there might be "more subtle agents still, which would give one man power enough over other human beings to encompass their entire ruin."

Already the word had gone forth that it really was not necessary to have even wires whereon to send telegraphic or phonographic dispatches; they were soon to be carried on rays of light, and even at that the rays of the sun were not necessary; these dispatches could be sent on rays of light, similar to the Roentgen rays. Why, then, might he not be able to master another art which had lately come into vogue, the art of one mind acting upon another mind. Well—yes; he knew that came under the head of telepathy, but it was hypnotism proper which he desired to thoroughly understand. Hypnotism was the one thing that could give him secret power; and he should be safe from court tribunals as his father was safe from being accused of robbery. Ah! just the thing—just the thing he wanted. He did not wish to be classed with low villains; he did not care to be shot, as had been the fashion in the past, by Arthur O'Donnell, for the ruin of his cousin Juno. He did not know that he cared to ruin her in the same way that men had been wont to ruin young and innocent girls. No; he wanted a revenge more secret, more subtle, more truly devilish. He wanted a power ten thousand times greater than simply encompassing the usual downfall of a young lady. She might rise from that, there were now so many of her own sex who were ready to help a girl to her feet. No, no; and he waved his hand majestically.

"I will send for Maestro, the great master in hypnotism. I will become his pupil. I hear he is engaged in giving lessons all over the city, more especially among the wealthy classes; and more than one of my acquaintances have already taken many lessons. Most highly respectable young men they are, too. Ah; this shall be my pastime, and I will try to carry it farther than any other man has ever dared to do. I will stop at nothing. Power! power is what I want; power is what I will have, and I will wrest it from all nature. Nature shall give up her secrets to me."

Raphael had a suite of rooms all to himself on the third floor. He touched a knob similar to the one his father had touched in the breakfast room. The secretary rapped at his door.

"Enter," commanded Raphael. The man obeyed.

"Telephone for Maestro to come to me, at his very first opportunity."

"Yes, sir."

"And when he arrives, show him directly here; give him no time to meet anyone else about the premises."

"All right, sir," and the door closed on the man's retreating form.

A half-hour passed. Raphael became impatient; nearly another half-hour and Maestro was shown into Raphael's apartments, where he remained for nearly an hour. After his departure a grim smile hovered around the lips of the young man.

"Yes," he muttered, "it is necessary that I should be near her—attract her attention—catch her eyes and hold them, for a short time, in a fixed gaze. Of course, to

some this might not seem easy, but I see my way most clearly. Ah! I am very glad, now, that O'Donnell is an actor; for his being so attracts Juno and Mrs. Galeria to the theatre nearly every night, or at least, if not every night, three nights out of the six and sometimes oftener. I will engage a seat for the season, directly in front, and as near to their box as possible. Ah! I am a lucky fellow. It cannot fail—it cannot fail. Maestro says there is not one person in ten who could resist my power as soon as I have entirely mastered the art. Maestro will come here every day, for a week at least, for which he is to receive one thousand dollars. Cheap! Cheap! Cheap enough! I would pay ten, rather than not to accomplish my design. I will make her bite the dust, or I am not a Scorsis and the son of my most respected father. Ah; wheat is over, corn is on. A couple of hundred thousand will corner all the corn. Corn and wheat; those are the real articles—the staple articles of food—something which the whole world must have or starve—articles which will stand considerable time, and our fortune will be nearly doubled once more. Wheat in summer, corn in early winter. All right; and Juno Galeria, in the meantime. Well, a man has something to live for, after all. O'Donnell may notice me at the theatre; but who can hinder a man from looking at a woman? There is a saying that a cat may look at a queen; but I will reverse that order and as a king in my own right—as a king in power among men—I will look at that spiteful, spitting cat, Juno Galeria. How little she will understand it all. Perhaps she will think I am worshipping her afar off? Some men might be fools enough to do that. Not so, Raphael Scorsis. She may think that I wish to attract her attention in order to make my peace with her. Peace? I want no peace. It is war to the death! But the conflict shall be carried on as silently as death itself. No man can rise up to convict me. No one will even suspect me; but I have it not yet quite clear in my mind just what I want to do. First of all, she must be entirely in my power—she must be thoroughly hypnotized by me—and then, so Maestro says, my secret thought can so actuate her that, simply by willing and suggesting what I wish her to do, she will implicitly obey. Well; the world does move onward, surely; and now it is nearly time for dinner and shortly afterward the theatre. Grace and my honored father are right. Although I do not care a fig for Ethel—weak, silly little creature that she is—still, I think she is just the wife for me. What do I care about love? Juno is my first and last weakness on that score. I care for nothing now but revenge, wealth and power. I wish to do whatever I please, without being amenable to the law. To put myself in a position where I would be liable to arrest, is altogether too vulgar and common for me. No—no, Raphael Scorsis. Your game is higher and beyond the reach of all law. Maestro says there are natural laws which cannot be disobeyed with impunity; but natural laws don't frighten me much, providing I keep well out of the clutches of man-made laws. Dad is right about Ethel. I will send Tom down this minute with a note of invitation for Mrs. Alstead and Ethel to accompany Grace and myself to the theatre—and here, I must telephone for that seat at the theatre. Neither Grace, Mrs. Alstead nor Ethel will ever dream what I am up to—and Juno? Ah! Perhaps Juno will even be a little jealous that I forget her so easily."

"Forget her! Never, until this heart ceases to beat; but my love has turned to hate, and revenge is the sweet morsel under my tongue."

He rang his bell once more and gave orders for the securing of the seats at the theatre, and sent Tom down with the note of invitation to Mrs. Alstead and Ethel. At dinner he told Grace what he had done. That young lady was always ready to attend the theatre, which had long been the custom of both brother and sister, unless some other entertainment of importance was on the tapis.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Drunkard's Progeny.

Mrs. Galeria and Juno were already in their accustomed seats at the theatre when Raphael and his party arrived. Polite recognitions were exchanged. The curtain rose and the play commenced. Juno's eyes were fixed intently on the actors. The first act was over and still she had not glanced once, since the first customary bow, in the direction where Raphael was seated. This annoyed the young man exceedingly, for he was anxious to try his power upon Juno. He tried, under various pretexts, to attract her attention, but signally failed. Still, Juno was not unaware that his eyes were fixed upon her. If she did not look at him, she felt his glance, and a subtle power seemed to permeate her whole being.

"Great heavens!" she thought, "am I about to yield to that repulsive and wicked man?" When, immediately, the heavenly woman within asserted herself. "No," said she. "Allow me to rule, and such power as his can never harm you," and on the instant, Juno seemed entirely changed, and Raphael became conscious that she was surrounded by a fine bright aura, which acted like a shield; and try as hard as he might, his evil eye could not penetrate it; still, her glance had not once met his.

As Juno became more and more conscious of the higher self within her, or as we shall hereafter strictly call it, the heavenly woman, she would converse with the heavenly woman.

Said the heavenly woman: "Juno, do not look at Raphael at all during the evening. He desires to do you a mischief. If you were to forget my advice, and allow your eyes to rest upon him, he would obtain a subtle power over you, which, perhaps, with all my influence, I might not be able to overcome; for I am the invisible, or spiritual."

Raphael, finding that Juno did not look at him, began to throw his powerful will upon her, willing her, with all his might, to look at him.

Juno shivered, sensibly, becoming as pale as death; still, her eyes never turned in his direction. The heavenly woman became strong, but the outward form became weak and tremulous. At last Juno whispered to her mother.

"Mamma," said she, "I am not at all well. Shall we go home?"

Mrs. Galeria consented; and the two ladies left their box and entering their carriage, gave orders to be driven home as rapidly as possible. Arriving there, Juno sank, pale and trembling, into a chair, without strength enough to remove her outer garments. When these had been taken away by the maids, and Mrs. Galeria had bathed Juno's face and hands in eau de cologne, she asked:

"What is it, my daughter?"

"Mamma," asked Juno faintly, do you believe in the evil eye?"

"O, my daughter, I hardly know what to believe; there are so many strangely mysterious things in this world. I have often read about that which is called the evil eye, but have considered it merely the fancy of superstitious ignorance; yet, my child, tell me about it, for I am aware that something has happened to you out of the usual."

"Raphael sat directly in front of us, mother."

"Yes, I know he did. But certainly, Juno, that wealthy and fashionable young man could know nothing of such things, even if they existed. I think, dear Juno, your excitement of mind, consequent on refusing him, has made you ill and fanciful."

(To be continued.)

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