HIS FATHER'S SON: A NOVEL OF NEW YORK

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His Father's Son: A Novel of New York by Brander Matthews & T. de Thulstrup

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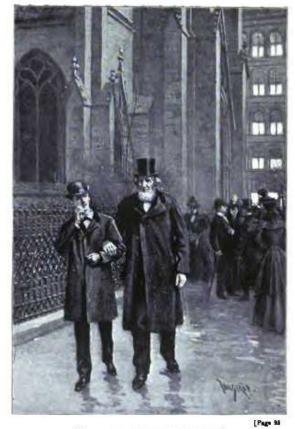
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BRANDER MATTHEWS & T. DE THULSTRUP

HIS FATHER'S SON: A NOVEL OF NEW YORK

Trieste



"TERY SPED ALONG, SIDE BY SIDE"

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HIS FATHER'S SON

A NOVEL OF NEW YORK

BY

James BRANDER MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP



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BOOKS BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE THEATHES OF PARIS. FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY. THE LAST MEETING, & SLOTY. A SECRET OF THE SEA, and Other Stories. PEN AND INK : Besays on Subjects of More or Loss Imperiance. A FAMILY TREE, and Other Stories. WITH MY FRIENDS : Tales Told in Partnership. A TALE OF TWENTY-FIVE HOURS. ۰, TOM PAULDING, & Story for Boys. IN THE VESTIBULE LIMITED, & Story. AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS, with Other Easys on Other Lans. THE STORT OF & STORY, and Other Stories. THE DROLLION OF THE DUURT, . County. STEDIES OF THE STAGE. THIS PICTURE AND THAT, . Coundy. VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN. THE ROYAL MARINE, an Idyl of Narragemeth. BOOK BINDINGS, Old and New ; Noses of a Book-Lover. ILS FATHER'S SON, & Novel of New York. A BOOK OF AMERICAN ACTHORS.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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e

"THEY SPED ALONG, SIDE BY SIDE"	Frontingian	3
""I AN GLAD TO SEE TOU, MISS ROMEYN ""	Facing page	34
" PERHAPS THEY WOULD FIND REBA PIRECE IN THE		
SANE CHAIR ¹¹	3 9 0 (62
" TOD DON'T OBJECT TO MT MAKING MONEY "	975 - E	94
"" WHY NOT?" HE ASKED; "IT WON'T HUST YOU ""	· 1(80
" HE BOUGHT HER CONTLY JEWELRY "	" 11	16
" WINSLOW FOUND RIMSELF STANDING FACE TO FACE		
WITH NAM SARGENT "	" 14	42
"" " HELLO, FATHER," HE SAID, AS HE CAME FORWARD		
UNSTRADILY"		32
"THE YOUNG WIPE STOOD STILL, WITH HEE HAND		
ON THE DOOR"	" 18	4
" DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE ?" "	" 19	ю
" WHAT'S THE MATTER, MASTER WINSLOW ?" "	* 20	96
" YOU WOULDS'T SEND THE BOY TO SING SING,		
WOULD YOU ?' '		
"EIS WIFE CAME TO THE DOOR WITH HIM"	4 24	10

97 19 10 - 14 C 8**3** X. 2. X 32 <u>90</u>,

HIS FATHER'S SON

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THERE was a double stroke on one of the bells in the lofty steeple of Trinity Church, and the hands on the dial of the clock showed that this ambiguous signal was intended to declare the hour as half-past one. Down below on the plain of Broadway, and in the narrow canyon of Wall Street hollowed ont straight away from the churchdoor, men and boys were darting hither and thither; and an observer used to the ways of the Street would have remarked an unusual haste in their movements, and would have known that a pitched battle of some sort was then raging in the Stock Exchange on Broad Street, just around the corner.

It was a clear bright day in the first week of Decomber, and the westering sun warmed the three windows of an office on the second floor of a building almost in front of the Stock Exchange. Two of these windows belonged to the larger room, where the clerks sat, and where the furniture was plain and dingy; here a hard-coal fire glowed in

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the grate, and the door opening into the hall had painted on it, in full black letters, the name of Ezra Pierce. The third window was that of a smaller room opening from the first, and used by Ezra Pierce as his own private office.

When the single stroke of the bell dropped from Trinity steeple that limpid afternoon in December the door between the two rooms was closed, for Ezra Pierce was closeted with a visitor in the smaller of the two. In the outer office the old book-keeper, Mr. Arrowsmith, was making out an account; and the other clerk, a younger man and better dressed, Farebrother by name, was standing between the windows watching the tape as it was spasmodically reeled off by the ticker.

"I guess the old man's pretty happy to-dayhe's got Sam Sargent in a hole this time, sure," he said. "Transcontinental has gone off two points since I came in from lunch. I'm glad I

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coked the old man's luck. I've made enough already to pay for my Christmas presents." Then he released the long ribbon of paper and crossed to the fire. "I say, Arrowsmith," he continued, "why don't you ever take a flier?"

The old book-keeper finished adding a column of figures and then answered, gravely, "I have taken too many fliers, as you call them, in other days—and that is why I am now keeping Mr. Pierce's books instead of employing you to keep mine."