

**THE NEW MAYOR. FOUNDED
UPON GEORGE
BROADHURST'S SUCCESSFUL
PLAY, THE MAN OF THE HOUR**

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The new mayor. Founded upon George broadhurst's successful play, The man of the hour by
George Broadhurst & Wm. A. Brady & Jos. R. Grismer

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GEORGE BROADHURST & WM. A. BRADY & JOS. R. GRISMER

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BROADHURST'S SUCCESSFUL
PLAY, THE MAN OF THE HOUR**



BENNETT GIVES HARRIGAN A FINAL LESSON IN THE
POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER.—Page 198.

THE NEW MAYOR.

FOUNDED UPON
GEORGE BROADHURST'S
SUCCESSFUL PLAY

THE MAN
OF
THE HOUR.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
WM. A. BRADY
AND
JOS. R. GRISMER.

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THE NEW MAYOR

CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN AND A GIRL.

THE country house of Charles Wainwright, financier, topped the ridge, overlooking the water, in a climax of architectural hideousness and extravagant cost. The grounds of Charles Wainwright, financier, stretched out into countless acres of landscape gardening. The whole estate of Charles Wainwright, financier, eclipsed those of his neighbors in the fashionable suburb, even as the name of Charles Wainwright, financier, eclipsed almost every other in the city world where money ruled as undisputed and absolute monarch.

Even when he turned from the bustle of city and fellow money-builders, and sought for a space the simple life on his \$2,500,000 country place, with its modest equipment of forty-one servants, Mr. Wainwright so far carried

into the wilds the atmosphere of business and the burden of other men's wealth as to have a very complete little stockbroker room fitted up adjoining his big library, and to keep a man night and day at his private wire.

Charles Wainwright, financier, was a bachelor. No obese or statuesque wife carried about with her a portable advertisement of his wealth in the shape of fabulously valuable jewels, or made his name renowned in opera box, Newport Casino or Lenox cottage. His only brother had died, years before, leaving a mere beggarly million dollars or so and two children to divide it. These children—Dallas, a strikingly pretty and still more strikingly independent girl of twenty-four; and Perry, a delightfully lazy, lovable lad of twenty-one—lived with their uncle, who managed their affairs, let them go pretty much as they chose, and—as they were more or less ornamental and entertaining and decidedly popular—was rather fond of them.

The trio had passed a pleasant, uneventful month at the big house on the hill early in the summer of 19—, when a day dawned whereon Fate booked a number of decidedly interesting, fateful happenings to occur.

Wainwright himself was up betimes and at work in his library, poring over market re-

ports, cipher telegrams and a dozen other details of deals which his simple life cult did not prevent him from operating at long range. With him was his secretary, Thompson, a pallid, earnest-looking young fellow, whose unobtrusive efficiency had long since won the financier's admiration.

This morning affairs in the financial world had gone more than ordinarily to Mr. Wainwright's liking. Moreover, a paragraph in one of the city papers that had caught his eye had set his lean gray face to twitching with as near an approach to a smile as the great man ever permitted. Altogether, he was in an unwontedly genial mood, and some of his good nature so far expanded as to include his busy secretary.

"Thompson," he remarked, as the last batch of correspondence was cleared away, "you're looking pale. Do I work you too hard?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied the secretary, with a promptitude that had something almost slavish in it.

"Feeling all right?" went on Wainwright. "You need more exercise. Why don't you get out of doors oftener?"

"The work, sir——"

"Get another man to help you with the telegraph part of it, then. I——"