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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892.

(Continued from last week.)

"We shall be good friends," she said, as he rose to go. "I must confess that Walter had prejudiced me against you. He was forever telling me of your attainments; and saying that an hour with you was equal to four volumes of the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Now, I don't like people to be instructive. That is one of Walter's faults. But you—why you've entertained me with the most delightful nonsense that ever was in the world, and I feel greatly the better for it. You must come again very soon, when my mother is able to see you, and when my father hasn't a director's meeting on hand."

CHAPTER VI.

INTERESTING A CAPITALIST.

The next time Russell called at the house of Gilbert Ray he had the pleasure of making that gentleman's acquaintance. He found the millionaire a bluff, hearty old fellow, whose residence in the metropolis during the past thirty years had made very little change in him. As a boy he had traded horses, and had made some enemies and a good deal of money. His father had taken the money and left him the enemies. These facts in his early history he related to Russell with considerable apparent satisfaction.

FILLING STICKS.

He remembered the time when they had accidentally lunched together, and knew what Russell had eaten and how much it had cost.

"It was a good deal more than you needed young man," said he, "but perhaps you knew what you were about."

Russell ventured to hope that he did.

"A reputation for wealth is a good thing," said Ray. "A young man gets it by spending much more than he can afford and an old man by spending less. Every time those fellows down there see me eating apple pie for lunch they add half a million to their estimate of what I'm worth, but it wouldn't have done thirty years ago when I was making my start. By the way, come down and lunch with me to-morrow. I'll agree to feed you on something better than pie and milk."

Russell accepted the invitation, and entered Ray's office with an exact regard for the specified hour worthy of Monte Christo. They lunched in a style of gilded magnificence; and afterwards returned to Ray's office together. Here Russell sat down by request, and Ray drew a chair in front of him.

"Young man," said he with painful directness, "what's your business?"

To Russell this question was not wholly a surprise, though he had not had time to fully prepare for it. His reply, however, was founded upon certain information which he had obtained by judicious inquiry concerning the peculiarities of the man before him.

"I am engaged in the development of an invention," said he.

"Your own?"

"No, sir; by a careful study of history I have discovered that there is a great deal more money in not being the inventor. Moreover a man is always prejudiced in regard to his own invention, and therefore blinded to the necessities of its development. He can not criticize calmly, nor can he describe the merits of the idea with convincing coolness."

"You're dead right," said Ray, impressively.

"I shall not, however, interest myself in an invention of whose merits I was incompetent to judge," continued Russell. "In this case the subject is familiar to me! I made a special study of electricity in college, and have read every thing I could get hold of since. I therefore investigate as an expert when that great and mysterious force is involved."

"It is a great thing;" said Ray; "we're only beginning to find out what it can do."

That this was a hobby of Ray's was one thing which Russell had learned. He also knew that the millionaire's confidence in electricity was of recent birth, and had not yet been backed by any investment.

"Of course capital will be necessary to put the invention of which I speak upon the market," Russell said.

There was a shrewd twinkle in Ray's eye. So this young fellow was trying to "work" him, was he?

"I suppose you're looking for a millionaire to go into it with you?"

"No, sir, I am not," replied Russell, firmly. "A millionaire, a man whose fortune is made, is not the right sort of a person for this affair. The money needed is not a great sum, but I want with it a man of energy and determination. I should prefer a young man with the future all before him, who would work side by side with me and share all my hopes to the full."

"So you think that nobody but a young man can put a thing like that through, do you? Well, you're mistaken. Some of us old fellows have more energy than you young ones."

DEVELOPING AN INVENTION.

"There are undoubtedly instances of that kind," said Russell, "and yet I must adhere to my original opinion. I am not in a hurry to find the proper man to join with me in this undertaking. I have funds sufficient for my support"—adding in the seclusion of his own soul—"till day after to-morrow."

"You make a mistake in waiting," said Ray. "Push her through; get her on the market."

Russell shook his head.

"There is a young man who may soon be able to join me," said he. "At present he has not the funds, but he has expectations and a world of energy. Young blood—"

"Bother young blood. Do you think because a man is fifty or over that he isn't good for any thing? Why, look here, I'm fifty-eight, and three inches shorter than you are, but I'll bet I can split a cord of wood while you're splitting a foot."

Russell smiled incredulously and squared his broad shoulders. Ray got red in the face. He was a vigorous man, and he hated to be called old. Russell knew it, and banked on it.

"You don't ask me to get into this scheme of yours," said Ray, after walking up and down the floor with the step of a pedestrian.

Russell pretended to be embarrassed.

"You would not feel like giving much time to it," said he, "and besides the young man of whom I have spoken will soon—"

"I'm as young as he is, by jingo," cried the man of dollars, slapping his chest. "I could outrun him, outjump him and throw him three times out of five, breeches hold, or you either."

Russell smiled again, and Ray reached for his cane. The situation was beginning to look serious. It was not the old man's intention to use the cane as a weapon, however.

"See here, young Mr. William Russell," said he, "there was a game we used to play where I was born that was called 'pulling sticks.' Two fellows sat down on the floor, braced their feet together and pulled on an axe handle until somebody had to come up. Now, I'll bet you I can pull you up inside of one minute."

"I don't think you can, sir," said Russell, respectfully; "but, at any rate, I haven't the fifty dollars to wager on it."

"I'll take your I. O. U.," cried Ray, dropping on the floor with a thump that threatened the tenants below. "Sit down here, and I'll give you a few lessons in the value of a well-spent youth."

Russell sat down and seized the cane, and the strange tug-of-war began. It was a painful thought to Russell that a good many thousand dollars were lost by holding these athletic sports in private. Doubtless five hundred men in the street would have given fifty dollars for admission to the performance. There was a big clock with a second hand on the wall, and the contestants timed themselves. Neither gained a hair's breadth in the first quarter, nor in the second, nor the third, nor the fourth but exactly sixty-five seconds after the tug began Russell rose into the air, soared over his opponent's head and struck the wall behind him.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ray, as soon as he could get his breath, "I never did the trick as well as that before. Old, am I? Are any of your bones broken?"

"I believe not," said Russell, pretending to examine his skull in search of a fracture; "but it was the greatest surprise I ever had. I have lost my bet."

"No, you haven't," replied the man who had not grown old. "I'll be honest with you. I was five seconds over time. The fifty dollars are yours. You see I was a little out of practice, but I got there after awhile."

"So I perceive;" and Russell rubbed his head with one hand, and took a fifty dollar bill with the other.

"Now," said Ray, "if you think I'm young enough to take a hand in your scheme, let me know. I'm willing to put in one hundred thousand dollars, or twice that if necessary; and as for attention, young man, just watch me. Bring down your papers and your model to-morrow, and I'm with you."

This was a little sudden for Russell. It was needless to say that he had no invention to offer. It had been his intention to discover what kind of an invention Ray would be willing to back, and then find a long-haired crank who thought he had it.

"I must have a little more time, sir;" he said. "There are matters to be arranged. Let us say next Friday."

"All right, and don't stop for a matter of money. I've always got enough to put into a good thing."

"But my dear sir," said Russell, "you don't know what this is, yet."

"I don't care a continental what it is," replied the millionaire promptly.

"If it's a good thing we'll get our money out of the machine. If it isn't, we'll have to get it out of the stock. It's immaterial to me which we do. Bring it along!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOAN OF AN INVENTION.

"This machine, if once set in motion, will never stop," said the inventor, as he poured out a glass full of beer; "I regret to say that I have not yet learned how to set it in motion, but that is a trifle, sir; a trifle. The solution of this little difficulty will come"—and he tapped his forehead confidently.

He was a lean-bodied, thin-legged man, clad in ill-fitting and soiled garments. His face did not harmonize with his gaunt figure. It was of the German type, round and full in the cheeks, with high color, and sandy beard and mustache. The contrast told his story: his invention had fed upon him, while he himself had had only the poor nourishment of hope. He had been talking fully two hours; and Russell had begun to fear that the poor fellow's vocal organs realized the dream of endless motion which his invention would forever disappoint.

"I have no use for this machine unless it can go," said Russell. "I read the story of a reporter who said that its movements were such as he had never seen in anything inanimate before."

The inventor smiled as he filled his glass with beer and placed the empty bottle with twenty others in a circle around the edge of the table, in the middle of which stood the wonderful machine.

"I remember the young man well," said he. "A pleasant fellow he was, too, but he hadn't your head for beer. We drank only seventeen bottles that morning, and yet he told me that this machine went whirling round and round with a motion which he felt sure that nothing in Heaven or earth could ever stop. His description was not wholly accurate, but it gave that idea of endless rotary force which my machine will realize some day. I think he must have written the story immediately after leaving me, though I would not at the time have thought it possible. It was not a deception of the public; it was a view in advance of the reality. We shall see it some day."

"I am afraid I can not wait," said Russell; "but let me give you some advice. Don't work too steadily at this thing. Get something else to do and let this be your relaxation. It will be better for you and it will not hurt the machine."

He forced a payment for the twenty bottles of beer, bade the inventor a cheerful good-bye and escaped just as another lecture on occult mechanics was about to begin.

It was the second day of Russell's search for an invention. He had begun the work as soon as he had left Gilbert Ray's office after the little game of "pulling sticks." An advertisement in a newspaper had brought him a bushel of letters from inventors, and he had begun to sift their merits. The result so far had not been encouraging. The first load of replies had consisted of ninety per cent. lunacy and 10 per cent. fraud, but among those which were waiting for him at the newspaper office after his adventure with beer and perpetual motion was one which gave promise of real value. It was a rough, straight forward letter, signed John Deering. The writer described himself as an assistant foreman in a shop where electrical machinery was made. He had long been familiar with the subject, practically and theoretically. He had invented an electrical engine, and he would like to have the advertiser see it.

Russell called upon John Deering that evening at his home in a suburban town. The Deerings lived in a house well kept and full of comfort. There was no sign of debt, dirt or other appurtenance of genius. The inventor's daughter, a neat and pretty girl of fourteen, answered Russell's ring and ushered him into the presence of her father, who sat in a cheerful parlor reading a book. Mrs. Deering and a little boy were present, and it was evident that the mother had been helping her son with his lessons. Russell was made welcome, a few words of general conversation followed and then the two men were left together.

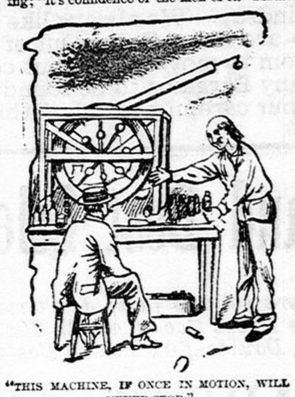
Russell looked at Deering and distrusted him. That feeling was the first of which he had been conscious at sight of the man. Though he had found him surrounded by every sign of peace and good will and moral rectitude in the light of that best evidence of a man's respectability, a happy home, Russell could not repress uncharitable suspicions. It was Deering's face which bore false witness against him. It had no unusual feature, and its general effect was not uncomely, but it was a face that distrusted itself. The eyes were pale; they had no light in them; they veiled the man's thought, and there was a deep line in the centre of the brow, giving the effect of sullen discontent.

But Russell, though he knew his own conduct to be not above criticism, carried the utmost candor in his countenence. He was a man to inspire confidence—and make the most of it.

"You don't like the looks of me," said Deering. "Nobody does."

"On the contrary," replied Russell, "I think you are rather a handsome man."

"It isn't a question of beauty," said Deering; "it's confidence or the lack of it. I shall tell you about my invention, and you won't believe a word I say. It has been so in every case—all my life. I have taken my models to my capitalists. They wouldn't look at the models; they looked at me. Personally, I am not a practicable machine, and I never got a dollar's worth of backing."



"THIS MACHINE, IF ONCE IN MOTION, WILL NEVER STOP."

"You are well-to do," said Russell. "Why haven't you put the thing on the market yourself?"

"I have some money in the bank, and a little property besides," replied Deering; "but every invention involves a risk, and I will take no chances where my wife and children are involved. I will not reach out after wealth even for them, if I must hazard their comfort and security. We get along very well as we are."

Russell could not help strongly approving this decision, and he wondered why the words did not give him a good impression of the man, but they did not. "There must be something under all this," he thought. "I don't believe the invention is of any value." On the contrary, an examination of the models convinced him that the invention was an electro motor destined to be of great practical utility. He had not deceived Mr. Ray in saying that he understood electrical contrivances. He was really very well informed on the subject. Indeed, he was able to point out a possible minor improvement in Deering's device, and thus to win the inventor's respect. When they had discussed the model thoroughly, Russell had no doubt that it was the very thing he wanted. Nothing but the terms remained to be settled.

On this point Deering was very firm. He would waive no right whatever, and he was with difficulty persuaded that it would be necessary for him to remain for a time in the dark as to the exact nature of Russell's relations with the capitalist. Finally Russell said: "I don't want your invention, except as a loan. I will take it and give you my I. O. U. for it, or any other legal or illegal instrument which the ingenuity of the law can devise. It shall bind me to retain the patent right in my own possession and to return it to you after two years, with all the profits and advantages I have obtained by it, except the salary which I can delude the company into paying me. In short, I will borrow your invention; develop it; and then return it to you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Deering, "for I think you are an honest man."

"I wish I could agree with you more fully," said Russell to himself; "but at least my designs toward you are honorable."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOCIETY FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

When Russell called at the house of the Rays again he was quickly made aware that a change had come upon the daughter of the millionaire. Nobody could have failed to perceive that Alice was of a more sober and serious mind than she had been before. The chair which she had been occupying was surrounded by books of an educational and forbidding character, and though there was a suggestion that the young lady had tired of each in turn and had thrown them all upon the floor, still their mere presence was portentous.

"I have been thinking of what you said to me the other evening," she began, "and I have come to the conclusion that you did not mean it."

Russell wondered what it was and prepared to violently disclaim it.

"You gave me to understand that girls had no intellectual needs," she continued.

"Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed Russell; "nothing was further from my thoughts."

"There! I have made you confess," said she. "So you really did think that I was very childish and silly! But doubtless Mr. Brown had prepared you for that?"

"Indeed he had done nothing of the sort; and—"

"And so it was an independent discovery of your own. That was the reason why you would not talk with me except on frivolity. Ah, well; I have discovered it too."

"Miss Ray," said Russell, solemnly, "you are wholly mistaken. My style of conversation was due entirely to the weakness and vacuity of my mind. At the time, I was under the impression that if my words could be recorded they would make valuable material for advanced text books on a variety of subjects. I now perceive that they were the gibberings of imbecility. Pray forgive me, and I will try to do better. I would suggest that we discuss the geometry of x dimensions."

"Is—is it nice?" said Alice, with some hesitancy.

"It is highly interesting, and so largely speculative that the mere fact of my knowing next to nothing about it will not interfere with the discussion. You remember, of course, that in analytical geometry, equations of the second degree involve two dimensions; of the third degree, three. We know them as length, breadth and thickness. Now then, an equation of the fourth degree should involve four, hence the question naturally arises: What is the fourth dimension?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice, "I can't think of any thing but bigness. That is a dimension, isn't it?"

"Hardly, in a geometrical sense. We will suppose three axes intersecting perpendicularly at a given point or any other place which they find convenient. Now, then, in terms of the distance of any point from these axes we are able to express—pardon me if I observe that you are going to sleep."

"Oh! no," said Alice, "but I couldn't help wondering what the other girls would wear."

"Might I inquire who the other girls are?"

"Didn't I tell you? I've joined a society for culture. It's all girls but you. You're in it. We couldn't think of any other man who knew enough to belong to it."

Russell wondered whether there were any other men who didn't know enough to keep out of it. He had an instantaneous mental picture of himself in the act of maintaining an instructive conversation with eight or ten girls.

"The society meets here to-night," continued Alice; "I thought they would come early, and it was their delay which made me wonder whether they would all appear in party dresses. It will be mean if they do, because the understanding was that every thing was to be studious and simple."

"When was I elected to this post of honor and responsibility?" asked Russell.

"Yesterday," said Alice, "I proposed your name. Marion Hill is a member. Her brother Richard knows you. We wanted him to join, but he told Marion that he would rather be electrocuted, and asked her to convey his condolences to you. Of course he didn't think she'd tell us,

RUSSELL DISCUSSES X DIMENSIONS.

but she did. Oh, here are the girls," she added, as the door-bell rang, "and, Mr. Russell, if you please, don't start them on x dimensions to-night. I shouldn't want to be the only girl at the very first meeting who didn't know one single thing you were talking about."

The room was full of pretty girls and chatter in a moment. Russell survived the embarrassment of his presentation, and even began to be considerably amused by his position. He was surprised to find that there were only seven girls, including Miss Ray. He had supposed that there were fifty when they first dawned upon his sight.

Suddenly, by a common impulse, the adorable half dozen rushed up to Miss Ray and said with one voice: "Have you found a good name for the society; we haven't." Then they all turned upon Russell and exclaimed: "Of course you know a real nice name for it, Mr. Russell."

Before the young man could reply—even supposing that he could have replied at all—Miss Hill picked up one of the books which Alice had been trying to read.

"Oh, it's history," said she. "Alice, for goodness' sake, don't let's study history. I don't know any thing about it, it isn't the least use trying to learn now. I'm too old."

"If Cato learned Greek at eighty," said Russell, "you might begin history at eighteen."

"Yes, you might have begun it at eighteen," said one of the girls. "That was when you were at Mr. Lawson's school. Poor old man! He's been dead ever so long."

"Oh, I think history would be nice," said Alice, "only don't let's take any horrid part of it where there's nothing happening but politics and every event occurs on some particular date that nobody can ever remember."

Conversation at this point became animated and general. This is about the way it ran:

"Let's study the life of a great man."

"Oh, no; a woman."

"A man would be ever so much more interesting."

"And women in history are something awful."

"We might take a poet."

"Or Herbert Spencer."

"Don't let's take him; he hasn't been dead long enough."

"Why, he isn't dead at all."

Then they all laughed, except the girl who had slain Mr. Spencer. Russell ventured to suggest literature, but it appeared that everybody knew Shakespeare too well, and nobody knew anybody else well enough. At this point one of the girls suggested that the society had not been organized. Russell was thereupon unanimously elected president, after which the girls successively declined the office of secretary. In this emergency Russell was deposed from the presidency and chosen secretary. While he was trying to escape from that responsible post it was discovered that the society had no motto. Five different languages were instantly proposed as the proper vehicle for the society's watchword, but it was discovered that nobody had sufficient command of any of them to be sure of the accuracy of a quotation. From this point discussion drifted naturally to the study of the languages, and the comparative usefulness of French and German was warmly debated.

"But we can't study either without a teacher," said Alice, "and a teacher would be horrid."

"Doesn't Mr. Russell know French?" asked Miss Hill.

"I can read a bill of fare, if the French steward does not try to write it in English," said Russell, "but my knowledge of the language does not go much further. Suppose we study English?"

"Oh, it isn't the least use to anybody," said several girls in chorus. "You can't possibly know enough about it to make anybody see that you do."

"We ought to have some committees," said one of the girls; "and we need a critic, too. When we decide what we're going to read, we'll have somebody appointed to read it aloud, and the critic will tell what is the matter with it."

"We must change the critic every week," said Miss Hill.

Russell was strongly of the opinion that such an arrangement would be necessary to the happiness and safety of the critic, but he did not venture to say so. He was planning to be the last critic on the list, in the hope that the society would die a natural death before his turn came. But the subject of critics was dropped for the moment, while the society went into executive session and wrestled with the question of names, and uses for the committees. Russell was chairman and the girls either talked to him all at once or didn't talk to him at all. When he detected anything like a motion, he requested a vote which was generally a unanimous affirmative because, by the time he could call for the nays, the girls had begun to talk about something else and didn't hear what he said.

THEN THEY ALL TURNED UPON RUSSELL.

It was decided to give a reception to the friends of the society, and a committee to decide what sort of a reception it should be was appointed by the chair, assisted by all the members simultaneously. In fact that was so much assistance that after the committee had been appointed nobody could remember who was on it. But by this time the course of debate had changed, and this very difficult question had arisen: "How shall we let the people who come to the reception find out how much we have learned that they don't know?" Various solutions of this problem were offered but they were all open to the objection of suggesting school days and graduating exercises. Russell thought that it would be a good idea to have each member of the society register a vow not to talk upon a frivolous subject with any young man at the reception—in his case, the resolution would read "young woman," of course. Each member should keep a record of the number of topics of conversation introduced by her and hitherto unheard of by the other party to the conversation. Every such topic should count one, and the member having the highest score at the end of the evening should be entitled to a prize which should be awarded in the presence of the society's guests.

This plan met with much favor at first, but finally it was voted down, on the ground that Russell would certainly win, and that that was why he suggested it, which was very mean of him, because, of course, he could find any quantity of girls who didn't know much, and probably he wouldn't play the game fairly, any way.

Then the question of a name came up again, followed by the appointment (and dissolution) of half a dozen more committees. The search for a motto came next, and it gradually drifted into a general conversation on music, millinery and the drama. Afterwards, some Russian tea was served; and then there was just time enough for a vote that Secretary Russell should come to the next meeting of the society prepared to give it a name, a motto and a subject for research.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MANHATTAN ELECTRO-MOTOR COMPANY.

"Go ahead and organize your company," said Gilbert Ray, "I haven't time to attend to it just now."

He and Russell had been discussing Deering's model. Ray was sure there was money to be got out of the machine, and Russell was sure that there was money to be got out of Ray, and both were satisfied.

"Of course it isn't worth while for me to spend much time on this thing at first," said Ray. "After you get it going so that we can work deals with it I'll step in, but the previous development I'll leave in your hands."

"But I can't organize a company all alone, Russell objected; "there are some sort of laws governing the process, I suppose."

"Sure," replied Ray, "you'll need a lawyer, and, of course, I'll put up for his fee. Then all you'll need will be three or four friends, and a few bottles of champagne. I'll stand the champagne. I won't appear in the company at the start. You and your friends will unite in signing an application for a charter."

"But we don't want to give away this machine just yet."

"There isn't any need of it. Tell your friends its a contrivance for making doughnuts. They won't inquire into it. They'll be only dummies anyway. After your company's formed they'll nomin ally hold a share of stock each, par value ten dollars, but they won't put up any money. Just get some men who will be handy when you want to hold meetings. At the start they'll vote to transfer to you in consideration of the patent, etc., half the capital stock. I'll buy the other half, minus the three shares your friends hold. You and your friends can hold meetings without my being present. I'll tell you what to vote and you can tell the dummies."

It was on this plan that the Manhattan Electro-Motor Company was organized with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars, which Ray said would be increased soon. Russell had no difficulty in finding three men who would lend him their names for this purpose. He was to have an office in a room which was already the headquarters of several enterprises, and he chose his incorporators from among the men who had desks there. Having no interest in the company, they would always vote right as a matter of accommodation.

The first stockholders' meeting was held in a comfortable beer saloon across the way. Three of the stockholders shook dice for the drinks while Russell outlined the nature of various propositions which were favorably received, and recorded by the secretary, a young man who had been engaged to do clerical work, and who held a share of stock.

Ray had advised postponing any active operations till fall. This plan had not struck Russell favorably for he wanted to get hold of some money as quickly as possible.

"Borrow some on your stock," suggested Ray, when the young man ventured to hint that he was in need.

"But it isn't worth any thing yet. Nobody knows whether this machine will amount to any thing."

"Just let one or two men know quietly that I'm behind it," said Ray. "Let them hear that there's going to be a big boom on it, and that it's to be worked up in a hurry. Then go to those fellows and offer your stock as collateral for a loan."

"But I don't want to lose the stock."

"You don't have to lose it. After you've made the loan let the fellow hear that I've stepped out and that the whole thing has fallen into nothing. Let him get it quietly, like a straight tip. Then have a friend of yours go round to him and pick up your paper at about five per cent. on the dollar. You pay your friend a small commission and you'll be way ahead on the transaction."

To do Russell justice he was shocked by this proposition, and he continued to regard it as a temptation of Satan till about the middle of August, when he got very hard up, and worked the scheme on a confiding gentleman named James Remington. That is to say, he negotiated the loan with the knowledge that probably no other way out of the difficulty would present itself except that which Ray had suggested. Not only was his conscience disturbed by this affair, but he was tormented by the fear that John Deering would hear of it. Deering had kept out of sight of Ray according to agreement, but he had called frequently on Russell to ask how things were getting along. The first time, he had come with a paper for Russell to sign.

It was an agreement which put their relations into the form of a contract, terminable on the violation of certain obligations. Among them was a pledge that no stock-jobbing operations should be carried on in connection with the enterprise. Deering had begun to be suspicious.

"I wouldn't have this machine of mine used to further the designs of dishonesty," said he. "If there's going to be any crooked work I shall have to put my foot on it."

Russell did his best to reassure Deering. He described his own moral character in terms which make up in comprehensiveness what they lacked in substantiation. Then he cautiously disclosed the secret of Ray's connection with the enterprise, and said a few words about him which ought to have been saved for his obituary notice. But Deering did not seem to be impressed.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS.

"I don't think much of those brokers," said he, "and his connection with this affair only makes me the more anxious. Those fellows always want something for nothing. They've got so used to buying and selling pieces of paper and promises, and reaping wheat where they have not sown, and floating the stock of railroads, which consist of half a cord of second-hand ties and a surveyor's report—they're so mixed up in business of that kind, I say, that they can't treat a really valuable commodity with proper respect. But if you people are going to sell machines, and not stock, its all right."

Russell guaranteed this and every thing else which he could think of that seemed to require any supporting testimony. He took the moral character which he had previously constructed for himself and built a piazza around it and put on a couple of bay windows and a cupola. But he said that he thought it was too late to ask him to sign any papers.

"I can't help that," said Deering. "Invention hasn't been she mother of necessity with me as it has with some men. If you don't like my terms I can wait till Providence raises up somebody else to develop my invention."

If Russell had had faith that Providence would raise up another invention for him to develop he might have resisted this demand, but as the facts stood, he had no choice but to sign. The terms of the anti-fraud condition were put down in black and white and witnessed.

But Russell had a suspicion that when Gilbert Ray began actively to direct affairs there would be only one commandment, namely, the eleventh.

CHAPTER X.

FLATTERING AND UNEXPECTED.

As a conscientious man, Russell could not fully persuade himself that Brown's desire for Miss Ray's intellectual advancement would be adequately met by the work of the Society for General Culture. If the society should map out a plan for itself at any meeting he foresaw that at the time of the next assembly there would be at least seven different ideas of what that plan had been, and seven opinions of any thing that might be offered as a substitute. The resulting debates would not be in the line of mental progress.

But it was not because of these considerations that Russell continued to call upon Miss Ray as frequently as the circumstances would permit. He went because he found it more and more agreeable to do so. He was becoming even deeper involved in money-making schemes of a nature ill calculated to make a man feel at peace with himself. These fanciful projects appeared to spring up without his volition and to control him. He was their creature. They gave him a living, but for all he could see they might cut him off with a shilling any day. He regarded himself as an inflated fraud, and though this was on the whole rather pleasant at first, he enjoyed the variety of feeling honest once in a while.

And when such a desire came to him he called upon Alice Ray, and talked of the subjects which interested her as frankly as she herself, and derived a pleasure which he did not understand, but which came to him because he really was honest in regard to her, and hadn't a thought in his brain which couldn't have been safely photographed for her inspection or Brown's. He liked her simply as he liked sunshine and fresh air. She was so palpably innocent of small deceits and vanities.

Russell rather liked Mrs. Ray, too. She was inferior to her daughter in every way. Even in her youth she had not possessed half of Alice's beauty, yet at forty-five she was by no means the embodied prophecy which sometimes frightens suitors away. Mentally she was almost a blank, as Brown had said, but with good instincts and breeding she had never felt the want. A safe mother for a girl, after all; for it is impossible to inherit evil tendencies from a person of no tendencies whatever.

It was easy for Russell to win her approbation. He made no special effort to do so, but he was innately respectful and of a most courteous demeanor. Gilbert Ray had told his wife that Russell was a "hustler who would be heard from," and she had taken this to mean an active young man who might be supposed to prefer theatres and wine suppers of a riotous and forbidden character rather than peace and quietness.

She therefore felt complimented by his evident delight in the home-like evenings he spent there, with no more hilarious entertainment than a somewhat vacuous conversation and a little music. If he had been in love with Alice that would have been another matter, but the maternal eye detected no sign.

The life of the family was simplicity itself. They spent almost all their evenings at home, and enjoyed each other's company in the good old fashion. Alice sang and played well, and both her parents were good listeners, though Mrs. Ray had a slight tendency to somnolency. They stayed in the city very late that season, to Russell's great satisfaction.

He made other acquaintances through the Society for General Culture. This organization discovered at its second meeting that the approaching summer would dry up the springs of knowledge; and it was voted and reconsidered and voted again and finally settled by a general misunderstanding, that the third session should be the last till fall. The girls all pledged themselves to read during the summer a lot of books (the names of which they couldn't afterwards remember) and thus gain a store of wisdom to shine when they reassembled.

Russell read the minutes of the previous meeting which he had made out with offensive accuracy. The girls all protested that they never said any thing of the sort or voted that way at all. The report was then amended in such a thorough but unintelligible manner that the Recording Angel could never have recognized it as an account of anything which had transpired on earth during his term of supervision.

This second meeting was not at the "Rays,'" but at a house near by. All the girls lived within a stone's throw of one another. Through this association Russell received invitations to one or two minor social gatherings in the very latter days of town life. Near the end of June the Rays went to their summer home on the Hudson. It was not beyond easy access from New York, and Russell was expected to come frequently during the summer. The cordiality would have amazed him if the extraordinary kindness which had hitherto been shown by the Rays had not prepared him for almost anything. He accepted most of Ray's invitations, which generally included a Saturday afternoon and Sunday afternoon at the villa and a sail up and down in the millionaire's handsome steam yacht. At the villa Russell learned to play tennis and to wear picturesque summer clothing. He was a young man designed by nature to complete a landscape with a striped blazer.

Out-of-door costumes were very becoming to Alice, also, and her beauty was too radiant with health to fear the sun. The sight of it might have been dangerous to Russell's peace of mind, except that he had no peace of mind during those days. The worry of providing for his personal expenses, which were ever increasing; his anxiety regarding the motor company; his fear lest Deering should hear of certain operations in the stock and should call a halt on the whole procession—all these

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considerations kept Russell in a condition unfavorable to love. Alice had conquered him only so far that he felt that he was not good enough to be in her society. The recognition of this fact by any young man is a symptom, but it may never lead to a proposal or to a reform. If Russell had considered the subject at all, he would have said at once that he could not permit himself to fall in love with Alice without gross treachery to his friend. But as yet he thought only that she oughtn't to be allowed to know him, and he wondered that her father should permit it.

"Old Ray must know the condition I'm in," thought Russell. "I wonder that he doesn't politely hint that I'd better stay away from his house. Suppose some crash should come and two or three of my creditors should combine to put me in jail. It would not be pleasant for Miss Ray."

He was surprised that Ray should renew his invitation to the villa. Russell felt like an impostor when he accepted them; and at last he began to refuse, but as a rule the old millionaire would take the young man by the arm and walk him down to the yacht as if he were under arrest. Russell realized that he had won a place in the old fellow's affections, and this made him feel meaner than ever about the whole affair. It was possible that Ray did not know all about him, Russell reflected. He might be blinded by prejudice in his favor: he might accept him because of Brown's assurances. Brown has been on the most intimate terms with the family in the days when the son whom Ray had lost had been a youth at college, Alice only a little girl. At any rate he resolved to go to Ray, make a clean breast of the whole matter and give the old man a fair chance to kick him out of the house. This would mean financial ruin, but Russell didn't care for that. He was in a fit of despondency—a mental condition eminently favorable to virtue, for hope is the tempter after all.

The occasion came on a day in the last of September when Ray proposed another sail day at the villa.

"Mr. Ray," said Russell, "your kindness blinds you to reasons why I should not be a guest at your house."

The old man started and looked searchingly into Russell's face.

"Perhaps it does," said he, "and perhaps it doesn't. I may see the reason better than you think I do."

"Then why do you ask me to come? I should not be offended if you did not, or even if you forbade me to enter your door. If I could still retain the benefit of your council which you have often so kindly given me here in your office, it would be much more than I could reasonably expect. Though I have never had a home, I am powerfully sensible of the jealous care which must be employed to guard one. I am a reckless fellow, pursuing a career of most uncertain issue, through ways which are not the best. It seems to me that I should never meet Miss Ray again. Pardon me for even mentioning her name."

"You're blue, young man," said Ray, "that's what's the matter with you. Your career will come out all right, and you'll be

RUSSELL AGREES TO BE HONEST.

a rich man. I've picked you out as a fellow with a very level head, and I don't make many mistakes."

(Continued next week.)