ened out and the manufacture of motors pro-

ceed again, he yielded to the pressure of im-

mediate need, and authorized an overissue.

That is, he sold certificates on machines

which had not been built. This was, in real-

ity, a method of forcing a loan. If the men

who bought the certificates had discovered

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EY.

Geo. Bryan & Son. GEO. BRYAN & SON,

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poors, Sash and Frames for sale. Felt Soofs put on and old roofs repaired. fron or tin roofs repaired. Orders solicited. Shop: Lindsay-st., south of Bannan's Motel Lindsay. 1.indsay. March 10, 1889.-41-1yr.

Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1892.



(Continued from last week.) and I ever get rich," Russell replied,

will be by such methods as that deal with Remington and others by which a man might feel disgraced. "Oh, all this sentimentalism is natural at such a time," said Ray, cheerfully, "but

there's nothing in it. Remington will play some other chump and get his money back. It's all in the game." "But I'm only an adventurer, anyway I have no solid hopes; and my character i becoming as unsettled as my circumstances.

I am flush to-day and broke to-morrow; honest in the moruing and a scamp before night-When I think of Miss Ray-" "Yes, when you think of her," said that young lady's sire, with a good humored when you think of her your sins look big and black. I'm glad of it; I could

ask no better guarantee that you really love

Russell started up in astonishment, but before he could utter a word Ray continued: "I've been waiting for you to speak to me like this. More than once I have thought you were going to begin? When you showed hesitancy about coming up to the villa I knew why. You said: 'She's a rich man's daughter and I have only my wits."

"But, my dear sir," Russell broke in, "I have never ventured to remotely consider

"Of course you haven't, but you may begin now. Don't speak to her yet; she is only a little girl you know. Of course you haven't so much as hinted anything of the sort to her, and I wouldn't for a year; let us say for a year. I dare say you wouldn't have thought of doing so. What you wanted to say to me, and what I saw that you wanted to say-for a father's eye cannot be deceived-was that you felt it more honorable to tell me straight out that you were in love with my daughter and then ask the right to let every thing go on as before. It's only a few months that we've known you, and that made it harder, I pitied you, and says I to myself: Til help him out.' And because I think so well of you, young man, and trust you so fully, and hate to see you down-hearted, Il give you a word of encouragement: I believe the little girl likes you pretty well

CHAPTER XI.

In the first flurry of surprise at Ray's acceptance of an imaginary proposal for his daughter's hand, Russell lost sight entirely of the fact that he had made no proposal The benevolent old gentleman terminated the interview with a hearty handshake; and before Russell recovered the use of his vocal organs the two men were out upon the street

idea to propose at the society's first meeting. It was not original, but it where confidential discussion was not possiwas the latest fad in societies of that kinda revival of an ancient custom. She sug-Whatever may have been the subject Ray gested that they find some struggling poet selected for his remarks on the way to the and help to win recognition for him. Rusyacht, they fell far short of his companion's sell must know one, and it would be such attention. Russell's thoughts worked hurriedfun to encourage the poor fellow and help ly upon the problem presented by the strange him by judicious criticism and a little money, result of his attempt to obtain an edict of till at last he could get his poems into the banishment against himself. That such an exile was now more than ever nec-Russell reflected a moment, while a great essary was eident enough, but it was also and amusing scheme filtered through his clear that it must be voluntary. He should keep out of the way of temptation; and here "I know the man," said he, at last; "he is

he was being led tamely to the villa again. Somehow, he was more than usually glad to go, although his conscience exerted a feeble restraining force. Why was it? Ray's favorable view of him as a possible son-in-law meant nothing to him. He had no shadow of an idea that he should ever take advantage of it. But that "word of encouragement," as Ray had called it, was a matter of a very different nature. Could Ray possibly have given such a hint on any weaker grounds than absolute certainty? Father and daughter were on terms of the closest confidence. Russell had often observed it, with a feeling that



INTERRUPTED MEDITATION.

the millionaire had been blessed in other good things than dollars. Ray should know the state of his daugheer's heart as soon as she did herself, and if he said that she thought kindly of a man it should be infinitely en-

couraging. There was only one ground for doubt, and it lay in the old fellow's firm belief that he knew very nearly every thing that was passing in the minds of these about him. He was one of those men who believe that their eyes are electric search lights which they can turn apon the souls of others and expose all hidden

This belief in him was coupled with a total imability to read the ordinary external signs of emotion. It always is. These eagle-eyed fellows are the ones who can see a man poisened with strychnine and swear that he looks pleasant, and stick to it with a confidence unmoved, after the unfortunate has died in convulsions. Russell thought of all this, and it seemed to him probable that Ray had not received any verbal intimation from his daughter, but had depended wholly

apon a glance of his infallible eye. "If that is the case," said Russell to himself, "she does not love me" and his exultation was immediately changed to gloom. But his reflections had convinced him that he loved her; long before the two men reached the yacht, and he had resolved to tell Ray the truth about his supposed offer, and to prepare some way of backing out

the whole entanglement.

Yes, he resolved to do all this, but he dia not do any part of it. He changed his mind when the time for a disclosure came, resolved to keep his secret safe: to pursue a strictly

guarded course with Alice which should show her what a hero he was. Of course she couldn't help noticing that he loved her. She would see that he avoided food, and grew thin till his eyes took on a hollow look and his coats began to flap around his withering form. He would lock his love up in the dungeon of his soul and have fun with the misery of it. Then when Brown came back, full of misgivings no doubt, he would take the wanderer by the hand, and say, with a hollow cough: "I have been faithful to you, old man, but I am a martyr to my love."

"I say, young fellow," cried Ray, interrupt-

ing Russell's meditations at this point, "if

you stare at me any longer in that soulless fashion, without saying anything or listen-

ing to what I'm talking about, I shall think

They had been sitting on the deck of the

yacht, face to face, and Ray had been talk-

ing in a lively and as he supposed entertain-

ing fashion, for about half an hour, when it

suddenly dawned upon him that Russell's

face had taken on an expression of deep

misery wholly uncalled for by anything that

had been said. His question brought Rus-

sell back to a rational frame of mind, and he

was able to conduct himself at the villa as if

It was his last visit there during the sea-

son. The Rays came back to their town

house in the following week. Russell called

within a few days after their return,

and his welcome was the same as ever. There

had been no change in the household. But

not many days after that he fancied that he

noticed a difference. There was an indefin-

able something in the bearing of Mrs. Ray

and Alice which puzzled him at first, but

which he soon explained in a manner fitting

closely to the observed facts. It seemed evi-

dent that the secret of his talk with Gilbert

Ray had leaked out; that it had at last be-

come the general property of the family. He

could not believe that Ray had told Alice;

she must have overheard something which

betrayed the truth. At any rate, Rus-

sell was quite certain that she knew

how matters stood, but that was as far

as his perception could get in her direc-

tion. Mrs. Ray, he felt sure, approved.

With all possible respect to her, said he

in his heart, she doesn't know any better,

and couldn't be expected to, by anybody ac-

quainted with her plastic mind. Her hus-

Alice, however, was a riddle much harder

to read. Sometimes he thought that she was

disappointed at his delay; and again he

imagined that she was lying in ambush,

a traitor he was. He thought of

all the cruel things she might say:

how she might show him the diff-

erence between himself and Brown.

with a balance heavily in favor

of the absent; and she might say that she

would prefer Brown even if he returned

from Central Africa with a ring in his nose

and a confirmed habit of cannibalism. Rus-

sell fancied her refusing him in so many

different ways that he began to be afraid

some slip of the tongue would launch

one of them upon him, even as his ac-

ceptance by her father had come by

accident. He began to resent this refusal

which was only a figment of his im-

agination, and his resolution to seek

her society no more melted in the

heat of his ill temper. He deter-

mined to show her that her charms

had no power to tempt him, and to

make her understand in some way that her

father had committed a piece of stupidity.

Meanwhile, despite all this raging in his

soul, his bearing towards her was frank,

courteous and friendly, as it had always

The Society for General Culture had

survived the summer, and its members

had come back from the shores of the

salt sea with an added thirst for knowl-

edge. One of the girls had also a great

a deserving fellow, but without some help

the fanitor of a down-town building, a young

fellow with about as much idea of poetry as

a wooden Indian. But nature had given

him an ideal exterior-the long hair, the

thin, hungry-looking visage, and the eyes

which forever fixed themselves on vacancy.

Russell had often remarked what a perfect

picture of the traditional poet this man was.

The yearning look in his eyes might

have expressed the craving of genius for the

ideal, but in reality it was the hardened ex-

pression of covetousness. A more matter-of-

fact, hard-fisted, unromantic pursuer of the

glittering dollar it would have been impos-

sible to imagine. In the building where he

worked he was known as Cupid, on account

Russell's plan was to hire this man to per-

sonate a poet, and to write preposterous non-

sense for him to read at a society's meetings.

After mature deliberation he decided to let

Alice into the secret, partly because he did

not like the idea of deceiving her, and partly

because he doubted his ability to do so. It

required some persuasion to bring her to

consent, but at last she entered fully into the

plot, and helped Russell to concoct the soul-

ful mess for Cupid to read. His first ap-

pearance and the poem were an immense

success. He read a twenty-line wail called

"Dust and Ashes," a title suggested to Rus-

sell by the fellow's occupation. The girls

were in rapture, and it was immediately de-

cided that the poet must read before a larger

audience during the following week. The

society would issue about fifty invitations,

and begin at once its work of introducing

Russell was somewhat alarmed at the suc-

cess of his joke, but he determined to carry

it as far as it would go. The preparation of

the poem, however, was a work of consider-

able magnitude, and, with Alice, he spent a

great many hours digging out the verses.

Alice proved to be remarkably clever at this

sort of work, and together they evolved a

sad narrative of disappointed affection, with

a climax which cast a general blight over

the face of nature. It wasn't so bad after

all, and when the society and its guest

swallowed the production for a work of

genius, and overwhelmed Cupid with

congratulations, the real authors were not

only amused but flattered. They had been

"taken in" by their own production no less

than the others. Cupid, in reply to a hun-

dred questions, told the lie which had been

prepared for him by Russell, with a face as

somber as the opening of a hard winter, and

the two conspirators got no end of fun out of

his stolid bearing in the midst of his honors.

All sorts of ridiculous plans for getting him

into favor were proposed; and Russell fore-

disappear or be discovered. When the ex-

necessary condition of safety.

saw that eventually Cupid would have to

posure should finally come, Russell foured

that his own disappearance, too, would be a

of his cupidity.

the poet.

his genius will never be known."

waiting for a chance to tell him what

band's approval was quite enough.

nothing unusual had happened.

you've gone crazy."



But Cupid had to be provided with one

more poem, and Alice and Russell were hard

at work upon it one evening in early Novem-

ber in the library of the Rays. Alice had

not been quite well, and she sat in a big

chair before an open fire playing the pretty

her which was happily all that remained of

her illness. It was immensely becoming,

Russell thought, and the firelight flashing

upon her pale cheeks gave her a fascination

which well nigh overcame his resolution. By

a hard struggle of the will he kept his mind

fixed upon the poem, and he made a note now

invalid. There was an air of languor about

IT LOOKED LIKE A PROPOSAL. and then upon a writing pad in his hand, leaning toward the fire for light.

The pencil fell from his hand and rolled along the hearth rug. He stooped for it but could not find it in the dim firelight. It must be hidden near her foot-stool He got down upon one knee to look for it, steadying himself by the arm of her chair. She spoke to tell him where she thought the pencil had gone, and he looked up into her face. The attitude was suggestive-kneeling at her feet. He was sure he loved her; she looked kindly down at him; he had it on his lips to tell her. At this moment Gilbert Ray entered by a door from the hall, and Mrs. Ray appeared simultaneously through a Japanese portiere on the right. Both caught sight of the little group on the hearth rug at the same instant. Ray said "Jingo" and slammed the door behind him. There was a smothered "oh my!" from Mrs. Ray as her ample form parted the portiere with a rat-

"What's the matter with them?" asked Alice, laughing. "Are they crazy?" "No," said Russell rising slowly, "but they think that I am. Perhaps they are right, but my madness shall be harmless. even if it can not now be cured."

> CHAPTER XII. THE WRONG ROAD.

This experience taught Russell caution, but it can hardly be said to have been of any higher sort than the caution of cowardice. He simply ran away. His visits to the Rays became more and more infrequent. He gave up the Society for Culture, and bribed Cupid to seek oblivion.

His manner of living became different and not better. He plunged into extravagance, and though dissipation and kindred vices had no attractions for him, and he thus managed to escape them, he succeeded in spending a great deal of money, and was soon heavily in debt.

The Manhatten Electro-Motor Company had begun active operations. A factory had been secured and machines were being made. The capital stock had been increased, and Ray was putting in his money in a way which showed that he meant to wage a serious commercial warfare. Russell drew a good salary as treasurer and manager of the company, and to his credit it must be said that he worked hard and exercised good ability; but as treasurer and manager of his own affairs he was not a success. He had become careless, and took no account of personal expenditures.

Work was harder for him than it had been in the old days. His brief time of leisure had made effort difficult. It was not easy for him to understand why this was true. Looking back upon the experience of idleness he could see nothing pleasant in it, and yet he clung to it. An exercise of will was now necessary to accomplish tasks far easier than the old drudgery which he had performed mechanically. But Ray was well satisfied with his efforts, and talked very hopefully of the future of the company.

"We are going to use these motors on street railways," said he, "and I'm revolving one or two points in my mind which must be carefully considered. Eventually we shall organize a railway company, and the question is whether to do it here in New York or strike some smaller place." The man whom Russell had in mind was

"The streets seem full of tracks here," said "It isn't tracks," said Ray, "it's fran-

chises we want to look out for. With the help of legislation we can steal a little piece of this city, but with an equal expenditure we can steal a whole town in the West or even in New Jersey, if we can find one there that isn't already stolen. The question is: Where's there the most money? I'm rather in favor of a new place that may grow in a State where legislation hasn't so rigid a market price." The question was left unsettled for the

time being, and it was decided to market the motors in another way at first. Russell gave his attention to the superintending the preparation of the works, and the construction of as many machines as were necessary for purposes of exhibition. The stock had been worked up to a salable figure; indeed, among a few who had "the tip" it was regarded as a good thing. At Ray's suggestion the necessary money was now raised by the sale of stock certificates which were to be put on the market as the machines were made-that is when ten machines had been built, a hundred shares might be sold on the treasurer's certification. The stock was placed on deposit with a trust company, and could be disposed of only under the treasurer's authori-Meanwhile Russell was getting harder and

harder pressed financially. His means of borrowing seemed exhausted, and his oldtime economy had apparently fled beyond recall. He was involved in a dozen difficulties, but had hitherto managed, on his original plan of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, to keep his credit from utterly falling to pieces. But the sums necessary were larger now, and harder to manage. And here temptation seized upon him. His power to authorfize the sale of the stock certificatesand to receive the money thus realized was the bait used by Satan. In this way he drew his own salary ahead once or twice but succeeded m keeping square accounts. But the company had only a small balance. Ray was occupied m other schemes just then, and his attention was removed from motors temporarily. He thought that for the present the company (which meant Russell of course) should run itself. But Russell found that the sale of the certificates, regulated as it must be by the manufacture of machines, barely sufficed for the necessary expenses. The company was still living from hand to mouth. That balance which Russell had used as a loan fund to relieve the exigencies of his own position was no longer sufficient. There had been a delay at the factory;

some mechanical problem had to be solved,

and practically no work was being done.

The sale of certificates had been carried to

the umit, and the treasury was bare. Rus-

sell needed a thousand dollars, and he didn't

know where to get it. For a long time he

held out against temptation and then per-

the state of the case they would have had no redress under the law except by a suit against Russell personally, which, as he had nothing. would have been a useless proceeding. He knew that in such a case compromise would be easy. If the worst came he could go to these men and say: 'You have bought these certificates. They are worthless. You can sue me, but you have no redress against the company. You should feel satisfied if you get your money back. I will pay you that on condition of your silence." It would not have been the first loan that had been forced in that way in the commercial history of New York. Having authorized one overissue, it was not so hard to bring himself to do it again, and he did it, much to his discredit. About this time Ray turned his attention to the Motor Company's affairs once more,

and it was not long before Russell began to be afraid that the old financier "smelt a mice." He was more frightened than he had ever been before in his life, and nearly fainted away when, one day, Ray proposed to go with him to the factory and make an inspection. He succeeded in putting off the catastrophe for a time long enough to give him an opportunity to consider. Ruin of the worst kind stared him in the face. If he could not deceive Ray the game was up. He thought of a dozen plans, and at last hit upon one which was so simple that it looked almost childish, and yet he believed that it would

The machines where stored in a rough, dimly-lighted room at the factory. There were about a dozen of them in two rows. There should have been twenty to make the accounts come out right. Russell secretly visited the factory ahead of Ray, and, on some pretense of showing the machines to better advantage, he had some workmen put a big mirror against the wall behind the rows of motors. This wall had no windows, for



the light was admitted at each end of the room. The edges of the mirror Russell carefully concealed. He then had a short and confidential interview with the engineer. The room was heated with steam pipes in winter. It was then May, and a hot day, too, but Russell got the engineer to switch the steam into this room full head. Then he closed the windows, and in about an hour the temperature rose to that of the hot room in a Turkish bath.

Ray came out about five o'clock in the afternoon. He was in a hurry, and Russell knew it. Russell showed him through various parts of the building, and at last they climbed the stairs to the room in which the motors were stored. It was like a fiery furnace when Ray, already puffing with his climb up the steep stairs, put his head into

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, mopping his forehead, "what section of the infernal regions is this?"

"It is necessary to keep the machines at a high temperature for a few days," Russell explained, with shaking nerves. "They work the better for it."

The room was not very light, but the machines were plainly visible from a little raised platform near the stairs. "Let us stop here," said Russell; "there is more air."

"I'll have to get out of here," said Ray; I'm roasting.' He ran his eye hastily over the machines, counting them. The illusion of the mirror

from that point was good. "I make twenty-six." said he. "Thank heaven," said Russell, under his breath; "the old man has not only counted

the images in the mirror, but he has two of them double." They descended hastily. "Everything seems to be going right,"

said Ray when he had regained his breath. "Yes," replied Russell, with a sigh of relief. "We have had a few narrow escapes out here, but I trust our troubles are over.' At the door, however, he encountered Deering. He had never known of the inventor's visiting the place before. Here was a new source of danger. Could it be possible that Deering, too, was suspicious?

CHAPTER XIII. A POLITICAL DEAL.

Another summer came, and wore away, very unhappily for Russell. He was continually pressed by debts and difficulties, and he had no friend to whom he dared confess himself freely, asking the advice he needed. Indeed, Russell had made no friends among his recent associates, partly because he had drifted into an extravagant and light-headed set with few attractive men in it, but more because he was too deeply engrossed with his own affairs to permit of a warm interest in others. He continued to see Ray frequently, but he was too much afraid of the old man's irascible temper to take advantage of the help that Ray was in reality always ready to give.

There were fewer Sundays at the villa for Russell than in the previous summer, not because of any lack of invitations but because Russell fancied it easier to avoid Alice than to be simply friends with her. To all appearances, however, there was no interruption of the cordiality of their feeling for each

In the early fall, when a little chill creeps into the air, and fires are rekindled under the great stew-pan of politics, a scheme which Ray and Russell had formulated during the summer began to broaden and assume definite shape.

"We shall need some political influence in working this motor right," Ray had said. "Why don't you go into politics a little? Itwould give you a chance to get acquainted with a great many men who might be useful Russell has replied that he would just as

lief go into p lities as any thing else, and he had looked about him for an opportunity. It was not hard to find. He had become a member of the Pocahontas Chib, an organization having a handsome house on Great South Bay, L. I., and including among its members many practical politicians. The Pocahontas was ostensibly a fishing club and was devoted to both branches of the sport. Some of its members were expert fishermen and only different drinkers, while others cared little for rod and line, but could absorb more alcoholic poison between Saturday night and Monday morning than any other set of men on earth, and took pride in it. They were an influential body, politically, and the clubhouse was a great place to get "pointers," When two or three members had been indulging rather too freely, and began to rake up each other's records, they furnished any

ceiving that affairs would soon be straightfistener with valuable inside information as to successful political methods. Russell was popular in the club and had won the special favor of a few old fellows by listening to their stories of their own greatness. These were the men who had retired from conspicuous politics because the newspapers had treated them unfairly by publishing the facts in certain interesting

cases. They were as much of a power as ever, though. Behind the scenes they gave the orders and regulated the exits and entrances of other men. Mike Rooney, in particular, had taken a great fancy to Russell, and often told him stories of the days "when politics were worth something." Rooney was a worshiper of old times, but he did not neglect himself in the present. He had been an alderman for a good many years previous to the Eighty-ninth street railway expose, but had been treated coldly by the "organization" since that time. He claimed to have been treated unfairly by Tammany and had gone to the counties, and

there received equally bad usage. "I've got tired of working for those fellows," said Mike, "and this fall I'm going to do a little work for Mike Rooney. I haven's lost my grip on the Thirtieth Assembly dis trict yet, and you bet your life on it."

Russell replied that while he never bet on elections he did not doubt Mr. Rooney's power. He lived in that district himself and had had occasion to observe it. "I'm laboring for an independent Demo-

cratic can lidate for the assembly," said Rooney. "King would get a renomination and an election if Tammany was left to run things, but he's weak, and I believe I can down him with the right man." Russell ventured to inquire how he would

do, and to his surprise Rooney seemed pleased with the suggestion. Neither of them gave it much thought at the time, but when politics began to thrust itself into prominence in the fall, Rooney took the subject up seriously, Ray promised financial backing, and it began to look as if Russell had a chance of going to the assembly. King was sure to be the regular Tammany nominee, but Rooney carried a good many votes in his pocket, and he believed that he could fight his man through. But there was a man named Cunningham who was making a strong effort to get the nomination from the county Democrats and independents who were to coalesce. There was practically no Republican strength in the district.

Cunningham felt so sure of the nomination that he had ordered a banquet to be ready when the affair was over, and had invited about a hundred prominent politicians to sit down and rejoice with him. They had all accepted without regard to sentiment, for a Thirtieth district politician never declines any thing. Rooney learned of this banquet on the day before the primary, and he told Russell that the influence of such muni ficence might effect lhe result. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Rooney;

"we'll just borrow that banquet." "Borrow it!" exclaimed Russell; "how?" "We'll send word to the men he's invited that the banquet's to be held before instead of after the primary. Make the time about half-past five. Then we'll tell the caterer of the changes in the hour. All these people will come expecting to meet Cunningham. They'll find you there as the host, and we'll do great work before we let 'em out. We'll march 'em around from there to the hall, and those that I can't bring round to my views I'll get so full that they can't walk. I'll tell you, my boy, we've got em on the run."

Rooney worked his plan so cleverly that Cunningham's banquet carried the day for Russell. He secured the nomination and the campaign opened with a general laugh in his But a serious obstacle soon presented it-

self. The strength of the vote in the district was Hibernian in its tendencies, and the whisper that Russell was an Englishman began to hurt him. It was very little use to contradict that rumor by showing that his great-grandfather had been born on Cape Cod. The exigency required something much better than that. Rooney grew quite despondent thinking about it

"Everywhere I go I find this thing agin' me," said he. "Couldn't you rake up some relatives in Ireland? We must find something to offset this business."

Russell had begun to be interested in the fight; and he took this question under serions consideration. At length, he remembered that Ray's coachman was named William Russell. The identity of the names had once been the cause of an amusing little scene. Russell at once hunted up the coachman and inquired where he was born. "Dublin, be the blessin' av Heaven," ex-

claimed William promptly. Russell shook him warmly by the hand. "I want to borrow the certificate of your birth," said he. "Bless yer heart, sor, I haven't such a

"Never mind; give me the date and I'll cable across for the properly-certified papers. We can get them here in time to elect me." Russell secured his facts and bribed the coachman to silence. Then he cabled at once for the papers which arrived without delay.

Rooney was more than delighted. "This wins the day for us," said he. "You don't look quite forty-two but most of the men who'll see this paper are not quick The canvass progressed finely. Russell

joined several Irish societies and, it may be added parenthetically, was surprised to find that they were excellent organizations, doing much good and promoting a hearty sociability. He made speeches, and proved to be a very successful liar on a variety of subjects, none of which meant any thing to

But one day towards the end of it all he he was approached by a shrewd old fellow whom he had met in the course of his brief political career, and for whose judgment he had learned to have a great respect. Old Pat Casey was a man who knew politics and loved it, but he never had tried to get any thing but amusement out of it.

"Young man," said he, "I do be sorry to see ye made a fool of." "Thanks," said Russell. "I should be sorry myself if I could see it.

"An' don't ye know thin that Rooney's sold ye out? Way, it's plain as the nose on ver face. That's all he ever wanted av yez. I know Rooney went down to the sole of his feet, and that's his game, take me wurrd for Russell was surprised but he was not

shocked. He had never dcubted that Rooney would play him or any other man false it there was enough in it, but he had not seen the motive in this case. "He wants to be deputy commissioner of mud-scows under Tammany," said

Casey. "He's been after the job ever since he dropped out through the bottom of the Eighty-ninth street railway affair. He's never before had a man strong enough to trade on, but he's got him now, an' the deal is sure to be made." On the strength of this information Russell made a careful investigation under Casey's

direction, and he was not long in satisfying himself that Rooney had indeed sold him th had fairly found its way into his brain he sauntered down to the King headquarters, where he had a talk with several district workers at Tammany. The next day he wrote a letter withdrawing in favor of King and in the interests of Democratic harmony in the district.

CHAPTER XIV. A LOAN CALLED IN. Russell's campaign had cost Gilbert Ray

quite a sum of mone, but he did not take the result hardly. On the contrary he declared that he had had fun enough out of the affair to more than compensate him. And he proceeded to get as much more as he could by making game of Russell, who was exceeding-

ly sensitive on the subject, Motor stock was booming by this time, and Russell could have considered himself a rich man, except that his interest was a mere loan payable to Deering, the inventor, on demand. This fact was known only to the two parties to the agreement, and so Russell could take what comfort he could get out of the knowledge that he was generally supposed to be ou the highway to prosperity. In reality it made his position doubly dangerous, Living constantly beyond his means, he now saw himself surrounded by opportunities for borrowing. His personal note was considered good by those who knew-or thought they knew-his connection with the Motor Com-

Deering remained a mystery to Russell. In their conversations, which were not frequent, the inventor expressed no gratitude for what Russell had done in developing the motor. He seemed to think that all the credit was due to the machine, and to be continually suspicious lest justice might not be done to this creature of wheels and pinions. Russell believed more than once that the inventor was on the point of claiming possession for some violation of the honesty contract. It would have been useless to resist such a claim, for the two years during which their agreement was to run were now drawing rapidly toward their end. Reflecting upon the approach of that time,

Russell became more deeply despondent than ever. He could form no plans. He had made no valuable connections except his acquaintance with Ray, and he was resolved not to seek any more favors at his hands. To suppose he was never tempted to end his financial troubles by seeking a marriage with Alice Ray, who was rich in her own right without regard to her father's millions, would be to imagine a better man than Russell. He was surrounded by men who would have regarded such an alliance as the last possibility in the way of good fortune, who thought of marrying for money as a business against which nothing could be said except that it was difficult. But Russell had never ceased to regard such a thought as a treachery to his friend. He could not help thinking now and then that Alice had improved wonderfully during the two years since Brown went away. She had developed more rapidly than even the man who loved her could have hoped. "If Brown attributes any part of that to me," thought Russell, "he will overwhelm me with mistaken grati-

In the last days of winter, when such thoughts as these were often in Russell's mind, there came to him a startling piece of news. He took a morning paper from his desk one dry with no intention of reading it; he was thinking only to lay it aside and make room for something else. But as he held it in his hand a dispatch not four lines long seemed to stare at him out of the page more conspicuously than all the large type and screaming headlines. It announced that Walter Brown, in the employ of the company which had been engaged in operations in Central Africa, had died of fever in Cape Town on his way home. Within an hour, and before Russell had fairly come to realize what he had read a



THE NEWS TO HER. man who had known Brown well came in to tell the news. He, too, had seen the item. They spoke together kindly of the dead, and in a moment Russell was left alone. He was

sincerely grieved. In thinking of the character of Brown as he had often done since their memorable conversation, he had come to have a higher appreciation of his genuine good qualities than he had ever felt when they were together. He had looked forward with pleasant anticipations to Brown's return, in spite of the thoughts that would come when the face of Alice entered into such fancies Evidently it was his duty now to carry the news to her. He closed his desk, and took a train up-town at once. The unusuai

hour and the serious look in Russell's face alarmed Alice at once. She feared that some mishap had befallen her father. When she learned the truth, she expressed great sorrow and spoke with deep feeling of her high opinion of the man whose career had been cut off so suddenly. But there was something in her words which made Russell's heart beat strangely. Surely not thus would she have heard what he had told her If she had ever loved or could have loved his

The following days brought no new facts regarding the death of Brown, except a general confirmation of the report. There was no ground for hope, and Russell reflected sadly that he had lost a friend in the hour of his utmost need.

For all things were not well with him. He had been making a strong effort to stem the tide, and could make some headway, but the be met were heavy and pressing. However,

he had had a good fortune in one or two in vestments recommended by Ray, and with care might hope to make an even showing i his personal accounts before long. But after that what? He did not know; and, if the truth must be told, at times he did not care Yet now and then the life he had been lead ing, with its luxury and leisure, would take bold upon him. True, he had found little satisfaction in it, but could he not do better with a longer opportunity! He shuddered to think of a return to the monotonous existence he had led two years before, and yet, in all his pondering on the problem which confronted him, he was conscious of a feeling that all things were uniting to push him back into the old way. At such times he would remember the wish he had made to borrow this luxurious life for two years, and the thought that he should be ready to deliver it up when the time expired. Had that wish been granted, and was the creditor, fate, to call him to a speedy account? He hoped he might be ready to meet the demand, but there was still much to be done. It has appeared to some men that an at tempt to turn over a new leaf was a signal never neglected by the spirit of malevolence. Russell had often experienced this sensation. And now, when he had hope that the time allowed him, though short, would enable him at least to free himself from pecuniary obligations, came the crowning mis fortune of all. Deering demanded the invention. He accused Russell of certain manipulations of the stock for which, in reality, Ray was responsible. Deering said that such operations would ruin the company, and he intimated that such was the inten-

tion, in order that the interest which would

In vain Russell endeavored to show him the true state of the case. The man was hard as a cast-steel pinion in his own machine

soon revert to him might be cheaply pus



DEERING DEMANDED THE INVENTION. He would take the matter into the courts. Russell had no heart for such a contest. He promised that in a week's time he would deliver over all his title and his books, and with this promise Deering grumblingry consented to be satisfied.

And so Russell was brought face to face with his destiny. If it had come naturally at the time which he had kept in mind, he might have met it with resignation, but this hurry of fate seemed like a personal injury, and it embittered him. In this emergency his mind turned to Alice, and gently as be had often thought of her in their last days when his better impulses were awakened, and all seemed traceable to her, but in a way of which he was inwardly ashamed. He thought of her as a means of escape from his troubles. He withdrew into a wretched corner of his own soul, and counted her money, like a miser who knows the love of it to be a sin, but can not shake himself free of it. Death had removed his obligation to his friend. He fixed his eyes upon this little myth and did not see the great falsity of his position when he should offer a love that was half covetousness.

A thousand sophistries rose to his aid and helped him overthrow the weakness of his resolution. He had loved her for herself; he would strive all his life to make her happy; if she loved him what did the motive of his proposal matter! Thus he reasoned, but in reality a fear of poverty was stronger than love; his steps were urged by cowardice when he turned them toward her. Well, it was not the first time that the little winged god had had to stop his ears to shut out the jingle of gold.

> CHAPTER XV. LOVE'S WORD IS LAW.

When Russell stood in the presence of Alice Ray the various sophistries by which he had persuaded himself that he had a right to ask her to be his wife, took their proper shapes like so many hideons genii at the touch of the good enchantress in the old stories of the East. He saw that they were hollow and false; he saw himself, too, for what he

There was an honest vein of romance in his nature. He had often dreamed-without the hope of realization, as the blind dream of seeing-that he should some day stand before a woman he could love, offering her the services of his life, the love of his whole heart. and asking in return what all men hope to win but few deserve. The hour for such pleading had come; and Alice-he had never framed a fancy half so worthy. And yet how different was the scene from all that be had pictured. He shuddered at the thought of offering his wretched heart to her.

A woman seldom lacks a premonition when a moment such as this has come. Alice saw Russell stand staring at her without speaking; she marked the intensity of his gaze and the pallid excitement in his face. She was much disturbed, and yet she waited for his words with an appearance of calmness.

"Alice," said he, "the life I have been leading fills me with disgust. I want to change it for something better."

"I hope, in deed, you may," said Alice, "If it has failed to satisfy you." "It has failed in a hundred ways," he replied. "It has failed to give me peace of mind or liberty. I have been the slave to it. It has failed of any good object except one, which I now see was far too high-was never to be reached by any path that I have

"Get into the better path at once, then," said she, smiling. And then gravely: "I think, perhaps, you have not been in the right road during the last year. Forgive my saying so; we have been-we are-very good friends, and it has given me pain to see that you have been unhappy. I have seen far less of you than formerly, but it has been enough to show me that you were careworn and weary. A great many young men grow old very fast in these days, and I have fear-

ed that you would be one of them." "I feel as if I were old. Perhaps it is because I have lived two lives already, and have made failures of them both. You know that before I met you I had for seven or eight years lead the most monotonous existence ever endured by mortal man, outside a prison. I thought that there was happiness in blind routine, but one day I awoke to find that it was misery. Then, in a wild determination, I threw myself into a life, of the most restless activity. That has burned

itself out, and I hardly know what remains. "There remains the middle path," said Alice. "Many wise men have thought it the

"I fear I can not walk in it," said Russell, sadly. "It requires caution which I have lately thrown away, and a faculty of rationally hoping, which I do not think I ever possessed. Moreover, the middle path in these days can hardly be said to exist. It is overgrown, because so few travel in it. If I give time was short, and the debts which mus | up my present life, I must go back to poverty, and that means isolation.

"It means no isolation as far as we are concerned," said Alice, warmly. "Whatever life you choose our doors will be always open to you." "Alice, they must be forever closed to me

The reason, I will not insult your intelligence by pretending to conceal. You read it in my face, as I can read the knowledge of it in yours. I love you; and you know it: and you also know a thousand reasons why l should not say it." "I know not one," said Alice, in a voice

that struggled to be calm, "if it be true." "It is all the truth I know. It has been the one cidar certainty in a myriad of chimeras. It has been the influence that has kept the little good in me alive to fight its lost battle with the evil. If I had not loved you, I should have come here to-day and asked you in set phrases to be my wife. I should been counterfeited the emotion which I am struggling to suppress. I should have n no doubt, the contempt which I deserved, but which I hope to escape by asking you so more than to bid me a fair good-bye, and to think of me as trying to deserve the very small share in your kindly remembrance

which is all I dare to hope for." Alice had preserved the semblance of composure during most of this conversation, but there is something in the word good-by which strikes straight at a woman's heart, if she loves. And Alice loved Russell. There will be no mystery with the reader on that point. She saw the serious purpose in his looks, and the tears blinded her eyes. She Russell saw the sign, and he was overwhelm-

ed with consternation. (Continued on ninth page.)