

brother contractor and Garry wrote a personal letter to Holker Morris, following it up by a personal visit to the office of the distinguished architect, who, when he learned that not only Garry, MacFarlane, and Jack were concerned in the outcome of the investigation, but also Ruth—whose marriage might depend on the outcome,—broke his invariable rule of never getting mixed up in anybody's quarrels, and accepted the position without a murmur.

This done everybody interested sat down to await the result of the independent investigations of each expert, Garry receiving the reports in sealed envelopes and locking them in the official safe, to be opened in full committee at its next monthly meeting, when a final report, with recommendations as to liability and costs, would be drawn up; the same, when adopted by a majority of the Council the following week, to be binding.

It was during this suspense—it happened really on the morning succeeding the one on which Garry had opened the official envelopes—that an envelope of quite a different character was laid on Jack's table by the lady with the adjustable hair, who invariably made herself acquainted with as much of that young gentleman's mail as could be gathered from square envelopes sealed in violet wax, or bearing family crests in tow relief, or stamped with monograms in light blue giving out delicate perfumes, each one of which that lady sniffed with great satisfaction; to say nothing of business addresses and postal-cards,—the latter being readable, and, therefore, her delight.

This envelope, however, was different from any she had ever fumbled, sniffed at, or pondered over. It was not only of unusual size, but it bore in the upper left-hand corner in bold black letters the words:

ARTHUR BREEN & COMPANY,  
BANKERS.

It was this last word which set the good woman to thinking. Epistles from banks were not common, never found at all, in fact, among the letters of her boarders.

Jack was even more astonished. "Call at the office," the letter ran, "the first time you are in New York,—the sooner the better. I have some information regarding the ore properties that may interest you."

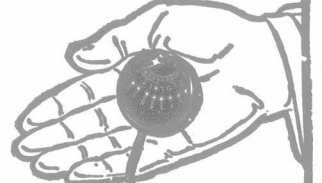
As the young fellow had not heard from his uncle in many moons, the surprise was all the greater. Nor, if the truth be known, had he laid eyes on that gentleman since he left the shelter of his home, except at Corinne's wedding,—and then only across the church, and again in the street, when his uncle stopped and shook his hand in a rather perfunctory way, complimenting him on his bravery in rescuing MacFarlane, an account of which he had seen in the newspapers, and ending by hoping that his new life would "drop some shekels into his clothes." Mrs. Breen, on the contrary, while she had had no opportunity of expressing her mental attitude toward the exile, never having seen him since he walked out of her front door, was by no means oblivious to Jack's social and business successes. "I hear Jack was at Mrs. Portman's last night," she said to her husband the morning after one of the ex-Clearing House Magnate's great receptions. "They say he goes everywhere, and that Mr. Grayson has adopted him and is going to leave him all his money," to which Breen had grunted back that Jack was welcome to the Portmans and the Portmans to Jack, and that if old Grayson had any money, which he very much doubted, he'd better hoist it overboard than give it to that rattlebrain. Mrs. Breen heaved a deep sigh. Neither she nor Breen had been invited to the Portmans', nor had Corinne (the Scribe has often wondered whether the second scoop in Mukton was the cause)—and yet Ruth MacFarlane, and Jack and Miss Felicia Grayson, and a lot more out-of-town people—so that insufferable Mrs. Bennett had told her—had come long distances to be present, the insufferable adding significantly that "Miss MacFarlane looked too lovely and was by all odds the prettiest girl in the room, and as for young Breen, really she could have fallen in love with him herself!"

Jack tucked his uncle's letter in his pocket, skipped over to read it to Ruth

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## Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL  
**THE DAINTY MINT - COATED CANDY - COATED CHEWING GUM**

and MacFarlane, in explanation of his enforced absence for the day, and kept on his way to the station. The missive referred to the Morfordsburg contract, of course, and was evidently an attempt to gain information regarding the proposed work, Arthur Breen & Co. being the financial agents of many similar properties.

"I will take care of him, sir," Jack had said as he left his Chief. "My uncle, no doubt, means all right, and it is just as well to hear what he says—besides he has been good enough to write to me, and of course I must go, but I shall not commit myself one way or the other—" and with a whispered word in Ruth's ear, a kiss and a laugh, he left the house.

As he turned down the short street leading to the station, he caught sight of Garry forging ahead on his way to the train. That rising young architect, chairman of the Building Committee of the Council, trustee of church funds, politician and all-round man of the world—most of which he carried in a sling—seemed in a particularly happy frame of mind this morning judging from the buoyancy with which he stepped. This had communicated itself to the gaiety of his attire, for he was dressed in a light-gray check suit, and wore a straw hat (the first to see the light of summer) with a green ribbon about the crown,—together with a white waistcoat and white spats, the whole enriched by a red rose bud which Corinne had with her own hands pinned in his buttonhole.

"Why, hello! Jack, old man! just the very fellow I'm looking for," cried the joyous traveller. "You going to New York?—so am I,—go every day now,—got something on ice,—the biggest thing I've ever struck. I'll show that uncle of yours that two can play at his game. He hasn't lifted his hand to help us, and I don't want him to,—Cory and I can get along; but you'd think he'd come out and see us once in a while, wouldn't you, or ask after the baby; Mrs. Breen comes, but not Breen. We live in the country and have tar on our heels, he thinks. Here,—sit by the window! Now let's talk of something else. How's Miss Ruth and the governor? He's a daisy,—best engineer anywhere round here. Yes, Cory's all right. Baby keeps her awake half the night; I've moved out and camp upstairs; can't stand it. Oh, by the way, I see you are about finishing up on the railroad work. I'll have something to say to you next week on the damage question. Got all the reports in last night. I tell you, my old chief, Mr. Morris, is a corker! What he doesn't know about masonry isn't worth picking up;—can't fool him! That's what's the matter with half of our younger men; they sharpen lead-pencils, mix ink, and think they are drawing; or they walk down a stone wall and don't know any more what's behind it and what holds it up than a child. Mr. Morris can not only design a wall, but he can teach some first-class mechanics how to lay it."

Jack looked out the window and watched the fences fly past. For the moment he made no reply to Garry's long harangue—especially the part referring to the report. Anxious as he was to learn the result of the award, he did not want the facts from the chairman of the committee in advance of the confirmation by the Council.

"What is it you have on ice, Garry?" he asked at last with a laugh, yielding to an overpowering conviction that he must change the subject—"a new Corn Exchange? Nobody can beat you in corn exchanges."

"Not by a long shot, Jack,—got something better; I am five thousand ahead now, and it's all velvet."

"Gold mine, Garry?" queried Jack, turning his head. "Another Mukton Lode? Don't forget poor Charlie Gilbert; he's been clerking it ever since, I hear."

"No; a big war-house company; I'll get the buildings later on. That Mukton Lode deal was a clear skin game, Jack, if it is your uncle, and A. B. & Co. got paid up for it downtown and uptown. You ought to hear the boys at the Magnolia talk about it. My scheme is not that kind; I'm on the ground floor, got some of the promoter's stock. When you are through with