

messenger office and handed in the package for delivery. It was addressed in printed capitals to Marvin Turner at his office. Then as rapidly as a taxicab could take him he was driven there, arriving, of course, long before the messenger boy. He was in his inner office when the youngster shambled in. The package was slammed quite ungallantly on the desk behind which sat the blonde stenographer, startling her out of step in her gum chewing.

"W'y, dearie," she exclaimed, "what you tryin' to start?"

"Aw," grumbled the boy, "cut out that talk. Chee, I get tired bein' handed it by every skoit in de downtown offices."

"There, there, sweetheart," the blonde stenographer soothed, "don't take it so hard. What's this?"

"I bet you wish it was gum," he retorted. "Here, sign." He held out his book.

She signed Marvin Turner's name and the boy shuffled out. Thinking the package contained stationery, she was about to open it, when her employer's voice sounded behind her.

"Miss Cummings!"

She started, and flushed, remembering how often he had told her not to take too much for granted.

"I guess this is some new office paper," she excused, handing it to him.

"No," he said, "it is some confidential papers in a case I have taken up." He stalked back into his private room.

"The dickens it is," murmured the girl. "You wouldn't tell me that if you didn't want me to think it's something that it ain't. I wonder what it is." After that, she took up the telephone book to find the number of May's new place. She couldn't let mysterious bundles take up her time with a swell dance on, that night.

Marvin Turner locked the door of his sanctum and opened the package. It contained a book of stock certificates to be issued against certain copper mines—namely, the Eastern Consolidated Copper Mines Company. They were pretty certificates, copper-colored, and looking very much like millions of dollars.

Marvin Turner liked their appearance. He had gone to much trouble to get them. And the really satisfying thing about the transaction was that nobody could possibly know about it. He had taken every precaution against identifying himself with those certificates, buying them under a false name and not even bringing them into the office himself—but the blamed inquisitive girl had nearly seen them. He would take care that she had no opportunity to stumble upon them. They were for no one to see save Miss Harding and himself.

Straightway he filled in several of them with his own name, the entire amount being twenty-five thousand dollars.

Then he locked the book in his office safe, together with the detached certificates, neatly folded. He had completed the first step toward taking care of his client's property. The next step had not so much running around in it, but it might prove more difficult. And he must await the proper time before taking it.

Perhaps it was a week later before Miss Harding came into the office to see about the sale of her apartment house. All the preliminary details had been completed; the deal was to be closed that day. Morris, the purchaser, was there with his check and handed it over. Thus Miss Harding became possessed of not quite one hundred thousand dollars in ready money. As soon as Morris left, Lawyer Turner said to his client:

"Have you any idea how you wish to invest that?"

"No," she replied, "I was hoping that you would suggest something."

He arose and went to his safe, returning with the beautiful copper certificates.

"You might try this sort of thing," he advised. "I have fifty thousand myself in this company; here are shares amounting to twenty-five thousand which I bought the other day. A client of mine who is badly in need of ready money offered me one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock at par. It sells higher than that in the market. But I was not in a position to take it all."

"Would you advise me to buy some?" she questioned, her eyes on the alluring pieces of paper.

"Decidedly, yes," he answered. "You might put the money you received today into this stock. It pays big dividends. You were not getting more than six per cent out of your apartment house; and this copper is paying twelve this year. You would double your income—you would receive twelve thousand dollars a year from an amount of principal that has been bringing you in only six thousand."

After some further discussion and explanation, Miss Harding said:

"Very well, I'll take it. What do I have to do to get it?"

"Leave that to me—that is what you are retaining me for—to look after your business affairs and save you the bother of the detail work. Just indorse that check; that's all you have to do." He thought a moment. "Yes, that is all. The stock will be delivered to you in a day or so."

He handed her a pen, and she, removing her glove, dashed off her name across the back of the check. Then, the business concluded, she bade him good-by and went out.

When she had gone, Marvin Turner got his book out of the safe and proceeded to make out one hundred thousand dollars' worth of certificates in his mythical mine, in the name of Minna G. Harding. He had explained to the girl that he would make up the trifling difference between the amount of the check and the hundred thousand. She could hand him her check for it later.

The securities were duly mailed to her; and she was so pleased with them that she kept them about her for two days before depositing them in her safety box at the bank. Two months later Turner called her to his office.

"You'd better give me a power of attorney to act for you in the matter of that mining stock," he told her. "Those people will be paying a dividend shortly. You can let them send it here, and I'll collect the check and deposit the money for you, if you wish. A girl like you shouldn't be bothered with those details."

Miss Harding certainly knew very little about business. And then, this lawyer was so nice and thoughtful. Of course she would do as he suggested. She signed the power of attorney. In two days she received a package by messenger. It contained three thousand dollars in fresh bank notes, together with a note from Marvin Turner. It read:

It occurred to me that you might need some ready money, so I am sending you your first mining stock dividend in cash. It is a quarterly one of three per cent. You will receive a like amount every three months, making twelve per cent. in all. Isn't this better than the real estate?

Certainly it was! Miss Harding did not know that Marvin Turner had paid that money out of her original hundred thousand dollars, which reposed in bank to his credit—that is, all of it save the \$7,500 he had paid for a new imported automobile. She was very happy in the knowledge that she now had a brainy, up-to-date business man looking after her perplexing affairs. Things were going a lot better than they had under the administration of young Prouty—yes, ever so much better.

The next time she went into Turner's office she was in a receptive condition for his advice. He began to tell her more about coppers; of the manner in which the metal is mined; of the wide demand for it; of the high price it brings. Then he went into the affairs of the Eastern Consolidated.

"Before I invested in that company," he said, "I made a personal investigation of the properties. Afterward I knew why so little of the stock is to be had. People cling to it like grim death because it is one of the safest and most productive of the coppers. That stock can only be bought when some one has a strong reason for selling."

He went on to say that he had heard of some that was soon to come on the market. It seemed an estate was to be divided, and that another hundred thousand dollars' worth of the securities would be sold. "Do you think you'd like to have it?" he inquired.

"But I haven't that much money un-invested," she said.

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