

Merrilie Dawes

"Then you can tell us what everybody will want to know," said Spruance. "How much money he has and whether he's handsome. The newspapers made him a decent-looking fellow."

"If they did, they flattered him," declared Julia.

"We needn't dispute long about what he looks like," remarked Mrs. Hamersley, "for you will soon have a chance to see. Annie and he are to join us at Boston, with her mother."

"Then you will see I am right," asserted Julia confidently. "And I don't understand yet what his business is."

"Adrane is an engineer—a consulting engineer. And a promoter," said More.

Julia looked to their hostess for confirmation. "You might call his business that," volunteered Mrs. Hamersley. "But he is really a railroad surgeon."

"You don't mean he cuts the arms and legs off people!" cried Julia.

"Certainly not. Mr. Adrane operates on sick railroads. The arms and legs come off the investors. You know," continued Mrs. Hamersley, "Mr. Adrane and Annie met for the first time on one of Amos's inspection trips."

"Does your husband take pretty girls along when he is buying a railroad?" exclaimed Julia.

"Not when he is buying one. Sometimes—