

inventors do not often reap much from the crops they sow, but there is the unselfish pleasure of helping others. If I do not prosper from my work others may. God bless you, lad! I believe I have a trusty friend in you, and one who will be true to my poor mother here and Linny."

"Why, my dear Hallett," I exclaimed, "what a doleful tone to take on this, the day of success. Come, come, come, you want a dose of good news. I'm off now, and the fastest cab shall bring me back the moment the verdict is pronounced."

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," he said again softly; and there was a strange and meaning smile upon his face.

"Out upon you, raven!" I cried merrily. "In two hours I'll be here with such news as shall bring the colour back in those white cheeks; and to-morrow you shall come down into the country with me. I shall ask for another fortnight, and you shall wander with me in the green fields, and we'll idle and rest, for when the work is done there should surely be some play."

He smiled and nodded.

"Yes," he said, "some rest."

I hurried away at the last, leaving Linny with him, and a more easy cheerful look upon his countenance, and soon after I was at Mr. Ruddle's, to find all ready, our friends collected, and the invited people coming fast.

"*Festina lente* is a good motto, Grace," said old Mr. Girtley, taking me by the button. "A little more patience, and we should have had this right last time, though of course we could not guard against the accident. Ah, Tom," he continued, "how's parchment? I'd rather have seen you the schemer of this machine, rather than the winner of the most tangled legal case."

"Rather hard that, Tony, when I have just won you five hundred a year and a wite, eh?" said Tom, laughing; and then my attention was taken up in a dozen ways. There were the brothers Rowle to talk to; Mr. Grimstone to shake my hand; Mr. Ruddle to chat with about the success of the machine, and about Lister, concerning whom he made a significant motion, turning his hand into a drinking-vessel, and shaking his head.

Then there was a hitch. Everything was declared in readiness, when it was found that the shaft that ran through the building was ceasing to revolve.

It came like a black cloud over the proceedings, but it was only the stoker's neglect. Half an hour after, the steam was well up once more, and, with the room crowded, Mr. Girtley, just as on the last occasion, gave the long leathern band a twitch; shaft was connected with shaft; a touch from a long lever tightened the driving-wheel and its fellow portion; there was a whirring, clanking noise, the spinning of wheels, the revolving of cylinders; ink-rollers ran round; the great reel of paper began