

THE TRUE FRIEND

By Florence Lillian Henderson
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For the lady who lived at Hillcrest, mistress of that splendid estate, Albion Weare had always entertained the highest respect—and something more. She was thirty, the bloom on her cheek a trifle faded, but his ideal still. How he revered her!

He did not know it, in his blind humility, but Miss Helen Tyrell respected him infinitely. Whenever she had a party of close friends at a social function at the elaborate old mansion, Albion was honored with an invitation. He was master complete of the violin, she a mistress of song and piano. Those hours of mutual music bewitchment neither would ever forget.

He was thinking of Miss Tyrell now, and very seriously. She was rich, he was poor. It was his humble trend of mind—ever descanting his real ability—that kept him back. As chemist of the great drug factory located at the edge of the town he was of value, but it was the policy of the company to take advantage of him.

Now he had made a discovery of importance. He had come across it quite by chance and in his own private laboratory at home. In it his employers had no part or parcel. It involved a new process for securing from illuminating oils over 50 per cent additional power.

"If I tell them up at the works about it they will simply appropriate it, just as they have other fruits of my labor," soliloquized Albion. "No, I feel certain my discovery is important and valuable. I have written to a broker in Chicago. He wants \$2,000 advance fees and organization money. I have a thousand. If I could only borrow an additional sum—but Miss Tyrell—No! No! I cannot bring myself to ask her for it."

How willingly, how gladly, would

she have accommodated him! And he knew that this was so. He feared, however, to disturb their cherished harmonious relations. Business was a harsh element; it might lead to the impairment of their pure and tender friendship. So Albion put the suggestion of borrowing from Miss Tyrell completely out of his mind.

There was a last resource, but Albion hesitated for a long time before he was driven to employ it. This was



Made a Discovery of Importance

to mortgage the quaint, old-fashioned and not very valuable homestead in the village that had been left to him by his dead mother. He felt it almost sacrilegious the day he affixed his signature to a mortgage for \$1,000, but there was no way out of it if he expected to exploit his formula.

Albion did not inform Miss Tyrell of his plans. He secured a leave of absence of a month from the works and simply told her that he would be absent most of that time in the city.