the floor at a higher speed, and dashed against
the wall with a force that threatened to de-
molish it.

"What do you think now?" he asked with
an air of triumph.

"It works like a charm," I said; "but what
is the motive power?"

"Wait," he cried, with a gesture that would
have done credit to McCullough; "the circle
is the perfect figure of symmetry, and in a cir-
cular curve only can the highest speed be de-
veloped. He changed the position of some
part of the machine as he spoke, and it im-
mediately began to rotate in a circle of about
six feet in diameter. It made the circuit
slowly at first, then faster and faster, until
there lay on the floor what seemed to be a ring
of polished steel. I was thunderstruck, and
my brain became bewildered as I watched it.

"It is wonderful," I cried, "wonderful!

He took up the car with ill-concealed exul-
tation.

"I was certain you would think so," he
said; "I knew you must admit your appreci-
ation after you had seen its performance. It
can keep up that speed for hours. The same
principle will hold for the construction of cars
of any size, and it will be a matter of ease to
run them at any desired velocity. There is
the motor of the future, sir. Perfectly safe,
inexpensive, and efficient. It is bound to re-
place steam and electricity on every railroad
in the country."

"Tell me the secret," I exclaimed.

"I swear you to secrecy," he whispered,
putting his lips close to my ear; "it is
mercury."

"Mercury!" I cried, half springing from my
chair.

"Hush," he said in a terrified tone; "for
Heaven's sake be more cautious. Yes, mer-
cury, quicksilver! Look here!" He unscrewed
a cap at the end of one of the arms of the
large wheel, and poured some quicksilver into
the hollow of his hand. "These curved
arms are all hollow; as the wheel revolves, the
mercury in flowing from the centre to the rim
accelerates the motion with each revolution."

Astounded as I was, a thought flashed
through my mind, and I indiscreetly uttered it. "But how will you get it back to the
centre again? How can you make it flow up
hill?"

His face changed in an instant to a picture
of rage and dismay; he seized me by the arm, and brought his face close to mine. I shrank
back from the maniacal glare of his eyes, which shone like those of an infuriated animal.

"Up hill!" he shrieked; "who says it shall
not run up hill. It shall run as I please. I
see your wicked plan; you pretend to find a
fault that does not exist, to take the benefit of
my discovery to yourself. You alone possess
my secret for which I have toiled for years,
and while you live it is not safe. You have
learned it, but what you have learned shall die
with you." He drew a revolver from his
pocket, and leveled it at my head. I sprang
back to the farthest corner of the room. I
was powerless, and the perspiration oozed from
my forehead in great drops.

He aimed the pistol without the tremor of a
muscle, and his eyes glared like a demon's.
"Die!" he shouted; and his finger touched
the trigger. I felt a stinging pain, and flung
my hand to my forehead, to find it streaming
with beer, while Jack stood before me holding
the uncorked bottle, and laughing like a fiend
at the effects of the shot which had aroused me
from my doze before the fire.

But little he knew of Latin or Greek,
Mathematics were quite out of reach;
The sciences, too, were a stumbling-block,
He was awkward and halting in speech.
His eye had a lifeless and lustreless look,
But his muscles were solid as steel;
The envy of men, by the ladies adored,
To young and to old, the ideal.
He was wined and was dined from morning till night,
The glory and pride of the town.
On the college eleven at football he played,
The half-back who never said "down."

—Dartmouth.