

THAT NORWARD BUSINESS ROMANCE

would not be solved of itself and which Le was as yet unwilling to throw to the dogs.

"I hope it is not about this railway of yours," said Amos Langton.

"Well no, it is not about the railway: that can take care of itself for a little while now. But why do you ask that?"

"Because I am thinking that your railway is no longer any concern of mine," and the stock-broker and banker looked Mr. Mandeville straight in the eyes, now that the latter had drawn up his chair in a confidential way to the old man's desk.

"What do you mean Mr. Langton?"

"I mean that I have sold out my interest in it this morning. I have nothing left in my hands save these mortgages as a first lien on the property, and I suppose you or your father will readily enough arrange to have these taken off my hands."

"What's that you say?" and Mandeville suddenly rose to his feet throwing over his chair in the agony of his first alarm.

"You do not mean to tell me, in this cruel