

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

every moment as the hour of Phil's return approached.

At the sound of a quick step in the corridor—how well he knew the young man's tread—he threw open the door and pushed aside the velvet curtain. Better welcome the poor fellow with a smile and a cheery word.

"Come in, Phil!" he cried—"Come—*Why, Madeleine!*"

She stood just outside the door, a heavy brown veil tied over her hat, her trim figure half concealed by a long cloak. For an instant she did not speak, nor did she move.

"Yes, it's I, Mr. Gregg," she sobbed. "Are you sure there's nobody with you? Oh, I'm so wretched! I had to come: Please let me talk to you. Father told me you had been to see me. He was furious