

he knows that sooner or later he is doomed to go down. I have tried conscientiously to do what I thought was my duty. Do you believe that?"

"Certainly," nodded Kendrick without hesitation.

"Thank you, Philip. No matter what happens I want you to continue to believe that."

"Look here, Uncle Milt, if anybody is trying to put anything over on you, why not let me in on the scrap?" urged Phil eagerly. "I meant what I said a moment ago. What is it? What's the matter? Finances? Let me help. I'll write you a cheque for what I have in the bank and we can raise something on my Parkview property——"

The Honorable Milton tossed his head in a chuckle of amusement.

"How much have you got?" he smiled.

"About two thousand in the bank, another couple of thousand in negotiable securities—oh, about ten thousand, roughly, including the real-estate. We could sell that. I'll look after it first thing after breakfast."

"Ten thousand dollars is neither here nor there, Philip," said his uncle, shaking his head slowly. "I could raise such a sum by the mere request. Perhaps if it were five times the amount—— Just the same I am grateful for your offer, my boy."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" murmured Phil. "It's a lot of money when you haven't got it."