

THE ROMANCE OF AN

"And Mr. Eggleston is willing!"

"*Willing!* Why, you don't think he would offend Mr. Stockton, do you?"

Gregg had them in his arms now—Madeleine a bundle of joyous laughter; Phil radiant, self-contained, determined.

For a brief moment the three stood silent. A hush came over them. Adam's head was bent, his forehead almost touching Phil's shoulder, a prayer trembling on his lips. Then with a sudden movement he led them to the portrait, and in an exultant tone, 'rough which an unbidden sob fought its way, he cried:

"Look up, my children—up into your mother's face. See the joy in her eyes! It is all her doing, Phil.

"Oh! my beloved, now you know."

* * * * *