

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

Both father and son started forward in their chairs, their eyes glaring at Philip. They could hardly believe their senses.

"What!" burst out Mr. Eggleston—"you don't mean to say that——"

"One moment, please," interrupted the treasurer, with an impatient wave of his hand toward Eggleston: "Do you think, Mr. Colton, that the issue had better be deferred?"

"I do. Certainly until the mine makes a better showing."

Again Mr. Eggleston tried to interrupt and again he was waved into silence.

"When did you arrive at this conclusion?"

"This morning. I thought differently yesterday, but I have changed my mind. So much so that it would be impossible for me to go on with this loan."