

THE ROMANCE OF AN

"And won't you talk to papa again, Mr. Gregg?" she pleaded in a more hopeful voice.

"Yes, if you wish me to, but it would do no good—not now. It is not your father this time, it's you. Will you help Phil make the fight, little girl? You love him, don't you?"

"Oh, with all my heart!"

"Well, then, tell him so. He will be here in a few minutes."

Madeleine sprang from her seat:

"No, I must not see him," she cried in frightened tones; "I promised my father. I came at this time because I knew he would not be here. Let me go: We are having trouble enough. No—please, Mr. Gregg—no, I must go."

"And what shall I tell Phil?" He dared not persuade her.