

CHAPTER XXI

RECONCILIATION

PHILIP DAVISON had an accession of strength after that and sat at his desk through the whole of one afternoon, thinking and writing. When Justin made his customary call in the morning and was about to turn away, Davison bade him stay.

"You will find some papers in the upper right hand drawer of my desk, Justin. Get them and bring them to me."

Justin found the papers and handed them to him.

"Now, sit down by the bed again."

Justin took the chair, and looked at his father, who reclined in the bed propped with pillows. Davison had changed greatly. His hair and beard were almost white and his blue eyes gleamed from deep sockets. There was something pathetic in the contrast between the emaciated, trembling father and the robust, stalwart son. Justin pitied him.

"There are some things I want to talk to you about, Justin." His hands trembled so much that the papers rattled as he unfolded them. "I am not able to attend to business now, and may never be able. Fogg will be here to-morrow, and there are some things I want to talk over with you before he