

THE ROMANCE OF AN

"Stop, Mr. Eggleston!" said Philip, his face white as chalk, every muscle in his body taut—"this has gone far enough. No position that you hold toward me gives you the right to speak as you have. I have done what was right. I could not have looked either you or Madeleine in the face if I had done differently."

Here the door was swung back, cutting short Eggleston's reply, and a note was passed in, the clerk making a hurried inspection of the faces of his employers, as if to learn the cause of the disturbance.

Eggleston read it and handed it to his son, who so far had not opened his mouth. He could reach the game in time, anyhow.

"Just as I expected!" hissed Eggleston between his teeth: "'Must decline the loan,' he says. 'Thank Mr. Colton for his frankness. Stockton, President.' Thanks