

ure. It was the first time that Mr. Graham had entered the establishment of the rival newspaper.

After a few moments of silence Mr. Graham began slowly, "I want to apologize to you, Mr. Nelson, for my conduct towards you. I have no excuse to offer. I have treated you shamefully."

"Not at all, not at all," replied the other, cheerfully. "You know you gave me my first start in Bronson when you recommended me to the place in the railroad office."

"I have not done right," persisted the lawyer. "I want you to forgive me."

"I forgive you certainly," responded Reginald. "Let us shake hands."

The two men shook hands earnestly.

"I received from the law firm in London a long account of your family history, Mr. Nelson," continued Mr. Graham, "and I am proud to know that you are worthy of the highest plaudits which your Bronson friends have been giving you."

"Thank you," answered Reginald, simply.

"My daughter, Joy, has been sick, very sick, ever since she heard of that tragedy at the Gregory office, but she is getting better. She asked me to bring you home for dinner to-night. She wants to see you."

"I shall certainly accept your kind invitation. It is good news to know of Miss Graham's recovery."

That evening after the dinner party, which included not only Reginald, but also Allan Rutledge and his wife, Reginald and Joy were left alone by the connivance of Mrs. Rutledge.