

THAT NORWARD BUSINESS ROMANCE

"I mean on a subject much nearer to my heart than the Norward Railway, or any other business transaction."

"And I may as well tell you first as last that that affair is off too."

Mr. Charles Mandeville stood dumfounded, putting out his hand on the top part of the broker's desk to steady himself.

"You might have some consideration for a man's feelings," he stammered out after a painful pause, with the old man still looking him unabashed in the eye.

"How much consideration have you, yourself, been having for others' feelings, may I ask, young man, living as you have been so long in a fool's paradise or something worse?"

"Then your niece has been telling—"

"I would rather not have my niece's name mixed up in business matters."

"And somebody else has been throwing dust in your eyes."

"That's so, Mr. Charles Mandeville,—somebody else has been trying to do that," said the broker in his angriest manner.