

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

perfect poise which distinguished him in surprises of this kind. "Mr. Eggleston, is it not?"

"Yes, and whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"—glancing at the card in his hand.

"I am Adam Gregg. We were to meet some time ago, when I was to paint your portrait. This time I came to see your daughter Madeleine."

Mr. Eggleston's manner dropped thermometer-like from the summer heat of graciousness to the zero of reserve: the portrait was no longer a pleasant topic. Moreover he had always believed that the painter had advised Philip the morning of his "asinine declination" of the trust company's proposition.

"May I ask what for?" It was a brutal way of putting it, but the banker had