

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

and had closed the door behind him—a mere matter of routine with him; almost every day a transaction of this kind was either deferred or culminated—then he swung himself around in his revolving chair, his cheeks purple with rage, and faced Philip.

“Well, sir! what do you think of the mess you’ve made of this morning’s business! Do you for one instant suppose that Stockton will go on with this deal after what you have told him?”

“If he did, sir, it would not be with my consent,” answered Philip coldly.

“Your consent! *Your consent!* What do you know about it? Did you ever mine a pound of copper in your life? Did you ever see a pound mined until you made this last trip? And yet you have the effrontery to set yourself up as an expert against one