

THE ROMANCE OF AN

curled up somewhere among the heap of cushions, and then, hat in hand, took up his position in front of the cheerless, freshly varnished hearth to await that young lady's coming. What he would say or how he would approach the subject nearest to his heart would depend on her mental attitude. That she loved Phil as dearly as he loved her there was no question. That she had begun to suffer for loss of him was equally sure. A leaf from his own past told him that.

Again the butler's step was heard in the hall; there came a sound of an opening door, and Mr. Eggleston entered.

As he approached the dealer's description of his white hair and red face—a subject Franz Hal would have loved—came back to the painter.

Adam advanced to meet him with that