

THAT NORWARD BUSINESS ROMANCE

These documents speak for themselves,—the documents which have been placed in my hands without my asking for them.”

Then Mr. Charles Mandeville, as pale and as limp as a piece of bleached cotton wrung from the hot water it has been in, lost all hope in himself, with nothing left of the nonchalance that had so often let serious problems solve themselves, and looked piteously in Amos Langton's face. His last line of defence had been thrown down. The assumed manliness of the swell disappeared in the cunning of a *sauve qui peut*.

“Have you any other word to say to me?” he asked the broker.

“You of course give up all thought of further annoying my niece?”

“I do on two conditions.”

“Name them.”

“The first is that you betray none of these confidences that have just passed between us this morning to Miss May Langton.”

“Agreed,” and the broker began at once to wonder if he had been too hard on the