

embarrassment told him what Malcom had seen already. For he and Dorothy had not been able to conceal from each other the fact that the young Englishman had grown to have a great liking for Faith's company.

"It seems like a short time, Mr. Kirk, but I love Faith, and I want your consent to be her suitor."

"I should think her consent would be worth more to you," said Malcom Kirk, with a flash of his old wit, which had not the slightest approach to levity. But he had grown to love Malcom Stanley, and felt sure, from indications, that Faith was not far from the same feeling.

"Then I may write to her?" said Malcom Stanley. "I don't want to call her away from her plans or her profession. Indeed, if I win her heart, we will accomplish more together than separately."

"I believe it," said Malcom, gravely. And, he added with a smile, "My dear fellow, I hope you realize what it means to have a 'hired girl problem' to take care of."

"I will gladly assume that," said Stanley, and he went back to his solitary work in New Mexico with great enthusiasm. It seems entirely possible that he even found courage to say something to Faith before he went, for Faith and Dorothy had a confidence talk that evening, and Dorothy had tears on her face when it was ended, and Faith's face glows when a certain letter with a queer post-mark comes into the studio at Kenwood, where she is making her mark as an artist and brooding over her plans for the good of the world, into which she now includes a tall, manly figure out west.

When Stanley and Faith had gone, at the close of that week, Malcom went over to the church one evening to get his Bible, which he had left on the pulpit. The new church was lighted with electricity, and Malcom turned on the light near the desk, and, after finding the Bible, he stood there on the platform a moment.

While he was there, Dorothy came in to get a pot of