

"That's a bargain, papa," said Dorothea so clamly that Peter Corrigan suddenly turned again, looking at his daughter in astonishment as she rose. "You know the kind of position I want for Godfrey, so have it ready when I come to see you again."

"Do you mean to pretend that your husband can—"

"I know it," said Mrs. Wentworth confidently. "Good-bye, papa, and please be in a nicer mood next time I visit you."

Dorothea's good spirits were less real than apparent as she returned homeward. She appreciated the truth of her father's indictment of Godfrey Wentworth, yet was secretly proud of it. The practical atmosphere of her girlhood had not smothered an instinct for less sordid things, and that instinct developed rapidly in the companionship of such an artist as her husband undoubtedly was. His indifference to money appealed to her as a desirable trait that she herself could never succeed in cultivating. A daughter of Peter Corrigan must be forever practical. She looked up to Godfrey, adored him as completely as he did her; nevertheless, she was not blind to the fact that left to himself he would never in a lifetime, make a thousand pounds by his own efforts.

Peter Corrigan overlooked an important factor in the case, forgetting that in challenging Godfrey Wentworth, he challenged two people, the second being that very clear-headed young person, his own daughter, who had never failed to achieve her own way, and possessed an ample share of her father's fighting spirit. Dorothea made Godfrey's troubles her own and combatted them with an enthusiasm that no one could have appreciated better than Peter. Therefore, she resolved to take a hand at the present crisis, and identifying herself with her husband, bring about thereby the end she held so tenaciously in view.

Not until the following morning,

however, did the girl see a possible solution of her problem. She had not spoken to her husband regarding her visit, and as she came into his study with the morning's letters, she appeared quite untroubled. With the carelessness of his temperament, Wentworth's custom had been merely to skim over his letters, and fling them to one side, to be answered at leisure, if ever at all, and this habit Dorothea, with her love of method, set herself to correct. She instituted herself private secretary, and each morning went thoroughly through his correspondence, waiting while he wrote replies to those needing his personal attention, and taking away the remainder to answer herself.

"There's not much to bother about this morning," said Godfrey, with relief. "Just one letter I need answer. Fraser and Foot have sent an estimate for producing the new book, but I must go into the figures a little before I settle anything. These circulars may feed the waste-basket."

Dorothea rescued a long envelope from the debris, pulled out a company's prospectus, and with her practised eye quickly took in its import.

"Perhaps you had better reply to this, dear," she suggested mildly.

Wentworth laughed a little.

"Oh, Dorothea, surely your zeal is a little too far-reaching," he remonstrated. "It isn't necessary to bother about a circular. No one ever answers them."

"But you see, this is a new company papa's putting through," explained his wife sweetly, "and perhaps if you took the trouble to reply, he might be rather pleased. You know, dear," she went on persuasively, "I do want him to have a high opinion of you, and if he finds how promptly you attend to even unimportant matters of business, why—"

Had Wentworth been anything but the most impractical of men, he might have pointed out that the great business man would be apt to bestow very little respect on anyone who de-