

London?" she asked at last. "I expected it would have to be that, now. I am sure I shall get accustomed to London, and—and like parties, especially now. I am so proud of you, father; everyone sings your praises, though I don't need that. I was rude to Mrs. Gleeson the other day, I fear, because she said it was so extraordinary; nobody had ever thought formerly you could do anything but paint! 'Just do nice little amateur pictures,' she said. She had never seen the—the portrait of"—Margaret's voice dropped very low—"my mother."

"Just so," he said quickly, "we shall have to live in London now during the season. You could never have undertaken the responsibility of a London house—of fashionable entertainments. It would have worn you out, dear; you have no idea what it means. I have found somebody to help us with it all, Margie, somebody who will be an immense comfort to you, and make everything smooth. I have asked