

There were many things to be considered in his life, perhaps; there were few, it seemed to him, still worth considering. The great thing is to see what is most important, and to put it first.

He walked across to the kiosk, and bought a couple of daily papers. He had only got into Paris that morning.

Almost the first thing to strike his eye in the *Figaro*—after the *Nouvelles à la Main*, which everyone naturally picks out—was a notice of the recently-opened exhibition, containing half a column of unusually enthusiastic praise. And the picture thus selected was not by one of the numerous dear *confrères, collaborateurs* or *concitoyens*, to whom French journals so easily address their compliments; it was the anonymous English painting, sent in under the appellation, "The Angel of Human Love."

He took up the serious *Temps*, with fairly steady hand, and again the name of his pic-