

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

him as he said: "It's all right if it's only a few crumbs, but there's been a lot of harm done by that kind of people. They settle themselves in some boarding-house where they lie in wait for the richest, most unsophisticated travellers, onto whom they fasten. I have heard of more than one wretched foreign marriage into which they have drawn American girls."

Thorpe laughed as he unfolded his lazy length and rose. "Well, it's up to you to stop her little game," he said. "I must get back to my studio now."

Garvie was watching him keenly. "Look here," he said, "You know I'm going to take a run down to the old quarters in Brittany as soon as that thing is done," nodding towards the Lucrezia. "Why don't you come with me? You're not looking very fit."

Something in the kindness of the words brought a tremor of suppressed feeling over Thorpe's face, then, in an almost brusque tone, he said: "Thank you, I wish I could, but I've got to keep at work. It's good in you though. Ta-ta."

"What's the matter with that boy?" Frye asked, after they had smoked for a bit in silence.

"Don't know. Wish I did."

"He used to be the most sociable youngster in the Quarter, and now he'll hardly speak to a soul."

"I suppose waiting for the Salon news has got