

ner that even Mrs. Fulton was profoundly moved by it.

"I like that Mr. Kirk," she said to her husband that evening. And that meant a good deal for her.

Malcom and Stanley remained that night at the Fulton's, at their urgent request, and in the morning after breakfast, while Mr. Fulton and Stanley were talking business in the library, Faith and her father held a conference in the parlor.

"I had planned to take you back home with me, my dear," said Malcom. "But Raleigh told me last night of his niece, Miss Varney, and said there was no doubt of your being able to secure a good position there. We want to do what is best in every way. Your mother is homesick for you, too."

"Well, father, I feel as if I ought to stay in the city if I can really become a bread-winner. Let me try it a while at the studio, and if I fail, then I'll come home and spend the rest of my days cooking for you and the boys."

"How about your work here, Faith? Are you under promise to Mrs. Fulton to stay any length of time?"

"No, father. But I think it would be no more than fair for me to stay three or four weeks until Mrs. Fulton has time to work in someone else."

"I think so, too," replied Malcom, who in all his relations to others was always guided by the strictest sense of fairness and honor. "Do what is right in the matter. Better talk frankly with Mrs. Fulton about your plans, and let her feel that you are willing to stay as long as it is right."

When Mrs. Fulton came in, Malcom and Faith had a talk with her. The result of it was that Faith promised to remain with Mrs. Fulton another month. Meanwhile, she was to see Miss Varney, and if arrangements could be made, she was to enter the studio at the end of the time of her service at the Fulton's. Mrs. Fulton was considerably surprised and a good deal pleased with the ar-