

"It is the kind of a job for an artist like you," she rejoined stingingly, with a sarcastic emphasis on just the right words.

"Oh, my God! My God!" exclaimed the man sharply, turning from the table, while he threw his hands dramatically upward and clutched at the back of his head, after which he took a turn up and down the room as if beside himself with unutterable emotions.

John judged that this was the fitting moment for his withdrawal, but Langham's distress of mind was not too great for him to observe the movement and to follow. He overtook his brother-in-law in the studio-parlor, and his manner was coolly importunate.

"Say, old man!" he whispered, "could you let me have five? I'm a little short on carfare, and you'll be gone in the morning before I get up."

"Sure," exclaimed John, without a moment's hesitation, delving in the depths of the pocket from which he had produced the money for the rent, and handing out a five-dollar piece.

"Thanks, old chap," said Langham, seizing it eagerly and hastening away, after an affectionate slap on the shoulder of his bigger and as he thought baser metaled brother-in-law. He did not, however, say that he would repay the loan, and Hampstead did not remark that it was the last gold coin in his pocket and that he should have no more till pay day, ten days hence.

John let his admiration for the assurance of Langham play for a moment, and then turned to the rear of the studio, opened a door, struck a match, and groped his way to a naked gas jet. The sudden flare of light revealed a lean-to room, meant originally for nobody knew what, but turned into a bedroom. The only article of furniture which piqued curiosity in the least was a table against the wall, across which a long plank had been