

Douglas Wins

"Did you like the picture of Elsie I sent?" asked Frank.

"Yes, very much. Dr. Medhurst said you had idealized the expression."

"Of course I did. A face so beautiful as hers on canvas without more soul would drive a picture-lover mad. I've worked at Dr. Medhurst's face whole weeks at a time and then thrown the effort aside in despair. If I could paint his great homely physiognomy, big nose, high cheek-bones, hair of no color and eyes not mates, and put into those same deep eyes his habitual expression, I'd win immortality. But the soul shining out, the strength, the conviction, the power, the tenderness and gentleness—it would take Michelangelo and Rembrandt fused in one to do them justice."

Frank took a book from his pocket and made a rapid sketch of Douglas as he was walking on the deck opposite, talking to a fellow-passenger.

When Frank left, Ray bade him farewell with mingled feelings—sadness that a chapter of her life was closing, and thankfulness that duty did not forbid her saying farewell.

They were in the Atlantic when Paul, who, with a boy's activity explored every part of the vessel, found his sister on deck, and said: