

until one of her father's patrons entered, and the two were engrossed with their conversation. Then she slipped back to her corner, and tried to make up for lost time, until a letter was brought her. Seeing it was from Harrack's Beacon, she opened it with trembling haste, for only there was it known that Steven Basset lived, and that she longed for news of him. Unlike her discourses, Mrs. Frayd's letters were limited, and the sheet Derry opened was not half covered. Yet how much it seemed to contain:

"DEAR MISS,—a cousin of my dear departed frayd's" (the mistress of Harrack's had become Mrs. Pickett now, but Derry never thought of her but as Mrs. Frayd) "is home from America and was here this morning one day in New York her mistress took her to carry some soup and things to a sick dressmaker at the top of a tall house and left her outside on the landing and as the next door was open she looked in and saw a photograph upon the chimney and I know it is Mr. Basset's I had only that one frame done so handsome as she saw it of coarse dear miss it might have been left there or he might have given it away or it might be he is there the worst is my late dear husband's cousin don't know the house a bit but you might get to know her mistress is Mrs. Omeara living in Cork House 9 Avenue des Desires duty penkus is kept in every day your respectful Amelia Pickett late Frayd."

Derry looked down the studio with darkened, shining eyes. Her father was alone now, making a feint of not having observed that she was engrossed by a letter.

"Dad"—she was at his side before she had allowed herself time to shape any thought distinctly—"will you take me to America?"

"My—dear!"

The sentence was rather short to need to be broken by a gasp.

"There is somebody—I think there's somebody there."

"I have no doubt of it. Several people," with a spurious jocularity.

"A friend to whom I owe a great, great debt, father."

Only in moments of supreme earnestness did Derry ever say *father*, and Pat-

rick Hope's whole bearing changed at the word."

"I can not pay it unless I go. I can not find this friend, except by going myself. No one else—scarcely—knows he is alive."

"He?"

The sculptor pushed up his preservers, and stared at his daughter's lovely excited face, but she was too deep in her one hope to notice this pathetic peep of alarm.

"He did so much for me. And, father," in a whisper, "so much for Ella. I never, never can forget."

"For Ella? For my little Ella?"

"Ah! for her sake you will take me?"

"No," he answered, sturdily, "for yours, my darling. Yet if I were not so busy—"

"Oh, I'll work so hard afterward, dad. I'll make it up. And you will more than make it up yourself directly, for you will be like a giant refreshed, and will do such wonders. You know they say that an enforced idleness would do you good, and prevent your imagining, dear, that your eyes are anything more than tired."

"Well," Mr. Hope mused, "I should like to see Joseph, and America; but he won't pay, you know, unless you promise to drop what he calls your unsuitable work. But"—with one of his rare caresses—"I will think it over, my dear."

"Don't you think, dad," in coaxing tones, "it would do to think it over after you have promised?"

"What, decide in a moment? Why, there are hundreds of things. For instance"—searching about for them—"you would want piles of new clothes."

"Not a single one. I could be ready within half an hour."

"I see that I must go away, if I'm to think it over to any purpose. You had better think it over, too, my dear, before I come back, for I don't believe you have done so yet."

Smiling, he went away, leaving his own letters unnoticed, and bent only on escaping what he hated to resist—his daughter's pleading. At least at first bent only on that.

It was quite two hours before he returned, and then there was such a lighted mystery in his face that Derry came up to him breathlessly from the work