

ously and with a singleness of purpose rather rare in him.

"Sold any pictures lately?" asked John casually.

"No," said Langham abruptly, lowering his voice, while a look of annoyance shaded his brow. "I dropped in at the gallery first thing, but"—and he shrugged his shoulders—"Nothing doing! However," and he became immediately cheerful again, "Mrs. Lawson has been looking awfully hard at that Grand Canyon canvas. If she buys that, my fortune's made."

"And if she doesn't," observed Rose pessimistically.

"And if she doesn't?" her husband exclaimed with sudden irritation. "Well—it'll be made just the same. You see if it isn't! Oh, say!" and a light broke upon his face so merry that it immediately dissipated every sign of annoyance. "What do you think of that fellow Owens to-day, the fellow who auctions alleged paintings at a minimum of two dollars each. You know the scheme—pictures painted while you wait—roses, chrysanthemums, landscapes even. Well, he offered me fifteen dollars a day to paint pictures for him. Think of it! To sit in the window before a gaping crowd painting those miserable daubs, a dozen or two a day, while he auctions them off. His impudence! If I had been as big as you are, Jack, I would have punched him."

"Fifteen dollars a day," commented Rose thoughtfully.

"Yes," laughed Langham, his little black eyes a-twinkle, as he clipped the last morsel from the first of his chops. "The idea!"

"Well, I hope you took it," his wife suggested.

"Rose!" exclaimed Langham, rising bolt upright at the table and looking into her face as if she had unwarrantably and unexpectedly hurled the blackest insult. "Rose! An artist like me!"