

scarcely less earnestly and patiently than Dennis. The door was locked when she painted, and before she left the studio the picture was hidden.

She meant to send it anonymously, so that not even her father should know its authorship. She hoped that Dennis would recognize it.

When she was in the street her eyes began to have an eager, wistful look, as if she was seeking some one. She often went to galleries, and other resorts of artists, but in vain, for she never met him, though at times he was nearer than Evangeline's lover, the dip of whose oar she heard in her dream. Though she knew, if she met him, she would probably give not one encouraging glance, yet the instinct of her heart was just as strong.

Mr. Ludolph told the maid that she must find out what Christine was painting, and she tried to that degree that she awakened suspicion.

On one occasion Christine turned suddenly on her and said:

"What do you mean? If I find you false—if I have even good reason to suspect you, I will turn you into the street, though it be at midnight!"

And the maid learned, as did Mr. Ludolph, that she was not dealing with a child.

At last, Monday, October 2nd, dawned, and on the following Saturday the prize would be given. All the long day Dennis was employed in giving the finishing touches to his picture. It was not worked up as finely as he could have wished; time did not permit this. But he had brought out his thought vividly, and his drawings were full of power.

In the evening he walked out for air and exercise. As he was passing one of the large hotels, he heard his name called. Turning, he saw on the steps, radiant with welcome, his old friend, Susie Winthrop. Her hand was on the arm of a tall gentleman, who seemed to have eyes for her only. But in her old impulsive way she sprang down the steps, and gave Dennis a grasp of the hand that did his lonely heart good. Then, leading him to the scholarly looking gentleman, who was looking through his glasses in mild surprise, she said:

"Professor Learned, my husband, Mr. Fleet. This is the Dennis Fleet I have told you about so often."

"Oh—h," said the Professor in prolonged accents, while a genial light shone through the rims of his gold spectacles; "Mr. Fleet, we are old acquaintances, though we have

never met before. If I were a jealous man, you are the only one I should fear."

"And we mean to make you woefully jealous to-night, for I intend to have Mr. Fleet dine with us and spend the evening. No, I will take no excuse, no denial. This infatuated man will do whatever I bid him, and he is a sort of a Greek athlete. If you do not come right along I shall command him to lay violent hands on you and drag you ignominiously in."

Dennis was only too glad to accept, but only wished to make a better toilet.

"I have just come from my studio," he said.

"And you wish to go and divest yourself of all artistic flavor and become commonplace. Do you imagine I will permit it? No! so march in as my captive. Whoever heard of disputing the will of a bride. This man" (pointing up to the tall Professor) "never dreams of it."

Dennis learned that she was on her wedding trip, and saw that she was happily married, and proud of her Professor, as he of her.

With feminine tact she drew his story from him, and yet it was but a meagre, partial story, like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for he tried to be wholly silent on his love and disappointment. But in no respect did he deceive Mrs. Learned.

Her husband went away for a little time. In his absence she asked abruptly:

"Have you seen Miss Ludolph lately?"

"No!" said Dennis with a tell-tale flush. Seeing her look of sympathy, and knowing her to be such a true friend, the impulsive young man gave his confidence almost before he knew it. She was just the one to inspire trust, and he was very lonely, having had no one to whom he could speak his deeper feelings since his mother died.

"Miss Ludolph wronged me in a way that a man finds it hard to forget or forgive," he said in a low bitter tone, "but I should have tried to do both had she not treated my mother most inhumanly," and he told his story over again with Hamlet in.

Mrs. Learned listened with breathless interest, and then said:

"She is strange girl, and that plan of making you her unconscious model is just like her, though it was both cruel and wicked. And yet, Mr. Fleet, with shame for my sex I admit it, how many would have flirted with you to the same degree from mere vanity and love of excitement. I have seen Miss Ludolph, and I cannot understand her. We are no