

for her, and knew also that he would never say so. If only she had not had all that money. She found herself wishing she had only a very little. She would have liked to work with him, work for him, work hard. She was surprised at herself for the wish. And Linton, perhaps because—but it is not the smallest use to guess why—Linton suddenly lost his grave smile, and warmed his hands again, which shook a little.

They were quiet for a few minutes, and then Lettie reached from her chair to a little revolving writing table, and pulled it towards her. She began to scribble on a piece of paper. Blushing a little, she turned from her scribbling to Linton, and said:—

"Do you remember telling me that if a man who could paint were backed by a man with money, the two of them could lose nothing?"

"They would make fortunes."

"I think I know the monied person."

Linton looked up eagerly. "Send your plutocrat to me," he said. "I'd let the monied brute have all the profits. I should only want to be kept going. Does the beast know my pictures?"

"Yes."

Here Lettie stuck. Any ordinary person would have remained stuck. But Lettie, as I told you, knows more about the artistic male than anybody else in Europe. She looked sadly into the fire.

"Look here, Linton," she said, "I'm frightfully hard up."

"You, too?" said Linton, sympathetically. "It is vile, isn't it?"

"I'm not so awfully poor, but I want a great deal more than I've got."

"I know," said Linton. He knew.

"Would you care to earn money for me?"

"What do you mean."

"Would you let me be the monied brute?"

"I'd make a fortune for you," said Linton, gravely.

"You said you would give the monied person all the profits," said Lettie, still more gravely. Everything depended upon gravity now.

"So I would."

"I'll take them, and pay you a salary." She consulted the paper on which she had been scribbling. "I've

been drafting an agreement. Five hundred a year, out of which you buy your own material.

"It's more than enough," said Linton. "I'll get to work on 'Pan and the Sleeping Shepherd,' to-morrow morning."

"Wait a minute. You cannot paint well unless you are feeling well. And as partner, I must say that I don't think it fair to me that you should paint badly. You're looking ill now. There's nothing for it, but that I should come and see that the working partner is kept at working strength."

"You couldn't," said Linton, adding mournfully, "unless we were married. And you wouldn't marry a man with five hundred a year, out of which he has to buy paints."

"I think we ought to sign this agreement," said Lettie, showing him the paper she had scribbled.

Linton read it slowly, puckering his brow, and, just like an artist, trying to look the business man.

"Agreement between Lettie Leblond and Linton Maul."

"It is agreed between these two—

- (1) That Lettie Leblond is to pay Linton Maul a salary of five hundred (£500) per annum.
- (2) That out of this salary paints are to be bought.
- (3) That to keep Linton at full working strength, Lettie is to look after his housekeeping.
- (4) To make this possible, the two of them are to get married as soon as they both agree to the same.
- (5) That Linton Maul is to paint, and that Lettie Leblond is to make her fortune out of his pictures."

Suddenly he understood.

"Lettie," he said, "I never meant to tell you. I believe you knew I loved you all the time. I haven't told you, have I?"

"No, you haven't. I knew. Dear old Linton. But you ought to tell me now."

And he did. A happier married couple than these two I never saw. But you agree with me that their engagement was a triumph? You agree now, surely that Lettie understands the artistic temperament?

The Bow of Ulysses

By PEGGY WEBLING

Resume: Ulysses Boehm, a violinist travelling with the Mandrake Vaudeville Company plays at a concert in Sterryville, Ontario, and wins the admiration of the village belle, Myra Sterry, who calls on him the following morning and shows him an old French violin bow as an excuse for her call. Her belief in his genius encourages the young musician.

AT that instant they heard the booking clerk shouting that it was time to start, and the loud voice of Mandrake quarrelling over his bill.

"I must go!" exclaimed Ulysses, "Good-bye! May I write to you?"

"No—yes! Myra Sterry, Sterryville, Ontario," answered the girl.

They clasped hands and parted.

* * * * *

The flattering prophecy of Hiram Sterry's friends, that he would be heard of in Ottawa when times changed, was fulfilled when a "Grit" government went into power. Hiram was liberal in character, as well as in politics, and established his family in the capital city shortly after he was returned to Parliament.

Mrs. Sterry was a good hostess, and Myra changed and developed with her better fortune. If she retained something of her old waywardness it only added to her piquant charm. She made her way slowly and surely, as her father had made his, into the very heart of Ottawa. More than one opportunity to marry, and marry well, came to Myra in her first season. Hiram wished she would accept a promising member of the "Grit" party, her mother would have been happy to see her the wife of a wealthy British Columbian, but Myra refused them both. Perhaps she did not want to marry at all. Perhaps she would have preferred a certain Sterryville boy—who did not propose to her—whatever was the reason, her fourth year in Ottawa ended as the first began. Her disappointed friends discussed the probability of the eldest Miss Sterry not being married at all.

Myra was only thirty, but her own people, accus-

tomed to early marriages, chose to regard her as a middle-aged woman. She accepted the position with apparent indifference.

"I suppose you'll pick up with a crooked stick after all," said Mrs. Sterry, with a touch of bitterness.

"Certainly, if a crooked stick ever asks me!" answered Myra.

As she spoke, for no reason in the world, Ulysses Boehm flashed into her mind.

She had often heard of him and read his praises, with amused interest, in English and foreign newspapers. Ulysses was a noted violinist, not a genius, but a very successful popular player, and he was coming to Ottawa.

A feeling of excitement, absurd as she herself considered it, crept over Myra on the night of his concert. She glanced round the brilliantly lighted hall, from the rows of attentive, appreciative people, to the flower decked platform, and thought of the little hall in Sterryville, with its wooden benches and oil lamps.

It was not until the violinist appeared that she realised how vividly he lived in her remembrance. It was the same man—heavy-eyed, swarthy, big, diffident—but refined and changed by experience, and one who compelled admiration. He played Beethoven's Fifth Sonata, and as Myra listened she seemed to hear the wild birds singing in the maple woods round Sterryville, and she seemed to feel once more the inner joy of her youth.

Myra, on the following day, was introduced to the English violinist. A friend brought him to the Sterry's house.

"Miss Sterry is the most charming woman in Ottawa," his friend told him, and Ulysses Boehm, who had learned to appreciate charming women, talked to her the whole afternoon.

"Do you know Canada well?" she asked, with a purpose behind her commonplace question.

"As a bird of passage," he answered.