

PRONTINGED ! CHAPTER VI

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. But the cup of Mrs. Hesslegrave's tru miliation was not yet full. A moment's pause lost all—and, lo, the floodgates of an irable acquaintance were spened

It was charity that did it—pure feminine charity, not unmingled with a faint sense of how noblesse oblige, and what dignity demands from a potential Lady Bounti-ful. For the inevitable old man, with a ramshackled boathook in his wrinkled brown hand and no teeth to boast of, who invariably moors your gondola to the shore while you alight from the prow and holds his hat out afterward for a few loose soldi bowed low to the ground in his picturesque rags as Mrs. Hesslegrave passed him. Now, proper respect for her superior position always counted for much with Mrs. Hesslegrave. She paused for a moment at the top of the moldering steps in hopeless search for an elusive pocket. But the wisom and foresight of her London dressmaker had provided for this contingency well beforehand by concealing it so far back among the recesses of her gown that she fumbled in vain and found no soldi. In her difficulty she turned with an appealing glance to Kathleen. "Have you got any coppers, dear?" she inquired in her most mellifluous voice. And Kathleen forthwith proceeded in like manner to prosecute her search for them in the labyrinthine folds of her own deftly screened

On what small twists and turns of circumstance does our whole being hang! Kathleen's fate hinged entirely on that momentary delay, coupled with the equal-ly accidental meeting at the doors of the academy, for while she paused and huntthe old man stood bowing and scraping by the water's edge and considering to himself, with his obsequious smile, that after so long a search the forestieri couldn't decently produce in the end any smaller coin than half a lira, Rufus Mortimer perceiving the cause of their indeci-sion stepped forward in the gondola with his own purse open. At the very same instant, too, Arnold Willoughby, half forgetful of his altered fortunes and conscious only of the fact that the incident was discomposing at the second for a lady, pulled out loose his scanty stock of available cash and selected from it the smallest silver coin he happened to possess, which chanced to be a piece of 50 centesimi. Then, while Mortimer was hunting among his gold to find a franc, Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander. The man in the picturesque rags closed his wrinkled brown hand on it with a satisfled grin and Mortimer tried to find another half franc among the folds of his quaintance. But Arnold answered with such a firm air of quiet dignity, 'No. thank you. Allow me to settle it," that Mortimer, after a moment of ineffectual remonstrance-"But this is my gondola" -was fain to hold his peace, and even Mrs. Hesslegrave was constrained to ac quiesce in the odd young man's whim with a murmured, "Ch, thank you." After that she felt she could no longer be frig-id—till the next opportunity. Meanwhile, when Kathleen suggested in her gentlest and most enticing voice, "Why don't you two step out and look at the Tintorettos with us?" Mrs. Hesslegrave recognized that there was nothing for it now but to smile and look pleased and pretend she really liked the strange young man's so-

So they went into the Scuola di San Rocco together. But Rufus Mortimer, landably anxious that his friend should expend no more of his hard earned cash on such unseasonable gallantries, took good care to go on a few paces ahead and take tickets for the whole party before Mrs. Hessle-grave and Kathleen, escorted by the un-suspecting Arnold, had turned the corner by the rearing red church of the Friari. The elder lady arrived at the marble coated front of the Scuola not a little out of breath, for she was endowed with asthma, and she hated to walk even the few short steps from the gondola to the tiny piazza, which was one of the reasons indeed why Kathleen, most patient and dutiful and



Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander.

ice rather than any other Italian town as the scene on which to specialize her artis-tic talent, for nowhere on earth is locomotion so cheap or so easy as in the City of Canals, where a gondola will convey you from end to end of the town, without from end to end of the town, without noise or jolting, at the modest expense of 8 pence sterling. Even Mrs. Hesslegrave, however, could not resist after awhile the contagious kindliness of Arnold Willoughby's demeanor. "Twas such a novelty to him to be in ladies' society nowadays that he rose at once to the occasion and developed at one bound from a confirmed misogynist into an accomplished courtier. The fact of it was he had been taken by Kathleen's frank gratitude that day at the academy, and he was really touched this afternoon by her evident recollection of him and her anxiety to show him all the politeness in her power. Never before since he had practically ceased to be Earl of Axminster had any woman treated him with

first glance with a little start of astonishment. "Dear me," he cried, turning round in his surprise to Kathleen and twisting e was deeply interested—"what amazing people these superb old Venetians were, after all! Why, one's never at the end of them! What a picture it gives one of their magnificence and their wealth, this sumptuous council house of one unimportant

"It is fine." Mortimer interposed, with a little smile of superiority, as one who knew it well of old. "It's a marvel of lecoration. Then, I suppose, from what you say, this is the first time you've been

"Yes, the very first time," Arnold ad mitted at once, with that perfect frank-ness which was his most charming characteristic. "Though I've lived here so long, there are in Venice a great many ineriors I've never seen. Outside, I think know every nook and corner of the smallest side canals and the remotest calli about as well as anybody, for I'm given to meandering on foot round the town, and it's only on foot one can ever really get to know the whole of Venice. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but there isn't a single house on all the islands that make up the town which can't be reached on one's own legs from every other by some circuit of bridges without one's ever having to trust to a fe ryboat or a gondola. But of course you nust know the tortuous twists and turns to get round to some of them. So, out side at least, I know my Venice thorough ly. But inside—ah, there, if you except
St. Mark's and a few other churches—
with, of course, the academy—I hardly
know it at all. There are dozens of places you could take me to like this that I neve

Kathleen was just going to ask, "Why?" when the answer came of itself to her. In order to gain admittance to most of these nteriors you have to pay a franc, and she emembered now with a sudden burst of surprise that a franc was a very apprecia ble sum indeed to their new acquaintance. very glad at least we met you today and have had the pleasure of bringing you for the first time to San Rocco."

epped inside yet.

And it was a treat. Arnold couldn't deny that. He roamed round those great rooms in a fever of delight and gazed with the fullness of a painter's soul at Tintore 's masterpieces. The gorgeous brilliancy of Titian's "Annunciation," the natural istic reality of the "Adoration of the Ma gi," the beautiful penitent Magdalene be side the flery cloud flakes of her twiligh landscape—he gloated over them all with sultivated appreciation. Kathleen marveled to herself how a mere common sailor could ever have imbibed such an inthrall ing love for the highest art, and still more he could ever have learned to speak of its inner meaning in such well choose phrases. It fairly took her breath away when the young man in the jersey and blue woolen cap stood entranced before th resco of the "Pool of Bethesda," with its grand faraway landscape, and mused to nimself aloud, as it were: "What a carele giant he was, to be sure, this Tintoretto Why, he seems just to fling his paint naphazard upon the wall, as if it cost him no more trouble to paint an 'Ascension' than to sprawl his brush over the face of the plaster, and yet—there comes out in the end a dream of soft color, a poem in eutral tints, a triumphant pæan of virile magining."
"Yes, they're beautiful," Kathleen an

wered, "exceedingly beautiful. And what you say of them is so true. They're dashed off with such princely ease. You put into words what one would like to say oneself, out doesn't know how to.

pite of his rough clothes and his weather eaten face the young man seemed to have ideas and language above his station. Not that Mrs. Hesslegrave thought any the better of him on that account. Why can't young men be content to remain in the rank in life in which circumstances and the law of the land have placed them? Of course there were Burns and Shakespeare and Keats, and so forth—not one of them born gentlemen, and Kathleen was always telling her how that famous Giotto, whose angular angels she really couldn't with honesty pretend to admire, was at first othing more than a mere Tuscan sheperd boy. But, then, all these were ge iuses, and if a man is a genius of course that's another matter, though, to be sure in our own day genius has no right to crop up in a common sailor. It discompose one's natural views of life and leads t such unpleasant and awkward positions When they had looked at the Tintorettos through the whole history of the Testa ment, from the "Annunciation" down stairs with the childlike Madonna to the "Ascension" in the large hall on the upper landing, they turned to go out and resume their places in the attentive gondola. And nere a new misfortune lay in wait for Mrs. Hesslegrave. Twas a day of evil chances. For as she and Rufus Mortimer took their eats in the stern on those neatly padded ushions which rejoiced her soul, Kathsen, to her immense surprise and no small internal annoyance, abruptly announced her intention of walking home over the bridge by herself, so as to pass the color the Calle San Moise. She wanted some ultramarine, she said, for the pictur she was going to paint in the corner of the Giudecca. Of course Arnold Willoughby insisted on accompanying her, and so to complete that morning's mishaps Mrs. Hesslegrave had the misery of seeing her daughter walk off through a narrow and darkling Venetian street, accompanied on her way by that awful man whom Mrs. Hesslegrave had a will man whom Mrs. slegrave had been doing all she knew to shake off from the very first moment she Not that Kathleen had the slightest in

had the ill luck to set eyes upon him. tention of disobeying or irritating or an noying her mother. Nothing indeed had practically ceased to be Earl of Axminster had any woman treated him with half so much consideration. Arnold Willoughby was almost tempted in his own heart to try whether or not he had hit here by pure accident of fate upon that rare soul which could accept him and love him for the true gold that was in him, and not for the guinea stamp of which he had purposely divested himself.

As they entered the great hall—Campagna's masterpiece, its walls richly dight with Tintoretto's frescoes, Arnold Willoughby, he darted round the corners like one that knew them intimately. Kathleen had flattered her soul she could find her way tolerably well on foot through the best part of Venice, but she soon discovered that Arnold Willoughby knew how to thread his path through that seeming labyrinth far more easily than she could do. Here and there he would cross some narrow, high pitched bridge over a petty canal, where market bosts from the mainland stood delivaring vegetables at gloomy portais that opened

doughby drew back involuntarily at the first glance with a little start of astonishment. "Dear me," he cried, turning round in his surprise to Kathleen and twisting his left hand in a lock of hair behind his ear—which was a trick he had whenever he was described in the surprise to the had whenever he was described in the surprise to the had whenever he was described in the surprise to the had whenever he was described in the surprise to the had whenever he was described in the surprise to terway. Then, again, he would skirt for awhile some ill scented Rio, where strings of onions hung out in the sun from every second door and cheap Madonnas in gilt and painted wood sat enshrined in plaster niches behind burning oil lamps. On and on he led Kathleen by unknown side streets, past wonderful little squares of flag paved campi, each adorned with its ancient church and its slender belfry, over the colossal curve of the Rialto with its glittering shops on either side and home queer byways, where few feet save of native Venetians ever ventured to penetrate. Now and again round the corner came the echoing cries: "Stali." Preme. ind some romantic gondola with its covered trappings, like a floating black hears would glide past like lightning. Well as Kathleen knew the town, it was still a revelation to her. She walked on entranced, with a painter's eve, through that ever varying, ever, moving, ever enchanting

> And they talked as they went. The young sailor painter talked on and on, frankly, delightfully, charmingly. He talked of Kathleen and her art, of what the would work at this winter, of where he himself meant to pitch his easel, of the chances of their both choosing some neigh boring subject. Confidence begets confi He talked so much about Kath leen and drew her on so about her aims and aspirations in art that Kathleen in turn felt compelled for very shame to re pay the compliment and to ask him much about himself and his mode of working Arnold Willoughby smiled and showed those exquisite teeth of his when she quer tioned him first. "It's the one sphiect." he answered-"self-on which they say all men are fluent and none agreeable But he belied his own epigram, Kathleen thought, as he continued, for he talked about himself, and yet he talked delightfully. It was so novel to hear a man so discuss the question of his own place in life, as though it mattered little whether he remained a common sailor or rose to be reckoned a painter and a gentleman. He never even seemed to feel the immense gulf which in Kathleen's eyes separated the two callings. It appeared to be to him mere matter of convenience which of the two he followed. He talked of them so calmly as alternative trades in the pursuit of which a man might if he chose earn an

honest livelihood, "But surely you feel the artist's desire to create beautiful things?" Kathleen cried at last. "They're not quite on the same level with you fine art and sail reefing!" That curious restrained curl was just visible for a second round the delicate corners of Arnold Willoughby's honest mouth. You compel me to speak of myself," he said, "when I would much rather be speaking of somebody or something else but if I must I will tell you.'

"Do," Kathleen said, drawing close, with more eagerness in her manner than Mrs. Hesslegrave would have considered entirely ladylike. "It's so much more interesting." And then, fearing she had perhaps gone a little too far, she blushed

to her ear tips.

Arnold noticed that dainty blush—it ecame her wonderfully-and was con firmed by it in his good opinion of Kathleen's disinterestedness. Could this indeed e the one woman on earth to whom he could really give himself—the one woman who could take a man for what he was in imself not for what the outside world chose to call him? He was half inclined to think so. "Well," he a reflective air. "there's much to be said And indeed even Mrs. Hesslegrave was for art, and much also for the common forced to admit in her own mind that in sailor. I may be right, or I may be wrong. I don't want to force anybody else into swallowing my opinions wholesale. I'm far too uncertain about them myself for that, but as far as my own conduct goeswhich is all I have to answer for-why, I must base it upon them. I must act as seems most just and right to my own conscience. Now I feel a sailor's life is one of undoubted usefulness to the community. He's employed in carrying commodi-ties of universally acknowledged value

from the places where they're produced to the places where they're needed. Nobody can deny that that's a useful function. The man who does that can justify his life and his livelihood to his fellows. No caviler can ever accuse him of eating his bread unearned, an idle drone, at the table of the commonalty. That's why I determined to be a common sailor. It was work I could do, work that suited me well, work I felt my conscience could wholly approve

"I see." Kathleen answered, very much taken aback. It had never even occurred to her that a man could so choose his calling in life on conscientious rather than en personal grounds, could attach more importance to the usefulness and lawfulness of the trade he took up than to the money to be made at it. The earnest looking sail-orman in the rough woolen clothes was opening up to her new perspectives of

moral possibility.

"But didn't you long for art, too?" she went on after a brief pause. "You, who have so distinct a natural vocation, so keen a taste for form and color?"

Arnold Willoughby looked hard at her. Arnold Willoughby looked hard at her.

"Yes," he answered frankly, with a scrutinizing glance. "I did. I longed for it. But at first I kept the longing sternly down. I thought it was wrong of me even to wish to indulge it. I had put my hand to the plow, and I didn't like to look back again. Still, when my health began to give way, I saw things somewhat differently. I was as anxious as ever then to do some work in the world that should justisome work in the world that should justify my existence, so to speak, to my fellow creatures—anxious to feel I didn't sit a mere idle mouth at the banquet of humanity. But I began to perceive that man cannot live by bread alone, that the useful trades, though they are, after all, at bottom the noblest and most ennobling, do not fill up the sum of human existence; that we have need, too, of books, of po-etry, of pictures, statues, music. So I de-termined to give up my life, half and half, to either—to sail by summer and paint by winter, if only I could earn enough by painting to live upon, for my first moral postulate is that every man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't win wage enough by his own exertions to keep himself going. That is, in fact, the one solid and practical test of his usefulness to his

to the state of th

was following my own inclination, but I felt, too, I was doing right to some extent, if only I could justify myself by painting pictures good mough to give pleasure to others, the test of their goodness being al-ways salability. The fact is, the sea didn't ways salability. The fact is, the sea didn't satisfy all the wants of my nature, and since we men are men, not sheep or monkeys, I holdwe are justified in indulging to the full these higher and purely human or civilized tastes, just as truly as the lower ones. So I determined, after all, to take to art for half my livelihood—not, I hope, without conscientious justification, for I would never wish to do anything in life which might not oass the honest scruthy which might not pass the honest scrutiny of an impartial jury of moral inquisitors. Why, here we are at the Piazza! I'd no

idea we'd got so far yet!"

"Nor I either!" Kathleen exclaimed 'I'm sorry for it, Mr. Willoughby, for this is all so interesting. But at any rate you're coming with Mr. Mortimer on Wednesday."

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed, all aglow with pleasure. The misogynist in him was thoroughly overcome. Nothing remained but the man, chivalrously grate ful to a beautiful woman for her undis-guised interest. He raised his hat, radiant. "Thank you so much," he answered simply, like the gentleman that he was. You may be sure I won't forget it. How kind of you to ask me!" For he knew it was the common sailor in rough clothes she had invited, not Al bert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh earl of Ax

CHAPTER VII. MAKING THEIR MINDS UP.

That winter through, in spite of Mrs. Hessiegrave, Kathleen saw a great deal of the interesting sailor who had taken to painting. Half by accident, half by design, they had chosen their pitches very close together. Both of them were paint ing on that quaint old quay, the Fonda nenta delle Zattere, overlooking the broad inlet, or Canal della Giudecca, where most of the seagoing craft of Venice lie at an ehor, unloading. Kathleen's canvas was turned inland, toward the crumbling old hurch of San Trovaso and the thick group of little bridges, curved high in the mid dle, that span the minor canals of that half deserted quarter. She looked oblique ly down two of those untrodden streets at once, so as to get a double glimpse of two sets of bridges at all possible angles and afford herself a difficult lesson in the perspective of arches. Midway between the two rose the tapering campanile of the quaint old church, with the acacias by its side, that hang their drooping branche and feathery foliage into the stagnant wa-ter of the placid Rio. But Arnold Wil loughby's easel was turned in the opposite direction, toward the seaward runlets and the open channel where the big ships lay moored. He loved better to paint the seagoing vessels he knew and understood so well—the thick forest of masts, the russet brown sails of the market boats from Mes tre, the bright reds and greens of the Chi oggia fisher craft, the solemn gray of the barges that bring fresh water from Fusina. It was maritime Venice he could best reproduce, while Kathleen's lighter brush reflected rather the varying moods and tes sellated floor of the narrow canals which

Thus painting side by side they saw nuch of one another. Rufus Mortimer. who cherished a real liking for Kathleen grew jealous at times of the penniless sail orman, It seemed to him a pity indevi-that Kathleen should get entangled with a fellow like that, who could never by at possibility be in a position to marry her. But then Mortimer, being an American, had a profound faith at bottom in the per-suasive worth of the almighty dollar, and though he was really a good fellow, with plenty of humanity and generous feeling, he didn't doubt that in the end, when it came to settling down, Kathleen would prefer the solid advantages of starting in life as a rich Philadelphian's wife to the sentimental idea of love in a cottage, and a poor one at that, with a destitute sailor who dabbled like an amateur in marine painting. However, being a prudent man and knowing that proximity in these af-fairs is half the battle, Mortimer determined to pitch his own canvas in the same part of the town and to paint a picture close by to Kathleen and Willoughby. This involved on his part no small departure from his usual practice, for Mortimer was by choice a confirmed figure painter, who worked in a studio from the living model, but he managed to choose an outdoor subject combining figure with land-scape and dashed away vigorously at a background of brown warehouses and moldering arches, with a laughing group of gay Venetian models picturesquely posed as a merry christening party by the big

are to the seagirt city what streets and al

leys are to more solid towns of the main

as a merry christening party by the big doors of San Troyaso.

Money gives a man a pull, and Arnold Willoughby felt it when every morning Kathleen floated up to her work in Rufus Mortimer's private gondola, with Mrs. Hesslegrave leaning back—in her capacity of chaperon—on those well padded cushions, and the two handsome gondoliers waiting obsequious and attentive by the marble steps for their employer's orders. marble steps for their employer's orders. But it was just what he wanted, for he could see with his own eyes that Mortimer was paying very marked court to the pret-ty English girl artist, and indeed Mortimer, after his country's wont, made no attempt to disguise that patent fact in any way. On the other hand, Arnold perceived that Kathleen seemed to pay quite as much attention to the penniless sailor as to the American millionaire. And that was exactly what Arnold Willoughby desired to find out. He could get any number of women to flutter eagerly and anxiously round Lord Axminster's chair, but he would never care to take any one of them all for better, for worse, unless she was ready to give up money and position and more eligible offers for the sake of Arnold Willeughby, the penniless sailor and strug-gling action

willoughby, the penniless sailor and struggling artist.

And indeed, in spite of his well equipped gondola, Rufus Mortimer didn't somehow have things all his own way. If Kathleen came down luxuriously every morning in the Cristoforo Colombo, she oftenest returned to the Piazza on foot by devious byways with Arnold Willoughby. She liked those walks ever so much. Mr. Willoughby was always such a delightful companion, and, sailor or no sailor, he had really picked up an astonishing amount of knowledge about Venetian history, antiquities and architecture. On one such day, toward early spring, as they walked together through the narrow lanes overshadowed by mighty cornices, where one could touch the houses en either hand as one went, a pretty little Italian girl about 5 years old ran hastily out of a musty shop over whose door hung sait fish and long strings of garlic. She was singing to herself as she ran a queer old song in the Venetian dislect:

"Vustu che mi te insegna a navegar?"

to the select the st

"Buon giorno, sior," she cried in the liquid Venetian patois. And Arnold answered with a pleasant smile of

friendly recognition, "Buon giorno, pic-"You know her?" Kathleen asked, half wondering to herself how her painter had made the acquaintance of the little golden

"Oh, dear, yes," the young man answered, with a smile. "That's Cecca, that little one. She knows me very well." He hestitated a moment, then on purpose, as if to try her, he went on very quietly, "In wint of fact I lodge there. Kathleen was conscious of a distinct thrill of surprise, not unmixed with some

thing like horror or disgust. She had

grown accustomed by this time to her companion's rough clothes and to his sail-

orlike demeanor, redeemed as it was in her eyes by his artistic feeling and his courous manners, which she always felt in her heart were those of a perfer man. But it gave her a little start even now to find that the man who could talk o beautifully about Gentile Bellini and Vittore Carpaccio—the man who taught her to admire and understand for the first time the art of the very earliest Venetian ainters, the man who so loved the great Romanesque arcades of the Fondaco dei Turchi and who gloated over the details of he mosaics in St. Mark's—could consent to live in a petty Italian shop, recking with salt cod and overhanging the noisome bank of a side canal more picturesque than weet smelling. She showed her conster-

watching her close, went on with a slight shadow on his frank, sunburned forehead: "Yes, I live in there. I thought you'd think the worse of me when you came to know it." Thus openly challenged Kathleen turn d round to him with her fearless eves and said perhaps a little more than she would ever have said had he not driven her to avow it. "Mr. Willoughby," she answerd, gazing straight into his honest face "it isn't a pretty place, and I wouldn't like to live in it myself, I confess, but I

don't think the worse of you. I respect

you so much, I really don't believe any-

thing of that sort—of any sort perhaps-

nation in her face, for Arnold, who was

could ever make me think the worse of you. So there! I've told you." 'Thank you," Arnold answered low And then he was silent. Neither spoke for some moments. Each was thinking to himself. "Have I said too much?" And Arnold Willoughby was also thinking very seriously in his own mind, "Having gone so far, ought I not now to go farther?"



"You know her?" Kathleen asked. However, being a prudent man, he reflected to himself that if he could hardly pay his own way as yet by his art he certainly could not pay some other one's. So he held ate determination and to claim once more could not pay some other one's. So he held his tongue for the moment and went home a little later to his single room overlooking the side canal to ruminate at his leisure over this new face to his circumstances.

And Kathleen, too, went-home to think much about Arnold Willoughby. Both young people, in fact, spent the best part of that day in thinking of nothing else the title and estates of the earldom of Axminster. Having put his hand to the plow, as he so often said to himself, for very shame of his manhood, he must never look back again. One way alone shone elser before him. Every laborer in England could earn enough by his own exertions to support at need a wife and family. Arnold Willoughby would have felt

ed out of the window. It was a beautiful window, on the Grand canal, quite close

to the Piazza, and the doges' palace, and the Riva degli Schiavoni, and it looked across the inlet toward the Dogana di Mare and the dome of Santa Maria, with the campanile of San Giorgio on its lonely nud island in the middle distance. Be ond lay a spacious field of burnished gold. the shallow water of the lagoon in the full flood of sunshine. But Kathleen had no eyes that lovely afternoon for the creeping ships that glided in and out with stately ships that girded in and out with searchy motion through the torthous channel which leads between islets of gray slime to the mouth of the Lido and the open sea. Great-red lateen sails swerved and luffed unnoiced. All she could think of now was Ar-

nold Willoughby and his lodgings at the salt fish shop. Her whole soul was deeply stirred by that strange disclosure. She might have guessed it before, yet now she knew it it frightened her. Was it right of her, she asked herself over and ver again, to let herself fall in love as she felt she was doing with a common sailor, who could live contentedly in a small Italian magazen, whose doors she herself would hardly consent to show her face inside? Was it ladylike? Was it womanly of

She had her genuine doubts. Few wom-en would have felt otherwise, for to wom-en the conventions count for more than to men, and the feelings of class are more deeply seated and more persistent, especially in all that pertains to love and marriage. A man can readily enough "marry beneath him," but to a woman it is a degradation to give herself away to what she radation to give herself away to what she thinks an inferior. An inferior? Even as she thought it Kathleen Hesslegrave's mind revolted with a rush against the base imputation. He was not her inferior, rather if it came to that, be he sailor or gentleman, he was her superior in every way. The man who could paint, who could think, who could talk, as he could. the man who cherished such high ideals

ing-of what else save Kathleen Hessle

way, too, that leaded lattice on the high fourth floor in the Calle del Paradiso, and as often happens in Venetian side streets when you mount high enough in the skyward clambering houses it commanded a far more beautiful and extensive view than any stranger could imagine as he looked up from without at the narrow chink of blue between the tall rows of opposite stonework, for it gave upon a side canal full of life and bustle, and it looked out just beyond upon a quaint, round tow-er with a Romanesque staircase winding er with a Romanesque staircase winding spirally outside it and disclosing glimpses n the farther distance of spires and domes and campanili innumerable. But it wasn't of the staircase, or the crowded canal, or the long, shallow barges laden with eggs and fruit that Arnold Willoughby was just then thinking. His mind was wholly taken up with Kathleen Hesslegrave and the new wide problems she laid open be-

He knew he was in love with her. He recognized he was in love with her. And what was more, from the way she had said those words, "I respect you so much I don't believe anything on earth could ever make me think the worse of you, he felt pretty sure in his own mind she loved him in return and had divined his love for her. Even his native modesty would not allow him to deceive himself on that score any longer, for he was a modest man, little given to fancying that women were "gone on him," as Mr. Reginald Hesslegrave was wont to phrase it in his peculiar dialect. Indeed Arnold Willoughby had had ample cause for modesty in that direction. Lady Sark had taught him by bitter experience to know his proper place, and he had never forgotten that one sharp lesson. She was a simple clergyman's daughter near Oxford when first ne met her, and he had fallen in love at once with her beauty, her innocence, her seeming simplicity. She rose quickly to an earl. He believed in her with all the depth and sincerity of his honest nature. There was nobody like Blanche, he thought-nobody so true, so simple minded, so sweet, so trustworthy. A single London season made all the difference. Blanche Middleton found herself the belle of the year, and being introduced to the great world through Lord Axminster's friends as his affianced bride made the best of her opportunities by throwing over one of the poorest earls in England in fa-vor of one of the richest and most worthless marquises. From that moment the man who had once been Albert Ogilvie Redburn, earl of Axminster, was never likely to overestimate the immediate effect duced by his mere personality on the

heart of any woman. Nevertheless Arnold Willoughby was not disinclined to believe that Kathleen Hesslegrave really and truly loved him. Because one woman had gone straight from his arms to another man's bosom that did not prove that all women were incapable of loving. He believed Kathleen liked him very much, not only for his own sake, but also in spite of prejudices, deeply ingrained prejudices, natural enough under the stances, and which almost every good woman—as good women go—would have shared to the full with her. And he began to wonder now whether, having goneso far, it was not his duty to go a step farther and ask her to marry him. A man has no right to lead a woman's heart up to a certain point of expectation and then to draw back without giving her at least the

chance of accepting him. But how could he ask her? That was now the question. He certainly wasn't goof that day in thinking of nothing else save one another, which was a tolerably good sight to the experienced observer that they were falling in love, whether they knew it or knew it not.

For when Kathleen got home she shut herself up by herself in her own pretty room with the dainty wall paper and learned out of the window. It is a would enable him without shame to as would enable him without shame to ask Kathleen whether or not she liked him

ask Kathleen whether or not she liked him well enough to share it with him in future. From that day forth, then, this aim was ever present in Arnold Willoughby's mind. He would succeed in his art for the sake of asking the one woman on earth he could love to marry him. And oftener tener as he paced the streets of Venice he twisted his finger round the lock by his ear with that curious gesture which was always in his case the surest sign of pro-

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Summer Slaughter of Innocents. · 其前 17 有 新典的 一一一

The slaughter of innocents will soon begin. The hot, enervating weather of mid-summer will quickly lay low the young babes who are weak, puny and

young babes who are weak, puny and sickly.

At this time there is hope and salvation for every weak and sickly child. The saving of life is not accomplished by medicines; the work is effectually done by feeding the child on pure and life-

by feeding the child on pure and life-giving Lactated Food.

When Lactated Food is used as a diet-at this season, babies escape all the dangers of diarrhoes, dysentery and cholers infantum. Babies when fed on Lactated Food, thrive and flourish as well in the hot weather as at any other season. Thousands of mothers have given testimony that their babes lives were saved by Lactated Food. Mother, see that you are fully supplied with Lac-tated Food for at least three months.

by winter, if only I could earn enough by painting to live upon, for my first moral postulate is that every man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't win wage enough by his own excitions to keep himself going. That is, in fact, the one solid and practical test of his usefulness to his fellow creatures—whether or not they are willing to pay him that he may keep at work for them. If he can't do that, then I hold without doubt he is a moral failure. And it's his duty to take himself sternly in hand till he fits himself sternly in hand till he fits himself sternly or the scavenger."

"But art drew you on?" Kathleen said, much wondering in her soul at this strange intrusion of conscience into such unfamiliar fields.

"Yes, art drew me on," Arnold Willoughby answered, "and though I had my doubts I allowed if he draw me. I felt I long hy answered, "and theugh I had my doubts I allowed if he draw me. I felt I long hy answered, "and theugh I had my doubts I allowed if he draw me. I felt I long has a moral failure, by the contingence into such unfamiliar fields.

"Yes, art drew me on," Arnold Willoughby on the same of the many her of the many her of the same of the many her of the same of the many her or or sailor, he had really he was her own superior. He was heart of the patients of hings the her bell a BERRAND THERE

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