

tures! It was awfully hard on Midas, his daughter marrying a painter chap!"

Sir Anthony Stollard sat still in his compartment. Well, he was a statesman. Great God! he might have been—he might have been—a painter chap!

"Margie, you are looking very much better!" were his first words, as he alighted at the little Cannes station. There was a cry of joy in them. "Really very much better," he said.

"So I wrote, papa, in every letter."

"Yes; but one likes to make sure of the thing for one's self. I can't wait half-an-hour for my luggage. Let us drive up at once to the hotel."

During the drive—during the ensuing dinner at the Villa Liseron, where Margie was staying—he talked of an hundred subjects—pets, acquaintances, dependents; but he knew that presently, before they parted for the night, he must speak of the one thing which occupied his thoughts.