

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

ing interest. It showed the picturesque stateliness that Vandyke gave to his portraits of the ladies of Charles the First's court.

"My! How clever you must be to draw like that!" was the delighted exclamation. "Yes, of course it's lovely. And do you think I'll look what novelists call 'queenly' in that?" the girl asked wistfully.

The quaintness of this appeal from the magnificent young woman struck Sylvia's fancy, and her answer was cordial. "Of course you will. Nothing could suit your style better."

At this the girl beamed, saying gratefully, "How nice you are! But look here, you'll tell me your name, won't you? Mine is Julia Praed, and father and I live at 62, Avenue Friedland."

"I am Sylvia Dorr, once of Boston, now of the Hotel Cleveland."

"Why that's where Mrs. Mallock lives. Do you know her?" was the surprised query.

Some fancy brought to Sylvia's mind the overheard words, "*Chere*, this is a wholesale not a retail affair."

"Yes, I know her slightly," she answered.

"She crossed with us, and father has found her very useful in helping us to find our flat, and all that," said Miss Praed with a half-questioning glance.

"She crossed with us." That settled the question. This girl and her father were Mrs. Mallock's treasure-trove.