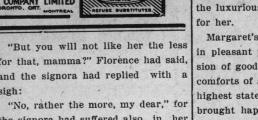




candor of an old lady. "I am very glad to see you, Miss know."



he signora had suffered also

The Countess of Ferrers Court. -----CHAPTER XXI.

'Margaret,'

The GIRL ARTIST,

MADE IN CANADA

tached and devoted as the days rolled into weeks, and the weeks threatened The sun poured its generou to glide into months. warmth over the Villa Capri, laying If it had not been for the experience the white stone front of the graceful

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inds. For economy, buy

of the grandeur of Leyton Court, Mar house with its bright rays, and tint garet might have been rather over ing the statues on the terraces, which whelmed by the splendor of Capri Vil in Italian fashion, rose in three tiers la for the Rivanis were great people from the smooth lawn to the of the best blood in Italy, and lived windows. On the

state befitting their rank. terraces. lving highest of the three The villa was not so large as th back in a hammock chair of velve Court-that Court which Blair ha old lady with a face tapestry, was an set in snow of aristocratic white hair. At a little distance, pad nistress of-but it was exquisitely ing up and down, were two young lasituated, and the interior was replete dies, the younger of the two with he with the refined splendor of a palace waist of her company The suit of rooms allotted to Man arm round heautiful young face garet were large and grand enough turned up with that air of pure de for a duchess, but when she murmur votion and affection which only exists ed something in deprecation of such in the heart of one woman for another sumptuous apartments, the princes The old lady was the Princess Ri had opened her blue eyes wide an

vani, the mother of Florence and Fermiled with surprise. dinand; and the two girls were Mar-"Oh, but I want you to be comfor ble, dear," she said. "I want you to garet and Florence. It had come t pass that Margaret was an honored feel at home-that is the English phrase, isn't it?" inmate of the Villa Capri.

The Princess Florence had fallen i "Yes, but 'at home' all my room would have gone into the smallest love with Margaret's lovely face, and its sad, gentle smile, and still more you have given me," Margaret ha with her sweet oice, and had taken a said, smiling fancy that Maragret's presence in the "Really! Well, at any rate you need arge rooms, for are you not an artist

and do you not want a studio? Fer s' whims are born dinand has given orders that the large but to be gratified Margaret was here. The mother, who made a rule never to deny her darling child any innocent fitted up as a nainting-room for you and harmless desire, welcomed Marand he promised to choose garet with the gentle sweetness of a tures and some curios, and all those patrician, combined with the frank kind of things you artists love, to

furnish it., He has gone to Rome, you

until it was finished One day th to the world that you must not rob i princess knocked at the door, and of!' and Ferdy said wisely. Margaret, before she opened it, hur "I think he spoke too generously,

riedly inclosed the canvas in its ma

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