

"Mother, what is it?" faltered Alex in French.

She answered in the same language: "I must do as my heart bids."

"Surely," he said passionately. "Surely always! My father told me to tell you that shortly before his death."

"Ah, thou seest he was better than I knew!" She turned upon the others and, speaking in their tongue—

"Destroy what you will, when you will," she cried, "you can never destroy those works of Lis Doris that hang in the galleries of Europe, and bear as yet—they shall bear it no longer!—the name of—of Odo Pareys!" Her breath broke like a sob: they all heard it. She sank down by the couch. "Ah, forgive me—forgive me, Lis! See, even *he* wished it! I have done my duty to you, and to my son!"

"What the lady says is true," affirmed Raff. He added nothing. A cry broke from Alex Pareys. "Then, if it is true, it is right it should be known!" said Alex. His hand sought Redempta's.

Yetta lifted her head, where she knelt. She pointed to the unfinished canvas. "This I claim," she said. "I purchase it at any price! It shall hang in the Museum: what say you, Raff? Unsigned, uncompleted. But all men shall know it is his!"

"It is more beautiful than I can tell you," answered Raff.

"Then carry out, *you*, all the paintings that were in this studio and burn them, if you cannot delay a moment! Not a moment? Do as your conscience commands you! But after that leave me here one hour—with him—alone!"

"My instructions allow me two," said the Notary, stalking out with offended dignity. All the others crept after him. Those that left the house told the story to the crowd.

Yetta closed the door on the silence around her. The candles stopped flickering. The long room was brilliant with colour and light.