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CHAPTER IV. FRATERNAL AMENITIES.

The season was waning toward its latter end. Mrs. Hesslegrave and Kathleen were on the eve of flight for their regular round of autumn visits in the country before returning to their winter quarters at Venice. These autumn visits were half is what you always say. I hate to hear friendly, half professional. It was one of you say it. The phrase is unladylike. If the griefs of Mrs. Hesslegrave's life, in-deed, that Kathleen's vocation as an artist compelled her to do and to suffer many things which in her mother's eyes were undignified and almost unladylike. Foremost among them was the necessity when to have. How do I afford it?" visiting in the country for carrying her portfolio of sketches along with her, for Kathleen's success was merely a private and local one. She depended largely for selling her pictures upon the friendly appreciation of her own acquaintances. It is true, being a timid and retiring girl, are said womanly feeling restrained her from saying so. So she only replied: "I'm sure I don't know, my dear. I often wonder for I can't afford it. and I earn more visiting in the country for carrying her upon her hosts. On the contrary, she was nervously shy about anything that looked like self advertisement or pushing. Still the fact remained that unless she went a round of country visits in the autumn she would never have sold most of her pictures at all, and this fact, which gave Kathleen herself no small shrinkings of natural delicacy, covered Mrs. Hesslegrave in a very different way with shame and humiliation, for to Mrs. Hesslegrave it was a painful and disgraceful thing that people should know her daughter had to work for her It can't be done for a shilling under that. living at all. In her young days, she was wont to say severely, young ladies used to paint for their own amusement, not for filthy lucre, and whenever she said it, with

a disapproving toss of the dainty coffee colored Honiton headdress, Kathleen had somehow an unpleasant feeling in the background of her heart that it was really very wrong of her to be so badly off, and that if only she had inherited the feelings and manners of a perfect lady she would have managed to be born with £5,000 a year and nothing to do for it. Though, to be sure, if she hadn't so managed, after all, it might with some show of reason be urged in extenuation that the fault lay rather at the door of that impeccable Mrs. Hesslegrave herself and the late lamented general of artillery, her husband, who had been jointly responsible for bringing Kathleen into the world with no better endowment than a pair of pretty white hands and an artistic faculty for deftly employing them in the production of beautiful and pleasing images. On this particular evening, however,

Kathleen was tired with packing. Her head ached slightly, and she was anxious to be kept as undisturbed as possible. Therefore, of course, her brother Reginald had chosen it as the aptest moment to well visit to his mother and sister. Regislegrave's own heart, being in his mother's eyes indeed a consummate gentleman. To be sure, the poor boy had the misfortune to be engaged in an office in the city
—a most painful position. Mrs. Hesslegrave's narrow means had never allowed er to send him to Sandhurst or Woolwich and get him a commission in the army, but that the fond mother regarded as poor Reggie's ill luck, and Reggie himself endeavored to make up for it by copying to the best of his ability the tone and manner of military circles as far as was compatible at linen, for example. Linen's a very imwith the strict routine of a stockbroker's portant item. I require a fresh shirt, of office. If collars and cuffs and the last course, every morning. Even you will adthing out in octagon ties constitute the mit?—he spoke with acerbity, as though real criterion of the gentie life—as is the Kathleen were a sort of acknowledged sonaive belief of so large a fraction of the city—then was Reginald Hessiegrave in supply of clean linen is a necessary adjunct deed a gentleman. What though he subsisted in great part on poor Kathleen's earn-ings and pocketed her hard won cash to oufs? I'll tell you what I do about them. ings and pocketed her hard won cash to supplement his own narrow salary, with There are fellows at our place, if you'll be scarcely so much as a thank you—one lieve it, who wear movable cuffs—cuffs, doesn't like to seem beholden to a woman in these matters, you know—yet was the cut of his coat a marvel to Adam's court, cuffs. I don't call such things gentlemanand the pattern of his sleevelinks a thing to be observed by the stipendiary youth of

Threadneedle street and Lothbury.
Reginald flung himself down in the big easy chair by the bow window with the air of a man who drops in for a moment to counsel, advise, assist and overlook his womenkind-in short, with all the dignity of the head of the family. He was annoye that "his people" were leaving town. Leave they must, sooner or later, of course. If they didn't, how could Kathleen ever dispose of those precious daubs of hers? For, though Reginald pocketed poor Kathleen's sovereigns with the utmost calm of a great spirit, he always affected profound. to despise the dubious art that produced them. Still, the actual moment of hi people's going was always a disagreeable one to Reginald Hesslegrave. As long as mother and Kitty stopped on in town he had somewhere respectable to spend his evenings, if he wished to, somewhere presentable to which he could be investigated. sentable to which he could bring other fe lows at no expense to himself, and that don't you know, is always a consideration As soon as they were gone there was nothing for it but the club, and at the club, that sordid place, they make a man pay himself for whatever he consumes and whatever he offers in solid or liquid hospitality to other fellows. So no matter how late mother and Kitty staid in town it made Reggie cross all the same when the day came for their departure.

"How badly you do up your back hair, Kitty!" Reggie observed, with a sweet smile of provocation, after a few other critical remarks upon his sister's appearance. "You put no style into it. You ought just to look at Mrs. Algy Redburn's hair! There's art, if you like! She does it in a bun. She knows how to dress it. It's a model for a

"Mrs. Algy Redburn keeps a maid, no doubt," his sister answered, leaning back in her chair a little wearily, for she was worn out with packing. "So the credit of her bun belongs, of course, to the maid who dresses it."

"She keeps a maid," Reggie went on, with his hands on his haunches in an argumentative attitude. "Why, certainly she keeps a maid. What else would you expect? Every lady keeps a maid. It's a simple necessity. And you ought to keep a maid too. No woman can be dressed as a lady should dress if she doesn't keep a maid. The thing's impossible." And he

apped his mouth to like a patent rattrap Then I must be content to dress other wise than as a lady should," Kathleen re

sponded quietly, "for I can't afford a maid and to tell you the truth, Reggie, I really don't know that I should care to have one! "Can't afford!" Reggie repeated, with a derisive accent of profound scorn. "That you can't afford anything, you ought to be able to afford it. How do I afford things? I dress like a gentleman. You never see me ill tailored or ill groomed or doing without anything a gentleman ought

der, for I can't afford it, and I earn more than you do."

Reggie winced a little at that. It was mean of Kitty so to twit him with his poverty. She was always flinging his want of ready money in his face, as though want of money-when you spend every penny that fate allows you, and a little more, too -were a disgrace to any gentleman! But he continued none the less in the same lordly strain: "You dress badly, that's the fact of it. No woman should spend less than £300 a year on her own wardrobe. She ought to spend it." "Not if she hasn't got it," Kathleen answered stoutly.

"Whether she's got it or not," Reggie responded at once, with profound contempt for such unladylike morality. "Look at Mrs. Algy Redburn! How does she do, I'd like to know? Everybody's well aware Algy hasn't got a brass farthing to bless himself with, yet who do you see dressed in the park like his wife? Such bonnets! Such coats! Such a bun! There's a model for you!"

"But Mrs. Algy Redburn will some day be Lady Axminster," Kathleen answered with a sigh, not perceiving herself that that vague contingency had really nothing at all to do with the rights and wrongs of the question. "And I will not." Which was also to some extent an unwarrantable ssumption.

Reggie flashed his cuffs and regarded them with just pride. "That's no matter," he answered curtly. "Every lady is a lady, and should dress like a lady, no matter what's her income, and she can't do that under £300 a year. You take my word for it." Kathleen was too tired to keep up the

dispute, so she answered nothing.

But Reggie had come round to his sisdrop in toward the dinner hour for a fare ter's that night in the familiar masculine nald was 20, with a faint black line on his balked of his sport so easily. 'Twas as upper lip, which he called a mustache, and he was a child entirely after Mrs. Heson after a minute: "A man doesn't need so much. His wants are simpler. I think I can dress like a gentleman myself—on £250.

"As your salary's £80," Kathleen put in resignedly, with one hand on her aching head, "I don't quite know myself where the remainder's to come from.

Reggie parried the question. "Oh, I'm careful," he went on, "very careful, you know, Kitty. I make it a rule never to waste my money. I buy judiciously. Look to a gentleman's appearance. Well, how don't you know, that come off and on the ly. The fellows that wear them take the off when they come to the office and slip them on again over their hands when they have to run across with a client to the house—that's what we call the Stock Ex-

change—or when they go out for lunch-eon. Well, I don't like such ways myself. I hate and detest all shams and subterfuges. I wouldn't wear a cuff unless it was part and parcel of my shirt. So I've into his easy chair. "I'm sure I don't invented a dodge to keep them clean from morning till evening. As soon as I go into the office I just cut a piece of white foolscap the exact size of my cuffs. I double it back, so, over the edge of the sleeve. I pass it under again this way. Then, while I stop in the office I keep the cover on, and t looks pretty much the same as the linen. That prevents blacks and smuts from settling on the cuff and keeps the wear and tear of writing and so forth from hurting the material. But when I go out I just slip the paper off, so, and there I am, you see, with spotless linen, like a gentleman!" And he demonstrated triumphantly.

"A most ingenious dodge!" Kathleen answered, with languid interest. "Yes, it's careful of me," Reggie went on. "I'm naturally careful. And by such strict bits of economy I expect in the end to keep down my expenditure on dress

Kathleen smiled very faintly. You don't think a fellow can do it on less, do you?" Reggie continued once more in an argumentative spirit.
"Yes, I do," Kathleen replied. "I certainly think so. And if he's a man and can't afford to spend so much I think he should be ashamed of himself for talking

"Well, but look here, you know," Reggle began, "what's a man to do? You just think of it this way: First, he must have a dress suit, once a year, of courseyou'll admit that's a necessity. Gloves and white ties—those he needs for evening. Then a frockcoat and waistcoat, with trousers to match, and a black cutaway lot for afternoon tes, and two suits of diftos for country wear, and a tweed with knickerbockers for shooting and so forth, and a tennis coat, and boating flannels.

"Oh, don't, Reggie!" his sister cried, shrinking away and clapping her hands to her aching head. "You comb my brain! I'm too tired to argue with you!"
"That's just it," Reggie continued, de-

ighted. "You live in wretched lodgings, with no proper food—your cook's atrocious—and you work till you drop at your beastly painting, and you tire yourself out with packing your own boxes instead of keeping a maid, who'd do it all like a shot for you, and what's the consequence? Why, you're unfit for society! When a fellow omes round to pay you a visit after a hard day's work and expects a little relaxation and stimulating talk with the ladies of his family, he finds you wornout, a mere boiled rag, while as to music or conversation or some agreeable chat—ch, dear me, o—not the ghost of an idea of it!"

Kathleen's patience was exhausted.
"My dear boy," she said half angrily, "I have to work to keep myself alive, and you, too, into the bargain. And if you expect me to supply you with £200 a year to spend upon your wardrobe, why, you must at least consent to give up the pleasure of music in the evenings."

What Reginald might have answered to this unexpected attack remains an unknown fact in the history of the universe for just at that minute the neat capped little waiting maid of the Kensington lodgings opened the door with a flourish and announced, "Mr. Mortimer!"

The young American entered with undisguised alacrity and gazed delightedly around the room. "Mrs. Hesslegrave is out, I hear," he began, with meaning, as he took Kathleen's hand. Then he started little in surprise as Reginald rose from the chair where he had been sitting, unseen. "But your brother's here," he added in a disappointed afterthought, whose dis-tinct tone of regret must needs have struck anybody less self centered and self satis fied than the stockbroker's assistant.

"Yes, I dropped round to say goodby to my people tonight," Reggie answered, with a drawl, caressing that budding black line on his upper lip with all a hob bledehoy's affection. "They're off on a round of visits in the country just now. Hard lines on me! I shall be left all alone by myself in London!"

Rufus Mortimer surveyed him from head to foot with a comprehensive glance, which seemed to say about as clear as looks could say it that whatever he did he wouldn't e much missed anywhere, especially just that moment, but being a polite young man, after his own lights, he failed to put his ideas into words for the present. He merely sat down on the divan, not far from Kathleen, and began to talk with her about art—a subject which invariably bored Mr. Reginald—taking not the slightest notice in any way all the while of her brother's presence. Before he knew it almost they were away in Florence, deep in their Raphaels and Andrea del Sartos, and so forth. Reggie stood it for 10 minutes or so. Then he rose and yawned. Fra Filippo Lippi had almost choked him off, but Pacchiarotto finished him. He wasn't going to stop and hear any more of this He longed for something sensible. He'd go out and see what the evening papers said of the favorite for the Two Thou-

But Kathleen called him back anxiously. "Where are you going to, Reggie?" she asked, with unexpected affection. It wasn't often she seemed so eager for the pleasure of his society.

"Oh, just strolling out for a bit," her brother answered evasively, "till the mums come back. I thought you and Mortimer seemed to be hitting it off on high art very well together."

"I meant to come back soon," Reggie responded, with a sigh, his right hand still fingering the knob of the door. "I expect ou won't miss me."



"I expect you won't miss me." "Oh, don't let him stay on my account, fortimer echoed, with polite anxiety, giving Kathleen a pleading look half aside in his turn. It was clear from the look he

wanted a tete-a-tete with her. But Kathleen was inexorable. "I'd ra ther you stopped, Reggie," she said in such a decided voice that even Reggie un-derstood and made up his mind to give way to her. "Mother'll be here befor long, and I want you to wait for her."

Reggie sat down with a bump. "Oh as you will," he answered, dropping back mind. It's all the same to me. Only I thought you two could run this Fra Angelico business just about as well without me, don't you know, as with me. I don't pretend to excite myself over Fra Angelico anyway. So for the next half hour poor Rufus

Mortimer sat on, still discussing art, which is a capital subject no doubt when you want to talk of it, but which palls a little, it must be confessed, when it intervenes incontinently at the exact moment of time when you're waiting to ask the young woman of your choice whether or not she'll have you. Rufus Mortimer, for his part, was rather inclined, as things stood, to put his money on the not, for if that delightful English girl had really wanted him surely she would have managed to get rid, by hook or by crook, of her superfluous brother, instead of which she had positively encouraged him in re-maining. Which things being so, Rufus Mortimer was more than half disposed to think she desired to avoid having to give him an answer. For that he was re and truly sorry, for he had always like her very much, and now that she showed some disposition to refuse him, why, he came exceedingly near to loving her. Such is the way of man. The fact that Kathleen Hesslegrave seemed to hold him at arm's length made Rufus Mortimer resolve in his own mind at all hazards to

marry her. After Mrs. Hesslegrave had returned for a few minutes, somewhat later, the young a few minutes, somewhat later, the young man rose to go. It was no use waiting now. Kathleen was fenced in, as it were, by a double thorn hedge of mother and brother. Yet he paused by the open door and held Kathleen's hand for a second in his own as he said goodby. "Then we shall meet in Venice," he said at last regretfully. "In Venice in October."

Kathleen looked at him with some concern. "But you would do better to be in

cern. "But you would do better to be in Paris," she said. "It's so much more important for your art, you know." And she trembled slightly.

"No," the American answered, bright-ening up at that little spark of seeming interest in his private pursuits. "It shall be Venice, Miss Hesslegrave. I make it Then he paused for a second, as if afraid of going too far.

"There are things," he said, gazing wistfully at her with his big brown eyes, "much more important in one's life than art! So Venice it shall be! Let me meet you in Venice!"

As soon as he was gone Reggie turned to her with a snicker. "That chap's awfully gone on you, Kitty," he said, much amused. "He's awfully gone on you. For my part, I never can understand any fellow being gone on such a girl as you, but he's awfully gone on you. Why wouldn't you let me go out? Didn't you see he was just dying to have 10 minutes alone with You?

"Yes, I did," Kathleen answered, "and that was exactly why I didn't want you to go out that moment. I didn't wish to be left alone with him."

Reggie opened his eyes wide. "He's a jolly good match," he continued, "and a lecent enough sort of fellow, too, though ie knows nothing of horses. I'm sure I ion't see why you should make such bones about accepting him!"

"I quite agree with Reggie," Mrs. Hes-alegrave put in, "He's an excellent young man. I'm surprised at what you say of Kathleen rose from her seat like one who

doesn't care to continue a discussion.
"He's a very good fellow," she said, with
one hand on the door, "and I like him immensely, so much that—I didn't care to be eft alone with him this evening." And with that enigmatical remark she slipped away from the room and ran quietly up stairs to complete her packing.

CHAPTER V.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER. "October in Venice is always charming," Rufus Mortimer remarked as he eaned back luxuriously on the padded seat of his own private gondola, the Cristoforo Colombo. "The summer's too hot here, and the winter's too chilly, but October and April are perfect poems. I'm so glad I made up my mind to come after all. never saw Venice before to such absolute

Mrs. Hesslegrave gathered her light wrap round her ample shoulders and settled serself down on the best back bench with an air of unalloyed and complete enjoyment. She was thoroughly in her element. "There's nothing more delightful than a gondola to travel in," she said, with placid contentment in her full round face, looking up at the two sturdy gondoliers in gay costumes, who handled the paddler at prow and stern with true Venetian mastery of the art and craft of the lagoons. She would have said, if she had been quite candid, "Nothing more delightful than a private gondola," for 'twas that last touch indeed that made up to Mrs. Hessiegrave half the pleasure of the situation. It flattered her vanity, her sense of superiority to the vulgar herd. She hated to hire a mere ordinary hackboat at the steps by the Molo, to intrust herself to the hands of a possibly extortionate and certainly ill iressed boatman, and to be lost in the common ruck of plain tourist humanity.

But what her soul just loved was to glide like this along the Grand canal in a private craft, with two gentlemen's servants well together."
"Don't go just yet," his sister put in, with a quick look at him. "I'm sure mother'd be vexed if you went away with"I'm sure herself the admired of all beholders, who really couldn't tell at a casual glance really couldn't tell at a casual glance." in full Venetian costume—red sash and thether she was or was not the proprietor in person of the whole turnout, the eminently respectable family equipage. I don't know why, but we must all admit there is certainly a sense of extreme luxury and aristocratic exclusiveness about a private gondola, as about the family state barge f the seventeenth century nobleman which is wholly wanting to even the most costly of modern carriages and beliveried potmen. Mrs. Hesslegrave felt as much and was happy accordingly, for nothing gave her mind such pure enjoyment as the feeling, quite hateful to not a few among us, that she was enjoying something which all the world could not equally enjoy and was giving rise to passing qualms of envy,

hatred, malice and all uncharitableness in the ill balanced minds of casual spectators. So she glided in placid enjoyment down the Grand canal, drinking it all in as she went, with receptive eyes and noting, by the mute evidence of blinds and shutters, which families were now back in their tately palazzos from their summer holidays and which were still drinking "the gross mud honey of town" in London or Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

"There's the Contarini-Fasan," Katheen cried in delight as they passed in front of one delicious little palace with moldering pointed Venetian arches of the fourteenth century. "How lovely it always looks! That exquisite molding! That rich work round the windows! And those ro-mantic balconies. I wonder, Mr. Mortimer, you didn't try to rent some old place like that, instead of the one you've got. It's so much more picturesque, you know."
"Do you think so?" the young American answered, looking quite pleased for a second that she should make the suggestion. "Well, you see, I didn't know you'd prefer a mediæval one. And the renaise sance are certainly more convenient to live

"Why, my dear child," Mrs. Hesslegrave interposed, with quite a shocked ex-pression, "what on earth could be more lovely than Mr. Mortimer's palazzo? It's much the largest and most important looking house—except, of course, the Prefec-ture and the foreign embassadors'—on the Grand canal. I don't see myself how in

the world you can find fault with it."

"Miss Hesslegrave's quite right," the American answered quickly, with grave politeness, darting a glance at Kathleen. "Of course in point of beauty these can be no companied.

Hesslegrave interposed, with a glance at a first floor. "That's their house, Mr. Mor-timer. They're charming people and im-mensely wealthy. That big red place there, just round by the Layards'."

"And what lovely old windows it has!"
Kathleen exclaimed, glancing up. "Those
deep recessed quatrefoils! How exquisite they look, with the canary creeper climbing up the great stone mullions to the tracery of the arches! Don't you love the

blue posts they moor their boats to?"
"I wonder if they've begun their Friday
afternoons yet," Mrs. Hesslegrave went on, following out the track of her own re-"We must look and see, Kathleen, when we go back to our lodgings." "There were a whole heap of cards, mother," Kathleen replied, watching the curl of the water from the paddle's edge. I didn't much look at them. But I stuck them all in the yellow Cantagalli pot on the table by the landing. For my part, I just hate these banal gayeties in Venice. They interfere so much with one's time and one's painting."

"Ah, yes, poor Kathleen!" Mrs. Hesslegrave murmured pathetically. "It's so hard on her, Mr. Mortimer. I'm sure you pity her. She has to work like a slave! She grudges all the time she gives up every week to the natural sports and tastes of her age and her position in society. It's so different with you, of course. You have only to paint just when and where you like, Yours is art for art's sake. Poor Kathleen feels compelled to stick at it for a livelihood."

"But I like it, mother," Kathleen cried. oloring up to her very ears. "I love my art. I'd much rather be out painting on one of these lovely, solitary side canals than cooped up in a drawing room talking silly small talk to a whole lot of stupid people I don't care a pin about." Mrs. Hesslegrave sighed and shook her

head faintly, with a speaking glance be-neath her eyelids at Mortimer. She was under the impression that she was "drawso sweet of you to say so, dear," she murmured half aside. "You want to reassure me. That's charming and sweet of you. you see, Mortimer," he said, "I sold my And I know you like it. In your way you like it. It's a dispensation, of course Things are always so ordered. What's that lovely text about 'tempering the wind to the shorn lamb?' I'm sure it applies to you. I invariably think so in church when I hear it." For Mrs. Hesslegrave was not the first to attribute to Holy Scripture that sentimental and eminently untrustworthy saying, which belongs by right to the auhor of "Tristram Shandy."

Just at that moment, however, as they turned with a dexterous twirl under a low bridge up the silent little waterway that leads through quaint lanes to the church of the Frari, they were startled by a sudden voice crying out from close by in clear English tones: "Hullo, Mortimer! There you are! So you're back again in Ven-

The speaker was not in a gondols whether private or otherwise, and his costume was so unaffectedly and frankly sailorlike, as of the common mariner, tha Mrs. Hesslegrave was at first sight inclined to resent his speaking in so familiar a tone of voice to the occupants of a distinguished and trimly kept craft like the



"Why, it's you, Mr. Willoughby." Cristoforo Colombo. But his accent was a gentleman's, and Mrs. Hesslegrave reflected just in time to prevent her from too covertly displaying her hostile feelings

And even as Mrs. Hesslegrave looked up and wondered—oh, miracle of fate—Kath-leen rose from her seat and feaned over the edge of the gondola with one hand out-stretched in quite kindly recognition to-all winter. It's a very good alternation.

maritime looking young man didn't move in exactly the same exalted sphere as that to which she and hers had always been accustomed. He hadn't at all the air of a cavalry officer, and to Mrs. Hesslegrave's mind your cavalry officer was the measure of all things. So she shrank from him unobtrusively. But Kathleen noticed the shrinking, and being half afraid the nice sailorlike painter might have noticed it, too, she was even more polite to him than she might otherwise have been, in conse-

quence of her mother's unspoken slight. Willoughby took a place in the stern, on the comfortably stuffed seat between Mortimer and Kathleen. His manners at least, Mrs. Hesslegrave observed with comparative pleasure, were those of a gentleman, though his tailor's bill would cer tainly not have suited her son Reginald's enlightened views on that important sub

"Well, tell us all about it," Mortime began at once, with the utmost cordiality "You're here, we see. How have you man aged to come here? It was only yesterda was telling Miss Hesslegrave at the sta tion how you weren't sure whether thing would turn out so as to enable you to return, and she said she so much hoped you' manage to come back again."
"We should be painting so near one an-

other this year, no doubt," Kathleen said, with a pleasant smile, "we'd be able to see something of one another's work and one another's society."

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed with genuine and unexpected pleasure. Could it be really the fact that this pretty and pleasant mannered artist girl was genu-inely glad he had come back to Venice? And he a poor painter, with only his art to bless himself with? To Arnold Willoughby, after his rude awakening to fuller experience of the ways and habits of men and women, such disinterested interest seemed well nigh incredible. He glanced at her timidly, yet with a face full of pleasure. "That was very, very kind of you," ing him on" by the pathetic channel. "It's he answered rather low, for kindness always overcame him. Then he turned to the American. "Well, it was like this,

picture. "Not the 'Chioggia Fisherboats?" Katheen cried, quite interested. "Yes, the same you saw that day I met you at the academy," Arnold answered, with secret delight that the pretty girl should have remembered the name and

subject of his maiden effort. "I thought you'd sell it," Kathleen replied, really radiant. "I am so glad you did. Mr. Mortimer told me your return to Venice and your future in art very largely depended upon your chance of sell-

ing it."

"Kathleen, my dear," Mrs. Hesslegrave interposed in her chilliest voice, "do take care what you do. Don't you see you're letting your shawl hang over into the wa-

Kathleen lifted it up hurriedly and went on with her conversation, unheeding her mother's hint, which indeed fell flat upon her. "I knew you'd sell it," she continued, with girlish enthusiasm. "It was so good. I liked it immensely. Such rich color on the sails and such delicate imagination!"

"But it rather lacked technique," the American interposed, just a trifle chilily.

"Oh, technique anybody can get nowadays," Kathleen answered, with warmth—"if he goes to the right place for it. It's a matter of paying. What he can't buy or be taught is imagination—fancy—keen or be taught is imagination—tancy—keen sense of form—poetical color perception."
"And how much did they give you for it?" the American asked point blank, with his country's directness. An Englishman would have said, "I hope the terms were

Willoughby parried the question. "Not much," he answered discreetly. enough for my needs. I felt at least my time had not been wasted. It's enabled ne to come back this autumn to Venice, which on many grounds I greatly desired o do, and it will even allow me to get a ittle more instruction in that technique of art which you rightly say is the weak point of my position. So, of course, on the whole, I'm more than satisfied."

"And what have you been doing all summer?" Mortimer continued with a leasurement.

summer?" Mortimer continued, with a lasy wave to the gondolier, leaning back at his ease on his patided cushions. Arnold Willoughby still retained too much of the innate self confidence of the too covertly displaying her hostile feelings that nowadays young men of the very best families so often dress just like common sailors when they're out on a yachting craise. No doubt this eccentric person in the jersey and cap, who called out so easily to their host as "Mortimer," must be one of these, otherwise he would surely have known his place better than to shout aloud in that unseemly hail fellow well met way to the occupants of a handsome private gondola.

much of the innate self confidence of the born aristocrat to think it necessary for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to conceal anything that seemed to himse sea have done me good, I fancy. I'm ever gondola.

But Rufus Mortimer looked up at him with a quick glance of recognition. "Hullo! Willoughby," he cried, waving his hand to the gondoliers to draw near the bank. "So you're back again too! This is better than I expected. I was more than half afraid we shouldn't see you at all at the old perch this winter."

And even as Mrs. Hesslegrave looked up and wondered—oh, miracle of fate—Kath-leen rose from her search and the credit of Mrs. Hesslegrave looked up and wondered—oh, miracle of fate—Kath-leen rose from her search and the credit of Mrs. Hesslegrave looked up and wondered—oh, miracle of fate—Kath-leen rose from her search and the credit of Mrs. Hesslegrave looked up and Willoughby answered stoutly not Arnold Willoughby answered stoutly, not in the least ashamed. "I'm a sailor by

stretched in quite kindly recognition to ward the sailor looking stranger. "Why, it's you, Mr. Willoughby," she cried, with clear welcome in her voice. "I am so glad to see you in Venice!"

Arnold Willoughby held out his hand in return, with a slight tremor of pleased surprise at his unwonted reception. "Then you haven't forgotten me," he exclaimed, with unaffected pleasure. "I didn't think, Miss Hesslegrave, you'd be likely to remember me."

Kathleen turned toward her mother, "Kathleen and look again at the big brick tower that rose sheer just in front of them, "here we are at the Frari! Kathleen, didn't you say you wanted to go in and look again at

"Miss Hessiegrave's quite with it."

"Amiss Hessiegrave's quite with," the American answered quitely, with grave policieres, darting a glance at Kathleen. "Or course in point of hearty biliere can be no comparison between a plazzo like mine, all plain round with dows or renaissance doors, and such crystalized dreams in lacelike stone as the Ca d'Oro or the Palazzo Pisani. One captain of their columns is worth my whole courtyard. It's for those alone we come of like in Venice. But, then, they're not all ways in the market, don't you see, and besides in many ways they're less convenients to live in. One subst think of that all plains with the captain of the control of a better to contemplate the control of a better to contemplate the control of the