

"You are to do—your best work," she told him. "That's what we're going to live for, Dickie, to do our best! Oh, I am glad for you, glad, glad! Yes, you shall take me early tomorrow, and the first thing I'm to see is your picture. Talk to me about it. When did you begin it—how long ago?"

"I began it soon after you went. And I've been at work on it ever since."

"How did you manage, Dick—you've been hard up?"

"About two bob a day—I did a sketch now and then to keep me going, but I didn't do many—I couldn't spare the time. And I thought of you while I was painting—I meant to beg you to come home if I made a hit. And all the time, I was afraid of the mail!"

"The mail?"

"Afraid they'd persuade you to get rid of me before the thing was done."

"Oh, my dear," she moaned, clinging to him, "my dear!"

"All the time I thought of you, Betty, I wanted you so much, my love! If I had guessed! Tell me, what do you do here—you've no nurse at all?"

"I've Queenie."

"Who's Queenie?"

"She's a child who comes to wheel Baby's carriage for me. She's about fourteen, but it