

GABRIEL PRAED'S CASTLE

work in solitude for awhile—and *this* solitude! You shall see the work I can do when I paint the genuine chatelaine of Rosbraz," and he pressed the hand that lay in his.

"But father?" Julia asked presently. "Do you think he expects me to live here? It seems like deserting him," and she sighed gently.

"'Tell her not to be worrying about me being lonely,' he said 'I've got my hands full of work as just suits me, in straightening out this snarl. Guess I'll have been up as far as the Klondyke before I'm settled down ready to entertain her next summer at home.' I really think he is quite happy about you," Garvie added tenderly, "You know he always had a fancy for 'old man Garvie's son.'"

"That isn't strange," Julia asserted with more of her old gaiety.

And so, next day father and daughter met at the station, the awkwardness of the meeting lessened by the bustle of their start.

A little taciturn at first, Mr. Praed was soon talking away about his new plans, and Julia saw that Garvie was right and that nothing could have so well roused him as this summons to fresh activities.

On reaching Paris they found the art world greatly stirred over Britski's disappearance, but to Garvie's relief Mr. Praed's name never appeared in connection with it.

Madame Marcelle became bankrupt and the