

Ray and Her Mother

bugs. Actions should be regulated by fixed principles."

"That reminds me, mother, I've been having a conflict with my feelings. I know Mr. Meredith would prize that Madonna Frank sent me because it is like Elsie. I'm going to present it to him. It costs me a struggle because it is Frank's work, but it would give so much pleasure that I'm resolved to do it."

"I wish you'd dismiss Frank from your thought, Ray. Your fidelity to him is blinding you to worth at your side."

"Why, mother, you wouldn't have me fickle like Elsie, who could love any man, would you?"

"I would not have a girlish folly darken all your after life."

"You have hurt now, mother. You don't understand. It isn't a girlish folly. It is my whole existence."

Ray got up and went out. An hour later she was by Duke's side. She put the water-color in his hands.

"With my sincere congratulations," she said.

"It is beautiful, beautiful. I am pleased. Where did you get it? Did you do it?"

"I? Oh, no! My talents lie wholly in the making of sandbags. A friend who was ac-