

REPAID BY LOVE

BY WALTER J. MOWBRAY.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. R. HEARST.
GREAT BRITAIN RIGHTS RESERVED

Max Villiers crossed the great open space of Trafalgar square and turned into the Strand. A cutting east wind met him and he buttoned his great coat still more closely about him. A couple of poor, ill-clad, hungry-looking children passed him, and he dived into his trousers pocket for a stray sixpence. He knew it was there, for his cash balance had now dwindled far below the limits of arithmetical calculation. Finding it, therefore, with very little difficulty, he tendered it to the astonishedurching, and mumbling something about "buns" and "cakes," hurried off as though the police were on his track.

"Poor little souls!" he muttered. "It's rough enough for a man, but it's worse for kids!"

He walked on a few paces, and a smile-half sad, half humorous-crossed his handsome, thoughtful face.

He turned into an A. B. C. shop, and taking a seat at one of the tables, ordered an exceedingly modest tea.

He was roused from his reverie by the sound of voices at the adjoining table. For the first time since he had entered he became aware of the presence of the girl whose eyes had more than once been attracted to his face. She was in obvious embarrassment now, though Villiers was as yet ignorant of its cause, and a waitress was standing at her side. The girl was fumbling nervously in her pocket, and a very slender purse lay on the table before her. There was a look of unbelief on the face of the waitress, which the girl was not slow to notice. Her embarrassment increased each instant, and a look of utter helplessness crept into her face as her search revealed nothing.

"I had a sovereign in my purse," she said feebly. "I can't think what has become of it. Oh, dear, I hope I haven't lost it, for I haven't enough change to pay you."

The waitress preserved an uncomplaining silence, and the girl grew more and more nervous.

"Oh, what shall I do!" she said, almost crying.

"Perhaps you might leave something instead, until you can get the money," suggested the waitress. "If a lady forgets her money, she sometimes

Messrs. Caxton and Wall present their compliments to Mr. Villiers, and request the favor of an early interview in order to arrange preliminaries regarding the publication of the novel now in their hands. Both the partners will be in tomorrow morning, if that suits Mr. Villiers' convenience."

Nearly two years had sped by since Max Villiers' first book had taken the world by storm, and its author found himself famous. A second book had just been published and the avidity with which it had already been read promised well for its success. The old-time poverty was almost forgotten. It was early autumn, and he had accepted the invitation of a wealthy book lover to spend a few weeks at his estate in Rutlandshire. He had to catch a local train at a sleepy country junction, and he was directed to take his seat in the front part of the train. He settled himself comfortably in a corner of the compartment, and waited for the train to start. Presently he heard the voice of the guard:

"Front of the train, miss. This way, please!"

There were footsteps on the platform, and a moment later the guard flung open the door of his compartment and a young lady, pretty and well dressed, entered. She started at sight of Max Villiers, but took her seat with apparent unconcern.

"Straight through for Magden Park," said the guard, as he slammed the door.

He was going to Magden Park. As soon as the train moved out of the station, she picked up a book she had brought with her, and opening it half way, began to read.

There was a light in Max Villiers' eyes as he recognized it as his own recent production. The girl was deep in her book, and Max Villiers' thoughts were divided between his newspaper and various speculations as to his fair companion's opinion of his own work.

A fortnight had slipped by and most of the guests in the big modern mansion at Magden Park had taken their departure. Max Villiers and his fair traveling companion of two short weeks ago were among the few who still remained, and more than one was heard to whisper a prediction concerning

soverted face of the girl at his side. She took out her purse, and from an inner compartment drew out a sovereign. She looked at it a moment, and then handed it to him.

"I think I owe you this," she said shyly. "Let me discharge the debt before we talk further."

Max Villiers was bewildered. His face flushed, and he rose from his seat. But Blanche rose also, and stood facing him, the gold coin still in her hand. "I don't understand," Max faltered at last. "You—you owe me nothing. How could you? I have never lent you anything."

"It was nearly two years ago," said the girl steadily. "You remember in an A. B. C. shop in the Strand, and we were both poor. I had lost a sovereign, or I thought I had, and you pretended to pick it up. No one knows how grateful I felt to you, for that was my last sovereign. But when I got home I found my sovereign in the lining of my dress, and then I understood. I tried to find you, in order to return it to you, for—as I thought you might need it as much as I. But I couldn't. And it was only when I saw you in the train two short weeks ago that I recognized you. But you were prosperous then, and so I waited."

Max Villiers looked at the proffered sovereign in evident embarrassment. There was a long pause, and then the girl's eyes moved into Villiers' heart, and he grew bolder than before.

"What about the interest?" he asked, taking the little hand, sovereign and all, into his strong grasp. "It accumulates in two years, you know."

"How much do you demand?" she asked archly.

"The biggest I can get," he said.

"Single or compound?" inquired the girl.

"A better than either," was the answer.

"And what interest may that be?" she asked again.

"Human interest," he said promptly.

"I am a novelist, you know, and the demand is therefore appropriate."

They both laughed, and looked deep into each other's eyes. Then Max Villiers drew the girl into his embrace and took the first kiss of love from those ripe, sweet lips. For a moment they stood thus in silence, their arms about her waist, her head resting on his shoulder.

N-RAYS SHOULD BE PINK.

They Indicate a Good Life, Says Dr. Hooker.

London Cable to New York Sun: The Lancet publishes a letter from Dr. Hooker on the results of three years' experiments with the Blondlot N-rays. He writes that he has found that N-rays says he has established the fact that these rays differ in color according to the character and temperament of a person, and also that the rays are not merely heat vibrations, as he proved by passing the rays from his own hand through the forearm of a corpse, which prepared screen which immediately showed increased luminosity. In reference to the different colors of the rays, Dr. Hooker says:

"Rays emanating from a very passionate man have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good throws off pink rays; an ambitious man emits orange rays; a deep thinker throws off deep blue; a lover of art and refined surroundings, yellow; an anxious, depressed person, gray; one who leads a low, debased life, muddy brown rays; a devotional, good meaning person, light blue; progressive minded, light green, and physically or mentally ill person, dark green rays."

Dr. Hooker admits that his statement may be received at first with a smile of incredulity, but he is confident it will sooner or later be accepted as a fact. He further says he has proved that N-rays are not given off by the human body, but by objects which have been in contact with it. He obtained this impression from a letter thirty years old, which proved that the rays are radioactive and retain their power on the paper on which writing is made.

Swallowed Up by a Little Failure.

Success: Some people get along beautifully, for half a lifetime, perhaps, while everything goes smoothly. While they are accumulating property and gaining friends and reputation their characters seem to be strong and well balanced, but the moment there is friction anywhere—the moment trouble comes, a failure in business, a panic, or a great crisis in which they lose their all—they are overwhelmed. They despair, lose heart, courage, faith, hope and power to try again for anything. Their very manhood or womanhood is swallowed up by a mere material loss.

This is failure, indeed, and there is small hope for anyone who falls to such a depth of despair. There is hope for an ignorant man, who cannot write his name, even, if he has stamina and backbone. There is hope for a cripple who has courage; there is hope for a boy who has nerve and grit, even though he is so hemmed in that he has apparently no chance in the world; but there is no hope for a man who cannot or will not stand up after he falls, but loses heart and lays down his arms after defeat.

Let everything else go, if you must, but never lose your grip on yourself. Do not let your manhood or womanhood go. This is your priceless pearl, dearer to you than your breath. Cling to it with all your might. Give up life itself first.

Allus Findin' Fault.

Washington Star: "De man dat's allus findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "has picked out one of de easiest but at the same time one of de poorest-paid jobs dat is."



His wife. "If a woman has a divorce or two she'll be upon the stage. Divorce—Then the latest star should prove to be a wonder. She's had five divorces."

IOWA MAN WILL BUILD THE CANAL

Theodore P. Shontz Accepts Presidency of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

IS A GREAT MONEYMAKER

Took the "Three I" and "Clover Leaf" Roads When They Were Almost Nothing and Worked Them Into Big Properties.

Washington, April 4.—The announcement is made today that T. P. Shontz, president of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western railroad, has decided to accept the chairmanship of the Isthmian canal commission.

Theodore P. Shontz, the president's "100,000 man," is one of those who, having an opportunity provided, made the most of it. Mr. Shontz got his start in life by making a good marriage. He became a son-in-law of General F. M. Drake, and through that relationship the way was opened to a brilliant career in the railroad business. He was made superintendent of the Central of Iowa at the period when Governor Drake was deeply interested in that road; and later, when Drake became the controlling power in the Toledo, St. Louis and Western in Iowa, he was made by Drake its president.

Made the "Three I." Thus Mr. Shontz may fairly be claimed as an Iowa man. He did a great piece of work for the "Three I," which was a mine road that crossed all the trunk lines entering Chicago and occupied a strategic position, of which Mr. Shontz availed himself to build up an immense business. He made the road, which before his time had been a poor earner, so valuable that the Lake Shore gathered it in on a basis that added some millions to the Drake fortune. Incidentally, Mr. Shontz made himself also a wealthy man, the debt of which he has been deeply interested with Governor Drake.

Then the "Clover Leaf." When the Lake Shore took over the "Three I" about four years ago, Mr. Shontz went to the "Clover Leaf," a new road which has been called the "Three I," and which was an important road from Toledo to East St. Louis. Again Shontz proved his ability to "do business." He had a fashion of hypnotizing the business. Even within the last few months he has been able to draw the packing house product business from as far north as Sioux City down to St. Louis, in order that it should be turned over to his line for the east. He is a great business man, and stands in the first rank of railroad executives of the country, despite that he has never been at the head of a great system. Railroad and business men who know him and his career are confident the writer the Santa Fe road found it necessary to use snowplows between Pueblo and Colorado Springs. In Pueblo two inches of moisture fell during the storm, this being a record, according to the weather officials. East of Pueblo the snowplows and shovels and a strip of track on the Missouri Pacific was washed out, and north of that city the Rio Grande experienced some damage by washouts. Between Clyde and Fairview the snow is five feet deep and the roads are closed.

FATAL SNOW SLIDE.

Two Men Are Killed and Several Injured in a Colorado Accident.

Denver, April 4.—The storm which has raged in Colorado and a portion of New Mexico for thirty-six hours has subsided. For the first time this winter the Santa Fe road found it necessary to use snowplows between Pueblo and Colorado Springs. In Pueblo two inches of moisture fell during the storm, this being a record, according to the weather officials. East of Pueblo the snowplows and shovels and a strip of track on the Missouri Pacific was washed out, and north of that city the Rio Grande experienced some damage by washouts. Between Clyde and Fairview the snow is five feet deep and the roads are closed.

The list of dead follows: GEORGE ROBB, JOHN ORTH. The injured: A. E. Higginbotham, Robert D. Roberts, Barney Burns, James Mullins, Walter McEwan, Alex McNeil.

BAD MINE EXPLOSION

Five Men Dead and Five Others Seriously Injured.

Prescott, Ariz., April 4.—As the result of an explosion in the United Verde mine at Jerome, owned by Senator Clark, five men are dead and five others seriously if not fatally injured.

The dead: T. W. CROFUT, E. RUFFIN, PETER SEDER, A. J. HALLADAM, J. M. ROE. The injured: N. Novotich, B. Garcia, J. P. Roe, B. Carpo, J. Wilovich, M. Sullivan.

The accident happened just as the shifts were being changed and all the men except twelve had been raised to the surface. On account of the recent heavy rains, surface water found its way to that portion of the mine where fire has been smoldering several years, and steam thus generated caused the explosion, blowing out the bulkheads erected to keep the fire from spreading. The men were suffocated by smoke and heated steam.

LEAD TRUST FORMED.

After Years of Negotiation the Guggenheim Family Gains Control of United Lead Company.

New York, April 4.—After years of negotiations a deal has just been consummated by which the seven sons of Meyer Guggenheim, who died a few days ago, have achieved, in conjunction with their allied interests, a union of the National Lead company, commonly known as the "white lead trust," capitalized at \$30,000,000, with the United Lead company, the Guggenheim concern, the total authorized capital stock of which is \$25,000,000. It is believed the capital of the holding company will be about \$40,000,000. The consolidated concern will be known as the National Lead company.

INDULGES IN SARCASTIC

Vice President Rogers Issues a Statement Anent That \$100,000 Rockefeller Gift.

New York, April 4.—H. H. Rogers, vice president of Standard Oil, made a statement evidently prompted by the criticism of accepting a gift of \$100,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rogers said: "The ministers say queer things. Dr. Washington Gladden says everybody knows John D. Rockefeller obtained his money honestly. With as much reason I could say everybody knows Dr. Gladden would not trust the ten commandments for ten days with the deacons of his church because they would surely break some and bend the rest. Slavery in certain sections of the United States was legal until President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. Rebates on railroads were just as legal until the passage of the interstate commerce commission act. After an exhaustive examination authorized by congress June 18, 1898, the commission reported:

"It has been charged as a matter of general belief on the part of almost all the opponents of the Standard Oil company that these discriminations in various forms have been continually received, even up to date. On the other hand, these charges have been denied in toto and most emphatically by every representative of the Standard Oil company with reference to all cases excepting one, which the Standard was a mistake, the amount of freight due being promptly paid on discovery of the error."

The Standard Oil company not merely challenged the opponents to bring forth proof of any case, but produced many letters from leading officials of railroads to show that the company has in no case received any favors or asked for them.

"It became known today that prior to the final action of the prudential committee of the American board of commissioners of foreign missions, in accepting the gift of \$100,000 tendered by John D. Rockefeller, a number of prominent members of the board at a meeting held considered the matter at length. As a result the parties to the conference issued a statement in which they declared that they did not feel that the acceptance of the gift would compromise the board in any way."

The statement closes with a quotation from the report of the committee in which that body refused to consider the source of the gifts and mentions the names of the signers of the committee report.

DR. GLADDEN MAKES REPLY.

Sharp Retort to Rogers' Defense of Injustice if Legalized.

Columbus, O., April 4.—Dr. Washington Gladden today again vigorously answered H. H. Rogers, vice president of the Standard Oil company, regarding the gift of John D. Rockefeller. Dr. Gladden says:

"Mr. Rogers says I would not trust the ten commandments for ten days with the deacons of my church because they would surely break some of them and bend the others. I surely would not. I hope these commandments are in a stronger power than the deacons of any church; a power in which they would not be twisted for the benefit of Rogers or any one else."

"Mr. Rogers says that until Lincoln's proclamation slavery was legal in certain sections. But it was just as much an abomination and a curse in those regions as in regions where it was abolished. Lincoln did not touch it there because he had no power. The rebates of the Standard Oil company were just as outrages before a law was passed forbidding them as they are afterward, and the methods by which under the law, the company is now overpowering and oppressing its competitors are just as wrongful as were those rebates. The position that wrongdoing is to be condoned, so long as it is done under cover of the laws, or by evasion of the law, is one that Christian ministers or missionary societies ought not to take."

OUTFLANK LAFOLLETTE

Indications Are That the Railroads Have Again Stolen the Wisconsin Legislation.

Chicago, April 4.—Governor LaFollette, of Wisconsin, who, like Folk, of Missouri, has been fighting legislative corruption in all its forms, is believed to have been defeated in the greatest battle of the war he has ever waged. The Chicago Tribune, in a dispatch from Madison, says today:

"Has Governor Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin lost his legislature? Have the assembly and the senate leaders of the halfbreeds refused to stand for the anti-railroad legislation which the administration is trying to put through this session of the legislature? Has the original railroad commercial bill, known as the 'Hatten' bill, and recognized from the first as the governor's measure, proved too extreme for his followers? If not, why has it hung fire in the committee so long and why is there every reason to believe that when the revised bill is reported out it will differ radically from the original measure?"

Measure Will Be Tamed.

The railroad representatives at the capital—the lobby, in other words—say that the original administration measure will never go through the senate unless stripped of its radical features.

For ten years or more Robert M. LaFollette has devoted his political life to secure legislation for Wisconsin which will regulate and control the railroads of the state. He is said to have made repeated promises to the people of Wisconsin that he would not give up the battle against the "enemy" (the railroads) until he had secured laws which would make forever impossible the abuses which the state has suffered so long from the railroads. Recently he has given wide circulation in a weekly to the charges that the railroads rates of Wisconsin are from 20 to 50 per cent. higher than the rates in other states, notably Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. For session after session of the legislature the railroads and the stalwarts have blocked practically every effort to pass remedial laws. Their opposition appeared until only renewed the governor's effort to bring about their final defeat.

\$24,000,000 IS SHY.

New York Inquiry Shows Items Aggregating That Amount Not Accounted For.

New York, April 4.—Apparent discrepancies of \$11,000,000 in profits and \$13,000,000 in the investments, in the statements submitted by the Consolidated Gas company, former features of the inquiry by the legislative committee conducting the gas investigation in New York.

On behalf of the company it was said another statement would be presented showing what disposition had been made of the \$11,000,000 profits.

On account of the absence of R. A. Carter, secretary, no explanation was offered of the difference of \$13,000,000, beyond the statement that it was the difference between the price of properties acquired and their present value.

IS NO PHILANTHROPIST

Uncle Andy Carnegie Also Believes It's Not a Disgrace to Die Solvent.

New York, April 3.—"I never said that to die rich was to die disgraced."

Thus spoke Andrew Carnegie last night after he had footed up his unfulfilled promises to colleges and libraries at the close of business hours and learned that they amounted to \$17,000,000. Turning from the contemplation of this, which did not disturb him in the least, he said:

"What I did say was much more sensible and much nearer the truth. Some time we will discuss it."

"I do not expect to impoverish myself, but I hope to set in motion systems of wise and prudent generosity which, with what fortune I receive, may be wisely and profitably employed by those who come after me. I am satisfied with what I have accomplished thus far, but I should not be if I did not believe that what I began will continue after I have gone. If I am not able to do in accumulating the means of doing good and making myself and other persons happy."

Is No Philanthropist.

"I object to the term philanthropist when applied to myself. I always understand it to mean a man with more money than brains. In my work for humanity I propose to use the brains I have well, and I tried to do in accumulating the means of doing good and making myself and other persons happy."

"In my assistance to colleges I am endeavoring to apply the same business principles which have enabled me to put myself in the position to do what I am doing. I have no intention of endowing colleges—nor large ones, for that matter—to expand beyond their viable resources. It will do more harm than good in most instances to place at their disposal a considerable sum of money to be employed in any way which might create the immediate views of their trustees and faculty."

"I must be assured first that there exists a pressing need which cannot be met by the resources at the command of the trustees. I must then be assured that the enterprise is one which has a reason for being, which is managed wisely and conservatively has a reasonable chance of becoming self-sustaining. My secretary, Mr. Bartram, receives all applications for gifts before they come to my attention, and he is an expert."

"I do not object to a school conducted under the patronage of a denomination if it prospers by reason of such patronage. In case a school is so strictly guarded that it makes the acceptance of its tenets a condition of matriculation I am free to say it does not interest me."

Given to Colleges.

Following is a list of colleges which Mr. Carnegie has since December, 1900 and the amounts for which he has made himself responsible in each instance.

- \$100,000—Pennsylvania State college, Syracuse university.
 - \$125,000—Oberlin college.
 - \$100,000—Tufts college.
 - \$50,000—Iowa college, Beloit college, Cornell college, Mount Holyoke college, Lawrence university, University of Maine, Washington and Lee university, Denaw university, University of North Carolina, Drake university.
 - \$60,000—Yeshiva college, Marietta college, Fairmount college, Lenoir college, University of Tennessee.
 - \$30,000—Oklahoma university, Bucknell university, Berea college, Winthrop normal, Central University of Kentucky, Earlham college, Alabama Polytechnic, \$25,000—Upper Iowa university, Atlanta university, University of Mississippi.
 - \$20,000—Tuskegee institute, Lebanon Valley college, Bethany college, Fish university.
 - \$18,800—North Carolina state normal school.
 - \$15,700—St. John's college.
 - \$15,000—Yankton college, Talladega college, Wilberforce university, Park college, North Dakota agricultural college, Furman university.
 - \$12,500—Livingston college.
 - \$12,000—Agricultural and Mechanical college.
 - \$10,000—Converse college, Simpson college, Carson and Newman college, State normal school.
 - \$6,000—Benedict college.
 - \$5,000—Fassenden academy.
- There are forty or fifty more applications which will be acted upon before Mr. Carnegie goes abroad for the summer.

KAISER IN MOROCCO.

German Ruler Is Given a Warm Reception When He Lands in African Domain.

Tangier, Morocco, April 3.—The steamer Hamburg, with the German emperor on board, arrived here today from Lisbon. The emperor was welcomed on landing by representatives of the sultan, the diplomatic corps and a large crowd of people. The usual salutes were exchanged here and the escorting German cruiser, Prinz Friedrich Karl, and the land batteries, and two French warships now in these waters.

The emperor's landing was delayed three hours, owing to the heavy sea. The emperor, who was accompanied by a brilliant staff, rode on horseback through the densely crowded streets in the German legation. Later he re-embarked on board the Hamburg.

Emperor William was received by Abd-El-Malek, the sultan's uncle, with whom he conversed for some time. Deputations from the German residents and leading Moors were presented. The Germans delivered an address of welcome, to which the emperor briefly replied. The emperor proceeded to the German legation, where he held a reception to members of the diplomatic corps and Arab nobilities. He left the legation at 1:30 p. m., saying that owing to the delay in landing he could not remain any longer, but must proceed to Gibraltar. At the landing stage Abd-El-Malek presented the imperial visitor with gifts sent by the sultan, and Emperor William re-embarked after having been scarcely two hours ashore.

The emperor was accorded a splendid reception by the natives, who, however, were greatly disappointed at the brevity of his visit.

IS IT JUST A JOKE?

New York Society Paper Prints a Roosevelt-Beveridge Engagement Announcement.

New York, April 3.—The New York Journal says today: "A weekly society paper published in this city prints today the following notice of the engagement of Miss Alice Roosevelt."

"Miss Alice Roosevelt has surrendered her heart and promised her hand and now wears upon her left hand the ring of the betrothal which she made in her engagement. The successful wooer is the eloquent boy orator of the Wabash, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, and the formal announcement of the betrothal will be made Easter. President Roosevelt is more than pleased and has given the happy pair his paternal benediction."

"Senator Beveridge is a widower of 42. His first wife was Miss Katherine Langsdale, of Greensburg, Ind., who died in 1891. The senator was employed at 12 a railroad laborer at 14, and a teamster at 15."



THEY HAD WANDERED OUT INTO THE GREAT SHADY PARK.

leaves her watch or ring, and sends for it later on."

The girl shook her head.

"I have neither," she said, and the waitress smiled significantly.

"Poor little thing," he said to himself. "But what can I do? It wasn't so difficult with the kids, but a sovereign is different. And then there's Mrs. Jinks!" Again he looked at the poor, troubled face of the girl, and he ground his teeth.

"Confound Mrs. Jinks!" he muttered to himself.

Secretly extracting his last gold coin from its receptacle, he stooped suddenly, noisily jerking the table as he did so. A moment later he arose and extended his hand to the girl at the adjoining table. Between the finger and thumb was a sovereign.

"Is this what you lost?" he said steadily. "It was on the floor."

"O, thank you!" she said gratefully. "It must have dropped out of my purse."

A few moments later and she was gone, and Max, again lightening his pocket by the sum of sixpence, went out into the Strand and turned down a side street in the direction of the Embankment.

"An expensive outing," he said comically, as he mounted the narrow stairs to his attic.

Mrs. Jinks, hearing him enter, came out of her sitting room to meet him.

"Two letters for you, sir," she said, and looked at him significantly. "I hope as you it's good news, sir, for your bill's amounting up and I'm only a poor widder, sir, and money's a shocking tight, and the butcher he do say—"

She stopped. Max Villiers had torn open one of the envelopes and the glint of a check caught her watchful eye. She hastened to apologize.

"I'm sure I means no offense, sir."

"I know," said Max hastily. Mrs. Jinks retreated with a satisfied sigh, and Max, left to himself, tore open the second envelope. One glance and the color leaped to his face, and his eye brightened.

"Ah," he said, "it's come at last!"

them regarding their future relationship. And there was, in truth, ample reasons for such predictions. For the first time in his life, Max Villiers had yielded to an attraction so potent that it subjugated every other consideration. He was in love and he fully realized it.

He had by this time learned who she was. It was dropped out, piece by piece, in their frequent conversations of late, and Max felt a growing sympathy with the girl whose early life had so nearly resembled his own. She was an artist, but until the last two years success had eluded her. And then the turn of the tide had come, and she, like himself, had taken it at the flood. Steadily but surely she had mounted the ladder of fame and now stood not far from the topmost rung.

One brilliant masterpiece—a conception of great originality and power—had effected the change, and now her progress was easy and her name was well known as one of the greatest living lady artists. And then Max told her his own story, so like hers that it seemed almost repetition.

And now they, too, were about to bid farewell to the lovely Rutlandshire scenery. But before they went away, Max Villiers was determined to know his fate. They had wandered out into the great shady park, and were sitting in a little arbor hidden away beneath the tall old elms. There was a curious note in the man's voice that made the girl look quickly up into his face. Then, with a soft pink blush on her cheeks, she turned away her head, for she had read his purpose.

"Miss Jinks," he began, "I have something to say to you which may surprise you, but which I cannot put off any longer. In three words—I love you."

He paused. The girl's eyes were on the ground. But she was not angry. He could see that, so he proceeded.

"True, it is only a fortnight since I first met you in the train on your way here, but love is not slow to grow when once the seed is sown."

He stopped and looked down at the