

me! I am so sorry." Her eyes were raised to his with dangerous sympathy in their depths.

"But I am here at last," he went on, "and I want you to be glad. You didn't notice me last year, of course."

Nora turned her face aside to hide her smile.

"I had reached Atlantic City only that morning, and before I could find anyone who knew you, you were gone. I had to follow just as soon as I could, but I expected to find you somewhere in the Bernese Oberland."

"We left there last week. My mother decided she wanted to meet some friends of ours in Scotland. How did you know I was going to the Foundling Hospital to-day? I didn't know it myself."

"I shall save that for a subject of conversation when I meet your mother. I expect to be greatly embarrassed, and I want to have something in reserve. How soon can you be ready, to marry me, Nora?"

"Why! Why!—Mr.—I don't even know your name!"

"Bradford Teale."

"Mr. Bradford Teale, you are a very singular young man!"

"And you are not answering my question."

"How do you know I would even think I cared to marry you ten years from now?"

"Ah! but you have a tender heart! You wanted those little children to be happy. You couldn't hurt me—even a big man like me—could you?"

"I think you jest about very serious subjects, Mr. Bradford Teale," said Nora with great dignity.

"Don't go to the hotel yet. Walk with me around Russell square. By the time we are once around, I hope we shall be engaged."

"Very well. I think it will take that long at least for me to decide to refuse you. You are very good to look at, aren't you, Mr. Bradford Teale?"

"I'm glad if you really think so, Nora. I never cared very much before."

"How many girls have you proposed to, Mr. Bradford Teale? You do it with great expedition and an ease that argues constant practice."

"How strange! Then you won't believe me when I say you are the first. But with you one doesn't need practice. One knows what he wants, and goes straight to the point. I want you to marry me at the earliest possible moment, Nora. I must take you home with me. I don't dare lose sight of you again. Where shall we go for our honeymoon?"

"I like the mountains, don't you?" She was very demure.

"Yes, but where?"

"I know a little spot in the Engadine—but still, I've just come from Switzerland, Mr. Bradford Teale."

"But this time it would be different. You can't think how much nicer it would be to have a man to look after your luggage, Nora."

"It is," she assented. "We have sometimes had a courier."

"That isn't quite the same. You would call this man all sorts of nice names, and not Mr. Bradford Teale! And he would be with you always and belong to you. You'd like a husband rather better than a courier, I fancy."

"And on a rainy day, when I couldn't see the mountains I could look at you, couldn't I? I believe you would be rather restful to the eye," she admitted.

"Is it a bargain, Nora? Will you marry me? And shall we go back this week to that little nook in the Engadine, and let your mother go to Scotland alone?"

"It is a very tempting offer, Mr. Bradford. I did hate awfully to come away. But, Bradford, you don't know anything about me, and you haven't said you —"

"I only know that I love you, Nora, and that I must have you always for my very own."

"There! You have said it now, and I can say something I wanted to say when I first saw you. Bradford, do you like cats?"

He threw back his head and laughed so heartily that two severe British spinners whom they were just passing cast wincing glances toward "those boisterous Americans."

"I think you might have ventured to ask me that an hour ago without any undue propriety. Do I like cats? Well, no; I can't say I do. Surely not so much as I like you, Nora."

"Oh! you see, I felt a little jealous once of a cat I thought you liked. For you see I did see you, Bradford, that day a year ago, only it was an hour before you saw me. You—I think you look very nice in white flannels, Bradford."

"You saw me, Nora! Why, that makes us engaged!"

"No, not yet. Not till you see my credential. You have so many, you say, and I have only one. Bradford, don't you remember the little shivering cat the boys were teasing? They had put it on a stone in the water, and were holding it there when the tide was coming in. Don't you remember?"

"Can't say I do."

"Ah!" she sighed contentedly; "then that means you are a hero very often. Why, Bradford, you just rushed out into the water and never thought about the polish on your shoes or the creases in your trousers. You must have caught a cold, Bradford; don't you remember even that? I suppose a hero never remembers. I remembered all about the baby, Bradford; you just knocked those naughty littleimps right and left, and took that scrawny little cat into your arms and cuddled her and petted her and brought her in safely. You were simply splendid, Bradford, and I had my camera, and took your picture, and I have worn it ever since, and I think I have always hoped that some day some hero would pick me up the way you did that scrawny little cat, and want to take care of me always."

She opened the back of her watch, and he saw what made his heart leap dangerously.

"Nora!" he cried. "Nora!"

"Do you find my credential satisfactory?" she asked. "I have only one, your see."

"Nora!"

"Does—does my credential really make us engaged?"

"It does. Till death do us part." He raised his hat reverently.

Again that contented little sigh as she said:

"You have satisfied me, but it will take another kind of credential to satisfy my mother, you know. She isn't—well, she isn't what you would call romantic." Her voice was very wistful.

"I have all the letters she could ask for. One is from your Aunt Charlotte."

They had reached the door of the hotel.

"Then come in, Bradford," She smiled bewitchingly. "My mother will be awfully surprised. This is the very first time in my life that I ever went to church and brought home a husband."

"I hope you will never go to church again and not bring one home," he answered.

He Sold the Painting.

The career of a well-known English painter, Hawkins, furnishes a strange instance of youthful precocity come to naught. At twenty years of age he was the centre of acclamation. Everyone thought he was sure to do great things.

Hawkins' failure was ascribed to his conviviality. A boon companion, everyone settling out for "a night of it" wanted Hawkins along as a matter of course. And Hawkins was only too glad to be beguiled.

Once he was asked by Ackers, a member of Parliament, to accompany him and one or two others to Paris, the host promising to give him a holiday and pay all his expenses. For once Hawkins demurred.

"I'm busy on a picture," said he. "and I want to finish it for the exhibition."

"Never mind that," said Ackers. "Bring it with you and paint it there."

Hawkins yielded, as he always did in the end, and the picture was put into the carriage. As they were driving along, Ackers asked to be allowed to look at the work. When it was uncovered, he said:

"What do you want for it?"

"I shall want fifty pounds for it when it's finished," answered Hawkins.

"Good!" exclaimed the jovial M.P. "I'll give it to you, and, what's more, I'll finish the picture, too!" With that he kicked a hole through the canvas, thus leaving the artist free for an undisturbed jollification.

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