though I, her mother, say it. If the signor will make the—what you call it—'rangements, it shall be done."

Less than a minute was sufficient to place the matter on a satisfactory basis and it was thereupon settled that the Signorina Verdi should attend at the studio at a certain hour every week-day until the picture was finished. Matters having been arranged in this eminently friendly fashion, the meeting broke up, and with many bows and compliments on Fensden's and the signora's parts, they bade each other adieu. A few minutes later the two young men found themselves once more in the street.

"My dear fellow, I don't know how to thank you," said Henderson. "I've been worrying myself more than I can say at not being able to find the face I wanted. I owe you ten thousand apologies."

But Fensden would not hear of such a thing as an apology. His only desire was that the picture should be successful, he said.

"I had no idea that the fellow was so fond of me," Henderson remarked to himself that night, when he was alone in his bedroom. "Fancy his hunting through London for a model for me. He is the last man I should have thought would have taken the trouble."

Next morning Teresina entered upon her duties, and Godfrey set to work with even more than his usual enthusiasm. The picture was to be his magnum opus, the greatest effort he had yet given to the world. The beautiful Italian proved to be a good sitter, and her delight as the picture grew upon the canvas, was not to be concealed. Meanwhile Fensden smoked innumerable cigarettes, composed finde-siecle poems in her honour, and made a number of impressionist studies of her head that his friends declared would eventually astonish artistic London. If the picture were to be completed in time for the Academy, there was no time to be lost, as Godfrey was well aware. Already he had several half-formed notions in his head for future work in which Teresina's beautiful face would play an important part. At last the picture was finished and sent in. Then followed the interval of anxious waiting, so well known to those who have striven for such honours as the Academy has to bestow. When it was discovered that it had passed the first and second selections great was the rejoicing in the studio.

"It is your face that has done it, Teresina," cried Godfrey. "I knew they wouldn't be able to resist that."

"Nay, nay," said the signora, who was present, "such compliments will turn the child's head. Her face would not be there but for the signor's skill. Well do I remember that when Luigi Maffoli painted the portrait of Monsignore ——"

No one heeded her, so she continued the narrative, in an undertone, to the cat on her lap. The day, however, was not destined to end as happily as it had begun. That evening when they were alone together in the studio, Fensden took Godfrey to task.

"Dear boy," he said, as he helped himself to a cigarette from a box on the table beside him, "I have come to the conclusion that you must go warily. There are rocks ahead, and, as far as I can see, you are running straight for them."

"What on earth is the matter now?" Godfrey asked, stretching himself out in an easy chair as he spoke. "I know the poise of that head is not quite what it might be, but haven't I promised you that I'll alter it to-morrow. Teresina is the very best model in the world, and as patient as she's beautiful."

"That's exactly what I am complaining of," Victor answered quietly. "If she were not, I should not bother my head about her. I feel, in a measure, responsible, don't you see? If it hadn't been for me, she would not be here."

The happiness vanished from Godfrey's face as a breath first blurs and then leaves the surface of a razor.

"My dear fellow, I am afraid I don't quite grasp the situation," he said. "You surely don't suppose that I am falling in love with Teresina—with my model?"

"I am quite aware that you're not," the other answered. "There is my trouble. If you were in love with her, there might be some hope for her. But as it is there is none."

Henderson stared at him in complete surprise.

"Have you gone mad?" he asked.

"No one was ever saner," Fensden replied. "Look here, Godfrey, can't you see the position for yourself? Here is this beautiful Italian girl, whom you engaged through my agency. You take her from beggary and put her in a position of comparative luxury. She has sat to you day after day, smiled at your compliments, and—well, to put it bluntly, has had every opportunity and encouragement given her to fall head over heels in love with you. Is it quite fair, do you think, to let it go on."

Godfrey was completely taken aback.

"Great Scott! You don't mean to say you think I'm such a beast as to encourage her?" he cried. "You know as well as I do that I have treated her only as I have treated all the other models before her. Surely you would wish me to be civil to the girl and try to make her work as pleasant as possible for her? If you think I've been a blackguard say so outright."

"My dear Godfrey, nothing could be further from my thoughts," answered Fensden, in his usual quiet voice, that one of his friends once compared to the purring of a cat. "I should be a poor friend, however, if I were to allow you to go on as you are going on without an expostulation. Cannot you look at it in the same light as I do? Are you so blind that you cannot see that this girl is falling every day more deeply in love with you? The love-light gleams in her eyes whenever she looks at you. She sees an implied caress even in the gentle pats you give her drapery when you arrange it on the stage there; a tender solicitude for her welfare when you tell her to hurry home before it rains. What is the end of it all to be? I suppose you do not intend making her your wife?"

"My wife," said Godfrey, blankly, as if the idea was too preposterous to have ever occurred to him. "Surely you must be jesting to talk like this?"

"I am not jesting with you if you are not jesting with her," the other replied. "You must see for yourself that the girl worships the very ground you walk upon. Yet there is still time for matters to be put right. She has so far only looked at the affair from her own standpoint. What is more, I do not want her to lose her employment with you, since it means so much to her. What I do want is that you should take hold of yourself in time and prevent her from being made unhappy while you have the opportunity."

"You may be quite sure that I shall do so," Henderson replied more stiffly than he had yet spoken. "I am more sorry than I can say that this should have occurred. Teresina is a good girl, and I would no more think of causing her pain than I would of striking my own sister. And now I'm off to bed. Good-night."

True to his promise, his behaviour next day, so far as Teresina was concerned, was so different that she stared at him in surprise, quite unable to understand the reason of the change. She thought she must have offended him in some way, and endeavoured by all the means in her power to win her way back into his good graces. But the more she tried to conciliate him the further he withdrew into his shell. Victor Fensden, smoking his inevitable cigarette, waited to see what the result would be. There was a certain amount of pathos in the situation and a close observer might have noticed that the strain was telling upon the actors in it, upon the girl in particular. For the next fortnight or so the moral temperature of the studio was not as equable as of old. Godfrey, who was of too honest a nature to make a good conspirator, chafed at the part he was being called upon to play, while Teresina, who only knew that she loved and that her love was not returned, was divided between her affections for the man and a feeling of wounded dignity for herself.

"I wish to goodness I could raise sufficient money to get out of London for six months," said Godfrey one evening, as they sat together in the studio. "I'd be off like a shot."

Fensden knew why he said this.

"I am sorry I can't help you," he replied. "I am about as badly off as yourself. But surely the great picture sold well?"

"Very well—for me, that is to say," Godfrey replied. "But I had to part with most of it next day."

He did not add that he had sent most of it to his widowed sister, who was very badly off and wanted help to send her boy to college.

A short silence followed, then Fensden said: "If you had money what what you do?"

"Go abroad," said Godfrey, quickly. "The strain of this business is more than I can stand. If I had a few hundreds to spare, we'd go together and not come back for six months. By that time everything would have settled down to its old normal condition."

How little did he guess that the very thing that seemed so impossible was destined to come to pass."

(To be continued.)

More Than He Expected.

Englishmen know little of the geography of the "States," and what little they do know does not object to putting Philadelphia next door to Boston, or San Francisco alongside New York. An American and an Englishman, who had become friends aboard ship, had a pleasant encounter about distances on reaching New York.

They breakfasted together, and the following conversation ensued:—

"I guess I'll turn out to see Harry after breakfast," said the Englishman.

"Harry?" queried the American, softly.

"Yes, my brother," explained the Englishman. "I've two here. Harry lives in San Francisco and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" facetiously asked the American.

The Britisher took him seriously. "Sure for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And accompanied by his friend, now thoroughly alive to the humour of the incident, he found himself a few minutes later in the line of ticket buyers in the Grand Central station.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago station on return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of pasteboard under his stamp, pounded it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer, and expectantly waited payment.

"When does the train go?" asked the Englishman.

"In ten minutes," was the answer.

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What?" gasped the Englishman "How far is it?"

"Three thousand miles."

"Dear me! What a country!"