

encourage beginners. By the way, I have a favour to ask. Miss Smith's wedding being out of reach of our lady correspondent, could you send us as full a description as possible? This being an ordered report, will command a small fee."

Doris dashed off a delighted reply, which brought a glow to the editor's cheek. "I shall count you my literary father. If ever I achieve success it will be all due to you."

The report arrived, a fuller one even than he required, but he would not hurt her by cutting it.

The next week she received payment, five guineas. This seemed liberal, but did not surprise her ignorance. It was strange, though, that one post office order should be for ten shillings, and the other for the rest of the amount.

As she held the orders, a vision of the sender came before her mind's eye; a grave, grey-haired, old man, clean-shaven and portly—her literary father!

Meanwhile, that gentleman was musing upon the chances of serving her further, and increasing the now slender bond between himself and his lovely literary daughter.

Had he known it, that bond was in danger of severance. A bombshell exploding in his office could scarcely have shocked him more than her next letter.

"I want you to tell me truly if what I have heard is true. A relative whom I have told of your kindness, hints that it is only because my rich uncle is a director of your paper, that you have taken me up. My uncle has been very cruel to me, and I will not be beholden to him for your favour."

His reply was a new experience for her: "I am not that sort of man, and I sincerely hope your relative knows nothing of me or my work. No director has mentioned your name to me, nor do I know your uncle's. I am disappointed in you, for I had hoped that from similarity of tastes and mutual love of the line of work we have chosen, we might have become friends." Here he had paused, and, softer thoughts intruding, he had added:



"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL FACE!" HE EXCLAIMED.

"But, on consideration, I am certain you wrote hastily, while smarting from the very feeling which now burns in me. Let us forget this unpleasant incident, and resume our former literary relationship."

For two months he had no further word of or from Doris Mayne, but far from dying out, his interest in her grew to love. He invented the most ingenious pretexts for frequently visiting the house where her portrait held his gaze during his stay.