

IN THE ORCHARD.

Oh! here, beneath this roof of green,
I throw me down and dream again
The golden dreams of what has been
And future harvests yet to gain!

The wheat waves in the field above,
An apple, ripened, ere its time,
Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye
Becks through the leaves, and, as I rhyme,

The birds weave in and fro and sing
The very song I would declare,
And now and then the breeze swings
Bitter, gently by a wandering air.

The binders, creaking in the wheat,
The whistle of a passing train,
The distant music of the street,
Are to my song a low refrain.

Today! Today!—least of all
And pick the golden fruits that grow
In solitude in fields of peace—
The fruits that only dreamers know.

UNCLE MARTIN'S MONEY.

ROSEVILLE was asleep in the
bedroom of Sunday afternoon.
In Mrs. Maloney's sitting room
there was the odor of strong tea, and
that meant that Mrs. Burns and Mrs.
Ryan had stayed over after mass for
dinner and were having a friendly cup
of tea before they started homeward
with their husbands. The men them-
selves were hanging about the village
somewhere. There had been silence for
some minutes—a heavy, thoughtful
silence—after Mrs. Maloney's last re-
mark. The good women were relatives,
cousins in the first degree, and Mrs.
Maloney had been talking of their un-
fortunate uncle.

"It's a perfect shame," she had said.
"Uncle Martin has a good deal of
money saved up, I am sure. He won't
spend it himself and he won't give
anybody else a chance at it, and, like
any man, when he dies, he'll leave it to
his father's children, for something, or
other that he happens to take into his
head. Martin's getting dreadful poor
in his old days, since he's been living
alone in the little house."

"He hasn't it in any bank at Fair-
brook," said Mrs. Ryan, "because I
have asked."

"Like as not," Mrs. Burns said, "he
has it hid in the house somewhere.
He's that queer about it, you never
can tell. He's always wishing he had
money enough for a trip to Chicago.
But the Lord knows that it is he that
could go if he wanted to. Not a chick
nor a child to hold him."

Mrs. Maloney looked thoughtfully at
the speaker. "I saw him get in with
the Motorcars after mass. He was
going out to the farm to dinner with
them. We might walk over to the
house, and if he's in, give him a little
visit. If he isn't—"

"The key is under the doormat,"
said Mrs. Burns.

And over to Uncle Martin's the good
ladies went. He was not at home,
and the key was under the mat. The
house, though generally clean, had the
odor of being managed by a maid, which
women saw at once. The pipe was laid
away with the cups and saucers, and
a pair of shoes stood prominently on
one of the chairs. But none of them
had any eyes for these incongruities
today.

"How much," said Mrs. Maloney,
"do you think he might have?" as she
drew out a drawer of the old bureau
and began going through it.

"A thousand or so," said Mrs. Burns,
from the depth of an old rag bag.

"I don't believe it's that much," said
Mrs. Ryan, as she went through the
old cans and jars stored away in the
chest.

They were so busy that they did not
hear a step outside, just as the three
of them concluded to look through the
cornbush in the tick.

But all their digging brought forth
nothing but a few coins laid away for
ready change, less than a dollar alto-
gether.

Red in the face with hurry, and a
little bit ashamed, too, they put things
back as best they could.

"I wonder where he has it, any-
way?"

"Do you suppose it is that he really
hasn't any, as he says?" said Mrs.
Burns.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Maloney, skepti-
cally.

The next morning, however, Mrs.
Maloney was to have more exact
knowledge as to the amount of Uncle
Martin's money. Her husband, who
was the village constable, came in
with being the biggest storekeeper, came
in to her excitedly.

"Uncle Martin was just in the store,
and he says somebody has stolen his
money. He says there were signs of
somebody being in his place when he
came home yesterday evening, and he
thinks he can find out who it was."

Mrs. Maloney was skimming the
soup, and she almost dropped the
ladle. After a few moments she
managed to control herself enough to
ask:

"How much does he say he had?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. I
would have thought he'd had more."
But Mrs. Maloney made no
reply. She was suddenly thankful
that the old man was satisfied with
that.

"And then, think," went on her
husband, "of the shame on the town.
There hasn't been anybody in the jail
for more than five years—not since—"

Mrs. Maloney interrupted him:
"What's Uncle Martin going to do
about it?"

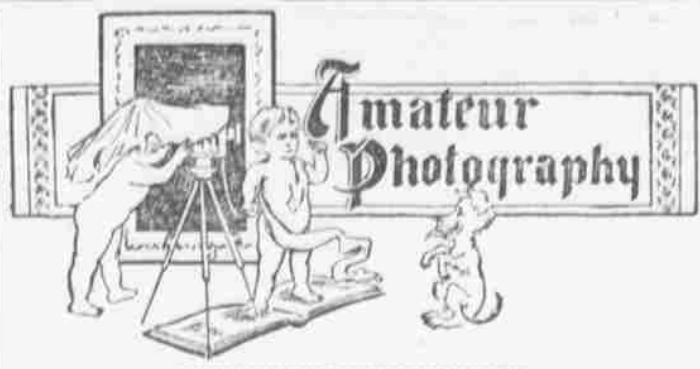
"He's gone off to see if he can get
some evidence. He has a suspicion
who it is; he's going to be gone until
this evening, and then he'll let me
know. He's—"

A summons from the store came just
then, and Mrs. Maloney was, fortu-
nately, left alone.

"He must have seen us," she moun-
ed, as she dropped into a chair.

After dinner she went out and blith-
ely Jenny to the road cart, telling her
husband that she was going for a lit-
tle drive. Once out of sight, however,
she made Jenny fly.

There were tears and gnashing of
teeth in the Burns and the Ryan
households, but in the end the better
money was produced and, added to
what Mrs. Maloney had saved by odd
dressmaking jobs in the village, the



Amateur Photography

Adolux Developer.—Adolux without alkali gives an excellent developer. Water, sulphate of soda and adolux form the working solution, which gives excellent shadows without the slightest fog. Only when under-exposed, the usual quantity of alkali should be added to the developer. The picture appears slowly, taking even as much as a minute, when over-exposed. Bromide of potassium is a good retarder for adolux. In the collodion-emulsion process adolux has the great advantage of hydroquinone, preventing the settlement of any impure matter at less pure places. A great advantage is also the strong liveness of the materials toward the carbonic acid of the atmosphere.—*Photo. Times.*

Window Transparencies.—Old cast-off negatives can excellently be made use of. A strong fixing soda solution, to which is added an abundant quantity of red prussiate of potassium, is prepared as reducer, and in this preparation they are left until the old pictures have entirely disappeared. The plates are then well washed and dried. For sensitizing, the ordinary blue solution, consisting of equal parts of a solution of green oxide of iron ammonia and red prussiate of potassium, is applied. (The formula for this will follow at the end.) The bath should not be for less than five to six minutes, after which the plates are taken out and are placed in a dark room to dry. On the following day print under a negative. This exposure should not be too short, and a little overexposure will do no harm. When the plate is taken from the printing frame, put it, film side up, in a tray with water, and the dispositive will almost at once appear clearly. If the exposure was too long the shadows will remain yellow; but this will do no harm, as the further treatment will make this discoloration disappear again. Prepare now a solution of ordinary soda infant to per cent and bathe the well-washed dispositive. It seems to disappear completely, the whole picture becomes yellow and thin. Now wash again thoroughly, and put the plate in very dilute muriatic acid—about 1 to 80—and you will be astonished how slow and handsome the blue picture is building up. As soon as the desired intensity has been obtained, wash again and dry on a rack. The formula for preparing the blue solution is according to Professor Valenta:

Solution 1—Red prussiate of potassium, 4.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Solution 2—Green ferric oxide of iron ammonia, 12.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Equal parts of Solutions 1 and 2 are mixed. For a few 12 plates 30 to 40 c. c. m. sensitizing solution are sufficient.—*Photographic Times.*

guilty women managed to get the \$150 together.

Toward six o'clock Mrs. Maloney slipped into Martin's little house and put the money into the tick. The next morning early, when the Maloneys were at their breakfast, Uncle Martin appeared, chuckling. "It was in the straw tick," he reported triumphantly enough. "Moved about a little, I guess I've made up my mind to take that trip to Chicago. I am so glad after my years that I feel like cele-
brating. And you never can tell what may happen." He went on, chuckling anew, and looking at his niece.

"That's right, that's right," said her husband. "You might as well have the good of it yourself. You worked hard enough for it."

Mrs. Maloney choked, and set down the cup of coffee she was drinking, and rose hastily from the table. Uncle Martin looked on sympathetically.

But the cheerful and sunny woman had one consolation. She knew that there were two others no less unfor-
tunate than she to find the old man going merrily to Chicago on their hard-earned money.

Alas, curiosity is the ancient sin of woman, and it seems to take many lifetimes to break her of it.—*New York News.*

JIM KEENE.

Who Has Had His Ups and Downs in Speculation.

Jim Keene, the well-known broker, who was recently expected to the tune of \$2,000,000 in Wall street, knows the ups and downs of the market. In 1884 he suspended payment after losing a fortune of \$7,000,000 in six months. Only six years before he had arrived in New York from San Francisco, where he had met with great success in his speculations.

Jim Keene had risen from nothing to an estate of \$1,000,000, had lost that in a flash, and then by a succession of bold ventures had brought himself to an eminence which carried a rating of \$5,000,000 when he moved to New York. His first combination was with

Underground Station in Paris.

An extraordinary piece of engineering is begun by the municipality of Paris, which will keep the Place de l'Opera closed for nearly a year, and when it is reopened it will have be-

neath it an underground metropolitan railway station of three floors, where the several lines will intersect on the different levels. Metallic flooring will separate the three lines, and will support the roadway. The lowest line is twenty-one meters deep, but as water is reached at a depth of ten meters, a large part of the work will be done by means of compressed air compart-

ments, measuring eight by twenty-five meters.

Inhabitants of New Mexico believe in a future State.

Utah Captain of Industry.

A. R. Lewis, who is interested in a \$30,000,000 Enterprise.

One of the prominent men in the industrial world, about whom little is said in the East, is State Senator A. B. Lewis, of Utah, who is associated with United States Senator Clark, of Montana, in a \$30,000,000 organization for the development of the great coal and iron fields in the southern part of Utah. Mr. Lewis has been at the head of other large enterprises in the West, particu-

larly in the mining development of his State; and in some of these his success has been made the more striking because of tremendous prejudice and opposition, which he was forced to overcome. Mr. Lewis' election to the State Senate was a tribute from the men whom he employed in copper mines which he controlled in the southern part of Utah. Without the knowledge of their employer the miners organized the convention in his senatorial district and secured his election by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Lewis has been prominently mentioned as the next new representative from Utah in the Senate of the United States.

Does the Rattle Talk?

"What is a rattlesnake's rattle for?" said John Lover, the zoo keeper, in response to a question by a Philadelphia Record man.

"It is a call," he resumed, answering his own question. "The rattlesnake with it calls its mate. A man was telling me the other day that he studied the rattle question last year in the West. He said it is mainly as a call that the rattle is used, though different sounds can be made with it, and these sounds appear to have different meanings."

"Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake. The reptile began to rattle quickly, and while he fought he rattled loud and long. Three other snakes came with great speed and courage to his aid. A dreadful battle followed. The snakes, though they would well were all killed."

"The rattle is also said to charm or hypnotize birds so that the snake can seize them easily, but in this story my friend doesn't take much stock. It's as a call, he says, that the rattle is

used most—a love call, generally, with which the male snake summons his mate."

Military Marriage.

A privilege enjoyed by girls who marry officers of the Brigade of Guards is that of being married in the chapel in the enclosure at Wellington Barracks. The outside is unlovely and unpretentious, but inside all is beautiful. The decorations, mural and otherwise, the stained glass, and the furniture of this little gem of military chapel all serve to memorialize dead and gone brave soldiers, the majority of whom have signally served their country. There is no other, the instrumental part of the service being entrusted to one of the military bands, usually that of the regiment in which the bridegroom belongs. The volunteers and the march at the close of the service are similarly rendered.

Cold April Every 100 Years.

French meteorologists have worked out the theory that exceptionally rigid Aprils occur at intervals of exactly 100 years. In April, 1883, the gutters were frozen and snow fell in Paris. In April, 1783, the price of wood rose and people died of cold in the streets, while a chronicle of the period writes: "There is snow at Versailles and we are perishing of cold at Paris at a season when the sun ought to be warming us. The north winds afflict us, bringing us cold from the mountains." Documentary evidence is not needed to prove that April, 1883, was also distinguished by low temperatures.

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Mother—Tommy, what's the matter with your little brother?

Tommy—He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any.

Mother—Is his own cake finished?

Tommy—Yes, and he cried while I was eating that, too.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Plato.

Naturally when the Young Person found herself making Somebody Such a Good Wife her womanly instinct was startled.

"Am I so dreadfully plain as that?" she exclaimed, and from that hour lost interest in life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Highest Tower in the World.

The highest tower in the world, 750 feet high, will be erected at the Central station in New York City.

POPE PIUS X.



GIUSEPPE SARTE—POPE PIUS X.

Born at Riese, Province of Venice, Italy, June 2, 1835. Educated in the seminaries of Treviso and Padua. A student at the Sacra Theologia, Rome, 1856-1858. Ordained as a priest, 1858. Sept. 18, 1858. Appointed parish priest at Salzano, 1857. Elected Chancellor of the Bishopric of Treviso, 1875. Appointed Bishop of Mantua, Nov. 10, 1884. Made a Cardinal Priest, June 12, 1893. Recognized by Pope Leo as Patriarch of Venice, June 15, 1893. Elected Pope, Aug. 4, 1903.

The new head of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Joseph Sarto, who has taken the title of Pius X, ascends the Papal throne at the same age as his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII. He brings to that exalted office the same noble qualities as those of the departed Pontiff. He has been distinguished for his learning, the purity of his life and his liberal ideas, so that there will probably be little change in the policy of the Holy See, either in its internal administration or in its broader relations to the world at large.

The election of Cardinal Sarto, since 1893 the patriarch of Venice, was somewhat of a surprise. His name was not prominently mentioned among those who, in the popular estimate, were likely to be chosen. He was mentioned, however, as a compromise candidate.

The election apparently gives world-wide satisfaction. The church in France and Germany favors the choice and here in the United States the leaders of the hierarchy say that no more acceptable person could be selected. Thus the new Pontiff enters upon his duties amid general expression of good will.

Cardinal Sarto was born at Riese, Province of Venice, June 2, 1835. In 1853 he was created Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. He has had a wide reputation for his learning, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, and has been noted as a good organizer and administrator—qualities which are requisite in Papal affairs. He is a liberal patron of the arts, as so many of his predecessors have been, and despite his 68 years is a man of energy and activity.

Cardinal Sarto belonged to the ecclesiastical congregations of bishops and regulars, sacred sites, indulgences and sacred relics. He enjoyed great popularity in his diocese. He is honored by all for his purity, for the strict uprightness of his life, and for liberal ideas. He is a modest and agreeable man, highly cultivated and very kind hearted. He has never taken great part in the political and public life of the church; but divided his time between study and good works. Although most faithful to the Holy See he was presented to the King and Queen of Italy at Venice. He was considered among the most liberal members of the Italian episcopate and Sacred College.

Although little is known of the new Pope's political tendencies, he is considered to be one likely to avoid conflicts and to continue the moderate policy of Pope Leo and Cardinal Rampolla. Officials in Rome recall his tactful course in receiving the King and Queen of Italy at Venice, which removed much of the friction hitherto existing, and led to a warm friendship between Sarto and Queen Helena. This incident is cited as an evidence of his conciliatory disposition and the likelihood of no material change taking place in the policy of the Vatican. The new Pope is one of the greatest preachers of the church.

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...LIGHT AND SHADE...

NINETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair woman, again!" she muttered half audibly as she gathered up the cards impatiently to throw for the last time which should decide if she were right to doubt Cecil's loyalty. Fearing to learn the worst, yet determined to know the truth at any cost, Ninette, the dark-eyed artist's model, spread out the fortune-telling cards on the pedestal before her, while she awaited the coming of Cecil Thorne, master of the studio and of her heart.

"Ah! This is better!"—with a smile of satisfaction—"why, here is good luck again! Perhaps, after all, Cecil is true. If I could only understand their language! But he never speaks to her in French. Courage, Ninette! the last cards tell your story. Is it a fair lady or a dark girl who is loved by Cecil? Dieu!"

The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh deluge of tears just as the false Cecil swung open the studio door and, without observing the crouching figure of Ninette, began to whistle a merry air. "How can you whistle when I am so miserable!" said Ninette between her sobs.

"Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never saw you!"

"You have no eyes for me. You would have seen another if she had been here."

"Another would not have kept so silent, perhaps—and tears, too! Now this is tiresome, when I have had such a turn of good luck. Listen, Ninette, and dry your eyes. My picture—"

"Not me?"

"No, no—the great one, 'The Dawn,' will be exhibited. Then if luck comes our way, as is sure to happen, we can be—you know what?"

Cecil drew Ninette to him in affectionate embrace, too elated with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's

doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of her lover. She could not believe him quite false, and yet—why did he not exhibit her portrait in the salon. Could not "Dawn" have black hair as well as golden, and surely the fair lady was not otherwise more beautiful than she.

Cecil interrupted the unpleasant reverie with, "Ninette, do you know I believe my love for you has made me a better painter? M. de Thales was here this morning and said the warmth and soul of 'The Dawn' were extraordinary."

The announcement that love for her had aided him in putting warmth and soul into the eyes of another woman was not comforting to Ninette, and she broke from his embrace impatiently. Catching up her broad-brimmed hat, she dashed out of the studio and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.

"The little vixen!" laughed Cecil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bad breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possibility of your being soon—Ah, Julia! I am glad you have come. The picture is nearly finished—and such good news! De Thales was here this morning and was delighted. Why do you look at the door—are you afraid of ghosts following you in?"

"No, Cecil, but do you know I have a strange feeling of fear sometimes when I see Ninette! She peered at me to-day as I came up the stairs, and her black eyes looked like those of a tigress. Cecil, that girl is dangerous! I hope she isn't fond of you; you know that is easily possible with these French creatures of impulse."

"O, that is just like you women," replied lightly that excellent judge of feminine emotion: "always suspicious of another woman's love. Well, I can tell you one thing, Julia: Ninette's love is less dangerous than her hate, although I should not like to trifle with either. But I, who so thoroughly understand Ninette, shall take care that no danger attends her love for me."

Ninette had crept from her chamber and was listening at the keyhole of the studio with hot breath and angry eyes. How tender his voice! Almost the only English word that Ninette knew was "dear," and she heard him apply it to Julia—the fair-haired, pale girl who burst with jealous passion, but at this moment she heard familiar voices on the steps and several comrades stood before her.

"Good-morning, Nina!" exclaimed the foremost on beholding the model, whom all knew to be a favorite with Cecil, and, locking his arm familiarly in hers, they entered the studio, followed by the others.

"Hello, Thorne—just heard of your luck, my boy! Give us a shake of the hand, old chap, before you get too high up in the world to recognize old friends. Let's have a holiday now in celebration. Come out of the studio—after to-morrow you will be too grand for frivolous."

Julia arose and smiled assent.

"Do, Cecil, you work much too hard. It will do you good. Good-morning, gentlemen; good-by, Cecil—Ninette!" The last was an exclamation, not a greeting.

Ninette was glaring from her dark eyes, and Julia involuntarily shuddered as she lifted her rich silken gown and swept down the stairs.

"O, if I knew how to speak French I would let the little French demon know she must not stare at me so insolently. Poor Ninette! I hope her love for Cecil will not interfere with his work, but I am the last person in the world who ought to blame her for loving him."

Careless and free as are only the pleasure-loving American artists who alternate the study of art with the "La Vie" in the Eden of both, Cecil Thorne and his companions made the cafes in the Latin quarter of Paris ring with their merriment until a late hour, when Cecil returned to his lodging, intoxicated with the thought of the morrow. He spent a half hour or so in his studio, and after making a few final arrangements started for his attic bedroom. As he passed the door of Ninette's apartments he wondered if she slept. Then, at a sudden recollection of his hopes and all they meant to him, he broke into a merry whistle and mounted lightly to his own door. His burst of merriment was the last straw.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will not forget that I have helped you to put warmth and soul into her eyes! You think you shall find fame to-morrow, and that the fair-haired, cold-hearted girl will help you to rejoice; but you do not know Ninette!"

Springing from her couch, she felt for matches, but could find none. "No matter," she said. "I know the easel well. Have I not watched him bending over it as though he loved the canvas itself? Dieu! you should have exhibited Ninette." Noiselessly, vindictively, she groped her way along the dark passage into the studio. Not even a moonbeam to assist her feet over the cold stone floor. "Ha—the easel!"—she gave a little cry of pain as her tender foot came in contact with the sharp edge. Then, seizing a wet brush, with delicious joy she drew it again and again across the picture, smearing beyond recognition every corner of the canvas. "There!" she said as she threw down the brush and started to leave the studio. "There! Miss Yellow Hair—I hate golden hair—at least, I should hate it if Cecil had not golden hair!"

The thought of Cecil's fair hair, which she had so often covered with ardent kisses, recalled her to a moment of sudden reproach. What had she done? She, who pretended to love Cecil, had destroyed the result of a whole half-year's toil and his hope of fortune, and perhaps—yes, that selfish "perhaps" swept over her with overwhelming force, and the little criminal crept back to her chamber, threw herself upon her couch, and there remained till her restless slumber was disturbed by the sound of Cecil's footstep entering the studio.

She awoke with a start. He was walking towards the easel. She dared not go to him; she would wait till the first outbreak of his passion had passed. For a long time there was absolute silence in the studio. At last, unable to bear the suspense, she timidly opened the studio door and looked in. All trace of the defiant insolence which made her so bewitching had vanished, and she paused submissively, awaiting the volley of reproach which she so richly deserved. Instead of this, Cecil smiled at beholding her and advanced to meet her, and she felt half afraid.