

strolling painter, with half a dozen suits of clothes and a few canvases, and some more or less used-up paints. What I have got in the bank doesn't count. Do you think, if my picture gets hung on the line and makes a hit, do you think it would be any good if I came back again?"

"If you are rich?" she said.
 "Yes."
 "And if you are poor?"
 "If I am poor," he said, "I—I should not have—I should not be—"
 "You would be you," said Lois, significantly.

RALPH SETON'S picture "By Those Cool Waters" was hung on the line. Ralph Seton's picture had been accorded the honor of a barrier. Ralph Seton was in every one's mouth. Ralph Seton was a made man.

Much to his disgust the picture was sold, and to an important dealer. He had put an exorbitant price upon it, one that he had never dreamed of reaching; and surely never did a painter receive a check with so little pleasure. Indeed, after a few days he went to the dealer and asked him to take the money back.

"You know, Paragon," said he, "I put a tremendous price on because I never thought any one would give it. Why you, of all people, who have dealt in tenners and twenties up till now, should go and give such an absurd price for a picture is altogether beyond me."

"My dear Mr. Seton," said Mr. Paragon, "I should be very pleased to oblige you at a commission, but the fact is the picture was bought for a client."

"What! You haven't got it?"
 "I haven't got it," said the dealer, with a little nod of emphasis.

"Heaven bless my soul! Now who on earth wanted that picture so badly as all that comes to? You mean to say you have parted with it?"

"Well, the picture is in the Academy," said Mr. Paragon, smiling. "My client has paid for it, and I have given him a receipt for the money. Therefore I take it that I have parted with the picture."

Ralph Seton said something which was short, and not considered language for the best society.

"I'm sure I am sorry. You see, you put a price on it yourself."

"And who the dickens bought it?" cried Ralph.
 "Well, it was bought by Lord Overstair."

"Really?"
 "He is fairly silly about it."

"Overstair?"
 "Lord Overstair," said Mr. Paragon. "Yes, he asked me where you had been staying last autumn, and I told him I really did not know—somewhere in the country—so he set the detectives to find out."

"The deuce!" said Seton.
 "He was in here one morning last week," the dealer went on reflectively. "He had been round to the Academy to look at it again. 'She's the most beautiful thing, Paragon,' said he, 'in flesh and blood that ever I saw. I've got the lady's name and address—I'm going down to Thornton-Le-Grange—that is the name of the place?' he broke off, looking inquiringly at his client. 'I see it is,' he added, as Seton uttered a groan of disgust. 'I am going down there this afternoon—I have got a letter of introduction—and if she is anything like the picture I am going to marry her at once.'"
 "The deuce he is!" said Ralph Seton.
 "He's a very good match for the young lady," said Mr. Paragon.

"She's already bespoke, Paragon," said Ralph Seton, rather sourly.

He strolled up the street and turned in at the great entrance of Burlington house, and made his way toward the room where his picture was hung.

"What do you want to see now?" said some one close to him.

"Oh, I don't want to see any of this rubbish," replied a girl's fresh voice. "All I have come for is to see that picture of the new man, Ralph Seton."

"What picture is that?"
 "Haven't you heard about it? Oh, my dear—'By Those Cool Waters'—isn't it a sweet title? And the girl—well, everybody's raving about it."

"Really? Let us look for it at once."

Then Seton turned on his heel and walked sharply off in the other direction, glanced in at the door, saw that the picture had already its crowd of admirers, went downstairs, and, getting into a taxi-cab, bade the man drive like fury to Paddington station. He waited for no luggage, but just took a ticket for Thornton-Le-Grange.

The lovely village was looking its loveliest in its spring suit of tender green. Apparently every house had just had its face washed, every window been brightened and polished. The Manor cottage, nestling in its shelter of trees, was looking more idyllic than ever. The maidservant who answered his summons received him with a broad smile of welcome.

"Miss Lois at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir—oh, yes, sir. Miss Lois is in the garden with a gentleman—Lord Overstair," she announced, with rather an important air. "If you will step in the drawing room, sir, I will tell Miss Lois."

"Thank you," said Seton, "I will go and find her. I would rather not trouble her to come in."

"Very well, sir."

So Seton put on his hat again and went off down the nearest garden pathway.

He found them just in the very spot where he had painted "By Those Cool Waters," and in the still, clear air he heard the deep rumble of a man's voice

and a nervous laugh which he recognized as that of the girl he loved.

"You have the picture?" he heard her say.
 "Yes, I have the picture—but the picture is not you."

"No, it is better than I. The picture will never fade—I shall. The picture will never grow old, Lord Overstair—I shall grow old. The picture will never be cross—sometimes I am horridly cross."

"I will risk it," said he.

"No, I think not. You must be content with the picture."

"Not when one has seen the original."

"I am so sorry. I am quite a simple country girl—I am really quite unsuited to you. I—I could never rule over a great house, never live up to a great position. I have always lived in this little simple village, where everybody knows me exactly for what I am—just Lois Chester, nothing more."

"You would not have to learn it all at once," he said. "As to ruling over a house in your position it would be nominal. As to living up to my position—that would be quite unnecessary. You would be Lady Overstair—there is nothing more to be said. If people did not like the way you lived, they would have to do the other thing. The only person that would matter would be me. If you pleased me and displeased all the rest of the world, it would not matter the value of a half-farthing. That is what a great position means; it is nothing to be frightened of."

"I am not frightened—exactly," said Lois. "The fact is, Lord Overstair—I am sorry you said this, for the fact is, I promised somebody else that I would wait."

"And how long have you been waiting?" he demanded.

"Oh, quite a little time—just next to no time. And he will be coming very soon now."

"If anything should happen to prevent his coming, you would let me know?"

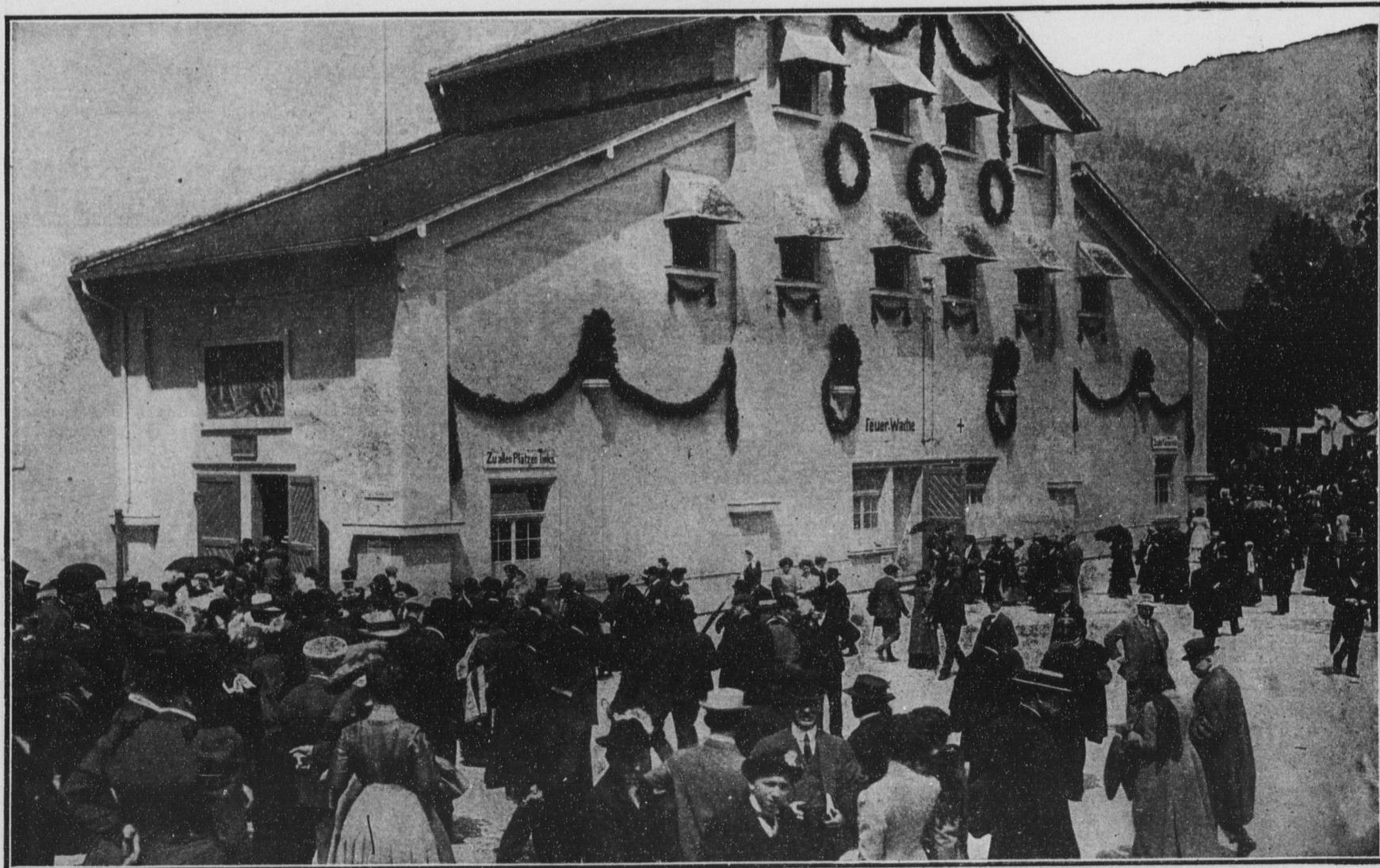
"Ye—es," rather doubtfully, "yes; but," in a confident tone, "nothing is likely to prevent his coming. It is no use letting you go away hoping for what I know won't happen. You have done me a great honor, Lord Overstair. I wish I could have said something else. And you have the picture," she added.

"Yes," he said, "I have the picture—to remind me of my last look at you 'by those cool waters.'"

He bent, touched her hand, then suddenly raised it to his lips and strode away.

For a moment or two Ralph Seton stood watching her; then he took a step forward and Lois perceived him.

"And so," said he, putting an arm round her, "and so 'by those cool waters' you and I meet again."



THE THEATRE AT OBERAMMERGAU ON A PERFORMANCE DAY

IT WILL BE NOTED THAT AMERICA IS WELL REPRESENTED. THE THEATRE ESCAPED DAMAGE IN THE RECENT FLOODS, WHICH WERE, HOWEVER, SUFFICIENTLY SEVERE TO ISOLATE THE VILLAGE FROM THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY. THE EDIFICE SHOWN ABOVE IS NEW THIS YEAR.

THIS SHOWS THE EXTERIOR OF WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED THE FOYER, AND

AND SO 'BY THOSE COOL WATERS' YOU AND I MEET AGAIN.