

golden shower about her shoulders, and gazed long and earnestly at her reflection.

"Beauty," she whispered. And every line of the picture echoed her words. "Innocence and truth." And the deep, frank eyes repeated the thought. "Grace." And every motion threw back the utterance. "You have them all, and yet you are incomplete," she cried suddenly, and raised her hand to strike the image before her. But in midair the hand paused, and the heavy lashes drooped over the sea-deep eyes. A ruddy color mounted to cheek and brow, and turning, she threw herself upon her couch, murmuring:

"Incomplete? Ah no, Carl. At last I know what you have missed,—but I—I cannot tell you. You must find it for yourself."

The next morning Lola noticed dark rings about Carl's eyes, betokening a sleepless night. And her pity for him grew hourly. But as for her, she would not meet his gaze. Several times during their breakfast she caught him watching her with a puzzled expression on his face, and each time she had dropped her eyes quickly to her plate lest he should read in them the secret her lips were unwilling to utter. The morning meal finished, Carl led the way up to the east wing. Lola followed with a wildly beating heart.

Once inside the studio, Carl turned the easel so that the portrait might catch the full east light, and then threw back the dust curtain. Lola gazed at the canvas in rapture.

"It is not like me," she said, finally. "It is too beautiful."

"As though that were possible," he replied, looking full at her.

Again the dark lashes veiled the tell-tale glance of the blue eyes.

"Could you do no better?" she said. "Let me sit just once again, and then see whether you have made a true likeness."

She took her place on the little dais he had built, and assumed her pose. Carl glanced first at the picture, then at his model. As he did so, his lips parted in a cry of glad surprise.

"It is there," he said; "the something I have missed. How strange I never caught it before." And he hurried to get his brushes and palette, while Lola sat idly watching him, her heart throbbing with a gladness she had never known till then.

And when, without looking up from his work, he told her she might go, she stole away to her room and vainly strove to quell