

study," I said. "I hope I may sit in it when you've got nobody there."

"As much as ever you like, my love," he answered. "Only I don't want to make all my women like you, as I've been doing for the last two years. You must get me out of that somehow."

"Easily. I shall be so cross and disagreeable that you will get tired of me, and find no more difficulty in keeping me out of your pictures."

But he got me out of his pictures without that; for when he had me always before him he didn't want to be always producing me.

He led me into the little hall—made lovely by a cast of an unfinished Madonna of Michael Angelo's let into the wall—and then to the back of it, where he opened a small cloth-covered door, when there yawned before me, below me, and above me, a great wide lofty room. Down into it led an almost perpendicular stair.

"So you keep a little private precipice here," I said.

"No, my dear," he returned; "you mistake. It is a Jacob's ladder—or will be one in one moment more."

He gave me his hand and led me down.

"This is quite a banqueting-hall, Percivale!" I cried, looking round me.

"It shall be, the first time I get a thousand pounds for a picture," he returned.

"How grand you talk!" I said, looking up at him with some wonder; for big words rarely came out of his mouth.

"Well," he answered merrily, "I had two hundred and seventy-five for the last."

"That's a long way off a thousand," I returned, with a silly sigh.

"Quite right; and, therefore, this study is a long way off a banqueting-hall."

There was literally nothing inside the seventeen feet cube except one chair, one easel, a horrible thing like a huge doll, with no end of joints, called a lay figure, but Percivale called it his bishop; a number of pictures leaning their faces against the walls in attitudes of grief that their beauty was despised and no man would buy them; a few casts of legs and arms and faces, half a dozen murderous-looking weapons, and a couple of yards square of the most exquisite tapestry I ever saw.

"Do you like being read to when you are at work?" I asked him.

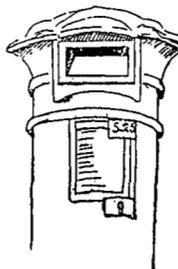
"Sometimes—at certain kinds of work, but not by any means always," he answered. "Will you shut your eyes for one minute," he went on, "and, whatever I do, not open them till I tell you?"

"You mustn't hurt me, then, or I may open

them without being able to help it, you know," I said, closing my eyes tight.

"Hurt you!" he repeated, with a tone I would not put on the paper if I could; and the same moment I found myself in his arms, carried like a baby, for Percivale is one of the strongest of men.

It was only for a few yards, however. He laid me down somewhere, and told me to open my eyes. (To be continued.)



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

*We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.*

*Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.*

### ON PRIVATE NURSING.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—Now the subject is being discussed, is there not also room for improvement in our employers—i.e., to offer better terms when engaging a Nurse, especially for night nursing? They seem to think half-a-crown not an unreasonable price. A case was sent me last evening at that price, but should only be required twice a week, which I declined. They seem to require good nursing, but do not care at how low a price, or think of the rent, &c., a Nurse has to pay. I live in Streatham, which is an expensive place to reside in. I consider patients should study Nurses a little more and be less ready to beat down the price. The employers of Nurses on this side require good nursing and long hours.

Also with reference to Doctors, they seem here to prefer sending miles round for Nurses rather than giving us a chance who live near them; why is a mystery to myself and others.

It is time that things were changed both in regard to Private and Hospital Nursing. A. A.

### A CORRECTION.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—In reply to your remarks on page 32 of the last number of the *Nursing Record* received this morning, allow me to refer you to the following:—"But when His disciples saw it they had indignation, saying, 'To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor.' When Jesus understood it, He said unto them, 'Why trouble ye the woman, for she hath wrought a good work upon Me?'" See Matthew xxvi. 8, 9, 10, also v. 13.—Yours truly, EDITH PEROWNE.

Deanery, Peterborough.

P.S.—It might be added, if a utilitarian point of view must be taken, that the money paid for the stalls goes to the support of some of the most industrious and deserving workmen in Peterborough.

[The above letter has reference to the second paragraph in the "Women and Their Work" columns.—ED.]

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