A TRIM EXPLOIT.

The time of year was February, the day still in its youth, the sun was shining brightly, when Mr. Edward Erroll, happening to have a spare hour on his hands, strolled into a friend's studio, near Langham Place, to see how he was "getting on" with his pictures. Drummond was, of course, painting, and the look he gave the intruder was by no means encouraging. Erroll, being not easily daunted, only said, "Good morning, Drummond; I know that coming in now seems like being determined to take off the cream of your day, but don't regard it in that light, I entreat you; just make up your mind that you won't be disturbed my me, and let me have a look at all your pictures."

"All my pictures?" echoed Drummond, ruefully.

"Yes, all your pictures; the more the better; but where are they?" And he examined the room in surprise, for usually at this season of the year he could not even shake his friend's hand without having to pick his way delicately through groves of easels with pictures on them. To-day all the spare easels were run into one corner and untenanted; and, so far as Erroll could see, Drummond had nothing in hand but one small picture on which he was working. This was, however, so improbable that Erroll glanced around to see how many canvases were standing on the floor with their faces turned to the walls; how many empty frames were waiting for their reception; how much preparation, in fact, was being made for the various picture-shows which would burst into being with the rapidly approaching month of May.

"You needn't look for pictures here," growled Drummond, "for I have got none."

"What! None for the Academy?"

"No: none for the Academy! None for anywhere!"

"How unwise!" said Erroll, taking the most comfortable seat that he could find. "You were ill-treated last year, but why should that go on? A year might bring you a rattling success."

"It's not likely—anyhow I can't send. Don't think that I am not mortified, but it can't be helped. I must make up my mind to lose one year of artistic life."

"And why, pray?"

"Because that fellow Clarke has lured away my model, and I can do nothing until he comes back. It is abominable of her to go; it is infamous of him to take her; but that's how it is. I do believe the design is good. You shall see it."

So saying, Drummond went into an inner room and brought out a canvas.

"Good heavens, man, how well that comes!" cried Erroll. "You really ought to finish it. It is a classical subject, and I hate classical subjects; the design is original, and you know how imprudent I think it is to paint original pictures, but I never in my life saw anything more masterly. What is it, and why on earth don't you get another model and finish it?"

"It is Creusa just as she is about to put on the garment which will shrivel up her youth and beauty. She is turning it over and wandering at its strange magnificence. I don't finish the picture because I can't—it is a grievous vexation to me."

"But you can if you like, and you must, for if it were well hung it would make your fortune."

"It wouldn't be hung—it would be rejected."

"That might happen, of course, but I don't believe it would; anyhow, it is your duty to finish it, for you are one of the heaven-sent prophets who have a distinct message to deliver."

"Obadiah hid an hundred men of the Lord's prophets by fifty in a cave, and fed them on bread and water; this poor prophet would be hidden away in the cellars of the Academy, and have to make a shift to provide himself with bread and water."

"And if it were so, you might suck comfort out of your rejection. Original work is always difficult of comprehension. You seem to forget that it is by no means easy to recognize a prophet when he does appear, and to my mind you have always been in far too great a hurry to show that you were one. It is a great mistake for any young man who is original to give the least hint of it until he is landed in a position which gives him the right to show his pictures. Till then he should play dark horse. I mean he should never paint according to the spirit which is in him until he has made a real and well buttressed-up success by glorious and unmistakable mediocrity. For one person who can recognize a prophet there are tens of thousands who would infinitely rather be without him, and adore commonplaceness. It is an excellent gift—he who has it is certain of glory, honor and prize-money, and what can mortal man have that is better?"

"You don't know what you are saying—you would not like me to be commonplace," said Drummond.

"I don't suppose you could if you tried," answered Errol provokingly. "It would be just as hard for you to be commonplace as it would for a commonplace man to be original—beside, it requires something very like genius to hit on the kind of commonplacenesss that is certain to be popular. Look at the painters who were the gods of our fathers' idolatry—you might fret your soul out trying to be as bad and as highly thought of as they were, and at last reproduce their work exactly, and yet never be noticed at all—there is a fashion even in commonplaceness."

"I don't want to be popular. I have no desire of any kind but to paint my picture as well as I can according to my own idea of what is best, and to have permission to show it."

"You must paint one before you can show it; so, for heaven's sake, get to work; it is madness to lose a year of your artistic life in this way—perfect madness. Finish this if you want to send one of your original works—do anything you like, so long as you do something. I saw Stukeley last night—that's partly what brought me here to-day. I could see that he was well disposed to you, and quite aware that there was something in your work which gave it a right to be seen. He said that he was on the Hanging Committee this year, so just think what a chance you are losing if you don't send in. Now I am going, but if you don't take what I have said to heart and set to work with an Academy picture at once, all I can say is that you are your own worst enemy. Gord morning."

"Perhaps he is right," thought Drummond as soon as he was alone. "I dare say he is, but what can I do? This thing that I have on the easel would be lost at the Academy, and this other, which might have done me credit, can't be finished until Clarke lets me have my model back. It was disgraceful of her to go—I shall never feel comfortable about her again."

Then he fell to perusing the lines in his deserted picture, and it was so impossible not to see that they were good that they restored him to peace with himself, only his vexation at being unable to finish it grew more and more intense. "It would be such a good thing for me if I could send it," he thought; "I am almost certain they would hang it—it would sell if they put it in a good place, and then for another year at least I could work without anxiety. I will write a moving appeal to Clarke—I dare say he is not a bad fellow after all. I will tell him exactly how I am situated, and get him to let me have my model, if only for ten days."

"Dear Clarke," he wrote, "how are you getting on with your picture? Would it be possible—"

At this moment he was aware of a knock at his door: there was something unusual about it—it was not like the easy confidence of a model's knock, and none of his brother artists were likely to be abroad at that hour. While this thought was in his mind the knock was repeated, and this time even more faintly.

"Come in," he said, but no one came, so he went to the door and opened it. A girl was standing outside, a girl of 20 or so, dressed in what he would have described as ultra-marine-ash color, and she wore a large black hat which shaded one of the handsomest and most expressive faces he had ever seen. There was a certain likeness to the model he had lost, and for one moment he thought that it was the truant girl herself, improved almost beyond recognition by good fare, good dress and good gifts of all kinds, but the moment the new-comer opened her lips he knew better. His Hetty Harris—a name she herself preferred to pronounce 'Etty 'Arris—had received at her birth the gift that every time she spoke showers of superfluous h's should alight on every side, and no "a" should ever be uttered by her without being turned into an "i"; but now a sweet voice said, or rather faltered, "Mr. Drummond, will you allow me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, I will," said Drummond with eyes riveted to her face, while in imagination he was painting her, and painting with delight.

She hesitated.

"What is it?" he asked. "Pray don't mind speaking."

"You must excuse me if I am taking a liberty," she said, never raising her frightened eyes from the ground, though their lashes were quite long enough to be a protection, "I was told that you—that artists, I mean—sometimes wanted models, so I came; at least I thought I might perhaps come to see if you happened to want one now, and if I was at all the kind of person that you would ever care to paint."

"Ever care to paint!" She was exactly what he wanted. She was a thousand times better than Miss Hetty Harris at her very best. An h-dropping London model may by the painter's craft be turned into Helen of Troy or Joan of Arc, but here was a girl who could lead him and inspire him.

"Of course you will do," he said; "you will do admirably! You are exactly what I want for a picture which is at a standstill because I have not been able to have the only model who would suit."

She raised her eyes now—they were light, golden-brown eyes, with dark eyelashes and eyebrows—she looked somewhat reassured. "And there was something else," she began, and stopped.

"Yes," he said encouragingly. "Go on."

"Do you—oh, I can't say it—I am ashamed to ask." Then she seemed to gather her courage together for a moment, and got so far as to say, "When people sit to you, Mr. Drummond—girls like me, I mean—do you ever——?"

"Pay them, do you mean?" he suggested, thinking she must be young at the business. "Oh, yes! I always pay them; it is eighteen pence an hour. I will give you ten and sixpence for three or four hours daily."

"Oh, ten and sixpence!" she repeated, with an air that betokened leisurely considerationof how much ten and sixpence would buy.

"Yes; but you must not fail me till my picture is done; that's why I am giving you more."

"For how many weeks should I have to promise to come?"

"Three, for certain, and perhaps longer; but we need not be so particular, need we? You will come as long as I want you?"

"I will come as long as I can. I promise you faithfully to come for three weeks."

"All right!" said Drummond joyously. "Come inside, and I will get to work at once."

"Should I have to be here early?" she inquired before entering the studio; "for I am afraid I couldn't."

"At half-past nine," he said.

"Oh, I can't come till eleven!"

"Very well," said Drummond; "if you can't, you can't, and it shall be eleven; but remember that it won't do for me to be left in the lurch when once I have begun to paint you. You must make a definite bargain with me. You promise to come every day for the next three weeks at eleven, and after that we can, if necessary, make a new arrangement."

"That is much the best," she said, with an air of relief. "I do promise; I will come every day for three weeks at eleven; working days of course, I mean, not Sundays."

"You have set before?"

"No," she answered, and then altered it to, "Yes, I have sat before, but I am not a professional model."

Drummond was used to people who said that they were not professional models, and took occasion to reveal that they were daughters of colonels in the army, or of physicians who had not been able to heal themselves, and had left a struggling family behind them. He was wont to deal tenderly with these tender growths of fiction, but it was quite possible that what this girl was saying was no fiction, for she looked very superior to any model he had ever painted from; beside, models are generally proud to bring out a long array of names of artists who have found their services valuable.

"I must have your name and address," he said, taking out his note book. "I might have to write to you."

"Alice Hayley, 4 Wolseley Building, Canonbury."

"Models and persons who beg in the street always live at the other end of London," thought Drummond. "What artists have you sat to?" he demanded casually, as he was setting his palette afresh. When he looked at Miss Alice Hayley she was blushing to the roots of her hair.

"I will tell you the truth," she said. "I have sat to none; I have never sat to any one but an amateur. I want to earn a little money, and I came to you because I liked a picture of yours I once saw in the Grosvenor Gallery—that's all."

This was eminently pleasant to hear, and she was charming to look upon. He placed her with care in the attitude which he had chosen for the treacherous woman who had deserted him, and then with a feeling of extreme hopefulness began to work. She sat much better than he had expected, and for more than an hour he only opened his lips to say, "A little more this way, please," or "Try to keep the position, unless you are too tired." Suddenly, to his surprise, for his thoughts were so entirely given to what he was doing, he found that she was speaking. By an effort he understood that she was telling him that he really did work hard. "Do you never stop to rest? Even you must want rest," she added.

"I scarcely know what I do. I suppose I stop now and then, but I am afraid when I do I am still thinking of my picture. You must rest, though; I am forgetting that. You have been in that position more than an hour. Get up and walk about the room awhile."

He spoke with authority; perhaps that was way her lip curled. But what a beautiful mouth she had!

"Artists order their models about!" she said, rising to obey him.

"They must, but I hope they don't do it discourteously. Models who have had no practice do not know how to spare themselves. It will do you good to walk about."

"I suppose you would rather I didn't look at what you are doing," observed Miss Hayley rather coolly, as she rose from her chair.

"Not till it is further advanced, if you please."

She strolled about the studio, or rather about such parts of it as did not command a view of his canvas, and he worked on, taking little or notice of what she was doing, for heart and soul were now given wholly to work. It was not long before he began to wish that she would come back, and he turned to see if she were nearly ready. He had always been supposed to have one of the most artistically arranged studios in London. Miss Haley of Canonbury was standing looking first on one side of it and then on another, with an air of deep commiseration. When she saw that for a moment his attention was withdrawn from his canvas she exclaimed:

"I had been told that artists' studios were so pretty and comfortable."

"Don't you call this pretty and comfortable?" said he, much nettled.

"Well, no; but perhaps it is. You see, I know nothing about such things. You want me to come back to my place!"

She returned, but, being new to sitting, did not resume the original attitude, so he had to place her again. A little before 1 she suppressed a yawn, and said tentatively:

"You can't both talk and work, can you?"

"Not to-day," he answered. "When I have conquered some of my difficulties I shall be more able."

"Very well," she said, in a semi-discontented manner. "I dare say I can amuse myself with my own thoughts."

She sat for another hour, and then he saw that she had turned very pale.

"You are not used to this kind of work," he remarked compassionately. "Would you like to go out and get some luncheon? The air might do you good."

"No, I don't want to go out and then have to come back again," she replied promptly. "But don't you want luncheon yourself?"

"Not yet. I don't trouble myself much about luncheon. What I like is a cup of tea."

"Then you may go on with your work, and I will make you some tea and have a cup myself—that is, if you have any tea-things."

He was surprised at her coolness, but attracted by the prospect of having some tea without the trouble of making it, so he told her where to find everything, and left her to do what she liked. She first of all carefully inspected two or three bits of embroidery that were in the room, to see which would make the best table-cover, then set the cups on it, discovered biscuits in the same cupboard as the cups, dusted some Persian plates, and pressed them into her service, and when all was ready said:

"Shall I bring your tea to you, or will you come here?"

"I will come there," he answered, and went to an easy chair by the fire; and as she gave him his tea he realized that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She was tired with her morning's work, and as soon as he had taken his cup from her was glad to sit down in an attitude of her own choosing, sipping her tea with evident enjoyment, and languidly basking in the warmth of the fire and the pleasant sense of having at last leave to rest from her labors. He tried to talk a little, but she did not seem disposed to do so now; so he left her in peace, and felt as if there were no limit to the fine pictures that he could paint if this girl were always at hand to sit to him, for her every attitude suggested one.

"If you want any more sitting from me to-day, I had better go back to my place," she observed at last, "for I must be home by five, and it will take an hour to go."

"Why need you be back by five?"

"I must. There are reasons. I—" and she blushed instead of finishing her sentence.

"It won't take a whole hour to go to Canonbury."

"Yes, it will."

He looked at his picture and he looked at her, and saw that she ought to have a longer rest.

"I will come now," she said, misinterpreting his glance, "as I have to leave at four."

So she sat and he worked, and few were the words said by either. He was deeply conscious of her beauty and of the charm that there was about her, but did not want to talk, and she seemed equally glad to be silent. He worked so hard that he was quite unconscious of the flight of time, but at 4 o'clock she rose and said:

"I am going."

"It has soon come to an end," said he, rising; "but you have sat well. I can't tell you how glad I am you came! I was in despair about that picture and everything else, and your coming has made all easy. You will be here exactly at 11, I hope. I must beg you to be punctual. I shall have no picture this year if you are not, and it is very important to me to have one."

She pitied his evident anxiety and made haste to say, "I will be here at 11, but you understand that I must leave at 4."

"I understand. When this picture is done I will paint you as Cinderella. Your arrangements are quite Cinderella-like."

"Don't keep me now. I beg; it's after 4," she said, making her way quickly to the door.

"But I must. I must pay you." For he had an idea from something that she had said that money was of importance to her.

She took the money without a word, but bent down as it touched her palm—probably to hide the crimson blush which in a moment made even the tips of her ears tingle.

"Eleven sharp!" he called after her, for he was inexpressibly anxious to make the most of this heaven-sent opportunity.

At 11 she came. He was already waiting. She put into his hand two beautiful Oriental china cups and saucers, and went away to take off her hat and jacket.

"What are these cups for?" he asked, when she returned.

"For you," she answered. "Your plates are pretty—Persian plates are—but your cups are ugly, and one of them runs out a little, so I have brought you these."

"But these are splendid! You surely haven't bought them?"

If she had, she must have spent thrice as much as he had given her the day before. He could not let her give him so handsome a present, and attempted to say so.

"I didn't buy them. We have ever so many more at home—these are for you, if you will accept them," and she tried to close the subject by seating herself on her throne like a queen.

"If you have more than you want," he said, thinking of her poverty, "and would like to part with any of them, I could easily dispose of them for you. I have friends who would give a good deal for cups like these."

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed vehemently. "My father—no, my mother—that is to say, none of us would ever part with them! We couldn't."

"Then you must not give me these. I really—"

"Oh, these are mine. I can do what I like with them, and I have done it. Don't let us talk."

Whether she was offended at not having been allowed to talk the day before, or whether she really did wish to be silent, he knew not, but all that day the burden of her conversation was, "Don't let us talk!" She was kindness itself, so far as sitting was concerned, refused to rest, carefully kept her position, and quietly and noiselessly again prepared his tea, but she would enter into no conversation that lasted more than a minute or two. Again he paid her; again she blushed, and once more he entreated her to be punctual. But she was always punctual as clock-work, and every morning appeared looking as fresh as if she had walked in from the next room without any tedious or disagreeable journey by 'bus or rail. Fourteen days of hard painting from a model exactly suited to his purpose had advanced his picture to a state in which even he could see success of all kinds vividly foreshadowed. His spirits were high, his heart light, he was a changed man. As for Alice Hayley, he could scarcely imagine his studio without her. All her little airs of assurance and petulance were gone; she was now gentle, unselfish, and thoughtful, and she had rescued him from despair.

"Good-bye," he said on Saturday—it was the fourteenth day of her sitting. "Monday morning, at 11. I won't say be punctual, for you are always here to the minute."

"If I were to fail for once?" she said, doubtfully.

"Is there any chance of it?" he exclaimed in great excitement and anxiety.

"Oh, no! I was only asking," she replied carelessly; and yet she stood as if trying to read his face, and unable to go away without saying more.

"Don't jest about anything so appallingly serious!" he said. "I have left all that the life of the picture depends on to the very last, to be done calmly and deliberately, when it is perfectly dry. I intend to begin with this on Monday, and if you were to fail you would ruin the picture and me too."

"You see, I know so little about pictures," she said nervously, and then, with downcas t eyes,she began to go.

"Stop! stop! You are sure to come on Monday?" cried Drummond, pursuing her outside.

"Of course, I am; but I am dreadfully late—do let me go!" He made no further resistance, but watched her as she hurried away, looking very crestfallen and sad.

"You seem so extremely half-hearted about it, after all!" he called after her. "I can't be happy until you give me a solemn promise to come."

"I am not at all half-hearted. Of course I'll come; but I *am* so late. I *must* go!"

For a moment he was still uncomfortable, but when she had gone a few steps more on her downward way she looked back, and there was something in her face which not only set his mind at rest, but made his brain spin.

Monday morning came, 11 o'clock struck, and in an instant he was on the alert to hear a step that was ever welcome in his ears, and a low knock, which would be followed by the sight of a face which was continually in his thoughts. He felt his heart beating.

Five minutes passed. She had never been five minutes behind her time before. Ten passed, and fifteen. He laid down his palette and began to pace the studio. Had something happened, or had his suspicions of Saturday been well founded, and she had never meant to come? He tried to paint and regard this as a mere accident, but when 12 struck he found he was doing his picture more harm than good, and stopped work. At 1 he could bear it no longer, and went to the main street, where he hailed a hansom and ordered the driver to go with all speed to 4 Wolseley Building, Canonbury. What a long way it was, and how rapidly the aspect of everything changed for the worse as he rattled through the streets eastward. And he was comfortably seated in a hansom, while she, poor girl, had to dispute inches with stout men and women in omnibuses or choke down below in "the bowels of the harmless earth." "And yet how sweet and fresh she always looks after the struggle," he thought.

"Wolseley Buildings, Canonbury?" asked the driver, with a manner that seemed to wish to convey that such low places were not to his taste. He was directed to a long dull street bearing that name. "Heaven grant that No. 4 be at this end," said Drummond, but though his prayer was heard, and he reached No. 4 in another minute, no Alice Hayley lived there, or had ever been heard of in the neighborhood. He tried every house with a 4 in its number, but all in vain. He asked at the postoffice and many of the shops, but learned naught, save this—that be had been painting a girl who, for reasons of her own, had given him a false address.

He had a sudden visitation of hope as he reascended the stairs to his studio, for it flashed on his mind that he had been an idiot to go off to Canonbury in search of a model who had probably been for some time sitting by his fire wondering where he was. It was impossible that anyone who had been so attentive, so docile, so ready to fall in with every wish that he expressed, could fail him thus so cruelly. Doubtless she was there and he would find her. He opened the door, picturing to himself the attitude in which he would discover her. His breath came fast; he was daring to enjoy beforehand the delicious change to happiness and peace. * * * His studio was empty of all but the pictured presence of one who had filled it to overflowing with everything that was wanting to his life and art. She was gone, and he felt that it was forever. He took the picture and placed it with its face to the wall—he gathered together his hopes and ambitions, and hid them away far from him—would there ever be a time when either hope or ambition would dwell with him again?

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Fourteen months afterward Drummond received this letter:

"DEAR SIR: My second daughter is to be married in the beginning of next week to Sir Edward Cleeve at St. George's, Hanover Square. Her husband (that is to be) has just confided to me that he has all along had a great wish to have a picture of the wedding ceremony, and has felt sure that you could paint one which would give satisfaction. Somehow or other he has never let me know of this wish until to-day. He thinks that it is now too late to make arrangements, and does not like to write to you, and wants to give up the idea, but I do not like it given up, so I told him that I would write to you in a nice, delicate, apologetic way—women are much better at letters of that kind than men—and ask if you would do it, and what your terms would be, and what facilities you would require. My son-in-law (that is to be) is a fine, aristocratic-looking man, and my daughter extremely handsome—the bridesmaids, who all of them belong to the best families, are mostly good-looking, and when they are not you can easily make them so, remembering, of course, that on the most important occasion of her life the bride has a right to expect to be made to look her best. My son-in-law (that is to be) thinks this may be a subject you will not care for, but I beg you will be so kind as to put such feelings aside, and willingly express my regret that you have not been consulted about it sooner. You will still be able to take some preliminary sketches of my daughter, who, after all, is the person I am most anxious should look well. As soon as I hear that you accept this commission I will, if your terms are such as we can agree to, confer with her about it, and make an appointment for you to see and sketch her. Until then I shall say nothing to her, for at such a time she has naturally more than enough already to see and settle about. The bridesmaids, of course, you can do at your leisure, for they all live in London, and you can have the dresses to paint from, so your task will be easy. By book post you will receive with this letter, or soon after it, cabinet photographs of the principal parties concerned. I have marked that of my-son-in-law (that is to be) 'Bridegroom,' and that of my daughter, 'Bride.' I do it for your convenience only, so I hope and trust it will not be unlucky. The bridesmaids' photographs are also marked. Let me have a favorable answer, if you please, together with lowest terms. I am arranging this, but the bridegroom (that is to be) is paying for it. We are persons of condition, but poor, and could not readily afford it, but we delight in the idea of this picture, so don't refuse, and be as easy in your terms as you can, and we faithfully promise to do our best to secure you more commissions of this kind—indeed, of any and every kind. Yours faithfully,

"EMMELINE TANCARVILLE SYMPSON."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Drummond, and without a moment's delay wrote an emphatically worded refusal.

An hour later the postman brought him a large packet of cabinet-sized photographs, which were so insecurely packed that it was a wonder they had reached him at all. He was packing them afresh when be was seized with curiosity to see whether Mrs. Tancarville Sympson "came out" as badly in a photograph as she did in a letter. The first he saw was that of the bridegroom (that was to be). He certainly was a fine, manly-looking fellow. The next was one of Alice Hayley.

"Alice Hayley!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Is it possible that she is going to be one of the bridesmaids? I shall find her, then, at last!" But when he turned to the back of the photograph he read in Mrs. Tancarville Sympson's free and flowing hand, "The bride that is to be."

The shock was so great that there was a moment when Drummond did not see clearly. He looked at the well-remembered face—he thought of his ruined picture and baffled hopes; he tore up his note of refusal and wrote to say that he would paint the picture, naming a wholly inadequate sum in order to secure the commission.

"I won't do it, of course," he said to himself. "She shall be paid in her own coin, but see her again I will."

This is an extract from what he wrote to Mrs. Tancarville Sympson of George street, Hanover Square: "I will do what you wish if sufficient opportunities of studying the principal figures are afforded me. The bride's face, for instance, which, if covered by a veil, will only have to be hinted at, must on that account be carefully studied in order that the little that is shown may be perfectly recognizable. She must give me at least one sitting before her wedding-day."

An answer soon came. "The bride (that is to be)," wrote Mrs. Tancarville Sympson, who still seemed to fear that this almost to-good-to-be-hoped-for-marriage would be broken off if she tempted fate by writing "bride" boldly, "refuses to sit before her marriage. She is 'much too tired with preparations,' she says, 'to look well and do herself justice,' and, therefore, if she did sit, the picture would be just as little like her real self as any imperfectly caught likeness you might take would be. 'Her face will be hidden by a thick lace veil,' she says, and that is true, for she is going to wear beautiful lace—'the gift of the bride's mother,' will be said in the papers, but that won't be true, for I have other girls to think of. I am afraid, however, as she seems so determined not to sit—between you and me and the postman, I believe she rather dislikes the idea of the commemorative picture, and feels that there is a certain ostentation about it—we shall just have to let her have her own way. She says, indeed, that every moment of the time is filled up with all kinds of appointments. We will not give up the picture. Sir Edward's heart is still set on it, and so is mine, and I must have it. I think if you come to the church, and then on to the house for the breakfast and reception afterward, you, with your genius—I assure you I have heard it called genius—will have ample opportunities of studying her in her wedding-dress, and you can have it sent to your studio afterward. Don't press for a sitting—she really has so little time that it would be cruel to urge her.

"P. S.—I have just been to her room again to ask if you might not come, and I assure you I was sorry for her. She begged me to give up the picture, told me I was unkind to ask her to do more when she was worked to death already, and wound up by bursting into tears. I let her think I would give it up. I did not say you would go to the church or anything. Come to the church as arranged, and then to the house."

Drummond went to the church and saw a veiled bride float past him and stand faltering by the bridegroom's side at the altar. He heard the words that were said, the promises she made. She was a girl who, to his knowledge, was little bound by promises. When she came from the vestry her face was by no means hidden—her veil was flung back, and she looked radiant. There was a certain insolence in such radiant happiness when she had brought such darkness and disappointment on him.

He hurried away to George Street. When he entered the drawing-room, everyone was shaking hands with and kissing her. He did not approach—let those shake hands with her who could do it without a heartache. He went to a remote corner and pretended to be looking at a drawing.

Presently Mrs. Tancarville Sympson came. "Oh, Mr. Drummond," she exclaimed reproachfully, "I didn't expect to find you in this corner! I thought you would have your picture in your mind and be looking!"

"There is such a crowd! Its so difficult——" he began; he scarcely knew what he was saying, he felt this so much more than he had feared.

"Oh, I know there is a crowd—I quite understand that it is not convenient, but you are under engagement to do this picture, and ought to be anxious to make it a good one, and be studying the bride."

Drummond looked full of embarrassment and despair. She thought it was despair of using his chances properly, and said, "I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Lady Cleeve will have to go to change her dress almost directly. She can't go up stairs the ordinary way, it's so crowded. She will escape by a door on the opposite corner of the room. You shall stand there and see her come up and pass through. You can look at her without speaking—she wouldn't like you to speak. You don't seem to understand me. Come, I will take you there."

She took his arm, and led him to the door. Some one had told her that men of genius were idiots in the affairs of common life, and she saw that it was true—he was capable of drifting away from his good position, she thought, so she stayed to see that he didn't.

"When you see a movement in the crowd in the other room, that will mean she's coming. Watch her as she comes—watch her carefully—it will be rather unfair to us if you let yourself be disappointed. Here she is! Mr. Drummond, she is here!"

Lady Cleeve came resolutely forward to her mother, and seeing that, the train of followers fell back a step or two.

"Mother," she said in a low voice, "go a little further off. I want to say something to Mr. Drummond. Keep all those people away from us for a minute or two."

"You good darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Tancarville Sympson. "I knew you would find some way to oblige us all. You understand how our hearts are set on this picture. Don't hurry; let Mr. Drummond have a good look at you. I have told him he is not to talk to you. I will keep every one out of the way. In fact, I will explain to them why you want to speak to him." And having said all this loudly enough to be audible to Drummond, she went to the nearest guests and eagerly explained that this was a hurried sitting for a really important work of art.

"Mother does not know why I want to speak to you so much," whispered Lady Cleeve. "I want to ask you to forgive me." She held out her hand, but it faltered on its way to him. Seeing that he showed no disposition to take it, she drew back and said, "You will shake hands with me, I hope."

"Yes, but how could you treat me so?"

"I didn't want to behave badly—I was very foolish—that's all. You see, I had been told about girls being models, and thought what fun it would be to play at being one for a time myself. I had to wait until my mother went away for a three-weeks' visit and then I came to you. That was all."

"That was all!" he repeated despairingly. She spoke so lightly, and she seemed to him to be dancing upon his coffin.

"Well, no, not quite all. There was such a pretty ring—a sapphire and diamond one in a second-hand shop, and I couldn't afford to buy it out of my allowance—it was seven pounds. Come, Mr. Drummond, don't look so vexed with a poor girl on her wedding day. I admit it was a stupid thing to do, but no one is a bit the worse for it."

"No one a bit the worse for it," he repeated bitterly.

"Ah, you haven't forgotten about that picture you couldn't finish! That was mother's fault, not mine. I was very happy in the studio, and didn't mind how long I stayed, but she wrote to say that she was coming home a week earlier than she intended. I must go now; say you forgive me and have forgotten."

"I forgive you—I have not forgotten."

"You will soon. I was very sorry when I had to come away, but I soon forgot. Why not you, too?"

"Because ——" he began and stopped—the scent of her orange-blossoms was a little overpowering.

"You don't mean to say that you really cared!" exclaimed Lady Cleeve. She had read his heart in his face.

"Look more animated Alice," interrupted Mrs. Tancarville Sympson, "and happier, I beg. Mr. Drummond is studying your face for the picture he is going to paint. A girl ought to look happy on her wedding-day, and you don't."—Margaret Hunt, in Longman's Magazine.

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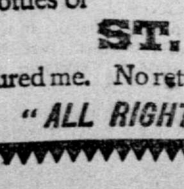

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Seeker—So your friend, Dumbleton, has written a novel, eh? Sageman—He has, for a fact. Seeker—What is his plot? Sageman—His plot seems to have been to inveigle the public into buying a book that isn't worth reading.—Boston Courier.

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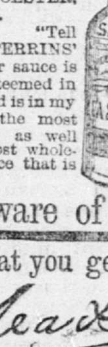

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GEORGE F. BRONNER,
Administrator of the Estate of J. D. Bigelow, deceased.

Dated March 4, 1892.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Administrator.

m5-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BARNET BAKER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Barnet Baker, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them,with the necessary vouchers,within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the law offices of William A. Gett, Jr., 426½ J street (up stairs), Sacramento, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California.

GEORGE F. BRONNER,
Administrator of the estate of Barnet Baker, deceased.

Dated March 4, 1892.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Administrator.

m5-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF G. W. CHESLEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrators with will annexed of the estate of G. W. Chesley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrators at the offices of Armstrong & Platnauer, 405 J street, Sacramento, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

B. U. STEINMAN,
EUGENE J. GREGORY,
Administrators with will annexed of the estate of G. W. Chesley, deceased.

Dated at Sacramento, March 18, 1892.

m19-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ALICE M. CHESLEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the will of Alice M. Chesley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors, at the offices of Armstrong & Platnauer, 405 J street, Sacramento, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

B. U. STEINMAN,
EUGENE J. GREGORY,
Executors of the estate of Alice M. Chesley, deceased.

Dated at Sacramento March 18, 1892.

m19-5tS