

Looks Green,' would be a better title to my mind. I never saw a healthy young woman with that sort of complexion."

"How delicious!" whispered Agnes in John's ear, squeezing his hand. That sort of criticism was too ignorant to sting.

Still, when a gentleman with a square beard, looking for all the world like a successful banker, stopped and said to his companion, "That 'Girl in Green' is one of the best things here this year," they were breathless with happiness. For the stout, square-bearded gentleman was none other than Sir Valentine Sparks, one of the greatest of English painters.

A mild, inoffensive-looking elderly woman in gray, overhearing the remark that had been made, stopped in front of the painting and surveyed it critically. Then she turned to John.

"Is that a really good painting?" asked the elderly lady. "A truly valuable painting?"

"That picture, madam, while not the finest thing in the academy, is undoubtedly a very fair specimen of the modern English school," said John. "I happen to know that the author is placing a valuation of a thousand pounds upon it."

"Dear me!" said the elderly lady. "'Girl in Green!' How interesting! I must really have a better look at it. Where are my glasses?"

She pulled an absurdly large bag from her muff and fumbled nervously with it for quite a minute before she managed to get it open. Then she pulled from the interior—not a pair of glasses, but a very serviceable meat-chopper.

Smash! Rip! Rip! Rip! The canvas was torn into shreds and long strips hung from the frame before John, aided by half a dozen men in the vicinity, could rush forward and stay the work of devastation.

"There!" screamed the lady, transformed all at once into a virago. "That's what you get for letting dear

Mrs. Pankhurst starve to death!"

"A suffragette!" screamed an official, maneuvering cautiously around her. "Have you got her? Then let me get at her!"

For about three minutes longer the academy room was filled with a struggling crowd, each member of which seemed supremely anxious to lay hands upon a struggling old lady who, bonnetless, and with disheveled clothing, was giving as good an account of herself as was possible under the circumstances. At last she was placed in the charge of a policeman and conveyed away.

John stood looking ruefully at her handiwork. The painting was injured beyond all possibility of repair. There were half a dozen vertical and three or four horizontal slashes in it, each extending nearly the whole extent of the picture, which had been cut literally into ribbons.

"John, dear!" whispered Agnes, slipping her hand into his. She knew the bitterness in his heart. He had spent so many weeks trying to create her, plain little Agnes Manton, as she knew herself to be, into the reproduction of the image that lay enshrined in his heart. And this was the end!

Slowly they went out of the academy, followed by a small sympathetic throng, which had guessed the tragedy from the likeness between Agnes and the woman in the picture.

"I'll paint you again, Agnes," he said. "Do you know, somehow I was not quite satisfied with that. It wasn't nearly as pretty as you are."

Suddenly he brightened up. He stopped still in the street. "Agnes, what a fortunate thing!" he exclaimed. "I know what the trouble was. I ought to have painted you as I intend to now, in our new house, with the antique furniture. Agnes, isn't it lucky I insured the picture for a thousand pounds!"

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Cut flowers will last well if a piece of saltpeter be added to the water in which they stand.