

AT EVENING.
Eastward the hills show
Still where his wheels were run,
All golden in the glow
Of the departing sun.
Beneath a single star
In the last crimson light,
Faint, and above, one star
Shines in the night.
As 'twere a jewel-dew
Set in this garden blue,
Telling the twilight hour
When falls the silent dew;
As 'twere a lantern there
Lighting the twilight air,
Through the dim reaches of air,
With its pale ray.
Over you purple lies
See, her white face appears
Beneath the blue divine
Steeped in her fragrant tear
Out of this silver bath
Flowers shall emerge at dawn
Gracing the narrow path.
Across the lawn.
Far in the tranquil deep
Tremble a million eyes,
Guarding the world asleep
Night, like another day,
Tenderly by her breast
Takes up her weary child
And gives it rest.
—Frank Sherman, in Youth's Companion.

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
I am a painter. The name upon my studio door is familiar to the fashionable world, and I have painted the portraits of many of the four hundred. I am invited to receptions, and guests are brought up and introduced to me by important gentlemen, who inform them by important that wonderful likeness of Mrs. ...
I always conscientiously endeavor to make the best picture I can. But, as I never forget to make a matron at least fifteen years younger than she is, and to omit every cross-foot, line and wrinkle that years have traced upon her face, a guilty blush comes to my own face as the meditative stranger repeats: "Wonderful likeness, wonderful, Mrs. ..."
"To the life," for my own pleasure I often sketch rugged and characteristic faces, old faces, worn faces, but never to hang in the drawing-rooms of the rich, who all desire to be smooth and smiling, and to look as though they had painted their own faces.
My portrait, however, did not hang on the walls of rich men when the story begins. I had never yet had one accepted at the academy, and I had begun to believe that I never should. I had canvases galore, on which the jauntiest and the littlest match boys, the laundress and the boot-black figured conspicuously. They stood with their faces turned to the wall about the room. But others I had had none since I had paid my tailor's bill in a full-length family group of himself, his wife and his six children. This sort of thing, you may imagine, did not pay well, and I had resolved to go back to Cornell, where they would receive me with open arms and kill the fatted turkey for my sake. To go back and take to farming, and "try to like" Marie June Pell, whose father's farm was near to ours, as I had so often been requested to do by my mother.
Certainly, I could never ask Stella Hope, with whom I was tremendously in love, to marry me under such circumstances, to be a farmer's wife and milk cows and make butter—Stella, who had graduated at Vassar and the best school of art in New York, and I had just hunted up a pen with a point, and I found my ink-bottle, and written at the top of a sheet of paper: "Dear Parents, when, turning, I beheld a lady standing by me. She was a young woman, with the peculiarity of black eyes and very blonde hair. She was pale but beautiful. On her left cheek was a soft brown mole that looked, at a distance, like a patch of court plaster. She must have been in a carriage, for she wore no bonnet, but only a large and very remarkable cloak of some oriental fabric. As I looked at her, surprised and startled, she turned to me and said: 'I am Stella Hope, and I have been waiting for you here since you left for Cornell. I have had expected was a caller—she took her seat in the large chair prepared for sitters, and said, softly: "Never mind. Begin to paint me. I have a little time to spare."
I should certainly a very peculiar person in her manner as she sat in her chair, but she was very winning, nevertheless. Moreover, she seemed to compel me to do as she demanded.
I happened to have a new canvas of the size on which I usually painted half-length portraits, and I placed it upon my easel, and she sat down in the chair and figure. The work fascinated me. When the first painting was accomplished, and I could do no more until it had dried, I signified as much, and at this she rose and stood before the canvas.
"It is good," she said. "Now look at me well. I shall be able to come again. Store every line and feature in your memory, and if I do not return, finish the picture. It will be worth your time and trouble. Do not forget this little mole on my cheek. Do not forget how I wear my hair. Do not forget the shape of my eyes." She smiled, gave me a little bow, opened the door, passed through it, and closed the door behind her. I ran to the window, expecting to see the carriage driver wave, but it was already gone. I got there had been, and I felt sure no lady could have been in such a dress. I put my canvas in the sun, and after a space of three days, placed it upon the easel, and taking my brush, began to finish it, whether the lady came to sit or not. Usually, this would have been impossible, but the vivid memory that I retained of her, her manner, her coloring and her costume was astonishing.
For nearly a fortnight I worked upon the picture without a model; but when it was completed, I felt sure that it was an excellent likeness. It was certainly the best picture I had ever painted. I waited for the lady in perfect confidence that she would return, but she never came; and at last I ceased to expect her.
The picture was not six months old when the academy exhibition opened. I had had a remittance from my father, and had resolved to fight a little longer before I returned to the farm. One or two little bits of work which had brought me pecuniary profit had fallen to me, and I was more hopeful. I framed my portrait, sent it to the academy, and, to my great astonishment, found it accepted and hung upon the wall. Moreover, the critics praised it, friends called to congratulate me, the portrait of a lady was a great success, and I felt that it had been more of an advantage to me to keep quiet and to have been sold to me. Toward the close of the exhibition I received a note from a lady, who declared herself to be the artist's daughter, and she begged that I would come to call upon her on a business matter, and, of course, I went.
A splendid mansion in Fifth Avenue was the old lady's home, and she re-

ceived me in her private room, attended only by her maid.
"You are very good to come to me," she said. "It is your picture in the academy—your portrait of a lady—that I wish to speak to you about. Many of my friends have been to see it, and they all pronounced it a perfect portrait of my daughter, who died at sea, many years ago. My maid has seen it, she has the opinion that I went to the academy the other day to see it myself. It is so perfect a likeness that I fainted when I saw it, and have since been very ill. Will you tell me, sir, who the lady may be who so exactly resembles my lost daughter? I would give worlds to see her. I wish to beg that you may copy her portrait for me."
I deliberated a moment, and then decided to tell the exact truth.
"I do not know the lady's name, madam," I said. "The picture is painted chiefly from memory," and then I described my sitter's visit and repeated what she said.
As I spoke the old lady grew greatly interested. When I had finished she clasped her hands together, and cried in much excitement:
"My friend, you may think me insane, but I must tell you. Your strange guest was my daughter, my only daughter, and she was my darling. She knew how longed for her likeness, and came to you to paint me one. If you doubt me, I have proof. Sara, bring me the cloak and bracelet which my daughter wears in the picture."
I brought them to the room. She returned the bracelet to me, and then she said:
"The story that I might be sure of her," she said. "She had little of her wardrobe with her. Most of it was left at home. The cloak was a great favorite of hers. It came from Japan. The bracelet she bought abroad. Oh, it was my darling, my only daughter, and I must buy the picture!"
"Yes, I really do think madam is right," said the maid, with a courtesy. "For there's the little mole on her cheek; and the way she has her hair, that was too good to do like every one else."
I was now almost convinced that I had painted a ghost, and cold chills began to run down my back and my hand trembled.
"You will sell it to me?" asked the old lady.
"Certainly, madam," I replied.
The old lady spoke to the maid, who brought her a check-book, the book she offered was an immense one; and I was not idly proud to decline it. She gave me her hand when I left her and offered me her benediction. When the exhibition closed the picture was sent to her home.
I was now beginning to be known, and patrons were plentiful. My studio was in a new, fashionable part of the town, and I thought no more of turning farmer, and felt quite sure of marrying the girl of my choice very shortly, as indeed I did.
The story of the ghost who sat for me had soon done its work, and I was called frequently, with some additions, to my sitters. It gave me quite a little notoriety, for the old lady was well known in the fashionable circle, and there could be no doubt that the picture was her daughter's likeness.
Three or four years had passed since that strange sitting when one day I was working at my easel, giving the finishing touches to a picture, when a hand touched my shoulder. I turned and saw a lady with black eyes and golden hair looking at me. She did not wear the Japanese cloak this time, but a coat that I had never seen before. It was a beautiful little bonnet; but it was my spirit's same.
"What have you thought of me?" she said. She was of the earth, earthy, solid flesh and blood. No doubt of that. She had materialized, had done it thoroughly. My answer popped out of my mouth without a thought.
"Ah! I thought you a ghost," said I.
"Ah! I came and vanished like one," said she. "The company went to Australia very unexpectedly to me. But I hope you finished my picture. I want some photographs of it for the window. I told you to go on with it, you know. I thought you'd write when it was done."
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