

Fenwick's Career

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"**R**EALLY, mother, I can't sit any more. I'm that stiff!—and as cold as anything."

So said Miss Bella Morrison, as she rose from her seat with an affected yawn and stretch. In speaking she looked at her mother, and not at the painter to whom she had been sitting for nearly two hours. The young man in question stood embarrassed and silent, his palette on his thumb; brush and mahlstick suspended. His eyes were cast down: a flush had risen in his cheek. Miss Bella's manner was not sweet; she wished evidently to slight somebody, and the painter could not flatter himself that the somebody was Mrs. Morrison, the only other person in the room beside the artist and his subject.

The mother looked up slightly, and without pausing in her knitting—

"It's no wonder you're cold," she said, sharply, "when you wear such ridiculous dresses in this weather."

It was now the daughter's turn to flush; she colored and pouted. The artist, John Fenwick, returned dis-