

THE ROMANCE OF AN

had gone to Madeleine's—his brush, spurred by his hopes, had worked as if it had been inspired. Not only had the sitter's head been blocked in with masterly strokes, but with such fulness and power that few of them need ever be retouched—a part of his heart, in fact, had gone into the blending of every flesh tone. But it was all over now; his enthusiasm and sureness had fled. In fact, he had, on his return, dropped his brushes into his ginger-jar for his servant to clean, and given up painting for the day.

Soon he began fussing about his studio, looking over a portfolio for a pose he needed; replacing some books in his library; adding fresh water to the roses that stood under Olivia's portrait—gazing up into its eyes as if some help could be found in their depths—his uneasiness increasing