

For the life of me, and in spite of the threatened death so near at hand, I could but feel an interest in the freak.

"I must do it in grays or browns. It must be a monochrome, or we shall ruin it." I spoke impatiently. So I did it in grays. The jut of black rock, the waves, the moon resting on the waves, and little Anita's face, with the half-solemn, half-smiling look upon it.

The strange scene, the maniac beside me, my own former fear and present excitement and the stirring of my fancy gave me a certain fictitious strength. In less than an hour, as I should think, I had finished my sketch. It was certainly weird and, as it seemed to me, strong. In the distance I half suggested the boat, and two men in it, one gazing eagerly toward the moon and the face, and the other lying in the stern, his arms over his head, his eyes toward the heavens. The boat and the men were small and well in the shadow.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Eaton. "Don't touch it again! Give me the brush! Here," and snatching it from my fingers he wrote his name, "Thomas Eaton," in bold black letters under the boat. "This is my work, remember—mine, not yours. It will be a great success, and you"—he paused and looked at me—"you have saved your life." Saying which he jumped into his boat with my sketch, laughed a harsh, bleak sort of laugh, and rowed away around the ledge of rock.

For a few moments I sat still thinking it over—the strange, ridiculous, yet almost tragic scenes. "I am not sure that little Anita didn't save my life after all," I thought to myself.

It did not take me long to get out of my close quarters, but the walk home over the dreary, rough coast was long, and it was late before I reached the village. What a strange, eerie walk it was, with the sea charging the moist air, and the moon contracting and expanding before my eyes through the mist that had risen. Anita shared the walk with me.

I found a telegram telling me of my father's very serious illness at Baden Baden, and I was busy packing and driving through the chill, early morning toward the nearest railway station, so that I had no chance to look up Eaton. I remember that I told my driver something about an artist, a friend of mine who had turned up, who seemed wrong in his mind, and ought to be looked after. I believe I wrote a line to the same effect to Gleason. I know I meant to do so. But the anxious voyage and more anxious weeks in Europe put all other thoughts from my mind.

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It was after my father's death late in the fall that I sailed for home. Taking up a paper that came out on the pilot-boat I saw

the notice of the Salmagundi exhibition. Coupled with it was an announcement of the death of poor Tom Eaton, who had died in a mad-house the week before. "An unsuccessful but painstaking artist," the review went on to say, "it is somewhat surprising that the only work he has left of any strength should now be hung at the black and white exhibition. This sketch was made after his madness was fairly upon him. This picture is in grays, oddly colored, but in composition and drawing quite full of a certain weird power. Not to be too funny at a dead man's expense, this gives the poor fellow a good send-off at any rate, as a friend of his remarked the other day. The picture, taken in connection with the tragic death of the artist, has created some little stir, more particularly as the face in the sketch is strikingly like that of a young Boston beauty who is making her debut in New York."

So poor Eaton was dead, and his picture—my picture—was a success, and—Anita had lived in Boston when she was 12!

I hurried to the black and white that very afternoon, and found quite a group collected about my picture—Eaton's picture. I laughed somewhat nervously as I stood before it. Some one behind me spoke. It was Gleason. "You needn't laugh, man, I am glad to see you back, by the way. There is some force in that, and I am glad for poor Tom's sake that he has left this sketch behind him. I give you my word I had no idea he could do as well. He couldn't have while he was sane. Every one is surprised. How are you? You look pale. Have you come back to stay?" etc., etc. I lingered around for awhile and found myself back again, and again before my picture (Eaton's picture), the picture never to be claimed as mine now. It chanced I had told the story to no one. There had been no opportunity. Now, of course, I never must. As I stood looking at it, and somewhat moved, perhaps, more by the remembrance of that night than by anything actually before my eyes, two girls and an elderly woman approached and stopped.

"It certainly is like her, mamma; I wonder if she will see it herself. It is quite time she were here, by-the-by. She promised to meet us at 3, you know."

"I don't think it does her justice," replied the elder lady, looking through her glasses critically. "She is a very beautiful creature, and this face is less so," she added rather indefinitely, and with some hesitation in her voice, so that I fancied the picture grew on as she looked, and that she might yet reverse her decision.

The other girl spoke now. She had a discerning face, as I could see, and that long upper lip that goes with speech-faculty. "It is like," she said, "more like her soul than her body. It is like the way she will look to her guardian angel—or her lover." She turned