

know it—I mean, know that I knew—” And here Faulder stopped, feeling that he was making an idiotic exhibition of himself.

“At any rate we are greatly indebted to you,” she said, sweetly, ignoring his confusion.

“May I ask who this is?” said Mr. Hetwood, looking up.

“I will give you my card. I trust you feel quite well now?” Yet even while addressing him Faulder could not keep his eyes from Candace.

At that instant a carriage, for which one of the other gentlemen had gone, rolled up. Mr. Hetwood was helped in; he and his daughter bowed to Faulder; and the interview, which had barely begun, broke off abruptly. This was provoking enough. The problem that now presented itself was how to continue the acquaintance.

Being wealthy, our young physician had not yet taken the trouble to burden himself with a practice, and so he found time during the next few days to think a good deal about Candace. He had not made up his mind what to do, however, when chance again favored him. Turning the corner of Winter street suddenly, one afternoon, into Tremont, he came upon the young lady herself, darkly dressed, but bright and rosy in the frost-keen air. If you have seen a Margot rose or a La France on the bush, when a breeze gently ruffles the close-gathered petals, and if you have noticed that there is a change of crimson in the folds of the flower, which makes it flush and whiten at the same time, you will know how Candace looked just then.

Faulder lifted his hat. “Pardon me for stopping you,” he said, “but I want to ask after your father.”

“Oh, he seems as well as ever,” she answered; “and I think he wants to see you. Can’t you call some evening?”

“I should be delighted.”

Before he could collect himself enough to ask their address, she had bowed and gone on. He turned to speak to her again, but she had disappeared among the crowd, and he gave it up.

“Is it always to be like this?” he wondered; “always something fragmentary and incomplete in our meetings?” But he bethought him of the sexton at St. Stephen’s, and having learned the address, he made his call the next evening.

Both father and daughter were at home.

“I am glad to see you, doctor,” said the old gentleman. “We hurried off so the other day, you must have thought us rude.”

“Oh, not at all. As a stranger I had no claim upon you.”

“The name of Faulder, sir,” returned Mr. Hetwood, not in the best taste, “is too well known in Boston for you to be a stranger. Your family—”

“I have myself heard a good deal about,” said Jervis, smiling. “It’s an old subject, Mr. Hetwood.”

“But I’m curious,” said the old gentleman, “to learn how you came to hear of our name.” Jervis explained. But the mention of the portrait seemed to make Mr. Hetwood uneasy.

“How do you like being exhibited?” Faulder asked, turning to Candace.

“I don’t like it a bit,” she declared, informally.

“Shall you withdraw the picture, then?”

Miss Hetwood flushed. “I can’t,” she said. “It’s not mine. It belongs to Venator.”

He saw that he had forced a disagreeable admission. “I don’t understand his insisting on anything that is disagreeable to you,” he observed. “And yet I ought to be grateful to him for it, for without the picture I shouldn’t have made your acquaintance.”

But Candace would not spare herself. “You see,” she continued, glancing around the room, “we are poor, and can not afford such a painting as that.”

“It ought to be yours, though,” Faulder asserted, a plan suddenly taking shape in his mind.

He did not stay long; and on his going, they asked him to come again. “I shall be happy to have my sister call on you,” he said to Candace, “if you will permit her.”

“But I’m not in society,” she protested.

“All the more reason why you should begin.”

She hesitated, and then began a timid, “Well, if you think—”

“I do,” said Faulder. “So we will call it settled.”

It was not settled at once, however, for Miss Henrietta Faulder strongly objected when her brother proposed it to her. Leaving this difficulty to arrange itself through the play of natural curiosity, which he knew how to excite, Jervis went off to see Venator.

II.

This painter, thriving on the patronage of a rich and cultured class that adored him, was in a position to rail at their affectations or egotism with impunity. Meanwhile he lived in Bohemian way, occupying a bleak, lonely studio at the top of a huge commercial building, and squeezing a comfortable income out of his little color tubes. He was a man of more than middle age, with deep-set eyes and a long careless gray moustache. He received the young physician with a bitter, piercing glance that had no welcome in it, so that Jervis hastened to introduce himself and his errand.

“I want to buy your portrait of Miss Hetwood,” he stated, briefly.

“It isn’t for sale,” replied Venator, with a kind of hiss from under his moustache. Then, striding across the bare floor, he disappeared behind a canvas, which he stroked heavily with his brush, as if it were some kind of watch-dog that he was restraining for a moment.

“I thought possibly you would say so. But I have become singularly interested in Miss Hetwood, and besides—”

“Ha! you know her, then,” the artist exclaimed, rather melodramatically, emerging from his concealment.

“A little. How came it that you had the luck to find her, and she the good fortune to be painted by you?”

Venator had once more disappeared behind his easel. “That’s right,” he remarked, sententiously; “whittle your compliments fine at both ends.” He then appeared to forget that any one was present, and worked at his picture in silence. All at once he resumed, casually: “One of the boys that studies with me was acquainted with her. We went out to see her one day, and I could not sleep till I began the portrait.”

A spasm of alarm attacked Faulder. “Who was the ‘boy’ you refer to?” he inquired.

“His name is Swinton.”

Faulder knew that Swinton was a clever young artist, who handled trees in a familiar manner, and was pressing the cow into service as a sort of pictorial and female Pegasus. But Swinton’s talent was greater than his personal attractions, so that he gave no cause for jealousy—supposing that Faulder cared to be jealous. After an awkward pause he said: “I don’t wonder at your enthusiasm, but you must let me pay my tribute to the genius with which you have represented her. This isn’t a whittled compliment. It’s a blunt one.”

The painter looked around the edge of the canvas, suspecting a new light on his visitor. This time his eyes betrayed good-fellowship. “But it wasn’t so much Miss Hetwood I was enthusiastic about,” he affirmed; “it was the painting of her.”

“Is she only good as a portrait, then?”

Faulder queried.

“That depends on how you look at her,” said Venator. “As a woman there’s more nature than art in her, I should say. But that’s an advantage. If I were in love with her, for example—” He appeared not to think the sentence worth finishing.

Faulder was annoyed. “It’s hardly necessary to discuss her in that way, I suppose,” said he. “Let us go back to business. It strikes me that it would be fitting for Miss Hetwood to own the picture herself. Will you allow me to buy it on condition of presenting it to her?”

Venator ceased working, but still remained out of view, except for his legs, which were visible below the shelf on which the picture rested. The legs looked meditative. At length he said, abruptly, “You’re interfering.”

Faulder blushed in astonishment at this indignity. “We’ll agree that I am,” he nevertheless answered. “Will you consider my proposal?”

The artist got up and stalked about nervously. “Tell me first what your interest in all this is.”

“I might—if I could,” returned the other.

“I’m not sure what it is yet.”

“Well, then, I’ll answer your proposition with another: I’ll keep the picture, and let you take the lady.”

“I decline to pursue this strain, sir,” retorted Faulder. “I respect Miss Hetwood too much to assume that she can be made over to anybody by a word.”

“You’re a good deal impressed by her, I can see,” said the painter, with exasperating satisfaction. “I’m serious, though, in saying that I’ll stand out of the way.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you were in the way.”

Venator came closer, with a passionate look in his eyes. “I was infatuated with her,” he declared, vehemently. “But what’s the use? It’s not for me. I am too old; I’m miserable. Besides—”

“Well?”

“There’s something about her—I don’t know what—that always makes me uneasy. That’s the reason I couldn’t finish my picture. But it would be like losing a piece of my heart to let that picture go now.”

“You decline my plan, then?”

“Absolutely.”

Faulder contemplated the barren floor for a while. Slowly he brought himself to put his next question. “Suppose a peculiar case,” he began. “If relations were to change, if—well, to put it plainly, if Miss Hetwood should consent to marry me, would you give up the portrait?”

“You!” exclaimed the artist—“you marry her? You’re incapable of it.”

“Incapable?” echoed the young man, perfectly dazed. “What right have you to—what reason is there for your opinion?”

“Do you want it in all its nakedness?” demanded his sardonic *vis-à-vis*. Well, then, you strike me as too finical, too much devoted to appearances, and too full of a certain kind of Bostonism, to let yourself be carried that far. Miss Hetwood will never accommodate herself to your notions, and you can never adopt yourself to her.” He closed with a somewhat fierce stare, which Faulder met by a short laugh.

“There’s only one thing more I wish to say,” remarked the latter, dryly. “Since you’re so confident of my incapacity, you can hardly refuse the request I’ve just made.”

Venator winced. He saw that he was cornered. “Oh yes,” he said, affecting carelessness;

“of course, if she marries you, I’ll let you have it.”

“Very well, I sha’n’t forget,” said Faulder. “Good-morning.”

It was with some bewilderment that, as he made his way out, he recognized how he had committed himself to the attitude of a suitor. Certainly he had not defined his own mood before he entered the studio; but it was rather a relief to him that he had been surprised into doing so.

Several calls at the little house in Brookline, however, failed to produce any material change in the situation, except that he came to know Candace better. She attempted to play on the piano for him one evening, and plunged characteristically into a Schubert impromptu. It went off brilliantly at first; but before she could get through, Candace stumbled woefully, and at last left the piano stool, in a fit of impatience, while there remained many bars to play. “I can’t do it,” she declared—“I can’t possibly.”

Faulder was amused, and tried to make her conclude, but she was not to be induced. Another time she was at work on some embroidery when he came; but on his next appearance he found that she had abandoned it in the midst, and had begun a small water color painting of some flowers. This in its turn was never finished.

“Why don’t you carry something through?” he inquired, disposed to take her to task.

“It’s not in me,” was her answer. “I never could do anything thoroughly to the end. Up to a certain point I can do very well, but if I were to go on, I should spoil my beginning. So what’s the use of my trying to be complete?”

To Faulder this was a new idea; for all that, he thought he would try to “form” her mind somewhat, so he investigated her reading. Finding it fragmentary and sensational, he advised some volumes of Motley, and insisted that she should read them to the very last page as a discipline, which she promised to attempt. He waited a few days, and when he went again, Candace hailed him with important news.

“I’ve had a visit from your sister to-day,” said she.

“Ah!” Faulder lifted his light eyebrows. “How did you like her?”

“What a strange question! I couldn’t help liking her a little, you know, when she was so kind as to come and see me.”

He smiled at her undiplomatic honesty. “And what did she talk about?”

“Oh, everything: music—she asked me if I’d heard the new prima donna Tricotti; and science—Darwin on earth-worms; and society—made me feel how few people I know. Oh, Mr. Faulder (she never would call him “Doctor”) “I see plainer than ever that I’m a nobody.” The poor girl seemed to be on the point of breaking down in tearful catastrophe at the recollection of a doubtless trying interview.

“But you mustn’t mind my sister,” said he. “She’s only a nobody too, mounted on stilts.”

At this Candace burst into a cordial laugh. “I forgot: there’s something still more important,” she resumed. “Mrs. Crayshaw has invited me to her next kettledrum.”

As Faulder had privately asked Mrs. Crayshaw to do this, he was not much astonished.

“Shall you go?” he asked; and Candace appearing undecided, he offered to escort her, with his sister.

“Oh, it isn’t that, so much,” she explained; “but I’m afraid to go. I don’t know anybody, and I don’t know anything.”

He prevailed upon her to consent, however. “And how comes on the Motley?” was his next question.

“I shall never accomplish it,” she answered, desperately. “I’ve stuck in the first volume.”

The young man had an inspiration. “Let me read it aloud to you,” he proposed. “Then you’ll get through.”

Candace was delighted; and they began. But before they had concluded a single chapter Mr. Hetwood came in, and that stopped the reading.

Candace went to the kettledrum—not in silk, but in a dress of white muslin veiling (for it was almost spring-time). Scarcely any one knew who she was, yet she drew decided notice, and Mrs. Crayshaw in a burst of generosity even declared that she was more beautiful than her portrait. Still, Candace was not at ease: she felt alone, and out of her element, and was full of the petty awkwardness of inexperience. Over and over she caught herself in some careless, half-slanting phrase, or in saying something too direct and earnest, which gave offense. And worst of all she feared that Faulder noticed her shortcomings and was displeased. She perceived that it was a mistake attempting to move among these people. Impulsively, without even saying good-afternoon to any one she departed.

When Faulder, who had left her in the middle of a conversation, came back to continue it, he could not find her. He was vexed; and to increase his irritation he overheard his sister and Mrs. Crayshaw discussing Miss Hetwood in the most patronizing fashion.

“I can not understand,” Henrietta said to him afterward, “how you can maintain your interest in this Miss Hetwood. She is not of our world at all, and never can be.”

“Perhaps the decision of that question won’t be left to you,” retorted her brother, with Orphic darkness.

It was on the next day that he once more presented himself before Candace.

“Don’t say kettledrum to me!” she exclaimed.

“Why not?”

“Oh, I’ve done with that sort of thing. I’d rather live in a garret full of pictures, like Venator, than in society.”

Faulder began to wonder if she had all along cherished a secret attachment for the grim old artist. She seemed to be slipping out of his grasp. “There may be another alternative than the garret,” he suggested.

“What one?” asked Candace, with indifference. “By-the-way, you haven’t seen my new accomplishment. I’m making macramé lace.”

He watched her a moment or two, as she showed him the process. Suddenly she dropped her work, saying:

“I can’t do that knot. Do you see how?”

“I have some knack at tying,” he answered. Then they began to discuss knots, and he explained them to her. “I’ve helped you with these,” he said at length, in a timid tone.

“There is another, more important than all, that you might help me with.”

She looked puzzled at first; but he soon made his meaning clear, as much by his general behaviour, and the way he looked into her eyes, as by words. Impulsively he took one of her hands, and though she did not resist, he as quickly released it. “No, not that one,” he exclaimed. “The other—the unpainted one.”

Half inclined to sob, Candace burst unexpectedly into laughter. “What in the world!—the unpainted one.”

“I mean,” he stammered, “the one that wasn’t in the picture. I want it now for my own.”

Venator kept his promise. As Faulder’s wife, Candace was a social success; and it was remarkable how Mrs. Crayshaw, Henrietta, and the rest now discovered that what they had before considered a want of “finish” was really charming originality and refreshing naivete. Venator not only made a wedding present of the portrait, but he offered to complete it.

“Not for the world,” responded Faulder.

And so the picture remains, as Candace declares, a symbol of their love, which is always to be “unfinished.”

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 17.

Most of the Paris ladies of fashion who have passed their *première jeunesse* are wearing white wigs of a juvenile make. In many cases the effect is certainly pleasing; but it will be difficult in future to fix the age of one’s fair friends, and the fashion will probably occasion many awkward mistakes.

Should M. Grévy resign we must be prepared for startling events. His respectability and equanimity under many trials give to the French Republic a faint amount of stability, which would, without him, entirely disappear. Of his real capacity no one seems to know much, and it is to be presumed that the amount is not vast. This only shows the comparative value of character.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, in his researches into the French idiotism in comparison with the English “ism,” has made the discovery that *Pas d’elle yeux Rhône que nous* sounds like “Paddle your own canoe.” He knows, too, that the late lamented Lemprière, in his dictionary, says *bo* was changed into a heifer, but finds the end of that interesting person has been given in the latest medical dictionary—it is iodide of potassium.

FRENCH people who have influence are being invited to leave Paris in batches on excursions to visit the French works that are going on in order to make a channel between France and England. There is a likeness in these treat proceedings to those which took place in England a few months ago; could, therefore, the same inventive mind have originated the French expedition novelty? Every one who returns to Paris expresses himself delighted with the idea, and the attention he has received.

A FRENCH lady recently died at the advanced age of ninety. Her will contained this provision: “I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oaken chest of my boudoir. The key of the chest will be found under the mattress of my bed.” The heirs were much disturbed. The fortunate physician arrived. The chest was opened, and found to contain solely all the drugs and potions, still intact, which the doctor had given his patient for twenty years back.

THE French have caught the tender feeling of the British for the poor dove, and consequently propose to do away with pigeon-shooting. The initiative was taken at the Gun Club in the Bois de Boulogne the other day. The substitute for the live bird was the water ball, consisting of a colored India rubber ball, which, when inflated, contains a certain amount of water to give it weight. The ball is projected into the air from a trap in the usual way, but as yet the terra-cotta plate and machine have not been used. The sportsmen who shot at this ball, and expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied, were of the *crème*, namely Baron de Saint-Clair, Count de Martinière, Mr. Roberts, Prince Esterhazy, M. Mongin, &c.