

## Fenwick's Career

to look at her. He was a tall man, a little bent at the shoulders from long years of desk work; and those who saw him for the first time were apt to be struck by a certain eager volatility of aspect—expressed by the small head on its thin neck, by the wavering blue eyes, and smiling mouth—not perhaps common in the chief cashiers of country banks.

As his wife met his appeal to her, the slight habitual furrow on her own brow deepened. She saw that her husband held a newspaper crushed in his right hand, and that his whole air was excited and restless. A miserable, familiar pang passed through her. As the chief and trusted official of an old-established bank in one of the smaller cotton-towns, Mr. Morrison had a large command of money. His wife had suspected him for years of using bank funds for the purposes of his own speculations. She had never dared to say a word to him on the subject, but she lived in terror—being a Calvinist by nature and training—of ruin here, and hell hereafter.

Of late, some instinct told her that he had been foregoing the pace; and as she turned to him, she felt certain that he had just received some news which had given him great pleasure, and she felt certain also that it was news of which he ought rather to have been ashamed.

She drew herself together in a dumb recoil. Her hands trembled as she put down her knitting.

"I'd be sorry if a son of mine did nothing but paint portraits."

John Fenwick looked up startled.

"Why?" laughed her husband.

"Because it often seems to me," she said, in a thin,