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"UNFINISHED."

From Harper's Weekly.

I.

What most attracted the notice of Jarvis Faulder on going into the gallery of Childs & Purvis, the picture dealers, was a canvas presenting the full-length figure of a tallish, spirited young lady in a black dress, with some kind of timid coy, dark bonnet on her head. Not a downright, conclusive bonnet, but one which seemed to have set out with a foolish plan of covering up those beautiful twists of pale chestnut hair, and then impulsively to have given up the idea. It was incomplete, and so was the painting. The young lady in black started out from the vague fumid tints of the background with wonderful vigor, smiling as if with the surprise of her own sweet advent. But the dress in portions was only scumbled on with great haste, and behold, one of her dainty hands was

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'The Highest Market,' that is, it must be very good.' (She referred really to the social status of the canvas.)

'You really ought to see it," Faulder urged. 'There's time now, if you drive into town. We shall have the mellow afternoon light, and—' He paused, embarrassed, as if he had nearly betrayed some interest deeper than that of the idle connoisseur.

'I'll order the horses at once, and we'll go together,' said his friend.

But when they reached the gallery, and Faulder indicated the picture by a flash of the eyes, Mrs. Crayshaw stood instantly still, with a shock. A faint blush stole over her cool, handsome face, as though she felt herself unwillingly involved in a social impropriety. 'That?' (in subdued remonstrance)—'why, that's only Miss Hetwood. Miss—what's that odd name?—oh, Candace; yes. Candace Hetwood.'

'It's a charming name, at any rate,' said Faulder. 'Why do you say 'only'? Don't you like her?'

'Neither like nor dislike,' Mrs. Crayshaw answered. 'Her family were very obscure. I just happen to know her name because she's a member of our congregation at St, Stephen's.'

'Merely an impecunious fellow-worshipper, eh?'

'Weak sarcasm,' Mrs Crayshaw remarked, with playfully critical demeanor, 'is a sign of immaturity. But I forgive youth—most delightful of faults! The portrait is certainly a good one. But the original could hardly interest you: she's one of those girls who never get beyond a certain stage—require a second baking."

'Human ceramics," muttered Faulder. 'She hasn't the true Elder-Brewster-tea pot mark, I suppose. But Venator dosn't seem to mind. Is there any room left at St. Stephen's, Mrs. Crayshaw?'

'Our pew is always at your service,' smiled that accomplished matron, looking straight through his well-cut waistcoat, and observing the condition of his heart.

It was but a Sunday or two afterward that Faulder repaired to the Episcopal church where Mrs. Crayshaw worshipped (and allowed less fortunate beings to adore *her*.) But he did not claim admission to her pew. In the darkness of the church he could not at first discover the face he was looking for, But when the people arose—rustling like an extensive bed of artificial flowers—to recite the psalms of the day, a sudden ray from the outer sunlight fell into the transept. Then Faulder saw, bathed in the sunbeam, those fair cheeks and brown eyes and the pale chestnut [illegible] which he already knew so well without having beheld them. Truth compels the statement that at this point he neglected his religious duty, and the service dwindled to a bewildering monotone in his ears. But the assembly soon sat down again, and Miss Hetwood once more disappeared in the barren stretch of artificial flowers. Inconsistent though it seems, the young man was surprised to find how closely she resembled her own portrait. He had expected to see her more prim and conventional, with less artistic fire in her features, less effect of a rapid sketch, and more of an air of having been worked out in all details. But he now perceived how exactly the painters mode of treatment was in keeping with the original.

They had got as far as the Litany, when a stir in one of the aisles caused him to lift his, bowed head, and at this time he saw Miss Hetwood moving from her pew, and old gentleman, apparently her father, leaning heavily on her shoulder. Two gentlemen came to their assistance, and Foulder also left his place to follow, all moving out at the side door just as the the pastor and his flock were uttering the petition, 'and from sudden death, *Good Lord Deliver us.*'

'Can I assist you?' the young man asked, as Mr. Hetwood was seated by the others on the stone step outside. 'I am a physician.'

Candance received his offer with a glance of swift gratitude; but though Faulder would have liked nothing better than to go on gazing into her frank brown eyes, he lost no time in producing his pocket case and giving a restorative to the pallid old gentleman, now quite unconscious.

'Oh, do tell me, is it anything dangerous?' Caudace asked.

'I hardly think so,' said Faulder, striving to maintain a calm professional manner, for this unexpected contact somehow agitated him more than he could have believed. 'It's only a fainting fit. See, he is opening his eyes again. Your father, I presume, Miss Hetwood?'

'Dear papa,' cried she, bending over him, 'are you all right again?' Mr. Hetwood nodded a feeble encouragement. Then she turned to Faulder. 'I see you know our name,' she observed.

'Y—yes; so I did. I forgot that.'

'Forgot what?' Candace looked surprised.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said he, stumblingly. 'Not your name, but that you didn't 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 a card. I trust you feel quite well now?' Yet even while addressing him Faulder could not keep his eyes from Candace.

At this 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 Margoten 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 crimsons 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 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 and old subject, Mr. Hetwood.'

'But I'm curious,' said the old gentleman, 'to learn how you came to hear *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, she 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 cultivated class that adored him, was in a position to rail at their affections or egotism with impunity. Meanwhile he lived in a 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 mustache. 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 mustache. Then, striding across the bare floor, he disappeared behind a canvass, 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 pictnre 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 his picture rested. The legs looked meditative. At length he said, apruptly, '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 am 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 young 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 are a good deal impressed by her, I can see,' said the painter, with exasperating satisfaction. 'I am serious, though, in saying that I will 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 is 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-a-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 adapt yourself to her.' He closed with a somewhat fierce stare.

'There is only one thing more I wish to say,' remarked the latter. '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, 'of course, if she marries you, I'll let you have it.'

'Very well, I shall not 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 ploughed characteristically into a Schubert impromptu. It went off brilliantly at first; but before she could get through, Candace stumbled wofully, 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 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 Tricoti; 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 musn'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 th her next kettledrum.'

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

'Shall you go?' he asked; and Caudace 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 stopped the reading.

Candace went to the kettledrum—not in silk, but in a dress of white nuns' 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 pretty awkwardnesses of inexperience. Over and over she caught herself in some careless, half-slangy phrase, or in saying something too direct and earnest, which gave offense. And worst of all, she feared that Faulder noticed her short-comings and was displeased. She perceived that it was a mistake attempting to move among these people. Impulsively, without even saying good after-noon 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 to 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.'

'Ah, that will be very pretty! I'm thinking of getting up a class for our Motley and some other books' and while I read, you can make 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 different 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 was puzzled at first; but he soon made his meaning clear, as much by the general behavior, 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 unexpected 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 making a wedding present of the portrait, but also 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.'

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PARRSBORO', N. S.
TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Livery stable.
sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1882 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1882

ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd July, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton, . . 8.45 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene 2.12 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.54 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton...9.33 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....6.10 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 27th, 1882.

PARTNERSHIP
THE undersigned have entered into Co-partnership as general partners to manufacture and consign goods, under the name and firm of
F. J. HEBERT & CO.
FERDINAND J. HEBERT.
OBELINE HEBERT.
Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

Snow Shade
Is the Shade that you will Obtain by Washing with
MRS. HEBERT'S
Liquid Blueing
The Best is the Cheapest!
It is the best, because it will not spot the clothes.
It is the best, because it gives a desirable color.
It is the best, because it will not injure the finest fabric.
It is the cheapest, because a can of it contains a half-a-pint.
It is the cheapest, because a can of it will do as much washing as eight boxes of the Pearl Blue.
It is the cheapest, because it shades the clothes, and
MAKES A WRITING INK
which will not corrode the pen.
Keep It Out of the Frost, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PUT UP BY
F. J. HEBERT & CO.,
dec29 SHEDIAC, N. B.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.
For sale by all dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

MAKE HENS LAY!
AN English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. june21-1y

DIPHTHERIA!
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. june21-1y

Cedar Shingles.
1 Car No. 1 Split Cedar Shingles,
For sale low while landing.
june2 JAS. R. AYER.