

Fenwick's Career

The girl turned away, and Fenwick, glancing at her in dismay, saw that she was on the point of indignant tears.

Mrs. Morrison put on her spectacles. She was a small, gray-haired woman with a face, wrinkled and drawn, from which all smiles seemed to have long departed. Even in repose, her expression suggested hidden anxieties—fears grown habitual and watchful; and when she moved or spoke, it was with a cold caution or distrust, as though in all directions she was afraid of what she might touch, of possibilities she might set loose.

She looked at the picture, and then at her daughter.

"It's not flattered," she said, slowly. "But I can't say it isn't like you, Bella."

"Oh, I knew *you'd* say something like that, mother!" said the daughter, scornfully. She stooped and threw a shawl round her shoulders; gathered up some working materials and a book with which she had been toying during the sitting; and then straightened herself with an air at once tragic and absurd.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Fenwick." She turned to the painter. "I'd rather not sit again, please."

"I shouldn't think of asking you, Miss Morrison," murmured the young man, moving aside to let her pass.

"Hullo, hullo! what's all this?" said a cheery voice at the door. "Bella, where are you off to? Is the sitting done?"

"It's been going on two hours, papa, so I should think I'd had about enough," said Miss Bella, making for the door.

But her father caught her by the arm.