

Fenwick's Career

cretely to his canvas, and occupied himself with a fold of drapery.

"I put it on, because I thought Mr. Fenwick wanted something pretty to paint. And as he clearly don't see anything in *me!*"—she looked over her shoulder at the picture, with a shrug of mock humility concealing a very evident annoyance—"I thought anyway he might like my best frock."

"I'm sorry you're not satisfied, Miss Morrison," said the artist, stepping back from his canvas and somewhat defiantly regarding the picture upon it. Then he turned and looked at the girl—a coarsely pretty young woman, very airily clothed in a white muslin dress, of which the transparency displayed her neck and arms with a freedom not at all in keeping with the nipping air of Westmoreland in springtime—going up to his easel again after the look to put in another touch.

As to his expression of regret, Miss Morrison tossed her head.

"It doesn't matter to me!" she declared. "It was father's fad, and so I sat. He promised me, if I didn't like it, he'd put it in his own den, where *my* friends couldn't see it. So I really don't care a straw!"

"Bella! don't be rude!" said her mother, severely. She rose and came to look at the picture.

Bella's color took a still sharper accent; her chest rose and fell; she fidgeted an angry foot.

"I told Mr. Fenwick hundreds of times," she protested, "that he was making my upper lip miles too long—and that I *hadn't* got a nasty staring look like that—nor a mouth like that—nor—nor anything. It's—it's too bad!"