while had sincerely believed themselves to be the greatest artists of the age, whom fate, and the public's bad taste, and all the malign forces at work in the world (but their own incapacity), had united to trample on. And with these there were some young fellows—Vandyke Brown, little Sap Green, Jaune d'Antimoine, McGilp, and two or three more—who had not worked long enough to prove very conclusively whether their work was bad intrinsically or bad only because they had yet a good deal to learn. All of these men snarled and snapped at each other more or less, and abused each other's work, and envied each other's (apparently) less bad fortune; and, on the whole, were pretty good friends.

Of them all, old Madder was the only one who had his family with him: and old Madder's family consisted solely and simply of his daughter Rose. In all Greenwich there was not a more charming little body than Rose Madder; probably it would be within bounds to say that there was not a more

charming little body in all New York. She was twenty or thereabouts, and as plump as a little partridge, and as good-humored as the day was long. You must have seen her face—at least as good a copy of it as old Madder could make, which is not saying a great deal, to be sure—a dozen times in the last dozen years at the Academy exhibitions; for Madder was an N. A., and so was one of those whose "line" privileges make the Academy exhibitions so hopelessly exasperating. Rose began to do duty as a model before she was weaned ("Soldier's Widow and Orphaned Child," Rubens Madder, A. N. A., 1864), but the first really recognizable portrait of her that saw the light was "The Bread-winner" (1875), in which she figured in an apron, with rolled-up sleeves, making real bread at what a theatrical person would call a practicable table. Since then she had gone to the Academy regularly every year—excepting that sad year when her mother died, and old Madder had not the heart to finish his "Dress-Making at

Home," nor to do anything at all save mourn the loss that never could be repaired.

It was generally believed that the reason why Madder's pictures sold—for some of them did sell—was that Rose, even badly painted, was worth buying. All his friends wanted to borrow her, but Madder would never lend her : she was too valuable to him as stock-in-trade. And with the odd hundreds which dropped in from his pictures, with some other odd hundreds that he picked up by painting portaits—things hard as stones, which he was wont to say, modestly, were good because he had caught completely the style of his old master, Sully —he managed to pick up a living, and to keep the frame-maker from the door.

It was the prettiest sight in the world to see Rose posing for her father. She had seen too many pictures, and had heard too much picture-talk, not to know that her father's pictures were pretty bad. But she loved her father with all her heart, and she would have died cheerfully rather than let

him for a single moment suspect that she did not truly believe him to be the greatest artist of his own or any previous age. And Madder, while yet recognizing the fact that some few men had excelled him in art, found much solace for his soul in his daughter's unlimited admiration of his greatness. Therefore, when she posed for him, and with much gravity discussed with him how the pose would have been arranged by his great namesake, Rubens (in point of fact, Reuben was the name given him by his godfathers and godmothers in baptism) or Sir Joshua or some other of his acknowledged superiors, and all the while talked heartening talk to him, and gave him—with due deference to the interests of the pose—sweet looks of love out of her gentle blue eyes ; when all this was going on, it was, I repeat, the prettiest sight in the world.

Vandyke Brown thought so, certainly ; and that he might enjoy it freely, he made all manner of excuses for coming into Madder's studio while work was going on. The

most unblushing of all these excuses—though the one that he found most useful—was that he wanted to study Madder's style. This was carrying mendacity to a very high pitch indeed, for until within the past year, Brown had been accustomed to cite Madder's style as being a most shining example of all that was pernicious in the old school. Brown was a League man, of course, and held the Academy in an exceeding great contempt. Yet now, for hours at a stretch—and when he had work of his own on hand that needed prompt attention—he would sit by old Madder's easel and talk high art with him, and listen calmly to the utterance of old-time heresies fit to make your flesh creep, and hear for the hundredth time Madder draw the parallel between himself and poor old Ben Haydon, and, worst of all, watch old Madder placidly painting away in a fashion that sent cold creeps down his (Brown's) back, and made him long to take Madder by the shoulders and ram his head through the canvas. All this torment Vandyke Brown would undergo for no better reason than that Rose Madder was a dozen feet away on the platform, and by thus sitting by her father's side he had the joy of hearing her sweet voice and the greater joy of seeing her sweeter smiles.

What was still more unreasonable in Brown's conduct was his sturdy objection to sharing this mixed pleasure with anybody else. When little Sap Green came in, as he very often did, he would fume and fret, and make himself so disagreeable to the little man—who was a good enough little chap in his way, guilty of no other sin than of painting most abominably—that Rose would have to intervene with all her tact and gentleness to prevent a regular outbreak. And it was still worse when the visitor was McGilp. Brown hated this sleek, slippery person most heartily. He hated his always-smooth, reddish-yellow hair; he hated the oily smoothness of his voice; he hated his silent, cat-like ways; and, most of all, he hated him for his insolence in venturing to love Rose.

Moreover, McGilp was Brown's rival in art. He was a League man too, and at the life-class his studies were the only ones which gave Brown any real uneasiness. Their styles were different, but there was very little choice in the quality of their work. And as each would have been the acknowledged first if the other had been out of the way, there was not much love lost between them. To do Brown justice, though, mere professional rivalry never would have set him at loggerheads with anybody; it was the other rivalry that made him hate McGilp —coupled with a profound conviction that in McGilp's composition there was a thoroughly bad streak that by rights should bar completely his pretensions to Rose's love.

An ugly piece of work had been done at the life-class in the past season, that never yet had received a satisfactory explanation. The pose was a strong one, and both Brown and McGilp had worked hard over it—with Brown ahead. On the morning of the last day of the pose Brown had found his study

most ingeniously ruined. It was not painted out, but here and there over the whole of it bits had been touched in that took out all its strength, and reduced it simply to the level of the commonplace. The study was spoiled but so cleverly that even the men who had watched Brown at his work were inclined to believe—in accordance with the humane custom that makes all of us give a man in a tight place the benefit of every doubt that will make his place tighter—that they had overestimated its merits, and that the study had been weak from the start. Brown believed most thoroughly—though with no more material ground for his belief than the skill with which the changes had been made, and a vague remembrance of seeing McGilp still pottering over his work after the class broke up the day before—that McGilp was the man who had played this scurvy trick on him. He kept his suspicions to himself; but, since he held them, it is no great wonder that when McGilp was the intruder upon his lounging in old Madder's studio, Rose

needed all her cleverness in order to stave off a storm!

The fact of the matter was that Brown was desperately in love with Rose, and as yet was in a state of anything but pleasing uncertainty as to whether there was the least chance in the world that his love would be returned. What made his situation all the more uncomfortable was his profound conviction—at least in his lucid intervals—that for him to fall in love with anybody was a most serious piece of folly. For all in the world that he had to live upon was the very doubtful—save that it certainly always was insufficient—income that he made by scrap-work for the illustrated papers, with now and then an extra lift when a sanguine dealer was weak enough to buy one of his little pictures. He had shown this much good sense, at least; he never yet had tried to paint a big one. He did believe, and he had some ground for believing, that after a while he might do work that would be worth something. In the meantime he sailed close

to the wind, and had anything but an easy time of it.

But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, down Greenwich way. In that modest region one may get a very filling breakfast for twenty cents, and for thirty cents a dinner; and Brown was a rare hand at making coffee wherewith to mitigate the severity of his early morning loaf of bread. And, on the whole, he did not find this hand-to-mouth sort of life especially uncomfortable. But he had wisdom enough to perceive that, without something more assured in the way of a living, getting married was a risky undertaking. To be sure, he had "prospects." His uncle Mangan, who was a highly respected leather man down in the Swamp, had neither wife nor child, and Brown felt tolerably certain that some day or other a fair share of the profits of his uncle's leather business would be his. But Uncle Mangan was a tough, cheery, hearty old fellow, who very well might live to be a hundred; at which time his nephew would be five-and-

seventy. The thought of an engagement of fifty years' duration, ending in a marriage at three-score years and fifteen, was rather appalling.

"'E is what you call rofe, very rofe, my friend, such long time of waiting for the love," observed Jaune d'Antimoine, sympathizingly, when, as his custom was at short intervals, Brown had relieved his mind by confiding his hopes and expectations and doubts to his friend.

"Rough! I should rather think so! If you knew how rough it was, you'd wonder that I don't end it all by jumping into the river!"

"Ah! but you forget, my poor Brown. I also 'ave my rose that for I long, my sweet Rose Carthame; I also am most 'opeless and most meeserable. And I am even more meeserable than you, for 'ave I not one wretched rival—that most execrable countryman of mine, which calls 'imself the count—count! parbleu! 'e is no count—Siccatif de Courtray? I—I vill yet eat 'im alive, vig and all!"

It will be observed that Brown withheld from his friend his conviction that he also had a rival in McGilp. Brown did not like to admit this fact even to himself. To couple this man, even in his thoughts, with Rose, seemed to him nothing short of an outrageous insult. That Rose had any other feeling than that of toleration for McGilp he could not, he would not, believe; but he knew that it was useless to close his eyes to the truth that McGilp was in love with Rose, and was bent upon winning her, and that McGilp was not the sort of man to abandon lightly anything that he had fully made up his mind to do. He was a rival; and, in that he possessed force of character that begot persistency of purpose, he was a dangerous rival. So Brown was in a melancholy way over it all—trying to nerve himself to faith in his success in art; trying to hope that Rose, too, would have faith in him; trying not to fall into the habit of thinking what pleasant things might happen should his uncle Mangan

suddenly be called into another and a better world.

"I SAY, old man, are you going in for the Philadelphia prizes?" asked little Sap Green, as he tipped a lot of life-studies off a chair in Brown's studio, sat down on the chair, and blew such clouds of cigarette smoke that presently his face shone out through the mist like that of a spectacled cherub.

"I do wish to heaven, Green, that you wouldn't smoke those vile things in here. If smoking a pipe like a Christian makes you sick, then don't smoke anything."

"I am," Green continued. "Of course, I know that I don't stand a first chance, for there are several men who can paint better that I can. Somebody else will get the three thousand dollars, I suppose; but I don't see why I shouldn't get one of the medals. Even the bronze would be worth having. It does a fellow a heap of good in the catalogues, you know, to have a medal after his name."

"And you might wear it round your neck on a string. But I don't think that you need a bronze medal, Sap; you've enough of the article already for all practical purposes."

"Don't joke about it, Brown. I'm quite serious. You see, I have an idea. Don't whistle that way, it's rude. You've been associating too much with the boys who hang around Jefferson Market. Yes, I have an idea that I think is bound to win. I'm going to do the 'Surrender at Yorktown.' You know I'm pretty good all around—figures, animals, landscape, and marine. The trouble is to get a subject, inside the conditions, that will bring them all in. 'Yorktown' is just the card. Figures of George and Cornwallis—or whoever the other fellow was—in foreground; staff in middle distance; group of cavalry close up in front on right; French ships close up in front on left; lots of landscape, with tents and masses of troops in background. There you have it; and if that don't take a medal, it will be because the committee has not the sense to

know a good picture when it has one under its nose."

"True," observed Brown, thoughtfully. "What a lucky thing it is for you, Sappy, that Trumbull didn't take out a copyright; or, if he did, that it has expired by limitation."

"Trumbull, indeed! It's just because Trumbull made such a mess of that subject that I want to show how it ought to be painted. Do you know, Brown, I think that this is the very end that old Temple has in view. He wants these grand subjects, which were ruined in our fathers' and grandfathers' time, to be taken up by the men of the New School and painted properly. But I do wish that the Philadelphia people had not made this absurd rule about size. What is a man to do with such a subject as the 'Surrender at Yorktown' on a beggarly eight-by-ten-foot canvas?"

"You can get an awful lot of paint on a canvas that big, Sap."

"You are a beast, Brown. When a man

comes to you, really in earnest, to tell you of his aspirations and hopes, you answer him simply with low chaff. You haven't a scrap of the real artist feeling in your whole composition." And Sap Green flounced out of the studio, leaving Brown grinning at him.

But Brown was more in earnest than he had cared to own. He had been thinking very seriously about the Philadelphia prizes, and he had made up his mind to go in for them. He knew that he had no more chance than little Sap Green had for the great prize; but he also knew, just as Sap knew, that even the lowest of the three medals was worth very earnest striving after. In winning it there was honor to be gained, and there was money to be made—for there was not much doubt but that a medalled picture would find a purchaser—and honor and money were what he longed for just then with all his heart; for these were the means that would compass the end that he lived for —Rose.

And Brown also had an idea. It was not

as big an idea, in square feet, as Sap's; but it possessed the advantages of having something of originality about it, and of being within the scope of his ability. He had the color-study pretty well in shape already, and he believed that he had a good thing. It was a simple picture, and very much inside the eight-by-ten-foot limitation. The scene was a roadway in a dark wood, the foreground in deepest shadow. Out beneath the arching branches was seen a misty valley, shimmering in the cool, crisp light of early day, the nearly level sunbeams striking brilliantly upon the white tents of a camp. And seen under the bowering trees, but a little beyond them, and in the full brightness of the morning light, was a single figure, brought into strong relief against the dark hills lying in shadow on the valley's farther side. The figure was that of a woman in Quaker dress—the soft brown and gray of her shawl and gown in tone with the deeper browns and grays of the foreground and of the misty valley beyond; a good

high-light in the white kerchief folded across her breast. She was kneeling. Her shawl had fallen back, showing her beautiful head and face—beautiful with the beauty not of youth, but of serene holiness—on which the sun shone full. Her eyes, moist with tears, were full of a glad thankfulness, and through all the lines of the face and figure was an expression of great joy, humbled by devout gratitude to Him who had brought her safely to her journey's end, and so had given her the victory. The title, "Saving Washington's Camp at Whitemarsh," gave the key to the story: the woman was Lydia Darragh, who went out from Philadelphia, and gave the warning that enabled the Continental army to repulse the assault planned by General Howe. And Brown was determined to work on this picture as he never had worked before.

Naturally, McGilp was not asleep in regard to the Philadelphia competition; and he also had his mind set on winning a medal —and with it, Rose. His picture was more

striking than Brown's, but infinitely less pretentious than Sap Green's stupendous "Yorktown." It was called "Raising the Flag at Stony Point," and in its way it was an uncommonly good thing. The time, as in Brown's picture, was sunrise—the sunrise following the night of General Wayne's gallant assault. In the immediate front of the picture was water, tumbling in little waves which sparkled in the sunlight; and from this rose sharply the rocky bank, and sheer above the bank an angle of the fort. Standing on the parapet, in crisp relief against the green-blue sky, was "Mad Anthony" himself, in the act of running up the Continental flag; while at his feet a mass of red upon the gray stones of the parapet, and throwing a rich crimson reflection down upon the broken water below, was the flag of the conquered foe. Over the whole picture was a flood of strong, clear light that emphasized the spirited action and elate pose of the single figure: it was a stirring story of a gallant fight crowned by a well-won victory. Ex-

cept that the values of the lights and shades were about the same in both, McGilp's and Brown's pictures had absolutely nothing in common; and while Brown's had the advantage in earnestness and depth of poetic feeling, McGilp's, being bold and aggressive, was much more likely to hit the popular taste.

It was known presently among the artists that both men had entered in the Philadelphia race; but while McGilp made no secret of his "Stony Point," Brown absolutely refused to let his subject be known. He kept his door locked, and the few men whom he admitted now and then saw no more of his work than the curtain that hung over it, jealously.

Not a word passed between Brown and McGilp as to what would be the result should either of them win a medal, but each man knew what the other was working for, and each felt that the other's success meant his own defeat. Not that Brown believed that McGilp ever could win Rose, for he loved