Rose himself too much to fancy, even for a moment, that she could love McGilp under any circumstances; but he felt that unless there was enough good in himself to enable him to take one of the three medals, his career as an artist might as well come definitely to an end, and his love for Rose with it. McGilp, who was cool-headed enough to see in what direction Rose's inclinations were tending, believed that in his own success, coupled with Brown's failure, rested his only chance of having Rose so much as listen to him. Therefore, both men went at their work with all their strength, and put into it their whole hearts.

Now Brown was a good deal laughed at for making such a mystery about his picture; but he knew what he was about, and the laughing did not at all discomfit him. His purpose was a diplomatic one: that he might have a secret in common with Rose. He knew enough of the theory and practice of love-making to know that a bond of this sort counted for a good deal.

As soon as the picture was fairly in his head, he decided that Rose, and Rose alone, should know all about it. So, when he met her coming home from Jefferson Market one morning, he turned back to carry her market-basket, and to tell her the secret that he intended should be his first parallel. And he made such quick work of it that the secret was in her keeping before they had passed the pretty little triangular park where Grove Street and Christopher Street slant into each other. Rose now never looks under the archway formed by the trees in the little park, and the elm and willow on the sidewalk, that she does not fancy that she sees Lydia Darragh kneeling there, while Grove Street and Christopher Street beyond widen out into the tent-dotted valley of Whitemarsh.

Having told this secret, Brown had to steady himself sharply that he might not tell the other secret that lay on the very end of his tongue—how all his hope of the prize really was hope of Rose herself. Possibly

Rose had a feeling sense of what he was trying not to tell, for she talked so much about the picture that he had no chance to talk about anything else. And she was as sympathetic as even Brown—who wanted a good deal of sympathy—could desire.

After that Brown managed pretty often to meet Rose as she came from market; and Rose did not resent the persistent frequency of these purely chance encounters. She reasoned with herself that it must be a great comfort to him to have anybody to talk with about his work and hopes, and that for her to refuse to listen to him, since he had happened to make her his confidante, would be exceedingly ungracious, to say the least of it; which reasoning, if a trifle too general in its premises, certainly was sound in its conclusions. And by good generalship she always managed that his other secret should remain untold—though as the days went by she found this to be an increasingly difficult task, that constantly called for more vigorous defensive tactics. And what still further

complicated matters was that Rose grew less and less disposed to use defensive tactics at all.

Brown put in honest work on his picture. He spent a couple of days in getting his studies on the border of the Whitemarsh valley; and he got up morning after morning at unconscionable hours, so as to be in the Park at sunrise to study effects of early morning light—and mighty puzzling he found them! Luckily, his sister, Verona, was the type that he needed for Lydia Darragh, and she posed for him with all the good-will in the world; and nobody knows what a deal of good-will is required in posing until after trying it for a while.

Under Verona's protection, Rose saw the picture now and then, and so was able to talk about it considerately with Brown in the course of their walks. And these walks came to be a good deal prolonged; for Brown developed a notable tendency for taking the wrong turns when they were going home, so that when they thought they were in Grove Street, they suddenly would

find themselves drifting down on Abingdon Place. After all, though, these mistakes were not unnatural, when you come to think what a desperately crooked region Greenwich is. That people should go astray in a part of the town so hopelessly topsy-turvy, that in it Fourth Street crosses Tenth Street at right angles, need not be a matter for surprise. What was a little surprising, though, was that it did not occur to Rose that inasmuch as Verona now knew all about the picture, Brown no longer stood in very urgent need of herself as a confidante. But it certainly is a fact that this view of the situation never once crossed her mind.

McGilp's "Stony Point," meanwhile, was getting along pretty well, too. The man had a great deal of facility, and more than a fair allowance of talent; and he never had worked so hard as he was working now. Little Sap Green, who had a great fondness for knowing all that was going on, paid frequent visits to his studio, and volunteered statements of the results of his observations to Brown:

"It's not as good as 'Yorktown,' of course, but it's a mighty good picture, Van. He's got in his lights and shades in a way that I don't believe I could improve on myself, and there's lots of tremendous color, and the figure is as strong as a house. He's booked for a medal as sure as I am; and I do hope, old man, that this thing of yours you're so dark about will get the third. Of course, you know, Brown, that I don't a bit like having to run my work against yours in this way. But I can't help it, you know; and I hope that if I win, and you don't, you wont have any ill-feeling about it. And, I say, Brown, what are you going to do about a frame? I've been to see Keyes & Stretcher, and the brutes absolutely refuse to let me have one unless I pay cash down; and for a ten-by-eight they want eighty dollars. They might as well ask me to pony up a thousand! I offered Keyes a lien on the picture, and he had the indecency to say that the security undoubtedly was big enough, but it wasn't marketable. Do you know, I'm half sorry I

didn't paint 'Washington on his Death-bed' on a forty-by-sixty? I've got a forty-by-sixty frame on my 'Hector at the Gates of Troy,' and I might just as well have saved money by using it over again."

So the summer drifted along pleasantly, and Brown's picture daily came nearer to being what he wanted it to be. He knew, of course, that he never could realize his ideal, but he also knew that his picture was intrinsically good. It was a long way ahead of anything that he had ever done. Verona, who was not a bad judge of a picture, approved it; and, what was more to the purpose, so did Rose. By the end of August it practically was finished, leaving him a fortnight and more for that delicate operation known as "going all over it"—in the course of which many a capital picture is hopelessly spoiled.

Brown did not know, when he got up at four o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of August, to go out to the Park for a final study of the effects of early sunlight, that

the most eventful day of his life had come; but it had. He was in such a hurry to get to the Park before the sun rose, that he went without his coffee, contenting himself with munching a bit of bread as he walked from the Sixth Avenue entrance along the shadowy paths in the fresh coolness of the early day. Therefore it came to pass that when his observations were ended—with the satisfactory result of showing him that the thing he was in doubt about was right—he was aroused to the fact that he was most prodigiously hungry. And, being in a hopeful frame of mind, he decided promptly that he would spend the full value of a half-dollar in getting a good breakfast at the Hungaria, before going home to his work. Not exactly a headlong extravagance this, yet having in it enough of extravagance to give to the breakfast an agreeable spice of adventure.

It was a good while after eight o'clock when he got home; yet, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he began the ascent of

the stairs leisurely, and with the air of a man, who, having breakfasted well, is contented with himself and all the world. But at the third step his movements suddenly were vastly accelerated. From one of the floors above him sounded a scream and a cry for help—and the voice crying for help was the voice of his Rose!

He went up the steps three at a time, hearing as he went yet more screams, and the sound of opening doors, and of hurrying feet, which showed that everybody in the building was aroused. And when he got to the fourth floor he found that his own studio was the centre of the commotion—and a pretty kettle of fish he found there! The easel, with Lydia Darragh upon it, was lying flat upon the floor, and in front of it—looking, as he has since told her, like a delightful blue-eyed enraged lioness defending her cubs—was Rose. She had her big pie-making apron on, and her sleeves were rolled up, and she had dabs of flour all over her (for the life of him he could not keep a grinning recollection of her father's horrible "Bread-winner" out of his mind), and in one of her beautiful, plump arms was a red gash, and all her lovely arm was bloody, and there was blood upon her floury apron and on the floor. A little on one side was old Cremnitz White—he was a big old fellow, with lots of strength left in him—with his hand twisted so tight in McGilp's collar that McGilp's sleek face was growing purple, and his eyes were protruding ominously; and old Cremnitz's long gray beard was fairly wagging with righteous rage. Madder was doing his best to make Cremnitz let go—for the life was being choked out of McGilp rapidly—and little Sap Green was dancing around the room in a perfect whirl of excitement, and saying at every step, "Oh, dear!" Three or four other men entered the room at Brown's heels, and stopped just inside the doorway, in wonder of what the dickens it all could mean.

It was not a time for standing on ceremony. Brown had Rose in his arms in a moment.

"My darling! What has happened?"

And for answer Rose threw her arms around his neck (the coat with the blood-stain on the left shoulder he will cherish to his dying day), and laid her head down on his breast, and sobbed forth:

"He—the wicked villain! Oh! he's ruined it. But—but, indeed, I did my best to stop him. To think of poor, dear Lydia Darragh with her two lovely eyes poked out, and the rest of her all cut to pieces! Oh, the wretch! Please, *please* let Mr. White choke him, papa. But no matter if you have lost the medal, dear, you—you shall have *me* all the same. For I love you with all my heart, and I hate him, and I always have hated him. There!" (From which utterance, especially from that part of it relating to herself and the medals, the inference is a fair one that Verona Brown had chatterboxed away her brother's secret to Rose, so that for ever so long it had been no secret at all!)

"Now, sir! What have you got to say

for yourself?" asked old Madder, sternly. He had managed to drag Cremnitz off by this time, and McGilp stood in one corner of the room gasping and rubbing his throat with his hand. (It was a month and more before he could swallow anything without a painful reminder of the exceeding boniness of Cremnitz's knuckles.)

"Nothing that will do any good. I'm beaten, among you all, and that's the end of it. But I will say this, though: I didn't mean to cut Brown's picture when I came in here. I didn't mean to come in here at all. He went out in a hurry, I suppose, for as I came along the passage I found his door open. I knew that he had gone out, for he waked me up with his confounded noise, and I had heard him go down-stairs. So I knew that he couldn't stop me, and I came in to see his picture. When I found that it was better than mine—for it was better, a good deal better—I couldn't help what I did. I knew that if either of us got one of the Philadelphia medals, it would not be me;

and I knew what that meant for both of us. You don't know what it would have meant, and I don't intend to tell you. I got into a rage over it all, and the first thing that I knew I had picked up his palette-knife, and had run it through the picture a dozen times. Then she came down-stairs, and saw me through the open door, and what I was doing, and came in and tried to stop me. I was nearly crazy, I suppose, for I fought with her, and somehow she got that cut in her arm. I don't imagine that any of you, even now, think that I cut her on purpose. Then White came in and grabbed me, and the rest of you after him, and you know what happened better than I do, for he came precious near to murdering me.

"And, now, what are you going to do with me? Take me around to the Jefferson Market Police Court, and charge me with aggravated assault and battery? You can do it if you want to. You are on top."

There was a rather awkward pause after this direct question. Certainly, the course

that McGilp suggested was the proper one to take; but nobody, except Cremnitz White, wanted to take it. For bringing Rose into a police court, and her name into the newspapers, was not to be thought of. And so, when Rose—her father had washed her arm in Brown's basin, and had let Brown help him, and they were tying up the cut in clean paint-rags—said to let him go, everybody but Cremnitz felt relieved.

Half swaggering, half slinking, McGilp went out of the room; and enough decency remained in him to make him leave town forthwith. His unfinished "Stony Point" went with him. Presumably, he did not complete it, for when the Philadelphia exhibition opened it was not there. As he went down the stairs, Cremnitz White looked reproachfully at Madder, and exclaimed:

"Ach, mein Gott, Madter! Fhy dit yoo shoost not let me shoke him, and pe done mit it? For him shoking woult haf been most goot—most goot inteed!"

So "Saving Washington's Camp at Whitemarsh" never entered into the Philadelphia competition at all. It was not, to be sure, quite so badly cut up as Rose in her excitement had declared it to be; but it was so far gone that exhibiting it in public was not to be thought of. However, there was a private exhibition of it the next day in Brown's studio, that bore better fruit than if it had gone to Philadelphia, and had taken the three-thousand-dollar Temple prize.

The organizer of this exhibition was Verona, and the unit who attended it was Mr. Mangan Brown. Verona, as has already been hinted, had rather a faculty for telling things, and immediately after the catastrophe had become known to her she set off valorously for the Swamp, sought out Uncle Mangan among his kips and hides, and told him precisely what had happened to his nephew, and begged him to come up and look at the picture, with the wreck of which, seemingly, everything had been lost. Then she vigorously urged her brother to make

Lydia Darragh as presentable as possible, with careful gumming of linen on the back, and with touches of paint on the ragged edges of cut canvas; and her urging was not wholly unsuccessful. The picture was a sad object still, but enough of its beauty and worth remained to convince even a very skeptical person that the man who had painted it had a right to make a profession of art. And Uncle Mangan, who until then had been as skeptical as he well could be in regard to his nephew's self-elected vocation, saw it and was convinced.

"I have always thought, Van, that you were a fool," said Uncle Mangan, with a cheerful frankness and a most evident sincerity. "But now I think that the fool of the family has been quite a different person. So the big prize, the one that you didn't expect to get, is three thousand dollars? Well, you just *shall* get it, as soon as I can go down town and write the check. But you must paint the picture over again, for I want it. It's the most beautiful thing that

I ever saw, by gad! And the directors of our bank last week voted five hundred dollars to have my portrait painted, to go with the set of presidents, and you shall do that too. And I always have wanted a portrait of your aunt Caledonia, the only sister I have in the world, and you shall do that. And my partner, Gamboge, said only the other day that he wanted some pictures for his new house, and you shall do those. And we want two or three pictures for the new room at the club, and you shall do one of them. And—and I'll make it my business, Van, to see that you have all the work you want as long as I live; and when I die you'll find that you can work or not, just as you please, my boy. And I'm proud of you, Van, for the way in which you've worked along all these years without a scrap of encouragement from those who ought to have encouraged you most. And I'm ashamed of myself for the way in which I've stood off, like a regular priest and Levite, from my own dead brother Cappagh's son.

"And now where's this little girl who fought and bled for you like such a regular heroine? For she will be a Brown, too, before long, and I want to give her the kiss that I have a right to give her; and that—God bless her!—she shall have with all my heart!"

"THAT I will be the best man of you, my dear Brown, you know well would be to me much joy. But perceive!" and Jaune d'Antimoine slowly turned himself about, that the worst might be known of the many shabbinesses of his very ancient suit of clothes. "And these are beyond all the best that I do own of all the world, my Brown. What would you 'ave? For your wedding, in such clothings as these, I should be one 'orror; one—I do not know the English—one *épouvantail*. And in the small month that does pass before your wedding comes, what can be for me to do that such vast moneys as must be paid for new clothings shall be mine? No, my good friend, 'e is

not posseeble: though to say such does destroy my 'art!"

And in view of this very explicit and very reasonable statement of his inability to act in the premises, quite the most notable feature of the wedding was Jaune d'Antimoine's brilliant discharge of the functions of best man, in a resplendent suit of clothes that made him the delight of Rose Carthame's eyes, and the admiration of all Greenwich for many, many days.

The wedding was a quiet affair in St. Luke's Church, with a lunch in old Madder's studio afterward—at which Uncle Mangan made a speech that was all the better because he choked a good deal over it, and had to wipe his eyes with a big silk handkerchief two or three times, and that came to an end by his fairly breaking down. And Jaune d'Antimoine, clad in his garments of truly Oriental magnificence, gave the health of the bridemaids—Rose Carthame and Verona—in a most wonderful mingling of French and English; and Cremnitz White, not trusting

himself in English at all, made a most eloquent and feeling speech in German, that nobody understood, and that was applauded rapturously; and old Madder made a speech in which he got miles away from the wedding into a disquisition upon the nobility and lastingness of Art that was edifying to listen to; and little Sap Green was the only person present who was thoroughly and persistently melancholy from first to last. There was good reason for Sap Green's melancholy. It was bad enough for him to lose Rose, but it was worse still to know that a blight had fallen upon his hopes of fame: for his "Yorktown" never went to Philadelphia, and his certainty of a medal was dashed utterly, for the sorry reason that he had been unable to pay for the eight-by-ten-foot frame!