

body wuz found in a small lake on his own grounds. They gin out 'twuz accidental drownin', but, 'twixt you-uns an' me, he got wind o' ther plans, an' 'scaped 'em by jumpin' in th' lake. Et be cur'us how smart crazy folks kin be! Arter a while the family lawyer come over an' scle th' ranch, stocked jes' es 'twas, to a party o' New Yorkers. Then Zeke an' me cut loose frum our moorin's, drifted up inter these yer moun-tins, an' 'ere we be yit. Now Zeke—" and in a rich bass, of great volume and sweetness, he struck off with

"Come on my partner in distress,
My comrade in this wilderness."

The dog slowly rose, came to his master and laid his head across his knees. The mountaineer reached down and drew from out the shaggy hair a small gold locket attached to a slender chain. He touched the spring, and said—

"Thar be Villet's pictur. She wuz puttin' it roun' his neck thet mornin'," with a significant look toward the dog.

"Thet be all, stranger."

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The fall exhibition opened with great splendor. The subjects treated were widely different, and handled with admirable nerve. Strong *motif*, breadth and unity of scope, and a vivid, but delicate, coloring, were the points of excellence possessed, in a more or less degree, by all of them. To sum up the matter in a nut shell, the unanimous judgment of the best critics, and the vast multitudes that daily thronged the spacious gallery, pronounced it to be the finest amateur collection ever exhibited in San Francisco.

The first place was awarded to a picture of the *genre* class. It was rather a series of pictures, which formed a wheel within a wheel, so to speak, since each separate part was so nicely adjusted, the one on the other, that each was essential to the perfect whole.

While possessing the points of excellence already mentioned, it was remarkable for two things not always found, even in the old masters.

The one—an intense realism—that centered upon a golden-haired child and a great, shaggy dog; a subtle, magnetic power, infinitely tender, potentially supreme, divinely enthused, that finds fittest expression in the words of the inspired penman:

And he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

The other, a nobility of thought, a sublimity of conception, that unfolded, like a grand panorama, the passionate sweep of anguish, remorse, repentance and atonement, with swift and masterful effect. Ruskin, the divine interpreter of art, says:

The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed.

The picture was labeled "A Dog's Repentance," and in the lower right hand corner were traced, in gilt letters, the artist's initials. Paul Renfrew had found his inspiration, and, painting *con amore*, had achieved success, which is only another name for fame. Halting fortune would soon be limping in his wake. Toward the close of the exhibition, the *Morning News* announced a notable arrival—the Lady Margaret Fanshawe, of Lambeth Place, Yorkshire. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Violet Brockton, heiress of Brockton Hall, and they had taken apartments at "The Palace" for the winter. So the *News* stated it in a positive, matter-of-fact fashion, although the Lady Margaret herself, when interviewed on the subject, could give no positive assurance that their visit would be prolonged later than a few weeks. Her Ladyship and her niece were traveling for pleasure, and she would be wholly guided by Miss Brockton's wishes in the matter. Lion-seekers were at once on their trail, and they were soon in a mazy whirl of social distraction.

It so happened one morning (else I shudder to think that the only legitimate and satisfactory ending to this story might never have been attained), that, in order to secure a quiet forenoon to themselves, Miss Brockton suggested a drive to the exhibition, of which they had heard unstinted praise.

They arrived early—so early that the gallery was almost deserted. The Lady Margaret, not being, by nature or education, artistically inclined, proceeded at once to deposit her heavy English avordupois upon a central divan, and, adjusting her jeweled lorgnette to a convenient altitude, bestowed a mild and half tolerant sweep of her eyelids upon the bits of brightness within her limited horizon.

"Violet, my dear; mere *daubs*, I dare say! These Americans, my dear!"

What else Her Ladyship was preparing to pour into the ears of her niece, will probably never be known, for that young lady was far beyond the reach of her voice, and utterly absorbed in the contemplation of those self-same "mere *daubs*." The girl was an enthusiast in art, which alien trait was by no means approved by the Lady Margaret, since she was aware of no such visionary proclivities anywhere in a long line of respectable ancestors. But Miss Brockton went on the even tenor of her way, catching the subtle beauty of opening flowers, shimmering cloud or sapphire sky.

And now, on this particular morning, her fine spirit went out to meet and embrace all that was tru-