

"I am sure you must see yourself, Mr. Houston, how very absurd such a thing would be. I cannot believe you are serious—it would be so ridiculous!"

And Miss Cynthia began to laugh shrilly. I did not like to hear her; it was difficult for her to stop when she had once begun.

"I have sometimes been a little amused," she said, with trembling lips. "And do you know I sometimes thought that it was—that it was Maud that you really admired—and that you were making interest with her old aunt, as you were afraid to speak to her yourself. And if it were so, indeed I should be very glad. Maud is my heiress, Mr. Houston, and I should be glad to devote all I have to making her happy. As for me," said Miss Cynthia, quietly, "I am an old woman, and all the interest I have now is in seeing my dear niece happy."

Mr. Houston had turned very pale.

"Oh, Miss Cynthia—what can I say?" he began.

I think some real emotion stirred his selfish soul; but before he could say any more another voice broke in.

"What are you saying about me, Aunt Cynthia? I heard my name, I am sure."

Miss Treleven had come quietly round the corner of a side path and stood close beside us, with a flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"What are you saying about me, dear?" she repeated, kneeling down by her aunt and putting her arm round her protectingly.

Miss Cynthia faltered now, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Maud, my darling," she said, hesitatingly, "Mr. Houston and I have been talking about you. My

dear, I grudge nothing in the world to make you happy. And I have always taken a great interest in Mr. Houston," she added, with gentle dignity. "I will go in now, I think. I am a little tired. You young people can have a little talk together by yourselves."

"But I am going in with you," said her niece, rising to her feet. "Thank you, Aunt Cynthia, but I have nothing to say to Mr. Houston, and I am sure he can have nothing to say to me. Nothing," she repeated, with emphasis, looking straight at the dark, handsome face before her.

I think I was almost a little sorry for him then; he had such a cowed, beaten look. But he recovered himself quickly.

"In that case," said he defiantly, "I will wish you all good-morning."

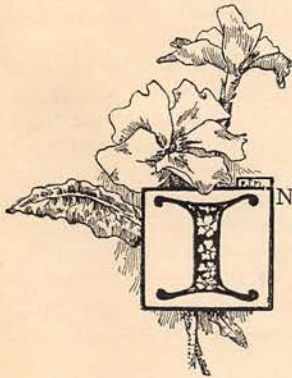
And with a hasty crunch of his heel upon the gravel, he lifted his hat and strode away down the long path and out of our sight.

"Oh, Maud!" began Miss Cynthia.

"And, oh, auntie! Did you think I would leave you—for *him*? I shall never, never be married, darling, and I'll stay with you always."

And Miss Treleven burst out crying, and buried her face upon Miss Cynthia's thin shoulder.

They went away next morning, and I have never seen or heard of them since. But a few months afterwards I saw in the *Times* the notice of the marriage of James Houston to Lavinia, widow of Sir Thomas Stubbs, of Moor Park, Hants. So I concluded that Mr. Houston had at last been successful in gaining that fortune in pursuit of which he had broken Miss Cynthia's heart.



WOMEN ARTISTS.

(HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.)

IN the front rank of English women who have deliberately chosen art as their career stands Lady Butler, who first became known to the world of picture-seers as Miss Thompson, the daughter of Colonel Thompson, a distinguished soldier who lived very much in touch with the leading literary spirits of his day. His gifted daughter was born at Lausanne, and when only five years old handled her pencil to such good purpose as to show a very strong artistic bent. Then the family lived long in Italy, principally in Florence, where the very air is redolent of art.

When it was necessary to return to England they chose Ventnor, and there behind the house, and under the shadow of St. Boniface, Colonel Thompson built his daughter a studio. From him she must have drawn the inspiration that led her to depict battle-

scenes with such wonderful vigour and realism, and the picture which at once made her name famous was the "Roll Call," hung at the Royal Academy in 1874. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited the next year, and the famous remnant of the "Scots Greys at Waterloo" in 1882. "Evicted," which was much admired in 1890, was a picture entirely in touch with the times. Miss Thompson married Major-General Sir W. F. Butler in 1877, and they reside principally at Aldershot.

Madame Rosa Bonheur, the famous French painter of animals, comes of a family of artists. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a talented artist at Bordeaux, where he had a tolerably paying connection of pupils, whose fees enabled him to support his old parents. An attachment sprang up between him and a young lady to whom he gave lessons; they were married, and Rosa, their eldest child, was born in 1822.

She first showed her artistic tendencies by modelling in clay, and when her father removed to Paris, and the children used to go to the Bois de Boulogne

in charge of their faithful nurse, she was immensely fascinated by watching the splendid horses led out there to exercise by their grooms. All efforts to train her in domesticity failed; she could not be taught to sew, and daily escaped from her tasks. At last her father placed her at a boarding school where he was drawing master, but she proved so turbulent and full of mischief that he had to remove her, and from that time she drew in his painting-room, and studied at the Louvre.

Here she was much encouraged by the praise of a visitor, who saw her copying the well-known picture "Les Bergers d'Arcadie," of which she sold replicas as fast as she could paint them. At the age of seventeen she began to frequent a slaughter-house that she might study the animals brought there; her father taught her the *technique* of painting, and she worked under Léon Cognet.

Rosa's first picture in the *Salon* was exhibited in 1840, the subject being a couple of rabbits, and the following year she was further encouraged by a group of sheep and goats being well hung and favourably commented on. In quick succession she won the bronze and silver medals offered by the Art School at Rouen, and the gold medal offered by Paris.

Her "Bulls of Cantal" was exhibited in 1848, and sold to an Englishman. Her father had some time before been made head of the French Government School of Design, and on his death in 1849 Rosa succeeded him. Her next picture was "Ploughing in Nivernais," and it was bought by the Government and hung in the Luxembourg collection. The famous "Horse Fair," exhibited by Gambart, was brought to England in 1856, and was quite one of the wonders of the year.

Madame Rosa Bonheur lives chiefly on a property she has bought in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and dresses in a costume of the semi-masculine order, though when business or pleasure bring her to Paris, she wears skirts like other women. One of the most remarkable of her later pictures is "An Old Monarch," a wonderfully powerful study of a lion's head, and she pursues a course of quiet work, surrounded by as many animals as her grounds and out-buildings will accommodate.

Madame Henriette Ronner *née* Knip, the famous painter of cats, is Rosa Bonheur's senior by a year, having been born at Amsterdam in 1822. Her father had the misfortune to lose his sight when his daughter was only eleven, but he was a task-master who kept her hard at work from sunrise to sunset, and insisted that at noon she should take an hour's rest in the dark. Her studies were always of cat, dog, and still-life, but pussie is her favourite. She has won awards of merit in Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, and the United States. Forty years ago she married M. Ronner, and now lives in Brussels, where, as well as in Paris, her pictures command a ready sale.

Mrs. Allingham, the daughter of a well-known medical practitioner, Dr. A. H. Paterson, of Burton-on-Trent and Altrincham, was born in 1848. After his death Miss Paterson lived with her aunt, Miss Laura Harford, an artist who in 1862 had practically opened

the Royal Academy schools to women students. Her niece entered them in 1867, and made steady and rapid progress. She speedily did illustrations for the "Graphic," "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE," "THE QUIVER," and "Cornhill," for the last-named supplying the drawings to Miss Thackeray's popular story "Miss Angel." Miss Paterson's water-colours early attracted attention in the Dudley Gallery, and her picture "Young Customers" was hung at the Royal Academy in 1875. Many will remember her "Old Men's Gardens at Chelsea Hospital," which made its appearance at the Old Water-Colour Exhibition in 1877. Miss Paterson became a full member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1890, after being an associate for fifteen years. In 1876 she married the late Mr. William Allingham, the poet, but poetry and art in the persons of husband and wife were not long destined to pursue their pilgrimage together.

Mrs. Allingham has painted many portraits, and among them one of the late Thomas Carlyle, which was extremely good. She has several times been the heroine of "One Woman Shows," one of which took place quite recently in New Bond Street, and attracted many visitors.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley, in the days when she was Miss Dorothy Tennant, frequently worked at illustrations of current literature. She showed special cleverness in representing children in action, and her series of juvenile street-arabs, published a year or two before her marriage, showed a marvellous insight into the tricks, the manners, and the habits of the London *gamin*.

Miss Mary Dicksee, like her brother Mr. F. Dicksee, belongs to a family of artists. Her talent is not only inherited but progressive, and though it may develop in unexpected directions, her work is always good, sound and interesting.

Miss Kate Greenaway is best known by her work. She may almost be said to have set the present fashion of children's dress, for the "poke" and "granny" bonnets, short-waisted gowns and frocks of the day, are all her own. Her groups of children and illustrations of nursery books are unique, and she has found many imitators in France and the United States. Last winter there was an exhibition of her dainty drawings in one of the Fine Art Society's rooms. She is not a woman who courts the public gaze, but is quite content to let her pen and pencil speak for her.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe is a living example of how a woman may be "advanced" in the truest sense, without bearing the least resemblance to the being depicted by that word in recent fiction. She is wife and mother, and *hausfrau*, as well as artist, and her Kensington home is well ordered and restful. The pretty sitting-rooms and her own private studio communicate and open by French windows on one of the most secluded of London gardens, beyond which is her spacious school of art. Her early art training was obtained in M. Chaplin's studio, and its influence is apparent in her work. She endeavours to bring her students face to face with Nature, and holds healthy



MRS. ALLINGHAM.
 (From a photograph by R. H. Macey,
 Hampstead, N.W.)



MADAME ROSA BONHEUR.
 (At the age of Fifty.)



MISS C. M. DEMAIN HAMMOND.



MRS. H. M. STANLEY.



MRS. JOPLING.
 (From a photograph by Walter Davey,
 Harrogate.)



LADY BUTLER.
 (From a photograph by Barrauds, Ltd.,
 Oxford Street, W.)



MADAME RONNER.
 (From a photograph by J. Ganz, Brussels.)



MISS MARGARET I. DICKSEE.
 (From a photograph by Russell & Sons,
 Baker Street, W.)



MISS KATE GREENAWAY.
 (From a photograph by Elliott & Fry,
 Baker Street, W.)

views of feminine occupation as an antidote to folly and worse. She is, perhaps, best known to the public by her "Five o'clock Tea," which was hung on the line at the Academy this year, and by "Jamie's Return," from the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray;" but her portraits in oil and pastel are the delight of many a home.

Miss C. M. Demain Hammond is a rising young artist and received her training chiefly at the Lambeth School of Art, and afterwards had three years at the Royal Academy Schools. While there she started illustrating in black-and-white on a small scale for the

Detroit Free Press. She has exhibited several times at the Royal Academy, both in wash and oils, but considers black-and-white her *métier*.

Miss Hammond's thoughts were chiefly turned towards illustration by the Lambeth sketch clubs in which she gained several prizes, and by a steady course of hour and half-hour sketches organised by the students among themselves. The late indefatigable master, Mr. T. H. Smith, gave her much encouragement in her chosen career, and she has now as much work as she can do, and has illustrated not a few of the recent stories in this MAGAZINE.

THE TWO GUNNERS.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THEY sailed away, two gunners gay,
All in the summer weather;
They never had known one day alone,
Since they were boys together.
And now they go to fight the foe,
Across the stormy ocean,
With life in hand for Queen and land,
In faithful free devotion.

"Good-bye to the mountains and heather,
Good-bye, sweet home, good-bye!
We'll serve our guns together,
And at our guns we'll die!"

The fight was hot with shell and shot,
The foe had broke his tether;
And side by side the two old mates
Still served their guns together.
Right sharp all day they blazed away,
With gun to gun replying,
Till side by side they dropt and died
Beneath the colours flying.

Good-bye to the mountains and heather,
Good-bye, sweet home, good-bye!
They have served their guns together,
And at their guns they die!

CATCHING A PROFESSOR.

A PRIZE STORY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A LITTLE AVERSION.

"AMERICAN?" said a woman's voice at Vernon Underwood's side.

"Oh, no! English to the tips of her fingers. No twang and a healthy complexion."

"She's flirt enough for a Yankee!" murmured the first voice quizzically.

"That's our fault. But her father is a professor of geology, an F.R.S., and no end of

other initials as well. I saw his name in the visitors' book. As for her being a bit of a flirt, one could pardon worse things in such a beautiful girl," said the man, who seemed to Mr. Underwood suspiciously on the defensive.

He himself had arrived only an hour ago in the

little town in the heart of the Belgian Ardennes, through which he was travelling in the somewhat aimless fashion of a solitary tourist. That he was alone was more his misfortune than his fault, though hitherto he had not felt his loneliness oppressive. Homely out-of-the-way places and inns are still to be found in Belgium, and he had chosen them in preference to the haunts of the British tourist.

Arriving at Forteroche that hot August day, he had expected to meet with the same type of old-fashioned *hôtellerie* in which he had previously lodged. Somewhat to his dismay, however, he was landed by the hotel porter in the midst of a little town, truly, but one crowded with visitors, and set down at *table d'hôte* with a polyglot array of several hundred tourists.

His own countrymen, according to their custom, were for the most part herded together at the long narrow table at which he found himself, and engaged, also as usual, in the congenial pursuit of criticising

