

class rooms, watching his favorite subjects in life and motion, and making a scientific study of their anatomy.

Then came his "wanderjahre," when he roamed, pencil in hand, through Hungary, the Danubian provinces, and the south of Russia. During the Crimean war he was with the Austrian army that occupied Wallachia and threatened the Czar's frontier. After this experience of military life he went on into Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. In 1861 he was in Algiers, whence he returned to settle down in Paris.

During the nine years that followed, Schreyer painted steadily in the French capital, and thoroughly identified himself with its art world. His spirited and original work speedily attracted attention. "Look at this rushing mass of horses!" said the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of one of the first canvases he exhibited. "What tumult, what sound! One feels the very earth tremble beneath their feet!"

All the critics praised the vivid strength of his pictures, though some of them charged this rapid and prolific worker with a tendency to neglect details. Of his "Charge of the Artillery of the Imperial Guard," which was

shown at the Salon of 1865, Paul Mantz said: "M. Schreyer has put into this picture the characteristic French dash. Some of the details are a little slack. The painter seems to have been in a hurry to finish his work; but the movement of the horses is excellent. The troopers are *alive*." The picture was one of the successes of the year; it won Schreyer a medal, and was purchased by the government for the Luxembourg gallery.

Since 1871 Schreyer has divided his time between Paris and his residence at Kronberg, near Frankfort. His brush has been almost continuously busy, and the list of his works is a long one. His paintings have gained an especial popularity in this country, where many of the best of them are owned. Indeed, almost every American collection of any note contains a Schreyer. The Vanderbilt gallery has two; the Astors have two or three; and among other owners of one or more specimens are the names of Belmont, Hoe, Jesup, Rockefeller, Stebbins, Huntington, Mills, and Newcomb in New York; Gibson, in Philadelphia; and Walters, in Baltimore, besides the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

REBEL AND PATRIOT.

A HERO rose in armor bright,
 To drive a tyrant from the land.
 The monarch brought his armèd band
 And crushed him in a single fight;
 And wrong still triumphed over right.
 The rebel died, his honored name
 Was branded with a traitor's shame.
 Another rose in greater might,
 With armèd men at his command,
 And drove the tyrant from the land.
 The people cheered his noble deed,
 And placed the crown upon his head—
 The crown of him who first had bled
 In freedom's cause, and sowed the seed.

Clarence Hawkes.

DERRINGFORTH.*

By Frank A. Munsey,

Author of "A Tragedy of Errors," "On the Field of Honor," etc.

LXXII.

THE Kingsleys' camp in the woods breathed of art. It was the conception of an artist. In this atmosphere Marion felt the artistic sense stirred in her own soul. Her brushes had lain idle since the day she was swung off into the social world. After that there had been no time for painting; no time for music and books. But now it was different—so different.

Thrown upon her own resources she must do something to take her mind from herself and the dreary drag of time. There was no longer any Burton Edwards—any Devonshire to pay her court—no longer any love from the man she loved. She was in a new world—an isolated world. The shadow of her sorrow made all about her gloomy. Idleness was death.

She turned to her brushes again as a refuge merely, but it was not long before she began to feel an interest in the work. It was work to her, for she applied herself seriously. But with equal seriousness she prosecuted the transformation of the park and the enlargement of the camp. The second season in the woods saw these two brought to an admirable state of perfection, and then in the early fall she went to Paris and placed herself under the instruction of one of the first artists of the French capital.

Her father was with her, and so, too, was the young girl who sang so sweetly on that Christmas night, now nearly a year ago. The quality of her voice and the refinement of her nature had at

once awakened Marion's interest. Elizabeth spent a good deal of time at the camp thereafter, and Marion began lifting her to her own level.

Adam Remsen, Elizabeth's father, still plied the hammer and the saw, but in his face there was a new light. Always a good mechanic, he was a better one now. He lived on a higher plane. His mind broke the fastenings of the narrow limits of his life, and in his management of the work on the camp he displayed an intelligence and an artistic feeling that amazed Marion. He was a bigger and abler man. Hope and pride had entered his breast.

But the full measure of his happiness was not reached until Marion told him of her purpose to take Elizabeth abroad with her, and educate her in music.

"She has a voice which, with proper training, will make her a great singer," said Marion, adding: "You will see Elizabeth famous, Mr. Remsen. She will bring great honor to your name."

Marion worked throughout the winter as few pupils are willing to work.

"Your application is wonderful, mademoiselle," said the old artist one day. "You have the feeling, the soul. I am proud of you."

These encouraging words from the great painter kindled Marion's ambition anew, and she worked harder than ever. But it was not very long after this that she received a letter from Burton Edwards which stunned her. It told of Derrington's bereavement; of Dorothy's illness and death.

Oh, the whirl of emotions that rushed over her! She sank into a chair, and

*"Derrington" is now ready in book form, complete in two volumes, cloth, boxed, price \$1.50. It can be had through any book seller, or from the publishers, Frank A. Munsey & Company.