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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

M. DELAPORTE'S PICTURE.

The studios stood in a meadow high | keen and startled on the young and earnest above the quaint little fishing village of face so intently watching him.

Trenewlyn. The meadow, which the pro-prietor had justly named "Le Champ des ly. Beaux Arts," came suddenly upon one as a surprise on mounting the stony, dusky street that led up from the quay. The studios-three in number-were a still greater surprise, so modern and out of down at the picture in his hand, his thoughts place they looked in this little Old World and memories centered in something it had nook, where only fisher folk had lived and recalled. Something-a dream, a hope, a worked since the village had existed.

History stated that the little village had suffered severely at the hands of the of men, may have one such dream, one Spaniards in 1595, at which times these such hope, one such memory. "So it is ruthless invaders had partly destroyed the yours, that sketch," said Jasper Trenobeautiful old church, which stood in the parish of Polwyn, about a mile off.

There was much that was picturesque and quaint about the little hamlet, and wonderful beauty of bay and coast, where the wide blue sea rolled bold and unbroken O'Hara, eagerly. "How often I've wanted it? I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth and reward you, my noble wife !" to the Lizard Point.

So, in the course of time, it entered the oweth, don't think me intrusive or curious, mind of one Jasper Trenoweth, owner of but you know that old folly-the romance the old Trenoweth, and accounted by the of that first year we spent here-if only I country folk as a somewhat eccentric indi- | knew what had become of-her !" vidual, to buy the waste piece of a meadow land that commanded so unrivalled a silent. The others now roused and wonview, and build thereon a set of studios for dering were looking at him, and at Denis, the benefit of such artists as cared for marveling at the unwonted excitement of marine subjects. The studios had been the one, the disturbance of the other. built and tenanted for some years, and the Then they saw the pencil working rapidly place itself had acquired considerable favor over the panel that Jasper Trenoweth held. among the "Brothers of the Brush." Jas- No one spoke. Swiftly with unerring cerper Trenoweth was a man of great culture | tainty, with that firmness and ease which and artistic taste.

as an artist in his youth, with no inconsid- eyes, and Denis O'Hara, breathless and erable success. But of late years, and, wondering, watched it as no one else strangely enough, since the first year that watched it, for to him it meant what it the studios had been completed and opened, Jasper Trenoweth had never touched brush or pencil. He gave no reason, but then he was a man too reserved and cold to give confidence easily.

To artists in their days of struggling and despair he had ever been a friend, but he conferred benefits so delicately that it would have been a difficult matter to trace them back to his hand. A cold man, a cynical man, a man scant of praise, intol- tatingly. "I could not tell the story from erant of teebleness, so said the art world; this now." but here and there some nature would recognize the deep tenderness and no- lips of Jasper Trenoweth. "No?" he bility of this unknown benefactor; would said. "But the sketch was yours; describe learn that no man held genius in greater it." reverence or gave to it more ready help.

"Who-who did that?" he asked hoarse

Denis O'Hara glanced at the sketch. "I is mine," he said simply.

For a moment the man who had asked that question stood silent and still, gazing memory

"Ah! even men, the coldest and hardest weth. "But it is unfinished. Lend me your pencil, Denis; you may have the credit of the sketch, but I think I alone

could tell the story aright." to know-how often I've wondered. Tren-

For a moment Jasper Trenoweth was Indeed, he himself had worked and studied skill, the sketch grew and lived before their

youth's blind egotism, he imagined.

Then with a deep drawn breath almost a sigh, Jasper Trenoweth handed him the himself.

The face of the young artist grew pale as he looked at the little picture. He looked questioningly at his friend. "I-I cannot understand," he said, hesi-

A faint smile quivered on those pale set

the disadvantages of sex. At the end of a frame bent and crippled. As his eyes month we knew little more about her than | caught the picture I saw the sudden light we did on that first evening. I opined that and wonder that leaped into his face. I she was a widow, but no hint, however saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness skillful; no trap, however baited, could in hers. I drew nearer, the man was force her into confidence or self betrayal. | speaking : 'How could you do it ?' he said, We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name 'how could you?' 'Oh, Maurice, forgive was Musette, she told me. Her mother me,' said that low, remembered voice. had been a French woman; of her father 'Dearest, are we not one in heart and soul she never spoke. She worked very hard, and name? I only finished what you had often putting me to shame; but still she so well begun. You were so ill and help would not let me see the picture, always less, and when you went to the hospital, oh, skillfully turning the easel so that the can- the days were so long and so empty. vas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself meant to tell you, but when it was finished entered the studio. We were never per- I had not the courage, so I just sent it, mitted to do so in working hours, but when signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I-I the daylight faded, and the well known never dared to hope it would be accepted. little tea table was set out, we often drop- After all, what did I do? The plan, the ped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was thought, the detail all were yours, only my all so pleasant, so homelike, and---

He paused, and laid down the sketch. The usual gayety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed.

"I-well, it's no good to dwell on it all ould tell the story aright." now." he said abruptly. "Of course I fell and weak, so close that I heard the low "And you will, you will!" cried Denis madly in love with her. Who could help breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless considerably at that time, though he was very patient. And she was just the same always-calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse.

"I believe Trenoweth was equally unsuccessful. At last I could stand it no longer. I spoke out and told her the whole truth. Of course," and he laughed somewhat bitterly, "it was no use. If she had been my bespoke certain knowledge and artistic mother or my sister she could not have been more serenely gracious, more pitiful or more surprised. I-I had made a fool of myself, as we men call it.

"So, suddenly, without a word to Trencould never mean to any one else, or so, in oweth or herself, I pack up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back the studio was closed, and Trenoweth had gone away. sketch and took the vacant chair placed for | The man left in charge, and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by their landlord. They were never to be let to women artists. That is all my part of the story. This sketch is only the figure I remember."

He glanced at Jasper Trenoweth, who silently held out his hand for the sketch. For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the bet head and sad, grave face of the man "A-a large room; one, it seems, of who sat there before them, his thoughts many rooms, Pictures cover the wall. apparently far away, so that he seemed to

not much to add," he said slowly. "All

that Denis has said of Musette Delaporte is

true, and more than true. She was one

and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed

in the completion of her picture. That un-

rest and dissatistaction which is ever the

penalty of enthusiam had now taken the

place of previous hopefulness. If it

should fail,' she said to me. 'Oh, you

don't know what that would mean. You

"Still she never offered to show it to

"At last one day I walked down to the

There was no answer. I turned the handle

and entered. In the full light of the sun-

set, as it streamed through the window,

stood the easel, covered no longer, and

facing me, as I paused on the threshold,

was the picture. I stood there too amazed

"I closed the door softly and went away.

too, how much I missed her and Denis.

The loneliness and quiet of my life grew

at last made up my mind to go to London.

Whether by chance or purpose I found

myself there on the day the Academy

opened. All who are artists know what

that day means for them. I-well I was

umphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I

for some man's sake ?"

steady, a little less cold.

studio. I knocked at the door. . .

don't know what I have staked on it."

was best undisturbed.

M. Delaporte here I heard no more about pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'

"I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she called poor

"And she was married all the time!" said Denis plaintively. "She might have told us !"

Jasper Trenoweth was silent.

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a woman artist. He was very strict on this point. He would give no reason, and butsuffer no questioning, but the rule, once made, had been rigidly adhered to.

Various tenants had held the studios from time to time, some remaining but a few months, others tor a year or more. One artist, however, a young Irishman, celebrated for his sea pieces, and a great favorite with Jasper Trenoweth, had held his studio ever since they had been opened. This young man knew more of the cynical and reserved owner than any of the "art brotherhood" to whom his tall figure, and grave stern face, and quiet merciless criticisms were familiar.

As far as it was in him to unbend to, or care for any one, Jasper had unbent to Denis O'Hare; perhaps because the bright sunny nature and genial temperameet were so unlike his own-perhaps because he recognized in the youth of 25 those possibilities which had once allured himself, and knew that he, too, loved art more than fame, in an age when men care all for fame and little for art.

For five years the two had been constantly together, save for some months when Jasper Trenoweth would be travelling in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway. It was after returning from one of these tours that one evening Jasper Trenoweth took his way down the hillside to the studios.

The general room where the artists usually sat and smoked and drank coffee in evenings was bright with lamplight and firelight, as he opened the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold looking at the group round the fireplace.

They sprang up at his advent to give him a warm welcome. Brushes had been laid aside, easels forsaken. On the morrow the pictures destined for acceptance or rejection at the Royal Academy would be on view to the village folk, or gentry around. Hard work was over for a time. It remained to be seen what its results would produce.

"I suppose you've come to see what we've been doing," said Denis O'Hara, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You couldn't have hit on a better time, only-' he stopped and glanced round at his companions, a momentary chill and embarrassment on his bright face, and in his usually gay young voice.

"Only-what ?" said Jasper Trenoweth, his deep tones sounding less stern than usual as he glanced round at the familiar scene.

Denis O'Hara seemed to constitute himself spokesman. "Sit down," he said, "and I'll tell you in what schoolboy fashion each a story of the origin or subject of one particular sketch, to be selected by vote."

"A good idea and interesting, if you tell the truth," said Jasper Trenoweth. "You welcome. "'To you ?' I said, somewhat foolishly. must not let my visit interfere with your proposed amusement." 'I thought you were a man.' He came forward and stood by the little him, Idly enough his hand turned over shall be friends as well as neighbors." the scattered sheets. The three men resumed their chairs and pipes. They were Who would not in my place. and with so used to his visits and ways, and accepted charming a companion? There and then I them without remark. Denis O'Hara set to work to help her arrange her studio alone of the group watched the face that | and fix her easel. it had always aroused in his breast. It was ed him to rough it like the rest of us. I to the very brow, as the hand so idly where I felt certain they would accommoup one and seemed arrested by that one. new artist's sex he was rather put out. I pain, disturbed the usually impassive tea- that the mistake was our own. tures. Jasper Trenoweth's eyes flashed ! "However, when he came down and saw Leaning on her arm was a man, his face 19 North Side King Square.

Five years had passed since the studios | Before one picture a group of figures stand- | have forgotten his promise to finish the had been tenanted-four since that strange ing. Behind the group a man, his frame story which Denis O'Hara had begun. rule had been framed and published by bent, almost crippled it seems, leaning on their owner that they would never be let to a woman's arm. I-I know the woman-I made this sketch of her long years ago-

"I know what you would say," interof those women who are bound to leave rupted Trenoweth. "Tell the story of their mark on a man's live and memory. that woman as you know it. I will finish After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled

THE YOUNG ARTIST'S STORY.

Denis O'Hara kept the sketch in his hand and glanced at it from time to time as he spoke.

"When I came here," he said, "I had the place all to myself. I came in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. Our friend Trenoweth introduced

me to the place, gave me inestimable hints and (no use shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under a bushel) in every way he made me at home and comfortable. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a picture.

to speak or move. . . . It was magni-"The handwriting was bold and clear; ficent. If I had not known that only a the signature at the end of the simple, woman's hand had converted that canvas concise words only "M. Delaporte." We iuto a living, breathing history I could not discoursed and speculated about M. Delahave believed it. There was nothing crude porte. We wondered if he was old or or weak or feminine about it. The power young, agreeable or the reverse; if he and torce of genius spoke out like a living would be a bore, or a nuisance-in fact, voice, and seemed to demand the homage we talked a great deal about him during it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I bethe week that intervened between his letter came aware of a sound in the stillnessand his arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arthe low, stifled sobbing of a woman. . rangements of the studio. It was No. II. . I saw her then, thrown face downhe had agreed to let, and gave directions ward on the couch at the farthest end of as to trains, etc., and then left me to welthe room, her face buried in the cushions, come the new-comer who was to arrive by her whole frame trembling and convulsed the evening train. I had been out all day, with a passion of grief. 'Oh, Maurice !' and when I came home tired, cold and she sobbed, and then again only that name hungry, I saw lights in No. II., and thought - 'Maurice ! Maurice ! Maurice !' to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to

There seemed to me something sacred in this grief. * * * I—I could not ingive him welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in !' and, turning the hundle, I found myself in the presence of-a woman! For a

moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned and, with the richhued stuffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with as much ease and composure as-well, as I lacked. "Mr. Trenoweth?" she asked, inquir-

"Her voice was one of those low, rich,

contralto voices, so rare and so beauti-

His own voice trembled; he glanced again at the sketch in his hand. "But we were going to amuse ourselves. You then everything about her was beautiful see those sketches, * * * we found and perfect. That says enough. 'I'm not them in that cupboard yonder, and after Mr. Trenoweth,' I said, 'I'm only an artist some valuable and impartial criticism- living in the next studio. I-I came here artist enough to feel the interest of art triwhich you've missed-we agreed to relate to see if Mr. Delaporte had arrived; I beg your pardon for intruding." "'Do not apologize,' she said frankly.

'This studio is let to me, and you are very

"She laughed. 'I have not that priv- ture there, and I heard murmurs of praise table, looking down with grave, unsmiling ilege," she said. 'But I am an artist, and an i wonder from scores of lips as I, too, eyes at the scattered suggestions before art takes no count of sex. I hope we "I echoed that wish heartily enough. was bent over the sketches, watched it with "Of course, Jasper and I having decided that sense of interest and speculation that | that M. Delaporte was a man, had expectusually so calm and impressive a face that | could not let her stay in Trenewlyn itself, he was startled to see it flash darkly, hotly but took her up the hillside to a farmhouse, moving among the scattered sheets turned date her. When Trenoweth heard of the A quiver as of pain, or the memory of could not see why myself, and I agreed not see me as for a moment I lingered

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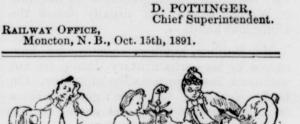
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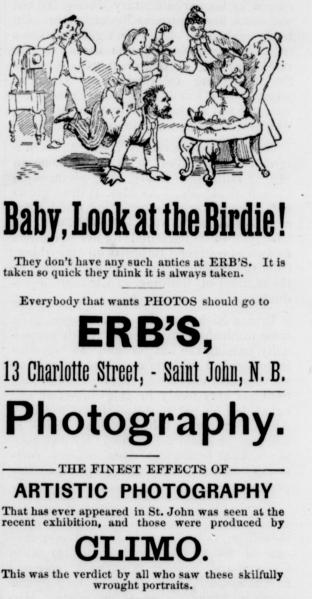
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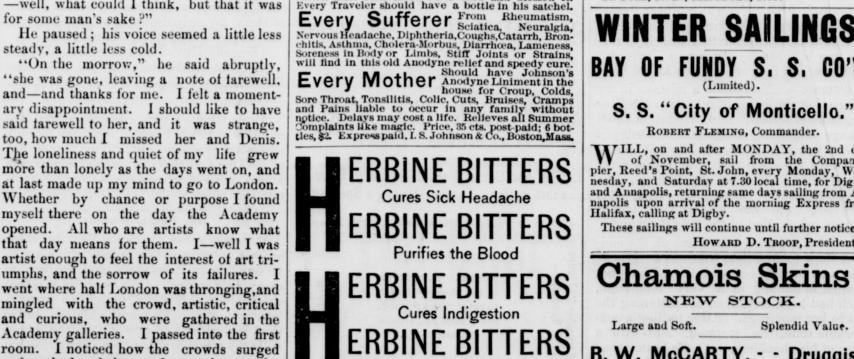
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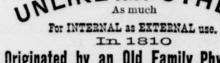
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went where half London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical **Cures Indigestion** and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room. I noticed how the crowds surged and pushed and thronged around one pic-The Ladies' Friend



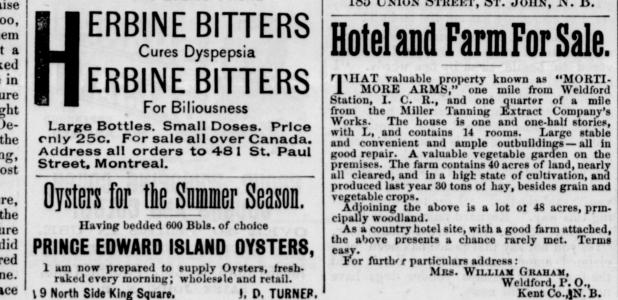
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trude on it. She was so near to tame. She held so great a gift * * * and yet Originated by an Old Family Physician. she lay weeping her heart out yonder like the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty ration after Generation have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel. -well, what could I think, but that it was He paused ; his voice seemed a little less

"On the morrow," he said abruptly, "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and-and thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange,

tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvelous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favored me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw-the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte ! Deservedly honored, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and the severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame. "I turned away at last. My steps were, however, arrested on the outskirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely familiar. She-she did there. Then I noticed she was not alone.



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