

Manchester Enterprise

Published Thursday Evenings. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of...

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The Story of a Masterpiece.

By HENRY JAMES, Jr.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



NO LONGER ago than last summer, during six weeks, staying at Newport, John Lennox became engaged to Miss Marian Everett of Boston, a sufficiently distinguished appearance of excellent manners, of an unusual share of sound information, of irrepressible habit and of a temper which was understood to have suffered a trying and salutary probation during the short term of his wedded life. Miss Everett was, therefore, all things considered, believed to be making a very judicious choice in having by no means the worst of the bargain.

And yet Miss Everett, too, was a very remarkable young lady—the pretty Miss Everett, as she was called, to distinguish her from certain plain cousins, with whom, owing to her being no more than a sister, she was constrained, for decency's sake, to spend a great deal of her time—rather to her own satisfaction, it may be conjectured, than to that of these excellent young women.

Marian Everett was penniless indeed, but she was richly endowed with all the gifts which make a woman charming. She was, without dispute, the most charming girl in the circle in which she lived and moved. Even certain of her elders, women of a larger experience, of a keener callus, as it were, and, thanks to their being married ladies, of greater freedom of action, were practically not so charming as she. And yet, in her emulation of the social graces, she had more fully licensed sisters. Miss Everett was quite willing to give up her position in the strict line of maidenly dignity. She professed an almost religious devotion to good taste, and she looked with joy and delight upon the boisterous graces of many of the younger women.

It was a representation of a half-length female figure, in a costume and with an expression so ambiguous that Lennox expressed uncertainty whether it was a portrait or a fancy. A fair-haired young woman, clad in a rich and elegant dress, looking like a creature of the Renaissance. Her figure was relieved against a somber tapestry, her arms loosely folded, her head erect and her eyes on the spectator, toward whom she seemed to move. "Dams un flot de velours traînant ses pieds."

As Lennox inspected her face it seemed to reveal a hidden likeness to a face he well knew—the face of Marian Everett. He was, of course, anxious to know whether the likeness was accidental or designed. "I take this to be a portrait," he said to the artist, "a portrait in character."

"No," said the latter, "it's a more complex position; a little from here and a little from there. The picture has been hanging about me for the last two or three years, as a sort of receptacle for my thoughts. It has been painted by this clever young man. Their engagement had as yet been an affair of pure sentiment, and he had taken an almost fastidious care not to give himself the vulgar appearance of a mere purveyor of luxuries and pleasures. Practically, he had been as yet for his future wife a poor man—or rather a man, pure and simple, and not a millionaire. He had ridden with her, he had sent her flowers, and he had gone with her to the opera. But he had never sent her sugar-plums, nor made her any of the little presents of jewelry. Miss Everett's female friends had remarked that he hadn't as yet given her the least little betrothal ring, either of pearls or of diamonds. Marian, however, was quite content. She was, by nature, a great artist in the sense of some of the old masters, and she felt instinctively that this classical moderation was but the converse presentation of an immense matrimonial abundance. In his attempt to make it impossible to trace the relation with Miss Everett to the least degree, he had been so tactful that it should be tinged in the mind of either party. Lennox had thoroughly understood his own instinct. He knew that he should some day feel a strong and irresistible impulse to offer this little, but so visible and artistic token of his affection, and that this gift would convey a greater satisfaction from being so of his kind. It seemed to him now that his chance had come. What gift would be more delicate than the possession of an opportunity to exhibit his patience and good will to her husband's possession of a perfect likeness of her face!

On that evening Lennox dined with his future father-in-law, as it was his habit to do since a week. "I saw this morning an old friend of yours," "Ah," said Marian, "who was that?" "Mr. Baxter, the painter."

"I hope there is no particular difficulty," the latter resumed; hoping to induce him to relieve himself of whatever weighed upon his consciousness. "I don't sometimes I—afraid sometimes she doesn't really love me."

"Well, a little doubt does no harm. It's better than to be sure of it, and to sink into fatuity. Only be sure you love her."

"The morning, unable to fix his attention on books and papers, he bestowed himself on an expedition for passing an hour. He had made, at Newport, the acquaintance of a young artist named Gilbert, for whose talent and conversation he had conceived a strong relish. The painter, on leaving Newport was to go to the Adirondacks, and to be back in New York on Oct. 1, after which time he begged his friend to come and see him.

It occurred to Lennox on the morning I speak of that Gilbert must already have returned to town, and would be looking for his visit. So he forthwith repaired to his studio. Gilbert's card was on the door, but, on entering, he found it occupied by a stranger—a young man in painter's garb at work before a large panel. He learned from this gentleman that he was a temporary student of Mr. Gilbert's studio, and that the latter had stepped out for a few moments. Lennox accordingly prepared to await his return. He entered into conversation with the young man, and, finding him very intelligent, as well as, apparently, a great friend of Gilbert, he looked at him with some interest. He was of somewhat of a tall and robust build, with a strong, joyous, sensitive face, and a thick auburn beard. Lennox was struck with his face, which seemed both to express a great deal of human sympathy and to indicate the essential temperament of a painter.

"A man with that face," said to himself, "does work at least worth looking at." He accordingly asked his companion if he might come and look at his picture. The latter readily assented, and Lennox placed himself before the canvas. He found it a representation of a half-length female figure, in a costume and with an expression so ambiguous that Lennox expressed uncertainty whether it was a portrait or a fancy. A fair-haired young woman, clad in a rich and elegant dress, looking like a creature of the Renaissance. Her figure was relieved against a somber tapestry, her arms loosely folded, her head erect and her eyes on the spectator, toward whom she seemed to move. "Dams un flot de velours traînant ses pieds."

"Do you call it anything?" "I read it originally after something I'd read—Browning's poem, 'My Last Duchess.' Do you know it?" "I'm ignorant of whether it's an attempt to embody the poet's impression of a portrait—really existing, or simply a fancy. I can't say it's simply an attempt to embody my own private impression of the poem, which has always had a strong hold on my fancy. I don't know whether it agrees with your own impression and that of most readers. But I don't insist upon the name. The possessor of the picture is free to baptize it as he pleases."

The longer Lennox looked at the picture the more he liked it, and the deeper seemed to be the correspondence between the lady's expression and that of the physiognomy of the woman he loved living and breathing as the fittest exponent of that significance. "I turned away his head; his eyes filled with tears. 'If I were possessor of the picture,' he said finally, answering the artist's question, 'I should name it by the name of a person of whom it very much reminds me.'"

"Ah," said Lennox; and then, after a pause, "a person in New York?" "It had happened a week before that, at her lover's request, Miss Everett had gone in his company to a photographer's, and had been photographed in a dozen different attitudes. The proofs of these photographs had been sent home for Marian to choose from. She had made a choice of half a dozen—or rather Lennox had made it, and the latter had put them in his pocket, with the intention of stopping at the establishment and giving his orders. He now took out his pocket book and showed the painter one of the cards. "I take this to be a resemblance," said he, "to the young Duchess and that young lady." The artist looked at the photograph. "I'm not mistaken," he said, after a pause, "the young lady is Miss Everett."

deadly southern depth and warmth of tone in Miss Everett's complexion, as well as that breadth and thickness of feature which is common in Italian women. You see the resemblance to Browning's model of type that of expression. Nevertheless, I'm sorry if the copy betrays the original."

"I don't," said Lennox, "whether it would betray it to any other person than mine. I've the honor, the artist, after a pause, to be acquainted with Miss Everett. You will, therefore, excuse me if I ask whether you mean to sell your picture?" "It's already sold—to a lady," rejoined the artist, with a smile, "a maiden lady, who is a great admirer of Browning's model."

"This name is Baxter—Stephen Baxter," said Gilbert, "and until his return from Europe, a fortnight ago, I knew little more about him than you. He's a case of improvement. I met him in Paris in '82; at that time he was doing absolutely nothing. He has learned what you see in the interval. On arriving in New York he found it impossible to get a studio big enough to hold him. As, with my little sketches, I need only occupy one corner of mine, I offered him the use of the other three, until he should be able to bestow himself on his satisfaction. When he began to unstack his canvases I found I had been entertaining an angel unaware."

Gilbert then proceeded to uncover, for Lennox's inspection, several of Baxter's portraits, both men and women. Each of these works confirmed Lennox's impression of the young man's power. He returned to the picture on the easel. Marian Everett reappeared at his silent call, and looked out of the eyes with a most penetrating tenderness and melancholy. "I can't say," he said, "but I think Lennox's resemblance to your degree also a matter of expression. Gilbert," he added, wishing to measure the force of the likeness, "whom does it remind you of?" "I know," said Gilbert, "of whom it reminds me of I don't know."

"And do you see it yourself?" "They are both handsome, and both have auburn hair. That's all I can see." Lennox was somewhat relieved. It was not without a feeling of discomfort—a feeling which he had been struggling with since the moment of pride and satisfaction—that he thought of Marian's peculiar and individual charms having been subjected to the keen appreciation of another than himself. He was glad to be able to conclude that the picture was not a caricature, and that his own imagination supplied the rest. It occurred to him, as he walked home, that it would be a not unbecoming tribute to the young girl's loveliness to present her with it as a gift. He had, in fact, been struck with what he had seen in the picture, and he had an implicit confidence in her own good taste.

Miss Everett arrived on the morning appointed, under her father's escort, Mr. Everett, who prided himself largely upon his acquaintance with the painter, and had been called upon to make no compromise with stubborn and unattractive prejudices, nor to sacrifice his best intentions to a short sighted vanity.

Whether Miss Everett was vain or not need not be declared. She had at least the wit to perceive that the interests of an enlightened sagacity would best be served by a painting which should be good from the painter's point of view, inasmuch as these are the painter's chief end. I may add, moreover, that she had a thoroughly artistic understanding how great an artistic merit should properly attach to a picture executed at the behest of a passion, in order that it should be anything more than a mockery—a parody of the artist's own work. She had, in fact, instinctively that there is nothing so chilling to an artist's heart as the interference of illogical self-interest, either on his own behalf or that of another.

Baxter worked firmly and rapidly, and at the end of a few hours she had at least begun his picture. He was, in fact, sitting by, threatened to be a bore, laboring apparently under the impression that it was his duty to beguile the session with cheap sentimental talk. But Marian good naturedly took the painter's share of the dialogue, and he was not diverted from his work. The next sitting was fixed for the morrow. Marian wore the dress which she had agreed upon with the painter, and in which, as in her position, she had been religiously suppressed. She was, in fact, beautiful, and she saw that his fingers tingled to attack his subject. But she caused Lennox to be sent for, under the pretense of obtaining his advice, and she had, in fact, and he might object to black. He came, and she read in his kindly eyes an augmented edition of the assurance conveyed in Baxter's. He was enthusiastic for the black dress, which, in truth, she had never worn. His grave maternal protest, the young girl's look of undiminished youth. "I expect you," he said to Baxter, "to make a masterpiece."

"I'm sorry to say you met him in Switzerland," said Lennox. "No, in Rome. It was only two days before we left. He was introduced to me without knowing I was with Mrs. Denbigh, and indeed without knowing that she had been in the city. He was very shy of Americans. The first thing he said to me was that I looked very much like a picture he had been painting."

"That you realized his ideal, etc." "Exactly, but not at all in that sentimental tone. I took him to Mrs. Denbigh; they found they were sixth cousins by marriage, he came to see us the next day, and insisted upon going to his studio. It was a miserable place. I believe he was very poor. At least Mrs. Denbigh offered him some money, and he frankly accepted it. She attempted to persuade him to sell the picture, but, as he liked, he could paint her a picture in return. He said he would if he had time. Later, he came up to Switzerland, and the following winter we met him in Paris."

"Lennox had had a very mistrust of Miss Everett's relations with the painter, the manner in which she told her little story would have effectually blighted it. He forthwith proposed that, in consideration not only of the young man's great talent, but of his actual knowledge of her face, he should be invited to paint her portrait. Marian assented without reluctance and without alacrity, and Lennox laid his proposition before the artist. The latter requested a day or two to consider, and then replied (by note) that he would be happy to undertake the task."

Miss Everett expected that, in view of the projected renewal of their old acquaintance, Stephen Baxter would call upon her, under the auspices of her lover. He called in effect, alone, but Marian was not at home, and he had to wait until she returned. The first sitting was therefore appointed through Lennox. The artist had not yet obtained a studio of his own, and the latter cordially offered him the momentary use of a spacious and well lighted apartment in his house, which had been tenanted as a billiard room, but was not yet fitted up. Lennox expressed no wishes with regard to the portrait, being content to leave the choice of position and costume to the parties immediately interested. He found the painter perfectly well acquainted with Marian's "points," and he had an implicit confidence in her own good taste.

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room, but the former lady received him. Stephen was in a great trouble, but his mind was lucid, and he addressed himself to the lack of indignation of his hostess. Mrs. Denbigh, with her habitual intolerance, had remained unimpaired of the terms on which the young people stood. "I'm sorry to say," Baxter began, "that I heard Miss Everett accused last evening of very bad conduct."

"Ah, for heaven's sake, Stephen," returned his kinswoman, "don't go back to that. I've done nothing all winter but defend and justify her conduct. It's hard work. Don't make me do it for you. You know her as well as I do. She's a noble creature. I know she is penitent, and for that matter she is well out of it. He was by no means a desirable young man."

"The lady whom I heard talking about the matter," said Stephen, "spoke of him in the highest terms. To be sure, as it turned out, so was his mother."

"His mother! You're mistaken. His mother died ten years ago."

Baxter folded his arms with a feeling that he needed to stifle them. "Altogether," said he, "of which you speak, can a sick woman die?" "Of young Mr. King."

"Good heavens!" cried Stephen. "So there are two of them?" "Pray, of whom do you speak?" "Of a certain Mr. Young. The mother is a hale old woman, with white curls."

"You don't mean to say that there has been anything between Marian and Frederic Young?" "I don't know. I only repeat what I hear. It seems to me, my dear Mr. Denbigh, that you ought to know."

Mrs. Denbigh shook her head with a melancholy movement. "I'm sure I don't," she said. "I give it up. I don't pretend to judge. The manners of young people to each other are very different to what they were in my day. One doesn't know whether they mean nothing or everything."

"You know, at least, whether Mr. Young has been in your drawing room?" "Oh, yes, frequently. I am very sorry that Marian is talked about. It's very unpleasant for me. But what can a sick woman do?"

"Well," said Stephen, "so much for Mr. Young. And now for Mr. King."

"Mr. King is gone home. It's a pity he ever came away."

"Oh, he'll follow. He doesn't understand young girls?" "Upon my word," said Stephen, "with expression," as the music sheets say, "he might be very wise and not do that."

Not wise but that Marian was injudicious. She meant only to be amiable, but she went too far. She had a man who was holding her to an account.

"Is he good looking?" "Well enough."

"Very rich, I believe."

"And the other?" "What other—Marian?" "No, no; your friend Young."



On the edge of a falling torrent, the hills, Baxter felt himself irresistibly urged to make a declaration. The thunderous noise of the cataract covered all vocal utterance; so, taking out his sketch book, he wrote three short words on a blank leaf. He handed the paper to the young woman, who, wrapping it in the bit of paper prepared to toss it into the torrent.

Baxter, uncertain, put out his hand to take it from her. She passed it into the other hand and gave him the one he had attempted to take.

"She threw away the paper, but she let him keep her hand."

Baxter made it a week of his disposal, and Denbigh was very happy. Mrs. Denbigh was told that he had come to town, and there was no interruption to their being together. They talked a great deal of the long future, on getting beyond the sound of the cataract, they had expeditiously agreed to pursue in common. It was their marriage, both to be poor. They determined, in view of this circumstance, to say nothing of their engagement until Baxter, by dint of hard work, should have at least quadrupled his income. This was cruel, but it was imperative, and Marian made no complaint. Her residence in Europe had enlarged her conception of the material needs of a pretty woman, and it was quite natural that she should not, close upon the heels of this experience, rush into marriage with a poor artist. At the end of some days Baxter started for Germany and Holland, portions of which he wished to visit for purposes of study. Mrs. Denbigh and her young friend repaired to Paris for the winter. Here, in the middle of February, they were rejoined by Baxter, who had achieved his German tour. He had received, while absent, five little letters from Marian, full of affection. The number was small, but the young man detected in the very temperance of his misadventure a certain delicious flavor of implicit constancy. She received him with all the frankness and sweetness that he had a right to expect, and listened with great interest to his account of the improvement in his prospects. He had sold three of his Italian pictures and had made an invaluable collection of sketches. He was on the high road to wealth and fame, and there was no reason their engagement should not be announced. But to this latter proposition Marian demurred—demurred so strongly, and yet on grounds so arbitrary, that a somewhat painful controversy ensued. 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BY MAT D. BLOSSER
Entered at the Post Office in Manchester, N. H., as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

The Michigan Central will change time of running trains on the 13th.

Last Friday 87 Hollanders landed in New York, destined for Michigan.

It now looks as though Congressman O'Honnell would accept of a re-nomination.

Grand Lodge holds display cards in their bar room.

The republican state convention was held at Grand Rapids on Tuesday.

Monroe's gas well is springing sulphur water.

The May crop report of the secretary of state shows that winter wheat in Michigan promises 65 per cent of an average crop.

Three-quarters more of there will be no more of the little-dressed kind.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the state fair, held in Detroit, Saturday.

Dr. Merrick, of Adrian, says the way to use herbicide on currant bushes.

The will of W. J. Finlay, the millionaire brewer, who died last week.

Prof. Henry used dried blood against corn in his experiments.

The Central Hotel at Adrian, which for the past two years has been managed by Fred S. Avery.

Among the Afghan marriages is a case of purchasing the bride.

As mentioned last week the memorial services for the G. A. R. will be held at the M. E. church on Sunday.

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HOW TO DO IT.

The Michigan Experiment Station and the Work We Can Do for It.

By an interesting paper read by H. A. Ladd before the State Farmers' Club, April 9, 1888.

By the provisions of the Hatch bill each state is to have a government model farm.

It is a good idea to have a model farm in each state.

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JACKSON COUNTY ITEMS.

Business seems very dull at Jackson.

The new board of Jackson county supervisors consist of 12 republicans, six democrats and two greenbacks.

Jackman people will make a big effort to crowd from surrounding towns to their ball games this season.

A Cleveland club has been formed in Jackson county with 28 members.

Gen. W. H. Bennett, of Jackson, is president. Gen. W. H. Bennett's Wildwood home at Jackson was damaged by fire and water Monday to the extent of several thousand dollars.

The Brooklyn Exposition which is good authority on such subjects, answers the question "If 12 is the freezing point what is the freezing point of 12" by saying "Two in the shade."

Among the delegates chosen at the Jackson county democratic convention are: J. M. Griswold, Columbia, E. H. Smith, Grass Lake, C. F. Parker, Norvell.

The new proprietor of Toole's land at Wolf Lake is making some improvements by grading, etc.

The marsh on the lake front is being filled up and the grounds leveled, making it better for large parties, besides improving the appearance of the place.

The Grass Lake News is authority for the statement that Jackson girls stop on the streets and scratch their backs against the lamp posts.

The state papers have circulated just as they are, and the Jackson girls naturally seek that editor's page.

As if Jackson girl had not the right to scratch without being advertised.

Dr. Crafts, owing to unforeseen delays, did not leave for Fairmont, Dakota, until Friday morning last.

Mr. C. has a good farm near that point, contiguous to his son of 100 acres, he is long to his son. He will return home next fall and put the winter in Grass Lake, where his wife will remain during his absence.—Grass Lake News.

The Jackson county teachers' association will meet in Jackson on Saturday.

Mr. J. H. and the ladies are favorable to a large gathering, as the exercises will be instructive and interesting.

Superintendent J. M. B. Hill, of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, will be present and will give an address on the subject of "The Old and New Education."

Supr. C. N. Kendall, of Jackson, will have a paper and there will be other papers, exercises and discussions by excellent home talents.

Real Estate Transfers.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Smith S. Johnson to Andrew G. Irwin, land in village of Brooklyn, \$200.

Marshall H. Van to Wm. C. Irwin, land in village of Brooklyn, \$200.

Daniel C. Pierce to Wm. C. Irwin, land in village of Brooklyn, \$1,800.

Allen H. Kelly to Agnes Lowe, land in Ridgeway, \$900.

Samuel Barber to Logier Lowe, land in Ridgeway, \$900.

Geo. C. Hawkins to L. Johnson & Son, land in Ridgeway, \$500.

Mary F. Sparks to Stephen Whitler, land in Tecumseh, \$725.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

Luke Jordan to A. M. Free, land in Chelsea, \$135.

Chas. Hall to Jacob Bolinger, land in Sylvania, \$200.

Adella Thacher to M. J. Lehman, land in Chelsea, \$420.

J. W. Walker to Frank Heuser, land in Freedom, \$410.

Fannie A. Lewis to Corwin A. Case, land in Manchester, \$1,000.

Marriage Among the Afghans.

Among the Afghan marriages is a case of purchasing the bride.

A rich cause he can afford to pay for a wife with a poor one often remains single until middle life on account of inability to purchase.

If the husband dies and the widow wishes to marry again, she or her friends have to refund the purchase money to the friends of the deceased husband.

Like the Jews, a common custom is to marry the widow. No other person would think of wedding her without first asking the brother's consent.—Thomas Stevens in New York Sun.

Mortality of English Babes.

It is said that 40 per cent. of all the deaths from poison in Great Britain are due to opium and the rate of mortality, according to Dr. Wray, is 100 per cent. in a great measure from the pernicious practice, both here and abroad, of giving mothers and the baby friends, and the "soothing" syrup, "infants' food" and other articles.

The Cambridge sheep breeders and wool growers held their annual showing festival on the 1st. There was a good showing of sheep considering the weather.

Frank Shuler showed 11 ewes—four of them two years old and the remainder yearlings; also seven two-year-old bucks. All of them were bred from the ram, "Old Van Winkle," are registered.

One of the best found in the country is that of the "Old Van Winkle," are registered.

One was a crossbred of 200 lbs. weight, 201, another 201, and one 21 pounds. One ewe's fleece weighed 22 and another 20 pounds. They were all two-year-olds.

Scott (three) and intermediaries are at work in Jackson.

JUST RECEIVED

A New Lot

NEW GOODS

THEY COME, THEY COME!

FOR

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

CLOSING OUT SALE

PIANOS AND ORGANS

PIANO AND ORGAN STOOLS

Bargains Will Be Given!

SELL THE GOODS

ALVIN WILSON

CLARK BROTHERS

Contractors and Builders!

Steam Planing Mills

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

Turning, Planing

Scroll Sawing, Etc.

First Class Style

Manchester, - Mich.

YOU WANT

THE BEST

Sewing Machine

"Standard,"

FAUSEL'S

NECK CHAINS

CAKE BASKETS

Call at my Store

JEWELER

Spectacles or Eye

BIRTHDAY CARD!

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

ADVERTISE

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ENTERPRISE OFFICE

THE SPRING TRADE!

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CLOTHING

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

BY MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEVES.

Locals on 4th page.

Kingsley's plow trade is booming.

