

**A STONE
IN THE PATH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649065363

A Stone in the Path by Maud H. Chapin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MAUD H. CHAPIN

**A STONE
IN THE PATH**

A STONE IN THE PATH

A STONE IN THE PATH

BY

MAUD H. CHAPIN

Author of "Rush Light Stories"

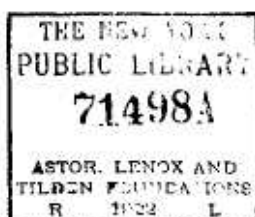


New York

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

1922

M
H
L
B
R
A
R
Y



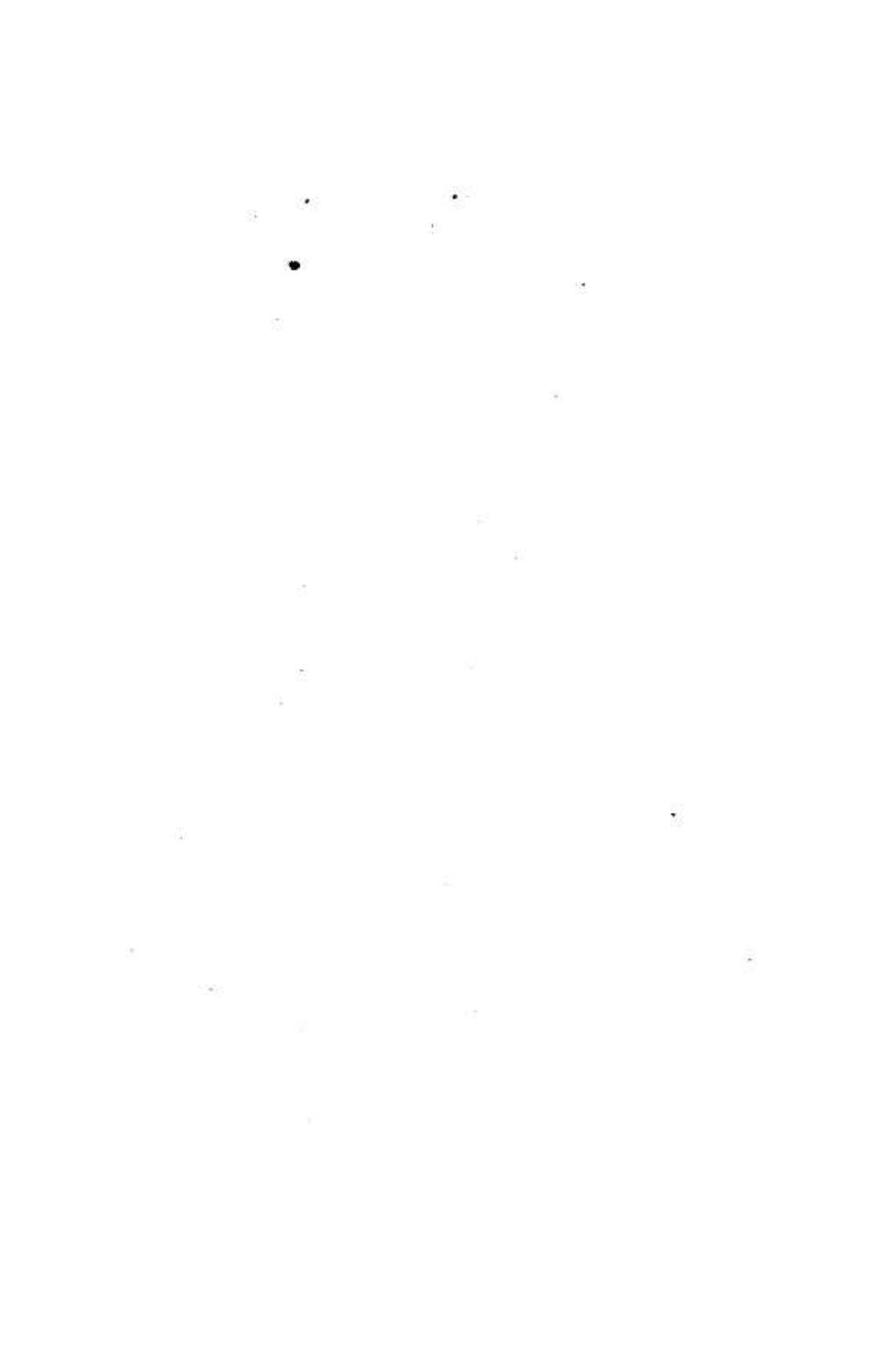
Copyright, 1922, by
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

Printed in U. S. A.

WAY WAY
GLORY
FRANCE

A STONE IN THE PATH

62X277



A STONE IN THE PATH

CHAPTER I

"Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mould his fortunes, mean or great."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Fate*.

"THE expression of the eyes is too stern, Fra Antonio, and surely they are darker than mine."

"Messere, your eyes are difficult to paint. Sometimes they are almost hazel, sometimes brown, and now, as the light begins to fade, they grow very dark."

"Ah! my Brother, you painters see too much! You cannot hope to portray the varying lights and shadows that change the iris. You must be content to perpetuate one moment of time."

"Yes, Messer Corso," replied the young monk, raising his eyes to those of his sitter, "but I have studied you a long while and have decided that your face is most expressive when your eyes are darkest. When you are listless or indifferent, they lose color and the intensity of expression goes from them."

Domenico Corso smiled, but he was not convinced. Rising from his chair near the window, the Gothic canopy of which formed a fitting background for the stately presence of the sitter, he came to look again at the portrait destined to hang with those of other distinguished Florentines in the Hall of the Signoria.

The library where the artist and his patron stood was a vaulted chamber, rich in medieval carvings. Along the walls were ranged the oaken *cassoni* whose painted lids covered the household treasures of the Corsi. Books glowed from the walls, while above hung a great tapestry depicting the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, and which peopled the recesses of the chamber with dim but gorgeous forms. One window commanded the western sky and the roofs and towers of Florence. Far in the distance lay the Val d'Arno, encircled by hills from whose heights the white-walled *castellos* looked down upon San Giovanni, while the river, reflecting the gold and amethyst of sunset, flowed past the walls and bridges of the city.

As the Dominican and his patron stood before the easel, the picture they presented was far more striking than anything the room contained. The Magnifico wore a robe of brown velvet, girdled at the waist and falling about him in stately folds. With hand