THE FACE OF ROSENFEL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

AUTHOR OF "TWO STRIKES OF THE BELL," "THE ROMANCE OF THE BLADES," "THE POINT OF A NEEDLE," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVII.

MISS MAXEY TRIES AGAIN.

The next morning two letters passed by messenger between Ballavoine place and Dr. Eustace Lamar's office. Here they are in the order of their transmission:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have a request to make to you which you may think strange and extraordinary—the more so, perhaps, because I cannot explain to you now the reasons why I make it. I do not know that you will feel justified in giving me the information that I desire to ask, but I can only tell you that whether you grant or refuse it it shall be a matter entirely between ourselves. Nobody shall ever know that you have told me, not even my brother. In excuse for this very bold letter I can only plead the interest I have in the welfare and happiness of those very near and dear to me. I am sure Dr. Lamar will not think that it is any girlish whim on my part that leads me so to presume upon the brotherly interest he has always shown toward me. If you could tell me the name of that lawyer of whom you spoke last night, it would aid me greatly in an almost hopeless fight I have undertaken. That is all. Neither Julian nor Annette is in my confidence in this matter. I do this on my own individual responsibility, without the knowledge of anybody in the wide world. How is Mrs. Forsythe this morning? I trust she has fully recovered from her indisposition of last evening. Your true friend, ELLEN MAXEY.

To Dr. Eustace Lamar.

MY DEAR MISS MAXEY—I reply to your request without an instant's hesitation. The name of the lawyer is Frederick Bornstein, and his office is at 99 Park row. I know that you will respect this confidence. All that I wish to caution you against is your own enthusiasm. Pray do nothing rash, my dear Miss Maxey. I trust you will always look upon me as your friend, and that you will not hesitate at any time to ask me anything that is in my power to grant. Rest assured I shall do it. Mrs. Forsythe is quite ill. She desires me to apologize for her wild words last night. She says that she was suffering excruciating pain all the evening and said what she did in a delirium brought on by too great and continuous self restraint. She will convey her apology in person when she is sufficiently recovered. Yours now, as always, EUSTACE LAMAR.

In the afternoon of the same day in which Miss Maxey received this answer she donned her street garments and went out.

She walked directly to Park row, and in response to her inquiries was shown into the presence of a little gray haired old man with bright eyes, who received her with most scrupulous politeness in an inner room opening off the main office.

"Mr. Bornstein," said Ellen, coming to business without delay, "I must throw myself upon your mercy. I mean to say that my visit to you is strictly private. It is not known even to my nearest relatives."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, miss," said the old gentleman, shutting the door very carefully. "Listening to confidences is a part of my trade. These walls have no ears."

"I must first introduce myself to you, sir. I am Miss Ellen Maxey. My brother, Mr. Julian Maxey, is an artist and lives at 20 Ballavoine place."

"I am very pleased to know Miss Maxey. Pray, do not stand. Seat yourself; seat yourself, Miss Maxey."

The polite old gentleman dusted a chair with great diligence and drew it invitingly into the middle of the floor beside the green covered table.

Ellen sat down, and the lawyer followed her example by taking a seat in his office chair on the other side of the table.

"Now, my dear young lady," he chirped in a cheerful little voice, "don't be at all afraid to free your mind to me. Say whatever is in your heart to say, and say it as though you were talking to your most confidential friend."

Thus encouraged, Miss Maxey began at once.

"I am not sure, sir, that you will not be inclined to think me insane before I have done. I have no advice to ask, no suspicions to communicate. I have simply come here to tell you some facts which have come under my own personal observation, because I believe there is at least a possibility that they may be of great interest to you. If not, I shall have done my duty and have freed my conscience."

The lawyer looked at her with a bland smile and inclined his head encouragingly.

"I have only one request to make," Miss Maxey went on, "and that is that you will never tell anybody, whatever the result of this interview may be, that I came here to see you."

The polite lawyer assured her again that her confidence should be respected.

"Then," said Ellen, "I will begin at once with what I came to say. Do you remember the sensation in the papers last December about the nameless girl who was found caught on a point of rock beneath Somerset sea road?"

"Seems to me I do recollect seeing the headlines. I am very sure I did not read the articles."

"Briefly, sir, it was this: We found the poor child caught on a point of rock below the road, in front of the hotel at Somerset, and brought her home with us—my brother and myself. Her mind was gone, but an operation restored her, and she is now my brother's wife. But that does not matter. All that I thought might possibly interest you is this: There was, there must have been, some conspiracy to kill her for some unknown motive. She had been brought up by a most extraordinary man named Leander Dye, who made no pretense of being her father, but who told us he did not know her parentage."

"Leander Dye, eh? Allow me to inquire, Miss Maxey, if he is a shabby genteel individual, who looked as though he were continually recovering from a debauch?"

"You could not have described him better, Mr. Bornstein."

"I know him then. Don't let me interrupt you."

"Perhaps the fact that I am going to tell you, and which I came particularly to tell you, is known to you already through the papers. This poor girl without a name had by some accident been deprived of one of the toes of her left foot."

"The devil you say!" cried the little old gentleman, jumping up in a state of great excitement. He recovered himself almost immediately. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Maxey. Pray, excuse any roughness which you may have observed in my language. The truth is, you startled me when I was thinking of something else. I do occasionally get to dreaming, you know. Can't help it—old habit of mine. And something you said brought me back to the reality too suddenly. What were you saying? Something about an accident? Pray go on. Don't mind me. Pray go on."

The lawyer again seated himself, but he no longer directly faced Miss Maxey, and he shaded his face with his hand.

"There is no need, sir," resumed the artist's sister, "of my entering into details until I learn whether all this has any interest for you. I will go on at once to another fact, and one which I now acknowledge for the first time. My brother having been persuaded to give up an investigation into Mr. Dye's strange relations with the girl he had brought up as his child, I took it upon myself to look into the matter as well as I could. One afternoon some weeks ago I availed myself of a good opportunity to do the very unladylike thing of following Mr. Dye through the streets. I saw him go into the house of Mrs. Fostelle Forsythe, on Livingston street."

"Ah!" The lawyer did not say more, but he uttered this ejaculation in a short, dry, significant manner, as if he meant to say, "I thought as much!" He fixed his bright eyes keenly on Miss Maxey's face.

Ellen thought she detected distrust and suspicion in his glance.

"Yes, Mr. Bornstein, he remained in that house for some hours. When he came out, I went in. I was mistaken by the servant for a female physician and conducted at once to a chamber on the second floor. There I found Mrs. Forsythe and a young girl about 20 years old, who looked enough like her to be her own child. This same girl I had previously seen driving out with Mrs. Forsythe that very afternoon. She was now lying on a bed under the influence of ether. From what I saw I judged that her feet were bare, and there were spots of blood on the sheets that covered them. There was a redhot curling iron in some coals and the smell of scorched flesh in the room."

"The devil you say!"

The lawyer suddenly removed the hand with which he had been shading his face and struck his closed fist forcibly on the table:

"Stop, stop!" he cried in a little, sharp voice, very unlike his former urbane tones. "I'm a plain man, Miss Maxey, and an old lawyer. State your claim in plain words, plain words, Miss Maxey. I have dealt with some hundreds of similar cases in the last 14 years, and I feel entirely competent to deal with this one. This beating about the bush may do with a younger man, but it will not do with me. Tell me at once, frankly and fairly, what are your claims? That's the best way—much the best way. What are you after? What do you know about the Forsythe case? What is your attitude and the attitude of those whom you represent?"

Miss Maxey returned the keen gaze of the little twinkling eyes, which accompanied the delivery of this speech, with a look of astonishment and utter mystification.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Bornstein," she said, "you have forgotten what I said to you when I came here—that I know nothing whatever of this matter except the facts that I have told you. I am very sure that I never in all my life heard of the Forsythe case."

The old gentleman looked at her nonplused, but still incredulous.

"Oh, come now, come," he said in a milder tone, "that's impossible, Miss Maxey. That's quite impossible!"

"Very well, then," Ellen replied quietly. "Then the impossible is for once the truth. I have told you all that I know."

"Then why should you come here?"

"I will tell you, sir. Almost every day since I saw that, to me, inexplicable scene in Mrs. Forsythe's chamber I have been trying to invent some theory to account for it. Last night I heard—never mind what, for I cannot tell you that without betraying a confidence. But I heard something which seemed a possible explanation, and as your name was mentioned in connection with the mysterious affair I came to you."

"In other words, somebody told you about the new claim set up by Miss Stevenson?"

"No, sir. I never heard that name before. My information had reference only to a left foot and missing toe."

A light seemed to dawn upon the lawyer's mind.

"Oh, I see. Some doctor has talked. Very well; very well. That may be; that may be. I may have to apologize to you, Miss Maxey, for my rudeness, but if you knew how I have been bothered and worried over this interminable affair you wouldn't wonder. I certainly shall avail myself of your information. I certainly shall examine into it, and in the meantime, despite the unfortunate improbability which it bears on its face, do my best, for the sake of your ladylike ways and honest appearance, to believe what you have told me. Now, surely, that is honest and candid and fair, Miss Maxey. This is treating you candidly, isn't it?"

Miss Maxey reddened.

"I certainly cannot blame you for your suspicions," she said.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman, who had been watching her keenly. "I will not wait for time to set you right. I will commit myself now, apologize at once, place implicit confidence in your story and invite you to a ride in my carriage. Will you go?"

"Go!" echoed Miss Maxey in bewilderment. "I do not understand you. Where would you take me?"

"I would take you to call on Miss Stevenson, for the purpose of seeing whether you can identify her."

"But who is Miss Stevenson?"

"Never mind that. You will know her if you have seen her before; if not, not. Will you go?"

"I will go."

The lawyer stepped into the adjoining room and spoke to an office boy. In 10 minutes a carriage was at the door.

Miss Maxey was driven by the gray haired old gentleman to a respectable house in a quiet street. She followed him up the stairs to the second story.

There, in a cheerful room, seated in an easy chair, her feet upon an ottoman, reading a novel, was the pretty girl whom Miss Maxey had first seen in the carriage with Mrs. Forsythe the afternoon she had followed the somber Dye.

"Well," chirped the lawyer when they were in the carriage once more, "yes or no. Do you know her?"

"She is the same girl whom I saw on the bed in Mrs. Forsythe's room."

The old gentleman turned his head for the evident purpose of concealing the telltale expression of his face.

"Shall I drive you to your door, Miss Maxey? No? I will set you down at the head of the street then. It will be safer perhaps. Don't thank me, Miss Maxey. The obligation is overwhelmingly on my side. Rest assured that you shall hear from me more to the point before many days have passed."

A week later Miss Maxey received this letter:

MY DEAR MISS MAXEY—Yours of the twentieth received. I have carefully examined the memoranda of the even's in Ballavoine place, which you left for me yesterday afternoon, and I am sorry to say I do not see my way at all clear in this matter. I am afraid we have before us a very serious task. So far as the Stevenson case is concerned, I do not think I shall have a great deal of difficulty, with your aid, to prevent it being brought into court. But there it drops. As for clearing up the mystery of the sea road, the more I examine into it the less satisfactory the theory that I broached to you seems to me. I can see no way out of this labyrinth, except by the most violent and extreme measures. The failure of the one person who, if my theory were correct, would profit by the removal of the victim of that dastardly affair to set up the claim which he could so easily render valid is the great and insurmountable stumbling block. Can we arrest Mr. Dye, Miss Stevenson and Mrs. Forsythe on any such flimsy evidence of conspiracy as we possess? Most certainly not, though we might possibly frighten them effectually, as you suggested. But I, who know more of the Forsythe case than you do, tell you frankly that I seriously doubt whether any one of those three persons is directly concerned in the matter that interests you, and it is entirely possible that it is absolutely unknown to them. Therefore I write this letter to caution you to be superlatively discreet and careful not to say a word to anybody which might betray our suspicions in this matter. Our only way is to wait patiently and watch closely. But I want to say to you, as I said to you before, that there is one person who without a doubt holds the key of the whole mystery in her hands. I mean your sister-in-law. I do not know enough about the medical part of the case to know whether I do not murmur against the inevitable, but it does seem as if all that stood between us and a most vivid ray of light is her lack of memory of events during her sickness in your house. Is it not possible to stimulate her recollection of that night when the strange assault on yourself occurred, so that we may at least know who was in the room? At any rate, it would do no harm to try. Question her cautiously, but carefully. I will write again in a few days. Your very obedient servant,

FREDERICK BORNSTEIN.

"Alas!" sighed Miss Maxey. "Alas, he asks for the impossible!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Playing by Memory.

Good memory in piano playing is also a source of infinite delight. It is like being able to take down a book from the shelf at any moment, summoning back the images of other hours. Let this habit of learning everything by heart from the simplest exercise be an early one. In this way we shall be able to avoid later on that slavery of the paper which, as Plato foresaw, makes so many cultivated men in these days less natural in their speech and less eloquent than the most untutored savages. The effort of trying to learn by memory will make the playing more careful, as every note must be, so to say, photographed in one's brain. By the mere fact of repeating over and over again the same thing the true reading of it will be unfolded, which otherwise might have passed unnoticed.

Hours for Submarine Telegraphy.

It is often assumed by those who have not had practical experience in submarine telegraphy that the whole twenty-four hours are available for transmitting messages, and this is sometimes in prospectuses made the basis for revenue estimates; but, as a matter of fact, the telegraphic working day between England and America, for instance, is only about fifteen hours.

Between Great Britain and Egypt practically the whole of the traffic must be carried on between the hours of nine and five. In the case, however, of telegraphic correspondence between countries, the difference of time between which is greater, the traffic is even more evenly spread over the twenty-four hours, but even in this case the telegraphic working day is only about eighteen hours.

Australian time being ten hours and Indian five in advance of English time, messages are, as a rule, sent one day and the replies received the next. The transmitting capacity of long cables is, however, strictly limited, and the existing sections to Australia being already duplexed, any very considerable increase in the number of messages would necessitate more cables.—New York Telegram.

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In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is the most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

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A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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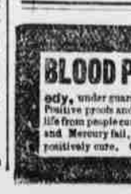

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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

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Green Ridge—A. LaSpencer, Gold Medal Brand. J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence—Fenner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Keiser, Superlative.
Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co., Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—I. N. Foster & Co., Gold Medal.
Minooka—M. H. Lavelle.
Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.
Duryea—Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.
Moosic—John McCrindle, Gold Medal.
Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.
Clark's Green—Frace & Parker, Superlative.
Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Nicholson—J. E. Harding.
Waverly—M. W. Bliss & Son, Gold Medal.
Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.
Hopbottom—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal.
Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
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