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SBYTERIAN.—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. M. L. DONAHEY, Pastor

T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers 3 p. m. REV. M. PUETZ, Pastor.

METHODIST.—Church 10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 6:00 p. m., Epworth League Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. I. N. KALB, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or 10 a. m., as announced previous Sunday) Sunday School 9 a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10 a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, Pastor.

EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. REV. L. DAMMONN Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Church 10 a. m. REV. L. DAMMONN, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10:30 a. m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m REV. I. D. INGLE, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—McClure; church 10 a m., every other Sunday, beginning January 18, 1891. Sabbath school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursdays, 7 p. m REV. JOHN SHELLER, Pastor.

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Probate Judge	J. V. Cuff.
Prosecuting Attorney	J. P. Ragan
Sheriff	E. E. Decker
Auditor	J. H. Resh
Treasurer	J. C. Groll
Recorder	J. W. Hanna
Surveyor	W. O. Hudson
Coroner	J. S. Haly
Commissioners	D. T. Burr
	A. J. Snyders
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Infirmary Directors	H. E. Stuckman
	Christ Dittmer
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Marshal	T. J. Burns
Street Commissioner	Fred Market
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	Chas. H. Gidley
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THE FACE OF ROSENFEL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

AUTHOR OF "TWO STRINGS TO THE BELL," "THE ROMANCE OF THE LILLIES," "THE POINT OF A NEEDLE" ETC.

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CHAPTER III.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Ballavoine place is a very quiet street at all times. On a still day footsteps awake echoes there, not because it is far from the busy center of the city, for it leads directly out of an important avenue through which there is much passing, but because it is not a thoroughfare. On two sides substantial brick houses present an uninterrupted front to the street. On the third side a high picketed fence prevents it from leading over a solid pile of masonry, rising only to its level and known as a sea wall, directly into the river. Ballavoine place and all the streets in this vicinity occupy what is termed "made land," for the time was not long ago when the tide from the neighboring harbor flowed twice a day over the salt marshes 20 feet below the present paved and solid surface. Therefore it is that the buildings are all new and stately, and that only well to do people live here. No. 20 is the last house on the street next the river. It is so near it indeed that only a narrow courtyard intervenes between the sea wall and its foundation stones. This house is what is popularly termed "an apartment house"—that is to say, it is let out in suits, floor by floor, to different families.

In December, 1884, the name on the books of the lessee of this house against suit No. 5, which comprised the rooms in the upper story, was Julian Maxey. In that month of that year and a week after the episode on the cliff road the artist was talking with his friend, the physician, in the large square chamber, the last in his series, which he was accustomed to call his sitting room. The great easy chairs and the comfortable sofa in this apartment seemed to warrant the appellation. The piano, the numerous rows of well filled bookshelves and a sideboard with a decanter on it somewhat widened the range of possibilities, however, and the presence of a bed, shut in with pretty lace curtains, made the term entirely inadequate to the subject. It was a room, in fact, in which a stranger might have spent days and nights of profit and amusement without the necessity of going out very frequently for anything pertaining to luxuries or necessities, bodily or mentally. Indian clubs and dumbbells on a shelf in a corner afforded an opportunity for indoor exercise; the sideboard was a treasury of refreshment; there was reading enough for a year's study. The walls were covered with pictures, and a half painted canvas on an easel near a window showed another in the process of manufacture. There was a cheerful fire in an open grate. On the center table was a sewing basket, some fancy work, several uncut magazines and papers, a cigar case and a reading lamp. From any point in the room the occupant could command a view of the broad river and of the fields and spires on the farther shore. At this time of year the fields and hills were white, and the river was full of ice.

The doctor had just come out of a windowless alcove chamber, which might be separated from the main apartment by curtains, now prettily looped back. In the obscurity beyond could be seen a bed and the face of a young woman—a pale face, with large, dark eyes, which roved about incessantly, as if in quest of a horror that never came.

"How does she seem today?" Julian Maxey questioned in a tone of deep anxiety.

"Just as she has been since we found her, just as she seems likely to be for the rest of her days—in a state of total eclipse." There was no air of jocularity about Dr. Lamar's manner. He was very much dissatisfied with the situation, although his concern was of a different nature from Maxey's. A medical problem that baffled him always aroused in him a grim antagonism that was far from humorous.

"You don't mean to tell me you are beginning to look upon this as a hopeless case?" Maxey exclaimed in consternation. Whenever Maxey got excited, his hair promptly exhibited a tendency to assume an erect attitude, and his necktie inevitably became awry. Lamar noted that he was now somewhat excited.

"I mean to tell you, as I have told you, that even partial recovery is very improbable."

"But you will not say impossible?"

"They are synonymous terms with most of us. For my part, I am cautious. There is the one chance in a million that always exists."

Miss Maxey had come into the room in time to hear this disheartening reply. She spoke up, with almost hysterical emphasis:

"And that one chance will save her. I believe too much in the justice of heaven to think for a moment that she will lie here and die with closed lips. I don't, I can't believe it. As sure as there is a God or any Providence in human events, the time will come when that poor girl will speak and denounce the inhuman monster who pushed her from the road!"

"You believe in poetic justice, Miss Maxey. Unfortunately for me, I am a practical physician and obtain my idea of human events from life and not from novels. The time may come, it is true, but to say that it will is to show a depth of confidence in my skill and ability which I hardly possess myself. This girl certainly cannot recover without medical aid, and it is utterly beyond my comprehension, for you may as well know the truth at once, how medical aid can reach her. That is how the matter stands at present."

"But the present is not the future," cried Miss Maxey, with a warm glow in her cheeks. Perhaps, in spite of all her enthusiasm, she felt it was Lamar she spoke to. "Nothing can make me believe that she will die like this. God would not permit such a crime to go unpunished."

"Without discussing that, my dear Miss Maxey," replied the physician, smiling, "I need hardly remind you that there are other and much more obvious ways of accomplishing that end than by working a miracle in this poor girl's brain. And, by the way, Maxey, how does your part of the case stand?"

"Sit down," said Maxey. "Do. You can spare a minute, I know, and of course you must be interested. We all are. True, I haven't much to tell you. There have been half a dozen reporters here daily and more or less detectives and police officers, but I rather think their interest is dying out now rapidly."

"Shameful!" ejaculated Miss Maxey. "Just because of a few obstacles!"

"Obstacles!" echoed her brother. "I should say they were obstacles! Why, there isn't a shadow of light in any direction. Let me state the case now from a judicial standpoint."

Dr. Lamar had taken a chair by the window, where he seemed to be devoting his exclusive attention to the ice blocks drifting down the river. Miss Maxey had not seated herself exactly, but she had assumed an upright position on the sofa. She was eager, earnest and wholly absorbed in the subject of conversation.

An exceedingly sensitive and emotional creature was this Miss Maxey, and in a matter such as this, where her whole nature was aroused, she was a powerful friend and a most dangerous adversary. It was entirely at her solicitation that the poor sufferer in the alcove chamber had been brought to the house. Miss Maxey listened to what her brother had to say with quick breath and shining eyes. Ah, if Dr. Lamar had had the soul of an artist, he would have found something more inspiring to look at than the icy river.

"These are the facts," continued Maxey, tracing them all out on the top of the center table with a paper cutter as he talked. "It is now the 16th of December. On the 9th was the first sleighing of the year. The evening of that day a belated sleighing party just after nightfall discovered a woman's shawl in the middle of a lonely road at a point where it runs along the borders of a rocky bluff. Investigation follows and eventually results in the rescue of a young woman who was caught by the clothing upon a point of rock half way between the top and bottom of an almost vertical section of the bluff. This young woman is so badly injured internally that she is incapable of giving the least clew either to her identity or to the strange position in which she was found. Nothing remains but to make a careful examination into the circumstantial evidence in the case. This turns out to be exceedingly meager, but such as it is it all points one way.

"One of the pockets of the girl's clothes is found inside out, and the rest are empty. She has no ring upon her fingers nor jewels in her ears, although the ears are pierced. The dress of the unknown indicates that she belongs to the middle class, but the refinement and delicacy of her face and hands, which are singularly white and free from the trace of hard work, are even stronger evidences that she is not an ordinary shopgirl, to say the least. This turning of the pocket and utter absence of rings or ornaments lead naturally to the conclusion that she has been robbed and thrown from the road. In substantiation of this, the snow is trampled just above the place where she was found and smooth all along the roadside. One of the sleighing party is positive that she saw a man leap over a fence and run across the field on the other side of the way. A close scrutiny finds footsteps leading into the field at the point indicated. They are followed, and after a short detour lead around in the direction of the city into the road again, where they are lost irretrievably. In the absence of all other evidence we must suppose, then, that the girl was set upon and robbed by a person unknown and thrown over the bank to get rid of her. Let us suppose the police take this for granted at the outset."

"It is all they are good for, taking things for granted," commented Miss Maxey. "I can't see that they ever discover anything."

"Very well. So far it is all plain and natural. But where did the victim come from, and how came she upon the cliff road alone at that time? At this point we find ourselves utterly unable to form any plausible theory. There is not a single clew to her identity, not a mark on the underclothing, not even an initial on the handkerchief. Suppose we are the police under the circumstances, what can we do? Nothing in the world except what they did do, photograph the girl and send her description, not omitting the smallest detail of clothing which she wore, and including the curious fact that one of the toes of her left foot is missing, broadcast over the community. The result is that the first day she is brought here the stairs are worn out with the footsteps of people whose only possible interest is that of curiosity, who come to see the victim under the pretext of attempting to identify her."

"And who stare and gawk about with open mouths until they have fairly to be pushed out of the room," added Miss Maxey.

"In short," continued the artist, "we are in danger of being turned into a museum for the exclusive patronage of all the idlers and deadbeats in the city. This clearly will not do, and we must get our medical adviser to declare a public inspection irritating and dangerous to the patient."

"I believe it did annoy her," said Dr. Lamar. "At any rate, it did her no good."

"And this is the strangest part of the mystery to my mind," continued Maxey, "that with all these precautions, with the newspapers printing, people talking and pictures and descriptions so available, nobody appears to claim her in all this time. It is as if she dropped down upon the cliff road from another planet. Wherever she has been people must have seen her; her friends must miss her. Then why are they silent?"

Dr. Lamar was still watching the ice blocks. Something suggested by Maxey's last words made him frown. He did not turn his head to remark;

"You exaggerate, Julian. Because this case seems all important to you and your sister and—to me perhaps, and because a few policemen and reporters call, and the rabble who read the newspapers flock to your door when the opportunity is given them, you immediately think that the whole world has become excited over this curious affair. All, let me tell you, is a large word, and everybody something which you don't imagine. How many thousand people in this very city today never read a newspaper and are too much occupied in their own struggle for existence to mind much about other people's! In spite of all that has been said and written, I'll warrant you not more than half of the total population of this metropolis has ever heard of the mystery of the beach road."

Ellen sighed.

"The doctor is right, Julian."

"Perhaps. I am not disputing him. It is but a week yet, and there are peculiar circumstances, I can understand perfectly possible, under which a person might suffer such an accident as this poor creature has and not be missed so soon. Suppose, for instance, I were to announce to you that I was going away for a week or two and were to fall down at the end of the street and break my neck"——

"I should know all about it in two hours," interrupted his sister. "No, Julian, no; you have spoken about the friends, but you have not thought of the enemies. The blind in this case are willfully blind, Julian, depend upon it, willfully blind."

"Pshaw," said Maxey, "that is going too far altogether! Better invent some other theory. Suicide is more probable."

"Ridiculous!" was his sister's comment.

"Very well, suppose this: Suppose that she has always been an idiot just as we see her now; that her friends had taken care of her, but that she had become a burden upon them; that in a moment of neglect she escaped and wandered over the edge of the bluff; that they knew it when it was too late, but forbore to interfere after the mischief was done, well knowing that it would make no difference to her and not wishing to be bothered longer with her support. What different aspect would the case present than it does now?"

"A cruel, heartless theory, Julian, and you ought to be keener than that too. I am ashamed of you! What of the pocket turned inside out, the trampled snow and the man who ran away?"

"Appearances are often deceptive. Thieves are not the only people who turn pockets inside out. Men run or walk for other causes than a guilty conscience. Besides, the fact that she was an idiot, not being known to the thief, would not prevent his waylaying her in a lonely place."

"You don't believe what you say, Julian. This girl's outer garments fitted her. They were made for her. Idiots are not provided with street costumes."

This was a clincher. Maxey, worsted, as usual, in an encounter with his sister, made an irrelevant reply and turned his attention, with momentary irritation, to Dr. Lamar.

"Do you think, too, that this girl had no friends?"

The same suggestion which had before caused the philosophic physician to wrinkle his brows again disturbed him in a similar manner. He suddenly bent a meaning look upon the artist as he made the deliberate reply:

"For good reasons. I have more than once suspected it."

Maxey started. He became at once imbued with the suspicion which troubled Lamar. He grew excited at once.

"That is something I had not thought of. It would explain everything."

"Possibly," said the doctor, resuming his view of the river.

"And it would prove that I was something too hasty in allowing her to be brought here rather than to the hospital. If I really believed it, I would"—

"Julian!" Miss Maxey rose to her feet, with a flush in her face and a dangerous light in her eyes. She went on with increasing rapidity of utterance and unsteadiness of tones. The words came so fast they seemed almost to choke her.

"What you are saying is heartless, cruel, unmanly! You made me a promise, Julian Maxey. Do you think I have forgotten it? Do you think I will allow this helpless, innocent creature of whom one of these days you would blush to speak with the slightest disrespect—do you think I would allow her to go, after what has been, believing, as I firmly do, that a hospital would be the death of her? Oh, it does seem as if all the world were determined to turn the back on this poor, defenseless girl! I consider the refusal of those Somerset people to keep her in their house any longer when they knew it would be dangerous to move her utterly barbarous.

"It was brutal to think of sending her into a great, cold hospital where everybody is sick and dying and the doctors experimenting with the patients. Yes, Dr. Lamar, I'm very sure of it. I've been told so on excellent authority, and if it hadn't been for me she'd have gone there, too, and now—now after all you've said, Julian Maxey, for you to begin and talk about hospitals and—and—oh, it's too heartless, and I think you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both of you, to sit here and—well, do what you will! Do your very worst! I shall not lift a finger to stop you! I shall not say one word in remonstrance!"

Just a trifle excited and hysterical, Ellen Maxey, but you look exceedingly well with the tears sparkling on your long dark lashes and your cheeks aglow.

Dr. Lamar turned with considerable surprise from his survey of the river, but she was gone before he had an opportunity to admire her.

"The deuce!" ejaculated Maxey, with a faint sigh at the thought of his own subjugation. "Well, she will have to stay, that's all."

"Think so?"

"Oh, there's no doubt at all about it. When Ellen begins to act like Lady Macbeth, I know what's coming. But she's a good sister, Eustace," added the artist feelingly, "and the best girl that ever lived. And then, I dare say, very probably she's quite right, quite right indeed."

"She causes you, however, to take a great responsibility," said Dr. Lamar gravely.

"I don't understand you."

"But you will before very long, for, mark my word, Maxey, the patient will make you trouble."

Maxey started.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the physician, "simply that. You don't imagine she will lie there always as now? You must know that she has a body that has no disease as well as a brain that has. Suppose she should be able to sit up and go about"——

"Well, what then?"

"What then? Well, if you don't watch her, she will be in the fire or lying at the foot of the stairs with her neck broken."

Maxey arose nervously and went to the sideboard, as he was too likely to do when his mind was troubled. He had raised his glass to his lips when that faint, weird cry that was not a moan of pain nor a plea for mercy, but akin to both, suddenly escaped the lips of the patient. Maxey set his glass down with a force that spilled the contents.

"There! Why will she do that? Anything but that. It will give me the horrors. How she startled me!"

He crossed the room and put a hand that was by no means steady on his

Maxey set his glass down with a force that spilled the contents.

friend's shoulder, while his troubled eyes searched the physician's face.

"Lamar," he said, "what is the matter with her? I don't mean what is the long Latin term for her disorder. I mean, in good round English words, frankly and plainly, what is the matter with her?"

"Frankly and plainly," responded Lamar without the least hesitation, "I cannot tell you."

"You don't know?"

"No."

"What does Dr. Bently say?"

"He says the girl's an idiot.'

"Since when?"

"Since she fell."

"Not from her youth then?"

Lamar smiled.

"That would be hardly probable. Your sister stated it fairly. Idiots don't dress up in street costume, in garments tastily made to fit them."

"Then do I understand this trouble is caused by a blow or by a shock? I thought by what you said the other day she had hit her head and gouged a piece out of her brain."

Lamar laughed.

"It is unnecessary to say you are an artist," he commented, "rather than a physician. Levity aside, neither Dr. Bently nor myself thought the blow on the head sufficient by itself to have produced this result. My idea of it is that there was some structural or functional trouble in the brain prior to the accident. Then the shock alone may have had a good deal to do with it."

"Then it is possible that this is the effect of terror?"

"Possibly."

"Possibly! How conservative and cold blooded you are! Candidly, can't medical science unravel this mystery and tell the why and wherefore of this matter?"

"Not at the present stage of the case and in the present state of medical science."

"What a pretentious humbug science is anyway!" fumed Maxey.

"The best wish I can have for you is that you will live to see the absurdity of that remark, my boy. Science is unpretentious and real. People who have the most to say against it know the least about it. If you hear a man berating it, ten to one it has disturbed some old pet fancy of his. Science wouldn't suit you because you are too impatient. It works slowly, my boy—slowly, but surely."

Dr. Lamar said all this calmly and dispassionately as he rose to assume his outer garments. Maxey had opened his lips to reply when there came a knocking at the door. He stepped into the hall and looked out. On the threshold stood the brave fellow who had been lowered from the edge of the bluff at the rope's end to rescue an imperiled life a week before.

Maxey was so surprised that he seemed at first to be in danger of forgetting his hospitality, but in a moment or two he recovered himself and invited his visitor in.

"No, thankee," said the young man awkwardly, taking off his hat and glancing around him, "but my little brother found this on the beach in the snow underneath where the young woman hung, sir, and we thought, between us, that maybe, as it might be of some use, maybe I'd better put on my hat and coat and run up."

Run up! It was eight miles.

Maxey took a bit of soiled and damp paper from the man's hand. It was a folded sheet of writing paper and contained these words, traced with pale ink in a feminine hand:

SOMERSET, Dec. 8, 1884.

DEAR ANNETTE—I have never forgotten you during all our separation, and to my astonishment and delight I yesterday learned a matter of the deepest importance to yourself. Annette, you have been deceived as to your parentage. Your real father and mother are known to me. I want to tell you all about it at once, but there are good reasons why I should not go to the house. You will understand this fully when you see me. I am stopping out in Somerset at present, but there are other reasons why you shouldn't be seen there. I have thought up a place that will be convenient for both of us. Annette, you remember the hotel at Cliff's Head, where you came with your mother two years ago. Just across the road there is a seat, you will remember. Why can't you come out on the train and walk up the road and wait for me there about 6 o'clock tomorrow (Tuesday) night? If this note seems hasty and very, very strange to you, Annette, believe me there are strange things to come, which I will tell you of. After you know what I know you need never go back again unless you wish. After all the trouble I have been to in this matter, and for your sake, I have no fear of any failure on your part to be at the place named. Your very true friend,

MRS. AGATHA G. HARGOOD.

P. S.—I may be a little late, but I shall not fail to keep my appointment.

Maxey read this remarkable epistle aloud in the presence of the doctor, who had joined him in the hall. The excitable artist was aglow with enthusiasm.

"Here is something tangible at last! Here is a woman with a name! You did right, my good man, to bring this document here. You were right in believing it important. You have done us all a great service. Tell your little brother, my good man, that if he will bring me the envelope this letter was contained in I'll make him a handsome present. We'll be at the bottom of this affair yet or my name's not Maxey. An unexpected good fortune, Lamar, don't you think, and one that will throw much light on this obscure matter?"

Lamar frowned and replied cautiously: "I am not a detective, and I have not studied the letter, but it strikes me the wording is peculiar and the signature extraordinary. The name is explicit enough in all conscience. A woman writing a confidential letter like that to a friend does not often take so much pains to get in her full name, as if she were signing a will. Take care that some crafty fellow hasn't thrown this letter in your way for the purpose of putting you on the wrong track."

Maxey looked a little bewildered, but he seized his hat and coat, without making a reply, and darted down the stairs.

"What very excitable people these Maxeys are!" thought the philosophic doctor as he went away. "And what a deal of interest they do take in this case! I wonder where Miss Ellen went to? How pretty she looked when her blood was up! There would be some satisfaction in crossing such a woman just for the picture one would get. But, bah, what am I thinking about? What is this to me?"

Nevertheless he sighed as he went back half heartedly to his work again. Till very recently this work had been his pride and his life. Now as he took it up it seemed like a task, almost a burden. There was a woman's face—a handsome but not a welcome face—before his eyes night and day. Something was wrong with Dr. Lamar, something seriously wrong with him, something from which even his science might not save him.

[CONTINUED.]

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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ATTORNEYS.

MARTIN KNUPP,
Attorney at Law,
NAPOLEON, OHIO.
OFFICE No. 2, Vocke's Block, Second floor

R. W. CAHILL. JAMES DONOVAN.
CAHILL & DONOVAN,
Attorneys at Law,
NAPOLEON, OHIO.
OFFICE on ground floor one door East of Coover's hardware store, Washington street.

F. M. RUMMELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NAPOLEON, OHIO.
OFFICE on Washington street over Norden & Bruns' Dry Goods Store.

JUSTIN H. TYLER. WILL P. TYLER
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C. F FREASE
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