

THE FACE OF ROSENTEL.

CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.
"THE POINT OF A RESEMBLANCE."
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CHAPTER I THE PATIENT.

A fixed and changeless expression. A single sentiment in the dark eyes, turning restlessly from one serious face to the other. A single sentiment in the timid trembling of the pale lips, in the expression of the delicate nostrils, in the nervous contraction of the brows that accompany it.

For a mind which betrays itself in a countenance such as this, all the possibilities of existence, all that remains of life and happiness, can be summed up in one terrible word—fear. Henceforth this was all that the infinite world of thought and all the endless pleasure of being could mean to this poor creature. In the midst of the sunshine, the free air, the song of the birds, the whisper of lovers, the voices of friendship, she must continue to live on as unconscious of them all as if her life had been narrowed down to the darkest dungeon of an imprisonment.

To deprive a face that beams with intelligence and beauty of the one light that makes it priceless, to blot out in the twinkling of an eye that unmeasured universe that exists in the brain of an individual and leave in its place a solitary candle like this glimmering in the night—a meagre, feeble, and almost insignificant light—such a crime has been committed. Does it add anything to the depth of the infamy or to the burden of the guilt that the poor victim was but 19 and had been struck down in the fullness of health and strength?

The patient sat on the edge of the bed from which she had lately arisen in an alcove chamber opening into a large apartment, furnished like a sitting room. Two grave and interested physicians, one gray haired and advanced in years, the other of middle age, were watching her. There was no evidence that either of these men comprehended anything of the unalterable pathos of the situation. Their problem was purely a physiological one. The moral aspects of the case concerned them only where they aided a diagnosis. The ceaseless, uneasy motion of the poor girl's hands, clasping and unclasping themselves in her lap, the pathetic cry, without an attempt at articulation, that she uttered from time to time, these were the matters that interested them.

"I have observed a very curious thing," the elder physician was saying. "It is possible, of course, that I may be mistaken, but if I am not then this girl possesses a curious power in a remarkable degree."

"The younger man repeated the phrase with a little wonder, 'A curious power?'"

"Yes, a very curious power, I should say, of what, for want of a better term, I will call optical retention. You know what I mean?"

"No."

"I mean the faculty of retaining a scene in the mind after the eyes are closed or the scene removed. We all have it in varying degrees. You mention the writing table at my office, and immediately an image, tolerably distinct of the size, shape and general appearance of the table rises before my mental vision. I mean simply, if this girl were familiar with the looks of that table and she could be made to understand what I am talking about, she would see the object in question so vividly that it would be to her almost the reality—perhaps, I might say, practically the reality."

"The younger physician regarded the speaker in silent wonder."

"You don't take my meaning?"

"Oh, perfectly! My term for it is visualization. What puzzles me is that you should see any evidences of it here. What has she done to show it?"

"Not any one thing so much as everything. I generalize it from a careful observation of her movements."

"Do you call it a symptom?"

"No—that is, I don't know. It may be abnormal, or it may be natural to her in a state of health. I have studied several cases. One, a very young child who could find his way unerringly about a familiar place blindfolded. His family called it instinct, but it was simply a phenomenal power of retaining the picture of the room in his mind, combined with an accurate idea of distance. Unseen by him, I disarranged the furniture, and he lost his head at once."

"Yes, but I didn't suppose an idiot could possess such a faculty."

"Nor I. But is this an idiot?"

states to result from the fright incident to a loss of consciousness, under a pressure of excitement, that I am almost ready to attribute any abnormal mental state to the shock of the terror, pure and simple. Last year we had a man who had been thrown from a carriage while his horses were running away. The man completely recovered, but he always persisted in a denial that he had ever gone out to ride. The accident robbed him of his memory, not only of the time after he fainted, but of the time preceding that event by some hours. He never has been and undoubtedly never will be able to recall that time. Three or four years ago I was called to attend a lunatic who had been troubled with a suicidal mania. He had at last succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his keepers and had hung himself. We restored him, and he has been the sanest of sane men since. I have seen a person absolutely an idiot from fright. You have doubtless yourself noted insanity or mania from that cause. In view of these facts I say it is well to think twice before dismissing that hypothesis in a case like this."

"The younger man listened attentively, but he did not seem convinced."

"Doubtless terror is a powerful factor—sometimes," he said, "but nevertheless I do not see how it can be in this case. The patient is not exactly an idiot. I am very sure that in her way she thinks."

"The elder physician made no reply, but he laughed quietly."

"I do not mean that she can follow a conscious train of thought, but that there is an unconscious undercurrent, so to speak, which never rises into consciousness. It is the upper surface of the mind only that exhibits itself in intelligence, and in my opinion there is something more than reflex action in the great undercurrent that throws up the little waves, the tops of which only we call reason. This mind is not dead, even though it appears to be."

"The elder physician looked both puzzled and amused."

"I am afraid, Lamar," he said, "you read too much Herbert Spencer and are inclined to ignore us plain fellows."

"The younger man shrugged his shoulders at this mild sarcasm, and he answered without the least show of sensitiveness:

"At any rate, you would not object to trying an experiment with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well. Let us conceal ourselves. I believe that our presence irritates her."

"The younger man arose from the chair in which he had been sitting and went into the larger room. The gray haired physician followed him. They retired into the farthest corner and concealed themselves from the patient's view behind a curtain. There, by slightly disarranging the drapery, they could easily watch her. Either because their

departure had startled her or because the mysterious forces at work in her disorganized intellect happened to manifest themselves at that moment, she had uttered as they moved that strange, faint, inarticulate cry which was so terrible to the good people who took care of her. The two physicians simply noted it as a curious fact.

After they had disappeared from the range of her vision the girl sat for a long time without any apparent change, save that in lieu of scanning the faces of the physicians her eyes looked with the same dreadful fear into the fire in the open grate. Over and over again, with a persistent monotony that of itself was enough to make the sympathetic observer shudder, this embodiment in motion of the unnatural and unvarying condition of the shattered mind, this alternate clasping and unclasping of the hands, went on. The white palms came together, the fingers intertwined, the palms moved slowly across each other, the fingers lost their hold and wandered nervously, and then the dreary round began again, and so on, ceaselessly and always.

"Is she never still?" the elder physician asked.

"Never wholly so. Nervous motion of some sort is necessary. Nothing but actual interference from without can stop it, even for an instant."

It happened then that an external interference unexpectedly occurred to illustrate the practitioner's statement. A crest, which had been curled up by the fire, crossed the floor and sprang into the girl's lap. With a repetition of the peculiar cry and a sudden intensification of the dominant expression in her face, the patient started to her feet. The cat jumped down and ran away. The girl gave no heed to his departure. Her gaze was fixed immovably on the spot where she had seen him, and she continued unintermittently for several minutes to move her hands as if driving back some palpable object which persisted in remaining in her lap.

"She sees the cat still!" whispered the elder physician. "Just as I thought. The impression produced on the retina by an object that startles her is too vivid to leave her even after its departure. This is a more remarkable retention than I had deemed possible. But there is no evidence that she thinks at all."

"Not as we think. No."

Gradually the repulsive motion of one hand gave place to the old nervous clasping and unclasping. The time came when the poor creature seemed to forget the special terror caused by the cat in the general dread with which all things seemed to inspire her. But she still continued to stand.

"Think," murmured the elder physician. "Why, she doesn't even know enough to sit down when she is tired."

In truth, at that moment the girl began to sway violently, and had not the foremost physician gone promptly to her assistance she would have fallen.

"Her limbs are too weak to stand so long," said the younger man. "But don't put her to bed yet. I want to try an experiment."

"Of what nature?"

"Simply to see what effect music will have. I have known downright idiots, who responded to scarce another provocation than the sight of food, to have their interest vividly aroused by the sound of a musical instrument. Miss Maxey will favor us with a few selections. I'll speak to her."

He rapped at the door of an adjoining chamber and exchanged a few words with the person who responded. In a few minutes a pretty young lady with black eyebrows and a damask color in her cheeks had taken her seat at the piano. The two physicians had retired to their former position behind the bed curtains, and the patient, as before, sat on the edge of her bed.

"What shall I play?" the young lady asked.

"Something loud and energetic."

There was a rustling of leaves, and then the drastic opening chords of a Liszt rhapsody made the vessel shiver on the mantle, the sounds started the patient as the keys began to move. The dark eyes seemed to grow darker, the pale lips quivered more perceptibly with the utterance of that plaintive cry, the pitiful all that was left to her of voice and speech. But she seemed to realize the origin of her fright. Her glance went immediately in the direction of the piano and remained there, fascinated, as if she momentarily expected an unknown horror to rise up out of the cheerful red cover which adorned the case of the instrument. Never for an instant was the forlorn monotony of the moving hands interrupted. Nevertheless the younger physician seemed satisfied.

"We've got her attention. Now let us change our humor. No more of that kind, please, Miss Maxey. Something quieter and more soothing."

Miss Maxey chose a volume of Beethoven and began a favorite sonata. The clasping hands still moved; the dark eyes still watched for the coming of the unknown horror, but there was a change in the indescribable details that went to make up the dominant expression of the patient's face—slight, gradual, scarcely perceptible except to practiced eyes expecting it—but still a change.

The younger man whispered energetically, "She's listening!"

Slowly, so slowly that it seemed an age to those who hoped to see the end, the clinging fingers forgot to separate themselves and take up new positions; the heretofore incessant motion of the nervous hands became less and less; ceased altogether; the palms rested against each other, quite still.

The younger physician's growing excitement could restrain itself no longer. "Good!" he cried. "She sits quite motionless! It is the first time in days. And there is another means which we have not yet tried. Won't you sing to us, Miss Maxey? Sing us the most tender and pathetic thing you know."

The sound of the piano stopped abruptly. But the patient did not change her attitude. In all the many minutes, while Miss Maxey was searching for the song, she sat, seemingly entranced, as if she listened still. The men of science felt themselves in the presence of something of which their learning told them nothing. Gradually, as the music went on, she had inclined her head a little to one side in the pose of a listener. She still remained, now that the instrument was mute. It was hardly the posture of expectancy.

No, it seemed more as though the feeble responses of the mysterious faculty that could rise up in a mind quite blank at the sound of a tender melody had not ceased to vibrate, as if the mournful cadences were still echoing through the vacant chambers whence thought had flown. There was fear in the dark eyes still, but it no longer seemed the sum and substance of her life. In the very midst of her abstraction a sound escaped her lips that caused the listeners to start.

"That was a sigh!" the younger man whispered.

"Ah," murmured his colleague, "so I thought. There may be something in your medicine after all."

Miss Maxey had now made her selection. It was Schubert's wonderful "Ave Maria," a song that has more depth and power of tenderness in it than the soul which feels it can express. Miss Maxey had a sweet voice, and she sang as though the music had a meaning.

Suddenly both physicians uttered a cry and sprang forward.

With a changing face and trembling limbs and reaching outward with her hands, like one groping in the dark, the patient had arisen, had essayed even to walk. The attempt was far beyond her strength. She faltered, swayed, uttered the plaintive cry and fell like lead into the arms of one of the men. She had fainted.

"What a very curious case!" thought the gray haired physician as he took his departure. "It is unlike anything in my experience."

All the way through the city streets which led to the hospital he walked with his head bent down and his brow contracted. He was disatisfied and undecided.

He had taken leave of the younger man at the door. The practitioner still lingered to advise Miss Maxey.

"It will not do to repeat our experiment of this afternoon, too soon again. It might result in great risk. It might result in good, but it would be something more likely to result in harm. The medicine is strong, but I have not supreme confidence in it. Be sure she is not disturbed tonight."

"Good advice, Dr. Lamar. Excellent advice. And you have the will of a determined woman to back you, but there is something more potent even than this, and it may not be possible, with the best of care, to do your bidding."

Miss Maxey informed him. Before her answer can be intelligibly recorded it is necessary to go back a little.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
FOR THE YANKEE BROWNIERS.
What They May Wear In the Country and by the Sea.

Now is the season approaching when sand shovels and palls are in demand and the seashore is alive with small architects and engineers. It is to be hoped that few mothers dress their children so that they are debilitated from enjoying to the full the delights of delving and padding, for the childish desire for those harmless pursuits is a paramount one, and a little summer salt water splashing hurts nothing about a child except its clothes.

One mother has rather an ingenious way of protecting her little girl's gowns. She has made of brown holland a straight skirt twice as long as the child's dress skirt. Top and bottom are each gathered into a band of the right size to fit the waist, a placket hole being left, of course. One hand is then buttoned around the little girl's waist, under all her petticoats and the other fastened around it outside the dress, and there are all the skirts protected



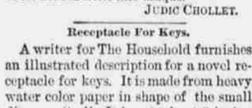
BAPTISMAL ROBE.
From dust and spots. The holland can be taken off at a moment's notice, leaving the wearer presentable in spite of her hour.

If a seaside child is to have the fullest amount of pleasure to be extracted from the conditions, he or she, regardless of sex, should be provided with a little white burrow in addition to the usual pail and shovel. It is not an expensive indulgence, and the pleasure of transporting sand, stones and weed in such a vehicle is incalculable by any grown person. With these implements and an outfit of serge and duck frocks not too good for common use, small boys and girls will be sure of a happy as well as a healthful summer by the sea.

Regulation sailor suits are much liked for little boys just out of kilts. These suits are made of navy blue or white flannel and have long flaring trousers and a blouse cut away in front to show the throat. A flat naval cap and low shoes accompany the costume.

A great many pretty and highly trimmed things are shown for infants' wear. For the benefit of women who like excessive elaboration in their garments a sketch is given of a baptismal robe of fine lawn decorated with valencienne flounces and insertion, tucking and feather stitching. The tiny bodice is short sleeved and low necked and crosses in front, purple fashion, being gathered into a belt. There is a novel addition to the gown in the shape of an absurd little lace baguette.

JUDIE CHOLLET.
Receipts for Keys.
A writer for The Household furnishes an illustrated description for a novel receptacle for keys. It is made from heavy water color paper in shape of the small diagram "a." It is cut about 8 inches long and 3 inches wide, folded along the dotted line in the middle and sewed with cardinal red embroidery silk.



A PRETTY KEY HOLDER.
The outside of the canoe is tinted with a water color wash in birch shade, with markings of brown sepia to imitate the bark. The lining is of bright cardinal satin, gathered in a frill to fit the opening, covering the inside of the canoe and confined to it around the edge with the embroidery silk. Small satin boys of the same shade at either end, with a loop to hang it by, complete a very useful little ornament.

A Sensible Rule of Behavior.
Each man and each nation—within certain bounds—to his and its own taste. On one side of the sea you may be a royal highness, and on the other merely Citizen So-and-So. In one town, if you do as your fellow men do, you will lift your hat when you enter a shop or a cafe, in another you will cock it brazenly over your ear, and when you sit down you will lift your legs on to the mantelpiece, and look around with an air of defiance.

The medicine man of the Choctaws is doubtless a very great personage among the Indians of his own tribe; but if he appeared in Fleet street, perfumed and bedecked according to his ideas of full dress, he would meet with more laughter than homage.—All the Year Round.

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