THE FACE OF ROSENFEL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

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

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CHAPTER IV.

THE LOCKED DOOR.

When Maxey in his usual spirits was ascending the long flights of stairs which led to his apartments, he came up two steps at time. But somehow a mental depression had so mysterious and intimate a connection with his powers of locomotion that when anything troubled him very much he was apt to content himself with the ordinary rate of progress. This afternoon his footsteps lagged on every stair. He looked at his latchkey abstractedly for several minutes before he placed it in the lock, and when he did finally perform this operation it was with a savage thrust, as though he wanted to stab the door. It was not quite dark when the key turned and he went in.

"Ah!" said Dr. Lamar from his chair by the bedside in the windowless alcove room, looking out between the looped curtains as the artist entered. "You are here at last! I am glad you have come. Dr. Bently has just been down from the hospital. He is almost as much interested in the case as your worthy sister, and don't be surprised if you see me carried away by the same craze. He says he thinks there's a slight change in the patient's mental condition."

"Does that mean good?" asked the artist.

His sister answered quickly:

"Of course!"

"Oh, possibly," substituted the cautious physician. "You must not let your wishes dictate your conclusions so largely, Miss Maxey. You will make a very probable disappointment much more keen by so doing. Now, I don't always say what I think, you know, but you are my friends, and I cannot feel like a professional man in this house, and I must tell you that this case is developing some of the most remarkable mental phenomena I ever met with. Whether they are symptoms of a curious brain disease or simply reminiscences of the normal mental condition of the patient, I am unable at present to decide. Dr. Bently is as much in the dark as myself, and when Dr. Bearly hesitates in a case of this kind it is of little use to inquire further. We have been making some interesting experiments in your absence. And that reminds me that Miss Maxey said you went out for a specific purpose. Have they learned anything? What about the letter they found on the beach yesterday?"

"Learned!" echoed Maxey impatiently as his sister helped him off with his coat, after which it appeared that both his hair and his necktie were in a terrible state. "Learned! What could you expect of such an exasperating affair as this? Is there anything about it like anything else you ever heard of? Does anybody concerned in it do anything that a rational being would expect him to do? Not a bit of it. Mark my word, now, if the thing ever does come out, it will be just what nobody thought it was. But may I be shot if I believe we are ever going to know any more about it than we do at present. Our only hope is that the girl will get well enough to tell us, and she won't. I know very well she won't."

"But the letter, Julian," urged his sister. "Surely the letter"——

"The letter!" echoed the exasperated Maxey. "The letter is just like everything else—a mystery. The letter leads just where the footsteps in the snow did—nowhere."

"But even they gave us a hint of the direction the fiend went," said the sister. "Oh, I think they are acting terribly stupid in this affair! If I could get out now, I believe I could do something."

"I believe you could do wonders, of course," returned Maxey a little spitefully, for he was still suffering the keenness of his disappointment. "But I would like to be informed, for instance, what you would do in this case?"

"Do? I would hunt up that Mrs. Hapgood who wrote that letter if I had to question every man, woman and child in the city to do so."

"Of course you would, and so would anybody. That is just what the police did do. Only they were sane enough to look in the directory instead of attempting the catechising. Why, they had a gentleman in conversation with Mrs. Hapgood before the letter had been in their hands an hour."

"Then there is such a person!" cried the doctor and Miss Maxey together.

"Oh, yes, there is, but she never heard of or saw the letter before, and, what is more, she is not acquainted with any Annette and has not a single friend or foe to her knowledge missing or to whom such a letter could be written or such an accident possible. And as this Mrs. Hapgood is a very worthy and respectable old lady indeed, it is no use to say she would lie about such an affair. You see, I couldn't believe it secondhand, and I have been to see her myself, and that's the result."

Maxey flung his gloves moodily on the center table and dropped himself with a disgusted expression into an easy chair, which his sister had wheeled in front of the grate.

"How very strange!" cried Miss Maxey.

"Well, isn't it in perfect keeping with all the rest? I was so exasperated to think it should turn out in that way that I hardly spoke to the old lady civilly. I know her, or rather know of her, too. She's a sort of an amateur artist, and I've met her before. She was quite upset and distressed at the idea that anybody should think of connecting her name with what she called that shocking affair and cried out, 'Oh, they won't put my name in the papers, will they?' I showed her the letter, and she let me see some specimens of her handwriting. There was no sort of similarity between them. She's a well meaning old soul as ever lived, and I'm sorry I disturbed her. That's all. But it's terribly exasperating."

"But, Julian, dear," pleaded his sister, "there must be some mistake. There must be some other Mrs. Hapgood."

"Oh, without a doubt, dozens of Mrs. Agatha G. Hapgoods! Why, there isn't a Hapgood family in Somerset and never has been, and the old lady assures me that there isn't another Agatha G. to her knowledge in existence."

"At any rate," Ellen insisted, "we have learned one thing beyond a doubt. We know the poor girl's name. In good time we shall know everything. Annette will get well, I am sure of it."

But Maxey did not want to be comforted. He looked unutterable disgust and changed the subject.

"You mentioned that you had been making experiments, Lamar."

"Yes," assented the physician, "we have discovered something. First, our patient has a most remarkable power of visualization, and next she is very susceptible to the influence of music. She was so excited by Miss Maxey's fine singing this afternoon that she fainted."

"The deuce!" cried Maxey, beginning to brighten up at once. "Either I don't understand the thing the least in the world, or this means very good news."

"Possibly."

"Possibly! There you go again. You use that evasive word to avoid committing yourself on any subject just as soon as anybody asks you a direct question. Be candid, Lamar. Doesn't this mean that there is a bare chance of singing her back to her senses again?"

"To the question put in that limited and cautious way I would answer yes."

Maxey became very much excited.

"Why not begin now at once and sing till she gets well?" he cried.

"No, no," said the sister. "That won't do. Both doctors have forbidden any more music at present and for tonight—absolute quiet."

"That is another medical humbug which they think of when they haven't any nastiness at hand to dose with," muttered Maxey. "Absolute quiet! Stuff! And what's that other thing with the long name you say she's subject to?"

"Visualization? It means the power of retaining the image of an object after it has disappeared from the actual field of sight so vividly that its exact form is still seen. We all have it in a greater or less degree. In her it is exceedingly strong. Some people who have the faculty in a marked degree can close their eyes and call up at will the face of an absent friend with such distinctness that it is quite like looking at him. At least I have been told so. I must say my own impressions are very faint."

"Now you are getting into my field," said Maxey, who was very much interested. "That is a faculty possessed by some of our best portrait painters, notably Sir Joshua Reynolds. I never heard it called by that name, but it is obvious that the man who can keep a subject before his mental vision constantly, other things being equal, will make the best picture.

"Why, I went into the studio of a friend of mine the other day, and I was struck at once by a splendid portrait in oils he had just completed. 'How many sittings did you have for that?' I asked him. 'If I tell you and you should repeat it to anybody, I might not get my price for the picture,' he said. 'There were really about 20 sittings, but 18 of them were shams. After the first two I never did any work when the subject was before me.' Don't you see this is just a case in point? At the first he had sketched the outline of the face, and, as he told me, whenever he wanted to sit down and work at it he had only to recall the person's face to his mind, and he can really do his best work from this mental copy alone by himself. The presence of the real face distracts his attention and makes him nervous. He has the power. Well, if it is a mental faculty and our girl gets well, she is going to remember all about this time and these events since we found her in a series of pictures, I take it."

Lamar laughed. "Something after the style of a panorama, I suppose? No, Maxey, you reason too loosely. You don't weigh your own words. Remember all about it. Do you know what it is to remember? It is to recall something that we have once known. This poor girl knows nothing of what is transpiring around her and has not since the moment when she lost her senses on the rocks at the sea road. What never is known cannot by any possibility be remembered. No. Whatever may be the future of the patient, this present time will always be a blank to her."

Dr. Lamar spoke very positively.

"Well," sighed Maxey, "if she but recovers enough to explain who she is and how she came where we found her, I shall feel reasonably satisfied. Still I can't see what your visualization amounts to if she cannot carry a picture which she sees now into the future, whatever be her condition."

"Ah, that is another thing!" said Lamar, "quite another thing from memory. That might be. She might carry the picture, but it would be a picture simply, unassociated with the succession of events. If she were a painter now, though she never knew you, she might paint your face and think it an idea of her own. Not very probable, I admit, but still it might be."

Maxey looked serious.

"What a curious fancy, that!" he mused. "I believe if she does get well, I will teach her the first thing to paint. Heigho, but she's not well yet!"

It had grown quite dark in the sitting room while they had been talking. The early evening of a winter's day had already come. Lamar all at once awoke to a realization of the flight of time. He turned the face of his watch to the fire and exclaimed:

"What am I lagging here for? It is nearly 6 o'clock! If I don't look out, this girl will ruin my business. Let us see how the patient is before we go. No, you need not trouble yourself to get a light, Miss Maxey. I have more senses than one. Ah, sleeping quietly! That is good, very good. I shouldn't wonder, after all, Maxey—but, ah, who knows, who knows?"

"I will strike a light while you put on your things," said Miss Maxey.

"Oh, no. Don't, pray. I know how comfortable this twilight is. Never spoil it with a light if you can help it. It is the best time of the day. Well, Maxey, good night."

"No," said Maxey suddenly; "I think I will go out with you. I have got something to say, and besides I want to smoke. Since our new arrival that's prohibited here, you know. Ellen, you are tired, and if I were you I would lie down a little while. I shall not be gone very long. I am just going to the corner with the doctor. But really, if you will take my advice, you will lie down and rest yourself."

"Don't worry about me, my dear, good brother. I know my strength and my weakness. I shall not overtax myself. It has not hurt me to be up a little nights. I feel as bright as a daisy now."

This must have been just a trifle wide of the truth, Ellen Maxey. Your brother had scarcely closed the door behind himself and the handsome doctor when you threw your tired body upon the bed. You listened to their footsteps going down stairs. You hear them becoming fainter and fainter till they are lost altogether. The deep voice of Dr. Lamar is still sounding in your ears. Do not deny the fact that it is exceedingly good music to you. You think of Dr. Lamar, and you wonder.

The great house is so still, and you are so very tired! What was that? Somebody at the door? No. A rat gnawing behind the woodwork. A loose coal falls in the grate. The wind rattles the panes. There is no other sound. Even the fire is paling now—is going out entirely. You are sound asleep.

* * * * * * *

"Open the door! Open the door! Ellen! Ellen! Open the door, I say!"

Still the silence of the grave within. Julian Maxey was thoroughly alarmed by this time. Already he had stood in the hall pounding and calling for what seemed an age to him. There was something very strange about all this. Strange that Ellen, expecting him back directly, should lock the door on the inside. Stranger still that she should go out and leave the sick girl alone.

"Ellen! For the last time, Ellen!"

Maxey had a momentary idea of breaking in the door. Then he bethought himself of his bunch of keys. He thrust one of them into the keyhole. He breathed heavily in his excitement. Ah, the key was indeed on the inside. By dint of much rattling he managed to push it from its place and heard it fall with an ominous clink to the floor. After many ineffectual trials he picked the lock. The obstinate door yielded at last to his touch. He rushed in. It was totally dark everywhere. He felt his way to the sitting room. The only light was the dim glow of the coals in the grate, which told him nothing.

He blindly groped his way to the center table, where he knew there was a matchsafe. In the obscurity he struck against a chair and overturned it. It fell with a startling crash, and in the instant of its concussion, starting, as it were, out of the very sound itself, he heard again that low, tremulous utterance that was neither a moan of pain nor a plea for mercy, but akin to both, just as he had heard it borne on the bitter wind from the darkening sea that night on the rocks above the surging of the waves. There was something in the cry that completely unnerved Maxey. It had always been his terror. Now, intensified by the circumstances, it assumed the potency of fate itself. His hand trembled so he made several futile attempts before he could strike a light. Finally the slender shaft took fire and blazed up. Maxey touched a gas jet. In the glare that followed he saw the girl they called Annette sitting, robed in white, upon the edge of the little bed in the alcove room, wringing her hands in the old nervous fashion, her fearful, white face turned toward him, her dark eyes regarding him with dread.

But it was not this that chilled him to the heart, that made the color fade from his lips till they were ashen. It was the spectacle of his sister, Ellen

It was the spectacle of his sister.

Maxey, thrown down across her bed, a silk handkerchief twisted about her neck and her fingers clasping the ends in desperate energy. Her face was black, and when he spoke to her she did not move. His voice seemed to awake an echo in the place.

Nothing else but the wind rattling the panes, and faintly the grinding of the ice against the stones as the tide flowed to the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gallantry of a Servant.

People say that gallantry is going out of fashion. This is what was written by a woman from one of the southern springs: "I do believe the colored people are the most polite in the world. You know what a wretched memory I have for names? Well, an African gentleman has been in the habit of bringing me my coffee every morning, and from the depths of my pillow I always addressed him as William. At last one morning, when I was rather more wide awake than usual, I said to him, 'By the by, is your name William?' And he answered, 'Well, no, miss, it ain't William, it is George; but if it gives you any pleasure to speak to me as William, it makes me more than happy.' Can anybody say chivalry is dying out when such an answer as this is received?"—Exchange.

A FARING SONG.

O tired little mariner,
Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!
Unto the strand of Slumberland
A-sailing we must go.
This is the time when children fare
Away from home;
So we'll seek the good ship Rockingchair,
Afar to roam.
O yeo-ho!

O sleepy little voyager
Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!
The pleasant breeze of drowsiness
Beginning is to blow;
And now the isles of Midnod are
All safely past;
And now over Dreamland's harbor bar
We steer at last.
O yeo-ho!

—Portland Transcript.

NOT SOFTENED BY TIME.

Fashion's Enormities of Forty Years Ago Seem Even Worse Now.

We know that fashion changes from year to year, and that her freaks are often unmarked by wisdom and good taste, but we do not fully appreciate the enormities she commits until time has rendered them obsolete. A glance at the fashion plates in magazines of 40 years ago provokes boundless wonder as to how men and women ever consented to make such absurd spectacles of themselves. Consumptive gentlemen, with sloping shoulders and wasplike waists—the latter accentuated by a style of coat with a full basque gathered on to what women would call a plain bodice—ogle ladies who wear the fullest part of a full skirt in front and stand in poses that would drive a physical culturist to despair. If the woman of two generations ago really carried her chest and shoulders so far in the rear of her

BLACK STRAW HAT.

head and the rest of her anatomy, how can anybody have the assurance to state that the girl of the present age is inferior in health to her grandmother?

These early declining persons wore white stockings, too, surely the most unbecoming casing for the feet ever adopted by a supposedly cultivated people, not excepting the white kid slipper. And such bonnets as the women appeared in beggar description. It may be accurately stated that the women appeared "in" the bonnet—so far in that only a direct front view revealed the fact that she had a face at all. An immense scoop of straw covered neck, ears and hair and extended so far forward as to preclude any glimpse of a possible profile. All these things were fashionable in the eyes of our immediate ancestors. Is it possible that 40 years from now our pretty things will seem equally preposterous to our grandchildren?

Our judgment is enough better than that of past times to tell us that a blank expense of straw, however fine, is less attractive to the eye than a view of the face it shelters. It has been many a day since the countenance was concealed by the head covering, and even our biggest hats leave the face to speak for itself. A fair example of modern fashion is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is a hat of black rice straw trimmed with black ostrich plumes. The brim is bent and caught up at the back, and black satin ribbon forms an additional garniture.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

A Would Be Public Benefactor Who Found That He Was Not Appreciated.

"Please give me a dime."

I was seated in the Mall at Central park, looking at the statue of "Robbie" Burns and thinking thoughts that many a man has thought before about his ill starred life, when my reveries were thus turned into another channel. I didn't like it.

"Why should I give you a dime?" I replied sharply, hoping thereby to get rid of him.

But it didn't have the desired effect. He wasn't an every day sort of tramp, although his apparel was shabby enough. There was a moldy air of better days about him. He heaved a sigh, and seating himself alongside of me—I couldn't resent that, because he had just as much right to a seat as I had—he began to unfold his tale.

"I recognize in you," he began, "a kindred spirit. I, too, am a worshiper at the shrine of genius. Nothing delights me so much as to see the memory of great men fittingly honored. Years ago, in a fit of generous enthusiasm, I conceived a scheme which, had it been favorably received, would have filled this park and all other parks and public squares in the land with statutes of mankind's greatest benefactors.

"But pardon me," he added, interrupting his narrative, do you happen to have the mate to that cigar about you?"

I told him I hadn't.

"Well, never mind, I ain't particular; I'll take a chew of tobacco, if you happen to have it."

I told him I had none.

Another sigh impinged itself upon my olfactory organs, and then he continued:

"Nothing so helps a man to rise superior to the petty and soul enthralling concerns of everyday life as the contemplation and study of true greatness. To assist in the attainment of that lofty state of mind there is nothing so effective as the presence of the counterfeit presentments of men who have towered like sun kissed mountain peaks above their fellows. With that conviction strong upon me I abandoned the haunts of men and gave myself up to thought. In due time the inspiration came. At the lowest estimate there are 4,000,000 men in this country who get shaved by barbers on an average three times a week. At an absurdly low estimate that involves an expenditure of thirty cents a week by each man. That, sir, as I have proved over and over again, amounts to $1,200,000 a week, or $62,400,000 a year.

"Just think of it! All that money practically thrown away. I proposed that these four millions should form a vast 'antishave' or 'shave yourself' association, and that the money thus saved should be put into a fund to purchase statues for beautifying our parks and places of public resort. All the reward that I asked was that I should be made the treasurer of the fund. Had the scheme been carried out the artistic beauties of ancient Greece would be as nothing compared with ours, but my scheme fell unheeded on the miserable horde of mercenary, self seeking men who libel this country by calling themselves Americans.

"That was fifteen years ago. As you may perceive, if you observe me closely, I have not shaved from that day to this. I tried to be a public benefactor. Society scornfully rejected my offering. Therefore, society owes me a living. And that, sir, is why I ventured to ask you for a dime."

"Hi, there! get out of this," harshly exclaimed a park policeman who had stolen upon us unawares. "Didn't I tell you I'd give you a taste of me club if I caught you around here again?"

"Shades of Scott and Burns and Shakespeare!" muttered the tramp as he shuffled off. "Has it come to this—that your most ardent devotee should be the sport and jest of a sparrow cop?"—New York Herald.

What Part Eccentrics Have Played.

I suppose most people could point to men or women of their acquaintance whom they hold in regard as originals or eccentrics. It is somewhat dubious a title for respect, even with us, who are reckoned so eccentric a nation. And yet it is worth while to remember that all the great inventions which have done so much for civilization have been discovered by eccentrics—that is, by men who stepped out of the common groove; men who differed more or less from other men in their habits and ideals.—All the Year Round.

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

The Flour Awards

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To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON,
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Attorney at Law.

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