

WHO SHE WAS

"At last!" cried Maxey. He had been outting the finishing touches to asketch in the light from the bay window in the front room and threw down his crayen to utter this exclamation. Dr. Lamar ind just told him that the time had come to question Annette.

"But in saying this," the physician continued, "I want you distinctly to understand that she is still in a very delicate state. This examination must be conducted judiciously, and it must stop at the first symptoms on her part of undue agitation or excitement. At the same time I am going to be perfectly frank with you, Julian, and confess that I am more afraid of you than of the strength of the reminiscences. This wild cyed exhibitation in which you occasignally indulge is as communicative to a nervous temperament as the mensles. Your principal fault is that your pulse rises too quickly. That will do now. They're coming.

There was a knock at the door. "Coming!" echoed Maxey, "Why

di in't you tell me so at once?' His chief trouble at this moment was his hair and his necktie, the first of which had risen in a combative manner, while the second somehow had arrived at a decidedly demoralized condition. Maxey had time only to make one or two frantic dushes at each when the door leading from the little vestibule to the back parlor was pushed open and a playful voice said:

'May we come in?" The artist was a trifle confused by the suddenness of the arrival and blushed like a girl, all of which several symptoms on his part amused the philosophic physician very much. But Maxey was an artist, and he soon forgot his embarrassment in his admiration of the picture that was presented to him. The two girls stood in the doorway with their arms about each other. Miss Dye had already regained her color, and her eyes sparkled with the return of health. They were about of a size, and both were dark, but there was enough difference in their faces still to make an effective contrast. Even Lamar, who was not an artist, was aware that his heart was beating a tride faster, but like fast of his deeper emotions this was a fact known only to himself.

"Shall we sit here on the sofa?" Ellen

"Sofa? No. Here, here! Let her sit here by the window, " cried Maxey, 'where she can see the river."

"Why, the ungrateful rascal already has eyes for only one, and she, except from a medical point of view, the least interesting," thought Lamar,

Still he ought to have been content, for this forethought of Maxey's permitted him to take a chair near his own

Maxey sat beside his easel in a position from which he could look into the faces about him.

Annotte was just beginning to get sufficiently used to her new friends and her new home to be easy and natural in their presence. Her shyness had been wonderful, and it had taken a long time to conquer it. But now she sat easily and gracefully by the window, a faint smile on her parted lips, enjoying the boundless prospect. Maxey gazed upon her with undisguised admiration. "You are looking so much better to-

day, Miss Dye," he said in a burst of "I am glad to hear that," she replied,

with a look of pleasure. "It makes me begin to hope that the time is not far away when I shall be strong and able to go to work at something and in some faint way repay you all for your great kindness. She glanced furtively at Maxey's

sketch. The artist observed the look. "You like art?"

"In my poor way, yes, but I know so little about it. They were foolish enough once to fancy I had talent for drawing. I learned what I could from books. A good lady who had been visiting my mother noticed some little sketches I had made, and she was so pleased with them that she promised to give me lessons. She was very kind, was she not? Perhaps I might have learned to make a pleasing picture, but I lost her as I lost every friend I ever had."

A painful expression dreve away all at once the brightness and animation in Annette's countenance. She turned her head to hide her tears. This little scene filled Maxey with consternation, and even the loyal Ellen felt a momentary suspicion. The doctor alone remained perfectly calm. He spoke, and his rich strong voice had a consolation for all three of his hearers:

"But this same lady afterward wrote you a letter, did she not?" "A letter? No, sir."

"Very recently, I mean!" Annette instantly became pale. She spoke in a low voice and with an expression which gave them all a chill'at the heart, for at that moment they saw the face which had looked forth from the little bed in the alcove room. Fortunately it was only the expression of an instant. If it had lasted longer, Dr. Lamar would certainly have brok tup the conference. But it was evidently only the transient result of the shock to a mind which finds itself suddenly brought face to face with a forgotten horror.

"Yes, yes," she said in a faint voice. "I remember it now. She wrote to me." "Her name was Hapgood?" continued

the physician after a pause. She looked at him a little bewilderingly and in some degree regained her

"I am surprised at your knowledge, but of course you know all about it. Why not? You have probably seen my"— She hesitated and finally said, "Mr. Dye,"

The physician in his calm manner asked another question:

"Is there any reason why this Mrs.

Hapgood should hate you?" "Hate me? What a dreadful idea! She was the soul of kindness. I was so little to her indeed that I was quite sure she owe to one sublime woman, whose frail

must have forgotten all about me. Ours was only the acquaintance of three days at the Somerset hotel, where my mother took me, and two years have passed since

"She is a very old lady," put in Maxey. "Undoubtedly that is the explanation. She forgot her-at least so much that the name Annette recalled nothing. It is perfectly possible. When you got the letter which you supposed came from her, you thought it was very strange, but still you went to meet her on the beach road?"

Annette looked into the artist's face and shuddered, but the tone in which she spoke was more the voice of desolation than of horror.

to it again.

advise me. If I was imprudent, it was | ning. not wholly strange after the life I was and at noon I had decided to go. I came perfect sense of something different, to the hotel on the beach road jast be- which comes to me most vividly somefore sundown. I had expected to find it times when I am not trying to think of just as I had seen it once before—full of | it. But my first distinct recollection is people and stir. It was a shock to me to of playing with my little rag doll at a see it closed and deserted. It was very window, very high up, looking out over cold. At first I walked up and down the | the roofs. Mr. and Mrs. Dye were with road, but after awhile, becoming tired, | me, and I called them father and moth-I rested myself on a sent by the way- er. I always was afraid of him, and he side. It grew dark very fast after the avoided me, but I loved my mother with sun went down, and my heart misgave | the strength of a double passion. I can me that I had done wrong to come. The | dimly remember that at that time both ocean sounded so lonesome meaning of them were rather different in their way below me, and it awoke such a for- looks from what they seemed in later lorn feeling in my heart that I believe I years. Mr. Dye has changed greatly. was foolish enough to cry as I sat there He used to be very well dressed and to think how miserable and friendless I | careful of his appearance. That was be-

was the realization that the tears were was pale, slight and sad. She wept so almost freezing on my cheeks and that | much when I first recollect her that her it would soon be quite dark. I started | eyes were always red. Her husband made up and looked along the road. There had her very unbappy. He never used vio been but few passers, but now I saw a lence toward either of us. He rather man coming down on the side next to seemed to pity us, but there is an unme, and I waited for him to pass. He kindness that is quite as deep as the unwas so muffled up that I could only see kindness of hard words and blows. He his eyes, and I thought he acted some- was a silert and moody man and was what strangely. He surely saw me, but | very little in the house. he turned his head away quickly when I looked at him, as though he did not be notice at all that he did not like to wish to meet my glance. Then I began have me even look at him. I sometimes to realize what a danger I might be run- | caught him watching me furtively, but ning alone at this hour in this deserted as soon as he saw that I knew it he place. I watched him fearfully as he would turn away quickly. If it was not went on, and I saw him look around to- so absurd, I should have believed he was ward me once or twice, and finally he afraid of me. And so my mother was a crossed over and came back again on the | broken hearted woman. But the less she other side of the way. This really had in common with her husband the frightened me, but as he seemed to be | more she devoted herself to me. She ofgoing by I thought I would wait till he ten told me that she lived only for me, got past and then run for safety with all | and when I think how feeble she was my might. I started out for this pur- and what a struggle existence was to pose, but I had run but a little way her I cannot help believing she told the when I heard a sleigh coming very fast | truth. She taught me all I know. She from the direction the man had gone, saved her pennies and went without from the direction of the city. I thought clothes to buy me books. In the long by the sound the horses must be running days and evenings when we were enaway. I stepped back to the wall to be | tirely alone we read and studied toout of harm's reach, but it was only a gether. We had to devise places to hide man, driving rapidly. It was not so dark | our literary treasures, for whenever he that I could not see him. He wore one | found a book he sold it and kept the of those caps which let down over the money. More than once our entire little face, with an oval slit for the eyes. Bethe horses. They stopped so quickly that I hardly realized what was happening. He was out of the sleigh and coming toward me almost before I really knew

when I did I had not the power to cry "He seized me with terrible strength, putting a cold gloved hand over my eyes and mouth and forcing me backward acress the wall. I was faint with fear, and his glove pressed me so tightly that I could not breathe. I struggled to get my face free, but he held me too firmly. He pushed me down in the cold snow. He got my arms under his knees and hart me terribly. Then I felt his free hand searching my pockets. The rest is all a blank to me. I must have lost my senses at that moment. I supposed I had a fever, for I awoke in the hospital with

a strange dizziness in my head." Her voice ceased suddenly, and each of the three listeners drew a sigh of relief. Even Lamar had averted his face lest she should see how interested he was. She alone was free from excitement. The associations aroused in her mind by her recollections seemed only to make her utterly sad and cast down. She did not need to tell them in so many words' that her life had been very unhappy and unsatisfactory.

Maxey was breathless to know what the cautious physician would next do. He was afraid he would think that Annette had dwelt long enough on gloomy things for one day. To his intense relief Dr. Lamar seemed disposed rather to

encourage her to talk. "Yours was a narrow escape, Miss Dye," he said, "and one for which your friends must all be very grateful.' The pathetic expression in the pale

face deepened. "My friends! All I have are with me here. I linve'no others; no, not one." The tone was so forlern and desolate that Miss Maxey's eyes filled with tears.

"Surely, surely, this cannot be!" "Ah, it seems strange to you because your life has always been bright and happy. You cannot understand. Even in the little time I have been in your pleasant home that old life of mine has begun to seem like a dream. It comforted me so to have escaped from it that I have done all I could to forget it."

"But you must have had a good home and refining influences. That is betrayed in all that you say and do." Annette's whole soul seemed to be in

"All that I have to be thankful for I

life stood between me and degradation and ignorance, who put her very heart's blood into making me what I am!" She stopped abruptly, overcome with

"Your mother?", suggested Ellen. "Yes, yes, I shall always call her so! told you all about it before. But if you knew how it pained me to bring back the old associations and the old feelings you would not wonder at my silence. Just now I was trying to please myself with the delusion that it had gone forever.

"It has!" cried Maxey and his sister in one breath. Ellen crossed the room hers and comforted her like a sister. In coherently.

"If I had not always been so sensitive and so bashful, it would not have mattered so much, but it was so hard for me to make friends. I had always to wait for somebody else to take the initiative. And then when I met persons whom I believed I could have loved and trusted, as sure as that day came, the acquaintance was suddenly broken off, and we were separated."

"Separated? By whom?" "By-by Mr. Lye. He did not wish me to have friends, I am sure. I hope I do not wrong him, but I think so, be-"My good, kind friends, it is due to cause nothing disturbed him more than you that I recall all this, however much it pains me. I have tried not to think mother pitied my isolation, and she ofof the past while I have been here, but | ten tried to interest in me companious it is too black a shadow ever to let me of my own age, and then the information would come that we were to break Said Maxey eagerly, "When you have up our little home again and go to some told the story once, you need never refer distant place to live. That is why I had no friends. We staid so short a time in "I do not complain. It was my mis- any city, we changed our living place fortune to be born under it. I do not so often-I cannot say home-I never wish to conceal anything. Indeed I knew what that word really meant till thought this letter very strange, but I I came here. But I am only mystifying was so unhappy that anything was bet- | you, my kind friends. I should tell you ter than the suspense. I had nobedy to | what I know of myself from the begin-

"Way back, beyond all that I can leading. I got the letter in the morning, really remember, there is a vague, imfore he took so greatly to drink. Now "What first brought me to myself he seems to have no care. My mother

"I noticed as soon as I was old enough library, obtained at so much cost and

fore he got to me he began to rein in pains, was missed by us in the morning. "I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world and its ways that my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of it. I did not even then fully understand my position. All the time my mother that I was the object of his attack, and was becoming paler and feebler every day. Finally she took to her bed. I-I

attended her. It was with difficulty that Amette controlled herself sufficiently to go on. But her resolution conquered her natural emotion. She was even able to speak in

a calm voice. "Before she died she told me that I was not her child. It was a secret she could not carry away with her. She had often and often begged her busband to tell her who I was, but he never would. One night when I was not 2 years old Mr. Dye had placed me in her arms, and in a hurried and agitated manner had told her that I was to be their child thenceforth, and that we three were to begin traveling about the country the to Somerset?" very next day. Before that time he had been very good to her, but somehow my coming estranged them. The gulf that began then has been widening between them ever since. He had loved her once, out her last breath in my arms, while he was away with degraded men, careless what became of her. He had at last | sition." frightened her by declaring that if she ever told anybody I was not their child it would bring him to the gallows. Then she believed that the secret must be terrible indeed, and for years she had not dared to question him again. " 'I was too weak,' she said, 'to make

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any resistance then, but when you grew to be quite a girl and I realized the great responsibility upon me to bring you up as I ought in the sight of God and man I often on my knees begged and be-

sought him to restore you to your parents, or at least tell me who you were. My mother! Forgive me for not having | He only answered "I do not know." Oh, but he was good to me once! If he comes now before I die and sees me, perhaps the sight of me lying so feeble here-for it is the same face, Annette, the same face, though changed, that he used to kiss so fondly in the old days-perhaps the sight may touch his heart, and he will tell us, if I ask him, everything. So, Annette, I must not die yet. I feel impulsively, and kneeling on the floor beside Annette's chair took her hand in sit up. I can hear better then, and the first sound of his footsteps on the stairs a little time Annette was able to speak | will drag me back from the very arms

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted he up as she wiched, and there she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair. When he came, he found us both unconscious on the bed. Alas, mine was an unconsciousness that knew an awakening! I almost hated him for awaking me. Oh, how like a horrid dream it seems-this, that was only a few weeks

There were no longer tears in her eyes, Those dark orbs burned with a light that the physician did not like to see in

"Let us forget all this, my dear young lady," he said. "What happened after

"After that was the little funeral, attended by only us two. We sat in the carriage that followed her to the grave, strangers, as we had been all our lives

"The brute!" cried Miss Maxey. "You wrong him," said Annette quickly. "He was not heartless. Inever in all my life heard him speak a savage word to her. And in the carriage his grief was terrible to see. I never saw a man weep before. It frightened me. I tried to say something to console him. He silenced me with a terrible oath, the only time he ever spoke like that to me. Oh, Mr. Dye is a strange man! He seems always to be brooding over some terrible wrong. I have sometimes even wondered whether his mind was not unsettled. That was what made my life so unbearable. It was enough to feel the desolation of my mother's death, but to have him always absent or sitting in the same room without a word, without a look for me, that was terrible. And still we moved about. I could not bear to remain shut up all the time, and one night despair gave me courage to throw myself upon his mercy, to tell him my unhappiness and to beg him for a release. I thought if he could allow me to go out to work as a servant in a family where I could earn my bread even that would be better than this, for this was orse than death itself.

"He heard me out in astonished since and averted his head to reply in a voice that trembled: 'You are my daughter, Annette. The law makes me responsible for you until you are 21. I must continue to take care of you.' Then I told him, for the first time, that I knew



"I told him that I knew his secret." he did not let me go, I should myself appeal for aid to some charitable person. The fact that we had just come back to the city, where I had met the kind lady, Mrs. Hapgood, made me think of her, and I spoke of her. He seemed utterly overwhelmed, and when I saw the strange paller that my rash words had brought into his face my anger died away at once. I remembered what my mother had told me about his fear of the gallows, and I thought there might be truth in it. I was frightened. That was only me to the hotel at Somerset."

mar. "It is not necessary that you should allow your mind to dwell much upon the unpleasant past. Choose the bright things, Miss Dye, if you must think of it at all, and let the rest go. However, I wish to ask you a question or two, if you don't mind. In the first place, were you feeling well and strong previous to the 9th of December last, when you made your unfortunate visit

"Not really well, sir. It had been increasing for some months. I think if I had been well I should not have felt so deeply the lonesomeness of my situation. My head troubled me greatly, and at she said, and there she was breathing times I suffered from an overwhelming feeling of despair and melancholy, which I am sure was not natural to my dispo-

> "Then as to your sight. Could you not call up the face of an absent person most vividly before your mind, and shutting your eyes sometimes almost persuade yourself that that person was standing before you?"

Anneite suddenly became very pale. She looked at the physician, agitated and amazed.

"Why-why, how could you know that, sir?" she stammered. She seemed so excessively froubled and alarmed that everybody uttered an exclamation of surprise. In a few moments, however, she had partly recovered, and then she at once went on in a harried manner, much as if she were trying to get away from a dangerous topic as fast as possi-

"Indeed I never forgot faces nor anything else that I saw that interested me. Sometimes such a thing would haunt me for days. I suppose it was my loneliness and isolation that made me take so much interest in what I saw about me when I was young. I studied over them till they almost became a part of me-at least I fancied so. Sometimes when anything had impressed itself strongly on my mind it would come into my sleep night after night until it really terrified me with its vividness. And really, Dr. Lamar, I should like to

know if you consider this a part of my She put the question anxiously, as if

it were a most momentous one. "Oh, no, not at all, not at all!" said the physician quickly, believing that he had alarmed her, though the fact seemed very strange and inexplicable to him. "I think perhaps, Miss Dye, we have talked sufficiently on such topics for one day. Some time when you are stronger we will discuss them more fully. Forget this past that troubles you. You are in safe hands here, and I can assure you that your old life is a closed volume if you will only agree to make it so. My earnest advice to you is to keep your mind free from it. The present and the future are much more to the point." "But what can I do?" sighed An-

nette, passing from her former agitation to an expression of uneasiness and dis-"I do not, I cannot feel happy here. I know it is wrong, but I cannot help seeming to myself a burden on my friends. If I could only earn my own

"You shall," cried Maxey, with an inspired look. "You yourself have already indicated the path. You have a talent for drawing and an admiration for art. I will become your teacher, and you shall be an artist,"

"And make your fortune at once. Artists always do," added Miss Maxey, with a sly look at her brother.

"But I am not sure that I can. I spoke too much of myself perhaps. I may not have any talent at all," stammered Annette. But the delight and hope in her face

as she glanced at Maxey's sketch betrayed her real feelings plainly. "You will not refuse?" the artist

"Not, not if you really would like to have me try."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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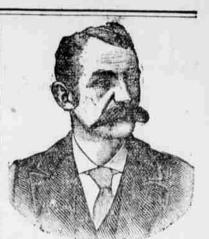
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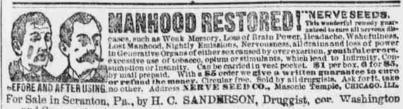
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