

THE FACE OF ROSENFEL.

CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER IX.

"At last!" cried Maxey. He had been putting the finishing touches to a sketch in the light from the bay window in the front room...

"Come!" echoed Maxey. "Why didn't you tell me so at once?" His chief trouble at this moment was his hair and his necktie...

"May we come in?" The artist was a trifle confused by the suddenness of the arrival and blushed like a girl...

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark..."

"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..."

"You are looking so much better today, Miss Dye," he said in a burst of enthusiasm. "I am glad to hear that," she replied, with a look of pleasure...

"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..."

"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...

"You are 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.

"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, "My Dye."

"You mother?" suggested Ellen. "Yes, yes, I shall always call her so! My mother! Forget me for not having told you all about it before..."

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted up as she wished, and there she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair..."

"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 long..."

"Way back, beyond all that I can really remember, there is a vague, imperfect sense of something different, which comes to me most vividly sometimes when I am not trying to think of it..."

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark..."

"I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world, and its ways to my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of my position..."

"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 husband to tell her who I was, but he never would..."

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

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...

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted up as she wished, and there she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair..."

"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 long..."

"Way back, beyond all that I can really remember, there is a vague, imperfect sense of something different, which comes to me most vividly sometimes when I am not trying to think of it..."

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark..."

"I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world, and its ways to my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of my position..."

"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 husband to tell her who I was, but he never would..."

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

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...

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted up as she wished, and there she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair..."

"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 long..."

"Way back, beyond all that I can really remember, there is a vague, imperfect sense of something different, which comes to me most vividly sometimes when I am not trying to think of it..."

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark..."

"I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world, and its ways to my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of my position..."

"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 husband to tell her who I was, but he never would..."

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

know if you consider this a part of my disease?" She put the question anxiously, as if it were a most momentous one, as if he had alarmed her, though the fact seemed very strange and inexplicable to him...

"It was night, and everything in the house was still. I cried so I could hardly see. I lifted up as she wished, and there she died, with her head turned, listening for the step on the stair..."

"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 long..."

"Way back, beyond all that I can really remember, there is a vague, imperfect sense of something different, which comes to me most vividly sometimes when I am not trying to think of it..."

"What first brought me to myself was the realization that the tears were almost freezing on my cheeks and that it would soon be quite dark..."

"I should not have been unhappy but for the little knowledge of the world, and its ways to my reading gave to me. It made me feel the degradation of my position..."

"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 husband to tell her who I was, but he never would..."

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

"Yes, yes, I said in a faint voice. 'I remember it now. She wrote to me.'" "Her name was Haggood?" continued the physician after a pause...

Third National Bank of Scranton. ORGANIZED 1872. CAPITAL, \$200,000 SURPLUS, \$250,000

Dr. E. Grever. The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians.

DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. The symptoms of which are: dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men, and want of sleep in the night, spots floating before the eyes...

Lost Manhood Restored. Weakness of Young Men Cured. If you have been given up by your physician as beyond the doctor and he examined...

The Flour Awards. "Chicago, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis...

MEGARGEL & CONNELL. SUPERLATIVE AND GOLD MEDAL. The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants...

DIP YOU KNOW? That we will GIVE you beautiful new patterns of Sterling SILVER SPOONS and FORKS for an equal weight, ounce for ounce...

Mercereau & Connell. 307 LACKAWANNA AVENUE. MANHOOD RESTORED! NERVE SEEDS. This wonderful remedy restores manhood...

RESTORED MANHOOD. DR. MOTT'S NERVE-PILLS. The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases...

Sex-in-Oils. RESTORE LOST VIGOR. New discovery. Will bring you up in a week. Sold with WRITTEN GUARANTEE to cure...

Spring Gingham. We have placed on sale our line of Gingham for the coming spring and summer. Finer Goods, More Tasteful Colorings and Lower Prices than ever before...

GLOBE WAREHOUSE, PITTSBURGH, PA. The GENUINE New Haven "Matushek" Pianos. ESTABLISHED 1860. New York Warehouses—No. 80 Fifth Avenue.

E. C. RICKER & CO., Sole Dealers in this section. OFFICE—121 Adams Ave., Telephone BT 749. RICE THINNING AND SOLDERING ALL DONE AWAY WITH BY THE USE OF HARTMAN'S PATENT...

BLOOD POISON. A Remarkable Remedy. Under medical treatment, by 3000-5000 cases. This medicine is the only one that will cure blood poison...

IT'S A LEAP IN THE DARK. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives you a proof. Its makers say that as a blood-purifier, flesh-builder, strength-restorer, and nerve-tonic, they'll return the money. It's guaranteed to cure you of Leucorrhea, the worst Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous Affections.

Abbe May. Respectfully yours, Abbe May.