

CHAPTER XIL

A DRUADFUL MISTARE. The unsteady figure of the somber Dye went on along the snow covered payement alone. Miss Maxey no longer

Instead of that she walked boldly up from the area door into the street, ascended the brownstone steps and pulled the bell. This was the result of her reflections in the cold and dark. She would see this high bred acquaintance of the involctions man, convince her of the urgeries of the case, threaten her if need be and learn from her if she could who and what he was.

It was not without a conscious dread and shrinking that she took the initiative step in this determined project. She had been rather inclined to consider herself as lacking in executive ability, but none of us emerly know earselves until an emergency arises to test us. After she had let go the handle which eda roof off the servant to the door she was taken with a fit of trembling and began to consider whether she had better not run away while there was yet

The instant the servant appeared and she had spoken to her, her courage returned, the trembling left her She could not understand what had so frightened her amount before. But the schtiment which came to take the place of the dread and the fear was soon changed from that of bravery to surprise and bewilderment. As the house seemed destitute of a door plate, Miss Maxey had made up her mind to ask, like a peddler or a beggar, for the lady of the house. Her ring had been answered with surprising alacrity by a maid in a white enp, who now, hardly waiting for her to open her lips, said in a low voice;

"You want to see my Indy? Yes. She is waiting for you. Come up. This

The next moment the door closed behind her, and Miss Marcov was in the house. Her heart was beating rapidly. What did this mean? Elad the woman supported her, watched her? Did she know how she had followed her carriage and had hidden under the steps of the adjoining house till Mr. Dye had come out? It seemed preposterous, but it must

"Come right with me," said the maid in the same low tone when she had closed the deer

She becan at once to ascend the broad. richly carpeted staircase which led to the floor above. Miss Maxey, startled and confused, followed. Having reached the head of the flight, the maid went along the spacious hall toward the rear of the house and turned into a narrower paswas dim. It was with difficulty that the artist's sister could see her way. The maid knocked at a door. Immediately there was a rustle within, followed by the sound of a key turning in the lock, The door opened cautiously a little way, and a woman's volce said:

"Yos," the maid answered.

"Be quick," said the voice. The maid laid her hand upon Miss Maxey's shoulder, and in her engerness to enforce the order neged her, almost puched her, through the doorway. Miss Maxey suddenly found herself in a glaro of light that dazzled hereyes. This fact and the realization that the deer was instantly closed and locked constituted her first impressions. Immediately the

strong and to her the siekening smell of other choked her with its intensity, and she saw the room and all that it con-It was a bedchamber, expensive and luxurious in all its appointments. Great mirrors, a costly dressing table, elegant but sensuous pictures, rugs that would have been a wealth of delight and warmth to the feet-nothing was wanting that an opicurean taste could suggest and money could purchase. Dat for all that the furniture was disarranged and disordered as if some unwonted disturb-

ance had lately occurred there. The bed had been drawn out into the center of the fleer. The lace curtains with which it had been surrounded were torn from their places and lay in a confused home on the floor. A table stood near the bed, Upon it were several sponges, a bowl centaining water deeply tinged with blood, a chafing dish with a redhet curling iron apparently forgotten in it.

The sight of this last instrument affeeted Miss Maxey more deeply than anything else. Despite the powerful fames of the other she thought she detected a more dreadful odor still, as of burning flesh. On the bed, not in it, dressed in aloose wrapper, which was still further loosened at the neck to give her all possible ease of breathing, lay the pretty young woman whom Miss Maxey had seen with the elder in the carriage, pale now and learing about in a silly, idiotic way. Miss Maxey knew instinctively that she was under the influence of ether. She was very scantily dressed and had been covered with a sheet apparently, but in her convulsive motions had displaced it. Miss Maxey's frightened glance fancied she detected spots of blood upon the cloth.

All this, not more the powerful total than the smallest detail of the scene, rashed in upon Misa Maxey's horrified sense with the suddenness and the power of a thunderbox. In those few moments she saw that which a lifetime will not efface.

Then she became aware that another face, as pale and startled as her own. was at her side, regarding her in speechless consternation. Even before she turned toward it she knew that this face was the handsome, disdainful face that had locked forth on the trembling Dye from the carriage. She realized this in one instant. In the next the woman had caught her by the wrist, had with excited roughness pulled her about so that she faced her, and demanded in a voice in which anger and fear seemed to be sharply commingled:

"What do you mean? How dare you come in here?

Oh, how strongly it came to Miss Maxey now-the feeling that she had | do you want?"

seen this face somewhere before! And yet it seemed almost impossible that it should be so. Strange that she could not make this feeling seem reasonable and yet could by no effort drive it away. The woman was dark, handsome, of queenly presence, though there was even a masculine air of figuress about the face and a rose too prominent for perfect



symmetry. Her beauty was of a way-

ward, voluptuous kind and had in it

neither classic purity nor refinement,

and yet so strongly flid these same

dominant impressions manifest them-

The woman had caught her by the wrist

expression and the silly leer, that Miss Maxey was almost ready to declare the relationship between them that of moth-

Even these reflections passed like a flash through Miss Maxoy's intuitive mind while she stood bewilderingly returning the fierce lock of the woman who held her by the wrist. The silence only exasperated the questioner. Her nervous hold on the arm tightened, and | Ellen, changed her mind suddenly, she said in a lower but still more in- | seized a costly ornament from the center tense voice:

"Do you hear me? Who are you? What do you want?" "Do not blame me," said Miss Maxey

at last in a voice the clearness and steadinot my fault that I am in this room. I brought me, I might almost say dragged room, me, here."

"The idiot! The idiot!" cried the woman, with more anger, but not less suspicien. "This blunder will cost her her place. Whom did you with to see?"

"You, mwlam." "Me? You have chosen an odd hour Maxey's arm and tore open the door in a fever of haste.

"There!" she eried. "This is not my reception room! Here, little feel, show this lady down stairs."

obeyed her. Ellen followed her to the floor below. As she descended the stairs | fortunate accident happened to a protege she possed on elderly female, with an energetic stride, coming up. Eilen was dies were so powerful that ether was very sure the newcomer went into the chamber from which she had just come, the effects of the other had passed off. I and she thought:

"That is the person, whoever she may be, for whom I was mistaken,"

Miss Maxey was conducted to a dainty reception room on the first floor. The gas was lighted, and she was left alone with her reflections. She sank into a stories affect? Mind that you do not, for chair. A long time, a very long time elapsed. She heard many footsteps go along the hall outside her door before any one sought again to turn the handle. She listened with all her power. She even held her breath. The sight she had seen in the chamber had made so powerful an impression upon her that it almost seemed to be before her still. She did not understand it, but the very mystery made the possibilities so much the more dreadful. What was the nature of the strange horror she had surprised? | face. Who was the fashionable woman who had such curious acquaintances in the outer world, who sheltered such name less enormities under her roof?

Miss Maxey was a young women who had been protected from the rough breath of the great world from her infancy, to whom evil in all its greater and more repulsive forms had always seemed unreal and dreamlike, but yet as she sat there in that silens room her active mind, busy with the logic of the events of the past few hours, saw before it such possibilities of the depth of human depravity as made her tremble for the powers of her own imagination. What did it mean? What could it mean? The pretty girl who but a few hours before had been riding for pleasure in her carriage through the city streets now prostrate and insone? The other, the rednot curling iron, the smell of burning flesh? Miss Maxey's mind recled under the fancies of what it might mean, and yet in the midst of it all she was aware of a latent impression that nothing in all these wild speculations was plausible enough to be the truth.

What a hazardous, foolish thing this following of Mr. Dye had proved! Was it not an unladylike action, and might she not live to regret having committed

it? A vague fear hannied her. The time came when her reflections were interrupted. She heard no warning step in the hall outside. The knob turned quietly. The door swung noiselessly, and she whom she had come into the

house to see came in. The woman was exceedingly pale, and her eyes seemed unnaturally large. There was a slight trembling of her hands, but no tremble of the lip. She spoke at once upon her entrance in a disdainful manner and a steady voice. "To whom have I the honor of speak

"To a lady who desires to remain un-

Miss Maxey, would not have made that answer an hour ago, but events had brought her to a wise determination. A slight color came into the handsome

woman's face. "This is very extraordinary. What

"Oh, indeed! Well, I can relieve you of any further necessity of waiting on that score. I shall not answer questions addressed to me by a person who desires to remain unknown.

There were the most bitter irony and contempt in the tone of this speech. But for all that the hand trembled still, though it was laid upon the back of a ashioned chair to steady it,

Ellen arose at once, reddening in spite of herself.

"I have no means to force you," she said quietly. "We are at least on an qual footing. I do not know you any etter than you know me," The woman caught her breath in a

painful way. "You do not know my name, and yet you are in my house?"

"I came into your house because I saw a person about whom I am very anxious to know come out of it. I mean Mr.

Dye. The woman gasped again. Her eyes were fixed upon Ellen's face with burning intensity. She did not even attempt to speak. Ellen went on:

That man I sa very much interested in. It is a family matter. I am aware that I did a very bold thing, and I heartily apologize for my rudeness, but my reasons for wishing to know are so very present that they led me to oversten the bounds of social custom. I thought if you had no objections to telling me what you know of that man the information would be very valuable to me. If you do object, I can only say again what I said before, that I am sorry for my intresion, and go."

Ellen's voice as she went on grew stronger till it had almost a defiant ring. The woman answered her, with forced composure:

"You saw tiffs fellow-I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance—you say, come out of my house. I know nothing about him, and I know equally little about you. Your story is very suspicious. If he is a thief and you an accompliee, it will be well to let this matter go at once to the police."

The blood rushed into Ellen's face, She spoke impulsively:

"Are you very sure, madam, that you fear the police less than I?" If Ellen had had any idea of the effect

of her words, she would not have uttered them. The woman flew into a fit of momentary passion, which caused Miss Maxoy to tromble for her personal rafety. She tarned ashy pale even to the lips. She danced upon the floor like an unruly child. She took a step toward table and dashed it to atoms on the marble before the fireplace.

This extraordinary action, the fact that destruction in some form had followed her wrath, seemed to appease her ness of which surprised herself. "It is in a degree. When the act was done, she stood glaring at Ellen a moment and ked only to see you. The servant | then with a quick rustle of silk left the

Ellen would have followed her and made the best of her way out of the house, but the strange creature came back so quickly that she stopped her upon the threshold of the apartment.

She had succeeded in calming herself and even looked at Ellen with a tinge of for your call!" The woman breathed fear in her big eyes. Her voice trembled painfully in her agitation, dropped Miss in spite of all she could do as she said:

gize to you. I should have sent you daily sea bath or sentimental sunset roll, away without a word the moment you told me that you desired to coneeal your identity but for the fact that the stupid-The frightened servant, who appeared, | ity of a servant makes it necessary for me to explain a trifling matter. An unof mine this afternoon, and the remeused. The doctor was called away before was afraid and sent for a lady physician in whom I have great confidence, who lives but a few doors below. The servant, especting her at the moment of your arrival, showed you up. Do you understand this, that you set no foolish the child will be herself again tomorrow to contradict you. That is all, Good afternoon. "

> "One moment, madam. If I should send somebody here who would tell you who I am and who he is and why we wish to know, would you"-

Ellen hesitated. She was really afraid of this woman. "Well, would I"- said the haughty

voice, and there was a look of affected surprise and incredulity in the cynical

"Would you tell me what you know about Mr. Dye?"

"You insult me to my face after what I have told you!" The woman stamped Aeree emphasis the single supplemental syllable "No!" and swept out of Miss Maxev's sight.

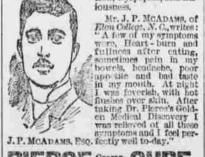
A servant bowed Miss Maxey out with grave politeness, and the heavy door closed after her.

It was over, and she felt like a child. For a moment a great weakness in all her body seemed about to cause her to fall down. She clung to the doorcase for support. As she did so she noticed a tiny silver doorplate just under the hell handle, which had before escaped her eye. With feverish impatience she bent down and scrutinized the delicate tracery thereon in the light from the street lamp. The force of what she read rendered her for the moment incapable of thought or motion. It was the simple ame "Forsythe."

And this was the house 16 Livingston street! It was no longer a problem where she had seen that handsome face. It was the original of the medallion which Dr.

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Lamar during that memorable sleigh ride on the sea road had told her bore the

features of the woman he was to marry. "I must never tell Julian what I have dared to do today. Never. He would be terribly displeased. But, none the less, it is my duty to warn Dr. Lamar. How? I'do not know. But one thing I do know. Whatever may be the result of this sad complication, whatever happens, I never will do the foolish thing again that I have done today. Whatever comes, I have done with playing the detective.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Americans Should Get There Oftener-Gar den Party Gowns For Such Outings. In spite of the fog, frequent rain and remarkable uncertainty of climate, out of door amusements are exceedingly popular in England. The English spend a large proportion of their sunny summer days in boating, plenicking, making excursions to points of interest and attending or giving lawn parties. It seems rather odd that Americans, who have in general a far brighter and more dependable climate to count upon, do not take more kindly to open air diversions. They play tennis, to be sure, but that is almost the only out of door recreation in which they indulge as a

The French and Germans, whose climate is more like our own, are also open air people and delight to be out of doors even though inanimate nature be represented only by a stunted grapevine or the trellised vestibule of a restaurant. It is curious that the inhabitants of this young



GARDEN PARTY GOWN. country, which is yet in its childhood, should have lost the primeval desire for sylvan surroundings which is still felt in had no appetite-could take nothing all its force by nations heary with antiquity. The shopgirls of Paris spend their weekly holiday in the suburbs, where they can see green fields and drink their thin was growing weaker and weaker, and wine under a leafy lattice, but American men and women of the same class rush to the most crowded thoroughfares of the city on Sunday to find their recreation and enjoyment. When they enter the public parks, they throng the edges of the drives and swell the crowd in the main paths, ignoring the small green alleys and leafy nooks within their reach. It is not a desire for out of doors that inspires them, but a craving to be a part of the jostling mass of humanity for which there is not

room under cover. It is the same with the wealthier class-The most crowded mountain and seaside caravansaries are the most attractive "You insulted me, or I should apole to the summer visitant. Except for the the guests spend their days in dawdling about the verandas or billiard rooms and

their nights in dancing in overheated halls. They do these things better in France. They associate with pastoral nature there, although they make her wear rouge and high heels. Even the modistes design their prettiest gowns to be worn against the background she spreads for them. A sketch is given of a gown suitable for a lawn party. It is of lettuce green and white china silk draped with white liberty satin. The garniture is of guipure, with violet velvet resettes.

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Yet in all that crow d there was but one man who knew why the blood spurted from the disserved arteries in the monarch's neck. That was Dr. Harvey, the King's physician. He had announced the circulation of the blood and in so doing he started a tremendons scandal. People called him a fool, a meddler; a madman. They said he ought to be sent to the block. What a lucky thing it was that the

Puritans chopped off the king's head instead of Harvey's. A king more or less doesn't matter, but a thinker more or less Goes. Thank mercy, it's safer now to tell new truth than it was 250 years ago. That's why we are not afraid to pub-

lish these letters, nor to talk freely

about what they mean.
First: "I have a sister—a young lady of 21 years. She has been troubled with constipation in the worst form; also with catarrh of the stomseh and bowels and prostration of the nerves She suffered everything short of death, and would break down in nervous crying spelts. We spent much money with doctors in Chicago and Ludington, but none of them was able to help ner. We saw some statements in the papers, and resolved to try the new

pre-digested food remedy. Previous

to that time she found nothing that would move her bowels without the aid of a syringe, "But what a change! Paskola, the new pre-digested food, is doing wonderful work with her. Although up to date, she has taken it only about week the trembling has stopped, she is regular twice a day and has no crying spells. Her sleep, which has been broken and wretched, is now sound and refreshing. She eats heartily and feels like another person. thankful; and I feel it my duty to make known the facts. Yours, etc., Sidney C. Gay, Ludington, Mich., March 26,

Another:—'I began taking Paskola Jan. 1, 1894. I had been sick in bed seven or eight weeks and could not turn myself in bed without help. 1 but a little milk and water, and even that was hard work. But the doctor was growing weaker and weaker, and my friends and the doctor thought I must go down.

"The first dose of Paskola gave a little appetite and I began to revive. My strength increased so that in a week from the time I took the first dose I weighed 83 pounds, and the next week I weighed 88 pound. In five weeks I gained 20 pounds. My general weight is from 140 to 150 pounds; so you can see how run down I was, I feel my strength increasing every day. years I have suffered with indigestion and constination, and had doctored and staken this and that without avail. I of the good Lord Paskola has done wonderful work for me. Yours truly

Calvin Barnard, London, N. H., Feb. 14, 1894 " Paskola is not a medicine at all, but an artificially digested starch food which (because it is digested in adleaves the tired and perhaps abused digestive organs to rest and get well, while the body grows strong and plump on Paskola and other food taken with it and digested by it.

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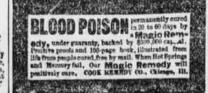
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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

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, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolia. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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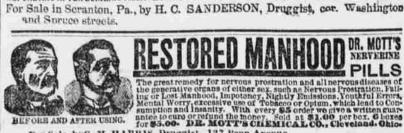
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