

THE FACE OF ROSENTEL.

BY CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER XV.

More than once in the course of this story it has been mentioned that the windows of the artist's chambers looked out upon a river. In truth, it was almost impossible to be anywhere in Maxey's rooms and escape its presence. He had chosen his site for the free, open prospect it afforded, and he had sketched and painted a landscape from this lofty situation a dozen times. It mattered not in what part of the house one was, there was always something to remind him of the river.

The sweeping curve made by the stream just above the center of the city broadened the otherwise narrow belt of water into a lakelike expanse and opened a vista of miles to the eye. Over this wide surface the wind came and went unimpeded. It was ever rattling at the windows of the artist's rooms. To awake of a winter's night and hear the uneasy ghost tapping with his chill hand for admission was to be reminded of the icy water flowing steadily with the tide down between the great stone walls in the darkness.

The tide rose and fell in the river for miles above the city. In the deed of winter it lifted the solid white surface, like a marble floor, through 10 feet twice a day. After a thaw, when the ice broke up, even in Maxey's rooms, could be heard the great blocks grinding against the stones. These floating masses drifted variously, as the tide ran back up the stream, to crowd the narrow space between the banks above the sweeping curve or down beneath the bridges and between the hulls of innumerable vessels out to sea. Only in the space contiguous to the house in Bella-ville place they remained stationary, for just here a configuration in the wall gave a whirling motion to the water.

The floating block that drifted too near this spot was inevitably drawn in, and once in there it staid, pumpled up and down, up and down against the masonry and the decaying piles till it was melted quite away.

It was a dark and mysterious recess, this little section of the river beneath the artist's windows. Somehow the building stood about it in such a way as to cut off the sunlight, except perchance at high noon. It was always gloomy close to the wall. Even when the river sparkled brightest in the smiling summer days, just in here there was a dreary spot. Here the water swirled and did not dance in little waves. Here, too, had once been the end of a wharf or wooden structure of some kind. A few of the venerable timbers yet remained imbedded firmly in the river's bottom. The blackened ends, projecting above the surface, deepened the somber and forlorn effect.

The house in which Maxey lived did not rise directly from the river wall. It stood back and left a little space—a mean and parsimonious space—utilized only by housewives for the hanging out of clothes. A high picketed fence prevented the contiguity of the river from being dangerous.

Occasionally the janitor of the building, who was supposed to have a protecting eye for all that appertained to it, emerged from the bespectacled whom he lived into the yard to cast about him a reassuring glance. One morning in December, when he came, a trifling alteration in the familiar prospect caught his attention and aroused his wonder. The upper ends of two pickets in the high fence were broken short off near the top. One of the several pieces lay in the snow at the bottom of the fence; the other staid hung by a silver from its place. The janitor shook the woodwork, and his mystification was increased when he found that the two broken pickets were loose. This was such an inexplicable

matter that he did not cease to wonder at it. After he had exhausted all his theories and had pursued a fruitless investigation till he was forced from lack of untired means to give it up, being after the time when he made the discovery, it would still recur to his mind. Sometimes he would look suspiciously into the river just without the fence, as if he more than half believed that it might give the explanation for which he sought, if it would. But such secrets as it had the river guarded well. The water was very murky and impenetrable just here in the best of times. Soon after the breaking of the pickets he put a wall of ice upon its surface, the better to keep out prying eyes. But still the two broken pickets rose up shorter than their fellows to remind the curious janitor of the something unexplained.

The spring came, and the sun melted the ice. It lingered in the pool without the fence longer than anywhere else, as if it were loath to go. For a long time the bitter breath of the dying winter and the warning rays from the April sky fought for the mastery here. It was a sea of mud, open and occasionally admitted, Maxey's wife and declared that if she had been a man she should have fallen in love with her herself. She praised Maxey's taste as an artist and went into raptures over some of his pictures, with which he had ornamented the walls of his parlor. She even—

"Such," thought Ellen, "is her boldness and effrontery!"—attempted to become a worshiper at the shrine of the artist's sister, but Miss Maxey met all her attempts to win her over with an icy reticence which more than once aroused the latent fire in the widow's eyes.

Dr. Lamar, usually so gay and conversational in the artist's rooms, hardly uttered a word. He sat beside Mrs. Forsythe on the sofa as grave and serious as if he had been assisting at a funeral. The difference was so marked and so significant that all three of his friends were impressed by the fact. It was the last matter under the circumstances that either Julian Maxey or his young wife would have thought of mentioning in his presence, but Ellen somehow felt that she had a battle to fight with an unscrupulous woman, and that any means were justifiable. She took advantage of the opportunity afforded her by this fact to plant a covert thorn in the breast of her enemy.

"I am sure," she said in an audible voice to her brother while Mrs. Forsythe was saying something to Annette, "the doctor is not well tonight."

"Not well?" echoed Maxey.

"No; don't you notice how constrained and different from his ordinary self he is? He is usually so chatty and agreeable. Some shadow seems to have come in which him. What can it be? Is he not happy?"

"Hash!" whispered the startled Maxey, perfectly unconscious of his sister's duplicity. "She will hear you."

"She. Who? I don't understand you," Miss Maxey addressed herself immediately to Annette.

"Don't you notice that the doctor is not himself tonight, dear?"

"Oh, indeed, is he not?" cried the widow Forsythe, turning with an admirable appearance of solicitude toward her affianced. "Do you hear what they are saying, Eustace?"

"No, what?"

"That you are not at all like yourself tonight. I hope you are not going to be ill, too, because of my bad example."

"I was not aware," returned Lamar coldly, "that I exhibited any symptoms of the sort."

The tone of the reply was so rough and discourteous that the color came into Mrs. Forsythe's cheeks. She bit her lip, and her eyes moistened.

"She loves him," thought watchful Ellen, with a jealous glow at the heart.

"She loves him. There is no doubt of that."

Lamar seemed to have instantly repented his own harshness, for he at once went on, with an assumption of careless gaiety:

"The fact is, while you have been talking I have been dreaming. I may have looked sick, but the truth is I was abstracted."

"Some new theory in practice, I suppose," suggested Maxey.

"No," said Lamar, straightening up and making an evident effort to be entertaining. "It was something older than that—something a good deal more interesting."

"Of course that is meant to arouse our curiosity and make us beg you to tell us about it," said Mrs. Forsythe playfully.

"I don't know about that," Lamar returned, with a slight frown. "I am not so sure that I should be justified in discussing a professional secret even among friends."

"It's a professional secret then!" exclaimed Maxey. "Oh, then we must be told! Professional secrets are always the most entertaining of secrets. Out with it, Lamar!"

"Well," replied the physician, "as long as you understand that it is not a matter to be talked about outside, I don't know that I need hesitate. Prepare yourselves for a most curious and mysterious affair."

"I think I may say that everybody is sufficiently prepared," said Maxey. "Let us have the whole mystery at once."

"Dietum factum! You shall. I will save my conscience by not calling any names. A certain lawyer of this city called at my office this morning and in a very cautious and enigmatical manner informed me that he wanted to have my opinion on a matter of vast importance to himself and others interested."

"First of all," said he, "I want to know if you can tell the comparative age of a scar on the human body? To so very vague and general a question I told him I certainly could give him no satisfactory answer. 'Very well,' said he, 'I will postpone my question until after I have presented my case. I want you to get into my carriage. I will then take you to a place where there is a scar which I wish to have examined. I shall introduce you under a false name, and it is not to be known that you are a physician. All you have to do is to assist to everything I say, and when I show you the scar scrutinize it as closely as you can. Afterward I shall ask you for your opinion.'

"I will tell you," he went on, "that this is a most important case, and that you are only one of several prominent physicians whose opinions are to be asked. We wish and intend to make this matter as much of a certainty and to have it partake as little of the nature of guesswork as medical science will permit. I do not want to conceal anything from you, however. There is a bare possibility that at some time or other you may be called upon as an expert to repeat the opinion which you shall give me in court. If so, we shall see that you are amply recompensed for any loss of time or interference with your business that such a necessity would occasion. And in view of this possibility I wish you to recollect just how this matter was presented by me to you, and that so far from endeavoring to control your opinion I have not even told you whether it would be for our interest to find this scar to be old or recent!—Why, what is the trouble, Fostelle? You are pale. Is your faintness coming on again?"

With a sudden effort Mrs. Forsythe overcame the emotion which had made itself so dangerously apparent in her countenance. She forced a smile, and with admirable presence of mind made haste to turn the apprehensive glances of everybody from herself by requesting Lamar to go on.

"Oh, no, Eustace; you are wrong this time, at any rate. I never felt better in my life. Go on, I pray you; I am so interested!"

"The physician, almost forced to disbelieve his own eyes, eventually complied with this request."

"After this preliminary," he continued, "I got into a closed carriage with my enigmatical friend and was driven to a certain place, where I was ushered into the presence of as pretty a young lady as you often have an opportunity to look at."

"A pretty young lady?" exclaimed Maxey. "You are doing very well, Lamar. Proceed. Don't spare the details."

Everybody laughed, even Mrs. Forsythe, but Ellen, who was watching her with sharp eyes, saw that a new and secret terror was coming over her as the doctor went on. At his last words she had trembled visibly. Nevertheless she only raised a handkerchief to her lips and did not speak.

Lamar continued: "Well," said my friend, the lawyer, to the young lady, 'here is Mr. So-and-so, of whom I told you. He was an old friend of your father's. He ought to know you very well. You won't object to his examining you, I suppose?' The young woman laughed, as I thought, a little nervously and said: 'Oh, no, not at all. I have no objection. He may inspect as much as he pleases.' Rather more bold and loud than I should have liked, but still not offensive. 'Dark hair, you see,' said the lawyer. 'Isn't that right?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'quite right.' 'And black eyes. Good again, isn't it?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'perfectly good.' And so he went on making a sort of inventory of her distinctive points, such as though she had been a horse which he was trying to sell me. And finally you can't guess what happened."

"They all gave it up without trying."

"Well," said Dr. Lamar, "finally the lawyer persuaded the girl to pull off her stockings and show me her left foot."

Mr. and Mrs. Maxey were so intent on what the physician had to say that they did not observe Mrs. Forsythe, but Ellen saw that she looked really ill, and in the midst of it darted a wild, searching, suspicious glance into her own eyes.

"He made her show me her foot," said the physician, "and then I saw that one of the toes was missing. Here was the scar about which he had so mysteriously hinted. 'Well,' said he, 'when we were out of the place once

the shops, a dozen of twisted silken cord and of best netting needles to carry it. Fine and brown denim embroidery, decorated with fringe and valance for the hangings of a knight's horse in the days of chivalry. Finally there are the common manilla nets in red, yellow and black, and they are the most serviceable of the three, although the least expensive and the least ornamental."

As for cushions, plush and silk are better for the drawing room than for the veranda. Blue and brown denim embroidered with white, green and gray linen and plain scarlet ticking will do as pretty covers for a set of out door cushions as can be desired—covers that will go through rough usage and be none the worse for it."

Cool gowns go with the hammock, of course—something made of pongee or linen lawn or some other thin stuff. The shawl tropical fabric called pina would be exactly the thing, but that is not so easily obtained as swiss or silk muslin."

A sketch is given of a negligee gown of mauve mousseline de soie. It is shirred in at the waist to fit the figure, and the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a bouffe headed by a puffing. A wide double bertha covers the shoulders. Violet velvet ribbon is arranged in a choux with long ends at the left side of the corsage. A violet velvet collar surrounds the neck, and the elbow sleeves are trimmed with the same color.

WHERE MANY WORLDS ARE MADE.

An Aged German's Queer Little Manufactory on the Bowery in New York.

Among the many curious manufactories established on the Bowery near that whirlpool of heterogeneous humanity, Chatham square, is that of making the geographical globes used in libraries and schools in all parts of the country.

The business is carried on by an old German with two assistants on the third floor of a large building.

While on another errand I found him there surrounded by numberless spheres, finished in process of completion, together with the curious paraphernalia with which the miniature works are constructed.

The aged proprietor happened to be in a communicative mood, and he took one of the spheres, then a thin layer of white paper pulp that had dried upon an iron ball, and completed it while I watched the process.

The first condition of the globe is that of a white paper paste, formed by a mixture of pulp and glue. This is heated until a desired consistency is obtained, and then by means of a curious looking instrument—a cross between spoon and shovel—the paste is carefully applied to an iron globe of the edges which is desired.

This globe is heated by means of a steam pipe, which enters it through a small aperture near the bottom. The heat soon hardens the paste and then a sharp knife is passed around the imaginary equator and the two hemispheres are separated and removed. These two halves are united at the edges with glue, and then the hollow sphere is treated to a coating of white enamel about one-eighth of an inch thick.

"The next thing," said the German, "is to turn the sphere into a perfect roundness," and he placed it in a distorted lathe, which accomplished the work in half a minute.

Two holes at either pole were bored through the half completed world and an iron rod which projected about an inch beyond the surface was inserted and fastened in place. This formed the axis of the earth.

The world was then ready to receive the highly colored representations of the continents and oceans. The latter are printed from copper plates in this particular establishment by a daughter of the proprietor on thin linen paper. Numerous sizes are made.

When cut out they resemble the dress patterns of a fashionable tailorless more than anything else. They usually fit better than the fashionable tailorless' work, however, and without difficulty are pasted on the globe.

"Now, one moment more," continued the old German, "and you will see the whole world completed, the blue divided from the red and the red from the yellow."

While speaking he passed the sphere to another girl who covered the various portions of it with transparent blue, red and yellow water colors. When that had been done it was placed in an oven to dry and then covered with a last coating of brilliant varnish of metallic hardness, which would wear for ages without scratching or losing its brightness.

"So now you have seen the whole operation," concluded the maker as he bowed me out of the door.—New York Herald.

Geographical Distribution of Hair. The hair over the habitable world is, as regards the color, very peculiarly distinctive. The xanthochromic or light haired races are to be found north of latitude 48 degs., which cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of northern Germany and a great portion of Russia. Between this parallel and latitude 45 degs.—including northern France, Switzerland and the north of Prussia, and passing through Bohemia and Austria—there is a sort of detestable land of more or less dark brown hair, and below this line we come gradually upon the Melanctic races, who occupy, with hardly an exception (save where we have colonized), the rest of the globe. The peoples of Europe, therefore, present in the color of their hair almost perfect gradation: the light fawn of the colder latitudes deepening imperceptibly into the blue black of the Mediterranean shores.

Casey Rapids, Iowa. Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—My whole system seems to have undergone a change—since taking "Pierce's Peppermint Cure." My nervous system is wonderfully improved and I no longer have attacks of "the blues." It is wonderful, the good the "Pepina" has done my liver complaint.

J. B. Bolton

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For several seasons it has been the fashion to make one's own hammock, and the materials for these wonderful webs have been offered as regular summer goods in



NEGLIGEE GOWN.

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From the N. Y. Tribune, June 1, 1894.

The Flour Awards

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Taylor—Jude & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative; Dursey—Lawrence Stone Co., Gold Medal; Moon—John McCrindle, Gold Medal; Tolehanna—M. N. Boyer, Gold Medal; Clark's Green—Fraser & Parker, Superlative; Clark's Family—J. H. Young, Gold Medal; Dalton—S. F. Fini & Son, Gold Medal Brand; Nicholson—J. E. Harding; Waverly—M. W. Biss, Gold Medal; Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal; Hopkinton—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal; Tolehanna—J. E. Harding & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand; Gouldsburg—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand; Moscow—Gale & Clements, Gold Medal; Lake Ariel—James A. Bortrae, Gold Medal; Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.

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