THE SCRANTON TRIEUNE-TUESDAY MORNING. JUNE 26, 1894.



CHAPTER XVIII. THE PICTURE.

admiring cry. Dr. Lamar adjusted his eyeglass to

have a better look at it. The chandelier nation of the expression of a moment, blazed at its fullest in the front parlor. | like the work of instantaneous photog-The picture was placed on an easel in raphy, with all the latent power and the projecting window space, and all sense of breathlessness that such a fact four stood back a little way to behold involves. it. Miss Maxey's arm was about Annette's waist, and she expressed the sentiment the work had awakened in her mest to quiver, and with its staring by an occasional admiring squeeze. Maxey was simply radiant. Dr. Lamar the gaslight this fearful countenance was impressed, but puzzled. Mrs. Maxey appeared both pleased and frightened by the warmth of the reception of her latest attempt.

It was a life size sketch in crayon of a strong and characteristic face, somewhat shadowy and ghostlike in its ef- perhaps by the peculiar character of the feet, but so bold and striking in concep- subject, came to him. He reached up tion and execution that it commanded and turned off the gas jets one by one and held the attention.

technique of art as I ought," comment- spark and stepped back to see the effect. ed Dr. Lamar, "but it strikes me that you have handled your subject remark- The light of the coals flickered and fell, ably well, Mrs. Maxey. Notwithstand- and the room was full of shadows. But ing the curious vague and misty atmos- the face! Truly the lip quivers! And phere which you have managed to throw the eyes! Did they not move? The about it, the picture impresses you as a scowll Does it not deepen? Surely this reality.

"That's it exactly !"exclaimed Maxey. "That is just the soul of true art. It is it seems as if the tide were flowinga recreation of nature. I claim that this the steady and relentless tide—and as is a masterpiece. I shall take it to the it flows its ceaseless motion causes the studio tomorrow and hang it up in a soft flesh to tremble. The eyes seem to conspicuous place."

Mrs. Maxey started.

"Oh, no! Don't do that, please." "Why not, I should like to know?"

Dr. Lamar turned from a contempla- spell. tion of the picture to a wondering scrutiny of the young wife's features. There was an unmistakable scared look in her face.

"Why, you silly little goesel" ex- in tears, claimed Maxey, with a laugh. "What nre von afraid of?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid! Only I would rather not have this pieture put up in a public place. It is better to wait until 1 have done something more worthy."

"Nonsense," said Maxey. "This is one of your attacks of modesty. You will think better of it in the morning."

"And this is nobody's face?" questioned Lamar gravely. His eyes were still fixed on the young wife's features. "A fancy sketch simply," returned

Maxey. "That is why I think so highly of it. I call it remarkable.

"It is remarkable," agreed Lamar. "Where did you get the idea, Mrs. Maxey?"

The scared look on her face deepened,

(a time of high pulse and excitement, wears for a fleeting instant. Nowhere "Excellent, excellent!" was Maxey's outside a madhouse could it become fixed and ekangeless.

Yes, that was it indeed. The perpet-

The brows were contracted into a deep scowl. The thin lips second aleyes and changeless look in the glare of seemed to float on through space.

The sound of music came from the other room. Miss Maxey was singing the "Ave Maria,"

Dr. Lamar felt himself safe from in terruption. An odd fancy, suggested till but a single light remained. He re-"I don't know so much about the duced this until it was the feeblest There was a fire in the open grate. cannot be water through which it looks? But a moment ago it was snace. Now grow hollow, to fade away, leaving untenanted cavities, and as this happens the quivering lips break into a mocking leer. A fierce breath from the unseen "Because-I would rather you did river rises to rap with a hollow rattle at the windows. The sound breaks the

> Horrified at his own sensations, Lamar turned and hurried from the room. When Dr. Lamar rejoined the party in the next room, he found Mrs. Maxey

"Did you notice how affected she was?" Ellen asked him in an undertone. "By what?"

"By the singing of Schubert's 'Ave Maria.' Don't you remember, it was the song that made her faint in the old days? I have nover sung it since. Somehow I thought of it tonight, and imme diately we found her crying. And it seems it was something her mother used to sing.

"Ah! Dr. Bently was right then. It was a reminiscence.

There was a knock at the door. Maxv answered it. He closed the entrance to the rear chamber after him and turned up the gas in the vestibule before he opened it to his visitor.

He was solved with a sudden trembling at the knees when he saw who that visitor was. Paler, ghastlier, more funereal than ever, the melancholy Dye, whose woebegone hat and threadbare coat exhibited a still deeper shade of desolution, stood upon the threshold. "You again?" "Sir, again," "In spite of all that I told you?" "Sir, I have borne your instructions well in mind. I have forgotten nothing. It remains for you to say whother you will admit me or no."

in mind, my business here tonight will not very much surprise you. Lost to honor and self respect and to every sentiment which makes is man a man, you will not be astonishe" when I tell you what I have come to tell. If, when I have told it, you wish to throw me to the street and Ureak every bone in my worthless body, I shall not resist you. In fact, I could not if I would. I am too A GREAT STEP FORWARD weak. Observe, for instance, that."

He extended toward Maxey one of his lean and sallow hands. It shook like a

leaf. "That is the effect of the whisky. As long as money remains to me to purchose oblivion I do not care for luck or

the devil. I am one of those uncongenial, solitary individuals who retire with a jug into an obscure place, lock the door and hide the key from myself. After I have become a maniac, a fool and an inanimate brute by turns I emerge again into the light, more emaciated. more broken down, one step nearer the much to be desired rest that comes at the end for us all. A cheerful life, sir, is it not?

He turned his faded blue eyes with the bloodshot corners toward the startled artist, who vouchsafed him no reply, and continued:

"Sir, you are saying to yourself: 'Is this man seeking to excite my sympathy, or what is his object? What possible interest does he think I can have in his grewsome narrative?' Very little, sir, indeed. Only it will afford some excusa for me perhaps for the performance of the most heartless and despicable act of iy whole accursed existence."

Mr. Dye uttered the last words sayagely and vehemently. His speech indeed sounded so much like the mutterings of a broken intellect that Maxey involuntarily drew back a pace or two. Mr. Dyo did not heed him. He went

"You behold in me, Mr. Maxey, a man who believes in a remorseless destiny-a destiny which may be as obnoxions to the victim as a bell of forture. as plain before him as the noonday sun, and which still he cannot escape. He sees the little steps which lead to the great end in the distance presenting themselves one after the other before him, and he knows that if he fails to take any one of them the whole end would be changed, but still he never fails to take them. Sir, that is my life -my religion, if you will. And so I an here, impelled by the same inexorable fate which has pursued me from the first, and which will pursue me to the close, to bring a shame and an unhap-

piness into the midst of joy." "Well, sir, what is it? I am quite repared by this time for anything, Mr. Dye. I do not fear anything you can

"Sir, you are too confident of that. When I last came, you asked me for proofs of the shameful story that I told you then. I have brought them."

There was after silence, and then Maxey advanced a step and said in a three hottles and it has worked woauniet voice: "Well, sir, I am waiting for you."

Mr. Dye did not look up. He put his rembling hand solemnly into the breast of the threadbure cost and drew forth a little package of paper. Maxey took it and saw that it consisted of two doenments of a legal aspect, which were variously superscribed, "Athidavit of



What a Number of Well Known People Have to Say About the New

and Wonderful Departure.

The writer of these lines once got lost in the woods. But he was no fool -so he thought. I'll walk straight abwad and that is bound to bring me out-he said. He tried it, walked five hours, and reached a spot he recognized-the spot he started from.

This circular pedestrianism! This treadmill traveling! This wheeling to the left! Shall we keep at it forever? "For thousands of years," says the author of "Man and His Malsdies" (a leading English physician.) "Metals and inorganic salts have been administered to man for nearly every com-plaint, and by every school of medicine. Yet today there is no living man who can tell how any half dozen of these drugs will act when taken into the human body, in health or in disease." What do the medicine takers, the drug devourers, think of that ? Many of them think it's about time to get out of the circle and take a step straight allead. Here are three or four who say

I was weak, thin, nerveless and debiliated," says one. "I was without appetite and had a terrible pain in left Two physicians attended me, but l obtained no relief night or day. My husband urged me to try a discovery, of which we had heard much. He said it was not a medicine, but a food. To my surprise I found it as pleasant

as lemonade. Before the package was half gone, I began to improve. When the second was gone I was as well as ever. I had gained wonderfully in every way. To make assurance doubly sure I took a third bottle, since which I am fully recovered and have sufferd no relapse, and I owe it all to Paskola."---Mrs M. V. Cole, 227 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, N. J., April 18, 1894.

"Through advice of my doctor,"eays another, "I have been taking emulsion of cod liver oil for several years past Not gaining in firsh I became disconraged and concluded 1 was consumptive, as I continued to have night sweats and a severa cough. Since using Paskola the sweats and the coughs have both dis appeared. My digestion and appetite are all right. To thin, pale people I would say, stop taking drugs and use Faskola, the food cure." -Wm. Wiley, Bridgeton, N. J. April 11. 1894

"For the last twenty-six years," says another, "I have been unable to eat any meat or fish, as I could not retain it on my stomach. Indeed, I could hardly take any solid food. I have tried doctors and countless patent medicines. Nothing was of any avail uniti I took Paskola. I have used

ders. I can eat anything that is put on the table. Heretofore eating was torture; now it is a pleasure. I have gained five pounds in four week. I feel like a new man." Gratefully yours, Charles E. Issaes, 413 Main street, Worcester, Mass., March 6, 1894. There are steps straight ahead-on

the new road-straight ahead to health. strength and life. No more stumbling Mary Stephenson'' and "Affidavit of George Stephenson."



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& CONNELL

MEGARGEL

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

but she forced an uneasy laugh and replied: "What a question! How does any-

body get an original idea?" "Pure originality is a delusion," said the philosophic physician. "We could trace the most startling innovations if we had the means at hand. But in this case you must be able to tell when you first saw this face which you have put upon the canvas. Did you sit down to sketch with any definite idea in mind,

or did it come to you as you were drawing it?" 'Oh, the face was in my mind before I thought of sketching it."

'When did you first become aware of its being in your mind?" "How ridiculous!"

Mrs. Maxey again langhed nervously. Dr. Lamar's steady gaze had confused her. Her glance was averted. Her where appearance indicated that this persistent questioning was extremely distasteful to her.

Maxey and his sister naturally attributed all this wholly to her natural shyness,

"What are you up to now, Enstace?" laughed Maxey. "Some new metaphysical theory, I suppose. Haven't you done experimenting on my wife yet?"

Whatever his theory was, or however great his desire for experiment, Dr Lamar kept it to himself. He voluntarily changed the subject by reminding them that Miss Maxey had promised to sing. They went into the back room to gath-

er around the piano, leaving the portrait under the full glare of the gaslight.

Later in the evening the door softly opened, and Lamar came in. He wanted to see this strange picture alone and undisturbed. He stood back, looking at it. In that steady light the ghostlike face seemed to float as through a misty space.



The abostlike face seemed to float.

What was it that made it so remark able? For it was a remarkable face. The features were stern and grim, fixed and full of hard lines. It was not that. It was the face of a man of strong character. It was the embodiment of relentlessness and determination. It was not that. It spoke volumes for the mental strength, but never a word for tenderness or veneration. It was an utterly unscrupulous face. It was not that. The eyes glared. The lips parted as if the breath came too quickly for the nostrils alone.

Ah, that was it! The expression! No man ever sat for his portrait with his features cast in a mold such as this. This made the novelty and the strangeness. It was such a look as the human I told you on a former occasion that I face sometimes in great emergencies, in

Mr. Dye did not look at Maxey when he addressed him. In trath, he did not seem to have energy or spirit enough. left to raise his head, and he certainly did not appear at all auxious to be invited into the room.

The growing conviction that this man was not the prime mover, but only the instrument in the hands of a more powerfal personage who kept himself always in the background, leaped to a most mature stage in the artist's mind. "Admit you!" he exclaimed, suppress ing the tendency to loodness in his tones for fear of reaching the cars in the adjoining chamber. "That I shall

do most certainly, since you have e Walk in, Mr. Dye, and state your basiness, and let us see if we cannot come to something approvching a mutual understanding. That is a point which we

have too long been dodging about, Mr. Dye, and I have a very distinct idea that it would be well for us to reach it tonight,

The somber man raised a look of mild inquiry to the artist's face, said simply, "As you will," and passed into the

parlor. Maxey closed and locked the door and turned on two of the gas jets. Then he noticed that Mr. Dye was

trembling. It was a chilly evening, and it occurred to him that the threadbare coat could not be very warm.

"You are cold, man," he said. "Draw up here by the fire." He placed a chair as he spoke in front

of the open grate. Mr. Dye bowed gravely. "Sir, I thank you."

He had only looked at Maxey himself. He sat down with his back to the picture and began at once to warm his hands over the coals. He did not wait for the artist to question him, but immediately, with his most oratorical air, began:

"Sir, you are doubtless exceedingly surprised and, may I venture to add. not inconsiderably almoyed by my reappearance in this house. When I went away from here, sir, you adjured me, upon pain of personal injury, never, except upon certain conditions, to appear in your presence again. But at the risk of that personal injury I have once more, and for the last time, come. Upon a former occasion I might have feared you; but, strange and paradoxical as it may seem, now that I am much weaker and less capable of self defense I no

longer dread the violence of your resentment." "Well," said Maxey impatiently as he paused, "have you come here to challange me? If not, please come to the point.'

"Sir, you must pardon me, but I cannot be abrupt. Before I come to the point I want to prepare you for what I am going to say by recalling, perhaps unnecessarily, a fact to your mind. Sir, was a contemptible rascal. Bearing that

Maxey compressed his lips and looked no further. "Ah," murnured the wretched Dye,

"if you only knew what I have pur-hased by placing these accursed papers in your hand, you would not think of me hereafter with so much hitterness." "Mr. Dye," said Maxey suddenly, the time to drop this mask of yours is

fully ripe, The somber man half turned in his hair.

"Sir, I fail to understand you." "No? Suppose that I were to tell you hat I know who sent you here?" The words had a marked effect on Mr.

Dye. He instantly completed that which the former question had caused him to begin and turned wholly about in his chair, facing the artist with an ashy countenance. As he did so his eye fell, monsthe picture.

Maxey noticed his sudden silence, hough he imperfectly understood the

Mr. Dye cat in his chair without motion, his faded ever wide open, looking intently at the portrait on the easel. There would have been complete id

lence in the room but for the ticking of the clock on the mantel, this escape of the hurning gas, the distant cound of oices in the rest churchen.

Then Mr. Dye prose, steadying himoff on the chair back with his shoking and—arose, and turning his eyes on Maxey held out his free arm in a questioning way toward the casel.

"What is the matter? Are you ill? I don't understand you. That is a picture my wife sketched. A terrible trembling come upon ev

y portion of the sounder man's frame He evil d out in a hoarse voicer "The Jow's fore! The Jow's face!"

There was a such like the broath of nuseen wings from over the darkened river. The ghostly hand rapped at the window, and Mr. Dyo fell down upon the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hallstorms Prevented by Trees. Luissorms do not occur in well wooded districts, according to the observation of a noted Swiss forester. In evidence of this he points out that a district formerly exempt from such storms has been visited by very fierce ones since gaps were made in the forests, and that upon replanting the cleared ground with firs the storms ceased entirely - New York Telegram.

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esters swollowed them. Let's stop putting drugs, of which we know little, into our bodies, of which we know less. One thing we are sure of; our bodies are built of di gested food and energized by digested food, "Medicines" have nothing under

the sun to do with that business, The hard worked machine wants s rest, Disease is cured by rest and noursing "Rest the stomach,' says a famons dector, 'and in bad enses stop all supplies of food for twenty-four

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