

CHAPTER XX.

MAN AND MUSTRESS, Maxey and Dr. Lamar exchanged looks of alarm "What is this?" the attist whispered.

Lunar answered:

"Deathf"

"So suddenly? Is it possible?" "I do not mean that he is dead, but that he has not long to live. I would not give a pinch of snuff for his chances."

What are we to do?" Better take him to the hospital at once. It will not harm him to move him. He cannot remain here. He will

not be long in that swoon, and then he the seat. muy by violent. Let me call the janitor and have a carriage brought." Lamar stopped to the entrance, which

communicated directly with the onter corridor. In a twinkling he had turned the key and opened the door.

A man who had been standing suspiclously near the threshold drew back in consternation.

This man was respectably dressed. His coat was buttoned up about his neck and his hat drawn down over his eyes. He looked like a well to do coach-

The instant he saw Lamar he put up his hand as if to shield his face and turned to run.

The physician was too quick for him. In two strides he had come up with him



The physician was too quick for him. and laid a grip of iron upon his shoul-

"It is of no use, John," said the doctor, "I know you,"

"Oh, for God's sake!" the fellow pleaded, in a voice of terror, "Let me out of this! I shall be killed!" "Indeed! Who will kill you?"

The man at once became mute, but he trembled. "Now, John," said the physician in

a quiet tone, "you are going to tell me the truth, or you will lose your situation

She was reclining in a corner, but when the door opened she started forward and ejaculated in a tremulous voice: "John!"

Dr. Lamar knew that voice. A shiver went through him. There was a dull feeling at his heart. He did not utter a word. He did not move a muscle. There was a dead silence.

The veiled figure shrank back with an instinctive fear, and the light from the street lamp fell upon his face. A piercing scream came from behind the

The figure sat quite motionless upon

"Festelle!" said Lamar in a low tone. 0.00.00.00.00

Maxey answered the knock at the door instantly. The doctor was very pale, but he was perfectly calm.

"Where have you been so long?" cried the artist.

"Bidding goodby to an old friend," was the solemn response. "Maxey, let this man go. There is nothing at all against him."

Dr. Lamar turned to the coachman and added in a low voice, "Go, John, and drive your mistress home."

(4) A

When an officious personage, who would not tell the servant his business, called at Mrs. For whe's house the next morning, he found the place in confusion. After some persistence he was shown into the presence of the housekeeper, of whom he desired to learn when he should call again.

"Not at all," retarned the house-keeper coldly. "Madam has gone away on a long visit. She sat up all night making arrangements for the settlement of her affairs here. The furniture is to be stored, and all the servants have been given a month's pay. The house will positively be closed."

There was another person in the city who went quietly to bed overnight, but who in the morning could not be found. It was the pretty Miss Stevenson.

CHAPTER XXL THE POWER'S WORK.

One afternoon Maxey sought a private audience with his wife "Annette, dear, I want you to tell

me something." "Is it something about this mysterious affair that everybody has been so ab-

sorbed in of late? The house for the last few days has been full of 'hush,' 'don't question me,' 'all in good time,' and other such exasperating answers, until I am quite resigned never to be carious again. Is it about this?"

"Perhaps, little one. Who can tell? It is about that fancy portrait that you sketched. I want a n to tell me

up with any silly notions about such subjects in my head. But one time, when I was about 15 years old, she be came interested in'a book on spiritual ism, which she picked up in a secondhand book store. She did not tell me all that she thought and felt in the matter, I am very sure, but I could plainly observe a gradual alteration in her ways and looks, and one day she nearly fright ened me to death by going into what 1 afterward found was called the trance state. First she became rigid and then spasmodic, and at last she began to talk in monatural voices. I was utterly unable to recognize my mother, and I was so terrified that I ran out for a doctor. Fortunately the physician was a kind, sympathetic man. Instead of laughing at my alarm, he not only quieted my

fears for the time and somewhat explained the matter to me, but he gave me words of caution and advice for the

future which I have never forgotten: " 'If you don't wish your mother to frighten you this way again, see that she reads no more of the sort of literature she has indulged in lately and that she goes to no more sittings. I have questioned her, and from what she tells me, together with her evident temperathings are entirely nervous in their ori- resting herself on my bed, for yon. He gin. The only way to cure them is by found the physician had told the truth. As long as my mother continued to be excited about and interested in 'Spiritualistic Manifestation' she was liable to the trances. But when, by my aid and her own determined efforts, she had ac-

things. "That is a morbid fancy, little wife, growing, I fear, out of your unfortuwill cure you. Something has occurred you were weak and nervous?" to you of late, dear, to remind you of all this. Go on. Don't be afraid to tell

me." "Yes, Julian, something did happen I lay there listlessly on the bed, I fre- is it?" quently fell into trancelike states. I have found out since that by resisting morrow." the feeling when it first approaches I can break the spell, but I was too weak and lacking in determination then. This grow upon me, and I became frightened. my mind to think of other things I have

deringly.

went on:

Don't make me tell it !!?

She answered him in a low voice:

there, in the alcove room. Something,

I don't know what to call it, came over

"Yes, Julian. I was lying on the bed

that disturbance came, the phantom vanished like a flash. Afterward it came to me in the dead of night and suddenly sprang up out of the darkness. Do you wonder that I was afraid such things might get a hold upon me and tried to banish it?"

"Then, in the name of all that is intelligible, why did you sketch it?"

"Because, Julian, I wanted to make it real. Then if I must think of it at all I could think of it as a picture drawn upon canvas and persuade myself that it was no hobgoblin that was haunting me. Perhaps you cannot understand this feeling, but I tell you truly, after I had materialized that face, it no longer had the same terror for me. Perhaps I ought to have concealed my work, but I never thought of your questioning me. Dr. Lamar frightened me so. How could he ever guess what was in my mind?"

"If you had confided in Lamar, you would have done better," said Maxey excitedly. "He would not only have driven away the ghost, but he would have explained him to your entire satisfaction. Why, Annette, if you should hear Lamar talk, you would be astonished to discover what an entirely simple and scientific alfair a ghost is. Let ment and present health, I find that this me tell you something to relieve your sensitive, if not dangerous, condition mind of some of its half superstititious into which she has brought herself is dread. That face you saw was the owing entirely to an unhealthy brood- face of a real man. He was your evil ing on one subject.' 'Surely you can genius, Annette; he it was who took give her some medicine, then, 'I said to away your name; he who made your life him, 'that will cure her.' 'No, my dear so solitary and miserable; he who pushed girl,' he replied, 'this matter is beyond you from the sea road and unwittingly medicine. She thinks the world of you. gave you to me; he who followed you You can restore her to health better than even here, while you lay in the alcove any one else. Try to interest her in oth- room helpless and sick, determined you er things. Once get her mind out of its should die. He came here into this room, present unhealthy rut of thought, and and not being familiar with the place you will have no more trouble. These mistook in the dark Ellen, who was

choked her to prevent her crying out by allaying the excitement.' In the end 1 pulling the ends of the silk handkerchief which she wore about her neck. Not quite sure even then that it was

you, he dragged her to the fireplace and threw in a newspaper to give him light. "The noise he made had startled you. Sick as you were, you understood in a customed herself to think of other things vague way perhaps that there was danthe trances left her and never returned. | ger near you, for we found you sitting Julian, dear, I suppose you will say it up in bed. One moment you were lookis silly and girlish, but I have an un- ing into darkness. The next the paper controllable horror and dread of these flashed up, and you saw his face, glarthings. They frighten me. I could con- ing in the first moments of his surprise ceive of no worse fate than to replace and alarm at the unfamiliar features of the sunshine of my life with the dark- | my sister. You photographed that scene ness and gloom of a mind tortured by on your mind, Annette. You know such specters, and my fear is greater what a power you have of visualization. because I fancy I am predisposed to such | You remember how the doctor once

questioned you about it, and you found out what a phenomenon you were in that direction. Is it so very strange to nately solitary and lonely childhood. A you now that that picture should have few years of bird songs and blue sky | come up into your mind again when

The young wife looked at her husband, bewildered and wondering. "I only dimly understand you, Ju-

lian. Had I an evil genius? Who was to me. I don't know why it was. Perhaps he? What had I done that he should my head was weak from my sickness. | wish me dead? Julian, you have learn-But in the first days of my recovery, as | ed at last the secret of my life. What

I remembered what the doctor had told because you felt that in making a union me about my mother, and by forcing with a nameless girl I was running a

cried Maxey. "It dissects a ghost as it does a monkey's body and makes of a grim and ghastly apparition the most natural event in the world." Dr. Lamar smiled.

"I am glad to hear you talking sense.

Time was when you were a little skeptical. Perhaps if your wife keeps on the way she has begun, affording illustrations of the benefits of science, we shall even make of you an evolutionist one of these days. "

Maxey looked serious.

"I shall hardly go as far as that, Eustace, but I am ready to acknowledge that you do many wonderful things." "And still we are in our infancy.

One of these days, my boy, one of these days!'

Truly this man was strangely hopeful and exuberant for one who had just bidden a long farewell to a sweetheart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

ed at last the secret of my life. What is it?" "Tomorrow, darling! Wait till to-morrow." "Is it best, dear?". "I think so. Little wife, do you re-member the time when you were loath to yield yourself to your love for me, because you felt that in making a union with a nameless girl I was running a terrible risk?" "Hush, Julian! My heart is in my mouth. That fear has never died. In the midst of all my happiness I have



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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1998.

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PILLS



tonistrow. You know this man Dye?" "I, sight the man exclaimed, with an air of astonishment.

"It is useless for you to affect surprise. You are caught, you see. What were you doing here?"

"Only looking around, sir. That is all, sir, as I hope to live."

"Hum. Well, now, John, it is of no use. I will tell you plainly that it has long been known to us that somebody in Mrs. Forsythe's household was in correspondence with this Leander Dye. We have only been waiting to lay our hands on the right man. We have found him at last, and unless he is very, very careful he goes at once to the police. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, air."

"What do you say?"

The man shut his lips tightly together, and then answered:

"Nothing, sir,"

There was something of a grim resolution in his face which made Lamar uneasy. Nevertheless he persisted:

"Very well, then, you will come in here with me, and I will lock you up until we can get an officer."

The man began to expostulate in gennine alarm.

Lamar cut him short:

"Enough of that! Will you tell me what I ask, or must I do as I threatened?!

The man seemed to be greatly distressed. He looked at Lamar, and he looked at the wall. He appeared at a less for words. Suddenly he uttered a despairing erv:

Well, doctor, you let me drive my team home, and I will come back and stay as long as you like."

'Your team, ch? Perhaps you will point out this team to me?"

"Oh, no, no! That was a mistake, sir. Let anybody go with me and see that I come back safe. I haven't got any team, "

Lamar at once turned back into the room, dragging the unfortunate coachman by the collar.

"Maxey," he asked, "do you feel competent to deal with this man?"

The artist smiled grimly. "Very well, keep him here till I come back. I shall be gone but a moment." The door was closed and locked. La-

mar ran down into the street.

A single glance to the left and the right along the lighted way showed him that the place was wholly deserted. The cold night wind from the river smote him in the face. He hurried down the steps and up to the main avenue.

A number of vehicles were passing in either direction, but there was no carriage standing by the curb as far as he could see.

Still he did not feel quite satisfied. He went along to the next street, extending to the river, parallel with Ballavoine place. When he reached the corner, his pulse gave a great leap.

A close carriage was drawn up by the sidewalk, a little way down toward the river. The horses were covered with blankets, and the driver's seat was vacant. A dozen rapid steps and Lamar's hand was on the door of the carriage. The handlo turned, and he was peering

A strest lamp on the other side of the way shown through the opposite windows and dimly illuminated the interior.

Lamar saw a woman closely veiled.

about the origin and development of that idea." At the mention of the portrait Mrs. Maxey became visibly distressed.

"Has Dr. Lamar influenced you to ask me that, Juliau?"

Maxey averted his glance.

"Why, no, dear; only it was a very strange picture for a young girl, for you know you are only a girl yet, Annette. I want to be suce that it is not something you once saw and forgot."

"Saw? In the flesh do you mean?" Maxey started and looked at his young wife with a troubled glance.

"That is a strange question, Annette." Nevertheless she was very grave and earnest in what she said. She continued in a tremulous voice:

"My husband, do you believe in apparitions?" "Annette!"

"Do you want your wife to believe in them?'

"Of course I don't."

"Then do not question me." "This introduction is highly calculat-

ed to allay a man's curiosity. In the name of goodness, Annette, what do you mean? How is the mere fact of my questioning you going to cause you to believe in anything?

"Because it will cause me to think of a dangerous subject. Oh, dear, I wish I had never touched that picture. It was so foolish of me! I might have known it would have led to this. But the idea fascinated me so after it occurred to me that I was almost forced to it. Julian, do you desire it very, very much?"

She looked at him wistfully, as if she



1-11-11

pity on her manifest distress and say no. But he was immovable.

"I not only desire it very much, but swer me fully and freely."

"And when 5 have done so you will never refer to it again!"

about' her husband's neck and said to him:

whole heart to you. For you to understand my thoughts and feelings on the subject I must talk about you ought to know a little episode in my childhood. My mother, Mrs. Dye, was an intelligent-and thinking woman, little given

succeeded in freeing myself from the shadow. That is why I have told no one,

not even you. That is why I do not like the midst of all my happiness I have to bring it back again." never been strong enough to lift that "But I don't see what all this has to weight. Oh, I thought some day we do with the portrait," Maxey said won-

may be sitting here blindly happy in our ignorance and the truth will come! If "I will tell you, Julian. It was in one it is as I fear it may be, will Julian feel of those waking nightmares that I saw still that his course was wise? Will he that face. Don't make me tell it, Julian! love me quite as much, quite as dearly as before? Will there be no shadow of "God knows I would do nothing to regret in his heart? Oh, my husband, if cause my little wife a moment's uneasi-I could believe there would be, I should

ness; but, darling, it so important to be so miserable!" our welfare-for yours and mine-that Julian gathered her to his heart and you should speak. Let it be recalled kissed her with reckless freedom.

once and then forgotten for all time. In "Tomorrow, little wife, tomorrow, one of those dreams you saw that face?" you shall know what a fool I have made

of myself!" * * * . "Lamar, I believe you are a wizard." "Why?"

use. It was more like a waking dream "How do you arrive at your concluthan anything I could name. My eyes sions? It is almost too strange for bewere wide open all the time. I saw the lief. What possessed you to question my room and the things in it, just as now." She clung closer to her husband and wife so closely the other day about the origin of that portrait?"

"Can't you guess? Had you forgot-"I was lying there in the alcove room looking toward the fireplace out there. ten?" "I don't understand you."

It was just after I had been brought "No? Do you recollect the description back here, before I had told you my stogiven by the janitor of the mysterious ry. I was watching the red coals in the grate Presently I folt a sinking, dreamy lazy man whose anxiety for your welfare after Annette was brought here was sufficient to get him to the door, but was never by any possibility strong enough to induce him to mount the stairs? Don't you remember the janitor's description-middle aged, smooth face, small eyes near together, bushy eyebrows, hooked nose and the rest? Maxlight seemed to arise from sociething ey, I had been keeping my eye open for bursting up into a great flame in the such a looking individual ever since. Is grate, and then between me and the fire, there anything very remarkable about that?"

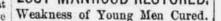
"Well, I should never have thought of it. You are the most modest man. I suppose you will also claim that there was nothing reinarkable about your analysis of the ghost?"

"Oh, yes, I shall. That is different; that is scientific. In that matter I am apt to be vain. Maxey, if you will carry your memory back to a conversation we had in your sitting room some months ago, you will flatter me by recollecting that almost predicted the result of your wife's power of visualization. After the experiment of Dr. Bently and myself with the cat-or rather the accident we witnessed, for it was no plan of oursand I became convinced that she really had a remarkable unconscious power of retaining in her mind the image of anything that impressed her, I thought a

ollect telling you, when you were expressing some very callow views regarding the possibility of her remembering events occurring during her illness, if she recovered her mind-I distinctly recollect telling you then that if she ever got well she would have absolutely no memory of that time, but that it would be perfectly possible for her to carry a scene into the future: that, for instance, I should not be overwhelmed with surprise if, though she could remember neither of us, she should paint your picture or mine as an idea of her own. No; there is nothing at all mysterious in this affair. It is presumable, and it actually happened. By induction and deduction both we have demonstrated it, and even in science that is a rare

"What a great thing is your science!"





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sensation coming over me. I did not understand it. I was too weak to make any resistance to it. It was in the middle of the day, and the room was full of light. But though the knowledge of that fact never left me I felt that it had suddenly become very dark. All the

fondly dared to hope that he would take

with the strong glare upon it, I saw that face just as I have tried to draw it. I could see the man's arms and shoulders. He seemed to be holding something to the light of the fire and staring at it. But that was dark. All this was dim, but real-real as you or the room itself-and yet all the time, if you can

understand such a thing, I never got the real fire mixed with the fire that was in my mind alone. The grate was still there behind the face and shoulders. It was an apparition, and I knew it. That was what terrified me-not then, for I never thought of fear, but afterward,

me and I had time to think of it. When THERE'S DANGER

Maxey averted her glance.

I consider it of extreme importance to the happiness of us both that you an-

"I promise you, Annette, never."

He sealed his promise with a kiss, The young wife clasped her arms

"Then, Julian, dear, I will open my

HARRISON DAVIS, of Tompkinsuille, Monroe Co., Kr., writes as follows: "Neuroperiod of the couple of to superstitions of any sort, and she was very particular that I should not grow

when somebody came in and disturbed in a cough-more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Con-sumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A pos-itive cure-not only for Weak Lungs, Spit-ting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stores. If Crossonable All good deal about it, and I distinctly recin all its earlier stages. It's reasonable, All these disenses depend on tainted blood. PIERCE QUARAN CURE OR MONEY IS RETURNED. HARRISON DAVIS, of Tompkinsville, Mo.

thing, my boy!"