

POOR DOCUMENT

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. Y.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GROSSER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

A STRANGE VISION.

BY M. J.

Early in the winter of eighteen eighty — I was lodging in a large old-fashioned house in London. Insomnia, brought on by business troubles, had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and I was on the verge of serious illness.

Rising one night, after vainly courting sleeping for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath. It was two o'clock. Having thrown on a dressing-gown, I entered the bath-room, and turned on the hot water. While the bath filled, I gazed out at the rear of a house, about one hundred yards distant, in C—street. Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street I saw figures of a man and woman in silhouette. Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its tell-tale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute. As I gazed, surprise and honor seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm, and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger. She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth, as if to emit a scream, and fell to the floor, whence, of course, the figure cast no shadow on the curtain.

All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a mental torture such as I never felt before. As the dagger descended, I involuntarily threw out my arms, as if to shield the victim, and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. The absolute silence of the pantomimic murder made it more shocking, and for an instant I felt as if the darkness and loneliness of the night had shut me in with the murderer, and made me a participator in his guilt.

I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal scooped towards the spot where the victim lay and, before I could cry out, I reeled, and fell heavily to the floor.

My fall roused the whole house, and Phillip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficient for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said: It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are quite common to persons in your condition.

But, said I, the thing happened when I was broad awake and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld.

Not at all remarkable, was his reply. You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more.

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, says that my old trouble of insomnia hovered threateningly near and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry, or excitement.

Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision, I went to the lodg-

ing house in C—street and inquired for rooms. A snuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes, and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house, and offered to let a furnished suite, consisting of sitting-room, bedroom and bathroom. As near as I could guess, the sitting room was the one where the crime of my vision had been committed. Who occupied these rooms last? I inquired.

Mr. Carr and his wife, answered the old hag, with evident unwillingness. Do you know Mr. Carr's business? The tenants' business hadn't none of mine, she replied, sharply. When did the Carrs move out? About three weeks ago.

Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house? Now, what do you ask me that for? I don't watch people's doings in this house. The tenants is respectable families, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want any trouble some or worrying people here.

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downward through the ill-smelling, narrow hall, my suspicions far from lulled. A bold faced woman widened her eyes at me on one stairway, and through an open door below I caught a glimpse of a tumbled bed and a soiled bed sipper, with a half smoked cigarette beside it on the floor.

When I again spoke to Holt on the subject, and told him that my suspicions still existed, he deeply frowned, and said: 'If you permit yourself to go on in this way, you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light before this, and if she was only wounded, it is not your business to fret the matter out. If you're not careful, you'll get into the newspapers, and be made ridiculous.'

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned. With it came an irresistible attraction toward the bath room window, whence my vision of a few months before had been seen. Whenever I lay awake I went some time during the long night and started out toward the light in the lodging house. Night after night I saw nothing, and turned away, relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my illness was declining.

Punctually at an o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bath-room, with my eyes directed toward the door. For an instant I could not credit the vision which met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadowy pantomime before, the same tragedy was being enacted. This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for here plainly was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion. The man turned as before towards his victim, and I hoped to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some clue that that which I had seen was real. I saw nothing more. If the shadowy slayer had bent over a real victim, he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again between the light and the curtain.

Filled with the forebodings of a new illness, I awoke Holt, and told my vision. We went to the window and looked toward the lodging house, and saw only faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an oplate, and the next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night, and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived back about the middle of September more robust than I had ever been before.

Holt and I laughed at the old hallucination, and the doctor rallied me considerably upon my detective spirit the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the fateful window, and slept without disturbance. The next night however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bath-room window.

As I entered the bath-room I looked over toward the lodging house and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest. The night was warm, and the window whence the light shone was raised.

The curtains were drawn also, and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the centre of the room. I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of the pantomime. The man was smooth shaven and well featured. The woman seemed older than he, and her face fitted well with the names of the evil suggestion that I had seen in the vestibule eight months before.

On looking round I saw my friend Holt in the doorway.

Merciful powers, man, did you see that? I gasped.

Certainly, he said, with another laugh. Then how can you stand there laughing? If we both saw it there can be no doubt of its reality then.

It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated, and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out, and there is nothing more to be learned. Take something to steady your nerves and I'll explain the mystery.

Now said Holt, the thing you saw to-night, (I shuddered again as he spoke), and on the two other nights is easily explained. The James Carr and his wife, who have lived in that apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theatre-goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mademoiselle Picard. In a play which is to be produced at the X— Theatre early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen boards in the streets. It is a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors and he responds with a dagger. You have seen three rehearsals.

Holt. I don't believe you I cried, as it flashed upon me that my illness was returning, and Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatening calamity.

Holt promptly went over the whole occurrence, and his description differed in no important feature from that of my vision.

On the next day I went round to my doctor, laughed at his learning, and accepted his apologies for the discredit he had cast upon my visual sanity.

That evening at dinner while reading an afternoon paper I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words: Slain at Rehearsal. I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms in C—street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen a crime committed.

According to the newspaper account, Carr, on being arrested, had confessed the homicide and pleaded, self-defence. He had been married five years, but he and his wife had always lived a cat and dog life. After their rehearsal of the night before she had called up an old grievance, and finally, in a fit of anger, attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had deflected himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal, and was horrified to find that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved the poor fellow's neck.

Continued from page one. freedom, she told herself bitterly. There was his cousin to console him. She often saw them together, and rumor said they were engaged.

Then her pride was at its zenith. She would think me more about him or his fair betrothed. She would be as gay as he, she would shed no more tears over one so faithless, she resolved. He had not really loved her, otherwise he would have returned to her.

Did he think she would die first. Then she went into society more than ever, and often she met Ray Reynolds: He was always coldly polite to her, and she seemed unconscious of his coldness. But underneath her mask of gaiety she carried a heart that was heavy and sad. She had lost him forever, and soon another would possess him. She felt sometimes like crying out that she must call him back to her. But no, she could not do that, even if it broke her heart.

At last the wedding cards were out, and there was no longer any doubt that Ray Reynolds meant to marry his cousin. Vera received a card, and with a sickening throb of despair, she threw herself on a sofa, and sobbed out the words: Oh, Ray, Ray! I want you so! come back to me, my love! come back to me! Then it occurred to her that he had agreed to desert even Fanny Long to return to her.

An unreasonable hatred for the woman who had won him from her took possession of her. Oh, if she could win him back, and thus triumph over her rival. But no let Fanny Long have him, she did not care.

moaned over and over again. And then a clear, familiar voice close beside her said:

Vera, dear, I have come back to you. She looked up and found Ray standing by her side.

With an impulsive gesture she reached out her arms and fell fainting from sheer happiness.

But he caught her to his breast and held her in a close embrace till her eyes unsealed.

Then, as she tried to draw away from him, he clasped her closer than before and her struggles to free herself were all in vain.

Oh, Ray! she gasped out with a little sob as he drew me like this? Your bride is waiting, go back to her. You are here only to mock me.

Vera, he said gently. I have kept my word; now you must not forget your promise to be my wife.

Come prepare yourself; all is in readiness, and you must be my bride within an hour. I cannot live without you longer.

But Fanny, she questioned, what of her? No, I cannot take you from her. Go back and marry her, you owe it to her: It was through my own folly that I lost you; go back to her, Ray, and leave me.

No Vera, I will never leave you, my darling. My heart has hungered for you all these long, dreary months, while I have been waiting in vain for you to call me back. I could bear it no longer, Vera.

Then why were you going to marry your cousin, Ray? she asked.

My dear, I never intended to marry Fanny; that was simply a little ruse to get you back again. It is my brother Roy who is to marry Fanny. There was a little mistake in the name on the wedding cards, the changing of one letter, you know, he said with a happy laugh.

Oh, Vera! forgive me! he cried, as he saw the color deepen in her cheeks. It was the only way. I knew you would call me back if you really cared for me; if you did not, I meant to go away and try to forget you. You will forgive me, Vera, because you love me, will you not?

I can forgive you anything, Ray, because I am so happy to have your love again, she replied humbly.

You have always had it, darling, he made answer, as he kissed the beautiful unpurged face. Promise me you will never again doubt my love.

I promise, Ray, she answered. And Vera forever kept her word.

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