

(CONTINUED.)

"How do you show?"

"Because y treams and such an infernal lot of heat. I've seen so nething of life a .d people, but I n ver me a creature without feather or fur who co I stant as much roasting as you can an ant get scorened Do you know, I san to us think that you lived in Hades before you came to earth, for you are cer ain y the most firegroof young women in my time."

Miss Brown rose to a sitting posture straigh ened out her skirts, threw one earner of the fineral over her feet and kneed and, iy, g dryn again, turned her eyes to the fire and covered per face with her arm to shut ... the demon gaze that made her soul with her

With all heading her dience. Watson bless out some det care rings of smoke.

"I wish you were no so prudish," he said. "I like the lace ruffles of your skirt Letter than that rug. They remind me of the girl I married in Chicago?

"That was your thard wife, wasn't it?" she so day momonally,

"Woll, really, Mattie, to tell you the truth, I don't remember the number, but now that you betray some evidence of rationalism, I have cliffe matter to the about that will in e est you.

"Your traint adstress have go of West and to-morrow, if possible, we will take be ramerouse. I have given off all alify a powder to make him shou for the next fifteen hours, and it you live a y sie lig to do you n edn't be afra dof distrab ag aim. You have been a very us in assistant Martha, and you can make vis. of in lispensable to me now, if you want to?

Miss Brown slowly raised ner on, rebised her eyes with both hands and without looking at him a-ked; "In want way?"
"In the same old way."



SHE FELT THE PRESENCE OF THE HYPNOTIST. "No. I've done all I intend to do in the same old way!' When I leave this house, I

leave your service for good. I have enough on my con-cienc now to keep as wide-awake as the Macbeth , and I tell you I'm sick of it, and lint of to on t."

"You're nev " so g o'l-'colling, Martha, as when you red e the dre long sure. If von were my wife I d k ep von ang wall the time. Cnotered 3 deretain, sessont of stell be one you were on a bible. It's ind section tout's othering you. I'll mix you a powde, when f 20 to my room,

"N w. Hiss Craw and as a corete 1 in San Fra cisco il many eveni g. S. will stay at a private huse, the name and number of which I wilgise you, and I wast you to go to her with a letter her tather has writter and look a er ser. I ande ermine I to marry her and you ca he p me."

"And what if I refu ef"

"I'm determined that you will not refuse, and the somer you understand that the better. Do you near want I am saying; Look at me!"
"Let me got"

"Answer me firs"."

Unable to move a mu cle under his grip. Mis. Brown tel her sans s reeding beneath his hideous and for an instant was overpowered.

The doctor gave her arm a sud ten twist that brought the girl to her fact. fixing his black, brady ever on her and looking steadily no her trembling lide tileshe raised her eyes to his tuce, he said clearly and decidedly:

"You will do as I tell you? Say you will

A shade passed across the pale factof the governess. It was there are instant and go is in an instant, but Miss Brown was corscious of it, for she raised her left hand to brush it away and as she did so she gasped. "Yes, and tore away the lace from her throat,

"Now you are reasona .e. Sit down and listen to me. Tell Mr. Crawford, in the morning, that you had a dream; that you saw Edua on a sick led, neglected and alone. Tell bim you saw her mother---What the devil al's you?"

"D n't say an more for heaven's sake! I know what to tell him," and she buried her face in her hands as if to shut out a vision too horrible to contempla e.

"I am willing and all that, Dr. Watson, but I know I can't help you and it's no use sendin : me. Miss Edua dies not trust' me. She dreads me and I fear her. I can't look int her face and have not been able to meet her eyes since the night I made her mother use your viningrette.

"A kep or awake it's all the same and the older the daug i er grows the stronger becomes the resemblance to her mother. It is wasted time, I can't stay with her or near her, and I won't try. I will go to California with the lettes, if that will do you'any good but there isn't money enough in America to keep me in her service."

"And that's final, is it?"

"Ye:."

"Does it occur to you that I have evidence sufficient to convict you of murder?

"Who ever heard of anace in Techanging and an adept scoundre' who has won succes as thief, bicamist, forgerer and blackmailer escapi g judgement? There was profit in Mrs Cr wford's death, and you know who got he fortune and what became of her property?"

"Hold your tongue, you jaile! Your wage will depend upon the success of your dream to-mor: ow morning. We give up these quar ters this week without fall, and, on second thought, it will be better to have you trave with us as nurse or companion, or secretary & Mr. Crawford."

"To save you the trouble of planning as

escape. Imight as well tell you that I have paid a private detective to watch you ant that I am determined to have your assistance So, good night, doar. Get as much rest as you can, it's a long, weary run from here & Frisco.

Banker Hartman's house in Stuyvesan Equare was as gay as a palace for a corona tion. Incandescent lanterns hung in the hanches of the trees flooded the scene below with a # light and were a delicate tapestry of skeleton leaves and graceful branches over payomest, street and wall. From curbstons ted orsepst eithed curpet and canopy, om hung wish little chamber lauterns, from the jewes of which the light streamed in soft splendor, and the other hedged with date and fan valms.

White-liveried grapms stood at the carringe step to assist the weiding guests, and in the vestibule and a ong the staircase were servants of inscrutable face and faultles dress, each with a single phra e to deliver by way of direction to the bewildered com

The nir was t dolent with the breath of rows, and up from an arbor of pulm and leander fleated the light strains of mando lins, thutes and harp, raturous as love it se.f.

Newell p sts and balu trades were twided with resecond o semane, window seats and mantel shelves were cushi med with violets and sinffelits, gorgeous balls of hydrangis and chrysanthemum filled the fireplaces, and invisibly hong against screens of smilex was a waite co ing of orchids extending through the drawing-room and library.

The alcave off the mus'c room had been turned into a puntial bower. An umbrella of white buds roofed the inclosure, the walls were tap stried with pink roses and just within the floral gates stood a prie-dieu of carved ivory an I golden satin, where Henry Henshali would kneel with his bride to receive the nuptial bens liction.

Up in one of the sumptuously appointed rue -clanders at the jainter in the attitude of a j entient, desolate as a light-house, for he and locked the door and given order not to be dis urbed. The marriage was set for 7 o'c oc.; and the neighbor ood abounded in te fry ci cks. He had his gloves on and the ring in his picket and he was listening for the knell.

"Co fou J it, anyway. Why should I care? he outlered, tising a ru tiv and begining o are traffor. "It's the woman in me. Men marry nurses and housekeepers and influence every day in the week, and I c n name at least five fellows in the club who have married for mere social position. This thing of love is an involuntary sort of a sensation, anyway, and as for swearing to ke p it up, it's all balder lash! for a fellow can no more inte all his life that he can love. I'm in love with that small brown-eyed musician, yet I wouldn't marry her if I could; but I mean to find her and know her and use berns an ideal, if I have to sell my immortal soul.

"Lena is a good, wholes mo girl, ample in everything but imagination, amiable and lenient, and she loves me, poor child, with her whole soul. Ah, well the least I can do is to treat her decently! And I wish to gracious this ordeal was over with.

"My idea in hurrying the thing was to escape the gaping mob, and the servant at the door told me he had counted 120. I never could understand the whims of woman and ber aversion to quiet weddings.

TO BE CONTINUED]