

roaspectator who might have seen the collision it, would have seemed impossible that a living thing could came ou of this terrible wreck and holocaust, but ere long a venerable apple worm crawled out of the cool side of a nice en m; apple, und seeing that he could be of no further use on board the train came out of the car and shulk away in the darkness

Soon the cheerful cur stove begins to get in its work, and the cases of broken woodwork begins to burn, at first slowly, then, as the swift winds of the plains caten it, the red blaze leaps out and greats the frightened

night with a cackling faugh.

Togo back to Mr. Crawford, at Caicags, with the author is but the work of an in-

When Dr. Watson returned after sending his lying telegram to Elia he fourt the house empty and the door locks i, the snutter. drawn and everything de erte i. The reader will ask how he know that every one was gone when the door was locked and he could not get in, but we must remember that he was in the hypnotion business, and emild do things that other people might consider diffion t. Many a time as a boy he had by mot.z de a waterme on dog and then helped nimesit to the luscious fruit.

He soon learned that Mr. Crawford hal taken his whole household, and with light baggage had fled to the deput. He followed rapidly, and fortunately caught up with the carriage containing the purry, for they were "bridged' and had been for nearly an hour. He tried to hypnotize Mr. Crawford, but the old man had hrewdly had hims if vaccinated, and so he was saved.

There was nothing for the doctor to do but to follow the procession, for Crawford had evidently heard that his daughter was in California, and had resolved to ge to her.

For some time the Doct in argue I with the old man, but without avail. He then tried to hyp mize the ticket office into giving him a lower berth, but the agent has been exposed when he was young, and so wasn't afraid of get in ; it now.

Tuerefore Dr. Watton had to jump hurriedly on the cear platfor n as the train pulled out, and slep in the single car, with his front to thresting heavily on his kness, all the livelong night.

In the drawing room of a pleasant and airy sleeping car supplied with electric belis an I a thermo neter was a buffet, the sa adwiches in which smalled like lower eight, while lower sight got even by smelling like a corned be f sandwich, and here sat Mr. Crawford and Miss Brown. Below is given a picture of Miss Brown. Her name was Celia Brown, but her friends called her Cell and Brown with an air of bandinage which brought a rosy finsh and sweet bright smiles to her fair

LUMBERTIST HER DESDRIV CAURUS THIS STRUCK with his little catching-cateriors camera.

The picture was originally a full length figure, but owing to the pressure on our advertising space at language it received from the eniet of police we have decided to can-denset to portrait a material possible.

Briefly, but truthfully and tearfully, Miss Brown made a clean breust of her socrowful slavery oD. Watson, he hypnotist, and on her knees sho pronised the old man that never again would has give him an opporturity to wind his minum and disagraphia influence over her.

As the fair heal of the beautiful girl rested on his knee, and with trambling fingers he scrowed up her Parch : Knot a little tighter, so thit is culd not get mully as the spirite i realister sped along the track, he thought he hid lover saw so fuir a being, take rall round, as so was. [Ar. Crawford always used the cao es t English in his conversa i m, but occasionally his troughts were ung a mat.c.il.]

"I also have a confe-si to to make, dear one, the said. "Propose for a piece of inforinsties which you can hardly credit, save ha-fi-waoam, or is, or ar a as hacase may

"World you believe hat f, when a your courade on tale journey, whose face is so relied, so spiritudie, conclusave taker the he of Dr Count

"Could you be leve that I, a professor of religion and a worthy its de guntal for two ter usin the Lattie Bettiel independent Order of Good Templars. No. \$5,702, could have gone under the cover of durkness and with a bright new class wife cut into the mee warm vince it in the gutor, and then, with his not book spar in tup my slowe, backetth dying anist ces on him is Ts.awlstrap and crost hom away to a sever trap, and cone i . . . di i vilel rmails so that to pole could not get on to

"A dyet for not so his to tible secret has een one to use my on Yest-raby wall. Dr. Wa son was uptown it occurred to me at pouchy I did not kill Cronin, and so pencing up a cope I read that au-other an aid it. Fol. ing up this germ of thought I can do d a vered tast I was nh o da i tuo year o h. Coodh murder. I am now would ig it D. Waten has not been wield: a unh y allegae over me which the destatful comass of Canfordia and similized stimular like the whisky and pum may overcome."

A quick sole come from the lowed form before him. "On Ephraim, thank God. You may be able to prove yourself innocent after a 1," she aid. She had never called Lim Ephraim before.

He stoo eland whistared a few low, passionate words in her car. Her head bent lower and a quest flush of strimp plak bathed fact, need and shoulders.

It was but the work of a moment for Ephrain to call up a sleep; but chrical looking man in upper tive, also in pajama . who quietly slid down to the drawing-room and in the presence of the sleepin, car cin luctor and for er mide the two min an I wife.

And what of Henry lien-hall, the hero and

artistic ass of this story?

Leaving his art to shirk for it-olf, and forgetting that he had promised on that very day to paint two large barns for a party in Oakland, he fought madly for a place on the train in order to follow an unknown flaxen haired fiddler, who did not care a cent for him or his art. Heury Henshall was not a bad man, but he needed some great calamity or severe concussion to jelt a utile some into him. That was all Life had

penn (nasilyona wom Zim. 12) mat p**einte**à " several nursest cof Baurice Count, which had been to a sail to the west

for, yet after all he needed something that would almost kill him, but not quite. This would, the doctor thought, knock the talente out of him, and give him an ambition to do as he agreed and pay his deats.

Such an opisade was in store for him. For by a street a latably, this train he rode upos a f w I have to fulth-ugh Mr. Barnum, by n signt come gh', which is purfectly par done or same who on a be camount of stick o'a d and water and hed down the take care of mgate, pures the accident of the first light outpershed into the tree the first light out crasma which brought Mr. Crawford west in the light of the light out of



APTER THE WRECK

On that for al night E in a placed over wi luber ber h, where it cult ook get hen ed by the steam pipes, and stipe, fe down her ang die hat till is reflected alight figure like a han of monate as she I oked so sweet that the porter thouselessly swallowed a pillow which he was 2 ing in his cothas he watch d her skin his sten ladder and plunge into ber conching glad cry.

She soon stuc't her head down into Henshall, berth, however, and said to

"Wal, Mr Brasm,' sail the doming hope vor derived profit from the year inclined to be in figured, "I assure drop by an sone Seed to and a tend of with non ye of profit." - New York 3

[TO BE COSTINUED]

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-PRAIRIE ILLUSTR