

## (CONTINUED.)

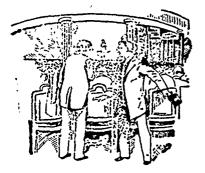
"Give me your that so na mement," he exclaimed exerted yo his friend, almost smalling at troon his tand. He evelled it straight at the garls me. Whe had put the violan under he cam, and the flag is on her left hand were lightly on alog the strings.

Yes! It was she. The dream of his artist

Yes! It was she. The dream of his artist soil stood before him, harer than he had imagined. She was dresselvery slampy in a gown of whitesain, with a large lash of white silk at her slender waist.

He felt a tailf of deal lit! She seemed nearer to him than ever. The purpose which he mat sucra in the Wagner car, when it stemed so wild and in possible to carry out now seemed to the exceed young man a very casy matter.

He felt that her position as a public of professional performer argued some difficulty in her family, and he was not slow to taik that in the way the heart full girl had sought to escape from the hatefull Dr. Watson.



THE DREAM OF THE ARTIST'S SOUL STOOD BEFORE HIM.

The next moment he was entranced. A strain of music of the most decisions sweetness streamed from her bow as she lightly swept is over the new drown instrument which she held to encessingly.

He shall was passionately fond of music, He had neard her wonderful playing in the car and it had held film in thrail; but that coult not be compared to this.

Elna was inspired by the occasion of her best exort. In the inspiration of the moment she forgo, all but her art. The dainty melody of the great German floated on the air like a hullaby sung by one spirit to another.

As she went on, he relt that some occult influence was at work within the girl. Instead of the free, spontaneous movement and the on ire absorption in the composition, there seemed a tense nervous a station in the performer which betrayed itself to him he hardly knew how. The tempo was quickened and the bow seemed to bite into the cat-gut, while

her smooth forehead contracted into a faint frown, her nostrils dinting slightly now and then.

Was she going to be overcome at the moment of her triumpar. C und nervousness be asserting itself now after she and triumphantly conquered her public, and when the house was hanging breatalessly on her playing?

He felt in himself a sensy of discomfort, which he was attributing purely to his sympathy with the young girl. But it seemed to augment. At last by an attraction which was almost against his will, he telt his head turn to one side almost as it drawn there by some subtle influence.

Not five yards away from him was Doctor Watson,

His eyes we e bent with glowing earnestness on the girl's face. They were hot and seemed almost starting from his head. It was evident that the hateful man was concentrating all the power of his soul into that I whi. By his side shoot Mr. Crawford.

Henry Henshall in dees ood the situation at a glance. His own creeping diseased sense of being under some influence seemed explaned by the magnetic attraction of this devicish man. He knew, too, that his i leal, this nervous, high strung girl whose artistic temperament must answer to the faintest impression, was boing overcome by that terrible glance which by. Watson was directing towards her.

lie felt that sometaing must be done. A little more of this cents violence and lina might be all hoped sits down. He was her kmight, soft-constitued, to be sure, but with the tond hope but some time in might receive from those soft brown eyes this sign that he was not an uniquiteful difference.

His course was quickly decided on He walked behind the hateful form of the doctor, and fiter standing a mo nent beain I him turned around sharply and, as if by accident, struck the man in the back so heavily that he turned in wrath and su prise.

"Oh, I begyour pardon, Dr. Leopardi," be said, with stress upon the name.

He dar ellagharce at him as he said this that sufficently conveyed his feelings. It was to be war to the knife.

Dr. Leepardi looked at him in return, with a deadly hate.

"You are mistaken, sir," he sa'd hotly, with ut a moment's hesitation. "My name is not Leopardi."

Heastall felt that his ruse had succeeded in what he chiefly intended. He had troken the fatal current which streamed from Dr. Watson's eyes and which was slowly but surely unnerving the fair girs who struggled so travely against the milign influence.

He stepped close to his ear and hissel into it; "If you do not withdraw at once and case per-centing that innocent girl, I will bring one that will prove you are Dr. Leepa: di and a thief and a vilian. Go, quietly and at once, and I will do nothing more at present; but otherwise beware, for I know you much better than you do me. Go?"

Leopardi's brown face grew sallow white and his eyes to ked like an anary snake's, "I will be even with you some day," he

"I will be even with you some day," he said in a low tone of intense revengetulness. "I never forget a door like this."

Then he turned and said something to Mr. Crawford, who had been watching his daughter too persistently to have remarked this side-scene. After a moment apparently of hesitation on the old man's part, he turned and with an agitated air left the Hall with the dector.

"What did you do to that fellow?" asked his companion as Henshall returned to his "I scotened a snake?" he said, his lip curling with disgust and scorn.

Edua Lawis had completed her solo triimplantly, and twice she was oblized to return to how her acknowledgements to the app anding house. She was deadly pale, and there we asstrain dook in the dark brown eyes which pareed Hen Ind's very soul.



"I HAVE A CAB HERD FO

Fe could not leave her unprotected. He must wait and see her safely home. Dr. Wat-on an I dd 'r. Crawford were nowhere in sight, but that did not dire; her fear, and the crowd had a suppenreu.

Theo he saw a slight figure, a gloum of white s the showing beneath the fur-trimmed clear which he recognized as the same that his ideal had worn at the time he had rescued her from Watson's persecutions.

She was so heavily veiled that he could not dot c a single teature. He app oached her humbly and raising his hat said in the most deforential tones:

"Miss Neville, pardon my again intruding upon you, but it is o ly in your own regard t'at I do so. I have a can here for you w. r.; will bear you at once to your home, a diff you will permit of my escort I shall feel safer to know that you arrive there with u any molestation,"

She bowel, but seemed too nervous to speak. As if di traught, one little gloved hand fluttered out toward him and grasped he own, but it was instantly withdrawn and she hastily entered the coupe he had engeded,

She gathered her robes close to her and left a place at her sale for Hanshall.

a place at her side for Hanshall.
"Where shall I tell the driver to go?" he said, as he leaned toward her.

In muffied, agitated to set the number of a west up own street was conveyed to him. He hastily repeated it to the calman, and then boldis entered the coupe and scated himself by her side.

Tae cabman drove off. Henshall's fair compa ion kept her bandkerchief to her face, and seemed to let or under an agitation that she could with difficulty repress. He made no attempt to converse with her. He had said as he closed the door of the coupe:

"Dear Miss Neville, you will surely acquit me of want of respect under the circumstances. You know my one de-ire is to be your most truded guardian should you need any. Do not try to speak. My only wish is to see you safely housed."

[TO HE CONTINUED]