



(CONTINUED.)

Being retired, well-furnished and on the ground floor, the new apartments were preferable to the old ones, and Miss Brown, the governess, who of late had shown a coquettish interest in Mr. Crawford, declared to Edna that it was "a pretty little paratise of a home."

To Edna Crawford, who seemed to have lost interest in life, it mattered not where she was or what her surroundings were; the place offered her a refuge from the haunting eyes of Dr. Watson.

To avoid meeting him in the hall she feigned sickness and her nervousness in her room; but the very thing used to avoid him brought him close to her presence with an eager tender of his professional services.



HE WAS TALKING TO A HYSTERICAL WOMAN.

When he was out of sight she clashed him; when he was near, with his strange eyes staring at her face, or his fingers pressing on her arm, while he proceeded to look at his wrist, she was powerless to resist as a bird under the fascinations of a snake.

Fortunately, the doctor was now away the greater part of every day and Edna would take advantage of his absence to comfort herself with the magic violin.

She shunned her father, because he was forever sounding the praises of the doctor; and, for the same reason, she avoided Miss

Brown as much as possible, though that lady's increasing devotion to Mr. Crawford did not escape her notice.

One evening after supper she heard Dr. Watson saying to her father in the hall: "I expect to see a party from the West to-night and if there is anything of importance to communicate I'll wake you up on my return, after 12."

To this Mr. Crawford replied in a nervous voice: "If there is not a certainty of arranging the terms so as to prevent publicity we must sail for Europe on Saturday. I feel as if I could not hold up much longer under the strain."

After the doctor had gone out Mr. Crawford came into his daughter's room, and to his great delight, she was less excitable and more demonstrative in her affection than usual.

After an hour's talk she kissed him good night, saying that she felt weary and would lie down, and requesting him to tell Miss Brown that she need not see her again till morning.

As soon as her father had gone out Edna quickly placed her violin and several rolls of music in the case, then hurriedly put all her jewelry and a change of clothing into a little valise and lowered the light.

She waited till an hour after Mr. Brown had gone to bed in the adjoining room, then quickly put on a street dress and, carrying the valise and violin case, left the house as noiselessly as a shadow.

Looking neither to the right nor left she made her way to the Third Avenue Elevated road and took a car bound south.

She got out at Fulton street, utterly ignorant of her whereabouts and quite as uncertain as to her destination, but to her great joy she saw a respectable-looking hotel near the station, and thus she entered with a confidence of manner that in no way indicated her feelings.

She wrote her name on a black card "Miss Louisa Neville" and asked the waiter who appeared in the parlor to have her registered and a room assigned her.

She had \$32 in cash, besides her jewels, and this, so she thought, would enable her to live till she could find a place for the exercise of her talents.

Although not hungry, Edna Crawford went down to the dining-room the following morning, and while waiting for her coffee she looked over a paper that lay on the table.

It was a copy of that morning's World, and a glance at the "want columns" decided her as to what she should do next.

After the merest apology for a breakfast, she put a veil over her hat, and hurried to the World Office on Park Row. She was about to write out an advertisement, applying for the position of governess, when a handsome, middle-aged man, with a refined German face, raised his hat and said, as he handed her a slip of paper:

"Please to excuse me, Mrs. but I am not sure if mine is good English. Is not spelled right?"

With a sunken face and trembling hands, Edna read the following:

Wanted—Immediately, a young lady who can play violin solos in a European Concert Company. Apply in person and with own instrument to Herr Emil Schmetz, No. 2 Union Square, New York.

—SUBSCRIBE FOR—

—THE—

—PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED—

CHAPTER IV.—ONE PURPOSE AND TWO ENDS.

BY ALAN DALE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER III.—BY MAJOR ALFRED C. CALHOUN.

Tom Wogly, a detective, calls at Henshall's studio and says that he saw Dr. Watson talking to a woman on Union Square. He shadowed the woman to a boarding-house on Second Avenue. Henshall's father calls and tells the young artist that he is in the power of Banker Hartman, who can ruin him. He implores his son to marry the banker's daughter and thus save him. Henry promises reluctantly to do so. Meanwhile the Crawfords have moved further uptown. Edna's hatred of Dr. Watson, her crosses, and finally packing up her violin and some effects, she leaves without a word of warning an advertisement in THE WORLD offering a man asks her to read his advertisement to see if it is spelled correctly. The advertisement is for a female violinist.



Lena Hartman, the banker's daughter, was one of those matter-of-fact maidens who seem to have been created as a useful foil to the sentimental gushfulness of the romantic damsel.

Miss Hartman was more than delicately plump. Her

appearance suggested an intense regard for meals. Like the German frau-heim, who is not at all disinclined to talk love over a steaming dish of Frankfurt sausages, supplemented by sauerkraut, Miss Hartman was eminently hearty.

As for her amiability, it was simply without limit. Miss Hartman was insoucious to the petty worries of life. One of her friends always declared that nothing less than an earthquake would ever cause her the least agitation.

Henry Henshall called upon this portly maiden in due time, and her appearance filled him with a vague fright.

His artistic instincts told him at once that he need never expect from her either sympathy or even interest in his plans and his aspirations.

But his promise to his father dwelt in his mind sacredly intact. He would be a martyr and he must feel some consolation in that. Most men do.

It is well to reflect that one is a martyr even though too late to be included in Fox's book.

The face of his unknown ideal blotted from his mind the large, immobile features of Miss Hartman the instant he left her and he felt that as a reward for her sacrifice he could at least indulge in the luxury of thinking of this strangely met, strangely lost woman.

Lena Hartman was motherless and had recently engaged as companion a woman whom Henshall regarded with undefined mistrust. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed woman, who years ago must have been extremely handsome, but her features were now hid with care. Her movements were furtive and catlike, and she seemed to regard the life she was living as unreal.

"What induced you to engage her, Lena?" asked Henshall one day, with the privilege of a newly made fiancé. He had gained into this position in such an unutterably commonplace manner that the chains so easily forged were hardly galling.

"Because she interests me," declared Miss Hartman. "I feel that she has a history. You always tell me, Harry, that I am the most unromantic being on earth. I know it."