

(CONTINUED.)

"Then you are not the man?"

"I am not the man, I swear to you," said Hensball

The singer reflected for a moment, and then said: "I do not see what harm at can do to tell you the truth in any case. Even if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is no munt' she asked suddenly, fixing her eyes on he young fellow.

"He is an Italian min'l reader whose real name is Lopardi. I know im to be a vit-

lain," replied Henshall at once.

"I only asked that to see if you would have an answer ready," Mess Dunley returned smilling requisity again. "Well, I will tell you the whole thing After her last solo Miss Neville was strangely agitated. She came to me readding and said: "There is a man whom I greatry fear, because, although I detest him, he has an influence over me which I cannot resist. From the way I felt while I was playing, I believe he was somewhere in the hall. I desire above all things to avoid meeting this man. My happiness in life may be destroyed if he should find where I amilving. Will you not change dresses with me and wear my wrap? We are so nearly alike in figure that if you go out in these clothes and veil yourself well, he can easily mistake you for me and will follow yon. I feel as if he would wait until he sees me come out."

"She so impressed me." continued Miss Dudley, "that I consented. The an of the thing tickled my fancy too. Well, when I came out and you addressed me as Miss Neville and invited me into the come which you had engaged. I felt sure you were the man. I thought I was helping Miss Neville all the more by bringing you home with me. Then it was a satisfaction to show you how you had been fooled."

She laughed, and then said earnestly: "And you are not the man at all, then?"

"No I am not the man at all," replied Henshall. "You acted a friend y part. Now you can act a still riendlier one if you will help me to £ id this young woman. I believe she needs assistance and I beal gladly aid her."

Miss Dudley darted a keen glance at his handsome face as she answered: "I do not doubt it in the leas". But I know nothing about Miss Neville more than I have told you. Still, when I see her I will tell her what you have said, and if you leave your address with me I will write to you what she says."

With this Henshall had to be content. He saw that the singer was sincere in what she said so far as he could judge. He went to Steinway Hall and got Helurich Neuberger's address. It was on Third avenue, far up

He decided to call at Miss Hurtman's on his way up to let Mrs. Shith know that he had seen her villamous hisband. This would help to cement the chaile tes between them which he wished to inspire.

When he rang the bell he told the servant to give his card to Mrs. Smith. He pencaled on it: "Come down for a minner." Do not

say I am here."

He en ered the parlor and wa'te!. In a very hor, time 'dr'. Smith presented nerself. She seemed flurried, but glad to see him.

"You came at a very opportune time. I can tru tyon implies y, can I not? she asked, looking at him fixed y.

"Cermaly, I want you to do so. I want your help and will give you mine. I saw your husband last night," he added.

"Read that and see what it means," said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from her pocket "Do not be afraid to do so because it is directed to Miss Hartman. I have read it, "and her eyes flashed, "and I know he meant villainy by it."

Henshall hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was as follows:

Miss Lena Hartman: If Mr. Henry Renshail ons any relations to you when would make his compromising another young woman of interest to you, a k him what we has to do with a girl who plays the violutin in public and whose sage namers Louis Neville. He may deay that he knows her, out you are entitled to this warning from

A FRIEND.

Henshall raised his eyes interrogatively to Mrs. Smith.

"That note came this morning," she said exc.tealy. "The handwriting is disguised, but I know the character of Leopardi's Italian letters too well note to decet it. I took the liberty of op mug it, thinking I had a right achieved, "she said bitterly, "to know what he would write to a young lady engaged to a young goaldem in. When I read it I decided not to let hiss Hartman know anything about it and felt it was only fair to show it to you."

"It is only his devilled in dice, perhaps," said Henshall, "for he haves ms. But, I do not know how he could have found out my name and my engagement to Miss Hartman."

He then told Mrs. Smith the history of yesterday. When he was through she exclaimed: "That man seems to me devilish at times. Keep this letter, at all events. It may come into play later."

When Henshall left her he went at ones to Neuberger's. What was his astonishment when that gen leman said to him: "Miss Neville has accepted an engag ment to appear in San Francisco with a manager named Rudolph Opper. She start d for there this morning."

"Beaten again!" said H n hall savagely to him elf as he discended the sairs. "But I will find her if I have to follow her around the world."

CHAPTER VIII.--COLLISIONS AND COLLUSIONS.

BY NELL NELSON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER VII —BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

Henshall call-upon the singer, Miss Dudley, next day, and after convicing her that he is a triend of Miss Crawford, learns that she denned Miss Crawford's clock and vel the

night before at the persecuted eight request, in order to escape from Dr. Watson. Miss Duffey supers of that figure i was the disctor and placed her east well. So educate know at s. Novall's (r. Crowford) address Husha, each on Mis S. at., Lona Hattman's common or who shows him an anonymous be a sea' to Le at, which sho (Mrs. Smith) intercepted. It is in Dr. Wa son's writing and warms Lona to beware o. Heach all. The artist then visits Miss Crawford's manager and finds that she had left that in daing to fill an eagagement in San Francisco. He determines to follow her.



66 OH1 how good this fire feels," said Miss Brown, as she rolled over on the soft Persian rug and presented her left shoulder to the open grate.

She lay with her elbows on the floor, her chiu in her hands and her teet crossed purring like some regenerated cat as she toasted herself a bright scarlet.

"Oh! how good it feels," she repeated, gazing into the glowing coals through the iron hars of the grate and tecrosing her neatly ship reaffect. "The best fire that ever bluzed, if I ever get a home of my own. I'll have a grate in every room and a roaring fire in every grate nine months in the year. If there was no hing elsein life but hot coffee, hot water and a hot fire it would still be worth living.

"Coffee s the best thing that ever went down a human threat; I know of no sensation to compare with a not bath, which is a purification, a so ace and a tenediction, while a grate fire, with a soft rug to lie on, is company, comfort and consolation. There's history in the burning coals and there must be inspiration, only I haven't brains enough to perceive it.

"The present lies in the white heat, There's

"The present lies in the white heat. There's that Doctor of Devds granning at me; there's por little Edua; there's the crazy painter, and leaning against the brick is Mr. Crawford, scarcely able to support himself.

"The enners of revent dance in their dying glow picture the past, and there's one face that never fades. I see it in the ashes after the last spark goes out, and I shall see it in the coffin lid at my funeral and in my grave when I'm buried. God help her to forgive me!' and, rolling over on her back, she clasped her hands and raised them in supplicating appeal above her burning face.

Just then the door of her room opened noiselessly and Dr. Watson, in alippers and lounge coat, entered and, taking a cigarette from his lops, stood for a moment watching her.

Not a sound was made nor a syllable uttered, but Miss Brown felt the presence of the hypnotist in an instant.

A shudder ran through her body, an excessive quivering agitated ner lips. Her eyeballs mived convulsively, and quickly turning her face as close to the fire as the brass fender would permit, she said by way of recognition "It's you, is it?"

"You have said it, my dear Martha, and it you don't mind I'll in sh my cigarette here. Dannuation can have little terror for you, by the way."

TO BE CONTINUED]

-- PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED--