

CHAPTER XI.—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

BY P. T. BARNES



There comes a crisis in the lives of most people when sorrows crowd so thick and fast that there is a deadly satisfaction in the thought that "things cannot be much worse."

So too, Eliza Crawford, sitting with bowed head and stricken nerves, on the train that is bearing her onward to the bedside of her dying father. She bitterly regrets ever having left him, as the memories mesh herself with wild pictures of the sufferings he may have endured at the unscrupulous hand of Dr. Watson.

For this man, so inextricably entangled with the sorrow and tragedy that are connected with her past life, she felt a deep and relentless longing. It was through his persecution she was forced to leave her father's side, and, remembering this, her young face wore an expression of such intense hatred that it attracted the attention of the lady occupying the opposite chair.

This late half century entered the car by one door as Henry Henshaw, a worker in the glass, of Detective Barus, was ejected through the other.

She was dressed in an elaborate light silk gown, totally inappropriate for travelling, and over a shiny little theatre bonnet was pinned a heavy dark veil that completely covered her face.

SHE OPENED IT AND READ ALOUD.

Beneath the veil was the tear-stained countenance of Edna Heathall, who had been aroused by the tragic expression of Edna Crawford's face into thinking there was perhaps someone else as unhappy as herself.

Two hours before, when Henry Henshall had left his young wife for the pursuit of his fascinating life, Lena had wandered aimlessly up and down her little parlor, a prey to bitter meditations. Sick at heart from brooding over her husband's neglect and her thoughts of a lonely and loveless future, she called Mrs. Smith and announced her intention of passing the evening at the theatre. At the sight of the girl's tear-stained face Mrs. Smith wisely boded her tongue, but the cynical snarl that played about her thin lips caused young Mrs. Henshall to feel for her troubled companion a sudden hot dislike.

When Mrs. Smith left to make some preparation for accompanying her, Lena threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Her thoughts turned long-

truly towards her mother, to whom she had always gone for advice and sympathy, and with this in mind she came to the determination to go to him with all her heart. She knew that Baker Hartman was then in Chicago on an important piece of business, and soon making a telephone call, she procured a three-table and found him with haste she could catch the 8:31 Chicago express.

She thrust a few articles into a valise, and leaving a brief note for Mr. Smith to the effect that she had decided to go out and do a lot of "camping," he expressed an embarrassed consent to her trip to Uta Dopa. She purchased a ticket, securing the only remaining seat on the train, and before she had time to reflect on the importance of the step she had taken she was waving away en route for Chicago.

Lena, as suddenly brought back to the consciousness of her position by the porter, who was collecting her complement tickets, pruned away to making up the beds for the night.

Elma, who in the light of her departure, had neglected to secure any sleeping station, now found it extremely difficult to find a place to stay and at last she only did manage to secure a room. There was an uninviting looking box at the foot of her bed. Mrs. Hemmell, who had been attracted by the girl's despondent face, stopped to read and offered her the other woman her own compartment.

Ema accepted gratefully and warmly
 thanked her unknown companion for her
 courtesy.

As she moved from the door, she saw a small, dark object lying on the floor. It was a small, dark, rectangular object with a light-colored, circular mark on the top. It was stamped with the initials "H. B. H."

With a view to discovering the owner, E. H. opened it and extracting one of the bits of pasteboard, read aloud: "Mr. Henry Russell Henshaw, New York City."

"We, the ministers have been disappointed by the gentleman who spoke to me just as the train was leaving San Francisco," she said.

Lean and grown deeply pale, "The gentleman who spoke to you" she questioned faintly.

"Ye," replied Ellen, hastily, "I tell you gentle man who has follow'd me on several previous occasions. This evening he spoke to me and I resist'd it. A stranger press'd at the same time to my assistance, and in the distance that follow'd this circumstance was probably to be." Lena Heston remained silent. Crush'd and humiliated by this proof of her husband's duplicity, she had not the courage to further question her companion.

Her love for her husband was the first grand emotion of his life, and the discovery she had just made of his wife a maid, wild jealousy. When she finally retired for the night it was with the pleasing knowledge that in the berth above her, by her own invitation, lay the girl who was cause of her husband's infidelity, and that, probably, possessed of her husband's love.

How long she tossed about in her narrow berth, wakeful and miserable, Lena never knew.

Just as merciful sleep was closing her weary eyelids there came a sudden jar, the m horrid crash, a shiver that rent the air, a blow upon her head that made a hideous glare of light and then darkness absolute and blessed unconsciousness.

The papers of the following day were filled with the gaudy details of the awful railway accident near B —

The names of the surviving passengers, together with a list of the killed and wounded, were published, but the name of Eliza Crawford, alias Leavis Neville, did not appear in any of these accounts, nor did the strictest and most diligent inquiries throw any light on the simple and mysterious disappearance of this young woman.

P. T. BARNUM.

CHAPTER XII O CCLUSION.

BY BILL NYE.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. STRAIN.



ACROSS the powerful bosom of the great plains a sound disturbed the night sky now and then at long intervals the shadowy figure of a coyote crossed on its side in the sage brush, not opening his snapper, his rolling jaws gave forth that little celebrated staccato sound of its wail is so well calculated to call out the goose pimples even on the death-skin of a husband.

Even the wind of softly over the scorched and withered glaucous, and low-lying vegetation, in motion, and among the clouds without a break, with the exception of Bitter Creek, of course, which laved its alkali shores in the eternal south sea, and bleached I still wait, as they are wont by the snowy bones of those who needed sought to invade this great under-ark; establishment of nature—this paradise of quietude.

But what sound is this that gently beats
upon the tense drum of the dancer's ear?

The dorsal jaw and gill palpitations of a coming train from the west!

Scarcely do we hear this, and catch the
eye to two deers of a headlight when a growl-
ing muffle roar from the east and a blazing
light grows rapidly out of the dust and
distance swallow the two deers in its, and
in a flash the two screaming soldiers in
uniformers have met, and deal gifts
in much verbiage.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first child's death;
Come when the aged sigh
Which close the patience are broke,
And crowded cities with its stroke.

Come in, Come in! 'tis ghastly foul!
The earth quakes, stocks, the sea's in storm;
Come when no hear-beats high, and warms
With banquet song; and dance and wine,
And thou art for me. The tear,
The groan, the kick, the puff, the pier,
And all we know of dream or fear.

Of agony art thou

But to the heart where love is dead,
 And hope is kneeling o'er its bier,
 Thy face with joy is over-pend,
 And so fights on with unflin'g tread
 The soul that only sorrow lingers

When I saw you & felt that dull pain in
her heart she felt certain that she was dead,
and was anxious to tell her to think that
her sad heart would sorrow no more and that
Harry was free; but almost at once came the
sneak of not wanting to let the first step
on a road asperter through to be turned
over.

"G-a-Gawd!" she said, as her breath came in sobs, "Lucy is on fire. I must go now."

[TO BE CONTINUED]