CHAPTER III.-A GREAT MIXING OF PICKLES.

SY MAJ. ALFRED C. CALHOUN

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I .- BY W. II. BALLOU. Henry Henshall, a young ar ist, en rou € to New York in a drawing-room car, indulges to New York in a trawing-roomear, manager in a day dream te, arding the personnel of his ideal wite. Having men ally sketched ber, he is a stounded at a cholding in one of the car mirrors a reflection of the very girl he had been picturing. She isone of a parry, of four, her companions being an old man, evidently her fo her, a female companion, pre analy a govern s., and a man of about thir y-five years, with a villatious look. They thir y-live years, with a vinamous now, ring, occupy a private compartment, but through the agency of the mirrors, Henshall is evabled to watch their actions. He tries vainly to ge, up an acquaintance with the girl, tut she evades how. He draws a picture of the party. In the night she transcores the other passenger, with ver violic playing. When Hendhall awakes in the morning he finds to his despair that the party car left the train while he was sleeping. He had determined to fol-low them and is in despair at having mixed

CHAPTER II. -- BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A flat on West That weighth street is occupied by Mr. Crawford, his daughter, Miss Brown, a governess, and Dr. Watson. The names are all assume i, to hi lesome secret in Mr. Crawford's in ... Miss Crawford protects to her father against the presence of Dr. Was min the house, as she hates him, but her father decine that the physician's prese tens necessary to him. Dr. Watson possess hypnonic influence over Miss Crawford, watch forces ler to do his bitting even against her will. There is some compact bo-tween Miss Brown and the doctor. Late at night, the other eccuracists of the house hear Mis Crawford playing on her violin. A month later, Henry Hensnall, while attending a hypnotic exhibition, seet Dr. Watson leaving the hait. He remembers the doctor as being one of the group in the Wagner car. By means of his ske on, a detective locates the decor at the Pan y-eighth street flat and informs Henshall Upor calling, Henshall finds that the family moved away some days before. The same evening a woman calls at the firt and inquires for Dr. Hen-haw. The janitor says that Dr. Watson was the only physici in that and lived there. The strange woman serves, muttering threats against Dr. Watson or rienshaw. muttering threats



Henry Henshall was in despair.

In vain he tried to banish the shadowy ideal from his beart by a greater devotion to his art. Whether be worked at a land-cap or a marine scene the face of the beautiful giri he had seen on the care

would appear in the foliage or rise from the waters like unother Undine.

A hundred times he would turn away from the canvas, thinking by force of will to dispel the torturing illusion, but as it was the creation of his own brush it would not

One afternoon he dashed his palette and trushes on the studio door, and, springing to his feet, called out in a voice of ageny:

"Merciful powers! Am I never again to paint anything but that face? Can I never again think of anything but that facef'

As if in reply to his question a quick double rap sounded on the door behind him, and in response to his nervous "Come in" Tom Wogly, his own private detective, stood before him, his face as impassive as a tobacconist's Indian.

"Any news, Tom" cried the desperate young man, and he looked as if an immediate homicide would follow a reply in the negative.

But Tom Wogly showed no alarm. Shaking out the crown of his soft felt hat, he looked carefully inside as if trying to discover how he had lost the lining, and then answered with that double antiquity for which ancient oracles and modern detectives are alike calebrated.

"Well, sir, there ain't notain' as you might call downright sta tling to report. I ain't got what I'd call a reg'lar straight tip on the gal, but I kinder think I'm onter the heavy villian goat, jidgin' enterey by the face in the pic ur. If you droved that face right

"Where did you see him?" interrupted Henry treasuall, and he picked up his hat, to be ready to dush out when he got the informa-

"It was last night, sir, a talkin' to a mysterious woman, whise face was hid by a veil. Them two was right under Lafyot's sta er, on Union Square and the woman act das if her dan er was up and she didn't care who knowed it; and the man be tried to so the her and so, her an example of street etiquette by talkin' l.w.

"Well, I steaked round to see what I could hear, but the min got onto my little game, and nurried to a cab that was standin' near, and as he drive off ac caded our: "I'll see you, L.uise, same hour to morrow night.' Then I tried to talk to the velled lady, but she threatened to call the police. I apologized, and showterto toff at a grasyou mease gait that would have won first m -y at a walkin' match if she could keep it up.

. had wed her to Second avenue, near Seventeentu street, waere sae vanished into an every-day kind of boarding-house. That's the report, sir, and if you could let me have another fifty to hire a side partner, for I've got to have one or die for the want of sleep, why, I'll credit y u with it was the job's over, which I hope'll be very som."

After this long speed: Tom Worly coughed into his but till the closus threatened to burst, and Henry Hens ai hundel him five ten-dollar bills.



WEAT'S THE MATTER, FATHER, YOU LOOK TROUBLED.

The young man was about to question the detective further when a heavy step was heard outside; then the door opened without any preliminary knock and a hand ome old gentleman, with a troubled faco, entered and

"Harry, 11y son, I must see you alone and at (ø.ce."

The detective jammed the money into his pocket and his bat on his hand and vanished with a curt "Good day, gents!"

"What is the mat er, father? You look troubled," said Henry, as he placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"Then I look as I feel," replied Mr. Senshall, with a groan that came from his "On top of the failure of Higghis & Lowis, our Western agents, I this morning learned that my cashier has been faithless. · fled to Canada on Saturday, and a bu OXamination of his books shows that ..., has robbed me of at least \$200,000."

"But are rated at a million; surely you can weather the storm, said Henry, hope rather than reason prompting his words.

"If you were a business man, as I wanted you to be," said Mr. Henshall impatiently, you would know that a man's rating by an agency is never an evidence of the cash he can command."

"Then, rising from his chair, he laid his hands on his son's shoulders, looked eagerly into his eyes, and added: "Harry, you can save me, 11 you will!"

"I, father?" and behind the old gentleman Henry Henshall saw the Undine face peering at him from the picture water on the easel.

"Yes, you, Harry. Sit down and when I have told you all I am sure you will fall in with my purpose, for I have been to you a good father, and I feel that you will be to me a dutifui son."

Henry sat down, and, taking a chair facing him, his father went on t, explain his trou-

"I am in the power of one man," he said, "and, by a scratch of his pen, he can ruin or save me."

"Who is that:" asked Henry.

"Edward Hartman."

"The banker?"

"Yes, Edward Hartman, Lona Hartman's father. Harry, you and Lone played Dicether as children, and Mr. Hurtman and I-we were neighbors and good friends in those days-often laughingly spoke of the marriage of you and Lean. From that time to this she has loved you. She is an only child and her father is worth six midious "

"If you will call on her at o..c: I may get time to think, and if you ask her to marry you it will save meand your mother from an old age of poverty, and in the end you will bless the day that you took my advice."

Mr. Henshall held out his trembling hands appealingly, and Henry, who sat with his back to the picture, took them and said im-

pulsively:

"I would give my lift gladly to live you from trouble, father, so I will done you request; though it will be unjust to Lena Hartman to offer her my hand when I cannot give her my heart."

Rejuicing much at his son's obedience Mr. Henshall left the studio.

Then Heary turned to the easel, and more distinctly than it had yet appeared he saw the beautiful, mysterious face looking up appealingly from the water.

He contrasted this exquisite ideal with the real Lena Hartman, the art child that haunted him, sleep ng and waking, with the large, full-faced and stupidly good-natured banker's daughter.

Henry Henshall's mind was certainly in au unusual state of perturbation, but it was placidity itself compared with the condition of his unknown idol.

The sudden disappearance of Mr. Crawford and his family from No. 3-West Thirtyeighth street was at the suggestion of Dr. Watson, whose keen cars and sharp eyes were quick to discover the hourly increasing curioulty of their neighbors in the apartment house, and it was Dr. Watson who secured the new and more secluded quarters on Kowenhaven place, near Sixty-seventh street and Central Park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]