

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.



(CONTINUED.)

"Have you any idea who the Crawfords were?" It was his turn to question.

"No," he replied bitterly. "I need hardly say that Watson is not my husband's name. He has assumed many aliases, but the name to which he was born is Leopardi. He is an Italian by birth. He has called himself Rinaldi, Duval, Schimmerlein, Henshaw and Watson, as far as I can remember. I met him two years ago. I knew him as Dr. Henshaw, the mind reader.

"Hypnotism was a subject in which I was deeply interested. I attended all the lectures on the subject that I could possibly find. I met Dr. Henshaw at his house. I was rich. I had money and jewels.

"How it came about I can never thoroughly understand, but we were married. Two months later he left me penniless. I waited for his return and waited in vain. A child was born to me. Thank goodness, it died. I took this position temporarily. I live for revenge," and fiercely, "I will have it."

Grave fears for the safety of his ideal surged up forcefully in the bosom of Henry Henshaw as he listened to this story. That she was in danger was now very evident. His mind was made up.

"A man and a woman, both in earnest, and working together, no man ought to be able to accomplish a great deal. I want to find this man for charity's sake," he said, again furnishing excuse to himself. "You want to find him as a wronged woman. Shall we join forces?"

She hesitated for one moment. Then her mind was made up.

"Willingly," she said.

CHAPTER V.—TWO ON A TRAIL.

BY WILLIAM B. HOWE, ASSISTED BY ADE HUMMEL.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER IV.—BY ALAN DALE.

Henshaw in time becomes engaged to Lena Hartman, making a martyr of him, as he terms it. Mrs. Hartman has a Mrs. Smith for a companion. The artist calls one day when Lena is out, and finds upon the floor a brooch containing a portrait of Dr. Watson. It was dropped by Mrs. Smith, who returns to seek for her property and finds it in Henshaw's hand. Explanations follow, and Henshaw learns that Dr. Watson is Mrs. Smith's husband, that his name is Leopardi and that he is a hypnotist. He has numerous aliases, Henshaw being among the number. He abandoned his wife two months after marriage, and she has since been seeking him for revenge. Mrs. Smith and Henshaw agree to join forces and expose the villain.



"Vyd is Dr. Henshaw, ain't it?" exclaimed Herr Steinmetz as he laid his great hand on the shoulder of a man walking rapidly past him on lower Broadway. "Were haf you pin all dis time? Haf you your old frents forgot?"

The doctor was in anything but an amiable frame of mind when his meditations were suddenly cut short by this inopportune recognition by an old acquaintance. With a deep frown on his brow he lifted his piercing eyes to Steinmetz's face and curly returned the greeting.

The German pulled him out of the way of the crowd to the edge of the curbstone and plied him with questions. Was he still lecturing? What was he doing in New York? Where had he been buried out of sight for so long!

He replied that he had settled down to practise his profession in New Orleans and had had no opportunity to meet his former acquaintances. He was spending a few days in the city to transact business of the utmost importance and he was then on his way to keep an appointment that he could not delay, as it was already going late.

"So," said Herr Steinmetz, "but you must come and see me. My god-in-law, Heinrich Neuberger, your old manager, is here and he will want to talk vid you vile you stay in New York. Can't you come tonider?"

"I think I can," returned the doctor, who was hanging around anxiously and evidently desiring to make the interview as short as possible. He was perfectly willing to promise to see his former manager, but if there was any one man he had particular reason to avoid, that man was Heinrich Neuberger.

"You must come to my concert, continued Herr Steinmetz. "He will be grant. I haf discovered a new Camilla Urso, a grander blayer dan Matam Urso even. She vil make her debut to-nite at Steinway Hall. You are a musician, you must hear her!"

Putting the proffered complimentary ticket in his pocket the doctor, to end the interview, said "Good-by, and hurried through the first door he noticed, through the Schermerhorn Building to Wall street and then down past the Sub-Treasury and the Custom-House to the Hanover square station of the Elevated Railroad.

Henry Henshaw, who had been down town to see his father, happened to be riding on the same train as the doctor, but he was so deeply engrossed in his thoughts that he did not notice the former husband of his fiancée's companion as he passed through the car looking for a seat.

The young artist was down-hearted, and as the train sped uptown he wondered what to do with himself to while away the evening.

He did not care to go to his Club, he had no reason to go home, and he had told Mrs. Hartman not to expect him until Saturday. When the guard yelled "Fourteenth street" he suddenly determined to leave the train and to take a table d'hôte dinner at one of the Italian restaurants in that portion of the city.

After his meal he enjoyed a good cigar and then started to walk leisurely over towards Union Square, along the north side of Fourteenth street. Before he had taken many steps his artistic eye was attracted by the well-rounded figure of a girl just ahead of him, who carried a leather music-roll in her hand. There was something familiar in her appearance and he quickened his pace to get a better look at her.

The next moment he knew that she was the ideal with whom his brain had been filled since he first caught a glimpse of her in the Wagner car.

His first impulse was to lift his hat and address her, but he restrained himself, knowing that she would undoubtedly resent his impertinence.

He resolved to find out where she went, however, and permitted her to get several feet in advance, but not very far, as he feared to lose sight of her in the crowd that was carrying along the thoroughfare toward the places of amusement.

As the girl reached the corner of Irving place she came suddenly face to face with a man in whom Henshaw recognized the younger of the two men who had been traveling with her on the New York Central Railroad. She looked down and tried to pass him,

"I am very glad to meet you thus unexpectedly, Miss Crawford," sarcastically remarked the doctor, detaining her with his hand.

"Let me go. I have nothing to say to you," she exclaimed, looking up at him appealingly and shrinking from his grasp.

For a moment Henshaw's soul irresolute. He saw that the girl wished to escape from the man, who seemed determined not to let her go, but he could not tell what their relation had been or how his interference would be taken.

Again he heard her plead to be let alone, and she turned her eyes towards him as if to appeal for help. He saw that great dewy tears were stealing out of her long eyelashes and he hesitated no longer.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting an upright artist?" he cried, jumping forward and driving her back a shove with such violence as to nearly throw him over the iron fence around the Academy of Music. He pushed forward in front of the girl, who immediately left, and he snook his flat in the face of her astonished acquaintance.

"You deserve to be thrashed within an inch of your life," he continued, "and I feel very much inclined to give you a severe chastisement to teach you better manners."

"Come, get away from here. I will not stand any more of this nonsense," returned the physician. "I shall call a policeman if you interfere with me."

"I shall not allow any one to insult a lady in my presence," said the artist, who felt that he had to offer some justification for his conduct to the through that had already collected around them.

"That is ridiculous! I spoke to an old friend of mine," was the final reply vouchsafed to the girl's champion, who allowed himself to be put aside as the furious doctor moved away.

Henshaw followed, thinking that he might again have the opportunity of peeping between his ideal and one whom she was evidently anxious to escape.

He was crossing Irving place when a carriage drove past. He recognized it immediately as Edward Hartman's. He hoped that the occupants would not notice him, but he was disappointed. He was walking ahead when he heard a familiar voice calling his name. He turned and saw Mr. Hartman beckoning to him. The carriage had stopped in front of the Academy and the banker and his daughter were alighting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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