



(CONTINUED.)

Again her eyes were drawn to his and she sat down and waited.

As they took their places in the carriage, Dr. Watson seated himself opposite Miss Crawford and by the side of her father.

The drive lasted two hours. It was dark when they returned, and Miss Brown was startled to hear her young mistress cry out wildly as the door of their room closed upon them, "I shall certainly, certainly go mad!" and then to see her fall in a dead swoon upon the floor.

After she was restored to consciousness and tucked into bed with Miss Brown to watch beside her, the old gentleman spoke confidentially to Dr. Watson.

"I think you will have to avoid showing any attention to my daughter for a time," he said, "as she has convinced some foolish prejudice against you. It is the whim of a mere child, and I trust you will regard it lightly, but I am convinced by her manner during the drive this afternoon, and by her own words, that she is considerably excited over this matter."

"You have been very courteous and kindly attentive to her, as it is your duty to be, I am sure, toward a daughter. But I think it would be wise to take no further notice of her for some time to come—until she outgrows this whim of hers."

Dr. Watson leaned near the old gentleman and laid one hand on his shoulder and spoke in a low, grave voice:

"My dear friend, I do not wish to alarm you," he said. "Yes, I have been studying your daughter's mental condition ever since I first entered your service. She has a most remarkably sensitive nervous organization, and it has been greatly shocked by events to which I need not refer. Unless she receives medical attention I fear for her."

"I beg you to leave her care entirely to me. Miss Brown understands her condition, and we have both wished to conceal the danger from you, but since you have spoken it is better that you know the facts. Ignore any whim the child may have; pacify her as best you may for the time being, and leave the result with me. You shall not regret it."

The old man pressed the doctor's hand and ears came to his eyes.

"Nor shall you ever regret your interest in me and mine!" he said. "Thank God, I have money enough to pay you for this sacrifice of your whole time and skill in my service while I live, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

The eyes of the doctor glowed like coals of fire as he bade his patient good night and stepped out into the hall.



At the door of her mistress's room Miss Brown was waiting for him, fear in her eyes. He put his finger to his lip.

"Do not be alarmed," he whispered. "The swoon was nothing. It may occur again. Keep cool always, and remember our compact in the Wagner car, when you promised to aid me. You shall be well paid for it."

And he slipped a crisp bank note into her willing hand. She bowed her head.

"Tonight, at 1 o'clock," he continued, "if your young mistress takes her violin and plays an air from Faust, don't speak to her or disturb her. Let her follow her own will. It may not happen, and yet such an event is liable to occur."

He passed on to his room and Miss Brown entered the apartment which she occupied with her young mistress, who was now sunk in a profound slumber.

An hour and a half after midnight the sweet strains of a violin, breathing an air from "Faust," floated through the apartment-house.

A woman who lived across the hall heard it and remarked to her husband that if ever a set of cranks lived on earth it was the people opposite.

Dr. Watson heard the music and laughed softly in his room, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Miss Brown both saw the player and heard her music and muttered with pale lips: "Is he man or devil?"

Just a month later, a man who had been sitting in Chickering Hall watching the exhibition of Prof. Oscar Feldman, the hypnotist, and mind-reader, rose and walked out before the close of the entertainment.

A young man sitting near the aisle glanced up at him, slightly annoyed at the disturbance caused by his exit.

"I have seen that face before," he thought, as the man passed on.

The exhibition grew in interest and the young man turned his attention to the stage; but the faces of the persons who had just gone out danced before him in irritation suggestive of the grasping of his tantalized memory.

"Where did I see him before?" he thought, and then, like a mirror, the scene reflected in the mirror of the Wagner drawing-room, two months previous, flashed before the audience's eyes. Harry de Saille.

He arose and dashed out of the hall. In the crowd of people hurrying to and fro in every direction it was impossible to tell whither the man had gone.

He hailed a cab, hurried to his studio,

made a careful sketch of the face he had just seen, and carried it to a private detective who was renowned for his skill.

"This man I saw go out of Chickering Hall half an hour ago," he said. "Find his address for me and I will pay your price."

It was a few days over a month later when he received a telegram in Boston, whither he had gone the day previous, which said:

"Have found no address. Come home."

"I saw the original of this sketch day before yesterday, driving in a carriage," explained the detective on Henshall's arrival. "I followed and saw him enter No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street. I then followed the driver to the stables, and learned that the carriage had been rented one or two months before by a family named Crawford, of the number on West Street I mentioned."

When Mr. Henry Henshall pressed him as to before the janitor of No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street to make inquiries concerning a family named Crawford, he was told that they took their departure early in the morning, and left no address.

"I have three or four sets of apartments for rent," the janitor explained, "and certainly would not expect until next week to see them, but they left to-day."

"Perhaps they gave their address to some of the other occupants of the building," suggested Mr. Henshall. "May I inquire?"

"No such man lives here, ma'am," replied the janitor, with that air of importance peculiar to the free-lance who feels the nervousness and consciousness of responsible duties. "The only doctor ever in your yard in my day is Dr. Watson, and he's dead gone to-day."

"Did he go to the?" asked the lady quickly.

"No, the whole family has gone too—Mister Crawford, Miss Crawford and Miss Brown."

A steel-blue light flashed from the once beautiful eyes of the faded blonde.

"And he left no address?" she asked quietly.

"Not any, Miss. Gertie here to-day looking for the same parties but nobody knows nothing about them."

The lady turned and walked away.

"Very well, Dr. Watson," she muttered under her breath. "I shall know who to search for now, and if you are on this earth my vengeance will find you."

But the inquiries elicited nothing from the other people in the house.

No one had ever exchanged a word with the mystery. The woman opposite volunteered the opinion that they were a set of evils a deal better than they ought to be, in her opinion.

"A rich old man, a queer woman, a fellow with an evil eye and a crazy girl who played the fiddle at two o'clock at night were not pleasant sort of folks to live opposite," she said, and she was glad enough they had gone, and she had no desire to know where they were.

With these words, she slammed the door in Mr. Henshall's eager face.

That evening a woman whose garments bore the same relation to past elegance that her face bore to past beauty called on the janitor of No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street to make inquiries concerning a man by the name of Dr. Henshall.

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