

the Sahara, a moth on a great sequoia of California.

The man arose and sought the quarters of the cabinmen. They could tell him nothing. No one had taken a party of four. They might have taken a street car or carriage of their own or walked to some near hotel, or worse, taken the elevated railway direct to the dock of some morning sailing steamer.

There was absolutely no hope. In despair the man wandered a way violently clenching his painted portraits the only possible clue in the case.

CHAPTER II—THE CUP THAT SLIPPED

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

Henry Henshall, a young artist, en route to New York in a drawing-room car, indulges in a day dream regarding the personage of his ideal wife. Having mentally sketched her, he is startled at beholding in one of the car mirrors a reflection of the very girl he had been picturing. She is one of a party of four, her companions being an old man, evidently her father, a female companion, presumably a governess, and a man of about thirty-five years, with a violent look. They occupy a private compartment, but through the agency of the train crew, Henshall is enabled to catch their actions. He tries vainly to get up an acquaintance with the girl, but she evades him. He draws a picture of the party. In the night, she transports the other passengers with her violin playing. When Henshall awakes in the morning he finds to his despair that the party had left the train while he was sleeping. He had determined to follow them and is in despair at having missed them.



"I tell you, papa, I cannot endure his presence in this house. It was offensive enough to me at home, when he came but once or twice a day. It was still more so during our journey here, when I was forced to be in the same car with him; but no that you tell me to live under the same roof, sit at the same table and ride in the same carriage with him is intolerable. Why need you compel me to associate with him so closely, papa?"

The voice of the speaker was of that peculiar contralto quality which, in a refined woman, denotes passion and force of character and in an ordinary one a coarse order of strength.

It is a voice which always makes men turn to listen, and which echoes longer down the strings of memory than the most bird-like notes of more musical and higher-keyed voices.

The face of the speaker betokened refinement, and this, together with her extreme youth and pronounced beauty, rendered the voice more remarkable.

The elderly man to whom the words were addressed breathed a deep sigh.

"My dear child, I beg you to be reasonable," he said gently. "You know how ill I have been—you know how alarming my condition seemed ever after—"

"Don't, papa," cried the young girl sharply. "Do you not suppose I remember as

well as you the event which killed mamma, shattered your health and ruined my young life? Why recall them now?"

"Have we not come away to forget them, if possible, or at least to live down the effects? But I do not see how it will help us to have that odious man under the same roof with us day and night. Let Dr. Ken—"

"Watson," interrupted the old gentleman quickly; "I tell you, child, we must not forget the new names we have resolved to use. Remember always that I am Mr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your governess is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names among ourselves as well as in the presence of strangers."

The young girl threw out her arms with an expression at once impatient and despairing.

"I hate subterfuge and deception in every form," she cried, "and I have never seen why this change of names—which was a suggestion of Dr. Watson, as you call him—is necessary. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time of exile, we could easily sink our identity without using under false names."

"The greatest city in the world is not large enough to hide the identity of a disgraced name," responded the old man butlerly.

"Disgraced! papa!" exclaimed the young girl in a tone of expostulation, but the old man waved his hand wearily.

"Enough," he said. "Enough of this, my dear. The past is past. Why dwell on it? The present and the future only."

"I desire to regain my health and brain power, and I may set about clearing our name from the dark stain which has fallen upon it. I do it more for your sake than my own, as at latest my stay on earth will be brief; but before I go I would lift this shadow from your young heart."

"Dr. Watson, as you will know, is the first of many physicians who gave me any relief from my sufferings. He was the first one to be called by me, because, like yourself, I had conceived a most unreasonable prejudice against the man. Some jealousy and ill-will concerning his private life, which arose from pure envy I am now convinced, had warped my judgment. But from the hour he first took hold of my case I have been a new man. I have been like one risen from the grave."

"It was he who discovered that old associations were affecting my mind dangerously. It was he who suggested a journey abroad and, as you say, under assumed names. A disgraced name is like a diseased member of the body. If you have a wounded finger you are in constant fear of hurting it, awake or asleep. If you bear a stained name you dread the effect of it on every stranger you meet. Dr. Watson realized what this strain would be upon me during our journey and I must confess the relief I find under my alias is marvelous. You know how I have improved. The chill with which I was attacked the morning of our arrival, and which decided us to remain here a few months before proceeding farther, is only a step down on the ladder of health since I began to clamber up out of the valley of death. Dr. Watson is my savior."

"I beg you to overcome your unreasonable prejudice against him, my dear child. Whatever the errors of his youth I am convinced he was more shamed against than slinging. He is your poor father's best friend now, and as such you must consider him."

"But why need he live here with us? Why can he not take a room a few blocks

distant, within easy call?" persisted the young girl.

"It destroys the privacy of our home life—and it destroys my peace of soul," she added wildly, "to have him here."



SWEET STRAINS FROM A VIOLIN BREATHING AN AIR FROM "FAULHARTER."

"That is the extravagant language of youth," rejoined the old man. "Your prejudice is unreasonable, but I will strive to keep Dr. Watson from annoying you with attentions which he intends only as courtesies to the daughter of his patient."

"He must remain under this roof. His presence is as agreeable as a beneficial tonic as it seems unpleasant to you. In this matter selfishness is the greatest unselfishness on my part, for the restoration of my health is the first consideration for your future happiness."

The sound of a key rattling in the lock like a rat gnawing in the wall-cut put an end to further conversation and the door swung open to admit a medium-sized man in the middle thirties, whose glittering, shoe-black eyes rested upon the face of the young lady while his words were addressed to her father.

The lips expressed kind consideration for the invalid, while the eyes expressed insolent and assured triumph in a fixed purpose.

While he talked with his patient he kept his gaze upon the girl's face.

She sought to avoid those glittering eyes, but they seemed to fill the room with a strange light.

She took a bit of sewing in her hand turned her back upon him, ostensibly to catch the receding rays of the afternoon sun from the northern window, but he spoke her name and for some reason unaccountable to herself she turned towards him, drawn like the needle to the magnet.

"Papa, I feel the need of the air. I am going out with Miss—Miss Brown for a little walk," she said rising abruptly.

"I have ordered the carriage to be here in fifteen minutes. Wait and ride," said Dr. Watson.

"I prefer to walk," she answered, coldly. "And I wish you to ride," he said, quietly.

(CONTINUED.)

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