

ENOCK CRANE

The sound of some one rushing up to the top floor silenced him.

"Mr. Crane! Mr. Crane!" cried a woman frantically, beating her hands upon the door. Enoch sprang to his feet, as Joe rushed to open it.

In her wrapper, her gray hair dishevelled, Miss Ann burst into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Crane!" she gasped, staggering toward him, her frail hands clutching at her temples. "Oh, my God! Jane is dying!"