

ENOCK CRANE

to him, with a sly and confidential grin, similar little absences of his own.

Late that afternoon, any one in passing the old house in Waverly Place might have seen Enoch going up the stoop. There was something about his whole personality, as he went wearily up the brownstone steps, to have arrested the attention of even a casual acquaintance. His shoulders were bent, and there was a grim look about his face—a strange pallor, the eyes sunken and haggard, like those of a man who had not slept.

He reached the vestibule, slipped his key in the door, opened it, and slowly ascended the dark stairs. No one so far was aware of his presence. It was only when he reached the third-floor landing that he encountered any one. Here he came face to face with Moses. For a brief moment the old servant's surprise and relief was so great he could not speak.

"Praise de Lord!" he broke out with, in a voice that quavered with joy. "You done come back, marser. Praise de Lord!"

"Yes, Moses," returned Enoch wearily. "I'm back."

"I'se been most crazy, Marser Crane. Matildy, too—an' de hull house a-watchin' an' a-waitin' fo' yer."

"Is Mr. Grimsby in?" inquired Enoch.

"Spec' he's out—Marser Crane—I sho' 'nouv ain't seen him."

"Tell Mr. Grimsby—when he comes in that—that—I should like to see him."