

ENOCH CRANE .

Enoch slowly shook his head.

"Only a miracle would have accomplished that," said he.

"Might I ask where Mrs. Crane died?"

"At Ravenswood, at my old friend Doctor Brixton's sanatorium, where she had been for nearly five years."

"And you say you thought she recognized you?"

"Yes—for that brief instant I did; so did Brixton and the nurse—a certain look in her eyes, an old, familiar gesture of the hands; it was only a flash before the light went out," he repeated. "She was dying then; I tried to force her to speak my name, but it was useless, Joe. She was conscious but very weak. I tried to force her to continue her train of thought, in what I believed was a brief awakening. She looked at me blankly as I held her hands, and murmured faintly: 'Why have you come again, doctor?' Presently she added, almost inaudibly, 'You have not thanked me for the roses'—and then, after a moment, 'I have hidden them again—I shall hide them always'—she ceased speaking. Before I could summon Brixton she was dead."

Enoch got up stiffly out of his chair and stood gazing down at the smouldering ashes of the fire.

"Gone," he said slowly. "Gone like all precious things in life."

He turned wearily to the table, raised the flame of the Argand burner to a soft glow, and proceeded with a determined, slow step to his desk. Here for a mo-