



His Fleeting Ideal

The Great Composite Novel.

THE JOINT WORK OF
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Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun,
Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel,
Pauline Hall, Inspector Byrnes,
John L. Sullivan,
Neil Nelson, Mary Eastlake,
P. T. Barnum, Bill Nye.

III.—A MIXING OF PICKLES.

By Maj. ALFRED C. CALHOUN. Illustrated by T. A. FITZGERALD.

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Henry Henshall was in despair. In vain he tried to banish the shadowy ideal from his heart by a greater devotion to his art. Whether he worked at a landscape or a marine scene the face of the beautiful girl he had seen on the cars would appear in the foliage or rise from the waters like another Undine.

A hundred times he would turn away from the canvas, thinking by force of will to dispel the torturing illusion, but as it was the creation of his own brush it would not vanish.

One afternoon he dashed his palette and brushes on the studio floor, and, springing to his feet, called out in a voice of agony:

"Merciful powers! Am I never again to paint anything but that face? Can I never again think of anything but that face?"

As if in reply to his question a quick double rap sounded on the door behind him, and in response to his nervous "Come in" Tom Wogly, his own private detective, stood before him, his face as impassive as a tobacconist's Indian.



"Any news, Tom?"

"Any news, Tom?" cried the desperate young man, and he looked as if an immediate homicide would follow a reply in the negative.

But Tom Wogly showed no alarm. Shaking out the crown of his soft felt hat he looked carefully inside, as if trying to discover how he had lost the lining, and then answered with that double antiquity for which ancient oracles and modern detectives are alike celebrated:

"Well, sir, there ain't nothin' as you might call downright startin' to report. I ain't got what I'd call a reg'lar straight tip on the gal, but I kinther think I'm onto the heavy villain gent, jidgin' entirely by the face in the pictur'. If you drowed that face right, why?"

"Where did you see him?" interrupted Henry Henshall, and he picked up his hat to be ready to dash out when he got the information.

"It was last night, sir, a talkin' to a mysterious woman, whose face was hid by a veil. They two was right under Lafayot's stater, on Union square, and the woman acted as if her dander was up and she didn't care who knowed it; and the man he tried to sooth her and set her an example of street etiquette by talkin' low.

"Well, I sneaked round to see what I could hear, but the man got onto my little game, and hurried to a cab that was standin' near, and as he drove off he called out, 'I'll see you, Louise, some hour to-morrow night;' then I tried to talk to the veiled lady, but she threatened to call the police. I apologized, and she started off at a go-as-you-please gait that would have won first money at a walking match if she could keep it up.

"I shadowed her to Second avenue, near Seventeenth street, where she vanished into an every day kind of boarding house. That's the report, sir, and if you could let me have another fifty to hire a side partner, for I've got to have one or die for the want of sleep, why, I'll credit you with it when the job's over, which I hope'll be very soon."

After this long speech Tom Wogly coughed into his hat until the crown threatened to burst, and Henry Henshall handed him five ten dollar bills.

The young man was about to question the detective further when a heavy step was heard outside; then the door opened without any preliminary knock, and a handsome old gentleman, with a troubled face, entered and said:

"Harry, my son, I must see you alone at once."

The detective jammed the money into his pocket and his hat on his head, and vanished with a curt "Good day, gents!"

"What is the matter, father? You look troubled," said Henry, as he placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"Then I look as I feel," replied Mr. Henshall, with a groan that came from his heart. "On the top of the failure of Higgins & Lewis, our western agents. I this morning learned that my cashier has been faithless. He fled to Canada on Saturday, and a hurried examination of his books shows that he has robbed me of at least \$200,000."

"But you are rated at a million; surely you can weather the storm," said Henry, hope rather than reason prompting his words.

"If you were a business man, as I wanted you to be," said Mr. Henshall impatiently, "you would know that a man's rating by an agency is never an evidence of the cash he can command."

Then, rising from his chair, he laid his hands on his son's shoulders, looked eagerly into his eyes and added, "Harry, you can save me if you will!"

"I, father?" and behind the old gentleman Henry Henshall saw the Undine face peering at him from the pictured water on the easel.

"Yes, you, Harry. Sit down and when I have told you all I am sure you will fall in with my purpose, for I have been to you a good father, and I feel that you will be to me a dutiful son."

Henry sat down, and, taking a chair facing him, his father went on to explain his trouble.

"I am in the power of one man," he said, "and by a scratch of his pen he can ruin or save me."

"Who is that?" asked Henry.

"Edward Hartman."

"The banker?"

"Yes, Edward Hartman, Lena Hartman's father. Harry, you and Lena played together as children, and Mr. Hartman and I—we were neighbors and good friends in those days—often laughingly spoke of the marriage of you and Lena. From that time to this she has loved you. She is an only child and her father is worth \$40,000,000."

"If you will call on her at once I may get time to think, and if you ask her to marry you it will save me and your mother from an old age of poverty, and in the end you will bless the day that you took my advice."

Mr. Henshall held out his trembling hands appealingly, and Henry, who sat with his back to the picture, took them and said impulsively:

"I would give my life gladly to save you from trouble, father, so I will do as you request; though it will be unjust to Lena Hartman to offer her my hand when I cannot give her my heart."

Rejoicing much at his son's obedience Mr. Henshall left the studio.

Then Henry turned to the easel, and more distinctly than it had yet appeared he saw the beautiful, mysterious face looking up appealingly from the water.

He contrasted this exquisite ideal with the real Lena Hartman, the art child that haunted him sleeping and waking, with the large, full faced and stupidly good natured banker's daughter.

Henry Henshall's mind was certainly in an unusual state of perturbation, but it was placidity itself compared with the condition of his unknown idol.

The sudden disappearance of Mr. Crawford and his family from No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street was at the suggestion of Dr. Watson, whose keen ears and sharp eyes were quick to discover the hourly increasing curiosity of their neighbors in the apartment house, and it was Dr. Watson who secured the new and more secluded quarters on Gowenhaven place, near Sixty-seventh street and Central park.

Being retired, well furnished and on the ground floor, the new apartments were preferable to the old ones, and Miss Brown, the governess, who of late had shown coquettish interest in Mr. Crawford, declared to Edna that it was a "perfect little paradise of a home."

To Edna Crawford, who seemed to have lost interest in life, it mattered not where she was or whether she went, so that the place offered her a refuge from the haunting eyes of Dr. Watson.

To avoid meeting this man at table she feigned sickness and had her meals served in her room; but the very means used to avoid him brought him into her presence with an eager tender of his professional services.

When he was out of sight she loathed him; when he was near, with his strange eyes burning into her face, or his fingers pressing her pulse, while he pretended to look at his watch, she was as powerless to resist as a bird under the fascination of a snake.

Fortunately, the doctor was now away the greater part of every day, and Edna would take advantage of his absence to comfort herself with the magic violin.

She shunned her father, because he was forever sounding the praises of the doctor; and, for the same reason, she avoided Miss Brown as much as possible, though that lady's increasing devotion to Mr. Crawford did not escape her notice.

One evening after supper she heard Dr. Watson saying to her father in the hall, "I expect to see a party from the west to-night, and if there is anything of importance to communicate I'll wake you up on my return after 12."

To this Mr. Crawford replied in a nervous voice: "If there is not a certainty of arranging the terms, so as to prevent publicity, we must sail for Europe on Saturday. I feel as if I could not hold up much longer under the strain."

After the doctor had gone out Mr. Crawford came into his daughter's room, and, to his great delight, she was less excitable and more demonstrative in her affection than usual.

After an hour's talk she kissed him good night, saying that she felt weary and would lie down, and requesting him to tell Miss Brown that she need not see her again till morning.

As soon as her father had gone out Edna quickly placed her violin and several rolls of music in the case, then hurriedly put all her jewelry and a change of clothing into a little valise and lowered the light.

She waited for an hour after Miss Brown had gone to bed in the adjoining room, then quickly put on a street dress, and carrying the valise and violin case left the house as noiselessly as a shadow.

Looking neither to the right nor left she made her way to the Third Avenue

Elevated road and took a car bound south.

She got out at Fulton street, utterly ignorant of her whereabouts, and quite as uncertain as to her destination, but to her great joy she saw a respectable looking hotel near the station, and this she entered with a confidence of manner that in no way indicated her feelings.

She wrote her name on a blank card "Miss Louisa Neville," and asked the waiter who appeared in the parlor to have her registered and a room assigned her.

She had ~~had~~ in ~~cash~~, besides her jewels, and ~~had~~ ~~so~~ she thought, would enable her to live till she could find a place for ~~the~~ exercise of her talents.

Although ~~she~~ hungry, Edna Crawford went down to the dining room the following morning, and while waiting for her coffee she looked over a paper that lay on the table.

It was a copy of that morning's World, and a glance at the "want" columns decided her as to what she should do next.

After the merest apology for a breakfast she put a veil over her hat and hurried to The World office, on Park row. She was about to write out an advertisement, applying for the position of governess, when a handsome, middle-aged man, with a refined German face, raised his hat and said, as he handed her a slip of paper:

"Please to excuse me, mees, but I am not sure if mine is goot English. Is dot spelled ride?"

With a flushed face and trembling hands Edna read the following:

WANTED—Immediately, a young lady who can play violin solo in a European concert company. Apply in person and with own instrument to Herr Karl Steinmetz, No. 8 Union square, New York.

[To be continued.]

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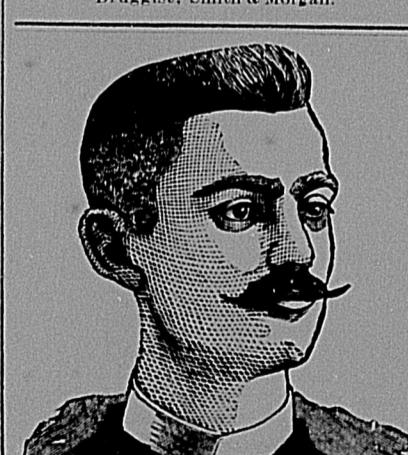
A neglected or badly treated Chronic Cataract is the great cause of so much deafness in the middle-aged and elderly people, also of consumption. A chronic discharge from the ear is very dangerous to life, as it is liable to cause blood poison or brain disease. Consultation free of charge.

REFERENCES: Geo. D. Hurley, attorney for the Somers Bank; George Brown, and Josephine, his wife,眼疾患者; and Dr. Watson, whose eyes are now better; G. L. Mills, deafness etc., twenty years standing; Gus Mayer, daughter confined months in dark room with violent eye disease, causing total blindness; Israel Patton, total blindness from cataract; Miss Clara Alster, violent ulceration of eye; Mrs. Smith, wife, eye disease; A. R. Bayless, in the eye disease; Dr. James Thompson, deafness, all of Crawfordville; Hon. Silas Peterson, w. deafness; Dr. George Powers, Clark; Frank Powers, eye disease; Dr. George C. Powers, eye disease; W. D. Owens, Logansport, deafness from ear and deafness; Judge Waugh, Tipton, surgical operation on eye that restored sight; Judge Terhune, Lebanon, Ind., deafness; Ex-Senator Keeler, Franklin, Ind., deafness; and many others in this vicinity equally bad.

Dr. Hunter will beat Dr. C. E. Rankin's office, in Crawfordville, on THURSDAY, April 3, and every two weeks thereafter.

Will be at Dr. Kelsler's office at Waveland on Friday, April 18, and regularly every four weeks thereafter on Friday.

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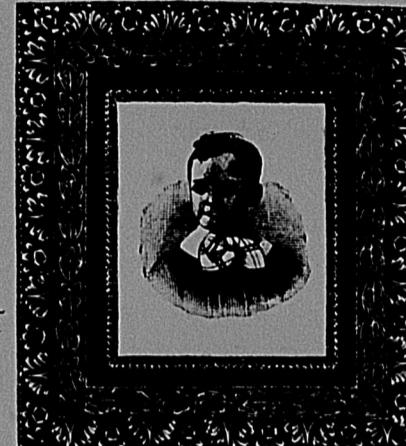
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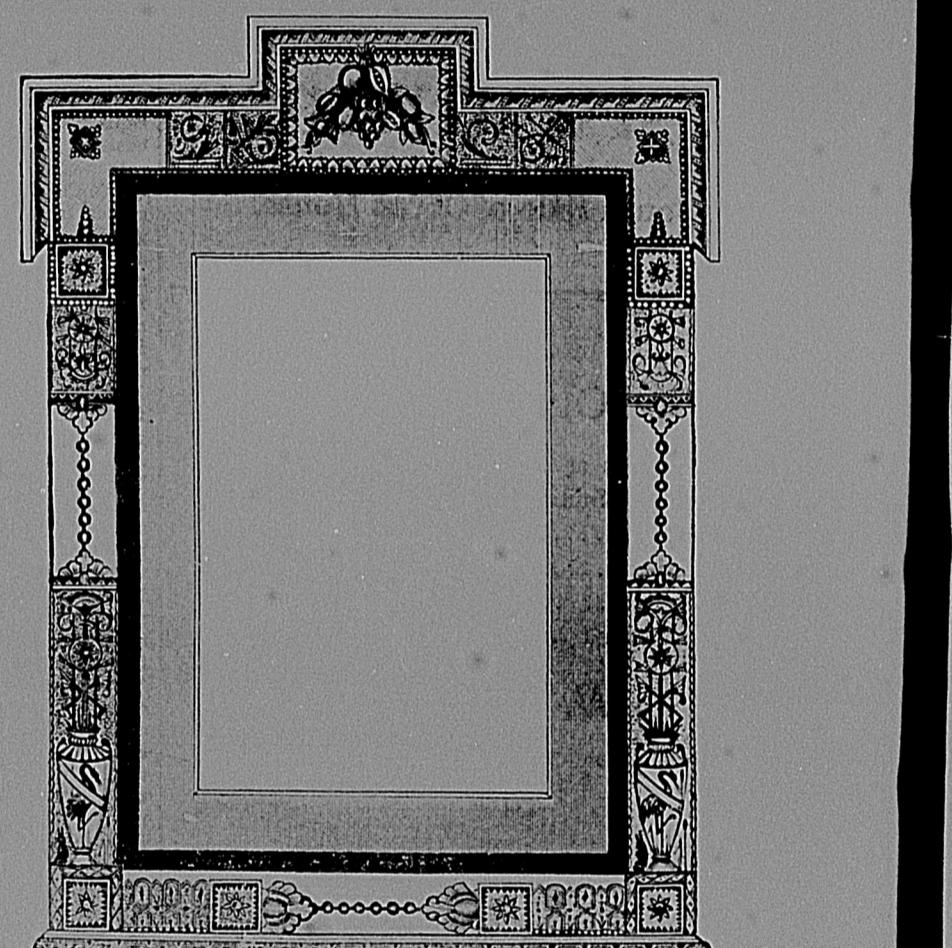
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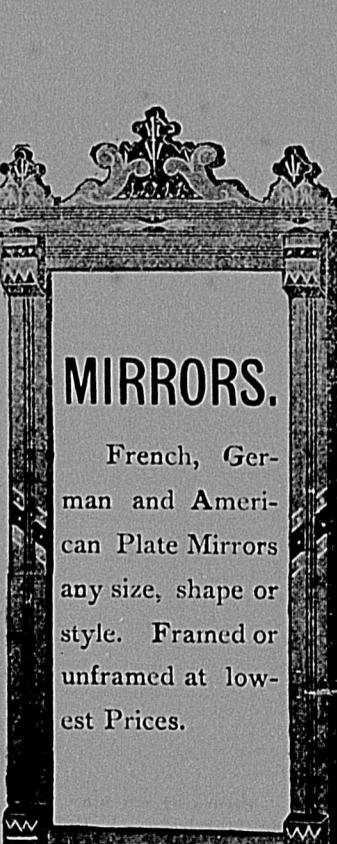
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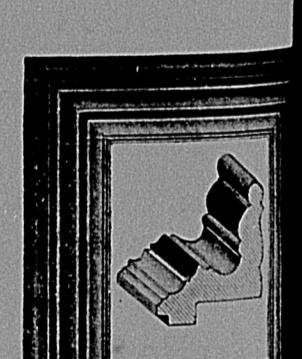
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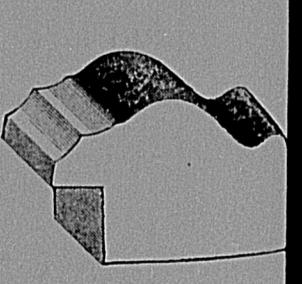


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