



# HIS FLEETING IDEAL

The Great Composite Novel.

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

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chapter 1—By W. H. Ballou.—Henry Henshall, a young artist, while traveling in a parlor car, mentally sketches the personnel of his ideal wife. To his astonishment he sees his ideal reflected in the mirror, she being one of a party of four, consisting of an old man, presumably her father, a governess and a man with a villainous countenance. He makes a sketch of the party. He determines to make her acquaintance, but upon arising in the morning finds that the train has been in the depot some hours, and that the party of four has disappeared.

Chapter 2—By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—Mr. Crawford, his daughter Edna, Miss Brown, a governess, and Dr. Watson occupy a flat on West Thirty-eighth street. Their names are all assumed to hide some secret. Edna tells her father that she hates Dr. Watson and objects to his presence in the house, but Mr. Crawford insists that the doctor's presence is necessary to him. Watson possesses hypnotic influence over Edna, and is leagued with Miss Brown in a secret compact. A month later Henshall recognizes Watson at a hypnotic exhibition. By means of the sketch made in the car a detective locates the doctor, but upon calling finds the party has moved. The same day a strange woman called seeking a Dr. Henshall, and leaves muttering threats against Dr. Watson or Henshall.

Chapter 3—By Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun.—A detective calls at Henshall's studio and says that he saw Dr. Watson talking to a woman. He shadows the woman to a boarding house, Henshall's father calls and tells the young artist that he is in the power of Banker Hartman, who can ruin him. He implores his son to marry the banker's daughter and thus save him. Henry promises reluctantly to do so. Meanwhile the Crawfords have moved further up town. Edna's hatred of Dr. Watson increases, and finally she leaves the house. While writing an advertisement in the *World* office a man asks her to read his advertisement to see if it is spelled correctly. The advertisement is for a female violinist.

Chapter 4—By Alan Dale.—Henshall in time becomes engaged to Lena Hartman. Miss Hartman has a Mrs. Smith for a companion. The artist calls one day when Lena is out, and finds upon the floor a brooch containing a portrait of Dr. Watson. It was dropped by Mrs. Smith who returns to see her property and finds it in Henshall's hand. Explanations follow, and Henshall learns that Dr. Watson is Mrs. Smith's husband, that his name is Leopold and that he is a hypnotist. He has numerous aliases, Henshall being among the number. He abandoned his wife two months after marriage, and she has since been seeking him for revenge. Mrs. Smith and Henshall agree to join forces.

## V.—TWO ON A TRAIL.

By WILLIAM F. HOWE, Assisted by ABE HUMMEL. Illustrated by A. B. SHULTZ.

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"Vy dis is Dr. Henshall, ain't it?" exclaimed Herr Steinmetz as he laid his great hand on the shoulder of a man walking rapidly past him on lower Broadway. "Vere haf you pin all dis time? Haf you your old frens forgot?"

The doctor was in anything but an amiable frame of mind when his meditations were suddenly cut short by this inopportune recognition by an old acquaintance. With a deep frown on his brow he lifted his piercing eyes to Steinmetz's face and curiously returned the greeting.

The German pulled him out of the way of the crowd to the edge of the curbstone and plied him with questions. Was he still lecturing? What was he doing in New York? Where had he been buried out of sight for so long?

He replied that he had settled down to practice his profession in New Orleans, and had had no opportunity to meet his former acquaintances. He was spending a few days in the city to transact business of the utmost importance, and he was then on his way to keep an appointment that he could not delay, as it was already getting late.

"So," said Herr Steinmetz, "bud you must come and see me. My gousin Heinrich Neuberger, your old manager, is here and he will want to talk vid you vilo you stay in New York. Can't you come to-night?"

"I think I can," returned the doctor, who was shifting around anxiously, and evidently desired to make the interview as short as possible. He was perfectly willing to promise to see his former manager, but if there was any one man he had particular reason to avoid, that man was Heinrich Neuberger.

"You must come to my concert," continued Herr Steinmetz. "It will be grand. I haf disfigured a new Camilla Urso, a greater player dan Matam Urso ever. She vill make her debut to-night at Steinyway hall. You are a musician; you must hear her."

Putting the proffered complimentary ticket in his pocket the doctor, to end the interview, said "Good-by," and hurried through the first door he noticed, through the Schermerhorn building to Wall street and then down past the sub-treasury and the custom house to the Hanover square station of the elevated railroad.

Henry Henshall, who had been down town to see his father, happened to be riding on the same train as the doctor, but he was so deeply engrossed in his thoughts that he did not notice the former husband of his fiancée's companion as he passed through the car looking for a seat.



He lifted his piercing eyes to Steinmetz's face.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting an unprotected lady?" he cried, jumping forward and giving the doctor a shove with such violence as to nearly throw him over the iron fence around the Academy of Music. He pushed forward in front of the girl, who immediately left, and he shook his fist in the face of her astonished acquaintance.

"You deserve to be thrashed within an inch of your life," he continued, "and I feel very much inclined to give you a severe chastisement to teach you better manners."

"Come, get away from here. I will not stand any more of this nonsense," returned the physician. "I shall call a policeman if you interfere with me."

"I shall not allow any one to insult a lady in my presence," said the artist, who felt that he had to offer some justification for his conduct to the throng that had already collected around them.

"This is ridiculous! I spoke to an old friend of mine," was the final reply vouchsafed to the girl's champion, who allowed himself to be put aside as the furious doctor moved away.

Henshall followed, thinking that he might again have the opportunity of stepping between his ideal and one from whom she was evidently anxious to escape.

He was crossing Irving place when a carriage drove past. He recognized it immediately as Edward Hartman's. He hoped that the occupants would not notice him, but he was disappointed. He was walking ahead when he heard a familiar voice calling his name. He turned and saw Mr. Hartman beckoning to him. The carriage had stopped in front of the academy and the banker and his daughter were alighting.

"Lena thought she would like to go to the theatre this evening," said Mr. Hartman, after shaking hands with him. "So, as she never saw 'The Old Homestead,' I have brought her here. I have a box, and I want you to come in with us, unless you have some special engagement."

Hartman, had probably gone too far for him to overtake her, and so he allowed his fiancée to persuade him to enter the academy. "I really have some business on hand, though," he remarked, "and I shall be obliged to leave before the end of the performance."

He had seen Denman Thompson's play before, and he was far too much engrossed in his own thoughts to take any interest in the quiet rustic scene on the stage.

In the meantime Dr. Watson, as the evil eye one chose to style himself for the time being, had gone along Fourteenth street as quickly as his legs could walk.

When he reached Union square he looked around in the vain hope that he might catch sight of Miss Crawford. She had disappeared, and he did not know which way to turn. People surged around in every direction, and he knew that if the girl had tried to escape she might have taken a horse car, as long as she had reached the corner ahead of him.

"Curse the luck," he muttered; "if it hadn't been for that young idiot on the block above I should have had her in safe keeping before now."

He went over to the Morton House cafe, sat down at one of the tables and ordered a glass of absinthe.

"I thought I had time to catch her again before she reached Union square," he mused. "I wonder if she really walked that whole block. She couldn't have taken one of the green cross town cars, as I did not notice any pass there. Let's see, where could she have gone? Not to any of the places on the south side of the street, that's very sure. She might have entered Steinyway hall. By jove she must have done it."

This idea impressed him as being very good, and he told the waiter to bring him some more absinthe. As he sipped the liqueur his mind was active.

"Of course that old fool Steinmetz is bringing out a new fiddler, and she would naturally want to attend the concert. Supposing—no, it is not possible—yes, it is, though—she might have sought work there herself. I do not know but that she is the new Camilla Urso herself. I'll find out."

He did not dream of going to the hall himself and seeing his old friends Steinmetz and Neuberger. He left the cafe, and as a first move bought an Evening World from a newsboy and turned immediately to the amusement column, where he saw the announcement that Miss Louise Neville, a talented young artist, would make her first public appearance in the United States.

"Louise Neville may be Edna Lewis," he thought. "It is not probable that she would appear under her own name or under the alias adopted by her father."

To settle the question to his own satisfaction he walked around to the nearest florist and bought a large bouquet. Then upon a blank card he wrote:

"With the sincere regards of an old St. Louis friend who has often enjoyed in private the accomplishments that the public are now given an opportunity to applaud. EDWIN ST. LEONARD."

He instructed a young man to deliver the flowers to Miss Neville off the stage, and to say that he had been sent by M. St. Leonard. Fifteen minutes later the messenger returned.

"When I handed her the flowers," he reported, "she said she was surprised to hear that Mr. St. Leonard was in New York, and she told me to thank him for her."

"I am glad to have that much settled. Now I can lay my hands on Edna," thought Dr. Watson. "Those infernal managers have hold of her; that's the only trouble. I can't very well take her by force, and I'm afraid it is too late to get the old gentleman down here before the concert closes. I'll try, though."

Returning to the Morton house he wrote this letter:

"MY DEAR MR. CRAWFORD: My efforts have at last been crowned with success. I have discovered your daughter. She is now at Steinyway hall, and if you will come down here without a moment's delay you may be able to see her to-night. In haste, G. L. WATSON."

Not long after this he saw his willom assailant pass him and speak to a friend. Henshall had sat through two acts of "The Old Homestead" by the side of Miss Hartman, and believing that he had done his full duty to her, he pleaded the engagement he had mentioned when he met her and bade her good night. In front of Steinyway hall he met a brother artist whom he had known for years.

well on in the second half, and a woman was singing a solo when they entered. The next number was by Schumann, and was to be by the brilliant "Louise Neville."

The hall was so full that Henshall's friend said they would stand in the rear, as it would be a bother to go way down to the front of the house where his seat was, and besides he wished to remain with Henshall, who had only purchased an admission ticket.

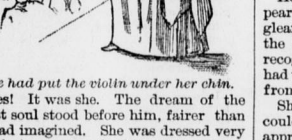
The young artist's attention was distracted by his reveries on Dr. Watson. "I must get Mrs. Smith to make a charge against him that will lead to his arrest if it becomes necessary to protect my ideal from him. But she must still be under his fascinations, for she wishes to avoid this if possible."

At this moment the applause drew his attention to the stage. The audience had evidently been carried away by Miss Neville's playing, for they were greeting her appearance for the Schumann number with that hearty clapping of hands which is the artist's most cordial and inspiring greeting from the public.

He glanced at the beautiful girl, who advanced with a dignified manner to the front of the stage, slightly smiling her recognition of the greeting which had been given to her.

One glance told him that Louise Neville was his ideal of the Wagner car. The fair face was that which had haunted him so constantly, waking or sleeping.

"Give me your glass for a moment," he exclaimed excitedly to his friend, all most snatching it from his hand. He levelled it straight at the girl's face. She had put the violin under her chin, and the fingers of her left hand were lightly touching the strings.



She had put the violin under her chin.

Yes! It was she. The dream of the artist soul stood before him, fairer than he had imagined. She was dressed very simply in a gown of white satin, with a large sash of white silk at her slender waist.

He felt a thrill of delight! She seemed nearer to him than ever. The purpose which he had sworn in the Wagner car, when it seemed so wild and impossible to carry out, now seemed to the excited young man a very easy matter.

He felt that her position as a public or professional performer argued some difficulty in her family, and he was not slow to think that in this way the beautiful girl had sought to escape from the hateful Dr. Watson.

The next moment he was entranced. A strain of music of the most delicious sweetness streamed from her bow as she lightly swept it over the nut brown instrument which she held so carelessly.

Henshall was passionately fond of music. He had heard her wonderful playing in the car, and it had held him in thrall; but that could not be compared to this.

Edna was inspired by the occasion to her best effort. In the inspiration of the moment she forgot all but her art. The dainty melody of the great German floated on the air like a lullaby sung by one spirit to another.

As she went on he felt that some occult influence was at work within the girl. Instead of the free, spontaneous movement and the entire absorption in the composition there seemed a tense, nervous agitation in the performer which betrayed itself to him he hardly knew how. The tempo was quickened, and the bow seemed to bite into the catgut, while her smooth forehead contracted into a faint frown, her nostrils dilating slightly now and then.

Was she going to be overcome at the moment of her triumph? Could nervousness be asserting itself now after she had triumphantly conquered her public, and when the house was hanging breathlessly on her playing?

He felt in himself a sense of discomfort, which he was attributing purely to his sympathy with the young girl. But it seemed to augment. At last by an attraction which was almost against his will he felt his head turned to one side, as if drawn there by some subtle influence.

Not five yards away from him was Dr. Watson. His eyes were bent with growing earnestness on the girl's face. They were hot, and seemed almost starting from his head. It was evident that the hateful man was concentrating all the power of his soul into that look. By his side stood Mr. Crawford.

Henry Henshall understood the situation at a glance. His own creeping, disgusted sense of being under some influence seemed explained by the magnetic attraction of this devilish man. He knew, too, that his ideal, this nervous, high strung girl whose artistic temperament must answer to the faintest impression, was being overcome by that terrible glance which Dr. Watson was directing toward her.

heavily that he turned in wrath and surprise. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Leopardi," he said, with a stress upon the name.

He darted a glance at him as he said this that sufficiently conveyed his feeling. It was to be war to the knife.

Dr. Leopardi looked at him in return with a deadly hate.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said hotly, "without a moment's hesitation. 'My name is not Leopardi.'"

Henshall felt that his ruse had succeeded in what he chiefly intended. He had broken the fatal current which streamed from Dr. Watson's eyes, and which was slowly but surely unnering the fair girl who struggled so bravely against the malign influence.

He stepped close to his ear and hissed into it: "If you do not withdraw at once and cease persecuting that innocent girl I will bring one that will prove you are Dr. Leopardi and a thief and a villain. Go, quietly and at once, and I will do nothing more at present, but otherwise beware, for I know you much better than you do me. Go!"

Leopardi's brown face grew sallow white and his eyes looked like an angry snake's.

"I will be even with you some day," he said in a low tone of intense revengefulness. "I never forget a debt like this."

Then he turned and said something to Mr. Crawford, who had been watching his daughter too persistently to have remarked this side scene. After a moment apparently of hesitation on the old man's part he turned, and with an agitated air left the hall with the doctor.

"What did you do to that fellow?" asked his companion as Henshall returned to his side.

"I scotched a snake!" he said, his lip curling with disgust and scorn.

Edna Lewis had completed her solo triumphantly, and twice she was obliged to return to bow her acknowledgments to the applauding house. She was deadly pale, and there was a strained look in the dark brown eyes which pierced Henshall's very soul.

He could not leave her unprotected. He must wait and see her safely home. Dr. Watson and old Mr. Crawford were nowhere in sight, but that did not dispel his fear.

He waited until the crowd had disappeared. Then he saw a slight figure, a gleam of white satin showing beneath the long fur trimmed cloak, which he recognized as the same that his ideal had worn at the time he had rescued her from Watson's persecutions.

She was so heavily veiled that he could not detect a single feature. He approached her humbly, and raising his hat said in the most deferential tones:

"Miss Neville, pardon my again intruding upon you, but it is only in your own regard that I do so. I have a cab here for you, which will bear you at once to your home, and if you will permit of my escort I shall feel safer to know that you arrive there without any molestation."

She bowed, but seemed too nervous to speak. As if distraught, one little gloved hand fluttered out toward him and grasped his own, but it was instantly withdrawn, and she hastily entered the coupe he had engaged.

She gazed at her robes close to her, and left a place at her side for Henshall. "Where shall I tell the driver to go?" he said as he leaned toward her.

In muffled, agitated tones the number of a west up town street was conveyed to him. He hastily repeated it to the cabman, and then boldly entered the coupe and seated himself by her side.

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LEAVE FREELAND.  
6:15, 8:45, 9:40, 10:35 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 5:15, 6:35, 7:40, 8:47 P. M., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.  
6:15, 8:45 A. M., 1:50, 3:50 P. M., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York. 6:45 has no connection for New York.  
8:45 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.  
7:30, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:39 P. M. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and J. Junction.  
6:15 A. M. for Bluek Ridge and Tomheketon.

SUNDAY TRAINS.  
11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.  
3:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.  
5:20, 6:52, 7:30, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:33, 4:29, 5:52 and 9:57 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
7:30, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:39, 6:56 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).  
1:15 and 3:45 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.  
9:15 and 10:56 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.  
9:15, 10:56 A. M., 2:43, 4:56 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and J. Junction (via Highland Branch).

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