

world, her friends around her,—she asked for nothing more. Death did not seem hard—it was only a going beyond the stars after all.

The girl lay back upon the pillows, her eyes still turned to the west. Fainter and fainter grew the glow left by the now vanished sun. Darker and darker loomed the shadows that stole from out the corners of the room.

“Hold me, Hugh!”

The cry came sharp and sudden.

The man bent over her, a terrible fear gripping his heart.

“Shall I call Aunt Mary?” he asked quickly.

“No,” she was lying quite still again. “I just want you beside me.” And she closed her eyes.

The gloom increased, and as Galbraith watched by her, praying in his heart, as he had never prayed in all his life before, a star shone out in the darkening sky.

Was it the sign that a soul had been newly carried up to Heaven?

As Sir Hugh knelt on beside the lifeless form of Ursula, the mighty echo of an unanswered, unanswerable question rolled down the Avenues of Time—
WAS SHE HYPNOTIZED?

THE END.