

step-grandfather, and myself are executors. She will be a small heiress I fancy, for Mrs. King is a wealthy woman through her first marriage, to my brother, and is tolerably certain to leave nearly everything to Cora."

I tried to form some theory of motive and conduct which would explain the extraordinary circumstance of a feigned death, which implied a lifetime's entire and complete separation from home, kindred, and fortune. If all that he had was in executors' hands, and he still living, he was penniless and friendless. My thoughts shaped into another question:—

"What advantage would accrue to Cora, Mr. Gabriel, by her father's premature death?"

"She could gain nothing by it," he replied, and I fancied that he spoke more stiffly, as if wearied of my obstinate persistence in what appeared to him a silly delusion. "She cannot, of course, have anything until she is of age. She has a very happy home, in which she is an only and idolized child, but her position there would have been the same had he lived. He was greatly esteemed by Mr. and Mrs. King."

"His death left her an orphan, then, did it not," I asked, "without altering her outward circumstances, which were fortunate and secure in any case?"

"That is the state of the case," said Mr. Gabriel, "and I think that tomorrow you must come with me for a walk. I will take you to the burying-ground, and you shall read the inscription on the tombstone of this man who interests you so much."

"That will be the best way," exclaimed Mrs. Gabriel, "and then I think, dear, that you must try to get rid of this fancy of yours. I really believe that you must have fallen asleep on the train and dreamed it."

That this solution would involve a belief in my being endowed with second sight did not seem to occur to my good friend, but I gathered from her words,

as well as from her husband's tone, that they were unwilling to have more of my mystery.

Unforeseen circumstances prevented the walk to the little cemetery next day, but a year or so later, being in Fairbank again, I went there by myself and read the record of the death of Henry Russel Cheyne on the day which my railway acquaintance of the same name had given as the date of his leaving the little town never to return.

And now I have related the strange circumstances which disturbed me so much at the time, and which, after discussing with a few friends, I allowed to sink into forgetfulness, until a short time ago, when they were suddenly and most oddly recalled to vivid recollection. I was in conversation with a young cousin of my own, whose age would nearly correspond with Cora's, if Cora be still living. Amy chatted away about her school days, she having just graduated from an Ontario college. I was only half listening, until suddenly, in some recital of school-girl escapade, the name of Cora Cheyne cropped up.

"Cora Cheyne!" I exclaimed, "where was she from, Amy? I once knew a little girl of that name in Fairbank."

"Yes, she was from Fairbank," my cousin answered. "But she was only a short time at our college, and I did not know her very well."

"Was she very pretty, Amy?" I asked. "She was a remarkably beautiful little girl when I saw her."

"Was she?" in a tone of slight surprise. "I don't know. I never thought of it. She was so very delicate, and looked so sickly. And," she added, after a pause, "she was such a queer girl, we did not take to her at all. *She was always seeing ghosts.*"

I did not say anything, but I 'thought the more,' and it seemed to me that in these days of psychical research, it were well to make known this curious episode of my own experience.