

gaining his equanimity as he paced rapidly to his lodgings in the boarding-house section of the west end.

Needless to say, his bed that morning was not one of roses; for all the remaining hours recalled vivid memories to his befuddled mind.

And now at ten o'clock a.m., Claude Bernard was sitting in the consulting-room of his friend and medical adviser, Dr. Geoffrey Lloyd, to whom he had just related this fantastical incident.

Dr. Lloyd knew Claude Bernard well, exceedingly well. They had been boys and chums together in a little town up-country. They had gone through the university together, had received their degree in arts at the same convocation; but while he had gone on to the study of medicine, Claude had chosen banking as his vocation, and now held an accountant's position in one of the wealthiest bank corporations in the city.

The doctor loved his friend and felt that here was a case to be handled with the utmost caution.

"Am I going crazy, Geoffrey? Or what is the matter with me? I can see you doubt my story," questioned Claude, as he jumped from his chair and began pacing the small consulting-room. "Give me something!"

"Sit down! Don't be foolish! There is nothing the matter with you—only a little unstrung in the nervous system. It will pass off in a day or so," reassuringly, and Dr. Lloyd reached for his graduate glass and measured out a sedative.

After the patient had taken the quieting draught, Dr. Lloyd resumed:

"Come now, tell me all," he said, composedly.

"What do you mean? Think there is any more to tell?" interrogated Claude.

"Of course there is; dreams are but the fulfilment of a wish," sagaciously uttered.

"I was right in reading doubt in your expression, then. Now, I tell you, Geoffrey, this actually happened. I never was wider awake at any time in my life. The car was there all right, and so was the figure, and more, I distinctly recognized *her*," and Claude's face took on a sorrowful expression and there was a quite perceptible tremor in the last words.

"Ah, Claude! I knew or felt as much," sympathetically. "Forgive me," he continued, feelingly; "but how long has Eleanor been dead now?"