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something too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the handwriting as his uncles'. It was a cramped hand, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it. "Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the

1 was hardly able to decipner it. "Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left. "Yourn ato

## "Yours, etc.,

"JUNIUS H. GRIDLEY." So that my friend has completely corro-borated my account, so far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence in the matter, except to each other.

station. They both maintained silence in the matter, except to each other. During the second week of my prostra-tion, Mr. Marcus Weatherley absconded. This event, so totally unlooked for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had really been insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These accep-tances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. Three of them bore a signature presumed to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for \$8,972.11; another was for \$10,114.63; and the third and last was for \$20,629.50, making a total of \$39,716.24—which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

WITHIN a week after these things came to light, a letter addressed to the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He voluntarily ad-mitted having forged the name of my uncle to the three acceptances above referred to. The banks where the acceptances had been to the three acceptances above referred to. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from the genuine signatures of my Uncle Richard. In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the mat-ter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter.

He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the Petrel, bound for Havana. The Petrel sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month.

same month. I don't propose to attempt any psycho-logical explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the com-munication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the reci-pient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electro-biology, is disposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, overweighted by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own senses. I prefer, however, circlet senses. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts. I may or may not have my own theory about those facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases.

Such speculations are profitless enough, but they have often formed the topic of discussion between my wife and myself. discussion between my wile and myself. Gridley, too, whenever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery." He has urged me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title nomenclature in the title.

