

taken the background in my thoughts during our stroll, but it suddenly assumed lively proportions, when I heard Mrs. King say :—

"This is Cora's mother."

I turned hastily from the picture at which I was looking closely, to see that she held in her hand a circular frame which she had taken from its place.

I went to her side. It had been enlarged from a smaller picture at a time when the photographer's grasp of his art left much to be desired, and the portrait was not pleasing. It was distinct enough, however, and my mental comment was that Cora certainly did not take her looks from her mother. But what I said, was: "Have you a portrait of her father, Mrs. King?"

"Yes," she answered, "and a very good one. It is a photograph also, but taken in Buffalo less than a year before his death."

And restoring to its peg the one she held, she took down its companion picture, and carrying it to a better light, held it up to view.

I looked in silence for a minute, with a tide of thoughts rushing through my mind, and then, extending my hands, I received it from her, and turned away, in an involuntary fear lest she should read my mind. I dare say that it was well that I did so, as some of the horror I felt must have been reflected in my face. For the man whose well-executed portrait looked at me from the circular gilt frame in my hand, was my fellow-traveller, who had called himself Henry Russel Cheyne!

I feared that my voice must betray my excitement when I at length ventured to speak :—

"Mrs. King," I asked, "Where was Mr. Cheyne's home at the time of his death?"

"Here," she replied, quietly and laconically. "He died almost where you are standing. There was a partition at that time dividing this room, and I

had a bed carried there, because it was more cheerful for him. He had been ailing long, but after his wife's death, he became rapidly worse.

For want of anything better to say, and because I wished her to continue talking, I asked :—

"Did he know that he was dying?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, and added softly, "but he had been long ready. His death-bed was, like that of his wife, very beautiful. Only three days before the end, he tried to make Cora understand: but she was then only four years of age, and would not listen. She pounded his pillows, thinking that she made him more comfortable, and slipped off the bed as he talked, to arrange the phials and flowers that stood on a table beside him. He only smiled to me, and said that perhaps it was better so. But he loved little Cora very much."

I thought drearily of the vague indifference with which Henry Russel Cheyne, on that evening train, had spoken of this little daughter, and I tried to imagine the scene in which he had, with pathetic yearning, striven to take of her an eternal farewell.

I do not know how far I might have pursued my inquiries had not an interruption come, in the form of Cora herself, pretty, presumptuous, and self-assured as ever. She assumed little airs of authority, and proceeded to play the part of hostess at once, her grandmother becoming absorbed in silent admiration, in which, notwithstanding my amusement and disapproval, I could not help participating.

I returned to Mrs. Gabriel's early, in a very thoughtful mood. I found her knitting by lamplight, her husband seated at the other side of her work-table, reading.

I sat down and waited for him to lay aside his paper. As soon as he did so, I began: "Mr. Gabriel, was Cora Cheyne's father a poor man?"

"By no means. He was in very comfortable circumstances. All that he had will be Cora's. Mr. King, her