

pected of me, and I would, no doubt, have been sufficiently wearied, had not relief come in the form of an exceedingly pretty little girl, very prettily dressed, too, who, perceiving my admiration, and sympathizing, probably, in my boredom, presently sidled up to me. I was and am exceedingly fond of children, and this little damsel was really extraordinarily pretty, and, as I discovered, to my amusement, funnily vain, and adorned with little coquettish mannerisms, which somehow did not repel, because, notwithstanding her assumption of being very grown-up, she was yet exceedingly childish. And then, she was so very pretty. Not the baby prettiness of flaxen curls, dimples, and unformed features: my little co-sufferer, was, I fear, not of the kind of which poets tell. She was really very like a fashion-plate. Faces in fashion-plates are all on the same model, only that some have fair hair, and others dark. They all have the same classic little heads, and small, correct profiles, and the head and face are the same, whether it be of child or matron. It is a style not often seen, which makes its adoption for fashion-plate use objectionable. But, rare as it is, this little girl had it. She was both delightful to view, and amusing by reason of the fashion plate association of ideas. She was very lively, and chatted away easily.

"My name is Cora Cheyne," I presently heard, and instantly replied in some surprise: "I thought that Mrs. King was your mother."

"Oh, no; I call her mamma, because I have always lived with her. But she is my grandmamma. My papa and mamma are both dead."

I heard this last speech with a little shock of indignation. I felt my sense of justice awakened in defence of my whilom railway acquaintance. Whatever his offence, he surely could not deserve that his only child be taught to believe him dead.

Cora went on: "I hope that you are

coming to our house. Mamma means to ask you to come on Wednesday afternoon. I have a great many things to show you."

And when her mamma, or her grandmother, for that was really the relationship, invited me to spend the following afternoon with her, I gladly consented. Curiosity was thoroughly aroused, although I was ashamed to recognize that such was the case. I spoke to Mrs. Gabriel of the pleasure with which I looked forward to spending several hours in the beautiful garden and extensive lawn to which she had drawn my attention during a former visit to her.

"I was glad," she cried, "to see you amused with little Cora, for our proceedings could not have been interesting to you."

"Yes," I replied, "she is a dear, funny little girl," and then, because my mind was full of the small mystery which I had unearthed, I added at a venture:—

"I know her father."

Mrs. Gabriel looked at me in slight surprise, caused, probably, by my positive tone,

"Her father is dead, my dear," she said gently. "He has been dead for some years now. It was very sad; he died soon after his wife, leaving just this little girl; but," she added, after a pause, "she is in good hands."

The similarity of her concluding remark to one dropped by the stranger on the train, did not escape my attention, but I merely responded by asking a question:—

"What makes you sure that Mr. Cheyne is dead, Mrs. Gabriel?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, "it does not admit of question. I saw him in the coffin, and, indeed, I almost saw him die. He had a lingering illness, unlike his wife. It was lung disease in both cases, but she was only a few weeks unable to go about, while he had been coughing for quite two years before she fell ill. We all knew them well; they belong to people so well