

had written over and over, although the words were dancing all over the page.

My thoughts were whirling so swiftly that it was some time before I collected them sufficiently to say, "And that was what you wanted to see me for just before you died. I have often wondered." Then as I heard the faint rustle of her dress as she moved towards the door, I instinctively sprang to open it for her, saying, "Thank you very, very much. I will go to-morrow. Good-bye," in a voice that did sound like mine.

I need not tell you I did not sleep that night. In the morning I told my mother the story, and showed her the paper.

The McPherson's have moved, of course. You know, there is a train at 9 30, and here is the address.

* * *

All the way there I pondered how to see Helen alone. I knew her too well not to know that she would refuse to see me if she knew it was I. I plotted and plotted, but could arrange nothing. I grew desperate. As I jumped off the train, whom should I see but her brother? I rushed up to him and nearly wrung his hand off.

In half an hour the plot was hatched, and a pretty bold one it was, as you will see.

Helen's cousin was coming out that very evening to take her for a drive. "Now," planned this bold brother, "all you have got to do is to come five minutes before eight, and I'll manage the rest."

I don't know what I did the remainder of that day. I only know that when I at last got into the carriage and drove round to the house I could hear my heart beating just as distinctly as I could hear the clicking of the horse's hoofs.

Oh! if her cousin should drive up, all would be lost. I am sure I don't know how her brother managed it. He had her in the carriage two minutes after I drew up at the door, talking all the time at a rate I never heard equalled.

I could hardly breathe with excitement. I took the whip, touched up the horse, and away we flew. I made straight for the country. Luckily the moon went under a cloud for nearly five minutes. By that time we were out of the town.

The first words I heard Helen say consciously were:

"You are very quiet to-night, cousin Harry."

The moon came out just then, and I knew my time had come. I deliberately rolled down my collar—it was a rather cold night—pushed back my hat, and turned so that I could see her face distinctly.

"I am not your cousin Harry."

Then the storm descended. I waited quietly till she said:

"You will please drive me home at once."

"I will turn round in exactly five minutes," I said; "but I owe it to myself that you should hear what I have to say."

Helen had her face turned away when I began, but when I took off my gloves to get the paper on which the spirit of Lottie Ketchum had written, she exclaimed:

Oh! Dick, don't; I don't want to see it," and involuntarily she nestled close to me.

"You assisted," I suggested.

"No, I did not; I knew Helen better."

"Poor girl, poor girl: think what she must have suffered. I met her two days after that night and"—she hesitated. "I don't know how it came about, but I had told her that I had seen her and that she could have you just as soon as she liked. She only laughed. Just after that she took the fever."

A moment or two passed; then I said, "You felt that you could not care for a man like that, so you wrote that note."

"I might have known better," her voice trembled.

"By this time you had knotted the reins and flung them over the dashboard. You see the bad habits you have acquired with me comes in useful sometimes when you don't expect them to. Come now, confess Doc."

"Well, I did, Cambell, before I knew it."

"Then you took her in your arms, etc., Oh! its the old story after all."

"Indeed, I did not; Helen is not the kind that you take in your arms so easily."