

with emphasis, so that I re-considered my former assumption as to his straightened relations with these connections of his. But then why allow so long a time elapse without seeing this little Cora? Why pass the place by this evening and make no sign of even a wish to alight at the *dépôt* for which we were now slowing perceptibly? One's mind is apt to get bright and inquisitive towards the end of a journey, the result, I fancy, of enforced silence for successive hours, and my thoughts busied themselves now with conjecture. Had this man who evidently cherished no ill-will to his friends, yet so grievously sinned against them that they would have none of him? That could hardly be, for the infliction of such a punishment as complete estrangement from his only child would certainly awake in him at the very least, a sense of injury, no trace of which was apparent as, with a very faint smile visible on his face, he recalled old days.

"I knew every foot of ground about here, and every man, woman and child in the place. You will hear my name often, for I have a good many cousins about, who bear it. My name is Cheyne, Henry Russel Cheyne."

I was collecting my belongings, some of which I had to detach from the rack overhead. My friend did not offer any assistance—he was too much engrossed in his reminiscences—but when he arose to let me pass out, he walked after me to the car door, and, finding that a light shower was falling, he volunteered to raise my umbrella, my own hands being fully occupied with the small paraphernalia with which womankind makes life a burden while *en route*.

In handing it to me, he roused for a moment to a more active interest than he had yet displayed.

"You will not find any cabs here at this hour," he said, "but speak to the station master. He will send you over to —'s hotel."

I interrupted him laughingly: "Oh,

I am not going to a hotel: I have friends here, Thanks, and good-bye."

That was all, and I never saw my travelling acquaintance of the *clair-voyant* mien again. Not a very thrilling episode, was it? But all the strangeness is yet to come.

In the excitement of an unexpected arrival at the pleasant house where my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel, an elderly couple without children, lived, I forgot him, until the following afternoon, when a slight circumstance revived my interest in the unsatisfactory condition of his domestic ties.

Mrs. Gabriel had a very delightful house. It was a red brick cottage with verandah all around it. It was very large in area, square, and having on each of three sides a door opening upon the verandah. One of these doors led into the drawing-room, a large room with low ceiling, and always dimly lighted by reason of the verandah and its flowering vines and creepers. Mrs. Gabriel's work table stood nearly all the time upon the verandah, where the light was better, and I used to sit upon the steps there with work or book. She persuaded me to remain a week with her before returning to Newton to carry out my first intention.

It was very pleasant. The lilacs about the house were in bloom; the weather was charming; all the girls came to call on me, and we drove to return their calls, as Mrs. Gabriel believed herself unable to walk, and had, moreover, a delightful little carriage and very safe horse.

On the first afternoon of my stay with her, however, she could not come out. The roomy, shady drawing-room was filled with ladies, mostly elderly, who, with a very business-like air, discussed means and methods of aiding in the payment of a large church debt. Mrs. Gabriel nearly bustled with the importance of presiding over the proceedings.

As a stranger, I was not interested, but remained, feeling that it was ex-