

thick grey fog, and the hedgerows dripping from the drifting drizzle of partial showers.

The young lady sprang lightly to the ground, and followed him through the ticket office. She was tall, slender and willowy, clad in a loose grey cloak which did not hide the grace of her shoulders, nor the deer-like setting on of her head. A grey cloth travelling cap edged with sable to match her muff surmounted a delicate face, with straight features, a rosy piquante mouth, and a pair of darker eyes than might have been expected to go with so fair a complexion and such a pale golden curly fringe as mingled with the dark fur which encircled her head; but what their colour none could agree, some maintaining they were blue, some grey, some brown, and one or two evil-disposed persons even asserting they were green.

General Farrant, of Upfield, was a well-known man, and the station master drew near to apologise respectfully for the delay which had occurred in the transmission of a new patent churn concerning which the General was wroth.

"I am sure it was not your fault, Mr. Bassett," said Hope Farrant with a kind smile.

"No, miss, that it ain't" gratefully.

"Well, well, say no more!" cried the General. "I say, you havn't got the evening papers yet?"

"No, not yet, sir."

"I hope they have caught the scoundrelly Nihilists who murdered the chief of the Moscow police in broad daylight last week."

"The papers seldom come down before 4.30, General."

"No? Well, I suppose they could scarcely be here before." And drawing his niece's arm through his, General Farrant proceeded to march her up and down the platform.

"Are you well wrapped up, Sweetie? It's enough to chill the marrow in one's bones, this fog and drizzle."