

adjoining mine was engaged in a frantic search among his blankets, which he had very recently quitted. I directed the porter to him, and the young man received the case with unmistakable signs of satisfaction. How it ever got into my berth I leave to be explained by railroad men who understand the construction of sleeping car apartments.

After a while I ran out of reading matter, and welcomed the magazine boy, from whom I purchased a new supply. I was deeply engaged in conversation with him, while I reached into the depths of my grip for my purse, so that for some seconds I was not conscious that what I had extracted as the result of my search was not my purse at all, but a box of toilet powder which I had bought at Winnipeg. The boy's face relaxed not at all when he observed my confusion, and out of gratitude to him I bought a good many more magazines than I had at first intended to buy, or than I should ever think of reading,—and then later on I left them for him to sell over again.



I have been home about thirty-six hours, and have already had four hot baths, and have slept eleven hours. Somewhere in between baths and sleeping, I found time to run down to the office and have a little talk with Mr. Brandeis before he went on his vacation. Mr. Brandeis's opinion of my ability to read time-tables effectively is represented by a small circle with a blank on either side. When I told him I had travelled over five different railroads to get home, and hadn't missed a connection, he averred solemnly that they must have "tagged" me, "like an emigrant." Even this sarcasm, however, did not operate to altogether rob me of the joy I experienced at his good news concerning New Haven-Boston and Maine matters. But I did not tell him how in the dining car I had absent-mindedly helped myself to the ice from my neighbor's tumbler and cheerfully put it in my own iced coffee, for fear he might get the idea that I was not a fit person to travel alone. This is the opinion, doubtless, of the lady whose ice I stole, but then she is of course a prejudiced witness.

Nor did I show him my letter just received from Margaret, written upon her return to the little house on the prairie, in which she says: "The town is now supplied with water, which the filters have made as clear and sparkling as if from a mountain spring;