

brought me into my pocket, went across the line with him, and climbed into the train.

[The young man stood at the carriage door for a minute, and went off, turning back once as he went. His eyes were full of gentleness, like those of Henri Deslois.

The train whistled once, as though to warn me, and as it moved off it whistled a second time, a long whistle like a scream.