

down the flaps of his travelling cap. The lady drew back directly her eyes lighted on the solitary passenger and she shook her head. The next half-dozen compartments were of the third class. Then came a first-class carriage, empty, and the official opened the door for her. When she caught sight of a golf kit, a bag, and a travelling rug, she hesitated but it was too late. She entered and behind her followed the owner of the bag and rug with a bundle of periodicals under his arm.

She hastily went to the far end. Her fellow-passenger deposited his literature on the seat, and leisurely settled himself in his corner of the carriage. The guard slammed to the door, his whistle sounded, and the train moved slowly out of the station saluted by a gust of wind that sent the rain again rattling the windows with a rattle like peas.

Eric Graydon, who had never had a romance in his life, who had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, whose four-and-twenty years had been absolutely uneventful, who had never had occasion to trouble about anything, looked with languid curiosity at the lady, as, drawing her cloak about her with a shiver, she rested her head against the padded corner.

At first Graydon was disposed to resent her presence, since he was prevented from smoking; but this feeling of selfishness soon passed away. In spite of himself he began to be interested in his fellow traveller. Then after some furtive glances he tried to read his "railway literature," but he found it dull and stupid, and he began to weave fancies, in which the lady at the other end of the carriage was the central figure.