

stranger, who did not seem in the least embarrassed by a sense of being unwelcome.

And the white-haired lady with some dignity, and much animation, exclaimed :

"These Scotch lines are exceedingly ill-managed. The guards are most negligent, and the insufficiency of porters most annoying. I have never found travelling more unpleasant than in Scotland."

"I suppose the staff is seldom quite equal to the demands of the busy time," said the intruder, mechanically, as he watched the newspaper behind which the younger lady had again sheltered herself, as if on the *qui vive* for another glance at her face.

"There is mismanagement somewhere," asserted the first speaker, with a "can you deny it?" air, and then the two were silent for some time.

The younger lady presently lay down her paper, and sat in thought with downcast eyes. Seen thus, there was a pathetic look in her face,