

his eyes, and immediately dart after it again. And thus he rested and refreshed himself.

Some people are not fit to travel by themselves. I think the time will come when railway stations will be placarded to the effect that "No nervous person shall be allowed to pass over this road except when properly checked as luggage, unless accompanied by some competent person as keeper." This feeling of not knowing which is your train, and, when discovered, not knowing when it is to start, is the refinement of distress, I will admit,—especially to helpless outsiders. But people permit them to grow upon them. They ask questions before the questions are ready, and thus they come in such a shape as not to be understood by the party inquired of. And they have so many queries to propound that they cannot possibly keep track of the answers, even if the answers should be correct. Consequently there is confusion, and distress, and distemper, and dyspepsia, and other consequences still more disastrous. Every train hauled into the station at Cleveland near meal hour stops there twenty minutes for refreshment. Every man who travels craves refreshment. Eating is an excellent way to pass the time, and the cars are very much like the Sabbath in this respect. I do not think the human stomach is able to distinguish a train of cars from Sunday.

On the particular evening of which I write, a train from the East drew into the Cleveland station. On the front platform of the first passenger car stood a man with a monstrous valise grasped in his right hand, while the left hand clutched the rail. There was a look of anxiety blended with expectation in his face. Just before the train stopped he jumped down, and hurried across to the refreshment-room and disappeared in the door. The next instant I saw through the window that he was ranged in front of the counter, plying his eyes across the spread, and fumbling in his pockets. Other passengers leisurely got down from the cars, went into the dining-room, and sat down to a comfortable supper. Some three minutes passed when the locomotive bell smote the air with its dreadful sound. The nervous passenger with the monstrous valise appeared at the door with a promptness that unpleasantly suggested he was attached to the bell, and was controlled by its action. One glance showed him that the train was moving. With a look of horror overspreading that part of his countenance not occupied by a generous bite of ham sandwich, he flew across the intervening space at a speed that was simply marvellous, the valise making time on his legs at every leap. Reaching the car

platform he clutched the rail with the hand containing the unfinished sandwich, and clambered upon his knees on the platform, and darted into the car, leaving that part of the rail which he had grasped neatly incrustated with a mixture of bread, ham, butter, and mustard. He settled down into the seat with a shiver of horror, somewhat modified by a sigh of relief, and hugged the valise into his lap. Then the train stopped, the locomotive moved away, the passengers finished their supper, came outside and lighted their cigars, and sauntered up and down the platform, while the man of the sandwich sat in the car and looked out of the window upon those people, and the railroad officials, and the general scenery, with feelings too deep and intense to permit of any adequate expression.

THE BOOK FIEND AT HOME.

It was in the kitchen on the second floor of a Danbury house. The occupants of the room itself indicated that it was not an abode of wealth.

The husband and father was a mechanic two months out of work, with no immediate prospects of a resumption at his trade. He was a light-faced man with rounded shoulders, thin, straight brown hair, and light blue eyes, with a careworn expression, not entirely hidden by the look of expectation which now filled them. The woman, his wife, had black hair, a pale, thin face, and preternaturally large black eyes,—handsome eyes, but very tired looking. They were sitting in this room because of its fire, as the night was damp, raw, and chilly. On the table between them were a pile of circulars of an advertising nature, which the two children were admiring because of their large type and illustrations. The man ran his hands through his very thin hair on his head for the twentieth time, and said,—

"Yes, sir, every book I sell fetches me a dollar. If I only sell five a day, that will be five dollars. Of course, there can be no doubt of selling five."

Of course not. His mind contemplated a day's round among his townspeople. He saw that he could in that time visit at least forty families, and one of every eight taking a book—a book so generally and cordially recommended—was not an exaggerative freak of the imagination. On the contrary—looking again over the formidable array of recommendations—this was a strikingly mild computation. There was a twinge of regret that he had not taken the project in hand long ago.

"But even three books," said his wife,