

could and would speak the truth was the most trying part of the detention.

The conductor told us such a thing had not happened for seven years and *then* they were detained for three or four days, a cheering prospect for us, especially as there was no dining car on board; only some lighter refreshments such as tea, bread and butter and eggs were to be had, all of which would certainly shortly give way under the great strain put upon the commissariat.

Most of the men went off to get such tough food as was procurable in the village.

We had some eggs and coffee, and then, resigning ourselves to Fate, took a little walk in the wretched squalid-looking town; afraid to go beyond its limits lest the summons to proceed might arrive during our absence. We need not have been anxious on this score.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, when we ought to have been almost in Cincinnati, I woke to find our car still motionless, in front of the same depressing wayside depôt. Conflicting rumours of a possible move arrived from time to time; but our first real consolation was the sight of an eastward bound train steaming into the station. This at least was a sure sign that