

I did so long to escape from the car and wander there. At last, seeing no reason why I should not go, I rose and walked hastily down the car to avoid company. When I reached the platform I glanced back to see that no one was coming and then rushed hastily down the steps. I had not touched the ground before a strong hand held me back, and Mr. King asked me, rather sternly, where I was going. I told him, and thinking that he was really rather presuming—of course, he had removed his hand—I stepped off the car. I was put back again in a moment, but not before I had seen, at a little distance down the track—O girls, you can guess what!—and I had been angry at the delay, never once thinking of the poor men on the freight-train. One had been killed and the others frightfully injured. I heard that afterwards, however. Mr. King just said that some of them had been injured. I felt quite faint for a moment, and was turning to go back into the car when he said that there was no need of that—would not the woods on the other side do as well. Then he said that he hoped I would excuse him; he had only wished to spare me pain and had forgotten himself for a moment. My dears, I was so ashamed. He advised me not to wander far and lose myself. One of the other gentlemen told me afterwards about the men, and added, that Mr. King was a doctor and had been so gentle and skilful with the poor men, staying with them all the time.

I wandered off into the woods, delighting in the freedom and breathing the fresh cool air. Some of the leaves were already turning and I found some tiny ferns nestling at the foot of the trees. I found so many pretty things that I had my arms full when I started to go back to the train. Then I thought, "how silly of me, to go back laden in this way." So I sat down and sorted my treasures. I had reduced my armful to a modest bunch before I finished. I looked at my watch. Five o'clock! I gathered up my skirts in one hand and rushed wildly through the woods. Now, you expect me to say that I lost myself. I did not, but very soon came in sight of the train. I stopped at the edge of the wood to get my breath and assumed a dignified air, then walked slowly towards the train. Mr. King came to meet me, saying, as he held out his watch, "I was naturally getting anxious. Have you not stayed out too long? You must be chilled." I said, "No thank you," and, refusing his offer to show me the wreck, stepped discreetly into the train. I wanted time to think over some important questions. Mamma, on the afternoon before I came away, handed me some money, saying that she thought it would be sufficient and she could not very well spare any more. Of course, I should have had some of my allowance left, but I had used it in other ways since I went to the seaside. In calculating up my travelling expenses, I had expected to get my tea at home and now I found in my purse barely enough money to pay for it. I asked the conductor when we would get to the city. He said eleven o'clock. It was plain that I must have some tea. My long walk had made me hungry and it would be silly to try to exist without eating till eleven. To tell the truth, I was afraid of attracting Mr. King's attention, and there was no saying what he might do. That brought me to my next difficulty: "What did I, Patience Stanhope, mean by such friendly and intimate terms with a perfect stranger?" I was all alone, had not the faintest idea who he was, and besides that I did not at all like the commanding air which he assumed towards me. I resolved to be very circumspect in my behaviour, all the more so that I found my heart entering a feeble protest against the wise decision of my head.

At last the train started, the sun set and the cool evening air blew through the car. When the waiter came round, I ordered as inexpensive a meal as I could and paid for it, leaving in my purse five cents, a street car ticket, a lucky penny and my latch-key. I gazed at it ruefully, shut it with a snap and thrust it viciously into my pocket. You see, I was still hungry and that accounted for my feeling. The evening air grew cooler and I was glad to pull my rug over the shoulder next the window. It got colder yet, but I did not dare to try to shut the window for fear that I would not succeed and some one would then interfere. I watched anxiously for the con-

ductor, and as he did not appear, I laid my head on the back of the seat pulled the rug over me and feigned sleep. In a few moments I became aware that Dr. King had moved to the seat behind me, and then my window went down swiftly and silently. Of course, I was sound asleep and could not notice that. By dint of seeming so I did fall asleep, and woke to find the car brilliant with electric light. I looked at my watch; it was nine o'clock. Only two hours more and then I should be at home and with my dear brother, not left to the care of any stray man who happened to be round. Strong in this idea, I sat up and looked around me boldly. All too soon I boasted. Before long Dr. King sat down beside me and I found to my dismay that I was unable to resist the charm of his manner. He talked pleasantly for a while and then said: "You must pardon me. I noticed that you took a very light tea and I am sure you will need something before you reach home." I could be firm there, and in spite of all he could say I refused. The porter began to make up the berths of those who were going through that night, and most of the others fell asleep. I began to feel tired and rather low-spirited. I suppose I looked very forlorn, for about ten o'clock Mr. King came with a glass of hot milk and said, gravely, that, as a doctor, he insisted on my taking it. Of course I had to do so, and I am ashamed to say how I enjoyed it. I did not see him again until the train began to move slowly along the front of the city. Then he came and asked if he could be of any assistance. I thanked him and said that I expected my brother to meet me. I was so glad to be able to say that. Then he wished me good night and left the car. When the train stopped, I kept my seat, knowing that John would come in, but O Clare! O Julia! pity me. He did not come! When every person had left the car I got up and went out. I walked slowly up and down the station, but still no John. Overcome with weariness and disappointment I leaned against the cold stone wall of the station and was biting my lips to keep back the tears, when I heard that voice again: "I fear you are in trouble; can I help you?" I looked up; there was Mr. King, holding out to me a card, which I took without knowing what I was doing and asked him to get me a cab. After he went out, I noticed the card, "Dr. Reginald Howard," with a string of letters after the name. I was thankful for even such a poor haven of rest as a cab, but I saw Dr. Howard spring to the seat after cabby. The streets were crowded with people even at that late hour. At first I could not understand it, but then I remembered the exhibition. At last we turned into our street, and, leaning out of the cab window, I saw my dear home standing among its stately elm-trees. I saw, with disappointment, there was not a light anywhere, and the unpleasant truth was forced upon me that they could not be expecting me. I was out of the cab in a moment and saying good-night to Dr. Howard and telling the cabman to call to-morrow. I slipped my latch-key into the lock. It turned easily, the door opened for a little way, and then, O horrors, stopped! My entrance was barred by a heavy chain. What would I do now? Dr. Howard, who had waited, was by my side in a moment and saw the state of affairs at a glance. "Too bad," he said; "however, we ought to be able to make them hear," and he pulled the bell vigorously. He rang again and again. All was silence. "Don't despair, we will try the windows next!" Picture to yourselves, my friends, Patience Stanhope, at the dread hour of midnight, stealing round her ancestral home, accompanied by a young man, who is a complete stranger to her, trying every window and door in turn. But that miserable woman, the housekeeper, had been fatally careful. Between the desire to laugh and to cry, I was almost in hysterics. The outcome was that we drove back to the city to an hotel. I had plenty to think of on the way. How was I to tell Dr. Howard my name and the fact that I had no money? When I got out of the cab I said, desperately: "My name is Patience Stanhope, and, Dr. Howard, I have not any money left." Then I burst into tears. "My dear child, don't cry like that; be brave, it is not so dreadful. Trust me and it will be all right. Don't cry." He took me to the ladies' parlour and returned in a few minutes with a pretty maid. "Nora, this is Miss Stanhope. She has had

a long journey and is very tired. Do everything you can for her."

I had beautiful rooms, and Nora chattered the whole time while she helped me. The only drawback was that she concluded "the gentleman" was my intended and rattled on after this fashion: "Such a beautiful gentleman, so generous, and just dotes on the ground that you walk on, Miss. He said I was to ask you what you would have for your breakfast." I told her I did not know and bade her good-night. She said to ring if I wanted her and left me in peace. I buried my head in the pillows and blushed with shame and cried very bitterly, too.

Next morning I woke early and thought a long time before I made up my mind what to do. Things did not look quite so black. I decided to dress myself, write a note to Dr. Howard, thanking him, and then go home to breakfast, when I would persuade John to go right down to the hotel and pay my bill. When I was ready I rang for Nora, and could laugh at her astounded face. I gave her the letter and asked her to show me the way down stairs. I gave a little skip of joy when I felt the familiar pavement beneath my feet. I hailed a passing street-car—you remember that I had a ticket in that purse of mine. I could not resist shaking my fist at the dear old home when I thought how it had shut its doors against me last night. There was nothing of that this morning, though, and in another moment I was alternately hugging my brother and calling him a dear creature, and urging him to rush down town and pay my bills, telling him, at the same time, that I fairly hated him, and altogether convincing him that I was crazy. "My dear Patience, my dear sister, calm yourself; sit down, my child. Mrs. Dawkins, a glass of wine for Miss Patience" I waved Mrs. Dawkins away with her glass of wine, but I could not help noticing, at the same time, how quickly she found it. I told John that I was calm and, making him sit down beside me, poured out the whole story. I never saw John so angry. I was quite frightened. At first he could only throw out short broken sentences, gradually decreasing in volume and increasing in length. "That confounded bell!" "That wretched woman," glaring at Mrs. Dawkins, "sleeps like the tomb!" "You had no money, my poor sister." Then, drawing himself up, he said, with great dignity: "I must express myself as astonished that my mother did not display more forethought and—ahem! consideration, and, in short—more common sense." He would hardly wait till he had his breakfast before he rushed off down town. In the afternoon Mrs. Dawkins brought me a bunch of roses from Dr. Howard, hoping that Miss Patience had recovered from her fatigue. That evening John brought him in to dinner without a word of warning, but we spent a very pleasant evening.

I saw him again the next day, indeed, several times the next day, and altogether I have been a great deal with him. One afternoon, about a week ago, I promised—ah! my dear girls, you know what. I hope I have not wearied you with this long letter. I need not tell you that I am very happy. I shall be impatient to hear from you. You must not think that because I have Reginald I love you any the less.

Believe me, my dear, dear girls,

Ever the same loving

PATIENCE.

A striking exhibit in the United States section of the Paris Exposition is that of the Horsey Manufacturing Company, of Utica, N.Y., under the superintendence of Messrs. Ostheimer Brothers, their Paris representatives.

An attractive arrangement of the celebrated Ideal Felt Tooth Polishers, at first meets the eye in fantastic groups of Bone, Horn and Celluloid Holders and boxes of Felt Polishers, resting on velvet backgrounds, in infinite variety, and surmounted by brilliant sketches, show-cards, etc.

On nearer approach, familiar national airs reach the ear, from a duet of mechanical ladies, handsomely dressed, who are engaged brushing their teeth; one with a bristle tooth brush and the other with the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher; the different results of which are reflected in the hand-glasses which each one holds.

The originality, taste and skill shown in making this display so effective reflects great credit on the manufacturers and adds not a little to the attractiveness of the United States section.