

tigued. Another prepared an egg and milk and brought it to me, hoping thereby to strengthen me for my journey. When I changed cars at St. Louis, the train-hands carried me out as tenderly and cheerfully as though I had been a king, and when my wife stepped on the platform, a gentleman touched her on the arm and asked, "Is this Mrs. Cochrane?" When she looked up in a strange face and answered in the affirmative, he said, "Here is a wheel-chair for your husband." He was the general passenger agent of the road, and placed the chair with a man to wheel it at our disposal while we remained in the depot. The station agent at the point of starting had wired him after our departure. It was an unexpected and greatly appreciated kindness.

When we reached the home depot, before our own friends could do anything for me, the train-hands and depot agent had taken me from the car and placed me in