

of velvety brown eyes gazed at him frankly, wide opened and clear of their long lashes, a delicate, but firm, red-lipped mouth was still slightly parted, and a stray lock or two of ripe chestnut-coloured hair curled, tendril-like, over the edge of a dark velvet toque, which matched an admirably fitting tweed travelling dress, artistic in its simplicity. Nevertheless, the lady was no regular beauty; decidedly tip-tilted nose, and a colourless, though clear, soft complexion, were drawbacks which some dear friends considered insuperable; while others, less sound in judgment, pronounced these defects infinitely more charming than faultlessness of feature. She was not very young either; that is, she had left her teens behind her, and might have been five or six-and-twenty; there was the composure of some experience and an assured position in her quiet pose and steady eyes.

“The trains are so crowded at this season, and there is so little time allowed for changing, that one is glad to jump in anywhere,” said the