

to myself, I had to go and get you. One of the nicest things about you is that you see the humor of a thing always."

What I saw was a grizzled man of perhaps fifty, dressed rather shabbily, and a woman somewhat younger. But what was giving the boy and half the other travellers the greatest amusement was the affectionate way they sat there—hand in hand, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, caring nothing for aught but their two selves.

"Some old maid has captured a husband," the pretty blonde behind me was saying. "She had her head on his shoulder awhile ago. And mark the way she looks at him, will you?"

"The old girl is proud as a peacock of him," commented the boy, and he—did you ever see anything so silly?"

There was little sentiment about the boy; he was at the age when love is only a thing to jest about, and when even a mother's caresses are only allowed and approved of in the privacy of home. And there was, I was forced to own, something laughable in the very public way the mature lovers were showing their regard for each other. There was much looking and smiling among us, and we all laughed at the witticisms of a smart young fellow across the aisle who seemed to know all about everything.

"Who wouldn't rather be an old maid's darling than a young maid's slave?" he wound up with, and just then the train plunged into a snowdrift and came to a standstill.

In the sudden quiet which fell, the grizzled man's husky voice could be plainly heard.

"I've thought of it so often, old girl. Through all the weary days and nights, of all the long years I've thought of it. 'She'll meet me,' I used to tell myself, over and over again, 'she'll meet me and put her two arms around my neck and lay her soft cheek on mine as she used to do.'"

The boy nudged me. "Isn't this rich, eh?"

"Yes," went on the husky voice, "I knew just how your face would look—the sweetest face in the world."

"Homely as a hedge fence," whispered the blonde, and the boy snickered.

The man who was talking, and the little faded woman who was gazing up at him paid no heed. They never even knew we were there.

"Were they kind to you in—in that place?" she asked. "Was the prison life awful?"