

My old friends face betrayed her sympathy, as she sat silently waiting for me to regain my composure. After a little she said, sighing:

"It is hard to lose a child, whether young or old. I can fully sympathize with thee in thy bereavement, for I, have lost a son since I last saw thee, though I wear no outer garb as a badge of my bereavement."

I looked at her, a little surprise mingling with the sympathy I tried to express.

"I thought I remembered your telling me you had but one son?"

"That was all," she said sorrowfully. "God never gave me but one, and him He has taken away."

I stared at her now in undisguised astonishment.

"Was not that gentleman—surely, madam, I was not mistaken in thinking the conductor—the gentleman who brought you into the cars when we met two years ago—was your son?"

"You are right, he was the son of whom I have spoken."

"The one-eyed man!" I gasped, forgetting delicacy in astonishment.

The old lady flushed a little.

"Yes friend I know whom thee means, my poor Robert had lost the sight of his left eye."

"I saw that man this morning!" I cried, "I saw him from the car window before we entered Lancaster."

"What strange misunderstanding is this?"

"Thee has mistaken some one else for him, that is all," said my companion gravely. "My boy thee could not have seen, for he died fifteen months ago the 15th of this month. He died of cholera, after two days' illness. Thee could not have seen Robert."

"I did, though—I did!" I cried excitedly; and then I related to her the whole incident, dwelling particularly upon the signal I had never seen but once in my life, and then made by him when he explained it to me. "I was not mistaken," I had concluded; "it could not be; your son was not an ordinary looking man, and I remem-

ber his appearance distinctly. Surely as I sit here, I saw this morning the man who, you tell me, died fifteen months ago."

The old lady looked white and frightened, while as for me I was growing so hysterical with bewilderment and excitement that she would allow me to pursue the subject no farther. She led me to my room and persuaded me to lie down, leaving me then, for she herself was too much agitated by the conversation we had to be able to sooth me.

I saw her no more that day. I did not go to tea, for the excitement of the day rendered me so seriously ill that I was not able to rise until a late hour the following morning. I was still dressing when there came a rap at my door, accompanied by the voice of my Quaker friend asking admittance.

I opened the door, and she entered with awe struck face, and hands that trembled so, that she could hardly hold the newspaper to which she directed my attention.

"Friend," she said, "thy life has been saved by divine interposition. The train in which thee was yesterday a passenger, in less than two hours after thee left it, was thrown over an embankment at a place called 'Gap,' and half of the passengers have been killed or wounded. Child! child! surely as thee lives that vision of my poor Robert was sent to save thee!"

That is all I have to tell. I know no more about the affair than I have written, and I have no comments to make upon it. I saw the one-eyed conductor make the signal of "danger ahead;" I was so much influenced by what I saw that I would not continue my journey. In less than two hours after that warning had been given the danger was met, and death in the most appalling form, was the fate of more than fifty human beings.

These are the facts. It is equally a fact that the man whom I saw give the signal had been dead more than a year. Explain the matter who can—I have no explanation to offer.