

see a great deal more from the top of a bus than from the windows of a cab."

So they climbed to the top of a bus.

"I love to look down into the carriages and at the people on foot, and wonder what they really feel and what they are trying to do," said the girl. "Some of the faces show the thoughts and emotions behind them at a glance—pride, anxiety, hope, shame, cunning, joy, and despair; but others are not so transparent. Some New York faces are as hard to read as London faces. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know much about New York faces yet," replied Charles. "Your face and Costin's are the only two I have really noticed, and neither of them is quite like any face I have ever seen before. Your face——"

"But we are talking of New York faces."

"But aren't you a New Yorker?"

"No. I've lived here less than a year. Look at the woman with the two dogs in her lap, there behind the bays. What do you think is inside her forehead?"

Charles looked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Almost nothing," corrected Miss Featherstonhaugh. "She is trying to think."

Just then the traffic was halted at a cross street, and the bus and the carriage came to a standstill side by side.

"She is trying to make herself believe that