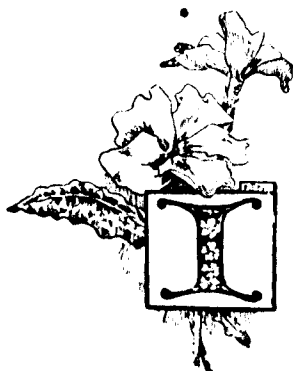


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A Railway Romance.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

It was in one of the comfortable coaches of that comfortable road, the Wabash, and we were all enjoying the ride. The first snowstorm of the season was raging outside. All you could see from the window was the white, swaying branches of the leafless trees, ghostly glimpses of field and hill top, and, at intervals, the almost deserted street of some country town. The wind ran mad races with us, got the start of us, came back to try it over again. Away, away it flew, leaving a hush behind it; back again to strike the windows and shriek and rail at us for being such laggards.

"Isn't it jolly?" said the boy, his eyes dancing, "travelling is fun on a day like this."

"You mean that the cold and dreariness of the outside world makes you appreciate, to the full the luxurious chairs and warm atmosphere of the coach?" I suggested.

"No, I mean it's jolly to be going home for the Christmas dinner, the fun, the skating, the—oh everything! I feel so good I can't sit still. Am going into the next coach and see if any of our friends are on."

He was back again in a little while wearing an amused grin, and brimming over with excitement.

"Come on," he whispered, gathering up all the parcels, "I've gotten a seat just behind them, and we'll have no end of fun."

Before I could remonstrate I was hurried forward, helped across a wind-swept platform, plumped down in a seat near the door.

"There they are," in a stage whisper. "It was too good to keep all