

behind the horizon the good old sun was rising to go to work for the passenger department of the coast railroad.

Some sense in looking out now. Minot saw a shack that seemed familiar—then another. Next a station, bearing on its sad shingle the cheery name of "Sunbeam." And close to the station, gloomy in the dawn, a desiccated chauffeur beside an aged automobile.

Minot turned quickly, and caught Cynthia Meyrick in the act of peering over his shoulder. She had seen the chauffeur too.

The train had stopped a moment, but was under way again. In those brown eyes Minot saw something wistful, something hurt,—saw things that moved him to put everything to a sudden test. He leaped to his feet and pulled madly at the bell cord.

"What—what have you done?" Startled, she stared at him.

"I've stopped the train. I'm going to ride to Jacksonville as I rode to San Marco—ages ago. I'm not going alone."

"Indeed?"