

and worry had made me sick and faint and I felt that I ran a great risk of becoming ill before I reached my journey's end, even if there was no other danger to be dreaded. What if I should stay over at Lancaster until the next day, and telegraph to father to come to me there? And at the same instant I remembered that there was in my travelling satchel, in the little outer pocket, where it had rested undisturbed for two years, the card which the old Quaker lady had given me, bearing the name and address of her daughter who kept a boarding house. That remembrance decided me; if I could find lodging at that place I would remain over-night at Lancaster.

Summoning a driver to me I shewed him the card, and asked him if he knew the address.

"Certainly, mum," he said promptly; "take you there in ten minutes; Mrs. Elwood's boarding house; quiet place but excellent accommodations.

Thus assured, I entered his carriage and he fulfilled his promise by setting me down after a short drive in front of an unassuming, two-story frame house, whose quiet elderly appearance made it look unlike a boarding-house. A boarding-house it proved to be, however, and in the landlady Mrs. Elwood—who came to me after I had waited a while in the darkened parlor—I traced at once so strong resemblance to my old Quaker friend, as convinced me I had found the place I sought.

As she was leading me upstairs to my room, I ventured to state that I had met her mother two years before, and had formed a travelling acquaintance. Mrs. Elwood's pleasant smile upon hearing this encouraged me to ask if her mother was living with her adding that I should be pleased to renew the acquaintance if she was. The reply was in the affirmative.

"You will meet her at dinner, which is served at two, and she will be glad enough to have a chat with you I will venture to say."

I wrote out my telegram to father, and Mrs. Elwood promised to have it attended to at once for me; after doing

everything that kindness could suggest, she left me to the rest I was beginning very much to feel the need of. A tidy-looking little maid came to me when the dinner-bell rang, to shew me the way to the dining-room; and there the first person I saw was my little old lady, already seated near the upper end of a long table.

She bowed and smiled when she saw me, but we were too far apart to engage in any conversation. After the meal was over she joined me, shook hands very cordially, and invited me to come and sit with her in her room. I was glad to accept the invitation, for in my loneliness the kind face of this chance acquaintance seemed almost like that of a friend; and soon in one of the easiest low-cushioned chairs in one of the choicest of the old lady's apartments I was seated, talking more cheerfully and unreservedly than I had talked since my baby died.

I expressed some surprise that she had recognized me so promptly to which she replied:

"I always had a good memory for faces, though names I am apt to forget; when my daughter spoke to me about thee I could not at all call thee to mind, yet as soon as thee entered the dining-room, I remembered thee."

"And yet I don't look much like I did two years ago," I said, sadly.

"That is true, my dear, thee has altered very much. I almost wonder now that I should have recognized thee so promptly. Thee has seen trouble I fear," she added gently touching my black dress.

"Yes," I said, I have had both sickness and death to battle with; I neither look nor feel much like the thoughtless happy bride whom you met two years ago."

"Is it thy husband who has been taken from thee?"

"Oh, no! no! I cried, the ready tears rising to my eyes; "I don't think I could have lived if I had lost him. It was my baby that died—that was hard enough; the dearest little blue-eyed darling you ever saw—just ten months old.