



CUPID EN ROUTE

"Prue!"

"Yes, I did. You might as well know it. And I kept caring more. But I didn't know it—really, I didn't—until just now in there. You see, you did win, after all!"

His arms went around her and she lifted her face frankly to his in the darkness. The words he murmured were lost in the roar of the train. A yellow radiance enfolded them and she drew back with a little gasp of dismay and caught the engineer's smile as he swept by, leaning from the window of the cab.

"All aboard for Quebec!"

On the way to the parlor car they met the giant, swinging under his load, seeking the day coach.

"She ver' good train," he called with merry smile. "She on time, madame! Bon soir! Bon soir, m'sieur!"

"Seats seven and eight, sir," said the conductor. "All right here!"

The train started. The conductor closed the vestibule doors and shot an interested

