

as the rest of his pleasant, good-humored face.

As he came to collect our fare, Joe handed him a bill.

"For yourself and wife, I suppose, sir?" he asked with a smile.

Joe turned very red, and bowed a dignified assent. As for me—I confess it—I turned my head and tittered. Very ridiculous, was it not?

The car had been near full when we started, but people dropped in at the various way-stations, so that by the time we reached Lancaster nearly every seat was taken. We, at starting, had taken two seats, turning one to face us upon which our various hand baggage was placed. At Lancaster the cars stopped some time for dinner; and just as they were about to start again, our conductor entered the car, ushering in an old lady in Quaker garb, beneath whose deep bonnet was visible a kind plump, rosy face with bright spectacled eyes.

She glanced around on either side as she advanced up the aisle in search of a seat; and, in obedience to a nudge from me, Joe rose, and beckoning to the conductor said: "There is a seat for the lady here."

Smilingly the old lady approached. I commenced gathering up the shawls and packages that lay upon the vacant seat, that it might be turned to its proper position, but the old lady checked me.

"Don't trouble thyself, friend; I can sit just as well with the seat as it is;" and without further ceremony she esconced herself opposite me, while the one-eyed conductor deposited a large covered band-box at her feet, and paid her so many little attentions, at the same time addressing her in so familiar a manner, that I saw at once she was no stranger to him.

A glance at the kind old face opposite soon told me they were mother and son, for the two faces were wonderfully alike especially in the open, cheerful expression. My heart was drawn towards her at once, and as the conductor moved on, I could not resist making some overtures towards ac-

quaintance by asking if she was quite comfortable.

"Quite so, thank thee," she answered at once; "but I am afraid I have discommoded thee somewhat."

"Not at all," I assured her, and the ice once broken, we chatted away quite freely and pleasantly.

As I had surmised, the conductor was her son, and very proud and fond of him the old lady was. She told us one or two tales about his wonderful goodness, his kind-heartedness, and unselfishness, and when after we had left the next station the conductor approached us, we really felt as if we were already acquainted with him and were disposed to be as friendly with him as with his mother.

He stopped to exchange a few words with her, and, as she was talking with us, we very naturally all fell into conversation together. He proved to be an intelligent man, who had seen a great deal of life particularly on railroads, so his conversation to me at least was very entertaining. Among other interesting things he explained to us the signs and signals used by railroad officials upon the road. One of these signals—the only one I need mention here—he said was as follows:

When a person standing in the road or front of or by the side of the car throws both hands rapidly forward as if motioning for the cars to go backward, he means to give information that there is "danger ahead." "When you see that signal given, madam," said our conductor, "if the cars don't obey it by backing, do you prepare yourself for a flying leap, for the chances are that you will have to practise it before long."

(*To be continued.*)

The *Canadian Illustrated News* for January 24, 1874, has just been received. It is well filled with choice reading matter, and, as usual, the plates are good. Terms \$4 a year. Apply to the Editor, DESBRATS & Co., Montreal, P.Q.