

through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello, Gene," said the man; "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently, for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out—in fact the time was up by the big clock on the wall—the waiting traveller was gladdened by the reappearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you?"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied; "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much to-night, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from his master, took the hand baggage from the over-