

"What kind of a railroad?"

"A railroad: iron rails, with cars propelled by steam! I expected to find an elevator here to put the grain on board of an iron vessel; to load the whole twenty thousand bushels to-day; but things have gone wrong somehow, and I don't understand precisely why!"

"Bill," said the man, turning to a young fellow, one of his assistants, near him, "trot this poor old chap up to the mayor's office, so that he'll be taken care of. He's talking to me about bringing twenty thousand bushels of wheat on a rail, and loading it in an iron vessel—an iron vessel, mind you—in one day! It's a shame for the old fellows's relations to let him wander about alone."

Before "Bill" had a chance to offer his assistance, Ephraim, alarmed, and more than ever bewildered, walked quickly away.

As he gained the street, a man of about middle age suddenly stopped in front of him, and said,—

"Good morning, Mr. Batterby."

Ephraim had gotten into such a frame of mind, that he was almost startled at the sound of his own name.

He looked hard at the stranger, but, although the features were somewhat familiar; he could not really recognize the man.

"Don't know me, Batterby? Impossible! Don't know Tony Miller!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Ephraim; "Tony Miller! so it is! Tony Miller! Not Tony Miller? Why—why—why, Miller, I thought you died thirty years ago!"

"Died! ha, ha! Not a bit of it, man. Why, it's absurd! I saw you only two or three weeks since!"

"Strange, strange!" said Ephraim, almost sadly, in his mind trying to recall some fragments of the past. "I could have sworn that you were dead!"

"No, sir; just as hearty and lively as I ever was. By the way, Mr. Batterby, what has become of Ephraim? I don't see him about any more."

"Ephraim? Ephraim Batterby? Why, who do you think I am?"

"Joshua Batterby, of course; who else? You don't seem very well to-day, I think."

"He mistakes me for my father," said Ephraim to himself.