

waving his hat to me as we moved, away.

After that I sank back into my seat, too sad and despondent even to cry—and lay there as we sped along, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing but the memories from which I was trying to escape. I did rouse up a little as the conductor approached to collect my fare—the remembrance of the one-eyed man and his nice little mother recurred to me the first time for many months. This conductor, however, was not my old acquaintance, being a sallow, dark-eyed, cross-looking man, as different as possible from the other one. I felt a little disappointed at first, but after he left me, I leaned my head back again and thought no more about the matter.

After a while, I fell into a dose, which lasted until the call of "Lancaster—twenty minutes for dinner!" ringing through the cars aroused me, and informed me that we were just entering the city. I sat up then, sleepily and languidly. It was a warm day in early October, and the window of the car was lowered; I leaned my elbow upon the sash, and looked out upon the scene before me. As I was thus gazing, drowsy and indifferent, neither caring nor thinking much about what I saw, I noticed a man upon the roadside, a little in front of the car in which I sat, gesticulating violently with his hands and arms.

The next minute I was sitting bolt upright in my seat, my heart leaping almost into my mouth with sudden fright, for in the gestures that were being made I recognized the signal which, two years before, the one-eyed conductor had told me meant "danger ahead." The cars were not moving very rapidly, and during the moment that we were passing by the man who had given the signal, I had a full view of him—his face being turned toward the cars, and his eyes meeting mine so directly that I could have spoken to him had I chosen. I recognized him at once—it was the one-eyed conductor; and seeing that I was now more scared than ever, being now quite con-

firmed in my belief that an accident was now impending; for I knew that he must occupy some responsible position upon the road, and could, therefore, have made no mistake in the matter,

No one else; however, either inside or outside of the car seemed to partake of my alarm. The cars were slackening their speed, but that was because we were approaching a station, and I had not intended getting out of the cars until I had reached the end of my journey, but had been so startled by what I had seen that I could not sit quietly in my seat.

I got out with the rest of the passengers, but did not follow them to the hotel. I stood upon the platform gazing up and down the track uneasily but could see nothing at all that could awaken apprehension. The one-eyed conductor was nowhere to be seen, though I watched the road in the direction where we had passed him for some time expecting every moment to see him come in sight. A porter, trundling a wheelbarrow, passed me, and of him I ventured to inquire:

"Is there anything the matter with the engine or with the track?"

"Not as I know on," he answered gruffly, and passed on.

I was still terribly uneasy; I was certain that I had not been mistaken in the man or the signal; the latter especially I remembered—a forward motion with both hands as if directing the cars to back. I could recall distinctly the face and gestures of the conductor who had explained it to me, and also his words, if ever you see that signal given prepare to take a flying leap, for the probabilities are you will soon have to take it;" and the longer I dwelt upon what I had witnessed the more convinced did I become that the signal had not been given carelessly.

I went into a waiting room to sit down until I could determine what it would be best for me to do. I felt a most invincible repugnance to returning to the cars and continuing my journey; the excitement