

service of omnibuses between Dime Street and Central Stations. To all which questions the remaining passenger, a young Scotch mechanic, with a hard face and dignified manners, returned, for the whole company, short and rather dry answers.

Rose Revel, the nurse, foresaw no pleasure in conjectures concerning any of these people, and was forced to entertain herself, neither pleasurably nor profitably, with thoughts about herself and her own prospects. For she alone, of all the people in the compartment, was spoken to by none. This, however, was an experience to which she was accustomed, although she herself scarcely understood the reason of it.

The reason lay in her face. Above the middle height and thin, Rose Revel's figure was not without both grace and dignity. A man walking behind her in the street would generally be sufficiently impressed by those rare attractions in an English woman—a splendid walk and carriage, to glance, in passing, at her face. And that glance dispelled the attraction. Not that she was plain; on the contrary, however repellant to you the face might be, you were obliged to admit that it might be handsome, but it was not the style of beauty you admired. Great, blazing black eyes with straight thick lashes, surmounted by a pair of horizontal, bushy eyebrows which almost met, gave