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been under way an hour. I found the Pigeon Charmer occupying the sofa. The two young Acrobats and the Lightning Calculator were evidently in bed, and the maid, no doubt, busy preparing her mistress's couch for the night. She smiled quite frankly when I approached, and motioned me to a seat beside her. All these professional people the world over have unconventional manners, and an acquaintance is often easily made—at least, that has been my experience.

She began by thanking me in French for my share in getting her such comfortable quarters—dropped into German for a sentence of two, as if trying to find out my nationality—and finally into English, saying, parenthetically:

"You are English, are you not?"
No financial magnate this time—rather queer, I thought—that she missed that part of my personality. My room-mate had recognized it, even to the extent of calling me "Your Highness."

"No, an American."
"Oh, an American! Yes, I should have known—No, you are not English. You are too kind to be English. An Englishman would not have taken even a little bit of trouble to help us."

I noticed the race prejudice in her tone. Then followed the customary conversation. I doing most of the talking. I began by telling her how big our country was; how many people we had; how rich the land; how wealthy the citizens; how great the opportunities for artists seeking distinction, etc. We all do that with foreigners. Then I tried to lead the conversation so as to find out something about herself—particularly where she could be seen in Paris. She was charming in her traveling costume—she would be superb in low neck and bare arms, her pets snuggling under her chin, or alighting on her upraised, shapely hands. But either she did not understand, or she would not let me see she did—the last probably, for most professional people dislike all reference to their trade by non-professionals—they object to be even mentally classed by themselves.

While we talked on the Dog Woman opened the door of her compartment, knocked at the Dog's door—his Dogship and the maid were inside—patted the brute on his head, and re-entered her compartment and shut the door for the night.

I looked for some recognition between the two members of the same troupe, but my companion gave me the slightest sign that the Dog Woman existed. Jealous, of course, I said to myself. That's another professional trait.

The Ring Master now passed, raised his hat and entered his compartment. No sign of recognition; rather a cold, frigid stare, I thought.

The Sleeping Car Manager next stepped through the car, lifted his hat when he caught sight of my companion, tipped deferentially until he reached the door, and went on to the next car. She acknowledged his homage with a slight bend of her beautiful head, rose from her seat, gave an order in Russian to her English maid who was standing in the door of her compartment, held out her hand to me with a frank good-night, and closed the door behind her.

I looked in on the bald-headed man. He was tucked away in the upper berth sound asleep.

When the next morning I moved up the long platform of the Gare du Nord in search of a cab, I stepped immediately behind the big Danish hound. He

was hulking along, his shoulders shaking as he walked, his tongue hanging from his mouth. The Woman had him by a leash, her maid following with the band-boxes, her feather boa, and the parasols. In the crowd behind me walked the bald-headed man, his arm, to my astonishment through that of the Ring Master's. They both kotowed as they switched off to the baggage-room, the Ring Master bowing even lower than my room-mate.

Then I became sensible of a line of lackeys in livery fringing the edge of the platform, and at their head a most important-looking individual with a decoration on the lapel of his coat. He was surrounded by half a dozen young men, some in brilliant uniforms. They were greeting with great formality my fair companion of the night before! The two Acrobats, the German Calculator, and the English bare-back rider maid, stood on one side.

My thought was that it was all an advertising trick of the Circus people, arranged for spectacular effect to help the night's receipts.

When I looked on in wonder, the Manager of the Sleeping-Car Company joined me.

"I must thank you, sir," he said, "for making known to me the outrage committed by one of our porters on the Princess. She is travelling incognito, and I did not know she was on the train until she told me last night who she was. We get the best men we can, but we are constantly having trouble of that kind with our porters. The trick is to give every passenger a whole compartment, and then keep packing them together unless they pay something handsome to be let alone. I shall make an example of that fellow. He is a new one and didn't know me"—and he laughed.

"Do they call her the Princess?" I asked. They were certainly receiving her like one, I thought.

"Why, certainly—I thought you knew her"—and he looked at me curiously—"the Princess Dolgorouki Sliniski. Her husband, the Prince, is attached to the Emperor's household. She is travelling with her two boys and her German tutor. The old gentleman with the white mustache now talking to her is the Russian Ambassador. And you only met her on the train? Old Azarian told me you knew her intimately."

"Azarian!" I was groping round in the fog now.

"Yes—your room-mate. He is an Armenian and one of the richest bankers in Russia. He lends money to the Czar. His brother got on with you at Cologne. There they go together to look after their luggage—they have an agency here, although their main bank is in St. Petersburg. The brother had the compartment next to that woman with the big dog. She is the wife of a rich brewer in Cologne and just think—we must always give that brute a compartment when she travels. Is it not outrageous? It is against the rules, but the orders come from up above"—and he jerked his finger meaningly over his shoulder.

The fog was so thick now that I could cut it with a knife.

"One moment, please," I said—and I laid my hand on his elbow and looked him searchingly in the eye. I intended now to clear things up. "Was there a circus troupe on the train last night?"

"No." The answer came quite simply, and I could see it was the truth.

"Nor one expected."

"No. There was a circus, but it went through last week."



A Horseless Carriage.