

MR. DUGGLEBY

should offer him no alternative but to call the nearest policeman.

For a while—I have no means of estimating how long—I wandered aimlessly about, now breaking into a run, and then checking myself sharply to a more decorous pace. At last, when I was nearly in despair, and all but exhausted, I found myself approaching the place I had been looking for.

My first glance about me, as I entered the men's waiting room, was reassuring. The long line of men before the ticket window was evidence that a train was going to leave for somewhere before very long.

I took my place in the line, relying on what I should learn between there and the window for the answer I was to make when the agent should say, "Where?"

The conversation between the two men immediately in front of me, soon gave me what I wanted.

"How much is the fare, anyway?" said one of them.

"Round trip or single?" inquired the other.

"Gracious!" said the first man, "I don't want to come *back*."

This was evidently a joke, for they both laughed. The man who knew said:

"One way it is three dollars and a half."