

But onward, onward speeds the train, and to the relief of Helen, Mr. Seymour announces they are approaching the terminus. It will soon be over, and as yet she hopes he is unconscious how vividly her face has expressed her inward terror. She looks for a moment at the stoical old gentleman opposite, and resolutely determines no outward appearance of alarm shall again escape her, unless he gives some; surely then, she will behave heroically. At that moment the shrill startling whistle breaks in on her newly formed resolutions, and in uncontrollable terror she starts from her seat. In vain Mr. Seymour insists on reseating her. "O, what is it! what is it! I see even those ladies are terrified." Little thinking she herself was the innocent cause of their alarm, as they shrunk back from her excited appeal.

But once more the dark speaking eye of her betrothed rested on her, and under its influence she became calm.

Bitter self-reproach mingled with her regret at having thus given way to her fears, but all will soon be over. Yes, poor Helen, the climax is approaching. Slower, slower, the train is stopping; puff, puff, bellows the engine; another moment you will breathe freely, and the smile on that bright face will return to chase away the passing frown on the brow of him seated by thy side.

But, ah! what is this? The old gentleman opposite is looking fearfully excited. He, so cold, so stoical, on whom neither the whistle, or engine, or the red flag (sign of caution) seemed to have any effect. With what a wild, eager look he glances from the train to the platform they are approaching, renewing (and no wonder) all the uneasy apprehensions in Poor Helen's mind, who watches his every look with panting eagerness. A convulsive movement on the part of the old gentleman—a similar one from Helen—one more wild, eager gaze he gives at the platform, and a still more piercing shriek from the steam whistle; and he flings himself partly out of the carriage window.

Life or death, thought poor Helen, or, more probably, thought was swallowed up in amazement and terror. At that moment, *saute qui peut*, was uppermost in her mind, as with reiterated shrieks she clung to the tails of his coat which had not yet disappeared through the window; in vain, with one hand, he used his utmost efforts to release his unfortunate coat,—she clung to it