

shall ask for 'the gentleman who has telegraphed for a nurse.'"

Reluctantly deciding that there was no more information to be gleaned from the message, she put the telegram into her bag, wrapped herself more closely in her rug—for the month was October, and it was already very cold—and glanced round at her fellow passengers, to see whether any of them were interesting looking enough to be worthy the trouble of a little conjecture as to their minds or their lives. But they were a sufficiently commonplace set, interesting chiefly as illustrative of the variety of types brought together by increasing the comfort of third-class carriages. There was a curate who, either from shyness or ill-breeding, helped himself to the newspapers of his companions without permission, and put them down again without acknowledgment. There was an old half-blind farmer with a strong Lancashire dialect who had, he was eager to inform his fellow passengers, "been to Lunnon ter see an eye-doctor!" And there was a well-dressed, youngish lady with a silver-mounted traveling bag and no end of handsome rugs, smelling bottles and cushions, who was aggressively, vixenishly poor, and who kept asking everybody whether it was true that the fare to Liverpool was to be reduced from sixteen shillings and sixpence to sixteen and fourpence-halfpenny, and whether there was