

the contrast of the masses of brown hair, glistening with copper, against the clear, pallid skin; the subdued tints of the complexion lit by the scarlet of the full firm lips. The face was one that suggested mystery, romance, a life which could not be commonplace wherever she might be. Adventure, passion, the strife of emotion were mingled in her destiny.

She had apparently dropped into a slumber and for some time, was perfectly motionless, for the train at first went but slowly. Then the engine picked up speed to make up for lost time, the carriage surged, and the sleeper awoke with a start. She looked round, a kind of wild terror in her eyes, and a shiver went over her frame.

"You are cold," said Graydon, politely. "May I offer you my rug?"

She refused, but with a kind of mastery which sat agreeably upon him, he insisted, and at last she consented.

Graydon tried to draw her into conversation but with not much success. He was conscious that his efforts were commonplace. The ordinary topics with which he was familiar failed to interest her. She answered him with perfect courtesy and without the slightest tinge of embarrassment, but that was all. The two passengers became silent, simply from sheer want of fuel to keep the fire of conversation burning. There was no help for it. Graydon had to bury himself in his literature again.

Every now and then he peeped over the top of the book, but for any interest she took in him he might as well not have been there. She was awake—that was something; he could, with