

he went. His eyes saw nothing of what went on around him; his companions of the train were mingling with the townsfolk, in light-hearted good-fellowship, and now and again one of them hailed him, challenging him to join in the sport, but he shook his head, only half heeding, and kept on his way. The afternoon was far spent when his wandering ceased and he shook himself out of his preoccupation, drawing his stooped shoulders firmly erect.

"I've got to see her," he said. "There's no other way. It's a jump in the dark, but I've got to take it."

He inquired his way to the schoolhouse—a rough log building, that stood in a waste spot at the edge of the town, amongst scrub oaks, the dooryard trampled bare by the feet of the children. School was just dismissed as he came within sight of the place, and the children were going their ways in noisy, lively groups, their sweet young voices swelling in a gay chorus, their blithe young feet