

"All the passengers had resumed their seats, and the porters were banging to the doors.

parcels have not been stolen; they—they have been left behind at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre! How?"



"SHE TOOK SOME SOUP AT A SEPARATE TABLE."

"She'll be left behind," I thought, 'She's mad!' 'Madame! Madame!' I called to her out of the window.

"She was too far off and didn't hear me.

"The whistle sounded; the train was going to start. What was to be done? Prompt as a flash of lightning, an idea shot through my brain. She would be left there in the horrible cold without her luggage! Let her, poor woman, at least have her smaller belongings.

"I gathered up in an armful her three bags and rugs and threw the whole to a man in the uniform of the railway, who was on the line near the carriage.

"For that lady over there," I cried.

"The man in the uniform carried the articles in the direction of the lady at the bookstall. At the same moment the carriage door on the opposite side, the side next the platform, was opened, and my travelling companion, grumbled at by a station porter, hurried into the carriage, and the train started. Horror! I had mistaken the traveller. The lady at the bookstall was not the right one; the same mantle, same hat, same figure—but not she! It is perfectly absurd how much women resemble one another—the back view of them. I had made a pretty mess of it!

"She had hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a shriek.

"My parcels! Somebody has stolen my parcels!"

"And, for the first time she turned her eyes on me, with a look—good heavens!—with a look never to be forgotten.

"No, Madame," I stammered, "your

"I explained all to her. By Jove! My dear fellow, I can't describe the second look she darted at me; but I assure you, I firmly believe I shall remember it even longer than the first.

"I am distressed, Madame," I further stammered 'distressed exceedingly; but the motive was a good one; I thought

short—forgive me, and do not be uneasy in regard to your property, which is in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you can telegraph, we will telegraph—and your things will be immediately sent on. Ah!—you shall have them, I vow, even though I have myself to go back to Tonnerre to fetch them."

"Enough, Monsieur. I know what I have to do."

"Stormily she rearranged herself in her corner, tugging pettishly at her gloves.

"But, alas! poor little thing! she had counted without the cold—she no longer had her warm rugs and wraps about her. At the end of ten minutes she began to shiver. It was in vain that she tried to huddle herself up, and draw her otter-skin mantle closer to her form; she positively shivered with the cold.

"Madame," I said, 'I beg of you, on my knees to accept my rug. You will catch cold—and it will be my fault—and I should never, to the end of my days, forgive myself!'

"I did not speak to you, Monsieur," she said sharply.

"I was nervous—excited. In the first place she was charming; in the next place, I was furiously annoyed with myself for the stupid blunder I had made; in short, I found myself in one of those predicaments that call for the taking of strong resolutions.

"Madame," I said, 'accept this rug, or



"I THREW THE WHOLE TO A MAN"

that you were going to miss the train—that you would be cold—and—and I did not wish that you should be cold; in

I swear to you I will throw myself out on to the line."

And flinging the rug between her and