

attentive. Russia, like an evil vision, was far behind, and the train sped through splendid scenery swiftly towards England and home.

The young man leaned back in his chair, interlaced his fingers behind his head, and gazed across at Jennie, drawing a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"Well, this *is* jolly," he said.

"Yes," murmured Jennie, "it's very nice. I always did enjoy foreign travel, especially when it can be done in luxury; but, alas! luxury costs money, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you don't need to mind, you are rich."

"That is true; I had forgotten all about it."

"I hope, Jennie, that the fact of my travelling on a *train de luxe* has not deluded you regarding my wealth. I should have told you that I usually travel third class when I am transporting myself in my private capacity. I am wringing this pampered elegance from the reluctant pockets of the British taxpayer. When I travel for the British Government I say, as *Pooh Bah* said to *Koko* in the 'Mikado,' 'Do it well, my boy,' or words to that effect."

"Indeed," laughed Jennie, "I am in a somewhat similar situation; the newspaper is paying all the expenses of this trip, but I shall insist on returning