

Templar's jewel pendant from it. It was neat and modest, and yet, from its peculiarity and oddity, strikingly conspicuous.

And with the talisman for her sole companion, Izzie Whitman set forth upon her journey.

Nothing particularly annoying occurred before reaching Toledo. At that place a man—he appeared a gentleman—took the train, or he may have come into the Pullman car from one of the other coaches, who very soon rendered himself abnoxious to our lonely friend. He took a seat by her side, and his first remark startled her.

Mrs. Whitman was a reader of character, and possessed a temperament readily and quickly impressed, and correctly impressed. Her intuitions were to be trusted always. The man who now addressed her, though wearing the outward semblance of a gentleman, impressed her instantly as being a wolf—a vampyre.

Have you *not*, dear reader, been thus impressed by a human presence? For the life of you, you cannot tell why you distrust the man. Only, through that strange electric medium, connecting the soul, or the inner consciousness, with outer sense, the impression thrills upon you, and you cannot put it away.

And, in nine cases out of ten, if not nine and ninety in a hundred, the impression thus made will prove to be true.

Izzie Whitman quivered with apprehension as the sound of that man's voice fell upon her ears, and the baneful light of his greenish-grey eyes met her gaze. She answered him politely but sententiously, and then got up, and went to where there was a vacant chair in one of the smaller compartments.

We do not wish to make a long story of it. With care and circumspection our heroine contrived to avoid the man until they reached Cleveland, though the baleful light of those basilisk eyes, falling upon her

ever and anon, made her very uncomfortable, rendered her, in fact, miserable.

At Cleveland the Pullman car in which Izzie had her seat was filled. She had secured a chair in a corner of the main saloon, and a lady with an infant occupied the seat by her side. Let it not be supposed that the man of the basilisk eyes was the only one who had spoken with her. Friendly salutations, and pleasant remarks had been extended to her by several gentlemen. One man in particular, one who was then in the same car with her, but in a far corner, had not only spoken with her, but had offered her several little attentions of assistance which had been timely and cheering, and which she had received freely and gratefully. And yet, though apparently watchful of her comfort, and holding himself ready to serve her when opportunity offered, he was delicately, and even tenderly careful not to intrude. He saw that she was alone, saw, with manly sense, that she was a lady, and he respected and honored her position. He was a man of middle age, with touches of silver upon his shapely head, possessing a frame of healthful vigor, and muscular massiveness, with a face that beamed with intelligence and kindness.

The man of the vampyre look was seated in that same car, and several times in passing to and fro, he stopped and spoke with Mrs. Whitman. I need not say that she was a handsome woman, because she was not. She was more than that, far more. She was brilliant and attractive,—brilliant in the dimples, and the mellow softness of complexion, and in the winking smiles, that rippled from the earnest, azure eyes; and attractive in the keen intelligence and soul-born truth and goodness that were manifest in every feature.

At length when the man had thus obtrusively, and unkindly assailed her with his impertinence for the fifth or sixth time, she said to him, sharply and emphatically,—