

that seems beyond the power of human endurance.

At that period in the history of railroads, the most convenient route to the West was by way of Chicago. Here they were storm-bound for three days. Chicago, twenty or twenty-five years ago, was no better in some respects than it is to-day. The robber and would-be desperado was quite in evidence where favorable opportunities presented themselves, as was shown by Mr. Taylor's little experience with that class in the Windy City. One of the girls, Lizzie, having felt somewhat faint, required some water. To meet the requirement, Mr. Taylor at once left the car to secure some from a reliable source of supply, and shortly after leaving the car on his errand was attacked by some desperate characters with dark lanterns. A policeman, however, happened to be near by, and hearing Mr. Taylor's cries for help came in the nick of time to avert what might have been a serious affair for Mr. Taylor. It is needless, in connection with this little incident, to quote my informant's words, "We all breathed freer after we left Chicago," as the timorous nature of the ordinary lady traveller is too well known to need further testimony.

In the same car with the Taylors and Miss