

looked at him more attentively than, than I had hitherto done, and his face imprinted itself on my memory. If I were skilled with the pencil I could draw it now; the features were such that a moderately exact description would enable any artist to depict them—an ordinary face, but for its expression.

As I watched him the fancy seized me that he was blind, an utterly untenable idea, considering that he was seated, slightly stooped forward, the better to see the country through which we were flying. This look of not seeing did not prevent the impression which I got of very keen and earnest thought, which, however, did not find its subject matter in his present environment. I have seen this curious conjunction of expressions in another face quite recently, but both were portrayed with much less intensity. And in the lives of the two persons who wore that look, there lurked, I must believe, a mysterious tragedy.

Have some of my readers ever mistaken a wax figure for nature, and gazed upon it as upon a fellow-being, to awaken with an unpleasant sense of repulsion to its lack of life? Some thing of that I experienced as I looked upon my companion's impassive countenance, which yet, like the cold wax, was shaped to express thought and emotion. I felt uncomfortable, and I think that I wished that he would go away, notwithstanding that I had myself invited him to sit down.

The conductor called the name of a station, Newton, and the stranger, turning to me, said, in that quietly sympathetic manner in which he always spoke: "The next station is yours?"

"No," I replied, "I shall only get off for a minute to get another ticket. My friends will not expect me by this train, and it is much too far for me to go alone to their house. I shall go on to Fairbank, and if I wish, someone will drive me out here to-morrow."

"You had better speak to the con-

ductor about it," he said, "I am afraid that the train will not stop long enough to admit of your procuring a ticket."

The conductor was near, and he beckoned him, and finding the conjecture correct, I was enabled to make some arrangement which dispensed with the necessity for a ticket.

My new acquaintance resumed his former attitude, looking steadily past me out of the window, but he had grown conversational. My mention of Fairbank had unlocked his speech.

"I used to know Fairbank very well," he said musingly, "but it is long since I have been there."

I at once became conversational also, for I did not know Fairbank well, having been there only once before, and I felt some interest in the place, having promised to visit friends there before my return home. I said as much, and he responded in the same way, as if talking to himself.

"I have not been there for six years. I left it on May 24th, 18—. I was born and brought up and married there."

He did not speak for a few minutes, and then, as if recounting something only half remembered, and not too keenly interesting, he went on:—

"I have a little daughter there. My wife died of consumption six months before I left, and my little girl is with her mother's friends."

The thought occurred to me at once of course, that he was then on unfriendly terms with his wife's relatives, else why refrain so long from seeing his child. We were nearing Fairbank, and wishing to continue the conversation I made some remark about the interest, verging on historic, which clung about the little town. He did not reply in a similar strain, however, but still harping on his family ties, went on softly:—

"I have not seen her since. We called her Cora. She was only four when I left, but she is in good hands. They are good people."

He spoke the last sentence almost