

own train crawled past the glinting, swaying wheels of the other one, Arthur, with a quick movement, drew down the blind and peeped out cautiously from behind it. At length he saw Dr. Colpus, solitary in a first-class carriage. Dr. Colpus seemed to be very busy doing something to a walking-stick—so busy, in fact, that he did not appear to notice the great race which was going on. Suddenly the increased vibration, or something else, attracted his attention, and he looked up and saw the other train. With a swift instinctive movement he dropped the walking-stick. Arthur noticed that the Doctor's face had an air of having been detected in some sin.

The next thing was a sudden jar; the Scotch express had encountered an adverse signal, and Arthur had the mortification of watching the other train slide past him to the front. When the Scotch express drew up alongside the platform at Crewe, the Crewe passengers of the North Wales train had already left it. Arthur hastened to leave the station, but he saw nothing of Dr. Colpus. It was now nearly dark. He took a cab, and told the driver to