

He sat at the opposite side of a table for four, fat, pussy and still with a lingering military air about him and a "Grand Army" button in the lapel of his coat. He first attracted my attention by the profusion of food ordered for his breakfast: ham and eggs, toast, sausage, griddle-cakes, followed one another in rapid succession. Just as he had called for a second order of griddle-cakes, a widow and daughter were shown to the vacant seats at the same table. The widow on the right of the old soldier and the daughter on my left. The mother was fat and forty or more without being the least fair. The daughter slender with a fair complexion and pretty coloring, was sufficiently like the mother to make one tremble for her future.

**Humors
of a
Dining Car**

The dining car conductor came along and asked the old gentleman after his wife, upon which he immediately burst into tears, mopping his face vigorously with his table napkin. The conductor drew back rather dismayed, and the old man turned to the widow and apologized for being overcome. The last time he travelled that way his "dear partner" had been with him. She passed away a few months before. The conductor had meant well, but he had spoiled his breakfast. The widow was most sympathetic; she too had lost a "dead partner" within the last year. He had been an army man and had lost a limb in the service of his country. It presently developed that the limb was his right arm. Mutual reminiscences of a most gruesome and harrowing kind followed, which included every detail of the last illness of both of the "dear partners," and tears mingled with the food of both of the bereaved.