

ally sliding himself along the seat to prepare for a closer inspection when the car again came to a sudden stop which landed him precipitately in the aisle and when he had collected his scattered senses he found her gone.

He rushed madly to the rear platform. The strange young woman was just about to enter the doors of a stately residence which stood close by when she turned about. Then by the light of the electric lamp Wellington saw gazing at him a pair of eyes of such beauty that,—too late, the doors of the house had closed upon her and the car had started.

*"Je me jete dans sa ped"* exclaimed the excited young man as he again took his seat in the corner.

## CHAPTER II

The wind blew violently down Capital street and sent the rain rattling against the solitary car that was running rapidly down the dark deserted thoroughfare. It blew the rain fiercely under the platform, causing the lonely conductor to huddle close against the door and finally compelled him to seek refuge in the interior and to let the car run on its own schedule. The forlorn conductor was no other than our friend B. Wellington Warrens. His occupation of so lowly a position no doubt startles the reader. It was just one year previous to that night when Warrens had ridden down this same dark and deserted street and on an empty car had met the mysterious woman, the cause of his present humble occupation. On the next morning he had returned to college and tried to devote himself to his studies—but it was useless.

Mathematics and classics no longer had their old attractions for him for he heard continually ringing in his ears those sweet words "High street, please," and from all corners of his room there seemed to peer at him two dark eyes which so distracted him as to render study impossible.

He made "zips" continually and finally to the surprise of his friends and instructors had thrown books and hopes of honors and greatness to the

winds and then had taken the position in which we now see him with a pay of one dollar a day.

His friends had laughed at first at his strange behavior and had declared that he would soon give up in disgust and return to college and the honors there awaiting him. But how mistaken. Poor Wellington only shook his head at their remonstrances and continued his humble work. He ran mostly at night and always scanned with great eagerness the faces of all the passengers in hopes of sometime meeting her again. But she whom he sought never appeared and continued disappointment and sorrow were now having their effect,

His eyes were sunken, his face haggard, his hair once a chestnut brown was now almost white, his clothes hung loosely about him while his beard, once the admiration of all the ladies, had ceased to grow. Such then, was the condition of this unfortunate young man on the night when we again find him.

Car No. 6 was running smoothly down the track when a sudden flash of lightning exposed to Warren's view a woman standing on the street corner evidently waiting for the car. His heart leaped within him. He rushed madly to the front platform, threw off the switch and stopped the car just in time to let in a middle-aged Irish woman and a man, evidently her husband, who had hitherto been concealed behind her, carrying between them a large basket of clothes. The miserable conductor took their fares and then retired to the distant corner to recover his shattered senses and to sooth his aching head with a little capsine which he always carried with him.

His thoughts wandered back to the night a year before, to her, no doubt the daughter of some bloated aristocrat held in captivity, for whom he had given up a life of greatness and honor, and then he sighed deeply when he noticed that the car was rapidly approaching High street.

"High street, please" exclaimed a voice behind him. Horror! How he started. Surely that could not be she. He rushed madly to the switch and was just in time to stop at the corner. Me-