

without a mind of her own. But those lips: not too firm, just about right."

She had taken her seat and was looking out of the window. "Those ears are pretty sensitive, but refined. If her disposition is as kinky as her hair she will make it lively for some fellow. Oho! See that bump of conjugal love! She will love once, only one, lucky man. Why, she has no development whatever of the bump of promiscuous affection for the opposite sex." Her hat was of the butterfly style, and did not conceal the top prominence, which he told himself was the bump of veneration and moral development.

"She isn't the flirting kind, that's plain, but I will speak to her, if she has me put off the train," said Theodore to himself, "but I shall have to get some sort of pretext. If only her window were up, or it were not so blamed comfortable in this car."

Just then the train was moving around a curve, and for a moment the sun shone across her face.

"Madam," said he, rising, "may I not draw your curtain?" She looked at him an instant before replying and then said simply: "Yes, sir, thank you; how kind of you!" "Her tone and words indicate refinement of the highest order," was his mental comment, "but evidently she has not been around much;" so he suited his words to the occasion, resolving to make an impression.

"Indeed, madam, it affords me great pleasure to be of any assistance, however slight, to a fellow traveler, and especially is it delightful to serve one from whom a single grateful glance repays one so well."

She gave him another sharp looking over, but he mistook her glance for one of wondering admiration at his well turned compliment, and, seating himself without further ceremony, excused himself by saying: "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take. You know we old travelers sometimes take privileges that may seem a little strange to those unaccustomed to the road. Are you going far?"

"Yes, sir; I am going to Philadelphia."

"Oh, to Philadelphia! That is a pretty place, but rather slow. You don't want to miss the State House, or Girard College, or—"

"Oh, I used to live there before—before papa moved to Madison."

"By Jove, she lives at Madison," he said to himself, while he replied: "Then I cannot tell you anything about the city. But you must know something of my friends there?"