

Presently, No. 8, the accommodation, would be due. A long freight stopped and backed over on the opposite track to give it right of way. May threw the switches over and reported the "block clear." A few minutes later the long low "chime" whistle of the passenger was heard blowing for the station. The levers clicked, the train paused for a moment, and then rumbled slowly away. May threw the signals to "danger," reported it past, and, standing at the windows, watched the red tail lights fade away in the distance. A lone traveler stood on the platform of the deserted station across the tracks. He paused a moment and then came hesitatingly over and up the stairs. The young man was somewhat surprised to hear his knock answered by the voice of a girl. He entered, shutting the wild night behind him, and looked inquiringly about.

"Just a moment," she said as she kept on receiving a "hold" order for a "special." Then looking up she said in a very business-like manner, "Can I do anything for you?"

"I do not know if visitors are allowed, but I am on my way over to Riverton and take the liberty of asking how I can go over," the young man replied.

"There are no more passenger trains stop here to-night," she answered. "The 'Flyer' goes over but does not stop—but wait a moment—" She was busy a second and then continued, "There will be a shifter over in a while and they will accommodate you, I know — no indeed, just take your wet coat off and make yourself comfortable. You will not inconvenience me at all."

So removing his mackintosh and putting his dress-suit case in the corner, he seated himself in the remaining chair and watched the form before him. "Well, 'I'll walk to Scotia' if I haven't seen her before," he thought to himself. Where, he did not know; but the face seemed very familiar nevertheless. "Perhaps she knows Phil, my old chum, who lived over at Riverton," he ventured to himself.

For May's part she was somewhat opposed to having