

night visitors at the tower, but considering the circumstances and the weather, she removed all uneasiness. For awhile all was silent except the ever busy instrument. Across the river the town lay wrapped in slumber, except the busy yards whose noise was wafted across to them at intervals.

Finally the young man broke the silence by asking, "Are you acquainted over in town?"

"Yes indeed, I live there. Have you ever been there before?" she asked in return.

No, but I have often heard lots about it from my old chum at school. His name was Phil Weston. Do you know him?"

"Yes, quite well," she said very gently.

"He was certainly a fine fellow. I haven't heard of him since he graduated three years ago. Do hope I get to see him."

"Then you go to State?" the girl asked inquiringly.

"Yes, I am on my way back now, and have just stopped over here for a few days to visit my aunt, Mrs. Wilbur.

Conversation was interrupted by the girl quickly rising and throwing over several levers. A moment later a big "hog" went puffing by. More levers clicked and a heavy through express dashed by—a long line of darkened sleepers and a flash of red and green.

"Do you know what Phil is doing now," he began.

"He is working for the company and is coming up on No. 9. It does not usually stop, but will to-night," she replied.

"Why, that is luck, I must say," remarked her companion.

The storm that had meanwhile somewhat abated now broke again, and the tempest was soon at its worst. May wondered again and again who this fine-looking young man from "State" could be—and her brother's old chum in the bargain. She just then spied "E. R. G." stamped on his suit-case, and the mystery was solved for her. It was Eddie