

station. As the train stopped Ralph opened the window and glanced out on the platform. The hot air from without rushed in through the open window as Ralph looked at the hurrying groups of passengers. He had fallen into a reverie over the invitation to a house party up the river that he had been obliged to refuse but was aroused by a feminine voice at his side, evidently speaking to him. "I beg pardon, but is this seat engaged?" said the voice.

Ralph turned quickly around and looked into the face of the prettiest girl he had seen for many a day.

"No, indeed,—in a moment, please," answered Ralph, and after quickly making room with his traps, helped her to stow her baggage at their feet. She rewarded him with a "thank you, very much" and then taking a book from her lap, began to read.

The train again rolled on and Ralph, although trying to read a paper, found himself studying his new seat-mate from around the corners of the "daily." The girl beside him dressed in a light, well-fitting, tailor-made travelling gown and with a pretty summer hat, looked the pink of perfection.

The paper "finished," Ralph gazed out over the beautiful landscape, with its rolling fields, shady summer homes, and quiet farming hamlets; while the girl at his side continued to read. Somehow Ralph felt ill at ease and finally excusing himself, arose and made his way up to the smoker. Even there he was not contented but finally finished a cigar that seemed to take longer than usual to smoke. As he came back with a new novel, purchased from the newsboy, he found the "late arrival" gazing dreamily out of the window, the warm air blowing the loose locks of wavy hair playfully about her temples. She was going to move away from the window but Ralph said he preferred to sit next to the aisle, as, thanking him, she resumed her position. After a moment she again took up her book, while Ralph, reminded of his late purchase, began his novel.