

The train sped on, each moment taking it farther away from the hot city, each moment nearer the cool breezes of the rivers and mountains, each moment bringing nearer another year's work for Ralph.

The novel was interesting. The hero, as in days of old when knighthood flourished, had rescued the heroine from a terrible death, had been caught while she escaped, and was now about to suffer death in her stead. He was bound hand and foot, while a weight began to bear down upon his shoulders. Suddenly Ralph opened his eyes and found that he had been dozing, while to his utmost surprise and thankfulness he found the massive weight about to crush him only the golden haired head of his fair companion, who, overcome by the rich, warm country air and a dreary story, had quietly fallen asleep. It is needless to say Ralph was surprised—very agreeably for that matter—and he thanked his "lucky star" there was no college chums "to tell the boys" of this episode; he concluded to await developments and so he resumed his reading, which, however, progressed slowly.

Suddenly the train dashed through a deep cut, past a noisy side-tracked freight, and across a long iron bridge over the river. The noise caused his heavy burden to awake with a start. She looked horrified into his face and gasped "Oh! I beg your pardon—I really had no idea I was sleeping—please don't think I did it intentionally—I—" "What do you say to going back on the observation car, as we are missing some fine scenery?" Ralph interrupted. She, thankful for his suggestion and the chance to hide her embarrassment from him and the staring passengers quickly arose and handing him her wrap, led the way back through the train to the rear platform, leaving behind a group of mystified passengers, including a horrified old maid, and a fat man trying to bet the brakeman that the eyes of the passing girl were blue.

The train was now winding along the banks of the river and the girl, after they had found seats, became absorbed in