

herself, unmindful of her companion or even of the beautiful and romantic scenery around them. Ralph pondered in silence and wondered how to "break the ice." Finally the train, breaking away from the river, began its long and tedious climb upward. Higher and higher crawled and twisted the heavy cars, while the silence remained unbroken on the observation platform. The setting sun was sinking, far away on the horizon, as the train came out on the mountain top and at their feet burst a sight beyond the power of pen to describe.

"Oh! Doesn't it look grand out over there in the valley, that stream of water winding along and the city on its banks?" the girl suddenly said turning to Ralph. Traces of embarrassment still shown on her face as she looked at him, so Ralph, with a most unconcerned look, eagerly drew his camp-stool nearer and pointed out the points of interest as the train now rapidly wound and unwound down the steep grades into the valley, and for awhile the incident in the forward car was forgotten.

The shades of evening were lowering and the blinking of the electrics, and the dancing pantomime of colored lights of a railroad yard reminded them that the city, which only a little while before lay far before below their feet now surrounded them.

"Have you ever visited here? There are such a jolly lot of girls go to school here from the reports she gives me," Ralph asked her as she arose with a mysterious look in her face. As they started to go to their car, she turned to him and said, "I hope you will forgive me—for my forgetfulness this afternoon?" "Perhaps I will if you will tell me the name of the person I am to forgive," Ralph answered. Further conversation was interrupted as they reached their seat, and Ralph was soon busy getting her things together.

As the train came to a stop, Ralph stepped to the platform with his hands full of luggage, followed by the girl. "I am very sorry we have to part, especially before I have a