fficial, succumbed, and unlocked the door.

He apologized to me in a gruff whisper, "Couldn't help myself, sir."

"Never mind said I, smiling, and appeared myself to observing the new comer, who sat down, not opposite to me, but in the middle partition, full in the glare of the lamp. In a very short time I had as I thought, taken the measure of this not very delightful fellow voyager. He was a young man, perhaps a year my senior, strongly built, and with rather a handsome face, sadly marred by very evident traces of dissipation. He wore a coat of sporting cut; a blue "birds-eye" scarf, with a horseshoe pin in it, and a great dubious jewelry in the shape of rings, watch chain and dangling trinkets. The railway rug, that lay across the knees of his tight fitting drab trousers, was of a gaudy pattern, yellow and red. His eyes were blood-shot, his voice thick, and he smelt very strongly of bad tobacco and bad brandy. To all appearance he was a betting man, or sporting "gent" of the lower substratum of that uninviting class.

The bell rang for the last time. There was the customary final rush and scurry of belated passengers and porters, and the voices of the newspaper boys grew shriller and more excited. Then the guards sprang to the steps of their vans, and the station master looked wearily up and down the line, prepared to signal the engine driver. At that moment a man came carting across the platform, tore open the door, jumped in and set down opposite to me. A policeman ran up and shut the door.

"All right, Sanderson."

The train began to move. I looked at my opposite neighbor, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and vexation. The Russian. Yes, there was no mistaking the man. I knew the red brown beard, that flat, tigerish face, those long, crafty eyes, black and narrow as an American Indian's, perfectly well.

I had seen the man at the ticket window, certainly, but that was more than ten minutes ago, and I had been confident that he had long since taken his seat in some other compartment of the train. Such, however, was to the case. I was fated, it seemed, always to be in contact with this person, for whom I had conceived an antipathy that was veiled. There was a look of stealthy fierceness and greasy self sufficiency about the man which would have been distasteful to most people. His was one of those faces that conveyed to these a warning. And after all, was it a coincide that had brought me so often face to face with this grim foreigner? Certainly it might have been pure accident which caused him to witness both my entry into and my exit from the jeweller's shop. It might have been more hazard which made him my fellow traveller by the same train and carriage. And yet I could help somehow connecting the four wheeled cab drawn by the gray horse, the cab that had been stationed near the club door, that had appeared in the street stoppage, with the sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus of the railway. Had he dogged me all that evening, tracking me with a blood hound's pertinacity from the jeweller's door to the railway carriage? It was possible, though not likely. But in vain I tried to dismiss the idea as silly and romantic. It recurred again and again. And yet why should he or any one dog my steps?

The answer to this self-question came fair. The jewels 'the costly set of pearl and ruba ornaments I carried about me and of which this man had probably overheard the garrulous old jeweller make mention. And yet the Russian had hardly the air of a pickpocket. There was something defiant and arrogant in his look, and an undefinable air of education clung to him in spite of his shabby exterior. And as for violence, I had a young man's confidence in my own power to cope with any single antagonist, and besides, I was not alone with him. So far my thoughts had gone, while I gazed abstractedly from the window, as if marking the last lights of the London suburbs, as the dark hedges and dim meadows succeeded to houses and factories; but then I cast a glance around and saw a sight which caused me an involuntary thrill of alarm. The two passengers in the carriage were rapidly and secretly conversing by means of signs!

There could be no doubt upon the point. The two men who were my sole companions in that rapid and lonely journey, ill-looking desperadoes, each in his seperate style, were accomplices. Up to that moment I had not for an instant suspected any collusion between the two. They came at different times; one was English, the other a foreigner, and between the shabby lecturer and the betting man, sodden with drink and attired in flashy finery, any previous acquaintance seemed improbable. Yet there they were, rapidly communicating with one another by means of some thieves' alphabet of finger telegraphy, unaware as yet that I had observed them. So far as I could make out, the foreigner was urging the other to some course which the latter was reluctant to pursue.

I am not, I believe, one whit more disposed to timidity than most of my fellow countrymen, and yet I must confess that my blood ran cold and my heart almost ceased beating as the truth dawned upon me. I was the victim evidently of an artful and treacherous scheme. That cab—that sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus—that persistency of his English confederate to occupy a seat in the carriage where I sat alone! All was clear to me now. Robbery, no doubt, was the object of the two villains in whose company I was shut up, and probaly they would hesitate at no crime to obtain possession of the valuable jewels I so incautiously carried about my person. Both were strong men, probably armed too; and though I braced my nerves and set my teeth for a struggle, I had little hope of a successful resistance. none of rescue. The train was racing fast through the black stillness of a moonless night. There was to be no stoppage short of C———, and hours must elapse before that station was reached.

At the moment when my thoughts had travelled thus far, I made some slight movement; the Russian looked up, and our eyes met, and the villain saw that his bye-play had been observed, and instantly threw off the mask. Grinding out an oath between his teeth, he rose from his seat. I rose, too, and as the Russian noticed the action he sprang like a a tiger at my throat, grappling with me so closely that the blow I dealt him took but partail effect. Linked together, we wrestled furiously for a few seconds, rising and falling; but I was the younger and more agile of the two, and had nearly overpowered my enemy, when his confederate came to his aid and dealt me a succession of crushing blows upon the head with some heavy weapon, beneath which I fell stunned and helpless, with my face covered with blood, and my strength and senses left me. When I came to myself again the ruffians were rifling my pockets as I lay on the floor of the carriage. The Russian had opened one of the morocco cases that held the ornaments, and he was examining the gems by the light of the lamp overhead. The other villain was searching for fresh plunder. He was livid with agitation, I noticed, and his face was blotched with crimson and damp with heat drops, while his hands trembled very much. He it was who first spoke, in a husky whisper.

"What shall we do with him?"

"*La belle affaire!* Toss him out! The fall won't hurt him!" sneered the Russian.

It was plain that they believed me to be dead. I lay still, resolved that no cry, no twitching of an eyelid, should betray that life was still not extinct. Too well I knew that mercy was hopeless, and that my chance would be far better if flung out, at the risk of being mangled and crushed beneath the whirling iron wheels, than if I remained in the hands of human guise ready to finish their work at the first sign that I yet lived. The Russian leaned out of the window and cautiously opened the door. I felt the chill of the fresh night wind upon my cheek as I tion to my help to repress a shudder as the murderers stooped and lifted me up, one taking me by the head and the other by the feet, as butchers carry a slaughtered calf. The Englishman breathed hard and trembled perceptibly as he dragged me towards the doorway.

"I don't half like the job," he growled out.

The Russian gave a scornful laugh. "Pitch the carrion out, *blanc bec* that you are! One, two, three, and over with him."

I remember one agonized moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward; one hurried, frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself my first vague perception was that I formed a part of some vast moving body speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realize my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron work above, which I presently conjectured to be the drop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinctively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C—. I despaired of being able to hold on till then; for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed and an alarm given, as I was hurled, helpless and despairing through the darkness. The wounds I had received in the head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell now I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirred and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C——, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed a cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard: for from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouching was protruded the head of a man who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the woodwork as I recognized in the faint lamp light the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow traveller. He did not see me, however, but resumed his place with a well satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream and rush and roar, now diving into tunnels, now ploughing our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen and porters, and passengers waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom ride I heard the shriek of the steam whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clong and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force, we flew; and still feebler grow my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue benumb my faculties, and was half tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C———! How long would that hideous night continue? Was it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me a half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left, widowed of the be trothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dulled brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall—fall beneath those pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C—— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the centre ment and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain fever, and though her life was was saved, her reason, poor stricken thing, never was restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, and left me broken in health and spirits, and with hair that the horror of that hideous night had sprinkled with premature gray. Our two happy young lives were blighted by one stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all clue to them and to the stolen jewels were lost. Yet, sooner or later, I cannot doubt that Justice will claim her own.

Sherman Reported to be Within Forty Miles of Savannah.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The *Commercial Advertiser* of this eveing says a letter, dated at Port Royal on November 25th, was received here to-day, which says there is good news by the flag of-truce to day. Sherman is within forty miles of Savannah.

SLOCUM'S CORPS LEAVES THE GEORGIA RAILRAOD ON NOVEMBER 21ST, FOR EATONTON, GA.

[From the Augusta Bhronicle and Sentinel, Nov. 22.

We conversed with an intelligent gentleman who arrived last night by the passenger train up the Georgia railroad. He informed us that on Monday, Nov. 21, the Federals left the line of the Georgia road, going direct to Eatonton. The only Yankees who came to Greensboro were a few stragglers, who were captured. The trains ran up to Greensboro and Athens yesterday.

Explosion of the Steamer Maria.

St. Louis, Dec. 11.—The steamer Maria, from St. Louis for Cairo, exploded at Corondelet, six miles below St. Louis, early this morning. The pilots, clerks and other employees of the boat say that she was lying without steam in the boilers when the explosion took place on the larboard side, the explosion going upwaad, and making a hole in the boiler deck, through which several persons fell. They say the explosion may have been caused by a box of ammunition in the hold.

There were 80 soldiers of the 3d and 4th Iowa and 10th Wisconsin cavalry, with 187 horses and mules on board. The soldiers positively say that the explosion was caused by the insufficiency of water in the boiler, which burst. The boat was cast loose, grounded on the bar, and was entirely consumed by fire. All the horses and mules were lost. It is reported that 25 men were killed, 30 wounded and 12 missing. The soldiers lost everything. The boat was entirely new and valued at $40,000.