the watch on her chatelaine almost every time the car stopped. As for us, we were so interested in watching her that we forgot all about the time until the car stopped in front of the station.

She looked up at the big clock over the arch and gave a little cry: "Oh, my watch must be slow! I'll surely miss it."

That woke Neil up. He glanced at the clock. It was twelve minutes before two.

"Only two minutes to get our tickets," he cried. "Here, take these," and he shoved his grip and extra overcoat at me. "I'll get the tickets."

Loaded down with the two grips and the coats, I started for the train, but couldn't move very quickly, for there were crowds everywhere. I got to the gate just as the gong struck, and barely ahead of Neil and our friend of the electric car. When the gong sounded the keeper began to close the gate, but we all dodged through. Then the train began to move. I took in the situation instantly, and threw the luggage I was carrying onto the platform of the car.

"Give him your bag," I cried to the girl, and pointed to Neil, who was just behind her. "Quick!" She obeyed with almost no hesitation. By this time the train was really moving.

"Now, grab the hand-rail," and I seized her by the arm and waist, and she was aboard the car. I followed her as soon as she was up the steps and out of my way. As I turned to pull Neil on, what did he do but stub his toe and fall flat on his face—not under the train, but away from it. As he fell he let go of her hand-bag in a wild fear of going under the wheels. His hat came off, and the rush of air from the train whirled it along after us for a few feet. As the train went out into the yard we could see him going toward the hand-bag, which had come open and spilled out some of its contents.

We—the young lady and I—simply screamed with laughter. She sat down on the top step, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"We'd better go in and get some seats," I managed to say at last. "It's rather cold out here." I gathered up the things and opened the door for her. We found seats and I sat down beside her.

Then, for the first time, I got a good look at her. Her face did not seem quite so aristocratic as the back that attracted my attention in the electric car. Before I had time to say anything, the conductor came along. At that she seemed very embarrassed.

"I—I haven't any.... My handbag, you know!" she stammered, and at the thought of the last that she had seen of that unfortunate article she began to laugh again.

I understood the trouble at once. "Where are you going?" I asked her.

"To Cheston," she said, with difficulty, and then went off in another fit of laughing.

Then a bright idea struck me, and I paid the two fares in great glee. She must be one of the girls Miss Lucretia had invited for Christmas. I'd get the start of Neil. How he must be cursing his luck! Three hours to wait in that station. Wouldn't we have a good laugh at him!

Then I set about making myself very agreeable. "Do you know Miss Lucretia Richards in Cheston?" I asked.

"Why, that's where I'm going," she said. "Are you going there, too?"

"Yes, and I may as well introduce myself. My name is Conroy," was my answer.

"And I am Miss Odell."

We got along together very well, and it seemed but a short time before we were at Cheston. It was quite dark when we arrived, and I did not see anyone there to meet us, so I put down the things on the platform and asked Miss Odell to wait while I went to find the carriage. I had hardly left her when James, the coachman, met me.

"Hulloa, James," I called. He was an old friend of mine. "How are you?"