

snare mail bags?"

"Can't you get yourself a more convenient girl already on this train?"

That brought from the victim a look of withering contempt! Finally the conductor turned away and went forward.

Lester, just as I, similarly, on the station platform, was sunk in the depths of despondency and finally almost ceased to think at all.

He was aroused by a tap on the shoulder.

"Brother," said the conductor, "I've just had a chat with the engineer. He says he can't stop at Vermontville, against orders, but he can slow down. If you could be on the platform of the train and snatch your girl up as we went by--it might work, but it's a slim chance at best."

Lester felt a renewal of hope. He talked with the conductor and the brakeman. Plans were laid. As the train whizzed by the last town before the Vermontville stop--or rather non-stop--the party moved out to the rear platform of the last coach. Interested and curious passengers crowded in the aisles behind.

The moment grew more and more tense. When the whistle blew it seemed to cut like a knife. As the train rounded a turn and lost speed a little, the eager watchers hanging over the rail groaned in unison. "Look at that mob! How could you ever pick a girl out of that!"

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Just at that moment the large crowd on the Vermontville platform heard the whistle and saw the approaching first section with disappointed eyes. They were not conscious that the train