There came a reverberation of the rails. The cockney looking man cleared his throat. The pudgy, elderly woman in widow's weeds gathered up a bag and some bundles.

"It's about time!" she said. "I never heard of such slow trains! The train's coming, I say, Het."

The third occupant of the platform nodded. She was a tall girl whose face was dominated by a peculiar sadness of expression. Her eyes were bright and fine, though there was no eagerness in their light. Her lips were tightened in a faint, hard smile.

"I've got everything," the elderly woman went on. "If you're going to say any 'goodbye,' you'd better say 'em. I hardly think the train'll wait for any nonsense."

The girl put out her hand and let it rest in the extended palm of the man.

"Goodby, Henrietta!" he said. "Write to us when you get settled. Anything we have left undone we will be glad to do for you. And, Mrs. Baldwin," he went on to the other woman, "you shouldn't feel too much cut up, you know."

"I'm not saying anything as I know of," responded the woman sharply. "Your hat's too far front, Het."

The girl righted her hat.

"That's more stylish," the other said, with a sniff.

"Mother will soon feel better over this, Henrietta," said the man.

"Will she?" asked mother. "Here it is."

[illegible]

Illustration by John W. Trowbridge.

"LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, HETTY, MY POOR GIRL."

[illegible]

In Memory of Heroes.

[illegible]

Cannibalism in Russia.

[illegible]

IN LITERARY PATHWAYS.

[illegible]