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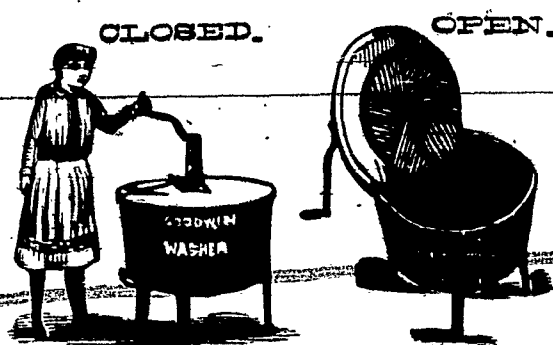
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least have her own belongings, the poor little thing.

I took up in one armful her three bags and her rug, and, throwing them at a baggage man who happened to be standing on the track next the train.

"To that lady over there," I cried. The baggage man took the things and started off toward the lady at the book stand.

At the same instant in the other end of the carriage, the side next the platform, the door opened and my fellow traveler appeared—frightened and huddled along by a cross conductor, threw herself into the seat, and the train departed. Horrors! I had mistaken the woman! The lady of the book stand was not she, after all—same cloak, same hat, same way of holding her head—but it was not she.

It was a traveler who was not traveling! How absurd that two women should look so alike! I had made a fine mess of it.

She hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a cry: "My bags, my bags have been stolen!" and for the first time she looked at me; but, good heavens, with what a look! I'll never forget that look, you may be sure.

"No, madame," I stammered, "your bags are not stolen—they are—they are left at Tonnerre!"

"At Tonnerre? How?" I explained it all to her. Lord! I won't attempt to describe the second look she gave me, but I think I shall remember that longer than the first.

"I am in despair, madame!" I exclaimed, "absolutely in despair, but my motive was a good one, I assure you. I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would catch cold, and I did not want you to catch cold. In fact, if you will pardon my saying so, you need not worry about your bags; they are in safe hands—a baggage man—at the next station you will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph—they will be sent on immediately. Oh! you will surely have them, I swear, if I have to return to Tonnerre myself to recover them."

"Enough, sir," she said. "I know perfectly what to do." And she sank into her corner again, angrily twisting her gloves.

But alas! poor little woman, she had not thought about the cold, and she no longer had her good, warm rug. Before ten minutes were out she began to shiver. In vain she changed her position and drew cloak closer about her pretty figure; she was positively chattering.

"Madame," I said, "I beg you on my knees take my rug. You will catch cold, which will be my fault, and I shall never forgive myself as long as I live."

"I wish to have nothing to say to you, sir," she said, dryly.

I was nervous and much excited. In the first place I thought her perfectly charming. In the next place I was furious at my idiotic mistake. In short I was ready for the most desperate steps.

"Madame," I said, "take my rug or I swear I will throw myself out on the track" and casting the rug between us I lifted the window and took hold of the outside handle of the door.

Was I really in earnest? Entre nous, not really I suppose, but it seems I must have looked so, for she cried out:

"But you are crazy, monsieur; you are crazy!"

"The rug, or I jump." She took the rug and in a softened tone:

"But you, monsieur, you will die of cold."

"Don't disturb yourself about me, madame. I am not delicate—and even if I do take cold it will only be the just reward of my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say, rather, your haste, for of course, as you say, your motive was good; but how could you have taken that other woman for me?"

"Because she was so pretty!" She smiled, the ice was broken—the ice of conversation, I mean, for otherwise I was chattering with the cold. But how soon I forgot the cold, the journey—everything. She was delicious, exquisite, adorable, a clever mind, bright, gay, original. She was fond of traveling like myself—like myself she had been in Italy, in Spain. She dreamed of going to Egypt just as I did. In literature, music, in everything in fact, the same tastes as mine. And then, only think, a host of mutual friends. She was intimate with the Saint Chames, with the Savonys, particularly with the Mont-Vazina. And to think that I might have seen her twenty times at those houses, and that I had not noticed her. Where were my eyes?

She spoke freely, pleasantly, with that distinguished simplicity which I always so much admire, with a little, a very little, southern accent—almost imperceptible, rather a lisp—giving a little bird-like sound to her voice. It was entrancing.

But, although I did everything to keep from showing it, heavens, how cold I was! At Dijon (2:30 p. m.) my right hand was seized with a cramp. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the bags. At Tonnerre (4:45 p. m.) the left foot went the same way. A dispatch from Tonnerre saying that the baggage would reach Marseilles the next day. At Lyon-Perrache (5:45 p. m.) my left hand became insensible. She forgot to claim her coupelet. At Valence (9:50 p. m.) my right hand followed the example of the left. I learned she was a widow without incumbrances. My nose turned a brilliant purple. I was given to understand that she had never loved her first husband. At Marseilles, finally (five minutes after midnight), I sneezed three times violently. She handed me my rug and said, graciously, "Au revoir!" "Au revoir!" I was in the seventh heaven!

I passed the night at the hotel at Noailles, a restless night, filled with thoughts of her. The next day when I awoke I had the most terrific cold in the head that you could imagine. Did I dare present myself at the Rombauds' in such a state? Unfortunate, of course, but they knew I was on a journey—they will have to take me as I am; and tomorrow I shall be cured in the sunshine of Nice!

But, my friend, what a surprise awaited me! That good fellow, Rombaud, had asked several friends to meet me, and among these friends was she, my traveling companion, my enchantress.

When I was presented to her an imperceptible smile fluttered over her lips. I bowed.

"And Tonnerre?" I asked very low. "I have them," she replied in the same tone.

We went into luncheon.

"What a cold you have, old fellow," said my friend Rombaud; "where the devil did you catch it? Traveling, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," I replied, "but I really don't regret it." No one understood this curious reply, of course, but my fair fellow traveler sent me a tender and sympathetic glance from across the fragrant fumes of the magnificent ragout which adorned the table and I was content.

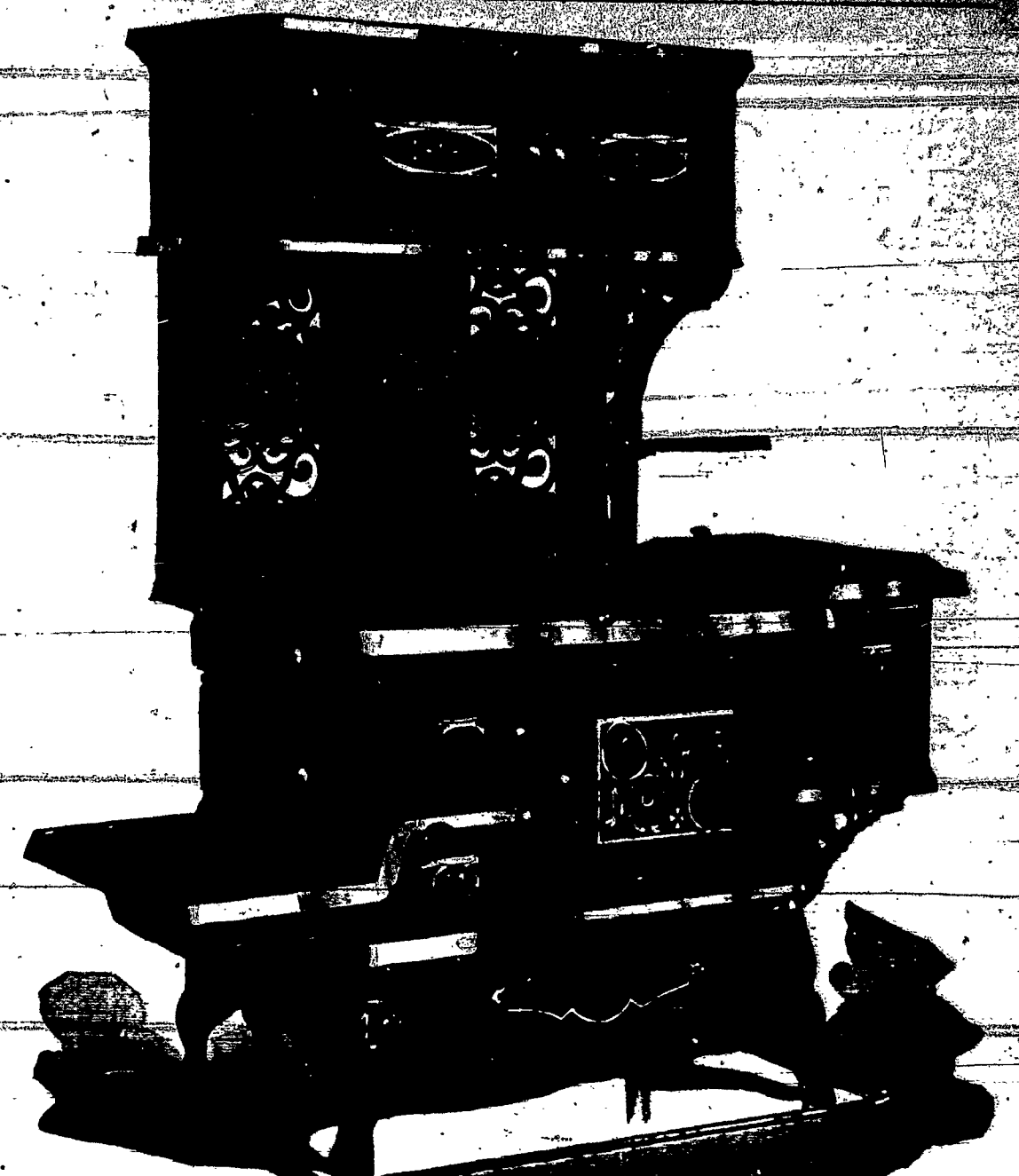
What more shall I say, my dear fellow? I did not go to Nice next day, and I am to be married in a fortnight!—Translated from the French of Jacques Normand by Anna Farwell de Koven for Chicago Tribune.

Could Get Along Without It. "I'd like to have you in the club, but we are too full for comfort as it is." "It's just as well. I have no use for a stuffed club."—Chatter.

Health of Miners. It is the impression among some who have never investigated the subject that the occupation of coal mining is unhealthy, and it will surprise the majority to learn that now the ventilation of the collieries has been so much improved that the coal miner ranks among the healthiest of workmen. As a rule miners are undersized. This is due to their occupation, as are also their well developed trunks and arms. The most frequent functional derangements among them are dyspepsia and headache. The "miner's back" is a well known complaint in districts where small seams are worked, and it is a very troublesome one to colliery doctors.

A few years ago the aiming classes used to suffer largely, far in excess of the rest of the population, from lung diseases. There was a form of miners' phthisis, known as anthrocoosis, where, on post mortem examination, the lung was found to be perfectly black. If the lung was squeezed there exuded a dirty black, ink like fluid, caused by the presence of large quantities of unburnt carbon. But all this is, to a very great extent, a thing of the past. A case of well marked anthrocoosis is now a very rare thing, owing to the improved ventilation of the mines.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Use of Glass in Mechanics. M. de la Bastie, a French chemist, has, during the past few years, conducted a series of experiments which have resulted in a method of rendering glass sufficiently tough for use in molding many articles hitherto made of iron. It is premised that the huge sub-Atlantic pneumatic tube for the connection of the Old with the New World, the suggestion of which was received with indifference and incredulity some time ago, may eventually turn out to be not so chimerical as at first glance it was judged to be. A glass car fitted into a tube of the same material would spin away at an incredibly fast rate. No appreciable heat would be generated, and the great hardness and smoothness of the material would greatly lessen the retarding influence of friction, which will be one of the most important considerations in all systems of future rapid transit. In the construction of piers, bridges, and, in short, everything meant to withstand the destructive influences of water, glass would be of immense value, as it is impossible to the action of oxygen, while its great hardness insures it against the frictional wear to which stone piers are particularly liable.—New York Telegram.



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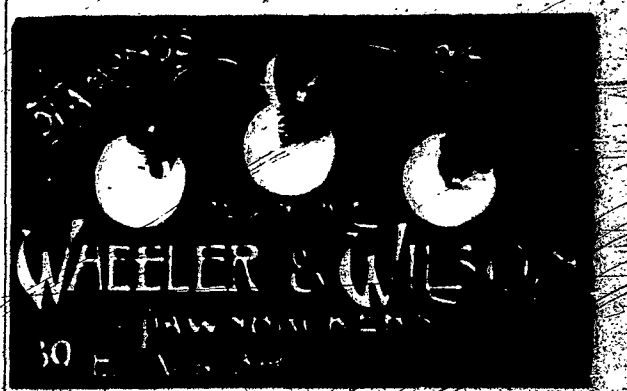
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