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When Brown Meets Brown.

The Denver train had steamed out of the Hannibal station just ten minutes before and the St. Louis train, supposed to make close connection with it, came puffing in, each puff a remonstrance or apology. Both seemed useless. The mule that had been encountered lay by the side of the track some miles back, no longer bearing the semblance of a mule and not in a condition to be remonstrated with, and an indignant passenger, fuming on the platform, having leaped from the train before it was either permissible or safe so to do, declined to listen to any apology.

This passenger, a young New Yorker, flung his belongings in a heap on one of the settees in the waiting-room, common to both sexes, and expressed his mind in forcible and concise words to the ticket seller. He had changed his original plans and taken this unlucky train in order to reach his destination some three hours earlier; he would now reach it some ten hours later. He strode gloomily up and down, indifferent to the assurance that he could get a very nice meal in the dining-room opposite.

He was a handsome fellow, blonde in coloring, brown with exposure. As he paced up and down he was suddenly conscious of the steady and questioning regard of a pair of blue eyes which looked shyly out from under long lashes, and did not turn away as they met his responsive glance. He dropped down on the seat beside his traps, the girl passed in front of him, turned, passed again, paused irresolutely, then stopped and, as he rose to his feet, asked in a soft sympathetic voice:

"Are you Mr. Brown?"

"I am."

"Mr. John Brown?"

"Commonly called Jack—I am."

"I'm Lizzie," said the girl, simply, and to his delighted amazement she raised herself on tip-toe and, lifting her face, kissed him with a sweet frankness that took his breath away.

"You didn't know me," she asserted, smiling and blushing; then adding, "Tom told me I was to be sure to—to do it, you know."

"I'm most thankful to Tom, I'm sure."

"He said it would make you feel more at home, you know—not so strange with me. Do you feel strange with me?"

"Not at all, now, thank you. How did you know me?" asked the young man, as they sat down and he had a chance to study a young and very pretty face.

Lizzie smiled as she indicated the bag on the seat before them, clearly marked J. B., which letters were repeated on the dress suit case.

"I thought it was you because you seemed to be waiting for someone and you were so impatient, and when I saw the letters on the bag I was sure."

"Ah, yes—I see. How long have you been here?"

"I must have come a little while before you did, I suppose, and I waited in the ladies' room until I thought your train was in. I didn't know you at first; the photograph isn't good."

"Indeed! That's strange. You really don't think it good?"

"Oh, no," with a deep breath.

"When did you shave?"

"I? This morning, of course."

"I mean, when did you shave off your beard?"

"My—? Oh, yes, my beard! When was it, now. It must have been some time ago."

"You should have told Tom. I might have made a mistake."

"Well, you see, I didn't think of

that. Of course, I should have told him. What is the not-good photograph like?"

"Don't you remember? You sent two—the group and the other."

"I didn't remember sending the group. Which photograph was it?"

"The one you had taken in Dundee."

"Oh, that accounts for it's not being good. I never had a good picture taken in Dundee. But what did you expect me to look like? How am I different?"

"You are younger and taller and—thinner, and"—She was now studying his face as closely as he studied hers, but more innocently.

"And?" he repeated, softly, bending down to her.

"Less like the dad, and—Oh, different altogether!"

"Worse altogether?"

"N-no, better altogether," blushing, but laughing frankly and sweetly. Then, as the silence grew strangely long, and the bold, handsome eyes still dwelt on hers, "Tom said we'd have to wait an hour or two for our train."

"So long as that?" Jack Brown responded, giving himself an inward shake. "I'm afraid you'll be very tired. Shall we walk up and down the platform a bit? And tell me about this place. How long have you been here?"

"You know—perfectly well—ever since the wedding."

"The wedding? Whose wedding?"

"Tom's of course," demurely.

"Do you like it?"

The girl looked off across the hills, a sudden shadow in her eyes, and they had walked the length of the platform before she answered after a sigh that was almost a sob.

"Yes, of course—but you won't like it. I'm sure of that, since I've seen you."

"Why not? Won't you be there?"

"I? Yes, and Tom and the workmen; but there's nobody else in Bementon."

"Tom will be interesting, no doubt; but I think I'll prefer—Lizzie!" She laughed, a little sadly, but shook her head. "Not after you know me, and I'm afraid you'll be as disappointed as Tom is when you realize that I really cannot learn one thing about music."

"Why should I be disappointed?"

"You all love it so."

"Not I; I don't care a rap for music—and know less than I care."

"You?"—blue eyes full of surprise were raised to his—"I thought you had the best voice in the family."

"Is that saying much?"

"Signor Marelli wanted Tom to go on the operatic stage," said Lizzie gravely, "and your voice—"

"Rubbish! I have better use for my voice than singing. I much prefer talking and—making—"

"Have you heard from the old people lately?" asked Lizzie, with sudden haste.

"The old people? N-no, I don't believe you would call it lately. Have you?"

"Tom had a letter written the day after you sailed."

"Sailed? Oh, yes, after I sailed. They were well?"

"Yes, thank you. Dad said the mum was a little blue, of course, but he was reading Shakspeare to her while she was knitting socks for all of you."

Jack looked ahead of him with a little curious smile, wondering how the governor would read Shakspeare and what sort of stockings his gay, handsome, frivolous mother would knit—especially if made to do them in the company of her husband. Who could this little creature be, with eyes like stars, high-held head, badly-shod,