The American Line office would not open until two, but once more a man came and talked to me through the grating. "Don't change your Philadelphia ticket," he told me. "Keep it. Two boats will leave Havre tonight for Southampton. Get on the next train and you will make the Philadelphia."

It took the train ten hours to get from Paris to Havre. We arrived at 1:30, and it was not the sort of trip to forget. The train barely moved, and it stopped every few minutes, while the soldiers who lined the track on both sides peered in the windows.

There was no guard of any sort to call the stations; we just crept on silently, stealthily, through the late afternoon and the night, stopping with a jerk every few minutes, taking on soldiers every few stations, who trudged up and down the corridors and stared in at us.

The train was almost dark. Each compartment had a tiny gas jet turned up about half way. It was a specter train creeping on from horrors we knew to horrors we did not know.

There were only about ten of us, all told, crossing the Channel. All was well until we came into Southampton harbor. It was under martial law, and we must pick our way. The torpedo boats surrounded us with a great circle. Suddenly a cannon ball was shot nearly over our bows.

"Where did you get that signal?" came in measured tones through the megaphone, when our engines had been stopped. "Take it down, or you'll be sunk." It was taken down. Inspectors came on board to be sure we were not Germans. At last we went on, picking our way through the mines. But we were just too late.

"Was it the Philadelphia you ladies were trying to get?" asked the second officer of the boat politely, stepping down off the bridge. "Well, there she goes."

The second officer had the dramatic instinct.

We looked and saw her go. She had just slipped out of her dock, and was passing us by, so near that we could almost have thrown our luggage to her decks. She sailed out so calm and steady that it seemed impossible that she was crowded to her decks with frenzied Americans.

We begged the captain to signal her, to stop her, to do something.

"I dare not, miss," he said, simply. "With the port in martial law we cannot signal any one."

It was 2 p. m. when we landed in Southampton.

"No more boats will leave from this port," the clerk at the steamship office told us. "Go to Liverpool, for that is your only chance. And be quick. Take the next train, and be at the White Star Line early tomorrow morning, to change Philadelphia tickets for the Celtic. She sails tomorrow at five o'clock."

The American consul at London was in the office—an elderly man.

"Get home, girls. Get home," he said to us, kindly.

We came to Liverpool at two the next morning. The station hotel seemed the safest place to stay, but it was full, and the porter put us into a cab to be taken to a safe place. The streets of Liverpool were very dark, very narrow. We were very much frightened, but neither of us would let the other know it, so we talked of commonplaces and seemingly ignored the drunken sailors who reeled by us in the road. One of them was being led home by his mother.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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TWO MAKE A BARGAIN

Possible Boarder—I enjoyed my dinner very much, and if it was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms.

Farmer—First of all, mister, was that a fair sample of your appetite?—Boston Transcript.