

I never heard anything that sounded so  
pathetic. What is—

But I heard no more. I was already far  
away with my pitiless, heart-breaking  
"buff trip slip for an eight cent fare,  
buff trip slip for a <sup>six</sup> ~~three~~ cent fare; punch  
in the presence of the passengers"  
I do not know what occurred during  
the other nine miles. However, all of a  
sudden Mr. Gray laid his hand on my  
shoulder and shouted:  
"Wake up! wake up! wake up. Don't  
sleep all day! Here we are at the tower  
man! I have talked myself deaf  
and dumb and blind, and never get a  
response. Just look at this magnificent  
autumn landscape! Look at it! look  
at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have  
traveled: you have seen boastful landscapes  
elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest  
opinion. What do you say to this?"  
I sighed wearily, and murmured:  
"A buff trip slip for a ~~eight~~ cent fare, a pink  
trip slip for a <sup>six</sup> ~~three~~ cent fare. Punch  
in the presence of the passengers"  
Rev Mr. Gray stood there, every grave  
full of concern, apparently, and looked  
long at me: then he said:  
"Mark there is something about this  
that I can not understand. Those are  
about the same words you said before."