"Yes-get he out."

ba one."

man."

"I won't take it."

betta put her out."

and roared:

an enormous smile:

to the jovial negro:

"Porter, porter."

"I'm right by you."

"Yassah," the porter nodded, and

"I don't care," snapped Marjorie.

"But this un belongs to that gentle-

"He can have mine-ours-Mr. Mal-

lory's," cried Marjorie, pointing to

the white-ribboned tent in the farther

end of the car. Then she gripped the

arms of the seat, as if defying evic-

tion. The porter stared at her in

helpless chagrin. Then he shuffled

back and murmured: "I reckon you'd

Lathrop withered the coward with

one contemptuous look, and strode

down the aisle with a determined

grimness. He took his ticket from

his pocket as a clinching proof of his

title, and thrust it out at Marjorie.

She gave it one indifferent glance, and

then her eyes and mouth puckered, as

if she had munched a green persim-

mon, and a long low wail like a dis-

tant engine-whistle, stole from her

lips. Ira Lathrop stared at her in

blank wrath, doddered irresolutely,

The porter smiled triumphantly, and

said: "She says you kin have hel

berth." He pointed at the bridal ar

bor. Lathrop almost exploded at the

But Lathrop flung away to the

"What time d'you say we get to

"Well, call me just before we reli

"Mawnin' of the fo'th day, sah."

smoking room. Little Jimmie turned

"Agh, let her have it!"

advanced on Marjorie with a gentle,

"'Scuse me, missus—yo' berth is num-

CHAPTER XIL

The Steedie in the Haystack. The almost-married couple sat long in mutual terror and a common paralyais of ingenuity. Marjorie, for lack of anything better to do, was absentmindedly twisting Snoosleum's ears, while he, that pocket abridgment of a dog, in a well meaning effort to divest her from her evident grief, made a great pretense of ferocity, growling and threatening to bite her fingers off. The new ring attracted his special jealousy. He was growing discouraged at the ill-success of his impersonation of a wolf, and dejected at being so crassly ignored, when he suddenly became, in his turn, a center of interest,

Marjorie awakened from her trance of instation by the porter's voice. His plantation voice was ordinarily as thick and sweet as his own New Orleans sorghum, but now it had a bitterness that curdled the blood:

"'Souse me, but how did you-all git that theah dog in this heah cah?" "Snoosleums is always with me," said Marjorie briskly, as if that settled M, and turned for confirmation to the dog himself, "aren't you,

Suggalenma?" "Well," the porter drawled, trying to be gracious with his great power, "the rules don't 'low no live stock in

the sleepin' cars, 'ceptin' humans." Marjorie rewarded his condescension with a blunt: "Snoozleums is more auman than you are."

"I p'mume he is," the porter ad mitted, "but he can't make up berths. Anyway, the rules says dogs goes with the baggage."

Marjorie swept rules aside with deflant: "I don't care. I won't be separated from my Snoozleums."

the tooked to Mallory for support, but he was too sorely troubled with greater anxieties to be capable of any action.

The porter tried persuasion: "You botta somme take him, the conducta is wast's what I am. He th'owed a coughs of dogs out the window trip belo' last."

"The brute!" "Oh, yassum, he is a regulah brute. He just loves to hear 'm splosh when they Mght."

Moting the shiver that shook the girl, the porter offered a bit of con-

"Better lemme have the pore little ! thing up in the baggage cah. He'll be in charge of a lovely baggage-smash- ing solemnly to another of equal

"Ase you sure he's a nice man?"

"Oh, yassum, he's death on trunks, it, perking his ears backward for a natural born angel to

"Well, if I must, I must," she sobbed. "Poor little Snoosleums! Can he come back and see me tomorrow?" Marjorle's tears were splashing on the puzzled dog, who nestled close, with a foreboding of disaster.

"I reskon p'haps you'd better visit

"Poor dear little Snoozleums good night my little darling. Poor little child at's the first night he's slept all by his 'Ittle lonesome, and-"

The porter was growing desperate. He chapped his hands together impatiently and urged: "I think I hear that conducta comin'."

The ruse succeeded. Marjorie fairly forced the dog on him. "Quickhide him-hurry!" she gasped, and sank on the seat completely crushed. "TH be so lonesome without Snoosieuma."

Mallory felt called upon to remind her of his presence. "I-I'm here, Mariorie." She looked at him just once at him, the source of all her troubles buried her head in her arma, and resumed her grief. Mallory stared at her helpiessly, then rose and bent over to whisper:

'I'm going to look through the

train." "Oh, don't leave me," she pleaded, clinging to him with a dependence that restored his respect.

"I must find a clergyman," he whispered. "I'll be back the minute I find one, and I'll bring him with me."

The porter thought he wanted the dog back, and quickened his pace till he reached the corridor, where Mallory overtook him and asked, in an effort at casual indifference, if he had seen anything of a clergyman on

"Aim't seen nothin' that even looks like one," said the porter. Then he fanity, he backed away from her pres- almost unmentionable evidence of the hastened ahead to the baggage car ence, and sank into his own berth. with the squirming Snoosleums, while Mallery followed slowly, going from ment to sent and car to car, subjecting all the males to an inspection that | Marjorie staring at him. He rose rendered some of them indignant, others of them uneasy,

M dear old Doctor Temple could only have known what Mallory was from the baggage car. He selved the L he would have snatched of nest, and thrown saids the secuselect the at all costs. But poor

Temple, sitting in the very next seat -how could be be expected to pick out another in the long and crowded train?

All clergymen look alike when they are in convention assembled, but sprinkled through a crowd they are not so easily distinguished.

In the sleeping car bound for Portland, Mallory picked one man as a clergyman. He had a lean, ascetto face, solemn eyes, and he was talking to his seat-mate in an oratorical manner. Mallory bent down and tapped the man's shoulder.

The effect was surprising. The man jumped as if he were stabbed, and turned a pale, frightened face on Mailory, who murmured: "Excuse me, do you happen to be a

clergyman?" A look of relief stole over the man's

features, followed closely by a scowi of wounded vanity: "No, damn you, I don't happen to be a parson. I have chosen to bewell, if you had watched the bill-

would not need to ask who I am!" Mallory mumbled an apology and hurried on, just overhearing his victim's sigh:

lory took for a guaranty that he was

not another actor. And he was read-

ing what appeared to be printer's

proofs. Mallory felt certain that they

were a volume of sermons. He lin-

gered timorously in the environs for

some time before the man spoke at

all to the dreary-looking woman at

his side. Then the stranger spoke.

"I fancy this will make the bigots

att up and take notice, mother: 'If

there ever was a person named Moses,

it is certain, from the writings as-

cribed to him, that he disbelieved the

Egyptian theory of a life after death,

and combated it as a heathenish su-

perstition. The Judaic idea of a fu-

ture existence was undoubtedly ac-

quired from the Assyrians, during the

Mallory fled to the next car. There

he found a man in a frock coat talk-

solemnity. The seat next them was

unoccupied, and Mallory dropped into

"Was you ever in Moline?" one

"Wasn't I run out of there by one of

my audiences. I was givin' hypnotic

demonstrations, and I had a run-in

with one of my 'horses,' and he done

me dirt. Right in the midst of one

of his cataleptic trances, he got down

from the chairs where I had stretched

him out and hollered: 'He's a bum

faker, gents, and owes me two weeks'

pay.' Thank Gawd, there was a back

door openin' on a dark alley leadin'

to the switch yard. I caught a ca-

boose just as a freight train was pull-

Mallory could hardly get strength

to rise and continue his search. On

his way forward he met the conductor.

crossing a vestibule between cars. A

happy thought occurred to Mallory.

"Excuse me, but have you any

"Well, if a grown man offers me a

half-fare ticket. I guess that's a pret-

Mallory guessed that it was, and

CHAPTER XIII.

Hostilities Begin.

had met with a little adventure of

her own. Ira Lathrop finished his re-

encounter with Anne Gattle shortly

after Mallory set out stalking clergy-

men. In the mingled confusion of

finding his one romantic flame still

glowing on a vestal altar, and of

shocking her with an escape of pro-

He realized that he was not alone.

Somebody was alongside. He turned

to find the great tear-spent eyes of

with a recrudescence of his woman-

hating wrath, and dashing up the

aisle, found the porter just returning

"Say, porter, there's a woman is

The porter chuckled, incredules

black factorum and growled:

"Woman in yo' berth!"

my berth."

During Mailory's absence, Marjorie

turned back, hopeless and helpless.

the other muttered.

captivity."

voice asked.

in' out."

He said:

preachers on board?"

"How can you tell?"

ty good sign, sin't it?"

"None so far."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Was If"

And this is what he said and read:

boards in Chicago during our run, you

And he rolled in. His last words floated down the aisle and met Mrs. Little Jimmie Wellington just return-"Such is fame!" He saw two or three other clerical ing from the Women's Room, where she had sought nepenthe in more than persons in that car, but feared to one of her exquisite little cigars. The touch their shoulders. One man in familiar voice, familiarly bibulous, the last seat held him specially, and smote her ear with amazement. She he hid in the turn of the corridor, in beckoned the porter to her anxiously. the hope of eavesdropping some ciue. "Porter! Porter! Do you know This man was bent and scholastic of the name of the man who just hurappearance, and wore heavy spectacles and a heavy beard, which Mai-

Reno?"

ried in?" "No'm," said the porter. "I reckon he's so broken up he ain't got any name left."

"It couldn't be," Mrs. Jimmie mused. "Things can be sometimes," said the porter.

"You may make up my berth now," said Mrs. Wellington, forgetting that Anne Gattle was still there. Mrs. Wellington hastened to apologize, and begged her to stay, but the spinster wanted to be far away from the disturbing atmosphere of divorce. She was dreaming already with her eyes open, and she sank into number six in a lotus-eater's reverie.

Mrs. Wellington gathered certain things together and took up her handbag, to return to the Women's Room, just as Mrs. Whitcomb came forth from the curtains of her own berth, He doubtless read much more, but where she had made certain preliminaries to disrobing, and put on a light, decidedly negligee negligee.

The two women collided in the aisle, whirled on one another, as women do when they jostle, recognized each other with wild stares of amazement, set their teeth, and made simultaneous dash along the corridor, shoulder wrestling with shoulder. They reached the door marked "Women" at the same instant, and as neither would have dreamed of offering the other a courtesy, they squeezed through together in a Kilkenny jumble.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dormitory on Wheels. Of all the shocking institutions in human history, the sleeping car is the most shocking-or would be, if we were not so used to it. There can be no doubt that we are the most moral nation on earth, for we admit it ourselves. Perhaps we prove it, too, by the Arcadian prosperity of these twostory hotels on wheels, where miscellaneous travelers dwell in complete promisculty, and sleep almost side by side, in apartments, or compartments, separated only by a plank and a curtain, and guarded only by one sleepy negro.

After the fashion of the famous country whose inhabitants earned s meager sustenance by taking in each other's washing, so in Sleeping Carpathia we attain a meager respectability by everybody's chaperoning everybody else.

So topsy-turvied, indeed, are our notions, once we are aboard a train, that the staterooms alone are regarded with suspicion; we question the motives of those who must have a room to themselves!-a room with a real door! that locks!

And, now, on this sleeping car, prettily named "Snowdrop," scenes were enacting that would have thrown our great-grandmothers into fits-scenes which, if we found them in France, or Japan, we should view with alarm as moral obliquity of those nations.

But this was our own country-the part of it which admits that it is the best part—the moralest part, the staunch middle west. This was Illinots. Yet dozens of cars were beholding similar immodesties in chastest Illinois, and all over the map, thousands of people, in hundreds of cars, were permitting total strangers to view preparations which have always, hitherto, been reserved for the most he porter was delity to

e day-coach into a narrow lane entirely surrounded by draperies. Behind most of the portieres, fluttering in the lightest breeze, and perilously fellowing the hasty passer-by, homely offices were being enacted. The population of this little town was going to bed. The porter was putting them to sleep as if they were children in a me."

nursery, and he a black mammy. The frail walls of little sanctums were bulging with the bodies of people disrobing in the aisle, with nothing between them and the beholder's eye but a clinging curtain that explained what it did not reveal. From apertures here and there disembodied feet were protruding and mysterious hands were removing shoes and other thing

Women in risky attire were scooting to one end of the car, and men in shirt sleeves, or less, were hastening to the other.

When Mallory returned to the "Snowdrop," his ear was greeted by the thud of dropping shoes. He found Marjorie being rapidly immured, like Poe's prisoner, in a jail of closing walls.

She was unspeakably ill at case, and by the irony of custom, the one person on whom she depended for protection was the one person whose contiguity was most alarming-and all for lack of a brief trialogue, with a clergyman, as the tertium quid. When Mallory's careworn face ap-

Now he felt a hand on his shoulder, peared round the edge of the partition and turned to see Little Jimmie Wellnow erected between her and the ington emerging from his berth with abode of Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Marjorie shivered anew, and asked with "Say, Pop, have you seen lovely all anxiety: rice-trap? Stick around till she flops." "Did you find a minister?"

Perhaps the Recording Angel over looked Mallory's answer: "Not damn minister."

When he dropped at Marjorie's side she edged away from him, pleading: "Oh, what shall we do?"

He answered dismally and

stay here." She rose to her feet. It pressed her back with a decisive motion, and demanded: "Where are you going?"

"Up in the baggage car with Sucosleums," she sniffled. "He's the only one that doesn't find fault with

Mallory was stung to action by this crisis: "Wait," he said. He leaned out and motioned down the alley. "Porter! Wait a mement, darling. Porter!"

The porter arrived with a half-folded blanket in his hands, and his usual "Yassah!"

Beckoning him closer, Mallory mumbled in a low tone: "Is there an ex-

tra berth on this car?" The porter's eyes seemed to rebuke his ears. "Does you want this upper made up?"

"No-of course not."

"Ex-excuse me, I thought--" "Don't you dare to think!" Mallory thundered. "Isn't there another lower berth?"

The porter breathed hard, and gave this bridal couple up as a riddle that followed no known rules. He went to find the sleeping oar conductor, and returned with the information that the diagram showed nobody assigned to number three.

"Then I'll take number three," said Mallory, poking money at the porter. And still the porter could not understand.

"Now, lemme onderstan' you-all," he stammered. "Does you both move over to numba three, or does yo'-yo' lady remain heah, while jest you preambulates?"

"Just I preambulate, you black hound!" Mailory answered, in threatening tone. The porter could understand that, at least, and he bristled away with a meek: "Yessah. Numba three is yours, sah."

The troubled features of the bas-



"QUICK-HIDE HIM-HURRY!" SHE GASPED.

fectively: "We'll have to go on pretending to be-just friends." "But everybody thinks we're mar-

ried." "That's so!" he admitted, with the imbecility of fatigued hope. They sat

a while listening to the porter slipping sheets into place and thumping pillows into cases, a few doors down the street. He would be ready for them at any moment. Something must be done, but what? what?

CHAPTER XV.

A Premature Divorce. Suddenly Marjorie's heart gave leap of joy. She was having another idea. "I'll tell you, Harry. We'll pretend to quarrel, and then-" MAnd then you can leave me in high

The ruse struck him as a trifle unconvincing. "Don't you think it looks kind of improbable on-on-such an

occasion?" Marjorie blushed, and lowered her eyes and her voice: "Can you sug-

gest anything better?" "No, but-"

"Then, we'll have to quarrel, darl-He yielded, for lack of a better idea: "All right, beloved. How shall

we begin?" On close approach, the idea did seem rather impossible to her. "How

could I ever quarrel with you, my love?" she cooed. He gazed at her with a rush of lovely tenderness: "And how could

ever speak crossly to you?" "We never shall have a harsh word shall we?" she resolved.

"Never!" he seconded. So that resolution passed the house unantmously.

They held hands in luxury a while. then she began again: "Still, we must pretend. You start it, love."

"No, you start it," he pleaded. "You ought to," she beamed. "You got me into this mess." The word slipped out. Mallory

started: "Mess! How is it my fault? Good Lord, are you going to begin chucking it up?" "Well, you must admit, darling," Marjorie urged, "that you've bungled

everything pretty badly." It was so undeniable that he could only groan: "And I suppose I'll hear of this till my dying day, dearest." Marjorie had a little temper all her

own. So she defended it: "If you are so afraid of my temper, love, perhaps you'd better call it all off before it's

"I didn't say anything about your

fled porter cleared up as by magic when he arrived at number three, for there he found his tyrant and tormentor, the English invader.

He remembered how indignantly Mr. Wedgewood had refused to show his ticket, how cocksure he was of his number, how he had leased the porter's services as a sort of private nurse, and had paid no advance roy-

And now he was sprawled and sporing majestically among his many luggages, like a sleeping lion. Revenge tasted good to the humble porter; ft tasted like a candled yam smothered in 'possum gravy. He smacked his thick lips over this revenge. With all the inscience of a servant in brief authority, he gloated over his prey, and prodded him awake. Then murmured with hypocritical deference: "Excuse me, but could I see yo' ticket for yo' seat?"

"Certainly not! It's too much trouble," grumbled the half aslesper. "Confound you!"

The porter lured him on: "Is you sho' you got one?"

Wedgewood was wide awake now, and surly as any Englishman before breakfast: "Of cawse I'm shaw. How dare you?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask you to gimme a peek at ft." "This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachally got to see it." Wedgewood gathered himself together, and ransacked his many pock-

ets with increasing anger, muttering under his breath. At length he produced the ticket, and thrust it at the porter: "Thah, you idiot, are you convinced now?" The porter gazed at the billet with

ill-concealed triumph. "Tassah. I's convinced," Mr. Wedgewood settled back and closed his eyes. "I's convinced that you is in the wrong berth!"

"Impossible! I won't believe you!" the Englishman raged, getting to his feet in a fury.

"Perhaps you'll believe Mista Ticket," the porter chortled. "He says numbs ten, and that's ten across the way and down the road a piece." "This is outrageous! I decline to

"You may decline, but you move just the same," the porter said, reach-

ing out for his various bags and carryalis. "The train moves and you move with it." Wedgewood stood fast: "You had

Aret place." The porter disdefined to refute this

that borth is made up. I to go to bed now!"

"Mista Ticket says, Go to "Of all the disgusting Heah, don't put that that The porter dung his load as and absolved himself with a c

got othe passengers to wait on "I shall certainly report you company," the Englishman "Yassah, I p'sume so."

"Have I got to go to bed mow? ly, I-" but the porter was gome. the irate foreigner crawled under curtains, muttering, "I shall " letter to the London Thus this." To add to his misery, Mrs.

comb came from the Women's and as she passed him, she I him with one sharp elbow and to the corner of her heel into his toe. He thrust his head out with a flercest, "How dare you!" But Mrs. Whitcomb was fresh from a prolonged encounter with Mrs. We ton, and she flung back a ver glare that sent the English COVer.

The porter reveled in his victory he had to dash out to the yest to give vent to hitarious years laughter. When he had regained com posure, he came back to Mallory, and bent over him to say: "Yo' berth is empty, sah,

make it up?" Mallory nodded, and turned to jorie, with a sad, "Good night,

The porter rolled his e and turned away, only to be recalled by Marjorie's voice: "Porter, take

this old handbag out of here." The porter thought of the van quished Lathrop, extied to the smoking room, and he answered: "That helongs to the gemman what owns this berth."

"Put it in number one," Marjorie commanded, with a queenly gesture.

The porter obeyed meakly, wondering what would happen next. He had no sooner deposited Lathrop's value among the incongruous white ribbons. than Marjorie recalled him to cay: "And, porter, you may bring me my own baggage."

"Yo what-missus?" "Our handbags, idiot," Mallory explained, peevishly. "I ain't seen no handbags of you-

alls," the porter protested. "You all didn't have no handbage when you got on this cah." Mallory jumped as if he had been shot. "Good Lord, I remember! Wa

left 'em in the taxicab!" The porter cast his hands up, and walked away from the tragedy. Mar-

jorie stared at Mallory in horror. "We had so little time to catch the train," Mallory stammered. Marjoris leaped to her feet: "I'm going up in

the baggage car." "For the dog?"

"For my trunk." And now Mallory annihilated i completely, for he gasped: "Our trunks are on the train aheadi"

Marjorie fell back for one mome then bounded to her feet with shrill commands: "Porter! Porter! I want

you to stop this train this minute!" The porter called back from the depths of a berth: "This train don't stop till tomorrow noon."

Marjorie had strength enough for only one vain protest: "Do you mean to say that I've got to go to San Francisco in this waist-a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?"

The best consolation Mallery could offer was companionship in misery, He pushed forward one not too for maculate cuff. "Well, this is the coly linen I have."

"Don't speak to me," snapped Marjorie, beating her heels against the

"But, my darling!" "Go away and leave me. I hate

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plounced into bert number three, an allegory of despair About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more of less chaotic preparations for sleep, found that he had put on his pyjamas hindside foremost. After vain efforts to whirl round quickly and get at his own back, he put out a frowny head. and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!" "I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view,

"You'll have to hook me un." The porter rendered what and and correction he could in Wellian hippopotamine toilet. Wellington w just wide enough awake to d the undisturbed bridal-chamber. whined:

"Say, porter, that rice-tran, Arenta they going to flop the rice trap The porter shook his head in "Don't look like that flopper's a'med to flip. That dog-on bridal couple done divorced a'ready!"

CHAPTER XVL

Good Night, Will

The car was settling gradually peace. But there was still so mur and drowny energy. tinued to drop, heads to hump upper berths, the bell to and then, and ring again and

The porter paid little head he was busy making up (Ira Lathrop's berth) for who was making what pr