

"Thanks."

"What's the matter now?"

rowed it from the conductor."

the one I knitted you?"

think I wore it out."

I have. What's this?"

like a bracelet."

"This tie, this green tie, isn't this

"I am sure I don't know, I bor-

"Don't you remember? I did knit

"Did you? I believe you did!

"Oh, you fickle boy. But see what

"Don't tell me you don't remember

"D-did I give you a baygled brang-

"Of course you did. And the in-

She held her wrist in front of his

aching eyes and he perused as if it

were his own epitaph, what she read

aloud for him. "From Harry to Kitty,

"Good night!" he sighed to himself,

"You put it on my arm," said Kath-

"Always! no matter whom I was

The desperate wretch, who had not

dared even to giance in Marjorie's di-

rection, somehow thought he saw a

straw of self-defense. "You were en-

"I may have been engaged to the

others," said Kathleen, moon-eyeing

him, "but I always liked you best,

Clifford-er, Tommy-I mean Harry."

Kathleen fenced back at this:

Well, I've no doubt you have bad a

"Oh, no! My heart has only known

one real love." He threw this over

her head at Marjorle, but Kathleen

seized it, to his greater confusion:

"Oh, Harry, how sweet of you to say

it. It makes me feel positively faint,"

and she swooned his way, but he

shoved a chair forward and let her

collapse into that. Thinking and hop-

ing that she was unconscious, he

made ready to escape, but she caught

him by the coat, and moaned: "Where

Kathleen's life and enthusiasm re-

"You must come up in our car and

"Is Ma-mamma with you?" Mal-

"Oh, yes, indeed, we're going

"Papa is going round the world

At last something seemed to em-

barrass her a trifle: "No, papa went

on ahead. Mamma hopes to overtake

him. But papa is a very good trav-

Then she changed the subject. "Do

come and meet mamma. It would

cheer her up so. She is so fond of

you. Only this morning she was say

ing, 'Of all the boys you were ever

engaged to, Kathleen, the one I like

most of all was Edgar-I mean Clar-

"You must come and see her-she's

"Oh, is she? Well, that's good."

and too helpless to take advantage of

his anger. He wondered how he could

ever have cared for this molasses

and mucilage girl. He remembered

now that she had always had these

same cloying ways. She had always

pawed him and, like everybody but

It would have been bad enough at

any time to have Kathleen hanging

on his coat, straightening his tie,

leaning close, smiling up in his eyes,

losing him his balance, recapturing

him every time he edged away. But

with Marjorie as the grim witness it

He loathed and abominated Kath

leen Llewellyn, and if she had only

been a man, he could cheerfully have

beaten her to a pulp and chucked her

out of the window. But because she

was a helpless little baggage he had

to be as polite as he could while she

sat and tore his plans to pieces, em-

bittered Marjorie's heart against him.

and either ended all hopes of their

marriage, or furnished an everlasting

rancor to be recalled in every quar-

rel to their dying day. Oh, etiquette,

what injustices are endured in thy

So there he sat, sweating his soul's

blood, and able only to spar for time

and wonder when the gong would

the pawers, he hated pawing.

Mallory was too angry to be sane,

ence-er-Harry Mallory."

"Awfully kind of her."

some stouter now!"

was maddening.

lory stammered, on the verge of im-

"Don't let me detain you."

"Is papa on this train, too?"

turned without delay: "Fancy meet

ing you again! I could just scream.

am I?" and he growled back:

"So could I."

around the world."

see mamma."

becility.

"In the Observation Car!"

gaged to three or four others when I

and began to mop his brow with

leen, with a moonlight sigh, "and I've

the Only Girl I Ever Loved."

scription. Don't you remember it?"

this!--the little bangle bracelet you

"Harry!"

you one."

gave me."

Snoozleums.

always worn it."

was at West Point."

"You got me at last."

dozen affairs since."

"Always?"

engaged to."

She ran to the desk, found blank forms and then paused with knitted brow: "It will be very hard to say all I've got to say in ten words."

"Hang the expense," Mallory sniffed magnificently, "I'm paying your bills now."

But Marjorle tried to look very matronly: "Send a night letter in the day time! No, indeed, we must begin to economize."

Mallory was touched by this new revelation of her future housewifely thrift. He hugged her hard and reminded her that she could send a dayletter by wire.

"An excellent idea," she said. "Now, don't bother me. You go on and read your paper, read about Mattle. never be jealous of her-him-of anybody-again."

"You shall never have cause for ealousy, my own."

But fate was not finished with the faitiation of the unfortunate pair, and already new trouble was strolling in their direction.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Jealousy Comes Aboard.

There was an air of domestic peace in the observation room, where Mailory and Marjorle had been left to themselves for some time. But the peace was like the ominous hush that precedes a tempest.

Mallory was so happy with everything coming his way, that he was even making up with Snoozieums, stroking the tatted coat with one hand and holding up his newspaper with the other. He did not know all that was coming his way. The blissful stlence was broken first by Marjorie: "How do you spell Utah?-with a

"Utah begins with You," he saidand rather liked his wit, listened for some recognition, and rose to get it, but she waved him away.

"Don't bother me, honey. Can't you see I'm busy?"

He kissed her hair and sauntered back, dividing his attention between Snoozieums and the ten-inning game.

And now there was a small commotion in the smoking room. Through the glass along the corridor the men caught sight of the girl who had got on at Green River. Ashton saw her first and she saw him.

"There she goes," Ashton hissed to the others, "look quick! There's the nectarine."

"My word! She's a little bit of all right, isn't she?"

Even Dr. Temple stared at her with approval: "Dear little thing, isn't

The girl, very consciously unconscious of the admiration, moved demurely along, with eyes downcast, but at such an angle that she could take in the sensation she was creating; she went along picking up stares as if

they were bouquets. Her demoanor was a remarkable compromise between outrageous filrtation and perfect respectability. But she was looking back so intently that when she moved into the observation room she walked right into the newspaper Mallory was holding out before

Both said: "I beg your pardon." When Mallory lowered the paper, both stared till their eyes almost popped. Her amazement was one of immediate rapture. He looked as if he would have been much obliged for a volcanic crater to sink into.

"Harry!" she gasped, and let fall her handbag.

"Kitty!" he gasped, and let fall his newspaper. Both bent, he handed her the newspaper and tossed the handbag into a chair; saw his mistake, withdrew the newspaper and proffered her Snoozleums. Marjorie stopped writing, pen poised in air, as if she had suddenly been petrified.

The newcomer was the first to speak. She fairly gushed: "Harry Mallory-of all people."

"Kitty! Kathleen! Miss Lewellyn!" "Just to think of meeting you again."

"Just to think of it."

"And on this train of all places." "On this train of all places!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" "You dear fellow, it's so long since

I saw you last."

"It was at that last hop at West Point, remember?-why, it seems only yesterday, and how well you are look-

ing. You are well, aren't you?" "Not very." He was mopping his brow in anguish, and yet the room

seemed strangely cold. *Of course you look much better in your uniform. You aren't wearing your uniform, are you?"

"No, this is not my uniform." "You haven't left the army, have

the first time there was something beautiful in their remoteness. "Perhaps we shall cross the Pacific

Harry, dear?"

'And where are you bound for,

"The Philippines," he said, and for

on the same boat."

The first sincere smile he had experienced came to him: "I go on an army transport, fortu-unfortunately. "Oh. I just love soldiers. Couldn't mamma and I go on the transport? Mamma is very fond of soldiers, too."

"I'm afraid it couldn't be arranged." "Too bad, but perhaps we can stop off and pay you a visit. I just love army posts. So does mamma." "Oh, do!"

"What will be your address?" "Just the Philippines-just the Philippines."

"But aren't there quite a few of them?"

"Only about two thousand." "Which one will you be on?"

"I'll be on the third from the left," said Mallory, who neither knew nor cared what he was saying. Marjorie had endured all that she could stand. She rose in a tightly leashed fury.

"I'm afraid I'm in the way." Kathleen turned in surprise. She had not noticed that anyone was near. Mallory went out of his head completely. "Oh, don't go-for heaven's sake don't go," he appealed to Mar-

jorie. He stared through the glassy eyes "A friend of yours?" said Kathleen, of complete helplessness. "It looks bristling.

> "No, not a friend," in a chaotic tan-"Mrs. - Miss-Miss-Er-er-Kathleen smiled: "Delighted

> meet you, Miss Ererer." "The pleasure is all mine," Mar-

jorie said, with an acid smile. "Have you known Harry long?" said Kathleen, jealously, "or are you just acquaintances on the train?" "We're just acquaintances on the

train!" "I used to know Harry very wellvery well inded."

"So I should judge. You won't mind if I leave you to talk over old times together?"

"How very sweet of you." "Oh, don't mention it."

"But, Marjorie," Mallory cried, as she turned away. Kathleen started at the ardor of his tone, and gasped: 'Marjorie! Then he-you-"

"Not at all-not in the least," said

Marjorie. At this crisis the room was suddenly inundated with people. Mrs. Whit-

comb, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Fosdick, all trying to look like bridesmaids, danced in, shout-

"Here they come! Make way for the bride and groom!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A Wedding on Wheels. The commotion of the matrimony-

mad women brought the men trooping in from the smoking room and there was much circumstance of decorating the scene with white satin ribbons, a trifle crumpled and dim of luster. Mrs. Whitcomb waved them at Mallory with a laugh: "Recognize these?"

He nodded dismally. His own funeral baked meats were coldly furnishing forth a wedding breakfast for Ira Lathrop. Mrs. Wellington was moving about distributing kazoos and Mrs. Temple had an armload of old shoes, some of which had thumped Mallory on an occasion which seemed so ancient as to be almost prehistoric.

Fosdick was howling to the porter to get some rice, quick!

"How many portions does you as proximate?"

"All you've got."

"Boiled or fried?"

"Any old way." The porter rat forward to the dining-car for the ammunition.

Mrs. Temple whispered to her hus band: "Too bad you're not officiating, Walter." But he cautioned silence:

"Hush! I'm on my vacation." The train was already coming into Ogden. Noises were multiplying and from the increase of passing objects, the speed seemed to be taking on a spurt. The bell was clamoring like

a wedding chime in a steeple. Mrs. Wellington was on a chair fast ening a ribbon round one of the lamps, and Mrs. Whitcomb was on another chair braiding the bell rope with withered orange branches, when Ash-

ton, with kazoo all ready, called out: "What tune shall we play?" "I prefer the Mendelssohn Wedding March," said Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs.

Wellington glared across at her. "I've always used the Lohengrin." "We'll play 'em both," said Dr. Tem-

ple, to make peace. Mrs. Fosdick murmured to her spouse: "The old Justice of the Peace didn't give us any music at all," and received in reward one of his most luscious-eyed looks, and a whisper:

"But he gave us each other." "Now and then," she pouted. "But where are the bride and groom?"

"Here they come-all ready," cried Ashton, and he beat time while some of the guests kazooed at Mendelssohn's and some Wagner's bridal melodies, and others just made a noise.

Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattle, looking very sheepish, crowded through the narrow corridor and stood shamefacedly blushing like two school children about to sing a duet.

The train joited to a dead stop. The conductor called into the car; "Ogden! All out for Ogden!" and everybody stood watching and waiting. Ira, seeing Mallory, edged close and whispered: "Stand by to catch the minister on the rebound."

But Mallory turned away. What use had he now for ministern? His plans were shattered ruins.
The porter come flying in with two

large bowls o. ..ce, and shouting, "Here comes the 'possum—er—pos-Seeing Marjorie, he said: "Shall I perambulate Mista Snoozle-

ums?" She handed the porter her only friend and he hurried out, as a lean and professionally sad ascetic hurried in. He did not recognize his boyish enemy in the gray-haired, redfaced giant that greeted him, but he knew that voice and its gloating trony:

"Hello, Charlie."

He had always found that when Ira grinned and was cordial, some trouble was in store for him. He wondered what rock Ira held behind his back now, but he forced an uneasy cordiality: "And is this you, Ira? Well, well! It is yeahs since last we met. And you're just getting married. Is this the first time. Ira?"

"First offense, Charlie." The levity shocked Selby, but a greater shock was in store, for when he inquired: "And who is the erhappy-bride?" the triumphant Lathrop snickered: "I believe you used to know her. Anne Gattle."

This was the rock behind Ira's back, and Selby took it with a wince: "Not -my old-"

"The same. Anne, you remember, Charlie."

"Oh, yes," said Anne, "How do you do, Charlie?" And she put out a shy hand, which he took with one still shyer. He was so unsettled that he stammered: "Well, well, I had always hoped to marry you, Anne, but not just this way."

Lathrop cut him short with a sharp: "Better get busy-before the train starts. And I'll pay you in advance before you set off the fireworks."

The flippancy pained Rev. Charles, but he was resuscitated by one glance at the bill that Ira thrust into his paim. If a man's gratitude for his wife is measured by the size of the fee he hands the enabling parson, Ira was madly in love with Anne. Rev. Charles had a reminiscent suspicion that it was probably a counterfelt, but for once he did Ira an in-

justice. The minister was in such a flutter from losing his boyhood love, and gaining so much money all at once and from performing the marriage on a train, that he made numerous errors in the ceremony, but nobody noticed them, and the spirit, if not the letter of the occasion, was there and the contract was doubtless legal enough.

The ritual began with the pleasant murmur of the preacher's voice, and the passengers crowded round in a solemn calm, which was suddenly violated by a loud yelp of laughter from Wedgewood, who omitted guffaw after guffaw and bent double and opened out again, like an agitated umbrella.

The wedding-guests turned on him visages of horror, and hissed silence at him. Ashton seized him, shook him, and muttered: "What the-what's the matter with

The Englishman shook like a boy having a spasm of giggles at a funeral, and blurted out the explana-

"That story about the bridegroom-I just saw the point!"

Ashton closed his jaw by brute force and watched over him through the rest of the festivity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Foiled Yet Again. Mallory had fled from the scene at the first hum of the minister's words. His fate was like alkali on his palate. For twelve hundred miles he had ransacked the world for a minister. When one dropped on the train like manna through the roof, even this miracle had to be checkmated by a perverse miracle that sent to the train an early infatuation, a silly affair that he himself called puppy-love. And now Marjorie would never marry him. He did

not blame her. He blamed fate. He was in solitude in the smoking room. The place reeked with drifting tobacco smoke and the malodor of cigar stubs and cigarette ends. His plans were as useless and odious as cigarette ends. He dropped into a chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands-Napoleon on St. Helena.

And then, suddenly he heard Marjorie's voice. He turned and saw her hesitating in the doorway. He rose to welcome her, but the smile died on his lips at her chilly speech:

"May I have a word with you, sir?" "Of course. The air's rather thick in here," he apologized.

"Just wait!" she said, ominously and stalked in like a young Zenobia. He put out an appealing hand: "Now Marjorie, listen to reason. Of course I know you won't marry me now."

"Oh, you know that, do you?" she said, with a squared jaw.

"But, really, you ought to marry me-not merely because I love youand you're the only girl I ever-" He stopped short and she almost smiled as she taunted him: "Go on-I dare you to say it."

He swallowed hard and waived the point: "Well, anyway, you ought to marry me-for your own sake." Then she took his breath away by

answering: "Oh, I'm going to marry you, never fear." "You are," he cried, with a rush of returning hope. "Oh, I knew you

loved me." She pushed his encircling arms aside: "I don't love you, and that's why I'm going to marry you." "But I don't understand."

she were a thousand years old, "you're only a man-and a very young man. "You've ceased to love me," he protested, "just because of a little affair I had before I met you?"

"Of course not," she smeered, as it

wisdom: "A woman can forgive .s man anything except what he did be

fore he met her." He stared at her with masculine dismay at feminine logic: "if you can't forgive me, then why do you marry

me?" "For revenge!" she cried. "You brought me on this train all this distance to introduce me to a girl you used to spoon with. And I don't like her. She's awful!"

"Yes, she is awful," Mallory assented. "I don't know how I ever--"

"Oh, you admit it!" "No."

"Well, I'm going to marry younow-this minute-with that preacher, then I'm going to get off at Heno and divorce you." "Divorce me! Good Lord! On what

grounds?"

"On the grounds of Miss Kitty-Katty-Liewellington -- or whatever her name is."

Malfory was groggy with punishment, and the vain effort to foresee her next blow. "But you can't name a woman that way," he pleaded, "for just being nice to me before I ever met you."

"That's the worst kind of unfaithfulness," she reiterated. "You should have known that some day you would meet me. You should have saved your first love for me."

"But last love is best," Mailory interposed, weakly.

"Oh, no, it isn't, and if it is, how do I know I'm to be your last love? No, sir, when I've divorced you, you can go back to your first love and go

"But I don't want her for a wife," Mailory urged, "I want you."

"You'll get me-but not for long. And one other thing, I want you to get that bracelet away from that creature. Do you promise?"

"How can I get it away?" "Take it away! Do you promise?" Mallory surrendered completely. Anything to get Marjorie safely into his arms: "I promise anything, if

you'll really marry me." "Oh, I'll marry you, sir, but not really."

And while he stared in helpless awe at the cynic and termagant that jealousy has metamorphosed this timid, clinging creature into, they heard the conductor's voice at the rear door of the car: "Hurry up-we've got to start."

They heard Lathrop's protest: "Hold on there, conductor," and Belby's plea: "Oh, I say, my good man,

wait a moment, can't you?" The conductor answered with the gruffness of a despot: "Not a minute. I've my orders to make up lost time. All aboard!"

While the minister was tying the knot, Mallory and Marjorie were at him. Just as they were near, they pronounce you man and wife," pronounced as he backed toward the door, was the signal for another wed-

ding riot. Once more Ira and Anne were showered with rice. This time it was their own. Ira darted out into the corridor, haling his brand-new wife by the wrist, and the wedding guests pursued them across the vestibule.

through the next car, and on, and on. Nobody remained to notice what happened to the parson. Having performed his function, he was without further interest or use. But to Mallory and Marjorie he was vitally

necessary. Mallory caught his hand as it turned the knob of the door and drew him back. Marjorie, equally determined, caught his other elbow:

"Please don't go," Mallory urged, "until you've married us." The Reverend Charles stared at his captors in amazement:

"But my dear man, the train's mov-Marjorle clung all the tighter and invited him to "Come on to the next

"But my dear lady," Selby gasped, it's impossible."

"You've just got to," Mailory in-

sisted "Release me, please."

"Never!"

"How dare you!" the parson shricked, and with a sudden wriggle writhed out of his coat, leaving it in Marjorie's hands. He darted to the door and flung it open, with Mallory hot after him.

The train was kicking up a cloud of dust and getting its stride. The kidnapped clergyman paused a moment, aghast at the speed with which the ground was being paid out. Then he climbed the brass rail and, with

a hasty prayer, dropped overboard. Mallory lunged at him, and seized him by his reversed collar. But the collar alone remained in his clutch. The parson was almost lost in the dust he created as he struck, bounded and rolled till he came to a stop, with his stars and his prayers to thank for injuries to nothing worse than his dignity and other small clothes.

Mallory returned to the observation room and flung the collar and bib to the floor in a fury of despair, howling: "He got away! He got away!"

OHAPTER XXXII.

The Empty Berth. The one thing Mallory was begin

ning to learn about Marjorie was that she would never take the point of view he expected, and never process along the lines of his logic.

She had grown furious at him for what he could not help. She had told

her rage would take And, lo and behold,

him so downcast and rushed to him with caresses, his broad shoulders a breast, and smothered him. I the sincerity of his dejection and complete helplessness he di that won her woman's heart.

Mallory gased at her with more wonderment than delight. This was another flashlight on her charac ter. Most courtships are conduct under a rose-light in which and wooed wear their best clothes their best behavior; or in a start moonlit, or gaslit twilight where r mance softens angles and wrap everything in velvet shadow. Then the two get married and begin to live together in the cold, gray day light of realism, with undign necessities and barrowing situation at every step, and distillusion begins its deadly work.

This young couple was undergoing all the inconveniences and temper-exposures of marriage without its blessed compensations. They promised to be well acquainted before they were wed. If they still wanted each other after this ordeal, they were pretty well assured that their marriage would not be a failure.

Mallory rejoiced to see that the hurricane of Marjorie's jealousy had only whipped up the surface of her soul. The great depths were still calm and unmoved, and her love for him was in and of the depths.

Soon after leaving Ogden, the train round the world with her till you get entered upon the great bridge across the Great Salt Lake. The other passengers were staring at the enormous engineering masterplece and the conductor was pointing out that, in order to save forty miles and the crossing of two mountain chains, the railroad had devoted four years of labor and millions of dollars to stretching a thirty-mile bridge across this inland ocean.

But Marjorie and Mallory never noticed it. They were absorbed in exploring each other's souls, and they had safely bridged the Great Balt Lake which the first big bitter jealousy spreads across every matrimonial route. They were undisturbed in their voy-

age, for all the other passengers had their noses flattened against the window panes of the other cars-all except one couple, gazing each at each through time-wrinkled eyelids touched with the magic of a tardy honeymoon.

For all that Anne and Ira knew, the Great Salt Lake was a moonswept lagoon, and the arid mountains of Nevada which the train went scaling, were the very hillsides of Ar-

cr dia. But the other passengers soon came last loose ends of the matrimonial | trooping back into the observation room. Ira had told them nothing of struggling through the crowd to get | Mallory's confession. In the first place, he was a man who had learned were swept aside by the rush of the | to keep a secret, and in the second bride and groom, for the parson's "I place, he had forgotten that such persone as Mallory or his Marjorie existed. All the world was summed up in the fearsomely happy little spinster who had moved up into his sectionthe section which had begun its career draped in satin ribbons unwill-

> tingly prophetic. The communion of Mallory and Marjorie under the benison of reconciliation was invaded by the jokes of the other passengers, unconsciously

Dr. Temple chaffed them amiably: "You two will have to take a back seat now. We've got a new bridal

couple to amuse us." And Mrs. Temple welcomed them with: "You're only old married folks, like us."

The Mallorys were used to the misunderstanding. But the misplaced witticisms gave them reassurance that their secret was safe yet a little while. At their dinner-table, however, and in the long evening that followed they were haunted by the fact that this was their last night on the train,

and no minister to be expected. And now once more the Mallorys regained the star roles in the esteem of the audience, for once more they quarreled at good-night-kissing time. Once more they required two sections, while Anne Gattle's berth was not even made up. It remained empty. like a deserted nest, for its occupant

CHAPTER XXXIIL

had flown south.

Fresh Trouble Daily. The following morning the daylight creeping into section number one found Ira and Anne staring at each other. Ira was tousled and Anne was unkempt, but her blush still gave her cheek at least an Indian summer

glow. After a violent effort to reach the space between her shoulder blades. she was compelled to appeal to her new master to act as her new maid.

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop," she stammered -"Ira," she corrected, "won't you please hook me up?" she pleaded. Ira beamed with a second child hood boyishness: "I'll do my best, my little ootsum-tootsums, it's the arm

time I ever tried it." "Oh, I'm so glad," Anne "It's the first time I ever was no

up by a gentleman." He gurgled with joy and, ting the poverty of space, reach her lips to kiss her. broke her neck and but so hard that instead of intended, "My darling," he hall!"