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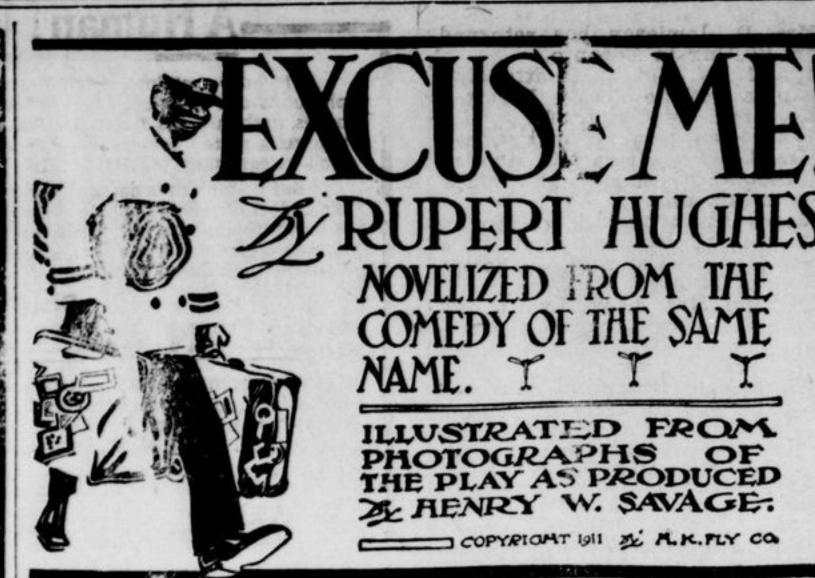
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CHAPTER XVII.

Last Call for Breakfast. It was still lowa when Mallory awoke. Into his last moments of heavy sleep intruded a voice like a towncrier's voice, crying:

"Lass call for breakfuss in the Rining Rar," and then, again louder, "Lass call for breakfuss in Rininrar," and, finally and faintly, "Lasscall breakfuss ri'rar."

Mallory pushed up his windowshade. The day was broad on rolling prairies like billows established in the green soil. He peeked through his curtains. Most of the other passengers were up and about, their beds hidden and beddings stowed away behind the bellying veneer of the upperworks of the car. All the berths were made up except his own and number two, in the corner, where Little Jimmie Wellington's nose still played a bagpipe monody, and one other berth,

which he recognized as Marjorie's. His belated sleep and hers had spared them both the stares and laughing chatter of the passengers. But this bridal couple's two berths, standing like towers among the seats, had provided conversation for everybody, had already united the casual group of strangers into an organized

Mallory got into his shoes and as much of his clothes as was necessary for the dash to the washroom, and took on his arm the rest of his wardrobe. Just as he issued from his lonely chamber, Marjorie appeared from hers, much disheveled and heavy-eyed. The bride and groom exchanged glances of mutual terror, and

hurried in opposite directions. The spickest and spannest of lieu tenants soon realized that he was re duced to wearing yesterday's linen as well as yesterday's beard. This was intolerable. A brave man can endure heartbreaks, loss of love, honor and place, but a neat man cannot abide the traces of time in his toilet. Lieutenant Mallory had seen rough service in camp and on long hikes, when he gloried in mud and disorder, and he was to see campaigns in the Philippines, when he should not take off his shoes or his uniform for three days at a time. But that was the field, and this car was a drawing

In this crisis in his affairs, Little Jimmie Wellington waddled into the men's room, floundering about with every lurch of the train, like a cannon loose in the hold of a ship. He fumbled with the handles on a basin, and made a crazy toilet, trying to find some abatement of his fever by filling a glass at the ice-water tank and emptying it over his head.

These drastic measures restored him to some sort of coherency, and Mallory appealed to him for help in the matter of linen. Wellington effusively offered him everything he had, and Mallory selected from his store half a dozen collars, any one of which would have gone round his neck nearly twice.

Wellington also proffered his safety razor, and made him a present of a virgin wafer of steel for his very own. With this assistance, Mallory was enabled to make himself fairly presentable. When he returned to his seat, the three curtained rooms had been whisked away by the porter. There was no place now to hide from

the passengers.

He sat down facing the feminine end of the car, watching for Marjorie. The passengers were watching for her, too, hoping to learn what unheard-of incident could have provoked the guarrel that separated a further. bride and groom at this time, of all

To the general bewilderment, when Marjorie appeared, Mallory and she rushed together and clasped hands with an ardor that suggested a desire for even more ardent greeting. The

passengers almost sprained their cars to hear how they would make up such a dreadful feud. But all they heard was: "We'il have to hurry, Marjorie, if we want to get any breakfast."

"All right, honey. Come along." Then the inscrutable couple scur ried up the aisle, and disappeared in the corridor, leaving behind them mighty riddle. They kissed in the corridor of that car, kissed in the vestibule, kissed in the two corridors of the next car, and were caught kissing in the next vestibule by the new

conductor. The dining car conductor, who flat tered himself that he knew a bride and groom when he saw them, escorted them grandly to a table for

two: and the waiter fluttered abo

them with extraordinary considers They had a plenty to talk of in prospect and retrospect. They both felt cars somewhere, and they ate with a zest to prepare for the ceremony, arguing the best place for it, and quar-

1:11:11

reling amorously over details. Mallory was for one of the vestibules as the scene of their union, but Marjorie was for the baggage car, till she realized that Snoozleums might be unwilling to attend. Then she swung round to the vestibule, but Mallory shifted to the observation platform.

Marjorie had left Snoozleums with Mrs. Temple, who promised to hide Harry to get the waiter to bring them on you. Don't start nothin'." a package of bones for their only

On the way back from the dining drivin' at?" car they kissed each other good-bye radiant, the world good, and the very train ran with jubilant rejoicing. They

place in their car, and with smiles of We've all been watching you." ed for him in a bridal agitation. He you realize that I'm a-" ransacked the train forward in vain, "Ah, don't start that," sne red the ing with flying fingers and underscorgaged in a conversation of evident shoulder blades uttering threats.

various women and a few men of evi- on. Great!" arm chairs and absorbed in lazy con- the clergyman's head swimming.

she was writing to. He did not ob- man in these degenerate days. serve the baleful glare of Mrs. Whit- The conductor returned and threw They've formed a club in there alcomb, who sat watching Mrs. Welling- into Dr. Temple the glare of two basilwas, and suspecting the correspond- seeching hand and began ent-Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to "My good man, you do me a grave spell the word with one "r."

he nodded with a sickly cheer to the than that. And if I spot you with sole occupant, Dr. Temple, who was pack of cards in your hand again, I'll looking less ministerial than ever in tie you to the cow-ketcher." an embroidered skull cap. The old Then he marched off again. The rascal was sitting far back on his doctor fell back into a chair, trying to Temple apologized, radiantly, "and I'm lumbar vertebrae. One of his hands figure it out. Then Ashton and Fos- having the-what my oldest boy would clasped a long glass filled with a dick and little Jimmie Wellington and call the time of my life. And dear up again, after an attack of apliquid of a hue that resembled some- Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping Walter-such goings on for him! A pendicitis. thing stronger than what it was- into chairs, ordered drinks. Before few minutes ago I strolled by the door Mr. John Lawrence, jr., purchasmere ginger ale. The other hand the doctor could ask anybody to ex- and I saw him playing cards with a ed Mr. Jas. Matthews' farm. toyed with a long black cigar. The plain, Ashton was launched on a story. stranger, and smoking and drinking, It is our sad duty this week to smoke curled round the old man's His mind was a suitcase full of anec- too, all at once." head like the fumes of a sultan's dotes, mostly of the smoking room narghile, and through the wisps his order.

face was one of Oriental luxury. this picture of beatitude by the en- ize a clearing-house of off-color stories. the most recent stop-for Mallory had amused, for stories that would be not seen him. His gray hair was stupid if they were decent, take on his spare frame was swathed in a very forbiddenness. frock coat that had seen better days. The dear old clergyman felt that i His soft gray eyes seemed to search would be priggish to take flight, but timidly the smoke-clouded atmos- he could not make the corners of his you?" phere, and he had a bashful air which mouth behave. Strange twitchings of Mallory translated as one of diffidence the lips and little steamy escapes of in a place where liquors and cigars giggle-jets disturbed him. And when yet.' were dispensed.

vanced and in a low tone accosted the with the epilogue, "And the nex newcomer cautiously:

"Excuse me-you look like a clergy-

"The hell you say!" Mallory pursued the question no

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Composite Car.

It was the gentle stranger's turn to miss his guess. He bent over the chair into which Mallory had flopped, and said in a tense, low tone: "You look like a t'oroughbred sport. I'm trying to make up a game of stud poker. Will you join me?"

Mallory shook his heavy head in refusal, and with dull eyes watched the man, whose profession he no longer misunderstood, saunter up to the blissful Doctor from Ypsilanti, and murmur again:

"Will you join me?" "Join you in what, sir?" said Dr Temple, with alert courtesy.

"A little game." "I don't mind," the doctor smiled rising with amiable readiness. "The checkers are in the next room." "Quit your kiddin'," the stranger coughed. "How about a little freeze-

"Freeze-out?" said Dr. Temple. "It sounds interesting. Is it something like authors?"

The newcomer shot a quick glance sure that a minister lurked among the at this man, whose innocent air he "Well, you play it with cards." "Would you mind teaching me the

cid sport from 1 psi-

The gambler was growing suspicious of this too, too childlike innocence. He whined: "Say, what's your little game, eh?" but decided to risk the venture. He sat down at a table, and Dr. Temple, bringing along his glass. drew up a chair. The gambler took a pack of c rds from his pocket, and shuffled them with a snap that startled Dr. Temple and a dexterity that delighted him.

"Go on, it's beautiful to see," he explained. The gambler set the pack down with the one word "Cut!" but | since the old man made no effort to comply, the gambler did not insist. He took up the pack again and ran off five cards to each place with a grace that staggered the doctor.

Mallory was about to intervene for the protection of the guileless physician when the conductor chanced to

The gambler, seeing him, snatched

Dr. Temple's cards from his hand and

slipped the pack into his pocket. "What's the matter now?" Dr. Temple asked, but the newcomer huskily answered: "Wait a minute. Wait a

minute." The conductor took in the scene at a glance and, stalking up to the him when the new conductor passed table, spoke with the grimness of a through the car, and she reminded sea-captain: "Say, I've got my eye

> The stranger stared at him wonderingly and demanded: "Why, what you

"You know all right," the conductor again at all the trysting places they growled, and then turned on the behad sanctified before. The sun was fuddled old clergyman, "and you, too. "Me, too?" the preacher gasped.

"Yes, you too," the conductor re- lewered his voice and diagrames and could not doubt that a few more hours | peated, shaking an accusing forefinger would see them legally man and wife. under his nose. "Your actions have Mallory restored Marjorie to her been suspicious from the beginning.

assurance, left her for another par- Dr. Temple was so agitated that he son-hunt through the train. She wait. nearly let fall his secret. "Why, do Mrs. Whitcomb was still glaring at

and returned, passing Marjorie with conductor, "I can spot a gambler as ing every other word. a shake of the head, and a sour far as I can see one. You and your countenance. He went out to the ob- side partner here want to look out. servation platform where he stumbled that's all, or I'll drop you at the next on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattle, en- tank." Then he walked out, his very

intimacy, for they jumped when he Dr. Temple stared after him, but band.' opened the door, as if they were guilty the gambler stared at Dr. Temple with a homage. "So you're one of us," Mallory mumbled his usual, "Ex- he said, and seizing the old man's the partition between the male and fecuse me," whirled on his heel, and limp hand, shook it heartily: "I got dragged his discouraged steps back to slip it to you. Your make-up is through the Observation Room, where great. You nearly had me for a come-

dent unclericality were draped across | And then he sauntered out, leaving versation or bobbing their heads over Temple turned to Mallory for explana magazines that trembled with the mo- tions, but Mallory only waved him away. He was not quite convinced ton was out of it. Mrs. Wellington was busily writing himself. He was convinced only that at the desk, but he did not know who whatever else anybody might be, no she was, and he did not care whom body apparently desired to be a clergy- room. She commented petulantly:

ton, knowing all too well who she isk eyes. The old man put out a be- and hate each other."

injustice." Mallory stumbled into the men's The conductor snapped back: "You on the book shelves. Mrs. Wellingportion of the composite car. Here say a word to me and I'll do you worse ton dropped into the next chair:

Wherever three or four men are Mallory's eyes were caught from gathered together, they rapidly organtrance, at the other door, of a man The doctor listened in spite of him Think of it, a special smoking room. Holstein. who had evidently swung aboard at self, and in spite of himself he was And women have no place to take a crowned with a soft black hat, and certain verve and thrill from their "The woman in this book smokes!- to its appearance.

Ashton, who was a practiced racon-With equal diffidence Mallory ad- teur, finished a drolatic adventure Don't you like tobacco?" morning they were at Niagara Falls. the old doctor was helpless with laugh ter. Some superior force, the dev no doubt, fairly shook him with glee

"Oh, that's bully," he shrieked, haven't heard a story like that for me; will you try one of my pets?" ages."

"Why, where have you been. D Temple?" asked Ashton, who could not imagine where a man could have concealed himself from such stories But he laughed loudest of all when the doctor answered: "You see, I live in Ypsilanti. They don't tell m stories like that."

"They-who?" said Fosdick. "Why, my pa-my patients," th doctor explained, and laughed so har that he forgot to feel guilty, laugher so hard that his wife in the next room heard him and giggled to Mrs. Whit

"Listen to dear Walter. He hasn' laughed like that since he was amedical student." Then she buried her face guiltily in a book. "Wasn't'it good?" Dr. Temple do

manded, wiping his streaming over and nudging the solemn-faced English man, who understood his own nation'. humor, but had not yet learned the Yankee quirks. Wedgewood made a hollow effort a

laughter and answered: "Extremal -very droll, but what I don't co get was-why the porter said-" others drowned him in a roar of laugh- the car and flung back the door of the

suspected. But he merely drawled: blamed fool, that's where the joke | man holding Anna Gattle's hand and came in. Don't you see, the bridegroom said to the bride-" then he

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story on his ungers.

Mrs. Temple was still shaking with sympathetic laughter, never dreaming what her husband was laughing at. She turned to Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Wellington, who was still writ-

"Some people seem to think they own the train," Mrs. Whitcomb raged. "That creature has been at the writing desk an hour. The worst of it is, I'm sure she's writing to my hus-

Mrs. Temple looked shocked, but another peal of laughter came through male sections of the car, and she beamed again. Then Mrs. Wellington finished her letter, glanced it over, addressed an envelope, sealed and stamped it with a deliberation that maddened Mrs. Whitcomb. When at last she rose, Mrs. Whitcomb was in the seat almost before Mrs. Welling-

Mrs. Wellington paused at another wave of laughter from the men's "What good times men have.

ready. We women can only sit around "Why, I don't hate anybody, do you?" Mrs. Temple exclaimed, look-

ing up from the novel she had found "On a long railroad journey I hate everybody. Don't you hate long jour-

"It's the first I ever took," Mrs.

"But for Dr. Temple of all people-" "Why shouldn't a doctor? It's a puff except on the sly."

perfumed things!"

"All women smoke nowadays," said Mrs. Wellington, carelessly. "Don't

"Really!" said Mrs. Wellington,

"I never tried it." "It's time you did. I smoke cigars myself."

Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at this double shock: "Ci-cigars?" "Yes; cigarettes are too strong for

Mrs. Temple was about to express her repugnance at the thought, but Dominique Hof was his name and Mrs. Wellington thrust before her a he left a large fortune, out of portfolio in which nestled such dainty the gifts of the Czar. Hof hinted shapes of such a warm and winsome often that he had been offered brown, that Mrs. Temple paused to large bribes by both revolutionstare, and, like Mother Eve, found the fruit of knowledge too interesting once seen to reject with scorn. She hung over the cigar case in hesitant excitement one moment too long. Then she said in a trembling voice: "I-I

what it's like. But there's no place." Mrs. Wellington felt that she had already made a proselyte to her own beloved vice, and she rushed her vicservation platform, my dear. Come | constitutional treatment on out."

should like to try once-just to see

may at the dreadful deed: "What would they say in Ypsilanti?" "What do you care? Be a sport. Your husband smokes. If it's right for him, why not for you?"

Mrs Temple was shivering with dis-

Mrs. Temple set her teeth and "I will!"

Mrs. Wellington led the timid neophyte along the wavering floor of ter, but Ashton was angry. "Why, you observation car. She found Ira Lath-

Continued on page 7.

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report the death of Mr. Bernard "Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Wil- Hartford, who passed away on Monday morning last, after a lingering illness. Mrs. John Andrews returned

home on Saturday, after spending shame the way men have everything. a few weeks with friends at The McWilliams station, erected a few months ago, has received a

Mrs. Temple stared at her in awe: | coat of paint, which adds greatly Miss Irene Watson is spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Har-

M. W. Richardson and his gang of men have completed the load-The politest thing Mrs. Temple ing of logs at McWilliams, which could think of in answer was: "Not were delivered there during the winter for the Knechtel Furniture Co., of Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wells spent the week end with the latter's uncle, Mr. Wm. Wilson. Born .- On April 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFadden, a daughter.

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