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BY RENRY W. SAVAGE.

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it sweet?"

ton's mercy.

little smarter?"

mode."

waist?" Mrs. Wellington laughed.

hopes, threw herself on Mrs. Welling-

you lend me or sell me something a

"I'd love to, my dear," said Mrs.

Wellington, "but I left home on short

notice myself. I shall need all my

divorce trousseau in Reno. Otherwise

-I-but here's your husband. You

two ought to have some place to

And she swept out, nodding to Mai-

presence, and felt the need of being

near her, though he also felt the need

ball game. Husbandlike, he felt that

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Train Butcher. Mallory was dragging out a miserable existence with a companion who was neither maid, wife, nor widow and to whom he was neither bachelor, husband, nor relict.

They were suffering brain-fag from their one topic of conversation, and heart-fag from rapture deferred. Marjorie had pretended to take a nap and Mallory had pretended that he would leave her for her own sake. Their contradictory chains were beginning to gall,

Mallory sat in the smoking room, and threw aside a half-finished cigar. Life was indeed nauseous when bacco turned rank on his lips. He watched without interest the stupendous scenery whirling past the train; granite ravines, infernal grotesques of architecture and diablerie, the Giant's Teapot, the Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Hanging Rock, splashes of mineral color, as if titanic of finishing the story of the great paint pots had been spilled or flung against the cliffs, sudden hushes of he was conferring sufficient courtesy green pine-worlds, dreary graveyards in throwing a casual smile across the of sand and sagebrush, mountain top of the paper. streams in frothing panics.

pers, he woke a little.

round, like sheep at a herd-boy's

whistle or chickens when a pan of

grain is brought into the yard. The

train "butcher" had a nasal sing-song,

but his strain might have been the

Pied Piper's tune emptying Hamelin

of its grown-ups. The charms of flir-

tation, matrimonial bliss and fem-

males flocked to the delights of stock-

dramatic or sporting or criminal

of his fellow men for the luxury of

burying his nose in a fresh paper.

left New York. Well, give me that

"Yes, sir." He passed over the

"Whash latesh from Chicago?" said

"I read that before-that breakfast

began," laughed Little Jimmie. "Well,

York paper?"

"Last Sat'day's."

No? Salt Lake pa-"

Wellington

"Monday's."

ball news, I s'pose."

"Never heard of it."

pearance, and the adventure attracted

look." He folded the pink within the

green, and entered into a new and

slumming tour.

the box!"

startling world—a sort of journalistic

"Give me any old thing," said Mal-

lory, and flung open an Ogden jour-

nal till he found the sporting page,

where his eyes brightened. "By jove,

"Mattie is most intelleckshal pitch-

er in the world," said Little Jimme.

and then everybody disappeared be-

hind paper ramparts, while the butch-

About this time, Marjorie, tired of

her pretence at slumber, strolled into

ton saw her, and smiled: "Come in

"Thanks," said Marjorie, bashfully,

"Oh, he's as well as could be ex-

and make yourself at home."

"I was looking for my-my-"

"How is he this morning?"

ELLANDE EL ELLANDE

"Husband?"

"My dog."

"My dog?"

"Your husband."

er lingered to explain to the porter

the details of the great event.

a ten-inning game! Matthewson in

"I'll take this--also the Out-

stock market, I suppose."

Marjorie studied his motley garb, His jaded soul could not respond to and her own, and groaned: any of these thrillers, the dime-nov-"We're a sweet looking pair, aren't els and melodramatic third-acts of nature. But with the arrival of a train-"Mr. and Mi

'ft," said Mallory, boy, who had got on at Evanston with from behind the per. a batch of Salt Lake City newspa-"Oh, Hall ands your love grown cold?" she pleaded. The other men came trooping

"Marjorie, how can you think such a thing?" still from behind the paper. "Well, Mrs. Wellington said we ought to have some place to spoon, and she went away and left us, andthere you stand-and-"

This pierced even the baseball news, and he threw his arms around her with glow of devotion.

inine beauty were forgotten, and the She snuggled closer, and cooed: 'Aren't we having a nice long engagemarket reports, political or racing or ment? We've traveled a million miles, and the preacher isn't in sight news. Even Ashton braved the eyes yet. What have you been readingwedding announcements?"

"No-I was reading about the most "Papers, gents? Yes? No?" the wonderful exhibition. Mattie was in train butcher chanted. "Salt Lake pathe box-and in perfect form."

pers, Ogden papers, all the latest pa-"Mattie?" Marjorie gasped uneaspers, comic papers, magazines, pe-

"Mattie!" he raved, "and in perfect "Here, boy," said Ashton, snapping his fingers, "what's the latest New And now the hidden serpent of jeal-

ousy, which promised to enliven their future, lifted its head for the first "Six days old? I read that before I time, and Mallory caught his first glimpse of an unsuspected member Salt Lake paper. It has yesterday's of their household. Marjorie demanded with an ominous chill: "And who's Mattie?. Some former

sweetheart of yours?"

sheet and made change, without abating his monody: "Papers, gents. Yes? "My dear," laughed Mallory. But Marjorie was up and away, with apt temper: "So Mattie was in the box, was she? What is it to you, where she sits? You dare to read about her and rave over her perfect form, while you neglect your wife-or

give me Salt Lake Bazoo. It has basheyour-oh, what am I, anyway?" Mallory stared at her in amaze-"Yes, sir," the butcher answered, ment. He was beginning to learn and his tone grew reverent as he what ignorant heathen women are and I'd miss my transport-" said: "The Giants won. Mr. Mattyson was pitching. Papers, gents, all the demi-gods of mankind. Then, with a odious transport to me again, I know concerning so many of the gods and latest papers, magazines, periodicals." tenderness he might not always show, I'll have hydrophobia. I'm goi Wedgewood extended a languid he threw the paper down and took hand: "What's the latest issue of the her in his arms: "You poor child. Mattie is a man-a pitcher-and you're can't desert me now, and leave me to Wedgewood almost fainted, and re- you are liable to be my wife any glib:

turned to his Baedeker of the United | minute." The explanation was sufficient, and Dr. Temple summoned the lad: "I she crawled into the shelter of his said that before. But I'd be courtdon't suppose you have the Ypsilanti arm with little noises that served for martialed. I'd lose my career." apology, forgiveness and reconcilia-The butcher regarded him with pity, tion. Then he made the mistake of truly loves?"

and sniffed: "I carry newspapers, not | mentioning the sickening topic of deferred hope: "Well, give me the-" he saw a "A minister's sure to get on at the pink weekly of rather picturesque ap-

next stop-or the next." too much enduring, and it took only a posed my plan, and you don't like it. word to set them jangling: "If you say minister to me again, I'll scream."

Then she tried to control herself with a polite: "Where is the next stop?" "Where's that? On the map?"

"Well, it's in Utah." "Utah!" she groaned. "They marry by wholesale there, and we can't even get a sample."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Train Wrecker. couple. He took in at a glance their hour," she said: "Maybe the conduc desire for solitude. A large part of tor would hold the train for us." his business was the forcing of wares

the observation car, glancing into the men's room, where she saw nothing on people who did not want them. but newspapers. Then Mrs. Welling-His voice and his method suggested You ask him." the mosquito. Seeing Mallory and Marjorie mutually absorbed in read- Marjorie was getting tired of deing each other's eyes, and evidently pending on this charming young mar in need of nothing on earth less than with the very bad luck. She decided something else to read, the train- to assume command herself. She butcher decided that his best plan of took recourse naturally to the orig attack was to make himself a nuis- inal feminine methods: "I'll take care ance. It is a plan successfully adopt of him," she said, with resolution. ". ed by organ-grinders, street planists woman can get a man to do almost and other blackmailers under the anything if she flirts a little will guise of art, who have nothing so him." walcome to sall as their sheeper

train-boy's hum, but they tried to is

"Papers, gents and ladies? Yes? No? Paris fashions, lady?"

He shoved a large periodical between their very noses, but Marjorie threw it on the floor, with a bitter glance at her own borrowed p'umage:

"Don't show me any Paris fashions!" Then she gave the boy his conge by resuming her chat with Mallory: "How long do we stop at Og- |

The train-boy went right on auctioning his papers and magazines, and poking them into the laps of his prey. And they went right on talking to one another and pushing his papers and magazines to the floor.

"I think I'd better get off at Ogden, and take the next train back. "Where did you get that love of a That's just what I'll do. Nothing, "Mrs. Temple lent it to me. Isn't

"But you can't leave me like this," "Exquisite! The latest Ypsilanti Mallory urged excitedly, with a side glance of "No, no!" to the train-boy. Marjorie, suffering almost more "I can, and I must, and I will," Maracutely from being badly frocked than jorie insisted. "I'll go pack my things from being duped in her matrimonial

"But, Marjorie, listen to me." "Will you let me alone!" This to "I'm so unhappy in this. Couldn't the gadfly, but to Mallory a dejected wail: "I-I just remembered. haven't anything to pack."

"And you'll have to give back that waist to Mrs. Temple. You can't get off at Ogden without a waist." "I'll go anyway. I want to get

throw you off the train!"

spoon. I'll leave you this whole room." gasped. He explained: "I lory, who had divined Marjorie's wasn't talking to you; I was trying to stop this phonograph." Then he do. Remember, it's all for love of rose, and laid violent hands on the you-even if I have to kiss him." annoyer, shoved him to the corridor, seized his bundle of papers from his arm, and hurled them at his head. They fell in a shower about the trainbutcher, who could only feel tain respect for the one man who h ever treated him as he knew he de served. He bent to pick up his scattered merchandise, and when he had gathered his stock together, put his head in, and sang out a sincere: "Excuse me."

But Mallery did not hear him, ho was excitedly trying to calm the ex- moment, that he had not married her cited girl, who, having eloped with yet, and that therein lay the whole him, was preparing now to elope back trouble. without him.

"Darling, you can't desert me now," he pleaded, "and leave me to go on

"Well, why don't you do someperation. "If I were a man, and I had the girl I loved on a train. I'd! get her married if I had to wreck the-" she caught her breath, paused second in intense thought, and then, with sudden radiance, cried: "Harry, dear!" "Yes, love!"

"I have an idea—an inspiration!" "Yes, pet," rather dubiously from bim, but with absolute exultation from her: "Let's wreck the train!"

"I don't follow you, sweetheart." "Don't you see?" she began excited-"When there are train wrecks a lot of people get killed, and things. A minister always turns up to administer the last something or other-

"Well?" "Well, stupid, don't you see? We wreck a train, a minister comes, we nab him, he marries us, and-there we are! Everything's lovely!"

He gave her one of those looks with which a man usually greets what a woman calls an inspiration. not honor her invention with alysis. He simply put forward an objection to it, and, man-like, chose the most hateful of all objections:

"It's a lovely idea, but the wreck would delay us for hours and hours,

"Harry Mallory, if you mention that

"But, darling," he pleaded, "you the only woman I ever loved-and go on alone?" She had her answer

"If you really loved me, you'd-" "What's a career to a man

"It's just as much as it is to any- job." The conductor swelled his chest body else-and more."

gracefully, so she sank back with Marjorie's nerves were frayed by grim resignation. "Well, I've pro-Now, suppose you propose something.

The silence was oppressive. The sat like stoughton bottles. There the conductor found them some time later. He gave them a careless look a conductor-especially on an overselected a chair at the end of the land express." car, and began to sort his tickets. spreading them out on another chair, he confessed: "Well, I never heard making notes with the pencil he took from atop his ear, and shoved back

from time to time. Ages seemed to pass, and Mallory had not even a suggestion. By this time Marjorie's temper had evaporat-The train-butcher, entering the Ob- ed, and when he said: "If we could

"I hardly think he would." "He looks like an awfully nice man.

"Oh, what's the use?"

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"Marjorie!"

"Now, don't you mind anything

"Marjorie, I won't permit-"

"You have no right to boss meyet. You subside." She gave him the merest touch, but he fell backward into a chair, utterly aghast at the shameless siren into which desperation had altered the timid little thing he thought he had chosen to love. He was being rapidly initiated into the complex and versatile and fearfully wonderful thing a woman really is, and he was saying to himself, "What have I married?" forgetting, for the

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delllah and the Conductor.

Like the best of women and the thing?" she retorted, in equal des- worst of men, Marjorie was perfectly willing to do evil, that good might come of it. She advanced on the innocent conductor, as the lady from Sorek must have sidled up to Samson, coquetting with one arch hand and snipping the shears with the

The stupefied Mallory saw Marjorie in a startling imitation of herself at her sweetest; only now it was brazen mimicry, yet how like! She went forward as the shyest young thing in the world, pursed her lips into an ecstatic simper, and began on the unsuspecting official;

"Isn't the country perfectly-" "Yes, but I'm getting used to it," the conductor growled, without look-

ing up. jorie a trifle, but she rallied her forces, doctor" whose system consisted of

"Five minutes," very bluntly. Marjorie poured maple syrup on her tone, as she purred: "This train of yours is an awfully fast train, isn't

"Sort of," said the conductor, with the mother, presently. just a trace of thaw. What followed made him hold his breath, for the outrageous little hussy was actually saying: "The company must have a people to your presence of mind and to gie him the sair leg."

"Well, of course, I can't say as to that-" Even Mallory could see that the man's reserve was melting fast as Marjorie went on with relentless treacle:

"Talk about soldiers and firemen and life-savers! I think it takes a braver man than any of those to be a conductor-really."

"Well, it is a kind of a responsible a little at that, and Marjorie felt that She could hardly controvert this he was already hers. She hammered the weak spot in his armor: "Responsible! I should say it is.

Mr. Mallory is a soldier, but soldiers are such ferocious, destructive people, while conductors save lives, and -if I were only a man I think it would be my greatest ambition to be

The conductor told the truth when it put just that way." Then he spoke with a little more pride, hoping to increase the impression he felt he was making: "The main thing, of course, is to get my train through On Time!"

This was a facer. He was going to servation Room, found only a loving only stop at some town for half an to oblige Marjorie. She stammered: get his train through On Time just "I don't suppose the train, by any accident, would be delayed in leaving

Ogden?" "Not if I can help it," the hero averred, to reassure her. "I wish it would," Marjorie murmured

The conductor looked at her in surprise: "Why, what's it to you?" She turned her eyes on him at full candle power, and smiled: "Oh, I just wanted to do a little

shopping there." "Shopping! While the train waits! wxcuse me!"

Continued or

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NOT SO FOOLISH AS THAT. Scotch lad had suffered severe injury to his leg, and, the family physician's treatment proving somewhat slow, his mother in-His curt indifference joited Mar- sisted that he visit a local "bone and came back with: "How long do hard pulling upon the injured

The boy consented, the doctor pulled, and presently the boy, who had howled in agony, was taken home again, weak, limp, but mysteriously smiling.

"Didn't he do it fine?" asked

The mysterious smile broadened. "Yes, he did, mother," was the lad's answer, "but dinna worry great deal of confidence in you to en- hard he nigh kilt me, but nae about it. He pulled my leg trust the lives and welfare of so many harm done! I wasna fule enough

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