

EXCUSE ME!

RUPERT HUGHES NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.

(Continued from Last Week)

The conductor snapped back: "You say a word to me and I'll do you worse than that. And if I spot you with a pack of cards in your hand again, I'll tie you to the cow-ketcher."

Then he marched off again. The doctor fell back into a chair, trying to figure it out. Then Ashton and Fossilick and little Jimmie Wellington and Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping into chairs, ordered drinks.

"Why, where have you been, Dr. Temple?" asked Ashton, who could not imagine where a man could have concealed himself from such stories.

"Listen to dear Walter. He hasn't laughed like that since he was a medical student." Then she buried her face guiltily in a book.

"Wasn't it good?" Dr. Temple demanded, wiping his streaming eyes and nudging the solem-faced Englishman, who understood his own nation's humor, but had not yet learned the Yankee quirks.

Wedgewood made a hollow effort at laughter and answered: "Extremely—very droll, but what I don't quite get was—why did you say that?"

crowding their vacation with belated experience.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was late in the forenoon before the train came to the end of its iron furrow across the fertile space between two of the world's greatest rivers, which the Indians called "Iowa."

A sonorous bridge led the way into Nebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their good.

"Really!" said Mrs. Wellington. "Don't you like tobacco?" "I never tried it."

"It's time you did. I smoke cigars myself." Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at this subtle shock: "Cigars?"

"Yes; cigarettes are too strong for me; will you try one of my pets?" Mrs. Temple was about to express her repugnance at the thought, but Mrs. Wellington thrust into her a portfolio in which were a number of tiny shapes of such a warm and winsome brown, that Mrs. Temple paused to stare, and, like Mother Eve, found the fruit of knowledge too interesting one to reject with scorn.

"What do you care? Be a sport. Your husband smokes. If it's right for him, why not for you?" Mrs. Temple set her teeth and crossed the Rubicon with a resolute "I will!"

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longer, and Mallory and Marjorie left like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering along an eternal wall, through which they could see, but not reach, one another.

They dined together as dolefully as if they had been married for forty years. Then the slow twilight soaked them in its melancholy.

"What a pity that we left our things in the taxicab," Marjorie sighed. And this time she said, "we left them," instead of "you left them."

"Good Lord, Marjorie, we never paid the second taxicab!" "Great heavens, how shall we ever pay him? He's been waiting there twenty-four hours. How much do you suppose we owe him?"

"About a year of my pay, I guess." "You must send him a telegram of apology and ask him to read his meter. He was such a nice man—the kindest eyes—for a chauffeur!"

"Yes, deacon, I trust that the harvest will be plentiful as my new church. It grieves me to leave the dear brothers and sisters in the Lord at Omaha, but I felt called to wider pastures."

And a lady who was evidently Mrs. Deacon spoke up: "Well, miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church ever had."

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When they were dislodged from there, they sat playing checkers and talking very little, but making eyes at one another and sighing like furnaces.

"They had evidently concocted some secret of their own, for Ira, looking at his watch, murmured sentimentally to Anne: "Only a few hours more, Annie."

"I should think it would be the last place they'd go," said Anne—a sensible woman, Anne. "Look at the Mellories—how miserable they are!"

"I thought they were happy," said Ira, whose great virtue it was to pay little heed to what was none of his business.

"Oh, Ira," cried Anne, "I hope we shan't begin to quarrel as soon as we are married."

"As if anybody could quarrel with you, Anne," he said. "Do you think I'll be so monotonous as that?" she retorted.

Her spirit delighted him beyond words. He whispered: "Anne, you're so golden—so sweet—if I don't get a chance to kiss you, I'll bust."

"Why, Ira—we're on the train." "Do—darn the train! Who ever heard of a fellow proposing and getting engaged to a girl and not even kissing her?"

"But our engagement is so short." "Well, I'm not going to marry you until I get a kiss."

overdrew over the unearned; when you have the overdraft well over the under—"

Wellington waved him away: "Say, what do you think I'm trying to do? stuff a mattress? Get out of my way. I want my wife—lead me to my wife."

"An excellent idea," said Dr. Temple, who had been praying for a reconciliation.

He guided Wellington with difficulty to the observation room and, finding Mrs. Wellington at the desk as usual, he began: "Oh, Mrs. Wellington, may I introduce you to your husband?"

"Mrs. Wellington rose haughtily, caught a sight of her suffering consort and ran to him with a cry of "Jimmie!"

"What's happened—are you killed?" "I'm far from well. But don't worry. My life insurance is paid up."

"Oh, my poor little darling," Mrs. Jimmie muttered, "What on earth alls you?" She turned to the doctor. "Is he going to die?"

"I think not," said the doctor. "It's only a bad case of cinder-in-the-eye."

"Thus reassured, Mrs. Wellington went into the patient's eye with her handkerchief, "Is that the eye?" she asked.

BATHURST NEWS

Pathurst, N. B. Sept. 15th.—Mr. P. J. Veniot left on Tuesday for Victoria County to take an active part in the political campaign there.

Lieut. Albert J. Melanson of the 165th Battalion visited his parents here on Saturday and returned to Valcartier on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Neville of Summerville, P. E. I., were the guests over Sunday of Mrs. Neville's sister, Mrs. H. A. Melanson.

Mrs. Peter Melanson is spending the week at Shives Athol, the guest of her niece, Mrs. Ayles.

The Misses Tilla and Agatha Melanson, were in Campbellton for Labor Day.

Miss Douglas of Stanley, is the guest for a short time of Miss Marion Ellis at Youghal.

Rev. F. A. Wightman and Mr. J. D. Carey were in Newcastle this week attending the Methodist District meeting.

Mrs. Robt. Armstrong, Miss Russell and Miss Helen Mailer, have returned to Newcastle, after a very pleasant season in Mrs. Armstrong's cottage at the Points.

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