(Continued from Last Week)

CHAPTER XIII.

12

During Mallory's absence, Marjorie had met with a little adventure of her own. Ira Lathrop finished his reencounter with Anne Gattle shortly after Mallory set out stalking clergy-men. In the mingled confusion of

glowing on a vestal altar, and of shocking her with an escape of profanity, he backed away from her presence, and sank into his own berth. He realized that he was not alone. Somebody was alongside. He turned to find the great tear-spent eyes of Marjorie staring at him. He rose with a recrudescence of his womanhating wrath, and dashing up the lating wrath, and dashing up the align, found the porter just returning alie, found the porter just returning alie, found the porter just returning alies, found the porter just returned with the information that the diagram showed nobody assigned to number three. "In the door! The porter beat the motives of those who must have a motive of the motive of those who must have a motive of the motive of the motive

grimness. He took his ticket from his pocket as a clinching proof of his title, and thrust it out at Marjorie. gave it one indifferent glance, and if she had munched a green persimmon, and a long low wall like a distant engine-whistle, stole from her lips. Ira Lathrop stared at her in blank wrath, doddered irresolutely, and roared:

Agh, let her have it!" The porter smiled triumphantly, and "She says you kin have her He pointed at the bridal ar-Lathrop almost exploded at the

Now he felt a hand on his shoulder. and turned to see Little Jimmie Wellington emerging from his berth with

an enormous smile:
"Say, Pop, have you seen lovely
nice-trap? Stick around till she flops."
But Lathrop flung away to the
smoking room. Little Jimmle turned to the jovial negro:

"Porter, porter. "I'm right by you."

What time d'you say we get to

"Mawnin' of the fo'th day, sah." Well, call me just before we roll

And he rolled in. His last words Little Jimmie Wellington just returning from the Women's Room, where she had sought nepenthe in more than one of her exquisite little cigars. The smote her ear with amazement. She eckoned the porter to her anxiously.
"Porter! Porter! Do you know "Porter! Porter! Do you know the name of the man who just hur-

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

"It couldn't be," Mrs. Jimmie mu Things can be sometimes," said

"You may make up my berth said Mrs. Wellington, forgetting that Anne Gattle was still there. Mrs. Wellington hastened to apologize, and begged her to stay, but the spinster turbing atmosphere of divorce. She was dreaming already with her eyes

in a lotus-eater's reverle. Mrs. Wellington gathered certain things together and took up her handbag, to return to the Women's Room. as Mrs. Whitcomb came from the curtains of her own berth, where she had made certain prelim-

where she had made certain preim-finaries 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 nt, set their teeth, and made simultaneous dash along the corridor, wrestling with shoulder reached the door marked Women" at the same instant, and as would have dreamed of offer the other a courtesy, they zed through together in a Kil-

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dormitory on Wheels.
Of all the shocking institutions human history, the sleeping car is the most shocking—or would be, if we were not so used to it. There can be doubt that we are the most moral ation on earth, for we admit it our-elves. Perhaps we prove it, too, by the Arcadian prosperity of these two-stery hotels on wheels, where mis-cellaneous travelers dwell in comniscuity, and sleep almost

rtments, 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 a ed blanket in his hands, and his usual meager sustenance by taking in each "Yassah!"

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 profantiv, he backed away from her present the shocked away from her presen

hating wrath, and dashing up the aisle, found the porter just returning from the baggage car. He seized the black factotum and growled:

"Say, porter, there's a woman in my berth."

The porter chuckled, incredulous:

"Woman in yo' berth!"

"Yes—get her out."

"Yassah," the porter nodded, and advanced on Marjorle with a gentle, "Scuse me, missus—yo' berth is numba one."

"I don't care," snapped Marjorle, "But this un belongs to that gentleman."

"But this un belongs to that gentleman."

"He can have mine—ours—Mr. Malory's," cried Marjorle, pointing to the white-ribboned tent in the farther end of the car. Then she gripped the arms of the seat, as if defying eviction. The porter stared at her in helpless chagrin. Then he shuffled back and murmured: "I reckon you'd betta put her out."

Lathrop withered the coward with one contemptuous look, and strodedown the alsle with a determined grimmess. He took his ticket from his pocket as a clinching proof of his see he is given the man almost unmentionable evidence of those actions underst unmentionable evidence of those actions underst underst those nations. But those our own country—the part of it which admits that it is the porter chackled, incredulous:

"Then I'll take number three," said Mallory, poking money at the porter. And still the porter could number three, in the staunch middle west. This was lind.

"Now, lemme onderstan' you-all,"

"Sand.

"Now thate it! the porter ould number three," said dhould number three, or date which had all over the map, thould strangers to view preparations which have always, thitberto, been reserved for the map, thoulates?"

"Just I preambulate, "Just I wanter in the stauch of the particular the porter was deftly transforming the day-coach into a narrow lane ent

ing 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 tasted like a candied yam smothered to the second of the sec

When Mallery returned to the "Excuse me, but could I see yo ticket for yo' seat?"
the thud of dropping shoes. He found Marjorie being rapidly immured, like Poe's prisoner, in a jail of closing "Confound you!"

walls.

She was unspeakably ill at ease, 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 appeared round the edge of the partition now erected between her and the abode of Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mary

Wedgewood was wide awake now, and surly as any Englishman before breakfast: "Of cawse I'm shaw. How draw you to gimme a peek at it."

"This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachelly got to see it."

Wedgewood gathered 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 dere you?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

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

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask' you got one?"

"We'll have to go tending to be-just friends. "But everybody thinks we're mar-

"That's so!" he admitted, with the feet in a fury. "That's so!" he admirted, the porter slip while listening to the porter slip et," the porter chortied. "He says numba ten, and that's ten across the road a piece." ping sheets into place and thumping the street. He would be ready for

CHAPTER XV.

A Premature Divorce. She was having another no right to put me in here in the leap of joy. "I'll tell you, Harry. We'll pre "And then you can leave me in high

"Don't you think it looks

kind of improbable on-on-such an Marjorie blushed, and lowered her

"No. but-"Then, we'll have to quarrel, darl-

Heah, don't put that than head.

He yielded for luck of a better idea: "All right, beloved. How shall and absolved himself with a curt, "I's tot othe passengers to wait on now."

could I ever quarrel with you, my love?" she cooed.

He gazed at her with a rush of lovely tenderness: "And how ever speak crossly to you?"

shall we?" she resolved "Never!" he seconded. So resolution passed the house unani-

They held hands in luxury a while.

"You ought to," she 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,"

everything pretty badly." It was so undeniable that he could nt was so undeniable that he could mly groan: "And I suppose I'll hear f this till my dying day, dearest." Marjorie had a little temper all her wn. So she defended it: "If you are o afraid of my temper, love, perhaps

you'd better call it all off before it's

temper, sweetheart," Mallory insisted.
"You did, too, honey. You said I'd by Marjorie's voice: "Porter, take this up till your dying day. As if I had such a disposition! You can stay here." She rose to her feet. He pressed her back with a decisive motion, and demanded: "Where are you longs to the semman what containing the semman was a semman what containing the semman was a semman what containing the semman was a semman wa tion, and demanded: "Where are you

"Up in the baggage car with Snoozleums," 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 moment, darling The porter arrived with a half-fold-

"Yassah!"

Beclioning him closer, Mallory mum-

meager sustenance by taking in each other's washing, so in Sleeping Carpathia we attain a meager respectability by everybody's chaperoning tra berth on this car?"

The porter's eyes seemed to reeverybody else.

So topsy-turvied, indeed, are our buke his ears. "Does you want this

feet were protruding and mysterious tasted like a candied yam smothered in 'possum gravy. He smacked his thick lips over this revenge. With 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 Malicry returned to the "Excuse me, but could I see yo' ticket "Snowdrop," his ear was greeted by for yo' seat?"

"Certainly not! It's too much

The porter lured him on: "Is you

berth!" "Impossible! I won't believe you!" the Englishman raged, getting to

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 ryalls. ove with it.' Wedgewood stood fast: "You had

The porter disdained to refute this He stumbled down the aisle with the bundles. "It's too bad, it's sutt'nly too bad, but you sholy must

violently. "Here -wait-how dare you!

eyes and her voice: "Can you sug-gest anything better?" that berth is made up. I don't want to go to bed now!" "Mista Ticket says, 'Go to baid!" "Of all the disgusting countries! Heah, don't put that thah—heah."

on close approach, the idea did "I shall certainly report you to the seem rather impossible to her. "How could I ever quarrel with you, my "Yassah, I p'sume so."

"Have I got to go to bed now? Real-ly, I—" but the porter was gone, and the trate foreigner crawled under his er speak crossly to you?"

"We never shall have a harsh word, letter to the London Times about this.' To add to his misery, Mrs. Whit-

comb came from the Women's Room, and as she passed him, she prodded him with one sharp elbow and twisted then she began again: "Still, we must the corner of her heel into his little pretend. You start it, love." flercest, "How dare you!" But Mrs.
Whitcomb , was fresh from a prolonged encounter with Mrs. Wellington, and she flung back a venomous glare that sent the Englishman to

you must admit, darling."
he had to dash out to the vestibule to give vent to hilarious reine of

augnter. When he had regained com-posure, he came back to Mallory, and bent over him to say:

"Yo' berth is empty, sah. Shall 1 make it up?" Mallory nodded, and turned to Mar-

jorie, with a sad, "Good night, darl-The porter rolled his eyes again,

ngs to the gemman what owns this "Put it in number one," Marjorle

own baggage. "Yo what—missus?"

left 'em in the taxicab!"

The porter cast his hands up, and

walked away from the tragedy. Marjorie stared at Mallory in horror.
"We had so little time to catch the train," Mallory stammered. Marjorie leaped to her feet: "I'm going up in the baggage car.

"For the dog?" "For my trunk."
And now Mallory annihilated her "Our

completely, for he gasped: "O trunks are on the train ahead!" Marjorie fell back for one momen 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 Fran-

cisco in this waist—a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?" seen a whole day in Chicago?"
The best consolation Mallory could offer was companionship in misery.
He pushed forward one not too immaculate cuff. "Well, this is the only

down the aisle, plounced into berth number three, an allegory of despair. number three, an allegory of despair.

About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more or 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 frowsy head, and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"Say, Porter, Porter!"
"I'm still on the train," answered

they going to flop the rice-trap?"
The porter shook his head sadly, "Don't look like that flopper's a'goin to flip. That dog-on bridal couple is

bandless, dogless first night out.
Finally the Englishman, who had alst rung the bell dry of electricity,

shoved from his berth his indignant and undignified head. Once more the car resounded with the cry of "Pawtah! Pawtah!" The porter moved up with notice able deliberation. "Did you ring

sah? "Did I ring! Paw-tah, you draw my tub at eight-thutty in the

"Draw yo'-what, sah?" the porter

'Ba-ath tub?' "Bahth tub." "Lawdy, man. Is you allowin' to take a ba-ath in the mawnin'? "Of course I am." "Didn't you have one befo' you

stahted? "How dare you! Of cawse I did." Well, that's all you git. "Do you mean to tell me that there is no tub on this beastly train?" Wedgewood almost fell out of bed

with the shock of this news. "We do net carry tubs—no, sah. There's a lot of tubs in San Franeisco, though."
"No tub on this train for four days!

Vedgewood sighed. "But whatever does one do in the meanwhile?"
"One just waits. Yassah, one and all waits. "It's ghahstly, that's what it is,

"Yassah," said the porter, mumbled as he walked away, "but the eather is gettin' cooler." He finished preparing Marjorie' unk, and was just suggesting that Mallory retreat to the smoking room while number, three was made up, when there was a commotion in the

cridor, and a man in checked over lls dashed into the car His ear was slightly red, and he eld at arm's length, as if it we ous monster, Snoozleums. And

Say, whose durn dog is this? He bit two men, and he makes so much noise we can't sleep in the baggage

Marjorie went flying down the aiste to reclaim her lost lamb in woll's clothing, and Snoozleums, the returned prodigal, yelped and leaped, and to'd her all about the indignities he had

been subjected to, and his valiant struggle for liberty.

Marjorle, seeing only Snoozleums, stepped into the fatal berth number one, and paid no heed to the dangling ribbons. Mallory, eager to restore himself to her love by loving her dec. crowded closer to her side, making a hypecritical ado over the pup.

Everybody was popping his or her face out to learn the cause of such clamor. Among the bodiless heads suspended along the curtains, like "Put it in number one," Marjorle commanded, with a queenly gesture.

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

Suspended along the curtains, like Dyak trophies, appeared the great mask of Little Jimmie Wellington. He had been unable to sleep for mourning the wanton waste of that lovely rice-trap.

When he peered forth, his cyes hardly believed themselves. The elusive bride and groom were actually in the trap too how prepared.

ally in the trap—the hen pheasant and the chanticleer. But the net did not fall. He waited to see them sit "Yo what—mise."

"Our handbags, idiot," Mairo, plained, peevishty.

"I ain't seen no handbags of youalls," the porter protested. "You-all didn't have no handbags when you got on this cah."

on this cah."

"To what — Mairo, down, and spring chine. But they would not sit. In fact, Marjorie was muttering to the had on this cah."

We won her back by his efforts to console Snoozleums—she was muttering tenderly:

"We must not be seen together, honey. Go away, I'll see you in the And Mallory was saying with bit-

terest resignation: "Good night-my friend. And they were shaking hands! This incredible bridal couple was shaking hands with itself—disintegrating! Then Wellington determined to do at

least his duty by the sacred rites. least his duty by the sacred rites.

The gaping passengers saw what was probably the largest pair of pajamas in Chicago. They saw Little Jimmie, smothering back his giggles like a schoolboy, tiptoe from his berth, enter the next berth, brushing the porter aside, climb on the seat, and clutch the ribbon that pulled the and clutch the ribbon that pulled the

stopper from the trap.

Down upon the unsuspecting elop-Down upon the unsuspecting elopers came this miraculous cloudburst of ironical rice, and with it came Little Jimmie Wellington, who lost what little balance he had, and catapulted into their midst like the offspring of an iceberg.

It was at this moment that Mrs.

Wellington, hearing the loud cries of maculate cuin. Well, this is the only linen I have."

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

"But, my darling!"

"Go away and leave me. I hate you!"

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plounced into berth number three an allegory of despair.

plight, and stow him away, though it was like putting a whale to bed.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view.
"You'll have to hook me up."

The porter rendered what aid and correction he could in Wellington's hippopotamine tollet. Wellington was just wide enough awake to discern the undisturbed bridal-chamber. He whined:

was like putting a whale to bed.

Mallory, seeing that Marjorie had fied, vented his wild rage against fate in general, and rice traps in particular, by tearing the bridal bungalow to pieces, and then he stalked into the smoking room, where Ira Lathrop, homeless and dispossessed, was sound asleep, with his feet in the chair.

He was dreaming that the was a

asieep, with his feet in the chair.

He was dreaming that he was a boy in Brattleboro, the worst boy in Brattleboro, trying to get up the courage to spark pretty Anne Gattle, and throwing rocks at the best boy in town, Charlle Selby, who was always at her side. The poster work live and the selds.

all for lack of a brief trialogue, with a clergyman, as the tertium quid.

When Mallory's answer: "Not a damn minister."

When Mallory's answer: "Not she deged away from him, pleading: "Oh, what shall we do?"

When Mallory's answered dismally and ineffectively: "Wo'll have to go on pre of the particular of the many pocked and was always at the tertium quid. This is an outrage!"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask you to gimme a peek at it."

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleeged to ask you to gimme a peek at it."

"This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachelly got to see it."

"CHAPTER XVI.

"Good Night, All!

The car was settling gradually into peace and the deluge of rice. She hoped into her berth, and spent an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fied with her dog, as soon a dearly fived group her way through the deluge of rice. She hoped into her berth, and spent an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fied with her dog, as soon a dearly fived group her way through the deluge of rice. She hoped into her berth, and spent an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fied with her dog, as soon a set lough of the see, with increasing anger, muttering under his breath. At length he produced the ticket, and thrust it at the porter was settling gradually into peace and of the pack and and through the deluge of rice. She hoped into her berth, and spent an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fied with her dog, as soon a dearly few down with the one word "Cutt" but a see, "All in the state of the arm of the multitudinous grains. And as for Snoozie was heave of the pack again and again.

The porter paid little head to it; he was busy making up number five (I'ra Lathrop's berth) for Marjorie, when he dropped at Marjorie's side. The porter was at the side. The

she could for her trousseauless, hus-bandless, dogless first night out. chorus of a few well-trained snorers. As the porter was turning down the last of the lights, a rumpled pate was thrust from the stateroom, and the luscious-eyed man whispered:

"Porter, what time did you say we crossed the Iowa state line?"
"Two fifty-five a. m."

deep sign, then with a dismal groan: "Call me at two fifty-five a. m.," the door was closed. Mallory, pyjamaless and nightshirtless, lay propped up on his pil-lows, staring out of the window at the swiftly shifting night scene. The state of Illinois was being pulled out from

under the train like a dark rug. Farmhouses gleamed or dreamed lampless. The moonlight rippled on endless seas of wheat and Indian corn. Little towns slid up and away. Large towns rolled forward, and were Ponds, marshes, brooks, pastures, thickets and great gloomy groves flowed past as on a river. But the same stars and the moon seemed to accompany the train. If the flying witness had been less heavy of heart, he would have found the reeling scene full of grace and night beauty. he could not see any charm in all the world, except his tantalizing other self, from whom a great chasm seemed to divide him, though she was

only two windows away. He had not yet fallen asleep, and e was still pondering how to attain is unmarried, unmarriable bride, when the train rolled out in air above the stars. He knew it for the Mississippi. He heard a faint knocking on a door at the other end of the car. He heard sounds as of kisses, and then somebody tiptoed along the aisle stealthily. He did not know that another bridegroom was being separated from his bride because they were too

Somewhere in Iowa he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Last Call for Breakfast. was still Iowa when Mallory awoke. Into his last mcments of heavy

crier's voice, crying:
"Lass call for breakfuss in the Rining Rar," and then, again louder, "Lass call for breakfuss in Rinin-

"Lass call for breakfuss in Rinin-rar," and, finally and faintly, "Lass-call breakfuss ri'rar."

Mallory pushed up his window-shade. 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 upper-works 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 every body, had already united the casual group of strangers into an organized

much of his clothes as was necessary for the dash to the washroom, and took on his arm the rest of his ward-Just as he issued from his robe. Just as he issued from his lonely chamber, Marjoric appeared from hers, much disheveled and heavy-eyed. The bride and groom ex-changed glances of mutual terror, and hurried in opposite directions. The spickest and spannest of lieu-

tenants soon realized that he was reduced 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 fusal, and with dull eyes watched the

emptying it over his head. 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.

"Quit your kiddin"," the stranger coughed. "How about a little freezewith 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. Coughed. "How about a little freeze-out?" "Freeze-out?" said Dr. Temple. "It sounds interesting. Is it something like authors?"

The newcomer shot a quick glance the passengers.

He sat down facing the feminine suspected. But he news drawled: 'Well, you play it with cards' "Would you mind teaching me the end of the car, watching for Marjorie. "Would you mind teaching me the diles" said the old sport from Ypsinteach of incident could have provoked the quarrel that separated a
bride and groom at this time, of all
times.

To the general bewilderment, when

Moviette the thing for Marjorle.

"Would you mind teaching me the
"welles" said the old sport from Ypsianti.

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

tered himself that he knew a bride and groom when he saw them, es two; and the waiter fluttered them with extraordinary cons

tion. rossed the lowa state line?"
"Two fifty-five a m."
From within the stateroom came a seep sigh, then with a dismal groan:

Call most two fifty five a cars somewhere, and they are with a cars somewhere, and they are with a zest to prepare for the ceremony, ar guing the best place for it, and queling amorously over details. lory was for one of the vestibules the scene of their union, but Marjori was for the baggage car, till she rea ized that Snoozleums might be unwil to the vestibule, but Mallory shifte

to the observation platform.

Marjorle had left Snoozleums Mrs. Temple, who promised to hid him when the new conductor passe through the car, and she reminde Harry to get the waiter to bring the a package of bones for "child," so far.

On the way back from the dining car they kissed each other good-by again at all the trysting places the had sanctified before. The sun way train ran with jubilant rejoicing. The could not doubt that a few more ho would see them legally man and Mallory restored Marjorie to he place in their car, and with smiles assurance, left her for another po

son-hunt through the train. She was ransacked the train forward in valu and returned, passing Marjorie with a shake of the head, and a sour countenance. He went out to the ob servation platform where he stumble on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattle, en gaged in a conversation of evident intimacy, for they jumped when he opened the door, as if they were guilty of some plot

Mallory mumbled his usual, "Ex-use me," whirled on his heel, and dragged his discouraged steps back through the Observation Room, where various women and a few men of evi dent unclericality were draped across arm chairs and absorbed in lazy con-versation or bobbing their heads over

magazines that trembled with the motion of the train.

Mrs. Wellington was busily writing at the desk, but he did not know who she was, and he did not care whom she was writing to. He did not observe the baleful glare of Mrs. White comb, who sat watching Mrs. Welling ton, knowing all too well who she was, and suspecting the correspondent—Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to

snell the word with one "r. Mallory stumbled into the men's portion of the composite car. Here he nodded with a sickly cheer to the sole occupant, Dr. Temple, who was looking less ministerial than ever in an embroidered skull cap. The old rascal was sitting far back on his lumbar vertebrae. One of his hands clasped a long glass filled with a liquid of a hue that resembled some thing stronger than what it wasmere ginger ale. The other hand toyed with a long black cigar. The smoke curled round the old man's head like the fumes of a sultan's narghile, and through the wisps his

face was one of Oriental luxury. Mallory's eyes were caught from this picture of beatitude by the entrance, at the other door, of a man who had evidently swung aboard at the most recent stop—for Mallory had not seen him. His gray hair was crowned with a soft black hat, and his spare frame was swathed in a frock coat that had seen better days, His soft gray eyes seemed to search timidly the smoke-clouded atmosphere, and he had a bashful air which Mallory translated as one of diffidence in a place where liquors and cigara

were dispensed.

With equal diffidence Mallory activanced and in a low tone accosted the newcomer cautiously:
"Excuse me—you look like a clergy

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

further.

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: 'look like a t'oroughbred sport. trying to make up a game of stud

poker. Will you join me?"

Mallory shook his heavy head in reman, whose profession he no longer misunderstood, saunter up to the blissful Doctor from Ypsilanti, and mur

"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

The newcomer shot a quick glance There was no place now to hide from it this man, whose innocent air he

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 a pack of cards from his pocket, and shuffled them with a snap that startled.

"Go on, it's beautiful to see," and explained. The gambler set the pack down with the one word "Cut!" but since the old man made no effort to

The gambler, seeing him, Dr. Temple's cards from his hand and

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

The conductor took in the scene at a glance and, stalking up to the table, spoke with the grimness of a sea-captain: "Say, I've got my eye sea-captain on you. Don't start nothin'.

The stranger stared at him wonderingly and demanded: "Why, what you drivin' at?" "You know all right," the conductor growled, and then turned on the befuddled old clergyman, "and you, too."
"Me, too?" the preacher gasped. "Yes, you too," the conductor re-

Yes, you too, the conductor re-peated, shaking an accusing foreinger under his nose. "Your actions have been suspicious from the beginning. We've all been watching you." Temple was so agitated that he nearly let fall his secret. "Why, do u realize that I'm a—"
"Ah, don't start that," sneered the conductor, "I can spot a gambler as far as I can see one. You and your side partner here want to look out,

that's all, or I'll drop you at the next tank." Then he walked out, his very shoulder blades uttering threats. Dr. Temple stared after him, but the gambler stared at Dr. Temple with a homage. "So you're one of us," he said, and seizing the old man's Mmp hand, shook it heartily: "I got to slip it to you. Your make-up in great. You nearly had me for a come-

on. Great! And then he sauntered out, leaving the clergyman's head swimming. Temple turned to Mallory for explanations, but Mallory only waved him away. He was not quite convinced himself. He was convinced only that whatever else anybody might ody apparently desired to be a clergyman in these degenerate days.

The conductor returned and threw into Dr. Temple the glare of two basil-

seeching hand and began.
"My good man, you do me a grave (Continued)

isk eyes. The old man put out a be seeching hand and began: