

COPYRIGHT WIL & H.K.FLY CO.

cause you wanted me to take

saw," the young man sighed, as he gazed this way and that.

had not brought a single policeman. They were in a dead world of granite

warehouses, wholesale stores and fac-

posts stretched on and on in both di-

rections in two forevers.

In the faraway there was a muf-

as a poultice to his wounds, tucked the girl under one arm and the dog-

calling back to the chauffeur:
"Good night!"
"Good night!" the girl called back.

"Good night!" the chauffeur echoed. He stood watching them with the ten-

der gaze that even a chauffeur may

feel for young love hastening to a

He stood beaming so, till their foot-

of his machine. He worked at it hope

found the handbags and suitcases, um-

brellas and other equipment. He ran to the corner to call after the owners.

They were as absent of body as they

He remembered the street-number

Henry Mallory and Marjorie Newton

they had given him as their destina

tion. He waited till at last a yawning

coliceman sauntered that way like a conely beach patrol, and left him in

charge while he went to telephone his garage for a wagon and a wrecking

It was close on midnight before he

given him. It was a parsonage lean-

ing against a church. He rang the bell and finally produced from an up-per window a nightshirt topped by a

frowsy head. He explained the situation, and his possession of certain

properties belonging to parties unknown except by their first names.

"Oh, yes. I remember. The young man was Lieutenant Henry Mallory, and he said he would stop here with

way to the train. But they never

could I reach him?

just in time.

"Lieutenant Mallory, eh? Where

"He said he was leaving tonight fo

"The Philippines! Well, I'll be— The minister closed the window

CHAPTER II.

cars, as if a gigantic young Gulliv. stabled his toys there and invisib

amused himself: now whisking this

Some of the trains were noble equi

map with cargoes of Lilliputian mil-Monaires and their Lilliputian ladies

Others were humble and shabby linked-up day-coaches and dingy

smoking-cars, packed with workers,

Cars are mere vehicles, bu

ages, fitted to glide across the wh

ing lady, and get married on the

The clergyman drowsily murmured:

"It's the longest short cut I ever

The Wreck of the Taxicab The young woman in the taxicab scuttling frantically down the dark street, clung to the arm of the young man alongside, as if she were terrified at the lawbreaking, neck-risking speed. But evidently some greater fear goaded her, for she gasped:

"Can't he go a little faster?"
"Can't you go a little faster?" The young man alongside howled as he thrust his head and shoulders through

But the self-created taxi-gale swept his voice att, and the taut chauffeur perked his ear in vain to catch the vanishing syllables What's that?" he roared.

'Can't you go a little faster?" indignant charloteer simply

had to shoot one barbed glare of re-proach into that passenger. He turned his head and growled: Say, do youse want to lose me m

For just one instant he turned his head. One instant he turned his head. One instant was just enough. The unguarded taxicab seized the op-portunity, boiled from the track, and flung, as it were, its arms drunkenly around a perfectly respectable lamppost attending strictly to its business on the curb. There ensued a con-densed Fourth of July. Sparks flew, tires exploded, metals ripped, two wheels spun in air and one wheel, ently severed at the axle. Went reel-

ing down the sidewalk half a block before it leaned against a tree and to save the passengers from injury. The young man found himself standing on the pavement with the un-hinged door still around his neck. The young woman's arms were round his neck. Her head was on his shoulder. It had reposed there often enough, but never before in the street under a lamppost. The chauffeur found himself in the road, walking about on all

fours, like a bewildered quadruped. Evidently some overpowering need for speed possessed the young wom-an, for even now she did not scream, she did not faint, she did not murmur. "Where am I?" She simply said:
"What time is it, honey?"

And the young man, not realizing how befuddled he really was, or how his hand trembled, fetched out his vatch and held it under the glow of the lamppost, which was now bent over in a convenient but disreputabl

Plenty of time for the train. "But the minister, honey! What about the minister?"

The consideration of this riddle was interrupted by a muffled hubbub of yelps, whimpers and canine hysterics. Immediately the young woman forgot ministers, collisions, train-schedules— everything. She showed her first sign

Snoozleums! Get Snoozleums!" They groped about in the topsy-rvy taxicab, rummaged among a jumple of suitcases, handbags, um-brellas and minor impedimenta, and out a small dog-basket with an inverted dog inside. ridiculous in any position, but as he slid tail foremost from the wicker basket, he resembled nothing so much as a heap of tangled yarn tumbling out of a work-basket. He was a dignant skein, and had much to pefore he consented to sn gle under

About this time the chauffeur came prowling into view. He was too deep ly shocked to emit any language of garage. He was too deeply ked to achieve any comment more

"That mess don't look much like it ever was a taxicab, does it?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and stared up and down the long street for another. The young woman looked sorrowfully at the

reck, and queried: Do you think you can make it go?" The chauffeur glanced her way, ore in pity for her whole sex than in

"Make it go? It'll take a steam winch a week to unwrap it from that

was evidently a very nice young. Not to be outdone in courtesy,

"I hadn't ought to have turned me The young woman thought, "What

chauffeur!" but she gasped: "Great heavens, you're hurt!"

"It's nuttin' but a scratch on me

"Lend me a clean handkerchief

young man whipped out his re serve supply, and in a trice it was a bandage on the chauffeur's hand. The chauffeur decided that the young wom-

man. But he could not settle on a way say it. So he said nothing, and inned sheepishly as he said it. The young man named Harry was

had already studied the region th dismay, when the girl reso "We'll have to take another

"Yes, Marjorie, but we can't take it "You might wait here all night wit-t ketchin' a gimp' of one," the auffeur ventured. "I come this way deur and ease. They are like emperors. They seem to look with scorn at the suburban engines snorting and grunting and shaking the arched roof with their plebeian choo-choo as they puff from shop to cottage and

gines roll in or stark out with gran-

the behavior of their tocomotives. The conductor of a transcontinental nods to the conductor of a shuttle-train with less cordiality than to a brakeman of his own. The engineers of the limited's look like senators in overalls. They are far-traveled men. leading a mighty life of adventure.

They are pilots of land-ships across land-oceans. They have a right to a certain condescension of manner.

But no one feels or shows so much

arrogance as the sleeping car porters. cannot pronounce "supercili-but they can be it. Their disdain for the entire crew of any train that carries merely day-coaches or dain for the entire crew of any train that carries merely day-coaches or half-baked chair-cars, is expressed as only a darkey in a uniform can express disdain for poor white trash.

Of all the haughty porters that ever "Oh, pawtah, I think we'll unbutton "The conductor can put us off the conductor can put

The place of their shipwreck was so deserted that not even a crowd had gathered. The racket of the collision Of all the haughty porters that ever curled a lip, the haughtiest by far was the dusky attendant in the San Prancisco sleener on the Trans-Amer.

On, pawtan, I think we'll dusticed upper any time to my boots."

He was too weak to murmur "Yas-sah." He simply fell on one knee "Perhaps." There was not much trains in that whole system. This catteries, all locked and forbidding, and full of silent gloom.

In the daytime this was a big trade
In the daytime this was a big trade
It is train stood now waiting to set thousand.

artery of Chicago, and all day long it was thunderous with trucks and commerce. At night it was Pompell, so utterly abandoned that the night watchmen rarely slept outside, and watchmen rarely slept outside, and dips and vanishes under the breakers set up shop.

The three castaways stared every

which way, and every which way was peace. The ghost of a pedestrian or two hurried by in the far distance. A cat or two went furtively in search of warfare or romance. The lampfled rumble and the faint clang of a bell. Somewhere a street car was bumping along its rails.

come when he was called.

Tonight he was wondering perhaps what passengers, with what dispositions, would fall to his lot. Perhaps he was wondering what his Chicago sweetheart would be doing in the eight days before his return. Perhaps he was wondering what his San Francisco sweetheart had been doing in the five days since he left her and "Our only hope," said Harry. "Come along, Marjorie." He handed the chauffeur five dollars basket under the other, and set out. in the five days since he left her, and that must intervene before he reached her again.

Here days since the three days that must intervene before he reached her again.

"Not ve'y well, suh. I reckon the can is done sold out."

With a growl of rage, Ira Lathrop

He had Othello's ebon color. Did he have Othello's green eye?

steps died in the silence. Then he turned back to the chaotic remnants Suddenly he stopped in the midst f a soaring chuckle. "Lordy, man, looky what's a-comlessly for some time, before he had reason to look within. There he

"I got my fingers crossed."
"I hope you git him." "I hope I don't."

The oncomer was plainly of Eng-The oncomer was plainly of English corigin. It takes all sorts of people to make up the British Empire, and there is no sort lacking—giorious or pretty, or sour or sweet. But this was the type of English globe-trotter that makes himself as unpopular among foreigners as he is among his own people. He is almost as unendurable as the Americans abroad who twang their banjo brag through Europe in the profession of these points. He showed a democratic indifference to them. His one vital inquiry was:

"How much will he tip?"
His inspection of his first two charges promised small returns. He buttoned up his cordiality, and determined to waste upon them the irreducible minimum of attention. durable as the Americans abroad who twang their banjo brag through Europe, and berate France and Italy for their innocence of buckwheat cakes, their innocence of buckwheat cakes.

He asked for the San Fran-bliss?

The Pullman conductor not being present at the moment, he

"Have you got yo' ticket?" "Could I see it?"

The porter was fading. "Do you

emember yo' numba?"
"Of cawse. Take these." He began to pile things on the porter like a mountain unloading an avalanche. The porter stumbled as he clambered up the steps, and squeezed through the strait path of the corridor into the slender aisle. He turned again and again to question the invader but he was motioned and bunted

down the car, till he was halted with "This will do." The Englishman selected section three for his own. The porter venthree for his own. The porter ven-tured: "Are you sho' this is yo' num-

"I wasn't questionin' you, boss, I

was just astin' you.' He resigned himself to the despot, and began to transfer his burdens to the seat. But he did nothing to the satisfaction of the Englishman. Everycatch-all here, the portmanteau there, the Gladstone there, the golfsticks there, the greatcoat there, the raincoat there. The porter was puffing like a donkey-engine, and mutiny was growing in his heart. His last commission was the hanging up of the

He stood on the arm of the seat t reach the high hook. From here he paused to glare down with an attempt

The Early Birds and the Worm. In the enormous barn of the rail-road station stood many strings of

"Is they anything else?"
"No. You may get down."
The magnificent patronage of this wilted the porter completely. He re-turned to the lower level, and shuffled along the aisle in a trance. He was quickly recalled by a sharp

"Yassah!" "What time does this bally train "Ten-thutty, sah."

tle later."

The porter essayed another bit of

table says ten-thutty." He watched the effect of his satire but it fell back unheeded from the granite dome of the Englishman.

whose only comment was:
"Oh, never mind. I'll wait."

"Oh, pawtah!" "Yassah!"
"I think we'll put on my slippahs."

slammed into the seat his entire hand baggage, one ancient and rusty valise. he have Othello's green eye?

Whatever his thoughts, he chatted gally enough with his neighbor and colleague of the Portland sleeper.

In the midst the porter gazed upon him with increased depression. The passenger list had opened insuppliciously with the midst. two of the worst types of travelers the Anglo-Saxon race has developed. But their anger was not their worst The Portland porter turned to gaze. trait in the porter's eyes. He was, in a limited way, an expert in human character.

When you meet a stranger you re "Hope I dont."
"He'll work you hard and cuss you out, and he won't give you even a Much Obliged."

Weal your own character in what you ask about his. With some, the first question is, "Who are his people?"
With others, "What has he achieved?" veal your own character in what you "That's night. He ain't got a usher to carry his things. And he's got enough to fill a van."

With others, "What has he achieved?"
With others, "How much is he worth?"
Each gauges his cordiality according to his estimate. to his estimate.

The porter was not curious on any

The two porters regarded Mr. Harold Wedgewood with dread, as he
bore down on them. He was almost
lost in the plethora of his own lugrace. He asked for the San Fran-

But the Englishman' was restive

"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!" "Yassah!" "What time are we due in San Fran-

"San Francisco? San Francisco? We are doo than the evenin' of the fo'th day. This bein' Monday, that ought to bring us in abote Thuzzday

The Yankee felt called upon to

check the foreign usurper. "Yassah!" "Don't let that fellow monopolize

He probably won't tip you at "Oh, I know his kind, sah.

don't tip you for what you do do, but they're ready letter writers to the Sooperintendent for what you don't

"Here, porterr."
The porter tried to imitate the Irish bird, and be in two places at

The American had a coin in his hand. The porter caught the gleam of it, and flitted thither. The Yankee

"Don't forget that I'm on the train, and when we get to 'Frisco there may be something more."

The porter had the coin in his hand. Its heft was light. He sighed: "I

The Englishman was craning his head around owlishly to ask: "I say, pawtah, does this train ever

"Well, it hasn't yet," and he mur-

The Englishman's voice was queru-"I say, pawtah, open a window, will you? The air is ghastly, abso-ripping-lutely ghastly."

The Yankee growled: "No wonder we had the Revolution ary war!" Then he took from his pocket an

CHAPTER III.

In Darkest Chicago "Well," he drawled, "I might tell the conducta you're ready. And meb-the conducta you're ready. And meb-be he'd start the train. But the time street. Both of them knew their Chi cago, but this part of it was not their

They hailed a pedestrian, to ask where the nearest street car line might be, and whither it might run He answered indistinctly from a dis-The porter cast his eyes up in despair, and turned away, once more to be recalled.

The porter cast his eyes up in description of the creek distance, as he hastened away, spair, and turned away, once more to be recalled. merely a footpad's introduction to a sandbagging episode. In Chicago at night one never knows.

"As near as I can make out what he "Will we?" said, Marjorle," the lieutenant pon-dered aloud, "we walk straight ahead "You might hand me that large bas. dered aloud, "we walk straight anead till we come to Umptyump strect, open it. No, it's in the othah one. Ah, that's it. You may set it down."

Mr. Wedgewood brought forth a never heard of any such streets, did

curled a lip, the haughtlest by far was the dusky attendant in the San Francisco sleeper on the Trans-American Limited. His was the train of trains in that whole system. His car the more of cars. His passengers the surpostengers of all.

I the train stood now waiting to set form upon a voyage of two thousand miles, a journey across seven imperial states, a journey that should end only at that marge where the continent dips and vanishes under the breakers of the Pacific ocean.

At the head of his car, with his little box-step waiting for the foot of the first arrival, the porter stood, his head swelling under his cap, his breast swelling beneath his blue blouse, with its brass buttons like reflections of his own eyes. His name was Ellsworth Jefferson, but he was called anything from "Poarr-tur" to "Pawtah," and he usually did not "Pawtah," and he usually did not come when he was called.

Tonight he was wondering perhaps what passengers, with what dispositions, would fall to his lot. Perhaps

The answer was too weak to murmur "Yas sah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.

The simply fell on one knee alives."

He was too weak to murmur "Yas sah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.

There was a witness to his helpless rage—a newcomer, the American counterpart of the Englishman in all that makes travel difficult for the fellow travelers. Ira Lathrop was zeal-to store, quick and loud of complaint, apparently impossible to please.

In everything else he was the opposite to please.

In everything else he was the opposite to please.

In everything else he was the opposite of the Englishman. He was burly, middle-aged, rough, careless in attive, careless of speech—as uncouth and squeal of a car. Lieutenant Mallory waited for it, watch in hand. He boosted Marjorie's elbow aboard and bombarded the conductor with questions. But the conductor with questions. But the conductor what passengers, with what dispositions, would fall to his lot. Perhaps "He was too weak to murriur "Yas and got to work.

The was tou

"I can't tell yet. What's yo' numba, please?"

The answer was the ticket. The porter screwed up his eyes to read the pencilled scrawl.

"Numba se'm. Heath she is, boss."

"Right next to a lot of women, I'll bet. Couldn't you put me in the men's end of the car?"

"Not ye'y well sub. I reckon the



The Porter.

"Wouldn't it be terrible. Harry, if.

cisco sleeper, and the Portland porter had to turn away to smother his gurgling relief.

The porter banished the hope as a vanity. Little he knew how eagerly the young castaways from that the worked taxicab desired to be a bridar couple, and to catch this train.

Well, in the first place, honey, look what time it is. Hardly more than time to get the train, to say nothing hunting for that preacher and

standing up through a long rigmating ready to jilt me?"
"Indeed I'm not—not for worlds,

"Indeed I'm not—not for worlds, honey, but I've got to get that train, haven't I?" and the Philippines a Dry Tortugas

just one tiny little train?" "My own, own honey love, you know it's impossible! You must renember that I've already waited over

"And you must remember, darling, that it's no easy matter for a girl to slave. He felt all the hot, quick re-

me now—abandon me to my fate?"
"Well, it isn't exactly like abandon-

ment, seeing that you could go home to your father and mother in a taxi-She stared at him in horror

"So you don't want me for your wife! You've changed your mind! You're tired of me already! Only an hour together, and you're sick of your bargain! You're anxious to get rid of me! You—"
"Oh, honey, I want you more than

anything else on earth, but I'm a soldier, dearie, a mere fleutenant in the regular army, and I'm the slave co, and from the envelope he took a contract, and studied it grimly. The envelope bore a Chinese status is envelope bore a Chinese status is the regular army, and is the stave obstinate window, wondered what control of the senger fate would send at a sort of basenger fate would send at a sign respectably and if I did, we'd starve. They wouldn't accept my one of the send of the sort of the senger fate would send at a sign respectably and if I did, we'd starve. They wouldn't accept my one of the send of the

resignation, but they a be willing to courtmartial me and dismiss me from the service in disgrace. Then you wouldn't want to marry me—and I shouldn't have any way of supporting you if you did. I only know one

trade, and that's soldiering." "Don't call it a trade, beloved, it's the noblest profession in all the world, and you're the noblest soldier that ever was, and in a year or two you'll be the biggest general in the

He could not afford to shatter such a devout illusion or quench the light of faith in those beloved and loving eyes. He tacitly admitted his ability to be promoted commander-in-chief in a year or two. He allowed that glit-tering possibility to remain, used it as a basis for argument.

"Then, dearest, you must help mo "Then, dearest, you must help mo
to do my duty."

She clasped his upper arm as if it
were an altar and she an lphigenia
about to be sacrificed to save the
army. And she murmured with utter

He squeezed her hand between his offering in a look drenched with gratitude. Then he said, matter-of-factly:
"We'll see how much time we have behind nothing more negotiable than when we get to-whatever the name

of that street is."

The car joited and walled on its way like an old drifting rocking chair. The motorman was in no hur-ry. The passengers seemed to have occasion for haste. Somebody go or got off at almost every corne and paused for conversation while the car waited patiently. But eventu-ally the conductor put his head in and drawled

"Hay! Here's where you get off They hastened to debark and found themselves in a narrow, gaudily-lighted region where they saw a lordly transfer-distributor, a profound schol-ar in Chicago streets. He informed them that the minister's street lay far back along the path they had come; they should have taken a car in the opposite direction, transferred at some remote center, descended at some unheard-of street, walked three blocks one way and four another, and

there they would have been.
Mallory looked at his watch, and Marjorie's hopes dropped like a wrecked aeroplane, for he grimly asked how long it would take them to reach the railroad station.

"Well, you'd ought to make it in forty minutes," the transfer agent said-and added, cynically, "if the car "Good Lord, the train starts in

"Well, I tell you—take this here green car to Wexford avenoo—there's usually a taxicab or two standin' "Thank you. Hop on, Marjorie."

Marjorie hopped on, and they sat down, Mallory with eyes and thoughts on nothing but the watch he kept in During this tense loadley the Art

erfected her soul with graceful martyrdom.
"I'll go to the train with you, Har-

ry, and then you can send me home in a taxicab." Her nether lip trembled and her eyes were filmed, but they were brave, and her voice was so tender that it wooed his mind from his watch. He gazed at her, and found her so dear, so devoted and so pitifully exquisite, that he was almost overcome by an impulse to gather her into his arms mediate passengers or to his far-on military superiors. An hour ago they were young lovers in all the life. were young lovers in all the lilt and thrill of elopement. She had clung to him in the gloaming of their taxicab, as it sped like a genie at their whim to the place where the minister would unite their hands and raise his There are own in blessing. Thence the new in Chicago.

5. Fact is, I selves."

There are in Chicago.

6. Fact is, I selves."

There are in things and raise his white things blushingly, closing it was a shaking her skirts, and shaking her head in bewilderment.

She was about to open the reticular shaking her head in bewilderment. Her clutch tightened till he would then in their minds the future was an again, when the porter exclaim have wirced, if he had not been a unwaning honeymoon, the journey "I see it! Don't look no mo'. I soldier.

across the continent, a stroll along a see it." lover's lane, the Pacific ocean a gar den lake, and the Philippines a chain of Fortunate Isles decreed especially for their Eden. And then the taxi-

"Why, Harry Mallery, are you got-ng ready to jilt me?"

A Paradise.

The railroad ceased to be a lover's

of exile. Mallory realized for the first time what heavy burdens he had taken on with his shoulder straps; what a dismal life of restrictions and hardships an officer's life is bound to be. It was "I'm

that it's no easy matter for a girl to decide to sneak away from home and be married secretly, and go all the way out to that hideous Manila with no trousseau and no wedding presents and no anything."

"I know it isn't, and I waited patiently while you got up the courage. But now there are no more trains. I shudder to think of this train being late. We're not due in San Francisco till Thursday evening, and my transport sails at sunrise Friday morning. Oh, Lord, what if I should miss that transport! What if I should!"

"What if we should miss the minister?"

"It begins to look a great deal like it."

"But, Harry, you wouldn't desert me now—abandon me to my fate?"

"Well, it isn't exactly like abandon—in the control of the control of the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong."

"Well, it isn't exactly like abandon—in the control of the passionate rebellion have the control of the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. Ferhaps if Romeo and Juliet had been forced to say farewell on a Chicago street car instead of a Veronese ballong the passionate rebellion her beauty had whipped up in his soul. cony, their language would have lacked savor, too.

Perhaps young Mr. Montague and young Miss Capulet, instead of wailing, "No, that is not the lark whose notes do beat the vaulty heaven so high above our heads," would have done no better than Mr. Mallory and Miss Newton. In any case, the best these two could squeeze out was:
"It's just too bad, honey."

"But I guess it can't be helped "It's a mean old world, isn't it?"

"swful!" and then they what pile but in

instinct. She forgot Snoozleums? A thoughtful passenger ran out and tossed the basket into Mallory's arms even as the car moved off.

Fortune releated a moment and they found a taxicab waiting where they had expected to find it. Once more they were cosy in the flying twilight, but their grief was their twilight, but their grief was their only baggage, and the clasp of their hands talked all the talk there was. Anxiety within anxiety tormented them and they feared another wreck.

But as they swooped down upon the station, a kind-faced tower clock beamed the reassurance that they had three minutes to spare. The taxicab drew up and halted, but they did not get out. They were

kissing good-byes, fervidly and nu-merously, while a grinning stationporter winked at the winking chaur

Marjorie simply could not have done with farewells.
"I'll go to the gate with you," she

eroism:
"I will! Do what you like with take the young lady home. The lieure!"

He told the chaudenee. The lieure!

take the young lady home. The lieure! so sad that the chauffeur simply touched his cap, though it was not his custom to allow strange fares to instructions to wait.

A Mouse and a Mountain. All the while the foiled e were eloping, the San Francisco sleeper was filling up. It had been the receptacle of assorted lots of hu-manity tumbling into it from all directions, with all sorts of souls, bodies

and destinations. The porter received each with that expert eye of his. His car was his laboratory. A railroad journey is a sort of test-tube of character; strange elements meet under strange conditions and make strange combinations.
The porter could never foresee the ingredients of any trip, nor their ac-

tions and reactions.

He had no sooner established Mr.
Wedgewood of London and Mr. Ira Lathrop of Chicago, in comparative repose, than his car was invaded by a woman who flung herself into the first seat. She was flushed with running, and breathing hard, but she managed one gasp of relief:
"Thank goodness, I made it in

The mere sound of a woman's voice in the seat back of him was enough to disperse Ira Lathrop. With not so much as a glance backward to see what manner of woman it might be he jammed his contract into his pocket, seized his newspapers and retreated to the farthest end of the car, bouncing down into berth number one,

like a sullen snapping turtle. Miss Anne Gattle's modest and homely valise had been brought aboard by a leisurely station usher, who set it down and waited with a speaking palm outstretched. She had her tickets in her hand, but transferred them to her teeth while she searched for money in a handbag oldfashioned enough to be called a reti-

The usher closed his fist on the pittance she dropped into it and departed without comment. The porter advanced on her with a demand for

"Tickets, please."

She began to ransack her reticule with flurried haste, taking out of it a small purse, opening that, closing it, putting it back, taking it out, searchmerous other maideniy articles, re-storing them to place, looking in the purse again, restoring that, closing the reticule, setting it down, shaking out a book she carried, opening her old valise, going through certain

her head in bewilderment. She was about to open t

When she cast up her eyes in de spair, her hatbrim had been elevated enough to disclose the whereabouts of the tickets. With a murmured cab encountered a lamppost. They thought they had merely wrecked a motor car—and lo, they had wrecked After a time he said: "As neah as I can make out from

the-the undigested po'tion of

ticket, yo' numba is six." "That's it-six! "That's right up this way." "Let me sit here till I get my breath," she pleaded. "I ran so hard to catch the train.

"Well, you caught it good and "I'm so glad. How soon do we start?"

"In about half a houah

"Really? Well, better half an hour She said it with such a copy-bo primness that the porter set her down as a school-teacher. It was not a bad guess. She was a missionary. a pupil-like shyness ne volunteered:
"Yo' berth is all ready whenever
you wishes to go to baid." He caught

"Retire?-before all the car?" said Miss Anne Gattle, with prim timidity.
"No, thank you! I intend to sit up

till everybody else has retired. The porter retired. Miss Gattle took out a bit of more or less useful fancy stitching and set to work like another Dorcas. Her needle had not dived in and emerged many times bemani mountain that threatened to crush her.

(Continued)

TURKS IN GALICIA

Berlin, Aug 18-Official anno ment "that Turkish troops are fight ing with Russians and Austrians' Galicia was made today y the war-

the street again so lost in woe that the did not know how they were trappled or elbowed. Marjoried see shall from the state was so complete that it perceived.

envelope addressed to Ira Lathrop & Co., and from the envelope he took a contract, and studied it grimly. The