

how, he doesn't fit this way—too broad in the shoulders—have to end for end him," he muttered—and in a trice he had actually turned the sprawling and kicking figure around, feet foremost as he slid him along the sill till his shoulders were jammed against the frame, the nether regions of the erstwhile merry vocalist now dangling in the cool prairie air as the train bounded on at forty miles an hour.

"For God's sake, don't!" gasped the chorister, his face showing white even through the amber varnish; "this is murder—and I have five children in Ontario—for the love of heaven let me in, and I'll never—I'll never do it again."

His subduer held him in a grip of iron, the victim clawing wildly at his garments, at the edge of the seat, at everything. "Tell those ladies so," he demanded sternly; "tell them you're sorry—out with it."

The burnished one mumbled his apology.

"Louder!" ordered the other; "they can't hear that—train making quite a racket, you know."

The penitent repeated his vow in a louder tone.

"Louder yet!" shouted his keeper; "I want them all to hear."

Then the dangling one roared his penitence till it could be heard all over the car. "Now let me in," he pleaded, looking up appealingly, unctuous from his late anointing.