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VOL. 13.-NO. 9.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 632.

LITERATURE

THE PARLOR CAR.

FARCE.

SCENE: A Parlor Car on the New York Central Railroad. It is late afternoon in the early autumn, with a cloudy sunset threatening rain. The car is unoccupied save by a gentleman, who sits fronting one of the windows, with his feet in another chair; a newspaper lies across his lap; his hat is drawn down over his eyes, and he is apparently asleep. The rear door of the car opens, and the conductor enters with a young lady, heavily veiled, the porter coming after with her wraps and traveling bags. The lady's air is of mingled anxiety and dejection, with a certain fierceness of movement. She casts a careless glance over the empty chairs.

Conductor.—Here's your ticket, madam. You have any of the places you like here, or, glancing at the unconscious gentleman, and then at the young lady, "if you prefer you can go and take that seat in the forward car."

Miss Lucy Galbraith.—"Oh, I can't ride backwards. I'll stay here, please. Thank you." The porter places her things in a chair by the window across the car from the sleeping gentleman, and she throws herself wearily into the next seat, wheels round in it, and lifting her veil gazes absently out at the landscape. Her face, which is very pretty, with a low forehead shadowed by thick, blonde hair, shows the traces of tears. She makes search in her pocket for her handkerchief, which she presses to her eyes. The conductor lingering a moment goes out.

Porter.—I'll be right here at the end of the cab, if you should happen to want anything,—making a show of arranging the shades and candles. "Should you like some dessert things hung up? Well, they're just as well in the chair. We're pretty late this afternoon; more'n four hours behind time. Ought to be into Albany fore this. Freight train off de track just dis side o' Rochester and had to wait. Was you goin' to stop at Schenectady, miss?"

Miss G.—(absently). "At Schenectady?" After a pause, "Yes."

Porter.—Well, that's the next station, and den de cabs don't stop agin till dey get to Albany. Any thing else I can do for you now, miss?"

Miss G.—No, no, thank you, nothing. The porter hesitates, takes off his cap, and scratches his head with a murmur of embarrassment. Miss Galbraith looks up at him inquiringly, and then suddenly takes out her port-monnaie and fees him.

Porter.—Thank you, miss, thank you. If you want anything at all, I'm right here at de end of de cab. He goes out by the narrow passage way beside the smoking inclosed parlor. Miss Galbraith looks askance at the sleeping gentleman, and then rising, goes to the large mirror to pin her veil, which has become loosened from her hat. She gives a little start at sight of the gentleman in the mirror but arranges her headgear, and returning to her place looks out of the window again. After a little while she moves about uneasily in her chair, then leans forward and tries to raise her window; she lifts it partly up, when the catch slips from her fingers and the window falls shut again with a crash.

Miss G.—Oh dear, how provoking! I suppose I must call the porter. She rises from her seat but on attempting to move away she finds that the skirt of her polonaise has been caught in the falling window. She pulls at it with a gasp, and to lift the window again, but the cloth has wedged it in, and she cannot stir it. "Well, I certainly think this is beyond endurance! Porter! Ah—porter! Oh, he'll never hear me in the racket that these wheels are making! I wish they'd stop!"

The gentleman stirs in his chair, lifts his head, listens, takes his feet down from the other seat, rises, abruptly, and comes to Miss Galbraith's side.

Mr. Allen Richards.—Will you allow me to open the window for you? Starting back, "Miss Galbraith!"

Miss G.—Al—Mr. Richards! There is a silence for some moments, in which they remain looking at each other; then,

Mr. Richards.—Lucy!

Miss G.—I forbid you to address me in that way, Mr. Richards.

Mr. A.—Why you were just going to call me Allen!

Miss G.—That was an accident, you know very well—an impulse!

Mr. R.—Well, so it is this time.

Miss G.—Of which you ought to be ashamed to take advantage. I wonder at your presumption in speaking to me at all. It's quite idle, I can assure you. Everything is at an end between us. It seems that I bore with you too long, but I'm thankful that I had the spirit to act at last and to act in time. And that chance has thrown us together. I trust you will not force your conversation upon me. No gentleman would and I have always given you credit for knowing yourself a reasonable man. I request that you will not speak to me.

Mr. R.—You've spoken ten words to me for every one of mine to you. But I won't annoy you. I can't believe it, Lucy; I can't believe it. It seems like some reasonable dream, and if I had had any sleep since it happened, I should think I had dreamed it.

Miss G.—Oh! You were sleeping soundly enough when I got into the car!

Mr. R.—I own it, I was perfectly used up and had dropped off.

Miss G.—scornfully.—Then perhaps you have dreamed it.

Mr. R.—I'll think so till you tell me again that our engagement is broken; that the faithful love of years is to go for nothing; that you dismiss me with cruel insult, without one word of explanation, without a word of intelligible accusation, even. It's too much! I've been thinking it all over and over, and I can't make head or tail of it. I meant to see you again as soon as we got to town and implore you to hear me. Come, it is a mighty serious matter, Lucy. I am not a man to put on heroics and that; but I believe it'll play the very deuce with me, Lucy—that is to say, Miss Galbraith,—I do indeed. I'll give me a low opinion of myself.

Miss G., averting her face.—"Oh, a very high opinion of woman you have had!"

Mr. R. with sentiment.—"Well, there was one woman whom I thought a perfect angel."

Miss G.—"Indeed! May I ask her name?"

Mr. R. with a forlorn smile.—"I shall be obliged to describe her somewhat formally as—Miss Galbraith."

Miss G.—Mr. Richards!

Mr. R.—Why, you've just forbidden me to say Lucy! You must tell me dearest, what I have done to offend you. The worst criminals are not condemned unheard, and I have always thought you were merciful if not just. And now I only ask you to be just!

Miss G., looking out of the window.—"You know very well what you have done. You cannot expect me to humiliate myself by putting your offense into words."

Mr. R.—Upon my soul I don't know what you mean! I don't know just why you do. When you came to me, last night, with my ring and presents and other little traps, you might have knocked me down with the lightest of the lot. I was perfectly dazed; I couldn't say anything before you were off, and all I could do was to hope that you'd be more like yourself in the morning. And in the morning when I came around to Mrs. Phillips I found you were gone, and I came after you by the next train.

Miss G.—Mr. Richards, your personal history for the past twenty-four hours is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as it shall be for the next twenty-four hundred years. I see that you are resolved to annoy me, and since you will not leave the car I must do so. She rises haughtily from her seat, but the imprisoned skirt of her polonaise twines her abruptly back into her chair. She bursts into tears. "Oh! what shall I do?"

Mr. R., dryly.—"You shall do whatever you like, Miss Galbraith, when I've set you free; for I see your dress is caught in the window. When it's once out, I'll shut the window, and you can call the porter to raise it. He leans forward over her chair, and while she shrinks back the length of her tether, he tugs at the window fastening. "I can't get it. Would you be so good as stand up, you can!" Miss Galbraith stands up, drooping, and Mr. Richards makes a movement towards her, and then falls back. "No, that won't do. Please sit down again." He goes round her chair and tries to get at the window from the other side. "Can't get any purchase on it. Why don't you get out that piece?" Miss Galbraith stares at him in dumb amazement. "Well, I don't see what we're to do. I'll go and get the porter. He goes to the end of the car and returns. "I can't do it. The porter—he must be in one of the other cars. But," brightening with the fortunate conception—"I've just thought of something. Will it unbutton?"

Miss G.—Unbutton?

Mr. R.—Yes; this garment of yours.

Miss G.—My polonaise? Inquiringly, "Yes."

Mr. R.—Well, then it is a very simple matter. If you will just take it off, I can easily—

Miss G., faintly.—"I can't. A polonaise isn't like an overcoat."

Mr. R. with dismay.—"Oh! Well then,—He remains thinking a moment in hopeless perplexity."

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Mr. R., without heeding her.—"If you could kneel on that foot-cushion and face the window!"

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