(Continued from Last Week)

laughed Mallory at the vision of it. Then a sudden idea struck him. It no great genius to see that Mr. Baumann was not a clergyman, but there were other marriers to be had. "You don't perform marriages, do he asked.

Mr. Baumann drew himself up: Who says I don't? Ain't I a justice

Mallory put out his hand in welbut Chicago was far away: "Do I need a license in Nevada?" 'Why shouldn't you?" said Mr. Bau-

mann. "Don't all sorts of things got to have a license in Nevada, saloons, ausbands, degscould I get one?" Mallory

asked as he went on dressing.
"Ain't I got a few vit me? Do you "Re-marriage?-huh!" he looked

round, and, sceing that no one else was near: "I haven't taken the first again" as the villain of a cheap melo-Baumann laved his hands in one another: "A betchelor? Ah, I see

vant to marry a nice divorcee lady in R-r-reno "She isn't in Reno and she has

never been married, either."

This simple statement seemed to astound Mr. Baumann:

betcheller marry a maiden!-in It hasn't been Reno!-oi, oi, oi!

done yet, but it might be."

Mallory looked him over and a twinge of distaste disturbed him:

"But we'll have no time to get mare." You furnish the license, but—er—ah
—is there any chance of a clergyman

"Vy do you vant it a cloigyman?

Can't I do it just as good? Or a nice fat alderman I can get you?"

Mallory pondered: "I don't think she'd like anything but a clergyman."

"Vell," Baumann confessed, "a lady "It will have to get along the it can," he answered with finality.

"Yell," Baumann confessed, "a lady is liable to be particular about her folst marriage. Anyvay I sell you de license."

"All right."

"It will nave to get along the best a Mr. Baumann whipped out a portfolio full of documents, and as he
searched them, philosophized: "A "No!" she said, in a deep, low tone, searched them, philosophized: "A man ought alvays to carry a good mar-

he names, pleass?" "Not so loud!" Mallory whispered. Marjorie's clutch: Baumann put his finger to his nose, wisely: "I see, it is a confidential

parriage. Sit down once."

When he had asked Mallory the necessary questions and taken his fee, he passed over the document by which the sovereign state of Nevada graciously permitted two souls to be ade more or less one in the eyes of car last night and stolen it?"

'Vit dat you can get married anyvere arrested!" in Nevada.

ore and he asked: "It's no good in California?"

gotta go and be examined."
"Examined!" Mallory gasped, in dire alarm.

Baumann hastened to explain

Nevada," Baumann insinuated, still hopeful, "I could mary you my-

self—now, right here."
"Could you marry us in this sm "In a cattle car, if you vant it." "It's not a bad idea." said Malloryi

I'll let you know."
Seeing Marjorie coming down the Seeing Marjorie coming down the pany of her misery.

isle, he hastened to her, and hugged ber good-morning with a new confiliber good-morning with a new confiaisle, he hastened to her, and hugged

Dr. and Mrs. Temple, who had returned to their berth, witnessed this greeting with amazement. After the arrel of the night before surely some explanation should have been everheard, but the puzzling Mailorys flew to each other's arms without a moment's delay. The mystery was exciting the passengers to such a point they were vowing to ask a few questions point blank. Nobody had quite dared to approach either of them, but frank curiosity was preferable to nervous prostration, and the secret could not be kept much longer. Fellow-passengers have some rights. Not even a stranger can be permitted to outrage their curiosity with im-

punity forever.

Seeing them together, Mrs. Temple watched the embrace with her saily renewal of joy that the last night's quarrel had not proved fatal. She udged her husband:

See, they're making up again." Dr. Temple was moved to a violent utburst for him: "Well, that the bridal couple—I only said

darn, my dear." He was still more startled when Mr. Baumann, cruising along the aisle, bent over to murmur: "Can I fix you a

when denouncing the greatest curse of society, and Mr. Baumann retired. As he passed Mailory he cast an ap As he passed Mantory and the same and precitative glance at Marjorie and, tapping Mallory's shoulder, whispered:
"No vonder you want a marriage license. I'll be in the next car, should you neet me." Then he went on his breakfuss in Rining Bar." He shand

Marjorie stared after him in won der and asked: "What did not person mean by what he said?"

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"It's all right, Marjorie," Mallory explained, in the highest cheer: "We can get married right away." Marjorle declined to get her hope

marjorie decinied to get her nobes up again: "You're always saying that."
"But here's the license—see?"
"What good is that?" she said;
"there's no preacher on board."
"But that man is a justice of the

peace and he'll marry us."

Marjorie stared at him ineredulous come: then a new anxiety chilled him. He had a license for Chicago, ly: "That creature!—before all these passengers?

"Not at all," Mallory explained. "We'll go into the smoking room. Marjorie leaped to her feet, aghast: "Elope two thousand miles to be married in a smoking room by a Yiddish drummer! Harry Mallory, you're

crazy. Put just that way, the proposition vant to get a nice re-marriage li-did not look so alluring as at first. He sank back with a sight "I guess J anı. I resign.'

He was as weary of being "foiled drama. The two lovers sat in a twilight of deep melancholy, till Mar-jorie's mind dug up a new source of "Harry, I've just thought of some

thing terrible.

"Let's have it," he sighed, drearily.
"We reach San Francisco at midnight and you sail at daybreak. What

becomes of me?"

Mallory had no answer to this prob

ried."
"Then," he declared with iron re

—a Christian clergyman—being at the solve, "then I'll resign from the army." Marjorie stared at him with awe

what will the country do without

"It will have to get along the best

"No, we'll get married in the smcking room. Go call your drummer!"

riage license. It might be he should need it in a hurry." He took a large iron seal from his side-pocket and stamped the paper and then, with fountain pen poised, pleaded: "Vat is "Fine!" he cried, and leaped to his form the sun again with such a radiant of the sun again with such a radiant of the sun again by the sun again sun again by the sun again feet, only to be detained again by "But first, what about that brace let?"

"She's got it," Mallory groaned slumping from the heights again.
"Do you mean to say she's still "How was I to get it?"

"Couldn't you have shpped into her "Good Lord, I shouldn't think you'd "Here you are," said Mr. Baumann. want me to go-why, Marjorie-1'd be

But Marjorle set her jaw hard: Mallory realized that Nevada would be a thing of the past in a few hours more and he asked:

"Well, you get that bracelet, or you don't get me." And then her smouldering jealousy and grief took a less hateful tone: "Oh, Harry! "Himmel, no. In California you bot' wailed, "I'm so lonely and so helpless and so far from home.

"But I'm here," he urged. minied: Manory gasped, in "But here, he diged."

"You're farther away than anyquestions, poissonally," Mr. body," she whimpered, huddling close

"Poor little thing," he murmured, soothing her with voice and kiss and

"Put your arm round me," she cooed, like a mourning dove, "I don't care if everybody is looking. Oh, 1'm so lonely.

"I'm just as lonely as you are," he pleaded, trying to creep into the com

"I'd marry you this minute if you'd say the word," he whispered.
"I'd say it if you easy had that bracelet," she sobbed, like a tired

child. "I should think you would un derstand my feelings. That awful per son is wearing your bracelet and I have only your ring, and her bracelet is ten times as big as my r-i-ng, boohoo-hoo-oo!" "I'll get that bracelet if I have to

chop her arm off," Mailory vowed.

The sobs stopped short, as Marjorie looked up to ask: "Have you got
your sword with you?" "It's in my trunk," he said, "but I'll

"Now you're speaking like a soldier," Marjorle exclaimed, "my brave, moble, beautiful, fearless husband. I'll tell you! That creature will pass through this car on her way to break-fast. You grab her and take the bracelet away from her."

"I grab her, eh?" he stammered, his heroism wavering a trifle. "Yes, just grab her." "Suppose she hasn't the bracelet on?" he mused.

"Grab her anyway," Marjorie an bent over to murmur: "Can I fix you a nice divorce?"

Dr. Temple rose in such an attitude of horror as he assumed in the pulpit

I'll get it if I have to throttle her."

Like a young Lady Macbeth, Mar jerie gave him her utter approval in any atrocity, and they sat in ambush

over the discomplure of the odio creature who had dared to prece her in the acquaintance of her hus-band-to-be. The husband-to-be was miserably wishing that he had to face a tribe of bolo-brandishing Moros, in-stead of this trivial girl whom he had looked upon when her cheeks were

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. and Mrs. Little Jimmle. Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb had lenged for the sweet privilege of squaring matters with Mrs. Jimmie Wellington. shudders of contempt were poor com-pensation for the ever-vivid fact that Wellington had proved attractive to her Sammy while Mrs. Wellington's Jimmie never looked at Mrs. Whitcomb. Or if he did, his eyes had been so blurred that he had seen two of her-and avoided both

Yesterday she had overheard Jimmhe vow sobriety. Today his shining morning face showed that he had kept his word. She could hardly wait to begin the flirtation which, she trusted, would render Mrs. Wellington helplessly furious for six long Reno

The Divorce Drummer interposed and held Jimmie prisoner for a time, but as soon as Mr. Baumann released him, Mrs. Whitcomb apprehended him. With a smile that beckoned and with eyes that went out like far-cast fishhooks, she drew Leviathan into her net.

She recled him in and he plounced in the seat opposite. What she took for hashfulness was reluctance. To add the last charm to her success, Wellington arrived to see it. Mrs. Whitcomb saw the lonely Ashton rise and offer her the seat facing him. Mrs. Wellington took it and sat down with the back of her head so close to the back of Mr. Wellington's head that the feather in her hat tickled his

Jimmie Wellington had seen his wife pass by. To his sober eyes she was a fine sight as she meved up the aisle. In his alcohol-emancipated mind the keen sense of wrong endured that had driven him forth to Reno began to lose its edge. His own soul appealed from Jimmie drunk to Jimmie sober. The appellate judge began to reverse the lower court's de-

other, musn't we?"
"Yes,—yes,—we must," Wellington hodded, with a sickly cheer.
Mrs. Whitcomb leaned a little dieser. "Do you know that I feel almost related to yeu, Mr. Wellington?"
"Related?" he echoed, "you?—to me? How?"
."My husband knew your wife so

and listened for Mrs. Whitcomb's next retort. It consisted of a simple, icy drawl: "I think I'll go to breakfast." She seemed to pick up Ashton with her eyes as she glided by, for, finding "I think I'll go to break-

fast," and followed Mrs. Whitcomb. The Wellingtons sat dos-a-dos for some exciting seconds, and then on a sudden impulse, Mrs. Jimmie rose, knelt in the seat and spoke across the "It was very nice of you to defend ne, Jimmie—er—James."
Wellington almost dislocated sev-

eral joints in rising quickly and whiring round at the cordiality of her tone. But his smile vanished at her last word. He protested, feebly: "James sounds so like a—a butler. Can't you call me Little Jimmie

Mrs. Wellington smiled indulgent-Good-bye, Little Jinamie." And she put out her hand. He selzed it hungily and clung to it: "Good-bye?—aren't you getting off at Reno?"

"Yes, but—"

"So am I—Lucretia."

"But we can't afford to be seen to

rized: "We've got to stay married for six months at least—while we estab-lish a residence. Couldn't we—er— oouldn't we establish a residence—or

sad, as she answered: "It would be too lonesome waiting for you to roll

Jimmie stared at her. He felt the egret in her veice and took strange cowage from it. He hauled from his socket his huge flask, and said quickdy: "Well, if you're jealeus of this,
I'll promise to cork it up forever."
She shock her head akeptically:
"You couldn't."

"You couldn't."

"Just to prove it," he said, "I'll chuck it out of the window." He flung up the sash and made ready to huri his enemy into the flying land-

But even as his hand was about to let go, he tightened his clutch again, and pondered: "It seems a shame to look."

what became of him.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I'll give it to old Doc Temple. He takes his light?"

"Fine!"

He turned towards the seat where the clergyman and his wife were sitting, oblivious of the drama of reconcillation playing so close at hand. Little Jimmle paused, caressed the flask, and kissed it. "Good-bye, old playmate!" Then, tossing his head with bravado, he reached out and touched the clergyman's shoulder. Dr. Temple turned and rose with a questioning look. Wellington put the flask in his hand and chuckled: "Merry Christmas!"

"But, my good man—" the preacher

Mallory caught Marjorle's accusing eye and lost his head. He made a feroctous effort to snatch the bracelet off. When this onset failed, he had recourse to entreaty: "Just slip it off." Kathleen shook her head tantalizingly. Mallory urged more strenusly: "Please let me see it."

Kathleen shook her head with so-phistication: "You'd pass it along to that—train-acquaintance."

"How can you think such a thing?" Mallory demurred, and once more made his appeal: "Please, please, slip it off." straight.

"But, my good man—" the preacher objected, finding in his hand a donation about as welcome and as wieldy as a strange baby. Wellington winked:
"It may come in handy for—your patients."

"Mat on earth makes you so anxions?" Kathleen demanded, with sudden suspicion. Mallory was stumped, till an inspiration came to him: "I'd like to—to get you a nicer one."

Idea, Mrs. Wellington spoke: "Oh, Mrs. Temple."

"Yes, my dear," said the little old lady, rising. Mrs. Wellington placed in her hand a small portfolio and laughed: "Happy New Year!"

Mrs. Temple stared at her gift and gasped: "Great heavens! Your cig-specific specific spe

bumping from seat to seat and not knewing it.

He felt a sudden recrudescence of feelousy as he heard Ashton's voice unctuously, flirtatieusly effering his wife hospitality. He wanted to trounce Ashton. But what right had he to defend from gallantry the woman he was about to forswear before the world? Jimmie's seul was in turmell, and Mrs. Whitcomb's protty face and alluring smile only annoyed him.

She had made several gracious, speeches before he quite comprehended any of them. Then he realized that she was saying, "I'm so glady you're going to stop at Reno, Mr. Wellington."

bumping from seat to seat and not knewing it.

When Mrs. Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers. She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make foels of her and her gammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order alluring smile only annoyed him.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

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Take it over," he was so addled that knewing it.

When Mrs. Whitcomb, seated in the dining-car, saw Mrs. Little Jimmie's coffee, she choked on hers. She vowed that she would not permit those odious Wellingtons to make foels of her and her gammy. She resolved to telegraph Sammy, that she had changed her mind about divorcing him, and order to slink back to Marjorie, with another other defeat, there came an abrupt shock as if that gigantic child to whom our railroad trains are toys, had reached down and laid violent hold on the Trans-American in full career.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The was so addled that knew was so addled that knew with an take the she and and the sam wellingtons to make foels of her and her sammy that she would not she to slink back to Marjorie, with an take the first train west and she will never.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

bled, trying to look interested and wishing that his wife's plume would not tickle his neck.

lory hac sat watching, as kinglishers shadow a pool, the door wherethrough the girl with the bracelet not tickle his neck.

Mrs. Whitcomb went on leaning must pass on her way to breakfast.

"She's taking forever with her "toilet," sniffed Marjorie. "Probably other, musn't we?"

en yeu."
"She's wasting her time," said Mailory. "But what if she brings her mother along? No, I guess her moth-er is too fat to get there and back." "If her mother comes," Marjorie colded, "I'll hold her while you take

decided, "I'll hold her while you take the bracelet away from the—the— Women screamed, men yelled, and then while they were still struggling against the seats and one another, the Mallory wore an aspect of arrant cowardice: "Er—ah—I—I—"

"You just grab her!" Marjorie explained. Then they relapsed into attitudes of impatient attention, Kathleen floated in and, seeing Mallory. The passengers began to regain the processor of the passengers began to regain the processor of the passengers had shourst.

She pushed a diamond locket containing a small portrait of Sammy in to her back hair, leaving part of the chain dangling. Then she tried to attiff a large handbag into her stocklastiff a large handbag into her sto Somehow a wave of jealous rage surged over him, and he growled:
"Yeur husband is a sceundre!"

Mrs. Whitcomb's smile turaed to vinegar: "Oh, I can't permit you to slander the poor boy behind his back. It was all your wife's fault."

Wellington amased himself by his own bravery when he heard himself you to slander my wife behind hes back. It was all your husband's fault."

Mrs. Jimmie overheard this behind her back, and it strangely thrilled her. She ignored Ashton's existence and listened for Mrs. Whitcomb's next.

Kathleen whirled round with a most women screamed, her yelled, and then there are attree. Quick, here she finems now! Be brave!"

Mallory wore an aspect of arrant cowardice: "Er—ah—I—I—"

"You just grab her!" Marjorie explained. Then they relapsed into attitudes of impatient attention, Kathleen with radiant warmth: "Good morning!" and then, catching sight of Marjorie, gave her a "Good the whole length of the car, clinging founced past and Mallory sat inert, till Marjorie gave him a ferocious through inferno. The flight ended at the stateroom door with such a thump that Mrs. Fosdick was sure a detective had come for her at last, and with a battering ram.

None there while they were still struggling against the seats and one another, the comes now! Be brave!"

"Thank God, we stopped in time!"

Mallory were still struggling against the seats and one another, the comes now! Be brave!"

"Thank God, we stopped in time!"

Mallory gasped, as he tried to disentiate the comes now! Be brave!"

"Thank God, we stopped in time!"

Mallory gasped, as he tried to disentiate the comes now! Be brave!"

"Thank God, we stopped in time!"

Mallory gasped, as he tried to disentiate the past himself and Marjorie gase h

Kathleen whirled round with a most hospitable smile. "May I have a word with you?" with a battering ram.

But when Jimmle got back breath enough to talk, he remembered the

"Of course you can, you dear boy." arjorie winced at this and writhed at what followed: "Shan't we take breakfast together?" Mallory stuttered: "I-I-no, thank you-I've had breakfast.'

Kathleen froze up again as she mapped: "With that—train-acquaint snapped: ance, I suppose."
"Oh, no," Mallory amended, "I mean

But Kathleen scowled with a jealousy of her own: "You seem to be getting along famously for mere train acquaintances. "Oh, that's all we are and hardly

Mallory hastened to say with too much truth. "Sit down here a oment, won't you?"
"No, no, I haven't time," she said and sat down. "Mamma will be wait-

ing for me. You haven't been in te-see her yet?" "No. You see-

"She cried all night."
"For me?" "No, fer papa. He's such a good traveler—and he had such a good start. She really kept the whole car

awake. "Too bad," Mallery condoled, per functorily, then with sudden eager ness, and a trial at indifference: see you have that bracelet still."
"Of course, you dear fellow.
wouldn't be parted from it for worlds.

Marjorle gnashed her teeth, but Kathleen could not hear that. She gushed on: "And now we have met. again! It looks like Fate, doesn't

"It certainly does." Mallory assent ed, bitterly; then again, with zest:
"Let me see that old bracelet, will

He tried to lay held of it, but Kath leen giggled coyly: "It's just an ex-cuse to hold my hand." She swung her arm ever the back of the seat coquettishly, and Marjorie made a desperate lunge at it, but missed, since Kathleen, finding that Mallery did not pursue the fugitive hand, breight it here at more and yielded

"I thought so," said Mrs. Jimmie, drooping perceptibly. Her husband began to feel that after all, she cared what became of him "Mallory took her by the wrist in a gingerly manner, and said, "So that's the bracelet? Take it off, won't you?" "Never!—it's wished on "I have a like the bracelet." Mallory took her by the wrist in "Never!—it's wished on," Kathleen protested, sentimentally. "Don't you remember that evening in the moon-

And now, struck with a sudden idea, Mrs. Wellington spoke: "Oh, Mrs. Temple."

And now, struck with a sudden idea, Mrs. Wellington spoke: "Oh, Mrs. Temple."

Here was an argument that Kathleen could appreciate "Ot that that "Ot that that the "Ot that that the "Ot that that the "Ot that that the "Ot that th

gasped: "Great neavens! Your cigars!"

"They'll be such a consolation,"
Mrs. Weilington explained, "while the doctor is out with his patients."

Dr. Temple and Mrs. Temple looked at each other in dismay, then at the least and the circuit between the consolation and the circuit between the consolation and the circuit between the consolation and the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the caught for the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the gesture. He grew frantic at being eternally further than the caught for the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the caught for the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and Mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at back, and mallory's hopes sank at the grew frantic at being eternally further than the circuit back.

at each other in dismay, then at the splease let me take it—for the measure flask and the cigars, then at the Wellingtons, then they stammered:
"Thank you so much," and sank back.
Wellington stared at his wife: "Lucretia, are you sincere?"
"Jimmle, I promise you I'll never go or I'll scream!"

She rose and twisting her arm

"Jimmie, I promise you I'll never smoke another cigar."

"My love!" he cried, and seized her hand. "You know I always said you were a queen among women, Lucretia."

She beamed back at him: "And you always were the prince of good felews, Jimmie." Then she almost blushed as she murmured, almost shyly: "May I pour your coffee for you again this morning?"

"For life," he whispered, and they moved up the aisle, arm in arm, bumping from seat to seat and not knewing it.

"She rose and, twisting her arm fow his prose and, this time his promise his wildered anger. Mallory cast toward Marjorie a look of surrender and despair. Marjorie laid her hand on her throat and in pantomime suggested that Mallory should throttle. But Mallory was incapable of further violence; and when Kathleen, she had promised.

But Mallory was incapable of further violence; and when Kathleen, she had promised.

But Mallory was incapable of further violence: and when Kathleen, she had promised.

denly such a spasm of jars, shivers and thuds that Mallory cried:

We're off the track."

He was sent flopping down the afsle
like a bolster hurled through the car.
He brought up with a sickening slam
across the seat into which Marjorie
had been jounced back with a breathtaking slam. And then Kathleen came flying backwards and landed in

a heap on both of them. Several of the other passengers were just returning from breakfast and they were shot and scattered all over the car as if a great chain of hu man beads had burst.

train-stopping excitement of the day before and called out:
"Has Mrs. Mallory lost that pup

again?" Everybody laughed uproariously at this. People will laugh at anything this. People will laugh at anything or nothing when they have been frightened almost to death and sud-

denly relieved of anxiety. Everybody was cracking a joke a od-natured grudge against her fo teing such a mystery. The car was ter came stumbling in and paused at the door, with eyes all white, bands waving frantically, and lips flapping like flannel, in a vain effort to speak. The passengers stopped laughing at Marjorie, to laugh at the porter. Ashton sang cut:

"What's the matter with you, por er? Are you trying to crow?"

Everybody roared at this, till the porter finally managed to articulate "T-t-t-train rob-rob-robbers!"

Silence shut down as if the whole crowd had been smitten with paralysis. From somewhere outside and ahead came a pop-popping as of firecrackers. Everybody thought, "Revolvers!" The reports were mingled with barbaric yells that turned the marrow in every bone to snow.

These regions are full of historic terror. All along the Nevada route

the conductor, the brakemen and old travelers had pointed out scene after scene where the Indians had slaked the thirst of the arid land with white man's blood. Ashton, who had trav-eled this way many times, had made himself fascinatingly horrifying the evening before and ruined several breakfasts that merning in the diningcar, by regaling the passengers with steries of pioneer ordeals, men and wemen massacred in burning wagons, ween massacred in surning wagons, or dragged away to fiendish cruelty and obscene torture, staked out supine on burning wastes with eyelida out off, bound dewn within reach of rattlemakes, subjected to every misery that human deviley sould device.

sengers to a state of ecstatic excit-ability, and, like many a recounter of burglar stories at night, had tuned his own nerves to high tension.

The violent stopping of the train the heart-shaking yells and shots out side, found the passengers already apt to respond without delay to the ap-peals of fright. After the first hush

of dread, came the reaction to panic. Each passenger showed his own panic in his own way. Ashton whirled round and round, like a horse with the blind staggers, then bolted down the alsie, knocking aside men and women. He climbed on a seat, pulled down an upper berth, and, scrambling into it, tried to shut it on himself. Mrs. Whitcomb was so frightened that she assailed Ashton with fury and seizing his feet, dragged him back into the stalle and best him with here. selzing his feet, dragged him back in-to the aisle, and beat him with her fists, demanding that he protect her and save her for Sammy's sake. Mrs. Fosdick, rushing out of her

stateroom and not finding her lus-cious-eyed husband, laid hold of Jim-mie Wellington and ordered him to go to the rescue of her spouse. Mrs. Wellington tore her hands loose, cry-ing: "Let him go, madam. He has a wife of his own to defend."

Jimmie was trying to pour out dying messages, and only sputtering, forgetting that he had put his watch in his mouth to hide it, though its chain was still attached to his waistcoat.

Anne Gattle, who had read much about Chinese atrocities to mission-aries, gave herself up to death, yet reloiced greatly that she had provided providing she could manage to convert Ira in the next few seconds, before it was everlastingly too late. She her in a gospel hymn. But Ira was let?"
roaring curses like a pirate captain in "I

Mrs. Temple wrung her twitching hands and tried to drag her husband to his knees, crying:

"Oh, Walter, Walter, won't you please say a prayer?—a good strong hands and tried to drag her husband to his knees, crying:

"Of course—since we can't run."

Wedgewood broke in impatiently:

prayer?"
But the preacher was so confused that he answered: "What's the use of prayer in an emergency like this?"
"Walter!" she shrieked.

zieums, whom she was warning not to say a word. Snoozleums, understanding only that his mistress was in some distress, refused to stay in his basket and kept offering his services and his attentions.

Suddenly Marjorie realized that Kathleen was trying to faint in Mailory's arms, and forgot everything else in a determined effort to prevent her. After the first blood-sweat of abject fright had begun to cool, the passen-gers came to realize that the invaders were not after lives, but loot. Then came a panic of miserly effort to con-

ceal treasure.

Kathleen, finding herself banished from Mallory's protection, ran to Mrs. Whitcomb, who had given Ashton up as a hopeless task.
"What shall we do, oh, what, ch

what shall we do, dear Mrs. Wellington?" she cried.
"Don't you dare call me Mrs. We!!ington!" Mrs. Whitcomb screamed; then she began to flutter. "But we'd better hide what we can. I hope the rah-rah-robbers are ge-gentlemen-

She pushed a diamond locket con-

wife and defied all the powers of New York to tear them spart. He had a brilliant idea. In order to save his fat wallet from capture, he tossed it through an open window. It fell at the feet of one of the robbers as he ran along the side of the car, shooting at such heads as were put out of windows. He picked it up and dropped it into the feed-bag he had swing at the side. Then running on he claim.

"Laddes and sas artillery.

When the passengers had shoved and jostled into line, one of the men jabbed the conductor in the back with the muzzle of his gun, and snarled:

"Now speak your little piece, like I conductor, like an awkward schoolboy, grinned sheepishly, and spoke, his hands in the air the while:

"Laddes and gasents, these here parhis side. Then running on, he cla bered over the brass rail of the servation platform and entered the ear of the train, as his confederate, driving the conductor ahead of him forged his way aft from the front while a third masquerader aligned the engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the baggagemen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Hands Up!
All this time Lieutenant Mallory had been thinking as hard as an officer in an ambuscade. His harrowing the past days had unnerved him and shattered his self-confidence. He was not afraid, but intersely disgusted. He Mrs. Jimmie Wellington tool sat absent-mindedly patting Marjorie

"Don't worry, honey; they're not going to hurt anybody. They don't her deliberation brought a howl of wrath from the robber: "Get into that want anything but our money.
worry, I won't let 'em hurt you Don't But he could not shake off a sensif nausea. He felt himself a representative of the military prowess of the country, and here he was as help

dier occurred to a number of the pas engers simultaneously. They een trained by early studies in eautiful works of fiction, the school distories of the United States, and by the American soldier is an invincibl being, who has never been defeated

and never known fear.

They surged up to Mallory in wave of hope. Dr. Temple, being near est, spoke first. Having learned by experience that his own prayers were not always answered as he wished, had an impulse to try some weapon he had never used.

"Young man," he pleaded across the back of a seat, "will you kindly lend me a gun?"
Mallory answered sullenly:

in my trunk on the train ahead, dam, it. If I had it I'd have a lot of fun." Mrs. Whitcomb had an inspiration She ran to her berth, and came base with a tiny silver-plated revolver.

"Til lend you this. Sammy kave it "Til lend you this. Sammy gave it to me to protect myself in Nevada!" Mallory smiled at the .22-caliber toy, broke it open, and displayed an empty opinder.
"Where are the pills that go with

it?" he said. "Oh, Sammy wouldn't let me have any bullets. He was afraid I'd hurt

myself."
Mallory returned it, with a bow. "It would make an excellent nut-cracker."
"Aren't you going to use it?" Mrs.
Whitcomb gasped.
"It's empty," Mallory explained.
"But the robbers don't know that!

Couldn't you just overawe them with "Not with that," said Mallory, "un-

less they died laughing."
Mrs. Wellington pushed forward: Then what the devil are you going to Mallory answered meekly: "If they request it, I shall hold up my hands."

"And you won't resist?" Kathleen

gasped.
"Not a resist."

"And he calls himself a soldier!" Mallory writhed, but all he said was: "A soldier doesn't have to be a jackass. I know just enough about guns not to monkey with the wrong

end of 'em. turned white, but Marjorie red, and made a leap at her, crying: "He's the bravest man in the world. You say a word, and I'll scratch your eyes out."

This reheartened Mallory a little, and he laughed nervously, as he restrained her. Kathleen retreated out

of danger, with a parting shot: "Our engagement is off." "Thanks," Mallory said, and put out was begging her first heathen to join his hand: "Will you return the brace "I never return such things," said

a hurricane, and swearing that the villains should not rob him of his bride.

Kathleen.

The scene was so painful and such an anachronism that Dr. Temple tried.

'Well, I consider it a dastardly out-rage. I'il not submit to it. I'm a subject of His Majesty the—"

"You're a subject of :lis Majesty the Man Behind the Gun," said Mal ory.
"I shall protest, none the less," Mallory grinned a little. "Have you message to send hom our mother?"

Wedgewood was a tribe chilled at And by this time the train-robbers and hastily worked their way through the other passengers, and reached the frantic inhabitants of the sleeper,

"Hands up! Higher!! Hands up!" With a true sense of the dramatic, the robbers sent ahead of them the most hair-raising yells. They arrived simultaneously at each end of the aisle, and with a few short sharp com-mands, straightened the disorderly rabble into a beautiful line, with all palms aloft and all eyes wide and

One robber drove ahead of him the conductor and the other drove in Mr. Manning, whom he had found trying crawl between the shelves of the

The marauders were apparenti; cattlemen, from their general get-up.
Their hats were pulled low, and just beneath their eyes they had drawn big black silk handkerchiefs, tied behind the ears and hanging to the

When the passengers had shoved

"Ladies and gents, these here par ties in the black tidies says they want everybody to hold his or her hands as high as possible till you git per-mission to lower 'em; they advise you not to resist, because they hate the sight of blood, but prefer it to argu-

barking like a pair of coyotes in a jumble of commands: "Now, line up with your backs that way, and no back talk. These guns shoot awful casy. And remember, as each party is finished with, they are to turn round and keep their hands up, on penalty of gittin' 'em shot off. Line Mrs. Jimmie Wellington took her time about moving into position, and

the prey of fearful anxieties, broke in

line, you! Wellington whirled on him: Mrs. 'How dare you, you brute? turned up her mose at the gun.
The anxious conductor intervened:
"Better obey, madame; he's an ugly lad."

"I don't mind being robbed," said Mrs. Jimmie, "but I won't endure rudeness." The robber shook his head in de sarcasm: "Pardong, mamselly, would you be so kind and condescendin' as blow your husband's gol-blame head

hastened to her place, but put out a restraining hand on Jimmle, who need no restraint. "Certainly, to save my dear husband. Don't strike him,

into its convenient holster, and, covering the passengers with the other, proceeded to frisk away valuables with a speed and agility that would have looked prettier if those impatient-looking muzzles had not pointed here there and everywhere with such here, there and everywhere with such (Continued)