

## Boreas, Peace-Maker.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

**M**RS. Franklin Jarvis started for California equipped with a small trunk, a large satchel, a hand-bag, and a baby. Her husband saw her off. Mrs. Colter Jarvis, by a coincidence, took the same train, her equipment consisting of twelve trunks, five servants, a baby, and a private car. Her husband also saw her off. The two men came face to face on the platform afterward and nodded curtly, with a show of pre-occupied indifference. Mr. Colter Jarvis stepped into his brougham and shut the door sharply.

"Confounded prig," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis swung upon a trolley-car that was piercing the congested traffic in clumsy jerks and stood in the huddle on the platform, jostled and trodden; but his frown was not from physical discomfort.

"Poor old Colt!" he murmured. "I wish—"

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis took out a stuffed elephant for little Franklin, who fell on it with a rapture that endeared him to the entire car, found a novel and a bottle of lavender salts for herself, tucked her feet up on the opposite seat and wondered if her husband had reached his office yet. Practically the same thing happened in the private car just behind, except that Mrs. Colter Jarvis's book and bottle were French, and that little Carlotta took the proffered doll with a bored stare, presently letting it slip head down to the floor.

Neither woman left the car that day, so they did not discover each other. The next morning Mrs. Franklin, bags and baby, was transferred across Chicago in a Parmelee 'bus, with some kindly assistance from fellow-travellers, while Mrs. Colter's car was switched and shunted about till it joined the same out-going train.

Late in the afternoon a half-hour's stop made Mrs. Franklin glance wistfully from the sleeping baby on the opposite seat to the platform where her fellow-passengers were securing exercise. Three of Franklin's new slaves instantly volunteered to "keep an eye" on him, so presently Mrs. Franklin stepped into the fresh air, walked briskly toward the engine, then back the length of the train. As she turned at the end, Mrs. Colter opened the rear door of her private car and came to the brass railing of her private platform. The eyes of the two met, and, after the shock of surprise, hardened to the double bitterness of women who have taken up their husbands' quarrel. Mrs. Colter's gaze shifted coldly to the dull-gray sky-line, and Mrs. Franklin walked quickly on, to finish her exercise in the other direction. Years of intimate friendship cannot be shrugged down lightly. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis knew—passionately—that her husband had been in the right in that whole miserable affair, and Mrs. Colter quite as passionately justified her husband, and so the friendship had had to go. But the year of estrangement had not brought indifference. Mrs. Franklin came back to the car with fixed, grave lips.

Meanwhile little Franklin had awakened, to find a smiling, white-bearded stranger on guard. As the baby showed puckering symptoms of anxiety about his mother, the stranger held out a wrinkled forefinger and suggested that they "go find her," an invitation that was eagerly accepted. Franklin led the way down the aisle, the forefinger held in a hot grasp, and paused inquiringly at the open door in the rear. At the same instant a little girl with one cheek flushed, as though she had been sleeping on it, appeared in the opposite doorway. The two stared at each other with rapt interest, and Franklin loved her on the spot. Dropping the fore-

finger, he lurched bravely across the intervening platforms, put his arms about and kissed her moistly on the mouth. Carlotta looked surprised but not at all displeased. The two sat down side by side on a porter's stool. Franklin giggled and Carlotta imitated him. He made a face and she followed suit. "Boo-om!" said Franklin. "Boo-o-om!" said Carlotta. The affair was progressing famously. But just then Mrs. Colter Jarvis, turning back into the car, saw Carlotta's nest empty and Suzzane deep in conversation with a brakeman outside. She passed hurriedly through her domain, then came out on the forward platform with a sigh of relief. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin Jarvis appeared on her side. At first neither recognized the other's baby, and so they were smiling at the picture when their eyes met. The smiles froze.

"Come, Carlotta," said Mrs. Colter, holding out her hand; and "Come, Franklin," said Mrs. Franklin from her side. The boy would have gone, but the young woman felt that she had claims. She clung tightly to his neck and protested.

It was an undignified situation, even a ridiculous one. The two women flushed. Then Mrs. Colter firmly disentangled Carlotta and bore her off, wailing, while Franklin, disdaining forefingers, led the way back with something of a swagger.

The next day the gray sky turned to lead, the wind took on an icy coldness, and the rumors of heavy snows ahead seemed only too probable. Soon the flakes were whirling against the windows. With a vague foreboding, Mrs. Franklin took the baby and the elephant into the dining-car at noon and allowed little Franklin unwonted indulgences in the matter of quantity, eating an unusually hearty luncheon herself. The diner was dropped off shortly after, as they were to pick up another toward dinner-time.

The storm seemed to increase with magic rapidity, as they plunged nearer its centre. There began to be long delays, followed by short advances. With darkness came the rumor that the dining-car had been stalled somewhere and would not be reached until late in the night. Mrs. Franklin stayed herself and the untroubled Franklin with graham wafers from her bag, and on that they went to bed. Mrs. Colter, just behind, sat down to the usual five exquisitely cooked courses, sighing at the mischance that had forced her to cross without company. "Travelling is a frightful bore," she mused, discontentedly, though she would not admit the cause of her restlessness. Mrs. Franklin was nothing to her! After dinner she drew a lounging-chair up to the low light in her little sitting-room and read inattentively until ten, when she went to her wide, luxurious bed.

Morning found the train lying motionless in a sea of white. The officials kept out of the way of questions as much as possible. Train-hands had set out for the nearest station to get provisions, and might be back any moment. They were doing all they could. Mrs. Franklin fed her son on the five remaining graham wafers, prolonging them with sips of water, and deftly diverting his generous impulses to share with the elephant.

Mrs. Colter's chef sent in profuse apologies for serving condensed milk with the coffee: the morning supply of cream was still ahead of them somewhere in the storm. Then the conductor begged a word with her, and entered bowed with apology. The passengers were in great discomfort for lack of food; his foraging party had not returned; would she, very generously—the company would, of course, fully—

"Nothing to eat since yesterday—how dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Colter, and gave liberal orders. Presently the conductor paused in each car and made a little speech about the generosity of

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