

**THE SLEEPING-CAR,
AND OTHER FARCES**

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The sleeping-car, and other farces by William D. Howells

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WILLIAM D. HOWELLS

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WILLIAM D. HOWELLS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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THE PARLOR-CAR.

FARCE.

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 travelling-bags. The lady's air is of mingled anxiety and desperation, with a certain fierceness of movement. She casts a careless glance over the empty chairs.

Conductor: "Here's your ticket, madam. You can have any of the places you like here, or,"—glancing at the unconscious gentleman, and then