

The Ne'er-Do-Well.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]

ingly substituted water for gin each time it came his turn to drink. Dawn found them in an east side tenement drinking place frequented by the lowest classes. Ringold was slumbering peacefully on a table; Anthony had discovered musical talent in the bartender and was seated at a battered piano laboriously experimenting with the accompaniment to an Irish ballad; Higgins and Locke were talking earnestly. Locke, as usual, sat facing the entrance, his eyes watchful, his countenance alert. To a sober eye it would have been patent that he was laboring under some strong excitement, for every door that opened caused him to start, every stranger that entered made him quake. "Grandes' fellow I ever met," Higgins was saying for the hundredth time. "Got two faults, Anthony; he's modest an' he's lazy—he won't work." "You and he are good friends, eh?" "Best ever." "Would you like to play a joke on him?" "Joke? Can't be done. He's wisers' guy ever. I've tried it an' always get the worst of it." "I'll tell you how we can work it. I've got a ticket for Central America in my pocket. The boat sails at 10. Let's send him down there." "Wha' for?" Locke kept his temper with an effort. "To make a man of him. We'll go through his clothes, and when he lands he'll be broke. He'll have to work. Don't you see?" "No," Anthony's friend did not see. "He don't want to go to Central America," he argued. "He's got a new automobile."

back to bed. He heard the door open and a voice inquire: "Did you ring, sir?" "An hour ago. Haven't you more than one bellhop in this place?" "I'm sorry sir." "And I'm sick, mighty sick. I'm going to die." "I think not, sir. The others are sick too." "Can I get you something, sir—a little champagne, perhaps, to settle your stomach?" Anthony opened his eyes. "Hello! Are you the clerk?" Instead of the bellhop he had expected he beheld a man in white jacket and black trousers. "No, sir, I'm the steward." "The invalid shook his head faintly. "Funny place I've got into. What's the name of it?" "This? Oh! The Santa Cruz." "Never heard of it. Why didn't they give me a good room? This is fierce." "Suit A is considered very good, sir. It is one of the best on the line." "Line?" Kirk grunted. "So this is some dead line dump. Well, I'm going to get out—understand? Hand me my trousers and I'll slip you a quarter." The steward did as desired, but a blind search showed the pockets to be empty. "Give me the coat and vest." But here again Kirk found nothing and was forced to apologize. "I'm getting sicker every minute." "Perhaps you had better have the doctor?" "Is there a good one handy?" "Yes, sir." "Here in the hotel?" "This is a ship." "A—what?" Anthony raised himself and stared at the white clad figure over the foot of his little brass bed. "This is a ship, sir." "You get out of here!" yelled the infuriated young man. The steward retreated hastily to the door. "I beg pardon, sir. I will send the doctor at once." "Must think I'm still drunk," mumbled Anthony dazedly as he once more laid his head upon his pillow with a groan. When his dizziness had diminished sufficiently to permit him to open his eyes he scanned his surroundings more carefully. There were unfamiliar features about this place. While it was quite unlike an ordinary hotel room, neither did it resemble any steamship stateroom he had ever seen: it was more like a lady's boudoir. To be sure, he felt a sickening surge and roll now and then, but at other times the whole room made a complete revolution, which was manifestly contrary to the law of gravitation and therefore not to be trusted as evidence. The door opened for a second time and a man in uniform entered. "I am the doctor." "I'm sick—awful sick, doctor." The stranger pulled up a stool, seated himself beside the bed, then felt of Anthony's cheek. "You have a fever." "That explains everything. How are the other boys coming on?" "Everybody is laid out. It's a bad night." "Night? It must be nearly daylight by this time." "Oh, no! It is not midnight yet." "Not midnight? Why, I didn't turn in until"—Anthony raised himself suddenly. "Good Lord! Have I slept all day?" "You certainly have." "Whose room is this?" "Your room of course. Here, take one of these capsules. It will settle your stomach." "Better give me something to settle my bill if I've been here that long. I'm broke again." "You're not fully awake yet," said the doctor. "People have funny ideas

thony's wrist between his fingers. "We are 150 miles out of New York. The first officer told me you were considerably intoxicated when you came aboard, but," he continued brusquely, rising and closing his watch with a snap, "you will remember it all in a little while, Mr. Locke." "Wait!" Again Anthony pressed his throbbing temples with both hot hands and strove to collect his whirling wits. "Now, I know you are wrong, doctor, and I'll tell you why. You see, my name isn't Locke. It's Anthony. Locke went away on a ship, but I stayed in New York, understand? Well, he's the fellow you're talking to, and I'm asleep somewhere down around the Bowery." "Nevertheless this is a ship," the physician patiently explained, "and you're on it, and I'm talking to you. What is more, you have not exchanged identities with your friend Anthony, for your ticket reads 'Jefferson Locke.'" CHAPTER III. Panama Next Stop. "SAY!" Anthony raised himself excitedly on one arm, but was forced to lie down again without delay. "If this is a ship I must have come aboard. How did I do it? When? Where?" "You came on with two men, or rather, between two men, about 8:30 this morning. They put you in here, gave your ticket to the purser and went ashore. The slim fellow was crying, and one of the deckhands had to help him down the gangway." "That was Higgins, all right. Now, doctor, granting just for the sake of argument that this is a ship and that I am Jefferson Locke, when is your next stop?" "One week." "What?" Kirk's eyes opened wide with horror. "I can't stay here a week." "You will have to." "But I tell you I can't—I just can't. I bought a new car the other day, and it's standing in front of the New York theater. Yes, and I have two rooms and a bath at the hotel at \$15 a day." The physician smiled heartlessly. "You must have been drinking pretty heavily, but I guess you will remember everything by and by." "I can't understand it," groaned the bewildered invalid. "What ship is this—if it is really a ship?" "The Santa Cruz. Belongs to the Consolidated Fruit company. This is one of the bridal suits. It is 11:30 p. m., Nov. 21. We are bound for Colon. Good night. That capsule will make you sleep." When the officer had gone Kirk turned over and fell asleep. Morning showed him the truth of the doctor's information. He awoke early, and, although his head still behaved queerly and he had moments of nausea, he dressed himself and went on deck. A limless, oily sea stretched out before his bewildered eyes. He touched the rail with his hands to verify his vision. He felt as if he were walking in his sleep. He realized that a great fragment had suddenly dropped out of his life's pattern. Although Anthony was a youth of few responsibilities, he awoke suddenly to the fact that there were a thousand things that needed doing, a thousand people who needed to know his whereabouts, a thousand things that were bound to go wrong. For instance, there was his brand new French car, standing with motor blanketed beside the Forty-fifth street curb. What had happened to it and to the urchin he had left in charge of it? He owed \$1,000 on its purchase, which he had promised to pay yesterday. That remittance from his father had come just in the nick of time. Suddenly he recalled placing the check in his bill case, and he searched himself diligently, but found nothing. It was simply imperative that he get some word ashore. He let his eyes rove over the ship in desperation. Then a happy thought came to him. "The wireless!" he said aloud. "Bonehead! Why didn't you think of that long ago?" A glance at the rigging showed him that the Santa Cruz was equipped with a plant, and a moment later he was hammering at the operator's door. "I want to send a message right away!" he cried excitedly. But the "wireless" shook his head, with a smile. "We're installing a new system. The old apparatus wasn't satisfactory, and it's being changed throughout." "Then you can't send a message—possibly?" "Nothing doing until the next trip." Kirk strode forward and stared disconsolately down upon the freight deck in a vain endeavor to collect his thoughts. He recalled the incidents of that wild night and began to have a disquieting doubt. Did that chance meeting with the chap from St. Louis have anything to do with his presence here, or had he really decided in some foolish, drunken whim to take a trip to Central America? He recollected that Jefferson Locke had not impressed him very favorably at the start. The sound of a bugle, which Kirk interpreted as an invitation to breakfast, reminded him that he was famished, and he lost no time in going below. Upon his appearance the steward made it plain to him in some subtle manner that the occupant of suit A needed nothing beyond the mere possession of those magnificent quarters to insure the most considerate treatment. Kirk was placed at the captain's table, where his hunger was soon appeased, and his outlook grew more cheerful with the complete restoration of bodily comfort. "Getting your sea legs, Mr. Locke?"

inquired the man at his right. "My name is Anthony." "I beg your pardon! The passenger list said"— "That was a mistake." "My name is Stein. May I ask where you are bound for?" "I think the place is Panama." "Going to work on the canal?" "What canal? Oh, of course! Now I remember hearing something about a Panama canal. Is that where it is?" "That's the place," Stein replied dryly. "Oh, I've heard it mentioned." "Well, you won't hear anything else mentioned down here. It's the one and only subject of conversation. Nobody thinks or talks or dreams about anything except the canal. Everybody works on it or else works for somebody who does. See this fellow coming down the stairs?" Anthony beheld slender, bald headed man of youthful appearance. "That is Stephen Cortlandt. You've heard of the Cortlandts?" "Sure! One of them pitched for the Cubs." "I mean the Cortlandts of Washington. They're swell people, society folks and all that"— He broke off to bow effusively to the late comer, who seated himself opposite. Then he introduced Kirk. Mr. Cortlandt impressed Anthony as a cold blooded, highly schooled person, absolutely devoid of sentiment. He seemed by no means effeminate, yet he was one of those immaculate beings upon whom one can scarcely imagine a speck of dust or a bead of perspiration. "By the way, we're getting up a pool on the ship's run," Stein told his new acquaintance. "Would you like to join?" "Yes, indeed. I'm for anything in the line of chance." "Very well. I'll see you in the smoking room later. It will cost you only \$5." Kirk suddenly recalled his financial condition and hastened to say, a trifle lamely: "Come to think about it, I believe I'll stay out. I never gamble." Chancing to glance up at the moment he found Mr. Cortlandt's eyes fixed upon him with a peculiarly amused look and a few minutes later he followed Mr. Stein to the deck above. [Continued next week.] Lived to Fight Another Day. Frederick the Great lost his head at Molwitz, his first battle. Had he not been a king he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he thought his army was being overwhelmed, so he put the spurs to his horse and rode many miles before he stopped in his wild flight. Late at night he was discovered in an old mill awaiting, as he thought, capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle. As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible, and after that in battle the king was just as brave as any other soldier. Two Rooms. The most important room in the house is the kitchen, and the bathroom comes next—Howe's Monthly. If Women Only Knew. What Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done and is doing every day, in healing female complaints and related diseases, they would not endure for another hour the disabilities imposed on them by disease. Over half a million women have testified to the cures derived from Dr. Pierce's treatment. Broken down women, worn out women and weak women, almost without number, have been made perfectly well by the use of "Favorite Prescription." It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence is strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Medical. Heard in Bellefonte. HOW BAD BACKS HAVE BEEN MADE STRONG—KIDNEY ILLS CORRECTED. All over Bellefonte you hear it. Doan's Kidney Pills are keeping up the good work. Bellefonte people are telling about it—telling of bad backs made sound again. You can believe the testimony of your own townspeople. They tell it for the benefit of you who are suffering. If your back aches, if you feel lame, sore and miserable, if the kidneys act too frequently, or passages are painful, scanty and of color, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped so many of your friends and neighbors. Follow this Bellefonte citizen's advice and give Doan's a chance to do the same for you. William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb Street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I suffered for a long time from pain and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to try them and procured a supply from Green's Pharmacy Co. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint, is to take Doan's Kidney Pills. You are welcome to publish my endorsement at any time you desire." The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. McClellan had—the remedy backed by home testimony, 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Pro. ps., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name." 58-50. —Have your Job Work done here.

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"This is a ship, sir." when they're sick. Let me feel your pulse. "The boys will think I'm lost. I never did such a thing before." "Where do you think you are?" inquired the physician. "I don't know. It's a nice little hotel, but—" "This isn't a hotel. This is a ship." "Doctor, you shouldn't make fun of a man at the point of death. It isn't professional!" "Fact," said the doctor, abstractedly gazing at his watch while he held An-