

The Ne'er-Do-Well.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.)

behind slender palm trees. Beyond were warehouses and docks and the funnels of many ships. On either side of the bay was a dense tropical wilderness. "Will you go over to Panama city or will you stay in Colon?" asked Cortlandt.

CHAPTER V.

Kirk Anthony is Surprised. KIRK was delayed by an instant by the customs officials, then made his way out through a barnlike structure to the cable office, where he wrote a message, only to have it refused. "We don't send C. O. D.," the operator told him.



"Is this Mr. Weeks?"

Colon and that's whisky." With a palsied hand he presented the glass. "I came in to ask a favor," Anthony announced. "I suppose every tourist does the same."

"What do you wish me to do?" "Cable for me and see that I have a place to stop until I get an answer." A look of distrust crept slowly into the consul's little eyes. He began to complain. "I don't know you, Mr.—what's the name again? Anthony? I'm a poor man, and I've been an easy mark for every tropical tramp from Vera Cruz to Guayaquil. Your father may not be able to help you, and then I'll be holding the bag."

"I think you don't understand who he is. Did you ever hear of Darwin K. Anthony of Albany, N. Y.?" Mr. Weeks' thick lids opened, this time to display a far different emotion. "Certainly. Why didn't you say so?" he bubbled. "I'm here to accommodate folks like you. Darwin K. Anthony? Well, rather! I'll cable him myself, and you'll stay right here as my guest. Delighted to have the privilege."

"Then I'll send your father a message this minute. I'm delighted at the privilege of being the first to advise him of your safety and to relieve his mental anguish." In a moment he read what he had written: Darwin K. Anthony, Albany, N. Y.: Your son well and safe. Here as my guest. Asks you cable him money for return.

"That tells the story. It'll please him to know I'm looking after you, my boy. I'm glad to get in touch with your father. We need capital in this country." "He's a hard man in money matters," said Darwin K. Anthony's son. "I believe I enjoy the distinction of being the only person who ever made him loosen."

"All successful men are cautious," Weeks declared. "But if he knew the wonderful opportunities this country presents"—The speaker leaned forward, while his chair creaked dangerously, and tried to interest Kirk in Panama possibilities.

"My boy, there's a thousand ways to get rich down here, and I know 'em all. What I need is capital. Why talk about quick money?"—the speaker thrust forth a finger that looked like a peeled banana—"I've got a gold mine!"

"Not a bit like it," Kirk shook his head. "They don't behave."

"This one will. It's an old Spanish mine and hasn't been worked for three centuries. If he doesn't like that we'll get him a street railway franchise. I'm close to the government, and there isn't a steel rail in any city of the republic. I know all the Spiggoty politicians."

"The what?" "The Spiggoties! That's what we call the Panamanians. They no spiggoty English, understand?" "It's a funny name."

was about to refuse when Weeks drew him aside to say: "Don't let the money question stand in your way, Kirk. You're my guest, and your I. O. U. is as good as a government bond, so go as far as you like."

A considerable portion of Anthony's time in college had been devoted to a course in draw poker. But he soon found that these men had forgotten more about the game than he could ever hope to learn at any university, and when the crowd broke up at midnight he signed his name to a tab for \$40.

Early the next day the following cablegram was left at the American consulate: Weeks, Consul, Colon: Anthony absent, returns Friday. (COPLEY. "Copley is the governor's secretary," Kirk explained. "That means that I'll miss the Santa Cruz and have to wait another week.")

"I'm delighted," the consul said heartily. "Perhaps you could stake me to a ticket. I'll remit when I get to New York." "My pay isn't due for a fortnight," Weeks explained after an instant's hesitation. "You see, I'm interested in so many ventures it keeps me—well, broke. Anyhow, you can't go until we have arranged an investment for your father."

Not wishing to embarrass his host, he refrained from pressing the matter and resigned himself as best he could to an extension of his exile. Meanwhile he decided to visit the canal. But his plans were upset by the weather. On the following day it began to rain, and it continued to rain day and night thereafter until Colon became a sodden, dripping horror. The soil melted into a quagmire, the streets became sludges, the heavens closed down like a leaden pall, and the very air became saturated. It was hot also and sticky.

(Continued next week.) —Though wrong may win, its victory is brief.

Medical.

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Explicit. One of Manchester's sextons in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: "Died, John Green, male; aged three days; unmarried."—London Tit-Bits.

Willie Knew. Teacher—Willie, can you name the chief product of Mexico? Willie—Yes'm. Trouble.—Boston Transcript.

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Sympathy For the Minister. A minister recently told this story on himself: One of his first sermons, which he thought an excellent one, was preached in his home church and, seeking a compliment from a prominent member, to draw him out spoke disparagingly of it to him. "Oh, well," was the response, "we all knew that you were not feeling well this morning."—Congregationalist.

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