

Bellefonte, Pa., January 30, 1914.

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. "I think I'll remain on the ship. Then she can't get away without me." Kirk answered. But when he explained his desire to the purser that worthy replied:

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to arrange that with the agent. We make a charge, you know, just like a hotel." "I'm going to cable my old man for

money." The officer shook his head with finality. "Nothing doing, Mr. Locke. If pay in advance. I don't intend to be

stuck for your bill." "All right, then, I shall throw myself upon the mercy of strangers."

CHAPTER V.

Kirk Anthony Is Surprised. IRK was delayed but 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 oper-

ator told him. "Must have coin in advance, eh?" "Yes, sir."

"I left my gold purse on the dresser," Kirk said cheerfully. "I'll be back later." Then he wandered forth again, resolved to enlist the services of the American consul.

After some wandering he found the consul's house and knocked at the door. whereupon a high pitched, querulous

voice from inside cried:

there hammering!" Kirk entered to find a huge, globular man clad in soiled linens sprawled in a musty Morris chair and sipping a highball. The man's face and neck presents"- The speaker leaned forwere of a purplish, apoplectic hue; he ward, while his chair creaked dangerseemed to radiate heat waves like a base burner.

"Is this Mr. Weeks?" Kirk inquired.

"That's me."

"My name is Anthony." "Glad to meet you," wheezed the fat man, extending a limp, moist hand without rising. When Kirk had grasped it he felt like wiping his own palm. "Have a seat." The speaker indicated a broken backed rocker encumbered voice: "Zeelah! Hey, Zeelah! Bring some more ice."

In answer to Mr. Weeks' shout a slatternly negress with dragging skirts and overrun shoes entered, carrying a wash bowl partly filled with ice.

"Just get in. Mr. Anthony?" "Yes, sir, on the Santa Cruz." "Fine ship." Mr. Weeks rose ponderously and wiped out a glass with

a bath towel. "You'll like that," he predicted.

"Is this Mr. Weeks?"

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

does the same." "That's a part of a consul's duty," Mr. Weeks panted, while his soft Mr. Weeks panted, while his soft cheeks swelled with every exhalation. Good Blood

"That's what I'm here for." "I want to cable home to my father

for money.' "A little poker game on the way down, eh?" He began to shake pon-

derously. "I'm broke, and they won't take a collect message at the cable office. You see, I didn't know I was coming; some of my friends gave me a knockout and shipped me off on the Santa Cruz. The wireless wasn't working, we didn't stop at Jamaica, so this is my first chance to get word home."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Cable for me and see that I have a place to stop until I get an answer."

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." Kirk cast another glance over the frowzy place and demurred hastily. "Really, I couldn't think of putting you out. I can stay on the Santa Cruz as

well as not." "I couldn't hear to such a thing. you want to stay aboard you'll have to You're tired of ship life—everybody is -and I have lots of room-too much room. Have another highball."

> "No, I thank you." "Darwin- Say, I'll send a cart for your baggage right now."

"I have it with me-six shirts, all guilty." "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

In a moment he read what he had written:

mental anguish."

Darwin K. Anthony, Albany, N. Y.: Your son well and safe. Here as my guest. Asks you cable him money for re-American Consul.

"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 be-"Come in. Dammit, don't stand ing the only person who ever made him loosen.

"All successful men are cautious," Weeks declared. "But if he knew the wonderful opportunities this country ously, 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 books. "Just dump that rubbish on centuries. If he doesn't like that we'll the floor; it don't matter where." Then get him a street railway franchise. he piped at the top of this thin, little I'm close to the government, and there public. I know all the Spiggoty poli-

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

"It's a funny name." "Now, my boy, there's one thing I want you to be careful of. Don't let some of these fellows around here get you excited. This country is full of "There's one good thing we get in promoters, cheap skates and that sort, and they'll try to stampede you into some investment. You trust to me: I'm conservative. I'll put you up at the club, and when you get straight-ened around we'll talk business. Mean-

while I'll send this cable.' Mr. Weeks was even better than his word. He put up his guest at the club and invited some of his friends to join them for dinner that evening on the wide balcony; then, noting Anthony's heavy clothing, he said:

"You need some linens, Kirk. That suit looks like a dog bed. You don't mind my calling you Kirk, do you? There's a Chinese tailor on Bottle alley who'll have you a suit to measure by noon tomorrow, and he only charges \$7, goods and all."

Accordingly the two journeyed to Bottle alley and selected some linen, whereupon instead of one suit the consul ordered three, having them charg-

ed to his account. Kirk really enjoyed that evening at the Wayfarers' club, for once the cool of evening had come the place filled up rapidly with as fine a crowd of men as he had ever met. There were young fellows from the railroad offices, merchants from the town, engineers from the BIG JOB, the proximity of which made itself felt like a mysterious presence. They were all men with work to do; there were no idlers; there was no class distinction. One topic of con-

versation prevailed. Weeks did himself credit as a host. Both the food and the wine were well served, and the consul's half dozen guests soon became mellowed and friendly. When finally they arose some one proposed a game of draw poker and insisted upon Kirk's joining. He

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was about to refuse when Weeks drew

him aside to say: "Don't let the money question stand A look of distrust crept slowly into in your way. Kirk. You're my guest, and your 1. O. U. is as good as a goverpment bond, so go as far as you

> 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

> Early the next day the following cablegram was left at the American consulate:

Weeks, Consul, Colon: Anthony absent, returns Friday.

"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 sluices, the heavens closed down like a leaden pall, and the very air became saturated. It was hot also

[Continued next week.]

--Though wrong may win, its victory is brief.

Medical.

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MANY BELLEFONTE PEOPLE KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY KIDNEYS.

The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. Well kidneys remove impurities. Weak kidneys allow impurities to multi-No kidney ill should be neglected.

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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 Transcipt.

torments suffered by so many women are unnatural. They are against Nature and stands ready to help her when she will put herself in a position where Nature's help can be given. It is at this place

The drains and losses, the pains and scription" and you begin to be cured of ness and kindred ailments, because you begin to co-operate with Nature on she is their uncompromising foe. Let a woman realize this and she must also realize that Nature is her friend, and who have used "Favorite Prescription" ninety-eight per cent. have been perfect-

that the supreme worth of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is demonstrated. It is the means by which Nature can work with women for the restortation of health. Begin to use "Favorite Prescription is demonstrated."

——She—I hate flattery! He. Of course you do. Every pretty girl does. Then she drew a long, deep sigh and permitted him to put his arm round her waist.

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