

The Ne'er-Do-Well.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.] In his mind as directly as the circumstances permitted. Through a series of natural transitions the conversation was brought around to politics, and Garavel was adroitly sounded. But he displayed little interest. When at last he consented to show his awareness of the suggestion so constantly held out he spoke with deliberate intention. "General Alfarez is my respected friend," he said, with a quietness that intensified his meaning, "and I rejoice that he will be the next president of Panama."

"You, of course, know that there is opposition to him?" "All Panama knows that." "General Alfarez does not seem to be a friend of the United States. May I speak frankly?" Garavel inclined his white head without removing his intense, dark eyes from the speaker. "Don Anibal Alfarez can never be president of Panama!" The banker made no visible movement, yet the effect of this positive declaration was almost like that of a blow. After a pause he said: "May I tell him you said so?" "If you wish, but I do not think you will."

The hearer let his eyes fit questioningly to Mrs. Cortlandt's face to find her smiling at him. "Believe me, dear lady," he said, "I suspected that there were grave reasons for this interview, but as yet I am at sea. I am not a politician, you know. I shall have no voice in our political affairs." "Of course we know that, Senor Garavel, and of course there are grave reasons why we wished to talk with you. As Stephen has said, General Alfarez cannot be president." "Madam," he said coldly, "Panama is a republic. The voice of the people is supreme."

want." He paused abruptly. "This comes upon me like a flood, my friends. I am swept away, and yet I—I will need to think seriously." "Certainly." "To an honorable man the salary will mean nothing. I have many affairs; I fear I cannot afford this sacrifice." "Would you retire in favor of some one who could afford it?" "Alfarez is honest." "Alfarez cannot be president." "It would require a great deal of money. I am considered a rich man, but I have discounted the future, and my enterprises"—He hung out his arms. "I have spread out. I must be careful. It is not alone my money that I have invested."

"It will require very little money," said Cortlandt. "I have been from David to Darien, from Bocas to Colon and I know the public sentiment." It was midnight before Senor Andres Garavel, the banker, bade his friends goodby. When he descended the hotel steps to his carriage he held his white head proudly erect, and there was new dignity in his bearing. The winter season was at its height now. Every ship from the north came laden with tourists, and the social life of the city grew brilliant and gay. Now that nature smiled, the work upon the canal went forward with ever growing eagerness. Records were broken in every department, the railroad groined beneath its burden, the giant human machine was strained to its fullest efficiency.

Young Anthony mastered the details of his work very rapidly. Being intensely interested in his work, he avoided all social entanglements, despite repeated invitations from Mrs. Cortlandt. But when the grand opera season began he made an exception and joined her box party on the opening night. It seemed quite like old times to don an evening suit; the stiff white linen awakened a pang of regret. There was a somewhat formal dinner in the Cortlandts' new home, at which there were a dozen guests, so Kirk had no opportunity of speaking with his hostess until they had reached the theater. "I've scarcely seen you lately," she said at the first opportunity. "You're a very neglectful young man. I began to think you were avoiding us."

"You must know better than that." She regarded him shrewdly over her shoulder. "You're not still thinking of that night at Taboga?" He blushed and nodded frankly. "I can't help thinking about it. You were mighty nice to overlook a break like that, but"—Unconsciously his eyes shifted to Cortlandt, who was conversing politely with a giggly old lady. She tapped his cheek lightly with her fan. "Just to show you how forgiving

There was the Girl of His Dreams.

I am, I am going to ask you to go riding with me. The late afternoons are lovely now, and I've found a good horse for you. I suppose you ride?" "I love it."

"Wednesday at 5, then." She turned to another guest, and Kirk leaned back to take in the scene about him.

CHAPTER XV. Gertrudis Garavel. LIKE most Latin-American cities, Panama prides herself upon her government theater. Although it remains dark most of the year, its brief period of opera is celebrated by a notable outpouring of Americans and Panamanians. It was an exceedingly well dressed audience, for although the pit was plentifully sprinkled with men in white, the two lower galleries were in solid full dress. In the center box of the first tier, ornately hung with flags and a coat of arms, Anthony beheld a giant black man of majestic appearance, flanked by a half dozen aids in uniform.

"That is President Galileo," Edith told him. As the curtain fell on the first act Kirk rose with the others and, accompanied by Mrs. Cortlandt, made his way down the long passageway and out into a brightly lighted, highly decorated foyer, filling now with voluble people. It was a splendid room, but he had no eyes for it. His gaze was fixed upon the welcome open air promenade outside, and his fingers fumbled with his cigarette case.

"Oh, wait, please," he heard Edith say. "I want you to meet some one." There, not a yard away, was the girl of his dreams demurely bowing to Edith Cortlandt, her hand upon the arm of a swarthy man, whom Kirk knew at once as her father. He felt the blood rush blindingly to his head, felt it drumming at his ears, knew that he must be staring like a man bereft. Mrs. Cortlandt was speaking, and he caught the name "Garavel" like a bugle call.

She was the same dainty, desirous maid he had met in the forest, but now splendidly radiant and perfect beyond his imagining. She was no longer the simple wood sprite, but a tiny princess in filmy white, molded by some master craftsman. As on that earlier meeting, she was thrilling with some subtle mirth which flickered on her lips or danced in the depths of her great, dark eyes.

How he ever got through that wild introductory moment without making a show of himself Anthony never knew. The general confusion perhaps helped to hide his emotion, for around them eddied a constant human tide, through which at last came Mr. Cortlandt and the other members of his party. Then by some glorious miracle Kirk found himself moving toward the open air at her side, with Mrs. Cortlandt and the banker in advance of them.

"Oh, Chiquita," he said softly. "I thought I'd never find you. I've hunted everywhere." At the tremendous intensity of his tone she flashed him a startled glance. "Chiquita is not my name," she said, reprovingly. "Yes, it is; it must be. I can't think of you by any other. Hasn't it been whispering at my ears ever since you said it? It has nearly driven me mad. Why didn't you come back as you promised?"

"It was Stephanie—she is such a ferocious person! I was brought to the city that day—but no, senor, I did not promise. I said only 'perhaps.'"

"Have you done your penance?" "It was finished yesterday. This is the first time I have been out. Oh, it is delightful. The music—the people!" "And I can come to see you now?" "Very well do you know that you cannot. Have you not learned our customs? Do not be foolish, or I shall be forced to walk with my father." "Don't do that. Can't you see we must make haste while the curtain is down?" "I do not see. I am strolling in search of the cool air." She bowed and smiled at some passing friends. She seemed very careless, very flippant. She was not at all the impetuous, mischievous Chiquita he had met in the woods.

"See here!" he said, soberly. "We can't go on this way. Now that I've met your father, I'm going to explain my intentions to him, and ask his permission to call on you." "My father is a stern man. In his home he is entirely a Spaniard, and if he learned how—we met, for instance—even under the electric light he saw her flush—he would create a terrible scene."

"Trust me! I sha'n't tell him." "There are so many reasons why it is useless." "Name one." "One!" She shrugged lightly. "In the first place I care nothing for you. Is not that enough?" "No, indeed. You'll get over that." "Let us imagine, then, the contrary. You Americans are entirely different from our people. You are cold, deliberate, wicked—your social customs are not like ours. You do not at all understand us. How then could you be interested to meet a Spanish family?"

"But don't you want to have a voice in your own affairs?" he eagerly urged. She answered frankly: "I do rebel sometimes. I protest, but it is only the American blood in me." "If you'd learn to know me a little bit, maybe you'd enjoy having me around the house." "But I cannot know you, any more than you can know me," she cried, with a little gesture of despair at his dullness. "Don't you see—before we could get acquainted nicely people would be talking."

"Let's try. You're living at the country place again, aren't you? Suppose I should get lost some day—tomorrow, for instance?" [Continued next week.] Life's Autumn. In Autumn there is a gradual withdrawing of the vital forces of nature. The sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and fall, the grass dies. In man's physical nature there is a corresponding loss of vitality in the autumn of life. At about fifty years, man's vitality is low and there is need to re-inforce Nature if health and strength are to be retained. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the body what sap is to the tree; it contains and combines the vital elements out of which Nature builds her fabric of beauty. Strengthened by this great medicine, their blood increased in quantity and in richness, men will pass across life's autumn landscape with healthy step and keen enjoyment of a season which is itself beautiful to the healthy man or woman.

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