

SYNOPSIS.

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Chem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healey defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix, Gerry's wife, meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation. At home, derry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home. Gerry leaves Per-nambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a cance trip he meets a native girl. The hydge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her. At Maple house Col-lingeford tells how he met Alan-"Ten Per Cent Wayne"-building a bridge in Africa. Collingeford meets Alix and her baby and gives her encouragement about gerry. Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city. Gerry begins to improve Mar-ag ditch. In Africa Alan reads Cherry as Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, in the city. Gerry begins to improve main garita's plantation and builds an irrigat-ing ditch. In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home. Gerry pas-tures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A haby comes to Margarita. Collingeford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed. Alan meets Alix.

Do you know the home long. ing that comes to a fellow stranded halfway round the earth from his own dooryard? Gerry and Jake, two forsaken Americans, meet in these circumstances in the heart of South America and exchange dream-talk.

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

"Why there's no Mr. Wayne and | ran after me." Mrs. Wayne-only J. Y's."

"And you don't know, Alan?" asked the judge. "Well, I'll tell you. Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Wayne-they were Alan's father and his young wife. Their life was a hot flame that suddenly smothered itself in the clouds of its own smoke. The memory of the clouds passed with them but the flame -the flame burns on in the hearts of all who knew them. It will burn on. That's why J. Y. is J. Y. and that's why it will always be J. Y. and Mrs. J. Y. to the Hill."

cooling pools. He did not wish ever to speak again-ever to think again.

And then Clem laughed. Her eyes wrinkled up. There was a gleam of even teeth. The wind blew her furs about her and lit the color in her cheeks. "How solemn we are after three years!" she cried. "Three years, Alan. Aren't you ashamed?"

Alan felt a sense of sudden insulation as though she had deliberately cut the current that had flowed so strongly between them. "I am going away," he stammered weakly and waved at an approaching four-wheeler, plled high with traveling kit and convoyed by his hurried but never flurried servant.

But Clem stuck to her guns. "Really?" she said with a glance at the loaded cab and with arching eyebrows. Then her smile burst again. "You can't expect me to be surprised, can you? We seem to have a habit of meeting when you are on the point of going away. There. You must be in a hurry. Good-by," and she held out

a gloved hand. Alan's spirit was ever ready for war and this, he suddenly perceived, was

war. He braced himself and smiled too. "Twice hardly amounts to a habit." he drawled. He had never drawled to Clem before but then Clem had never before taken up the social rapier with him. "Besides," he went on, "there's a difference. Last time you

Clem's smile trembled, steadled it self and then fought bravely back. "Yes," she said, "yes." And then her eyes wavered and wandered. She dropped his hand. "Good-by," she said, the faintest catch in her voice,

and hurried away to seek J. Y. Alan stood and watched her. He felt a sinking within him. "For a mess of pottage," he muttered and then his servant touched his arm anxiously and held out his watch, face up, 'You'll never make it. Mr. Wayne." Alan turned on him but not angrily.

Perhaps not, Swithson, and per

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"my name's Jake Kemp. The rest of this outfit is six mules packin' orchids and the greaser packin' the mules." "That's all right," said Gerry, "I guess we can put you up." He led the way and the pack-train splashed along after him. The mules were soon relieved of their burdens and turned into the pasture. Bonifacio took the native muleteer away to his quarters and Gerry and the stranger passed through the house to the kitchen.

A patriarchal hospitality came naturally to the inmates of Fazenda Flores. It was a tradition not only on that plantation but throughout a vast hinterland, where life was rude and death sudden, to be gentle to the stranger, to feel him and his beast and to speed him on in the early morning. There was but one rule to the stranger: He must keep his eyes to the front. Jake Kemp had evidently learned the brief code. He ate ravenously, poured down coffee with the recklessness of a man that draws on a limitless power to sleep, and made his few remarks to Gerry and to Gerry alone.

Gerry was feeling a strange elation that he strove in vain to account for This was an American but beyond that they had nothing in common. New York and Texas are connected only by fiction. Perhaps it was just curlosity Curiosity invaded him. What was a Texas cowboy doing on the road past Fazenda Flores with a mule-train of orchids? As an opener he declared himself. "My name's Gerry Lansing,' he said. "I've settled down here." "So?" said Kemp, as he drew from

his vest pockets the makings of a cigarette. Gerry had seen the yellow papers and the little bags of flaked tobacco. They struck convincingly the note of the West. "Reckon you're f'm the States," drawled Kemp as he acomplished the cigarette.

"Yes," said Gerry and added, with an idea to establishing a link, "like in' cause catfish don't call. But he vou.'

"Reckon you're f'm Noo Yawk," was Kemp's next deliberate contribution to the conversation.

With that, talk lagged. Gerry instinctively avoided the question direct and Kemp vouchsafed nothing more. Not till Gerry came upon him hitching up his loads early next morning did



But Kemp was not offended, "Naw," | said Margarita. "I am not afraid of he said, "I hain't killed my man-not | work, Geree. The end of work never lately-nor anything like that. I left comes. It is the things that end that it," he went on reminiscently, "because | make me afraid." She, too, had felt I couldn't be'p it. I got to dreamin' nights of pu'ple cities." "Purple what?" exclaimed Gerry. Kemp took a cigarette from his city's walls. mouth and almost smiled. "Never did hear of The Pu'ple City, I reckon?"

Gerry shook his head. Kemp drew

THE PURPLE CITY. As I sat munching mangoes, On the purple city's walls, I heard the catfish calling. the crawfish in the crawls. I saw the paper sunbeams, Sprouting from the painted sun; I saw the sun was sullen.

Of dusty desert sky-road And the sun sat in the door. He sweated seas of sunshine,

In a tear-drop from his eye.

Look up at purple pinks. Nor purple roses rival, The cheeks of purple minx.

And its purple-peopled halls! Alas! for me and mangoes

Gerry looked upon his guest with new wonder as he handed back the you or any other man in these parts clipping. Kemp put it away carefully, was to sell a goatskin away f'm Lierolled a fresh rigarette, and blew a ber, you'd be boycotted Lieber on thick puff of smoke out into the moonthis rauge is God-you're fer him or light. "Can't say it's po'try and I you're ag'in him an' there ain't b'en can't say it ain't. All I know is it any one ag'in' him for some spell roped me. I know that writer feller now. never munched no mangoes, 'cause "Oh," said Gerry. mangoes don't munch. I know he nev-"As fer knowin' him," continued er sat on no wall an' heerd catfish call-Kemp, "everybody on this round-up

seen At all, stranger, jest the way he writ it down an' I b'en dreamin' pu'ple tions and smallpox about alike. He cities ever sence I read his screed."

ain't thar when they happen." "Did you start right out to look for them?" asked Gerry gravely. "Naw," said Kemp, "I didn't have

nothin' to go on. But one day a drummer feller thet I was stagin' across the White mountains give me a plant magazine, and it had an article on commercial orchids with pictures in Lieber, accompanied by two herders, colors. They was mostly kinder came early for his stock. He greeted pu'plish an' I reckon it was that what Kemp warmly. "Going my way?" he got me started. It was the foreman asked pointin' out my mount to me an' I "I b'en loafin' around here with that didn't lose no time. I drapped my rope in mind," drawled Kemp. "I'll take a on him an' I've been ridin' him ever hand if you'll allow me a mount."

sence." "Found any purple cities?"

luck to 'em."

ber, "that is, after Mr. Lansing has "Not rightly. I seen 'em-more'n had his." once. But I guess pu'ple cities is always yon side the mountain. You pasture. Lieber looked at the stock can't jest ride up an' put your brand with kindling eyes. He turned to Geron 'em. They're born mavericks and ry and held out his hand. "Shake," he they die mavericks. An' I say, good sold and Cerry did "What do you

Puar

D. P. PORTNEY APPOLYNY AP-LAW the fluttering wings of the unattain-VELLEPONTA ON able. Unknowingly she stood beneath tilles Swell at Course Bause the shadow of the stranger's purple ALTAN BORLERAM The next day Kemp tried honestly to help Gerry with the tilling of the WARTA-TSKROFTA soll but the effort was still-born. Kemp BELLEVONTE & Rb. 29 W. Elsen Obrach all pondinational business preceptly almosthad to CARLAS PORTALIST AL ALARMAN house with solemn face. When Gerry 1 b. Garris Stor. J. Bowns W. b. Rolph came in to the midday meal, he found him with a saddle propped on the -BITTLE DOWER & SEABY arm of a bench giving the delighted ATTORNEYS AT LAW swaddled heir to Fazenda Flores his BAGLS BLOOM first lesson in equitation. BELLEFOFTE S. HOOTS to ORVIS, BOWER & CAVES That night they sat again on the Consultation in English and Gorman veranda steps but Kemp was not talkative. He whittled a stick until it dis-H B. SPANGLER appeared in a final curly shaving and then immediately started on a fresh ATTORNEY.AT-LAW BELLEPONTEPA "Known Lieber long?" asked Gerry Practices in all the owarts. Consultation ! English and Serman. Office, Orider's Hasiamag Suilding. "Goin' on two years," replied Kemp. CLEMENT DALL "Does he live off his stock?" Kemp looked up. "Haven't you ever ATTORETY-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PE "No," said Gerry, "it's two years Office N. W. corney Diamond, two dossa 271 since I came here and I've never been First Mational Bank. off the place. Lieber's been down here Kemp grunted but asked no further Penns Valley Banking Company question. "Lieber," he said, "c'rtainly don't live offen his stock-he plays Centre Hall, Pa. with it. Lieber is the goatskin king. Ships 'em by the thousand baies. If DAVID E. HELLER, Cashier

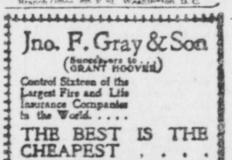
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MARBLE NO ORANITE.

a well-worn wallet from the capacious had almost forgotten how to walk and inner pocket of his vest and took out his high-heeled boots fell foul of every a ragged clipping. One could read in hummock. He wandered off to the the glaring moonlight and Gerry glanced through the printed lines. Then he read them through again.

For the day had but begun.

Ten thousand miles and more, Stretched out before the morning, As he started up the sky, And he drowned the purple city,

Alas! for purple city.

On the purple city's walls!

b'en up to Lieber's?" No more shall purple pansies a couple of times."

one.

at last.

Alan said good-by in a hurrled low voice and started for the door but the yes. You may go back to the flat. I'll judge called to him: "Just a moment, Alan, I'm coming with you."

The judge found Alan waiting for him on the steps as he hurried out. "What are you doing for the rest of the afternoon?" he asked.

"I'm sailing for South America if there's a connection."

The judge looked up surprised. "I didn't know you had anything urgent on." They walked on in silence for some minutes, then the judge said. hesitatingly, "Alan, you're rushed, of course, but if you could-if you cando one thing and put it down to my account. Just drop in and see J. Y. for a minute. Somehow I feel that you can't see J. Y. the way he really is. But if you knew him. Alan, the way I do, you'd know it's an honor for any man to shake hands with J. Y. Wayne. He has a rare thing-an untainted hand. There is a tale on 'change to the effect that a firm was saved from a smash because J. Y. walked up to its head and shook bands with him on the floor."

"I don't know," said Alan, "that J. Y. wants to shake hands with me." He spoke almost questioningly.

"I don't know that he wants to, either, my bog. But I do know this. He's a busy man, but there's never a day that he's too rushed to think of you."

Alan stopped and held out his hand. "I am much obliged to you." he said. "I'm sorry I didn't think of it myself. I'm off to his office now, as soon as I've telephoned Swithson."

J. Y. received his nephew with outlit up with the rare smile that came commotion.

"I just dropped in, sir," said Alan, "to say good-by. I'm off again to South America. Africa seems to be taking a year off."

for a moment and then J. Y. arose stranger, and speak quick!" and held out his hand again. "If that's the case," he said, "I won't keep you. "Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir," said Alan.

As he reached the door J. Y. spoke | feet. What do you know?" again. "Alan," he said, "I'm giad you dropped in."

"I am too, sir," said Alan. He was just leaving the sedate old

drew up at the curb. The door opened | there.' and a girl stepped out. She suddenly stood still. Alan's eyes were drawn to face. Her moist lips trembled. Their hands met.

"Alan!" she said and be answered. "Clem!"

And so they stood, his eyes fixed in

get along all right." And with that he hurled himself at the cab. "Double fare if you make the Battery in ten 0 minutes," he shouted to the driver and then settled back in the seat to ponder.

and Fazenda Flores. Gerry spent long hours beside his sluicegate watching for a rise in the river, but it did not come. The torrent of rain was local and he remembered that Lieber had told him that the floods-the great floods-came from hundreds of miles up the river and generally under a brazen sky. Night, black night, had a glint in his eye that was almost a smile, "I guess them's the first orchids fallen with the rain and he was fust turning to seek shelter from the unthat ever traveled to ma'ket under a broken downpour when a voice raised

in song reached his ears. He waited. The voice drew nearer. In a nasal though it was unknown to him, it was chanting a long string of doggerel ending in an unvarying refrain. Finally knee and a stirrup and leaned over tail-end of the song: "comin' down the drawr."

English! American! Cowboy musuccession. Gerry strove to pierce

their way through puddles with finickstretched hand. His rugged face was ing little steps. He felt a shadow in the darkness and could just see above to it seldom, for it was the far-flung it a blur of yellow. Behind it, more ry look up from his work. ripple-the visible expression of a deep shadows. On an impulse he did not stop to measure, he shouted in English,

"Hallo, there!" The doggerel was choked off in mid-

They sat-and looked at each other in quick staccato, "Speak again, "It's all right," Gerry laughed back.

Where are you bound for ?" "I'm headed down the drawr lookin'

for a chalk line where I c'n dry my "Can you see the water in the ditch

at your right?" "Yasser, I can. I c'n see you, too."

office building, sandwiched in between eyes beat mine. Follow the ditch un- row." modern towers of Babel, when a cab | til you come to a bridge. I'll meet you

the outfit as carefully as the darkness | an' I shouldn't wonder if I let out a

"There's a house down there in the valley."

thers that were blue and deep. He felt ting deliberately into the ditch. "Well," and then regretted and murmured, for tomorrow there is work." his soul sinking, sinking into those he volunteered after a further pause, "Never mind."

"Alan1" She Said, and He Answered, "Clem1" be speak again and then he said with

dlamond hitch." Here was an opening but it came too late. Gerry did not try to follow tone, which somehow sounded familiar it up. Once more in the saddle Kemp seemed to acquire a sudden new ease of body and mind. He hung by one Gerry could make out the long-drawn toward Gerry. "Stranger," he said, 'I'm much obliged to ye. It's a long way f'm the Alamo to Noo Yawk, but the hull country's under one fence.' sic! The impressions came in rapid He waved his hand and was gone after his pack-train, lifting his mule with the darkness. He could hear the near- his goose-necked spurs into a protestby splash of careful mules, picking ing canter. Two weeks after his passing, as evening was settling on Fazenda Flores, the echo of a mule's a veranda pillar. His keen aquillne mincing steps on the bridge made Ger. features and deep-set eyes were lit up

"Howdy." said Kemp and paused on to belong to his great, loose-jointed that to measure his welcome. He was frame. He was loose-jointed but like towards the house. Gerry walked be- one thing about the pu'ple cities," he flight. The vellow blur came to a sud- side him and learned that the ship- added, "the daylight always beats you den stop and the nasal voice rang out ment of orchids had just caught the to 'em jest like in the po'm." He steamer at the coast, Kemp unsaddled | turned and went off to bed. his mule and tossed the harness and slicker upon the veranda. As Gerry was closing the gap into the pasture He cast a knowing eye over the fat stock. "You done a good job for Lieber," he remarked.

Gerry nodded a little sadiy. "Yes." he said, "the contract's filled. Lieber's it was not grotesque. "Well," shouted back Gerry, "your sending for the stock day after tomor-

As they sat on the veranda that night smoking endless cigarettes, ways worried when Gerry's thoughts Gerry found the little cavalcade Kemp turned to his host. "D'ye mind were far away. "The Man," she said, the latest ingenious contrivance for waiting for him, six pack-mules, a na- If I stay over a day with you? Truth for thus she had christened her baby the pampering of the pioneer. "Ice her and found hers fixed on him. He tive driver and, towering above them, is, I want to be'p drive that stock up boy from the day of his birth, "the water in the desert," thought Gerry drew a quivering breath. Clem stood a great lanky figure in a yellow oil- to Lieber's. 1 want to he'p whistle a Man sleeps. He cried for thee and and the phrase seemed to him more before him. She saw his hesitation skin slicker topped by a broad- bunch o steers along once more and thou didst not come. So he slept, for and a cloud came over the light in her brimmed Stetson. Gerry looked over smell the dust an' the leakin' udders, he is a man." would allow and then said tentatively, yell or so, corralin' 'em at the other little kingdom. He sighed and then end."

Gerry nodded understandingly, late then, my flower?" He put his "Is the'?" drawled the stranger spit- "Why did you leave it?" he ventured arm around her. "Let us go to bed,

.

Kemp rose, tossed away say to the first five of the horses out and the last ten of the cattle for your share?" Gerry flushed. "That's more than

fair." he said. "You know the best of the horses will lead the bunch and the fattest of the cattle will lag behind. You see, they're all strong now."

"You can take your pick," said Lie-

The three of them walked into the

knows Lieber but there ain't anybody

knows why he is. Lieber holds ques-

"That's just it," said Lieber. Kemp had gone off to round up his mule. He came up from the river driving it before him. At every jump he caught the mule a flick with his rope and the mule kicked and squealed but came on with long, stiff-legged strides. "Hi'yi!" yelled Kemp and snatched off his hat to beat his mount while he kept the rope-end flickering over the mule.

Gerry and Lieber laughed. Kemp was like a mummy come to sudden life. "Do you know what?" said Gerry, "I think I'll come along with you." He led the iron-gray out by his forelock and old Bonifacio hurried to help bridle and saddle him. Lieber mounted his stallion and turned the horses as they came out. Kemp suddenly sobered down to business. When Lieber had thrown back the last ten of the cattle. Kemp came out and closed the gap behind him.

"I think I'll go ahead with the horses," said Lieber.

"You go and take yo' men with you," said Kemp. "I could drive this fat bunch from here to Kansas with nary a hand to spell me."

Gerry had expected a surprise of Never Did Hear of the Pu'ple City? some sort when at last he arrived at his cigaretre end and stood leaning Lieber's but the things he saw there, with crooked elbow and knee against stranger than anything he could have imagined, left him calm and unmoved as though some prescience had preby the moonlight and seemed scarcely pared him. The house was built on the usual solid lines of plantation headquarters. Great, rough-hewn beams; satisfied and urged his tired mule on a flail-strong and tough. "There's towering rafters, built to carry the heavy tiles and to bear their burden for generations; uncelled, vast rooms with calcimined walls; all these were not outside Gerry's experience in the Gerry sat on in the moonlight seized new land. The strangeness came with by a strange sadness-the sadness the the rugs and the linen, the etchings spirit feels under the troubled hoverand the furniture, and last and most Kemp came up and stood beside him. ing of the unattrinable and the mi- significant, the shelves and shelves of rage. Life had queer turns. Why books and the tables piled with magashould a cowboy start out to look for zines in three languages. Everything purple cities? It was grotesque on the bore the stamp of quality, everything face of it but, beneath the face of it. had the distinction of a choice.

Gerry did not let his curiosity carry Margarita stole out to seat herself him beyond a rapid glance around the beside him. She slipped her hand into great living-room where they found his, She was worried. She was al- Lieber, bathed and freshly dressed, superintending the making of ice in than words-it seemed to paint Lieber dimly, but as the mind saw him. Gerry's thoughts came back to his

In what manner will Lieber he smiled a smile of content. "It is and Kemp affect Lansing's life with Margarita in this hidden corner of the world?

(TO BE CONTINUED.) "Tomorrow there is always work,"

H. G. STROHMEIER CENTRE HALL . . .

Manufaoturerie

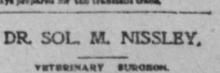
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