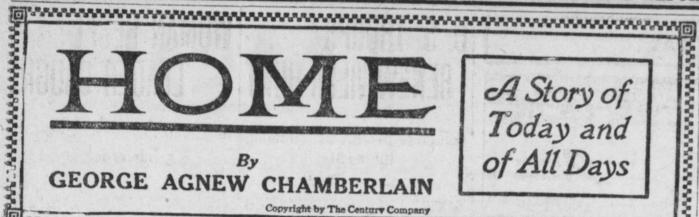
THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



SYNOPSIS.

Alan Wayne is sent away from Re@Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y. as a moral failure. Chem drinks Alar'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, Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and hear bioping, drops everything, and goes to rannbuco and goes to Piranhas. On a judge fails to trace Gerry, leaves Per-mambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a judge fails to trace Gerry, haby is born to Alix. The native girl. The judge fails to trace Gerry, a haby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to the rained plantation she is mistress of, Gerry marries her. At Maple house Col-fingeford tells how he met Alan.""The 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 Africa. Collingeford meets Alix and her baby and gives her encouragement about Gerry. Alan comes back to town but does not go home. Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an ir-rigating ditch. In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home. Ger-ry pastures Lieber's catile during the drought. A baby comes to Margarita. Collingeford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed. Alan meets Alix, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Kemp and Gerry become friends. They visit Lieber, and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie. Lieber tells his story. In South America Alan gets

There's a lot of maudlin sentiment about "dear old mother" put into cheap songs and sung by scalawags, but just the same, "God" and "Mother" are the two biggest words in the English language. Consider here the effect of a mother's memory on Alan Wayne.

CHAPTER XXII-Continued.

And then he drew out the other letter and the curl in his lip straightened out to a line of sweetness and the light in his eyes turned to a fiery, blind behind on account of the dust. adoration. The letter had been sent to him, sealed, by J. Y., who had accompanied it with a note. The letter began, "To my boy at Thirty," and signed, "With undying love, your friend and Mother." In life he could not remember his mother, but he saw self, dying at thirty, she had seen her boy revealed. She had had no strength-no time-left for slow approaches. With the first words of her letter she laid a cooling hand on his burning soul. She spoke the all-seeing hand and gave the word to the men. blood. All that she had been, all that she had learned, all that she foresaw, Dougal's gaze. He turned and fell was crowded into those three pages. They were brittle with age, the ink yellow and faded in words that no eyes but his and hers had ever seen. They gripped his soul and held it steady. Without this letter he would have torn up the other. But the other thad come as a complement and he kept At because it helped him to see himself. As Alan weakened the bridge approached completion. Batches of men. as special work was finished, were dispatched to the coast. With each batch McDougal strove to send his master, but Alan was too weak to go. the shade of the veranda, smoking after though he did not say so. He had realized it with terror and then with calm. "No. McDougal, not this time," the would say, and finally, "I think I might just as well stay on till they There was to be a great moon that sional to chuck it before. It won't be long now." And McDougal had cursed as of the horrible heat. low, rolling oaths and taken it out on ! the men. Alan seemed to have become childish in his weakness. He spent what Licher stood up and looked. A pillar strength he had left in cutting words of dust was coming across the desert. box. When he had finished he called McDougal and showed him his handiwork. "McDougal," he said, "if anything should happen to keep me here permanently just cut these words into some big rock and lay me under it. Se careful you get them just so. The French are mighty particular about the way we use their lingo, and while it wasn't a Frenchman that wrote this oit, I guess he'd be just as particular." Lieber and Kemp. In front of the He mixed the solution in the syringe against some books on the table and and their fathers and their fathers' riders would throw themselves off to Gerry, "that's what's known as an At sundown Lieber came out to his fathers had held these far depths of their ponies and run under the pole. intravenous administration of quinine patient. He had him moved, settle the world against wild beasts and The change of relay was made without and arsenic. If another paroxysm and all, into a room whose windows audependent. They were uninventive, had run the wiry little beasts off their out clean sheets, soft woolen blankets, and into his face a new determination steal, though they were robbed when- spurt the cortege drew up before the most forgotten the feel of it. Gerry did not sleep that night. He y their wares. Spart the cortege drew up before the most forgotten the feel of it. Gerry did not sleep that night. He by their wares. Gerry did not sleep that night. He dring?" he ested From them McDougal had learned that due east, halfway to the sea, was swered the oldest of the men, their an empty shell, while Kemp and Lie- him. The moon shone through great Lieber was known as the Americano and had fame as a curador of fevers. Four men could carry a sick man to Lieber's in a hammock in four days. down the steps to the hammock. A sheet of Alan's dry, crackling skin seemed with its vessels of coarse enameled

Lieber's in two days. McDougal pon- and sweeping a saddle harness and fighter, and unless I'm a bigger fool tally. For the first time he saw them. dered. It was a chance. If he sent some old magazines off a great raw- than I was yesterday he's a fighter From the touch of the coarse homespun

who could help at the rail-head, nor and Lieber started to strip him with Gerry.

tent and looked in at him as he lay had broken Alan, terribly, pitilessly. "Mustn't tire him with weight," he exhalf comatose. "No," said the oldest Gerry's eyes shrank from the sight. A plained. "If he's going to sweat, he'll of them, "he will be dead in seven lump came into his throat. Alan was sweat all right. Malaria-malignant

laid him gently in a hammock, Alan lanes of home, with whom he had breathe, that's the end." He took hold struggle and the reward that had been came to. The hammock was padded fished and swum, and once had of Alan's wrist. "To feel his pulse, his-and the firmness in him, the with pillows and blankets and strung fought. What a little fury Alan had you'd say he was dead now." on a stout bamboo pole with two men been in that boys' battle! It had not at each end supporting it.

"What are you doing with me?" he pulse they had stopped and looked at the declining sun. asked angrily and sank back into the each other and turned away, ashamed Gerry's first impulse was to say he saddling True Blue Margarita came on pillows. From there his eyes glared to shake hands.

Dougal gently but firmly.

under the light breeze. The men under Coma had set in. the pole moved nervously, anxious to Lieber dragged a great medicine

be off. Their eight companions chest out from his room. With alcohol and through his returning consciouswheeled their flea-bitten ponies and he rapidly washed out the dust-filled ness, as through a magnifying glass. headed for the trail. "No, you don't," nostrils of the stricken man and gaze upon the world he had foresworm shouted McDougal and explained with bathed his face and then the limbs and -the heritage he had abandoned. But many gestures that they were to ride body. Then he took out a hypodermic the fact of Margarita and her boy

"We know, master," answered one quietly, "we would but start." McDougal held out an awkward

hand in farewell. "You're ready, Mr. Wayne?" "Yes," said Alan between chattering her now in three pages of laboring board-my epitaph thing, you know." teeth, and then cried, "No, I want the McDougal dived into the tent and brought out the board with the roughly cut words that he could not read but somehow began to understand. He slipped it into the hammock behind the

sinews. Look at the flat bulge of his head of her son. ribs and the breadth of his shoulders over the hips. That means heart and the familiarity-of everything. The dertake to deliver the sick man at here," he said, springing up the steps lungs and vitals. That man's been a

"Cover him up, for God's sake," said

Lieber dropped the sheet and went covered the stripped body and tucked They gathered at the door of Alan's if ever he met him. Somebody else back and took off half the blankets.

been fought to a finish. On one im- marked Kemp with his eyes toward

would stay, but he suddenly remem-Lieber, once heavy, florid and clum- bered Margarita. How far away from ing?" she asked. "I'm sending ye home," said Mc- sy, was transformed. He worked life she seemed! Alan and Margarita quickly, with sure hands. The body could not crowd into one day or even little pale from the wakeful night Alan smiled a twisted smile. "Send- lay stripped on the settle. Under it into one world-it was against the oring me home," he repeated, and added still lay the hammock and dusty blan- der of things. But facts do not stand his eyes. "I am going to Lieber's. resignedly, "Oh, all right." Then he kets. The pillows and a board had on the order of their coming, they simstarted up. "Bring matches," he said. been tossed on the floor. Lieber ex- ply come, and against the protest of McDougal took matches from his pock- amined his patient minutely, without man's will they present his fate; et. Alan drew two letters from inside baste. The spleen was frightfully dis- against the cry of the troubled and his coat. "Burn them." He held them tended and pushed out across the ab- displaced soul they voice the eternal out and watched jealously as McDou- domen. He could feel its hard, un- j'y suls, j'y reste of inanimate things. gal opened out the sheets with averted yielding margins. The feet were swol- One cannot go around a fact. One eyes and set fire to the thin paper. The len. The face was yellow with the must either break one's head against filmy cinders blew hither and thither sickly gray-yellow of molded straw. It or swallow it and let it take its course through the mental gorge.

Gerry longed to stay by Alan's side. suddenly declared itself-demanded digestion-and Gerry turned his back

on Alan. He mounted, and with the silent Kemp reversed the drive they had made together months before.

Lieber did not go with them. When he had seen them off, he busied himself giving orders for the tidying up of the veranda, the feeding of Alan's convoy, beast and man, and the preparation of a room for the self-invited guest. From the pile of dusty pillows a servant was picking up, fell a board.

all-seeing eye. He paused before cov- the stubs or pegs hung his clothes and ering him up. "That's it." he said. Margarita's and, on the lowest peg of "There's fire in him-the worst kind- all, the Lilliputian garments of the and he's been playing with it, just Man. The floor was bare and rolling, tickling it with stale quinine." His for the boards, roughhewn from hardeye ran rapidly over the thin body. "I wood giants of the forest, had warped eye ran rapidly over the thin body. "I said the dose I gave him would prob-ably kill him, but I've changed my mind. I'm betting the other way, now I really look at him. There's no flesh on him, but he doesn't look like a skel-eton. Why? Because of the sinews and bones of him—they're perfect. Look at the way the sinews hold his Look at the way the sinews hold his on the coarse, yellowish homespun. neck and the way the neck carries the On her bare, brown arm lay the black Gerry shuddered at the nearness-

that covered him, his mind went back to the feel of Lieber's fine linen, and from that it poised on Alan and then flew back to Alix-Alix, who, seen off to the kitchen. Gerry and Kemp through the years, became doubly ethe-Alan, the man he had sworn to break many blankets over it. Lieber came What had Alan done with her? He must ask him. That, at least, he must know. But before he could ask he must decide about Margarita and steel dead. Alan with whom he had wan- fever-is the tiredest disease in the the long, still days at Fazenda Flores As McDougal picked him up and dered barefoot through those quiet world. When they get too tired to before Alan had come to Lieber's-the steadfastness that had led Alan to "'Bout time we was startin'." re- name him The Rock, rose up in defense of Margarita and her son.

to the veranda. "Where art thou go-

and I must help. He is my fellowcountryman."

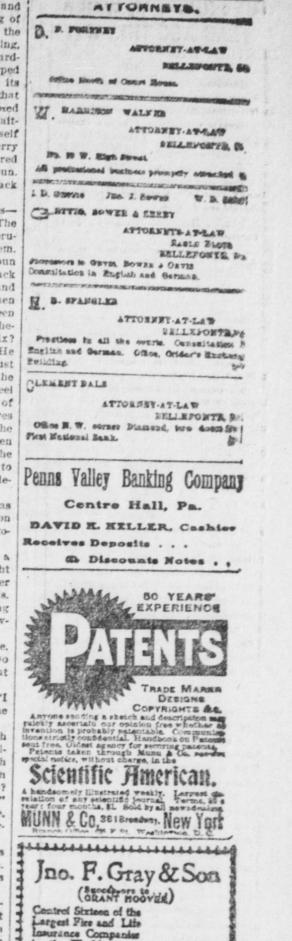
Margarita's eyes searched his face. Her bosom rose and fell rapidly. "Do not go," she said, and Gerry started at the passion in her voice.

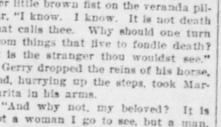
He looked at her and smiled. "I must see this man before he dies," he said, half to himself.

"Ah," said Margarita, beating with her little brown fist on the veranda pillar, "I know. I know. It is not death that calls thee. Why should one turn from things that live to fondle death? It is the stranger thou wouldst see." Gerry dropped the reins of his horse. and, hurrying up the steps, took Margarita in his arms.

not a woman I go to see, but a man. Shall I not talk with a man that is

"Let him but die." pleaded Margarita; "let him but die and thou shalt] go and bury him. See, the day is beautiful. There is a cloud. Perhaps it will rain. Come, my Geree, lot us go down to the river and swim. We





at death's door?"

They started off in a shambling, rapid to her heart and fed him with her life's trot. The horseman fell in behind. A upon his laboring squad with a rolling flood of curses. To them the words were Greek, but nevertheless their blood curdled and they worked as only Wayne had taught them.



the midday meal. The stock had been corralled, but, on Kemp's advice, the start for Fazenda Flores was to be night and the drive would be robbed of syringe and a graduated glass. In the the perils of darkness to cattle as well

The three were silent, half somnolent, when a passing herder grunted and pointed westward with his chin. It?" he asked. He could see men riding and something else. He took his field glasses

from a peg and looked again. "Funeral, or a sick man," he said and sat ably kill him." down to wait. Kemp started whittling

He could not hide his curiosity like him die."

one could see that the burdened men

"Fever."

Twelve men could do it in two, and had been thrown over the pole to keep to Gerry to be burning his bands. "It metal, a recent purchase. In another quicker than that a hundred men could off the worst of the sun. He pulled is as though there were fire in him," corner stood a grotesque clothes-rack. not go. For the price of three steers it off. A ghastly sight met his eyes, he said to Lieber.

"In Two Days," Said He, "the Master Will Be Dead."

glass he dissolved a powder and with steady hands added measured drops of a liquid of faint amber hue.

Gerry found his tongue. "What is "Quinine and arsenic," said Lieber

shortly.

"Arsenic? Isn't that dangerous?" said Gerry.

Lieber glanced at him. "It will prob-

"Then why-why-" protested Gerto keep himself awake. Since the hour ry. A great desire to protect what of Lieber's confession he had hardly | was left of Alan had come over him.

"Why?" said Lieber dryly, "I'll tell When the cavalcade came within you, Mr. Lansing. Because it is less easy view Gerry stood up and watched. cowardly to kill a man than to let and picked up the board. He took it

"Aweel, sir," said McDougal, stifling horses came four men bearing a sag- and then, grasping Alan's arm, he sat before it with his face dropped Gis rage within him, "I'll do as you ging hammock on a pole. They were pressed it until the veins came out in in his hands. To his closed eyes the wish." He took the board and looked running in quick, springy steps that swelling network. "Hold his arm like words seemed no longer carved in at it. The words meant nothing to made the hammock sway gently from that," he commanded Kemp. Kemp wood. Against the inward darkness him but the scene meant much. He side to side. The pace they kept up clutched the arm. The bones seemed of his brain they shone out in points went out and concluded his agreement under the burden was marvelous, to bend to the grip. Lieber chose a of light. He could not shut them out. with twelve quiet, lowering men gath- They were followed closely by eight swollen vein and pierced it with the "Qui de nous n'a pas en sa terre ered from the countryside. They were horsemen. At the first signs of faiter-pioneers without knowing it. They ing among the bearers, four of the blood. "There," he said with a smile exil?"

drought and flood since, centuries ago. a stop, without a pause. The freed hits him he's done for, but we'll know opened upon the veranda. Lieber sat the Jesuits swept through the subcon-ponies stood with hanging heads and all about that in forty-eight hours' beside him and nursed him through the he come to, yet?"

He went into the house and brought his hand had been added tenderness, unimaginative. No man among them feet. They were all in, but the men pillows and pillow-slips. Kemp had had come-a resolve to win Alan's had ever thought to lie. They did not were still erect-keen. With a final never seen such linen; Gerry had al-

Alan's shoulder and another under his upon his son's arrival and, propping "Master, we do not know," an- hips, he lifted him as though he were himself on his elbow, gazed around ber drew out the dust-caked blankets cracks in the warped shutters and "Fever or smallpox?" asked Lieber. and hammock and spread first a cane filled the room with a glow that, as his mat over the settle and then a blanket eyes dilated, became a revealing light. With a look of relief Lieber went and, on top of that, a sheet. The touch In one corner was an iron wash-stand

each-two-year-olds-they would un- but he did not shrink. "Bring him up Lieber looked at his patient with an ular branches and top lopped off. On

Lieber glanced down at it. Words were cut roughly but elearly into its surface. They spoke to him. They



will take the Man. He shall sit on the bank and the river will play with his bare toes. He will laugh." Gerry smiled but shook bis head.

Tomorrow, my beloved, tomorrow we shall play with the Man and the river." Margarita's arms fell to ber sides in pathetic surrender. She watched Gerry mount and ride slowly up the slope to the bridge where Kemp awaited him. Then she went back to the veranda steps, sat down and wept with her face hidden in her hand. She did not know why she wept, but she knew she wept for things that were going to be.



Alan was struggling back from coma. He muttered, he talked, he awoke, Lieber found his sunken eyes, the pupils appearing almost concave, fixed on him with a seeing gaze. It was like resurrection. A spirit had come down upon the body. Eye to eye, mouth to mouth, heart to heart, it had given sight, breath, life.

The eyes closed. Lieber hurried away. From the kitchen he brought a bowl of broth. It was steaming and filled the room with an odor of rich essence. It was in itself a concentration of life. The bowl was emptied. Alan sank back into the pillows. His eyes wandered wistfully over the bare walls, the high tiling of the strange room. "'I would have, great gods! but one short hour of native air-let me but die at home," " he murmured, and Lieber heard.

The words clutched at his own heart. but he answered cheerfully, "You shall, my boy, you shall die at home if you like, but you're going to have years to think it over. Sleep, that's the word. And sleep it is," he added to himself as Alan's eyes closed and his chest began to rise and fall in healthy breathing. Lieber held his wrist. The pulse was taking on strength.

Alan was still sleeping when Gerry arrived. Lieber looked up, surprised. You've come all the way back from

Gerry nodded. "How is he? Has

lated tone. "He came to, all right. But the fight's not over yet. Fever goes and comes, you know. If another paroxysm seizes him, he'll not have the strength to pull through. It's a question of hours now."

If you had the opportunity to put out of the way forever the man who you thought had wrecked your home and life, would you do it, epecially if your purpose could be accomplished simply by a little neglect in giving a fever patient his medicine on time?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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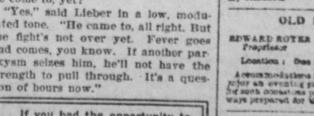
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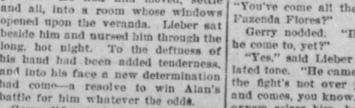
DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,

VETERINARY SUROBAN

A graduate of the Dziversity of Paus"s Office at Palace Livery Stabin, Bailme fonts, Pa. Both 'phones.

Jan. 2. 139 2000





Somebody Else Had Broken Alan.

Pronce