

"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

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She was a mute challenge to masculine attention.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Trask indifferently. "You're good for it. A hundred'll do, so long as everything else is paid. * * * All right, Spence, I'll go you."

He started the chair going again, and backed abruptly into Trumbull, who was standing before a mirror, frowning at his image. The image and its maker collided, bumping heads against the smooth glass.

Trask leaped out of his bed and strode to the window. The club fronted on 5th avenue, and he looked down into a street already sunlit, though it was not yet 7 o'clock. He gazed at the world and laughed.

"I'll take it. You behaved better than I did in the old days."

"I never had a thousand—and expenses—and a nurse," said Trask significantly. "I never had a chance to cut loose and burn up something. Not that I'm kicking; it was good for me I didn't. But just turn me loose with a chance, and see what I'm likely to do to it!"

"I say, Bill, you know—" "Shush! It's settled. Now let's get down to details. I'll get that wheel chair if I have to go out on Fifth Avenue and let a bus run over my leg."

Trumbull wrinkled his forehead with a symptom of alarm. "Oh, I won't overplay it until she sails," added Trask reassuringly. "But after that—well, just wait till the news begins to come home. You're liable to hear some sure-enough stories about yourself, Spence."

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Trask was now finding very keen enjoyment in the prospect. momentarily he had forgotten the thousand—and expenses.

Trumbull sat up with a cry, rubbed his eyes and swore mildly. "You scared the life out of me," he grumbled. "I thought I was really going. What time is it?"

"I'll need some scenery," he said abruptly. "Scenery?" "Of course. You see, the less you look a part the more stage stuff you require. I don't look sick. Therefore I need an invalid setting. I want a shawl."

Trumbull rolled out of bed, growling. "Ring for the barber, Bill," he yawned. "And some breakfast."

"I don't see why you insisted on that thing," said Trumbull, gazing at it with an expression of absolute hostility. "You're only making more trouble for yourself."

Trumbull made a sleepy protest. "She sails at 11," cried Trask. "If you don't climb into your clothes and see me through I'll beat it out of here and then you'll have to go yourself."

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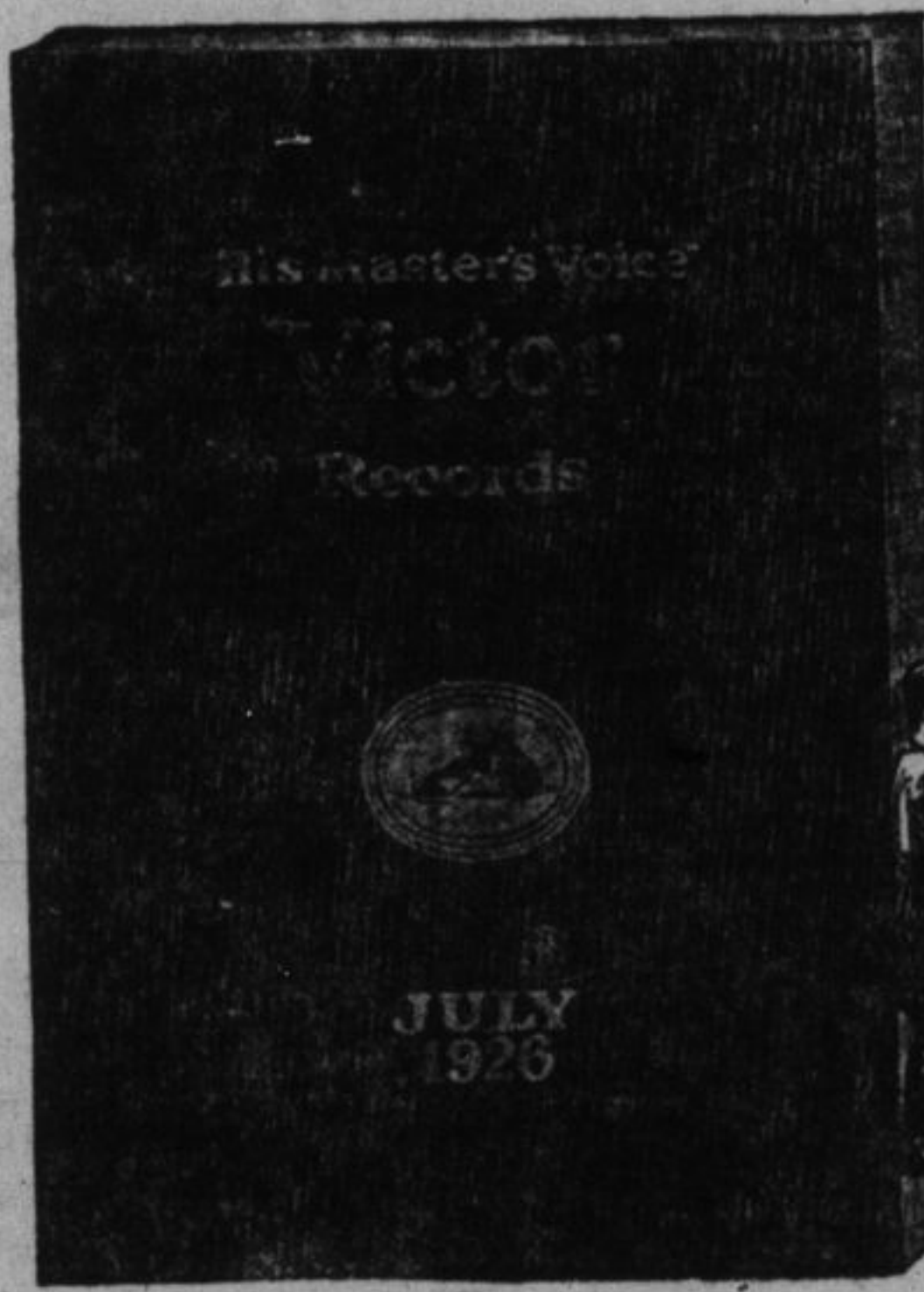
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like a Miller Special before I got through." They ate breakfast in Trumbull's room. Trask's merriment was a puzzle to his pallid friend, who had not recovered from the shock of a seven-o'clock awakening.

There was a knock at the door and a boy in uniform said that Mr. Keeler had called to see Mr. Trumbull. "Keeler?" "Yes, sir."

Trumbull pointed to the figure in the chair, and now, for the first time, the visitor appeared to notice the four-wheeler and its occupant. The newcomer started. There was a searching quality in his gray eyes as they regarded the half-recumbent form of Billy Trask and then drifted to a survey of Trumbull himself.

and at the ends of them were hands of a surprising size—hairy, knotty, heavily knuckled. A Masterful Servant. The man was dressed functionally. His black suit, his black tie and the derby that was still on his head seemed to proclaim him as a person in mourning.



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