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"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

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(The Story Continued)

From the corner of his eye he glimpsed the dragon, now on her feet and clinging to the opposite rail with a tenacity that would have balked St. George himself. He went clear back to the deckhouse this time, striking it only moderately, however, for the ship was rolling anew.

Something that looked like a white cloud swept into his vision. It was possessed of flying feet, but the wheel chair flew faster. Automatically Trask opened his arms wide, he was not crippled there. There was a shock, a gasp and the juggernaut contained another passenger.

"Sit tight!" yelled Trask. The goddess in white flannels had no alternative. She sat, partly because she was too amazed to do otherwise, partly because the invalid on wheels held her in a grip that all her strength could not have broken. She had been scooped aboard as abruptly as a flying mail train picks up a pouch.

The goddess was willowy, but she was not ethereal. She added considerably to the momentum of the irresponsible runaway. There was not only an acceleration of speed, after the brief check caused by her arrival aboard, but there was an added power that boded adversely for those who might fail to elude the onrush.

Trask could no longer see what lay ahead of him. Strands of dark glossy hair blew across his eyes. The brim of a white felt hat sailed across the bridge of his nose. The soft exclamations of a startled young lady fell like music on his ears. He could not watch his course—and he did not care!

He was unaccountably happy. If the Gulf Stream had buck-jumped at that instant and heaved the pair of them out into the Atlantic, he would have been fairly content. Grimly he held fast to the goddess, no longer giving heed to the chair. To her credit as an embarrassed young lady, if not to her wisdom, she struggled in his grip.

"Let me go!" she panted. "Don't dare!" he shouted. "You're safer here!" "Then stop it!" "I can't. Her brakes are busted!" "I—I—"

"Here, too. But what's the use? Steady now. I think we're going to hit something. Tuck your feet in." Even if the goddess was panicky she tucked her feet in.

It was well. The chair fetched an anchor this time, where that useful appurtenance was lashed fast to the deck. The footboard was splintered, but the feet of the goddess were intact.

She did not struggle now, and her figure lay idly back in the arms of the invalid. Trask had ceased to worry about anything. He was no longer embarrassed by the performance of his sea-going automobile.

ESTABLISHMENT APE YODLE ROE RENT TOY DOSE ADIT L BODE CREDIT CREEDS L DEMOCRATS P AL DETAINS NE DEP SATED BIN PARE LED FEED EVOKE R DANCE REPENT WONDER 10-12

Crossword Puzzle Answers.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-46.

This poetic crossword puzzle starts with "the break of day." The next definition is "love charms." If you are imbued with the spirit of Pegasus you'll enjoy working the puzzle.

- Horizontal. 1. The break of day. 4. Love charms. 11. To employ. 12. Exclamation of sorrow. 13. Broadly alluded to. 14. One who exceeds the speed limit. 15. Roofing material. 17. Seventh note in scale. 18. Mixture of clay and sand. 19. Boy. 20. To make a mistake. 22. Over again. 24. Double-breasted jacket. 27. Cubic measure. 29. To place in a compartment. 31. Was scented. 33. Anger. 34. Sound of a bell. 38. Dad. 39. Not trimmings. 41. Flyer. 43. Is in. 44. Opposite of awenther. 45. Social insect. 46. Brothers. 47. To fail to bid. Vertical. 1. Feather brush used for cleaning. 2. Longs for. 3. Tiny. 4. Pretenses. 5. Injuries. 6. Exists. 7. Chemical. 8. Blindly. 9. Redoubt. 10. Winter carriage. 12. Scir. 15. Delir. 16. Lash of a bed. 21. Cross wires. 23. Guns, swords, etc. 25. Woods. 26. Female sheep (pl.). 28. Commences. 29. Not fresh. 32. Thick slice. 35. Baker on a stove. 36. Fishhook. 37. Minor note. 42. To ventilate. 43. Favorite Japanese fish. 44. Measure of area.

He was thoroughly enjoying it now. The girl with the sympathetic eyes was in his safekeeping. It occurred to him that the affair was eminently satisfactory. He did not care whether the chair ever stopped.

As it once more began a black-sliding career, Trask observed, by a sidewise glance, that there was an audience of flustering size, gathered at a respectful distance, like a gallery in a golf match. It spread out fanwise, allowing him as much as the deck as possible, yet unwilling to yield any distinct point of vantage.

He and the goddess aimed for the centre of it and picked up speed like a racing car. The gallery made way, and they shot through a narrow lane of spectators at a number of miles per hour impossible to estimate. The goddess shrieked in terror, squirmed half about and threw her arms around Billy Trask's neck.

End of the Chase. He sighed contentedly, closed his eyes and awaited the end of the world.

The end came with Keeler in a supervisory capacity. He was a sick-looking Keeler, but he was resolute. He met the impact of the chair with outstretched arms and braced feet. Even though it thudded against his breast he gave no ground. The chase was over.

Trask opened his eyes and looked mournful. "I think perhaps it's all right for you to get out now," he said to the goddess. She did it with surprising swiftness, even though it involved the unclasping of two arms that had tightly embraced the neck of the invalid and the untangling of a wisp of hair from his coat button.

"I hope you're not hurt," he ventured. The cheeks of the goddess were flaming, but as she looked at him there was no anger in her eyes. "I honestly couldn't help it," he went on, unmindful of an audience that had gathered close. "I couldn't steer the thing—and I couldn't stop it."

The goddess was arranging her hair and trying to blush. "I'm sorry I hit the dragon," he lied. "But—" "The dragon?" "It was the goddess who spoke. "I beg your pardon. I meant the lady with the—er—the rimmed glasses. I hope she's not injured," said Trask.

Even a goddess can be human at times. This one smiled, although very discreetly. "You mean my aunt," she said. "Of course."

The dragon. "I—I don't think she's hurt. Here she comes now." A starchy figure parted the crowd and the dragon appeared. "Young man!" she began. The goddess placed a hand gently on her arm.

"Please, now, Aunt Mehetabel. He is an invalid. It was all an accident. Don't make it any more difficult for him." Her voice was soft and sweet. Trask liked it.

Aunt Mehetabel substituted a glare for further speech. She maintained it with much truculence and determination until her niece stepped between her and the object of her displeasure and bent over the invalid.

"You're not hurt yourself, are you?" she asked anxiously. "I'm afraid not," answered Trask. "I'm so-o sorry it happened. I was greatly afraid that you would be injured."

"Kind of you, I'm sure. It seems now like an excellent piece of luck." She flushed again, but she did not leave his side. "My name is Tr—Trumbull—Spencer Trumbull," he said.

"And mine is Lucille Kent. And this is my aunt, Miss Grimm. My mother is with us, too." There was sweet sympathy in her eyes, and this time Trask did not mind it so much.

"Is—is there something I can do?" she inquired, in a hesitant voice. "I'm his nurse, ma'am," explained Keeler.

"If you don't stop the chair I'll tell Dr. Van Norden." Keeler's pace slackened perceptibly. "Now, Mr. Trumbull, you said—" "I promised nothing. I only asked if I looked like a squealer. Maybe I am. Will you stop the chair?" "But the doctor—" "Keeler, I think she wants to speak to me. She's coming this way. You wouldn't be rude to a lady, would you?"

Keeler sighed heavily and brought the chair to a halt. "No, sir; I wouldn't want to do that." Miss Kent, having freed herself from the clutches of the dragon, was approaching at a brisk walk. "I have succeeded in mollifying

ed the calm and once more reliant Keeler. Whereupon he took charge of the wheel chair and pushed it rapidly out of the crowd.

Keeler Understands. "I'll never leave you alone again, sir," said Keeler, in deep self-reproach. "Nonsense. Of course you will; I had a bully time."

"And I hope, sir, you'll say nothing of the matter to Dr. Van Norden." "Do I look like a squealer?" "No, sir; of course not. But it was my fault, sir, and I couldn't really blame you if you decided to make a complaint. Was the young lady hurt?"

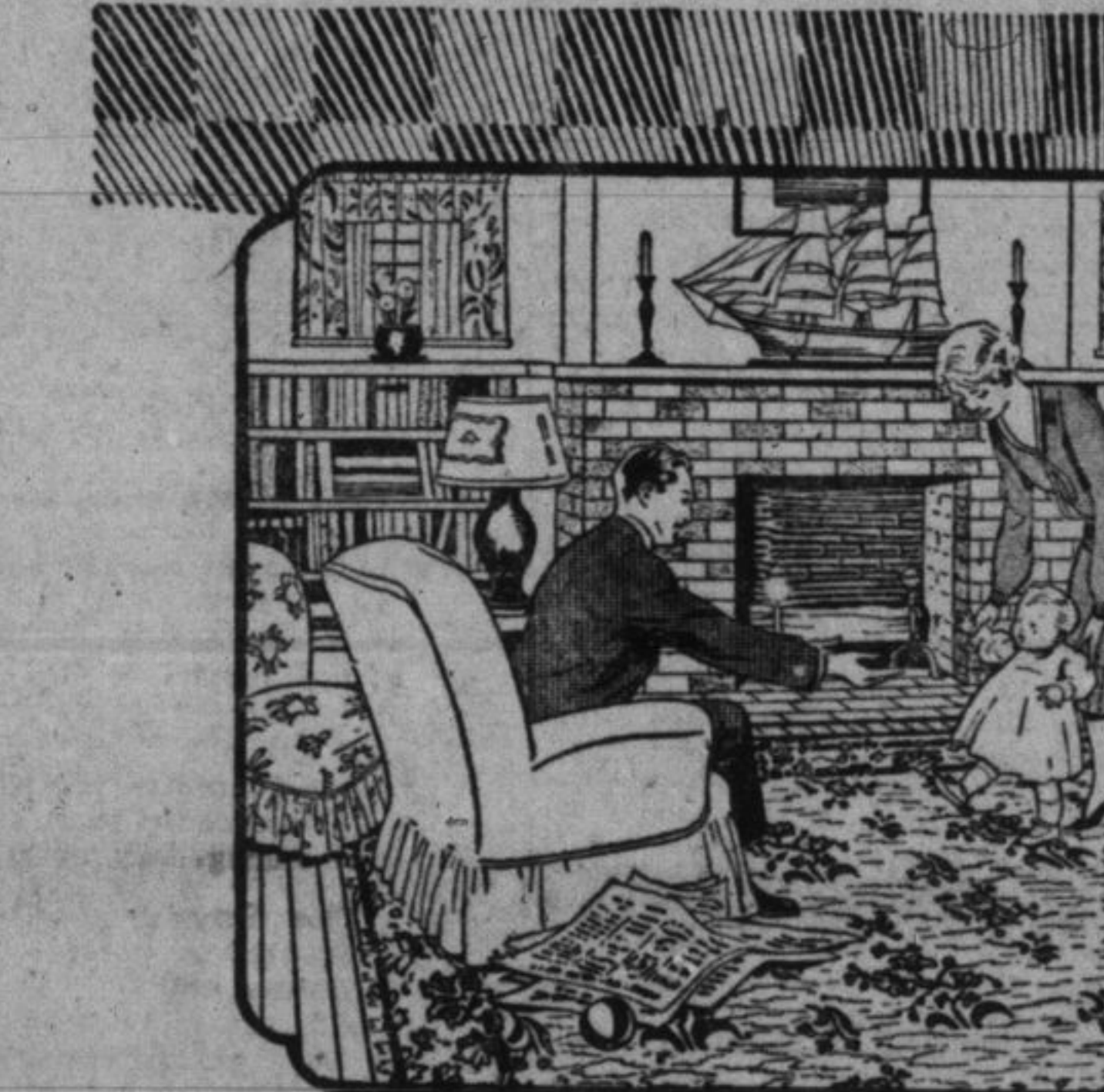
"She didn't say so. Perhaps her feelings were. Hold on a minute, Keeler; here she comes." "You're going to your stateroom, sir," said Keeler firmly, as he continued to trundle the recaptured chair. "At this hour? I guess not." Stop the chair!" Keeler shook his head and pushed steadily.

"Keeler!" "Sir?" "If you don't stop the chair I'll tell Dr. Van Norden." Keeler's pace slackened perceptibly. "Now, Mr. Trumbull, you said—" "I promised nothing. I only asked if I looked like a squealer. Maybe I am. Will you stop the chair?" "But the doctor—" "Keeler, I think she wants to speak to me. She's coming this way. You wouldn't be rude to a lady, would you?"

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