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"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Trum-

"As long as you please, Keeler."

the direction of the forward deck:

about your man," she commented.

"You've noticed that, have you!"

"He's rather ourlous-looking.

He's a nurse, isn't he?"

"You're interested in it?"

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"I'm an American."

"I've never been there."

"I thought perhaps you were con-

Trask started to shake his head

hanging from a ribbon it would

help amazingly. He did not even

to see tears trembling on her exe-

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from illness

Her lip drooped again.

valescing-from a wound."

ince the war?"

ered his knees.

"Very much so."

at the ocean.

Spencer Trumbull, son of a wealthy father, is ordered to take a sea voyage to Galveston for his health when he'd rather go to the Adirondacks because of the presence there of a certain giri. So he hires his old college and war-days chum Mily Ivasa, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him one thousand dollars and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician, and by his imersonation ward off any displeasure which said stern father might see fit to visit on a defiant and disobedient son. Trask starts aboard the steamship Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler, his nurse, that he be-

holds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. Trask rather approved of the amendment; he was glad she had included him as a person to be jointly concerned.

"If it wasn't for this," he said, looking down at the chair and the rug that lay across his knees, "of course I'd-"

"But you can't, of course; I quite Miss Kent's pensive lip drooped a little lower. She did not look angry;

merely very sorrowful and perplex-"I beg pardon, ma'am, but which gentleman was it?" inquired the

deferential voice of Keeler. Trask turned upon his nurse look of mild surprise and expec-

"A young man who wears glasses have one of his track trophies with tonishment, and a checked cap," answered Miss him. Kent. "The camera is quite a small! one."

"I'll try to get the film for you, tone. ma'am. Would you mind, just for a minute, keeping your eye on Mr. and gazed straight in front of her. Trumbull?"

"I should be delighted." Keeler anchored the wheel chair lashes. It was even worse than he securely against the deckhouse, then drew alongside of it a deck chair

that lay handy and bowed Miss Kent (supposed. He rest wholly discarded from her consideration.

A Woman's Sympathies. "I have had-a very great dis-They watched him disappear in appointment," she answered. "I'm sorry, if that will do any

hen Wins King terned to the in-"Thank you. I-I wanted to go to "There is something rather odd Europe."

"You mean that you wanted to

care and sympathy. I wanted to find sluggish blood my place in the world. I wanted to cells, drives out She sighed gently and looked out nurse those heroic men!" "Which ones?" asked Trask curi- poisons, increases

"It seems like a woman's work," ously. "Any of them!" "You mean you had no prefer- the vitamines that Miss Kent clasped her hands and ences? You didn't care whether they build up weight.

dropped her head, thereby assuming were Allies or what?" Miss Kent shook her head and has been known as a pose of strongly marked dejection. continued to stare fixedly at the a rich vitamine food, but not "You're not from the other side?" ocean. One tear was traversing her until we perfected "ironized cheek, and she hastily dabbed at it yeast"- which comes in with a handkerchief.

"It made no difference to me who "But have you been over therethey were. I wanted to nurse them. But I don't suppose you under- Vegetable "Iron" when She glanced at the rug that cov-

"Not exactly, I'm afraid." pathles or a woman's heart. You nary fresh or cake yeast. can't understand the yearning"- Ironized Peast tablets are compos- prospects were not much brighter. but hesitated. It had never occurred involuntarily she raised a hand to ed of concentrated food elements, He simply had to be wounded, preto him that he ough; to have gone her breast—"to sit by the side of and from the ferably by bullets. He only regretted to Europe and had himself properly a sufferer who has offered his manshrapneled. Now it seemed that he hood to his country, whatever that had shirked a very palpable duty. country may be; to help He felt suddenly demeaned in the through the dark hours, to cheer pick you right up, and if they fail, eyes of the goddess. If only he could him, to give him a woman's con- you get your money back. wear some sort of medal or cross solation."

"You're a graduate nurse?" Miss Kent looked at him in as

"I? Why, no, indeed! I-I have "You are interested in wounded never had to work." "Didn't you ever practice any in folks?" he inquired in a woebegone

a hospital?" Once more she clasped her hands "Never."

"But I should have imagined, if In a second or two he was astonished you were so much interested-" Miss Kent interrupted him with a gentle shake of her head. She smiled

> "I knew you couldn't understand." she said. "It's not to be expected" But I don't blame you in the least nothing to speak of." Mr. Trumbull." "I'm glad of that," fervently.

head again. "Nobody seems to understand, not even my aunt and mo-

"That's a shame, I'm sure. Why didn't you go to Europe?"

"My father." Trask was beginning to see light. "He didn't want you to go,

suppose?" "Why, he would not hear of it!" exclaimed the goddess mournfully. "He said-oh, I hate to think of what he said. He said it was silly, crazypreposterous. He even said that I wouldn't be welcome!"

"I'm sure he was wrong there." observed Trask, studying the cameo profile.

"He said I'd just be in the way; that they only wanted trained ones." "Well, I understand they did employ a good many of that kind." Trask ventured apologetically.

"And he said-" Her voice had a little choke in it. "He said he didn't propose to have me make fool of myself. But he hasn't prevented me from reading everything I could lay hands on about those brave heroes."

Trask tried to think of a comforting observation but abandoned the effort. He had a suspicion that Mr. Kent was a hard-headed person, possessed of an assortment of ideas that were probably sound, even if they seemed to be unsympathetic.

Trask's "Illness." "Certainly; of course," he exclaimed hastily. "I understand ex-

actly how you feel." She sat silently for a minute, as though struggling for self-control Then once more she glanced at his blanketed knees. "You have been ill-long?" she

inquired, gently.

Trask was thinking rapidly, This was no time for illness. Lovely though she was, she was no person to be aroused with the tale of a nervous breakdown. As things stood, his plight was mean enough. He might never be a hero, but-

"Not really ill, at all," he found himself saying. "You see-" "Yes?"

"I was shot." She drew a quick breath and stared at him, her eyes widening.

"Shot?" she whispered. "Shot," he affirmed earnestly. "In a-limb?" she ventured.

"In both-legs."

The expression in her dark eyes was disconcerting. It was no longer dreamy or impersonal.

"How you must have suffered!" "Oh, that's nothing," he sail lightly. "Ah, but it it! They all say that

-It's just nothing! But it takes a woman to understand. I can see now how you have suffered." "I'm sorry. I've tried not to

"And to think-of what happened on the forward deck. Oh, you poor thing! I know that I much have caused you agony!"

Miss Kent." Trask felt sinful and harpy. "Why, it was a pleasure!" he

She flushed faintly, and looked sway for a brief instant. "You were shot-how?" "With a bullet."

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combined with yeast is quite easy to digest, therefore better for the sys-"Of course you cannot. You're a tem. And "yeast" when ironized be- it was evident that he would have man. You can't know a woman's sym- comes just twice as beneficial as ordi- stood no chance whatever. As a

good druggists, at \$1.00 for a large I'm liable to walk any time-to- time you can spare." 60-tablet package or sent direct from laboratory on receipt of price. Ironized Yeast Co., Fort Erie, Ontario,

"In both-"Two bullets," he amended quickly. "One in each leg." She uttered a quick exclamation

of concern. "But where-how-when?"

"It was in a fight with-withburglars." "Horrors!" "Oh, it wasn't so bad, you know; ly.

"Burglars! Where?" "No;" she went on, shaking her easily. "There were three of them."

"And you alone?"

"At night?" "Oh, of course. They

night, mostly. "Please tell me all about it!" "Really, there isn't much to it. tell," he murmured modestly. "I

Just as I was getting ready to "I thought it happened at your

"Did I say so? What I meant, of course, was that it happened in our home town; not at my residence." She nodded.

"Well, they just came in to make an attack on the safe and ran across me. I got hold of the cashier's pistol. One of them shot me in one leg and one in the other; I forgot just which did which. There was a good deal of confusion. "But the third-the other bur-

"I shot him."

"Did he-" "I regret to say that he did." said

Trask, in a hollow voice, "Even though he was a burglar, I had no animosity against him, but I had to defend myself. The Coroner understood the situation perfectly. The other two got away. And-well, that's about all of it. It's a rather painful subject."

Lucille Kent surveyed the occupant of the wheel chair with mingling of awe and admiration. "It was horrible-but splendid!"

she half whispered. Trask bit his lip and looked seaward. He had taken the plunge. Perhaps the yarn would last as far as Galveston. At any rate, it had been forced upon him.

As a completely sound young man nervous invalid it seemed that his he could not have worn a uniform and been shot charging a trench. "Will you ever-walk again?" she

asked, hesitantly.

Mr. Trumbull."

Sold by James B. McLeod and all of it's all right. The doctor says ways! That is, I should say, all the the camera." morrow, next week. It's uncertain." The goddess remained silent for I could do," she mused.

several minutes, during which period she seemed to be thinking profound- unfortunately. He-but here he is stand by me, sir." ly. Then she said softly: "You have taught me something.

"Honestly?" "Yes-how to be brave and patient in suffering."

"Oh, I say, Miss Kent! It isn't so chair. much as all that." "But it is," she affirmed earnest- ly.

William Hamilton Trask blushed refused to give it up." properly. It seemed the least he "At our home," said Trask, un- could do, under the circumstances, unpleasant to have this man fail and he accomplished the feat with- him, after he himself had made such He's all right. I was very sorry he at out forcing himself. That it was the amazing strides. "It just happened that I was genuine blush of a guilty conscience did not trouble him greatly at the time. She was sweet, womanly, symat pathetic. He liked to have her near course he'd give it up. He had the onds, Mr. Trumbull." him. Only one way, apparently, appearance of a gentleman. But it was open to him, and he had taken seemed he was not."

True, he had an inward twinge or | gasped Miss Kent. happened to be working down at the two. But what was a twinge to the . "Oh, it's all right, ma'am," inter- consigned to the deep. bank that night; it was rather late. gentle presence of a pretty girl?

"I shall read to you sometimes,] be any pictures. You see, when wouldn't let me have the film I he "Oh, beyond a doubt. That part! "Sometimes?" he echoed. "Al- to do something about it. So I to

> "If there was only something elsa "I have a very capable nurse-

if you don't mind, he said.

now."

No Grit

No Odor

She comes as a boon to the housekeeping sex -

This bright little maid that we call Jane Gillex

Keeler was standing before them. an expression of meek apology on his face. "You have the film?" she asked anxiously, half rising from

Keeler shook his head lugubrious-

"I regret to say, ma'am, that he

Trask was plainly annoyed. It was "I'm surprised, Keeler," he said

"I was, sir, too. I thought of

"But what are we going to do?"

"Took it!" "There was no other way, Trumbull, I'm sorry, sir; I didn' want any disturbance. I hope you'

"Where's the camera?"

"Overboard, sir." Trask inspected his nurse new interest and the latter displays embarrassment under the scrutir He shifted his feet and deliberate avoided the wondering gaze of Mi Kent. He had the air of a b

caught in an orchard. "And the owner of this camerawhat about him?" demanded Trask "That's all right, sir; don't worr; tacked me, sir; it ought not to have been necessary at all. But he's com ing around very nicely now, sty Why, he wasn't out over thirty sec

Trask whistled gently and stole glance at his companion. It was evi dent she did not understand muc of it, except that the film had been

(To Be Continued.)



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