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"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN" By E. J. RATH Author of "The Nervous Wreck," etc.

Spencer Trumbull, in order to be near his girl in the Adirondacks instead of taking a health trip, hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him \$1,000 and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician. Trask starts aboard the Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler than he beholds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. She is Miss Kent, a society girl with a mania for nursing, who takes at once to the interested invalid, despite her dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm. Meanwhile, Keeler makes himself a hero to Sidney Sands, a girl in the second cabin, concealing his identity. Trask breaks bounds and meets Sidney, daughter of an absent-minded professor, who has missed the boat, leaving her to continue his scientific observations of the weather. His achievement leads to an exposing of Trask, which Keeler makes worse by stating to the captain that the invalid is really a mental case. The captain threatens to put them off when the vessel reaches Key West.

He groaned. Any fool of a waiter should have remembered coffee and rolls without being told. It meant another journey. The rolls would not stay on the plate. They skidded and scattered. He went for more and the second lot were soon rolling merrily about with their fellows on the floor of the saloon. But he held stoutly to the coffee. The third batch of rolls he jammed into his pockets, while he carried the plate under his arm. She looked at the rolls and shook her head.

"I do not eat soft rolls, William. Bring the other kind." "I'll be—" "William!" "I beg your pardon." "Hard rolls." She said it after the manner of a judge pronouncing sentence. He bowed to the inevitable. He brought them, but he bowed over a newly arrived passenger, which involved a delay incident to picking her up. Sidney Sands finished her breakfast in the same placid manner in which she began it. Trask was reeling at her elbow, but she gave no sign that she was aware of his presence.

The ship leaped and careened like a mad thing. It seemed to be running amok in an ocean gone berserk. Sidney brought her appetite to the table and she gave it a square deal. Trask could have boxed her ears—but he was proud of her. A girl who could be whimsical in a hurricane was clearly no common person.

"Are finger bowls served this morning, William?" He glared at her.

"No—nor soup!" he barked into her ear. She averted her head quickly and pressed her handkerchief to her lips. In a second or two she recovered herself, looking up at him with solemn eyes. "Very well, William. Never mind the finger bowl." She opened a bag that lay in her lap, fumbled in it for a minute and then graciously offered him a coin. He took it mechanically and looked at it.

It was a nickel. "I've enjoyed my breakfast, William," she said sweetly. He did not know whether to frown or to grin. A nickel! That was a crowning impertinence. "Shall I help you to the door, ma'am?" he asked.

"No," thank you. I can do very nicely." He had a mad desire to pick her up, tuck her under his arm and carry her out, as a spoiled child may be removed from a parlor. But she was gone before he decided whether to act upon the impulse. She pivoted her own down the wily tilting floor, without ever touching the chairs or tables, apparently anticipating every movement of the ship.

"Confound her!" he growled. "She ought to be spanked. But isn't she a wonder? Wait till I get out of this uniform! I'll—I'll—" He left the thought unfinished, for the Gulf Stream now entered upon such an amazing series of contortions that all he could do was to hold fast to a column and wonder how soon the end would come.

He regarded it as an act of Providence that his breakfast patrons were few. Somehow he managed to finish out the meal. Of course, he did more damage than any other waiter in the place; but that did not bother him at all. He felt happy every time he broke something; it suited his mood.

A nickel! Huh! "Say," said Trask as he leaned weakly against the wall. "At what hour do we hit Key West?" Harrison the head steward, looked at his substitute waiter in surprise.

"Key West?" he repeated. "We're not going to Key West." "What?"

"In a hurricane like this? Not on your life. The old man wouldn't take a chance of trying to make port in this blow. We're standing out into the Gulf, looking for plenty of searoom."

Trask was incredulous. "And we won't go to Key West at all?"

"Not on this trip. We'll do well if we make Galveston. This is some hurricane."

Trask whooped and threw his serving napkin into a corner. "Harrison," he said, "this is where I quit you. You've been a mighty good sport, but I don't like your job any more. You can call Henry back. Judging by the size of the crowd this morning, I guess you'll have plenty of waiters for lunch and dinner. Good-by, old man. God bless you! I've won my bet!"

He made a dash for the servants'

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quarters, heedless of the bumps he received. "Just wait till I get hold of her!" he exclaimed, as he peeled off his uniform. "Just wait!" As he tossed the brass-buttoned coat on the floor a nickel rolled out of the pocket. He picked it up, chuckling, and studied it with amused eyes. Suddenly he sobered and held it closer.

The nickel was plugged. "The little imp!" he cried.

The Broken Shaft. The Gulf Stream was making the best of a very bad job. There were moments when it seemed impossible that she could free herself from the avalanches of water flung upon her decks; yet always she managed to stagger through, shaking, trembling, groaning from stem to stern. Her powerful screws sufficed to keep her head to the sea, but she was gaining not an inch of distance. Great gusts of rain, borne on the wings of a hurricane that blew out of the northeast, shut off a view of the sea for minutes at a time, so that the ship fought her battle blindly, almost instinctively.

Trask slowly made his way to the saloon, clinging precariously to every object that offered support. He felt helpless as a child. A white-faced man passed him, his lips mumbling as if he were repeating a prayer. Two women, clinging to each other, halted him to ask where the life preservers were kept. He told them there was no danger; then realized that he knew absolutely nothing about it.

He saw the girl at the farther end of the saloon, standing close to a porthole and looking out at the tempest. Her eyes were wide with wonder, but there was no terror in them. Trask managed to reach her side after hazardous navigation among the furniture. She was unconscious of his presence until he spoke.

The awful seas had a fascination for her almost impossible to shake off.

She uttered a little exclamation when she saw he had discarded his waiter's uniform.

"You'll be caught!" He shook his head and laughed. "We don't make Key West at all. It's all off, on account of the storm."

The news seemed to disappoint her. "Then all our planning wasn't necessary," she said with a sigh. "I did so want to fool Captain Bloodgood. But I think the least you could have done was to play the game for the rest of the day."

She bestowed a little frown upon him, plainly displeased at his desertion from the ranks.

"And have you kept on treating me the way you did at breakfast?" She laughed in his face.

"Wasn't it fun?" she exclaimed. "Were you awfully angry?"

"There was a minute when I could have boxed your ears and done it with a clean conscience."

"I know it! You looked it. But I couldn't resist the temptation; you were so awfully stern and serious. Really, I think it's mean of you not to serve my lunch and dinner. Won't you put on your uniform again?"

"You'll be sorry if I do. I have a score to settle. I stood for it at breakfast, but at lunch there'd be a revolution. I don't think they want me any more, either; I broke too many dishes."

"That's one of the things I liked about it," she said, still laughing. "I suppose my idea of humor is crude, but every time I go to a vaudeville theatre I always try to pick out one where they have a juggler who smashes dishes. I love it! I think you'd make a wonderful juggler, Mr. Trask."

"I thought it was 'William,'" he reminded her.

"That was for the waiter," she said. "You wouldn't expect me to call a waiter 'mister'?" "No. But now that I'm not a waiter, I rather expect you to call me 'Billy.'"

"I might call you 'Spencer,'" she said, after a pause. "If you ever dare to remind me of 'Trumbull' again, I'll—I'll—say, you're having a lot of fun with me, aren't you?" She admitted it with a nod. "Ah right, Sid, but my time will come."

"It came right then!" she cried. "Don't you ever let me hear you say 'Sid' again! I hate it; it makes me shudder. They called me that to tease me when I was a little girl, and I've never got over it."

"Then I'll make it 'Sidney' so long as you behave." "All right, I don't mind. It always seemed to me that first names were given to people so that they could be used, anyhow." Trask remembered something. He fished around in a pocket and brought forth the tip received by William, the waiter. (To Be Continued.)

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one is glad to know Mrs. Jerry Simpson, has returned home from the hospital after a serious illness; also the Misses Moraghan are recovering from slight operations. Our genial sports have left on their trip up north for the hunting season. The inclement weather of late is keeping the farmers back with their plowing and fall work.

On Oct. 28th, Mr. Wallace Sharpe, Sidney, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hiram Dafeo, Harold. Mr. Sharpe was born in Elzevir on April 29th, 1846. The death occurred Thursday, in Belleville, of Daniel W. Deacon, a well known resident. The late Mr. Deacon was born at Healey Falls seventy-three years ago.

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