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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. Trask determines to defeat the captain's purpose and stay aboard, in which Miss Sands aids him. In a spirit of adventure they go out to a derelict on a breeches-buoy and are stranded there.

"I'll take care of you from now on." Sidney shook her head emphatically. "He's mine now," she remarked simply. "I'm the nurse." Keeler scratched his head and assumed a mournful expression. "I was afraid it would be that way, miss. It always has been. I'm always helping some one else to some one. But," he sighed heavily once more—"but, as it had to be, I'd sooner it would be you two than any one. I've taken a liking to you, sir, if you don't mind my saying it. I wish you happiness. When is it to be, Mr. Trask?"

"To-morrow," said Trask promptly. The girl blushed faintly and nodded. "To-morrow!" repeated Keeler wonderingly. "Well, you were always doing things right off the handle, sir. I guess it's the best way. It's the surest one, anyhow." Sidney laughed outright. "May I see it, sir?" "You've invited to be my best man," said Trask. "I hope you'll accept."

"Accept! Do you think I'd miss the chance, sir?" Then Keeler fell silent for a minute in awe and gratitude. "What about the other folks on the Gulf Stream?" asked Trask presently. "All well, sir; even the dragon. They've heard about it. It's been in the papers. But the papers had it wrong, sir. They said it was Mr. Trumbull." Sidney nodded confirmation. "You see, they got it from Captain Blodgett, sir, and he took the name that was on the passenger list, being the only one that he had any official knowledge of. They've even had Mr. Trumbull's picture, sir; and his father's, too."

"Have they heard from Trumbull?" "Yes, sir; after the thing was first published. That complicated it. He denied that he'd been shipwrecked, sir. And then Miss Sands told them who you really were." Sidney confirmed the statement with an inclination of the head. Trask laughed until his head throbbled. "I think it rather upset Miss Kent, sir," ventured Keeler hesitatingly. Trask glanced at Sidney. "She told me—I met her, sir—that her faith had really been shattered. I think she's given up the idea of suiting people, sir."

Sidney had turned away, but Trask observed that her shoulders were quivering. "Wedding Bells. "Any news of the derelict?" asked Trask. "Not yet, sir. They've sent a Coast Guard cutter out after it, so the papers say. The captain of the ship that brought you in, is half crazy, sir. He's talking about bringing a suit for something or other. He says you fooled him into giving you half and then you wouldn't even let him have his half."

"And the Gulf Stream?" "They're working on her now, sir. She'll be sailing back in a couple of days. It's a wonderful world, isn't it, Mr. Trask?" "Wonderful, Keeler." The Tennessee Tornado glanced furtively at a small figure that stood by a window and sighed again. "Well, anyhow, sir," he said, "you're the real thing now, Mr. Trask." "You mean—"

"You're not a fake invalid. You've been awful sick, sir. It was touch and go for a while, the doctor said. But you're not very expert here," added Keeler wisely. "Now, Dr. Van Norden—"

"What about that old devil?" "Oh, nothing, sir. I've just sent him a full report; it's all right, Mr. Trask."

"A report? Of what?" "Your temperature chart, and other things, Mr. Trask. I kept it up every day, sir, even after you left us. It was easy, you see; I put it all down normal. And what a pity I missed the real case, sir! You've had a temperature, Mr. Trask, that anybody ought to be proud to write down."

Keeler shook his head with professional wisdom and envy. Sidney returned from the window. There was a kitten sucked under her arm. "I think it's time for you to go Mr. Keeler," she said pleasantly. "Mr. Trask is not supposed to talk for more than ten minutes."

Keeler rose from his chair non-pulsed. He—a person of professional attainments—was being ordered from a sick-room! He glanced gloomily at Trask and then at the girl. "I was hoping to look after you," he mumbled. Sidney smiled and shook her head. "I'm permanently retained," she said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Keeler. It's really against the rules to have any outside nurses in this hospital. I had an awful time getting in myself. But they gave in when they

saw I actually meant it." "I bet they did, miss," declared Keeler earnestly, surveying her with admiring eyes. "Well, I'll be back then—for the wedding." He backed out of the room softly, instinctively assuming the noiseless tread of a hospital attendant. Sidney laughed quietly as he disappeared. She placed the kitten on the bed and knelt by Trask. "We're a queer lot of folks, Billy. Aren't we, dear?" she smiled. He smiled happily. "You, and Keeler, and I—all queer," she mused. "But that's what helped to make it an adventure. You must sleep again now, Billy. You're only allowed to say three words more. Say them!"

He said them, and felt her lips against his cheek. "And I love you," she answered. "But if you don't go to sleep I won't." He went to sleep. As a little procession left the hospital Mrs. William Hamilton Trask received a yellow envelope from a messenger boy, glanced at the address and handed it to her husband. He opened it. The telegram was from New York. It said: "I've been caught. The game is up in a deuce of a fix. TRUMBULL. Trask smiled cheerfully and asked the boy for a pencil. He wrote slowly and with a shaky hand: "I'm caught, too. Games just beginning. I'm married. TRASK."

It was Keeler who wheeled the chair—the identical Juggernaut of the first day aboard the Gulf Stream. He wheeled it very carefully and rather proudly. "You're certainly the real thing, sir," he said leaning over Trask's shoulder. "Couldn't walk if you tried."

"But those were gay days, Keeler," Trask reminded him with a grin. "Gay, sir! Maybe for you, but—"

The Tennessee Tornado indulged in one of his favorite sighs. "It was not very far to the ship—the same ship. The sight of the Gulf Stream was like tonic to Trask and his eyes brightened. He glanced at Sidney. She colored and touched him gently on the shoulder. "I can see Captain Blodgett," she whispered. "Up there—on the deck. I think he's watching us."

"He won't need to watch me very hard this time," said Trask, as he tried to stir his foot and found them singularly heavy. "I'm not so sure," mused Sidney. "I think you're going to need a lot of watching, young man—al ways. But I have pretty good eyes myself."

Keeler trundled the chair down the wharf and halted it at the gang-plank. "Well, sir," he said, "you'll remember me to New York when you see it, I hope."

Trask and Sidney turned to him in surprise. "You're not going?" exclaimed Keeler shaking his head and fumbling the hat nervously. "But your passage was all arranged for the return trip."

"Yes, sir; I know, but—but you'll not need me now, sir." "True enough. But this is the first you've said about staying in Galveston. What's the idea?" Keeler looked sheepishly at his late patient and hesitated. "Is it—"

"Yes, sir; it is." Trask grinned broadly. He would have roared, but his strength was not yet up to a demonstration of such proportions. "What in the world are you two talking about?" demanded Sidney with a perplexed little frown. "Out with it, Keeler!"

The Tennessee Tornado coughed and glanced timidly at the bride. Then he took courage. "Well, it's like this, sir—and Miss—I mean Mrs. Trask. You see, when the ship came in, there was a great time here about the hurricane, and everybody was down at the wharves waiting for news and looking for people they expected. And there was quite a lot of policemen, and two of them were there to meet me, sir."

"You!" "Yes, sir. You see, I'd hung shutters on both of Captain Blodgett's windows—I beg your pardon, Miss—I mean I'd blacked his eyes. And

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met some of the other actors." Sidney stifled a smile. "It seems," continued Keeler confidentially, "that the play we're all in has something to do with a villain who tries to marry an heiress. There's a hero in it, of course. Oh, no, sir; I'm not him. And the young heiress has a lady's maid, and the lady's maid has a friend. That's what I am. In the four reel I have the job of likin' the villain. Now, the young lady who plays the maid—"

"Ah! Now, we're coming to it," said Trask. "Yes, sir. Well, this young lady is just a beginner. But she's a most excellent young lady, Mr. Trask; and a very pretty one, too. Well, after she saw me and the villain at the first rehearsal she sort of took an interest in me, and she wanted to know if I was a regular professional. And I said I was. In fact, sir—and this is just between the three of us—"

"Of course," nodded Trask. "I said I was John Drew's understudy." Trask leaned back in his chair and laughed weakly. "Easy, sir, please!" pleaded Keeler. "You know how it is with me. It just came out, with no planning ahead. Well, that interested her and she wanted to know all about the plays I'd been in. So I told her. I'm

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