Webster-Man's Man

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

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"PLEASE LET ME HEAR FROM YOU."

John Stuart Webster, mining engineer, man's man, 29 years young, boards a train in Death Valley, California, on his way back to civilization after cleaning up \$100,000. He is dreaming of cool baths, silk pajamas and ham and eggs. But he looks like a hobo to the porter and the conductor. His way of changing their views gives a hint of the mettle of the man. Then he meets a distressed lady, who makes his heart flop over for the first time in all his days. He eliminates the offending man after the style of the man's man the world over. Being what he is and also girl-shy, he does not take advantage of his opportunity. But he just had to find out who the no-longer-distressed lady is, being determined to hatch up a scheme to meet her again—and marry her. She is Dolores Ruey.

to sicken of it all-and then I shall

"Neddy, I'll not work for you. mad. I won't play."

"You're it. I just tagged you." "I require a rest—but unfold your proposition, Neddy. I was born a poor, weak vessel consumed with a curlosity that was ever my undoing

I can only protest that this is no way to freat a friend."

"Nonsense! My own brother wants this job, and I have refused to give it to him. Business is business—and I've

saved it for you."

Jerome leaned forward and laid his

finger confidentially on Webster's knee; whereat the light-hearted wan

for two years on a consolidation up near Telluride, and I've just put it

across. Jack, it's the biggest thing in

the country. Colorado Consolidated Mines Company, Limited. English

and they'll call you blessed. There's

come to town whenever you please

pany's interests and I know you're

"Do I have to put some money int

"Not necessarily, although I should advise it. I can let you in on the

ground floor for that hundred thou-sand of yours, guarantee you a hand-some profit and in all probability a big

"L feel myself slipping, Neddy. Ne

ertheless, the tail goes with the hide I'm not in the habit of asking my

friends to guarantee my investment

and if you say it's right, I'll sprea what I have left of the hundred thou

"It's been a tremendous job get

ting this consolidation over, Jack

"In pity's name! Spare me. I've heard all I want to hear about your confounded consolidation. News!

News! Give me news! I have t

beg for a drink- Mose, you black

sinner, how dare you appear befor me without bringing a drink?"

Mose, the aged colored porter of the Engineers' club, flashed a row of

vories and respectfully returned the

"Letter for you, suh, The secre

"Thank you, Mose. Speak up, Ned

dy, and tell me something. Ever hear anything of Billy Geary?"

He was tearing the edge of the en

velope the while he gazed at Jerome who was rubbing his fat hands to

gether after the fashion of elderly me

vho are well pleased with themselves

"You have a chance to become on

of the greatest and richest mining en

gineers in the world, Jack," he an-

from that young crook Geary. I don't

neither does anybody else. For that matter, nobody cares."

"I do-and you can take the brief

end of that bet for your last white

chip. Don't let me hear you or any

body else say anything against Billy

Geary. That boy goes for my money

every turn in the box. Don't make

Webster's face suddenly was seri

ons; the bantering intonation in his voice was gone, and a new, slightly

strident note had crept into it. B

Jerome waved his hand soothingly.

"All right, old Johnny Pepper-bo

have it your own way. Nevertheless I'm a little mystified. The last knew of you two, you had testified

against him in the high-grade trials

at Cripple Creek, and he had pulled

out under a cloud, even after his ac quittal."

"Give a dog a bad name, and it will stick to him," Webster retorted. "Of course I testified against him. As en-

gineer for the Mine Owners' associa

tion, I had to. The high-grade ore was found in his assay office, and the

circumstantial evidence was complete

and I admit Billy was acquitted merely because I and others could no

swear positively that the ore can

from any certain mine. It was the same old story, Neddy. You can be morally certain that high-grade ore

has been stolen from your fine, but unless you catch the ore thief in the

act, how can you prove it? I suppose you read the newspaper reports and

lieved them, just as everybody else

any mistakes about that, oldtimer."

swered, "now that you've cut lo

tary told me to give it to you, Mistal

democratic greeting.

sand when I report for duty."

not that kind of an engineer.

come and claim my property.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

Webster struck the upholstery of an adjacent chair a terrific blow with his stick—the effect of which was to caus everybody in the room to start and to conceal Mr. Webster momentarily in a cloud of dust, the while in a belwing baritone he sang:

"His father was a hard-rock miner; He comes from my home town—"

"Jack Webster! The devil's own n!" shouted Neddy Jerome. He swept the cards into a heap and wad-dled across the room to meet this latest assailant of the peace and dig-nity of the Engineers' club. "You old, worthless, ornery, no-good son of a lizard! I've never been so glad to see man that didn't owe me money. I've een combing the whole civilize Where the devil have you been?

John Stuart Webster beamed hap pily upon his friend. "Well, Neddy old stocking-knitter," he quizzically, "since that is the case, I'm not surprised at your failure to find me. You've known me long enough to have remembered to confine y search to the uncivilized reaches.'

"Well, you're here, at any rate and I'm happy. Now you settle down."
"Hardly, Neddy. "I'm young yet, you know—only forty. Still a real live man and not quite ready to degenerate into a card-playing, eat-drink-and-benerry, die-of-inanition, sink-to-oblivion and go-to-h- fireplace spirit!" And with a tentative thumb that caused his friend to drag him downstairs to erted lounge, where Jer paused in the middle of the room and

enewed his query:
"Where have you been, I ask?" "Out in Deatn valley, California, try-

ing to pry loose a fortune."
"Did you pry it?"
John Stuart Webster arched his eyebrows in mock reproach. "And you can see my new suit, Neddy, my sixmy horny hoofs encased in silken hose shaved and ironed and almost afraid to sit down and get wrinkles in my trousers! Smell that!" He blew a smiling face. The latter sniffed. "It

"Yes, and you can bet it tastes ex-ensive, too," Webster answered. pensive, too," banding his cigar-case to his friend. Jerome bit the end of his cigar and spat derisively. "How much have you made?" he demanded bluntly.

"It's none of your business, but I'll tell you because I love you, Neddy, I've "Chicken-feed," Jerome retorted. Johnny, I've been combing the mineral belt of North and South America

Why this sudden belated interes

"I have a fine job for you, John-"
"King's X." Webster Interrupted,
and showed both hands with the fingers crossed. "No plotting against my peace and comfort, Neddy. Haven't I first time in three years, that I have money in my pocket and more in bank? Man, I'm going to tread the se path for a year before I get back into the harness again."

Jerome waved a deprecatory hand figuratively brushing aside such feeble and inconsequential argument.

"I'm not I'm bound in golde chains

"Married, eh? Great Scott, I might have guessed it. So you're on you honeymoon, eh?"

"No such luck, you vichy-drinkin teonoclast. If you had ever gotten far enough from this club during the pas fifteen years to get a breath of real fresh air, you'd understand why I want to enjoy civilization for a week perintendent's cabin on some bleak hill. No, sir-ee. Old Jeremiah Q. Work and year picture, Neddy, I want some I have had a falling out. Dad burn I've been listening to a dage shift-boss playing the accordeon for three years—and he could only play tunes. Now I want Sousa's Twe been bathing in tepid, dirty water in a redwood sluice-box, and dle shower and an osteopath. I've beer forced to learn their language to get results, and now I want to speak my mother tongue to my old friends. By thunder I'm going to have a new deal

YVery well, Jack. Don't excite your-

ong ago, and forgotten."
"It wasu't all over so long ago as you seem to think. I suppose you knew the Holman gang was afterward sent to the penitentiary for same high-grade operation Billy Geary's acquittal didn't end my interest in the case—not by a jugful I fought the case against the friends of the Holman crew among the mine owners themselves; and it cost me my good job, my prestige as a mining en-gineer, and thirty thousand dollars of money that I'd slaved to get together. Of course you never knew this, Neddy and for that matter, neither does Geary. I wish he did. We were good friends once. I certainly was mighty fond of that boy."

"Well, forget it, Jack. It's all over

ond of that boy.

He drew the letter from the en elope and slowly opened it.

"And you never heard what becam

of Geary?"

lering what was to become of me. couldn't get a job anywhere in Colo-rado, and I moved to Nevada. Made a million in Goldfield, dropped it in the panic of 1907, and had to start

"What have you been doing lately?" derer carefully lifted the finger, brushed an imaginary speck of dirt from it, and set it down again. "Be serious, you ingrate." Jerome pro-tested, "Listen! I've been working "Borax. Staked a group of claim down in Death valley. Bully ground, Neddy, and I was busted when I lo-cated them. Had to borrow money to pay the filing fees and incorporation, and did my own assessment work. Look!" Webster held up his hands, still somewhat grimy and calloused Borax trust knew I was buste out they never could quite get ove the fear that I'd dig up some backing and give them a run-so they bought twenty-five thousand a year in it, with a house and a good cook and an au-"Somebody told me Geary had gon-

to Rhodesia," Jerome continued mus ingly, "or maybe it was Capetown. 1 Africa."

"He left the Creek immediately after the conclusion of his trial. Pool boy! That dirty business destroyed the lad and made a tramp of him, I guess. I'tell you, Neddy, no two mer ever lived who came nearer to loving each other than Billy Geary and his old Jack-pardner. We bucked the marts of men and went to sleep to our five-year partnership. Why, Bill was like my own boy. Jerome, I curse the day I took that boy out from un-derground and put him in the assay office to learn the business. How could I know that the Holman gang had cached the stuff in his shack?

"Well, it's too bad." Jerome an that the subject of conversation should be changed. "I'm glad to get the right dope on the boy, anyhow. Have an

"Not until I read this letter. Now vho the dickens knew I was he for Denver and the Engineers' club didn't tell a soul, and I only arrived this morning."

He turned to the last page to ascer tain the identity of his correspond and his facial expression ran the gamut from surprise to a joy that was good to see.

John Stuart Webster read the letter deliberately, after which he sat in si-lent contemplation of the design of the carpet for fully a minute before reaching for the bell. A servant responded nmediately.
"Bring me the time-tables of al

ading to New Orleans," rdered, "-also a cable blank."

Webster had reread the letter fore the servant returned with

"August, you go out to the desk, fary to arrange for a compartment for ne to New Orleans on the Gulf States limited, leaving at 10 o'clock tomor-row night." He handed the servant his card. . "Now wait a minute until I write something." He selzed the cable blank, helped himself, uninvited, to Neddy Jerome's fountain pen. and wrote:

William H. Geary, Calle de Concordia No. 19, Buenaventura, Sobrante,

"Salute, you young jackass! Just received your letter. Cabling thousand for emergency roll first thing to-morrow. Will order machinery. Leaving for New Orleans tomorrow night, Your letter caught me with a hundred thousand. We cut it two ways and take our chances. Keep a light in the vindow for your old

"JACK-PARDNER." "That's a windy cablegram," Neddy erome remarked as the servant bore "Why all this garrulity? A cablegram anywhere generally costs at

east a dollar a word." "That's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year,"
quoted John Stuart Webster; "and needs cheering up?"

"Billy Geary." "Central America."

Neddy Jerome was happy. He was in an expansive mood, for he had, with the assistance of a kindly fate, rounded up the one engineer in all the

world whom he needed to take charge of the Colorado Consolidated. So he

said:
"Well, Jack, just to celebrate the discovery of your old pal, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll O. K. your voucher for the expense of bringing young Geary back to the U.S. A., and when we get him here, it will be up to you to find a snug berth for him with Col-

"Neddy." said John Stuart Webster "by my halldom, I love thee. You're a thoughtful, kindly old stick-in-the

"No if's nor but's. I'm your b Jerome interrupted, and waddled away to telephone the head waiter at his favorite restaurant to reserve a

Mr. Webster sighed. He disliked exceedingly to disappoint old Neddy, but— He shrank from seeming to think overwell of himself by declining a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a year job with the biggest mining com pany in Colorado, but—
"Rotten luck," he solfloquized. "It

runs that way for a while, and then it changes, and gets worse!"

When Jerome returned to his sent the serious look in Webster's hitherto laughing eyes challenged his immedi-

"Neddy," said John Stuart Webste gently, "do you remember my crossing my fingers and saying 'King's X' when you came at me with that proposition of yours? It just breaks my heart to have to decline it, but the fact of the matter is, I think you'd better give that job to your brother, after all. At any rate, I'm not going

"Why?" the amazed Jerome de-manded. "Johnny, you're crazy in the head. Of course you'll take it. For answer Webster handed his

friend the letter he had just received. "Read that, old horse, and see if you can't work up a circulation," he sug-Jerome adjusted his spectacles and

"Calle de Concordia 19, Buenaventuça

"Dear John: I would address you as 'dear friend John,' did I but possess sufficient courage. In my heart of hearts you are still that, but after three years of silence, due to my stu-pidity and hardness of heart, it is, perhaps, better to make haste slowly.

given, on the broad general grounds that I am most almighty sorry for what I went and done! Am I forgiv-en? I seem to see your friendly old face and hear you answer 'Aye,' and with this load off my chest at last I believe I feel better already.

"Jack, you poor, deluded old piece of white meat, do you think for a mo ment that I held against you your testimony for the operators in Cripple Creek? I thought you believed the charges and that you testified in a firm belief that I was the guilty man, as all of the circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate. I thought this for three long, meagre years, old friend, and I'm sorry. After that I suppose and I'm sorry. After that, I suppose there isn't any need for me to say more, except that you are an old fool for not saying you were going to spend your money and your time and reputation trying to put my halo back on straight! I doubt if I was worth it, and you knew that; but let it pass for we have other fish to fry.

"The nubbin of the matter is this There is only one good gold in this weary world-and I have it. and we stand the finest show in the world of starving to death if tackle it without sufficient capital to go through. It will take at least thirty thousand dollars, and we ought to have double that to play safe. I do not know whether you have, or can raise, sixty cents, but at any rate I am going to put the buck up to you and you can take a look.

"This is a pretty fair country, Jack -if you survive long enough to get used to it. At first you think it's Par adise; then you grow to hate it and know it for hell with the lid off; and finally all your early love for it returns and you become what I am now
—a tropical tramp! There is only one social stratum lower than mine, and that's the tropical beachcomber. am not that—yet; and will not be if my landlady will continue to listen to my blandishments. She is a swee soul, with a divine disposition, and

"I would tell you all about the geography, topography, flora and fauna Sobrante, but you can ascertain that in detail by consulting any standard encyclopedia. Governmentally the country is similar to its sister re-publics. It's a cold day indeed when two patriots, two vivas and a couple of old Long Tom Springfield rifle cannot upset the Sobrante apple cart. We haven't had a revolution for near ly six months, but we have hopes.

"I am addressing you at the Engineers' club, in the hope that my letter may reach you there, or perhaps the secretary will know your address and loose and still entertain a lingering regard for your old pal, get busy on

this mining concession P. D. Q. Time is the essence of the contract, because I am helding on to the thin edge of nothing, and if we have a change of government I may lose even that. I need you, John Stuart Webster, worse than I need salvation. I enclose you a list of equipment re-

"If you receive this letter and can "If you receive this letter and can do anything for me, please cable. If you cannot, please cable anyway. De let me hear from you, Jack, if only to tell me the old entente cordinals atil exists. I know now that I was con-siderable of a heedless pup a few years ago and overlooked my hand quite reg-ularly, but now that I have a good thing I do not know of anybody whom I care to share it except your own genial self. Please let me hear

"Affectionately.

Jerome finished reading this rem able communication; then with in finite amusement he regarded John Stuart Webster over the tops of his glasses as one who examines a new and interesting species of bug.

"So Billy loves that dear Sobrante eh?" he said with abysmal sarcasm "Jack Webster, listen to a sane man and be guided accordingly. I was in this same little Buenaventura once. I was there for three days, and I wouldn't have been there three minutes if I could have caught a steamer squalid, worthless, ornery, stinking holes on the face of God's green foot-Stool, Sobrante is the worst-if ene stool, Sobrante is the worst—if one may judge it by its capital city. Are you going to chase off to this God-for-saken fever-hole at the behest of a lad scarcely out of his swaddling clothes? Jack Webster, surely you aren't going to throw yourself away—give up the sure thing I offer you—to join Billy Geary in Sobrante and finance a wild-star prospect without a certificate a cat prospect without a certificate of title attached. Be reasonable. What did you wire that confounded boy?"

"Cable him you've changed your mind. We'll send him some money to come home, and you can give him a



"Cable Him You've Changed Mind."

good job under you. I'll O. K. the er and charge it to your personal expense account.

"That's nice of you, old sport, and I thank you kindly. I'll talk to Billy when I arrive in Buenaventura, and if the prospect doesn't look good to me, I'll argue him out of it and we'll come home. Let me go., I might come back But I must go. I want to see Billy."

"You just said a minute ago you'd turned the forty-year post," Jerome warned him. "And you're now going to lose a year or two more in which you might better be engaged laying up a foundation of indep your old age. For Heaven's sake, man

"Oh, but I will be a fool," John Stuart Webster answered; and possibly, by this time, the reader has begun te name—the Scotch are notoriously pig-headed, and Mr. Webster had just enough oatmeal in his blood to have come by that center fire name come by that center are name nonest-ly. "And you, you poor old horse, you could not possibly understand why, if you lived to be a million years

He got up from his chair to the full height of his six-feet-one, and stretched 190 pounds of bone and mus-

"And so I shall go to Sobrante and lose all of this all-important money, shall I?" he jeered. "Then by all the gods of the Open Country, I hope I may. Dad burn you, Neddy, I'm not a Methuselah. I want some fun in life. I want to fight and be broke and ge hungry and then make money for the love of making it and spending it, and want to live a long time yet. I want to see the mirage across the sagebrush and hear it whisper: 'Hither, John Stuart Webster! Hither, you fool, and I'll hornswoggle you again, as in an elder day I hornswoggled you be

Jerome shook his white thatch hope

"I thought you were a great mining engineer, John," he said sadly, "but you're not. You're a poet. You do not seem to care for money.'

"Make it \$10,000 and I will guarantee to deliver the man within 90 days."

470 BE CONTINUED.

CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

SHORT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

Salisbury.-Captain Frank Brown retired business man of the city, is seriously ill from blood poisoning, fol-lowing the bite of a rat. The rodent bit Captain Brown on the hand sev-

Spencer.—Engineer C. W. Baker, of Spencer, was badly scalded when a plug blew out of the boiler of his engine, attached to train No. 45 near Sumner. His colored fireman escape by jumping.

Favetteville. -A huge wood-working plant for the manufacture gun roller to be used in mining operations is the latest big industrial enterprise landed by the Fayetteville Chamber of Com-

New Bern.—Louis Boyd, colored was shot and killed by Patrolman Fred B.Rowe, following an assault on the officer when he. attempted arrest the negro for firing a revolve on the street.

Kinston.-Kinstonians saw clothing take another tumble, a precipitate drop which left goods in neary every shop in town not a great deal higher in price than during the fall of 1916.

Statesville.-Prof. D. Matt Thomp son, who has been superintendent of the Statesville graded schools since their establishment twenty-nine year

Rocky Mount. - Burns received when a pot of boiling coffee was ac cidently overturned at the home of Kenneth Bruce Coltrane, eight months old son of Mr. and Mrs. George H.

Winston-Salem. — During a brief business trip to Winston Salem Gover nor T. W. Bickett, advised some of his close friends that he has definitely decided to locate in Raleigh at the close of his term as North Carolina's

High Point. — Several burgiaries have been committed in High Point during the past few weeks, but none has caused more comment than the one when \$75 disappeared from the lockers of Desk Sergeant Ed Mu at local police headquarters.

Belmont.-A large and appreciative udience greeted the presentation of Edward the Conqueror" at Belmon

Raleigh.—Celebration of the 99th birthday of Comrade Cathey of Macon county, the oldest soldier in the Confederate home here, was held a

Statesville.—The North Caroline Fox Hunters' association will meet in Statesville on Tuesday, December 7, for the purpose of effecting a perm pent organization.

Reidsville.-Tobacco breaks at the local warehouses were quite heavy the first three days of this week Prices show very little changes, though it is thought some of the me

Hamlet.—An exceedingly enjoyable occasion was a gathering of a large number of the Methodists of Hamlet at the church on Thanksgiving night eastor, was presented with a ches

Wilson.-Rev. N. S. Gillespie, color ed, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Robeson county, North Carolina, was bound over to superior court here in the sum of \$500 for doing an inst ance business without a license.

Wilson,-It looks blue and is blue for tobacco farmers, supervisor of sales, reports for the week ending November 24, four days sales, 2,635 874 pounds which brought \$628,033.29 an average of \$23.82 per hundred

Fayetteville.—Lower food prices in Fayetteville cafes is assured by the action of the leading cafe here, which ha scut prices of all foods on its me nue 20 per cent. It is predicted that others of the large number of restaurants in the city will follow.

Middlesex. - Fire completely de troyed the building and contents of he Middlesex supply company, one of the largest general merchantile cerns in this vicinity, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000, partly covered

Asheville.-The thirty-seventh an nual North Carolina Teachers' assem bly is now history. The closing session was featured by the address of Dr. George A. Works, rural education professor of Cornell university.

New Bern.-Moses Harris, negro, said to have been one of the most desperate moonshiners in this sec tion of the state, and who, officers say, had be stated that he never would be taken alive, was shot and killed by revenue officers a few miles from Tranton.

Rosy Checks E Satin Skin

Because of her rosy chee atin skin a woman attracts the dmiration of all men. When the



to the drug store for paint, powders and beauty creams, when she should go there for a blood medicine and stomach alterative known as "Golden Medical Discovery." This vegetable tonic and blood alterative clears the skin, beautifies it, increases the blood supply and the circulation, while pimple boils and eruptions vanish quickly. Ask your nearest druggist for De Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form or send 10c. for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

Heavy Cold? Chest All Clogged Up?

Don't Give it a Chance to "Set In"—Use Dr. King's New Discovery

DONT let it get a start. Dr. King's New Discovery will get right down to work, relieving the tight feeling in the chest, quieting the rading cough, gently stimulating the bowels, thus eliminating the cold poisons. Always reliable.

For fifty years a standard remedy. All the family can take it with helpful results. Eases the children's croup. No harmful drugs. Convincing, healing taste that the kiddles like. All druggists, 60 cents, \$1.20 a bottle.

For colds and cour New Discovery

Feel Badly? Bowels Sluggish Haven't any "pep" in work or plays' You're constipated! The stimulating action of Dr. King's Pills brings back ald time spectrum. eld time energy, makes the bo and liver respond to your str healthy body. All druggists, 25c. mpt/ Won't Gri



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EVERYBODY SMILES When Stomachs do their work and Bowels move naturally. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS wake the stomach digest food and Bowels move as they should

