Vebster=Man's Man By PETER B. KYNE Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc. Copyright by Peter B. Kyne.

well," Jerome answered. "Take a tip

through the mill and I know. Never

"I've got it down in my memoran

"How do I know-I mean, how dare

you ask? Of course, she's nice. Can't

you see she is? And besides, why

"I'll have you understand, young

man, that I have considerable interest

in the girl you're going to marry. By

the way, where did you first meet this

"I haven't met her, and I've never

renture on the train from Death val-

Neddy was very sympathetic.

"Well, no wonder she didn't recog-

nize you when you saluted her to-

night," he agreed. "Thought you were

another brute of a man trying to make

mash. By thunder, Jack, I'm afraid

you made a mistake when you shed

your whiskers and buried your old

"I don't care what she thinks. I

found her. I lost her, and I've found

her again; and I'm not going to take

charge's baggage in her section, was

The porter, having delivered his

Who introduced you?"

dum book, but I can't recall it this min-

what's the fair charmer's name?"

a-er-a nice girl, John?"

should you be so fearful----'

-Spanish name.

ute-

girl?

ley.

clothes.

any further chances.'

"SHE'S THE EUTURE MRS. W."

"SHE'S THE EUTURE MRS. W." John Stuart Webster, mining engineer, man's man, 39 years young, boards a train in Death Valley, California, on his way back to civilization after clean-ing 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 chang-ing their views gives a hint of the mettle of the man. Then he meets a dis-treased lady, who makes his heart flop over for the first time in all his days. He eliminates the offending man after the siyle 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 jo find out who the no-longer-distressed lady he, being determined to hatch up a scheme to meet he galan-and marry her. She is Dolores Ruey. Clad in purple and fine linen, John goes to the Engineers' club in Denver', the nearest approach to a home he has known in twenty years. There he is offered a \$25,000-a-year job with the certainty of a fortune by a capitalist friend, Edward P. Jerome. While he is healtating, heing loath to go to work again so soon, he receives a delayed letter from his own particular pal, Billy Geary, asking him to finance as gold-mining prop-osition in Central America and go 60-60 with him on the profits. Thereippon he turns down the big job and decides to answer the call of friendship and adventure to Sobrants.

late.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

lowed by a girl in a green tailor-made suit. As she passed, John Stuart Web-ster looked fairly into her face, started "Well," Webster retorted humorous ly, "It isn't exactly what you might term a ruling passion. I like to make as if bee-stung, and hastily lifted his hat. The girl briefly returned his scrutiny with sudden interest, decided she did not know him, and reproved it, but there's more fun spending it, made \$100,000, and now I want to go blow it-and I'm going to. Do not try to argue with me. I'm a lunatic and I will have my way. If I didn't go tearing off to Sobrante and join forces with Bill Geary, there to play the game, red or black, I'd feel as if I had done something low and mean and small. The boy's appealed to me, and I have made my answer If I come back alive but broke, you know in your heart you'll give me the best job you have."

"You win," poor Jerome admitted. "Hold the Job open 30 days. At the end of that period I'll give you a definite answer, Neddy.

"I sniff excitement and adventure and profit in Sobrante and I've just I'm certainly going to try to have it -she's the future Mrs. W." "Alas! Poor Yorick, I knowed him got to look-see. I'm like an old burro staked out knee-deep in alfalfa just now. I won't take kindly to the pack from the old man, John. I've been

"And like an old burro, you won't be happy until you've sneaked through marry a girl that can freeze you with a glance. It isn't safe. By the way, a hole in the fence to get out into a stubble-field, and "starve." Jerome swore half-heartedly and promulgated the trite proverb that life is just one blank thing after the othe choate mass of liver and disappoint-"John, my dear boy, be careful," Neddy Jerome counseled. "Stick to your own kind of people— Is this menti

"Do you find it so?" Webster queried sympathetically.

Suspecting that he was being twitted, Jerome looked up sharply prepared to wither Webster with that glance. But no, the man was about lutely serious; whereupon Jerome realized the futility of further argument and gave John Stuart Webster up for a total loss. Still, he could not help smiling as he reflected how Webster had planned a year of quiet en-joyment and Fate had granted him been introduced," Webster complained, and poured forth the tale of his adne brief evening. He marveled that Webster could be so light-hearted and contented under the circumstances.

Webster read his thoughts. "Good bye, old man," he said, and extended hand. "Don't worry about me. Allah is always kind to fools, my friend; sorrow is never their portion. In answering Billy's call I have a feeling that I am answering the call of a great adventure."

He did not know how truly he spoke of course, but if he had, that knowl edge would not have changed his answor.

CHAPTER III.

The morning following his decision to play the role of angel to Billy Geary's mining concession in Sobrante, John Stuart Webster, like Mr. Pepys. was up betimes.

Nine o'clock found him in the office of his friend Joe Daingerfield, of the Bingham engineering works, where, within the hour, he had in his chars teristically decisive fashion purchased the machinery for a ten-stamp mill. It was a nice order, and Daingerfield was delighted.

and God bless you. If your fit of insanity passes within 90 days, cable me; and if you're broke, stick the Colorado Con. for the cable tolls."

"Good old wagon!" Webster replied affectionately. Then he shook hands and climbed aboard the train. The instant he disappeared in the vesti-bule, however. Neddy Jerome waddled rapidly down the track to Car 9 climbed aboard, and made his way to Lower 6. The young lady in the green tailor-made suit was there, looking

idly out of the window. "Young lady," Jerome began, "may I presume to address you for a mo-ment on a matter of great importance to you? Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I'm old enough to be your father, and besides, I'm one of the nices

old men you ever met." She could not forbear a smile. "Very well, sir," she replied.

Neddy Jerome produced a pencil and card. 'Please write your name on this card," he pleaded, "and I'll telegraph what I want to say to you. There'll be a man coming through this car in a minute, and I don't want him to see

him with a glance that even passe old Neddy Jerome did not fail to assimime here. Please trust me, young "Wow, wow !" he murmured. "The lady. next time you try that, Johnny Web-The young lady did not trust him ster, be sure you're right----" "Good land o' Goshen, Neddy," Web-ster replied. "Fry me in bread crumbs, if that isn't the same girl'i Let me go, Neddy. Quick! Good-bye, however, although she wrote on the card. Jerome thanked her and fied as fast as his fat old legs could carry him. Under the station arc he read the card.

"Henrietta Wilkins," he murmured old chap. I'm on my way." "Nonsense! The train doesn't pull "By the gods, one would never susout for seven minutes yet. Whe is she, John, and why does she excite pect a name like that belonged to a face like that. By jingo, it would be who is she, you ancient horse "Who is she, you ancient horse thief! Why, if I have my way—and strange if that madman persuaded her to marry him. I hope he does. If

I'm any judge of character, Jack Web ster won't be cruel enough to chain that vision to Sobrante; and besides she's liable to make him decide who's most popular with him-Henrietta or Billy Geary. If she does, I'll play Geary to lose. Well! Needs must when the devil drives." And he entered the station telegraph office and commenced to write.

An hour later Miss Dolores Ruey, alias Henrietta Wilkins, was handed this remarkably verbose and truly candid telegram: "Miss Henrietta Wilkins, Lower 6,

Car 9, on board train 24. "Do you recall the bewhiskered, ragged individual you met on the S.

P., L. A. & S. L. train in Death val ley ten days ago? He lifted his hat you tonight, and you almost killed him with a look. It did not occur to him that you would not recognize disguised as a gentleman, and he lifted his hat on impulse. Do not hold it against him. The sight of you again et his reason tottering on its throne, and he told me his sad story.

"This man, John Stuart Webster, is wealthy, single, forty, fine and crazy as a March hare. He is in love with you. You might do worse than fall in love with him. He is the best mining engineer in the world, and he is now aboard the same train with you, er route to New Orleans, thence to take the steamer to Buenaventura, Sobrante, C. A., where he is to meet another lunatic and finance a hole in the round. I do not want him to go to Sobrante. If you marry him, he will not. If you do not marry him, you still might arrange to make him lister to reason. If you can induce him to come to work for me within the next

90 days, whether you marry him or not, I will give you \$5,000 the day he reports on the job. Please bear in mind that he does not know I am doing this. If he did, he would kill me, but business is business, and this is a plain business proposition. I am putting you wise, so you will know your power and can exercise it if you care lev. If n

icate with me and get your money. "JEROME."

She snuggled back among the pll-She snuggied back among the pll-lows and considered the various as-pects of this amasing contract which she had undertaken with a perfect stranger. Hour after hour she lay there, thinking over this preposterous situation, and the more she weighed it, the more interesting and stiractive the proposition appeared. But one consideration troubled her. How would the unknown knight manage an woold the unknown knight manage an introduction? Or, if he failed to manage it, how was she to overcome that

bstacle? "Oh, dear," she murmured. "I do ope he's brave."

She need not have worried. Hours before, the object of her thought had settled all that to his own complete satisfaction, and as a consequence was sleeping peacefully and gaining strength for whatever of fortune, good r ill, the morrow might bring forth.

CHAPTER IV.

Day was dawning in Buenaventura, republic of Sobrante, as invariably it dawns in the tropics—without extend-ed preliminary symptoms. The soft, silvery light of a full moon that had out scandalously late had stayed merged imperceptibly into gray; the gray was swiftly yielding place to a faint crimson that was spreading and faint crimson that was spreading an deepening upward athwart the east. In the patio of Mother Jenks' estab-

lishment in the Calle de Concordia, No. 19, the first shafts of morning light were filtering obliquely through the orange trees and creeping in under the deep, Gothic-arched veranda flanking the western side of the patio. Presently, through the silent reaches of the Calle de Concordia, the sound of a prodigious knocking and thumping echoed, as of some fretful individual seeking admission at the street door of El Buen Amigo, by which euphonious designation Mother Jenks' caravansary was known to the public of Buenaventura. In the sec-ond story, front, a window slid back

and a woman's voice, husky with that huskiness that speaks so accusingly of cigarettes and alcohol, demanded: "Quien es?' Who is it? Que quiere asted? Wot do yer want?

"Ye might dispinse wit' that paraqueet conversation whin addhressin' the likes av me," a voice replied. "Tis me-Cafferty. I have a cablegram Leber give me to deliver-

"Gawd's truth! Would yer wake the 'ole 'ouse with yer 'ammering?" "All right. I'll not say another worrd !"

Without the portal stood Don Juan Cafetero, of whom a word or two before proceeding.

To begin, Don Juan Cafetero was not his real name, but rather a free Spanish translation of the Gaelic John Cafferty. Mr. Cafferty was an exile of Erin with a horrible thirst. He had first arrived in Sobrante some five years before, as section boss in the d mploy of the little foreign-owned narrow-gauge rallway which ran from Buenaventura on the Caribbean coast to San Miguel de Padua, up-country where the nitrate beds were located Prior to his advent the railroad people had tried many breeds of sectio boss without visible results, until a Chicago ma who had come to So brante to install an inter-communicating telephone system in the government buildings, suggested to the superintendent of the road, who was a German, that the men made for bosses come from Erin's isle; wherefore Mr. Cafferty had been imported at a price of \$5 a day gold. Result-a marked improvement in the road bed and consequently the train schedules, and the ultimate loss of the 'Cafferty soul.

Something in the climate of Sobrante must have appealed to a touch of laissez faire in Don Juan's amiable nature, for in the course of time he had taken unto himself, without bell or book, after the fashion of the proletariat of Sobrante, the daughter of ne Esteban Manuel Enrique Jose Maria Pasqual y Miramontes, an estimable peon who was singularly glad to have his daughter off his hands and no questions asked. Following the fashlon of the country, however, Esteban

comber, in which latter state he had now existed for several months. To return to Mother Jenks. Before Don Juan could even utter a matuithal greeting, Mother Jenks laid finger to lip and silenced him. "Go back to Leber's and return in an hour," she whispered. "I 'ave my reasons for wordfile there, be a set of the set

wantin' that bloomin' cablegram de livered later." Don Juan hadn't the least idea what

Mother Jenks' reasons might be, but he presumed she was up to some chi canery, and so he winked his blood shot eye very knowingly and nodded his acquiescence in the program.

When he had gone, Mother Jenks went behind the bar and fortified herself with her morning's morning-which rite having been performed, her sleep-benumbed brain livened up immediately.

"Gord's truth !" the lady murmured. "An' me about to turn him adrift for the lawst fortnight! Well for 'im 'e allers hadmired the picture o' sainted 'Enery, as was the spittin' image of his own fawther. 'Evings! 'Ell's bells! But that was a bit of a tight squeak! Just as I'm fully con-winced 'e's beat it an' I'm left 'oldin' the sack, all along o' my kindn eart, 'e gets the cablegram 'e's been lookin' for this two months past; an' 'e allers claimed as 'ow any time 'e got a cablegram it'd be an answer to 'is etter, with money to foller! My word, but that was touch an' go!"

Still congratulating herself upon her good fortune in intercepting Don Juan



"Chop Your Spoofin', Willie,

Cafetero, Mother Jenks proceeded up-stairs to her chamber, clothed herself; and adjourned to the kitchen After giving orders for an extra spe cial breakfast for two. Mother Jenks returned to her cantina, and formally opened the same for the business of that day and night.

To her came presently, via the tiled hallway, the object of her solicitude, a young man on the sunny side of thirty. He was thin for one of his height and breadth of chest; in color his countenance resembled that of a sick Chinaman. His hair was thick and wavy, but lusterless; his dark blue eyes carried a hint of faundice; and a generous mouth, beneath an equally generous upper lip, gave am ple ground for the suspicion that while Mr. William Geary's speech denoted him an American citizen, at least one of his maternal ancestors had be wooed and won by an Irishman. An old Panama hat, sad relic of a prosperous past, a pair of solled buckskin pumps, a suit of unbleached linen equally befouled, and last but not least, the remnants of a smile that much hard luck could never quite obliterate, completed his attire-and to one a stranger in the tropics would appear to constitute a complete inven-

tory of Mr. Geary's possessions. reverence and admire. The raw ma-"Dulce corazon inio, I extend a greeting," he called at the entrance. terials are here, materially and ethically all that is needed is for the next Where It Happened. ad forthwith moved the remainder of "He loved her, but never made it generation succeeding the plot Mother Jenks, and that no evil dreams step into the trails blazed for them known, and remained a bachelor bewere born of your midnight repast of cause she was very rich and he was and finish the job. frijoles refritos, marmalade, and arfan'-arf !' At the Musicale. Enthusiast—Don't you think the "Where did that happen? In this "Chop yer spoofin', Willie," Mother town? Jenks simpered. "My heye! So I'm yer sweet'eart, eh? Yer wheedlin' "No; in a book." chiara oscuro was fine? Non-Musical Guest—To tell the blighter, makin' love to a girl as is old truth, I liked the chicken salad Fraternal Favors. enough to be yer mother !" First Physician-Sir, I must say I ter. "A woman," Mr. Geary retorted think your treatment killed my wife sagely and not a whit abashed, "is at In your effort to make both ends Second Ditto-My dear sir, don't the apex of her feminine charms at nention it. We all owe something to meet you must be mighty careful they thirty-seven. don't snap in the middle. professional courtesy. He knew his landlady to be not a day under fifty, but such is the ease with which the Irish scatter their blarney that neither Billy Geary nor Finicky Digestions Mother Jenks regarded this pretty speech in the light of an observation disturbed by ordinary food, find comfort in immaterial, inconsequential and not germane to the matter at issue. Nevertheless, there was a deeper reason for his blarney. This morning, watch-Grape:Nuts ing the telltale tinge of pleasure underlying the alcohol-begotten hue of the good creature's face, he felt almost ashamed of his own heartlessness-almost, but not quite. Twenty hours of baking make this blend of wheat and malted "Gor, Willie, I ain't respectbarley quickly and easily con-vertible into health and strength able. She's comin' to see an' I cawn't let 'er." Try a package from the grocer. Test tells TO BE CONTINUED. "There's a Reason" Jud Tunkins Jud Tunkins says everybody admits that honesty is the best policy, only a lot of folks differ as to the precise finition of the word.



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HAD ANOTHER SHOCK COMING | ALASKA APPEALS TO YOUTH

odern Young Woman Able to Prom ise Auntie a Further Surprise for the Coming Evening.

.....

"Young girls nowadays," said Miss Mary G. Kilbreth, the well-known antisuffragette, "are flippant and totally indifferent to the opinions of their elders. Woman suffrage is to blame. "On a bathing beach last summer beautiful young girl appeared in a bathing suit that was extremely dar

was swaggering in this costume beside the water's edge and remonstrated with her. "'Sylvia,' said the aunt, 'I consider

What the country needs is the op-timism of youth, coupled with an adherence to the advice of Doctor Kilger of Trinity college, North Carolina, when he said: "Young men, the sages "Her aunt approached her as she will tell you to be prudent; pru belongs to the daring of youth-the spirit of adventure that will develop

individuality" Reduce this philosophy to Alaskan terms, and we find that the territory just now needs youth to finish the

that costume absolutely shocking.' "'Oh, you do, do you?' the girl re-plied indifferently. 'Well, wait till you see me in my new evening gown.'"

"This is going to cost you about half your fortune, Jack," he informed Webster when the order was finally made up.

Webster grinned. "You don't suppose I'm chump enough to pay for it now, go you, Joe?" he queried.

"I'm going first to scout the country and in the meantime keep all this stuff in your warehouse until I authorize you by cable to ship, when you can draw on me at sight for the entire invoice with bill of lading attached. If, upon investigation, I find that this mine /isn't all my partner thinks it is, I'll cable a cancellation, and you can tear that nice fat order up and forget it."

From Daingerfield's office Webster went forth, to purchase a steamer trunk, his railway ticket and sleep ing car reservation-after which he returned to his hotel and set about

packing for the journey.

Old Neddy Jerome, as sour and cross as a setting hen, accompanied him in the taxicab to the station, lothto let him escape and pleading to the last, in a forlorn hope that Jack Webster's better nature would triumph over triendship and boyish yearning for adventure. He clung to Webster's arm as they walked slowly down the track and paused at the steps of the car containing the wanderer's reservation, just as a porter, carrying some hand baggage, passed them by, fol-



"I'm Old Enough to Be Your Father."

returning for another tip. Webster reached out and accosted him. "Henry," he said, "where did you stow that young lady's hand bag gage?"

"Lower Six, Car Nine, sah." "I have a weakness for colored boys who are quick at figures." Webster de clared, and dismissed the porter with the gratulty. He turned to Jerome. "Neddy, I feel that I am answering the call to a great adventure," he de lared solemnly. "I know it, Jack. Good-bye, son, clared solem

get about it. At any rate, please do me the favor to communicate with me on the subject, if at all interested.

"Edward P. Jerome, President Colo-rado Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Care Engineers' Club."

The girl read and reread this telegram several times, and presently a slow little smile commenced to creep around the corners of her adorable nouth

"I believe that amazing old gentleman is absolutely dependable," was the decision at which she ultimately arrived, and calling for a telegraph blank, she wired the old schemer:

"Five thousand not enough money Make it \$10,000 and I will guarantee to deliver the man within 90 days. stay on this train to New Orleans. "HENRIETTA."

That telegram arrived at the Engleers' club about midnight, and purspont 'to instructions the night ber. keeper read it and 'phoned the contents to Neddy Jerome, who promptly telephoned his reply to the telegraph office, and then sat on the edge of his bed, scratching his toes and meditating.

"That's a remarkable young woman," he decided, "and business to her finger tips. Well, I've done my part, and it's now up to Jack Webster to protect himself in the clinches and reakaways." About daylight a black hand passed

Neddy Jerome's reply through the berth curtains to Dolores Ruey. She "Accept. When you deliver

his numerous progeny under the man-tle of Don Juan Cafetero's philanthropy, and resigned a position which for many years he had not enjoyed -to-wit: salting and packing gre hides at a local abattoir. This foo hardy economic move had so incensed Don Juan that in a fit of pique he spurned his father-in-law (we must in child birth, and no so

call Esteban something and so why split hairs?) under the tails of his camisa, with such vigor as to sever forever the friendly relations hither to existing between the families. Mrs Cafferty (again we transgress, but what of it?) subsequently passed away. ner had sh been decently buried than Don Juan took a week off to drown his sorrows In this condition he had encounered Esteban Manuel Enrique Jos Maria Pasqual y Miramontes and called him out of his name. In the altercation that ensued Esteban, fully convinced that he had received the nub end of the transaction from start to finish, cut Don Juan severely; Don Juan had thereupon slain Esteban with a .44-caliber revolver and upon emerging from the railroad hospital a month later had been tried by a Sobrantean magistrate and fined the sun of \$20,000, legal tender of the republic of Sobrante. Of course, he had paid it off within six months from his wages as section boss, but the memory of the injustice always rankted him, and gradually he moved down the scale of society from section boss to lay laborer, day laborer to tropical and tropical tramp to h