

WEBSTER - MAN'S MAN by Peter B. Kyne Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

granite steps, helped herself to a much-needed "bracer" from her brandy flask and was gazing pensively at the scene around her when Ricardo came up the stairs.

"Elo!" Mother Jenks saluted him. "We're 'ave you been, Mr. Bowers?" "I have just returned from capturing Sarros, Mrs. Jenks. He is on his way to the arsenal under guard."

"Gor' strike me, 'nk!" the old lady cried. "Ave I 'aved to see this day!" Her face was wreathed in a happy smile. "I wonder 'ow the beggar feels to 'ave the shoe on the other foot, eh—the 'earless 'ound; I'm 'opin' this General Ruey will 'ave the blighter shot."

"You need have no worry on that score, Mrs. Jenks. I'm General Ruey, Andrew Bowers was just my summer name, as it were."

"Angels guard me! 'Wot the bloom in 'ell surprise won't we 'ave next. 'Wot branch of 'e Ruey tribe do you belong to? Are you a nephew of 'im that was president before Sarros shot 'im?"

"I am the son of Ricardo the Beloved," he answered proudly. "Not the lad as was away at school when 'is father was hexecuted?" "I am that same lad, Mrs. Jenks. And who are you? You seem to know a deal of my family history."

"I, 'e old 'publican replied with equal pride, 'in Mrs. Col. 'Enery Jenks, who was your father's chief of artillery an' 'ad the hextreme honor of 'dyin' in front of the same wall with 'im. By the w'y, 'ow 's Mr. Webster?" she added, suddenly remembering the subject closest to her heart just then.

"Well, that's better than gettin' poked in the eye with a sharp stick," the old dame decided philosophically. "Do you remember my little sister, Mrs. Jenks?" Ricardo continued. "She was in the palace when Sarros attacked it; she perished there."

Two of Ricardo's imported fighting men stepped to the prisoner's side, seized him, one by each arm, and lifted him to his feet; supported between them, he limped away to his doom, while his youthful conqueror remained seated on the dead horse, his gaze bent upon the ground, his mind dwelling, not upon his triumph over Sarros but upon the prodigious proportions of the task before him; the rehabilitation of a nation. After a while he rose and strolled over toward the gate, where he paused to note the grim evidences of the final stand of Webster and Don Juan Cafetero before passing through the portal.

There was a swift rustle of skirts, and she was bending over him, her hot little palms clasping eagerly his pale, rough cheeks. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she whispered, and then her voice choked with the happy tears and she was sobbing on his wounded shoulder. Ricardo stooped to draw her away, but John Stuart bent upon him a look of such frightfulness that he drew back abashed. After all, the past 24 hours had been quite exciting, and Ricardo reflected that John's inamora was tired and frightened and probably hadn't eaten anything all day long, so there was ample excuse for her hysteria.

"Jack Webster," he declared, "you aren't crazy, are you?" "Of course, he is—the old dear," Dolores cried happily, "but I'm not." She stepped up to her brother, and her arms went around his neck. "Oh, Rick," she cried, "I'm your sister. Truly, I am."

"That's none of your business, you wait and I'll tell you. She's the guest I told you I was going to bring to dinner, and that's enough for you to know for the present. Vaya, you idiot, and bring her in here, so I can assure her my head is bloody but unbowed. Doctor, throw that rug over my shanks and make me look pretty. I'm going to receive company."

"I believe I've got a slight recollection of the nipper, sir," Mother Jenks answered cautiously. To herself she said: "I s'y, 'Enrietta, 'ere's a pretty go. 'E don't know the lamb is livin' in the next room! My word, 'wot a riot w'en 'e meets 'er!"

"I will see you again, Mrs. Jenks. I must have a long talk with you," Ricardo told her, and passed on into the palace; whereupon Mother Jenks once more fervently implored the Almighty to strike her pink and the iron restraint of a long, hard, exciting day being relaxed at last, the good soul bowed her gray head in her arms and wept, moving her body from side to side the while and demanding, of no one in particular, a single legitimate reason why she, a blooming old baggage and not fit to live, should be the recipient of such manifold blessings as this day had brought forth.

In the meantime Ricardo, with his hand on the knob of the door leading to the room where Webster was having his wounds dressed, paused suddenly, his attention caught by the sound of a sob, long-drawn and inexpressibly pathetic. He listened and made up his mind that a woman in the room across the entrance hall was bewailing the death of a loved one who answered to the name of Caliph and John, darling. Further eavesdropping convinced him that Caliph, John, darling, and Mr. John Stuart Webster were one and the same person, and so he tilted his head on one side like a cock robin and considered.

CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE SHORT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

Washington, (Special).—John R. Minter of North Carolina who has been vice counsel at Fort Elizabeth has been assigned to a similar position of Johannesburg.

Hertford.—The Perquimans county chamber of commerce, held an important meeting here, the subject under discussion being the marketing of peanuts.

Rocky Mount.—Gus Dimakos, age 50, well known candy maker for a local firm, is dead at his home here as the result, authorities and relatives believe of drinking wood alcohol.

Lexington.—The Central highway between Lexington and the Yadkin River claimed at least two automobiles as its victims during the past twenty-four hours.

Durham.—The Durham hosier mill announced a new reduction of 12 1/2 per cent in the wages of their more than 3,000 employes at plants located in Durham, Carrboro, High Point, Mebane, Goldsboro and elsewhere in the state.

Charlotte.—The body of James Claude Cannon, Charlotte boy who was killed in action in France during the world war, has arrived in New York city, according to a message received by his mother, Mrs. Julia Cannon.

Kingston.—Federal prohibition agents reported the destruction of a moonshine still of almost "pre-amendment" dimensions in the upper part of Dublin county. The plant, a "double steam" contrivance, was of 180-gallon capacity.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

FRECKLES Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

USED IN ONE FAMILY FOR YEARS Bellepoint, W. Va.—"It affords me great pleasure to have the privilege to make public this statement in behalf of Dr. Pierce's medicines I cannot recommend them too highly to the public.

What He Meant. "You told me," complained the purchaser, "that parrot I bought was the most intelligent bird in your shop, while the fact is he doesn't talk at all."

Bad Form. "Judge, I wasn't trying to flirt with this young lady." "She says you called her 'Precious.'" "I was talking to myself."

No Cart Along. The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said. "Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

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"I Am General Ruey."

CHAPTER XVII. Throughout the night there was sporadic firing here and there in the city, as the Ruey followers relentlessly hunted down the isolated detachment of government troops which had escaped annihilation and capture in the final rout and fallen back on the city, where, concealing themselves according to their nature and inclination, they indulged in more or less sniping from windows and the roofs of buildings. The practice of taking no prisoners was an old time in Sobrante, and few presidents had done more than Sarros to keep that custom alive; ergo, firm in the conviction that to surrender was tantamount to facing a firing squad at daylight, the majority of these stragglers, with consummate courage, fought to the death.

"Come, come, buck up," Webster soothed her, and helped himself to a long whiff of her fragrant hair. "Old man Webster had one leg in the grave, but they've pulled it out again."

"Now, listen to me, lady," he commanded with mock severity. "You just stop that. You're wasting your sympathy; and while, of course, I enjoy your sympathy a heap, just pause to reflect on the result if those salt tears should happen to drop into one of my numerous wounds."

"Thank you. Let us forget the Hague conference for the present, however. Have you met your brother?" he whispered. "No, Caliph." "Ricardo." "Yes, Jack." "Come here. Rick, you scheming, unscrupulous, blood-thirsty adventurer, I have a tremendous surprise in store for you. The sweetest girl in the world—and she's right here—"

"I'm so sorry for you, Caliph," she murmured brokenly. "You poor, harmless boy! I don't see how any one could be so fendish as to hurt you when you were so distinctly a non-combatant."

"Upon reaching the cemetery there was a slight wait until a carriage drove up and discharged Ricardo Ruey and Mother Jenks. The sergeant in command of the squad saluted and was briefly ordered to proceed with the matter in hand; whereupon he turned to Sarros, who with the customary sang froid of his kind upon such occasions was calmly smoking, and bowed deprecatingly. Sarros actually smiled upon him. "Adios, amigos," he murmured. Then, as an afterthought and probably because he was sufficient of an egoist to desire to appear a martyr, he added heroically: "Die for my country. May God have mercy on my enemies."

"Have a Tooth?" In the Fiji Islands a polished ivory tambu, or whale's tooth is a symbol of chieftainship, and extremely valuable, as any request backed by an exhibition of a tambu is theoretically bound to be granted. Thus, if a Fijian headman wishes to marry a neighboring chief's daughter, he sends a messenger first with the precious tambu, supposing him to possess one. Neither the girl nor her father has then any further choice in the matter. The wedding has got to be. These objects, as may well be imagined, are jealously guarded by their fortunate possessors; and any Fijian, if well enough off, will purchase one from a foreigner for a huge sum. The natives never, or at least very rarely, can be induced to sell their tambu. Tactful district commissioners frequently follow the Fijian custom, and when asking for hospitality on their tours in the interior, send a whale's tooth with their messenger.

The Time. "Is it admissible at any time for a man to pay attentions to a married woman?" "Certainly, if it is his wife."