



WEBSTER - MAN'S MAN

by Peter B. Kyne

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

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—John Stuart Webster, mining engineer, after cleaning up a fortune in Death Valley, Calif., boards a train for the East. He befriends a young lady annoyed by a masquerade, thoroughly trouncing the "peep."

CHAPTER II.—At Denver Webster receives a letter from Billy Geary, his closest friend. Geary urges him to come to Sobrante, Central America, to finance and develop a mining claim. He decides to go.

CHAPTER III.—Dolores Rucy, the young woman Webster befriended, and who has made a deep impression on him, as he has on her, is also on the way to Sobrante.

CHAPTER IV.—At Buenaventura, capital of Sobrante, Billy Geary, ill and penniless, is living on the charity of "Mother Jenks," keeper of a dramsop. She receives a cablegram from Dolores, telling of her coming.

CHAPTER V.—Dolores' father, Ricardo Rucy, president of Sobrante, had been killed in a revolution led by Sarros, the present executive. Dolores, a child of eight, was smuggled out of the country by Mother Jenks and supported by her in the United States. The old woman, ashamed of her occupation and habits of life, fears to meet Dolores, and sends Geary to the boat to say she has gone to the United States.

CHAPTER VI.—Webster, on his way to Sobrante, is taken ill on the train, and is in a hospital at New Orleans two weeks. Geary bungles his mission, Dolores easily seeing through his story. She greets Mother Jenks as her friend and benefactor. Geary falls desperately in love with the girl.

CHAPTER VII.—At New Orleans, while waiting for the steamer to Buenaventura, Webster saves the life of a young man who is attacked by two assassins. The youth leaves Webster without disclosing his identity.

CHAPTER VIII.—On the steamer Webster finds his stateroom occupied by a stranger who declares his intention of being his guest to Buenaventura. At first angered, Webster and the stranger, after a somewhat forcible argument, reach an amicable agreement. Webster recognizes him as the youth whose life he had saved the day before, though the other does not know Webster.

CHAPTER IX.

Prior to leaving New Orleans, Webster had cabled Billy Geary that he was taking passage on La Estrellita and stating the approximate date of his arrival at San Buenaventura—which information descended upon that young man with something of the charm of a gentle rainfall over a hitherto arid district. He had been seeing Dolores Rucy at least once a day ever since her return to Sobrante. He was quick, therefore, to seize upon Webster's cablegram as an excuse to call upon Dolores and explain the mystery surrounding his friend's nonappearance.

"Well, Dolores," he began, in his excitement enflaming her by her first name for the first time, "I've heard from Jack Webster."

"What's the news, Billy?" Dolores inquired. From the first day of their acquaintance she had been growing increasingly fond of Geary; for nearly a week she had been drowsing of calling him Billy, which is a comfortable name and, to Dolores' way of thinking, a peculiarly appropriate cognomen for such a distinctly American young man. At mention of the beloved word he glanced down at her pleasantly.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm glad you got around to it finally. Those that love me always call me Billy."

"You called me Dolores?"

"I move we make it unanimous. I'm a foe to formality."

"Second the motion, Bill. So am I—when I care to be—and in our case your formality is spoiling our comradeship. And now, with reference to the extraordinary Senor Webster—"

"Why, the poor old horse has been down with ptomaine poisoning. They carried him off the train at St. Louis and stood him on his head and pumped him out, and just did manage to cancel his order for a new tombstone. He says he's feeling regularly again and has booked passage on La Estrellita, and so we can look for him on the next steamer arriving."

"Oh, the poor fellow!" Dolores murmured—so fervently that Billy was on the point of burying his heart at her feet on the instant.

The thousand dollars Webster had cabled Billy "for a road-stake" had been dwindling rapidly under the stimulus of one continuous opportunity to spend the same in a quarter where it was calculated to bring the most joy. Mr. Geary was absolutely bogged in the quagmire of his first love affair, but until his mining concession should amply justify an avowal of his passion, an instinctive sense of the eternal fitness of things reminded Billy of the old proverb that a closed mouth catches no flies. And in the meantime (such is the optimism of youth) he decided there was no need for worry, for when a girl calls a fellow Billy, when she tells him he's a scout and doesn't care a whoop for any society except his—caramab! it's great!

A wireless from Webster warned Billy of the former's imminent arrival. Just before sunset Billy and Dolores, riding along the Malecon, sighted a blur of smoke far out to sea—a blur that grew and grew until they could

make out the graceful white hull of La Estrellita, before the swift tropic night descended and the lights of the great vessel shimmered across the harbor.

"Too late to clear quarantine tonight," Billy mourned, as he and Dolores rode back to her hotel. "All the same, I'm going to borrow the launch



"That You, Bill?" He Shouted.

of my good friend Leber and his protegee Don Juan Cafetero, and go out to the steamer tonight. I can leave to a little way from the steamer and welcome the old rascal, anyhow."

Fortunately, good little Leber consented to Billy's request, and Don Juan Cafetero was sober enough to turn the engine over and run the launch. From the deck of the steamer Webster, smoking his post-prandial cigar, caught sight of the launch's red and green sidelights chugging through the lanky blackness; as the little craft slid up to within a cable's length of the steamer and here to, something told Webster that Billy Geary would soon be paging him. He edged over to the rail.

"That you, Billy?" he shouted.

"Hey! Jack, old pal!" Billy's delighted voice answered him.

"I knew you'd come, Billy boy."

"I knew you'd know it, Johnny. Can't come aboard, you know, until the ship clears, but I can lie off here and say hello. How is your internal mechanism?"

"Grand. However, your query reminds me I haven't taken the medicine the doctor wanted me to take after meals for a couple of weeks. Wait a minute, Bill, until I go to my stateroom and do my duty to my stomach."

For ten minutes Billy and Don Juan Cafetero bobbed about in the launch; then a stentorian voice shouted from the steamer. "Hey, you! In the launch, there. Not so close. Back off."

Don Juan kicked the launch back fifty feet. "That will do!" the voice called again.

"Hello!" Billy soliloquized. "That's Jack Webster's voice. Wonder what he's up to. I thought he acted strangely—preferring medicine to me the minute I hailed him!"

While he was considering the matter, a voice behind him said very softly and indistinctly, like a man with a harelip:

"Mr. Geary, will you be good enough to back your launch a couple of hundred feet? When I'm certain I can't be seen from the steamer, I'll come aboard."

Billy turned, and in the dim light of his binnacle lamp observed a beautiful pair of white hands grasping the gunwale on the starboard quarter. He peered over and made out the head and shoulders of a man.

"All right," he replied in a low voice. "Hang where you are, and you'll be clear of the propeller."

He signaled Don Juan, who backed swiftly away, while Billy doused the binnacle lamp.

"That'll do," the thick voice said presently. "Bear a hand, friend, and I'll climb over."

He came, as naked as Mercury, sprawled on his belly in the cockpit, opened his mouth, spat out a compact little roll of quiff, opened it and drew out a ball of paper which he flattened out on the floor of the cockpit and handed to Billy.

"Thank you," he said, very courteously and distinctly now. "My credentials, Mr. Geary, if you please."

Billy reighted the lamp and read: "Dear Billy: I do not know the bearer from Adam's off ox; all I know about him is that he has all the outward marks

of a gentleman, the courage of a bear-cat, a sense of humor and a head for which the president of Sobrante will gladly pay a considerable number of pesos oro. Don't give up the head, because I like it and we do not need the money—yet. Take him ashore without anybody knowing it; hide him, clothe him, feed him—then forget all about him.

"Ever thine,
"J. S. WEBSTER."

"Kick the boat ahead again. Coffer-ty," Billy ordered quietly. He turned to the late arrival. "Mr. Man, your credentials are all in apple-pie order. Do you happen to know that this bay is swarming with man-eating sharks?"

The man raised a fine, strong, youthful face and grinned at him. "Hobson's choice, Mr. Geary," he replied. "Afloat or ashore, the sharks are after me. Sir, I am your debtor." He crawled into the cabin and stretched out on the settee as John Stuart Webster's voice came floating across the dark waters.

"Everything well with you, Billy?"

"All is lovely, Jack, and the goose honks high. By the way, that friend of yours called with his letter of introduction. I took care of him."

"Thanks. I suppose you'll call for me in that launch tomorrow morning?"

"Surest thing you know, Jack. Good-night, old top."

"Good-night, Billy."

Don Juan Cafetero swung the launch and headed back for the city. At Leber's little dock Billy stepped ashore, while Don Juan backed out into the dark bay again in order to avoid inquisitive visitors. Billy hastened to El Buen Amigo and returned presently with a bundle of clothes; at an agreed signal Don Juan kicked the launch into the dock again and Billy went aboard.

"Hat, shirt, necktie, duck suit, white socks and shoes," he whispered. "Climb into them, stranger."

Once more the launch backed out in the bay, where Webster's protegee dressed at his leisure, and Billy handed Don Juan a couple of pesos.

"Remember, John," he cautioned the bibulous one as they tied up for the night, "nothing unusual happened tonight."

"Devil a thing, Mister Geary. Thank you, sir," the Gaelic wreck replied blithely and disappeared in the darkness, leaving Billy to guide the stranger to El Buen Amigo, where he was taken into the confidence of Mother Jenks and, on Billy's guarantee of the board bill, furnished with a room and left to his own devices.

John Stuart Webster came down the gangplank into Leber's launch hard at the heels of the port doctor.

"You young horse thief," he cried, affectionately. "I believe it's the custom down this way for men to kiss each other. We'll dispense with that, but by—!" He folded Billy in a paternal embrace, then held him at arm's length and looked him over.

"Lead, son," he said, "you're as thin as a snake. I'll have to feed you up."

As they sped toward the landing, he looked Billy over once more. "I have it," he declared. "You need a change of climate to get rid of that malaria. Just show me this little old mining claim of yours, Bill, and then hike for God's country. Three months up there will put you right again, and by the time you get back, we'll be about ready to weigh the first cleanup."

Billy shook his head. "I'd like to mighty well, Jack," he replied, "but I just can't."

"Huh! I suppose you don't think I'm equal to the task of straightening out this concession of yours and making a hummer out of it, eh?"

The young fellow looked across at him sheepishly. "Mine?" he jeered. "Who's talking about a mine. I'm thinking of a girl!"

"Oh!"

"Some girl, Johnny."

"I hope she's not some parrot-keet," Webster bantered. "Have you looked up her pedigree?"

"Ah-h-h!" Billy spat over the side in sheer disgust. "This is an American girl—born here, but white—raised in the U. S. A. I've only known her three weeks, but—ah!" And Billy kissed his hand into space.

"Well, I'm glad I find you so happy, boy. When do you pull off the wedding?"

"Oh," said Billy. "That's premature. Jack. I haven't asked her. How could I until I'm able to support her?"

"Look here, son," Webster replied, "don't you go to work and be the kind of fool I was. You get married and take a chance. A man ought to marry young, Bill. Hang the odds. I know what's good for you."

At the hotel Billy sent a note to Dolores, apprising her that John Stuart Webster had arrived—and would she be good enough to receive them?

Miss Rucy would be that gracious. She was waiting for them in the veranda just off the patio, outwardly calm, but inwardly a foment of conflicting emotions. As they approached she affected not to see them and turning, glanced in the opposite direction; nor did she move her head until Billy's voice, speaking at her elbow, said:

"Well, Dolores, here's my old Jack-partner waiting to be introduced. Jack, permit me to present Miss Dolores Rucy."

She turned her face and rose graciously, marking with secret triumph the light of recognition that leaped to his eyes, hovered there the hundredth part of a second and departed, leaving those keen, quizzical blue orbs appraising her in the most natural manner imaginable. Webster bowed.

"It is a great happiness to meet you, Miss Rucy," he said gravely.

Dolores gave him her hand. "You have doubtless forgotten Mr. Webster"

of a gentleman, the courage of a bear-cat, a sense of humor and a head for which the president of Sobrante will gladly pay a considerable number of pesos oro. Don't give up the head, because I like it and we do not need the money—yet. Take him ashore without anybody knowing it; hide him, clothe him, feed him—then forget all about him.

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FAIRM STOCK

HOG-CHOLERA LOSS REDUCED

Estimated Saving of \$6000 to Farmers of Alabama County Brought About by County Agent.

Losses by hog cholera have been materially reduced in Bullock county, Alabama, as a result of the work of the county agent in training farmers in various centers throughout the county to use the serum and apparatus developed by the United States Department of Agriculture. Forty-nine cars of



Vaccinating a Hog for Cholera—Don't Run Risks or Waste Feed With Unhealthy Live Stock.

hogs, 3,928 head, have been marketed from the county through co-operative work, with an estimated saving of \$6,000. In Houston county the department's representative taught 18 men to vaccinate hogs. Six sets of instruments owned by the Dothan Rotary club were supplied to the demonstrators and a serum-distributing point was established in charge of a reliable veterinarian. More than 9,000 head of hogs were treated. In many cases it was found that sickness, other than cholera, was due to some incidental cause, such as bad peanut meal, and balanced rations were advised. The county agent's work resulted in 32 farmers establishing pastures to keep their hogs off the open range, the land thus pastured being freed from many noxious weeds by the rooting of the animals, and prepared for future cultivation. Forty-four farmers in the county were interested in stump removing, and about 2,000 acres of land was cleared in this movement. About five tons of dynamite was bought for the purpose largely on the co-operative plan.

When properly managed, the feeding of garbage to swine is a practical means of pork production, according to Farmers' Bulletin 1133 issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

FEEDING GARBAGE TO SWINE

Practical Means of Producing Pork, According to Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

In addition it helps to settle a problem which confronts many cities and towns—that of effective and economical garbage disposal. The wholesomeness of garbage depends greatly on the care it receives in households. Tin cans, glass, paper, oyster shells, sawdust, soap, and other foreign materials when mixed with garbage may cause numerous losses of hogs. But it has been found that this evil can be minimized by proper precaution and published requests to householders to be careful.

Immunizing of hogs is necessary to prevent hog cholera and frequent collection is urged to keep the feed fresh. Copies of the bulletin may be had free by applying to the United States Department of Agriculture.

SEGREGATE ALL NEW ANIMALS

Wise Plan to Place Recent Purchases in Quarantine for at Least Twenty-One Days.

The proper and only safe thing to do with the recently purchased animal is to place it in quarantine upon its arrival. Better keep it there not less than 21 days at least. This enables you to keep a careful watch over the animal at all times, and to determine there should be any disease, it would not be carried to those animals already on the farm.

SUPPLY PIGS PLENTY WATER

Young Porkers Drink Often and in Small Quantities—Non-Freezer Is Very Useful.

A pig likes to drink water often and in small quantities. It drinks water the same as it eats feed—a little at a time and often. That is why a non-freezing waterer and a self-feeder for grain are so very valuable in the hog lot.

Continued in next issue.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT.

North Carolina, Union County—In the Superior Court.

J. D. Futch et al. partners, trading as J. D. Futch & Sons, vs. D. A. Ramsey.

To D. A. Ramsey, defendant above-named:—You will take notice herefrom that a summons in the above-entitled action was issued against you on the 16th day of December, 1920, in the Superior Court of Union county, North Carolina, on a cause of action for which plaintiff claims damages in the sum of \$800 for breach of warranty in the sale of a carload of oranges, said summons being returnable before R. W. Leonard, clerk of superior court of Union county on the 25th day of January, 1921.

You will also take notice that on the same date a warrant of attachment was issued against your property in the State of North Carolina, which warrant is returnable at the time and place named for said summons, and where the defendant above-named is required to appear and answer or depart to the contrary filed within the time provided by law.

Filed 2nd January, 1921.
W. W. LEEMOND, clerk of Superior Court of Union county, North Carolina.