

Webster =Man's Man

By PETER B. KYNE

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"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 masher, thoroughly trouncing the "pest."

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 lies 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 drugshop. 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, wishes 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 sends Geary through his story. She leaves Sobrante, and Webster is informed of her coming.

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.—Arriving at Sobrante, Geary welcomes Webster and is instrumental in helping his friend's guest ashore. The latter is known to Webster as "Andrew Bowers." Geary houses him at Mother Jenks'. Webster gets the idea that Geary and Dolores are in love, and with the intention of giving Geary every chance he amikingly contrasts the girl's statement that they have met before.

CHAPTER X.—Webster receives a warning conveyed by Don Juan Cafetero, really John J. Cafferty, Irishman of good qualities fallen through overindulgence in liquor, that there is a plot to assassinate him. Webster makes a firm friend of Cafferty. Later, the American is insulted by a Sobrantean army officer and publicly ridicules him. A challenge to a duel is accepted under such stern conditions that the Sobranteans withdraw it.

CHAPTER XI.—Webster secretly visits "Andrew Bowers" at Mother Jenks'. He learns that "Bowers" is Ricardo Rucy, son of the assassinated president, brother of Dolores (whom he believes dead), and that a revolution is contemplated. Next morning he tells Dolores that her brother, of whom she has no recollection, is in the country, plotting the overthrow of President Sarros. Very much in love with the girl, but believing that her affection has been bestowed on Geary, Webster leaves to investigate the mine which he has come to finance.

CHAPTER XII.—Webster, after looking it over, decides to put his whole fortune into the mine. He sends Billy Geary to the United States to purchase the necessary equipment, advising him to marry Dolores in Buenaventura before he leaves. Knowing that unless Rucy can overthrow Sarros his mine will be confiscated, Webster agrees to finance the venture. Returning to Buenaventura, he is astonished to find Dolores still there and Geary on his way to the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.—Dolores tells Webster that Billy Geary had asked her to marry him and that she had refused. Amazed, but entirely misunderstanding the situation, he accepts the explanation. He explains to Dolores how her brother has laid his plans for the overthrow of Sarros. Webster and Ricardo have a final understanding.

CHAPTER XIV.—The morning of the revolution Webster takes Dolores aboard the American steamer Estrellita, where she can remain in safety. As an American citizen he believes it his duty to take no part in the conflict. Cafferty, after being in the thick of it, returns to the ship to tell Webster of the progress of the revolution, which promises an early victory for the forces of Ricardo Rucy.

CHAPTER XIV.

The following morning Webster informed Dolores fully of his interview with her brother and his conferees the night before, concealing from her only the fact that he was financing the revolution and his reasons for financing it. He was still depressed, and Dolores, observing his mood, forbore to intrude upon it. Accordingly she claimed the prerogative of her sex—a slight headache—and retreated to her room. In the privacy of which she was suddenly very much surprised to find herself weeping softly because John Stuart Webster was unhappy and didn't deserve to be.

It was impossible, however, for Webster long to remain impervious to the note of ridiculousness underlying the forthcoming tragic events. Here was a little 24 poverty-stricken hotbed of ignorance and intrigue calling itself a republic, a little stretch of country no larger than a couple of big western counties, about to indulge in the national pastime of civil war and unable to do it except by grace of an humble citizen of a sister republic!

Five or six thousand ignorant, ill-equipped, ill-drilled, semi-brigands calling themselves soldiers, entrusted with the task of enabling one of their number to ride, horse and dog, over 1,000,000 people!

How farcical! No wonder Ricardo, with his northern viewpoint, approached his pathetic task with gaiety, almost with contempt. And when Webster recalled that the about-to-be-born provisional government had casually borrowed from him the sum of forty thousand dollars in order to turn the



Informed Dolores Fully of His Interview.

trick—borrowing it, forsooth, in much the same spirit as a commuter boarding his train without the necessary fare hails a neighbor and borrows ten cents—his natural optimism asserted itself and he chuckled as in fancy he heard himself telling the story to Neddy Jerome and being branded a liar for his pains.

"Well, I've had one comfort ever since I first saw that girl," he reflected philosophically. "While I've never been so unhappy in all my life before, or had to tear my soul out by the roots so often, things have been coming my way so fast from other directions that I haven't had much opportunity to dwell on the matter. And for those compensating offsets, good Lord, I thank Thee."

He was John Stuart Webster again when Dolores saw him next; during the succeeding days his mood of cheerfulness and devil-may-care indifference never left him. And throughout that period of marking time Dolores was much in his society, a condition which he told himself was not to his liking but which, nevertheless, he could not obviate without seeming indifferent to her happiness. And to permit his friend's fiancée to languish in loneliness and heart-break did not appear to John Stuart Webster as the part of a true friend or a courtly gentleman—and he remembered that she had once called him that.

They rode together in the cool of the morning; they drove together on the Malecon in the cool of the evening; chaperoned by Don Juan Cafetero and a grinning Sobrantean, they went shark fishing in Leber's launch; they played dominoes together; they discussed, throughout the long, lazy, quiet afternoons, when the remainder of their world retired for the siesta, books, art, men, women, and things.

And not once, throughout two weeks of camaraderie, did the heart-racked Webster forget for a single instant that he was the new friend, destined to become the old friend; never, to the girl's watchful eyes, did he betray the slightest disposition to establish their friendly relations on a closer basis.

Thus did the arrival of The Day find them. Toward sunset they rode out together along the bay shore and noted far out to sea the smear of smoke that marked the approach of La Estrellita—on schedule time.

"You will go aboard her tonight," Webster said very quietly to Dolores.

"And you?"

"I shall go aboard with you. I have arranged with Don Juan for him to stay ashore and to come out in Leber's launch with the first reliable news of the conflict. If Ricardo wins the city, he wins the revolution, and you and I will then go ashore—to dine with him in the palace. If he loses the city, he loses the revolution, and we will both do well to remain aboard La Estrellita."

"And in that event, what will become of my brother?"

"I do not know; I forgot to ask him, but if he survives, I imagine he'll have sense enough to know he's whipped and will retreat on San Bruno, fighting a rear guard action, embark aboard the steamer that brought his men there, and escape."

"I'm worried about Mother Jenks."

"I have asked Mother Jenks to dine with us at 7:30 this evening, and have ordered a carriage to call for her. When she comes I'll tell her everything; then, if she wishes to stay ashore, let her. She's been through more than one such fracas and doesn't mind them at all, I dare say."

And in this Webster was right. Mother Jenks listened in profound silence, nodding her approval, as Webster related to her the story of the advent in the country of Ricardo Rucy and his plans, but without revealing the identity of Andrew Bowers.

At the conclusion of his recital the

old publican merely said: "Gee! blip me!"

After a silence she added: "My sainted 'Enery used to s'y the proper holds for a white man in a bally row o' this nature was 40 to 1. Gee, but how my sainted 'Enery would hejny bein' 'ere this night to 'elp with the guns." She sighed.

"How about a little bottle of wine to drink peace to yer sainted 'Enery and luck to The Cause?" Webster suggested.

"That's wot I calls takin'." Mother Jenks responded promptly, and Webster, gazing reflectively at the old lady's beard, wondered why she had not been born a man.

Dolores, fearful for her benefactor's safety, urged Mother Jenks to accompany them out aboard La Estrellita, but the old dame indignantly refused, and when pressed for a reason gave it with the utmost frankness: "They'll be tykin' Sarros, an' when they tyke 'im they'll back him ag'in the same way he backed my sainted 'Enery and your father against, my dear. I've a notion that your father's soul'll let Mrs. Col. 'Enery Jenks come to the party."

At 10 o'clock Webster accompanied Mother Jenks home in the carriage, which he dismissed at El Buen-Amigo—with instructions to return to the hotel while he continued at sea down the Calle San Rosario to the bay, where Leber's huge corrugated iron warehouse loomed darkly above high water mark. He slipped along in the deep shadow of the warehouse wall and out on the end of the little dock, where he satisfied himself that Leber's launch was at its moorings; then he went back to the warehouse and whistled softly, whereupon a man crawled out from under the structure and approached him. It was Don Juan Cafetero.

"They're all inside," he whispered and laid finger on lip. "They got in half an hour ago, an' devil a soul the wiser save meself."

"Thank you, John. Now that I know the coast is clear and the launch ready, I'll go back to the hotel for Miss Rucy."

"Very well, sor," Don Juan replied, and crawled back under the warehouse.

Half an hour later the sound of hoof beats warned him of the approach of Webster and Dolores in a carriage, and he came forth, loaded in the launch such baggage as they had been enabled to bring, and held the gunwale of the boat while his passengers stepped aboard.

About a half a mile off shore Webster throttled down the motor until the launch barely made steegeage way. "It would never do to go aboard the steamer before the fracas started ashore," he explained to Dolores. "That would indicate a guilty knowledge of coming events, and in the event of disaster to the rebel arms it is just possible Senor Sarros might have pulled enough, if he hears of our flight six hours in advance of hostilities, to take us off the steamer and ask us to explain. So we'll just cruise



"We'll Just Cruise Slowly Around and Listen."

slowly around and listen; the attack will come just before dawn; then shortly thereafter we can scurry out to the steamer and be welcomed aboard for the sake of the news we bring."

She did not answer, and Webster knew her thoughts were out where the are lights on the outskirts of Buenaventura met the open country—out where the brother she could scarcely remember and whom, until a month previous, she had believed dead, would shortly muster his not too numerous followers.

In the darkness Webster could hear the click of her beads as she prayed; on the turtle deck forward Don Juan Cafetero sprawled, thinking perchance of his unlamented past and wondering what effect the events shortly to transpire ashore would have on his future. He wished Webster would relent and offer him a drink some time within the next twenty-four hours. In times of excitement like the present a man needs a drop to brace him up.

Five times the launch slipped lazily down the harbor along the straggling two mile water front; five times it leaped back. The moon, which was in the first quarter, sank. Then to Webster's start ear there floated across the still waters the sound of a gentle purring—the music of an auto-truck. He set the launch in toward

Leber's little dock, and presently they saw the door of Leber's warehouse open. Men with lanterns streamed forth, lighting the way for others who bore between them heavy burdens.

"They're emplacing the machine guns in the motor-truck," he whispered to Dolores. "We will not have to wait long now. It's nearly 4 o'clock."

Again they backed out into the bay until they could see far out over the sleeping city to the hills beyond in the west. Presently along the side of those hills the headlight of a locomotive crept, dropping swiftly down grade until it disappeared in the lowlands.

A half hour passed; then to the south of the city a rocket flared skyward; almost instantly another flared from the west, followed presently by a murmur, scarcely audible, as of a muffled snare drum, punctuated presently by a louder, sharper, insistent puck-puck-puck that, had Webster but known it, was the bark of a Maxim-Vickers rapid-fire gun throwing a stream of shells into the cantonments of the government troops on the fringe of the city.

Webster's pulse quickened. "There goes the 'illery to the south, sor," Don Juan called, and even as he spoke, a shell burst gloriously over the government palace, the white walls of which were already looming over the remainder of the city, now faintly visible in the approaching dawn.

"That was to awaken our friend, Sarros," Webster cried. "I'll bet a buffalo nickel that woke the old horse thief up. There's another—and another."

The uproar swelled, the noise gradually drifting around the city from west to south, forming, seemingly, a semicircle of sound. "The government troops are up and doing now," Webster observed, and speeded up his motor. "I think it high time we played the part of frightened refugees. Masher bullets kill at three miles. Some strays may drop out here in the bay."

He speeded the launch toward La Estrellita, and as the craft scraped in alongside the great steamer's companion landing, her skipper ran down the ladder to greet them and inquire eagerly of the trend of events ashore.

"We left in a hurry the instant it started," Webster explained. "As Americans, we didn't figure we had any interest in that scrap, either way." He handed Dolores out on the landing stage, tossed their baggage after her and followed; Don Juan took the wheel, and the launch slid out and left them there.

At the head of the companion ladder Webster paused and turned for another look at Buenaventura. To the west three great fires now threw a lurid light skyward, marking an equally lurid light to the east, that marked the approach of daylight. He smiled. "Those are the cantonment barracks burning," he whispered to Dolores. "Ricardo is keeping his word. He's driving the rats back into their own holes."

Continued in next issue.

CARDUI HELPED REGAIN STRENGTH

Alabama Lady Was Sick For Three
Years, Suffering Pain, Nervous
and Depressed—Read Her
Own Story of Recovery.

Paint Rock, Ala.—Mrs. C. M. Stegall, of near here, recently related the following interesting account of her recovery: "I was in a weakened condition. I was sick three years in bed, suffering a great deal of pain, weak, nervous, depressed. I was so weak, I couldn't walk across the floor; just had to lay and my little ones do the work. I was almost dead. I tried every thing I heard of, and a number of doctors. Still I didn't get any relief. I couldn't eat, and slept poorly. I believe if I hadn't heard of and taken Cardui I would have died. I bought six bottles, after a neighbor told me what it did for her.

"I began to eat and sleep, began to gain my strength and am now well and strong. I haven't had any trouble since. . . I sure can testify to the good that Cardui did me. I don't think there is a better tonic made and I believe it saved my life."

For over 40 years, thousands of women have used Cardui successfully, in the treatment of many womanly ailments.

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OFFICES

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Trust Company Building,
on Main Street, Side En-
trance—Second Floor.

While Wife Testifies, Varner Shows Emotion

SAYS SHE HAD NO ILLICIT RELATIONS WITH MULATTO

McRary Contributed \$25 to Varner's
Campaign for Congress In This
District Four Years Ago.

WAS STAR WITNESS IN THE CASE

Mrs. Florence C. Varner, suing her husband, Mr. H. B. Varner, prominent newspaper and business man of Lexington, and a candidate for Congress in the 7th congressional district in 1916, for a "reasonable subsistence" from the estate of the defendant, laying claim to the property in Lexington known as the Varner building, took the stand yesterday—the first day of the trial—in federal court in her own behalf, says the Greensboro News. She positively denied having at any time in her life clandestinely met R. Baxter McCrary, wealthy mulatto.

She stated that the mulatto was a friend of Mr. Varner's, which was very much against her wishes; that McCrary had contributed \$25 to her husband's campaign fund when a candidate for Congress. She was directly examined from 3:45 p. m. until 5:30 p. m., when court adjourned until 10:30 o'clock this morning. The opposing attorneys will cross-examine Mrs. Varner upon the reconvening of court this morning. While Mrs. Varner was describing her futile efforts to communicate with her husband before her departure to her mother's home in Salt Lake City, Utah, Mr. Varner's eyes became moist.

The suit is Mrs. Varner's reply to the proceedings at Lexington last August when her husband instituted divorce proceedings against her, and at the same time started suit for \$100,000 against the mulatto for alienation of her affections. Mrs. Varner brought the suit in federal court as a citizen of Utah, where she testified she had been sent by her husband through his friends.

Mrs. Varner made a good witness, answering her attorney's questions without hesitation, and at no time during her long stay in the chair did she display any signs of nervousness.

She told of her marriage to Mr. Varner, December 20, 1900, she being only 17 years of age. She said that up until August 9, 1920, relations between her and her husband had been congenial, that she loved him dearly and was devoted to him; that she had assisted him always in his business.

Tells About Night Aug. 9

The witness testified that August 9, 1920, Mr. Varner was in New York city; that on this date about 7:30 p. m. she went to the moving picture show she was attending to, it belonging to Mr. Varner. She declared that she returned home about 10 p. m. and went to the bath room and turned on the light, thence to the back porch to see about two dogs. That after looking after the dogs she returned to her room to undress. About this time someone knocked on the front door, she went to see who it was, believing it was one of the boys from the picture show. Instead of it being a boy she found Fred O. Sink there, much to her astonishment.

"Mrs. Varner," testified the witness, "you are in all kinds of trouble. I thought he meant something had happened to Mr. Varner. Is Baxter McCrary here?"

Mrs. Varner said she knew nothing about him—McCrary. Then, thinking perhaps he had come to visit Anna Miller, the servant, she called Anna, who said he wasn't in the house.

Mrs. Varner said she told Mr. Sink he could search the house, but no one else would be allowed to do so. Mr. Sink informed her that he would have to have a witness, said the witness. Policeman Smith was then allowed to accompany Mr. Sink.

"To your knowledge had McCrary been there that night?" asked Mr. Sapp, in direct examination.

"No."

"Did you know Baxter McCrary?" "Yes. He had been accustomed to coming to the house ever since we have been married. He brought game of all kinds to Mr. Varner every year."

"Did he come for any other purpose?"

"Yes, to see Anna."

Mrs. Varner said that McCrary and Mr. Varner were friends. That Mr. Varner not only received game from McCrary but Christmas presents, etc. She testified that her husband was in the habit of purchasing articles in large quantities, that he was always careful to see that McCrary got his portion.

"Did Mr. Varner know that McCrary came to see Anna?"

"He certainly did."

Didn't Approve of McCrary.

Mrs. Varner stated that she did not approve of McCrary's visits to the house; that when she complained Mr. Varner said: "If you want to keep a good cook you had better let the cook alone. He's Anna's and my friend and let her cook for him."

Mrs. Varner testified that McCrary was the first contributor to Mr. Varner's campaign fund when he was a candidate for congress. She said that McCrary donated \$25 and that her husband was exceedingly proud of it.

The witness told of McCrary writing articles for the Lexington Dispatch, which witness tried to have stopped. She said that Mr. Sink, business manager of the paper, had also complained to her about the articles. She stated that her husband said the articles were good and wanted them run. Finally she told Mr. Sink to leave them out, and that if Mr. Varner complained about them, for him, Mr. Sink, to tell him he was crowded for space.

Mrs. Varner then told of Mr. Sink informing her about 5 years ago that there was considerable talk about the negro visiting her house. He asked her if Mr. Varner knew it, to which she replied that he did. She declared that she thought Sink was of the

opinion that she was treating McCrary as an equal, and had no idea that he thought she was intimate with him. She declared that she cried about it.

Following this incident she told Anna, the servant, to inform McCrary to stay away. She said she didn't tell her husband about the affair at the request of Mr. Sink, who said that Mr. Varner was already worried about the bond election.

Switching back to the night of August 9 Mrs. Varner told of seeing Mr. Bowers, in addition to a crowd of men on the outside of the house. She went back into the house and cried, Anna telling her that everything would be all right as soon as Mr. Varner returned.

"No, not until 10 o'clock next morning, August 10, when Mr. Sink telephoned, and he talked awful over the phone to me. He said he wouldn't have anything more to do with me and that he would not come down to the house. He said that the man was there all the time and that I was fooling him all along."

Mrs. Varner testified that she wrote a message to Mr. Varner: "Come home at once." That Anna took it to the telegraph office. The message was sent about noon Tuesday.

She stated that she had no idea her husband would desert her.

She testified that Wednesday morning toward noon she saw Mr. Sink and Wade H. Phillips coming to the house. She had expected to see her husband. She said she asked where Mr. Varner was. "He is at the hotel, he is not coming here, he sent Mr. Phillips to see you."

She was informed that Mr. Varner had been told of the facts and that the circumstances were so strong that he wouldn't live with her any longer; that she must go home. Mrs. Varner said that Mr. Sink and Anna were crying and that Mr. Phillips said to Mr. Sink: "You are too chicken hearted."

She said she told them she was not going to leave her home. "Surely Mr. Varner wouldn't turn me out; I've helped make what he has."

"You don't deserve anything, you are young and resourceful and can make your way in the world," is the reply she received from Mr. Phillips, testified the witness.

Mrs. Varner then told of writing various notes to Mr. Varner beseeching him to come to her. She then told of receiving a message from Mr. Varner, in which he stated that he was heart broken, humiliated, but that he would continue to investigate and if he found her innocent all would be different.

Mrs. Varner then described her trip to Salisbury, going there only after believing that she would see her husband there. But while on the outskirts of Salisbury, Mr. Sink, her escort on the trip, told her that she would not be able to see Mr. Varner, that he had gone to Denton.

After entraining Mrs. Varner said that Mr. Sink told her: "I hope you'll never have another minute's peace as long as you live."

Mr. Sapp tried to bring out what happened on the trip, but the opposition objected and the court ruled in its favor.

Mrs. Varner said she reached Salt Lake City August 17; that she returned to North Carolina Sept. 30.

"Why did you come back?" asked Mr. Sapp.

"To defend my character."

Mr. Sapp then took up the bill of particulars submitted some time ago by the defense, alleging various dates and places that Mrs. Varner and McCrary had been together. To all of these allegations Mrs. Varner replied emphatically in the negative.

In conclusion Mr. Sapp flatly asked Mrs. Varner if she had ever had sexual intercourse with Baxter McCrary. Mrs. Varner replied: "Certainly not."

LIQUOR CHASE WAS FATAL END FOR COLUMBIA MAN

T. A. Yarborough Was Fleeing From
Sheriff Abernethy When His Car
Over Turned.

T. A. Yarborough, of Columbia, S. C., was killed in an automobile accident at Alexas, near Lincolnton, Friday afternoon, dying about 7 o'clock and his companion, a man named Alley, also from Columbia, is in jail and probably will be charged with transporting liquor. The car in which the men were riding and 50 gallons of liquor contained in the car are in the possession of the sheriff of Lincoln county; that is, what remains of the car after it had wiped up the earth with itself. When going at a 60 mile clip, it struck a rock and somersaulted on the county road.

A thrilling chase with the Columbia man in the lead, and Sheriff J. L. Abernethy, of Lincoln county, and deputies in pursuit, preceded the fatal tragedy. Some time before the fatal accident Yarborough and Alley passed through Lincolnton. A farmer coming in behind them reported to the sheriff that they had whiskey. He had discovered the presence of the contraband because of a leak in one of the receptacles in which it was being hauled. Gradually oozing out, a few drops at a time, the fragrance had saturated the car, all unknown to the occupants, for, being saturated themselves, perhaps, they were unable to detect or rather to segregate the odor of the escaping liquor producer.

There are a thousand ways to spend money, an donly one way to make it.

Conquers Rheumatism

If you are tortured with rheumatism or sciatica get a bottle of Rheumatism from English Drug Company. If it does not convince you that you can be rid of a fall rheumatic suffering your money will be cheerfully refunded.