The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

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Smith, especially in this later incarnation which had so radically changed him, believed as little in the psychic as any hardheaded young business iconoclast of an agnostic century could. But on this particular evening when he was smoking his after-dinner pipe on the flagstoned porch with Corona for his companion, there were phenomena apparently unexplainable on any purely material hypothesis.

"I am sure I have much less than half of the curiosity that women are said to have, but, really, I do want to know what dreadful thing has happened to you since we met you in the High Line offices this morning—mamma and I," was the way in which one of the phenomena was made to occur; and Smith started so nervously that he dropped his pipe.

"You can be the most unexpected person, when you try," he laughed, but the laugh scarcely rang true. "What makes you think that anything has happened?"

"I don't think—I know," the small seeress went on with calm assurance. "You've been telling us in all sorts of dumb ways that you've had an upsetting shock of some kind; and I don't believe it's another lawsuit. Am I right, so far?"

"I believe you are a witch, and it's a mighty good thing you didn't live in the Salem period," he rejoined. "They would have hanged you to a dead moral certainty."

"Then there was something?" she queried; adding, jubilantly: "I knew it!"

"Go on," said the one to whom it had happened; "go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Oh, that isn't fair; even a professional clairvoyant has to be told the color of her eyes and hair."

"Wha-what!" the ejaculation was fairly jarred out of him and for the moment he fancied he could feel a cool breeze blowing up the back of his neck.

"The clairvoyant who did not claim to be a professional was laughing softly.

"You told me once that a woman was adorable in the exact degree in which she could afford to be visibly transparent; yes, you said 'afford,' and I've been holding it against you. Now I'm going to pay you back. You are the transparent one, this time. You have as good as admitted that the 'happening' thing isn't a man; 'wha-what' always means that, you know; so it must be a woman. Is it the Miss Richlander you were telling me about not long ago?"

There are times when any mere man may be shocked into telling the truth, and Smith had come face to face with one of them. "It is," he said.

"She is in Brewster?"

"Yes. She came this evening."

"And you ran away? That was horribly unkind, don't you think—after she had come so far?"

"Hold on," he broke in. "Don't let's go so fast. I didn't ask her to come. And, besides, she didn't come to see me."

"Did she tell you that?"

"I have taken precious good care that she shouldn't have the chance. I saw her name—and her father's—on the hotel register; and just about that time I remembered that I could probably get a bite to eat out here."

"You are queer! All men are a little queer, I think—always excepting colonel-daddy. Don't you want to see her?"

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Not even for old times' sake?"

"No; not even for old times' sake. I've given you the wrong impression completely, if you think there is any obligation on my part. It might have drifted on to the other things in the course of time, simply because neither of us might have known any better than to let it drift. But that's all a back number, now."

"Just the salve, her coming shocked you."

"It certainly did," he confessed soberly; and then: "Have you forgotten what I told you about the circumstances under which I left home?"

"Oh!" she murmured, and as once before there was a little gasp to go with the word. Then: "She wouldn't—she wouldn't—"

"No," he answered; "she wouldn't; but her father would."

"So her father wanted her to marry the other man, did he?"

Smith's laugh was an easing of strains. "You've pumped me dry," he returned, the sardonic humor reasserting itself.

A motorcar was coming up the driveway. It was high time that an interruption of some sort was breaking in, and when the colonel appeared and brought Stillings with him to the lounging end of the porch, a business conference began which gave Miss Corona an excuse to disappear, and which accounted easily for the remainder of the evening.

Smith returned to Brewster the next morning by way of the dam, making the long detour count for as much as possible in the quarter of sheer time-killing. It was a little before noon when he reached town by the roundabout route, and went to the hotel to reconnoiter. The roomclerk who gave him his key gave him also the information he craved.

"Mr. Richlander? Oh, yes; he left early this morning by the stage. He is interested in some gold properties up in the range beyond Topaz. Fine old gentleman. Do you know him, Mr. Smith?"

"The name seemed familiar when I saw it on the register last evening," was Smith's evasion; "but it is not such a very uncommon name. He didn't say when he was coming back?"

"No."

Smith took a fresh hold upon life and liberty. While the world is perilously narrow in some respects, it is comfortably broad in others, and a danger once safely averted is a danger lessened. Snatching a hasty luncheon in the grillroom, the fighting manager of Timanyoni High Line hurried across to the private suite in the Kinzie building offices into which he had lately moved and once more plunged into the business battle.

Notwithstanding a new trouble which Stillings had wished to talk over with his president and the financial manager the night before—the claim set up by the dead-and-gone railroad to a right of way across the Timanyoni at the dam—the battle was progressing favorably. Williams was accomplishing the incredible in the matter of speed, and the dam was now nearly ready to withstand the high-water stresses when they should come. The powerhouse was rising rapidly, and the machinery was on the way from the East. Altogether things were looking more hopeful than they had at any period since the hasty reorganization. Smith attacked the multifarious details of his many-sided job with returning energy. If he could make shift to hold on for a few days or weeks longer. . . .

While Smith was dictating the final batch of letters to the second stenographer a young man with sleepy eyes and yellow crossote stains on his fingers came in to ask for a job. Smith put him off until the correspondence was finished and then gave him a hearing.

"What kind of work are you looking for?" was the brisk query.

"Shorthand work, if I can get it," said the man out of a job.

Smith was needing another stenographer and he looked the applicant over appraisingly. The appraisal was not entirely satisfactory. There was a certain shifty furtiveness in the half-opened eyes, and the rather weak chin hinted at a possible lack of the discreetness which is the prime requisite in a confidential clerk.

"Any business experience?"

"Yes; I've done some railroad work."

"Here in Brewster?"

Shaw lied smoothly. "No; in Omaha."

"Any recommendations?"

The young man produced a handful of "To Whom It May Concern" letters. They were all on business letterheads, and were apparently genuine, though none of them were local. Smith ran them over hastily and he had no means of knowing that they had been carefully prepared by Crawford Stanton at no little cost in ingenuity and painstaking. How careful the preparation had been was revealed in the applicant's ready suggestion.

"You can write or wire to any of these gentlemen," he said; "only, if there is a job open, I'd be glad to go to work on trial."

The business training of the present makes for quick decisions. Smith snapped a rubber band around the letters and shot them into a pigeonhole of his desk.

"We'll give you a chance to show what you can do," he told the man out of work. "If you measure up to the requirements, the job will be permanent. You may come in tomorrow morning and report to Mr. Miller, the chief clerk."

Having other things to think of, Smith forgot the sleepy-eyed young fellow instantly. But it is safe to assume that he would not have dismissed the incident so readily if he had known that Shaw had been waiting in the anteroom during the better part of the dictating interval, and that on the departing applicant's cuffs were microscopic notes of a number of the more important letters.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sweet Fortune's Minion."

It was late dinner-time when Smith closed the big roll-top desk in the new private suite in the Kinzie building offices and went across the street to the hotel. The great dining room of the Hophra House was on the ground floor. The room was well filled, but the head waiter found Smith a small table in the shelter of one of the pillars and brought him an evening paper.

Smith gave his dinner order and began to glance through the paper. The subdued chatter and clamor of the big room dinned pleasantly in his ears.

"And You Ran Away?"

Half absently he realized that the head waiter was seating someone at the place opposite his own; then the faint odor of violets, instantly reminiscent, came to his nostrils. He knew instinctively, and before he could put the newspaper aside, what had happened. Hence the shock, when he found himself face to face with Verda Richlander, was not so completely paralyzing as it might have been. She was looking across at him with a lazy smile in the glorious brown eyes, and the surprise was quite evidently no surprise for her.

"I told the waiter to bring me over here," she explained; and then, quite pleasantly: "It is an exceedingly little world, isn't it, Montague?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Much too little for a man to hide in," he agreed; adding: "But I think I have known that, all along; known, at least, that it would be only a question of time."

After the waiter had taken Miss Richlander's order she began again.

"Why did you run away?" she asked.

Smith shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"What else was there for me to do? Besides, I believed, at the time, that I had killed Dunham. I could have sworn he was dead when I left him."

She was toying idly with the salad-fork. "Sometimes I am almost sorry that he wasn't," she offered.

"Which is merely another way of saying that you were unforgiving enough to wish to see me hanged?" he suggested, with a sour smile.

"It wasn't altogether that; no." There was a pause and then she went on: "I suppose you know what has been happening since you ran away—what has been done in Lawrenceville, I mean?"

"I know that I have been indicted by the grand jury and that there is a reward out for me. It's two thousand dollars, isn't it?"

"But You Believe Me Guilty, Don't You?"

She let the exact figure of the reward go unconfirmed.

"And still you are going about in public as if all the hue and cry meant nothing to you? The beard is an improvement—it makes you look older and more determined—but it doesn't disguise you. I should have known you anywhere, and other people will."

Again his shoulders went up.

"What's the use?" he said. "I couldn't dig deep enough nor fly high enough to dodge everybody. You have found me, and if you hadn't, somebody else would have. It would have been the same any time and anywhere."

"I was intending to go on up to the mines with father," she said evenly. "But last evening, while I was waiting for him to finish his talk with some mining men, I was standing in the mezzanine, looking down into the lobby. I saw you go to the desk and leave your key; I was sure I couldn't be mistaken; so I told father that I had changed my mind about going out to the mines and he seemed greatly relieved. He had been trying to persuade me that it would be much more comfortable if I should wait for him here."

It was no stirring of belated sentiment that made Smith say: "You—you cared enough to wish to see me?"

"Naturally," she replied. "Some people forget easily; others don't. I suppose I am one of the others."

Smith remembered the proverb about a woman scorned and saw a menace more to be feared than all the terrors of the law lurking in the even-toned rejoinder. It was with some foolish intent of threatening the menace aside at any cost that he said: "You have only to send a ten-word telegram to Sheriff Macauley, you know. I'm not sure that it isn't your duty to do so."

"Why should you telegraph Barton Macauley?" she asked placidly. "I'm not one of his deputies."

"But you believe me guilty, don't you?"

The handsome shoulders twitched in the barest hint of indifference. "As I have said, I am not in Bart Macauley's employ—nor in Mr. Watrous Dunham's. Neither am I the judge and jury to put you in the prisoner's box and try you. I suppose you knew what you were doing, and why you did it. But I do think you might have written me a line, Montague. That would have been the least you could have done."

For some time afterward the talk was not resumed. Miss Richlander was apparently enjoying her dinner. Smith was not enjoying his, but he ate as a troubled man often will; mechanically and as a matter of routine. It was not until the dessert had been served that the young woman took up the thread of the conversation precisely as if it had never been dropped.

"I think you know that you have no reason to be afraid of me, Montague; but I can't say as much for father. He will be back in a few days, and when he comes it will be prudent for you to vanish. That is a future, however."

Smith's laugh was brittle.

"We'll leave it a future, if you like. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

"Oh; so you pass me as an evil, do you?"

"No; you know I didn't mean that; I merely mean that it's no use crossing the bridges before we come to them. I've been living from day to day so long now, that I am becoming hardened to it."

Again there was a pause, and again it was Miss Richlander who broke it. The slow smile was dimpling again at the corners of the perfect mouth.

"You are going to need a little help, Montague—my help—aren't you? It occurs to me that you can well afford to show me some little friendly attention while I am Robinson-Crusoed here waiting for father to come back."

"Let me understand," he broke in, frowning across the table at her. "You are willing to ignore what has happened—to that extent? You are not forgetting that in the eyes of the law I am a criminal?"

She made a faint little gesture of impatience.

"Why do you persist in dragging that in? I am not supposed to know anything about your business affairs, with Watrous Dunham or anybody else. Besides, no one knows me here, and no one cares. Besides, again, I am a stranger in a strange city and we are—or we used to be—old friends."

Her half-cynical tone made him frown again, thoughtfully, this time.

"Women are curious creatures," he commented. "I used to think I knew a little something about them, but I guess it was a mistake. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, anything you like; anything that will keep me from being bored to death."

Smith laid his napkin aside and glanced at his watch.

"There is a play of some kind on at the opera house, I believe," he said, rising and going around to draw her chair aside. "If you'd care to go, I'll see if I can hold somebody up for a couple of seats."

"That is more like it. I used to be afraid that you hadn't a drop of sporting blood in you, Montague, and I am glad to learn, even at this late day, that I was mistaken. Take me upstairs, and we'll go to the play."

They left the dining room together, and there was more than one pair of eyes to follow them in frank admiration. "What a strikingly handsome couple," said a bejewelled lady who sat at the table nearest the door; and her companion, a gentleman with beetleless eyes and thin lips and a rather wicked jaw, said: "Yes; I don't know the woman, but the man is Colonel Baldwin's new financier; the fellow who calls himself 'John Smith.' "

The bediamonded lady smiled tartly. "You say that as if it had a mental quarrel with his name, rawford. If I were the girl, I shouldn't find fault with the name. You say you don't know her?"

Stanton had pushed his chair back and was rising. "Take your time with the ice cream, and I'll join you later upstairs. I'm going to find out who the girl is, since you want to know."

CHAPTER XIV.

Broken Threads.

Mr. Crawford Stanton a little later went upstairs to rejoin the respectable lady, who was taking her ease in the most comfortable lounging chair the mezzanine parlors afforded.

"No good," he reported. "The girl's name is Richlander, and she—or her father—comes from one of half a dozen Lawrencevilles—you can take your choice among 'em."

"Money?" queried the comfortable one.

"Buying mines in the Topaz," said the husband mechanically. He was not thinking specially of Mr. John Richlander's status or prominence in the commercial agencies; he was wondering how well Miss Richlander knew John Smith, and in what manner she could be persuaded to tell what she might know. While he was turning it over in his mind the two in question came down the stairs and passed through the lobby on their way to the theater. Stanton, watching them narrowly from the vantage-point afforded by the galleried mezzanine, drew his own conclusions. By all the little signs they were not merely chance acquaintances or even casual friends. Their relations were closer—and of longer standing.

Stanton puzzled over his problem a long time, long after Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the easy chair and had disappeared from the scene. His Eastern employers were growing peacefully impatient. Who was the fellow Smith, and what was his backing? They were beginning to ask; and when they asking there were intimations that Mr. Crawford Stanton were finding the task too difficult, there was always a alternative.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORAL INERTIA IS TO BLAME

Often Responsible for Failure to Live the Kind of Life That One Really Wants to Live.

How difficult it is to live up to our good resolutions we all know from experience, but a fact that we do not, as a rule, take into consideration is that moral inertia is as much responsible for this condition as is temptation in its varied forms. Granted that we have the desire to lead good lives and that we prefer that our thoughts should run in clean, clear channels rather than in muddy, murky ones we do not always have the moral strength necessary to put these desires into effect, observes the Charleston News and Courier. We believe, perhaps, that we are stronger than we really are and that although we may already be launched upon a dangerous sea we can make a safe haven at will. That we often misjudge our power of accomplishment in this direction, however, is not to be denied as circumstances demonstrate when we make the attempt to seek refuge from the dangers that threaten us. On the other hand, we can gather strength from our trials and unhappy experience if we will, notwithstanding the blows they deal and the discouragement they prompt. Others have accomplished the feat in the past and still others will accomplish it in the future, and these thoughts alone should encourage those of us at the present who are staggering under heavy burdens and fighting unhappy handicaps to make a winning race.

Do "Good Turns."

Most of us can look back to a day when the kind word of some good friend made us forget how dark and cheerless was life's way. Then why should we hesitate about doing a "good turn" for someone now, even though we know that "good turn" will "put us out" a little?

The woman who waits for a "convenient" time to put her "good intentions" into effect will always have a long list of things to do tomorrow. Today, whether the sun is shining or great storm clouds darken the sky, is the time to do what we have decided on doing.—Exchange.

Curse of Modern Life.

To eat what you like, and all you like, may be a merry life, but it will be a short one. The curse of modern life is overfeeding.—Dr. Fred's Drug.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Continue With the Old Favorites, the Peonies.

THE PEONY AND ITS CULTURE.

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

Among all our herbaceous plants, there is probably not one that stands higher in popular favor than the peony. And it richly deserves its popularity, because of its great hardiness, its ease of culture, its magnificent range of rich and delicate colors, its wonderful profusion of bloom and its tenacity of life.

The writer knows many specimens of the old variety, cultivated by our grandmothers, extensively, that have been growing in the same place in the old gardens for more than a century, and, without exception, those that received good care are as vigorous and healthy today as any young plants, and year after year they give a glorious crop of fine flowers.

Many of these old plants have grown to be clumps five and six feet across, and one can often count hundreds of blossoms and buds in various stages of development on each plant.

Such plants as these are what is needed to make the attractions of a garden permanent. There is no other hardy herbaceous plant that can be used with such fine effect in the border.

Scattered here and there among the shrubbery, it produces a most satisfactory show of color at a time when most shrubs are not in bloom.

Probably, however, it is most strikingly effective when planted in large beds. If it can be given a background of evergreens its rich colors show up to great advantage. Shrubbery of any kind as a background, brings its colors into strong relief, and one should always plant, if possible, with that aim in view.

If partially shaded, all the better.

The culture of the peony is simple in the extreme. It does best in a rather stiff loam, or almost any soil, preferring it to a lighter soil, because it likes to feel the earth firm about its roots.

While it prefers such a soil, it will do very well indeed in sandy loam, or almost any soil, provided it is rich in the elements of plant development. To grow good peonies, one must make liberal use of fertilizers, preferably old, well-rotted manure. Unless this is done you cannot expect a vigorous growth of stalks and foliage, or generous crops of large, richly colored flowers.

It is hardly possible to use too much manure about it, if it is old enough to be black and crumbles easily under the application of the hoe. It should be dug into the soil about the roots of the plants, taking care, however, not to dig too close or deep enough to disturb them.

There is no plant that resents a disturbance of its roots more. Dig into a clump to secure a "toe" for a neighbor, and very often the parent plant will refuse to bloom the second season.

So hardy is the peony that it is not necessary to give it winter protection at the extreme north. If its roots are put deep into the ground. If given shallow planting, the frost will often heave them badly unless covered with coarse manure or mulch of some kind.

The roots should be at least six inches below the surface. While winter protection is not necessary, it is advisable, because it prevents taxing the vitality of the plant excessively in its efforts to withstand a severe winter.

GARDEN WORKING NOTES

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

Propagate rubber plants this month. Pack a handful or two of moss around the stem and keep it well soaked. In a short time roots will appear. Saw a flower pot in half and bind the plants or rooting portion of the stem. Fill with a very light soil with plenty of sand and keep thoroughly watered. During the winter the roots will take good hold and in the spring the stem may be cut off level with the bottom of the pot.

The outdoor carnations may be potted up this month.

Cuttings from geraniums may be made early in September in most climates.

Watch the tender greenhouse plants that are in the open and take them up before the last days of summer are passed.

Have the pots ready for the bulbs which must be taken up soon.

Sow mignonettes seeds in pots or boxes for the window garden. Water frequently but not too much.

The dahlias, gladioli and other rank-growing plants are apt to be blown down by the strong winds of fall. Stake them up.

Unless the chrysanthemum have been shaded during the hot months they will not come up to expectations this fall.

Drench the ground around the tea roses but do not spray the bush.

Roses of all kinds should be thoroughly manured with well rotted cow manure and mulched with lawn cuttings and leaves.

Liquid manure should be applied only when the ground is moist enough to absorb it.

It is fatal to some plants to fertilize them with rich manures when the ground is dry.

Never allow roses to remain on the bush until the petals begin to fall.

All plants that are intended for winter bloomers should have the buds pinched off now.

Pick the pansies and nasturtiums every day if you want to have plenty of bloom.

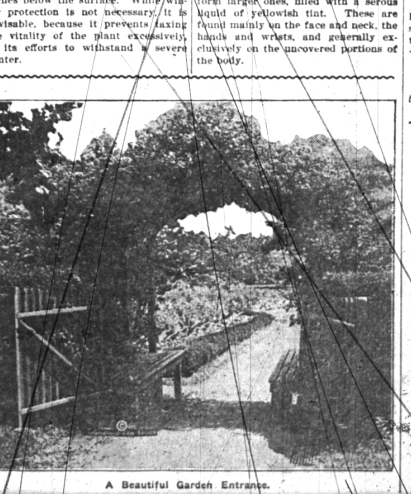
The best way to kill weeds now is to pull them up by hand.

The red bug and other enemies of the rose if not killed off last month should be effectually removed now.

An excellent spray for the rose bushes is made of one-half pound of laundry soap melted in hot water to which is added one cupful of kerosene. When this comes to a boil, use about one part to fifteen parts of water.

Infection in Primroses.

Many primroses are capable of causing serious cases of dermatitis, which have even been known in certain instances to result in death. The primula Sinensis and the primula obconica are especially toxic. While it is naturally gardeners and horticulturists who are most exposed to these affections, others sometimes suffer merely from plucking a nosegay of the blossoms. The symptoms, according to a French scientist, ordinarily resemble those of erysipelas. The malady begins with a slight redness of the skin and later small vesicles form an eruption. These unite of themselves to form larger ones, filled with a serous liquid of yellowish tint. These are found mainly on the face and neck, the hands and wrists, and generally exclusively on the uncovered portions of the body.



A Beautiful Garden Entrance.

THINKS IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO SPEAK

Detroit Mason Came Near Giving Up and Quitting, He Says.

WIFE ALSO TESTIFIES

"Tanlac Has Put Me on My Feet Feeling Strong and Well as I Ever Felt in My Life," Says Edward Young.

"Tanlac has put me on my feet feeling as strong and well as I ever felt in my life, and I think it's time for me to speak out for the benefit of others," said Edward Young, a well-known brick mason who lives at 48 Sproat street, Detroit, Michigan, a few days ago.

"Ever since I had a spell of grippe over a year ago," he continued, "I have had no strength and felt bad and run down all the time. I was very restless and had a tired-out feeling all the time. I lost weight and felt like I would just have to give up entirely. I lost a good deal of time from my work because I was too weak to keep it up.

"Finally a friend of mine recommended Tanlac to me and he couldn't have done me a greater favor, for it has just about made a new man of me. I have just finished one of the hardest week's work of my life and I just feel like I could keep on going, for I can do more hard work than I ever could."

Mrs. Young, who witnessed her husband's statement, said: "I can see the improvement in Mr. Young more than he can himself. I have never seen a medicine do anyone so much good. We are both delighted with Tanlac and can't say enough for it."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

Let 'Er Rip.

"Say," bawled the drill sergeant, "what do you think you are trying to do to that dummy?"

"I'm trying to stick my bayonet into it," answered the frightened recruit.

"Well, don't tickle it. Put some snap into your work. Act as if you were about to spear a sausage with a fork in a cold morning when your appetite's good."

MINNESOTA DRUGGIST PRAISES DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

I believe you have a splendid, reliable kidney, liver and bladder medicine in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and my customers who have taken it during the past three six years have nothing but praise for what it accomplished for them. On account of the splendid reputation which it enjoys in the trade I have no hesitancy in recommending it for the troubles for which it is intended.

Yours very truly,
J. G. SIEBEN, Druggist,
Hastings, Minn.

Sept. 21, 1916.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Reproof Not Effective.

The new maid would not rise early enough. Gentle reproof seemed vain and finally the master and mistress tried the inferential method of blame and left the damsel asleep while they prepared the breakfast for themselves.

"We'll shame her to it," said the master.

Not a word was said until nine o'clock the same evening, when the girl tapped at the door of the sitting room.

"Is there anything else I can do, mum?" she respectfully inquired.

There was nothing and she turned to go to bed, but at the door remembered something.

"If you're down before me in the morning, mum," she observed, "you'll find the eggs in the icebox in the pantry."

Quick Punch.

The daily pinochle game in the smoker was going on as usual when suddenly one of the commuters jumped to his feet and yelled wildly for the newsboy.

"Give us a new deck of cards, quick!" he cried when the boy answered his summons. "The conductor just punched the ace of diamonds instead of my commutation ticket."

Nothing to It.

"What is this rumor I hear of your having inherited vast estates?"

"Groundless."

Grape-Nuts

A Compound made of Wheat, Barley, Salt and Yeast.

Postum Cereal Company
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

A FOOD

The wholesome nutrition of wheat and barley in most appetizing form