The MAN NOBODY KNEW

By HOLWORTHY HALL

"OH, MY GOD!"

Synopsis.—Dick Morgan of Syracuse, N. Y., a failure in life, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French army under the name of Henry Hillard, is disfigured by shrapnel. The French surgeons ask for a photograph to guide them in restoring his face. In his rage against life he offers in derision a picture postcard bearing the radiant face of Christ. The surgeons do a good job. On his way back to America he meets Martin Harmon, a New York broker. The result is that Morgan, under the name of Hillard, goes back to Syracuse to sell a mining stock. He is determined to make good. He tells people of the death of Morgan. He finds in Angela Cullen a loyal defender of Dick Morgan. He meets Carol Durant, who had refused to marry him. She does not hesitate to tell him that she had loved Morgan. Hillard finds he still loves her and is tempted to confess. Hillard tempts Cullen, his former employer, with his mining scheme. He discovers a rival for Carol's love in a nice young fellow named Armstrong. Hillard betrays his love to Carol and is told he has "one chance in a thousand." He sells large blocks of mining stock to Cullen and others. Harmon unexpectedly arrives in Syracuse.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

—10—

"Thank you. And you might take these drafts now; three of 'em. Right? Good. Well—any developments?"

"What?" Harmon tapped his cigarette case in the palm of his left hand. "Oh, you mean the mine?"

Hillard nodded. "Yes. Have you gone any further with the shaft yet? Two or three of the more cautious men are holding back until something happens with that."

"Shaft?" Harmon was puzzled. "What shaft?" He placidly stowed away the drafts. "I'm not sinking any new shafts at this stage of the game."

It was Hillard's turn to be puzzled.

"Why, I mean the old shaft on Silverbow No. 1. Have you gone any further with it? I've told these people we were just starting. That's right, isn't it?"

Harmon laughed noisily.

"Oh, that shaft! Don't you think it's a little early to begin on that? Say, about ninety thousand dollars too early?"

As Hillard sat gazing at him in profound bewilderment a waiter slid up alongside him and coughed for his attention.

"Gentleman wants to speak to you outside, Mr. Hillard. In the lobby. Says it's important."

"Oh!" Hillard drew the back of his hand across his forehead. "Tell him I'll come right out. Will you excuse me a moment, Mr. Harmon?"

"Sure! Go ahead." The promoter sat back comfortably and gave him a wave of dismissal. Hillard, his pupils narrowing, went out to the doorway. A pace or two distant one of the vice presidents of the Trust and Deposit company—a friend of Cullen's and a very good man to know—was loitering restively.

"Hello, Hillard," he said, wrinkling his forehead. "How are you? Look here, it's none of my business, of course, but I couldn't help wondering how much you know about that chap you're sitting with. Don't be offended; it's a friendly question. Simply my interest in you as one of our clients."

"Why, I know a good deal about him."

The banker continued solemnly:

"You probably know a lot more about him than I do, then, but just the same, I wanted to make sure. That's all." He turned, but Hillard stopped him.

"Well, what do you know about him?"

"Before I answer that—is he a friend of yours?" The question was too blunt to be diplomatic, and too suggestive to be disregarded.

"Not exactly that; he's a rather good acquaintance, though. In a business way only—what he is socially I don't know, and I don't think I much care."

"So you don't need any advice about his business connections?"

"Why, I think not." He was nettled by the banker's manner.

"The only thing about it," said the vice president, nettled in his turn by Hillard's brevity, "is that if you'd said you didn't know him very well, I'd have offered you some suggestions. I'd have expected you to thank me. I really would. Under the circumstances, I can't very well go any further than this. Sorry I interrupted you."

"No, but wait a minute! I—"

The vice president's refusal was firm and definite.

"I can't say another word. Not another one. If you know him, that's sufficient." And he strode away across the lobby, leaving Hillard dumfounded.

Mr. Harmon, smiling broadly, half arose from his chair as the masquerader came slowly back to the table and sat down hard.

"Well," he said. "More business?"

Hillard shook his head.

"On the contrary." His voice had in it a curious dullness which the broker was quick to catch.

"No bad news, I hope?"

"I'm not sure. Let's go on discussing the mine."

"Not much else to discuss, is there? It's the same old mine." He looked [illegible] Hillard. "What's got into you, anyway, in the last couple of minutes? You've lost all your pep. You look as though you've seen a ghost."

"Maybe I have," said Hillard, with a short laugh.

"Well?"

Hillard regarded him with an odd intermingling of respect and alarm. The respect was a holdover from the past, from the early impression he had formed from Harmon's resplendent offices in New York, and Harmon's contempt for money. He had considered his employer, at worst, a weak-principled vendor of legitimate securities.

"Mr. Harmon," Hillard said reluctantly, "I'm in a mighty awkward position. . . . We can't afford to let anything spoil this campaign, can we?"

"Not if we can very well help it. What's bothering you?"

"For over ten weeks now, I've been building up a reputation—you know what I've been doing; you know how much depends on it. Your name hasn't been mentioned once; I've been selling this thing on my own personality—holding myself out as the principal. Well, the man who called me outside just now—and he's one of the solid banking crowd up here—he spoke of you as though he knew you. In fact—to be perfectly frank—he called me out there to ask me about you. Now, I don't know what dealings you've ever had with him, or with anyone else up here, but it struck me that if there is anything between you and Syracuse, or any of its fairly big men, perhaps it would be better if I knew it. You see, this thing I'm selling is so darned personal—"

"Who was he?" Harmon's voice rasped.

"Embree of the Trust and Deposit company."

"Oh, yes." Harmon smoked reflectively. "Yes, we know each other. What did he have to say?"

"It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. I suppose you've had some [illegible] with these people?"

"Some disagreements," admitted Harmon, grinning. "These up-state farmers and I love each other like a couple of strange [illegible]. Still—"

"If it isn't too troublesome to you," said Hillard, hesitating, "I'd rather like to know a bit about it, Mr. Harmon. The subject might come up later. It's almost sure to, now that Embree's seen you and spoken to me about you. And if you've had any quarrel with this crowd, even if it wasn't your fault, and if it came out that I'm working for you, and there was any talk about it, you can see how I'd have to be on the defensive. . . . So if you could just give me a faint idea—"

"Plain English is a lot better than a faint idea," said Harmon carelessly. "I floated some steel bonds up here once. Prettiest bonds you ever saw in your life, too."

"Oh! And they didn't turn out well?"

"Not exactly. The company was too much like Silverbow, I guess—all float and no lode."

For a moment, Hillard thought that he hadn't heard aright.

"What was that you said?" he managed.

Harmon reiterated it.

"Too much like Silverbow. Only they pumped the water out of it sooner than we did. That was five years ago."

At first Hillard was unaffected by the shock; the force of it seemed to pass over him entirely; then all at once as he was caught by the drift of it, his hands began to tremble violently; and his palms were clammy with sweat. His stomach seemed to drop out of him, and he was nauseated by the tremendous purport of his employer's cynicism.

"Mr. Harmon!" he panted, under his breath, "Mr. Harmon!"

The New Yorker looked at him in genuine surprise.

"What's the matter, Hillard? You look sick! Or [illegible] if it man[illegible] if that's another one of your bluffs, you're wasting your time. You haven't worked up such a holy disposition you [illegible] have you?" He moved uneasily. "I wish you'd wipe that pious expression off your face—or is it glued on?"

Hillard's voice shook uncontrollably.

"This . . . this mine!" he stammered. "You told me—"

"I'll stand by everything I've ever told you, Hillard. I'll prove it. It's an area of mineralized schist with disseminated copper values. And we've got over a hundred acres of it. And part of the shaft, too!" He laughed noiselessly. "Of course, altogether there's about five hundred square miles of that same sort of land in the same state, but what's the odds as long's you're happy? Tell me you aren't wise? Rot! Why, you knew all about it when we were on the boat!"

Hillard's muscles were working in hysterical jumps, and his face was distorted.

"Y-you . . . y-you're saying . . . y-you're saying I've been selling . . . s-selling to my friends a piece of d— n worthless property? Are you?"

"Shut up!" The big man was dominant, ugly. "Understand me? You keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you! Didn't you come up here to get square with your 'friends?' Your friends!" His accent was superlatively contemptuous. "You knew it wasn't a producing mine, didn't you?"

"You told me it was a wonderful prospect! I knew it was a long shot, but I thought there was some value there . . . a lot of it . . . and you said the shaft . . . you always said the shaft was . . ."

Harmon reached for another cigarette; there was undisguised perplexity on his face.

"Son, if you aren't a mighty good actor, you're . . . are you going to claim you didn't know what this mine is? After all that whining and squealing of yours about your getting even? Then what in thunder did you want to come back here for?"

"To make some money—to get some fun out of it. I wanted to make fools of people; I didn't want to swindle anybody! I thought I was giving 'em something for their money! I—"

Harmon lighted his cigarette, none too complacently.

"The funny part about it," he said slowly, "is that I don't honestly believe you're bluffing. . . . But you knew it was only a prospect."

"But I thought it was a good prospect! Never mind—" He made as though to rise. "You've said enough. I'm through with you!"

The big man's jaw thrust out belligerently, and he caught Hillard by the arm.

"Now, stop right there! Sit down! Sit down! Maybe you thought it was a good prospect and maybe you didn't, but you're not through with me yet—not until I say so. Don't you make any mistakes like that, my boy. Don't you go off half-shot, not yet! Remember our contract? Ever heard of promoter's liability? I'd certainly hate to see you get into trouble, but if you've made any wild statements about material facts—"

Hillard was staring half across the table.

"You told me the ore was there! And I thought the worst that could happen would be to tie up this money for a few years—that's why a prospect's so hard to sell! I knew darned well it wasn't any whirlwind right now, but I did think they'd . . . they'd at least make something good out of it . . . eventually . . . even if it . . ."

"Ah!" said Harmon, sneering, "but you had every opportunity to learn the facts—every opportunity. It's not my fault if you went off half-cocked. I don't know what you've represented to your gang up here. I'm not responsible. All I know is that you've collected sixty-two thousand dollars, and turned it over to me, and I'm to give you stock for it, and pay you a rebate in cash. Maybe you call it a commission . . . it's a rebate! Read the contract. Read it carefully, while you're about it. Take it to a lawyer; I don't care. Any lawyer you like. If you've gone beyond the facts, I'm mighty sorry for you, but I don't see how it affects me any. Do you?"

Hillard had slumped wretchedly into his chair; his thoughts were running aimlessly about the grim [illegible] of his chicanery.

"And . . . and after all I've done!" he said thickly. "After all I've said! Oh, my God!" His chin sank low, and his grip on the table relaxed.

Harmon was less at ease than he pretended. "Well, if you aren't bluffing," he said presently, "you sure are the biggest baby for a man's size[illegible] I ever saw. Brace up, there! You . . ."

Hillard pulled himself erect with a final effort, and his fist gestured his accusation.

"You know what I'm going to do about it, don't you?"

"Yes." Harmon nodded, as he drew the smoke deep into his lungs.

"I'm going straight back to those four men, and—"

"No." Harmon wagged his head. "No, you can't very well do that, either—even if you're as shocked as you look. Look at it just a minute . . . look at our contract. There's some loopholes for me you could drive a motortruck through, but you haven't got one as big as a knitting needle. No, son, the best thing for you to do is to [illegible] a brace and go get another sixty thousand while the getting is good."

"Not necessarily!" Hillard's high-pitched laugh was brittle.

Harmon allowed the smoke to eddy gently from his nostrils. "Yes, necessarily."

"You think I'll raise my finger after this, except to . . . What do you take me for?"

"I take you," said Harmon deliberately, "for a short-sighted young man in a mighty bad spot. You don't want these folks up here to know the whole truth, do you? It wouldn't hurt me any—but after the record you made here before you got yourself kicked out two years ago . . . . Oh! don't jump! You don't think I've been asleep, do you? . . . I don't believe you'd get much sympathy. Not much! And I've invested a lot of money in you. . . . I want some big returns. Look me in the eye, son. I want you to calm down. Now, there's only three parties to this deal—you and me and the world. You and me and the world! Get that? And you and I have got to play straight with each other. You help me get the money, and I'll help you get whatever you want. But when you throw me down, I throw you down—and we'll see who comes out ahead. I'll bet I do. What do you bet?"

Hillard shook his head helplessly.

"You've got to remember," said Harmon in sardonic consolation, "that you're an awful easy man to describe. You can slip out of Syracuse just as easy as you please, and try your darnedest to make a getaway, and you'd have pretty hard work to keep away from the Pinkertons for twenty-four hours. And I've got the evidence that would put 'em after you. So don't you plan to run away, son—don't do it."

Hillard's judgment was tottering. Where did he stand in relation to Armstrong now?

"Well?"

Harmon snatched at the sign of weakness, and was instantly persuasive.

"Stay on another six weeks; make the rest of your killing. After this is over, do what you please. You'll have money enough to suit yourself. Do [illegible] playing straight with you . . . [illegible]"

And His Fist Gestured His Accusation.

"Yes," said Hillard, with [illegible] "you are."

Harmon glowered at him.

"Don't you accuse me of double-crossing you, son! It's the other way round!"

"You aren't fool enough to expect me," said Hillard shakily, "to keep on trying to sell more of this rotten stuff? You aren't enough of a fool for that?"

"I can and I do. You're in for it now, Hillard, and you can't very well go back. You've collected money—you can't get your hands on it again—you can't make any restitution. You've lied your head off already; you can't do any better now than to stick to your first story, because the truth's a good deal worse. You'd better make your killing and make it quick. And if you open your head for just one little peep . . . fooey, fooey, and the fat's in the fire. Well . . .?"

Hillard's head was splitting with the horror of it. He saw, in a whirling vision of dread, the people of the city rising to denounce him; not merely for his inexcusable masquerade, so grotesquely built upon the dream of regeneration, not only for his vast abuse of personal confidence, not only for the base hypocrisies he had practiced upon his quondam sweetheart, but also for this grossly profitable fraud. Dimly, he argued just as Harmon clamored, he couldn't be in harder straits. A spasm of reckless fatalism shook him.

Harmon, who had been inspecting him critically, took out his fountain pen.

"I'll write you your check for commissions, shall I?" He held the pen poised insinuatingly. "And then we'll forget this little misunderstanding and start fresh. Shall I? Let's see . . . with great attentiveness to the figures. "Your twenty per cent is twelve thousand four hundred, and that, less half expense . . . and . . . two thousand even . . . that's seventy-four hundred?" He tore a sheet from his pocket check-book, dried the ink by waving it in the air, and flirted it over to Hillard. "Put it away and let's have some lunch. If you're afraid to have your friends see me down here, let's have it upstairs. I'm not sensitive, son; it don't pay."

"No," said Hillard, dully, "and I guess it never will."

"That's the idea! Now you're talking sense! Come on, son, buck up and let's have some lunch . . ."

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At eight o'clock in the evening, when Rufus Waring knocked at Hillard's door, it was opened by a man with a face to remember afterward. There were deep furrows, almost furrows, by the mouth and eyes, and the eyes themselves were startlingly lusterless and drawn. The man's complexion was chalk white.

"Why, Mr. Hillard!" exclaimed Waring. "What on earth's the matter with you?"

"Come in," said Hillard, and his voice was ghastly. "I've been waiting for you."

CHAPTER X.

Hillard was waiting helpless, praying for a blow from fate, but fate, which at other times had been ready enough to fisticuffs, and often premature with them, refrained from striking. The interview with Waring had passed without friction, and Hillard had so contrived to present his data that Waring had fancied he found the [illegible] and the night passed and the morning came with its accompanying horde of old regrets and a new and sweeping march of fresh hallucinations.

To his tortured imagination he was a greater paradox than even Jekyll and Hyde; for he was Hillard and Dicky Morgan, the living and the dead, without the boon of the supernatural to separate them. And yet he felt that the wickedness of what he had done was the wickedness of Dicky Morgan, and that he, Hillard, the soul, was sitting in impartial judgment on Dicky Morgan, the flesh. He conceded the wrong; he conceded the penalty; nevertheless his youth cried out to him for mercy.

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At the maid's announcement, Doctor Durant, who had been occupied with nothing more momentous than filling a pot-bellied calabash, rose hastily and went out into the hallway.

"Come in, Hillard!" he said cordially. "Carol's off looking at somebody's trousseau . . . somebody's always getting married in Syracuse . . . she'll be in directly. Come smoke a pipe with me, and be sociable."

Hillard, lingering nervously by the outer door, started at the kind voice.

"You're not busy?"

"Busily composing my mind," said the doctor. He ushered Hillard into the comfortable old study and motioned towards a squat little smoking stand. "All kinds of poison there," he said. "Cigars, cigarettes, pipe tobacco. Suit yourself."

Hillard laughed affectedly.

"You call it poison? And you a doctor—and smoking?"

"Ah, but it's the pleasantest poison there is. . . . I'm always having to explain that to Carol. . . . Matches? Well, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"I?" Hillard didn't look at him. "Nothing important, doctor."

"But that's not quite true, is it?" The tone was gentle, but it filled Hillard with portentous qualms. "You've been enjoying a little attack of insomnia, haven't you?"

Hillard winced.

"Why—yes. As a matter of fact—"

The doctor attempted a smoke ring, and smiled at the dismal failure.

The Way of a Maid With a Man

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOUGLAS FIR WIDELY USED

American Tree Attains Splendid Proportions and Is Remarkably Assertive and Prolific.

Douglas fir is the name given to one of the best timber trees in the western part of the country. Specimens are common with a diameter of 15 feet, and travelers in the belt where they grow report having seen them 20 feet in diameter and tapering straight to a height of from 250 to 300 feet.

The coast range of the Sierras provides the best trees. Only the famous redwood and two or three other growths exceed the fir in size, and none except the yellow pine produces so much commercial timber. The tree is sometimes styled the Oregon pine, but foresters say it is more of a hemlock. Its botanical name is "false hemlock," although that designation is not generally approved.

It is one of the most assertive and most prolific of timber growths. Foresters say that no other produces so many trees to the acre, and when a grove is started it crowds out growths of other species. It finds a wide variety of uses, being made into telegraph poles, ship masts and derrick booms, and is also used for interior finish. Coarse and fine-grained woods are turned out from it, according to the age. The annual rings are not nearly as thick after the first century or so of growth as in the earlier years, and so the same tree may yield more than one grade of timber. Full grown trees are more than 100 years old.

"Straight" Talk Best.

When your words count you don't need to use so many of them. It's a pleasure for some people to talk. Other men talk under protest and become the best speakers because they seek the shortest way to adequate expression. These men always get a hearing because people know they will get the facts without orations. And this is as it should be. Every man should be able to express himself. He can learn if he is willing to make the effort. It may scare him half to death at first, but he will soon find pleasure in seeing his ideas take action in others. Whether you are a ready talker or not you will profit much by making your talk count.

Chameleons' Food.

The proper diet of chameleons and lizards consists of flies and other insects; also meal worms, and the common idea that sugar and water will serve in winter is incorrect. A good many of these animals refuse food in the winter months and all of them need warmth and sunshine as well as water. They are difficult to keep in health, and if not given their natural food will starve to death, in time, though their ability to fast for long periods is well known.

Many Still Read Dickens.

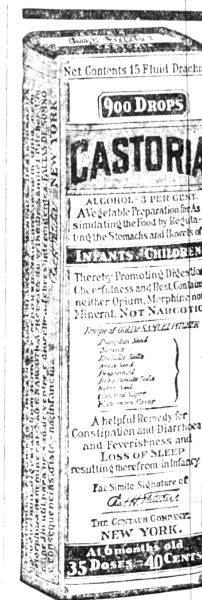
Charles Dickens has been ruled out by a class of the younger literary critics as a decided [illegible] but the statement by his English publishers that during the last three years the sale of his books has been [illegible] should seem to refute that idea. Some of Dickens' novels sell more than 50,000 every year, and he has been dead forty-eight years. His sales during the last ten years have been larger, it is asserted, than those of any three novelists put together.

Gearing Reversed.

I put a new rear axle in my car and in taking it for a ride I drove in the reverse gear to back out of the garage. To my surprise the car started forward right toward the end wall of the garage. In putting the axle in I had put the [illegible] on the wrong side of the drive shaft, so that it reversed the gearing.—Exchange.

3,000,000 Matches a Minute.

The civilized nations of the world, it has been computed, strike 3,000,000 matches every minute of the 24 hours.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

[redacted]

E-Z MARTIN AND MARTIN ESTAB. 1882 CHICAGO

SHOE POLISH

Shawls are of oriental origin.

Thirty Running Sores

Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (35 cents) if Peterson's Ointment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

"I had 30 running sores on my leg for 11 years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grafting was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's Ointment." Mrs. F. E. Root, 287 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

CLOSE STUDENTS OF NATURE

Examination Papers Proved That Pupils Must Have Made Keen Observations of Their Subjects.

A nature study and biology teacher sent the Nature Study Review the following from her pupils' papers, regarding their observation and conclusions in the domain of nature:

"Organic matter is when you have something the matter with your organs."

"Five devices by which seeds are scattered are wind, water, explosion, torn up, taken out and thrown away."

"The peculiars of an insect are some of them bring diseases, others destroy food, suck the blood, spoil the flowers, lay eggs and kill babies."

"The grasshopper, when he walks, either jumps or hops."

"The jaws of a grasshopper move east and west."

"A larva is an unfinished animal."

Fact.

"Before I unchain the dog, answer me this: Are you one of these here bolsheviki?"

"No, madam; I'm just a plain hobo or bum."

"In that case, here's a piece of pie."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Eight Dull Years.

A French writer says that a girl is a person we stop kissing when she is twelve and begin to kiss again after she is twenty.—Boston Transcript.

LITTLE CHANGE IN PHYSIQUE

Report That Average Stature of American Men Was Affected by War Declared Untrue.

The wholesale clothing manufacturers assert that there has not been any change in the size of their garments since the war. They are manufacturing more garments, but the proportion of larger sizes is no greater now than it was three years ago. In short, their size patterns have not changed. Yet changes would be necessary if the stature of American men had been affected in any appreciable way by the year and a half or two years of military training.

Manufacturers of ready-to-wear shirts and undergarments agree with the clothing manufacturers that there has been no change in their size patterns despite the reports of numerous individuals who take "a size larger" today than they did before the war. As one manufacturer put it, the proportion of soldiers who need larger sizes in shirts or suits today than they did two years ago is so small that it has no effect on wholesalers. Salesmen naturally remember certain individual cases of increased chest development, but, taking the country by and large, there has been no appreciable change in the physique of the male portion of the population, at least as far as their clothing is concerned.

Age and a little brother tell on a girl.

Health and Economy Rule Your Table Cup

when you make your meal-time beverage

Instant Postum

Its rich coffee-like flavor satisfies and its freedom from any harmful ingredient, such as the coffee drug caffeine, makes it a better drink for young and old.

There has been no raise in price and the high quality of Postum is always maintained.

"There's a Reason"

Made by POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY Battle Creek, Mich.

"But Wait a Minute!"