The Man Nobody Knew

By HOLWORTHY HALL

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

—11—

"I'm sorry. Business worries?"

"Why, in a way, yes."

The doctor achieved a perfect circle and beamed at it.

"Something else?"

"A good deal else," said Hilliard, abstracted. "But that's no reason for me to bother you with it. I didn't know it was so apparent."

Silence.

"It's not my habit," said the doctor presently, "to offer any advice unless I'm asked for it. Gratuitous advice never did anybody any good. And nobody takes it unless it costs something—and not often then. And I'm neither your regular physician nor your confessor. But if I had made a diagnosis at this present minute I'd say that you need a preacher a great deal more than you do a doctor."

"I . . . I do," said Hilliard, looking up sharply. "I . . . It's out of the question. Just personal things, doctor—nothing I can very well talk about."

"Your trouble," said Doctor Durant, "isn't physical as much as it is spiritual. It's nothing but taut nerves. It's nothing but your struggle against the restraints you put upon yourself. How do I know? You've told me so . . . every time I've seen you. It's in your face, my boy. It's in your eyes. Constantly. And it looks as though the confessor-as-a-last-resort . . . because if that isn't Carol coming up the steps, my ears aren't half as good as they used to be."

Both men were on their feet as she came in, swirling.

"Oh!" she cried to Hilliard, "I didn't know you were coming up today! Suppose I'd missed you!"

He merely smiled, and made no answer; nor did he speak to her until after the doctor, professing a sudden desire for solitude, had waved them hospitably upon the path of study into the living room. Carol was in the old familiar corner of the sofa; Hilliard was standing by the fireplace, peering down into the empty grate. He couched harshly, and an expression of utter hopelessness crept into his eyes. He turned abruptly.

"Well," he said, "just how much would you have cared if you had?"

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There was a stately old lamp standing at height behind the sofa. Its shadows were gracious and its light as it crept through a shade of painted vellum touched Carol softly," in a delicacy of radiance which was infinitely caressing. Her hands were lying idle in her lap; she bent her head, and viewed them studiously.

"Why, I should have cared a great deal," she said. "I'm always disappointed when I miss seeing a friend of mine. What makes you so pessimistic all of a sudden?"

Hilliard reddened, and his eyes grew brighter.

"Friendship!" he said tardily. "What an accordionlike sort of thing that is!"

"Why, Mr. Hilliard!" Her tone was at the same time interrogatory and reproachful.

"Oh, I'm not speaking of you," he said. "Only of the thing itself . . . It's big as little, close or distant . . . and it doesn't anything to say about it . . . You'll have to excuse me—I was thinking out loud . . ."

"Please do!" she said. "You were on the way to be interesting. Think out loud some more."

Hilliard glanced sharply at her.

"Don't laugh at me," he said almost roughly. "For heaven's sake, don't you know that the one time you shouldn't laugh at a man is when he deserves it?"

Carol's attitude was vaguely less suggestive of ease.

"I wasn't laughing at you," she said truly. "But what you said was so . . . so queer . . ."

"Oh, yes . . ." Hilliard's accent was very flat. "I suppose it was. It must have been . . . I always seem to be more or less up in the air when I come to see you about 25. The last time we talked about friendship . . ."

"But that was almost a month ago," she said hastily. "And in the meantime, you've been just as nice and cheerful as anybody. I thought you were all over your troubles."

"Cheerfulness—nice—what you asked for," Hilliard swallowed hard. "I . . . I came up here, Miss Durant, to have a really serious talk with you . . . really serious. It's been delayed too long already. It took me two solid days to get my courage up to it. And . . . and now I'm here . . . I don't even know how to begin."

He scowled heavily into the vagant fireplace, and held out his palms with a mechanic gesture as though to warm them at an imaginary blaze. "You know," he said absently, "your father is a very extraordinary man, Carol."

The compliment to the doctor had its invariable effect upon her; she glowed under it.

"I've always known that . . . I'm glad you realize it, too."

He stood erect, and faced her. "I do . . . It came to me when I was talking to him, what a great privilege it must be for you to have his advice . . . and his sympathy . . . when you need it. And there are so few—so incredibly few—people who make you feel like that. One in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. People who lift you clear of your trivial little self—and make you think in terms of principles, and not of your own selfish tidiness—and still don't preach. . . . It must be a privilege . . ."

"It isn't only for me," she said. "He has enough sympathy for anyone who asks for it. He isn't very worldly—you've noticed that? He can't believe that anybody, or anything, is really bad . . . and perhaps that's why people come to him so. Of course, it may be that just because he's my father, I—"

"No." Hilliard shook his head. "I've seen a good many fathers, and next to mine . . . My own was a wonderful man, too, but I never appreciated him. And seeing the doctor has made me wish . . . oh, it's too childish to talk about."

"If you were really as old as you try to be," she said gently, "you'd know that it isn't ever childish to be serious about such things as that. On the contrary." And yet there was a time when you wanted me to think you were well over thirty. Why, Mr. Hilliard, you're a boy!" Nevertheless, she regarded him . . . but as one would regard a mere youth, but with appreciably more uncertainty.

Hilliard had flushed warmly.

"That was when I wanted you to think a good many things that weren't true."

"About you?" Her inflection was an invitation to further confidences, and it drew Hilliard incontinently along the path he had planned—and feared—to take.

"Some of them," he admitted. "And some were about you. The fact is, I . . . I've come on a peculiar errand." He cleared his throat violently; his eyes suddenly adored her. "I've come to straighten all that out. Please don't misunderstand me suddenly; some envy or something . . . I'm not asking . . . because I've nothing I can very well talk about."

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"Think Out Loud Some More."

of me? Why shouldn't you have the right to be yourself? Why shouldn't you have the right to live to me and to expect to be loved and try to understand? You haven't thought that my father is the only one of me to do that, have you?" The rest of was exquisite.

"Ever since that day . . . the time you played to me," he said, "I've fought against it, fought like the very devil, and . . ."

"I've known that, too—and you've come to see me so seldom. I'd hoped at least that you'd give yourself the chance you said you wanted."

He stiffened hideously. "You forget there was a condition . . . an impediment . . . and . . . and it's left to you to tell you that it's a condition I never need ever. That's why I'm here. I had to tell you."

There was a profound stillness.

"Can't you explain?" she said at last. "I wish you would. You're making me feel very cold. Look, Mr. Hilliard. You owe it to me."

He had to exert his utmost will to make the beginning. "All I can explain is that I've made another mistake . . . After the first great effort the words came tumbling incoherently, unchecked. "It would have been so infinitely better for both of us if I'd never met you at all. . . . My life has been a whole series of mistakes; this is the worst. . . . The worst . . . of course, it would be absurdly simple if I were going away from Syracuse. If I were going to leave you here and go—but I'm not. I'm going to stay here. And I can't think it's decent not to tell you now that if you . . . know all I know . . . what I've been, what I've done . . . you wouldn't marry me if I were the last man left to ask you? . . ." He gestured impatiently. "We're childishly hopeful sometimes . . . all of us . . . hoping for what we know always will be impossible . . . I've been like that—and what I hoped was that you could take me on the basis of what I've been for the last few months . . . since July . . . because that's the way I take it myself. Just a man—a man—like Jack Armstrong. I hoped we could simply eliminate the past, and . . . I can't get away from it. It's on my mind . . . but if I went much further back than that, you and the doctor would both think just what I do about myself . . . and I'd have to say good-by to you anyway . . . just as I'm doing tonight. I hope you can see that I'm not telling all this to you from any other motive except to be quite honest with you. Quite honest—for once. I care too much about you to let you live another day without knowing that I can't go on—It's over . . . I'm not fit to be even your friend. That's all."

She sat motionless. Hilliard had turned back to the fireplace.

"Were you as bad . . . as that?" she whispered.

"Once," he said bitterly, over his shoulder, "I used to be a gentleman. But that was a long time ago."

She relaxed, but her head . . . "Nothing could ever make me believe," she said, "that you haven't always been just as I've known you—since July. Nothing can, and nothing will. What you may think about yourself makes no difference to me. I—I . . ."

"Don't!" he said, and his tone was agonized. "Don't you see . . ."

"I don't believe you," she said steadily.

Hilliard's voice was trumpet with his great bitterness of failure. "You don't . . . but he said harshly. . . . And besides you're wrong . . ."

She was up, and beside him smiling bravely into his eyes, and he was doing his will to keep his hungry arms from snatching her, from sweeping her close to him, and . . .

"What do you think women are—the demolished, with sweet impudence. "Nothing but marble statues . . . or putty discs? Just made to stand around and let the world go past without having anything to say about it . . ."

He retreated to the wall in self-defense. "Don't! Don't! I'm the one who's drawn myself into this corner . . . not you!"

"But you don't have to stay in it unless you choose . . ."

He scanned her in investigation.

"Don't be silly," she said, "and don't be unreasonable. I'm not." She touched his sleeve, his expression was unchanged. "Don't make me think you are unreasonable," she said composedly. "If you're not satisfied—why, can't you make yourself what you want to be? Instead of brooding over the past, that you can't help, why don't you think about things you can help? Living is about all there is to live for, isn't it?"

He drew in his breath perilously. "But I'm letting you go," he said dazed.

She stamped her foot in tremulous severity. "No, you're not; I won't allow it! Can't you see why? Do I have to tell you that? Well, because I want you for a friend—even if you don't want me."

"Want you!" he cried, and removed herself, and froze to immobility. "Oh, as a friend!"

"Surely as a friend, what else do you think I meant?"

The young man shook his head.

"I don't know. Only I came up here to tell you I haven't any right to your friendship. I can't tell you why . . . I haven't as much callousness as all that. But if I did tell you . . . that's proof enough of my faith in me would be gone. And you can't afford to have me even as a friend, now that I've said that, can you?"

"Yes," she said steadfastly. "I can afford it."

"Well, when I've told you . . . His lips were pursed in impudence. His eyes roved slightly . . . I'm telling you . . . I'm telling you I'm not worth the powder to blow me to bits . . . He laughed oddly. "That's proved specific enough, and clear, isn't it? Do you understand?"

His voice broke. "Why, Carol . . . I'm not fit to talk to you. That's proof, too . . . I'm proving it now." The saying it—don't you hear it? I'm saying it now. And I'm going. He put his hand to his forehead, and brushed back his hair, which was strangely wet. "I can't make it any plainer; he said, with helpless finality. "No matter what's happened," she said, earnestly, "I can't believe but coming out all right. So if you'll just keep on living, and working, and trying . . . and . . ." Her eyes were so appealing that his courage diminished to behold them. "And you'll be good to very dreadful after all, have you?"

Hilliard retreated once again, not trusting those hungry, lawless arms of his.

"I'm just wondering," he said, with a terrible effort which was entirely devoid of mirth, "if a man had pens to be in a . . . a sort of transition period, you know, half way between . . . I wonder what's coming to him. I wonder what the whirlwind doesn't get him both ways."

* * * * * * *

After the street door had closed behind him, Carol went slowly along the corridor to the doctor's study and knocked out of sheer habit. His pleasant baritone came to her reassuringly.

"Yes?"

"Are you busy, dear?" Few men, on hearing her voice, with that suggestive catch in it, would have confessed to a previous engagement.

"Not when you're around," said the doctor, appearing on the threshold. His tone altered suddenly. "What's wrong?" he said.

"Daddy," said Carol, "he's gone. . . . You saw him, too . . . what is it? What is it?" She was trembling violently; the big doctor gathered her up in his arms without ceremony and carried her over to his favorite leather chair.

"Lives burning," said Doctor Durant, quietly. "Burning and burning and burning . . . like the ones we've seen down in the blast furnaces . . . white hot, and crucible steel comes out of them . . . strong enough to make permanent things out of . . . He shouldered her hair and she sighed quiveringly, and lay still. "And the steel lasts ten thousand times as long as the fires that made it. I don't know what's blowing the flames, dear, but he'll do well, too."

CHAPTER XI.

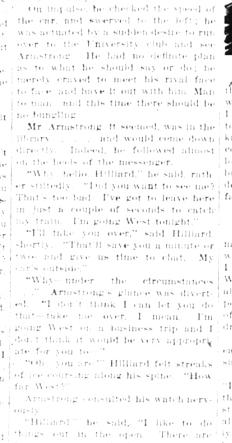
Halfway down James street, Hilliard, driving his runabout in utter disregard of the traffic rules, was relishing, moment by moment, and word by word, the conversations of the earlier evening. He had gone to Carol with the surely intention of betting himself manfully and in detail; but in the doctor's study he had perceived another and what seemed to him a more unselfish method of achieving the same end. He had fancied that if he could only get Carol out of the society of Jack Morgan, if he could prevent the two . . . and especially that part of it that went to the Colfaxes and Jacksons . . . from knowing what a despicable thing it was that Jack Morgan had done to him, he would magically be just as he was before. Why wouldn't it be just as complicated if he were . . . how unsuccessfully!

On making the discovery that he was actually in love with Carol, he had resolved to run away from her, and he had come to her to say so. One of the things Jack Morgan had asked me to do, Carol, was to go to Reno. I'm going in good shape, better than that, and look up some business for him. I guess you know as well as I do what they are . . ."

Hilliard fumbled his hat. "I see Mrs. Armstrong . . ."

Armstrong suddenly straightened, and he seemed to find a curious ring to it . . . a ring which electrified Hilliard and made him feel perfectly intimate . . . and . . .

"He does see ordinarily mysterious certain kinds of people—in a mood which I don't know how it's worked out to their satisfaction. Jack Morgan is almost perversely of emotion; for he knew too why Carol had been so ex-



"Don't! Don't!"

plicit in her sympathy . . . why she had been so meticulous to let him realize that she wanted him as a friend; only as a friend . . . and here was Armstrong, conceiving with difficulty the triumph he was hinting at. . . .

"No," he said harshly. "One doesn't but there isn't anything to keep us from mentioning anybody we like outside the club, is there?"

"No."

"Then I'll take you down anyway," said Hilliard. "And let's see if we can't try to understand each other."

It took a brave man to accept the offer, for Hilliard's eyes held little to recommend their owner as a prudent driver, or as a very pleasant companion. Armstrong, however, was already putting on his hat.

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They had driven over to the station in silence. Hilliard, parking the runabout carefully, turned to his passenger.

"We've got ten good minutes," he said. "Your train isn't even in yet—so about and talk."

Armstrong, after a momentary delay, put out a conciliating hand. "Cold man," he said, "let's play the rest of

"What's That For?"

this out like two sensible people. We won't get anywhere by bickering, and I suppose it won't do any harm for us to put all the cards on the table, and know exactly where we stand. Of course, you haven't known me very long, and I haven't known you . . . but suppose just to help along the understanding, we take each other at face value."

Hilliard wheezed.

"Well—suppose we do. Then what?"

"Then you can't hold it up against me for stopping off at Butte on my way out. I haven't any motive in it—I promised to do it as a favor to Rufe Warring. It isn't a personal issue at all. I know exactly how it must appear to you, but . . . I'm not that sort of man, Hilliard. I wouldn't have dreamed of it myself. That's straight."

The masquerader regarded him earnestly, and yielded to his evident sincerity.

"Way down deep," he said at length, "I know you're not, but . . . what's that for?" He referred to Armstrong's outstretched hand. "Oh . . . all right . . ." They shook hands solemnly. "At the same time it would have been so perfectly natural for you to feel like getting whatever leverage you could . . ."

"Theres no need of that now," said Armstrong. His smile was proud and brilliant, and Hilliard withered under it.

"Well, I wasn't sure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ESKIMO DANCE WORTH SEEING

Ceremony Indulged in by Both Women and Men Is Performed With Rhythmic Grace.

Eskimos of Alaska perform their dancing feats to the accompaniment of "tomtoms" with round, flat heads and short handles. The heads of the instruments are of sealskin, which the natives moisten from time to time with a sponge to keep tightened. They hold on the inside side of the drumhead with long, slender willow wands, little chips breaking off the sticks all the time and flying about. With a slow monotonous chant at first, they gradually work themselves into a frenzied state and both the singing and beating of the drums as the dance goes on.

While they dance the men are stripped to the waist, but the women wear their calico "Mother Hubbards," or dotted parkas, with a gleaming halo of wolverine about the face. The dancing ceremony begins with a "muscle dance" by a young boy, in which the men later join, after which comes the "wolf dance," with more energetic drum beating. The women then join in, one by one, with their various rhythmic grace of movement.

When the dance is over one of the musicians takes up a collection in his "tom tom." The non-native white guests usually contribute tea and candy, it being wrong for a guest to give money.

Evidence Stork Had Traveled.

Julia had been over to see the neighbor's new baby and upon her return was asked how she liked it, to which she replied: "Well, mother, it is all right, only the stork must have been a long time on the way with it, for it certainly is awfully tattooed."

Kept Busy on Social Calls.

The wife of a member of congress can discharge her social duty in the cabinet in nine calls, but a cabinet woman must pay more than 500 if she makes only one call during the season on each senatorial and congressional household.

The Ecuadorian government has established a weather service in connection with its agricultural school.

ROAD BUILDING

FAVOR THROUGH MAIN ROADS

Motortrucks Expected to Play Prominent Part in Transportation Facilities.

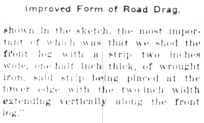
England is now debating roads for motor transportation, for, although she is amply equipped with railroads, it is believed that hereafter motortrucks will play a prominent part in the business of the country. Systems of special highways are being mapped out, and the plans proposed include an apparently excellent feature. To avoid the delays and congestion incident on traversing towns, it is suggested that the main road be located beyond the borders of the town and this would certainly expedite traffic, as it would not be necessary for every vehicle using the route to painfully thread its way through every village on the way. Of course, this would not appeal to the local tradesman who hopes to catch an occasional penny from the passing cars, nor to the local magistrate who inflates his own income and the funds of his town, by his interpretation of the law; but this is a matter of national interest and not to be restricted by petty local considerations.—Scientific American.

IMPROVING KING ROAD DRAG

Found Too Weak for Work in Pennsylvania and Strengthened by Wrought Iron Strips.

The old form of King road drag was merely two sides of a split log, fastened so that the sharp sides of the split surface faced forward, the slightly surface extending vertically; the two parts were spaced about two feet apart and connected by struts to hold them parallel; the outfit was dragged by a chain fastened to the front half-log, and the angle at which the contrivance was dragged over the surface was controlled in the manner in which the team was hitched to the chain, the chain itself being fastened permanently at both ends to two staples in the front log, which altered the angle at which the team was hitched, writes L. Ruppin of Pennsylvania in Rural New Yorker.

"We found the original form too weak for our road work here, so we devised certain improvements, which are



Improved Form of Road Drag.

shown in the sketch, the most important of which was that we shod the front log with two inches wide, one-half inch thick, of wrought iron, said strip being placed at the lower edge with the two inch width extending vertically along the front log."

SAVE PERISHABLE PRODUCTS

Rural Motor Transportation Affords Opportunity to Get Crops to Market Quickly.

With the advent and development of rural motor transportation comes direct encouragement to raise better and bigger crops because of the better and broader market thus afforded. In the production of marketable produce there comes an opportunity for the saving of perishable products by quick deliveries, and for higher prices because of the excellent condition in which these commodities can be delivered.

PROPER CARE FOR ROADSIDE

Means Substantial Addition to Value of Adjoining Property and Aids Appearance.

Proper attention to the roadside means a definite increase in the pleasure of traveling over it, a positive preservation of the road itself and a substantial addition to the value of adjoining property. No matter how smooth and well constructed the traveled road may be, if the roadside is not properly cared for, the highway as a whole will not give a good impression. Mandans or gravel roads particularly need the protecting shade of trees.

Add to Social Advantages.

Good roads add to social advantages. They strengthen the country church, tend toward better living, bring a good class of people into a community and help to hold a bigger share of the best boys and girls on the farm.

Cost of Good Road.

It has been found that it costs about $2,500 a mile to build a really first-class road, but when it is properly constructed it is as permanent as a railway.

Poor Roads Are Hindrance.

Poor roads are a great hindrance to associated dairying. Every dairyman should be an enthusiastic advocate of good roads.

Difference of Opinion.

We all want better roads. The difference of opinion comes in the matter of location, kind, cost and upkeep.

Roads Bring In Gold.

That good roads bring in gold was never so well appreciated in this country as it is today.

Cured of Dropsy, Bronchitis and Erysipelas

Bronson, Mich.—"I wish to acknowledge the great benefit I have received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, thinking some one else may try it and be cured as I have been. In Jan., 1877, I was so badly afflicted with bronchitis, dropsy and erysipelas that my doctor had given up hopes of helping me. I was induced by a friend to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and after taking it for some time I was entirely cured of all my ailments, and am very grateful."—MRS. MAGGIE A. DEEDS, Route 6.

Lame-Back and Liver Trouble

Engle, Mich.—"I gladly say I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, all with good results. At one time a few years ago I was in California and I was taken with spinal and liver trouble. I called on a physician and he gave me some medicine but he did not help me.

"I took Golden Medical Discovery and it helped me so I started for home, which was in Grand Ledge, Mich. I have taken Dr. Pierce's medicine several times since, especially while going thru middle life, and I always got relief. Then last spring I was taken with a lame back, it didn't bother me in day-time but I could hardly stand it to lie in bed all night; it was something new for me, I never had the backache. I got a bottle of the 'Favorite Prescription' and a vial of 'Pellets' and before I had taken half my backache left me and I haven't felt any more of it.

"I recommended the 'Prescription' to my daughter-in-law and she has taken it and says it helps her.

"I know Dr. Pierce's medicines are all they are claimed to be, I like them, any way they always help me."—MRS. J. P. HANER, R. R. 2.

Constipation and Bad-Blood

Adrian, Mich.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I used the 'Pellets' for a terrible case of constipation, which had troubled me for a long time. They cured me, so I am never bothered any more. I used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for my blood, and found it a splendid medicine as well. I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines."—MRS. JULIA BECKS, 610 Chestnut St.

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

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Why be miserable with a bad back? You can't be happy if every bad day brings lameness; sharp, shooting pains and a dull, nagging ache. Likely the cause is weak kidneys. You may have headaches and dizzy spells, suffer from weak, tired feeling. Don't delay. Try *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They have done wonders in thousands of such cases. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

Mrs. H. Winkal, 37 Lytle St., Harbor Beach, Mich., says: "My back felt as though it were breaking from a dragging, heavy ache. It kept me awake at nights and mornings I felt tired. My feet swelled and things whirled around before me. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills drove away the lame feeling in my back and put my kidneys in good shape."

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