

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SMITH FINDS A LOVE AFFAIR BREWING AND IT MAKES HIM UNCOMFORTABLE—HE IS WARNED TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM VIOLENCE

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, society bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, knocks his employer, Watrous Dunham, senseless, leaves him for dead and flees the state when Dunham accuses Smith of dishonesty and wants him to take the blame for embezzlement actually committed by Dunham. Several weeks later, Smith appears as a tramp at a town in the Rocky mountains and gets a laboring job in an irrigation ditch construction camp. His intelligence draws the attention of Williams, the superintendent, who thinks he can use the tramp, John Smith, in a more important place. The ditch company is in hard lines financially because Eastern financial interests are working to undermine the local crowd headed by Colonel Baldwin and take over valuable property. Smith finally accepts appointment as financial secretary of Baldwin's company. He has already struck up a pleasant acquaintance with Corona Baldwin, the colonel's winsome daughter. As plans for financing the new company materialize, Smith makes good at his new job, but his past history bobs up to trouble him.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

It had been a day of nagging distractions. A rumor had been sent afoot—by Stanton, as Smith made no doubt—hinting that the new dam would be unsafe when it should be completed; that its breaking, with the reservoir behind it, would carry death and destruction to the lowlands and even to the city. Timid stockholders, seeing colossal damage suits in the bare possibility, had taken the alarm, and Smith had spent the greater part of the day in trying to calm their fears. For this cause, and some others, he was on the ragged edge when Baldwin dropped in on his way home from the dam and protested.

"Look here, John; you're overdoing this thing without end! You break it off short, right now, and go home with me and get your dinner and a good night's rest. Get your coat and hat and come along, or I'll rope you down and hog-tie you."

For once in a way, Smith found that there was no fight left in him, and he yielded, telling himself that another acceptance of the Baldwin hospitality,



"You Broken-Down Samson."

more or less, could make no difference. But no sooner was the colonel's gray roadster headed for the bridge across the Timanyoni than the exhilarating reaction set in. In a twinkling the business cares, and the deeper worries as well, fled away, and in their place heart-hunger was loosed.

After dinner, a meal at which he ate little and was well content to satisfy the hunger of his soul by the road of the eye, Smith went out to the portico to smoke. The most gorgeous of mountain sunsets was painting itself upon the sky over the western Timanyoni, but he had no eyes for natural grandeur, and no ears for any sound save one—the footstep he was listening for. It came at length, and he tried to look as tired as he had been when the colonel made him close his desk and leave the office; tried and apparently succeeded.

"You poor, broken-down Samson, carrying all the brazen gates of the money-Philistines on your shoulders! You had to come to us at last, didn't you? Let me be your Delilah and fix that chair so that it will be really comfortable." She said it only half mockingly, and he forgave the sarcasm when she arranged some of the hammock pillows in the easiest of the porch chairs and made him bury himself luxuriously in them.

Still holding the idea, brought over from that afternoon of the name-questioning, that she had in some way discovered his true identity, Smith was watching narrowly for danger-signals when he thanked her and said:

"You say it just as it is. I had to come. But you could never be anybody's Delilah, could you? She was a betrayer, if you recollect."

He made the suggestion purposely, but it was wholly ignored, and there was no gulle in the slate-gray eyes.

"You mean that you didn't want to come?"

"No; not that. I have wanted to come every time your father has asked me. But there are reasons—good reasons—why I shouldn't be here."

If she knew any of the reasons she made no sign. She was sitting in the

hammock and touching one slipped toe to the flagstones for the swinging push. From Smith's point of view she had for a background the gorgeous sunset, but he could not see the more distant glories.

"We owe you much, and we are going to owe you more," she said. "You mustn't think that we don't appreciate you at your full value. Colonel-daddy thinks you are the most wonderful somebody that ever lived, and so do a lot of the others."

"And you?" he couldn't resist saying. "I'm just plain ashamed—for the way I treated you when you were here before. I've been eating humble-pie ever since."

Smith breathed freer. Nobody but a most consummate actress could have simulated her frank sincerity. He had jumped too quickly to the small sun-in-addition conclusion. She did not know the story of the absconding bank cashier.

"I don't know why you should feel that way," he said, eager now, to run where he had before been afraid to walk.

"I do. And I believe you wanted to shame me. I believe you gave up your place at the dam and took hold with daddy more to show me what an inconsequent little idiot I was than for any other reason. Didn't you, really?"

He laughed in quiet ecstasy at this newest and most adorable of the moods.

"Honest confession is good for the soul; I did," he boasted. "Now beat that for frankness, if you can."

"I can't," she admitted, laughing back at him. "But now you've accomplished your purpose, I hope you are not going to give up. That would be a little hard on colonel-daddy."

"Oh, no; I'm not going to give up—until I have to."

"Does that mean more than it says?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does."

She was silent for the length of time that it took the flaming crimson in the western sky to fade to salmon. The colonel had mounted the steps and was coming toward them. The young woman slipped from the hammock and stood up.

"Don't go," said Smith, feeling as if he were losing an opportunity and leaving much unsaid that ought to be said. But the answer was a quiet "good night" and she was gone.

Smith went back to town with the colonel the next morning physically rested, to be sure, but in a frame of mind bordering again upon the sardonic. One thing stood out clearly; he was most unmistakably in love with Corona Baldwin.

Hence there was another high resolve not to go to Hillcrest again until he could go as a free man; a resolve which, it is perhaps needless to say, was broken thereafter as often as the colonel asked him to go. Why, in the last resort, Smith should have finally chosen a confidant in the person of William Starbuck, the reformed cowpuncher, he scarcely knew. But it was to Starbuck that he appealed for advice when the sentimental situation had grown fairly desperate.

"I've told you enough so that you can understand the vise-nip of it, Billy," he said to Starbuck one night when he had dragged the mine owner up to the bathroom suite in the Hoppha House, and had told him just a little, enough to merely hint at his condition.

"You see how it stacks up. I'm in a fair way to come out of this the biggest scoundrel alive—the piker who takes advantage of the innocence of a good girl. I'm not the man she thinks I am. I am standing over a volcano pit every minute of the day. If it blows up, I'm gone, obliterated, wiped out."

"Is it aiming to blow up?" asked Starbuck sagely.

"I don't know any more about that than you do. It is the kind that usually does blow up sooner or later. I've prepared for it as well as I can. What Colonel Baldwin and the rest of you needed was a financial manager, and Timanyoni High Line has its fighting chance—which was more than Timanyoni Ditch had when I took hold. If I should drop out now, you and Maxwell and the colonel and Kinzie could go on

and make the fight; but that doesn't help out in this other matter."

Starbuck smoked in silence for a long minute or two before he said: "Is there another woman in it, John?"

"Yes; but not in the way you mean."

"Corry's a mighty fine little girl, John," said Starbuck slowly. "Any one of a dozen fellows I could name would give all their old shoes to swap chances with you."

"That isn't exactly the kind of advice I'm needing," was the sober rejoinder.

"No; but it was the kind you were wanting, when you tolled me off up here," laughed the ex-cowpuncher. "I know the symptoms. Had 'em myself for about two years so bad that I could wake up in the middle of the night and taste 'em. Go in and win. Maybe the great big stumbling-block you're worrying about wouldn't mean anything at all to an open-minded young woman like Corona; most likely it wouldn't."

"If she could know the whole truth—and believe it," said Smith musingly.

"You tell her the truth, and she'll take care of the believing part of it, all right. You needn't lose any sleep about that."

Smith drew a long breath and removed his pipe to say: "I haven't the nerve, Billy, and that's the plain fact. I have already told her a little of it. She knows that I—"

Starbuck broke in with a laugh. "Yes; it's a shouting pity about your nerve! You've been putting up such a blooming scary fight in this irrigation business that we all know you haven't any nerve. If I had your job in that, I'd be going around here totting two guns and wondering if I couldn't make room in the holster for another."

Smith shook his head.

"I was safe enough so long as Stanton thought I was the resident manager and promoter for a new bunch of big money in the background. But he has had me shadowed and tracked until now I guess he is pretty well convinced that I actually had the audacity to play a lone hand; and a bluffing hand, at that. That makes a difference, of course. Two days after I had climbed into the saddle here, he sent a couple of his strikers after me. I don't know just what their orders were, but they seemed to want to fight—and they got it. It was in Blue Pete's dogery, up at the camp."

"Guns?" queried Starbuck.

"Theirs; not mine, because I didn't have any. I managed to get the shooting-irons away from them before we had mixed very far."

"You're just about the biggest, long-eared, stiff-backed, stubborn wild ass of the wallows that was ever let loose in a half-reformed gun country!" grumbled the ex-cowman. "You're fixing to get yourself all killed up, Smith. Haven't you sense enough to see that these rustlers will rub you out in two twitches of a dead lamb's tail if they've made up their minds that you are the High Line main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass ensily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up, nothing!" retorted Starbuck. "Lay you down, about six feet underground, is what I mean!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the one whose fears ran in a far different channel from any that could be dug by mere corporation violence. "This is America, in the twentieth century. We don't kill our business competitors nowadays."

"Don't we?" snorted Starbuck. "That will be all right, too. We'll suppose, just for the sake of argument, that my respected and respectable daddy-in-law, or whatever other silk-hatted old money-bags happens to be paying Crawford Stanton's salary and commission, wouldn't send out an order to have you killed off. Maybe Stanton, himself, wouldn't stand for it if you'd put it that barefaced. But daddy-in-law, and Stanton, and all the others, hire blacklegs and sharpers and gunmen and thugs. And every once in a while somebody takes a wink for a nod—and bang! goes a gun."

"Well, what's the answer?" said Pete Simms.

"Tote an arsenal, yourself, and be ready to shoot first and ask questions afterward. That's the only way you can live peacefully with such men as Jake Boogerfield and Lanterby and Simms."

Smith got out of his chair and took a turn up and down the length of the room. When he came back to stand before Starbuck, he said: "I did that, Billy. I've been carrying a gun for a week and more; not for these ditch pirates, but for somebody else. The other night, when I was out at Hillcrest, Corona happened to see it. I'm not going to tell you what she said, but when I came back to town the next morning, I chucked the gun into a desk drawer. And I hope I'm going to be man enough not to wear it again."

Starbuck dropped the subject abruptly and looked at his watch.

"You liked to have done it, pulling me off up here," he remarked. "I'm due to be at the train to meet Mrs. Billy, and I've got just about three minutes. So long."

Smith changed his street clothes leisurely after Starbuck had gone, and when he went downstairs stopped at the desk to toss his room key to the clerk.

The hotel register was lying open on the counter, and from force of habit he ran his eye down the list of late arrivals. At the end of the list, in sprawling characters upon which the ink was yet fresh, he read his sentence, and for the first time in his life knew the meaning of panic fear. The newest entry was:

"Josiah Richlander and daughter, Chicago."

Smith was not misled by the placename. There was only one "Josiah Richlander" in the world for him, and he knew that the Lawrenceville magnate, in registering from Chicago, was only following the example of those who, for good reasons or no reason, use the name of their latest stopping place for a registry address.

CHAPTER XII.

A Reprieve.

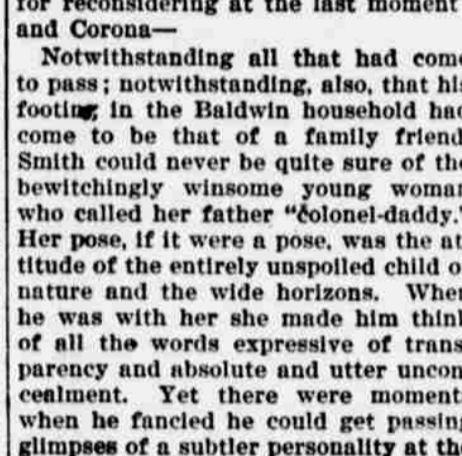
Smith's blood ran cold and there was a momentary attack of shocked consternation, comparable to nothing that any past experience had to offer. But there was no time to waste in curious speculations as to the why and wherefore. Present safety was the prime consideration. With Josiah Richlander and his daughter in Brewster, and guests under the same roof with him, discovery, identification, disgrace were knocking at the door. He could harbor no doubt as to what Josiah Richlander would do if discovery came. For so long a time as should be consumed in telegraphing between Brewster and Lawrenceville, Smith might venture to call himself a free man. But that was the limit.

One minute later he had hailed a passing autocab at the hotel entrance, and the four miles between the city and Colonel Baldwin's ranch had been tossed to the rear before he remembered that he had expressly declined a dinner invitation for that same evening at Hillcrest, pleading business to Mrs. Baldwin in person when she had called at the office with her daughter.

Happily, the small social offense went unremarked, or at least unrebuked. Smith found his welcome at the ranch that of a man who has the privilege of dropping in unannounced. The colonel was jocosely hospitable, as he always was; Mrs. Baldwin was graciously lenient—was good enough, indeed, to thank the eleventh-hour guest for reconsidering at the last moment; and Corona—

Notwithstanding all that had come to pass; notwithstanding, also, that his footing in the Baldwin household had come to be that of a family friend. Smith could never be quite sure of the bewitchingly winsome young woman who called her father "colonel-daddy." Her pose, if it were a pose, was the attitude of the entirely unspooled child of nature and the wide horizons. When he was with her she made him think of all the words expressive of transparency and absolute and utter un concealment. Yet there were moments when he fancied he could get passing glimpses of a subtler personality at the

back of the wide-open, frankly questioning eyes; a wise little soul lying in wait behind its defenses; prudent, all-knowing, deceived neither by its own prepossessions or prejudices, nor by any of the masqueradings of other souls.



"I'm Not the Man She Thinks I Am. I Am Standing Over a Volcano—"

Smith has three devils to plague him just now: His past in Lawrenceville; his growing fondness for Corona; and the enemies of the company for whose success he is working night and day. Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Should Be Satisfied.

"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him." "Did you give any satisfaction?" "I guess so. He pounded me until he was tired."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR AUGUST 12

JOSIAH'S GOOD REIGN.

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 34:1-13. GOLDEN TEXT—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12:1.

The reign of Josiah is in striking and pleasing contrast with that of many of his predecessors, especially that of his father, Amon, and grandfather, Manasseh.

I. Time of Beginning (v. 1). He ascended the throne when only eight years of age. At this tender age he evidently had a sense of the import of the service of God's house.

This sense must have been strong to enable him to withstand the corrupt influences of his surroundings. The prevailing idolatry influenced this boy, but influenced him in the opposite way in which boys are usually influenced. It aroused his hatred for it.

This serves to demonstrate the fact that circumstances do not necessarily determine the direction a life may go. Each individual has the ability to determine the course of his life; and moreover, his responsibility so to do. It is a most perilous thing to be thrust into such a prominent position while so young. However, sometimes such responsibility has a sobering effect, calling forth one's latent powers. That his aspiration for God and the right was genuine is proven by the fact that he persisted therein for thirty-one years.

II. The Character of His Reign (v. 2). "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left." He not only maintained outward order and decorum as to the worship of God, but doubtless at heart desired to please God.

III. Josiah's Reformation in the Kingdom (vv. 3-7). He first set out to root out idolatry from the land. This was a prodigious task, requiring great courage and skill. He did this with a strong hand. Without pity he swept out from the land these abominations. In the execution of this task he—

1. Broke down the altars of Baalim (v. 4). This form of idolatry was first brought into the land by Jezebel when she married Ahab. The images seem to have been such as would appeal to the sensual nature of men; therefore it was but natural that the grossest licentious practices should be associated with this worship.

2. He broke in pieces the groves, carved images, and molten images (v. 4). He even made dust of them and strewed it upon the graves of those who had been offering unto them.

3. He burned the bones of the priests on their altars (v. 5). He not only showed no pity for them, but he manifested a decided fierceness in the execution of his task.

4. He extended this destruction to certain districts in the northern kingdom. It was not until all this was done that he returned to Jerusalem (vv. 6, 7). His reformation thus began at home, but was extended to the widest extent of his kingdom.

IV. Josiah Repaired the Temple (vv. 8-13). Having rid the land of its idolatry, he set himself to the repairing of the temple which had been so long neglected. This neglect, coupled with gross abuses at times, made it to be sadly in need of attention.

1. His deputies (v. 8). This work he entrusted to a committee of three—Shaphan, the royal secretary (II Kings 22:3); Maseiah, mayor of Jerusalem; and Joah, the recorder, the historian of the nation. In the matter of ridding the city and country of idolatry Josiah took the lead in person, but now the work had gone far enough forward that he could work by deputy. He chose his deputies from among "laymen" instead of the priests.

2. Method of procedure (vv. 9-13). (a) Collection of money (v. 9). It would seem that for some time collection of money for temple repairs had been going on. Perhaps it was begun in connection with the destruction of idolatry some six years before. The agents in this work were the Levites. They collected it from all over the kingdom, even giving the remnant of Israel an opportunity for fellowship in this matter. This shows us that religious interests of the people should be sustained by all the people adhering thereto.

(b) Money placed into the treasury (v. 9). Hilkiah, the high priest, was the treasurer. From this treasury the overseers drew the money and paid it to the workmen who repaired the temple.

(c) The overseers (v. 12). Among the overseers were certain skilled musicians. The duty of these overseers was to exercise supervision over the carpenters, builders, and other artisans, and the helpers of all classes. The musicians, by skillful music, incited the workman to diligence and activity, thus lightening the burdens of their toil. Music in the soul while working bears a very vital relationship to the work itself.

3. The character of the work (v. 12). They did the work faithfully. This is a fine thing to be said of a set of workmen.

Was Laid Up In Bed

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had one of the worst cases of kidney complaint imaginable," says Mrs. Wm. Vogt, 8315 Audrey Ave., Wellington, Mo., "and I was laid up in bed for days at a time."

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"My heart action was affected and I felt as if I couldn't take another breath. I got my nervous and run down. I felt life wasn't worth living and often wished that I might die so my suffering would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged."

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WHERE SEASONS ARE MIXED

Caves Exist in United States in Which Ice Freezes in Summer and Thaws in Winter.

There are several cases in the United States where nature seems to have become confused as to the seasons, according to Popular Science Monthly. During the late spring and summer ice forms and a freezing temperature prevails, but as winter comes on the interior of the caves becomes milder, the ice gradually melts and a kind of subdued summer sets in underground.

One of these peculiar caves is to be found at Coudersport, Pa., and one at Decorah, Iowa. The superstitions among the residents of those localities give the caves a wide berth and look with suspicion upon any one daring enough to attempt to investigate them.

Edwin S. Balch of Philadelphia, who has made a study of the subterranean ice mines, as they are called, states that according to the theory evolved by investigators the formation of the caverns is such that the cold air of winter does not penetrate and settle in them until late in the spring at the time when the water from spring thaws is seeping through the walls and roof. This water meeting the cold air freezes and stays frozen all summer until, as the fall season approaches, the warm summer air at last finds its way into the cave and melts the ice.

Getting Out From Under. It is probably quite natural that there should be considerable rivalry at Ft. Harrison between the student officers of National Guard training and those with no previous military experience, and sometimes stories are told which might not be told if it were not for this rivalry, says the Indianapolis News.

A young student officer was putting a squad of fellow-students through squad formations the other day of a rather intricate nature and the process proved to be like climbing a roof. It is easy to climb into a perilous position astride the cone, but difficult to climb down to safety. The young student officer got along very well until he attempted to get his squad back into its original formation. Somehow it wouldn't work out right. Then he cut the knot of his difficulty with one command, delivered as sternly as possible.

"As you were at first! March!" This would not have been told if there had not been several former National Guardsmen in the squad.

His Wife's Little Shot. "I'm glad you're over the draft age." "Why?" "Think how humiliated I should be to have to admit that I was dependent on your stinky salary every week for my living."

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