

# The Man Nobody Knew

By HOLWORTHY HALL

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## "HAVE I A CHANCE?"

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 Hilliard, and is disgraced 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 Hilliard, 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. Hilliard finds he still loves her and is tempted to confess. Hilliard tempts Cullen, his former employer, with his mining scheme. He discovers a rival for Carol's love in a nice young fellow named Armstrong.

## CHAPTER VIII.

For thirty days Hilliard had listened to the eulogies of his secret self. He had heard from a hundred sources the same belief repeated, that Dicky Morgan, given time and counsel, would have made the city as proud of him for his intrinsic worth as it now was proud of him for his military valor. This praise of Dicky Morgan had at first stunned Hilliard; after that, it had exalted him; still later, it had abased his soul. He had longed, ceaselessly, during that third period of his introspection, to take the city to his heart, to reveal himself, to answer for Dicky Morgan's failures and to pledge himself anew to the achievement which Dicky Morgan's friends had prophesied; and then he had been overwhelmed by the recollection that he had made this course impossible. If he had only known that all his deceptions were needless! If he had only known that Dicky Morgan could have come home, and been forgiven! What anguish he could have saved—and what repentance! And the problem was still the same—should he continue, safe in his masquerade, to the goal he had set for himself, or should he risk the worst, and save his conscience by renunciation?

By far the most distressing factor in this puzzle was his relationship to Carol Durant. He had seen her only half a dozen times during the month, and never alone—the fates or Armstrong had circumvented him—but he was head over heels in love with her again, and he sensed, from fugitive glances and a stray word or two on her part, that she wasn't entirely averse to him. But what would Carol think if she knew that this grave and tender stranger was hiding behind the wreath of Dicky Morgan—it was a thousand times the worse! If she were ever truly in love with Henry Hilliard, it was impossible!

And then there was little Angela Cullen—

And in addition, there was the serious business of making good; he was no longer impelled to it by resentment, but rather by unadulterated ambition; this, too, he would see destroyed by any admission of his deceit. To continue in the game was to lose his property; to relinquish it was to lose all else; and even now, his joy and pride was contained in precisely those things which he must give up, if he decided to tear off the mask of hypocrisy; and his self-respect was rising out of the mud of what he never should have done at all.

When he thought of his worldly ambitions, he was profoundly regretful that he had talked professionally with Mr. Cullen. To be sure, the matter had come up casually and naturally, and the opening had seemed too good to be missed; at the same time, Hilliard couldn't help reflecting that it had been premature. It might prove, eventually, to have been just the proper course to produce results; it might be that Cullen would become so impatient that he couldn't be restrained, and would leap without looking, and leap further than he intended, and yet, ever since that preliminary interview, Hilliard had known that he had made a breach in his own fortresses; that he had rendered it possible for an informal (and logical enough) investigation to begin, or for mild suspicion to arise and gain momentum before he had devised the means of combating it. And although Hilliard believed implicitly in the goods he had to sell, he knew the difficulty of the market; he knew how timorous is the average investor; and he knew that there might very easily come a time at which his harangue would be remembered, and remembered adversely.

In this connection he was irritated by the tone of Harmon's letters to him from New York. Harmon was enthusiastic, and confident; he was relying sturdily on Hilliard to break through the acumen of the up-state capitalists; but he thought that Hilliard was making haste too slowly; he opined that all Hilliard needed to do was to devote himself to a hard on-

slaught against Mr. Cullen, and, after that, to gather subscribers where he chose. He said that Hilliard was wasting time, and ought to begin to collect signatures. Hilliard had mentioned, in a moment of indiscretion, the assistance which Angela had unconsciously given him, and Harmon had appraised it highly; but it angered him, when he saw this reference written down in Harmon's letter, to have her name brought into the instructions, even by implication. Still . . . had he not invited this upon himself?

It was in a dizzying quandary, then, that Hilliard kept his next appointment at the Durants'. The problem had grown so many branches, sent forth so many tentacles of bewildering confusion, that he hardly knew what to say, where to turn. His one consolation was that the miracle which had been performed upon him had given him a mask of impenetrable calm. At least, he didn't have to wear his forebodings on his countenance.

And yet, almost the first words Carol said to him were: "Something's troubling you, Mr. Hilliard."

He was momentarily demoralized, and came near showing it—tried to pass it off with a laugh.

"Did I make it as plain as all that?"

"No," she said, "it wasn't plain at all."

His laugh was remarkably hollow, but he persisted in it.

"Why, how did you think of it, then?"

"Just from your eyes," she told him. "What's the matter? Anything I could help straighten out for you? Or couldn't I listen? That helps a lot, sometimes—"

She dropped her eyes, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Isn't there anything I can do?" she said. "Or . . . that father could? You frighten me . . ."

"I'm sorry. . . . No, please don't think of it. I ought to be shot if I've made you unhappy."

The bitterness in his voice was acute; and by paradox, it was caused mainly by her sweet concern for him, and his realization of how little he deserved it.

"You always seem to be pushing the world away from you," she said, after a pause. "Why do you, Mr. Hilliard?"

"I didn't know that I do," he said quietly. "And it would be a queer thing for me to do deliberately, when I want your friendship more than anything else I can possibly imagine—wouldn't it?"

"But a woman," said Carol slowly, "almost always has to be a confidante before she becomes a friend. . . ."

They sat without stirring while the clock ticked off a dozen seconds. Hilliard, scarcely knowing what he did—and, if he knew, indifferent—had put both hands to his forehead, as though to calm the vicious throbbing within. Presently, and so quietly that he never heard her, Carol was gone—she had slipped across the room, to the piano.

A breath of music, light, dreamy, caressing. . . .

And there, on the sofa where Dicky Morgan had sat, and smoked, and taken his happiness with the utmost nonchalance, sat Hilliard, in tenes-

desperation of soul, strained to the tenuous melody which floated across to him, an echo of youth and gladness which mocked him, derided him, indicted him . . . a translation of the unutterable sadness which welled up in his throat and choked him. . . . She was playing the "Liebestraum."

His shoulders went up convulsively, and he was chilled to the heart. Liebestraum! It was a taunt, a savage cynicism, a challenge to his inward self. The waves of it battered his unresisting conscience; the piercing tenderness of it damned him, while it awoke his dormant passion, and set his will to vibrating. Liebestraum—and the dream of his love

was a phantasm which his brain reeled to contemplate! The lump in his throat came near to strangling him.

It seemed to Hilliard that hours must have elapsed before he had the strength to rise, and cross the room. His brain was buffeted by wildly giddy passions; he was only partly aware that Carol, trying to rise from the bench, was wide-eyed and intuitive apprehension. Volition had gone from him; he was acting without reserve, without premeditation.

"Tell me!" he said thickly. "Have I got a chance? One in a hundred? One in a thousand? But a chance?"

"Oh! . . . Mr. Hilliard!" Her plea was to his chivalry, and had to be. "Tell me. . . . would I have . . . if I should share everything you—"

One hand was pressed close to her breast; the other was outstretched, defensive.

"Don't! Don't! Don't spoil what was—"

"You'll have to answer me. . . . I can't wait any longer. I'm not your little finger and I know it. . . . but I want a chance . . . just a fighting chance. . . . you've got to answer me, Carol . . ."

She was trembling within reach of him, but it never occurred to him to touch her, and if it had, he would have refrained, out of sheer consciousness of his lack of right. His face, working tragically, awed her.

"Yes," she said, hardly above a whisper. "There's . . . one chance in a thousand. There's . . . that much, anyway."

His arms went out to her—stayed—dropped. He stepped backward, out of the danger zone.

"Then I'll take it," he said.

She had given him a chance, on an implied condition which he could never meet. She had given him a chance—and what in the name of heaven could he do with it?

## CHAPTER IX.

From the marbled dignity of the Trust and Deposit company, where he had bought a New York draft for fifteen thousand dollars, and smaller ones for ten and seven, Hilliard emerged presently to South Warren street, and stood there on the sidewalk for a moment, numbed by the first galvanizing consciousness of success.

He had come back resolved to win, in his second trial, the position he had failed to approximate in his first; he had set himself a commercial standard, and, gauged by it, he was advancing rapidly, for today's trio of subscriptions, added to Mr. Cullen's check of yesterday (and Mr. Cullen had acted as though he had gained a personal victory in persuading Hilliard to accept it), made up a glittering total, a stupendous total; and already Hilliard's earned commissions formed a sum to gloat about. Despised as a salesman, he had sold to four impartial business men the commodity hardest in all the world to sell. Scorned for his behavior, he had made his sales on the basis of a character which hadn't been questioned since the day of his arrival. His mind and his muscles demanded action; to relieve the pressure of his spirits, he set off vigorously, swinging exultant.

On impulse, he crossed the street for the purpose of patronizing a florist's, where, ignoring the conventional measure of the even dozen, he ordered a prodigal armful of American Beauties for Carol Durant. This done, and feeling very rich and independent, he rounded the righthand corner, and got himself greeted by two citizens of standing and importance who, in hailing him, displayed a deference not ordinarily granted to the average resident of Hilliard's age. Would Hilliard condescend to speak at the next meeting and dinner of the Chamber of Commerce on France in wartime? Hilliard would. And this indication of his new-won status fired him afresh.

Logically enough, his swirling thoughts followed a well-worn trail which led him straight to Carol; and for the thousandth time he tried to set a future date, depending on the outcome of his mission here, at which he could confess, and ask forgiveness for his mummery, and simultaneously ask credit for his regeneration.

At this juncture, he was aware that some one had arrested him. It was Angela's youthful suitor.

"Oh—hello, Waring!" said Hilliard cheerfully. "How's crime?"

The student of law flushed at the lively salutation, which appealed to him as a reflection upon the majesty of the bar. Also, his sense of humor was temporarily atrophied.

"We don't handle criminal cases," he responded shortly. "Say, when can you and I have a conference together, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Why, the sooner the quicker," laughed Hilliard. "What's it about?"

Waring coughed. "Business."

"The time to talk about business is all the time— isn't it?"

Waring hesitated and finally stepped into the shelter of a doorway, drawing Hilliard with him.

"I don't suppose it'll seem like a very important thing to you," he said, rather awkwardly, "but it's important

enough to me, Mr. Hilliard, to be worth taking time over—to be perfectly frank with you, I've got five hundred dollars I want to put in some high-class, gilt-edged speculation. Mr. Cullen gave me some pointers, and now I'm interested in your copper mine. Only—and this is where the hitch comes in—I've sort of got into the swing of the law, you know, and that makes men—well, what you might call judgmental. You get so you want to look at everything from all four sides. And I thought maybe because of—the attending circumstances—you'd be kind enough to explain the whole thing to me. Would you?"

Hilliard, who didn't know whether to be touched or amused, compromised by nodding gravely.

"There's one thing I'll have to tell you, though," he said; "I don't advise any one to gamble in copper mines, or anything else, Waring, unless that person could actually afford to lose his whole investment, and not be hurt."



"You Don't Mean to Say It Isn't a Sure Thing!"

And in this particular case, since I happen to control the situation, I won't permit it. Does that hit you, or doesn't it?"

The young man's mouth opened in amazement. He had been priming himself to be a clever investigator, and to pick yawning flaws in Hilliard's underwriting, and here his thunder was stolen before he had had a chance to stake the acie of his cleverness.

"Why—it isn't a gamble, is it? I understood—Mr. Cullen said—"

"It's safer to figure it as a gamble, Waring. It's safe to figure all these things that way. Of course, we think it's a wonderful prospect, and a practically positive success, but I don't mind telling you that so far I haven't allowed a man who couldn't afford to lose his whole subscription—and didn't understand very clearly that he might— to come in for so much as a plugged nickel. And that would apply to you, too."

The law student gasped, incredulously.

"You don't mean to say it isn't a sure thing?"

"Is any speculation? You see I'm not working very hard to take your five hundred away from you, Waring."

The boy scowled.

"I suppose it's really too small for you to bother with. Is that what you're driving at?"

Hilliard smiled cordially.

"It is, and it isn't. From any one I didn't know, I'd rather not touch it. It isn't a good plan, ordinarily, to have a lot of small stockholders. But from you—and if it isn't more than you ought to risk—"

Waring snatched at the straw.

"Well, seeing you're who you are, and I'm who I am, would you be willing to give me just as much information as you would if I had twenty times as much to put in?"

"Come up to the room," said Hilliard impulsively; and he was actuated solely by the obligation he felt toward all of Mr. Cullen's friends.

"You come along up to the room, and I'll show you everything I've got. Will that do?"

At the last words the amateur detective had brightened.

"I can't come now very well. But maybe I could run up this evening, if that's all right for you."

"That'll be just as good. Eight o'clock? Fine." He held out his hand. Waring took it limply.

"I'm afraid I'm causing you a lot of bother," he said, "but it's a pretty big thing for me. . . . I hope you don't think it's anything personal. . . . I mean my not just taking it for granted—"

"Not at all. Business is business. I'll expect you at eight, then." Hilliard nodded good-humoredly and went on north. A quaint intuition overcame him, and he glanced back over his shoulder. Fifty yards away the law student was also glancing over his shoulder, and Waring, having less of self-possession than the adventurer,

blushed and jerked his head to the front; Hilliard chuckled and continued his stroll.

He entered the Hotel Onondaga from the east and headed across toward the news-stand. Out of a red and gold chair in the spacious lobby a gentleman rose to meet him—a gentleman who in appearance was a very fair replica of the well-known Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, except that he was somewhat more refined and less obese. His animation was obvious, but he delayed to remove both his gray suede gloves before he offered to shake hands with Hilliard.

"Well!" said Martin Harmon, enthusiastically, "you're looking great! Must agree with you up here, what? Didn't expect me, did you?"

"No!" Hilliard's expression was a study; he had dealt so long with Harmon at a distance that he had almost forgotten what the broker looked like. "Why didn't you wire me you were coming?"

"Didn't know it myself until pretty near train-time—spur of the moment. Well, got any business yet?"

Involuntarily, Hilliard smiled, and the smile spread wonderfully, until Harmon caught the contagion of it and beamed more royally than ever. "The man you called the 'decoy duck'—remember when you wrote that to me?—well, he quacked yesterday."

Harmon put his hand on Hilliard's shoulder; it was an accolade.

"Really? How much?"

"Thirty." For the life of him Hilliard couldn't resist a slight forward thrust of his chest.

Mr. Harmon's eyes glazed for an instant.

"Good—good! That's clever work, son! Clever and quick. But I knew you'd do it. Thirty! That's fine! Anybody else?"

Hilliard laughed exultantly.

"Yes, three more—a total of sixty-two. I mailed you a draft yesterday morning; the others are in my pocket now. I've just come from the bank."

"Great work, son!" Mr. Harmon breathed rapturously. "That puts us pretty nearly where we belong. Sixty-two thousand! It's a running start for the big race! You certainly didn't get left at the post, Hilliard! Deducted your commissions yet?"

"No; I thought you'd rather do the bookkeeping in your own office and send me a check."

Harmon's approval was manifest.

"You show me the drafts and I'll write you a check this minute. Let's go sit down in the grill, and have something. This is fine work, now I want to tell you!"

"I rather thought so myself." Hilliard had led the way to the grill and commandeered a side-table. "In fact—" He lowered his voice. "In fact, as things have worked out, Mr. Harmon, I almost wish I hadn't tried to play it just this way. I mean—"

But Harmon had already grasped the point.

"Oh! Is that so? You must have made a hit. And all your old friends you were so hot up about—weren't they as peevish at you as you thought?"

"No!" Hilliard grew warm. "I'd give a good deal," he said soberly, "if I hadn't tangled myself up in all that imitation history. Well, I'm in for it now. I've published so much that I didn't need to—I'm wondering how in thunder I can ever get out of it when the time comes. That was the idea, you remember—coals of fire. What's bothering me is that there's nobody to tend the furnace."

"But I thought you were so anxious to keep in the shade?"

"Yes, but I didn't need to crawl in a hole, and pull it in after me! Well, we'll wait and see. After I've gone a little further—and of course, you know I've hardly scratched the surface yet—"

"I know you haven't." The big man tucked his gloves into his breast pocket and brought out a silver cigarette case. "Have one?"

"A piece of d—d worth- less property."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Post Office Nerves.**  
According to the testimony of some hospital authorities, "post office nerves" are due partly to the frequent changes from day to night duty, with consequent irregularities of meals and sleep, partly to the changes of work whereby the same clerk may be standing all day for another, with diverse occupations, each needing special knowledge. Hence, in the opinion of some medical men, mechanical routine is less wearing than frequent change. Is it so?

**Educate Hotel Employees.**  
Arithmetic, bookkeeping, geography, hotel legislation, commercial correspondence, stenography, typewriting, ironing, cooking, linen mending, sewing and washing are some of the subjects taken at the school for women hotel employees in Besancon, France, which is releasing each week 10 women ready to fill positions in hotels ranging from cashier to chambermaid.



"Something's Troubling You."

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**ASPIRIN**  
Name "Bayer" on Genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacturing Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.—Adv.

**Nerve Wasn't What He Lost.**  
As Benson walked along the busy street he was stopped by a shabby individual. "Excuse me, sir," said he, "but I wonder if you could lend me a quarter?"

Benson was startled and demanded to know why the quarter was needed. "Haven't you a job?" he demanded. "No, sir," whined the shabby individual. "You see, I'm a slate roofer by trade. But I can't work at it, because I fell off a roof and lost my nerve."

"Oh, no, you didn't?" said Benson, as he walked on quickly. "Your nerve's all right."—Houston Post.

**Lift off Corns!**  
Doesn't hurt a bit and Frezzone costs only a few cents.

With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Frezzone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

**Bird Neglect is Short-Sighted.**  
The destruction of the quail is costing the wheat growers of the entire United States \$100,000,000 a year—chinch bugs. Potato growers of the United States are paying out \$15,000,000 a year for Paris green to protect their potatoes from the potato bug. The quail, natural enemy of the bug, has been almost exterminated.

**FRECKLES**  
Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

**Embarrassing Moment.**  
The new minister was calling. Among other things he was lamenting the prevalent use of profanity, the habit growing even among children.

The small daughter of the house, standing by, said timidly, "Mister, I don't swear, but I know all the words."—Indianapolis News.

**Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.**  
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scaly clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

**Can't Be Solved.**  
"They can't live together and they can't live apart."  
"Umph! What's the solution of a problem like that?"  
"Chloroform, but, confound the luck, it's against the law."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Sure Relief**

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**  
6 BELL-ANS Hot Water Sure Relief

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**