

# The Man Nobody Knew

By **HOLWORTHY HALL**



## CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Hilliard's eyes blazed; the audacity of the suggestion was obscured by the possibility of honor that it contained. "Yes!" he said thickly. "Yes! You bet I could!"

"And you wouldn't be afraid to keep on working for me? That is, if we got this Silverbow scheme all laundered clean before we started something else?"

"Not if you—"

"Then listen!" The broker's voice was soft and homiletical. "You've thought some hard things about me. Maybe you had some cause; I'm not disputing that. But I guess you've forgotten something. Something I told you when we first got together. I told you if you got me what I wanted I'd help you get what you want. Well—you've done your best. I got to give you credit. And maybe you've changed some of my ideas too. Maybe you've sort of worked me around to believing I haven't given you a square deal. Well—let the past bury its dead. I've got more than one string to my bow; I'm sort of tired of the old line of stuff; I'm thinking seriously of cutting it all out and going in for the safe and sane. It isn't so juicy, but it's safe. Am I right or am I wrong? All the cards on the table—I'm no fool. Hilliard—and the bottom's falling out of this promotion game. So if you think you can blossom out into a legitimate salesman of high-grade bonds—of course there wouldn't be nearly as much in it for you—I've got more than half a mind to give you the chance. It's a risk, but I guess I owe it to you." He slid his pudgy hand across the table and smiled pacifically. "I've taken a strong fancy to you, son—let's be respectable together. What do you say to that?"

In his feverish joy Hilliard was willing to ignore the obvious fact that the broker's repentance was considerably overdue, and that it was founded on expediency and not on principle. The thought of working longer for Harmon—even if the securities he had to sell in future were most conservative—filled him with nausea; but if that were the only way to save the situation how could Hilliard decline? How in his duty to himself, could he refuse to work again for Harmon, if this were the only means to save his friends their money already lost? He felt his veins throbbing to his agitation.

"Is . . . is that a bona fide offer?" he faltered. Harmon's hand slapped the table for emphasis. "Straight as a string. To tell the truth you're sort of on my conscience. You're with me? All right! Then as far as I'm concerned the contract's canceled here and now. Got it with you?"

"No, I—"

The broker's face darkened. "Where is it?"

Hilliard was disinclined to tell how and why he had intrusted it to Cullen. "It's safe," he said. He could hardly contain himself; he looked and looked at Harmon, trying faithfully to reconcile the man and his appearance and his principles, and he failed—but here was the great reality confronting him—and the millionth chance had magically come true. It was warped honesty but it was honesty no less.

Harmon licked his lips.

"Well, we'll clean up the whole transaction today and start with a new deal. That's settled. Oh, don't carry on like that, Hilliard. Now about this chap, Waring—"

"Oh, you still want to see him, do you?"

Harmon hesitated. "Sure! Give him a little surprise, eh? If he's the man who's been bombarding us we'll spike his guns first.—What?" He laughed noisily and Hilliard was almost too excited to dislike the laugh. "Don't bother to telephone the Onondaga; we'll just walk over."

"But I thought you wanted to stay away from there?" Hilliard was displaying many of the symptoms of intoxication.

"Oh, not when everything's going along so smooth and nice! We can go up in your room and have Waring up there and be just as private as anywhere else."

Accordingly, and to the chagrin of a hovering waiter, they quitted their booth and went out to the open air. They reached the Onondaga; they arrived at the mezzanine floor; they were safe in Hilliard's apartment.

"My!" said Harmon jocosely. "I wish I could afford to live like this! But you've got a rich backer, and I haven't." He rubbed his hands in great good nature; his eyes were sparkling and his fat body was a quiver with vanity. "Well, the first thing to do . . . Where did you say you keep that contract of ours hidden?"

"Is there any hurry about that now?" Hilliard was fairly beside himself with joy.

"Well—" The sudden whirr of the telephone buzzer seemed to ruffle the broker's nerves, for he started violently. "Who's that?"

"Just a moment. Yes?" Hilliard took down the receiver. "Yes? . . . Oh, yes, have him . . . no; hold the wire.—" He beckoned hilariously to Harmon. "Waring's downstairs now!"

"You're ready to see him, aren't you?" The broker was suddenly plunged into uncertainty.

"Yes—no! No!"

"What's wrong?" Hilliard was visited by an unwelcome chill; he tried to analyze it and couldn't.

The big man was breathing with difficulty. "I . . . you go down and . . . no, that wouldn't do either. . . . I want to see him alone. I want to get him to call off his investigator, so when we begin a new campaign we've got any verified report against us on the old—"

"No, sir!" Hilliard shook his head smilingly. "I'm the man who's had to stand the gaff so far; I'm going to be in on any conferences. That's my play!"

Harmon licked his lips again and swallowed repeatedly.

"Well . . . it's . . . if you let me do the talking then . . . or . . ." Hilliard turned back to the transmitter.

"Ask him to come right up," he said. He replaced the instrument and looked alarmedly at the broker. "You're not well!"

"Yes, I am. . . . Now let's get at that contract! There's no sense talking business until that's canceled, is there?"

As Hilliard stared at him an icy wave of suspicion swept him from head to foot.

"What's your hurry? It's my furnace, isn't it?"

"You are anxious, though! Harmon, I—"

"No . . . no hurry at all. Only as long as I'm here . . . and the game's played out . . . as a favor to me . . . let's cancel it. Where is it? I . . . Good God, son, don't you want that thing out of the way? It's no good with an alias on it! I'll put up the money—I—"

A sharp rap on the door stopped him short. Hilliard turned the knob; Waring and Mr. Cullen burst in.

"Why, Mr. Cullen!" he said in astonishment. "They didn't tell me you were here! Hello, Rufus."

"Hilliard!" Cullen's face was red and excited. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" He had seen Harmon.

Hilliard, taken utterly by surprise, began to phrase the introductions; he had only just begun when Harmon interrupted—Harmon with a set jaw and blazing cheeks. He was standing by the writing table, and one hand was resting heavily upon it. His manner was curiously apprehensive, curiously desperate.

"Ah! . . . Mr. Cullen . . . most happy, I'm sure . . . and Mr. Waring . . . delighted!" His voice was silken in its throatiness. "Gentlemen, I have the honor to be president . . . of the Silverbow Mining corporation . . ." He paused; his hands weaved aimlessly. "Of Montana. . . . Gentlemen. . . . I hear there's been some adverse criticism of our property . . . you're stockholders, I understand . . . not used to criticism . . ." He flung his head erect. "I offer you personally . . . to relieve you . . . of any and all obligations . . . and pay back penny for penny." Here his knees shook and he swayed appreciably. He was holding himself upright only by tremendous, visible effort.

"The man's sick!" Cullen stepped toward him. Waring and Hilliard were standing fascinated. The broker warded off Cullen with both hands.

"No, I'm not sick! . . . Contract calls for delivery of ninety-nine per cent of capital stock . . . on payment of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars . . . before December . . ."

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get me my . . . check-book!" All at once he seemed to collapse; his head hung low, and his breathing became stertorous. His cheeks puffed queerly.

Hilliard sprang to him. "Rufus! Call the office! Get the house doctor!"

Cullen had raced to the bathroom for a glass of water; he raced back again, spilling half of it. Hilliard was chasing the broker's wrists. The three men strained at the unwieldy, unresisting bulk, while leaden fear clutched at their hearts.

The house physician hustled in to find the broker lying on the bed in a profound coma; his reflexes had gone from him; he couldn't be roused. There was no need of a stethoscope.

"Order an ice bag," said the man of medicine sharply. He himself was rattling among his vials for the calomel. Rufus was at the telephone.

"Anything I can do?" asked Hilliard earnestly. His suspicions had crystallized; and he was bitterly aware that the broker had planned not justice, but some new brand of perfidy; nevertheless, the man was unquestionably in danger—and revenge could wait.

"Nothing—just give me plenty of room."

As the three stood watching painfully, Cullen put out his hand to Hilliard, and spoke under his breath.

"Henry—when did he come?"

"Only just now. An hour ago."

"Hadn't he told you? Or hadn't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

Cullen motioned to Waring.

"Give it to him, Rufus . . . Oh, I see; I see—"

The law student, without a word, produced a yellow blank and thrust it at Hilliard. He flashed a glance of indescribable contempt at the supine broker; his eyes had lost some of their anxiety.

"Oh, the big crook!" he said boyishly. "The big crook!"

"Sh-h-h! Rufus!" Still, Hilliard, at heart, agreed with him to the letter.

The boy stood close to the masquerader.

"I'm sorry, Hilliard . . . it came at four this afternoon . . . we'd been hunting for you ever since . . ." Hilliard wasn't interested.

"I'll wait until—"

Cullen signed to him peremptorily. "Read it, I tell you! . . . It'll give you a slant on him!"

Hilliard peered over the foot of the bed; Harmon was still lying inert. The physician nodded aside.

"Nothing for you to do," he said grimly; and Hilliard, only partly aware of what he was doing, gave heed to the yellow blank.

The fourth telegram of the day was from Butte, Mont., addressed to Waring.

"Arrived here last night after delay in Chicago. This morning's papers contain information as follows: 'The faulted vein on XLNC property adjoining Silverbow claim number one has been located about twenty feet from Silverbow boundary. Indications are ore body running at least eighty per cent average and some places high as twenty. Also some zinc and silver and traces of manganese. This evidently extends well into Silverbow, where the greatest values are undoubtedly lying, and judging from records of old XLNC vein it's a tremendously big strike. Understand XLNC owners offering large sum, said to be well over half-million, for a controlling interest. I strongly advise all of you to get aboard for as much as Hilliard will let go. Am sending this from office of Cooley, Benjamin & Russell, who will not send separate report unless you want it. This is wonderful news and mine is sure winner, even if only a fraction as large as reported. Please show this message to Hilliard. Sigs. J. J. ARMSTRONG.'"

Hilliard sat down in the nearest chair. The lump in his throat was choking him; the moment was so big that his feelings were primitive; his expression of them were very simple. He only smiled; the meaningless, vacuous smile of an infant. That smile embraced the entire universe; it was indicative of a happiness so limitless, so perfect, that it was almost foolish. So Harmon, knowing from his own sources of the sudden strike, had rushed to Syracuse to pose as a man of honor! So Harmon had wanted to meet Waring—and find if Waring had yet heard the news, and, if he hadn't, stop the investigation by apparent frankness and ready restitution. So Harmon had been eager to destroy the contract, to promise Hilliard anything and everything, to repay the money that was subscribed already—and then, as sole owner, to take an enormous profit for himself.

No one in the whole world—and least of all, Waring and Cullen—could have remotely fathomed the thoughts that were eddying in Hilliard's brain. They were not for his own aggrandizement; they were for the Cullens and Durants and for the others who need never know the acid of disillusionment. They were for the ideals he had struggled toward; they were for the friends who had stood by him. And there was one very especial and very manly thought for Jack Armstrong.

strong, who had been so courageous in his defeat, and so neutral in his behavior afterward, and who now had sent the generous news winging eastward, with the request that Hilliard should learn at once of his vindication.

And as Hilliard sat there, smiling out into the silent room, and struggling to visualize the extent of fortune which had so abruptly smitten him, there was a dry murmur from the bed where Harmon lay, and a resulting silence so pregnant with meaning that the smile faded, and Hilliard was on his feet, open-eyed with the present horror brought back to him.

The physician was rising slowly from cramped knees.

"It's all over," he said; paused, and added: "Apoplexy."

The only man in all America who could have testified to Hilliard's simulation had ceased to breathe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

As Dr. Durant, having already given counsel this morning to seven patients, appeared at the door of the ante-room to signal to the eight, he was palpably astonished at the presence of the young man who sat next to the door. The Doctor was very human; the Doctor was very adaptable; but for thirty years he had managed to keep the social and professional phases of his life entirely apart, and at the very first glance he was aware that Hilliard hadn't come to consult with him professionally. Nevertheless, he raised his finger in the usual sign; Hilliard followed him to the inner room.

It was Hilliard's introduction to the Doctor's morning manner; and even in his own exalted spirit, he yielded slightly to the restraint in the atmosphere. The Doctor was bland, smiling, approachable, and yet not at all the same man as he appeared at the house on James street. He seemed detached from the hampering littleness of a household; there was no air of intentional repose about him. Hilliard, in spite of the importance of his mission, felt apologetic; he felt as though he were unwittingly robbing science of its most valuable asset, which is time.

"I know this isn't exactly the proper thing to do," he said, "but I'm leaving town in an hour or so. . . . I thought you might spare me five minutes, Doctor, even if it is a little irregular. Can you?"

"What seems to be the trouble?" The Doctor's tone was a mild invitation to squander nothing on preliminaries.

"Mr. Cullen and I are running down to New York today . . . You've seen the morning papers, haven't you?"

"Yes." The Doctor nodded. "And Cullen telephoned me last night. Was Mr. . . . what was his name: Harmon? . . . was he a close friend of yours, Hilliard?"

"No; just a business associate . . . I didn't know him very well personally—socially, I should say. But it changes some of my plans . . . Mr. Cullen and I have to go to New York for a few days and after that we're going out to Montana together."

The Doctor tapped his desk thoughtfully.

"On account of this?"

"Partly, and partly not. The whole perspective's changed; we've got to get to work. Now, the last time I saw you . . . why, that was only yesterday!" He broke off, laughing at himself. "It seems so much longer than that! Why, you said then that if I ever needed any one of several different things, including seventy-five hundred dollars, to come to you. And you spoke as though you really meant it, Doctor . . . So I've come!"

The Doctor regarded him steadily for a moment, and resumed tapping the glass pad on his desk with a meditative forefinger.

"You've reconsidered, have you?"

"Not that so much—but we've had fresh information. Jack Armstrong's out there, indirectly representing Mr. Cullen, and we've heard from our own lawyers besides. So on the whole, I'm willing to let you in if you're willing to come, in spite of what I said at lunch yesterday."

The Doctor hesitated.

"Not that I doubt you at all," he said, "but when Cullen telephoned me last night, he said that you and he had raised all the money you needed in half an hour after you went out to look for it. You see, I have some channels of information myself! So I can't help wondering why you

need this now." Nevertheless, he was hunting for his check-book.

"We don't need it—I simply insisted on keeping a place open for you, on the chance that you hadn't changed your mind."

"You're fully satisfied it's the right thing for me to do?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am."

The Doctor held his pen poised in the air. "I'm not sure I'm really entitled to it. Doesn't it really belong to some one who was on the spot last night?"

Hilliard's eyes twinkled.

"You're fond of talking about motives, Doctor . . . You'd have let me have that money yesterday, wouldn't you?"

"Didn't I offer it to you?"

"Yes, sir; you did. But was it because you thought you'd make a big profit, or was it just to help me?"

"Why—"

"You see," said Hilliard cheerily. "If you're going to have these mercenary motives, you've got to let me have some, too. I've let friendship interfere with business twice in two days. And you're not the only one I held a place open for—Rufus and Jack are in it, too. It was my privilege to make that condition—and I did."

The Doctor scribbled rapidly.

"Then I'll keep my promise . . . But would you mind telling me what it is I'm buying?"

"Here's your receipt, Doctor." Hilliard laid a slip of paper on the desk; took up the check, and scrutinized it carefully. "What you've bought," he said, "is a twentieth interest in a new syndicate formed last night. We'll assume the stock control in New York, when we get there, by paying some more cash (and we've got more than we need already) and after that, we may possibly sell out, or we may go ahead and develop the mine ourselves. I don't know yet which; that's what Mr. Cullen and I are going West to decide. But you'll be protected anyhow; I'll see to that. And if you're in any hurry to get your money back—"

"How soon do you think it'll be?"

Hilliard laughed outright; a laugh of utter happiness. "Right now, if you say so."

The Doctor puzzled.

"You don't make it clear," he said. "Then I will. Mr. Embree, down at the Trust and Deposit company, was one of the men who wanted to get in with us, and couldn't. He was just too late. But when I told him what I was saving out for you, he authorized me to make you an offer. I'm acting as his agent, that is, and I've got a check here, and if you want to endorse that receipt over to him, you can have this." He presented the banker's check; the Doctor stared; it was payable to himself, signed by Embree, and written for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Why, Hilliard!" he said, blankly. "Is that good business? For Embree? What's behind this?"

Hilliard fairly beamed his delight. "Well, if you want my advice, don't take it! I told him I'd have to explain it to you, and he agreed." He sat straighter, proudly. "Jack Armstrong sent another wire this morning—and the XLNC crowd, who own the property next to ours, know that I've had this contract for all the Silverbow stock, and they've made us a flat proposition of—he caught his breath—four—hundred—thousand dollars for the contract! And your twentieth share would be worth twenty thousand dollars if we took it! But we're not going to—because it's worth still more, and we know it. Lots more—twice as much—so—"

The Doctor's expression altered slightly; his chin sank a little, and he sighed, almost in regret.

"That hardly seems fair," he said slowly. "That hardly seems fair." He smiled fitfully, and sighed again. "For years and years," he said, "ever since I first began to practice, I've been working and waiting and hoping to reach the point where I could give up office work and do some research. . . . And here, in a few minutes, you dangle a two years' income in front of me—for no services of mine at all . . . for no labor on my part . . . not, as I'd hoped, the result of service, but—"

"I own a quarter of the mine myself," said Hilliard, with equal gravity. "And I'm not thinking how I got it, Doctor; I'm thinking how much good I can do with it. . . . can't you look at it that way, too?"

The Doctor nodded presently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Picts and Scots.**

In his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, the learned Rev. Dr. E. Cobham Brewer, writes upon Picts and Scots: "Pict is not the Latin picti (painted people). As Picts and Scots are always mentioned together, there is no reason why one name should be Latin and the other Gaelic. Scot is the Gaelic 'sgod' (a dweller in woods and forests), and Pict is the Gaelic pict-ist (freeshooter), the two being equivalent to foresters and freebooters."

**Proof That Quality Counts.**

Bischoff, the great Russian scientist and naturalist, once said "women are inferior to men because their brains are smaller and lighter." But when that man died his brain was weighed and found to be lighter than the average woman's. So it is not weight or size or sex, but quality, that makes superiority, as the presumptuous Bischoff proves.—Exchange.

**First Missionaries to Islands.**

One hundred years ago two men were sent from Torrington, Conn., to be the first missionaries to the Hawaiian islands, then known as the Sandwich Islands. The event was commemorated at Torrington.



There Was a Dry Murmur From the Bed.

## "PLENTY NEXT DOOR"

### Record Harvest Predicted for Canada.

After having made a careful survey of the wheat producing area of the United States, experts whose business it is to keep the people informed on the acreage sown to foodstuffs state that this year there will be a falling off in the wheat production in the States, due to a considerably less area cultivated. The opinion of these experts is that the decrease will be several hundred million bushels of wheat less than in previous years, which according to past experience will be scarcely sufficient to meet the requirements of the demands of the people of this country.

In Canada, however, the situation is different. Reliable reports on the crop situation throughout Western Canada are such as to create the most substantial optimism. Never before were the prospects so encouraging for a bumper harvest. It is predicted that the yield this year will be even greater than in 1915, the year of the record harvest in Canada, when the total production was 393,542,600 bushels. Not only is the wheat looking excellent, but the same is true of oats, barley and flax, of which a greatly increased acreage has been sown in the great grain producing provinces of Canada.

The rains that have fallen recently have come at the right time to stimulate growth and there is now considerable moisture in the ground. With the world generally facing a shortage of wheat and a continued heavy demand for it, the price is likely to be maintained at the present high figure.

In many districts corn has been more extensively planted than in previous years and it is looking remarkably well. Many settlers from the United States who came to Western Canada and bought improved farms in the early spring have every prospect of a crop yield that will give them a return sufficiently large, after paying all current expenses, to pay off a large part of their capital investment.

Livestock is in excellent condition everywhere, the rains having induced a good growth of grass.—Advertisement.

**Letting the Widow Down Easy.**

Brown always did possess a soft heart. This is how he wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Harrison—Your husband cannot come home today because his bathing suit was washed away.

"I. S.—Your husband was inside it."

—London Tit-Bits.

## SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

**His Altered Tastes.**

"Do you remember the old fishing hole of your boyhood days?"

"I certainly do. And if I could equip it with a sofa and an electric fan, and have a buffet right handy I'd rather like to pass an afternoon back among the old familiar scenes."—Boston Transcript.

## 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 Pains. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monocetate Diester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

**The Spirits Were Cuttin' Up.**

An aged chief of the Sautenau tribe lay in his tepee, the cold sweat of death on his forehead. His glassy eyes gazed into vacancy, and recognized not any of the waiting women nearby. Then, suddenly, the grim, war-scarred face lit up with an eager joy, and he cried: "I see 'em."

"See what?" queried one.

"See 'em spirits," replied the dying chief.

"What they doin'?"

"Drinking tea and bizging."

**Tenant Perplexities.**

First Snail—"Why don't you come out of your shell?" Second Snail—"I'm afraid someone else will go in it."