

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I'll go through with the judge, and I'll go out to the dam. You wait and take me?"

"You're going on earth"—with a certain assurance. And then: "Is it as you thought it was going to be, John?"

"It's about as bad as it can be," was the sober reply, and with that Smith went to wait for his interview with the attorney's best-beloved jurist.

"At nine o'clock, or a few minutes before the hour, David Kinzie, at his desk in the Brewster City National, received a message that presently Colonel Dexter Baldwin to the private room in the bank known as the 'sweatbox.'"

"Well, Dexter," said the banker shortly, "let down a minute while I look at my mail."

It was one of David Kinzie's small attentions to make a man sit idly thus, and to be present or absent, it rarely failed to put the incomer at a disadvantage. On the present occasion, however, it had a different effect. Baldwin had a certain charm, and he had chewed the end of a pipe before Kinzie had slipped around in his chair and looked at him abruptly.

"I've always been pretty good friends, Dexter," he began, "and I've called you down here this morning to prove to you that I am your friend. Where is your man?"

Baldwin shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "I haven't seen him since last evening."

"Was he run away, then?"

The Missouri colonel squared himself down in the upholstered chair, and then, which was the one Kinzie had asked for him, "What are you driving at, Dexter?"

"I'll tackle your end of it first," said the banker curtly. "Do you know you and your crowd have come to the bottom of the bag on that dam?"

"Well, I don't. You've got just the same to do as I have."

"The Missouri fell back upon his own phrase."

"You've got to show me, Dexter," said Baldwin stoutly. "But go on. You've got your gun loaded: what are you aiming at?"

"You did it," said the banker, "and you're carrying the whole people were carrying the whole gun for you. I don't know how you killed off Dexter."

"You ought to know," said the Missouri, "and the blunt rejoinder, 'I don't know how you killed off Dexter.'"

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CHAPTER XXII.

Witnesses.

Driven by Starbuck in the brand-new car, Smith reached the dam at half-past ten and was in time to see the swarming carpenters begin the piling of forms for the pouring of the final section of the great wall. Though the high water was lapping at the foot of the forms, and the weather-reports were still portentous, Williams was in fine fettle. There had been no further interferences on the part of the railroad people, every man on the job was sporting for the finish, and the successful end was now fairly in sight.

"We'll be pouring this afternoon," he told Smith, "and with a twenty-four-hour set for the concrete, and the forms left in place for additional security, we can shut the spillway gates and back the water into the main ditch. Instead of being a hindrance, then, the flood-tide will help. Under such water conditions, it would take a day or two to finish filling the reservoir lake, but now we'll get the few feet rise needed to fill the sluices almost while you wait."

"You have your guards out, as we planned?" Smith inquired.

"Twenty of the best men I could find. They are patrolling on both sides of the river, with instructions to report if they see so much as a rabbit jump up."

"Good. I'm going to let Starbuck drive me around the lake limits to see if I personally that your pickets are on the job. But, first, I'd like to use your phone for a minute or two," and with that Smith shut himself up in the small office and called Martin, the bookkeeper, at the town headquarters.

The result of the brief talk with Martin seemed satisfactory, for when it was concluded, Smith rang off and asked for the Hophra House. Being given the hotel exchange, he called the number of Miss Richlander's suite, and the answer came promptly in her full, throaty voice:

"Is that you, Montague?"

"Yes. I'm out at the dam. Nothing has been done yet. No telegraphing, I mean. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But something is going to be done. Mr. K. has had Colonel B. with him in the bank. I saw the Colonel go in while I was at breakfast. When are you coming back to town?"

"Not for some time; I have a drive to make that will keep me out until afternoon."

"Very well; you'd better stay away as long as you can, and they'd better communicate with me before you show yourself much in public. I'll have Jibbey looking out for you."

Smith said "good-by" and hung up the receiver with a fresh twinge of dissatisfaction. Every step made his dependence upon Vera Richlander more complete. Corona Baldwin, what would she say to this latest abasement? Would she not say again, and this time with greater truth, that he was a coward of the basest sort; of the type that makes no scruple of hiding behind a woman's skirts?

Between the noon hour and the one o'clock, Hophra House luncheon, Mr. David Kinzie, still halting between two opinions, left his desk and the bank and crossed the street to the hotel. He wrote his name on a card and let the clerk send it up. The boy came back almost immediately with word that Miss Richlander was waiting in the mezzanine parlors.

The banker tipped the call-boy and went up alone. He had seen Miss Richlander, once when she was driving with Smith and again at the theater in the same company. So he knew what to expect when he tramped heavily into the parlor overlooking the street. None the less, the dazzling beauty of the young woman who rose to shake hands with him and call him by name rather took him off his feet. David Kinzie was a hopeless bachelor, for choice, but there are women, and women.

"Do you know, Mr. Kinzie, I have been expecting you all day," she said sweetly, making him sit down beside her on one of the fuming red monstrosities billed in the hotel inventories as "Louis Quinze sofas." "My father sent me a note by one of your young men, and he said that perhaps you would at this perhaps you might want to—"

"The rich voice was at its frailest, and she hesitated for a moment before she spoke again. "I'm glad it's what you wanted, because it's what I was going to say, anyway," returned the ne'er-do-weel solemnly, thus showing that he, too, had not yet outlived the influence of the overnight hand-grip.

Since Brewster was a full-fledged city, its banks closed at three o'clock. Ten minutes after the hour, which happened also to be about the same length of time after Starbuck and Smith had reached town, Mr. Crawford Stanton got himself admitted by the janitor at the side door of the Brewster City National. President Kinzie was still at his desk in his private room, and the promoter entered unannounced.

and the hesitation was of exactly the proper shade.

Kinzie, cold-blooded as a fish with despondent debtors, felt himself suddenly warmed and moved to be gentle with this gracious young woman.

"Er—yes, Miss Richlander—er—a disagreeable duty, you know. I wanted to ask about this young man, Smith. We don't know him very well here in Brewster, and as he has considerable business dealings with the bank, we—that is, I thought your father might be able to tell us something about his standing in his home town."

"And my father did tell you?"

"Well—yes, he—er—told me," said Smith in a grand rascal; a fugitive from justice; and he thought—"David Kinzie, well hardened in all the processes of dealing with men, was making difficult weather of it with this all-too-beautiful young woman.

Miss Richlander's laugh was well restrained. She seemed to be struggling earnestly to make it appear so.

"You business gentlemen are so funny," she commented. "You know, of course, Mr. Kinzie, that this Mr. Smith and I are old friends; you've probably seen us together enough to be sure of that. Hasn't it occurred to you that however well I might know the Mr. Smith my father has written you about, I should hardly care to be seen in public with him?"

"Then there are two of them?" Kinzie demanded.

The young woman was laughing again. "Would that be so very wonderful, with so many Smiths in the world?"

"But—er—the middle name, Miss Richlander; that isn't so infernally very common, is it?"

"It is rather remarkable, isn't it? But there are a good many Montagues in our part of the world, too. The man my father wrote you about always signed himself 'J. Montague,' as if he were a little ashamed of the 'John.'"

"Then this Brewster Smith isn't the one who is wanted in Lawrenceville for embezzlement and attempted murder?"

"Excuse me," said the beauty, with another very palpable attempt to soothe her amusement. "If you could only know this other Smith, J. Montague, as I remember him, was a typical society man—the kind of man who wears dress clothes even when he dresses alone, and who wouldn't let his beard grow overnight for a king's ransom. But wait a moment. There is a young gentleman here who came last evening direct from Lawrenceville. Let me send for him."

She rose and pressed the bell push, and when the floor-boy came, he was sent to the lobby to page Jibbey. During the little wait, David Kinzie was skillfully made to talk about other things, Jibbey was easily found, as it appeared, and he came at once. Miss Richlander did the honors graciously.

"Mr. Kinzie, this is Mr. Tucker Jibbey, the son of one of our Lawrenceville bankers. Tucker—Mr. Kinzie, the president of the Brewster City National. Then, before Kinzie could begin, "Tucker, I've sent for you in self-defense. You know both Mr. John Smith, at present of Brewster, and also J. Montague Smith, sometime of Lawrenceville and now of goodness only knows where. Mr. Kinzie is trying to make out that they are one and the same."

Jibbey laughed broadly. He stood in no awe of banks, bankers, or stubby mustaches.

"I'll tell you, when I see him again—and take a chance on being able to run faster than he can," he chuckled. "Ripping good joke!"

"Then you know both men?" said Kinzie, glancing at his watch and rising.

"Like a book. There's no more alike than black and white. Our man here is from Cincinnati; isn't that where you met him, Verda? I recollect you didn't like him at first, because he wore a beard. They told me the last time I was over in Cinet, that he'd gone West somewhere, but they didn't say where. He was the first man I met when I lit down here. Little world, isn't it, Mr. Kinzie?"

David Kinzie was backing away, watch in hand. Business was very pressing, he said, and he must get back to his desk. He was very much obliged to Miss Richlander, and was only sorry that he had troubled her. When her father should return to Brewster he would be glad to meet him, and so on and so on, and beyond the portières which finally blotting him out, for the two who were left in the Louis Quinze parlor.

"Is that about what you wanted to say?" queried Jibbey, when the click of the elevator door lurch told them that Mr. Kinzie was descending.

"Tucker, there are times when you are almost lovable," said the beauty softly, with a hand on Jibbey's shoulder.

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"I thought I'd hang off and give you the limit—all the time there was," he said, dropping into the debtor's chair at the desk-end. And then, with a quizzical rap in his finger: "Are you getting ready to wince again?"

Though his victim often cursed the banker for his shrewd captives and his ruthless profit-taking, no one had ever accused him of timidity in a stand-up encounter.

"You've taken that tone with me before, Stanton, and I don't like it," he returned brusquely. "You may as well keep it in mind that neither you, nor the people you represent, own the Brewster City National, or any part of it, in fee simple."

"We can buy you out any minute we think we need you," retorted Stanton. "But never mind about that. You can come back from the Topaz last night. You've let the better part of the day go by without saying a word, and I've drawn the only conclusion there is to draw."

Kinzie frowned his impatience. "If I have to do business with your people much longer, Mr. Stanton, I shall certainly suggest that they put a man in charge out here who can control his temper. Here is Mr. Richlander's letter."

Stanton read the letter through hastily, punctuating its final sentence with a brittle oath.

"And you've muddled over this all day, when every hour is worth more to us than your one-horse bank could earn in a year?" he rapped out. "What have you done? Have you telegraphed this sheriff?"

"No; and neither will you when I tell you the facts. You see what Mr. Richlander says. We had nothing to do."

"You need a guardian, Kinzie; you do, for a fact," he sneered. "Of course, the girl pulled the wool over your eyes; any woman could do that."

"You are not gaining anything by being abusive, Stanton. This man of Baldwin's is not the one Mr. Richlander is trying to describe in that letter."

Stanton lit the tip from a cigar and struck a light.

"Kinzie," he said, "you think we're going to lose out, and you are trying to throw me off the scent. You had a long talk with Colonel Baldwin this morning—I kept eyes on that, too—and you figured that you'd make money by sneaking again. I'm glad to be able to tell you that you are just about twenty-four hours too late."

The round-bodied banker righted his pilot chair with a snap and his lips were pulled out like the lips of a swimmer who sees the saving plank drifting out of reach.

"You are wrong, Stanton; altogether wrong," he protested. "Baldwin was here because I sent for him to make a final attempt to swing him over to the compromise. You are doing me the greatest possible injustice."

Stanton rose and made ready to go. "I think that would be rather hard to do, Kinzie," he flung back. "No body loses a trimmer. But in the present case you are not going to lose anything. We'll take your stock at par, as I promised you we would."

It was at this crisis that David Kinzie showed himself as the exponent of the saying that every man has his modicum of saving grace, by smiling up at the promoter.

"There's another promise of yours that you've got to remember, too, Stanton," he argued homely. "You've got to hold Dexter Baldwin harmless!"

Stanton's smile was a mask of pure malice. "I've made you no definite promise as to that; but you shall have one now. I'll promise to break Baldwin in two and throw him and his rascally backers out of the Timanor. That's what you get for playing fast and loose with two people at the same time. When you look over your paying teller's statement for the day, you'll see that I have withdrawn our account from your tin-horn money shop. Good-day."

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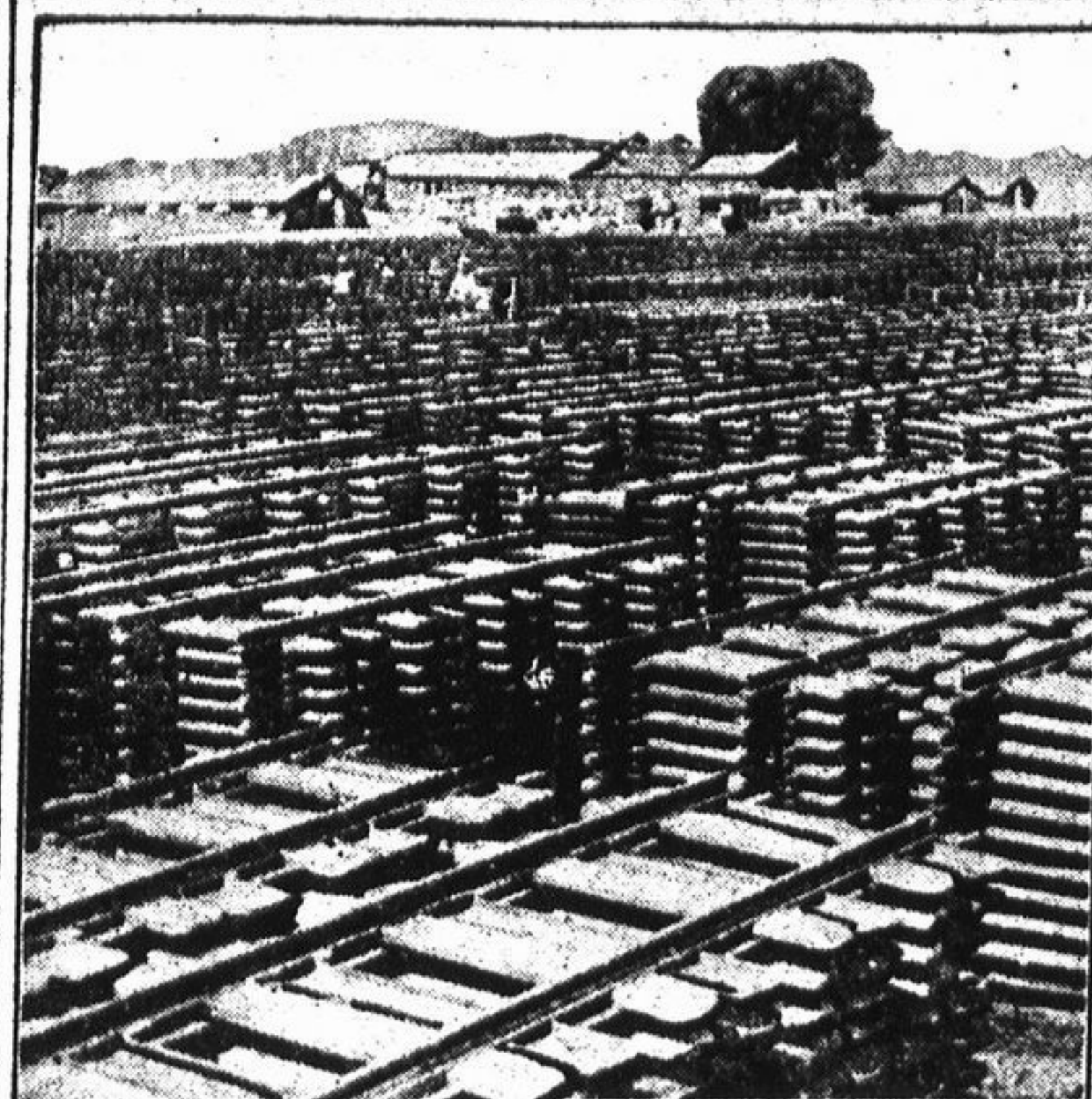
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REPAIR FRENCH RAILROAD TRACKS QUICK



ACRES OF RAILROAD TRACKS READY FOR USE.

This is a depot for railroad tracks on the Meuse. It is one of numerous similar depots established by the French along the lines of march. Here there are stored thousands upon thousands of railroad sections laid on steel ties. As the French army advances it is necessary to repair the railroad tracks which the Germans in their retreat have torn up. The sections are conveyed to the spot and almost in the twinkling of an eye the road is repaired. The efficiency of the French is almost beyond belief.

HAIL FIRST TRAIN

How Philadelphia Greeted First Railroad Cars on Afternoon of April 16, 1834.

CONSIDERED AS GREAT JOKE

Took Six Years of Agitation to Construct Track Between Columbia and Quaker City—Horses Were Ready to Rescue.

The first railroad train seen in Philadelphia arrived at the head of the Schuylkill incline plane at 4:30 o'clock on the afternoon of April 16, 1834, after an eight-and-a-half-hour trip from Lancaster. Everybody laughed at this nine days' wonder, so sure to be a failure. It had taken six years of agitation to provide the construction of a single track between Columbia and Philadelphia, to connect this city with the canal at the former place. So little confidence had the managers in the endurance of the locomotive that an empty horsecar followed the train with relays of horses at different points to rescue the party in case the locomotive gave out. They had much difficulty with "Black Hawk," for that was the locomotive's name, and the passengers had to get out and give it a healthy push from time to time.

Desperate Resistance.

There had been desperate resistance to the introduction of railroads throughout the state. There was a huge vested interest in the Conestoga wagons. Hundreds of six-horse teams hauling the immense covered wagons were constantly on the highways, transporting passengers and freight between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and between many other points. Every few miles along our through turnpikes was found the "wagon tavern." Well-to-do farmers whose homes were on the pike ran a tavern as a side industry. These inns, besides refreshment for travelers, had large yards to accommodate the teams during the night. It was a thriving business, and when the proposition to construct railways was seriously urged the wagon drivers and the wagon tavern-keepers made an aggressive fight against the innovation, which would deprive them of so much of their income and their pleasure.

Anti-Railroad Men.

Mass meetings were held along the lines of the turnpikes to protest against railways. It was urged that they were of doubtful utility. Political orators delivered harangues against the injustice of bringing "an untried experiment" into vogue to "ruin the great industrial interests which centered in wagon transportation." In some instances United States senators and representatives made these speeches and were elected solely on the strength of being "anti-railroad men."

CENSUS TAKEN BY DENMARK

Little Kingdom Counts 2,970,000 Inhabitants, an Increase of 163,000 Over Figures of Five Years Ago.

Very few European countries have been in a position to proceed, since August 1, 1914, with their normal quinquennial census. Denmark is one of the exceptions. On February 1, 1916 the little kingdom counted 2,970,000 inhabitants, i. e., an increase of 163,000 souls over the census of 1911.

The distribution ratio is 73 inhabitants to the square kilometer. The Copenhagen Frederiksberg county contains 608,000 inhabitants, i. e., more than one-fifth of the total population. The 74 other cities number 604,000 people. Rustic population, 1,711,000.

The three principal cities, besides Copenhagen, are: Aarhus, 96,000; Odense, 45,000; and Aalborg, 38,000. The present war increased the importance of the seaport town of Esbjerg (10,000 inhabitants), which hardly existed 50 years ago.

Rules for Proper Living.

Charity should be the habit of our estimates; kindness, of our feelings; benevolence, of our affections; cheerfulness, of our social intercourse; generosity, of our living; improvement of our progress; prayer, of our distress; fidelity, of our self-examination; being and doing good, of our entire life.

PNEUMATIC TOOLS ARE BEST

One Man Can Do as Much as Two Hand Laborers in Packing Ballast Around Railroad Ties.

With the use of pneumatic tools for packing the ballast around railroad ties, as tried by an eastern railroad, it is claimed that one man can do as much as two hand laborers have done hitherto, and the work is more thorough and lasts longer. Each air compressor is made to operate four packing tools, which are driven by rapid hammer-blows delivered on their upper end. The operator keeps the tool in contact with the ballast, and the material is thus forced into small spaces not easily reached in hand work. The compressor and its gasoline engine are carried on a small car, which is easily lifted from the track and replaced. Where the working space is limited, as in cuttings, the compressed air may be carried through iron piping, and it is found that the packing tool can be operated with undiminished efficiency from 1,000 to 1,500 feet away from the compressor.

MOVEMENT OF FREIGHT CARS

In These Days of Stress Sensitive Thing to Do Is to Use Them Where Most Needed.

The war board of the American Railway association has introduced another novelty in railroad operation. It has ordered the immediate movement of empty freight cars from roads where they are not needed to roads which need them, despite ownership. Heretofore, all attempts to regulate the movement of empty freight cars has been in the direction of returning cars to their owners. It was often the case that roads would hold cars of other roads to their own use, no matter how greatly the other roads needed them. It has even been charged that some companies made it a policy to keep down their equipment and commandeer the equipment of other companies. The sensible thing, of course, in these days of stress is to use the freight cars where they are most needed, regardless of ownership.

CONGRESSMAN IN SAME FIX

Representative of People Returning Home Was in Splendid Position to Feel for Convict.

The pale-faced passenger looked out of the car window with crowding interest. Finally he turned to his seat-mate.

"You likely think I never rode in the cars before," he said, "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of prison this mornin', and it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, though, fadin' by old-time friends. I s'pose, though, you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that."

"Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman, with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from congress."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TO BUILD ALASKAN RAILROAD

At Present 136 Miles of Road Between Seward and Fairbanks Are in Daily Operation.

Of the 406 miles of railroad to be built by the United States government from Seward to Fairbanks, Alaska, 136 miles are now in operation, with daily trains. The estimated cost of constructing the 406 miles of road is \$25,642,000. Approximately \$11,000,000 will have been spent by the close of the present fiscal year. A force of about 4,000 men is employed and work has continued throughout the winter.

A Domestic Trip.

When the first passenger trains were operated between Liverpool and Manchester, England, in 1825, people who did not approve of this new-fangled way of traveling spoke of it as "traveling by tea-kettle."

Clean and Repair Tunnel.

In the cleaning out of a pipe line tunnel near San Diego, Cal., a temporary railroad was laid on top of the pipe, and in this way a total length of 0.733 feet of tunnel was cleaned and repaired.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little pain when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headache, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

An Illinois Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

W. A. Cavender, 621 Eighth St., Waukegan, Ill. 8038: "I was a very pretty bad case of backache and was almost doubled up at times. The kidney secretions were retarded and painful in passage and were filled with sediment. My feet and ankles swelled and I was suffering intensely. I tried many other medicines but failed."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"HEAVEN and HELL"

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