

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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### CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"You're out of date," this from the dealer in ranches. "You know the story that was going around about his being an escaped convict, or something of that sort? It gets its local color from back East somewhere—came in on the early train; name's Macaulay, and he's got the requisition papers. But Smith's fooled him good and plenty."

Again the chorus united in an eager query.

"How?"  
"He died last night—a little past midnight. They say they're going to bury him out at the dam—on the job that he pulled through and stood on its feet. One of Williams' quymen drifted in with the story just a little while ago. I'm here to bet you even money that the whole town goes to the funeral."

"Great gosh!" said the man who was crunching the burnt bacon. "Say, that's tough, Bixby! I don't care what he'd run away from back East; he was a man, right. Harding has been telling everybody how Smith wouldn't let the posse open fire on that gang of hold-ups last Friday night; how he chased across on the dam stagings alone and unarmed to try to serve the warrants on 'em and make 'em stop firing. It was glorious, but it wasn't war."

To this the other mining man added a hard word. "Dead," he gritted; "and only a few hours earlier the girl had taken snip judgment on him and married somebody else! That's the woman of it!"  
"Oh, hold on, Stryker," the ranch broker protested. "Don't you get too fierce about that. There are two strings to that bow, and the longest and sorriest one runs out to Colonel Baldwin's place on Little creek, I'm thinking. The Richlander business was only an incident. Stanton told me that much."

As the event proved, the seller of ranch lands would have lost his bet on the funeral attendance. For some unknown reason the notice of Smith's death did not appear in the afternoon papers, and only a few people went out in autos to see the coffin lowered by Williams' workmen into a grave on the mesa behind the construction camp; a grave among others where the victims of an early industrial accident at the dam had been buried. Those who went out from town came back rather scandalized. There had been a most hard-hearted lack of the common formalities, they said; a cheap coffin, no minister, no mourners, not even the poor fellow's business associates in the company he had fought so hard to save from defeat and extinction. It was a shame!

With this report passing from lip to lip in Brewster, another bit of gossip to the effect that Starbuck and Stillings had gone East with the disappointed sheriff, "to clear Smith's memory," as the street-talk had it, called forth no little comment. In the Hoprah House cafe on the evening of the funeral day Stryker, the mining speculator, was loud in his criticisms of the High Line people.

"Yes!" he railed; "a couple of 'em will go on a junketing trip East to 'clear his memory' after they've let their 'wops' at the dam bury him like a yellow dog! And this Richlander woman; they say she'd know him ever since he and she were school kids together; she went down and took the train with her father just about the time they were planting the poor devil."

Three weeks of the matchless August weather had slipped by without incident other than the indictment by the grand jury of Crawford Stanton, Barney McGraw, and a number of others on a charge of conspiracy; and Williams, unmolested since the night of the grand battle in which Sheriff Harding had figured as the master of the hunt, had completed the great ditch system and was installing the machinery in the lately finished power house.

Over the hills from the northern mountain boundary of the Timanyoni a wandering prospector had come with a vague tale of a new strike in Sunrise Gulch, a placer district worked out and abandoned twenty years earlier in the height of the Red Butte excitement. Questioned closely, the tale-bringer confessed that he had no proof positive of the strike; but in the hills he had found a well-worn trail, lately used, leading to the old camp, and from one of the deserted cabins in the gulch he had seen smoke arising.

As to the fact of the trail the wandering tale-bearer was not at fault. On the most perfect of the late-in-August mornings a young woman, clad in serviceable khaki, and keeping her cowboy headgear and buff top-boots in good countenance by riding astride in a man's saddle, was pushing her mount up the trail toward Sunrise Gulch. From the top of a little rise the abandoned camp came into view, its heaps of worked-over gravel sprouting thickly with the wild growth of twenty

years, and its crumbling shacks, only one of which seemed to have survived in habitable entirety, scattered among the firs of the gulch.

At the top of the rise the horsewoman drew rein and shaded her eyes with a gantleted hand. On a bench beside the door on the single tenanted cabin a man was sitting, and she saw him stand to answer her hand-wave. A few minutes later the man, a gaunt young fellow with one arm in a sling and the pallor of a long confinement whitening his face and hands, was trying to help the horsewoman to dismount in the cabin doorway, but she pushed him aside and swung out of the saddle unaided, laughing at him out of the slate-gray eyes and saying: "How often have I got to tell you that you simply can't help a woman out of a man's saddle?"

The man smiled at that.

"It's automatic," he returned. "I shall never get over wanting to help you, I guess. Have you come to tell me that I can go?"

Flinging the bridle reins over the head of the wiry little cow-pony which was thus left free to crop the short, sweet grass of the creek valley, the young woman led the man to the house bench and made him sit down.

"You are frightfully anxious to go and commit suicide, aren't you?" she teased, sitting beside him. "Every time I come it's always the same thing: 'When can I go?' You're not well yet."

"I'm well enough to do what I've got to do, Corona; and until it's done."

"Where is Mr. Jibbey this morning?"  
"He has gone up the creek, fishing. I made him go. If I didn't take a club to him now and then he'd hang over me all the time. There never was another man like him, Corona. And at home we used to call him 'the black sheep' and 'the failure,' and cross the street to dodge him when he'd been drinking too much!"

"He says you've made a man of him; that you saved his life when you had every reason not to. You never told me that, John."

"No; I didn't mean to tell anyone. But to think of his coming out here to nurse me, leaving Verda on the night he married her! A brother of my own blood wouldn't have done it."

The young woman was looking up with a shrewd little smile. "Maybe the blood brother would do even that, if you had just made it possible for him to marry the girl he'd set his heart on, John."

"Piffle!" growled the man. And then: "Hasn't the time come when you can tell me a little more about what happened to me after the doctor put me to sleep that night at the dam?"

"Yes. The only reason you haven't been told was because we didn't want you to worry; we wanted you to have a chance to get well and strong again."

The man's eyes filled suddenly, and he took no shame. It was still shaky enough in nerve and muscle to excuse it. "Nobody ever had such friends, Corona," he said. "You all knew I'd have to go back to Lawrenceville and fight it out, and you didn't want me to go handicapped and half-dead. But how did they come to let you take me away? I've known Macaulay ever since I was a knicker. He is not the man to take any chances."

The young woman's laugh was soundless. "Mr. Macaulay wasn't asked. He thinks you are dead," she said.

"What?"  
"It's so. You were not the only one wounded in the fight at the dam. There were two others—two of McGraw's men. Three days later, just

Nearly everybody. But you needn't look so horrified. You're not dead, you know; and there were no obituaries in the newspapers, or anything like that."

The man got upon his feet rather unsteadily.

"That's the limit," he said definitively. "I'm a man now, Corona; too much of a man, I hope, to hide behind another man's grave. I'm going back to Brewster, today!"

The young woman made a quaint little grimace at him. "How are you going to get there?" she asked. "It's twenty miles, and the walking is awfully bad—in spots."

"But I must go. Can't you see what everybody will say of me—that I was too cowardly to face the music when my time came? Nobody will believe that I wasn't a consenting party to this hide-away!"

"Sit down," she commanded calmly; and when he obeyed: "From day to day, since I began coming out here, John, I've been trying to rediscover the man whom I met just once, one evening over a year ago, at Cousin Adda's house in Guthrieville. I can't find him—his name is gone."

"Corona!" he said. "Then you recognized me?"

"Not at first. But after a while things began to come back; and what you told me—about Miss Richlander, you know, and the hint you gave me of your trouble—did the rest."

"Then you knew—or you thought—I was a criminal?"

She nodded, and her gaze was resting upon the nearby gravel heaps. "Cousin Adda wrote me. But that made no difference. I didn't know whether you had done the things they said you had, or not. What I did know was that you had broken your shackles in some way and were trying to get free. You were, weren't you?"

"I suppose so; in some blind fashion. But it is you who have set me free, Corona. It began that night in Guthrieville when I stole one of your gloves; it wasn't anything you said; it was what you so evidently believed and lived. And out here, I was simply a raw savage when you first saw me. I had tumbled headlong into the abyss of the new and the elemental, and if I am trying to scramble out now on the side of honor and clean manhood, it is chiefly because you have shown me the way."

"When did I ever, John?"—with an up-glance of the gray eyes that was almost wistful.

"Always, and with a wisdom that makes me almost afraid of you. For example, there was the night when I was fairly on the edge of letting Jibbey stay in the mine and go mad if he wanted to; you lashed me with the one word that made me save his life instead of taking it. How did you know that was the one word to say?"

"How do we know anything?" she inquired softly. "The moment brings its own inspiration. It broke my heart to see what you could be, and to think that you might not be it, after all. But I came out here this morning to talk about something else. What are you going to do when you are able to leave Sunrise Gulch?"

"The one straightforward thing there is for me to do. I shall go back to Lawrenceville and take my medicine."

"And after that?"  
"That is for you to say, Corona. Would you marry a convict?"  
"You are not guilty."

They are there now, and the wire says that Watrous Dunham has been arrested and that he has broken down and confessed. You are a free man, John; you—"

The grass-cropping pony had widened its circle by a full yard, and the westward-pointing shadows of the firs were growing shorter and more clearly defined as the August sun swung higher over the summits of the eastern Timanyonis. For the two on the house bench, time, having all its interspaces filled with beatific silences, had no measure that was worth recording. In one of the more coherent intervals it was the man who said:

"Some things in this world are very wonderful, Corona. We call them happenings, and try to account for them



"Go Back Like a Man and Fight."

as we may by the laws of chance. Was it chance that threw us together at your cousin's house in Guthrieville a year ago last June?"

She laughed happily. "I suppose it was—though I'd like to be romantic enough to believe that it wasn't."

"Debritt would say that it was the Absolute Ego," he said, half musingly. "And who is Mr. Debritt?"

"He is the man I dined with on my last evening in Lawrenceville. He had been joking me about my various little amusements—good job, good clothes, easy life, and all that, and he wound up by warning me to watch out for the Absolute Ego."

"What is the Absolute Ego?" she asked dutifully.

John Montague Smith, with his curling yellow beard three weeks untrimmed, with his clothes dressing the part of a neglected camper, and with a steel-jacketed bullet trying to encyst itself under his right shoulder blade, grinned exultantly.

"Debritt didn't know, himself; but I know now: it's the primitive man-soul; the 'I' that is able to refuse to be bound down and tied by environment or habit or petty conventions, or any of the things we misname 'limitations.' It's asleep in most of us; it wasn't asleep in me. You made it sit up and rub its eyes for a minute or two that evening in Guthrieville, but it dozed off again, and there had to be an earthquake at the last to shake it alive. Do you know the first thing it did when it took hold again and began to drive?"

"No."

"Here is where the law of chances falls to pieces, Corona. Without telling me anything about it, this newly emancipated man-soul of mine made a bee-line for the only Absolute Ego woman it had ever known. And it found her."

Again the young woman laughed happily. "If you are going to call me names, Ego-man, you'll have to make it up to me some other way," she said.

## STATE BANKS SHOW INCREASE

Fourteen Institutions, With Capital of \$1,815,000, Formed Since Dec. 1.

### PROSPERITY IS THE REASON

There Are 221 Banks of Discount, 318 Trust Companies, 13 Savings Institutions and One Saving Fund Under This Jurisdiction.

Harrisburg, September 24.—Banks and trust companies incorporated in Pennsylvania since December 1, 1916, to September 15, this year, according to a statement issued by State Banking Commissioner Daniel F. Lafean, started in business with a capital stock of \$1,815,000. Fourteen banks incorporated during this period of less than nine months have a capital stock of \$1,140,000, and the four new trust companies that have begun business during the same period have a capital stock of \$675,000.

At the present time there are 221 banks of discount, 318 trust companies, thirteen savings institutions and one unincorporated saving fund under the jurisdiction of the State Banking Department, making a total of 553 institutions.

Prosperity of the time is the reason for the formation of the numerous new banks and trust companies at the Banking Department. With deposits growing larger in the older banking institutions, many communities find there is still room for one or more banks.

The new banks incorporated since last December are:

Philadelphia Co-operative Banking Association; Sheraden Bank, Pittsburgh; the Sons of Italy State Bank of Philadelphia; State Bank of Beaver Falls; the Citizens State Bank, Lock Haven; Bank of Erie; Pennsylvania Bank, Philadelphia; the Merchants Co-operative Banking Association, Easton; Hungaro-Russian-Slavonic State Bank, Johnstown; the Citizens Bank of Palmerton; the Dormont Bank; Union Deposit Bank, South Fork; Safe Deposit Bank, Tarentum; American Bank of Commerce, Scranton.

Trust Companies — Commercial Trust Company of Harrisburg; Hollidaysburg Trust Company; Miners' Banking Trust Company, Shenandoah; Central Trust and Title Company, Erie.

### Revise Tobacco Crop Losses.

Packers and growers have revised their first estimates of the losses caused to the tobacco growers of Lancaster County by the big frost of two weeks ago, when many fields were bitten. The growers place their loss at half a million dollars, while the packers scale this down materially by pointing out that most of the frosted crops will be sold to scrap tobacco manufacturers at higher prices than were paid for sound tobacco prior to the boom caused by the war, due to the buying of vast quantities of tobacco by the agents of foreign governments for their soldiers.

During the last week scrap dealers have offered as high as 15 cents a pound for damaged tobacco, without being able to get any, and since the frost the growers have even staged prices on their sound tobacco. Before the freeze most of them asked 25 cents a pound, and since the frost many are asking as much as 30 cents. As a result the buyers have all been called in by their firms, and no sales were reported during the last week. The prediction has been made that if the packers let the growers alone until after January 1 prices will break to such an extent that the tobacco can be bought at a reasonable figure, one far to packer and grower.

It is a significant fact that for some years past Lancaster County's tobacco crop has been bought on the field while growing, and this year very little indeed has been bought. The growers year after year have expressed the wish that the dealers would let them alone and not tempt them to sell until after the crop was stripped, and this year, unless the unexpected happens, their wish is likely to be gratified.

### Girl Refugee Farm Student.

Miss Rose Brind, a young Russian Jewess, who was a refugee from Palestine, came halfway round the world to study agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College. She entered college at the beginning of the first semester with the freshman class.

Rather than submit to Turkish rule Miss Brind and her family fled from Jerusalem in December, 1914, and at Joffa were taken aboard the United States gunboat Tennessee.

### To Plan Bigger Crops.

Members of the State Commission of Agriculture met here to discuss propositions for increasing the food-stuffs production in the State. Arrangements also will be made for adding to the courses of lectures at farmers' institutes and for soil investigations and demonstrations.

The Department of Agriculture's bureau of markets appealed to persons able to supply cabbage in carload lots to communicate with the bureau immediately, as many requests for cabbage in large lots have come to the Capitol.

## PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

Great activity now centers about the yard of the Merchant Shipbuilding Corporation at Bristol, where steam shovels have begun excavations for the slipways, and all men who apply for work are engaged.

Yeagerstown has filed a petition for incorporation. Built at a cost of \$10,000, St. Mary's Home For Girls at Cresson was formally opened.

An inheritance tax of \$1,000, paid by Lebanon county, is the largest payment on a single estate ever made to the State Treasury.

Five Columbia county voters in voting for county auditors voted for a man dead almost a year—George H. Sharpless, of Catawissa.

Permission to recruit in Pennsylvania has been granted the Fifty Royal Highlanders of Canada and their band by Acting Adjutant General Beane.

Another severe frost prevailed throughout the northeastern part of the State, and late corn in the valleys is so badly nipped that it has practically withered.

A marble tablet has been presented to the Blair County Historical Society by Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, to be placed on the bridge at Tyrone, to mark the famous Indian Logan spring.

Notwithstanding his acquittal of the murder of his wife, Patrick Donahue, of Shenandoah, is still in jail and will so remain until the November court arraigns him for the slaying of Dr. H. F. Kilty.

Bristol schools have an enrollment of 1,256 pupils, the largest on record.

Fire Chief Franklin Gilkeson has secured 26 recruits for a proposed military company of volunteer firemen at Bristol, but wants 50.

Twenty-five Holstein, Durham and Jersey cows were sold by Edward E. Gabriel at Morgantown at from \$60 to \$130 a head, and two springers, weighing 2,800 pounds, sold at \$155 each.

A plant to manufacture chemicals is being established in the oil bean planning mill at Pawling.

Charles E. Scott, cashier of the Farmers' National Bank, Bristol, gave new half dollars to the drafted men as they boarded the train for Camp Meade.

A testimonial banquet was given at Parkside to Harry Neumann, in honor of his five-year-record as Grand Keeper of Exchequer of the Grand Castle, Golden Eagles, of Pennsylvania.

Unable to get help, Irvin H. Myers, of Fountainville, one of Bucks county's most successful farmers and cattle breeders, sold out.

Albert Bilman, aged thirty-seven, a breaker machinist, is dead at Hazleton from injuries sustained when he was struck by a motorcycle, who left him dying on the public road, but whose number was taken as he fled with his headlight extinguished.

Mrs. J. Miles Derr, fifty, her daughter, Martha, aged seven, and Miss Jennie Lenker, forty, of Turbotville, were killed, and Mr. Derr and another daughter, Ada, aged nineteen, fatally hurt when their automobile was struck by a Pennsylvania passenger train at a grade crossing, near Milton.

Steel helmets for the American soldiers in France are being manufactured at the Berwick plant of the American Car and Foundry Company. The helmets are tested by placing the steel hat on a "dummy's" head. Standing ten feet distant, with a regulation .45-calibre repeating revolver, the helmet is fired upon.

Norton, thirteen-year-old son of C. E. Fawber, proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, Lancaster, was instantly killed and several persons were injured when Fawber's automobile skidded and overturned on Chickies Hill, near Columbia.

Ex-Sheriff Layton, who conducted more sheriff's sales and foreclosures than any other sheriff in Bradford county, is dead at Towanda.

Mrs. Perry Fanning, of Glade, was fatally injured and Mrs. J. Hollister was seriously cut and bruised about the face and body when an automobile driven by Jacob Michaels overturned near Starbrick. Mrs. Fanning received injuries to her spine and was hurt internally and died at the Emergency Hospital in Warren.

Raid on Gettysburg camp soldiers in other towns have resulted in turning their trips to Carlisle.

Bellefonte Academy has opened with a large enrollment, despite war conditions.

Six thousand persons of the Hazleton region gave a stirring farewell to the first quota of 89 drafted men. Bloomsburg and Berwick gave their 173 drafted men the greatest send-off either town had ever undertaken.

The State Vicksburg Commission started for the Southern battlefield to make arrangements for the care of the Pennsylvania veterans who will gather there in October.

Only 31 civil war veterans attended the reunion of the 104th Regiment, Doylestown; but widows and wives of soldiers swelled the attendance to 52 persons.

Catawissa had the distinction of furnishing Columbia county's tallest draft recruit, Herbert L. McCarty, who is 6 feet 5 inches.

Sellersville citizens have contributed \$102 toward the support of their recently-organized band.

Radnor township, like its neighbor, Lower Merion township, had a remarkable and record-breaking health report during the past month. Not a single case of contagious or reportable disease could be found.

A demonstration took place at Ashland in honor of departing conscripts.