Remember your 'usband's
nt in 'Er Majesty's Royal
, an' don't let the bloody
yer cry.' Then 'e walks
th 'is fine straight back
raws a circle on 'is blue
white chalk an' says:
that, yer yeller-bellied
be d——d to yer!'"
widow of such a gallant
," Billy declared, "is a
than being the wife of a
other," he added with a
ine gratitude and sin-
e been awfully good to
know what I'd have done
He laid his hand on her
other, one of these days
and when I do I'm going
to a nice little pub back

at him with motherly
d shook her head. In a
e in the mortuary of the
la Vera Cruz the bones
ed 'Enery reposed, and
r came she would lie be-

et boy, Willie," she told
trust yer for double the
me. 'Eving knows I
but wot I 'ave I shares
em I likes."
ks preceded him into the
the veranda, where or-
was wont to breakfast in
. Her table was set for
orning, however. Billy
lventurous cockroach off
fell to with fine appetite.
lying with a special brew
th condensed milk in it,
naica negro entered from
to announce Don Juan
a cablegram.
am!" Mother Jenks cried.
! I'll wager the pub it's
ie. Bob"—turning to the
dressing him in her own
d of Spanish—"give Don
, if 'e 'asn't helped 'imself
k is turned, an' bring the
re."
e minute Bob returned
yellow envelope, which he
her Jenks. Without so
glance at the superscrip-
ded it to Billy Geary, who
and read:

s, Cal., U. S. A., August

Wilkins, Calle de Con-
19, Buenaventura, So-

today to visit you. Will
New Orleans exact date
DOLORES."

w of deep disappointment
Billy's face as he read.
s noted it instantly.
got to s'y, Willie?" she de-

he. It's a she," Billy re-
ides, the cablegram isn't
ll. It's for one Henrietta
lle de Concordia, No. 19,
e devil Henrietta Wilkins
mystery to me. Ever have
by that name, Mother?"
enks' red face had gone
nrietta Wilkins was my
e, Willie," she confessed
' there's only one human
me or write me by that
l, Willie, wot's 'appened?"
it to you, Mother."
l the message aloud, and
d finished, to his amaze-
r Jenks laid her head on
d began to weep.

CHAPTER V.

uite realizing why he did
cided that fear and not
t the bottom of the good
listress, and in his awk-
uline way he placed his
Mother Jenks' shoulders,
ently, and bade her remem-
aos might come and go
e, the said William Geary,
in her true and steadfast
y and all emergencies that

s yer heart, Willie," Moth-
iffied. "I dunno wot in 'ell
in' to think o' me w'en I
e been up to this past fif-

r you've been up to, Moth-
kind and charitable deed
uch I am certain," Billy
ily and—to his own sur-
rely.
l is my judge, Willie, it
that w'y," moaned Mother
she squeezed Billy's hand
that yellow, shaking mem-
uld draw aid and comfort.
is Dolores Ruey. 'Er fa-
Don Ricardo Ruey, presi-
s blasted 'ell on earth w'en
salated 'Enery first come to
ra. 'E was too good for
ellied beggars; 'e tried to
nk for them an' run the
tinued on Page Seven)

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Infants and Children
For Over 30 Years
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of Chas. H. Fletcher

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TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 111	8.42	a.m.
Chicago Express, 17	12.40	p.m.
Detroit Express, 83	6.51	p.m.
(a) Chicago Express	9.11	pm.

GOING EAST

Ontario Limited, 80	7.48	a.m.
Chicago Express, 6	11.22	a.m.
Express	2.50	p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5.38	p.m.

(a) Stops to let off passengers from Hamilton and east thereof and to take on passengers for Chicago.

C. W. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

"WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN"

(Continued from page 6)

government on the square, an' they couldn't hunderstand, all along, o' havin' been kicked an' cuffed by a long line of bloody rotters. It was Don Ricardo as gives my sainted 'Enery 'is commission as colonel in the hartillery.

"You've 'eard me tell," Mother Jenks continued, "'ow the rebels got 'arf a dozen Hamerican gunners—deserters from the navy—an' blew 'Enery's battery to bits; 'ow the government forces fell back upon Buenaventura, an' as 'ow w'en the dorgs begun to wonder if they mightn't lose, they quit by the 'undreds an' went over to the rebel side, leavin' Don Ricardo an' 'Enery an' m'ybe fifty o' the gentry in the palace. In course they fought to a finish; 'ristocrats, all of them, they 'ad to die fightin' or facin' a firin' squad."

Billy nodded. He had heard the tale before, including the recital of the sainted 'Enery's gallant dash from the

The Sainted 'Enery's Gallant Dash.

blazing palace in an effort to save Don Ricardo's only child, a girl of seven, and of his capture and subsequent execution.

"That ended the revolution," Mother Jenks continuued. "But 'ere's somethink I've never told a livin' soul. Shortly before 'Enery was hexecuted, 'e told me where 'e'd 'id the youngster—in a culvert out on the Malecon; so I 'ired a four-wheeler an' went out an' rescued the pore lamb. I 'id 'er until the harrival o' the next fruit steamer, w'en I shipped 'er to New Orleans in care o' the stewardess. Hi 'ad 'er put in the Catholic convent there, for as 'Enery said: 'Enrietta, keep an eye on the little nipper, an' do yer damndest to see she's raised a lydy. 'Er father was a gentleman, an' you never want to forget 'e made you Mrs. Colonel Jenks.' So Hi've made a lydy out o' her, Willie: education, planner lessons, paintin', singin', an' deportmint. After she graduated from the convent, I 'ad her take a course in the Uniwersity o' California—New Orleans wasn't 'ealthy for 'er, an' she needed a chynge o' climate—an' for the last two years she's been teachin' in the 'igh school in Los Angeles."

"And you haven't seen her in all these years?" Geary demanded.

"Not a look, Willie. She's been after me ever since she graduated from the convent to let her come 'ome an' wisit me, but Hi've told 'er to wyte—that I'd be comin' soon to wisit her. An' now, s'help me, she won't wait no longer; she's comin' to wisit me! Gor', Willie, she's on her w'y!"

"So this cablegram would indicate," Geary observed. "Nevertheless, Mother, I'm at a loss to know why you should feel so cut up over the impending visit."

There was real fear in Mother Jenks' tear-dimmed eyes. "I cawn't let 'er see me," she wailed. "I wasn't this w'y w'en my sainted 'Enery hentrusted the lamb to me; it wasn't until awfter they hexecuted 'Enery that I commenced to slip—an' now look at me. Look at me, Willie Geary; look at me, I s'y. Wot do yer see? Aw, don't tell me I'm young an' 'andsome, for I know wot I am. I'm a frowsy, drunken, disreputable baggage, with no heducation or nothink. All along, hever since she learned to write me a letter, I've been 'Enrietta Wilkins to 'er, an' Mother Jenks to every beach-combin' beggar in the Caribbean tropics. I've lied to 'er, Willie. I've wrote 'er as 'ow 'er fawther, before 'e died, give me enough money to heducate 'er like a lydy—"

Again Mother Jenks' grief overcame her. "Gor', Willie, I ain't respectable. She's comin' to see me—an' I cawn't let 'er. She mustn't know 'ow I got the money for 'er heducation—sellin' 'ell-fire to a pack of rotten dorgs an' consortin' with the scum of this stinkin' 'ole! Oh, w'ine, you've got to 'elp me. I cawn't 'ave 'er comin' to El Buen Amigo to see me, an' I cawn't ruin 'er reputation by callin' on 'er in public at the 'Otel Mateo. Oh, Gor', Willie, Mother's come a cropper.

Willie agreed with her. He patted the sinful gray head of his landlady and waited for her to regain her composure, the while he racked his agile brain for a feasible plan to fit the emergency.

"She been picturin' me in 'er mind all these years, Willie—picturin' a fraud," wailed Mother Jenks. "If she sees me now, wot a shock she'll get, pore sweetheart—an' 'er the spittin' himage of a hangel. And oh, Willie, while she don't remember wot I looked like, think o' the shock if she meets me! In 'er lawst letter she said as 'ow I was the only hanchor she had in life. Ho, yes. A sweet-lookin' hanchor I am—an' Hi was 'opin' to die before she found hout. I've got a hanuerism in my 'eart, Willie, so the surgeon on the mail boat tells me, an' w'en I go, I'll go like—that!" Mother Jenks snapped her cigarette-stained fingers. "I'm fifty-seven, Willie, an' since my sainted 'Enery passed away, I 'aven't been no bloomin' hangel." She wrung her hands. "Oh, w'y in 'ell couldn't them harteries 'ave busted in time to save my lamb the 'umiliatin' knowledge that she's be'oldin' to the likes o' me for wot she's got—an' 'ow I got it for 'er."

Billy Geary had a bright idea. "Well," he said, "why not die—temporarily—if you feel that way about it? You could come back from the grave after she's gone."

But Mother Jenks shook her head. "No," she declared. "While Dolores is self-supportin' now, still, if anythink 'appened an' she was to need 'elp, 'elp is somethin' no ghost can give. Think again, Willie. Gor, lad, w'ere's yer brains?"

"Well," Billy countered thoughtfully, "apparently there's no way of heading her off before she takes the steamer at New Orleans, so we'll take it for granted she'll arrive here in due course. About the time she's due, suppose you run up to San Miguel de Padua for a couple of weeks and leave me to run El Buen Amigo in your absence. I'll play fair with you, Mother, so help me. I'll account for every centavo. I'll borrow some decent clothes from Leber the day the steamer gets in; then I'll go aboard and look over the passenger list, and if she's aboard, I'll tell her you closed your house and started for California to visit her on the last north-bound steamer—that her cablegram arrived just after you had started; that the cable company, knowing I am a friend of yours, showed me the message and that I took it upon myself to call and explain that as a result of your departure for the United States it will be useless for her to land—useless and dangerous, because cholera is raging in Buenaventura, although the port authorities deny it—"

"Willie," Mother Jenks interrupted impressively, a ghost of her old debonair spirit shining through her tears, "yer don't owe me a bloomin' sixpence! Yer've syved the day, syved my reputation, an' syved a lydy's peace o' mind. Kiss me, yer precious byby."

So Billy kissed her—gravely and with filial reverence, for he had long suspected Mother Jenks of being a pearl cast before swine, and now he was certain of it.

"I'll send her back to the United States and promise to cable you to await her there," Billy continued. "Of course, we can't help it if you and the cablegram miss connections, and once the young lady is back in the United States, I dare say she'll have to stay there a couple of years before she can save the price of another sea voyage. And in the meantime she may marry—"

"Or that haneurism may 'ave turned the trick before that," Mother Jenks suggested candidly but joyously. "In course she'll be disappointed, but then disappointment never lays 'eavy on a young 'eart, Willie; an' bein' disappointed at not seein' a person you ain't really acquainted with ain't as bad as some disappointments."

"I guess I know," Billy Geary replied bitterly. "If that cablegram had only been for me! Mother, if my old partner could, by some miracle, manage to marry this Dolores girl, your arteries and your aneurisms might bust and be damned, but the girl would be safe."

"M'ybe," Mother Jenks suggested hopefully, "yer might fix it up for her w'en I'm gone. From all haccounts 'e's no-end a gentleman."

"He's a he-man," Mr. Geary declared with conviction. He sighed. "John Stuart Webster, wherever you are, please write or cable," he murmured.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Remover. m

CHAPTER VI.

The ancient bromide to the effect that man proposes but God disposes was never better exemplified than in the case of John Stuart Webster, who, having formulated certain daring plans for the morrow and surrendered himself to grateful slumber in his stateroom aboard the Gulf States Limited, awoke on that momentous morn to a distinct apprehension that all was not as it should be with him. His mouth reminded him vaguely of a bird-and-animal store, and riot and insurrection had broken out in the geometric center of his internal economy.

Webster was sufficient of a jack-leg doctor to suspect he was developing a splendid little case of ptomaine poisoning. He decided to go into executive session with the sleeping-car conductor, who wired ahead for a doctor to meet the train at the next station. And when the sawbones came and pawed Jack Webster over, he gravely announced that if the patient had the slightest ambition to vote at the next presidential election, he should leave the train at St. Louis and enter a hospital forthwith. To this heart-breaking program Webster entered not the slightest objection, for when a man is seriously ill, he is in much the same position as a politician—to-wit: He is in the hands of his friends.

However, life had the habit of going hard with Webster so frequently that fortunately he was trained to the minute, and after three days of heroic battling the doctor awarded Jack the decision. Thereafter they kept him in the hospital ten days longer, "feeding him up" as the patient expressed it—at the end of which period Webster, some fifteen pounds lighter and not quite so fast on his feet as formerly, resumed his journey toward New Orleans.

In the meantime, however, several things had happened. To begin, Dolores Ruey spent two days wondering what had become of her quondam knight of the whiskers—at the end of which period she arrived in New Orleans with the conviction strong upon her that while her hero might be as courageous as a wounded lion when dealing with men, he was the possessor, when dealing with women, of about two per cent less courage than a cottontail rabbit. Being a very human young lady, however, she could not help wondering what had become of the ubiquitous Mr. Webster, although the fact that he had mysteriously disappeared from the train en route to New Orleans did not perturb her one-half so much as it had the disappearee. She had this advantage over that unfortunate man. Whereas he did not know she was bound for Buenaventura, she knew he was; hence, upon arrival in New Orleans she dismissed him from her thoughts, serene in abiding faith that sooner or later her knight would appear, like little Bo-Peep's lost sheep, dragging his tail behind him, so to speak.

Dolores spent a week in New Orleans renewing schoolgirl friendships from her convent days in the quaint old town. This stop-over, together with the one in Denver, not having been taken into consideration by Mr. William Geary when he and Mother Jenks commenced to speculate upon the approximate date of her arrival in Buenaventura, resulted in the premature flight of Mother Jenks to San Miguel de Padua, a fruitless visit on the part of Billy aboard the Cacique, of the United Fruit company's line, followed by a hurry call to Mother Jenks to return to Buenaventura until the arrival of the next steamer.

This time Billy's calculations proved correct, for Dolores did arrive on that steamer. The port doctor came aboard, partook of his customary drink with the captain, received a bundle of the latest American newspapers and magazines, nosed around, asked a few perfunctory questions, and gave the vessel pratique.

Dolores observed a gasoline launch shoot up to the landing at the foot of the companion-ladder and discharge a well-dressed, youthful white man. As he came up the companion, the purser recognized him.

"Howdy, Bill," he called.

"Hello, yourself," Mr. William Geary replied, and Dolores knew him for an American. "Do you happen to have as a passenger this trip a large, interesting person, by name John Stuart Webster?" added Billy Geary.

"I don't know, Billy. I'll look over the passenger list," and together they moved off toward his office. Dolores followed, drawn by the mention of that magic name Webster, and paused in front of the purser's office to lean over the rail, ostensibly to watch the cargadores in their lighters clustering around the great ship, but in reality to learn more of the mysterious Webster.

"Blast the luck," Billy Geary growled, "the old sinner isn't here. By the way, do you happen to have a Miss Dolores Ruey aboard?"

Dolores pricked up her little ears. What possible interest could this stranger have in her goings or comings?

"You picked a winner this time, Bill," she heard the purser say. "Stateroom sixteen, boat-deck, starboard side. You'll probably find her there, packing to go ashore."

"Thanks," Billy replied and stepped out of the purser's office. Dolores turned and faced him.

"I am Miss Ruey," she announced. "I heard you asking for me." Her eyes carried the query she had not put into words: "Who are you, and what do you want?" Billy saw and understood, and on the instant a wave of desolation surged over him.

So this was the vision he had volunteered to meet aboard La Estrellita, and by specious lie and hypocritic mien, turn her back from the portals of Buenaventura to that dear old United States, which, Billy suddenly recalled with poignant pain, is a sizable country in which a young lady may very readily be lost forever. With the quick eye of youth, he noted that Dolores was perfectly wonderful in a white flannel skirt and jacket, white buck boots, white panama hat with a gorgeous puggaree, a mannish little linen collar, and a red four-in-hand tie. From under that white hat peeped a profusion of crinkly brown hair with a slightly reddish tinge to it; her eyes were big and brown and wide apart, with golden flecks in them; their glance met Billy's hungry gaze simply, directly, and with a curiosity there was no attempt to hide. Her nose was patrician; her beautiful short upper lip revealed the tips of two perfect, milk-white front teeth: she was, Billy Geary told himself, a goddess before whom all low, worthless, ornery fellows like himself should grovel and die happy, if perchance she might be so minded as to walk on their faces! He was aroused from his critical inventory when the houri spoke again:

"You haven't answered my question, sir!"

"No," said Billy, "I didn't. Stupid of me, too. However, come to think of it, you didn't ask me any question. You looked it. My name is Geary—William H. Geary, by profession a mining engineer and by nature an ignoramus, and I have called to deliver some disappointing news regarding Henrietta Wilkins."

"Is she—"

"She is. Very much alive and in excellent health—or rather was, the last time it was my pleasure and privilege to call on the dear lady. But she isn't in Buenaventura now." Mentally Billy asked God to forgive him his black-hearted treachery to this winsome girl. He loathed the task he had planned and foisted upon himself, and nothing but the memory of Mother Jenks'

"You Haven't Answered My Question."

manifold kindnesses to him in a day, thanks to Jack Webster, now happily behind him, could have induced him to go through to the finish.

"Why, where is she?" Dolores queried, and Billy could have wept at the fright in those lovely brown eyes.

He waved his hand airily. "Quien sabe?" he said. "She left three weeks ago for New Orleans to visit you. I dare say you passed each other on the road—here, here, Miss Ruey, don't cry."

He took a recess of three minutes, while Dolores dabbed her eyes and went through sundry other motions of being brave. Then he proceeded with his nefarious recital.

"When your cablegram arrived, Miss Ruey, naturally Mrs. Wilkins was not here to receive it, and as I was the only person who had her address, the cable agent referred it to me. Under the circumstances, not knowing where I could reach you with a cable informing you that Mrs. Wilkins was headed for California to see you, I had no other alternative but to let matters take their course. I decided you might

(Continued on Page 8)