

W. A. Rothwell, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Office State Bank Building

Kendrick, Idaho.

KENDRICK LODGE NO. 26.

A. F. & A. M.



Meets every second and  
last Thursday of the month  
E. W. Lutz, W. M.  
A. V. Dunkle, Secretary.

Regular Meals 40c

Short Orders  
all day

Prompt Service

Lunches Served Any Time

Mrs. Minnie McDowell

N. R. Shepherd

The Auctioneer

TROY, IDAHO.

BLACKSMITH

First class work done  
Years of Experience

Wm. Meyer

KENDRICK, IDAHO

Barber Shop

Courteous Treatment

Satisfaction

Guaranteed

William Rogers

WAGNER'S GARAGE

HASSLER SHOCK  
ABSORBERS

The proper equipment for all  
Ford cars and trucks.

Autos Repaired

or

Overhauled

Oxy Acetylene Welding  
and Lathe Work

(Charges Reasonable)

All work is guaranteed

Terms Cash

Draying

Residence Phone 726

Kendrick Dray and Ice Co.

Frank Chamberlain, Prop.

Hagan & Cushing

Butchers and Packers

If you have anything to sell in beef  
pork or mutton,

Phone 17

Moscow, Idaho

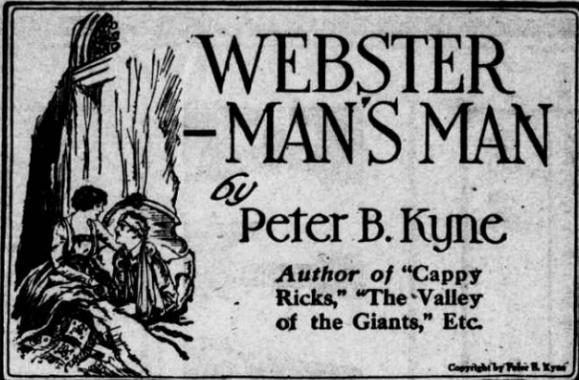
Price on top hogs this week 8c  
F. O. B. Moscow

A. H. OVERSMITH  
Attorney-at-Law

Urquhart Building Third Street  
Moscow, Idaho.

Dr. S. A. Roe

Practice Limited to Diseases of the  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Glasses Fitted  
Office Over Beach's Store  
LEWISTON, IDAHO



# WEBSTER -MAN'S MAN

By  
Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy  
Ricks," "The Valley  
of the Giants," Etc.

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

CHAPTER V.—Dolores' father, Ricardo Rusey, president of Sobrante, had been killed in a revolution led by Sarros, the present executive. Dolores, a child of eight, was smuggled out of the country by Mother Jenks and supported by her in the United States. The old woman, ashamed of her occupation and habits of life, fears to meet Dolores, and sends Geary to the boat to say she has gone to the United States.

CHAPTER VI.—Webster, on his way to Sobrante, is taken ill on the train, and is in a hospital at New Orleans two weeks. Geary bungles his mission, Dolores easily seeing through his story. She greets Mother Jenks as her friend and benefactor. Geary falls desperately in love with the girl.

(Chapter VII Continued)

"Well, suppose I buy one ticket for myself and the other for—well, for my valet, let us say. Of course," he added brightly, "I haven't engaged the valet yet and even should I do so I wouldn't be at all surprised if the rascal missed the boat!"

The clerk glanced at him with a slow smile, and pondered. "Well," he said presently. "If you care to buy a ticket for your valet, I'm sure I shouldn't worry whether or not he catches the boat. If my records show that the space is sold to two men and the purser collects two tickets, I think you'll be pretty safe from intrusion."

"To the harassed traveler," said Mr. Webster, "a meeting with a gentleman of your penetration is as refreshing as a canteen of cool water in the desert. Shoot!" and he produced a handful of gold.

"I will—provided I have one empty cabin," and the clerk turned from the counter to consult his record of berths already sold and others reserved but not paid for. Presently he faced Webster at the counter.

"The outlook is very blue," he announced. "However, I have one berth



"The Outlook is Very Blue."

in No. 34 reserved by a gentleman who was to call for it by two o'clock to-day." He looked at his watch. "It is now a quarter of one. If the reservation isn't claimed promptly at two o'clock I shall cancel it and reserve for you both berths in that room. If you will be good enough to leave me your name and address I will telephone you after that hour. In the meantime, you may make reservation of the other berth in the same stateroom. I feel very confident that the reservation in No. 34 will not be called for, Mr.—"

"Webster—John S. Webster. You are very kind, indeed. I'm at the St. Charles."

"Be there at a quarter after two, Mr. Webster, and you will hear from me promptly on the minute," the clerk assured him; whereupon Webster paid for one berth and departed for his hotel with a feeling that the clerk's report would be favorable.

True to his promise, at precisely a quarter after two, the ticket clerk telephoned Webster at his hotel that the berth in No. 34 had been canceled and the entire stateroom was now at his disposal.

"If you will be good enough to give me the name of your valet," he concluded, "I will fill in both names on my passenger manifest and send the tickets to your hotel by messenger immediately. You can then sign the tickets—I have already signed them as witness—and pay the messenger."

"Well, I haven't engaged that valet as yet," Webster began.

"What's the odds? He's going to miss the boat, anyhow. All I require is a name."

"That ought to be a simple request to comply with. Let me see!"

"I read a book once, Mr. Webster, and the valet in that book was called Andrew Bowers."

"Bowers is a fine old English name. Let us seek no further. Andrew Bowers it is."

"Thank you. All you have to do then is to remember to sign the name. Andrew Bowers, to one ticket. Don't forget your valet's name now, and ball everything up," and the clerk hung up, laughing.

Half an hour later a boy from the steamship office arrived with the tickets, collected for them, and departed, leaving John Stuart Webster singularly pleased with himself and at peace with the entire world.

A "large" dinner at Antoine's that night (Webster had heard of Antoine's dinners, both large and small and was resolved not to leave New Orleans until he had visited the famous restaurant), and a stroll through the picturesque old French quarter and along the levee next day, helped to render his enforced stay in New Orleans delightful, interesting, and instructive. For Sunday he planned an early morning visit to the old French market, around which still lingers much of the picturesque charm and colorful romance of a day that is done—that echo of yesterday, as it were, which has left New Orleans an individuality as distinct as that which the olden, golden, godless days have left upon San Francisco.

He rose before six o'clock, therefore, found a taxi, with the driver sound asleep inside, at the curb in front of the hotel; gave the latter his instructions, and climbed in.

Opposite Jackson Square the cloying sweetness of palmetto, palm, and fig burdened the air. Above the rumble of the taxi he could hear the distant babel of voices in the French market across the square, so he halted the taxicab, alighted, and handed the driver a bill.

"I want to explore this square," he said. He had recognized it by the heroic statue of General Jackson peeping through the trees. "I'll walk through the square to the market, and you may proceed to the market and meet me there. Later we will return to the hotel."

A Creole girl—starry-eyed, beautiful, rich with the glorious coloring of her race—passed him bound for the cathedral across the square, as Webster thought, for she carried a large prayer book on her arm. His glance followed the girl down the walk.

Presently she halted. A young man rose from a bench where he evidently had been waiting for her, and bowed low, his hat clasped to his breast, as only a Frenchman or a Spanish grandee can bow. Webster saw the Creole girl turn to him with a little gesture of pleasure. She extended her hand and the young man kissed it with old-fashioned courtesy. John Stuart Webster with reverent and wistful eyes watched their meeting.

"Forty years old," he thought, "and I haven't spoken to a dozen women that caused me a second thought, or who weren't postmistresses or biscuit shooters! Forty years old and I've never been in love! Springtime down that little path and Indian summer in my old fool heart. Why, I ought to be arrested for failure to live!"

The lovers were walking slowly, arm in arm, along the path by which the girl had come, so with a courtesy and gentleness that were innate in him, Webster stepped out of sight behind the statue of Old Hickory; for he did not desire, by his mere presence, to intrude a discordant note in the perfect harmony of those two human hearts. He knew they desired that sylvan path to themselves; that evidently they had sought their early morning tryst in the knowledge that the square was likely to be deserted at this hour.

The young man was speaking as they passed; his voice was rich, pleasant, vibrant with the earnestness of what he had to say; with a pretty little silver mounted walking stick he slashed at spears of grass alongside the path; the girl was crying a little. Neither of them had seen him, so he entered a path that led from them at right angles.

He had proceeded but a few feet along this trail when, through a break in the shrubbery ahead of him, he saw two men. Brief as was his glimpse of them, Webster instantly recognized the two Central Americans, he had seen in the steamship ticket office two days previous.

They were not walking as walk two men abroad at this hour for a constitutional. Neither did they walk as walk men churchward bound. A slight, skulking air marked their progress, and caused Webster to wonder idly what they were stalking.

He turned into the path down which the two men had passed, not with the slightest idea of shadowing them, but because his destination lay in that direction.

Both men had forsaken the graveled path and were walking on the soft vel-

vet of blue grass lawn that fringed it! "Perhaps I'd better deaden my hoof beats also," John Stuart Webster soliloquized, and followed suit immediately.

He had scarcely done so when the men ahead of him paused abruptly. Webster did likewise, and responding—subconsciously, perhaps, to the remembrance of the menace in the glance of the man with the puckered eye—he stepped out of sight behind a broad oak tree. Through the trees and shrubbery he could still see the lovers, who had halted and evidently were about to part.

Webster saw the young man glance warily about; then, apparently satisfied there was none to spy upon them, he drew the girl gently toward him.



Drew the Girl Gently Toward Him.

She clung to him for nearly a minute, sobbing; then he raised her face tenderly, kissed her, pressed her from him, and walked swiftly away without looking back.

It was a sweet and rather touching little tableau; to John Stuart Webster, imaginative and possessed of a romantic streak in his nature, it was more than a tableau. It was a moving picture!

"I suppose her old man objects to the young fellow," he muttered to himself sympathetically, "and he can't come near the house. They've met here for the fond farewell, and now the young fellow's going out West to make his fortune, so he can come back and claim the girl. Huh! If he wants her, why the devil doesn't he take her? Hello! By Judas priest! Now I know what those two parakeets are up to. One of them is the father of that girl. They've been spying on the lovers, and now they're going to corner the young fellow and shingle him for his nerve."

The girl had stood for a moment, gazing after her companion, before she turned with her handkerchief to her eyes, and continued on her way to the cathedral. Webster heard her sobbing as she stumbled blindly by, and he was distressed about her, for all the world loves a lover and John Stuart Webster was no exception to this universal rule.

"By George, this is pretty tough," he reflected. "That young fellow treated that girl with as much gentleness and courtesy as any gentleman should, and I'm for him and against this idea of corporal punishment. Don't you worry, Tillie, my dear, I'm going to horn into this game myself if it goes too far."

The two dusky skulkers ahead of him, having come to another cross-path, turned into it and came out on the main path in the rear of the young man. Webster noticed that the pair were still walking on the grass. He padded gently along behind them.

The four were now rapidly approaching the old French market, and the steadily rising babel of voices speaking in French, Italian, Spanish, Creole patois and Choctaw, was sufficient to have drowned the slight noise of the pursuit, even had the young man's mind not been upon other things, and the interest of the two Central Americans centered upon their quarry, to the exclusion of any thought of possible interruption.

Webster felt instinctively that the two men would rush and make a concerted attack from the rear. He smiled.

"I'll just fool you two hombres a whole lot," he thought, and stooping, picked up a small stone. On the instant the two men, having approached within thirty feet of their quarry, made a rush for him.

Their charge was swift, but though it was, the little stone which John Stuart Webster hurled was swifter. It struck the young man fairly between the shoulderblades with a force sufficient to bring him out of his sentimental reverie with a jerk, as it were. He whirled, saw the danger that threatened him, and—sprang to meet it.

"Bravo!" yelled Webster, and ran to his aid, for he had seen now that it was to be knife work. Tragedy instead of melodrama.

(To be continued)

His Detachable Nose.

Miss R. writes that this excuse was received by a local schoolmarm: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Willie's absence last Friday, as he had to go to the hospital after his sore nose."—Boston Transcript.

## The Farmers Elevator And Warehouses

Will pay highest market prices for grain and sells Binder Twine and all kinds of feed at the lowest possible margin.

We also handle the celebrated

### Martin's Best FLOUR

Every Sack Guaranteed  
Our aim is to treat you  the year

Kendrick Rochdale Co.

## S-A-V-E

### You'll Need Money When Opportunity Comes

This country is full of splendid business opportunities for the young man. Somewhere sometime your chance will come.

At such a time even a few hundred dollars, carefully saved and banked will help enormously, because the only sound way to start any proposition is to finance it in part yourself.

Save your money. Start a Savings Account at this bank, now, and be ready when your opportunity comes.

### One Dollar or More

Starts an Account at this Bank

## THE FARMERS BANK

### Thrift Is Preparedness

Financial strength is to nations as important as military strength. No nation can survive a war if it cannot finance itself.

The man who fortifies himself with an account in a savings bank does more than prepare himself—he contributes to the preparedness of the country.

Germany, unable to borrow from other countries, has been financed by the thrift of her people, as this thrift was expressed in accounts in savings banks.

A savings bank deposit helps the nation and is indispensable to the individual.

### One Dollar Starts an Account!

## Kendrick State Bank

Kendrick, Idaho