

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

She turned upon him quickly. "Was it an accident, Mr. Jastrow?" "How could it be anything else?" he inquired, mildly.

"I don't know. But there was an explosion; I heard it. Surely Uncle Somerville wouldn't—"

The secretary shook his head. "No; I think you may exonerate Mr. Darrah, personally; in fact I am quite sure you may."

"But someone planned it. You knew it was going to happen—you were out here watching for it."

"Was I?" The secretary's smile was a mere barring of the teeth. His blood was the scyphoplastic lymph which flows in the veins of those who do murder at a great man's nod.

"It is horribly unfair," she went on. "I understand the sheriff is here. Couldn't he have prevented this?"

Jastrow's reply was an evasion. "Oh, it's all legal enough. That bare place up there is a placer claim. Supposing the owners found it necessary to put in a few sticks of dynamite to loosen the frozen ground. It is Mr. Winton's misfortune if his railroad happens to be in the way, don't you think?"

"But it was planned beforehand, and you knew of it," she insisted. Her eyes were flashing, and the secretary's desire for possession warmed into something like admiration.

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did."

"It would be impolite to contradict you."

"It is more impolite not to answer my question. Couldn't the sheriff have prevented it?"

"Supposing he didn't want to prevent it? Supposing he brought the men who did it over on his train last night?"

"Then I say again it is horribly unfair."

The secretary's rejoinder was a platitude: "Everything is fair in love or war."

"But this is neither," she retorted. "Think not?" he said, coolly. "Wait and you'll see. And a word in your ear, Miss Carteret: you are one of us, you know, and you mustn't be disloyal. I know what you did yesterday after you read those telegrams."

Virginia's face became suddenly wooden. Until that moment it had not occurred to her that Jastrow's motive in showing her the two telegrams might have been carefully calculated. Though she would have disavowed it emphatically, Miss Carteret was an aristocrat of the aristocrats; and the conviction that the secretary had deliberately gone about to establish a confidential relation filled her with cold anger.

"I have never given you the right to speak to me that way, Mr. Jastrow," she said, with the faintest possible emphasis on the courtesy prefix; and with that she turned from him to focus her field glass on the construction camp below.

At the Utah stronghold all was activity of the fiercest. Winton had raced back with his news of the catastrophe, and the camp was alive with men clustering like bees and swarming upon the flat cars of the material train to be taken to the front.

While she looked, studiously ignoring the man behind her, Virginia saw the big octopod engine come clamoring up the grade, showing the flats before it, losing itself quickly in the doubling of the gulch loop to reappear presently on the scene of the disaster. In a twinkling the men were off and at work, and the frosty morning air rang with the battle shout of labor triumphant—or meaning to be.

Virginia's color rose and the brown eyes filled swiftly. One part of her ideal—her masculine ideal—was courage of the sort that rises the higher for reverses. So the prompt counterstroke filled her with joy, and at the moment Winton was as near gaining a partisan as the Rajah was to losing one. But at the heart-thrilling instant she remembered the cold-eyed secretary, and lest he should spy upon her emotion as he had upon her sympathy, she turned quickly and took refuge in the car.

In the open compartment of the Rosemary the waiter was laying the plates for the early breakfast, and Besse and the Reverend William were at the window, watching the stirring industry battle now in full swing on the opposite slope. Virginia joined them.

"Isn't it a shame?" she said. "Of course, I want our side to win; but it seems such a pity that we can't fight fairly."

The flaxen-haired cousin looked her entire lack of understanding, and Calvert said: "Isn't that a shame?" thereby eliciting a crisp explanation from Virginia in which she set well-founded suspicion in the light of fact touching the cause of the landslide.

The Reverend Billy shook his head. It was his metier to depreciate violence, and he did it.

"Such things may be within the law—of business; but they will surely breed bad blood and lead to reprisals. I hope—"

The interruption was the Rajah in his proper person, bustling out fiercely to a conference with his myrmidons. By tacit consent the three at the window fell silent. There was battle and murder and sudden death in the Rajah's eye.

The event for which they waited did not linger. There was a hasty mustering of armed men under the windows of the Rosemary, and they heard Sheriff Deckert's low voiced instructions to his posse.

"Take it slow and easy, boys, and don't get rattled. It's the majesty of the law against a mob, and the Shocks won't fight when it comes to a mow-down. Keep in line with the car as long as you can. There ain't going to be a shot fired from up ronder so long as there's a chance of hitting the

car instead of you. Now, then; guns to the front! Steady!"

The Reverend Billy rose, and the veins in his forehead stood out like whip cords.

"What are you going to do?" said Virginia. She was standing, too, and her hand, trembling a little, was on his arm.

The clerical meekness in the athlete's reply was conspicuous by its absence.

"I'm going to give Winton a tip if it's the last thing I ever do. They'll rush him like a rat in a corner!"

She shook her head and pointed eastward to the mouth of the lateral gulch. Under cover of a clump of fir-
scrub a man in a wide-brimmed hat and leather breeches was climbing swiftly to the level of the new line, cautiously waving a handkerchief as a peace token. "That is the man who arrested Mr. Winton yesterday. This time he is going to fight on the other side. He'll carry the warning."

"Think so?" said Calvert.

"I am sure of it. Open the window, please. I want to see better."

As yet there was no sign of preparation on the embankment. For the moment the arms of the track force were laid aside, and every man was plying pick or shovel as if his life depended on the amount of earth he could add to the re-forming dump in a given number of minutes.

Winton was in the thick of the pick-and-shovel melee, urging it on, when Biggin ran up.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Fixin' to take another play-day in Carbonate? Lookee down yonder!"

Winton looked and came alive to

the possibilities in the turning of a leaf.

"Guns!" he yelled; and at the word of command the tools were flung aside, and the track force, over 200 strong, became an army, not with banners, but well-weaponed withal. Winton snapped out his orders like a martinet major of drill squads.

"Mulcahy, take half the men and go up the grade till you can rake those fellows without hitting the car. Branagan, you take the other half and go down along till you can cross-fire with Mulcahy. Aim low, both of you; and the man who fires before he gets the word from me will break his neck at a rope's end. Fall in!"

"By Jove!" said Adams. "Are you going to resist? That spells felony, doesn't it?"

Winton pointed to the waiting octopod.

"I'm going to order the 215 down out of the way; you may go with her if you like."

"I guess not!" quoth the technologist, calmly lighting a fresh cigarette. And then to the water boy, who was acting quartermaster, "Give me a rifle and a cartridge belt, Chanky, and I'll stay here with the boss."

"And where do I come in?" said Biggin, reproachfully.

"You'll stay out, it your head's level. You've done enough now to send you to Canyon City, if anybody cares to take it up. Heavens and earth, man! Do you forget that you are a sworn officer of the law?"

"I ain't a-forgettin' nothing," said Peter, cheerfully, casting himself flat behind a heap of earth on the dump-
ground and sighting one section of his hip battery over the breastwork.

Winton pounced upon him, gasping.

"Here, you fire-eater! you mustn't shoot!" he protested. "It's only a long bluff, and I'm going to raise the limit so those fellows can't come in. There are ladies in that car!"

"You play your bluffa' hand and lemme alone," said the ex-cowboy. "I'm jest goin' to have a little fun with old Bard Deckert while the sun's a-shinin'."

It was at this moment, while the sheriff's posse was picking its way gingerly over the loose rock and earth

dam formed by the landslide, that the window went up in the Rosemary and Winton saw Virginia. Without meaning to, she gave him his battle-word. While she looked on he would fight to win, and that without violence.

"We are a dozen Winchesters to your one, Mr. Deckert, and we shall resist force with force. Order your men back or there will be trouble."

Winton stood out on the edge of the cutting, a solitary figure where a few minutes before the earth had been flying from a hundred shovels.

The sheriff's reply was an order, but not for retreat.

"He's one of the men we want; cover him!" he commanded; and Virginia caught her breath. Was she to see him shot down before her eyes?

Happily the tragedy was only potential. Unless the public occasion appeals strongly to the sympathies or the passions, a picked-up sheriff's posse is not likely to have very good metal in it. Winton was covered by three or four of the guns, pointed awkwardly, and Peter Biggin laughed.

"Don't be no ways nervous," he said in an aside to Winton. "Them professional venry chumps couldn't hit the side of Pacific Peak."

Winton held his ground, waiting the turn of events and looking on, not without interest, while the sheriff tried to drive his men up a bare slope commanded by 200 rifles to right and left. The attempt was a humiliating failure. Being something less than soldiers trained to do or die, the deputies hung back to a man, hugging the background shelter of the Rosemary as if they were shackled to the private car by invisible chains.

Virginia, standing at the open window and trembling with excitement, could not forbear a smile. It was too much for the sheriff, the added straw, and his exhortation to his foot-
posse burst into caustic profanity. Whereupon Mr. Peter Biggin rose up in his place, took careful aim, and sent a bullet to plow a little furrow in the ice and frozen snow within an inch of deckert's heels.

"Excuse me, Bart," he drawled, "but no cuss words don't go in this here highly moral show. They pains us extreme."

Under ordinary circumstances the sheriff would have replied to Mr. Biggin's salutation in kind. As it was,



THE LADY AND THE GOBLET

By HENRY A. HERING

"Mr. Septimus Toft, sir," the letter ran. "The tics are on the scent. If you want any further information meet me at the Blue Lion Inn at 9:30 tomorrow evening. J. Driver."

It was 9:45 the next evening when Septimus Toft entered the inn.

"J. Driver" was a dark-haired man, with a bold, clean-shaven chin. His voice was deep and emphatic, and his eye was piercing.

"Now to business," said Mr. Driver. "You know my name and I know yours. That's where we're equal. You're in a beastly hole and I ain't. That's where the difference comes in."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Toft. "In fact I haven't the faintest idea what you are alluding to."

"Well," said J. Driver, with a dig in the ribs that made Mr. Toft jump. "What about government contracts?"

"What about them?" asked Mr. Toft, shrinking from his familiarity.

"What about them?" echoed the other. "What about work you never did, for which you've got false receipts? What about contracts executed with inferior stuff? What about commissions to officials, tips to men, and plunder all round?"

Mr. Toft paled at this catalogue of his business achievements.

"Now," said J. Driver, "I've come for the loan of a key and one of your visitin' cards."

"A key?" said Mr. Toft, relieved, though much surprised.

"The key of the plate chest of the Fellmongers' company."

Mr. Toft raised his eyebrows.

"Hand me the key."

"I can't!" said Mr. Driver, rising. "At present the admiralty only suspect. To-morrow they'll know, and you'll know, too, Septimus Toft, when you get five years without the option of a fine."

Mr. Toft scarcely heard him. He was thinking over the pros and cons of the situation as rapidly as his nervous system would allow. He was treasurer of the Fellmongers' company, and he alone had the key of the plate safe

of the club.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "I thank you. In accordance with the usual custom of your club I received an intimation that the Nelson goblet of the Fellmongers' company was my entrance fee, and at once took steps to procure it. A list of the company showed me the treasurer and plate-keeper was a Mr. Toft. The directory informed me that he was a steamship owner and a contractor to the admiralty. Inquiry there told me that he was under suspicion of bribery and corruption. I played on this little weakness of his, and if I am not mistaken, I frightened him into the paths of virtue for the rest of his days. In return, he lent me the key of the plate safe of his company. In broad daylight I proceeded for my booty. To my surprise I found that I was expected. An agent had been placed on the spot to warn the custodian of the building of my intention. An alarm was raised by the agent. This agent was a lady who did not know that she was betraying an old friend. A minute later we were face to face. Instantly she pierced through my disguise, and by her presence of mind alone did I escape."

"My next step was to trace the lady. I did not know she was in England, but being here I concluded that the foreign office would have her address. I was not mistaken. I found my friend."

"The fame of your club had reached me, and the novelty of its membership appealed to me. I felt that its risks would give a pleasing zest to civilian life; but I did not count on recent developments. Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to elect me as a member of your club. I have paid my subscription, and now I beg to tender my resignation."

"No! No!" resounded on all sides.

"Wait," smiled Horton. "Two years ago this same lady I have mentioned saved my life in Russia. I asked her to marry me, and she refused, because, absurdly enough, she thought it would spoil my career. We did not meet again till yesterday. A week ago I was offered the post of British resident at Kabul. It was a post after my own heart, but single-handed I should have failed in it. With this lady as my wife anything would be possible. Yesterday I begged her to reconsider her decision, and to help me in my career. I am proud to say that she consented. We are to be married to-morrow. Because bachelors alone are eligible as members of your club I am forced to tender my resignation. Gentlemen, good evening."

Thus did Lord Horton leave the Burglars' club for married life, happily, and his brilliant after-career.

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OCEAN GIANT HAS MANY USES.

Blubber Not the Only Valuable Thing Taken from Whale.

We are only just beginning to recognize the great value of mankind of the whale. Prof. Muller, who has spent several years on and near the Canadian coast, has found a means of extracting the milk of the whale, and analysis of this shows it to be quite as nutritious as ordinary cow's milk. It contains, at the same time, additional valuable medicinal properties somewhat similar to those contained in cod liver oil and it is distinctly pleasant to taste.

The professor has also had various inner skins of the whale scientifically tanned by a new process, with the result that he can supply an excellent leather in a single piece, measuring 300 feet long by 3 1/2 feet broad. Such dimensions have never been possible before.

The flesh has been subjected to a treatment which makes it quite edible, and the mammoth skeleton is ground to bone powder, making a splendid fertilizer, while the gristle and cartilage are converted into glue.

"I'll tell you what, Maria," said Mr. Jeckell, some hours later, to his wife, "if she's a hartist I ought to be president of the Royal Academy. I never saw such drawin' in my life. She can't get his face right now. She must be what the papers call an impressionist. She spoke twice about the plate room, so I've wheeled my chair into the 'all to keep my eye on her. I'll go back now and see what she's up to."

While Mr. Jeckell was on his way to his chair there came another peal from the front entrance bell. A man in a derby hat and carrying a hand-bag was outside.

"Mr. Toft has sent me for the Nelson goblet," he said.

The porter was surprised. "Got a note?" he asked.

"The gunn' gave me this," said the man, handing a card, "and the key."

"Come along," said the porter, shortly.

Barely had they entered the plate room when the artist ran from behind her easel into the outer hall.

"Mrs. Jeckell! Mrs. Jeckell!" she called out.

The porter's wife appeared. "A man has gone into the plate room with your husband. I'm sure he is a thief. Warn Mr. Jeckell to get full authority before he does what this man wants."

The wife rushed across to the plate room and in a minute a storm of voices proceeded therefrom. Finally the three emerged, two hot and flurried, and the stranger, looking cool and determined, carrying a bag in one hand and a gold cup in the other.

The artist was in front of the door. When she saw the man with the bag and cup she gave a little gasp of surprise, and a wave of color overspread her face.

The man seemed equally astonished. "You!" he said at last.

"They're both thieves," whispered Mrs. Jeckell to her husband. "They're actin' in collusion. I'll shout for the police while you keep 'em." And she ran from the room.

"You are in danger," said the artist rapidly in French. "Put the cup in your pocket. Give me the bag and knock the porter down."

The man obeyed with the promptitude of a soldier. Leaving Mr. Jeckell prostrate on the floor they hurried from the hall. At the street door was Mrs. Jeckell wildly beckoning to a distant policeman.

"You go down there," said the artist. "Good-by." She ran off in the opposite direction, still holding the bag, and dived down a side street.

The next gathering of the Burglars' club proved the most important in its history.

It was held at Marmaduke Percy's rooms, his grace of Dorchester, the president of the year, being in the chair.

The secretary read the minutes, and concluded: "The business of the evening is the payment of an entrance fee to the Nelson goblet of the Fellmongers' company—by Robert Legendre Craven, fourth baron Horton, a cadet member of the club."

Lord Horton entered, bowed, and amid general applause placed on the table a richly chased goblet of pure gold.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "I thank you. In accordance with the usual custom of your club I received an intimation that the Nelson goblet of the Fellmongers' company was my entrance fee, and at once took steps to procure it. A list of the company showed me the treasurer and plate-keeper was a Mr. Toft. The directory informed me that he was a steamship owner and a contractor to the admiralty. Inquiry there told me that he was under suspicion of bribery and corruption. I played on this little weakness of his, and if I am not mistaken, I frightened him into the paths of virtue for the rest of his days. In return, he lent me the key of the plate safe of his company. In broad daylight I proceeded for my booty. To my surprise I found that I was expected. An agent had been placed on the spot to warn the custodian of the building of my intention. An alarm was raised by the agent. This agent was a lady who did not know that she was betraying an old friend. A minute later we were face to face. Instantly she pierced through my disguise, and by her presence of mind alone did I escape."

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Wheat in Western Canada

A Good Crop of Excellent Quality Has Been Raised This Year.

The grain crops estimates from the Canadian West make a range of from 87,000,000 to 115,000,000 bushels, and an accurate statement will be somewhere between these figures—probably not far from 90,000,000 bushels. This year a larger acreage was sown, estimated at an increase of from 18 to 20 per cent., and had the average yield of last year been maintained, the aggregate would assuredly have gone considerably beyond the 100,000,000 bushel mark. The exceptionally large influx of settlers was responsible to a considerable extent for much of the increased area, and, there can be no doubt, is also responsible for a part of the decreased average yield. The first crop raised by the new settlers—often unacquainted with the conditions of western agriculture—is not usually prolific, and 1905-06 placed a very large number of amateur farmers behind the stiles of the plow; but they will learn, and learn fast, and with another season or two will help to raise the average instead of depressing it.

Of the estimates to hand, that of the Northwest Grain Dealers' association is the lowest: Wheat, 87,203,000 bushels; oats, 75,725,600 bushels, and barley, 16,880,600 bushels. The Winnipeg Free Press sent out five special correspondents, who returned

	1904.	1905.
Manitoba	38,162,458	36,289,273
Saskatchewan	28,107,296	19,212,653
Alberta	78,475	5,999,496
	55,893,253	52,466,125
	84,166,226	74,211,299
	13,384,547	16,731,355

This year, the lowest returns, as we have stated, are estimated at: Wheat, 87,203,000 bushels; oats, 75,725,600, and barley at 16,880,600 bushels, which is very satisfactory, if not absolutely satisfying. To better appreciate this fact, all that is necessary to do is to go back 25 years in the history of Western Canada. At that time the agricultural product of the whole country was confined to Manitoba, and consisted of 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, on an acreage of 51,300 and 1,270,268 bushels of oats. The entire crop was at that time required for local purposes, and the export trade was an unknown quantity. To-day, allowing nearly 20,000,000 bushels of wheat for local consumption and seedling, there will be about 70,000,000 bushels for export, which at 70 cents per bushel will bring in outside money to the extent of nearly \$50,000,000. The barley and oats exported are good for an additional \$25,000,000, and

after 20 days with a somewhat better report and gave reasons for the faith that was in them. They had traveled all through the spring wheat district; had driven 1,400 miles through the grain country, besides traveling thousands of miles by rail; and they had visited 93 localities and knew where of they spoke. They reported: Wheat, 90,250,000 bushels, on 4,750,000 acres, with an average yield of 19 bushels per acre. The western division of the Bank of Commerce also investigated with the following result:

Province	Acres	Yield per acre	Bushels
Wheat	3,141,421	20	62,828,420
Barley	75,978	29	2,203,340
Oats	322,923	41	12,959,950
	3,540,322		78,091,710

Province	Acres	Yield per acre	Bushels
Wheat	1,321,649	22	29,076,278