

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFFERS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

But in the days that followed, days to which the sun rose and set in needless winter splendor and the heavy snows still held aloof, Adams' prediction wrought itself out into sober fact. After the single appeal to give, Mr. Darrah seemed to have risen up the light. None the less, the departure of the Rosemary was delayed, and its hospitable door was always open to the Utah chief of construction and his assistant.

Winton took his welcome broadly, as what lover would not; and within a week was spending most of his evenings in the Rosemary—this at a time when every waking moment of the day and night was deeply mortgaged to the chance of success. For now that the Rajah had withdrawn his opposition, nature and the pervasiveness of inanimate things had taken a hand, and for a fortnight the work of track-laying paused fairly within sight of the station at Arginine.

First it was a carload of steel accidentally derailed and dumped into Quartz creek at precisely the worst possible point in the lower canyon, a jagged, rock-ribbed, cliff-bound gorge where each separate piece of metal had to be hoisted out singly by a derrick erected for the purpose—a process which effectually blocked the track for three entire days. Next it was another landslide (unhelped by dynamite, this) just above the station, a crawling cataract of loose, sliding shale which, painstakingly dug out and dammed with plank bulkhead during the day, would pour down and bury bulkhead, buttresses, and the very right of way in the night.

In his right mind—the mind of an ambitious young captain of industry who sees defeat with dishonor staring him in the face—Winton would have fought all the more desperately for these hindrances. But, unfortunately, he was no longer an industry captain with an eye single to success. He was a man who had become a man in love.

"It's no use shutting our eyes to the fact, Jack," said Adams one evening when his chief was making ready for his regular descent upon the Rosemary. "We shall have to put night shifts at work on that shale-slide if we hope ever to get past it with the rails."

"Hang the shale!" was the impatient rejoinder. "I'm no galley slave. Adams' slow smile came and went in cynical ripples.

"It is pretty difficult to say precisely what you are just now. But I can prophesy what you are going to be if you don't wake up and come alive."

Having no reply to this, Adams went back to the matter of night shifts.

"If you will authorize it, I'll put a night gang on and boss it myself. What do you say?"

"I say you are no end of a good fellow, Marty. And that's the plain fact. I'll do as much for you sometime."

"I'll be smashed if you will—you'll never get the chance. When I let a pretty girl make a fool of me—"

But the door of the dinkey slammed behind the outgoing one, and the prophet of evil was left to organize his night assault on the shale-slide, and to command it as best he could.

So, as we say, the days of stubborn toil with the enthusiasm taken out, slipped away unfruitful. Of the entire Utah force Adams alone held himself up to the mark, and being only second in command, he was unable to keep the bad example of the chief from working like a leaven of idleness among the men. Branagan voided the situation in rich brogue one evening when Adams had exhausted his limited vocabulary of abuse on the force for its apathy.

"This no use, sava, Misher Adams. If you was the boss himself 't would be you as would put the smother on them too quick. But it's like masher, like me. The by's all know that Misher Winton don't care a damn, and they'll not be hurtin' themselves wid the wurk."

And the Rajah? Between his times of smoking high-priced cigars with Winton in the lounging-room of the Rosemary, he was swearing Jubilates in the privacy of his working-den stateroom, having tri-daily weather reports wired to him by way of Carbonate and Argentine station, and busying himself in the intervals with sending and receiving sundry mysterious telegrams in cipher.

Thus Mr. Somerville Darrah, all going well for him until one fateful morning when he made the mistake of congratulating his ally. Then—but we picture the scene: Mr. Darrah late to his breakfast, being just in from an early morning reconnaissance of the enemy's advances; Virginia sitting opposite to pour his coffee. All the others vanished to some limbo of their own.

The Rajah rubbed his hands delightedly. "We are coming on famously, famously, my dear Virginia. Two weeks gone, heavy snows predicted for the mountain region, and nothing, practically nothing at all, accomplished on the other side of the canyon. When you marry, my dear, you shall have a block of C. & G. R. preferred stock to keep you in pin-money."

Misth Winton won't pay cou't to a charming young girl and try to build a railroad at one and the same moment, I fancy. Hah!"

The startled eyes veiled themselves swiftly, and Virginia's voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Have I been an accomplice in this—this despicable thing, Uncle Somerville?"

Mr. Darrah began a little to see his mistake.

"Ah—an accomplice? Oh, no, my dear Virginia, not quite that. The word smacks too much of the police cou'ts. Let us say that Misher Winton has found your company mo' attractive than that of his labors, and commend his good taste in the matter."

So much he said by way of damping down the fire he had so rashly lighted. Then Jastrow came in with one of the interminable cipher telegrams and Virginia was left alone.

For a time she sat at the deserted breakfast table, dry-eyed, hot-hearted, thinking such thoughts as would come crowding thickly upon the heels of such a revelation. Winton would fall; a man with honor, good repute, his entire career at stake, as he himself had admitted, would go down to miserable oblivion and defeat lacking some friendly hand to smite him alive to a sense of his danger. And, in her uncle's estimation, at least, she, Virginia Carteret, would figure as the Delilah triumphant.

She rose, tingling to her finger-tips with the shame of it, went to her stateroom and found her writing materials. In such a crisis her methods could be as direct as a man's. Winton was coming again that evening. He must be stopped and sent about his business.

So she wrote him a note, telling him he must not come—a note manlike in its conciseness, and yet womanly in its failure to give even the remotest hint of the new and binding reason why he must not come. And just before luncheon an obliging Cousin Billy was prevailed upon to undertake its delivery.

When he had found Winton at the shale-slide, and had given him Miss Carteret's mandate, the Reverend Billy did not return directly to the Rosemary. On the contrary, he extended his tramp westward, stumbling on the surfaced embankment of the new line.

Truth to tell, Virginia's messenger was not unwilling to spend a little time alone with the immensities. To put it baldly, he was beginning to be desperately cloyed with the sweets of a day-long Miss Bessie, envious on the one hand and despondent on the other.

Why could not the Cousin Bessies see, without being told in so many words, that the heart of a man may have been given in times long past to another woman?—to a Cousin Virginia, let us say. And why must the Reverend Billy, passing by the life-long devotion of a kinsman lover, throw themselves—if one must put it thus brutally—fairly at the head of an acquaintance of a day?

So questioning the immensities, the Reverend Billy came out after some little time in a small upland valley where the two lines, old and new, ran parallel at the same level, with low embankments less than a hundred yards apart.

Midway of the valley the hundred-yard interspace was bridged by a hastily constructed spur track starting from a switch on the Colorado and Grand river main line, and crossing the Utah right of way at a broad angle. On this spur, at its point of intersection with the new line, stood a heavy locomotive, steam up, and manned in every inch of its standing-room by armed guards.

The situation explained itself, even to a Reverend Billy. The Rajah had not been idle during the interval of dinner-givings and social divagations. He had acquired the right of way across the Utah's line for his blockading spur; had taken advantage of Winton's inattention to construct the track; and was now prepared to hold the crossing with live engine and such a show of force as might be needful.

Calvert turned back from the entrance of the valley, and was minded, in a spirit of fairness, to pass the word concerning the new obstruction to the man who was most vitally concerned. But alas! even a Reverend Billy may not always rise superior to his hamperings as a man and a lover. Here was defeat possible—nay, say rather defeat probable, for a rival, with the probability increasing with each hour of delay. Calvert fought it out by length and by breadth a dozen times before he came in sight of the track force toiling; at the shale-slide. Should he tell Winton, and so, indirectly, help to frustrate Mr. Darrah's well-laid plan? Or should he hold his peace and thus, indirectly assist, help to defeat the Utah company?

He put it that way in decent self-respect. Also he assured himself that the personal equation as between two lovers of one and the same woman was entirely eliminated. But who can tell which motive it was that prompted him to turn aside before he came to the army of toilers at the slide; to turn and cross the stream and make as wide a detour as the nature of the ground would permit, passing well beyond call from the other side of the canyon?

The sentinel took him past the slide in silent safety, but it did not take him immediately back to the Rosemary. Instead of keeping on down the canyon on the C. & G. R. side, he turned up the gulch at the back of Argentine and spent the better half of the afternoon tramping beneath the solemn firs on the mountain. What the hours of solitude brought him in the way of decision let him declare as he sets his face finally towards the station and the private car.

"I can't do it. I can't turn traitor to the kinsman whose bread I eat. And that is what it would come to in plain English. Beyond that I have no right to go; it is not for me to pass upon the justice of this petty war between rival corporations."

Ah, William Calvert! Is there no word then of that other and far subtler temptation? When you have reached your goal, if reach it you may, will there be no remorseful looking back to this milestone where a word from you might have taken the fly from your pot of precious ointment?

The short winter day was darkening to its close when he returned to the Rosemary. By dint of judicious maneuvering, with a love-wearied Bessie for an unconscious confederate, he managed to keep Virginia from questioning him, this up to a certain moment of cataclysm in the evening.

But Virginia read momentous things in his face and eyes, and when the time was fully ripe she cornered him. It was the old story over again, of a woman's determination to know pitied against a truthful man's blundering efforts to conceal; and before he knew what he was about Calvert had betrayed the Rajah's secret—which was also the secret of the cipher telegrams.

New York School Children. New York City has more school children than the entire population of any one of 21 states and territories in the union, including Colorado, Florida, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, the Dakotas and Washington. Colorado comes the nearest with a population of 539,700, while the New York school children number 546,941.

A REAL ESTATE DEAL

"I tell ye the folks that come up here from down below have got sprawled, if they haven't got much sprawl some of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins, in a disgusted tone, on his return from a day-long Miss Bessie, envious on the one hand and despondent on the other.

Why could not the Cousin Bessies see, without being told in so many words, that the heart of a man may have been given in times long past to another woman?—to a Cousin Virginia, let us say. And why must the Reverend Billy, passing by the life-long devotion of a kinsman lover, throw themselves—if one must put it thus brutally—fairly at the head of an acquaintance of a day?

"Well, he wanted me to buy two rods of that sandy hill o' his. Said he judged 'twas an ideal spot for potatoes, and would I set a price on it?"

"What did you say?" demanded Mrs. Jenkins, with satisfying indignation.

"I told him," said her husband, with a reminiscent chuckle, "that while I wasn't prepared to set a valuation on it, if he'd throw in \$10 cash he might keep my ladder a week longer."—Youth's Companion.

TOLD NATION NEWS

FIRST PUBLICATION OF DETAILS OF CUSTER MASSACRE.

Helena Herald Printed Sad Story on Country's Natal Day—Veteran Editor Tells Story of Great "Scoop."

Deputy Postmaster A. J. Fisk, of Helena, Mont., a veteran newspaper man, having with his brothers published Montana's first day newspaper—the Helena Herald—was in a reminiscent mood the other evening, and related the story of how the first news of the Custer massacre was given the world through the medium of a press association. Said he:

"As was the custom in the early days, the Herald did not publish a paper on the 4th of July, and editors and printers were supposed to put in the whole day celebrating.

"At that time, in 1876, I was the Associated Press agent for Helena, a position which I filled for a period of 30 years, or up to two years ago.

"About noon on the 4th of July, 1876, I came downtown to see if there was any news of importance to wire to the association. I was sitting in the business office, when in the door walked Horace Countryman, dusty, and having the appearance of one who was about 'all in.'

"I sprang to the counter, grasped him by the hand, exclaiming: 'Countryman, what in God's name is the matter?'

"'Jack,' he replied, 'Custer and all with him are dead—were massacred on the Little Big Horn by the Sioux. Muggins Taylor, the scout, brought the news to Stillwater. He being exhausted, I volunteered to bring news to Bozeman. Arriving at Bozeman, I found the government wire down, so I got a fresh horse and came on to Helena.'

"I told him to come in and sit down and wait for a moment until I could send out and try to locate some printers in order that we might get out an extra.

"Our foreman, the late William McCatchey, was located, but it was perhaps an hour before we had a force getting ready for the extra.

"Then Countryman gave me the particulars of the dreadful affair, as conveyed to him by Muggins Taylor. To this day I remember one of his sentences:

"'Curley, the Indian scout and the only person who escaped to bring the news, said the firing was very rapid; it sounded like the snapping of the threads in the tearing of a blanket.'

"At four o'clock in the afternoon the Herald's extra was on the streets of Helena. It was the first news of the awful event to be given to the public.

"The excitement was so great and our force so limited that I did not find time to send the news out of the city until after the extra was out. Then I grabbed a copy of the extra and made fast time to the Western Union telegraph office.

"There was only one wire, but Manager-Operator Fredericks laid all aside and gave the massacre story preference, with the result that on the morning of July 5 all the newspapers of the country contained the news of the massacre.

"There was little rest for me the night of July 4. Every 15 minutes or so there would be a ring at my doorbell, announcing a telegram from some paper demanding further details of the awful affair.

"I remember one New York paper having authorized me to send scouts to secure additional news. I informed the papers that our complete story had been given the press association and that further details would come from Bismarck, when the scouts reached that city, which they did on the following day, and it was through these couriers that on July 6 the government at Washington received its official dispatches.

"I disclaim any desire for notoriety in the premises, but in history Helena and Montana scouts and frontiersmen should have the credit for furnishing to the world the first news of Custer's fate, and not the couriers who reached Bismarck on July 5. In my long experience as a reporter and newspaper man, this was my greatest 'scoop.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

Snow That is Alive. A most curious phenomenon in the northwest of Canada is the appearance of millions of minute black insects whenever a thaw occurs.

During the winter the snow is dry and crisp, like sand, and nothing whatever can be discovered of these insects, but as soon as a thaw comes they are found everywhere in large patches, looking like a dusting of soot.

They are generally known as snow-flies or jumpers, and have slight hopping powers, being able to leap some three or four inches. They entirely disappear when it freezes again, and not a trace of them can be found.

They do not fall with the snow, as there may have been no snow for a month or more before their arrival, and are probably something similar to the "red snow" of the Arctic regions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Consolation in Sorrow. Let a friendly heart divine our sorrows and force us to confess them, and we find in this confession a consolation a thousand times sweeter than the absolute silence which flattered our pride.—Viscountess De Larchey.

Hope for Humanity. Let us face the future with courage and with faith, for of all the ages that have come and gone, not one has set hope for humanity as the twentieth century.—Josiah Strong.

NO LONGER A PROPHET.

Sad Experience Put Obed Small Out of Business.

There had been years when Obed Small had given the town the benefit of his weather predictions; the former resident of Bushby remembered these years, and was not prepared for the unresponsive look which marked Mr. Small's features when asked what the prospects were for a good picnic day.

"I've got nothing to say about it," and Mr. Small gazed carefully down the road, on which there was nothing to be seen save dust and a small boy with a large paper bundle.

"Why, Mr. Small, aren't you the town prophet, just as you used to be?" asked the former resident, reproachfully. "I relied on you to tell me before I invited the young people."

A spark of angry recollection kindled in Mr. Small's dull eyes.

"If you had been here in the summer of '02," he said, slowly, "you'd know my reasons. If you'd seen Ma'am Gregg when she came at me, all sails set, for telling her Mary Jane that 'twas going to be a lovely afternoon for her to go riding with that young Simpson chap she was trying to get, you'd have known 'em."

"Seems she wore her best suit of summer goods and a flower hat and a pink spotted veil all on my representations of the weather. They set forth in an open buggy for Wilson's Lake, and a thunderstorm came up from over behind old Greenough's mountain, and struck 'em on the upper road, where there's no house for nearly three miles.

"She's afraid of lightning, and had hysterics; besides which her clothes spotted and shrank most fearful, and her hair came out of crimp; her hat flew; ran, and so did her veil; and she lost the Simpson chap as the results, her mother said.

"I moved my Bible and hymn book to the Marshallow church a month later, so I shouldn't have to see that Roger woman and Mary Jane every Sunday. I've suffered pretty well for my folly, I tell ye—and I learned my lesson once and for all.

"That boy coming along the road'll probably tell you a good deal more about the weather prospects in five minutes than I'll ever tell long as I live. So I'll bid ye good-day."—Youth's Companion.

Noises of London. Our immediate forbears complained of the cries of London, beginning with the sweep and the milkman in the morning and lasting until the evening bell of the miffin man, says London Truth. Now there is such a constant racket that the whoop of the sweep and the jodel of the milkman cannot be heard amid the din. Even the barrel organ is only partly audible between the roar of the trains, the hoot of the motor fire engines and the screeching, grinding, brain-racking noises of the motorbuses. Traffic of the ordinary sort grows heavier and heavier with every year. Vans, drays, wagons, milkwains are not only twice as numerous as they were five years ago, but they go about at double the rate of speed. It may be that the motor van was accelerated the pace by creating rivalry, but whether that be the cause or not, certain it is that the leisurely jog trot of the dray or van is now replaced by a degree of speed that adds at least 200 per cent. to the noise it makes. The cart horses in London must wonder why their wonted amble no longer satisfies their drivers, why they are now expected to tear along with the unwieldy bumping of the vehicle sounding crashingly behind them, why the whip is plied so much freely than it used to be. Suburbia is the prey of the motor fiend, noise and dust and horrid petrol smells are now the accompaniments of every hour from midday to midnight.

Airs of the Parvenue. A family who had struggled many years in a poverty-stricken portion of the city suddenly came into possession of an income. They moved to a little place in the country and tried to impress their neighbors with their importance. They talked constantly of what "people in our position" should and should not do.

Some of their city acquaintances came to visit them one summer and the little daughter of seven or eight was showing them about the place.

"What nice chickens!" exclaimed one of the guests when they reached the poultry yard. "They lay every day, too, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the youthful hostess, who really knew nothing about it; "that is, they could, of course; but in our position they don't have to."

Made Statue Out of a Hoodoo. An elderly man in Shrewsbury, England, was showing a couple of friends about the town. They tarried before the place where the statue of Shrewsbury's great son, Darwin, sits and broods. "That," said the Shrewsbury man, pointing with a bulging umbrella, "is Darwin." "Yes," answered one of the visitors, after a rather unfriendly scrutiny, "that was him as said we all come from monkeys." "He did," went on the Shrewsbury man, "and I'll tell you another thing. Not long ago the steeple of one of our churches fell down. There are many as says it is a judgment upon the town for putting up a statue to 'im."

Putting Him Out of Business. "The municipality of New York is engaged in a thorough investigation of its bake shops."

"They don't seem to want the cock-ronch to have any fun at all, do they?"

The Church and the Masses. Speaking generally, the masses of our city people seem either to live voluntarily outside the pale of religious influences, or, if willing to come into it, but with little attracted or affected by them.—Exchange.

The Smallest Potted Plants. German women collect what are supposed to be the smallest potted plants in the world. They are cast growing in pots about the size of a thimble.

PROSECUTES WEALTHY LAWBREAKERS.



John C. Bell is the district attorney in Philadelphia who is hot after the looters of the Real Estate trust company. His prosecution of them is attracting as much attention as the prosecution of Stensland and Hering in Chicago.

TO MAKE USE OF SARDINES.

Canning Establishments Will Be Started in Japan.

The sardine is caught in such numbers all along the coast of Japan that hitherto the surplus catch has been used for manure. Attempts are now being made to turn this fish to some more profitable use. Canning establishments have been started at various places—notably Chiba and Noyago—with a view to ascertaining whether the Japanese product cannot, in far eastern and American markets at least, compete with the Mediterranean product. At present the olive tree, a most important factor in this industry, is not cultivated by the Japanese, and at the same time the customs levy a duty on imported oil. This drawback could, of course, easily be overcome by the government allowing a rebate to canning establishments. As far as taste and quality go, there is not much to choose between the Japanese product and the European.

Court of Last Resort.

"I am sorry," said the poet, "but I am obliged to call your attention to

SLANDER OVER THE 'PHONE.

Important Decision Made by the Austrian Supreme Court.

Seldom has a legal decision caused so much popular excitement as the recent ruling of the Austrian supreme court that a conversation over the telephone is to be regarded as speaking in public, because it might be overheard by a third party. The judgment was given in connection with one of those "Ehrenbeleidigung," or slander cases, which are everyday occurrences in that country. Speaking through the telephone, a man called the cashier of a bathing establishment "an impudent person," and was promptly haled up for "Ehrenbeleidigung" and compelled to pay a fine. He appealed against the decision, saying that the remark was made in private, but the court of appeal held it was not so, because the telephone operator or some other person might possibly have overheard it.

So much interest was aroused over this decision that the minister of commerce, Dr. Forscht, himself made a personal inspection of the chief telephone office to see to what extent the telephone employes were likely

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to overhear conversations going on between the subscribers. The minister has now issued a stringent general order forbidding the employes to listen to conversations over the wires and reminding them that in cases when it is impossible for them to avoid overhearing such talk it must be regarded as "service secrets," which all officials and operators are solemnly pledged to observe.

Richest Soil on Earth.

"Russia has the best farming lane in the world," said a bureau of agriculture expert. "In her black earth region vast crops of grain have been grown for 60 or 70 years without the use of fertilizer.

"This region comprises 150,000,000 acres between the Carpathians and the Urals. The soil is like chocolate—rich, smooth, moist, dark brown. On analysis it reveals 45,000 pounds of nitrogen to the acre. Soil is considered excellent that reveals 8,000 pounds to the acre.

"Russia's black earth region, in a word, is nearly six times better farming land than any other in the world."

As to Red Hair.

He is the handsomest boy in town and has the prettiest red hair, which he inherited from his great-grandmother. His name is Douglas; they call him Dot; age four. But why should every man, woman and girl make rude remarks about the color of his hair? Yesterday he thundered through his little pipe: "Aw, I wish everybody in town had red hair; then they wouldn't say so much about mine!"—N. Y. Press.

A Widow.

Landlord—You say you are a widow?

Applicant for Flat—Yes. And by the way, do you mind if I pay my rent regularly on the 10th of the month, instead of the 1st? You see, I get my check for alimony then."

Wretched.

"Did you have a nice time up in the mountains, Marie?"

"No. I was wretched. The only fellow worth looking at up there fell out of a tree the second day after my arrival and broke both of his arms."

Tact.

He—Can't you silly women understand that these bargains you are so crazy after are dear things after all? She—Of course they are. I got a bargain when I married you, Jack.

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