

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The Rajah dropped his cigar butt in the snow and trod upon it.

"Possibly you will have us with your company to breakfast in the Rosemary, Misteñ Winton—you and Misteñ Adams. No? Then I bid you a very good morning, gentlemen, and to hope to see you later." And he swung up to the private car.

Half an hour afterwards, the snow still whirling dizzily, Winton and Adams were covering over a handful of hissing embers, drinking their commissary coffee and munching the camp cook's poor excuse for a breakfast.

"Jig's up pretty definitely, don't you think?" said the Technologist, with a glance around at the idle track force huddling for shelter under the lee of the flats and the decapod.

Winton shook his head and groaned. "I'm a ruined man, Morty."

Adams found his cigarette case.

"I guess that's so," he said, quite heartlessly. Then: "Hello! what is our friend the enemy up to now?"

McGrath's freeman was uncoupling the engine from the Rosemary, and Mr. Darrah, complacently lighting his after-breakfast cigar, came across to the hissing ember fire.

"A word with you, gentlemen, if you will favor me," he began. "I am about to run down to Argentine on my engine, and I propose leaving the dies in your charge, Misteñ Winton. Will you give me your word of honor, see, that they will not be annoyed in my absence?"

Winton sprang up, losing his temper again.

"It's well, it's blessed lucky that you know your man, Mr. Darrah!" he exploded. "Go on about your business—which is to bring another army of deputy sheriffs down on us, I take it. You know well enough that no man of mine will lay a hand on your car so long as the ladies are in it."

The Rajah thanked him, dismissed the matter with a Chesterfieldian wave of his hand, climbed to his place in the cab, and the engine sprang away around the curve and disappeared in the snow-wreaths.

Adams rose and stretched himself.

"By Jove! when it comes to check, pure and unadulterated, commend me to a Virginia gentleman who has acquired the proper modicum of western bluff," he laughed. Then, with a cavernous yawn dating back to the sleepless night: "Since there is nothing immediately pressing, I believe I'll go and call on the ladies. Won't you come along?"

"No!" said Winton, savagely; and the Technologist lounged off by himself.

Some little time afterward Winton, glooming over his handful of spitting embers, saw Adams and Virginia come out to stand together on the observation platform of the Rosemary. They talked long and earnestly, and when Winton was beginning to add the dull pang of unreasoning jealousy to his other hurtlings Adams beckoned him.

"I should think you might come and say 'Good morning' to me, Mr. Winton. I'm not Uncle Somerville," said Miss Carteret.

Winton said "Good morning," not too graciously, and Adams mocked him.

"Besides being a bear with a sore head, Miss Carteret thinks you're not much of a hustler," he said, coolly. "She knows the situation; knows that you were stupid enough to promise not to lay hands on the car when we could have pushed it out of the way without annoying anybody. None the less, she thinks that you might find a way to go on building your railroad without breaking your word to Mr. Darrah."

Winton put his sore-heartedness far enough behind him to smile and say: "Perhaps Miss Virginia will be good enough to tell me how."

"I don't know how," she rejoined, quickly. "And you'd only laugh at me if I should tell you what I thought of."

"You might try it and see," he ventured. "I'm desperate enough to take suggestions from anyone."

"Tell me something first. Is your railroad obliged to run straight along in the middle of this nice little ridge you've been making for it?"

"Why—no; temporarily, it can run anywhere. But the problem is to get the track laid beyond this crossing before your uncle gets back with a trainload of armed guards."

"Any kind of a track would do, wouldn't it?—just to secure the crossing?"

"Certainly; anything that would hold the weight of the decapod. We shall have to rebuild most of the line, anyway, as soon as the frost comes out of the ground in spring."

The brown eyes became far-seeing.

"I was thinking," she said, musingly, "there is no time to make another nice little ridge. But you have piles and piles of logs over there"—she meant the cross-ties—"couldn't you build a sort of cobhouse ridge with those between your track and uncle's, and cross behind the car? Don't laugh, please."

But Winton was far enough from laughing at her. Why so simple an expedient had not suggested itself instantly he did not stop to inquire. It was enough that the Heaven-born idea had been given.

"Down out of that, Morty!" he cried. "It's one chance in a thousand. Pass the word to the men; I'll be with you in a second." And when Adams was rousing the track force with the bawling shout of "Every-body!" Winton looked up into the brown eyes.

"My debt to you was already very great; I owe you more now," he said. But she gave him his quittance in a whiplike retort.

"And you will stand here talking about it when every moment is precious? Go!" she commanded; and he went.

So now we are to conceive the maddest activity leaping into being in full view of the watchers at the windows of the private car. Winton's chilled and sodden army, welcoming any battery of action, flew to the work with a will. In a twinkling the corded piles of cross-ties had melted to reappear in cob-house balks bridging an angle from the Utah embankment to that of the spur track in rear of the blockading Rosemary. In briefest time the hammermen were spiking the rails on the rough-and-ready trestle, and the Italians were bringing up the crossing-frogs.

But the Rajah, astute colonel of industry, had not left himself defenseless. On the contrary, he had provided for this precise contingency by leaving McGrath's freeman in mechanical command on the Rosemary. If Winton should attempt to build around the private car, the freeman was to wait till the critical moment; then he was to lessen the pressure on the automatic air-brakes and let the car drop back under the grade just far enough to block the new crossing.

So it came about that this mechanical lieutenant waited, laughing in his sleeve, until he saw the Italians coming with the crossing-frogs. Then, judging the time to be fully ripe, he ducked under the Rosemary to "bleed" the air-tank.

Winton heard the hiss of the escaping air above all the industry clamor; heard, and saw the car start backward. Then he had a fitting glimpse of a man in grimy overclothes scrambling terror-frenzied from beneath the Rosemary. The freeman had "bled" the air-tank too freely, and the liberated car, gathering momentum with every wheel-turn, surged around the circling spur track and shot out masterless on the steeper gradient of the main line.

Now, for the occupants of a runaway car on a Rocky mountain line there is death and naught else. Winton saw, in a phantasmagoric flash of second sight, the meteor flight of the heavy car; saw the Reverend Billy's ineffectual efforts to apply the hand-brakes, if by good hap he should even guess that there were any hand-brakes; saw the car, bounding and

dropped from the high cab to dash across to the station platform.

At the same instant a runaway passenger car thundered out of the canyon above. The man crouched, flung himself at it in passing, missed the forward hand-rail, caught the rear, was snatched from his feet and trailed through the air like the thong of a whiplash, yet made good his hold and clambered on.

This was all the operator saw, but when he had snapped his key and run out, he heard the shrill squeal of the brakes on the car and knew that John Winton had not risked his life for nothing.

And on board the Rosemary? Winton, spent to the last breath, was lying prone on the railed platform, where he had fallen when the last twist had been given to the shrieking brakes, his head in Miss Carteret's lap.

"Run, Calvert! Run ahead—stop—the-up-train!" he gasped; then the light went out of the gray eyes and Virginia wept unaffectedly and fell to dabbling his forehead with handfuls of snow.

"Help me get him in to the divan, Cousin Billy," said Virginia, when all was over and the Rosemary was safely coupled in ahead of the upcoming train to be slowly pushed back to Argentine.

But Winton opened his eyes and struggled to his feet unaided.

"Not yet," he said. "I've left my automobile on the other side of the creek; and, besides, I have a railroad to build. My respects to Mr. Darrah, and you may tell him I'm not beaten yet." And he swung over the railing and dropped off to mount the octopod and to race it back to the front.

Three days afterwards, to a screaming of smelter whistles and other noisy demonstrations of mining-camp joy, the Utah Short Line laid the final rail of its new extension in the Carbonate yards.

The driving of the silver spike accomplished, Winton slipped out of the congratulatory throng and made his way across the C. & G. R. tracks to a private car standing alone on its siding.

It railed platform, commanding a view of the civic celebration, had its quota of onlookers—a fierce-eyed old man with huge white mustaches, an athletic young clergyman, two Bisques and a goddess.

"Climb up, Misteñ Winton, climb up and join us," said the fierce-eyed one heartily. "Virginia, heah, thinks we ought to call each other out, but I tell her—"

What the Rajah had told his niece of small account to us. But what Winton whispered in her ear when he had taken his place beside her is more to the purpose of this history.

"I have built my railroad, as you told me to, and now I have come for me—"

lurching, keeping to the rails, mayhap, for some few miles below Argentine, where it would crash headlong into the upward climbing Carbonate train, and all would end.

In unreasoning misery, he did the only thing that offered: Ran blindly down his own embankment, hoping nothing but that he might have one last glimpse of Virginia clinging to the hand-rail before she should be lost to him forever.

But as he ran a thought white-hot from the furnace of despair fell into his brain to set it ablaze with purpose. Beyond the litter of activities the decapod was standing, empty of its crew. Bounding up into the cab, he released the brake and sent the great engine flying down the track of the new line.

In the measuring of the first mile the despair-born thought took shape and form. If he could outpace the runaway on the parallel line, stop the decapod and dash across to the C. & G. R. track ahead of the Rosemary, there was one chance in a million that he might fling himself upon the car in mid flight and alight with life enough left to help Calvert with the hand-brakes.

Now, in the most unhopeful struggle it is often the thing least hoped for that comes to pass. At Argentine Winton's speed was a mile a minute over a track rougher than a corduroy wagon-road; yet the decapod held the rail and was neck and neck with the runaway.

Three miles more of the surging, racking, nerve-killing race and Winton had his hand's-breadth of lead and had picked his place for the million-chanced wrestle with death. It was at the C. & G. R. station of Tierra Blanca, just below a series of sharp curves which he hoped might check a little the arrowlike flight of the runaway.

Twenty seconds later the telegraph operator at the lonely little way station of Tierra Blanca saw a heroic bit of man-plant. The upward-bound Carbonate train was whistling in the gorge below when out of the snow-wreaths shrouded the new line a big engine shot down to stop with fire grinding from the wheels, and a man

dropped from the high cab to dash across to the station platform.

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Training the Nose.



TAKE A HAND GLASS FREQUENTLY AND STUDY YOUR NOSE



THE SLIGHTLY TILTED NOSE IS THE ONE THAT IS TYPICALLY AMERICAN

There are beauty doctors these days who do nothing but train the nose. Their mission is to preserve it so that it shall be both useful and aristocratic. They treat the nose until it becomes the handsomest of features.

"You would scarcely believe," said one of these, "how many women come to us to have the nose doctored. We had a woman the other day whose nose was the color of a peony. It was not only bright red; it was scarlet. No red nose was ever any redder than this nose. The woman wept when she told us about it."

"I have done everything," she said, "and my nose gets redder and redder. The last thing I did was to dip it in very hot water every night. Somebody told me it would take the color out of my nose, but has only put more color into it."

"We quoted her, here in our beauty shop, and requested her to wait a few days. 'Follow these instructions,' we said to her, 'and your nose will stop being red.' She did as requested and her nose is now quiet perfect. She was otherwise a beauty except for this awful red nose."

"The woman with a coarse ugly nose should take care of it at once. It is the beginning of a permanent blemish. Noses grow old first of all. You can tell how old a woman is simply by the appearance of her nose. It is better than looking at her teeth."

"To keep the nose from growing old you must massage it. Massage does not make the nose red. Soap it once a day and scrub it with a cloth. It will make the skin grow finer instead of reddening it."

"When the nose is coarse and ugly as to its texture and when the pores are big and open the only thing to do is to rub it with alcohol. The beauty doctors will tell you to use a benzoated bath. This means a big basin of tepid water, with a few drops of benzoin in it, just enough to make it milky. But, if you don't want to go to all that trouble, just take pure alcohol. Bathe the tip of the nose with it for a week. The pores will begin to contract."

The Bondage of the Blues.

Intangible Perils, Rather Than Definite Ones, Are Those at Which We Are Most Frightened.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Being in bondage to the blues is precisely like being lost in a London fog. The latter is thick and black and obliterates familiar landmarks. A man may be within a few doors of his home, yet grope helplessly through the murk to find the well-worn threshold. A person under the tyranny of the blues is temporarily unable to adjust life to its usual limitations. He or she cannot see an inch beyond the dreadful present. Everything looks dark and forbidding, and despair with an iron clutch, pins its victim down.

People think, loosely, that trials that may be weighed and measured and felt and handled, are the worst trials of which flesh is heir. Loss of fortune, loss of children, loss of friends, they call these disasters that must tax the soul to its utmost endurance, and crush the heart beneath their weight.

But they are mistaken. Hearts are elastic and real sorrows seldom crush them. Souls have in them a wonderful capacity for recovering after knock-down blows. It is the intangible, the thing that one dreads vaguely, that catches one in the dark, that suggests and intimates a peril that is spiritual rather than mortal; it is the burden that carries dismay and terror to the imagination.

Half our fears in life and more than half our troubles, as we know when we are reasonable, are perfectly groundless. Apprehensions of evil are worse than evils themselves.

A tendency to the blues may be an unfortunate legacy from a forgotten great-grandfather. Away back in the shadowy past there was somebody in the family line who had lost the power of looking up, like Bunyan's man with the muck rake, spent his time in looking down and raking together useless rubbish and who never knew that there was another world than the one at his feet.

This man bequeathed a fatal tendency to those who came after him. Possibly it skipped a generation or two to pounce like a beast from an ambush on somebody who should be enjoying the gladness of this blithe age, but who has little chance of escaping the chains of his birthright. Still, inherited handicaps, if recognized, may be vanquished and thrown aside. "I would give," said a man, not long ago, "all my worldly goods if I could be freed from the despotism of the spirit of my grandfather that dwells in and controls me, and turns my days the color of indigo when they might be the color of the rose. I would change pieces willingly with the tramp by the roadside, if I could be as light-hearted and cheerful as he."

In nine cases out of ten, actual tramping to the point of fatigue and actual camping out of doors, with nothing but a tent between the starlit heaven and the hard pillow, would be a cure for this malady. It is a malady, and should be met and coped with defiantly on this issue. A thoroughly healthful, wholesome and sane philosophy of life has nothing to do with doleful terrors and cheerless views. Nature has balm for wounded hearts.

The blues often come as other morbid affections do from a disordered liver. Undoubtedly, it is a mortification to admit that the ethereal part of

one, the mind, the soul, the spirit, may be at the mercy of the liver or the spleen or the stomach, but facts bear out the assertion that a blue pill will often conquer the blues, and that a doctor's prescription will put a new face on the sufferer's world. The chronic dyspeptic is sure to be blue unless he is a saint high on the roll of those of whom the world is not worthy.

Manifestly, we have no right to yield to the tyranny of the blues, either for our own sake or for that of others. It is bad enough to wander aimlessly through a labyrinth of depression, but it is criminal to drag one's family along. The blues are contagious, as contagious as smallpox, yellow fever or whooping cough, and as much to be avoided as they. They are less easily dealt with, on the whole, and therefore it is positively wicked and almost unpardonable to risk the safety and comfort of other people in their neighborhood.

Apart from the obvious necessity of securing for the body such a regimen as shall bring it up to the best available standard of health, apart from securing rest for jaded nerves, there is another way of escape from the bondage of the blues. It is the way taken through the centuries by those who have believed that earth is not all, and that heaven is forever near us. Faith in the Unseen, the faith that tramples doubt underfoot and takes hold on the everlasting power of an Infinite and Almighty God, can transform the barren waste of melancholy into a Garden of Paradise. By prayer and pains one may escape from the bitter bondage of the blues.

Why forget the aphorism that the darkest day lived till to-morrow will have passed away? Just around the corner, at the turn of the road, an angel may be waiting whose sharp sword will rout the demon that has dogged your steps. Look for the angel. The angel is stronger than the demon, as life is stronger than death.

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Lace Waists in Black and White.

The white lace waists with black handwork run in have become very smart. Indeed, one does not know where they will end, for their vogue has become so great. One sees them everywhere; yet they are costly.

"If I wanted a handsome white lace shirt waist and could not afford to pay \$60 for one of French origin," said a modiste, "I would buy a plain white lace one and embroider it. I would choose a novelty lace, for the Irish lace waists are rather difficult to embroider. And I would run the black silk threads through the pattern in such a manner as to bring it out nicely, without making it too conspicuous."

"If I were trying to embroider an Irish lace waist I would make tiny wheels of black silk and of chiffon, and would set them into the lace between the heavy figures of Irish handwork. In this manner one gets an effective waist to wear under an Eton."

Torpedo toques are not so dangerous as their name implies, but they are really well named and are the newest thing in small hats.

Our Washington Letter

A Bevy of Pretty Debutantes Will Make the Coming Social Season at the Capital an Unusually Interesting One—Figures Showing the Salt We Eat.



MISS MARGARET SHONTS.

WASHINGTON.—There is always a delightful expectancy relative to the debutantes of a Washington season, and this year's crop presents unusual features in many ways. There are rich girls and poor girls, pretty girls and homely girls, accomplished girls and athletic girls, but there is no gainsaying that they are all highly interesting girls, and each possessed of many endearing young charms.

There will be at least 40 to enjoy the Bachelors, the Sixty Couple and the numerous subscription dances, and there are more ballrooms to be open next season than ever before in this city. Usually a girl has established a reputation for dancing before her formal presentation, and even thus early in the game it is not unusual to hear some well-seasoned bachelor remark that a certain girl of his set is almost as fine a dancer as was her mother or perhaps her elder sister.

There is no longer such a thing as surprising beauty who has been kept hooped, sheltered, and almost smothered with accomplishments and learning. Not much. The out of to-day generally has a generous foretaste of the world for at least a season before she is launched, just to make her easy and at home, you know. She dances through a winter, romps through tennis and golf on the open field in the summer, rides with all the old beaux, and is even pretty well introduced abroad before formally making her bow here, and sometimes even presented at court abroad just to give them some experience.

Most all of the girls will make their debuts in December, and so far as now known, the old-fashioned afternoon tea will prevail, with a charming exception, such as a pretty ball like the one at which Mrs. Gaff introduced Miss Zaidée Gaff two winters ago, or the series of dinners, which method was adopted by Mrs. Postlethwaite in presenting her daughter, who was married Wednesday, October 3, to Henry Ives Cobb.

There is quite a little story connected with that series of dinners of Mrs. Postlethwaite's, however, which was revived by her daughter's marriage. All of the guests bidden to the first dinner were surprised not to find the bride there at all. Then ensued an explanation to the effect that Mrs. Longworth, then Miss Alice Roosevelt, had telephoned over to Miss Postlethwaite saying that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were dining out and that she would like the debutante to come over and enjoy dinner with her and a few of her friends. Miss Postlethwaite, now Mrs. Cobb, in her charming manner explained to Miss Roosevelt that she was having a dinner at home that night. Mrs. Postlethwaite, however, who took a different view of the situation and looked upon Miss Roosevelt's invitation as an order, insisted that her daughter leave her own guests and go. So Washington had its first experience of a debutante dinner without the debutante, an event quite as cheerful as a wedding without a bride.

CAPITAL BEAUTIES IN GREAT VARIETIES.

There is a delightful variety of girls to be presented. One cabinet girl, Miss Erma Shaw; one diplomatic girl, so far as known, Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, who astonished the North Shore with her expert swimming, strong tennis and detectable horsemanship all last summer.

There are more than a half dozen girls from the army and navy sets, and others from official and resident society.

Newest of all the girls in Washington who will be presented this season is pretty, tall, willowy Katherine Jennings, who is one of the most winsome girls ever introduced from what is known in Washington as the "South African contingent." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings, who last year, as they will this, occupied Mrs. A. C. Barney's residence in Rhode Island avenue, near the French embassy, from which Miss Zaidée Gaff made her debut two years ago.

The daughters of chairman of the Panama canal commission and Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts, Miss Theodora, and Miss Marguerite, have the double advantage of having been presented at the spring court in London this year, where they were much admired, and a good share of the entire season under the chaperonage of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, but they also have many friends in Washington.

MISS KATHERINE JENNINGS.

INTERESTING FIGURES ABOUT SALT.

The United States consumes 26,872,700 barrels of salt annually, or a barrel for every three persons in the land. Last year it went abroad for only 1,151,133 barrels. In 1880 63.5 per cent. of the salt used in our country was of home production. Last year 95.7 per cent. of the product consumed was produced within the borders of this country. In 1880 the consumption in this country was only 9,384,263 barrels. Thus we see that the people of the United States are using annually