Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - - . NEBRASKA

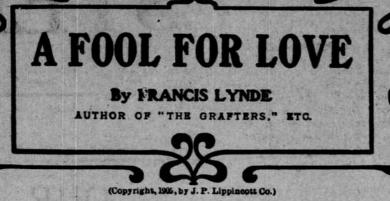
The Fascination of the Harvest. "Thrust in thy sickle and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe." There is a fascination in the harvest that weaves a wisp of romance into the sheaves that are bound up these long, sun-flooded days, where the harvest of the earth is ripe. It is not alone a selfish rejoicing in the knowledge that a generous yield means an absence of want that awakens the universal interest in the sturdy army now marching against the battalions of bearded grain and will move northward gradually as the harvest of the earth ripens in regions where the sun shines less ardently. There is something inborn in even the most urban of men that causes him to feel a thrill of joy at the sight of a great wheat

field waiting for the sickle. It is not alone the hope of profit that causes. the student to hasten from his books and the man to drop his accustomed vocation to join the busy toilers in the fields. Many of those who arise with the earliest lark and labor until is a pretty heavy train to pick up lost the long shadows are lost in the dusk time. But it won't make any particuare not in pressing need of the wages lar difference. The western connecthey receive. They could find more profitable employment in less arduous work. There is some other cause that sends them among strangers for a season. There is a call of the harvest, says the Kansas City Star, as there is a call of the wild. The call of the harvest was learned in the days that is the plain, unlacquered fact," he when Ruth, the Moabitess, bound up protested. "I think the governor owes the heart of Boaz in the sheaves she gleaned in the fields of the mighty Tech because he insisted that I should man of the family of Elimelech. The have a profession; and now I am govivid imaginations of those early ing in for field work with you in a gleamers saw cause for wonder and speculation in the annually recurring miracle of the harvest. It is this lingering fascination that draws men to the wheat fields even in this utilitarian age.

Exit the Khaki.

If Gen. Humphrey's recommendations are adopted the khaki uniform will soon disappear. The American soldiery will not return to the dark blue of civil war times, but will take up the olive-drab service uniform, of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek lined for winter and unlined for summer. The khaki will be retained only for troops serving at oversea stations. The trouble, says the Des Moines Reg-

the cloth as in the apparent inability of the manufacturers supplying the government to keep up with the dethis country is now practically the panelling.



CHAPTER L

it back on the run to Denver?"

masked a yawn behind his hand.

tains. It's written in the book."

The pipe smoker shook his head.

of it.

itinerary."

"Presently. As I was saying, she till the six months have expired, if It was a December morning-the would miss the chance of marrying the will have a monopoly of all the carry-Missouri December of mild temperabest man in the world for the sake tures and saturated skies-and the of taking a rise out of him. More-Chicago & Alton's fast train, dripping over, she comes of old cavalier stock trict to make iron-clad contracts, so from the rush through the wet night, with an English earldom at the back that when the Utah line is finally comhad steamed briskly to its terminal in of it, and she is inordinately proud of pleted it won't be able to secure any the Union station at Kansas City. the fact; while you-er-you've given freight for a year at least." Two men, one smoking a short pipe me to understand that you are a man and the other snapping the ash from a of the people, haven't you?" scented cigarette, stood aloof from the

Winton nodded absently. It was one hurrying throngs on the platorm of his minor fads to ignore his lineage, chances?" looking on with the measured interest which ran decently back to a colonial of those who are in a melee but not governor on his father's side, and to assert that he did not know his grand- Callowell's statement of the case. The father's middle name-which was ac- C. & G. R. people are moving heaven "More delay," said the cigarettist, glancing at his watch. "We are over counted for by the very simple fact and earth to obstruct us in the canan hour late now. Do we get any of that the elder Winton had no middle yon. If they can delay the work a litname.

"Well, that settles it definitely," was the Bostonian's comment. "Miss Car- the mountains, which usually comes "Hardly, I should say. The 'Limited' teret is of the sang azure. The man who marries her will have to know his put up its tools and wait till next grandfather's middle name-and a tions all wait for the 'Limited,' and good bit more besides."

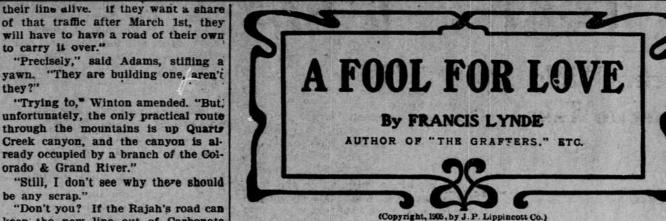
we shall reach the seat of war to-Winton's laugh was mockingly goodmorrow night, according to the Boston natured.

"You have missed your calling by Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the something more than a hand's-breadth. unburned half of his cigarette and Morty. You should have been a novelist. Give you a spike and a cross-tie "It's no end of a bore, Winton, and and you'd infer a whole railroad. But you pique my curiosity. Where are these American royalties of yours gome something. I worried through the ing in the Rosemary.?"

"To California. The car belongs to Mr. Somerville Darrah, who is vice president and manager in fact of the howling winter wilderness because he Colorado & Grand River road; the insists on a practical demonstration. 'Rajah,' they call him. He is a rela-I shall ossify out there in those mountive of the Carterets, and the party is

on its way to spend the winter on the "Humph! it's too bad about you," Pacific 'coast." said the other, ironically. He was a "And the little lady in the widow's cap; is she Miss Carteret's mother?"





CHAPTER II.-Continued. a man hard at work, Adams turned

Mrs. Carteret was propped among back to the smoking compartment. the cushions of a divan with a book. Now for Mr. Morton P. Adams the Her daughter occupied the undivided salt of life was a joke, harmless or half of a tete-a-tete chair with a blonde otherwise, as the tree might fall. So, athlete in a clerical coat and a re- during the long afternoon which he versed collar. Miss Virginia was sit- wore out in solitude there grew up in ting alone at a window, but she rose him a keen desire to see what would and came to greet the visitor.

gin to savvy the burro; that's the prop-"How good of you to take pity on protesquely misrepresented each to the er phrase, isn't it? And what are our us," she said, giving him her hand. other should come together in the Then she put him at one with the pathway of acquaintanceship. "We have about one in a hundred, others: "Aunt Martha you have met; But how to bring them together was as near as I could make out from Mr. also Cousin Bessie. Let me present a problem which refused to be solved

> you to Mr. Calvert, Cousin Billy, this until chance pointed the way. Since is Mr. Adams, who is responsible in the "Limited" had lost another hour a way for many of my Boston-learned during the day, there was a rush for 'gaucheries." Aunt Martha closed the book on her ment of its taking on had gone through

tle longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in finger. "My dear Virginia!" she pro- the train. Adams and Winton were tested in mild deprecation; and Adams of this rush, and so were the memlong before this, the Utah will have to peace all in the same breath.

"Pardon me if I am inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't friends in Boston, chiefly, I think, be- one of the duet tables, opposite a have." understand what these obstructionists cause I never objected when she want- young man with steadfast gray eyes can do. Of course, they can't use ed to-er-to take a rise out of me." and a Van Dyck beard. Then to Virginia: "I hope I don't in-Winton's smile was grim. "Can't trude?"

they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from ville tells us we are passing through the courts restraining the new line the famous Golden Belt, whatever that stood willfully. from encroaching on their right of may be-and recommends an easychair and a window. But I haven't "Which was a thing that nobody seen anything but stubble-fields-dis-

wanted to do," said Adams, between mally wet stubble-fields at that. Won't lemma. May I present him?" you sit down and help me watch them "Which was a thing the Utah had to go by?" do," corrected Winton. "The canyon Adams placed a chair for her, and is a narrow gorge-a mere slit in parts

found one for himself. "'Uncle Somerville'-am I to have

appeal and asked to have the in-"We did, promptly; and that is the

present status of the fight. The appeal

of that traffic after March 1st, they

will have to have a road of their own

"Precisely," said Adams, stifling a

yawn. "They are building one, aren't

"Trying to," Winton amended. "But,

unfortunately, the only practical route

through the mountains is up Quarts

Creek canyon, and the canyon is al-

ready occupied by a branch of the Col-

"Still, I don't see why there should

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can

keep the new line out of Carbonate

ing trade of the camp. By consequence,

it can force every shipper in the dis-

"Oho! that's the game, is it? I be-

Adams lighted another cigarette.

to carry it over."

orado & Grand River."

be any scrap."

summer.'

force."

way."

inhalations.

they?"



one westernism before she was fair- friends." ly in the longitude of it. "Uncle Somerville is a law unto himself. He had a lot of telegrams and things at Kan- alone.

sas City, and he is locked in his den with Mr. Jastrow, dictating answers by think for a moment that I would-er soldier." the dozen, I suppose."

"Oh, these industry colonels!" said Adams. "Don't their toilings make you ache in sheer sympathy sometimes?"

"No, indeed," was the prompt rejoinder; "I envy them. It must be fine to have large things to do, and to be able to do them."

"Degenerate scion of a noble race!" jested Adams. "What ancient Carteret of them all would have compromised th the ne sities by

"I-I beg your pardon." he stammered, with the inflection which takes its pitch from blank bewilderment.

Miss Virginia was happy. Dilettante he might be, and an unhumbled man of the world as well; but, to use Reverend Billy's phrase, she could make him "sit up."

"I beg yours, I'm sure," she said, demurely, "I didn't know it was a craft secert.'

Winton looked across the aisle to the table where the technologian was sitting opposite a square-shouldered. ruddy-faced gentleman with fiery eyes and fierce white mustache, and shook a figurative fist.

"I'd like to know what Adams has been telling you," he said. "Sketching in the mountains in midwiater! that would be decidedly original, to say the least of it. And I think I have never done an original thing in all my life."

For a single instant the brown eyes looked their pity for him; generic pity befall if these two whom he had so it was, of the kind that mounting souls bestow upon the stagnant. But the subconscious lover in Winton made

it personal to him, and it was the lover who spoke when he went on. "That is a damaging admission, is

it not? I am sorry to have to make it -to have to confirm your poor opinion the dining car as soon as the announce- of me."

"Did I say anything like that?" she protested.

"Not in words; but your eyes said laughed and shook hands with Rev. bers of Mr. Somerville Darrah's party. it, and I know you have been think-William Calvert and made Virginia's In the seating the party was sepa- ing it all along. Don't ask me how I rated, as room at the crowded tables know it; I couldn't explain it if I "Don't apologize for Miss Virginia, could be found; and Miss Virginia's should try. But you have been pity-Mrs. Carteret. We were very good fate gave her the unoccupied seat at ing me, in a way-you know you

The brown eves were downcas: Frank and free-hearted after her kir l Winton was equal to the emergency, as she was, Virginia Carteret w.s or thought he was. Adams was finding it a new and singular experi-"Not in the least. Didn't I just say still within call, and he beckoned him, ence to have a man tell her baldly at you were good to come? Uncle Somer- meaning to propose an exchange of their first meeting that he had read her

seats. But the Bostonian misunder- inmost thought of him. Yet she would not flinch or go back. "Most happy, I'm sure," he said. "There is so much to be done in the

coming instantly to the rescue. "Miss world, and so few to do the work," Carteret, my friend signals his di- she pleaded in extenuation.

"And Adams has told you that I am not one of the few? It is true enough quired permission in a word. But for to hurt." Winton self-possession flew shrieking.

She looked him fairly in the eyes. "What is lacking, Mr. Winton-the Adams well enough to make allow- spur?"

ances for his-for his-" He broke "Possibly," he rejoined. "There is no down piteously and she had to come to one near enough to care, or to say: 'Well done!' '

"For his imagination?" she suggest-"How can you tell?" she questioned. ed. "I do, indeed; we are quite old musingly. "It is not always permitted. to us to hear the plaudits or tha Here was "well enough," but Wil- hisses-happily, I think. Yet there are ton was a man and could not let it always those standing by who are ready to cry 'lo triumphe!' and mean.

"I should be very sorry to have you it, when one approves himself a good



Virginia smiled and gave the re

"Ah-er-I hope you know Mr.

his assistance.

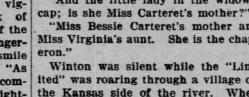
"Miss Bessie Carteret's mother and junction set aside?" Miss Virginia's aunt. She is the chaperon.'

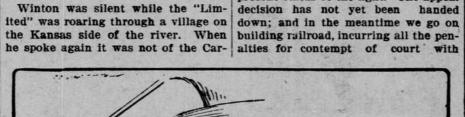
fit figure of a man, clean-cut and vigprous, from the steadfast outlook of the gray eyes and the close clip of the Van Dyck beard to the square fingertips of the strong hands, and his smile was of good-natured contempt. "As you say, it is an o trage on filial complaisance. All the same, with the right-

canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones as- Look out,

there!" The shifting engine had cut a car ister, is not so much in the color of from the rear of the lately arrived Alton, and was sending it down the outbound track to a coupling with the Transcontinental "Limited." Adams stepped back and let it miss him by mand. Gen. Humphrey claims that hand's-breadth, and as the car was the supply of gray cotton goods in passing Winton read the name on the

monopoly of one corporation located "The 'Rosemary;' somebody's 20in Baltimore, where selling agents ton private outfit. That cooks our last hold and control the secret of khaki chance of making up any lost time be-





dyeing. Neither of these concerns, according to statements made in the quartermaster's department of the war department, has materially advanced the price of khaki cloth or duck over reasons, which are not known at the war department, the contractors are so far behind in two of their conernment contractors for the manufacture of khaki coats and trousers, Gen. Humphrey says, cannot obtain the material called for by contracts. This has entailed much inconvenience to Humphrey says that any first-class

piece dyeing and a secret process, so far as obtaining a fast color.

The international woman's congress, sitting in Paris, recently witnessed a solemn conclave when suddenly there appeared a pair of trousers on the scene. For a moment the ladies were but after a moment of benumbing silence, the president rallied, and in an presented to the elder and younger icy tone identified it is "a man." bisques. Then the apparition relieved the tension by explaining that it was the mortal presence of M. Legendre, of Sens, an ardent femininist. "I stood." he said, "as femininist candidate at the last elections, and I have to-day taken 11 trains to appear among you. I am happy to enjoy this opportunity of supporting your cause." Alas for enthusiasm when it is of the male persuasion and relates to matters feminine! The president rose, and, according to the London Globe, after explaining to M. Legendre, in tones of

cold, calm severity, that the taking of 11 trains at a stretch did not confer the right of entry to that assemblage, had him expelled.

The unsecured paper money of the South American republics amounts to a face value of \$1,700,000. Nearly everybody who touches on the subject is particular to mention that this is the face value.

If they will put sawdust in the breakfast food, let the consumer insist that it be clean sawdust.

The English railroad wreck imitation is the sincerest flattery to Americans.

The South Dakota man who blew himself up by using 25 sticks of dynamite when one would have done must have had as exaggerated an idea of himself as is possessed by the young man who, having won \$200 in the stock market, thinks he has discovered a system through which he can beat the combination.

A Michigan capitalist who died recently left 27 wills. He must have been determined that his heirs should not live in idleness.

tween this and to-morrow He broke off abruntly. On the square rear observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with wavy little puffs of snowy hair peepthat of former years, but for some ing out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with wavy masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served tracts for khaki cloth that the gov- as a model for the most exquisite bisque figure that ever came out of France. But Winton saw only the third.

She was taller than either of her companions-tall and straight and lithe; a charming embodiment of the army and organized militia. Gen. health and strength and beauty; clearskinned, brown-eyed-a very goddess cloth mill can produce olive, drab, fresh from the bath, in Winton's inwhich is entirely the result of blend- stant summing-up of her, and her ing colors, while the khaki dye is crown of red-gold hair helped out the simile.

> Now thus far in his thirty-year pilgrimages John Winton, man and boy, had lived the intense life of a working hermit so far as the social gods

and goddesses were concerned. Yet ludicrous scene. The ladies were in he had a pang-of disappointment or pointed jealousy, or something akin to both-when Adams lifted his hat to this particular goddess, and was retoo perturbed to identify the spectre, warded by a little cry of recognition, and stepped up to the platform to be

> So, as we say, Winton turned and walked away as one left out, feeling one moment as though he had been defrauded of a natural right, and deriding himself the next, as a sensible man should. After a bit he was able to laugh at the "sudden attack," as he phrased it, but later, when he and Adams were settled for the day-long run in the Denver sleeper, and the "Limited" was clanking out over the switches, he brought the talk around with a carefully assumed air of lackinterest to the party in the private

"She is a friend of yours, then?" he said, when Adams had taken the baited hook open-eyed.

The technologian modified the assumption.

car.

servatory."

"Not quite in your sense of the word, joined. "Have I enlisted for a soldier fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the con-Line?"

"But she isn't a Bostonian," said Winton, confidently.

"Miss Vırginia?-hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets; Virginiaborn, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?" "No," said Winton, shortly, resent-

ing the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words. Adams lighted another of the

scented villainies, and his clean-shaven the other. Got that?" face wrinkled itself into a slow smile. "Which means that she has winged

you at sight, I suppose, as she does most men." Then he added, calmiy: "It's no go." "What's 'no go'?"

Adams laughed unfeelingly.

"You remind me of the fable about the head-hiding ostrich. Didn't I see you staring at her as if you were about to have a fit? But it is just

as I tell you; it's no go. She isn't the marrying kind. If you knew her, she'd be alce to you till she got a good chance to flay you alive-" "Break it off!" growthat when

man and host. "I have heard somewhat of the Ra- of ossifying?"

wires.'

interest in the business affair. "Tell me more about this mysterious jangle we are heading for," he re-

when I thought I was only going into peaceful exile as an assistant engineer of construction on the Utah Short

"That remains to be seen." Winton took a leaf from his pocket memorandum and drew a rough outline map. "Here is Denver, and here is

Carbonate," he explained. "At present the Utah is running into Carbonate this way over the rails of the C. & G. R. on a joint track agreement which either line may terminate by giving restibule of the Rosemary. Adam: six months' notice of its intention to found a card.

"To have and to hold," said Adams. "Go op." "Well, on the first day of September

the C. & G. R. people gave the Utah management notice to quit." "They are bloated monopolists," said

dams, sententiously. "Still, I don't see why there should be any scrapping over the line in Quartz Creek anyon."

"No? You are not up in mon listic methods. In six months from Sentember 1st the Utah people, will captain of industry?"

"It wasn't their metler or the metier of their times," said Miss Virginia with conviction. "They were swordsoldiers merely because that was the only way a strong man could conquer in those days. Now it is different, and a strong man fights quite as nobly in another field-and deserves quite as much honor."

"Think so? I don't agree with you -as to the fighting, I mean. I like to take things easy. A good club, a choice of decent theaters, the society of a few charming women like-" She broke him with a mocking laugh.

"You were born a good many centuries too late, Mr. Adams; you would have fitted so beautifully into de-

"No - thanks. Twentieth-century America, with the commercial frenzy taken out of it, is good enough for me. I was telling Winton a little while ago-"

informally?"

Jack's: Mr. John Winton, of New York and the world at large, familiarly known to his intimates-and they are precious few-as 'Jack W.' As I was about to say-"

But she seemed to find a malicious satisfaction in breaking in upon him.

strong as he is. He is an 'industry colonel,' isn't he? He looks it."

the interruption at Winton's expense. "So much for your woman's intuition." he laughed. "Speaking of idlers. there is your man to the dotting of the 'i;' a dilettante raised to the nth power."

"I like men who do things," she asserted, with pointed emphasis; whereupon the talk drifted eastward to Boston, and Winton was ignored until Virginia, having exhausted the reminiscent vein, said: "You are going on through to Denver?"

"To Denver and beyond," was the reply. "Winton has a notion of hibernating in the mountains-fancy it: in the dead of winter!-and he has persuaded me to go along. He sketches a little, you know."

ginia, with interest newly aroused.

like-"

ton was the safest and most fruitful

of the commonplaces. Nevertheless,

just beginning to cast about for some

other safe riding road for the shallop

of small talk when Miss Carteret sent

It was somewhere between the en-

trees and the fruit, and the point of

"Speaking of art, Mr. Winton, will

you tell me how you came to think of

ketching in the mountains of Colo-

rado at this time of year? I should

think the cold would be positively pro-

departure was Boston art.

it adrift with malice aforethought.

name. Told me so himself."

Virginia Carteret," he directed, and 'Don't you think so?'

waited till the man came back with The extension table in the open read third of the private car was closed to its smallest dimensions, and the you dine in the dining car?"

about the compartment to make it s

of to be feared.

WINTON FOUND MISS CARTERET HOLDING HIS OVERCOAT.

-so far forget myself," he went on, | The coffee had been served, and fatuously. "What I had in mind was Winton sat thoughtfully stirring the an exchange of seats with him. I lump of sugar in his cup. Miss Carthought it would be pleasanter for teret was not having a monopoly of you; that is, I mean, pleasanter for-" the new experiences. For instance, He stopped short, seeing nothing but it had never before happened to John a more hopeless involvement ahead; Winton to have a woman, young, also because he saw signs of distress charming, and altogether lovable, read

or of mirth flying in the brown eyes. him a lesson out of the book of the "Oh, please!" she protested, in mock overcomers. humility. "Do leave my vanity just He smiled inwardly and wondered the tiniest little cranny to creep out what she would say if she could know

of, Mr. Winton. I'll promise to be to what battle-field the drumming Miss Carteret's short upper lip good and not bore you too desperately." wheels of the "Limited" were speeding At this, as you would imagine, the him. Would she be loyal to her menpit of utter self-abasement yawned for torship and tell him he must win, at Winton, and he plunged headlong, whatever the cost to Mr. Somerville holding the bill-of-fare wrong side up an.

when the waiter asked for his dinner Darrah and his business associates" order, and otherwise demeaning him- Or would she, woman-like, be her self like a man taken at a hopeless dis- uncle's partisan and write one John advantage. But she had pity on him. Winton down in her blackest book for "But let's ignore Mr. Adams," she daring to oppose the Rajah?

went on, sweetly. "I am much more He assured himself if would make interested in this," touching the bill- no jot of difference if he knew. He of-fare. "Will you order for me, please? had a thing to do, and he was purposed to do it strenuously, inflexibly,

When she had finished the list or Yet in the inmost chamber of his her likings, Winton was able to smile heart, where the barbarous ego stand; at his lapse into the primitive, and unabashed and isolate and recklessly gave the dinner order for two with a contemptuous of the moralities minor fair degree of coherence. After that and major he saw the birth of an inthey got on better. Winton knew fluence which must henceforth be des Boston, and next to the weather Bos- perately reckoned with.

Given a name, this new-born factor was love; love barely awakened, and it was not immortal; and Winton was yet no more than a masterful desire to stand well in the eye of one woman. None the less, he saw the possibilities; that a time might come when this woman would have the power to intervene; would make him hold his hand in the business affair at the very moment, mayhap, when he should

strike the hardest. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deaf Mute Nun.

The first deaf mute in this cour to become a nun is Miss Etta Mas Holman, who was recently receive into the Dominican order at Hun Point, N. Y.

WINTON TURNED AND WALKED AWAY. terets: it was of the Carterets' kins- | every shovelful of earth moved. Do you still think you will be in dange: jah," he said, half musingly. "In fact, Adams let the question rest while he I know him, by sight. He is what the asked one of his own. magazinists are fond of calling an "How do you come to be mixed up industry colonel,' a born leader who in it, Jack? A week ago some one has fought his way to the front. If told me you were going to South. the Quartz Creek row is anything America to build a railroad in the more than a stiff bluff on the part of Andes. What switched you?' the C. & G. R. it will be quite as well Winton shook his head. "Fate, I for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is guess; that and a wire from Presisafely at the other side of the conti- dent Callowell, of the Utah, offering nent-and well out of reach of the me this. Chief of Construction Evarts in charge of the work in Quartz Creek Adams came to attention with a canyon, said what you said a few

half-hearted attempt to galvanize an minutes ago-that he had not hired, out for a soldier. He resigned, and I'm taking his berth."

Adams rose and buttoned his coat: "By all of which it seems that we two are in for a good bit more that the ossifying exile," he remarked. And then: "I am going back into the Rose mary to pay my respects to Miss Vir

ginia Cartaret. Won't you come along?" "No," said Winton, more shortly that the invitation warranted; and the technologian went his way alone.

"Take that to Miss Carteret-Mis

movable furnishings were disposed

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money with Immigrante

comfortable lounging room

his welcome.

CHAPTER II. "Scuse me, sah; private cah. sah." It was the porter's challenge in the

cadent Rome."

"Your friend of the Kansas City station platform?" she interrupted. "Mightn't you introduce us a little less

"Beg pardon, I'm sure-yours and

"'Mr. John Winton:' it's a pretty name, as names go, but it isn't as

The Bostonian avenged himself for

curled in undisguised scorn.

"Oh, so he is an artist?" said Vir-

"No," said Adams, gloomily, "he isn't an artist-isn't much of anything, I'm sorry to say. Worse than all, he doesn't know his grandfather's middle

"That is inexcusable-in a dilettante," said Miss Virginia, mockingly.

"It is inexcusable in anyone," said the technologian, rising to take his leave. Then, as a parting word: "Does the Rosemary set its own table? or do

"In the dining car, if we have one. Uncle Somerville lets us dodge the ary's cook whenever we can." was the answer; and with this bit of information Adams went his way to

the Denver sleeper, Finding Winton in his section, por ing over a blue-print map and make notes thereon after the manner of ibitive of anything like that." Winton stared-open mouthed, it is