

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...

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...

The international woman's congress, sitting in Paris, recently witnessed a ludicrous scene. The ladies were in solemn conclave when suddenly there appeared a pair of trousers on the scene...

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 most have had an exaggerated 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.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFFERS," ETC.

CHAPTER I. It was a December morning—the Missouri December of mild temperatures and saturated skies—and the Chicago & Alton's fast train, dripping with the rush through the wet night, had steamed briskly to its terminal in the Union station at Kansas City.

Two men, one smoking a short pipe and the other snapping the ash from a scented cigarette, stood aloof from the hurrying throngs on the platform looking on with the measured interest of those who are in a melee but not of it.

"More delay," said the cigarette, glancing at his watch. "We are over an hour late now. Do we get any of it back on the run to Denver?"

The pipe smoker shook his head. "Hardly, I should say. The 'Limited' is a pretty heavy train to pick up lost time. But it won't make any particular difference. The western connections all wait for the 'Limited,' and we shall reach the seat of war tomorrow night, according to the Boston itinerary."

Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the unburned half of his cigarette and masked a yawn behind his hand. "It's no end of a bore, Winton, and that is the plain, unacquainted fact," he protested. "I think the governor owes me something. I worried through the Tech because he insisted that I should have a profession; and now I am going in for field work with you in a howling winter wilderness because he insists on a practical demonstration. I shall offer out there in those mountains. It's written in the book."

"Humph! it's too bad about you," said the other, ironically. He was a fit figure of a man, clean-cut and vigorous, 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 outrage on filial complaisance. All the same, with the right-of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones as—Look out, there!"

The shifting engine had cut a car 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 a hand's-breadth, and as the car was passing Winton read the name on the paneling.

"The 'Rosemary,' somebody's 20-ton private outfit. That cooks our last chance of making up any lost time between this and to-morrow."

He broke off abruptly. On the square rear observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with way little puffs of snowy hair peeping out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with way masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served 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 health and strength and beauty; clear-skinned, brown-eyed—a very goddess fresh from the bath, in Winton's instant summing-up of her, and her 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 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 rewarded by a little cry of recognition, and stepped up to the platform to be presented to the elder and younger bisques.

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 lack-interest to the party in the private car.

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

The technologist modified the assumption. "Not quite in your sense of the word, I fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the conservatory."

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

"Miss Virginia?—hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets; Virginia-born, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?"

"No," said Winton, shortly, resenting the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words.

Adams lighted another of the scented villaines, and his clean-shaven 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, calmly: "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 know her, she'd be nice to you till she got a good chance to say you alive—"

"Break it off!"

"Presently. As I was saying, she would miss the chance of marrying the best man in the world for the sake of taking a rise out of him. Moreover, she comes of old cavalier stock with an English earldom at the back of it, and she is inordinately proud of the fact; while you—er—you've given me to understand that you are a man of the people, haven't you?"

their line alive. If they want a share of that traffic after March 1st, they will have to have a road of their own to carry it over."

"Precisely," said Adams, stifling a yawn. "They are building one, aren't they?"

"Trying to," Winton amended. "But, unfortunately, the only practical route through the mountains is up Quartz Creek canyon, and the canyon is already occupied by a branch of the Colorado & Grand River."

"Still, I don't see why there should be any scrap."

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can keep the new line out of Carbonate till the six months have expired, it will have a monopoly of all the carrying trade of the camp. By consequence, it can force every shipper in the district to make iron-clad contracts, so that when the Utah line is finally completed it won't be able to secure any freight for a year at least."

"Oh! that's the game, is it? I begin to savor the burr; that's the proper phrase, isn't it? And what are our chances?"

"We have about one in a hundred, as near as I could make out from Mr. Callowell's statement of the case. The C. & G. R. people are moving heaven and earth to obstruct us in the canyon. If they can delay the work a little longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in the mountains, which usually comes long before this, the Utah will have to put up its tools and wait till next summer."

Adams lighted another cigarette. "Pardon me if I am inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't understand what these obstructionists can do. Of course, they can't use force."

Winton's smile was grim. "Can't they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from the courts restraining the new line from encroaching on their right of way."

"Which was a thing that nobody wanted to do," said Adams, between inhalations.

"Which was a thing the Utah had to do," corrected Winton. "The canyon is a narrow gorge—a mere slit in parts of it. This is where they have us."

"Oh, well, I suppose we took an appeal and asked to have the injunction set aside?"

"We did, promptly; and that is the present status of the fight. The appeal decision has not yet been handed down; and in the meantime we go on building railroad, incurring all the penalties for contempt of court with every shovelful of earth moved. Do you still think you will be in danger of ossifying?"

Adams let the question rest while he asked one of his own.

"How do you come to be mixed up in it, Jack? A week ago some one told me you were going to South America to build a railroad in the Andes. What switched you?"

Winton shook his head. "Fate, I guess; that and a wire from President Callowell, of the Utah, offering me this. Chief of Construction Everts in charge of the work in Quartz Creek canyon, said what you said a few 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 than the ossifying exile," he remarked. And then: "I am going back into the Rosemary to pay my respects to Miss Virginia Carteret. Won't you come along?"

"No," said Winton, more shortly than the invitation warranted; and the technologist went his way alone.

CHAPTER II. "Scuse me, sah; private cab, sah." It was the porter's challenge in the vestibule of the Rosemary. Adams found a card.

"Take that to Miss Carteret—Miss Virginia Carteret," he directed, and waited till the man came back with his welcome.

The extension table in the open rear third of the private car was close to its smallest dimensions, and the movable furnishings were disposed about the compartment to make it a comfortable lounging room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Money for Immigrants. Our million immigrants a year are bringing with them \$25,000,000 a year...

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CHAPTER II.—Continued. Mrs. Carteret was propped among the cushions of a divan with a book. Her daughter occupied the undivided half of a tete-a-tete chair with a blonde athlete in a clerical coat and a reversed collar. Miss Virginia was sitting alone at a window, but she rose and came to greet the visitor.

"How good of you to take pity on us," she said, giving him her hand. Then she put him at one with the others: "Aunt Martha you have met; also Cousin Bessie. Let me present you to Mr. Calvert, Cousin Billy, this is Mr. Adams, who is responsible in a way for many of my Boston-learned gaucheries."

Aunt Martha closed the book on her finger. "My dear Virginia!" she protested in mild deprecation; and Adams laughed and shook hands with Rev. William Calvert and made Virginia's peace all in the same breath.

"Don't apologize for Miss Virginia, Mrs. Carteret. We were very good friends in Boston, chiefly, I think, because I never objected when she wanted to—er—to take a rise out of me." Then to Virginia: "I hope I don't intrude?"

"Not in the least. Didn't I just say you were good to come? Uncle Somerville tells us we are passing through the famous Golden Belt, whatever that may be—and recommends an easy chair and a window. But I haven't seen anything but stubble-fields—disparagingly wet stubble-fields at that. Won't you sit down and help me watch them go by?"

Adams placed a chair for her, and found one for himself.

"Uncle Somerville—am I to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Somerville Darrah?"

Miss Virginia's look was non-committal.

"Quien sabe?" she queried, airing her one westernism before she was fairly in the longitude of it. "Uncle Somerville is a law unto himself. He had a lot of telegrams and things at Kansas City, and he is locked in his den with Mr. Jastrow, dictating answers by the dozen, I suppose."

"Oh, these industry colonels!" said Adams. "Don't their tollings 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 with the necessities by becoming a captain of industry?"

"It wasn't their metier or the metier of their times," said Miss Virginia with conviction. "They were sword-soldiers 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 decadent Rome."

"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—"

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

"Beg pardon, I'm sure—yours and 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.

"Mr. John Winton; it's a pretty name, as names go, but it isn't as strong as he is. He is an 'industry colonel,' isn't he? He looks it."

The Bostonian avenged himself for 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—I beg your pardon," he stammered, with the infection which takes its pitch from blank bewilderment.

Miss Virginia was happy. Dilettante he might be, and an unhumiliated 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 secret."

Winton looked across the aisle to the table where the technologist 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 midwinter! 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 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 of me."

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

"Not in words; but your eyes said it, and I know you have been thinking it all along. Don't ask me how I know it; I couldn't explain it if I should try. But you have been pitying me, in a way—you know you have."

The brown eyes were downcast. Frank and free-hearted after her kind as she was, Virginia Carteret was finding it a new and singular experience to have a man tell her baldly at their first meeting that he had read her inmost thought of him. Yet she would not flinch or go back.

"There is so much to be done in the world, and so few to do the work," she pleaded in extenuation.

"And Adams has told you that I am not one of the few? It is true enough to hurt."

She looked him fairly in the eyes. "What is lacking, Mr. Winton—the spark?"

"Possibly," he rejoined. "There is no one near enough to care, or to say: 'Well done!'"

"How can you tell?" she questioned, musingly. "It is not always permitted to us to hear the plaudits or the hisses—happily, I think. Yet there are always those standing by who are ready to cry 'to triumph!' and mean, it, when one approves himself a good soldier."

The coffee had been served, and fatuously. "What I had in mind was an exchange of seats with him. I thought it would be pleasanter for you; that is, I mean, pleasanter for—"

He stopped short, seeing nothing but a more hopeless involvement ahead; also because he saw signs of distress or of mirth flying in the brown eyes.

"Oh, please!" she protested, in mock humility. "Do leave my vanity just the tiniest little cranny to creep out of, Mr. Winton. I'll promise to be good and not bore you too desperately."

At this, as you would imagine, the pit of utter self-abasement yawned for Winton, and he plunged headlong, holding the bill-of-fare wrong side up when the waiter asked for his dinner order, and otherwise demeaning himself like a man taken at a hopeless disadvantage. But she had pity on him.

"But let's ignore Mr. Adams," she went on, sweetly. "I am much more interested in this," touching the bill-of-fare. "Will you order for me, please? I like—"

When she had finished the list of her likings, Winton was able to smile at his lapse into the primitive, and gave the dinner order for two with a fair degree of coherence. After that they got on better. Winton knew Boston, and next to the weather Boston was the safest and most fruitful of the commonplaces. Nevertheless, it was not immortal; and Winton was just beginning to cast about for some other safe riding road for the shallop of small talk when Miss Carteret sent it adrift with malice aforethought.

It was somewhere between the entrees and the fruit, and the point of departure was Boston art.

"Speaking of art, Mr. Winton, will you tell me how you came to think of sketching in the mountains of Colorado at this time of year? I should think the cold would be positively prohibitive of anything like that."

Winton stared—open mouthed, it is to be feared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WINTON TURNED AND WALKED AWAY.



WINTON FOUND MISS CARTERET HOLDING HIS OVERCOAT.

terets; it was of the Carterets' kinsman and host. "I have heard somewhat of the Rajah," he said, half musingly. "In fact, I know him, by sight. He is what the magazines are fond of calling an 'industry colonel,' a born leader who has fought his way to the front. If the Quartz Creek row is anything more than a stiff bluff on the part of the C. & G. R. it will be quite as well for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is safely at the other side of the continent—and well out of reach of the wires."

But she seemed to find a malicious satisfaction in breaking in upon him. "Mr. John Winton; it's a pretty name, as names go, but it isn't as strong as he is. He is an 'industry colonel,' isn't he? He looks it."

The coffee had been served, and fatuously. "What I had in mind was an exchange of seats with him. I thought it would be pleasanter for you; that is, I mean, pleasanter for—"