

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFFERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It was a rather unnerving thought, and when he considered it he was glad that their ways, coinciding for the moment, would presently go apart, leaving him free to do battle as an honest soldier in any cause must.

The Rosemary party was rising, and Winton rose, too, folding the seat for Miss Virginia and reaching her wrap from the rack.

"I am glad to have met you," she said, giving him the tip of her fingers and going back to the conventionalities as if they had never been ignored.

But the sincerity in Winton's reply transcended the conventional form of it.

"Indeed, the pleasure has been wholly mine, I assure you. I hope the future will be kind to me and let me see more of you."

"Who knows?" she rejoined, smiling at him level-eyed. "The world has been steadily growing smaller since Shakespeare called it 'narrow.'"

He caught quickly at the straw of hope. "Then we need not say good-by."

"No; let it be auf wiedersehen," she said; and he stood aside to let her join her party.

Two hours later, when Adams was reading in his section and Winton was smoking his short pipe in the men's compartment and thinking things unspeakable with Virginia Carteret for a nucleus, there was a series of sharp whistle shrieks, a sudden grinding of the brakes, and a jarring stop of the "Limited"—a stop not down on the time-card.

Winton was among the first to reach the head of the long train. The halt was in a little depression of the bleak plain, and the trainmen were in conference over a badly derailed engine when Winton came up. A vast herd of cattle was lumbering away into the darkness, and a mangled carcass under the wheels of the locomotive sufficiently explained the accident.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," was the engineer's verdict. "That's for somebody to mope back to Arroyo to wire for the wreck-wagon."

"Yes, by gum! and that means all night," growled the conductor.

There was a stir in the gathering throng of half-alarmed and all-curious passengers, and a red-faced, white-mustached gentleman, whose soft southern accent was utterly at variance with his manner, hurled a question bolt-like at the conductor.

"All night, you say, seh? Then we miss our Denver connections?"

"You can bet to win on that," was the curt reply.

"Damn!" said the red-faced gentleman; and then in a lower tone: "I beg your pardon, my dear Virginia; I was totally unaware of your presence."

Winton threw off his overcoat.

"If you will take a bit of help from an outsider, I think we needn't wait for the wrecking car," he said to the dubitant trainmen. "It's bad, but not as bad as it looks. What do you say?"

Now, as everyone knows, it is not in the nature of operative railway men to brook interference even of the helpful sort. But they are as quick as other folk to recognize the man in esse, as well as to know the clan slogan when they hear it. Winton did not wait for objections, but took over the command as one in authority.

"Think we can't do it? I'll show you. Up on that tank, one of you, and leave down the jacks and frogs. We'll have her on the steel again before you can say your prayers."

At the hearty command, churlish reluctance vanished and everybody lent a willing hand. In two minutes the crew of the "Limited" knew it was working under a master. The frogs were adjusted under the derailed wheels, the jack-screws were braced to lift and push with the nicest accuracy, and all was ready for the attempt to back the engine in trial. But now the engineer shook his head.

"I ain't the artist to move her gently enough with all that string 'o' dinkies behind her," he said unhelpfully.

"No?" said Winton. "Come up into the cab with me and I'll show you how." And he climbed to the driver's footboard with the doubting engineer at his heels.

At the critical instant, when the entire weight of the forward half of the engine was poised for the drop upon the rails, he gave the precise added impulse. The big ten-wheeler coughed hoarsely and spat fire; the driving-wheels made a quick half-turn backward; and a cheer from the onlookers marked the little triumph of mind over matter.

"You bet, he's no 'prentice," said the fireman.

"Not much!" quoth the engineer. "He's an all-round artist, that's about what he is. Shouldn't wonder if he was the travelin' engineer for some road back in God's country."

"Travelin' nothing!" said the conductor. "More likely he's a train master 'r' p'raps a bigger boss than that. Call in the flag, Jim, and we'll be getting a move."

Oddly enough, the comment on Winton did not pause with the encomiums of the train crew. When the "Limited" was once more rushing on its way through the night, and Virginia and her cousin were safely in the privacy of their state-room, Miss Carteret added her word.

"Do you know, Bessie, I think it was Mr. Adams who scored this afternoon?" she said.

"How so?" inquired la petite Bisque, who was too sleepy to be overcurious.

"I think he 'took a rise' out of me, as he puts it. Mr. Winton is precisely all the kinds of a man Mr. Adams said he wasn't."

CHAPTER III.

It was late breakfast time when the

Transcontinental "Limited" swept around the great curve in the eastern fringe of Denver, paused for a registering moment at "Yard Limits," and went clattering in over the switches to come to rest at the end of its long westward run on the in-track at the Union depot.

Having wired ahead to have his mail meet him at the yard limits registering station, Winton was ready to make a dash for the telegraph office the moment the train stopped.

"That is our wagon, ever there on the narrow-gauge," he said to Adams, pointing out the waiting mountain train. "Have the porter transfer our dunnage, and I'll be with you as soon as I can send a wire or two."

he saw the yard crew cutting out the Rosemary, and had a glimpse of Miss Virginia clinging to the hand-rail and enjoying enthusiastically, he fancied. On the way across the broad platform her first view of the mighty hills to the westward.

The temptation to let the telegraphing wait while he went to say good-morning to her was strong, but he resisted it and hastened the more for the hesitant thought. Nevertheless, when he reached the telegraph office, he found Mr. Somerville Darrah and his secretary there ahead of him, and he remarked that the explosive gentleman who presided over the destinies of the Colorado & Grand River appeared to be in a more than usually volcanic frame of mind.

Now Winton, though new to the business of building railroads for the Utah Short Line, was not new to Denver or Colorado. Hence when the Rajah, followed by his secretarial shadow, had left the office, Winton spoke to the operator as to a friend.

"What is the matter with Mr. Darrah,

But if Winton could have been an eavesdropper behind the door of Superintendent Colbert's office on the second floor of the Union depot, his doubts would have been resolved instantly.

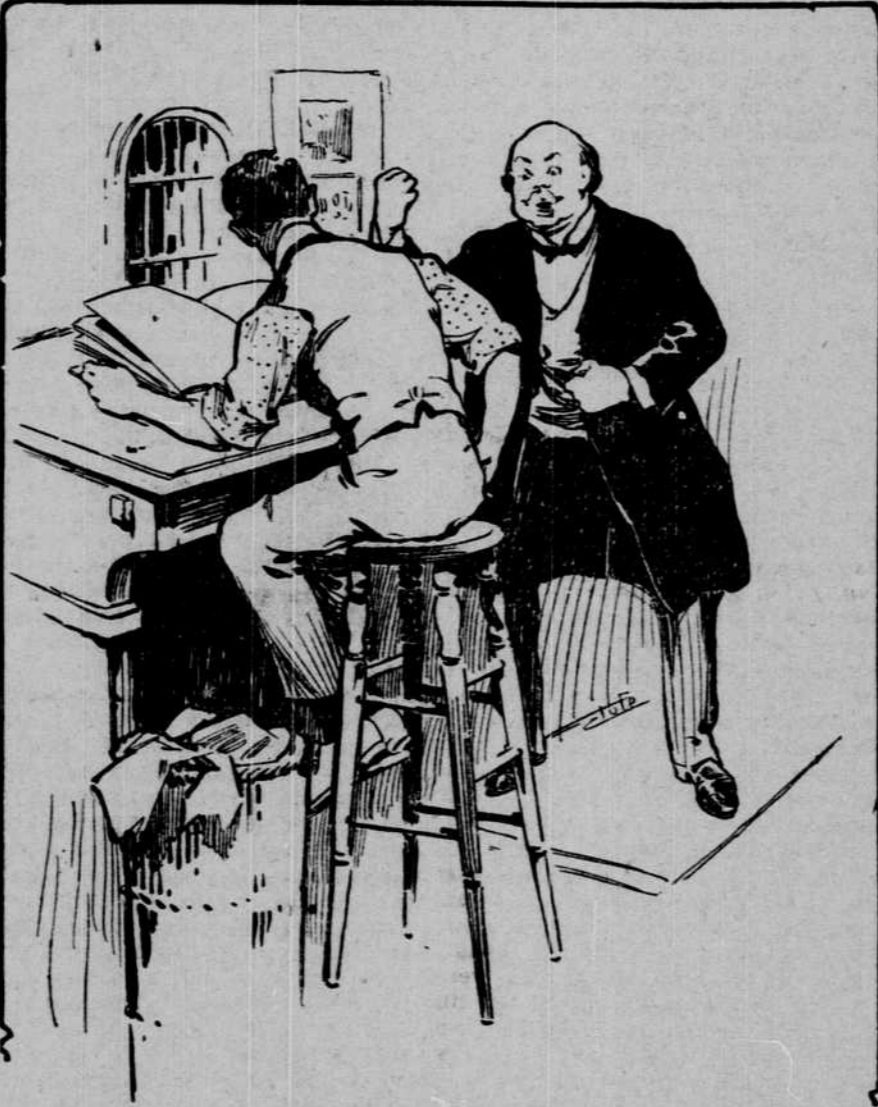
The telegraph operator's guess went straight to the mark. Mr. Darrah was "raising particular sand" because his wire order for a special engine had not been obeyed to the saving of the ultimate second of time. But between his objections on that score, he was rasping out questions designed to exhaust the chief clerk's store of information concerning the status of affairs at the seat of war.

"Will you inform me, seh, why I wasn't wired that this beggably appeal was going against us?" he demanded, wrathfully. "What's that you say, seh? Don't tell me you couldn't know what the decision of the court was going to be before it was handed down; that's what you-all are heah for—to find out these things! And what is all this about Majah Ewats' resigning, and the Utah's sending east for a professional right-of-way fightah to take his place? Who is this new man? Don't know? Dammit, seh! It's your business to know! Now when do you faveh me with my engine?"

Thus the Rajah; and the chief clerk, himself known from end to end of the Colorado & Grand River as a queller of men, could only point out of the window where the Rosemary stood engine and equipped for the race, and say, meekly: "I'm awfully sorry you've been delayed, Mr. Darrah; very sorry, indeed. But your car is ready now. Shall I go along to be on hand if you need me?"

"No, seh!" stormed the irate master; and the chief clerk's face became instantly expressive of the keenest relief. "You stay right heah and see that the wires to Quatz Creek are kept open—wide open, seh. And when you get an order from me—for an engine, a regiment of the National Gya'd, or a trainload of white elephants—you fill it. Do you understand, seh?"

Meantime, while this scene was getting itself enacted in the superintendent's office, a mild fire of consternation was alight in the gathering room of the Rosemary. As we have guessed, Winton's packet of mail was not the only one which was delivered by special arrangement that morning to the incoming "Limited" at the yard registering station. There had been another, addressed to Mr. Somerville



"DON'T KNOW?"

Tom? He seems to be uncommonly vindictive this morning."

The man of dots and dashes nodded. "He's always crankier this time than he was the other. He's a holy terror, the Rajah is. I wouldn't work on his road for a farm down east—not if my job took me within cussing distance of him. Bet a hen worth \$50 he is up in Mr. Colbert's office right now, raising particular sand because his special engine wasn't standing here ready to snatch his private car on the fly, so's to go on without losing headway."

Winton's eyes narrowed, and he let his writing hand pause while he said: "So he travels special from Denver, does he?"

"On his own road?—well, I should smile. Nothing is too good for the Rajah; or too quick, when he happens to be in a hurry. I wonder he didn't have the T. C. pull him special from Kansas City."

Winton headed in his batch of telegrams and went his way reflectively.

What was Mr. Somerville Darrah's particular rush? As set forth by Adams, the plans of the party in the Rosemary contemplated nothing more hasty than a leisurely trip to the Pacific coast—a pleasure jaunt with a winter sojourn in California to lengthen it. Why, then, this sudden change from "Limited" regular trains to unlimited specials? Was there fresh news from the seat of war in Quartz Creek canyon? Of Winton was in Quartz Creek canyon? Of Winton was in Quartz Creek canyon?

He had his budget as well; and so far as his own advices went, matters were still as they had been. A letter from the Utah attorneys in Carbonate assured him that the injunction appeal was not yet decided, and another from Chief of Construction Ewats concerned itself chiefly with the major's desire to know when he was to be relieved.

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BLACKBERRYING.

While lying in the rifle pits, one day, before Port Hudson, says a writer in the *Victor*, I witnessed the coolest performance I ever saw during the war. Just across the road from where I lay, behind a cotton bale, was a regular jungle of blackberries, and they were nice ones, so very nice as to tempt the appetite of a soldier, so that he was bound to have some of them at all events. So out he went for the berries; but not long was he permitted to eat undisturbed, for he

Darrah; and when he had opened it there had been a volcanic explosion and a hurried dash for the telegraph office, as recorded.

Sifted out by the Reverend Billy, and explained by him to Mrs. Carteret and Bessie, the firing spark of the explosion appeared to be some news of an untoward character from a place vaguely designated as "the front."

"It seems that there is some sort of a right-of-way scrimmage going on up in the mountains between our road and the Utah Short Line," said the young man. "It was carried into the courts, and now it turns out that the decision has gone against us."

"How perfectly horrid!" said Miss Bessie. "Now I suppose we shall have to stay here indefinitely while Uncle Somerville does things." And placid Mrs. Carteret added, plaintively: "It's too bad! I think they might let him have one little vacation in peace."

"Who talks of peace?" quoth Virginia, driven in from her post of vantage on the observation platform by the smoke from the switching engine. "Didn't I see Uncle Somerville charging across to the telegraph office with war written out large in every line of him?"

"I am afraid you did," affirmed the Reverend Billy; and thereupon the explanation was rehearsed for Virginia's benefit.

The brown eyes flashed militant sympathy.

"Oh, I wish Uncle Somerville would go to the front; wherever that is, and take us along!" she cried. "It would be ever so much better than California."

The Reverend William laughed; and Aunt Martha put in her word of expostulation, as in duty bound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE WITH BANANAS.

A Delicious Souffle, Nice Pudding, Fine Baked Fruit, Banana Batter, Banana Trifle.

Banana Souffle.—Four bananas, the juice of one lemon, two ounces of corn flour, one pint of milk, vanilla to taste, two ounces of lump sugar, quarter of a pint of water, four eggs. If possible use a white china souffle mold. Tie a band of buttered paper around the outside about an inch higher than the top of the mold. Put the lump sugar and water and a squeeze of lemon juice into a small pan. Let the sugar dissolve; then boil the sirup for a few minutes. Peel and slice the bananas and cook them slowly in the sirup for five to ten minutes; then rub them through a sieve. Put the milk in a pan on the fire. Mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk. When the milk boils pour in the corn flour and stir it over the fire till it boils and becomes thick. Let it cool slightly, then add to it the beaten yolks of the eggs. Whip the whites to a stiff froth. Add the banana pulp lightly to the mixture, and lastly, stir in the whites. Pour the mixture into the souffle mold and bake it in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes, until it feels spongy and is well puffed up. Remove the band of paper carefully and serve the souffle as quickly as possible in the mold.

Banana Pudding.—Four bananas, one ounce of butter, the yolks of three eggs, two ounces of loaf sugar, a little lemon juice, one tablespoonful of cake crumbs, quarter of a pint of water, and about three ounces of any kind of pastry. Roll out the pastry and line a deep pie dish neatly with it. Put the sugar in a small saucepan with the water and a squeeze of lemon juice. Let the sugar dissolve and then boil it for a few minutes. Peel the bananas, slice them, and let them simmer in the sirup for ten minutes. Next either mash them smoothly with a fork or rub them through a sieve. Beat up the yolks; melt the butter gently, then stir it into the yolks. Lastly, add the banana pulp and a tablespoonful of cake crumbs to the yolks. Mix all well together. Pour the mixture into the lined dish, and bake it in a quick oven for about 20 minutes, or until it feels lightly set in the center.

Baked Bananas.—Six bananas, two ounces of butter, one ounce of caster sugar, half a lemon. Put the butter and sugar into a small enamel saucepan, and put it at the side of the stove for the sugar to dissolve slowly; then strain into it the juice of half a lemon. Peel the bananas and lay them in a fireproof dish or dishpan. Pour over the butter, etc. Put the dish in the oven for about 20 minutes. Baste the bananas frequently with the butter. Serve them hot.

Bananas in Batter.—Four bananas batter as for pancakes, half an ounce of butter. Peel the bananas and cut each in half lengthways, then once across, so that each banana is cut in four pieces. Melt the butter in a deep baking tin, such as could be used for Yorkshire pudding, then brush it over the tin. Arrange the bananas at equal distances on the tin. Pour over the batter prepared in exactly the same way as for pancakes. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Serve it either whole or cut in slices and dusted with caster sugar.

Banana Trifle.—Six bananas, one orange, half a lemon, jam, six small sponge cakes, half a pint of custard, half a pint of cream, one ounce of glace cherries, a piece of angelica. Peel the bananas and cut them into quarters lengthways. Cut the cakes in four slices and spread each with jam. Grate the rind of the lemon. Peel the orange and cut it into small dice, taking out all the pits. Put a layer of the cakes in a glass dish. Then two spoonfuls of custard, next a layer of banana and a little lemon and orange dice; next more cake, and so on, piling it up nicely. Pour over the rest of the custard. Whip the cream stiffly, flavor it nicely with sugar and vanilla, and heap it all over the top. Decorate it prettily with the cherries cut in halves and thin strips of angelica. If a less expensive dish is required, use the whipped whites of three eggs instead of the cream. Be sure to sweeten and flavor it carefully.—Chicago Tribune.

The Drains.
The dog days are days to watch the drains. It behooves the brave wife to lend them her personal supervision in kitchen and bathroom. In the former apartment scalding water and washing soda must be poured down the sink drain each day. This effectually will wash away all greasy deposits and prevent odors. Even greater care should be exercised in the bathroom. To destroy injurious germs all the pipes should be thoroughly flushed each morning with boiling hot water. At night there may be sprinkled into each pipe a large spoonful of chloride of lime, a can of which may be kept in the bathroom for the purpose of a shelf far above the reach of the children. The attention given night and morning to drains takes little time, and not only lends freshness and sweetness to the household atmosphere but may thereby prevent serious illness.

Kitchen Notes.
When cleaning the kitchen range wash off all grease spots with soap and water. Mix the stove polish with turpentine and use a flannel cloth for the plain parts, this produces a deeper polish, and is much easier work. Steel can be kept bright by rubbing it every day. If any part has become rusty through neglect rub it with sand-paper and polish with sweet oil and whitening.

Fried Parsnips.
Select fresh, sweet parsnips, wash and scrape, cut in three-fourths-inch cubes, soak in cold water an hour, drain thoroughly; egg, then crumb; repeat several times; drop into deep fat which is smoking around the edges only; fry a good brown; drain on brown paper.

A Distinction, Indeed.
Tufts is not a large college, but it earns distinction by conferring no honorary degrees—and thus escaping the distinction of conferring no foolish ones.—New Bedford Standard.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

In making fruit pie be sure to have a small opening in the center of the crust, and keep it clear with an earthenware or paper funnel.

In cases of inflammation of the stomach and bowels, try cloths wrung out of hot water in which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been put.

As canvas shoes can now be had in different colors to match the dress, preparation can be bought, pink, blue, red, gray, and black, as well as white, for cleaning and retinting when the shoes become soiled or faded.

The little red blood veins which sometimes show in the face are often caused by exposure of the skin to strong cold winds. Applications of warm wet cloths until the skin feels soft, and a gentle rubbing with good cold cream, into which a little distilled witch hazel has been beaten, will remedy the trouble.

If alum is added to the paste used in covering boxes with paper or muslin moth and mice will avoid them.

If hooks for bathroom, kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint there will be no trouble from rust. If candles in warm weather are kept in the refrigerator for two or three days they will not burn away so quickly when they come to be used.

Cold asparagus placed on crisp lettuce leaves and covered with mayonnaise or French dressing is now a popular and refreshing salad.

When the collar of handsome linen or batiste blouses becomes slightly soiled, it may be cleaned with a little naphtha or benzine in the same manner as those of silk or satin. With this process the collar does not need pressing. Such waists never look as handsome after they are laundered.

To freshen stale rolls, wrap them in a wet napkin and place in the oven until the napkin is dry. Another way is to wrap them in a dry napkin and place in a steamer, over boiling water. Do not let the rolls get too damp. Cake may be freshened in either of these ways.

When tired physically stop work, if only for a few minutes, and throw yourself flat on your back on a couch, bed or floor, if nothing else is handy, and rest so for five or ten minutes, every muscle relaxed, the eyes lazily closed, and the mind resting dreamily with the body. Such a rest, if taken before you are completely exhausted by your work, will send you back with fresh vigor and renewed courage, as well as a rested and refreshed body and brain.

WHEN MOUNTING SEAWEEDS

Arrange the Seaweed on the Paper Under Water, Making Use of Camel's Hair Brush.

To prepare seaweeds for mounting, float each specimen on the surface of a bowl of water, and then slip under it the paper on which it is to be mounted. If the paper is not stiff, it may be held with a piece of glass under it, or a piece of perforated tin, to allow the water to drain through. Arrange the seaweed on the paper under water, using a camel's hair brush, and cut away with a pair of scissors any unnecessary parts.

This having been done carefully, lift out paper and weed together, lay the paper on a piece of blotting paper, put a piece of linen over the weed, on top of that a piece of blotting paper, and then put under pressure as directed in handling the other specimens, leaving them for four or five days to get thoroughly dry. You may change the blotting paper, and use it again after drying.

Most seaweeds will adhere to the paper of themselves, but some specimens will require a little mullage.

A herbarium started in this way will give great pleasure to the collector, and it may be added to year after year, not even despising the pretty wild flowers that may be found in every part of the country.

PRETTY TAM O'SHANTER.

This Is Nice Work to Pick Up of a Lazy Summer Afternoon on the Veranda.

Material: One skein Fleisher's knitting worsted, medium size hook.

Chain 3, join, fill with ten single crochet stitches.

Second row—Two stitches in every one.

Third row—Two stitches in every other one.

Increase at intervals, enough to keep the work flat, making the top as large as desired (about nine inches in diameter); work last five rows plain. Decrease 1, every tenth stitch, continue to decrease slowly (by skipping a stitch), keeping it even with the top, leaving 18 inches or more for the head. Finish with a band of eight plain rows. Make a pompon for the top.—Boston Budget and Beacon.

Spice Cake.

Three-quarters cupful of sugar, one-half cup of sour cream, one-third cupful of butter, one and one-half cups (scant) of flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of seeded raisins, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon. Rub the sugar and the butter together, add the yolks of the eggs, then the sour cream, then the soda, which must be dissolved in hot water, then the spices, raisins and flour, and last of all the whites of the eggs well beaten. Before putting the raisins in, roll them in flour.

Washington Pie.

Four eggs (beaten light), one and one-half cups of sugar, beat two or three minutes; one and one-half cups flour, teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup hot water.

Filling—Whites of two eggs (beaten stiff), one and one-half cups sugar; beat again; two sour apples (grated), and beat again. The more you beat it, the better it is. Put between pies and on top. This makes two pies.

Chocolate Taffy.
Three pounds of white sugar, one cupful of water, one-half cupful cider vinegar, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, six tablespoonfuls grated chocolate; put all together in a brass or granite kettle; boil without stirring until a little dropped in water is crisp; pour on buttered dishes, and when cold enough to handle, pull.

The French Revolution and Present Conditions in Russia

Striking Similarity of the Oppression Suffered by the Masses—Vacillating King and Vacillating Czar—"The Great Fear"

We count things from the French revolution, reckon from before and after that tremendous epoch. This is reasonable; it is superficial, however, every time a country shows a tempest in a teapot to draw parallels of the agitation therein and the great revolution that overturned France. The country we shall speak of, Russia, is not to be classed with those momentarily disturbed by little ripples of unrest; present conditions in Russia, the sinister aspect of the people, bear striking likeness to conditions in France just before the storm burst.

We find in France prior to the revolution oppressive war taxes, a prodigious court—sharpest contrast of luxury and miserable poverty—a corrupt clergy, the nation's prestige weakened by defeat in war, and then as climax, a weak and vacillating monarch. Russia's humiliation at the hands of Japan has shown the ignorant Russian peasants that their Little Father is not

or be fired by revolutionary views, the regiments have been shut up in barracks. The finding of revolutionary literature in the quarters of the Novocherkasky regiment has led to the regiment being broken up and members apportioned to places outside St. Petersburg.



Danton, One of the Popular Leaders in the French Revolution.

that the immorality, wastefulness, extravagance and tyranny of the nobles class in France has perhaps never been paralleled save by the Russian aristocracy; and the ignorance of the French peasant perhaps no more than that of the Russian peasant to-day. Raised from serfdom only in 1861, making use only of crude methods of agriculture, heavy obligations imposed upon him, the Russian peasant lives like a beast.

The splendor of Louis's court was unrivaled, for the magnificence and idleness and gayety the poor peasants paid in taxes and tithes. The Russians of to-day boast that St. Petersburg possesses the most splendid and gayest court in Europe. In contrast to this we have Maxim Gorky's awful pictures of the beastly life of the masses, we have the knouted wretch, the massacred Jew.

Where such contrasts prevail anarchy lifts its head, the assassin's hand attempts justice. And the world stands in constant expectation of



Necker, Minister Dismissed by Louis XVI.

news such as that cried recently on Chicago streets by a conscienceless vendor of saffron newspaper: "Czar Is Killed! St. Petersburg Blown Up!"

The czar has dismissed the duma. You recall what happened when King Louis, influenced by the ultra conservatives and the reactionary members of the royal family, had dismissed Necker and concentrated troops in Paris. In Paris, here and there over the country, insurrectionary movements broke out, the country was swept by "The Great Fear." A mob of hungry women marched to Versailles, the royal family saved just in time by Lafayette and the national guard. Emigres fled from the land, the royal family tried to make escape, were discovered and brought back to the capital. The idea of a monarchy became more and more unpopular, radical views became more radical, the mob of Paris began to be used as a political force. The spirit grew to frenzy, the Tuilleries were stormed, the Swiss Guards massacred. The royal family was placed under surveillance in the Temple. Then, the next step in the story of the ill-fated family, the king is brought to trial; for alleged acts of treason against the nation sentence of death is passed, is carried out.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.



Pobiedonosteff, Representing the Clergy.

missioned officers and 30 troopers, of the horse guards, also some non-commissioned officers of other guard regiments, were seized and put in prison, their place of imprisonment most carefully sentinelled. That members of these suspected regiments may not mingle freely with the people, spread

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

