

Children and Stars.

Nature study, which has been transformed in a majority of cases into nature recreation, has extended to a great variety of subjects...

Good-By to the Cowboys.

Land office officials tell us that the young farmers of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Illinois are doing most of the homesickness these days...

Places for the Graduates.

About 40,000 young men and women just graduated from the universities and colleges of the country are now confronted with the question, "What are we to do in life?"

An English periodical, the Bystander, says New York's "Four Hundred" is made up of people who lack refinement and adds that there is no such thing as culture in America.

King Edward has declined with thanks an invitation to visit Canada. Is Edward to be numbered among those people who are afraid that if they take vacations their jobs will not be there when they get back home?

The man who said the more he saw of men the better he thought of dogs must have been greatly pleased to read the story about the Newfoundland land dog that swam out to where two boys were drowning a day or two ago...

King Alfonso is a good deal of a pedestrian. That is, he can walk Spanish.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

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

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Why, my dear Virginia—the idea! You don't know in the least what you are talking about. I have been reading in the papers about these right-of-way troubles, and they are perfectly terrible. One report said they were arming the laboring men, and another said the militia might have to be called out."

"Well, what of it?" said Virginia, with all the hardihood of youth and unknowledge. "It's something like a burning building; one doesn't want to be hard-hearted and rejoice over other people's misfortunes; but then, if it has to burn, one would like to be there to see."

Miss Bessie put a stray lock of the flaxen hair under its proper comb. "I'm sure I prefer California and the orange groves and peace," she asserted. "Don't you, Cousin Billy?"

What Mr. Calvert would have replied is no matter for this history, since at this precise moment the rajah came in, "cousinaging," as Virginia put it, from his late encounter with the superintendent's chief clerk.

"Give them the word to go, Jastrow, and let's get out of here," he commanded. And when the secretary had vanished the Rajah made his explanations to all and sundry. "I've been obliged in a manner to change our itinerary. Another company is trying to fault us up in Quatz Creek canyon, and I am in a measurably compelled to be on the ground. We shall be delayed only a few days, I hope; at the worst only until the first snowstorm comes; and, in the meantime, California won't run away."

Virginia linked arms with Bessie the flaxen-haired when the wheels began to turn.

"We are off," she said. "Let's go out on the platform and see the last of Denver."

It was while they were clinging to the hand-rail and looking back upon the jumble of railway activities out of which they had just emerged that the Rosemary, gaining headway, overtook another moving train running smoothly on a track parallel to that upon which the private car was speeding.

It was the narrow-gauge mountain connection of the Utah line, and Winton and Adams were on the rear platform of the last car. So it chanced that the four of them were presently waving their adieux across the wind-blown interspace. In the midst of it, or rather at the moment when the Rosemary, gathering speed as the lighter of the two trains, forged ahead, the Rajah came out to light his cigar.

He took in the little tableau of the rear platforms at a glance, and when the slower train was left behind asked a question of Virginia.

"Ah—wasn't one of those two the young gentleman who called on you yesterday afternoon, my dear?" Virginia admitted it.

"Could you favor me with his name?"

"He is Mr. Morton P. Adams, of Boston."

"Ah—; and his friend—the young gentleman who laid his hand to our plow and put the engine on the track last night?"

"He is Mr. Winton—a—an artist, I believe; at least, that is what I gathered from what Mr. Adams said of him."

Mr. Somerville Darrah laughed, a slow little laugh deep in his throat.

"Bless you innocent soul—he a picuh-painter? Not in a thousand years, my dear Virginia. He is a railroad man, and a right good one at that. Faveh me with the name again; Winteh, did you say?"

"No; Winton—Mr. John Winton."

"D-d-devil!—gritted the Rajah, smiting the hand-rail with his clenched fist. "Hab! I beg your pardon, my deahs—a meah slip of the tongue." And then, to the full as savagely, "By heaven, I hope that train will fly the track and ditch him before ever he comes within ordering distance of the work in Quatz Creek canyon!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville—how vindictive!" cried Virginia. "Who is he, and what has he done?"

"He is Misteh John Winton, as you informed me just now; one of the brainiest constructing engineers in this entiah country, and the hardest man in this or any other country to down in a right-of-way fight—that's who he is. And it's not what he's done, my deah Virginia, it's what he is going to do. If I can't get him killed up out of our way,—but here Mr. Darrah saw the growing terror in two pairs of eyes, and realizing that he was committing himself before an unsympathetic audience, beat a hasty retreat to his stronghold at the other end of the Rosemary."

"Well!" said the flaxen-haired Bessie, catching her breath. But Virginia laughed.

"I'm glad I'm not Mr. Winton," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

Morning in the highest highlands of the Rockies, a morning clear, cold and tense, with a bell-like quality in the frosty air to make the cracking of a snow-laden fir bough resound like a pistol shot. For Denver and the dwellers on the eastern plain the sun is an hour high; but the hamlet mining camp of Argentine, with its dovecot railway station and two-pronged siding, still lies in the steel blue depths of the canyon shadow.

In a scanty widening of the main canyon a few hundred yards below the station a grader's camp of rude slab shelters is turning out its horde of wild-looking Italians; and on a crooked spur track fronting the shanties blue wood smoke is curling lazily upward from the kitchen car of a construction train.

All night long the Rosemary, drawn by the speediest of mountain-climbing locomotives, had stormed onward and upward from the valley of the Grand, through black defiles and around the shrugged shoulders of the mighty peaks to find a resting-place in the white-robed dawn on the siding at Argentine.

By Jove! you are right; they have armed the track force. The new chief of construction doesn't mean to take any chances of being shaken loose by force. Here they come."

The end of track of the new line was diagonally across the creek from the Rosemary's berth and a short pistol shot farther down stream. But to advance it to a point opposite the private car, and to gain the altitude of the high embankment directly across from the station, the new line turned short out of the main canyon at the mouth of the intersecting gorge, describing a long, U-shaped curve around the head of the lateral ravine and doubling back upon itself to reenter the canyon proper at the higher elevation.

The curve which was the beginning of this U-shaped loop was the morning's scene of action, and the Utah track layers, 200 strong, moved to the front in orderly array, with armed guards as flankers for the hand-car load of rail which the men were pushing up the grade.

Jastrow darted into the car, and a moment later his place on the observation platform was taken by a wrathful industry comel fresh from his dressing-room—so fresh, indeed, that he was coatless, hatless, and collarless, and with the dripping bath sponge clutched like a missile to hurl at the impudent invaders on the opposite side of the canyon.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jastrow! Faveh me instantly, seh! Hustle up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him I have a writ for him to serve. Run, seh!"

The secretary appeared and disappeared like a marionette when the string was being jerked by a vigorous hand, and Virginia smiled—this without prejudice to a very acute appreciation of the grave possibilities which were preparing themselves. But having her share of the militant quality



READING THE WARRANT.

look upon—high-bred, queenly and just now with the fine fire of enthusiasm to quicken her pulses and to send the rare flush to neck and cheek.

Jastrow, the cold-eyed, the business automaton set to go off with a click at Mr. Somerville Darrah's touch, had ambitions not automatic. Some day he meant to put the world of business under foot as a conqueror, standing triumphant on the apex of that pyramid of success which the Mr. Somerville Darrahs were so successfully up-rearing. When that day should come, there would need to be an establishment, a menage, a queen for the kingdom of success. Summing her up for the hundredth time since the beginning of the westward flight, he thought Miss Carteret would fill the requirements passing well.

But this was a divagation, and he pulled himself back to the askings of the moment, agreeing with her again without reference to his private convictions.

"For one, I should have said," he amended. "We mean to have it that way, though an unprejudiced onlooker might be foolish enough to say that there is a pretty good present prospect of two."

But Miss Carteret was in a contradictory mood. Moreover, she was a woman, and the way to a woman's confidence does not lie through the neutral country of easy compliance.

"If you won't take the other side, I will," she said. "There will be two."

Jastrow acquiesced a second time. "I shouldn't wonder. Our competitor's road seems to be only a question of time—a very short time, judging from the number of men turning out in the track gang down yonder."

Virginia leaned over the railing to look past the car and the dovecot station, shading her eyes to shut out the snow-blink from the sun-fired peaks.

which made her uncle what he is, she stood her ground.

"Aren't you afraid you will take cold, Uncle Somerville?" she asked, archly; and the Rajah came suddenly to a sense of his incompleteness and went in to finish his ablutions against the opening of the battle actual.

At first Virginia thought she would follow him. When Mercury Jastrow should return with the officer of the law there would be trouble of some sort, and the woman in her shrank from the witnessing of it. But at the same instant the blood of the fighting Carterets asserted itself and she resolved to stay.

"I wonder what uncle hopes he is able to do?" she mused. "Will a little town constable with a bit of signed paper from some justice of the peace be mighty enough to stop all that furious activity over there? It's more than incredible."

From that she fell to watching the activity and the orderly purpose of it. A length of steel, with men clustering like bees upon it, would slide from its place on the hand-car to fall with a frosty clang on the cross ties. Instantly the hammermen would pounce upon it. One would fall upon hands and knees to "sight" it into place; a quartette, working like the component parts of a faultless mechanism, would tap the fixing spikes into the wood; and then at a signal a dozen of the heavy pointed hammers swung aloft and a rhythmic volley of resounding blows clamped the rail into permanence on its wooden bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD PAINTER'S IDEAS.

The autumn season is coming more and more to be recognized as a most suitable time for housepainting. There is no frost deep in the wood to make trouble for even the best job of painting, and the general seasoning of the summer has put the wood into good condition in every way.

NEAR DEATH THROUGH SNAKE
Sleepers Awake to Find Monster Coiled Around His Neck.

F. E. Feve, an employe of the Northern Electric, had a thrilling experience with a snake Tuesday morning. Feve with two companions occupies a tent made out of gunny sacks in the western portion of Oroville.

Convenient English.

"We become accustomed to a phrase," observed an educator at a teachers' convention, "but when we introduce a new one along exactly the same lines, it startles the hearer."

Preach from Automobiles.

A novel method of preaching the gospel was recently tried in France with striking success. Pastor Delatre from Roame (Reformed church), in company with Pastor Salntoin, of the Baptist church, in Paris, visited with an automobile the departments of Loire, Rhone, Alier, Saone et Loire, within a radius of about 90 miles.

AN OLD TIMER.

Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum Food Coffee since it came upon the market 5 years ago knows from experience the necessity of using Postum in place of coffee. It one values health and a steady brain.

"She says: 'At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum, and got a sample and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.'

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly. I persuaded him to shift to Postum and it was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him."

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate or depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach. To make a long story short our entire family have now used Postum for eight years with completely satisfactory results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner.

Gossip from the Capital

GATHERED BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Interesting Chatter of Men and Events at Washington—Secretary Root's Tour of South American Countries—Annual Housecleaning at the White House—Other Things.



WASHINGTON.—The reception accorded Secretary of State Root at the Pan-American congress at Rio Janeiro and the cordiality exhibited wherever he has landed in South America are regarded as omens of success for his unprecedented tour.

FROM THIS THE PRESIDENT ESCAPES.

The annual house cleaning is now in progress at the White House. It would require an expert mathematician to figure out just how many coats of paint, how many yards of plastering and how much expenditure of money there have been lavished upon this historic old building.

STANFORD WHITE AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

The recent tragic death of Architect White, who was shot by Harry K. Thaw, attracted unusual attention in Washington because he was of the firm of architects that made the plans for the renovation of the old White House.

THE NUMBER OF ANARCHISTS INCREASING.

Considerable alarm is felt in official circles over the rapidly increasing number of anarchists that are finding their way to the United States. The immigration authorities are of the opinion that unless something is done by treaty or otherwise, the United States will soon be overrun by this undesirable class.

ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S FAITHFUL EMPLOYEES.

Uncle Sam has in his employ a landscape gardener who, for 35 years, has been engaged in beautifying the public parks and reservations in Washington. In the recent report of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds Bromwell, this faithful servitor is recommended for a promotion in the point of salary.