

# A FOOL FOR LOVE

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## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Not such a bad day, considering the newness of us and the bridge at the head of the gulch," he said, half to himself. And then more pointedly to the foreman: "Bridgebuilders to the front at the first crack of dawn, Mike. Why wasn't this break filled in the grading?"

"Sure, sorr, 'tis a drain it is," said the Irishman; "from the placer up beyond," he added, pointing to a washed-out excavation on the steep upper slope of the mountain. "Major Everts did be tellin' us we'd have the lawyers after us hot-fut again if we didn't be lavin' it open the full width."

"Mmph," said Adams, looking the ground over with a critical eye. "It's a bad bit. It wouldn't take much to bring that whole slide down on us if it wasn't frozen solid. Who owns the placer?"

"Two fellies over in Carbonate. The company did be thyrin' to buy the claim, but the sharps wouldn't sell—bein' put up to hold it by thim C. & G. R. divils. It's more trouble we've be havin' here, I'm thinkin'."

While they lingered a shrill whistle echoing among the cliffs of the upper gorge like an eldritch laugh announced the coming of a train from the direction of Carbonate. Adams looked at it with a frown.

"I'd like to know what that is," he mused. "It's two hours too soon for the accommodation. By Jove!"

The exclamation directed itself at a one-car train which came thundering down the canyon to pull in on the siding beyond the Rosemary. The car was a passenger coach, well lighted, and from his post on the embankment Adams could see armed men filling the windows. Michael Branagan saw them, too, and the fighting Celt in him rose to the occasion.

"'Tis Donnybrook Fair we've come to this time, Mister Adams. Shall I call up the b'ys wid their guns?"

"Not yet. Let's wait and see what happens."

What happened was a peaceful sortie. Two men, each with a kit of some kind borne in a sack, dropped from the car, crossed the creek and struggled up the hill through the unbridged gap. Adams waited until they were fairly on the right of way, then he called down to them.

"Halt, there! you two. This is corporation property."

"Not much it ain't!" retorted one of the trespassers, gruffly. "It's the drain-way from our placer up yonder."

"What are you going to do up there at this time of night?"

"None o' your blame business!" was the explosive counter-shout.

"Perhaps it isn't," said Adams, mildly. "Just the same, I'm thirsting to know. Call it vulgar curiosity if you like."

"All right, you can know, and be cussed to you. We're goin' to work our claim. Got anything to say against it?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Adams; and when the twain had disappeared in the upper darkness he went down the grade with Branagan and took his place on the man-loaded flats for the run to the construction camp, thinking more of the lately arrived car with its complement of armed men than of the two miners who had calmly announced their intention of working a placer claim on a high mountain, without water, and in the dead of winter! By which it will be seen that Mr. Morton P. Adams, C. E. Inst. Tech. Boston, had something yet to learn in the matter of practical field work.

By the time Ah Foo had served him his solitary supper in the dinkey he had quite forgotten the incident of the mysterious placer miners. Worse than that, it had never occurred to him to connect their movements with the Rajah's plan of campaign. On the other hand, he was thinking altogether of the carload of armed men, and trying to devise some means of finding out how they were to be employed in furthering the Rajah's designs.

The means suggested themselves after supper, and he went alone over to Argentine to spend a half-hour in the bar of the dance hall listening to the gossip of the place. When he had learned what he wanted to know, he forthrightly to meet Winton at the incoming train.

"We are in for it now," he said, when they had crossed the creek to the dinkey and the Chinaman was bringing Winton's belated supper. "The Rajah has imported a carload of armed mercenaries, and he is going to clean us all out to-morrow; arrest everybody from the gang foreman up."

Winton's eyebrows lifted. "So that is a pretty large contract. Has he men enough to do it?"

"Not so many men. But they are sworn-in deputies with the sheriff of the county in command—a posse, in fact. So he has the law on his side."

"Which is more than he had when he set a thug on me this afternoon at Carbonate," said Winton, sourly; and he told Adams about the misunderstanding in the lobby of the Buckingham.

The technologist whistled under his breath. "By Jove! that's pretty rough. Do you suppose the Rajah dictated any such Lucretia Borgia thing as that?"

Winton took time to think about it and admitted a doubt, as he had not before. Believing Mr. Somerville Darrah fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils in his official capacity of vice president of a fighting corporation, he was none the less disposed to find excuses for Miss Virginia Carter's uncle.

"I did think so at first, but I guess it was only the misguided zeal of some understrapper. Of course, word has gone out all along the C. & G. R. line that we are to be delayed by every possible expedient."

But now Adams had also taken time to think, and he shook his head

warm within him. "It's just about as I expected; Morty didn't have anything whatever to do with it—except to sign and send it as she commanded him to." And the penciled sheet was folded carefully and filed in permanence in the inner breast pocket of his brown duck shooting coat.

The moon was rising behind the eastern mountain when he extinguished the candle and went out, leaving lay the chaotic construction camp buried in silence and in darkness save for the lighted windows of the dinkey. He was not quite ready to go back to Adams, and after making a round of the camp and bidding the engine watchman keep a sharp lookout against a possible night surprise, he set out to walk over the newly laid track of the day.

Another half-hour had elapsed, and a waning moon was clearing the top-most crags of Pacific Peak when he came out on the high embankment opposite the Rosemary, having traversed the entire length of the lateral loop and inspected the trestle at the gulch head by the light of a blazing fir-branch.

The station with its two one-car trains, and the shacks of the little mining camp beyond, lay shimmering ghost-like in the new-born light of the moon. The engine of the sheriff's car was humming softly with a note like the distant swarming of bees, and from the dance hall in Argentine the snort of trombone and the tinkling clang of a cracked piano floated out upon the frosty night air.

Winton turned to go back. The windows of the Rosemary were all dark, and there was nothing to stay for. So he thought, at all events; but it he had not been musing abstractedly upon things widely separated from the present surroundings, he might have remarked two tiny stars of lantern light high on the placer ground above the embankment; or, falling the night, he might have heard the dull, measured slump of a churn-drill burrowing deep in the frozen earth of the slope.

As it was, a pair of brown eyes blinded him, and the tones of a voice sweeter than the songs of Oberon's sea maid filled his ears. Wherefore he neither saw nor heard; and taking the short cut across the mouth of the lateral gulch back to camp, he boarded the dinkey and went to bed without disturbing Adams.

The morning of the day to come broke clear and still, with the stars pale one by one at the pointing finger of the dawn, and the frost-rime lying thick and white like a snowfall of erect and glittering needles on iron and steel and wood.

Obedient to orders, the bridge build-

## The Automobile Seventy-Three Years Ago.



Hancock's steam-coach, which plied between London and Greenwich, resembled two stage-coaches on end, with a third compartment like a mail or luggage van. It was mentioned in the Parliamentary Report of 1833 as a machine in daily use on common roads. The Report continues, "Mr. Hancock reckons that with his carriage he could keep up a speed of ten miles per hour, without injury to the machine."

## To Abolish Wrecks.

### DEVICES INTENDED TO MAKE RAILROAD TRAVEL SAFER.

#### Inventions Recently Patented by an Indiana Man Which Are Hoped to Do Away Entirely with Present Despatching System.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Elmer E. Steiner, of Knightstown, has just patented two devices invented by him which he hopes will prevent many railroad accidents and make travel on trains much safer than it is at present.

Steiner's devices do away with the present despatching system and put in its stead an automatic system. He worked for two years on his inventions, and he thinks he has succeeded. He says his system has the following advantages:

It does away with all possibility of rear or head-on collisions, as each train crew knows at any time just where all the others are.

It is security against any train running into an open switch, as the register on each train shows whether the switch be open or closed.

It does away with telegraph operators, thus saving millions in salaries to the companies using it.

The system "cannot go to sleep at the instrument or the switch" and can work 24 hours a day without food, fatigue or pay.

Being purely mechanical, it is infallible, and cannot make a mistake or "misinterpret orders," and even if it could disaster would be impossible.

It does away with the necessity of making stops for any purpose except to take on or discharge passengers or freight.

"With the train reporting system," said Steiner, "a railroad may be equipped at regular intervals of any distance desired with stations in the track bed, each of these stations being connected by circuits of electric wires with the central office. Whenever a train passes over one of the stations it automatically registers the number of the train and the number of the station, so that the central despatcher can tell at any moment just where any train is.

"In addition, every switch on the

line is equipped with stations, and the minute a train enters a siding the despatcher will be notified by it by the automatic register of the number of the train. A switch is always registered open or closed, and if one is inadvertently left open the register will show it, and an approaching train can be advised of it from the central office."

With the intercommunicating system—his second device—attached, there is nothing left to be desired in a system of train despatching. By means of this system the central despatcher may communicate over an engineer, conductor or train crew, either while the train is standing still or moving, and in the same manner the crew can answer the orders. The system is so arranged that each train makes a constant circuit with the central office, and each train is constantly in a circuit with every other train on the same division. Thus one train crew can communicate with any other crew, and the register on one train will show just where every other train on the road is at any given time. An engineer can look at the register and

tell long before he reaches it if a switch which the train is approaching is open or closed, and he knows at a glance just how far ahead or behind him is any other train, in whichever direction it may be going.

The system would do away entirely with telegraph operators at way stations, so far as delivering and receiving orders are concerned. It would even be possible for trains to run under this system without a despatcher, as each train would know at any time where other trains were located. This, of course, would be impracticable, as it would give free rein to train crews to run too much at will.

Power for the system is furnished by either storage batteries or dynamos. Once installed the system would be inexpensive, as the first cost would be the greatest. It is adaptable to electric roads as well as to steam railroads.

Steiner, who is a rural mail-carrier, first began to think of his invention two years ago when he heard railroad men on a train discuss the problem of railroad accidents and their prevention. He then resolved to use his mechanical talent and ability in that direction, and he hopes that he will soon see the results of his labor in general use.

### SCENTS BURIED TREASURE.

#### Man Finds Mark of Vessel That May Have Held Gold.

Fort Worth, Tex.—While looking over his pasture in Reed county Mr. Dillard, who lives near Thord Springs, was attracted by a mound of fresh earth. Upon investigation it was discovered that a hole had been dug and at the bottom was the imprint of some kind of a vessel that had been removed.

The place is particularly marked, the excavation being in the center of four roughly hewn stones, set in a square and sunk almost out of sight in the earth. A short distance from this square is another stone with a hatchet sketched on its surface, directly to the place where the excavation was made.

Mr. Dillard says he had often noticed the stones, but supposed they were simply an old landmark. The

supposition is that the vessel contained money and the find may be connected with an old story that has been told in that section ever since it was first settled.

This story is that in the country between Comanche peak and Robinson creek a large quantity of gold had been buried by parties who on their return from the goldfields of California were attacked and killed by the Indians then infesting the country.

### Woman a Hermit 20 Years.

Trenton, O.—Kate Zimmerman, of Frazer street, who has been living alone in one room, refusing to have anything to do with other persons for 20 years, will be visited by the health officers to-morrow. According to the police report to-night, neighbors have complained. Charles Reighter takes her food in a basket, which she hauls up with a rope. It is believed the woman is a miser and that this accounts for her secrecy and strange manner of living.

### SEEK EDEN ON THE PACIFIC.

#### Self-Styled Adam Leads Band of Half Clad Followers.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—James F. Sharp, who says he is Adam, and a band of half clad followers numbering about 50, marched through the streets the other day from their abandoned camp outside the city. They are on their way to the Pacific coast. Sharp, as will be remembered, led a parade of nude persons through the streets here about a year ago, which resulted in several arrests and one of the band being sent to the asylum.

Sharp returned here a few weeks ago and established a camp east of town, where many of his followers went without clothing, under the belief that they were in the Garden of Eden. They were arrested time and time again, and fined.

In the parade through the streets were many little children, who had marched for eight miles without stopping, and were hardly able to walk. Covered wagons containing a dozen or more babies brought up the rear of the parade.

### Can't Refill This Bottle.

Washington.—A non-refillable bottle which is practicable, and which will protect the purity of bottled goods and prevent the bottles being again filled with spurious or impure articles, has been invented by C. R. Lott, of this city. For years efforts have been made to invent a non-refillable bottle, but without success until now. This bottle can be manufactured cheaply, and liquids can be poured from it freely.

### Kansas Town to Be Moved.

Topeka, Kan.—Ora J. Gould, founder of Englewood, Chicago, has begun the work of moving the town of Englewood, Clark county, one mile south of its present location. The Kansas town is in the center of Gould's 21,000-acre ranch and the quarter section on which it is located has a clouded title. It has a population of 450, and the new site of 240 acres is a gift of Mr. Gould, whose home is at Burlington, Iowa.

Don't look too high for Happiness; it's often in the middle of the road, where the breeze blows the blossoms.

### SICK FOR TEN YEARS.

#### Constant Backache, Dropsy and Severe Bladder Trouble.

Fred W. Harris, of Chestnut St., Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For over ten years I suffered from kidney disease. The third year my feet and hands would swell and remain puffed up for days at a time. I seemed to have a constant backache. Finally I got so bad that I was laid up in bed with several doctors in attendance. I thought surely I would die. I changed medicine and began using Doan's Kidney Pills when I was still in bed. The relief I found was so great that I kept on until I had taken about ten boxes. The kidney secretions became natural and after years of misery I was cured. I have increased in weight, and show no symptoms of my former trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### SECOND HAND MAIL BOXES.

#### Why a Little Village May Have Big Numbers in Its Post Office.

The man who was spending his summer vacation in the country was looking quizzically at the mail boxes in the rural post office.

"I did not know this was such a large place," he said. "I thought it had a population of only about 4,000, but the mail box numbers run much higher than that, and I don't suppose every one in town rents a box either."

The postmaster peered out of his little barred window.

"I can explain that," he said. "You see the country post offices never get new boxes, but we have those left over when the city establishments make over their offices and get new boxes. So you see lots of country places are bound to have high number boxes."

"Although our numbers run over 4,000, you won't find any less than 1,000, some other country post office drew the lower ones. I myself would rather get the big numbers, for it makes us seem like a bustling little city."

### Swords into a Plow.

During the centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876 the members of the Universal Peace union assembled to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the order.

A number of officers and descendants of officers gave their swords to be made into a plow as a symbol of peace. The weapons were afterward fashioned into a homely agricultural implement which, however, instead of being a plow, took the shape of the ordinary field cultivator.

This cultivator may now be seen in the hall at Geneva, Switzerland. Over it is an inscription giving the history of the implement.

### Rather Rough.

Above the stairway there flickered a candle and then a deep voice called from the shadows:

"Katherine, Katherine. Who is that sandpapering the wall this hour of the night?"

A long stillness and then:

"No one down here, father, dear. I guess it must be next door."

The candle vanished and then from the gloom of the parlor:

"George, you big goose, I told you never to call on me unless you had been shaved."

## Hasty Nervous Chewing of Food the Cause of Dyspepsia

If your teeth are fit, chew, chew, until the food is liquid and insists on being swallowed.

If teeth are faulty, soften Grape-Nuts with hot milk or cream, or allow to stand a minute soaking in cold cream.

"There's a reason," as follows:

Grape-Nuts food is in the form of hard and brittle granules, intended to be ground up by the teeth; that work not only preserves the teeth but brings down the saliva from the gums so necessary in the primary work of digestion.

Many people say (and it is true) that when they eat Grape-Nuts they seem able to digest not only that food but other kinds which formerly made trouble when eaten without Grape-Nuts.

Chew!!

"There's a reason" for

## Grape-Nuts

### HAS CURE FOR JUNGLE FEVER.

#### Dr. Senn Returns from Africa, Where He Studied All Phases of Malady.

Chicago.—Dr. Nicholas Senn, who has just returned from Africa, where he studied every phase of fever prevalent there, hopes to include in his forthcoming book some suggestions of great value in the treatment of the disease. He went to Beira, on the east coast of Africa, and journeyed up the Zambezi river into the country known as the death trap. Dr. Senn devoted himself especially to discovering some means of checking the disease in its incipient stages, its devastating effect being largely due to the fact that the symptoms have been allowed to develop unimpeded. Dr. Senn is said to have found some specific which strikes at the root of the malady to replace the copious doses of quinine which have been almost the sole medical agent used in the tropics.

Dr. Senn followed the course of Dr. Jameson and his raiders during the Boer war and studied the sturdy

Dutch settlers who made such a vigorous stand against the British government in South Africa.

### Beard Is Eight Feet Long.

Ortonville, Mich.—W. L. Guiles, of this place, is 58 years of age, and it is his proud boast that a razor has not touched his face in 20 years. During all this time his whiskers have continued to grow, and to-day they are a little over eight feet in length, about three feet of his remarkable hirsute adornment resting on the ground when he has his beard unfurled. The whiskers, however, occasion him little inconvenience, as he keeps them done up with hairpins under his chin except on rare occasions. As they are pinned in place for him at home and the process is an intricate and difficult one, he never lets his whiskers dangle outside of his own home circle, not because he isn't proud of the distinction he enjoys, but for the simple reason that he has not acquired the knack of getting his whiskers neatly back in place again.

Quarrels come easily enough without your going half-way to meet them.

## Monopolies Hit by Decision.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Judge Seaman administered a blow to monopolies in restraint of trade in his decision the other day in favor of the J. I. Case company in the "wind stacker" case.

The suit was brought by the Indiana Manufacturing company to recover royalties on a patent stacker. All thrashing machine makers have been compelled to pay royalties to the Indiana concern, which owns 200 patents. The Case company some time ago invented a stacker of its own and declined to continue the royalties.

Judge Seaman, in his decision, confined himself to the claim that the contract with the Indiana concern was in violation of the Sherman law. He held that the grant of a patent created a lawful monopoly, and continued:

"Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that the monopoly thus secured, to be immune from the anti-trust act, must be referable solely to the invention under the patent, and that a combination of licenses formed thereunder

### "IT'S JUST ABOUT AS I EXPECTED."

"I suppose I don't need to ask which one."

Adams' grin was a measure of his complacency. He was coming off easier than he had anticipated.

"Well, hardly."

"She took it away with her?"

"Took it, or tore it up, I forget which."

Winton's look was that of a man distressed.

"Tell me, Morty, was she very angry?"

The technologist took the last hint of laughter out of his eyes before he said solemnly: "You'll never know how thankful I was that you were 20 miles away."

Winton's cup was full, and he turned the talk abruptly to the industrial doings and accomplishments of the day.

Adams made a verbal report which led him by successive steps up to the twilight hour when he had stood with Branagan on the brink of the placer drain, but, strangely enough, there was no stirring of memory to recall the incident of the upward climbing miners.

When Winton rose he said something about mounting a night guard on the engine, which was kept under steam at all hours; and shortly afterwards he left the dinkey ostensibly to do it, declining Adams' offer of company. But once out-of-doors he climbed straight to the operator's tent on the snow-covered slope. Carter had turned in, but he sat up in his bunk at the noise of the intrusion, blinking sleepily at the flare of Winton's match.

"That you, Mr. Winton? Want to send something?" he asked.

"No; go to sleep. I'll write a wire and leave it for you to send in the morning."

He sat down at the packing-case instrument table and wrote out a brief report of the day's progress in track laying for the general manager's record. But when Carter's regular breathing told him he was alone he pushed the pad aside, took down the sending book and searched until he had found the original copy of the message which had reached him at the moment of cataclysm in the lobby of the Buckingham.

"Um," he said, and his heart grew

ers were getting out their hand car at the construction camp, the wheels shrilling merrily on the frosted rails, and the men stamping and swinging their arms to start the sluggish night-blooming. Suddenly, like the opening gun of a battle, the dull rumble of a mighty explosion trembled upon the still air, followed instantly by a sound of a passing avalanche.

Winton was out and running up the track before the camp was fairly aroused. What he saw when he gained the hither side of the lateral gulch was a sight to make a strong man weep. A huge landslide, starting from the frozen placer ground high up on the western promontory, had swept every vestige of track and embankment into the deep bed of the creek at a point precisely opposite Mr. Somerville Darrah's private car.

### CHAPTER VII.

An early riser by choice, and made an earlier this morning by a vague anxiety which had turned the night into a half-waking vigil for her, Virginia was up and dressed when the sullen shock of the explosion set the windows jarring in the Rosemary.

Wondering what dreadful thing had happened, she hurried out upon the observation platform and so came to look upon the ruin wrought by the landslide, while the dust-laden smoke of the dynamite still hung in the air.

"Rather unlucky for our friends the enemy," said a colorless voice behind her; and she had an uncomfortable feeling that Jastrow had been lying in wait for her, seconded instantly by the conviction that he had done the same thing the previous morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Good Skin Food.

Lanoline, nine ounces; cocoa butter, one-half ounce; white wax, five ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; almond oil, six ounces; water, nine ounces; borax, 50 grains; perfume with three drops of oil of neroli. Heat lanoline, cocoa butter, white wax, spermaceti and almond oil not hotter than you can touch a finger to. Dissolve borax in water, stir in oils, take from stove, and beat with egg; beater until cold. Put in jars and keep in cool place.