

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDÉ
AUTHOR OF "THE CRAFTERS," 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-bye."

"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 muck 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 right, 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 case, 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 have down the jacks and frogs. We'll have her on the steel again before you can say your prayers."

At the hearty command, churchly 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. But now the engineer shook his head.

"I ain't the artist to move her gently enough with all that string 'o' dimkeys 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 traveling engineer for some road back in God's country."

"Travelin' nothing!" said the conductor. "More likely he's a train man 'r' prays 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 pass with the encomium 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 Blaque, 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."

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 baggage, 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, the view 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 obligations on that score, he was rapping 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 beggarly 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 Eva's resigning, and the Utah's sending east for a professional right-of-way fight 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 engaged 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 Quartz Creek are kept open—wide open, seh. And when you get an order from me—for an engine, a regiment of the National Guard, 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 pocket 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

ODD USES FOR ONIONS.

A Small Quantity Not Hard to Digest and Will Induce Sleep—Fine for Poultries.

"The onion is not half appreciated," remarks a southern housekeeper, as reported in the New York World. This humble bulb can be used for so many different dishes and in so many different ways that one often forgets its many excellent remedial qualities.

Onions are an excellent cure for sleeplessness. They act as a kind of soporific if taken in small quantities before retiring. They will be found to be more appetizing if finely chopped up and laid between two thin wafers or biscuits. Eaten in this way they are also easily digested. The reason so many people complain of onions disagreeing with them is that they eat too much of the homely vegetable. Onions are not intended to be eaten en masse. When they are taken raw they should be thoroughly masticated, or, better still, the juice of the onion should be pressed out and taken on bread or as a sauce.

In this form the onion is splendid for liver complaints and acts in consequence as a purifier for a dark and muddy complexion.

An onion poultice will extract the pain and heat from a scald or burn. To make this poultice take a certain quantity of onions and crush them and lay between cheesecloth and apply to the burn.

Onion syrup made in the following manner will relieve the congestion in cases of croup. Cut several raw onions into slices, sprinkle the slices with granulated sugar and squeeze out the juice. The dose is a teaspoonful every 15 minutes until relief is obtained. This syrup is also much used in cases of bronchitis.

A good cook uses onions almost as freely as she does salt. But the onion is always disguised, or, rather, it is merely the juice, and not the pulp, that is tasted. Sugar peas are very much improved by boiling a young onion with them, and the salty taste vanishes from macaroni if a couple of onions are placed in the water in which it is cooked. French people take a piece of onion and rub it inside the salad dish before dressing the salad. This gives an imperceptible flavor of onions that gives no offense.

THINGS TO KNOW.

TO DARKEN BROWN BOOTS.—Rub all over with a piece of clean white flannel wetted with ammonia. Give two applications and then polish with the usual brown polish.

FOR THE COOK.—When weighing treacle for cooking purposes, weigh four the scale first, and the treacle will run off quite easily, leaving no stickiness behind.

WHEN WASHING SILK STOCKINGS.—Either colored or black, never use soap; warm bran water should be used, and the stockings should be squeezed or run through the wringer and dried in the shade.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR GLASS.—Can be made in the following way: Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine and add a small quantity of water; warm the mixture over the fire; when thoroughly mixed and melted it will form an almost transparent glue, and will join glass almost invisibly.

TO BRIGHTEN COPPERWARE.—Sprinkle a little crushed borax on a flannel cloth that has been wetted in hot water and well soaped. This will brighten the copper like magic. Rinse and polish.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATEST LAUNDRY BAG

It is Made of White Material in Preference to Colored—May Be Laundered Often.

The very newest laundry bags are of white linen; or, if one cannot afford this material, cotton cloth makes an excellent substitute, suggests a contributor to the Chicago Inter Ocean, possessing, as it does, the wearing properties and appearance of the linen without its expensive feature. The ornamentation of the bag consists of the word laundry in large and attractive lettering, placed diagonally across one side of the bag, and embroidered in wash silk or cotton floss. The edges of the bag are neatly machine stitched, then feather-stitched by hand. A casing two inches from the top through which is run a tape or ribbon adds the finishing touch. The chief virtue of these white bags over the time-honored ones of cretonne and similar material lies in the fact that they may be laundered as often as desirable, yet retain their pristine freshness. The size of the bag, as a matter of course, depends wholly upon the demands to be made upon it.

Potted Flowers on the Table.

It is told that Heien Gould does not favor cut flowers for table decorations, but prefers flowers growing in pots, that stand erect in their own earth, stately, fresh and fragrant, says a writer in the Farmer's Voice. Roses growing in small pots, and the decorations. In her dining-room she has a large screen completely covered with the dark, glossy foliage of the English ivy.

He Got a Pig.

A man's corpse was delivered to William Archer, of Cromwell, Ind., who went to the express office to get a prize pig which he had purchased. Archer refused to accept the coffin, and inquiry developed that the labels on the pig's box and the coffin had become exchanged. Archer got his pig in the next train, and it is presumed that the corpse was delivered at the proper place.

Chicken Patties.

Chop meat of cold chicken coarsely and season well. Make large cup of drawn butter, and while on fire stir in two eggs, boiled hard, minced very fine, also a little chopped parsley, then chicken meat. Let almost boil. Have ready some patty shells of good paste, baked quickly to light brown. Fill with mixture and set in oven to heat. Arrange upon dish and serve hot.

Soda Instead of Soap.

If soda is used in dishwasher, no soap is needed.



STARTING AN ORCHARD ON THE FARM.

Mr. O. R. Smith, of South Dakota, writes: "I would like to ask you for a little information. I am just opening out a new farm. Have had my ground plowed and cropped one year. I expect to do my first planting in the spring. Would you advise the planting of an orchard close to the house, where the ground slopes to the south, or ought it to be planted on the high, east ground on the farm, irrespective of location? Does the slope or elevation have anything to do with what they call sun scald, or the effects of spring frosts? Would you plant a windbreak around the orchard? If so, on what side, and what kind of trees would you use? Do you consider close planting advisable in the orchard, with the expectation of cutting out when they crowd?"

In reply to the inquiry, will say that the site of the farmer's orchard is, as a rule, near the house and probably will be in the future. There are many advantages in having it there which offset the reasons why it should not be. The man who makes fruit-growing his main business should consider well before deciding where he will plant his trees, so that good and profitable returns may be obtained. There has been much debate in recent years in state horticultural meetings and institutes as to what slope is best situated for the apple orchard. The trees planted on a southern or south-westerly slope are more subject to sunscald than if they are planted on a northern or eastern one; on the other hand, it has been proven that in a very severe winter trees suffer more from root-killing on the northern slope, the intensity of the frost being greater. As sunscald probably causes the death of more trees than root-killing, and as the latter can be protected to a large extent by growing clover crops, we would recommend a northern or eastern slope as best.

All practical farmers and fruit growers know that spring frosts are very local, even occurring on one part of a farm and not on the other, and as such late freezing sometimes means great loss, especially if it should occur at blooming period, it is essential and important to avoid using a site that is low when one of higher altitude can be procured near by. Generally speaking, the apple trees grow well in almost any kind of soil, if it is thoroughly drained. It is this wonderful adaptability of the apple which has caused it to be planted on the many varied soils we have in our state, but we are confident that the better the soil the better the results will be. A good orchard soil is one that is abundantly supplied with plant food, rich in humus, while sandy, loose soil is generally lacking in this. To bring it up to the requirements of the tree, lots of artificial fertilizer or barnyard manure must be used.

The preparation of the land before planting has not had the attention it deserves by our farmers. It very often happens that the farmer or fruit grower instantly decides to plant an orchard, no previous thought or preparation being given to the matter, or if there had, nothing was done to get the land into the proper condition for the young trees. There is no future preparation or care that will make up for the loss sustained. We believe that all orchard land should be plowed deeply in the fall if possible, and subsoiled. This prepares the soil so that the roots can easily penetrate deeper, and as the soil is broken, makes a depository for the elements of nutrition.

The time to plant an orchard in this country is invariably in the spring, although trees may in occasional seasons be planted out in the autumn. But it is dangerous practice and one that should be abandoned. The distance apart that apple trees should be planted will vary according to the varieties used and the land at the planter's disposal. That trees may thrive and produce fruit of good size and quality, they require an abundance of sun, light and air, and they cannot obtain this if planted closely together. There is but one argument in support of close planting and that is the protection that trees afford each other, but to obviate this, we recommend the planting of low-top trees so that the stems may be shaded. The great mistake in the past in the orchards of Iowa or the northwest have been that they are planted too close, the result being the production of poorly colored, scrubby fruit. Apple orchards in Iowa should not be planted out less than 25 feet apart each way, and if land and the planter's conscience will permit, make it 30 feet.

If the orchard is not naturally protected from the wind by trees or rising ground, a windbreak may be planted with good effect along the north and west sides or on the south side. This must be governed by the location and direction of prevailing winds. We would not encourage windbreaks that would be dense, so as to check the circulation of air, but merely break the velocity of the wind, and as the proper windbreaks lessen the force of the wind, it will protect the trees from being blown over and they will grow straighter and more shapely. The windbreak will also be a factor of importance in retaining the moisture in the orchard during a drought, as the wind is one of the greatest agents in drying out our land. The best trees to plant for windbreak purposes are Scotch and Austrian pine and Norway spruce. A single row of these trees, planted 15 feet apart is oftentimes sufficient, but if the exposure is greater, rows can be added to suit the planter and his conditions.

It pays to be kind to a milk cow; she appreciates kindness and will repay her keeper by increased yields in milk. Whatever you do, don't try to pound milk out of her with a milk stool; it does not pay and besides it is rank cruelty.

REVISITING THE OLD FARM.

"The shimmering meadows, the blue skies under. Are fairest in the late September days. As from the stream, like a roll of thunder. Sounds the mill-wheel's roar through the peace and hush."

The sun dove calls from the withering clover. The cricket's beat seems a fair go; And mingles hint of the sunset over. Where the brook croons soft as a mother's song.

In the woodlands brown are the haw and holly. The sunsac flame by the long road-way; But all is informed with a melancholy. Suggestive of things that are passing away.

What of the life here since the old pleasures gone by? It gave in the autumns that are long gone by? There was once a time that my memory treasures. When there seemed no reason for sob or sigh."

STABLE AND DAIRY.

More good cows are spoiled every year by careless milking than any other way. A very little milk left in the udder at each milking will cause the best cow to decrease.

A few days will make quite a difference in the quality of corn fodder. Cattle will eat nearly the whole of it if cut before it loses its bright color and its succulent leaf.

Fix it in mind that it pays to have the stock comfortable, to say nothing of the humanity of it. They will make gain more rapidly and give a better profit on the food consumed.

Milking should not only be done thoroughly, but quickly; and there should be no noise whatever, unless a quiet singing. It is said that a singing milker is paid an extra price in Switzerland.

Frosted grass is not a good thing for colts, nor is there much virtue in it for any stock. If the cattle remain on pasture after hard frosts come, see that they have something beside the grass to eat.

If a farmer has not the time to train a colt himself, a competent man can be found to do it, who can in a few weeks have a colt so trained that a buyer can see at once what qualities it possesses. An outlay will be more than covered in the price.

In sending untrained horses to market, breeders seem to overlook the fact that it is not merely the form nor color nor condition which determines the price which animals will command. The chief thing a buyer wants to know is what the horse can do.

STREET TREE PLANTING.

There is no city or village so poor but they could be made more attractive by planting trees and otherwise embellishing their streets; planting shrubs and flowers, giving them a parklike appearance, and testifying to the refinement of their people. I was never more surprised at the comfort growing out of tree planting than in visiting Blair, Neb., last autumn. Although the site was upon the broad prairie, originally, the town today has the appearance of having been located in the wood, the trees having been preserved. I learned that the city was the creation of a railroad magnate whose name it bears—John I. Blair. He, in locating the town, imposed two conditions; one that the purchaser must plant and maintain a certain number of shade trees; another that intoxicants shall never be sold within the town limits.

The trees everywhere testify his forethought, and to-day there are few prettier towns than Blair, Neb. Tall, stately cottonwoods, grand elms and beautiful hard maples spread their sheltering branches over modest dwellings. The glory of the city of Blair is not in her buildings, nor in her architectural beauty, as few of her buildings are expensive, but it is in her streets, and while being driven in around it was lead to exclaim: "What a pretty, pretty place."

NAMES FOR FARMS.

We wish that every farm had a name. This is not a matter of sentiment but is strictly business. The man whose farm is known by name is certain to take a greater interest in its products and to conduct all of his operations on a better plan. On every place there is certain to be some peculiarity that will suggest a name. A spring of pure water, a grove of oak or maple trees or something else of a similar nature will give it a local flavor. Then plant its name on the end of the barn facing the road. Let it be where every passerby can see it. Your farm will then soon become known far and wide and will add you in a thousand ways. Besides, how much more dignified it is to be spoken of as the proprietor of Oak Grove farm than to be alluded to as Jim Jones. By all means name your farm and it will make you a better farmer.

When ground feeds are given cows they should not be fed by themselves. In some parts of the country the practice is thus giving ground feeds and corn in well-thin universal. Yet any man that knows anything about a cow's stomach knows that such food so given passes at once to the fourth stomach and passes out into the manure very largely indigested. It should be fed with the roughage, that it may be chewed with the cud when it is brought up from the first stomach and thus have the opportunity of passing through all the stomachs and be subjected to their digestive processes. The food is then very fully utilized, and it will not be necessary to have a drove of hogs follow the cows to save the corn they drop. Where silage is used the feeding with it of the chopped feeds is easy. Where hay and fodder are cut to be mixed with the meals it is necessary to wet them, to hold the mixture of the roughage and the meals more constant.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

The home of the farmer should be the place which is of the most interest to him, and his highest aim should be to make it interesting to others and this he can only do by making it appear like a home. We should make the home ornamental and attractive in other words, "Have a desire for the beautiful," as the saying is. Have a home that you may be proud of, and one which you are not ashamed to call your own. Plant trees and vines in abundance; there is little danger of having too many. Keep the rubbish cleaned up and everything else in proportion. Keep an eye upon the object you have in view, and ever work for that point and do not stop short of it. I do not know what would speak better for a man than an attractive home, no matter whether he lives in the city or upon the farm, and what can a man have that he should take more pride in making so? We should make our homes attractive by planting some of the many kinds of shrubbery and flowers. There are so many varieties that sometimes we are at a loss to know what to plant. The only rule for this is to plant the kind we like and that will grow in our location. If we have only a small lot, and are crowded for room, we can plant trees which will pay us a profit. As for me, I think some fruit trees make very fine shrubbery. I hardly think that any farmer is so crowded that he could find room for ornamental trees and flowers if he wants them. I only spoke of this in reference to the person in town who has only a small lot, who might accidentally happen to read this. What looks more beautiful than some nice fruit trees on the lawn, loaded with delicious fruit? Next we can make the home attractive by making some improvements each year. Keep up the fences, remodel the buildings and make the whole appear as if it were a place fine enough for a king. We farmers cannot afford to let our farms go to ruin. Sometimes when people pass on the road, if it happens they do not see anyone, it is hard for them to tell whether anybody lives there or not! By all means keep up the appearance of the home in some way, and do not be satisfied until you have done your best—and then enjoy it.

THE BEST TIME FOR PLANTING CURRANTS.

Currants are about the cheapest and easiest crop of fruit to produce, requiring very little time and labor as compared with many others, states American Gardening. For fillers, or what might be termed a catch crop, they are indispensable, when grown between plum, pear, peach, cherry and quince trees. They can be grown in an orchard of any of these fruits without retarding or injuring the trees. When currants are fruited in this way it is merely a question of more manure or fertilizer. Every intelligent fruit grower will understand this at once. Under this system of intensive gardening you have a nice income from your currants, while your fruit trees are developing and getting ready for fruiting.

It depends entirely upon yourself as to how long these bushes will bear large, marketable fruit.

No matter how great a sacrifice may seem, you should remove two-thirds of the new wood each season. Failing to do this, you will soon have a lot of overgrown bushes on your hands, and the fruit will dwindle in size and be imperfect in many ways. On the other hand, if you prune judiciously, spray as often as is necessary, manure well and cultivate thoroughly, you can keep your plantation of currants in perfect order for at least ten years and one year with another, you will be well recompensed for your investment and labor.

NOTES.

Trim evergreen hedges. Keep account of your crops and consignments. Give roses plenty of water. Cut flowers as soon as in full bloom. Gather and destroy all fruit dropping prematurely. This will diminish insect crop and increase fruit crop for next year.

If you have a good home market, do not look elsewhere for the sale of your fruit, unless you have something extra fine and some first-class customers.

See those grape vines with their long new shoots swaying back and forth. That is their way of asking protection from the winds. Tying them to the trellis or arbor does it.

To raise fine large specimens of fruit on a tree, graft it with an early and late sort. The early part will require the large portion of the nutrient until it is ripe, then the late sort will draw all the nourishment from its development.

When blackberry canes reach a height of three feet they should be pinched off. This can be done with a pair of six-inch scissors or shears. Pruning shears are too clumsy for this kind of work.

Growing soling crops stands relatively higher in the estimation of farmers east than those west. The reasons for this are that production is less vigorous in the east, and therefore the necessity is greater for growing these crops. The labor on western farms is also dearer relatively consequently where all the help has to be hired, the expense of cutting and feeding the food from day to day is material. Because of this many farmers who are satisfied that soling crops under certain conditions should be grown, refrain in the meantime from growing them because these conditions are not present.

Every now and then references are made in the papers to the prevalence of insanity in country homes. It is argued that the isolated lives which the farmers and their wives live conduce to such results. It is claimed that the farmers' wives are more prone to become thus affected than their husbands. This question has been investigated recently, and from statistics obtained it has been ascertained that the proportion of inmates of asylums from the country is less relatively than from the city. This is what we would naturally expect from the greater healthfulness of the country life.



"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 special? Was there fresh news from the seat of war in Quartz Creek canyon? Winton thought not. In that case he would have had his budget as well; and so far as his own advice 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 Everts concerned itself chiefly with the major's desire to know when he was to be relieved.

BLACKBERRYING.

While lying in the rifle pits, one day, before Fort Hudson, says a writer in the Vidette, 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?" queried 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 exhortation, as in duty bound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

was quickly spied by a confederate rifleman inside of the works, about 500 yards away, who soon sent his compliments to Mr. Berrycrisp in the shape of a ball from his rifle. Nothing daunted, however, at such a trifle as that, the fellow kept on eating berries, in the meantime keeping a close watch on the breastworks; and every time he would see a puff of smoke he would move so that by the time the ball arrived where he was he was not there.