

A FOOL FOR LOVE

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

But in the days that followed, days in which the sun rose and set in jaded winter splendor and the heavy snows still held aloof, Adams' prediction wrought itself out into sober fact. After the single appeal to Mr. Darrah seemed to have given up the fight. None the less, the departure of the Rosemary was delayed, and its hospitable door was always open to the Utah chief of construction and his assistant.

Winton took his welcome broadly, as what lower would not; and within a week was spending most of his evenings in the Rosemary—this at a time when every waking moment of the day and night was deeply mortgaged to the chance of success. For now that the Rajah had withdrawn his opposition, nature and the perversity of inanimate things had taken a hand, and for a fortnight of work of track-laying passed fairly within sight of the station at Argentine.

First it was a carload of steel accidentally derailed and dumped into Quartz creek at precisely the worst possible point in the narrow canyon, a jagged, rock-ribbed, cliff-bound gorge where each separate piece of metal had to be hoisted out singly by a derrick erected for the purpose—a process which effectively blocked the track for three entire days. Next it was an other landslide unimpeded by dynamite, this just above the station, a crawling entanglement of loose, sliding shale which, painstakingly dug out and dammed with plank bulkhead during the day, would pour down and bury bulkhead, buttresses, and the very right of way in the night.

In his right mind—the mind of an ambitious young captain of industry who sees defeat with dishonor staring him in the face—Winton would have fought all the more desperately for these hindrances. But, unfortunately, he was no longer an industry captain with an eye single to success. He was become that anomaly 'd'vised of the working world—a man in love.

"It's no use shutting our eyes to the fact, Jack," said Adams one evening when his chief was making ready for his regular descent upon the Rosemary. "We shall have to put night shifts at work on that shale-slide if we hope ever to get past it with the rails."

"Hang the shale!" was the impatient rejoinder. "I'm no galley slave. Adams' slow smile came and went in cynical rippling.

"It is pretty difficult to say precisely what you are just now. But I can prophesy what you are going to be if you don't wake up and come alive."

Having no reply to this, Adams went back to the matter of night shifts.

"If you will authorize it, I'll put a night gang on and boss it myself. What do you say?"

"I say you are no end of a good fellow, Morty. And that's the plain fact. I'll do as much for you sometime."

"I'll be smashed if you will—you'll never get the chance. When I let a pretty girl make a fool of me—"

But the door of the dinkey slammed behind the outgoing one, and the prophet of evil was left to organize his night assault on the shale-slide, and to command it as best he could.

So, as we say, the days of subterfuge with the enthusiasm taken out, slipped away unfruitful. Of the entire Utah force Adams alone held himself up to the mark, and being only second in command, he was unable to keep the bad example of the chief from working like a leaven of idleness among the men. Branagan voiced the situation in rich brogue one evening when Adams had exhausted his limited vocabulary of abuse on the force for its apathy.

"This no use, an' Mither Adams. If you was the boss himself 'twould be you as would put the comether on thim too quick. But it's 'like mather, like meon." The boys all know that Mither Winton don't care a damn; and they'll not be hurtin' themselves wid the wurk."

And the Rajah? Between his times of smoking high-priced cigars with Winton in the lounge-room of the Rosemary, he was swearing Jubilant in the privacy of his working-deer stateroom, having tri-daily weather reports wired to him by way of Carbonate and Argentine station, and busying himself in the intervals with sending and receiving sundry mysterious telegrams in cipher.

Thus Mr. Somerville Darrah, all going well for him until one fateful morning when he made the mistake of congratulating his ally. Then—but we picture the scene: Mr. Darrah late to his breakfast, being just in from an early morning reconnaissance of the enemy's advances; Virginia sitting opposite to pour his coffee. All the others vanished to some limbo of their own.

The Rajah rubbed his hands delightedly.

"We are coming on famously, famously, my dear Virginia. Two weeks gone, heavy snows predicted for the mountain region, and nothing practically nothing at all, accomplished on the other side of the canyon. When you marry, my dear, you shall have a block of C. & G. R. preferred stock to keep you in plumony."

"It's she queried. "But, Uncle Somerville, I don't understand."

The Rajah laughed.

"That was a very pretty blush, my dear. Bless you innocent soul, if I were young Mither Winton, I'm not sure but I should consider the game well lost."

She was gazing at him wide-eyed, and the blush had left a pallor behind her.

"You mean that I—that I—"

"I mean that you are a helpful woman having, Miss Carteret. Another time

Mister Winton won't pay court to a charming young girl and try to build a railroad at one and the same moment, I fancy. Hah!"

The startled eyes veiled themselves swiftly, and Virginia's voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Have I been an accomplice in this—this despicable thing, Uncle Somerville?"

Mr. Darrah began a little to see his mistake.

"Ah—an accomplice? Oh, no, my dear Virginia, not quite that. The word smacks too much of the police courts. Let us say that Mither Winton has found your company most attractive than that of his labors, and commend his good taste in the matter."

So much he said by way of damping down the fire he had so rashly lighted. Then Jastrow came in with one of the interminable cipher telegrams and Virginia was left alone.

For a time she sat at the deserted breakfast table, dry-eyed, hot-hearted, thinking such thoughts as would come crowding thickly upon the heels of such a revelation. Winton would fall; a man with honor, good report, his entire career at stake, as he himself had admitted, would go down to miserable oblivion and defeat lacking some friendly hand to smite him alive to a sense of his danger. And, in her uncle's estimation, at least, she, Virginia Carteret, would figure as the Delilah triumphant.

She rose, tingling to her finger-tips



SHE WROTE HIM A NOTE.

with the shame of it, went to her stateroom and found her writing materials. In such a crisis her methods could be as direct as a man's. Winton was coming again that evening. He must be stopped and sent about his business.

So she wrote him a note, telling him he must not come—a note manlike in its conciseness, and yet most womanly in its failure to give even the remotest hint of the new and binding reason why he must not come. And just before luncheon an obliging Cousin Billy was prevailed upon to undertake its delivery.

When he had found Winton at the shale-slide, and had given him Miss Carteret's mandate, the Reverend Billy did not return directly to the Rosemary. On the contrary, he extended his tramp westward, stumbling on an unimpaired embankment of the new line.

Truth to tell, Virginia's messenger was not unwilling to spend a little time alone with the immensities. To put it baldly, he was beginning to be desperately cloyed with the sweets of a day-long Miss Bessie, contrary to the one hand and dependant on the other.

Why could not the Cousin Bessies see, without being told in so many words, that the heart of a man may have been given in times long past to another woman?—to a Cousin Virginia, let us say. And why must the life-long devotion of a kinsman lover, throw themselves—if one must put it thus brutally—fairly at the head of an acquaintance of a day?

So questioning the immensities, the Reverend Billy came out after some little time in a small upland valley where the two lines, old and new, ran parallel at the same level, with low embankments less than a hundred yards apart.

Midway of the valley the hundred-yard interpace was bridged by a hastily constructed spur track starting

from a switch on the Colorado and Grand river main line, and crossing the Utah right of way at a broad angle. On this spur, at its point of intersection with the new line, stood a heavy locomotive, steam up, and manned in every inch of its standing-room by armed guards.

The situation explained itself, even to a Reverend Billy. The Rajah had not been idle during the interval of dinner-givings and social divagations. He had acquired the right of way across the Utah's line for his blockading spur; had taken advantage of Winton's inactivity to construct the track; and was now prepared to hold the crossing with a live engine and such a show of force as might be needful.

Calvert turned back from the entrance of the valley, and was minded, in a spirit of fairness, to pass the word concerning the new obstruction on to the man who was most vitally concerned. But alas even a Reverend Billy was not always ripe superior to his hamperings as a man and a lover. Here was defeat possible—nay, say rather defeat probable, for a rival, with the probability increasing with each hour of delay. Calvert fought it out by length and by breadth a dozen times before he came in sight of the track force toiling; at the shale-slide. Should he tell Winton, and so, indirectly, help to frustrate Mr. Darrah's well-laid plan? Or should he hold his peace and thus, indirectly again, help to defeat the Utah company?

He put it that way in decent self-respect. Also he assured himself that the personal equation as between two lovers of one and the same woman was entirely eliminated. But who can tell which motive it was that prompted him to turn aside before he came to the army of toilers at the slide; to turn and cross the stream and make as wide a detour as the nature of the ground would permit, passing well beyond call from the other side of the canyon?

The detour took him past the slide in silent safety, but it did not take him immediately back to the Rose-

A REAL ESTATE DEAL

"I tell you the folks that come up here from down below have got confidence, if they haven't got much sprawl some of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins, in a disgusted tone, on his return from Bushby's corner store. "What you suppose that Henderson fellow wanted me to make him an offer for to-day?"

"I'm too busy to stop and spend my time guessing," said Mrs. Jenkins, impatiently. "I'm getting supper, don't you see?"

"Well, he wanted me to buy two rods of that sandy hill o' his. Said he judged 'twas an ideal spot for potatoes, and would I set a price on it?"

"What did you say?" demanded Mrs. Jenkins, with satisfying indignation.

"I told him," said her husband, with a reminiscent chuckle, "that, while I wasn't prepared to set a valuation on it, if he'd throw in \$10 cash he might keep my ladder a week longer."— Youth's Companion.

PROPER USES OF POWDER.

Protection to the Skin and a Means of Natural Beauty.

There are women who do not believe in the use of powder. Why? Well, they were not "brought up" to use it, and they hold to the biased opinion that "the habit is foolish and tawdry and damaging to the cuticle." This kind of reasoning went out of fashion when it was discovered that powder is a protection to the skin and a means of natural beauty as well. To protect the skin from the ravages of temperature means the preservation of natural beauty—see?

Use a first-rate brand of powder. Don't use the sort made pernicious by minerals that fairly corrode the skin. Get a brand that is finely milled and has a disinfectant quality along with a refreshing influence. Use plenty of it, but not too much.

Before you go into the weather put cold cream on your face. Gently rub the cream into the skin. Then wipe the cream off—after which apply the powder with a soft cloth or piece of chamolis. The powder puff is a good thing to use when you want to refresh the face. But when you are preparing it to fare into the weather, use the cloth or chamolis.

Always remove powder from the face at night before you retire. You can not wipe powder off with a damp cloth, nor can you wash it off with cold water. Give the face a bath with a suds made of water and a fine toilet soap. Then rinse all the soap off the cuticle.

The application of cold cream before you retire is another story.—Chicago Journal.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Deep breathing will tend to decrease the size of the abdomen.

The skin, especially that of the face, should be treated as the finest china, tenderly and delicately.

Before applying a poultice cover the skin slightly with glycerin to prevent any particles from adhering.

Don't torture your eyes, but humor them, for if ill-treated they revenge themselves by making formidable wrinkles and crow's feet.

Shoes that are too large sometimes slip and cause the heel to blister. To prevent this fit the heel of the shoe with a piece of velvet.

If a finger has been pounded or crushed, plunge it into water as hot as can be borne. This will relieve the pain more quickly than anything else.

One teaspoonful of glycerin to a tablespoonful of boiling water taken ten minutes before meals is said to be a certain cure for indigestion.

For a bruise the best treatment is an immediate application of hot fomentations. After that, witch hazel, vinegar and hot water, or alcohol and water, put on with a bandage and often moistened.

The hands should be well massaged, every finger separately, with olive oil every night, and soft suede gloves two sizes too large should be worn. The tips of the fingers must be cut out, and a small hole must be cut in the palm.

FANCY WORK FOR CHRISTMAS.

Theater Bag a Charming Gift Not Hard to Make.

Now is the time to get together patterns and materials for the fancy work which is to turn into Christmas gifts. The theater bag makes a charming little gift which may be adapted to old or young, as it is carried out in gray, white or black. It is embroidered in beads and spangles.

Use heavy silk or soft suede, and work in the dots with beads and the rest of the pattern in oblong and round spangles. The bag is made alike on both sides and has a fringe of beads added to it as a border.

With gray silk use steel beads and silver spangles; with black use jet and black spangles; or, a dainty and beautiful bag may be made with white or yellow silk done in yellow or gold beads and gold spangles.

Pretty bits of brocade and light weight bits of furniture tapestry also make lovely bags by following the woven pattern in putting on the beads. Steel chain and clasp should be used for the gray, gilt for the yellow, and gun metal for the black.

Glass Candelsticks.

Glass candelsticks are much more in demand now. The pressed glass can be had at remarkably low prices, while the cut glass is not prohibitive in price. Many persons object to touching any brass object, and also dislike the labor of cleaning brass. Glass is more desirable on this account, and looks very pretty upon the dining table, either with or without shades.

It is growing to be more and more a glass age. Glass shelves are used in cabinets and china closets, and in up-to-date bathrooms even the tub is of heavy glass.

A Good Furniture Polish.

Take equal parts of beeswax and white wax and shave up fine; then cover wax with spirits of turpentine; let stand a while, then mix to a paste. Rub on furniture with a small woolen cloth. This polish with large woolen cloth. This is fine; try it; nice for floors also.

Vest is Fashionable.

Ladies are going to wear waistcoats this winter, which they call by the plebian name of vests. Orange velvet, embroidered in brown and such like combinations are some of those that have already been seen. The artistic woman will be sure to have something very pretty in the vest line.

The Simple Life at Lone Wolf.

The tenderfoot started slightly as he read at the foot of the menu of the Lone Wolf hotel: "Guests, after picking teeth, must positively return bowlie to belt or boot leg. Sticking bowlie upright into table beside plate is strictly prohibited."

Moments That Tell.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love.—Henry Drummond.

DEDICATE BARE TO LABOR.

Chicago Parents Think This Best Way to Make Him Unselfish.

Chicago.—Lee Gessner Creel, the 19-month-old son of H. H. Creel, has been dedicated to the cause of labor with solemn ceremony.

The dedication took place at St. James' Methodist church with the Allied Printing Trades Council as a sort of collective godfather. Trades unionists filled the pews and the Rev. D. C. Millner officiated as the representative of the church and labor, while E. R. Wright, president of Typographical Union No. 16, assisted and the Rev. William A. Quayle, pastor of the church made the address of welcome. L. P. Strauble, secretary of the Allied Printing Trades Council, accepted the child on behalf of labor as a future champion of the cause.

Creel and his wife both expressed their desire that the boy shall become an unselfish man, giving his life to others. They declared that in their opinion organized labor was the cause which realized the best ideals of help to humanity.

The dedicating of the child, they said, was merely the expression of a desire which all true mothers and fathers must feel in regard to their children. The idea came to Creel because of his many years' connection with labor organizations and publications.

May MacDowell, Eva Marshall Shouts and Jane Addams, all sociological workers, were present.

COFFEE TRUST IN BRAZIL.

Price of South American Product to Be Increased.

New York.—The financing of Brazil's coffee valorization plan has been arranged. Bankers and merchants, internationally known and all identified with the coffee trade, will advance the money needed—about \$20,000,000. The bankers and merchants are located in New York, London, Havre and Hamburg.

The object of the coffee valorization plan is to maintain coffee at a remunerative price to the grower by establishing a minimum quotation at which it is to be upheld by purchases of coffee on account of the three states of Brazil—Sao Paulo, Rio and Minas. Interest on the loans made is guaranteed and paid by a tax on every bag of coffee shipped.

The three contracting states bind themselves to maintain in the native markets a minimum price of 32 to 35 milreis per bag of 60 kilos for the first year. This price is to be gradually raised after the first year to a maximum of 40 milreis.

The contracting states bind themselves to restrict or discourage by discriminating taxation the exportation of coffee of inferior grades and they further bind themselves to pass laws preventing the extension of coffee acreage for two years after Jan. 1, 1907.

PECULIAR CASE IS DECIDED.

Bigamist's First Wife Gets Half of Estate and Second Nothing.

Wichita, Kan.—Federal Judge Pollock has rendered a decision in an unusual case that came up from Comanche county. It was the result of a bigamous marriage by James McLaughlin.

McLaughlin was an old soldier who deserted his wife in Pennsylvania, and coming to Kansas with a young woman named Annie Scott, married her and lived with her 30 years, raising eight children. Upon his death the second wife, who says she knew nothing of his previous marriage, applied for a pension, and this led to the discovery of wife No. 1.

The court decided that the Pennsylvania wife was entitled to half the estate and that McLaughlin's children by his second wife were entitled to the other half, while the second wife was entitled to nothing, though it was largely through her efforts that the property was accumulated.

EARLY DINNER IS DECREED.

King Edward Causes Change in London Society.

London.—A momentous change has been decreed in the habits of London society, initiated by the king.

His majesty disapproved of the tendency to make the dinner hour later and later, and has decreed that hereafter the fashionable dinner hour shall be from half past six to half past seven.

Before this change was instituted society dined from eight to nine. The new dinner hour, which is a return to earlier manners, is welcomed by everybody. It will benefit the theaters, which have lost many patrons through the late dinner hour, and it will also send more persons to the restaurants for supper.

Persons who dined at eight o'clock were not always inclined for supper afterward, and could not reach the theater before the middle of the performance.

Baby Weighted by 16 Names.

Louisville, Ky.—Henry Gottbrath, desiring to compliment the members of No. 12 engine company for having saved his house from destruction by fire, said he intended to name his newly born babe after the members of the company. The other day he had the child christened John Smith Paul Graham Matt Kelly Ralph D. Brown Edward Buckner George Boylan David McCorkhill Henry Gottbrath. Gottbrath said his son was handicapped with the longest name he had ever heard of, but thought he would be able to overcome any obstacle that might arise from that fact.

Laborer Has Hugo Sunflower.

Berlin.—The largest sunflower on earth has been discovered by the Hamburger Nachrichten in the cottage garden of a laborer. It is at Alshorn, in Schleswig-Holstein. Many people have visited the place to view the flower. The stem of the plant is over ten feet high and still growing. The heart of the flower is three feet across. Horticulturists are investigating in order to discover the secret of the abnormal growth.

Work of Terrorists at Home of Premier Stolypin of Russia.



In the recent dastardly attempt to destroy the family of M. Stolypin, the Russian premier, the conspirators drove up to the front door and were admitted to the vestibule of the reception room, where they flung the bomb. The prime minister, who was in his reception room, had a narrow escape, but the killed and injured numbered 30. Above the door was the balcony in which the prime minister's son and daughter were sitting. The assassins who wrecked M. Stolypin's house came in a carriage, which was blown some distance away by the explosion. The coachman perished.

CLIMB A FIERY VOLCANO.

PARTY OF SCIENTISTS MAKE PERILOUS ASCENT IN MEXICO.

Several Are Scorched by Burning Lava—Twelve Reach Rim of Crater After Being Nearly Overcome by Deadly Gases.

Guadalajara, Mexico.—Thoroughly exhausted, their hands, feet and legs burned by contact with red-hot rocks and lava and suffering as the result of having inhaled sulphurous gases for several hours, 12 delegates to the international geological congress have returned here after an ascent of the Colima volcano, the only continuously active volcano in North America. The party includes W. Harvey Weed, of Washington, D. C. The Washington man reached the crater of the volcano, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

In the last 100 years not more than six men have succeeded in reaching Colima's crater. On account of the precipitous character of the mountain and the thick covering of sand and ashes the ascent of Colima is regarded as one of the most dangerous in the world. The deadly gases that issue from the crater and the possibility of a violent eruption at any time make the ascent doubly perilous. The last man to attempt to reach the crater was Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith, of Harvard university. He failed, and announced that it was practically impossible to get as far as the crater.

Thirty-five geologists started to make the ascent of the volcano. At a cost of \$1,000 the state government built a house especially for their accommodation at the foot of the mountain. The entire 35 climbed as far as the end of the timber line, and there 23 lost courage and turned back. The remaining 12 struggled for six hours to reach the crater. Long poles were used to determine footholds, as great pits of sand and ashes, each of them capable of engulfing dozens of men, exist along Colima's sides. The

climbers were half blinded by smoke and steam and in constant danger from the deadly gases, but they persevered, and finally reached the rim of the crater. At the crater's edge they encountered hot rocks and lava, thrown out by an explosion the previous night, and these burned through shoes, leggings and gloves. Through fear of suffocation, the geologists remained but a few minutes at the crater. They were able to reach the timber line before night overtook them, and they camped on the mountain side until the following morning.

The Colima volcano is 125 miles southwest of this city, in about the same latitude as the City of Mexico, and approximately 75 miles from the nearest point of the Pacific coast. For centuries no one knows how many Colima has been active, and during the last 300 years, at least, violent periods have been frequent and often prolonged. During these periods of violence the Mexican volcano becomes the rival of Vesuvius as a spectacular performer. The thin line of vapor that issues from the crater continuously in days of comparative quiet, gives way to a great pillar of black smoke; hot rocks of various sizes—some of them giant boulders—sand and ashes are thrown into the air for hundreds of feet above the crest of the mountain; flames leap from the crater and lightning plays above it and terrifying subterranean rumblings and sharp detonations are heard for many miles. Often the fall of sand and ashes is so dense as to cause extreme darkness during the daylight hours in the vicinity of the volcano.

Those who climbed to the crater of Colima are: W. Harvey Weed, Washington, D. C.; John E. Wolf, Boston; E. O. Hovey, New York; Rudolf Ruedemann, Albany, N. Y.; H. F. Cleland, Williamston, Mass.; H. F. Reed, Baltimore; Frank D. Adams and J. Auston Bancroft, Montreal; A. P. Coleman, Toronto; George Berg and Rudolf Stobbe, Berlin, Germany, and Tsumanaka Iki, Tokio, Japan.

PARIS MAY TRY DRESSMAKING

Paris.—Paris' municipal councilors are looking for something new to municipalize. They are tired of gas, electricity, street cars, water, bread, milk, foods, wines, beer and corsets. Perhaps they will go in for dressmaking. Anyhow, the councilors are proud of their success in municipalizing corsets.

The corset is essentially an "article de Paris." The city council decided last spring to establish a school of corsets. Not much was made known about the concern, for it was largely an experiment. An establishment was

Files Record 160 Years Old.

Chicago Man Clears Title to Lands in Massachusetts.

Cambridge, Mass.—A document has been filed at the probate court here, that was just 160 years late in reaching its destination. Edward A. Hill, of Chicago, handed the paper to the registrar of probate. It is yellow with age, yet in a fair enough state of preservation to be easily read.

It is the report of the commissioners appointed by Samuel Danforth, judge of the probate court for the county of Middlesex, to arrange the division of the estate of Abraham Hill, of Cambridge. The commissioners wrote out their report, and it is dated November 21, 1746. This paper, among a lot of others, was handed through succeeding generations until it finally passed into the hands of Mr. Hill.

The property owned by Abraham Hill at that time embraced a great deal of land in Arlington and Belmont.

Thinks Cows Are Cursed.

Shamokin, Pa.—Having lost a large number of cattle during the last year, and believing a neighbor thought by some of the superstitious to be a witch was causing him bad luck, Joseph Gottshalk, a prosperous Mahanoy valley farmer, has signed a contract with a woman in this city to give him protection for one year. The woman is alleged to possess the powers of witchcraft. Gottshalk will pay her a regular salary for her protection. In 12 months he has lost, through sickness and accident, many cows, horses and pigs, although his farm was a model of sanitation. Since Gottshalk first called on this woman protector the illness in his stock has ceased, and he is enthusiastic over the venture.