



A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER I.

It was a December morning—the Missouri December of mild temperatures and saturated skies—and the Chicago & Alton's fast train, dripping from the rush through the wet night, had steamed briskly to its terminal in the Union station at Kansas City.

Two men, one smoking a short pipe and the other snapping the ash from a scented cigarette, stood aloof from the hurrying throngs on the platform looking on with the measured interest of those who are in a melee but not of it.

"More delay," said the cigarette, glancing at his watch. "We are over an hour late now. Do we get any of it back on the run to Denver?"

The pipe smoker shook his head. "Hardly, I should say. The 'Limited' is a pretty heavy train to pick up last time. But it won't make any particular difference. The western connections all wait for the 'Limited,' and we shall reach the seat of war tomorrow night, according to the Boston itinerary."

Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the unburned half of his cigarette and masked a yawn behind his hand. "It's no end of a bore, Winton, and that is the plain, unadorned fact," he protested. "I think the governor owes me something. I worried through the Tech because he insisted that I should have a profession; and now I am going in for field work with you in a howling winter wilderness because he insists on a practical demonstration."

"Humph! It's too bad about you," said the other, ironically. He was a fit figure of a man, clean-cut and vigorous, from the steadfast outlook of the gray eyes and the close clip of the Van Dyck beard to the square fingertips of the strong hands, and his smile was of good-natured contempt. "As you say, it is an outrage on filial compliance. All the same, with the right-of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones as— Look out, there!"

The shifting engine had cut a car from the rear of the lately arrived Alton, and was sending it down the outbound track to a coupling with the Transcontinental "Limited." Adams stepped back and let it miss him by a hand's-breadth, and as the car was passing Winton read the name on the paneling.

"The 'Rosemary,' somebody's 20-ton private outfit. That cooks our last chance of making up any lost time between this and to-morrow—"

He broke off abruptly. On the square rear observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with wavy little puffs of snowy hair peeping out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with wavy masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served as a model for the most exquisite bisque figure that ever came out of France. But Winton saw only the third.

She was taller than either of her companions—tall and straight and lithe; a charming embodiment of health and strength and beauty; clear-skinned, brown-eyed—a very goddess fresh from the bath, in Winton's instant summing-up of her, and her crown of red-gold hair helped out the smile.

Now thus far in his thirty-year pilgrimages John Winton, man and boy, had lived the intense life of a working hermit so far as the social gods and goddesses were concerned. Yet he had a pang—of disappointment or pointed jealousy, or something akin to both—when Adams lifted his hat to this particular goddess, and was rewarded by a little cry of recognition. "She is a friend of yours, then?" he said, when Adams had taken the baited hook open-eyed.

The technologist modified the assumption. "Not quite in your sense of the word, I fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the conservatory."

"But she isn't a Bostonian," said Winton, confidently.

"Miss Virginia?—hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets; Virginia-born, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?"

"No," said Winton, shortly, resenting the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words.

Adams lighted another of the scented villainies, and his clean-shaven face wrinkled itself into a slow smile.

"Which means that she has winged you at sight, I suppose, as she does most men." Then he added, calmly: "It's no go."

"What's 'no go'?"

Adams laughed unfeelingly.

"You remind me of the fable about the head-hiding ostrich. Didn't I see you staring at her as if you were about to have a fit? But it is just as I tell you; it's no go. She isn't the marrying kind. If you knew her, she'd be nice to you till she got a good chance to flay you alive—"

"Break it off!" growled Winton.

"Presently. As I was saying, she would miss the chance of marrying the best man in the world for the sake of taking a rise out of him. Moreover, she comes of old cavalier stock with an English earldom at the back of it, and she is inordinately proud of the fact; and you—er—you've given me to understand that you are a man of the people, haven't you?"

Winton nodded absently. "Well, that settles it definitely," was the Bostonian's comment. "Miss Carteret is of the sang azure. The man who marries her will have to know his grandfather's middle name—and a good bit more besides."

Winton's laugh was mockingly good-natured.

"You have missed your calling by something more than a hand's-breadth, Morty. You should have been a novelist. Give you a spike and a cross-tie and you'd infer a whole railroad. But you pique my curiosity. Where are these American royalties of yours going in the Rosemary?"

"To California. The car belongs to Mr. Somerville Darrah, who is vice president and manager in fact of the Colorado & Grand River road; the 'Rajah,' they call him. He is a relative of the Carterets, and the party is on its way to spend the winter on the Pacific coast."

"And the little lady in the widow's cap; is she Miss Carteret's mother?"

"Miss Bessie Carteret's mother and Miss Virginia's aunt. She is the only one."

Winton was silent while the "Limited" was roaring through a village on the Kansas side of the river.

"I have heard somewhat of the Rajah," he said, half musingly. "In fact, I know him, by sight. He is what the magicians are fond of calling an 'industry colonel,' a born leader who has fought his way to the front. If the Quartz Creek row is anything more than a stiff bluff on the part of the C. & G. R. it will be quite as well for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is safely at the other side of the continent—and well out of reach of the wires."

Adams came to attention with a half-hearted attempt to galvanize an interest in the business affair.

"Which was a thing that nobody wanted to do," said Adams, between inhalations.

"Which was a thing the Utah had to do," corrected Winton. "The canyon is a narrow gorge—a mere slit in parts of it. This is where they have us."

"Oh, well; I suppose we took an appeal and asked to have the injunction set aside?"

"We did, promptly; and that is the present status of the fight. The appeal decision has not yet been handed down; and in the meantime we go on building railroad, incurring all the penalties for contempt of court with every shovelful of earth moved. Do

ready occupied by a branch of the Colorado & Grand River."

"Still, I don't see why there should be any scrap."

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can keep the new line out of Carbonate till the six months have expired, it will have a monopoly of all the carrying trade of the camp. By consequence it can force every shipper in the district to make iron-clad contracts, so that when the Utah line is finally completed it won't be able to secure any freight for a year at least."

"Oho! that's the game, is it? I begin to savvy the burro; that's the proper phrase, isn't it? And what are our chances?"

"We have about one in a hundred, as near as I could make out from Mr. Callowell's statement of the case. The C. & G. R. people are moving heaven and earth to obstruct us in the canyon. If they can delay the work a little longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in the mountains, which usually comes long before this, the Utah will have to put up its tools and wait till next summer."

Adams lighted another cigarette. "Pardon me if I am inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't understand what these obstructionists can do. Of course, they can't use force."

Winton's smile was grim. "Can't they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from the courts restraining the new line from encroaching on their right of way."

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you still think you will be in danger of ossifying?"

Adams let the question rest while he asked one of his own.

"How do you come to be mixed up in it, Jack? A week ago some one told me you were going to South America to build a railroad in the Andes. What switched you?"

Winton shook his head. "Fate, I guess; that and a wire from President Callowell, of the Utah, offering me this. Chief of Construction Everts in charge of the work in Quartz Creek canyon, said what you said a few minutes ago—that he had not hired out for a soldier. He resigned, and I'm taking his berth."

Adams rose and buttoned his coat. "By all of which it seems that we two are in for a good bit more than the ossifying exile," he remarked. And then: "I am going back into the Rosemary to pay my respects to Miss Virginia Carteret. Won't you come along?"

"No," said Winton, more shortly than the invitation warranted; and the technologist went his way alone.

CHAPTER II.

"Scuse me, sah; private cab, sah."

It was the porter's challenge in the vestibule of the Rosemary. Adams found a card.

"Take that to Miss Carteret—Miss Virginia Carteret," he directed, and waited till the man came back with his welcome.

The extension table in the open rear third of the private car was closed to its smallest dimensions, and the movable furnishings were disposed about the compartment to make it a comfortable lounging room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



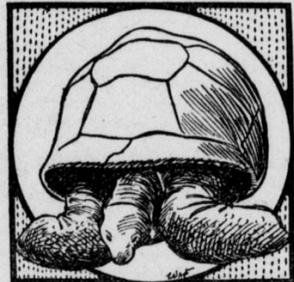
WINTON TURNED AND WALKED AWAY.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

A QUADRICENTENARIAN.

Story of a Tortoise Whose Age Was Probably Nearly 400 Years.

A living creature that has trod the earth, however sluggishly, since the days of the Spanish Armada is an object of no common degree of interest. Such a creature has just passed away peacefully in London, in the person of Drake, a venerable tortoise of the Zoological Gardens, supposed to be nearly four hundred years old. Mr. V. Forbin, who contributes a short



Drake, the London Tortoise, Possibly 400 Years Old.

obituary with portrait to Paris La Nature, and which was translated for the Literary Digest, notes that it is quite proper to be somewhat indefinite on the subject of Drake's exact age. He says:

"There is nothing to prove, in fact, that the Testuda abingdoni that gave up the ghost the other day had really attained so abnormal an age. All that we may say certainly on this delicate subject is as follows"

"The tortoise was captured in the Galapagos islands toward the end of the eighteenth century. At this time the scanty inhabitants of this wild archipelago regarded him as a bicentennial, relying on a date cut into his shell with a knife, which, though half effaced, appeared to begin with a 16. From this it was inferred that he had been first captured in the seventeenth century by some of the hardy English or French pirates who were then disputing the passage of the Spanish galleons between Mexico and the Philippines, and who made the Galapagos their rendezvous. One of these filibusters, in a vein of pleasantry, or perhaps to furnish data for the benefit of future naturalists, may have cut on the prisoner's back the date of his capture, and then set him at liberty. Perhaps he even added his name, which has been obliterated by the growth of the shell."

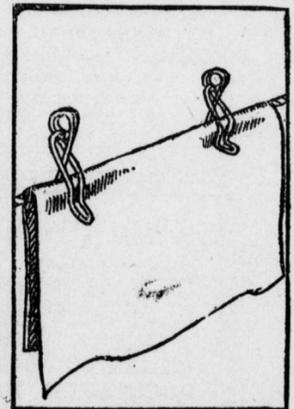
"From this vague date undoubtedly comes the name of the tortoise, 'Drake,' from the famous chief of the buccaneers, Sir Francis Drake, the illustrious and sanguinary sea-rover of the New World."

"The tortoise was not brought to England till 85 years ago. After several changes of ownership, he finally found comfortable quarters for his old age in an enclosure of the garden at Regent's park."

CLOTHES PIN.

Just the Right Shape to Hold the Clothes Firmly.

The old-style clothes pin has been in use for a long time, and has proven so satisfactory that a change would seem undesirable. Nevertheless, an improvement has been made by two North Carolina inventors, as will readily be seen by referring to the illustration. These clothes pins are made of galvanized iron to prevent rusting and injury to the clothes and are bent to form double jaws. These jaws pro-



Cannot Slip Off.

vide a strong clamp, which avoids the clothes securely to the line, without possibility of tearing or injuring them. The old-style clothes pins have a tendency to spring away from the line unless they are forced very hard against the line, which often tears garments of fine texture. It will be obvious that there is no danger of this happening with the clothes pin shown here.

Use Magnesia.

Rub magnesia on soiled spots and dainty light colored goods. Put plenty on both sides, and when wanted for use again brush well and the spots will be gone.

Popular British Names.

Out of every 100,000 girls and boys in England and Wales, 6,820 are called Mary and 6,590 William.

SELF-LOCKING RAILWAY SPIKE

Device by Which the Loosening of the Rail is Made Impossible.

A railway spike that cannot work loose is now manufactured at Seattle, Wash. Says the Railway and Engineering Review, in a brief descriptive note:



"It consists of an ordinary spike with a curved shoulder at the back about the middle of the spike in length, and a key or lock to hold the spike from working out of the tie. The wedge-shaped lock is a thin, tapering piece of iron. When the spike is driven into the tie it leaves a slight channel alongside of it, into which this wedge is driven, following the channel until it strikes the shoulder of the spike, when it immediately turns out and enters the wood along the line of least resistance—which is with the grain—sometimes turning upward a little if the wood is soft. It then becomes practically impossible to draw the spike without first drawing the wedge. If for any reason it is desired to pull the spike, the wedge itself, being thin, is easily drawn from the top, although it cannot be pushed up by the spike. After the wedge is drawn the spike can easily be removed, and what is of great advantage, can be replaced in the same hole and locked with the wedge as securely as before. As the ties become old and the spike becomes loose, a tap of the hammer on the wedge will set it up tight against the rail again. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway recently had a number of them made at its shops and put into its track for a test. We understand that more than a million of these have already been ordered."

NEW SIGNAL LIGHT.

Marine Torch Which Will Burn in the Water.

A marine torch or signal light, that burst into a brilliant flame the instant it touches water, is a recent invention. These signal lights can be used in many ways. One method is to attach one to a life buoy; the me-



Light Attached to a Life Buoy.

ment the life preserver strikes the water the light gives out a bright flame, showing its location not only to the person overboard, but marking the spot for the crew, who put back in a small boat. As the average passenger steamer cannot be stopped in much less than a mile when under full headway, the importance of the light in finding the spot is evident. The signal burns with 300 candlepower for a full hour. These lights are already in use in the American navy.

Another type is the projectile which is fired from a gun and will carry as far as an ordinary shell will go. These lights can be set to burn as they leave the gun, or not until they strike the water, where they will float and burn from one to two hours.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

Liberal Aid Given to Science Elicits Comment from Abroad.

American generosity to science received hearty recognition at the annual meeting of that notable body, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at York. The president, Edwin Ray Lankester, in his address gave a highly interesting review of the progress made by science, particularly within the last 25 years which he said would stand out forever for the achievements in this line, especially with regard to the discovery of new chemical elements possessing astounding properties. He paid tribute to the work of astronomers, including the splendid accomplishments of Prof. Pickering, of Harvard university, and then alluded to the liberal assistance given to science by wealthy Americans, specifying the gifts of great telescopes and other equipment as indicating the interest taken by our millionaires in such work. He added: "In the United States this is not infrequent, while in this country it is rare." The gentleman is correct. There is no other land, remarks the Troy Times, in which money is so lavishly paid out by rich men in behalf of education and philanthropy as in the United States.

Machinery to Roll Glass.

An invention for drawing molten glass out of the furnaces and rolling it mechanically has been sold to a syndicate of plate-glass manufacturers for \$592,000. The inventor is a Belgian, Mr. Fourcault, and the purchasers of his patent rights are German, French, Belgian and Bohemian manufacturers. Only high-priced manual labor has been able to do the work heretofore.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.



When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes:

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Strange World Tour.

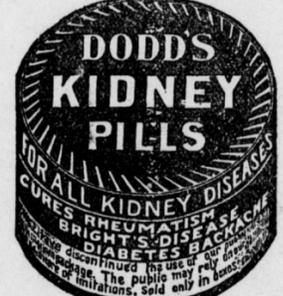
A story is told in Paris of a titled painter's pilgrimage. Ten years ago Viscount Jacques de Gruart laid a wager of \$60,000 that he and his bride, to be married in the day of departure, could make a tour of the world, living on the earnings of the vicomte's brush. There was no stipulation as to time. The pair have just reached Paris on their return, after successfully accomplishing their undertaking and winning their bet. They have traversed Europe, America, Africa and Australia, living on nothing but the meager profits of the vicomte's brush.

BEEES CLOSED A MINE.

Swarmed in Millions and Men Were Unable to Work.

There are instances in great number where mining operations were temporarily suspended by a shortage of funds or by water flooding the property, but it remained for Mohawk, a small station along the Southern Pacific, to furnish a new cause which is unique in the history of mining. The company affected owns the Red Cross mines in the Mohawk mountains.

Millions of bees, attracted by the water at these mines and forced from their hives in the mountains by the drought, took possession of the water supply, and their numbers were so great that it was found impossible to drive the swarms away. Consequently the mines have been shut down until the rainy season sets in, when it is hoped the bees will return to their mountain homes.—Sacramento Bee.



DAILY FREE MINING MARKET LETTER FOR ONE MONTH Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog News Specially Featured CATLIN & POWELL CO. Dept. A, 35 Wall St., New York.

VIRGINIA FARMS 5 to 5,000 acres at \$4 acre up stamps. Southern States Land Co., Inc., Petersburg, Va. SALESMEN WANTED. We want live, active and thoroughly experienced salesmen in this locality with sufficient money to buy outright his first month's supply of our Specially Low Pressure Hollow Wire Gasoline Lights. A utility needed in every store and home and fully complying with insurance rules. To such a man we will give exclusive sales rights and guarantee to refund money if goods not sold in 60 days. Further particulars on request. The Standard Light Co., 930 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL. We teach plumbing, brick-laying and plastering by actual practice in three months. Free catalog. COVING TRADING SCHOOL, 635-86 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE. Booklet FREE tells about Texas farm lands, giving prices and products. Hundreds come from Texas and other parts. J. C. MCKINNEY, Honey Grove, Texas.