

OUR SERIAL.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE Author of "The Grafters," Etc.

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 goodbye?"

Oddly enough, the comment on Winton did not pause with the encomiums 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 Bisque, 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."

CHAPTER III. It was late breakfast time when the 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, 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

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.

"Will you inform me, seh, why I wasn't wired that this beggahly 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 cou't 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 Evat's resigning, and the Utah's sending east for a professional right-of-way fighteh 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 ensnared 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 Gyuad, 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 packet 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 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?"

LITTLE THINGS AND BIG.

Differentiate Between the Essential and the Non-Essential.

Little things are often of great importance, but when they are so they are not little. The pinion of a watch wheel, for example, in one sense is little, in another sense it is not so at all; for when it is not perfectly adjusted, the watch is worthless for time-keeping. It is not size that makes a thing little or great, but its relation to the end for which a number of things are combined. Because so many of the people who are always preaching the importance of little things fail to discriminate between the little and the non-essential, they often make a wretched mess of the management of their own and other people's affairs.

DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA.

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder—Under Physicians Grew Worse—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema six months. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. It was on my body and on my feet so thick that I could hardly put a pin on me without touching eczema. My face was covered, my eyebrows came out, and then it got in my eye. I then went to another doctor. He asked me what I was taking for it, and I told him Cuticura. He said that was a very good thing, but that he thought my face would be marked for life. But Cuticura did its work, and my face is now just as clear as it ever was. I told all my friends about my remarkable cure. I feel so thankful I want everybody far and wide to know what Cuticura can do. It is a sure cure for eczema. Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, 1905."

WHAT WE OWE TO INSECTS.

They Are of the Greatest Benefit to Growing Flowers.

Prof. Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects, by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization, have produced the gay flowers of the field. Prof. Plateau, of Ghent, has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in the connection he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attraction in flowers to insects—as yet, it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright-colored ones and the less conspicuous blossoms like those of the currants, the lime, the planetree, the nettle and the willow.

To Give Work to Russian Company.

As nothing came of the attempt last year to raise in Balaclavay the British Ironclad with her treasure during the Crimean war, the Russian admiralty officials at Sebastopol now propose to intrust the task of bringing up the treasure to a Russian salvage syndicate.

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies. But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oslerites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40 only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change."

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise. "For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural, and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

KING OF SAFE-BREAKERS.

Marvelous Delicacy of Hearing Possessed by Milner James.

"Milner James was the most artistic safe-breaker in the business," said Leococq the detective. "He is dead now. He opened in his time over 700 safes without tools or gunpowder solely by working out the combination with his delicate and patient fingers. "It took me a year," he once said, "to learn the trick of picking combinations. I studied all the locks there were and I had three safes of different makes to practice on. The ear is the most important factor in my method and it must be held tight against the safe door on a line with the tumblers. When the knob of the lock is turned slowly and one of the tumblers reaches the notch corresponding to the first number of the combination the tumbler will fall with a little click. Care must be taken not to displace this tumbler. You keep on trying the knob back and forth gently till each of the tumblers drops. Then the door opens. Hardly one man in a thousand has an ear delicate enough for this work and to be a success at it you've got to give up tobacco and alcohol."

Animals Do with Little Water.

There are some animals which rarely drink; for instance, the llamas, of Patagonia, and certain gazelles of the far east. A number of snakes, lizards and other reptiles live in places devoid of water. A bat of western America inhabits waterless plains. In parts of Lozere, France, there are herds of cows and goats which hardly ever drink and yet produce the milk for Roquefort cheese.

Sheep-Killing Parrot.

The kea is a greenish-brown parrot of New Zealand, which is as dangerous to the sheep of that country as wolves would be. These carnivorous birds fasten themselves on the backs of grazing sheep, tear through wool and skin to the kidney fat, which they devour, leaving the unfortunate animal to perish in agony.

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Saved from Horrible Death.

Three lives have been saved by means of a device invented by a Swedish woman named Lind, for preventing people from being buried alive. It was applied to 2,300 supposes corpses.

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Latest Fad in "Society."

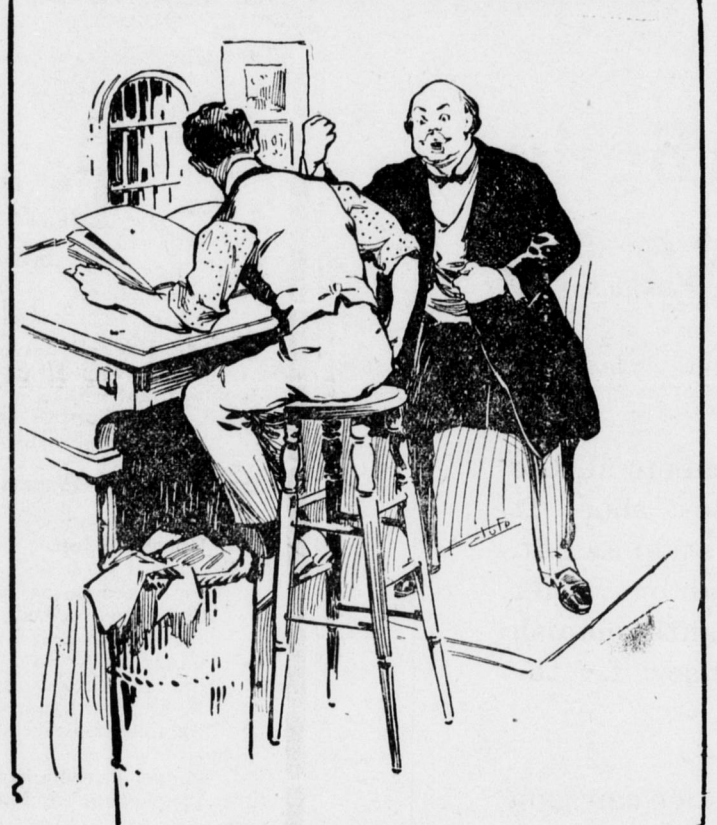
The latest fad in certain eastern society circles is to be glum and cross. One phase of this more than usually absurd affectation takes the form of ignoring letters of introduction and this lack of consideration has roused family feuds in several cases. One wealthy young Italian, who is a member of one of the best Roman families, went to Newport this summer with many letters from prominent persons. But he has found it impossible to present them. "It is foolish to expect anything from social leaders these days and the stranger who asks to be received by letter has a hard time of it," said a young man whose letter to a society matron was ignored.

Had New York Sized Up.

It was a severe criticism made on New York city by a visitor from Nebraska who said: "Yours is a 'short change' town. In three days I have had seven different persons try to cheat me by returning too little change."

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"DON'T KNOW?"

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, 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 handed in his batch of telegrams and went his way reflective. 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 jaunt with a winter sojourn in California to lengthen it. Why, then, this sudden change from "Limited" regular trains to unlimited specials? 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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