

OUR SERIAL.
A FOOL FOR LOVE
By FRANCIS LYNDE
Author of "The Graders," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Why, my dear Virginia—the ideal! You don't know in the least what you are talking about. I have been reading in the papers about these right-of-way troubles, and they are perfectly terrible. One report said they were arming the laboring men, and another said the militia might have to be called out."

"Well, what of it?" said Virginia, with all the hardness of youth and unknowledge. "It's something like a burning building; one doesn't want to be hard-hearted and rejoice over other people's misfortunes; but then, if it has to burn, one would like to be there to see."

Miss Bessie put a stray lock of the flaxen hair up under its proper comb. "I'm sure I prefer California and the orange groves and peace," she asserted. "Don't you, Cousin Billy?"

What Mr. Calvert would have replied is no matter for this history, since at this precise moment the rajah came in, "coruscating," as Virginia put it, from his late encounter with the superintendent's chief clerk.

"Give them the word to go, Jastrow, and let's get out of here," he commanded. And when the secretary had vanished the Rajah made his explanations to all and sundry. "I've been obliged in a maneh to change our itinerary. Another company is trying to fault us up in Qua'tz Creek canyon, and I am in a meashuh compelled to be on the ground. We shall be delayed only a few days, I hope; at the worst only until the first snowstorm comes; and, in the meantime, Calfo'nia won't run away."

Virginia linked arms with Bessie the flaxen-haired when the wheels began to turn.

"We are off," she said. "Let's go out on the platform and see the last of Denver."

It was while they were clinging to the hand-rail and looking back upon the jumble of railway activities out of which they had just emerged that the Rosemary, gaining headway, overtook another moving train running smoothly on a track parallel to that upon which the private car was speeding. It was the narrow-gauge mountain connection of the Utah line, and Winton and Adams were on the rear platform of the last car. So it chanced that the four of them were presently waving their adieux across the wind-blown interspace. In the midst of it, or rather at the moment when the Rosemary, gathering speed as the lighter of the two trains, forged ahead, the Rajah came out to light his cigar.

He took in the little tableau of the rear platforms at a glance, and when the slower train was left behind asked a question of Virginia.

"Ah—wasn't one of those two the young gentleman who called on you yesterday afternoon, my dear?" Virginia admitted it.

"Could you faveh me with his name?" "He is Mr. Morton P. Adams, of Boston."

"Ah-h; and his friend—the young gentleman who laid his hand to the couch and put the engine on the track last night?"

"He is Mr. Winton—a— an artist, I believe; at least, that is what I gathered from what Mr. Adams said of him."

Mr. Somerville Darrah laughed, a slow little laugh deep in his throat.

"Bless your innocent soul—he a pichehuh-painteh? Not in a thousand years, my dear Virginia. He is a railroad man, and a right good one at that. Faveh me with the name again; Winteh, did you say?"

"No; Winton—Mr. John Winton."

"D-d-devil!" gritted the Rajah, smiting the hand-rail with his clenched fist. "Hah! I beg your pardon, my deahs—a meah slip of the tongue." And then, to the full as savagely, "By heaven, I hope that train will fly the track and ditch him before ever he comes within ordering distance of the work in Qua'tz Creek canyon!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville—how vindictive!" cried Virginia. "Who is he, and what has he done?"

"He is Misteh John Winton, as you informed me just now; one of the brainiest constructing engineers in this entiah country, and the hardest man in this or any other country to down in a right-of-way fight—that's who he is. And it's not what he's done, my dear Virginia, it's what he is going to do. If I can't get him killed up out of our way," but here Mr. Darrah saw the growing terror in two pairs of eyes, and realizing that he was committing himself before an unsympathetic audience, beat a hasty retreat to his stronghold at the other end of the Rosemary.

"Well!" said the flaxen-haired Bessie, catching her breath. But Virginia laughed.

"I'm glad I'm not Mr. Winton," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

Morning in the highest highlands of the Rockies, a morning clear, cold and tense, with a bell-like quality in the frosty air to make the cracking of a

snow-laden fir bough resound like a pistol shot. For Denver and the dwellers on the eastern plain the sun is an hour high; but the hamlet mining camp of Argentine, with its dovecote railway station and two-dogged sliding, still lies in the steel blue depths of the canyon shadow.

In a scanty widening of the main canyon a few hundred yards below the station a graders' camp of rude slab shelters is turning out its horde of wild-looking Italians; and on a crooked spur track fronting the shanties blue wood smoke is curling lazily upward from the kitchen car of a construction train.

All night long the Rosemary, drawn by the speediest of mountain-climbing locomotives, had stormed onward and upward from the valley of the Grand, through black defiles and around the shrugged shoulders of the mighty peaks to find a resting-place in the white-robed dawn on the siding at Argentine. The lightest of sleepers, Virginia had awakened when the special was passing through Carbonate; and drawing the berth curtain she had lain for hours watching the solemn procession of cliffs and peaks wheeling in stately and orderly array against the background of sky. Now, in the steel-blue dawn, she was—or thought she was—the first member of the party to dress and steal out upon the railed platform to look abroad upon the wondrous scene in the canyon.

But her reverie, trance-like in its wordless enthusiasm, was presently broken by a voice behind her—the voice, namely, of Mr. Arthur Jastrow. "What a howling wilderness, to be sure, isn't it?" said the secretary, twirling his eye-glasses by the cord and looking, as he felt, interminably bored.

"No, indeed; anything but that," she retorted, warmly. "It is grander than anything I ever imagined. I wish there were a piano in the car. It makes me fairly ache to set it in some form of expression, and music is the only form I know."

"I'm glad it it doesn't bore you," he rejoined, willing to agree with her for the sake of prolonging the interview. "But to me it is nothing more than a dreary wilderness, as I say; a barren, rock-ribbed gulch affording an indifferent right-of-way for two railroads."

"For one," she corrected, in a quick upflash of loyalty for her kin.

The secretary shifted his gaze from the mountains to the maiden and smiled. She was exceedingly good to look upon—high-bred, queenly and just now with the fine fire of enthusiasm to quicken her pulses and to send the rare flush to neck and cheek.

Jastrow, the cold-eyed, the business automaton set to go off with a click at Mr. Somerville Darrah's touch, had ambitions not automatic. Some day he meant to put the world of business under foot as a conqueror, standing triumphant on the apex of that pyramid of success which the Mr. Somerville Darrahs were so successfully up-rearing. When that day should come, there would need to be an establishment, a menage, a queen for the kingdom of success. Summing her up for the hundredth time since the beginning of the westward flight, he thought Miss Carteret would fill the requirements passing well.

But this was a divagation, and he pulled himself back to the askings of the moment, agreeing with her again without reference to his private convictions.

"For one, I should have said," he amended. "We mean to have it that way, though an unprejudiced onlooker might be foolish enough to say that there is a pretty good present prospect of two."

But Miss Carteret was in a contradictory mood. Moreover, she was a woman, and the way to a woman's confidence does not lie through the neutral country of easy compliance.

"If you won't take the other side, I will," she said. "There will be two." Jastrow acquiesced a second time.

"I shouldn't wonder. Our competitor's road seems to be only a question of time—a very short time, judging from the number of men turning out in the track gang down yonder."

Virginia leaned over the railing to look past the car and the dovecote station, shading her eyes to shut out the snow-blink from the sun-fired peaks.

"Why, they are soldiers!" she exclaimed. "At least, some of them have guns on their shoulders. And see—they are forming in line!"

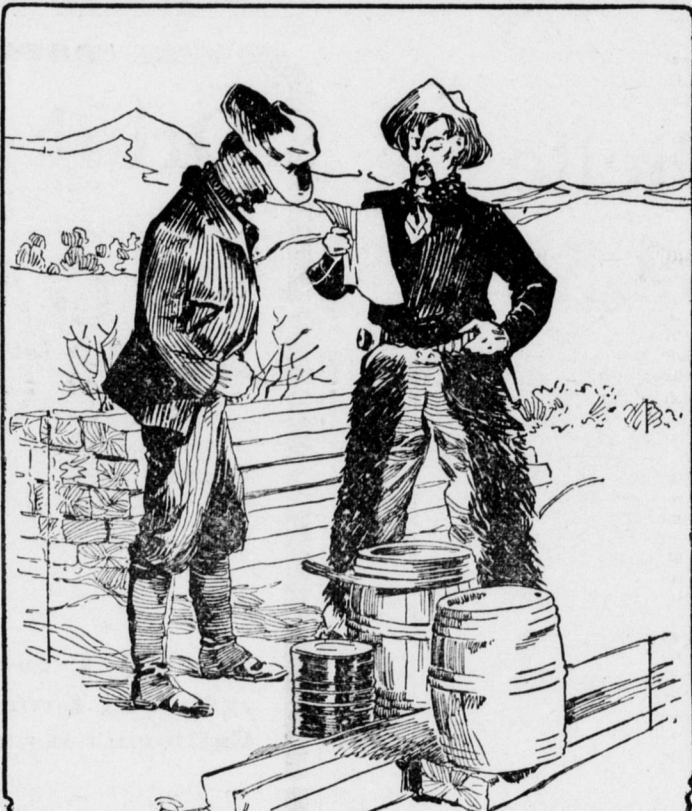
The secretary adjusted his eye-glasses. "By Jove! you are right; they have armed the track force. The new chief of construction doesn't mean to take any chances of being shaken loose by force. Here they come."

The end of track of the new line was diagonally across the creek from the Rosemary's berth and a short pistol shot farther down stream. But to advance it to a point opposite the private car, and to gain the altitude of the high embankment directly across from the station, the new line turned short out of the main canyon at the mouth of the intersecting gorge, describing a long, U-shaped curve around the head of the lateral ravine and doubling back upon itself to reenter the canyon proper at the higher elevation.

The curve which was the beginning of this U-shaped loop was the morning's scene of action, and the Utah track layers, 200 strong, moved to the front in orderly array, with armed guards as flankers for the hand-car load of rails which the men were pushing up the grade.

Jastrow darted into the car, and a moment later his place on the observation platform was taken by a wrathful industry colonel fresh from his dressing-room—so fresh, indeed, that he was coatless, hatless, and collarless, and with the dripping bath sponge clutched like a missile to hurl at the impudent invaders on the opposite side of the canyon.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jastrow! Haste up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him



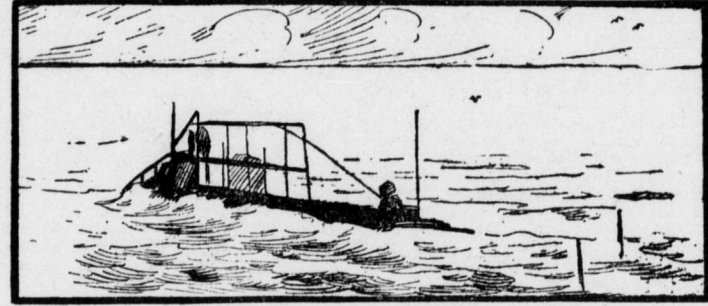
READING THE WARRANT.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

THE PERISCOPE.

Description of the Eye of the Submarine.

The submarine, as a practical mechanism of war, would be unusable without some means by which its commander may see what is going on around and above it. This is furnished at present by the periscope, which A. Sauvage Jourdan, a retired



Submarine with Periscope.

officer of the French navy, writing in La Nature, and translated for Literary Digest, calls with some justification, "the eye of the submarine." Writes Mr. Jourdan:

"In principle, the periscope is composed of a tube of small diameter placed vertically on the upper part of the submarine. Its lower end penetrates into the boat, while its upper end rises above the water by a few inches.

"It works by one of the simplest optical devices—the use of mirrors. A mirror in the upper end of the tube, inclined to 45 degrees to the horizontal, receives the images of objects on the water and sends them vertically downward to a second parallel mirror at the lower end of the tube, within the submarine. . . .

"Though every maritime nation has adopted for its submarines an instrument based on this theory, some, as in our own case, have an excellent one, while others have been retarded in the utilization of submarines by the insufficiency and ineffectiveness of their optical devices. . . .

"Without betraying military secrets, we may give a few details regarding the installation of the periscope on French submarines, which will make their working a little clearer.

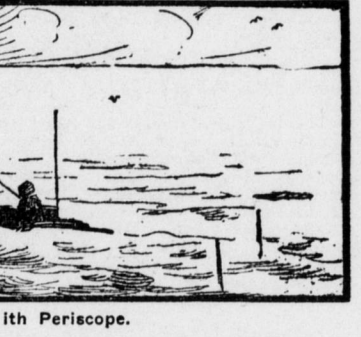
"In the first place, the mirrors, spoken of above, are replaced by prisms. The arc of the horizon covered by the upper prism is about 90 degrees. The periscope has two tubes, a short one, fixed in the hull . . . and a movable one which slides in it. The latter is pushed up above the surface, or withdrawn below it, at will.

"The tube is moved up and down by a screw, a counterweight, or even by a little electric motor, as in our latest models. The upper prism is fixed in the movable tube, the lower one in the stationary tube. Certain imaginary pictures that have recently been published show the images . . . thrown on a horizontal table under the eyes of the commanding officer. This is an error. The observer places his eye at a single or double eye-

piece, through which he sees the ocean and objects upon it exactly as his comrade does with his field glass on the deck of a battleship.

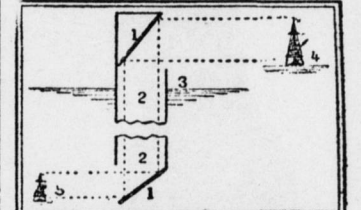
"When it is necessary to examine the horizon in another than the forward direction . . . the observer grasps two handles on the movable tube and turns it in the desired direction. . . . The quality of the vision is pronounced excellent by the commanding officers of all our submarines. The images are sharp and clear, and may be compared with those of a good field glass."

In case of rough water, the author goes on to say, the drops easily run from the inclined surface of the upper prism, and the latter may be cleared at any time by pulling it un-



der water, and then pushing it up quickly. He goes on: "Thus the periscope is the eye of the submarine, without which it would be absolutely unusable. But this indispensable organ is also the sole means by which the presence of the submarine is revealed. The tube, small though it be, leaves a wake behind it, which is apt to attract the attention of those who are watching for the attack.

"This is an evil without a remedy, but its gravity need not be exaggerated. What can be done by a ship that discerns this slight object at short distance? To destroy it by gunfire would be difficult in so brief a



Design of Periscope: 1, 1, Mirrors; 2, 2, Tube; 3, Surface of Sea; 4, Ship on Horizon; 5, Its Image in Interior of Submarine.

time, and the destruction of the periscope would leave the submarine unharmed. . . .

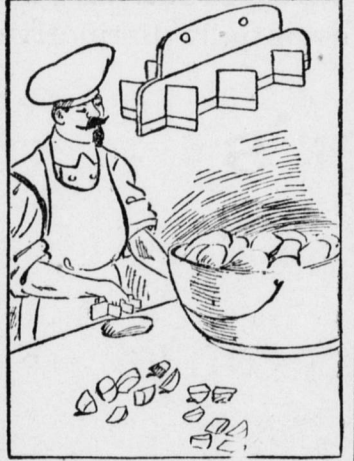
"Besides this, nothing is easier than to have a second periscope for use in case the first is destroyed; and this has actually been done in our latest submarines.

"We may imagine the nervous strain of the officers and crews of a warship who fear an attack of submarines. All floating objects, the slightest debris, fishermen's buoys, will be suspected of being periscopes, and a hail of projectiles will be directed on the most inoffensive objects, while the real enemy may pass unnoticed. . . . Probably the submarines will encourage these mistakes by scattering about them all sorts of floating objects, in the midst of which their periscopes will have a good chance of escaping notice."

IMPROVED POTATO KNIFE.

At One Operation the Potato Is Cut Into Eight Pieces.

It has been surmised that inventors had reached the limit in the im-



New Potato Knife.

provement of household inventions, but this does not seem to be the case. Inventors still are on the lookout for some device that will prove a household necessity, as they realize it will command a ready market.

As an example, an Iowa man has patented a knife for cutting potatoes that does eight times the work of the ordinary knife. Instead of requiring eight cuts to divide the potato into pieces it is all done at one operation.

The illustration plainly shows the construction of the knife, no description being necessary. Six small blades and one center blade, attached to a handle, are all that is required. One stab at a potato divides it into eight pieces. In hotels, restaurants, etc., where thousands of potatoes are cut up each day, this knife would save considerable labor and time.

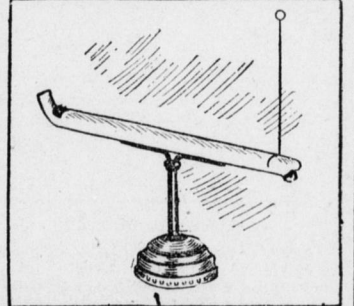
New Pen Metal.

An American patent has been granted for making pens of tantalum or its alloys.

A LAMP OF SCIENCE.

Important Use Discovered for the Mercury Vapor Lamp.

An important use has been found for the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor lamp in scientific investigation. In optical experiments in the laboratory it is often important to have at command a monochromatic light. Formerly the mercury arc light was employed for this purpose, but after being used for a short time, the efficiency of this source of light seriously falls off. It has been found, however, says Youth's Companion, that the Cooper Hewitt lamp gives the same monochromatic light, with very fine rays, so that it is admirably suited for the study of interference phenomena, and it possesses the great advantage of being steady and trustworthy in its output. Moreover, being a commercial apparatus, it is



Mercury Vapor Lamp.

easily obtained, and can be used at a comparatively small expense.

A New Word.

French aeronautic authorities have given the name "aeronef," or aviation apparatus, to a flying machine that is heavier than the air. The varieties include: (1) the helicopter, sustained and driven by one or several propellers; (2) the aeroplane, chiefly sustained by one or more flat or curved surfaces, and (3) the orthopter or mechanical bird, sustained and propelled by beating wings.

THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Most Successful Remedy for All Forms of Debility.

Anemia, whether it results from actual loss of blood, from lack of nutrition due to stomach trouble, or whatever its cause, is simply a deficiency of the vital fluid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do that one thing and they do it well.

"As a girl," says Mrs. Jessie Fink, of 180 East Mill street, Akron, Ohio, "I suffered from nervous indigestion and when I was eighteen years old I was reduced in weight to 93 pounds. I was anemic, nervous, couldn't eat or sleep, was short of breath after the least exertion and had headaches almost constantly. I had a doctor, of course, but I might as well have taken so much water for all the good his medicine did me. Finally my vitality and strength were so reduced that I had to take to my bed for several weeks at a time. I could not digest any solid food and for weeks I did not take any other nourishment than a cup of tea or beef broth. "While I was sick in bed I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I stopped all other medicine and began to take the pills. Soon my improvement was very noticeable. My strength began to return, my stomach gave me no pain and just as soon as I began to take solid food I gained in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly saved my life. I am now perfectly well, have regained my normal weight of 120 pounds and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

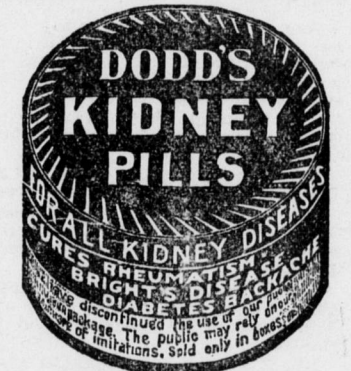
These celebrated pills are recommended for all cases of weakness and debility, such as result from fevers and other acute diseases. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$3.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Longest and Oldest Tunnel.

The near completion of the Pennsylvania tunnel reminds the American Israelite of the oldest known tunnel in the world, that of Shiloah, near Jerusalem. It was used as an aqueduct. The famous inscription, discovered a few years ago, celebrates the first meeting of the diggers from both sides. Newspapers did not appear in those days, and so the event cannot be exactly dated, but it most probably took place under King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C., and is an interesting testimony to the high state of civilization among the Jews at a time when Europe was inhabited by savages.

Worry Postal Authorities.

Because the postal administration has imposed a duty of five pennings instead of two on postal cards intended for urban delivery, the citizens of Hanover have inaugurated a singular strike against the postal authorities. Instead of writing postal cards, they all write letters, and, not satisfied with sending their effusions in an envelope, they fill it with newspaper so as to bring the weight of the letter to the maximum of 250 grams. As the envelopes they now use are of the maximum size tolerated it is easy to obstruct a letter box with only a dozen of such missives. The postal authorities are alarmed at this obstruction of the postal service, and it is probable that the former tariff of two pennings on postal cards will have to be reestablished.



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CURE

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