



A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Crafters," Etc.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Those who knew her best said it was a warning to be heeded in Miss Virginia Carteret when her eyes were downcast and her voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Why, certainly; how simple!" she said, taking her cousin's arm again; and the secretary went in to set the wires at work in Winton's affair.

Now Miss Carteret was a woman in every fiber of her, but among her gifts she might have counted some that were, to say the least, super-feminine. One of these was a measure of discretion which would have been fairly creditable in a past master of diplomacy.

So, while the sympathetic part of her was crying out for a chance to talk Winton's threatened danger over with some one, she lent herself outwardly to the Reverend Billy's mood—which was one of scenic enthusiasm; this without prejudice to a growing determination to intervene in behalf of fair play for Winton if she could find a way.

But the way obstinately refused to discover itself. The simple thing to do would be to appeal to her uncle's sense of justice. It was not like him to fight with ignoble weapons, she thought, and a tactful word in season might make him recall the order to the superintendent. But she could not make the appeal without betraying Jastrow. She knew well enough that the secretary had no right to show her the telegrams; knew also that Mr. Somerville Darrah's first word would be a demand to know how she had learned the company's business secrets. Regarding Jastrow as little as a high-bred young woman to whom sentiment is as the breath of life can regard a man who is quite devoid of it, she was still far enough from the thought of effacing him.

To this expedient there was an unhelpful alternative: namely, the sending, by the Reverend Billy, or, in the last resort, by herself, of a warning message to Winton. But there were obstacles seemingly insuperable. She had not the faintest notion of how such a warning should be addressed; and again, the operator at Argentine was a Colorado & Grand River employe, doubtless loyal to his salt, in which case the warning message would never get beyond his waste basket.

"Getting too chilly for you out here?—want to go in?" asked the Reverend Billy, when the scenic enthusiasm began to wane.

"No; but I am tired of the sentry-go part of it—ten steps and a turn," she confessed. "Can't we walk on the track a little way?"

"We can trot down and have a look at their construction camp, if you like," he suggested, and thitherward they went.

It was Virginia who first marked the boxed-up tent standing on the slope.

"What do you suppose that little house-tent is for?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Calvert. Then he saw the wires and ventured a guess which hit the mark.

"I didn't suppose they would have a telegraph office," she commented, with hope rising again.

"Oh, yes; they'd have to have a wire; one of their own. Under the circumstances they could hardly use ours."

"No," she rejoined, absently. She was scanning the group of steel hand-ladders in the hope that a young man in a billy-cock hat and with a cigarette between his lips would shortly reveal himself.

She found him after a time and turned quickly to her cousin.

"There is Mr. Adams down there by the engine. Do you think he would come over and speak to us if he knew we were here?"

The Reverend Billy's smile was of honest admiration.

"How could you doubt it? Wait here a minute and I'll call him for you."

He was gone before she could reply—across the ice bridge spanning one of the pools, and up the rough, frozen embankment of the new line. There were armed guards here, too, as well as at the front, and one of them halted him at the picket line. But Adams saw and recognized him, and presently the two were crossing to where Virginia stood waiting.

"Eh! what a little world we live in, Miss Virginia! Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said the technologist, taking her hand at the precise elevation prescribed by good form—Boston good form.

"The shock is mutual," she laughed. "I must say that you and Mr. Winton have chosen a highly unconventional environment for your sketching field."

"I'm down," he admitted, cheerfully; "please don't trample on me. But really, it wasn't all fib. Jack does do things with a pencil—other things besides maps and working profiles, I mean. Won't you come over and let me do the honors of the studio?" with a grandiloquent arm-sweep meant to include the construction camp in general and the "dinkey" caboose in particular.

It was the invitation she would have angled for, but she was too wise to accept too readily.

"Oh, no; I think we mustn't. I'm afraid Mr. Winton might not like it." "Not like it? If you'll come he'll never forgive himself for not being here to 'shoot up' the camp for you in person. He is away, you know; gone to Carbonate for the day."

"Ought we to go, Cousin Billy?" she asked, shifting, not the decision, but the responsibility for it, to broader shoulders.

"Why not, if you care to?" said the athlete, to whom right-of-way fights were mere matters of business in no wise conflicting with the social ameliorations.

Virginia hesitated. There was a thing to be said to Mr. Adams, and that without delay; but how could she say it with her cousin standing by to make an impossible trio out of any attempted duet confidential? A willingness to see that Winton had fair play need not carry with it an open desertion to the enemy. She must not forget to be loyal to her salt; and, besides, Mr. Somerville Darrah's righteous indignation was not lightly to be ignored.

But the upshot of the hesitant pause was a decision to brave the consequences—all of them; so she took Calvert's arm for the slippery crossing of the ice bridge.

Once on his own domain, Adams did the honors of the camp as thoroughly and conscientiously as if the hour held no care heavier than the entertainment of Miss Virginia Carteret.

"Oh, how comfortable!" she exclaimed, when he had shown her all the space-saving contrivances of the field office. "And this is where you and Mr. Winton work?"

"It is where we eat and sleep," corrected Adams. "And speaking of eating: it is hopelessly the wrong end of the day—or it would be in Boston—but our Chinaman won't know the difference. Let me have him make you a dish of tea," and the order was given before she could protest.

he could find the word for his surprise. Then he tried to turn it off lightly. "There is a good bit more of the artist in Jack than I have been giving him credit for. Don't you know, he must have got the notion for that between two half-seconds—when you recognized me on the platform at Kansas City. It's wonderful!"

"So very wonderful that I think I shall keep it," she rejoined, not without a touch of asperity. Then she added: "Mr. Winton will probably never miss it. If he does, you will have to explain the best way you can." And Adams could only say "By Jove!" again, and busy himself with pouring the tea which Ah Foo had brought in.

In the nature of things the tea-drinking in the stuffy "dinkey" drawing-room was not prolonged. Time was flying. Virginia's errand of mercy was not yet accomplished, and Aunt Martha in her capacity of anxious chaperon was not to be forgotten. Also, Miss Carteret had a feeling that under his well-bred exterior Mr. Morton P. Adams was chafing like any barbarian industry captain at this unwarrantable intrusion and interruption.

So presently they all forthrightly into the sun-bright, snow-blinding out-of-door world, and Virginia gathered up her courage and took her dilemma by the horns.

"I believe I have seen everything now except that tent-plate up there," she asserted, groping purposefully for her opening.

Adams called up another smile of acquiescence. "That is our telegraph office. Would you care to see it?" The technologist was of those who shirk all or shirk nothing.

"I don't know why I should care to, but I do," she replied, with charming and childlike willfulness; so the three of them trudged up the slippery path to the operator's den on the slope.

Not to evade his hospitable duty in any part, Adams explained the use and need of a "front" wire, and Miss Carteret was properly interested.

"How convenient!" she commented.



"CAN YOU SEND ALL THAT?"

"While we are waiting on Ah Foo I'll show you some of Jack's sketches," he went on, finding a portfolio and opening it upon the drawing board.

"Are you quite sure Mr. Winton won't mind?" she asked.

"Mind? He'd give a month's pay to be here to show them himself. He is peacock vain of his one small accomplishment, Winton is—bores me to death with it sometimes."

"Really?" was the mocking rejoinder, and they began to look at the sketches.

They were heads, most of them, impressionistic studies in pencil or pastel, with now and then a pen-and-ink bearing evidence of more painstaking after-work. They were made on bits of map paper, the backs of old letters, and not a few on leaves torn from an engineer's note book.

"They don't count for much in an artistic way," said Adams, with the brutal frankness of a friendly critic, but they will serve to show you that I wasn't all kinds of an embroiderer when I was telling you about Winton's proclivities the other day."

"I shouldn't apologize for that, if I were you," she retorted. "It is well past apology, don't you think?" And then: "What is this one?"

They had come to the last of the sketches, which was a rude map. It was penciled on the leaf of a memorandum, and Adams recognized it as the outline Winton had made and used in explaining the right-of-way entanglement.

"It is a map," he said, "one that Jack drew day before yesterday when he was trying to make me understand the situation up here. I wonder why he kept it? Is there anything on the other side?"

She turned the leaf, and they both went speechless for the moment. The reverse of the scrap of cross-ruled paper held a very fair likeness of a face which Virginia's mirror had oftener portrayed; a sketch setting forth in a few vigorous strokes of the pencil the impressionist's ideal of the "god-fresh from the bath."

"By Jove," exclaimed Adams, when

"And you can come up here and talk to anybody you like—just as if it were a telephone?"

"To anyone in the company's service," amended Adams. "It is not a commercial wire."

"Then let us send a message to Mr. Winton," she suggested, playing the part of the capricious ingenue to the very upcast of a pair of mischievous eyes. "I'll write it and you may sign it."

Adams stretched his complaisance the necessary additional inch and gave her a pencil and a pad of blanks. She wrote rapidly:

"Miss Carteret has been here admiring your drawings. She took one of them away with her, and I couldn't stop her without asking her permission. She says—"

"Oh, dear! I am making it awfully long. Does it cost so much a word?"

"No," said Adams, but without an effort. He was beginning to be distinctly disappointed in Miss Virginia, and was wandering in the inner depths of him what piece of girlish frivolity she was expected to sign and send to his chief. Meanwhile she went on writing:

"I am to tell you not to get into any fresh trouble—not to let anyone else get you into trouble; by which I infer she means that some attempt will be made to keep you from returning on the evening train."

"There, can you send all that?" she asked, sweetly, giving the pad to the technologist.

Adams read the first part of the letter-length telegram with inward groanings, but the generous purpose of it struck him like a whip blow when he came to the thinly veiled warning. Also it shamed him for his unworthy judgment of Virginia.

"I thank you very heartily, Miss Carteret," he said, humbly. "It shall be sent word for word." Then, for the Reverend William's benefit: "Winton deserves all sorts of a snubbing for taking liberties with your portrait. I'll see that he gets more of it when he comes back."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

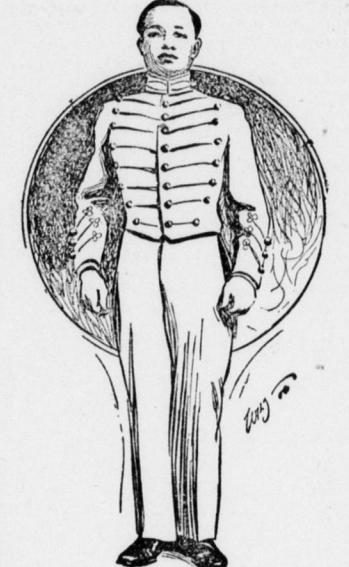
LEARNING WAR ART

MANY ALIENS AT AMERICAN MILITARY SCHOOLS.

Is Uncle Sam Training Soldiers for Nations With Which He May Some Day Be at War?

While it is true that foreigners are admitted to West Point military academy as students only on application through official sources and by authority of congress, it is true that a number of foreign countries have been invited by our government to designate officers of infantry, cavalry and artillery to take the courses of instruction at the service schools at Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley, and these invitations have been accepted by Mexico and by several Central and South American states.

In each instance of foreign cadets undergoing instruction at West Point and foreign officers receiving instruction at the infantry and cavalry school, Fort Leavenworth, and at the



Ting Chia Chen, Chinese Cadet at West Point.

cavalry and field artillery school, Fort Riley, this government pays none of the expenses. Otherwise the cadets and officers are on the same footing as our own.

At the United States military academy at West Point there are four foreign cadets, A. R. Calvo, Costa Rico; Frutos Thomas Plaza, Ecuador; Ting Chia Chen and Ying Hsing Wen, China. Cadet Calvo is a member of the present second (junior) class, while the other young gentlemen are in the fourth (freshman) class, and it is interesting to know that the Chinese are the first cadets ever received at West Point from that country.

Lieut. Brugere, of the French army, son of the late generalissimo, is at present at Fort Leavenworth, but the government of Mexico has been granted permission to send two infantry officers to the infantry and cavalry school and four officers of the cavalry and artillery to the school of application for cavalry and field artillery at Fort Riley. The two infantry officers are Lieut. Jorja Landa, Fifteenth battalion, and Lieut. Louis Manter, Twentieth battalion. The others are Lieut. Felipe Neri, of the Eighth cavalry; Sub-Lieut. Alfonso Rainos, Fourteenth cavalry, and Lieuts. Rodol Casillas and Arturo Certucha, of the artillery.

It is a singular fact that the United States naval academy at Annapolis has graduated more Japanese than any other foreign cadets. Until the death, already mentioned, of Kinjiro Matsukata, there were two Japanese cadets there; the survivor is Cadet Asahi Kitazaki.

The law providing for the admission of Japanese cadets was passed in 1868, and it has been in effect repealed by the clause of the naval bill which provides that foreign cadets can be appointed only by act of congress hereafter.

At the Culver summer naval school, on Lake Maxinkunke, in Indiana, there are five foreign cadets, sent there and being educated at the expense of their respective governments. They are Jesus Castro Aasedondo, Evanisto Madero and Paul Madero, of Mexico; Engel C. Hidalgo, of Ecuador, and Tinsan Tsang, of China, and the latter during the winter takes a special course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston.

International comity is the principal reason for the opening of our doors to the cadets and officers of other countries. The system is not peculiar to the United States, for all nations grant the same courtesy. At the great French school at St. Cyr and Sarmur many foreign officers take courses. At Sandhurst, the British military college, there are always foreign students, especially Chinese and Japanese. The biographies of the men who led the Japanese armies to victory over the Russians show that most of them received a part of their training in foreign schools.

The sending of foreign officers to our schools is merely a matter of international courtesy, and we are merely returning, in the case of France, a compliment that has at various times been paid to us by that country. In the case of the South American countries we are simply extending to them what other countries extend to them.

Rulers of nations and their ministers feel that this intercourse with foreigners is good for their own officers and cadets and that such courtesies tend in the long run toward unity and, consequently, toward peace.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.) "I am but fifteen years of age, and depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-ache, and as I have heard that you can give helpful advice to girls in my condition, I am writing you."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.) "It is with the feeling of utmost gratitude that I write to you to tell you what your valuable medicine has done for me. When I wrote you in regard to my condition I had consulted several doctors, but they failed to understand my case and I did not receive any benefit from their treatment. I followed your advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now healthy and well, and all the distressing symptoms which I had at that time have disappeared."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Miss Matilda Borman writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:— "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my periods were irregular and painful, and I always had such dreadful headaches. But since taking the Compound my headaches have entirely left me, my periods are regular, and I am feeling strong and well. I am telling all my girl friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Matilda Borman, Farmington, Iowa.

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her every detail of her symptoms, and to keep nothing back. She will receive advice absolutely free, from a source that has no rival in the experience of woman's ills, and it will, if followed, put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

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"Judge not lest ye be judged."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, and cures colic.

To keep a house warm in winter have the cellar coated.

The Ideal Family Laxative.

Is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, weak and strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We do not believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pills your grandparents used. They have been in use for over a century and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

Going to Take a Day Off.

A postmaster, not many miles from Billville, posted the following notice on his shutter recently: "All parties expectin' mail are hereby notified to git all that's comin' to 'em in advance—any time before next Thursday, that bein' the day we have appointed to go huntin'—not havin' had a holiday from the government since July 4, and the said government seemin' to forget that bein' only human, we need rest and recreation occasional. There's some little mail here for the Joneses and the Tompines—but it don't amount to much, as it's all got one-cent stamps on it. There ain't nuthin' much in the business now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it is swollen, and mucus is secreted, and this mucus obstructs the tube, and the hearing is impaired. It is a permanent condition, and will be destroyed forever, unless cured by the use of the Eustachian Tube. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it is swollen, and mucus is secreted, and this mucus obstructs the tube, and the hearing is impaired. It is a permanent condition, and will be destroyed forever, unless cured by the use of the Eustachian Tube.

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Bird's Unbroken Flight.

In one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern blue throat has been proved to travel from central Africa to the German ocean, a distance of 1,639 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

Carpet rags dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES will remain bright and beautiful. No trouble to use.

It isn't very much consolation to the homely girl to be told that beauty is only skin deep.

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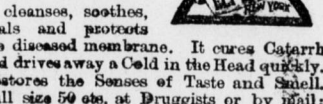
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