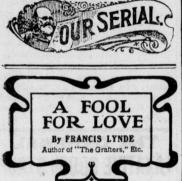
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(Copyright, 1905, by J. P. Lippincott Co.) CHAPTER V.-Continued.

Here the matter rested; and, having done what she conceived to be her charitable duty, Virginia was as anxfous to get away as heart-the heart of a slightly bored Reverend Billy, for instance-could wish.

So they bade Adams good-by and picked their way down the frozen embankment and across the ice bridge; down and across and back to the Rosemary, where they found a perturbed chaperon in a flutter of solicitude arising upon their mysterious disappearance and long absence.

CHAPTER VI.

While the technologian was dispensing commissary tea in iron-stone china cups to his two guests in the "dinkey" field office, his chief, taking the Rosemary's night run in reverse in the company of Town Marshal Biggin, was turning the Rajah's coup into a small Utah profit.

Having come upon the ground late the night before, and from the opposite direction, he had seen nothing of the extension grade west of Argentine. Hence the enforced journey to Carbonate only anticipated an inspection trip which he had intended to make as soon as he had seated Adams firmly in the track-laying saddle.

Not to miss his opportunity, at the first curve beyond Argentine he passed his cigar case to Biggin and asked permission to ride on the rear platform of the day coach for inspection purposes.

"Say, pardner, what do you take me fer, anyhow?" was the reproachful rejoinder.

'For a gentleman in disguise," said Winton, promptly. "Sim'larly, I do you; savvy? You

tell me you ain't goin' to stampede, and you ride anywhere you blame please. See? This here C. & G. R. outfit ain't got no surcingle on me."

Winton smiled. "I haven't any notion of stamped-g. As it happens, I'm only a day 1ng. ahead of time. I should have made this run to-morrow of my own accord to have a look at the extension grade You will find me on the rear platform

when you want me." "Good enough," was the reply; and Winton went to his post of observation

Greatly to his satisfaction, he found that the trip over the C. & G. R. an-swered every purpose of a preliminary inspe ~ of the Utah grade beyond Arguanne. For 17 of the 20 miles the inspr two lines were scarcely more than a stone's throw apart, and when Biggin joined him at the junction above Carbonate he had his note-book well filled with the necessary data.

"Make it, all right?" inquired the friendly bailiff. "Yes, thanks. Have another cigar?"

"Don't care if I do. Say, that old fre-eater back yonder in the private car has got a mighty pretty gal, ain't he?

"The young lady is his nicce," said Winton, wishing that Mr. Biggin would find other food for comment. "I don't care; she's pretty as a Jer-sey two-year-old." "It's a fine day," observed Winton; and then to hackground Miss Cartaget

and then, to background Miss Carteret effectually as a topic, "How do the people of Argentine feel about the oppusition to our line?"

'They're red-hot; you can put your mon v on that. The C. & G. R.'s a sure-enough tail-twister where there petition. Your ro every pound of ore in the camp if it ever gets through.'

couldn't stay to breathe twice in Argentine. And this town's got a po-lice!" the comment with lip-curling scorn.

"It also has a county court which is probably waiting for us," said Win-ton; whereupon they went in to ap-pease the offended majesty of the law.

As Winton had predicted, his an-swer to the court summons was a "I'm takin' ye all to witness," he rasped. "I was on'y askin' him to cash up what he lose to me las' night, mere formality. On parting with his chief at the Argentine station plat-form, Adams' first care had been to vire news of the arrest to the Utah if there's any law in this camp." headquarters. Hence Winton found the company's attorney waiting for him in Judge Whitcomb's courtroom, pled in his fist, but when Biggin and his release on an appearance bond was only a matter of moments. him up to the clerk's desk, he be-thought him to read the message. It

The legal affair dismissed, there en-sued a weary interval of time-killing. There was no train back to Argentine until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and the hours dragged heavily for the two, who had nothing to do but wait. Biggin endured his part of it manfully till the midday dinner had been discussed; then he drifted off with one of Winton's cigars between his teeth, saying that he should "take poison" and shoot up the town if he could not find some more peaceful means of keeping his blood in circulation

was a little after three o'clock, It and Winton was sitting at the writ-ing table in the lobby of the hotel elaborating his hasty note-book data of the morning's inspection, when a boy came in with a telegram. The young engineer was not so deeply en-grossed in his work as to be deaf to

"Mr. John Winton? Yes, he is here somewhere," said one clerk in answer to the boy's question; and after an identifying glapped "There he is over identifying glance, "There he is—over at the writing table." Winton turned in his chair and saw

the boy coming towards him; also ne saw the ruffian pointed out by Biggin from the courthouse steps and labeled "Sheeny Mike" lounging up to the clerk's desk for a whispered word with the bediamonded gentleman behind it.

buster again. Say, he's a holy terror, ain't he?" "He doesn't mean to let me build my railroad if he can help it." The ex-cowboy found his sack of

another day."

rain time."

courts, did it?" "No," said Winton.

to his senses so easily.

too.

"Run away from that swine?

if I know it. Let him take it into

court if he wants to. I'll be there

The beaten one was up now and apparently looking for an officer.

and he jumps me. But I'll stick him

Now all this time Winton had been holding the unopened telegram crum-

pushed nim out of the circle and thrust

was Virginia's warning, signed by Adams, and a single glance at the clos-

ing sentence was enough to cool him

"Pay the bill, Biggin, and join me

in the billiard room, quick!" he whis-pered, pressing money into the town

marshal's hand and losing himself in the crowd. And when Biggin had obeyed his instructions: "Now for a

We'll have to take to the hills till

change your mind about pullin' it off with that tin-horn scrapper in the

"'Taint none o' my business, but I'd like to know what stampeded you." "A telegram"--shortly. "It was a

put-up job to have me locked up on a

criminal charge, and so hold me out

Biggin grinned. "The old b'iler-

"Didn't take you more'n a week to

way out of this if there is one

You ain't got no time to fool with VISITED CULEBRA CUT. a Carbonate justice shop." But Winton was not to be brough President Roosevelt Inspects the Most

Famous Portion of the Panama Canal.

Panama.-President Roosevelt, who topped at the Tivoli hotel Fanama.—President Roosevelt, who stopped at the Tivoli hotel Thursday night, started at 7 o'clock Friday morning with Mrs. Roosevelt and the other members of his party to make an examination of the Culebra cut. The weather was overcast, threat-ening rain. At 8:30 the presidential train arrived at Pedro Miguel, where some steam shovels were at work. The president had his train stopped for the purpose of making a personal exami-nation. At this point in the cut the peculiar soil conditions have resulted was brought to the president's atten-tion. in frequent landslides and this fact

President Roosevelt descended from his train and climbed up on one of the Its train and childed up on one of the steam shovels, taking a seat alongside Engineer Gray, whom he subjected to a searching fire of questions regarding the work. During his conversation Engineer Gray took the opportunity, on behalf of himself and the other en-gineers to doclame, that unlike the gineers, to declare that the other en-railroad engineers, they were not paid for overtime. The president promised to look into this matter. He stayed on the steam shovel about 20 minutes. By this time it was raining hard.

President Roosevelt told Chief Engineer Stevens that he wanted to see all the works in connection with the excavation, even to the temporary lay-ing of tracks. With this in view he boarded a work train near Pedro Miguel and went on to the next point where steam shovels were at work Here there was no danger of land-slides.

The president spent some time in the deepest portion of the cut, where last Sunday 22 tons of explosives were used to throw down 35,000 cubic yards of material.

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and the water poured in rivu-lets down the funnel-shaped sides of the famous cut. Several charges of dynamite were exploded in order that the president might see the effect, after which he went back to his own

GOOD CATCH BY POSTAL SLEUTHS

Francis Marrin, One of the Principal Figures in the Storey Cotton Co. Failure at Philadelphia, Arrested.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Francis E. Marrin, one of the principal figures in the Storey Cotton Co. failure in Phila-delphia in 1905, was arrested here last night in the lobby of the Genessee hotel. Marrin disappeared from Phil-adelphia on March 12, 1905, when the postoffice department relief the Storey Cotton Co. and since then he has been in Europe. He came back to America a few weeks ago and the vigil the police employed ended last night with his arrest.

Marrin arrived in Buffalo three days ago. He registered at the hotel under the name of James Johnstone. W. A W. A. Bickering, chief postoffice inspector, has been tracing him and Postoffice In-spector Cortelyou, who has charge of the Philadelphia district, came to Buf-felo to get bla mer falo to get his man. "It's all off," was Marrin's only com-

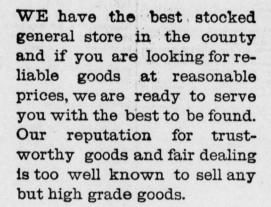
ment, when the officers located him and placed him under arrest. Later he consented to waive extradition, did not want an attorney and said he wanted to get back to Philadelphia as soon as the inspector could take him there

Since 1905, he said, he had been in Since 1905, he said, he had been in Europe. He visited London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels and Amsterdam. On Marrin's person were found check books of London and Paris banks.

THE PULSE OF TRADE.

It is Strong and Steady-Prospects for the Future are Very Bright. New

Weekly Review of Trade says: Trade expands under the stimulat-ing influence of colder weather and mercantile collections improve, al-though rates for money continue high. Traveling salesmen send in large orders to leading distributing movements of merchandise are still re tarded by inadequate transporting facilities. Seasonable lines of wearing apparel and holiday goods attract most attention, while staple articles of every description are in steady de-mand. Current business is good and prospects for the future were never brighter. Labor disputes reached amicable settlement in most cases, wages being advanced in numerous transporting and manufacturing industries. most striking development of the week was the unprecedented output of pig iron in conjunction with large im ports and advancing prices, indicat ing the greatest activity ever attained by steel mills. Other industrial re-ports were scarcely less gratifying. Prospects in the iron and steel in-dustry are bright beyond precedent. Contracts cover capacity of mills far into next year and in some cases

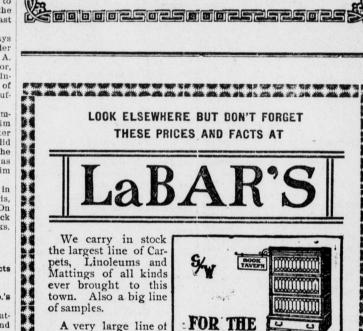


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What followed was cataclysmal in | Mike, or his backers, will be most The lounger took three stag-lurches towards Winton, guess?" likely to play it to a finish, don't you its way. gering brushed the messenger boy aside, and burst out in a storm of maudlin in-

vective. "Sign yerself 'Winton' now, do ye, ye low-down, turkey-trodden-" "One minute," said Winton, curtly,

"How?"

you at the train.'

"By havin' a po-liceman layin' for

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I can think you out of it, I reckon. The branch train is a 'commodation, and it'll stop most anywhere if you throw up your hand at it. We can take out through the woods and across the hills, and mog up the track a piece. How'll that do?' "It will do for me, but there is no need of you tramping when you can just as well ride."

chip tobacco and dexterously rolled a cigarette in a bit of brown wrapping paper "If that's the game, Mr. Sheeny

"I suppose you stand with your townsmen on that, don't you?" he ven-Lured.

"Now you're shouting: that's me." "Then if that is the case, we won't take this little holiday of ours an harder than we can help. When the court business is settled-it won't take very long-you are to consider your-self my guest. We stop at the Buckingham

Oh, we do, do we? Say, pardner, that's white--mighty white. If I'd 'a been an inch or so more'n half awake this morning when that old h'ilerbuster's hired man routed me out, 'a' told him to go to blazes with his

warrant. Next time I will." Winton shook his head. "There fsn't going to be any 'next time,' Peter, my son," he prophesied. "When Mr. Darrah gets fairly down to business "When Mr. he'll throw bigger chunks than the Argentine town marshall at us."

By this time the train was slowing Carbonate, and a few minutes after the stop at the crowded platform they were making their way up the single bustling stret of the town to the courthouse

"Ever see so many tin-horns and bunco people bunched in all your round-ups?" said Biggin as they elbowed through the uneasy, shifting groups in front of the hotel. "Not often," Winton admitted. "But

it's the luck of the big camps; they are the dumping grounds of the world while the high pressure is on."

The ex-range rider turned on the courthouse steps to look the sidewark loungers over with narrowing eyes.

"There's Sheeny Mike and Big Otto and half a dozen others right there

taking the telegram from the boy and signing for it.

"I'll give ye more'n ye can carry away in less'n half that time-see? was the minatory retort; and the threat was made good by an awkward buffet which would have knocked the engineer out of his chair if he had remained in it.

Now Winton's eyes were gray and steadfast, but his hair was of that shade of brown which takes the tint of dull copper in certain lights, and he had a temper which went with the

red in his hair rather than with the gray in his eyes. Wherefore his at-tempt to placate his assailant was something less than diplomatic.

"You drunken scoundrel!" he snapped, "if you don't go about your business and let me alone. I'll turn you over to the police with a broken bone or two!"

The bully's answer was a blow delivered straight from the shouldertoo straight to harmonize with the fiction of drunkenness. Winton saw the sober purpose in it and went battle-mad, as a hasty man will. Being a skillful boxer—which his antagonist was not-he did what he had to do neatly and with commendable dis-Down, up; down, up; down a patch

third time, and then the bystanders interfered.

"Hold on!" "That'll do!"

"Don't you see he's drunk?"

"Enough's as good as a feast-let

him go." Winton's blood was up, but he desisted, breathing threatenings. Where at Biggin shouldered his way into the circle.

and half a dozen others right there in front o' the Buckingham that this, pronto.' he said in a low tone.

But now that side of Mr. Peter Biggin which endears him and his kind to every man who has ever shared hig lonely roundups, or broken bread with him in his comfortless shack, came uppermost.

"What do you take me fer?" was the way it vocalized itself; but there was more than a formal oath of loyal allegiance in the curt question.

"For a man and a brother," said inton, heartily; and they set out Winton, together to waylay the outgoing train at some point beyond the danger limit.

It was accomplished without further mishap, and the short winter day was darkening to twilight when the train came in sight and the engineer slowed to their signal. They climbed aboard, and when they had found a seat in the smoker the engineer of construction spoke to the ex-cowboy as to a friend

"I hope Adams has knocked out a good day's work for us." he said

"Your pardner with the store hat and the stinkin' cigaroots?-he's all right," said Eiggin; and it so chanced that at the precise moment of the saying the subject of it was standing with the foreman of track layers at a gap in the new line just beyond and above the Rosemary's siding at Ar-gentine, his day's work ended, and his nen loaded on the flats for run own to camp over the lately laid rails

of the lateral loop. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Fatal Collision.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Andrew J. Collins, a motorman, was killed and 13 passengers were injured in a rear-end collision of street cars in this city last night.

A Wage Increase for 5,300 Men. Boston, Mass.—The Boston Ele-vated Railway Co., which controls practically all the trolley lines in Bos-ton and vicinity and also the elevated system, announced last night that an advance in wages will be granted to its 5,300 employes on January 1. The increase will average ten cents a day.

Powder House Exploded. Bedford, Ind.—The powder house of a cement company at Mitch-ell, Ind., exploded Friday, killing two men. Several others were injured. Several othe injured. The shock was felt several miles.

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