



A FOOL FOR LOVE

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

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Not such a bad day, considering the newness of us and the bridge at the head of the gulch," he said, half to himself. And then more pointedly to the foreman: "Bridgebuilders to the front at the first crack of dawn, Mike. Why wasn't this break filled in the grading?"

"Sure, sorr, 'tis a dhrain it is," said the Irishman; "from the placer up beyant," he added, pointing to a washed-out exclamation on the steep upper slope of the mountain. "Major Everts did be tellin' us we'd have the lawyers after us hot-fut again if we didn't be lavin' up to open the full width."

"Mmph," said Adams, looking the ground over with a critical eye. "It's a bad bit. It wouldn't take much to bring that whole slide down on us if it wasn't frozen solid. Who owns the placer?"

"Two fellies over in Carbonate. The company did be thryin' to buy the claim, but the sharps wouldn't sell—been put up to hold it by thim C. & G. R. divils. It's more trouble we'll be havin' here, I'm thinking."

While they lingered a shrill whistle echoing among the cliffs of the upper gorge like an eldritch laugh announced the coming of a train from the direction of Carbonate. Adams looked at this watch.

"I'd like to know what that is," he mused. "It's two hours too soon for the accommodation. By Jove!"

The exclamation directed itself at a one-car train which came thundering down the canyon to pull in on the siding beyond the Rosemary. The car was a passenger coach, well lighted, and from his post on the embankment Adams could see armed men filling the windows. Michael Branagan saw them, too, and the fighting Celt in him rose to the occasion.

"'Tis Donnybrook Fair we've come to this time, Misher Adams. Shall I call up the b'ys wid their guns?"

"Not yet. Let's wait and see what happens."

What happened was a peaceful sortie. Two men, each with a kit of some kind borne in a sack, dropped from the car, crossed the creek and struggled up the hill through the unbridged gap. Adams waited until they were fairly on the right of way, then he called down to them.

"Halt, there! you two. This is corporation property."

"Not much it ain't," retorted one of the trespassers, gruffly. "It's the drain-way from our placer up yonder."

"What are you going to do up there at this time of night?"

"None o' your blame business!" was the explosive counter-shot.

"Perhaps it isn't," said Adams, mildly. "Just the same, I'm thirsting to know. Call it vulgar curiosity if you like."

"All right, you can know, and be censed to you. We're goin' to work our claim. Got anything to say against it?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Adams; and when the twain had disappeared in the upper darkness he went down the grade with Branagan and took his place on the man-loaded flats for the run to the construction camp, thinking more of the lately arrived car with its complement of armed men than of the two miners who had calmly announced their intention of working a placer claim on a high mountain, without water, and in the dead of winter! By which it will be seen that Mr. Morton P. Adams, C. E. Inst. Tech. Boston, had something yet to learn in the matter of practical field work.

By the time Ah Foo had served him this solitary supper in the dinkey he had quite forgotten the incident of the mysterious placer miners. Worse than that, it had never occurred to him to connect their movements with the Rajah's plan of campaign. On the other hand, he was thinking altogether of the carload of armed men, and trying to devise some means of finding out how they were to be employed in furthering the Rajah's designs.

The means suggested themselves after supper, and he went alone over to Argentine to spend a half-hour in the bar of the dance hall listening to the gossip of the place. When he had learned what he wanted to know, he forthwith to meet Winton at the incoming train.

"We are in for it now," he said, when they had crossed the creek to the dinkey and the Chinaman was bringing Winton's belated supper. "The Rajah has imported a carload of armed mercenaries, and he is going to clear us all out to-morrow; arrest everybody from the gang foreman up."

Winton's eyebrows lifted. "So that is a pretty large contract. Has he men enough to do it?"

"Not so many men. But they are sworn-in deputies with the sheriff of the county in command—a posse, in fact. So he has the law on his side."

"Which is more than he had when he set a thug on me this afternoon at Carbonate," said Winton, sourly; and he told Adams about the misunderstanding in the lobby of the Buckingham.

The technologist whistled under his breath. "By Jove! that's pretty rough."

Do you suppose the Rajah dictated any such Lucretia Borgia thing as that?"

"I did think so at first, but I guess it was only the misguided zeal of some understrapper. Of course, word has gone out all along the C. & G. R. line that we are to be delayed by every possible expedient."

But now Adams had also taken time to think, and he shook his head.

"For common humanity's sake I wish I could agree with you, Jack. But I can't. Mr. Darrah dictated that move in his own proper person."

"How do you know that?"

Adams' answer took the form of a leading question. "You had a message from me this afternoon?"

"I did."

"What did you think of it?"

"I thought you might have left out the first part of it; also that you might have made the latter half a good bit more explicit if you had put your mind to it."

A slow smile spread itself over the technologist's impassive face, and he lighted another cigarette.

"Every man has his limitations," he said. "I did the best I could under the existing circumstances. But you will understand: the Rajah knew very well what he was about—otherwise there would have been no telegram."

Winton sent the Chinaman out for another cup of tea before he said: "Did Miss Carteret come here alone?"

"Oh, no; Calvert came with her."

"What brought them here?"

Adams spread his hands.

"What makes any woman do precisely the most unexpected thing? You'll have to go back to me—say to Confucius or beyond—to find that out."

Winton was silent for a moment, balancing his spoon on the tip of his finger. Finally he said: "I hope you did what you could to make it pleasant for her—not that there was much to be done in such a God-forsaken chaos as a construction camp."

"I did. And I didn't hear her complain of the chaos. She seemed as interested as a school girl—particularly in your sketches."

Winton flushed under the bronze.

of cataclysms in the lobby of the Buckingham.

"Um," he said, and his heart grew warm within him. "It's just about as I expected; Morty didn't have anything whatever to do with it—except to sign and send it as she commanded him to." And the penciled sheet was folded carefully and filed in permanence in the inner breast pocket of his brown duck shooting coat.

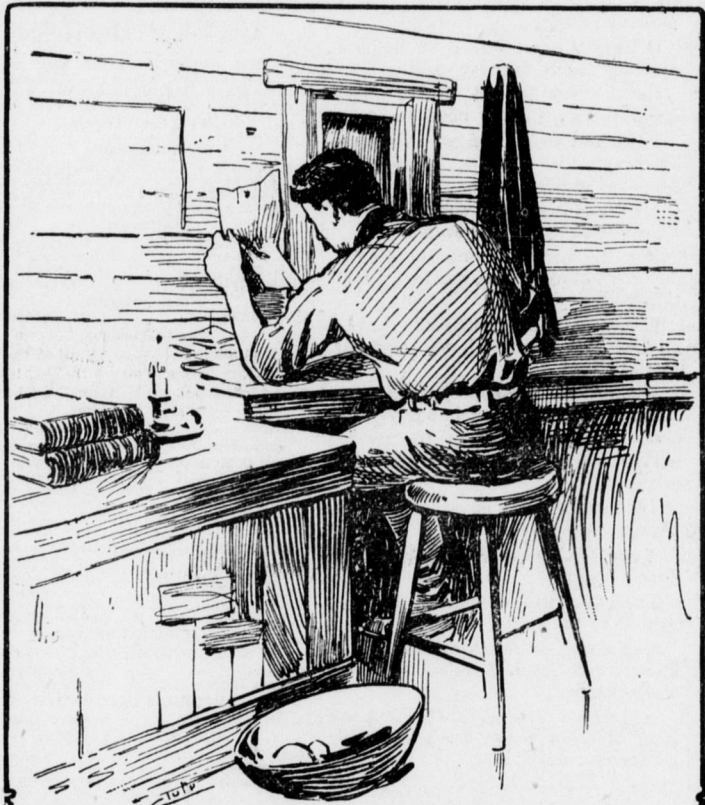
The moon was rising behind the eastern mountain when he extinguished the candle and went out. Below lay the chaotic construction camp buried in silence and in darkness save for the lighted windows of the dinkey. He was not quite ready to go back to Adams, and after making a round of the camp and bidding the engine watchman keep a sharp lookout against a possible night surprise, he set out to walk over the newly laid track of the day.

Another half-hour had elapsed, and a waning moon was clearing the top-most crags of Pacific Peak when he came out on the high embankment opposite the Rosemary.

The station with its two one-car trains, and the shacks of the little mining camp beyond, lay shimmering ghost-like in the new-born light of the moon. The engine of the sheriff's car was humming softly with a note like the distant swarming of bees, and from the dance hall in Argentine the snort of trombone and the tinkling clang of a cracked piano floated out upon the frosty night air.

Winton turned to go back. The windows of the Rosemary were all dark, and there was nothing to stay for. So he thought, at all events; but if he had not been musing abstractedly upon things widely separated from his present surroundings, he might have remarked two tiny stars of lantern light high on the placer ground above the embankment; or, failing the sight, he might have heard the dull, measured slumph of a churn-drill burrowing deep in the frozen earth of the slope.

As it was, a pair of brown eyes blinded him, and the tones of a voice sweeter than the songs of Oberon's sea maid filled his ears. Wherefore



"IT'S JUST ABOUT AS I EXPECTED."

"I suppose I don't need to ask which one."

Adams' grin was a measure of his complacency. He was coming off easier than he had anticipated.

"Well, hardly."

"She took it away with her?"

"Took it, or tore it up, I forget which."

Winton's look was that of a man distressed.

"Tell me, Morty, was she very angry?"

The technologist took the last hint of laughter out of his eyes before he said solemnly: "You'll never know how thankful I was that you were 20 miles away."

Winton's cup was full, and he turned the talk abruptly to the industrial doings and accomplishments of the day. Adams made a verbal report which led him by successive steps up to the twilight hour when he had stood with Branagan on the brink of the placer drain, but, strangely enough, there was no stirring of memory to recall the incident of the upward climbing miners.

When Winton rose he said something about mounting a night guard on the engine, which was kept under steam at all hours; and shortly afterwards he left the dinkey ostensibly to do it, declining Adams' offer of company. But once out-of-doors he climbed straight to the operator's tent on the snow-covered slope. Carter had turned in, but he sat up in his bunk at the noise of the intrusion, blinking sleepily at the flare of Winton's match.

"That you, Mr. Winton? Want to send something?" he asked.

"No; go to sleep. I'll write a wire and leave it for you to send in the morning."

He sat down at the packing-case instrument table and wrote out a brief report of the day's progress in track laying for the general manager's record. But when Carter's regular breathing told him he was alone he pushed the pad aside, took down the sending book and searched until he had found the original copy of the message which had reached him at the moment

he neither saw nor heard; and taking the short cut across the mouth of the lateral gulch back to camp, he boarded the dinkey and went to bed without disturbing Adams.

The morning of the day to come broke clear and still, with the stars paling one by one at the pointing finger of the dawn, and the frost-rime lying thick and white like a snowfall of erect and glittering needles on iron and steel and wood.

Obedient to orders, the bridge builders were getting out their hand car at the construction camp, the wheels shrilling merrily on the frosted rails, and the men stamping and swinging their arms to start the sluggish night-blood. Suddenly, like the opening gun of a battle, the dull rumble of a mighty explosion trembled upon the still air, followed instantly by a sound of a passing avalanche.

Winton was out and running up the track before the camp was fairly aroused. What he saw when he gained the hither side of the lateral gulch was a sight to make a strong man weep. A huge landslide, starting from the frozen placer ground high up on the western promontory, had swept every vestige of track and embankment into the deep bed of the creek at a point precisely opposite Mr. Somerville Darrah's private car.

CHAPTER VII.
An early riser by choice, and made an earlier this morning by a vague anxiety which had turned the night into a half-waking vigil for her, Virginia was up and dressed when the sudden shock of the explosion set the windows jarring in the Rosemary.

Wondering what dreadful thing had happened, she hurried out upon the observation platform and so came to look upon the ruin wrought by the landslide, while the dust-like smoke of the dynamite still hung in the air.

"Rather unlucky for our friends the enemy," said a colorless voice behind her; and she had an uncomfortable feeling that Jastrow had been lying in wait for her, seconded instantly by the conviction that he had done the same thing the previous morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PORTO RICO

Extends Cordial Greeting to the President.

LANDED AT PONCE.

He Goes to San Juan in an Automobile—Was Showered with Flowers by Children.

Ponce, Porto Rico. — President Roosevelt arrived here Wednesday morning from Colon on board the battleship Louisiana. He was visited on board the vessel by Gov. Winthrop, who extended a welcome to the island. The president came ashore and was greeted at the pier by Mayor Oppenheimer, of Ponce, and a delegation of prominent officials and citizens. The town, which was profusely decorated in the president's honor, was crowded with people from the surrounding country eager to greet Mr. Roosevelt.

In spite of the early hour the landing place was crowded with an expectant throng, many of whom had been in their places all night, to witness the incoming of the Louisiana. As the president stepped ashore the crowd cheered him, crying: "Viva El Presidente."

When the greetings were over the president, accompanied by Gov. Winthrop, was driven to the city hall, Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Roosevelt following. The president was kept busy acknowledging cheers all along the two-mile line of march from the landing place to the principal plaza of the town. At the entrance to the plaza a huge arch had been erected, from which little girls threw flowers to President and Mrs. Roosevelt as they passed.

Ponce was in gala attire, the American colors being interspersed with Spanish flags.

At the city hall an address of welcome was read to the president. He delivered his reply from the balcony of the building, addressing the largest crowd that had ever assembled in Ponce.

The presidential party left Ponce at 10:30 for the run to San Juan over the famous military road. Eleven automobiles conveyed the party.

Stops of three minutes each were made at Juana Diaz, Coamo and Aibonito. At each place the president was welcomed by the mayor and spoke briefly.

Arriving at the original entrance to the city of San Juan, where formerly stood the old city hall and gate, a huge arch had been erected by the city and here Mayor Todd and the city officials extended their welcome to the president.

He responded in a brief speech and was then escorted by the Porto Rican provisional regiment to the governor's palace. The city was elaborately decorated, every American flag available being used to the best advantage.

The president in all his speeches dwelt on the affection he held for the people of Porto Rico and assured them that he would use every effort to secure citizenship for them—that his efforts would be unceasing to help them along the path of true self-government.

MR. HILL CUTS A MELON.

Great Northern Railway Stockholders Are Given a Stock Dividend as a Result of an Ore Land Deal.

New York.—Details of the long looked for dividend to Great Northern Railway Co. stockholders, resulting from the leasing of its ore lands to the United States Steel Corporation were disclosed Wednesday in a circular issued at the Great Northern offices.

For every share of Great Northern stock, holders will receive a share of stock of the Lake Superior Co., limited, an unincorporated company, in whose name the ore lands have been held.

The Lake Superior Co., however, is to transfer the ore properties to the Messrs. Louis W., James N. and Walter J. Hill, sons of J. J. Hill, who will act as trustees of the stock for the shareholders of the Great Northern Co.

"The beneficial interest" will consist of 1,500,000 shares, which equals the amount of Great Northern shares. Thus the distribution will be on a share for share basis.

The net profits derived from the ore properties will be distributed at least once annually by the trustees. Some idea of the value of the dividend which Great Northern stockholders will receive may be had from the fact that the United States Steel Corporation is to pay the beneficiary 85 cents per ton for all ore mined in the first year, beginning 1907, with an increase of 3 4-10 cents per ton a year for an indefinite period. The ore lands are believed to contain not less than 500,000,000 tons of iron.

Bank Teller Arrested—\$31,600 Shy. Cincinnati, O.—B. Cavan, receiving teller of the First national bank, was arrested last night by United States Marshal Lewis. It is alleged that he is short \$31,600 in his accounts. He is said to have admitted his guilt.

Dozens Poisoned at a Wedding Feast. Springfield, Mass.—One man is dead here and 60 persons are dangerously ill as the result of supposed ptomaine poisoning at the wedding of Miss Anna Slavin and Samuel B. Brooslin, a shoe dealer.

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