

OUR SERIAL

A FOOL FOR LOVE

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

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

She turned upon him quickly.
"Was it an accident, Mr. Jastrow?"
"How could it be anything else?"

He inquired, mildly.
"I don't know. But there was an explosion; I heard it. Surely Uncle Somerville wouldn't—"

The secretary shook his head.
"No, I think you may exonerate Mr. Darrah, personally; in fact I am quite sure you may."

"But someone planned it. You knew it was going to happen—you were out here watching for it."

"Was I?" The secretary's smile was a mere barring of the teeth. His blood was the sycophantic lymph which flows in the veins of those who do murder at a great man's nod.

"It is horribly unfair," she went on. "I understand the sheriff is here. Couldn't he have prevented this?"

Jastrow's reply was an evasion.
"Oh, it's all legal enough. That here place up there is a placer claim. Supposing the owners found it necessary to put in a few sticks of dynamite to loosen the frozen ground. It is Mr. Winton's misfortune if his railroad happens to be in the way, don't you think?"

"But it was planned beforehand, and you knew of it," she insisted. Her eyes were flashing, and the secretary's desire for possession warmed into something like admiration.

"Did I?"
"Yes, you did."

"It would be impolite to contradict you."

"It is more impolite not to answer my question. Couldn't the sheriff have prevented it?"

"Supposing he didn't want to prevent it? Supposing he brought the men who did it over on his train last night?"

"Then I say again it is horribly unfair."

The secretary's rejoinder was a platitude: "Everything is fair in love or war."

"But this is neither," she retorted.
"Think not?" he said, coolly. "Wait and you'll see. And a word in your ear, Miss Carteret: you are one of us, you know, and you mustn't be disloyal. I know what you did yesterday after you read those telegrams."

Virginia's face became suddenly wooden. Until that moment it had not occurred to her that Jastrow's motive in showing her the two telegrams might have been carefully calculated.

"I have never given you the right to speak to me that way, Mr. Jastrow," she said, with the faintest possible emphasis on the courtesy prefix; and with that she turned from him to focus her field glass on the construction camp below.

At the Utah stronghold all was activity of the fiercest. Winton had raced back with his news of the catastrophe, and the camp was alive with men clustering like bees and swarming upon the flat cars of the material train to be taken to the front.

While she looked, studiously ignoring the man behind her, Virginia saw the big octopod engine come clamoring up the grade, shoving the flats before it, losing itself quickly in the doubling of the gulch loop to reappear presently on the scene of the disaster, in a twinkling the men were off and at work, and the frosty morning air rang with the battle shout of labor triumphant—or meaning to be.

Virginia's color rose and the brown eyes filled swiftly. One part of her ideal—her masculine ideal—was courage of the sort that rises the higher for reverses. So the prompt counter-attack filled her with joy, and at the moment Winton was as near gaining a partisan as the Rajah was to losing one.

In the open compartment of the Rosemary the waiter was laying the plates for the early breakfast, and Bessie and the Reverend William were at the window, watching the stirring industry battle now in full swing on the opposite slope. Virginia joined them.

"Isn't it a shame!" she said. "Of course, I want our side to win; but it seems such a pity that we can't fight fairly."

The flaxen-haired cousin looked her entire lack of understanding, and Calvert said: "Isn't what a shame?" thereby eliciting a crisp explanation from Virginia in which she set well-founded suspicion in the light of fact touching the cause of the landside.

The Reverend Billy shook his head. It was his metier to deprecate violence, and he did it.

"Such things may be within the law—of business; but they will surely breed bad blood and lead to reprisals. I hope—"

The interruption was the Rajah in his proper person, bustling out fiercely to a conference with his myrmidons. By tacit consent the three at the window fell silent. There was battle and murder and sudden death in the Rajah's eye.

The event for which they waited did not linger. There was a hasty mustering of armed men under the windows of the Rosemary, and they heard Sheriff Deckert's low voiced instructions to his posse.

"Take it slow and easy, boys, and

don't get rattled. It's the majesty of the law against a mob, and the Micks won't fight when it comes to a showdown. Keep in line with the car as long as you can. There ain't going to be a shot fired from up yonder so long as there's a chance of hitting the car instead of you. Now, then; guns to the front! Steady!"

The Reverend Billy rose, and the veins in his forehead stood out like whip cords.

"What are you going to do?" said Virginia. She was standing, too, and her hand, trembling a little, was on his arm.

The clerical meekness in the athlete's reply was conspicuous by its absence.

"I'm going to give Winton a tip if it's the last thing I ever do. They'll rush him like a rat in a corner!"

She shook her head and pointed eastward to the mouth of the lateral gulch. Under cover of a clump of fir-
scrub a man in a wide-flapped hat and leather breeches was climbing swiftly to the level of the new line, cautiously waving a handkerchief as a peace token.

"That is the man who arrested Mr. Winton yesterday. This time he is going to fight on the other side. He'll carry the warning."

"Think so?" said Calvert.
"I am sure of it. Open the window, please. I want to see better."

As yet there was no sign of preparation on the embankment. For the moment the arms of the track force were laid aside, and every man was plying pick or shovel as if his life depended on the amount of earth he could add to the re-forming dump in a given number of minutes.

Winton was in the thick of the pick-and-shovel melee, urging it on, when Biggin ran up.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Fixin' to take another play-day in Carbonate? Lookee down yonder!"

Winton looked and came alive to

lest goin' to have a little fun with old Bart Deckert while the sun's a-shinin'."

It was at this moment, while the sheriff's posse was picking its way gingerly over the loose rock and earth dam formed by the landside, that the window went up in the Rosemary and Winton saw Virginia. Without meaning to, she gave him his battle-word. While she looked on he would fight to win, and that without violence.

"We are a dozen Winchesters to your one, Mr. Deckert, and we shall resist force with force. Order your men back or there will be trouble."

Winton stood out on the edge of the cutting, a solitary figure where a few minutes before the earth had been flying from a hundred shovels.

The sheriff's reply was an order, but not for retreat.

"He's one of the men we want; cover him!" he commanded; and Virginia caught her breath. Was she to see him shot down before her eyes?

Happily the tragedy was only potential. Unless the public occasion appeals strongly to the sympathies or the passions, a picked-up sheriff's posse is not likely to have very good metal in it. Winton was covered by three or four of the guns, pointed awkwardly, and Peter Biggin laughed.

"Don't be no ways nervous," he said in an aside to Winton. "Them professional ventry chumps couldn't hit the side o' Pacific Peak."

Winton held his ground, waiting the turn of events and looking on, not without interest, while the sheriff tried to drive his men up a bare slope commanded by 200 rifles to right and left. The attempt was a humiliating failure. Being something less than soldiers trained to do or die, the deputies hung back to a man, hugging the backgrounding shelter of the Rosemary as if they were shackled to the private car by invisible chains.

Virginia, standing at the open win-



possibilities in the turning of a leaf.

"Guns!" he yelled; and at the word of command the tools were flung aside, and the track force, over 200 strong, became an army, not with banners, but well-weaponed withal. Winton snapped out his orders like a martinet major of drill squads.

"Mulcahy, take half the men and go up the grade till you can rake those fellows without hitting the car. Branagan, you take the other half and go down along till you can cross-fire with Mulcahy. Aim low, both of you; and the man who fires before he gets the word from me will break his neck at a rope's end. Fall in!"

"By Jove!" said Adams. "Are you going to resist? That spells felony, doesn't it?"

Winton pointed to the waiting octopod.

"I'm going to order the 215 down out of the way; you may go with her if you like."

"I guess not!" quoth the technological, calmly lighting a fresh cigarette. And then to the water boy, who was acting quartermaster. "Give me a rifle and a cartridge belt, Chunky, and I'll stay here with the boss."

"And where do I come in?" said Biggin, reproachfully.

"You'll stay out, if your head's level. You've done enough now to send you to Canyon City, if anybody cares to take it up. Heavens and earth, man! Do you forget that you are a sworn officer of the law?"

"I ain't a-forgettin' nothing," said Peter, cheerfully, casting himself flat behind a heap of earth on the dump-edge and sighting one section of his hip battery over the breastwork.

Winton pounced upon him, gasping.

"Here, you fire-eater! you mustn't shoot!" he protested. "It's only a long bluff, and I'm going to raise the limit so those fellows can't come in. There are ladies in that car!"

"You play your bluffs' hand and lemme alone," said the ex-cowboy. "I'm

down and trembling with excitement, could not forbear a smile. It was too much for the sheriff, the added straw, and his exhortation to his foot-posse burst into caustic profanity. Whereupon Mr. Peter Biggin rose up in his place, took careless aim, and sent a bullet to plow a little furrow in the ice and frozen snow within an inch of Deckert's heels.

"Ex-cuse me, Bart," he drawled, "but no cuss words don't go in this here highly moral show. They pains us extreme."

Under ordinary circumstances the sheriff would have replied to Mr. Biggin's salutation in kind. As it was, he ignored Peter Biggin as a person who could be argued with at leisure and turned his attention to Winton.

"Come down!" he bellowed.

Winton laughed. The tide had turned, and he knew it.

"Let me return the invitation. Come up, and you may read your warrants as you all day."

The crisis was past. Deckert withdrew his men, and at Winton's signal the track layers came in and the earth began to fly again.

Virginia sighed her relief, and Bessie plucked up courage to go to the window, which she had deserted in the moment of impending battle.

"Oh-h-h! I wish Uncle Somerville would take us away!" she gasped. "Can't you persuade him, Virginia?"

"I'll try," said Virginia, gravely, foreseeing future tragic situations too terrifying to be witnessed.

"Breakfast is served," announced the waiter as calmly as if the morning meal were the only matter of consequence in a world of happenings.

They gathered about the table, a silent trio made presently a quartette by the advent of Mrs. Carteret, who, from having her stateroom on the peaceful side of the Rosemary, had neither seen nor heard anything of the warlike episode with which the day had begun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEVEN KILLED

In a Railroad Accident Near Lynchburg, Va.

SAMUEL SPENCER,

President of the Southern Railroad Co., and Six Other Men Were Hurled Into Eternity.

Lynchburg, Va.—Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway Co., and recognized as one of the foremost men in the development of the southern states, and six other persons were killed Thursday morning in a rear-end collision between two fast passenger trains ten miles south of Lynchburg and a mile north of Lawyers depot. Philip Schuyler, a retired capitalist, of New York, was among the killed, together with other guests of Mr. Spencer. Only Mr. Spencer's private secretary, E. A. Merrill, of New York, and one of the three porters survive the accident. The dead:

Samuel Spencer, New York City.
Charles D. Fisher, of Baltimore.
Philip Schuyler, of New York City.
Francis T. Redwood, of Baltimore.
D. W. Davis, of Alexandria, Va., private dispatcher to President Spencer.

William Pollard, negro porter on President Spencer's car, who died in a hospital here.

An unknown person, whose head and limbs are burned off short, who is believed to be the third porter on the private car, who is missing. His name cannot be learned.

Mr. Spencer's destination was Friendship, N. C., where he was going on a hunting trip with Messrs. Schuyler, Fisher, Redwood and Merrill as his guests.

Ten persons, seven of whom are negroes, were badly injured. It is believed all will recover.

The collision was between the Jacksonville express and the Washington and Southwestern vestibule limited, both southbound. President Spencer and his entire party, as far as is known, were sleeping when the collision occurred, and the probabilities are that all of them, excepting Dispatcher Davis were killed instantly. It is certain that life was extinct before the flames touched them. President Spencer's body was burned almost beyond recognition, as was that of Mr. Fisher. The body of Mr. Schuyler was taken from under the train before it was burned very much, having been singed only slightly. President Spencer's car was attached to the rear of the Jacksonville train, which was standing still when struck.

President Spencer was lying directly under the big locomotive of the rear train. So great was the force of the impact that the train was sent 150 feet ahead, the locomotive going over and upon the body of Mr. Spencer. Until after the debris burned itself out and the engine cooled off the bodies could not be removed.

The impact drove the combination car forward and the express car lifted up, together with its trucks, and crushed the car for 40 feet, leaving the remainder of the cars with tons of baggage and colored passengers, who were pushed back like rats as the express car crushed the combination car. The combination car did not leave the track and in clearing the track the express car was hauled to a siding a mile distant on top of the combination car. How the negro passengers in this compartment, which is known as the "Jim Crow" part of the train, escaped, none of them being killed, is beyond explanation.

Several cases were reported in which persons ransacked the wrecked cars for plunder. Some of the passengers are said to have participated in this and a large amount of valuables were obtained.

F. M. Curtis, of Jamestown, N. Y., who was a passenger on the Jacksonville train, saw one negro porter go through a lady's grip. He saw him throw away such things as were of no value to him and appropriate those things that he wanted. Mr. Curtis declared he would have killed the porter if he had had something to do with it.

New York.—Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway Co., who was killed in the wreck near Lynchburg, was a resident of Washington, but his business headquarters were in this city. He was one of the most prominent railroad men of the United States and for nearly 20 years had been at the head of one or more great railroad enterprises. Mr. Spencer was president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. in 1887 and 1888 and later was appointed receiver for the Richmond & Danville Railroad Co. and for the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway Co. He was a member of the rapid transit commission of this city from 1891 to 1894. He was 59 years old.

Philip Schuyler, who lost his life in the wreck, was a member of one of the oldest and best known New York families.

Sweet Marie Is Sold for \$14,000.
New York.—Sweet Marie, the famous trotting mare with a record of 2:02, was sold at the Old Glory horse sale at Madison Square Garden Thursday, for \$14,000. George M. Webb, manager for E. T. Stotesbury, a Philadelphia banker, was the purchaser.

Policeman Killed a Wedding Guest.
Chicago, Ill.—John Jania, a guest at a Polish wedding in the rear of Mrs. Frank Kominski's saloon, was shot and killed by a policeman in a row Thursday.

LAND FRAUD INQUIRY.

A Special Agent of the Government Tells of Efforts Made by Prominent Men to Induce Him to Cease Work

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Reports that a federal grand jury, which has been investigating coal land frauds, has voted several indictments cannot be confirmed. According to the report, the indictments will not be returned until after the close of the investigation conducted by Edward E. Clark, inter-state commerce commissioner. E. M. Allison, attorney for the Rio Grande system, in arguments before Commissioner Clark, has charged that most of the testimony brought out was for the purpose of influencing public opinion against persons who might be indicted by the grand jury.

Testimony was given by Michael A. Myendorff, a special agent of the government who began an investigation of the coal land frauds in Utah, and who before he had completed his investigation was transferred to Los Angeles and then to Portland. Mr. Myendorff presented an affidavit in which he told of efforts made by influential men to induce him to cease his investigation of the coal land frauds. He named Senators Warren and Clark, of Wyoming, Commissioner Richards, of the general land office, and George F. Pollock, chief of Department B, interior department, Washington.

Myendorff alleged that in Denver Senator Warren told him he ought not to go after the Union Pacific and incur the enmity of that company. He charged that the land department at Washington had suppressed evidence procured by him. In two charges which he filed against Robert Forrester, geologist of the Utah Fuel Co., he alleged, no action was taken.

The witness further alleged that George F. Pollock, chief of Department B, interior department, instructed him to destroy four affidavits which he had procured against the Union Pacific Coal Co. Myendorff's affidavit goes at length into the methods of the coal companies in procuring coal lands by entries through dummies who transferred their rights to the corporations.

Myendorff's affidavit alleges that on one occasion 77 men were taken into offices in the Union station at Denver, before W. I. Gifford, agent of the Union Pacific, and signed their names to powers of attorney, relinquishments and affidavits which were used to acquire title to coal lands in Wyoming. Some of these men, it is asserted, signed fictitious names. The men who signed received \$4 each for their trouble.

WAS WIPED OFF THE EARTH.

A Factory for the Manufacture of an Explosive Is Destroyed—Two Dozen People Killed and Hundreds Injured

Berlin.—A "roburit" factory near Witten, Westphalia, exploded Tuesday evening and was wiped from the face of the earth.

So far as can be ascertained 24 persons were killed, 96 were dangerously wounded and several hundred were slightly injured as a result of the explosion Wednesday night of the roburit factory near Annen.

All the windows in the adjacent town of Annen were destroyed by the concussion and many houses were unroofed. No house escaped injury. The inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood fled and are expecting another explosion in the vaults of the factory.

Roburit is an explosive of high power, composed of saltpetre, ammonia, sulphur and other ingredients. It is not easily exploded by a blow and it can be burned with safety in the open air. Its power is second to that of dynamite.

OIL COMPANY IS INDICTED.

The Federal Grand Jury at St. Louis Finds True Bills Against the Waters-Pierce Co. for Rebating.

St. Louis.—The federal grand jury on Wednesday returned two indictments, with a total of 72 counts, against the Waters-Pierce Oil Co., charging the company with having accepted rebates and discriminated in legal freight rates on shipments of oil in violation of the inter-state commerce law and the Elkins act.

If convicted on all counts in the indictments the aggregate maximum penalties that may be collected is \$1,440,000.

It is charged in the indictments that the Waters-Pierce Co. is a subsidiary corporation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Under the provisions of the federal laws each shipment of a car load of oil at less than the legal rate is a separate offense and punishable by the Elkins law by not less than \$1,000 or more than \$20,000 fine.

Wealthy Woman Seeks a Divorce.

Cleveland, O.—Miles F. Cornell has disappeared. So has several thousand dollars belonging to his wife, Ellen M. Cornell, a widow of 65 whom he married at Elyria two years ago. "He was an adventurer," she says now. A year after the wedding Cornell left, she says. In an affidavit filed Wednesday by Mrs. Cornell she asks that a divorce case which she has brought be advanced for immediate hearing.

Fight Ended in a Draw.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Before the Pacific Athletic club of this city "Philadelphian Jack" O'Brien and Tommy Burns met last night in a 20-round contest for the championship of the world. The fight was decided a draw at the end of 20 rounds.

Ten Lives Lost in Fire.

St. Louis.—The Lighthouse hotel, a three-story structure used as a Salvation Army barracks, was damaged by fire early Wednesday when 500 homeless men were lodged within. Ten lost their lives.

DIRECTIONS FOR TEA COSEY.

Useful and Ornamental Adjunct to the Table.

Take four pieces of any dull colored silk measuring eight and one-half inches at the base, the half inch allowing for turnings, and cut into a dome shape 13 inches high.

Work the front and back pieces, with a Japanese inscription in gold thread, but the lettering must be padded that the gold will be very much raised when worked over.

Cut the inside pieces the same shape, but an inch or so longer, to allow for a thick wadding lining.

Pad each inside and outside piece. Insert a thick piece of cord to an inch in depth along the bottom to give the cosey the required firmness when standing.

The inside wadding is caught to the lining by occasional stitches.

After the four pieces are lined and wadded, they must be sewn together and the joins hidden by a flat silk cord, half an inch wider, which goes around the bottom and finishes at the top with four flat and one upstand loops.

To Cure Feathers.

Collect as soon as possible after the plucking of the fowl. Pick out the large feathers and place the rest in a large pair of stout paper bags, and heat for several hours in the oven. During this time they should be frequently stirred and shaken. The heat destroys the eggs of insects and drives off the oily matter. It also stiffens the feathers, rendering them more elastic. When thoroughly cured by heat they should be cleaned as follows: Mix one pound quicklime with a gallon of water. When the lime is precipitated in a fine powder, pour off the clear lime water. Put the feathers in a tub and cover with the lime water to the depth of several inches. When thoroughly wet the feathers will sink down and should then be left in soak for three or four days. Rinse in several clean waters, spread on a sieve to drain between washings and rinsings, then dry in mosquito netting bags in the sun. If one raises their own fowls, or buys their poultry alive they can easily keep themselves supplied with feathers for the many sofa pillows which are now in such demand as indispensable adjuncts to our comfort.

Two Ways to Cook Eggplant.

Stuffed with Nuts—Boil the eggplant till tender; then cut into halves, scoop out the inside, chop it fine and add a cup of English walnuts or hickory nuts, a tablespoonful of bread crumbs, two well beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Mix well, fill the shell and bake until brown.

With Cheese—Pare the eggplant and cut in thin slices; sprinkle with salt, and pile, with a weight on top. After an hour wash the slices in cold water and wipe dry; then dip into beaten eggs and crumbs and fry brown. Make a very large cup of white sauce, and put a layer of it into baking dish, then a layer of eggplant, then one of grated cheese, then sauce again, and so on. When the dish is full put crumbs and cheese on top and brown in the oven.

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Meringue for Lemon Pie.

Allow twice as many level tablespoonfuls of sugar as there are whites of eggs, and as many whites of eggs as are conveniently at hand. Two whites will do, but three are better, and four will be required, if the last of the meringue mixture be put on with pastry bag and tube. Beat the whites until dry, then gradually beat in half the sugar. Continue beating until the mixture is very glossy and firm, then "cut and fold" into it the last half of the sugar. Let the pie cool a little before the meringue is spread over it. Set the pie in a moderate oven, to cook the meringue. After ten minutes longer if the meringue is very high, increase the heat, if necessary, to color the meringue slightly.

How to Make Bread Dressing.

To a quart of freshly grated bread crumbs add a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and teaspoonful of powdered sage (or other preferred sweet herbs). Bring two-thirds of cupful of milk almost to a boil, add two-thirds cupful of butter, take from the stove and stir until butter is melted, add two eggs beaten well, with a tablespoonful of water and pour mixture over the bread crumbs. When thoroughly mixed put into the poultry, allowing ample room for swelling.

To Clean Chamois Skin.

Put six teaspoonfuls of household ammonia into a bowl with a quart of tepid water. Soak the chamois in this for one hour. Work it about with a spoon, pressing out as much as possible of the dirt. Then lift into a basin of tepid water and wash with the hands. Rinse well, and dry in the shade; then rub between the hands to soften.

Arrowroot Biscuits.

Sift together two cupfuls of arrowroot and one cupful of flour. Rub two-thirds of a cupful of butter into the flour and stir in gradually sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. Roll out into a thick sheet, beat again, repeat this process for five minutes. Roll out the last time about an inch thick, cut with a round cutter, brush with egg, and bake in a moderate oven.

Steamed Molasses Pudding.

One cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, one cup chopped raisins, half cup butter, one teaspoon of all kinds of spice, one teaspoon of soda, one of salt, three cups flour. Steam three and one-half hours. Serve with sauce. If a small pudding is desired, half of this may be used. This is a Maine recipe.