

OUR SERIAL

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Crafters," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Uncle Somerville, can't we win without calling in these horrid men with their guns?" she began, plunging desperately into the midst of things.

A mere shadow of a grim smile came and went in the Rajah's eyes.

"An unprejudiced outsider might say that the horrid men with their guns were on top of that embankment, my dear—ten to one," he remarked.

"But I should think we might win in some other way. What is it you want to do?—specifically, I mean. Make me your ally and see if I can't help you."

Mr. Darrah pushed his plate aside and cleared his throat.

"For business reasons which you—ah—wouldn't understand we can't let the Utah finish this railroad of theirs into Carbonate this winter."

"So much I have inferred. But Mr. Winton seems to be very determined."

"Mimph! I wish Mr. Callowell had favehed us with someone else—anyone else. That young fellow is a bawn fighter, my dear."

"You mean that another man might make it easier for you?"

"I mean that another man would probably dally along—with our help—till the snows come."

Virginia had a bright idea, and she advanced it without examining too closely into its ethical part.

"Mr. Winton is working for wages, isn't he?" she asked.

"Of course; big money, at that. His sawt come high."

"Well, why can't you hire him away from the other people. Mr. Callowell might not be so fortunate next time. And it wouldn't be dishonorable in Mr. Winton to resign and take a better place, would it?"

The Rajah sat back in his chair and regarded her thoughtfully. Then a slow smile twitched the huge mustaches and worked its way up to the fierce eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing, my dear—nothing at all. I was just wondering how a woman's—ah—sense of proportions was put together. But your plan has merit. Do I understand that you will faveh me with your help?"

"Why, ye-yes, certainly, if I can," she assented, not without dubiety.

"That is, I'll be nice to Mr. Winton, if that is what you mean."

The saying of it cost her a blush and Mr. Darrah remarked it. But he did not give her time to retract.

"That is precisely what I mean, my dear. We'll begin by having him head to dinner this evening, him and the other young man—what's his name?—Adams."

"But, uncle," she began, in hesitant protest, "what ever will he think?"

"Nevah mind what he thinks. You faveh me, my dear Virginia, by sending him a right pretty invitation. You know how to do those things, and I—why, bless my soul—I've quite forgotten."

Virginia found pen, ink and paper, something doubting—doubting a great deal, if the truth were told—but not knowing how to go about refusing a confederacy which she herself had proposed.

And the upshot of the matter was a dainty note which found its way by the hands of the private car porter to Winton, laboring manfully at his task of repairing the landslide damages; this in the middle of the afternoon, after the sheriff's train had gone back to Carbonate and all opposition seemed to have been withdrawn.

"Mr. Somerville Darrah's compliments to Mr. John Winton and Mr. Morton P. Adams and he will be pleased if they will dine with the party in the car Rosemary at seven o'clock."

"Informal."
"Wednesday December the Ninth."

CHAPTER VIII.

Adams said "By Jove!" in his most cynical drawl when Winton gave him the dinner-bidding to read; then he laughed.

Winton recovered the dainty note, folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket. The handwriting was the same as that of the telegram abstracted from Operator Carter's sending book.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he objected, in the tone of one who does not mean to see.

"No? You must be in fathoms deep not to be able to multiply such a very evident twice two. First the Rajah sends the sheriff's posse packing without striking a blow, and now he invites us to dinner. What's the inference?"

"Oh, I don't know as there has to be an inference. Let us say he has seen the error of his way and means to come down gracefully."

"Don't you believe it! Beware of the Greeks bringing gifts. You are going to be hit right where you live this time."

Winton growled his disapproval of any such uncharitable hypothesis.

"You make me exceedingly tired at odd moments, Morty. Why can't you give Mr. Darrah the credit of being what he really is at bottom—a right-hearted Virginia gentleman of the old school?"

"Ye gods and little minnows!—worse and more of it! You don't mean that you are going to accept!"

"Certainly; and so are you. We shall have quite enough of Mr. Mantalini's 'demition grind' up here in this God-forsaken wilderness without scamping our one little chance to forget it for a few social minutes."

There was no more to be said, and the technologist held his peace while Winton scribbled a line of acceptance on a leaf of his note-book and sent it across to the Rosemary by the hand of the water boy. But in the evening, as they were setting out from the construction camp to walk up the track to Argentine, he made a final effort to call a halt.

"Jack, this is worse than idiotic," he protested. "There is that consignment of steel you were wiring about to-day; one of us ought to go down to the Junction to see if it is ready to be shoved to the front."

"Both the steel!" was the impatient rejoinder. "Drayton wired it would be there, didn't he? Come on, we shall be late."

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," quoted Adams under his breath; but he made no more difficulties.

Their reception at the steps of the Rosemary was a generous proof of the aptness of that aphorism which sums up the status post bellum in the terse phrase: "After war, peace." Mr. Darrah met them; was evidently waiting for them; and was as heartily hospitable as a master of men can be when he puts his entire mind to it.

"Come in, gentlemen; come in and be at home"—this with a hand for each. "Virginia allowed you wouldn't faveh us, but I assured her she didn't rightly know men of the world; told her that a playuene business affair in which we are all acting as corporation proxies needn't spell out anything like a blood feud between gentlemen. Straight ahead, Misteh Winton; aftch you, Misteh Adams."

Such was the auspicious beginning of an evening which Winton thought worthy to be marked in his calendar with a white stone.

The dinner was a gastronomical

three o'clock this afternoon, and I am sure he hasn't been quite right in his head since."

"Why, how dreadful!" said Bessie, sympathetically. "And I suppose there isn't a doctor to be had anywhere in these terrible mountains."

But upon this point Adams reassured her promptly.

"Oh, yes, there is; Winton has already had his preliminary consultation and is, as you may say, in the way of being prescribed for. And I'll see to it that he takes his medicine before he turns in to-night. You may trust me for that."

Thus Mr. Morton P. Adams, in irony far too subtle for the flax-haired Bessie. But Winton's replies were not specially irrelevant when Virginia evoked them. On the contrary, he was finding her sallies keenly provocative of what wit and readiness there was in him.

"I believe your chief delight in life is to catch a man napping," he laughed, when she had succeeded in demonstrating, for the third time in as many minutes, how inadequate a man's wit is to cope with a woman's.

"I do enjoy it," she confessed, with the brown eyes confirming the admission. "What woman does not? Isn't your man's attitude towards us one of thinly veiled contempt at the very best? For instance: you said just now that while no woman could do without a man, the reverse was true of the man."

"I didn't know I said anything like that. If I did, it was heresy."

"No; it was one of those little lapses into sincerity which a man permits himself on rare occasions, when he isn't flattering. You really believe it, you know you do."

"Do I? It wouldn't be polite to contradict you. But what I said, or tried to say, was that a man could exist, as Adams and I are existing at present, without feminine oversight."

"But what you meant was the other," she insisted—"that we are necessary to you, while you are necessary to us." Then, reverting to the matter of mere existence: "Could you keep it up indefinitely, Mr. Winton?"

"Isn't our being here this evening proof positive to the contrary?"



"MAY I HOPE YOU WILL FAVOR US OFTEN?"

marvel, considering its remoteness from the nearest base of supplies; the Rajah laid aside his mask of fierceness and beamed hospitality; Mrs. Carteret was innocuously gracious; Bessie of the flaxen hair and the Reverend William Calvert came in harmoniously on the cheerful refrain; and Virginia—but it was Virginia who filled all horizons for Winton.

Knowing no more than any serious-minded man the latest social niceties of a dinner party, and caring still less for them, he monopolized her shamelessly from the moment of greeting. In the interval of plate laying he maneuvered skillfully to obtain possession of the tete-a-tete chair, and with that convenient piece of furniture for an aid he managed to keep Virginia wholly to himself un . dinner was announced.

For another man the informal table gathering might have been easily prohibitive of confidence a deux, even with a Virginia Carteret to help, but Winton was far above the trammellings of time and place. All attempts on the part of his host, Mrs. Martha, Adams, or the Reverend Billy to entangle him in the general table talk failed signally. He had eyes and ears only for the sweet-faced, low-voiced young woman beside him, and some of his replies to the others were irrelevant enough to send a smile around the board.

"How very absent-minded Mr. Winton seems to be this evening," murmured Bessie from her niche between Adams and the Reverend Billy at the farther end of the table. "He isn't quite at his best, is he, Mr. Adams?"

"No, indeed," said the technologist, matching her undertone, "very far from it. He has been a bit off all day; touch of mountain fever, I'm afraid."

"But he doesn't look at all ill," objected Miss Bessie. "I should say he is a perfect picture of rude health."

"You can't tell anything about him by his looks," rejoined Adams, glibly. "Absolute mask—that face of his. But between us, don't you know, I think he must be going to have a fever. Struck him all at once about

"She smiled approval. "You are doing better—much better. With a little practice—you are sadly out of practice, aren't you?—I do believe you could pay one a pretty compliment."

Winton rose manfully to his opportunity.

"No one could pay you compliments, Miss Virginia. It would be utterly impossible."

"Why? 'cause my chief delight in life is to catch a man napping?"

"Oh, no. Because the prettiest things that could be said of you would be only an awkward mirroring of the truth."

"Dear me—how fine!" she applauded. "I am afraid you have been reading 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son'—very recently. Confess, now; haven't you?"

Winton laughed.

"You do Lord Chesterfield a very great injustice; I cribbed that from 'The Indiscretions of a Marchioness,'" he retorted.

Here was another new experience for Miss Virginia Carteret: to have the trodden worm turn; to be paid back in her own coin. She liked him rather better for it; and, liking him, proceeded to punish him, woman-wise. The coffee was served, and Mrs. Carteret was rising. Whereupon Miss Virginia handed her cup to the technologist, and so had him for her companion in the tete-a-tete chair, leaving Winton to shift for himself.

The shifting process carried Mrs. Adams over to the Rajah and the Reverend Billy, to a small table in a corner of the compartment, and the enjoyment of a mild cigar and such desultory racking of the ball of conversation as three men, each more or less intent upon his own concerns, may keep up.

Later, when Calvert had been eliminated by Miss Bessie, Winton looked to see the true inwardness of the dinner-bidding made manifest by his host. That Mr. Somerville Darrah had an ax to grind in the right-of-way matter he did not doubt; this notwithstanding his word to Adams defensive of the Rajah's probable motive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JAP HUNTERS

Of Seals Had 16 Boats in American Waters.

KILLED THOUSANDS

Of Seals in Our Territory Last Summer and Might Capture the Pribilof Islands.

Washington, D. C.—The Japanese pelagic sealing fleet which operated in Bering Sea during the summer consisted of at least 16 vessels, each of which carried a crew of 30 men, and from five to seven small boats for sealing.

It was only when the crews of the schooners landed, or attempted to land, on the islands (the Pribilof group) that they (the United States agents) were able to make arrests, and those of the Japanese who were killed belonged to parties which were caught red-handed and were attempting to escape arrest.

These statements are made in a report to Secretary Metcalf by Edwin W. Sims, then solicitor of the department of commerce and labor, now United States district attorney at Chicago, of the seal poaching by Japanese on the Pribilof islands early last summer, which resulted in the killing of five Japanese raiders, the wounding of two and the capture of a total of 12 prisoners, including the two wounded. The report was made public Thursday by Secretary Metcalf.

Mr. Sims reports that five or six of the Canadian pelagic sealing fleet operated in Alaskan waters in May and June last, during the closed season, and that the Japanese fleet took thousands of seals within the territorial waters of the United States surrounding the Pribilof islands during the summer. He says the seal herd is being decimated rapidly and that of the 4,600,000 to 7,000,000 seals which the herd originally contained, not more than 150,000 remain.

MUST APPEAR IN COURT.

Subpenas Are Served on J. D. Rockefeller and Other Standard Oil Magnates in Government's Lawsuit.

New York.—John D. Rockefeller and his six associates who control the Standard Oil Co. have been served with subpoenas to appear before the United States circuit court in St. Louis on Monday, January 7, next, United States Marshal William Henkel served the papers. Besides Mr. Rockefeller subpoenas were served on Henry H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, Charles M. Pratt, Oliver H. Payne, William Rockefeller and John D. Archbold.

In addition to these seven men, who are named in the federal government's charges as being the leaders in the Standard Oil Co., Marshal Henkel served W. A. Harris, treasurer of the National Transit Co., the Crescent Pipe Line Co. and other alleged Standard corporations; S. A. Drew, secretary and treasurer of the Chesbrough Manufacturing Co., and J. C. Peabody, vice president of the Swan & Finch Co. His deputies made service of papers on 11 other Standard Oil men, officers of the 71 subsidiary companies, made defendants with the Standard in the government suit.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

They are Made in Regard to the Milk Supply of Louisville, Ky.

Louisville, Ky.—Aaron Kohn, representing 100 dairymen against whom charges were brought under the pure food law of feeding swill to cattle, pleaded guilty for his clients Thursday and accepted a suspended sentence of \$100 fine and a jail sentence of 50 days each against each defendant.

Previous to the calling of the cases in court a conference of lawyers, physicians and health officers was held at which startling revelations were made in regard to the milk supply of Louisville. It was shown that 25 pounds of manure is consumed every day in the milk drunk in Louisville, and that some of the milk contains pus.

Rivers and Harbors Convention.

Washington, D. C.—The appropriation by congress of at least \$50,000,000 annually for the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country was the keynote of the speeches delivered before the national rivers and harbors convention which assembled here Thursday.

Congress.

Washington.—On the 6th the senate adopted the Penrose and Foraker resolutions requesting the president and secretary of war to send it information in regard to the discharge of negro troops. The house defeated the anti-compulsory pilotage bill.

A Fire Loss of \$520,000.

Lynn, Mass.—The explosion of a boiler Thursday in the four-story factory building of the P. J. Harney Shoe Manufacturing Co. and the fire which immediately destroyed four buildings in the West Lynn manufacturing district, caused a total loss estimated at about \$520,000.

Holdup Man Gets 20-Year Sentence.

Pittsburg, Pa.—James O'Malley was convicted Thursday of holding up and robbing two men in the East End district recently and sentenced to serve 20 years in the penitentiary.

A BRIDGE OF MAHOGANY.

Valuable Wood Used in Mexican Structure for Pedestrians and Teams.

As mahogany is among the most costly woods in the world, it may be inferred that this tropical material is not very extensively employed in the construction of buildings, etc. A bridge constructed of solid mahogany is certainly a rarity, a curiosity. There is one, claimed to be the only one in the world, built of that material. This structure is located in the department of Palenque, state of Chiapas, republic of Mexico. This district lies in the extreme southwestern part of Mexico, near the boundary line of Guatemala.

The mahogany bridge is constructed entirely of that valuable wood, except some iron braces and nails that are necessary. The bridge spans the Rio Michol and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is 15 feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, it is very substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewn and split.

In that section of old Mexico there are several very large rubber plantations, and mahogany trees are quite common. In clearing away the tropical forests for setting out the young rubber trees the mahogany growths are also cut down and removed. As this wood is quite abundant, some of it was used in building the bridge.—American Inventor.

LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

The Story of Postum Cereal in Words and Pictures.

The growth of the Postum Cereal Co. is like a fairy tale, but it is true, every word of it.

"The Door Unbolted" is the title of a charming little booklet just issued by the Company which tells, and illustrates, the story of this remarkable growth. It takes the reader from the little white barn in which the business was started Jan. 1, 1895, through the palatial offices and great factory buildings of the "White City" that comprise Postumville, Battle Creek, Mich.

The little white barn, so carefully preserved, is a most interesting building, for it represents the humble beginning of one of the country's greatest manufacturing enterprises of today, an enterprise that has grown from this little barn to a whole city of factory buildings within but little more than ten years.

No less interesting is the quaint official home of the Postum Cereal Co. The general office building of Mr. Post and his associates is a reproduction of the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon, and upon the house and its furnishings has been expended vast sums of money, until the rooms are more like the drawing rooms of the mansions of our multi-millionaires than like offices.

That Mr. Post has believed thoroughly in the idea of giving to his employees attractive and healthful work rooms is proven not only by the general office building of the Company and its furnishings, but by his factories as well, and of all of these things this beautiful little booklet tells the interesting story. It will be sent to anyone on request.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND FINE ART.

Camera Pictures Much More Than Mechanical Reproduction.

Few persons could be found who would deny the claims of photography to rank among the fine arts, when skillfully used and properly controlled, since the photography of to-day is something more than a mechanical reproduction. The individuality of the photographer is being expressed in his work almost as much as is that of the painter. The painter still has the advantage, for while he may give us an impression fuller than that made by nature upon the eye, the photographer can deal only with that which is observed with such unerring fidelity and skill by a mechanical eye. Composition is therefore one of the necessary principles to the photographer, who thus supplies the mechanical eye with a mind, yet he must study lighting at different hours of the day and varying weather conditions that he may know the best effects to be obtained. Many otherwise successful photographers need to realize that scientific accuracy is not necessarily artistic truth, so that, while one actualizes, the definite sharpness may be softened and the effect enhanced.—Home Magazine.

Checked Attempt at Monopoly.

Trusts were sometimes dealt with summarily in old England. For instance, the records of the Brewers' company show that "on Monday, July 30, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor of London, sent for the masters and 12 of the most worthy of our company to appear at the Guildhall for selling dear ale. After much dispute about the price and quantity of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price, they were convicted in the penalty of £20 (\$100), which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security for the payment thereof."

Department's Good Record.

The colonial secretary of the Bahamas states in his report of the islands for 1905-1906 that no complaint of error or delay has been received by the telegraph department for 14 years.

GAINED 84 POUNDS

Persistent Anemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to, I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deadly sensations would come over me."

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Origin of Term "Grocer."

According to etymology, a "retail grocer" is as absolute an impossibility as a "weekly journal." A grocer, or "grosser" as it used to be spelled, is really a trader "in gross"—that is to say, in large quantities, wholesale. Englishmen of other days spoke of "grossers of fish" and "grossers of wine," and an act of Edward III. expressly mentions that "grossers" dealt in all manner of goods. In those days "spicer" was the word for "grocer" in the modern sense. But it happened that the Grocers' company, founded in the fourteenth century, specialized in spicery and so "grocer" gradually took the place of "spicer."

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 you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. Sold by Druggists. CHESEBROUGH & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HIS TROUBLE WAS INTERNAL.

Indian Chief Had Peculiar Ideas About Hydrophobia.

Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was describing the cosmopolitan throngs that visit his famous and gay resort.

"Every nationality comes here," he said. "Greeks, Turks, Hindus, Chinese, Moors—they all come."

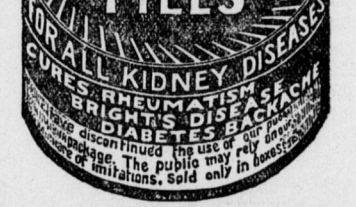
"I was talking the other day to one of the physicians of the Pasteur Institute—the hospital, you know, for the prevention and cure of hydrophobia. The Pasteur Institute reminded me of Atlantic City, its visitors seemed to be of such a diversified character."

"The physician told me about an Indian chief who had come to him for treatment last year."

"My name," said the chief, "is War Eagle. Please take me in hand. I fear I am getting hydrophobia."

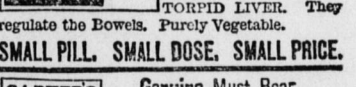
"Have you been bitten," the physician asked, "by a mad dog?"

"Not exactly bitten," War Eagle answered, "but I have the gravest suspicions about a black poodle that was served to me in a ragout last Friday afternoon."



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Write today to A. R. Owens, Belleville, N. J.