



A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But Mr. Darrah chatted on, affably non-committal, and after a time Winton began to upbraid himself for suspecting the ulterior motive. By no word or hint did the vice president refer to the struggle pendent between the two companies or to the warlike incident of the morning. And when he finally rose to excuse himself on a letter-writing plea, his leave-taking was that of the genial host reluctant to part company with his guest.

"I've enjoyed your conversation, and enjoyed it right much. Most happy to have had the pleasure of your company, Miste Winton. May I hope you will fave us often while we are neighbors?"

Winton rose, made the proper acknowledgments, and would have crossed the compartment to make his adieux to Mrs. Carteret. But at that moment Virginia, taking advantage of Adams' handshaking with the Rajah, came between.

"You're not going yet, are you, Mr. Winton? Don't hurry. If you are flying to smoke a pipe, as Mr. Adams says you are, we can go out on the platform. It isn't too cold, is it?"

Not the words themselves, but her manner of saying them, warmed him so suddenly that an Arctic winter's slight would not have been prohibitory.

"It is clear and frosty, a beautiful night," he hastened to say. "May I help you with your coat?"

She suffered him, but in the height of the heart-warming glow gave him a cold douche in a word to Bessie.

"Won't you come, too, Bessie, dear?" she asked; and Winton set the whole battery of his will at work to fend off the threatened calamity.

Happily, it averted itself. Miss Bessie was quite comfortable as she was and begged to be excused. Mrs. Carteret in her capacity of chaperon looked askance at Virginia, was met by a glance of the resolute brown eyes which she had come to obey without fully understanding, and contented herself with a monitory: "Don't stay out too long, Virginia. It is dreadfully cold."

So presently Winton had his heart's desire, which was to be alone with Virginia; alone, we say, though the privacy of the square railed platform was that of the ear only. For the gathering-room of the Rosemary, with its lights and eyes, gave directly upon the rear platform through the two full-length windows and the glass door.

Now in whatsoever aspect the mountain skyland presents itself—and its aspects are numberless—that of a starlit winter night, when the heavenlights burn clear in a black dome for which the mighty peaks themselves are the visible supports, is not the least impressive. So, for a little time, awe challenging awe in these two had much in common, tongue and lip were silent, and when they spoke it was of the immensities.

"Does your profession often open such wide doors to you, Mr. Winton?" It gave him an exquisite thrill to know that her mood marched so evenly with his own.

"Outside of the office work, which I have always evaded when I could, the doors are all pretty wide. One year I was on the Mexican boundary survey—you can picture those silent nights in the desert. Another time I was with the Geodetic on the coast; since that winter the booming of the surf has been the constant undertone for me in all music."

"Ah, yes, in music. You must love music if you can associate it with this."

"I do, indeed. I would build it the grandest of the temples, though I should be only a mute lay-worshiper in it myself."

She smiled. "That temple must always have two high priests, one who prophesies and one who interprets. I can't play without a sympathetic listener."

"I wish you might play for me sometime. You would have to be very exacting if you could find fault with my appreciation."

"Would I? But we are riding away on my hobby after we had fairly mourned yours."

He laughed. "Mine is only a heavy cart-horse, not fit for riding," he said. "You shouldn't say that. It is a man's work—yours." And he made sure there was a note of regret in her voice when she added: "No woman can ever share it with you, or help you in it."

"I should be sorry to believe that," he rejoined, quickly. "The best part of any man's work may be shared by the woman who wills—and dares."

She gave him a flattering glance of intelligence.

"How strangely chance whips us about from post to pillar. Two evenings ago I was foolish enough to—well, you know what I did. And now we have changed places and you are telling me what a woman may do—if she dare."

But he would not admit the premises. "If the one were foolish, so is the other. But I can't allow that to stand. I shall always be the better

for what you said to me the other evening."

"I don't know why you should; you didn't need it in the least," she protested. "If I had known then what I know now, I should have said something quite different."

"Say it now, if you wish."

"May I? But I have no right. Besides, it would sound like the basest of recantations."

"Would I? Nevertheless, I should like to hear it."

She nerved herself for the plunge—her uncle's plunge—doubting more than ever.

"Your part in the building of this other railroad is purely a business affair, is it not?"

"My personal interest? Quite so; a mere matter of dollars and cents, you may say."

She went on, entirely missing the irony in his reply.

"You did not know the difficulties before you came here?"

"Only in a general way. I knew there was opposition, and—well, I'm not just a novice in this sort of thing, and if I may be allowed to boast a little, I knew my appointment was owing to Mr. Callowell's belief in my ability to carry it through."

"You are not smoking," she said. "Haven't you your pipe?" She was finding it desperately hard to go on.

"If you don't mind," he returned; but when he had pipe and tobacco in hand she plunged again.

"You say your interest in this other railroad—your personal interest—is only that of an employe. If you should have another offer, from some other company—"

He smiled. "Put yourself in my place, Miss Virginia. What would you do?"

She tried to think it out, and in the process the doubt grew and overwhelmed her.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "If, as you say, it is only a question of so much money to be earned—"



HE OPENED THE DOOR FOR HER.

He started as if she struck him with a whip.

"That is not your argument; it is Mr. Darrah's." Then his voice took a deeper tone that thrilled her till she wanted to cry out. "Don't say you want me to give up; please don't say that. I think I have been putting you on a pedestal these last two days, Miss Carteret. You know well enough what is involved—honor, integrity, good faith, everything a man values, or should value. I was only jesting when I spoke of the day-pay; that is nothing. I can't believe you would ask such a sacrifice of me—of any man."

The brown eyes met his fairly, and it was not Mr. Somerville Darrah's confederate who said: "Indeed, I do not ask it, Mr. Winton. I see how impossible it would be for you to—" she stopped short, and leaving the sentence in the air, began again. "But it is only fair that you should have your warning, and I'm going to give it to you. My uncle will leave no stone unturned to defeat you."

He was still looking into her eyes, and so had courage to say what came uppermost.

"I don't care. I shall fight him as hard as I can, but I shall always be his debtor for this evening. Do you understand?"

She broke the eye-hold and turned away quickly.

"You must not come again," she said.

"But I shall—as often as I may. And as to the railway tussle, Mr. Darrah may take it out of me as he pleases from sunrise to sunset, if he will only invite me here to dinner now and then."

In a flash her mood changed and she laughed lightly.

"Who would think if of you, Mr. Winton! Of all men I should have said you were the last to care so much for the social diversions. Shall we go in?"

"If we must; but not until I have thanked you for your timely hint of yesterday morning. It saved me no end of trouble."

"The telegram? Mr. Adams sent

that. And besides, it was meant to be a scolding."

"I have no doubt Adams sent the wire, but he didn't write it. Or, if he did, he also wrote our invitation to dinner. They are in the same hand, you know."

She laughed again. "I think it is quite time we were going in," she averred, and he opened the door for her.

If Mr. John Winton, O. E., stood in need of a moral tonic, as Adams had so delicately intimated to Miss Bessie Carteret, it was administered in quantity sufficient before he slept on the night of dinner-givings.

For a clear-eyed Technologist, free from all heart-trammellings and able to grasp the unsentimental fact, the enemy's new plan of campaign wrote itself quite legibly. With his pick and choice among the time-killing expedients the Rajah could scarcely have found one more to his purpose than the private car Rosemary, including in its passenger list a Miss Virginia Carteret. There would be more dinners and social diversions; other procrastinations like this of neglecting to look after the consignment of steel—which, by the by, was not yet to be seen or even definitely heard from; and in the end, defeat.

All of which Adams, substituting friendly frankness for the disciplinary traditions of the service, set forth in good Bostonian English for the benefit and behoof of his chief, and was answered according to his deserts with scoffings and deridings.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Morty, and I'm not so desperately asinine as you seem to think," was the besotted one's summing up. "I know the Rajah doesn't split hairs in a business fight, but he is hardly unscrupulous enough to use Miss Carteret as a cat's-paw."

But Adams would not be scoffed aside.

"You're off in your estimate of Mr. Darrah, Jack, 'way off. I know the

tradition—that a southern gentleman is all chivalry when it comes to a matter touching his womankind, and I don't controvert it as a general proposition. But the Rajah has been a fighting western railroad magnate so long that his accent is about the only southern asset he has retained. If I'm any good at guessing, he will stick at nothing to gain his end."

Winton admitted the impeachment without prejudice to his own point of view.

"Perhaps you are right. But forever warned is forearmed. And Miss Virginia is not going to lend herself to any such nefarious scheme."

"Not consciously, perhaps; but you don't know her yet. If she saw a good chance to take the conceit out of you, she'd improve it—without thinking overmuch of the possible consequences to the Utah company."

"Pshaw!" said Winton. "That is another of your literary inferences. I've met her only twice, yet I venture to say I know her better than you do. If she cared anything for fat—which she doesn't—"

"Oh, go to sleep!" said Adams, who was not minded to argue further with a man besotted; and so the matter went by default for the time.

It was very deftly done, and even Adams, the clear-eyed, could not help admiring the Rajah's skillful finesse. Of formal dinner-givings there might easily have been an end, since the construction camp had nothing to offer in return. But the formalities were studiously ignored, and the two young men were put upon a footing of intimacy and encouraged to come and go as they pleased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tributes to the Departed.

Corn and bread are still offered by the pious Basques of the Pyrenees to the dear departed on their death anniversary. A traveler in Spain describes how, at San Sebastian, he has often seen some poor fisherman's daughter praying in a church for a dead relative "amid baskets full of fruit, loaves of bread and corn, and kneeling upon the tomb of her ancestors."

NEW SYSTEM Of Spelling Is Given Dose of Knockout Drops. BY CONGRESSMEN.

The President Agreed to Cease Efforts in Its Behalf If the House Voted Against Its Use.

Washington, D. C. — Simplified spelling received a final quietus in the house Thursday. The subject has been under discussion in the house and in committee ever since the convening of this session of congress, but it was brought to a sudden termination by the unanimous adoption of a resolution favoring a return to the old standard of orthography, just before the house adjourned Thursday.

President Roosevelt will withdraw his simplified spelling order to the public printer and hereafter all documents from the executive departments will again be printed in the old fashioned style.

Representative Landis, of the joint committee on spelling, had a conference Thursday with the president, when the president said he did not wish to have spelling overshadow matters of great importance and expressed a willingness to revoke his order for the new spelling in case the house of representatives should go on record as opposed to the system.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

An ex-Priest and a Woman are Found Dead, Having Been Asphyxiated by Gas.

New York.—Rev. C. S. Quinn, formerly pastor of St. Agnes church at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and a young woman thought to be Miss B. Kiley, also of Atlantic Highlands, were found dead in a room in a boarding house here Thursday. The room was filled with gas which had escaped from a partially open jet. The couple had been there since Wednesday.

In one of the satchels taken to the room by the man and woman the coroner found some pieces of silverware. One of the spoons bore the name "O'Farrell."

Atlantic Highlands, N. J.—Father C. S. Quinn, who in company with a woman was found dead in a New York boarding house, was formerly assistant pastor of St. Agnes' Roman Catholic church in this place. He was dismissed from his charge about three weeks ago by Bishop McFarul, of Trenton. As soon as he was notified of his dismissal the priest left here and did not return. The housekeeper at the rectory left town about a week ago. Father Quinn came here last June. His former place of residence is not known.

There had been much scandal here concerning Father Quinn and the name of the housekeeper was involved. Scandals of a financial nature also were in circulation concerning the priest.

A CLEVER PLEA.

Attorneys for Alleged Rebaters Claim that the Elkins Law Is Repealed by the Hepburn Statute.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Arguments on the demurrers interposed by the railways and grain firms charged by indictment with giving and receiving rebates were begun Thursday before Judges William Lochren and Page Morris, of the United States circuit court.

Counsel for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha and the Great Northern railways and for the Ames-Brooks and the McCaul-Dinsmore elevator companies and the Duluth Milling Co. contended that the Hepburn bill had repealed the provisions of the Elkins act under which the indictments had been found and that the peculiar phraseology of the new law was a complete bar to the present action, even though the offenses had been committed as alleged.

Wreck Is Fatal to Three.

Mentor, O.—In a collision near here Thursday night between a west-bound passenger train on the Nickel Plate railroad and a freight train two men were killed and another fatally injured. Ten passengers were injured, none fatally. The dead: Edward Miller, Conneaut, engineer of freight train; Arthur J. Foos, brakeman on passenger train. The fireman on the freight engine was fatally hurt.

Congress.

Washington.—In the senate on the 13th Senator Dubois, of Idaho, made a speech against the continuance of Reed Smoot as senator from Utah. The house spent the day in consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

Emperor William Dissolves Reichstag, Berlin.—Emperor William dissolved the reichstag on Thursday and ordered new elections in consequence of the government's defeat on the bill authorizing an adequate number of troops to end the insurrection in German Southwest Africa.

More Pay for Railway Employes. Scranton, Pa.—Superintendent Clark, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, has announced a 10 per cent. increase in the wages of all employes in the transportation department of the company.

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