



# A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Grifters," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

But in the days that followed, days in which the sun rose and set in cloudless winter splendor and the heavy snows still held aloof, Adams' prediction wrought itself out into sober fact. After the single appeal to force, Mr. Darrah seemed to have given up the fight. None the less, the departure of the Rosemary was delayed, and its hospitable door was always open to the Utah chief of construction and his assistant.

Winton took his welcome broadly, as what lover would not; and within a week was spending most of his evenings in the Rosemary—this at a time when every waking moment of the day and night was deeply mortgaged to the chance of success. For now that the Rajah had withdrawn his opposition, nature and the perversity of inanimate things had taken a hand, and for a fortnight the work of track-laying paused fairly within sight of the station at Argentine.

First it was a carload of steel accidentally derailed and dumped into Quartz creek at precisely the worst possible point in the lower canyon, a jagged, rock-ribbed, cliff-bound gorge where each separate piece of metal had to be hoisted out singly by a derrick erected for the purpose—a process which effectually blocked the track for three entire days. Next it was another landslide (unhelped by dynamite, this) just above the station, a crawling cataract of loose, sliding shale which, painstakingly dug out and dammed with plank bulkhead during the day, would pour down and bury bulkhead, buttresses, and the very right of way in the night.

In his right mind—the mind of an ambitious young captain of industry who sees defeat with dishonor staring him in the face—Winton would have fought all the more desperately for these hindrances. But, unfortunately, he was no longer an industry captain with an eye single to success. He was become that anomaly despised of the working world—a man in love.

"It's no use shutting our eyes to the fact, Jack," said Adams one evening when his chief was making ready for his regular descent upon the Rosemary. "We shall have to put night shifts at work on that shale-slide if we hope ever to get past it with the rails."

"Hang the shale!" was the impatient rejoinder. "I'm no galley slave. Adams' slow smile came and went in cynical ripplings.

"It is pretty difficult to say precisely what you are just now. But I can prophesy what you are going to be if you don't wake up and come alive."

Having no reply to this, Adams went back to the matter of night shifts.

"If you will authorize it, I'll put a night gang on and boss it myself. What do you say?"

"I say you are no end of a good fellow, Morty. And that's the plain fact. I'll do as much for you sometime."

"I'll be smashed if you will—you'll never get the chance. When I let a pretty girl make a fool of me—"

But the door of the dinkey slammed behind the outgoing one, and the prophet of evil was left to organize his night assault on the shale-slide, and to command it as best he could.

So, as we say, the days of stubborn toll with the enthusiasm taken out, slipped away unfruitful. Of the entire Utah force Adams alone held himself up to the mark, and being only second in command, he was unable to keep the bad example of the chief from working like a leaven of inertness among the men. Branagan voiced the situation in rich brogue one evening when Adams had exhausted his limited vocabulary of abuse on the force for its apathy. "Tis no use, ava, Misher Adams. If you was the boss himself 't would be you as would put the comether on thim too quick. But it's 'llike masher, like mon." The b'ys all know that Misher Winton don't care a damn; and they'll not be hurtin' themselves wld the wurk."

And the Rajah? Between his times of smoking high-priced cigars with Winton in the lounging-room of the Rosemary, he was swearing Jubilates in the privacy of his working-den stateroom, having tri-daily weather reports wired to him by way of Carbonate and Argentine station, and busying himself in the intervals with sending and receiving sundry mysterious telegrams in cipher.

Thus Mr. Somerville Darrah, all going well for him until one fateful morning when he made the mistake of congratulating his ally. Then—but we picture the scene: Mr. Darrah late to his breakfast, being just in from an early morning reconnaissance of the enemy's advancements; Virginia sitting opposite to pour his coffee. Al; the others vanished to some limbo of their own.

The Rajah rubbed his hands delightedly.

"We are coming on famously, famously, my dear Virginia. Two weeks gone, heavy snows predicted for the mountain region, and nothing,

practically nothing at all, accomplished on the other side of the canyon. When you marry, my dear, you shall have a block of C. & G. R. preferred stock to keep you in pin-money."

"I?" she queried. "But, Uncle Somerville, I don't understand—"

The Rajah laughed.

"That was a very pretty blush, my dear. Bless your innocent soul, if I were young Miste Winton, I'm not sure but I should considher the game well lost."

She was gazing at him wide-eyed now, and the blush had left a pallor behind it.

"You mean that I—that I—"

"I mean that you are a helpel worth having, Miss Carteret. Another time Miste Winton won't pay cou't to a cha'ming young girl and try to build a railroad at one and the same moment, I fancy. Haih!"

The startled eyes veiled themselves swiftly, and Virginia's voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Have I been an accomplice in this—this despicable thing, Uncle Somerville?"

Mr. Darrah began a little to see his mistake.

"Ah—an accomplice? Oh, no, my dear Virginia, not quite that. The word smacks too much of the police cou'ts. Let us say that Miste Winton has found your company mo' attractive than that of his laborehs, and commend his good taste in the mat-eh."

So much he said by way of damping down the fire he had so rashly lighted. Then Jastrow came in with one of the interminable cipher telegrams and Virginia was left alone.

For a time she sat at the deserted breakfast table, dry-eyed, hot-hearted, thinking such thoughts as would come crowding thickly upon the heels of such a revelation. Winton would fail; a man with honor, good repute, his entire career at stake, as he himself had admitted, would go down to miserable oblivion and defeat lacking some friendly hand to smite him alive to a sense of his danger. And, in her uncle's estimation, at least, she, Vir-

ginia Carteret, would figure as the Delilah triumphant.

She rose, tingling to her finger-tips with the shame of it, went to her stateroom and found her writing materials. In such a crisis her methods could be as direct as a man's. Winton was coming again that evening. He must be stopped and sent about his business.

So she wrote him a note, telling him he must not come—a note man-like in its conciseness, and yet most womanly in its failure to give even the remotest hint of the new and binding reason why he must not come. And just before luncheon an obliging Cousin Billy was prevailed upon to undertake its delivery.

When he had found Winton at the shale-slide, and had given him Miss Carteret's mandate, the Reverend Billy did not return directly to the Rosemary. On the contrary, he extended his tramp westward, stumbling on aimlessly up the canyon over the un-surfaced embankment of the new line.

Truth to tell, Virginia's messenger was not unwilling to spend a little time alone with the immensities. To put it baldly, he was beginning to be desperately cloyed with the sweets of a day-long Miss Bessie, ennuye on the one hand and despondent on the other.

Why could not the Cousin Bessies see, without being told in so many words, that the heart of a man may have been given in times long past to another woman?—to a Cousin Virginia, let us say. And why must the Cousin Virginias, passing by the life-long devotion of a kinsman lover, throw themselves—if one must put it thus brutally—fairly at the head of an acquaintance of a day?

So questioning the immensities, the Reverend Billy came out after some little time in a small upland valley where the two lines, old and new, ran parallel at the same level, with low embankments less than a hundred yards apart.

Midway of the valley the hundred-yard interspace was bridged by a

hastily constructed spur track starting from a switch on the Colorado and Grand river main line, and crossing the Utah right of way at a broad angle. On this spur, at its point of intersection with the new line, stood a heavy locomotive, steam up, and manned in every inch of its standing-room by armed guards.

The situation explained itself, even to a Reverend Billy. The Rajah had not been idle during the interval of dinner-givings and social divergations. He had acquired the right of way across the Utah's line for his block-ading spur; had taken advantage of Winton's inactivity to construct the track; and was now prepared to hold the crossing with a live engine and such a show of force as might be needful.

Calvert turned back from the entrance of the valley, and was minded, in a spirit of fairness, to pass the word concerning the new obstruction on to the man who was most vitally concerned. But alas! even a Reverend Billy may not always rise superior to his hamperings as a man and a lover. Here was defeat possible—nay, say rather defeat probable, for a rival, with the probability increasing with each hour of delay. Calvert fought it out by length and by breadth a dozen times before he came in sight of the track force toiling at the shale-slide. Should he tell Winton, and so, indirectly, help to frustrate Mr. Darrah's well-laid plan? Or should he hold his peace and thus, indirectly again, help to defeat the Utah company?

He put it that way in decent self-respect. Also he assured himself that the personal equation as between two lovers of one and the same woman was entirely eliminated. But who can tell which motive it was that prompted him to turn aside before he came to the army of toilers at the slide; to turn acid cross the stream and make as wide a detour as the nature of the ground would permit, passing well beyond call from the other side of the canyon?

The detour took him past the slide in silent safety, but it did not take

rules apply to all dams made of stone and earth.

Pipes entering the reservoir should enter at the bottom and the soil be well puddled around them to prevent the water working through beside the pipe. Each pipe must have a strainer over its supply end and have no airholes in its entire length.

A good strainer can be made from a piece of large lead pipe punched full of holes, as shown, says Farm and Home. One end may be flattened or turned over and the other drawn on over the end of the water pipe. Let nobody suppose that simple, inexpensive arrangements are faulty because primitive. If constructed correctly and in line with natural laws they are not only all right, but are preferable to fancy, complicated devices that get out of order easily or in a year or two require a master mechanic to put them into working condition again.

### DUST PREVENTION ON ROADS.

Application of Tar Being Tried in the Vicinity of Troy, N. Y.

A modification of the common method of using tar on a public highway for the purpose of laying dust is reported from the vicinity of Troy, New York state. The experiment is being tried by State Engineer Van Alstyne, in a village of considerable size. The first step is to sprinkle hot tar on the road, and then to fill up low spots with screenings. When the surface has been well packed by teams, a second application is made. The job is not considered complete, though, until there has been a third coating. Before being used, the tar is boiled to drive off any water it may contain.

This road is much used by automobiles, whose owners found the dust as unpleasant as did the local residents, and consequently two classes of people are watching the experiments carefully. The extraordinary increase everywhere in the number of horseless carriages of late has made the suppression of dust as important to their drivers as to residents along the roads frequented by them. Formerly the man in an automobile did not appreciate what a nuisance this dust was, but now that many cars are running over each good road there is no longer any tendency to deny that these vehicles are responsible for a somewhat serious action on the surface of the highway, and that steps should be taken to prevent it. It is not wear in the usual sense of the term, but rather suction, and as its effect can be checked by the same means that are used to lay dust, the importance of these experiments can be readily appreciated.

Famous Band Leader Dead.

Prof. Louis Schneider, the first director of the Marine band in Washington and the leader of the Imperial band, which was at the surrender of Sedan, has just died in New York. He received decorations from Napoleon III, from the king of Italy, the king of Belgium and Pope Leo XIII.

him immediately back to the Rosemary. Instead of keeping on down the canyon on the C. & G. R. side, he turned up the gulch at the back of Argentine and spent the better half of the afternoon tramping beneath the solemn firs on the mountain. What the hours of solitude brought him in the way of decision let him declare as he sets his face finally towards the station and the private car.

"I can't do it. I can't turn traitor to the kinsman whose bread I eat. And that is what it would come to in plain English. Beyond that I have no right to go; it is not for me to pass upon the justice of this petty war between rival corporations."

Ah, William Calvert! is there no word then of that other and far subtler temptation? When you have reached your goal, if reach it you may, will there be no remorseful looking back to this milestone where a word from you might have taken the fly from your pot of precious ointment?

The short winter day was darkening to its close when he returned to the Rosemary. By dint of judicious maneuvering, with a love-weary Bessie for an unconscious confederate, he managed to keep Virginia from questioning him, this up to a certain moment of cataclysms in the evening.

But Virginia read momentous things in his face and eyes, and when the time was fully ripe she cornered him. It was the old story over again, of a woman's determination to know pitted against a truthful man's blundering efforts to conceal; and before he knew what he was about Calvert had betrayed the Rajah's secret—which was also the secret of the cipher telegrams.

Miss Carteret said little—said nothing, indeed, that an anxious kinsman lover could lay hold of. But when the secret was hers she donned coat and headgear and went out of the square railed platform, whither the Reverend Billy dared not follow her.

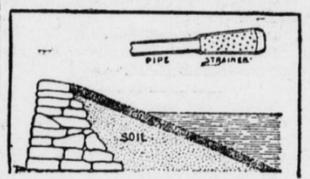
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## ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

### STORING WATER.

How a Reservoir Can Be Cheaply Built at the Spring.

An easy way to make a reservoir at the spring, is to throw up a bank, perhaps laying a wall first, founding it below the surface. I have seen many reservoirs excavated at great expense, sometimes in the solid rock, at the useless expenditure of money. By going down hill a few feet it would have been simple and inexpensive. Should the soil be such that water percolates through it, face the soil with loam on top and puddle it well. If this leaks face it with clay and puddle the clay, as shown in cut. These



Dam for Spring Reservoir.

rules apply to all dams made of stone and earth.

Pipes entering the reservoir should enter at the bottom and the soil be well puddled around them to prevent the water working through beside the pipe. Each pipe must have a strainer over its supply end and have no airholes in its entire length.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SHOCK FOR THE HUSBAND.

Wifely Anxiety Had Considerable Motive.

Anthony Comstock was talking in New York about certain information that had been lodged with him.

"It is perhaps helpful information," he said, "but I confess that I mistrust its motive."

"It suggests to me an incident that occurred last month in Matawan."

"A young woman of Matawan said to her husband one night:

"My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you."

"Who is it, do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said his wife, 'you must forgive me—but that cough has bothered you so much of late—and though winter is coming on it still clings to you and—oh, if you knew how worried I've been about you!' And she threw her arms around his neck. 'What would I do if I were to lose you?' she moaned.

"Come, come," said the young man patting her shoulder tenderly; 'men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it? Squills?'"

"It isn't the doctor," was the answer. 'It's the life insurance agent.'"

### WORD IS MODERN ENGLISH.

"Chap" To-Day Has Not Meaning Old Writers Gave to It.

The name of the new play at the Criterion, "Prince Chap," would have been quite unintelligible to an Englishman of Shakespeare's time. Not until the end of the sixteenth century did "chapman," a trader or peddler, get contracted into "chap" even in vulgar speech, and even then for a long time it did not advance beyond the meaning of buyer or customer.

In this sense Steele speaks of "hunting after chaps," and Wilkes writes that "perhaps Mrs. Mead would buy, but she would be a hard chap." "Chap" seems to have reached its ultimate stage as a casual equivalent of "man" through the intermediate sense of a man with whom one has dealings, not of business, but of good fellowship.

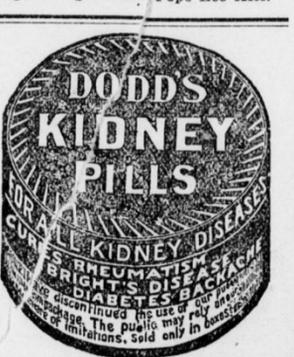
The case of "customer" is very similar. Shakespeare used it to mean a boon companion, but "a queer customer" now means little more than "a queer man." There is a trace of the old companionship idea, however, when a young woman speaks of "my chap," and in "Prince Chap" itself.—London Chronicle.

### Claim Nearly Cost Life.

Fred McNulty, of this city, had a terrible experience while holding down a claim which he has several miles east of here. He went to the claim just before the big blizzard of last week. The weather previously had been mild, and McNulty had no store of fuel in the shack. The storm was so fierce that he could not make his way home, so he went to bed in order to keep from freezing to death. For three days the storm raged, and McNulty lay covered up to his ears, without a bite to eat and only a small quantity of water. When at last the storm subsided he made his way to a neighbor's, a mile distant, freezing his face and ears while en route. When he finally reached Minot he was compelled to take to his bed as a result of his experience.—Minot Correspondence Duluth Herald.

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Return in Age to Childhood.  
Attention has recently been called to the curious fact that the shells of certain animals, such as cephalopods, brachiopods and some bivalves, are commonly marked by retrogressive changes as age advances. "The old man returns to second childhood in mind and body," states a well-known scientist at Washington, "and the shell of the cephalopod has, in old age, however distinct and highly ornamental the adult, very close resemblance to its own young."

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