

OUR SERIAL

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The Rajah dropped his cigar butt in the snow and trod upon it. "Possibly you will faveh us with your company to breakfast in the Rosemary. Misteh Winton—you and Misteh Adams. No? Then I bid you a vely good morning, gentlemen, and hope to see you lateh." And he swung up to the steps of the private car.

Half an hour afterwards, the snow still whirling dismally, Winton and Adams were covering over a handful of hissing embers, drinking their commissary coffee and munching the camp cook's poor excuse for a breakfast.

"Jig's up pretty definitely, don't you think?" said the Technologist, with a glance around at the idle track force huddling for shelter under the lee of the flats and the decapod. Winton shook his head and groaned. "I'm a ruined man, Morty."

Adams found his cigarette case. "I guess that's so," he said, quite heartlessly. Then: "Hello! what is our friend the enemy up to now?" McGrath's fireman was uncoupling the engine from the Rosemary, and Mr. Darrah, complacently lighting his after-breakfast cigar, came across to the hissing ember fire.

"A word with you, gentlemen, if you will faveh me," he began. "I am about to run down to Argentine on my engine, and I propose leaving the ladies in your charge, Misteh Winton. Will you give me your word of honch, seh, that they will not be annoyed in my absence?"

Winton sprang up, losing his temper again.

"It's—well, it's blessed lucky that you know your man, Mr. Darrah!" he exploded. "Go on about your business—which is to bring another army of deputy sheriffs down on us, I take it. You know well enough that no man of mine will lay a hand on your car so long as the ladies are in it."

The Rajah thanked him, dismissed the matter with a Chesterfieldian wave of his hand, climbed to his place in the cab, and the engine shrilled away around the curve and disappeared in the snow-wreaths.

Adams rose and stretched himself. "By Jove! when it comes to cheek, pure and unadulterated, commend me to a Virginia gentleman who has acquired the proper modicum of western bluff," he laughed. Then, with a cavernous yawn dating back to the sleepless night: "Since there is nothing immediately pressing, I believe I'll go and call on the ladies. Won't you come along?"

"No!" said Winton, savagely; and the Technologist lounged off by himself.

Some little time afterward Winton, glooming over his handful of spitting embers, saw Adams and Virginia come out to stand together on the observation platform of the Rosemary. They talked long and earnestly, and when Winton was beginning to add the dull pang of unreasoning jealousy to his other hurtings Adams beckoned him. "I should think you might come and say 'Good morning' to me, Mr. Winton. I'm not Uncle Somerville," said Miss Carteret.

Winton said "Good morning," not too graciously, and Adams mocked him.

"Besides being a bear with a sore head, Miss Carteret thinks you're not much of a hustler," he said, coolly. "She knows the situation; knows that you were stupid enough to promise not to lay hands on the car when we could have pushed it out of the way without annoying anybody. None the less, she thinks that you might find a way to go on building your railroad without breaking your word to Mr. Darrah."

Winton put his sore-heartedness far enough behind him to smile and say: "Perhaps Miss Virginia will be good enough to tell me how."

"I don't know how," she rejoined, quickly. "And you'd only laugh at me if I should tell you what I thought of."

"You might try it and see," he ventured. "I'm desperate enough to take suggestions from anyone."

"Tell me something first. Is your railroad obliged to run straight along in the middle of this nice little ridge you've been making for it?"

"Why—no; temporarily, it can run anywhere. But the problem is to get the track laid beyond this crossing before your uncle gets back with a train-load of armed guards."

"Any kind of a track would do, wouldn't it?—just to secure the crossing?"

"Certainly; anything that would hold the weight of the decapod. We shall have to rebuild most of the line, anyway, as soon as the frost comes out of the ground in spring."

The brown eyes became far-seeing. "I was thinking," she said, musingly, "there is no time to make another nice little ridge. But you have piles and piles of logs over there—she meant the cross-ties—couldn't you build a sort of cob-house ridge with those between your track and uncle's, and cross behind the car? Don't laugh, please."

But Winton was far enough from laughing at her. Why so simple an expedient had not suggested itself in-

stantly he did not stop to inquire. It was enough that the Heaven-born idea had been given.

"Down out of that, Morty!" he cried. "It's one chance in a thousand. Pass the word to the men; I'll be with you in a second." And when Adams was rousing the track force with the bawling shout of "Ev-ery-body!" Winton looked up into the brown eyes.

"My debt to you was already very great; I owe you more now," he said. But she gave him his quittance in a whiplike retort.

"And you will stand here talking about it when every moment is precious? Go!" she commanded; and he went.

So now we are to conceive the maddest activity leaping into being in full view of the watchers at the windows of the private car. Winton's chilled and sudden army, welcoming any battle-cry of action, flew to the work with a will. In a twinkling the corded piles of cross-ties had melted to reappear in cob-house balks bridging an angle from the Utah embankment to that of the spur track in rear of the blockading Rosemary. In briefest time the hammermen were spiking the rails on the rough-and-ready trestle, and the Italians were bringing up the crossing-frogs.

But the Rajah, astute colonel of industry, had not left himself defenseless. On the contrary, he had provided for this precise contingency by leaving McGrath's fireman in mechanical command on the Rosemary. If Winton should attempt to build around the private car, the fireman was to wait till the critical moment; then he was to lessen the pressure on the automatic air-brakes and let the car drop back down the grade just far enough to block the new crossing.

So it came about that this mechanical lieutenant waited, laughing in his sleeve, until he saw the Italians coming with the crossing-frogs. Then,



"RUN, CALVERT."

judging the time to be fully ripe, he ducked under the Rosemary to "bleed" the air-tank.

Winton heard the hiss of the escaping air above all the industry clamor; heard, and saw the car start backward. Then he had a flitting glimpse of a man in grimy overclothes scrambling terror-frenzied from beneath the Rosemary. The thing done had been overdone. The fireman had "bled" the air-tank too freely, and the liberated car, gathering momentum with every wheel-turn, surged around the circling spur track and shot out masterless on the steeper gradient of the main line.

Now, for the occupants of a runaway car on a Rocky mountain line there is death and naught else. Winton saw, in a phantasmagoric flash of second sight, the meteor flight of the heavy car; saw the Reverend Billy's ineffectual efforts to apply the hand-brakes, if by good hap he should even guess that there were any hand-brakes; saw the car, bounding and lurching, keeping to the rails, mayhap, for some few miles below Argentine, where it would crash head-long into the upward climbing Cap-bonate train, and all would end.

In unreasoning misery, he did the only thing that offered: Ran blindly down his own embankment, hoping nothing but that he might have one last glimpse of Virginia clinging to the hand-rail before she should be lost to him forever.

But as he ran a thought white-hot from the furnace of despair fell into his brain to set it ablaze with purpose. Beyond the litter of activities the decapod was standing, empty of its crew. Bounding up into the cab, he released the brake and sent the great engine flying down the track of the new line.

In the measuring of the first mile the despair-born thought took shape and form. If he could outpace the runaway on the parallel line, stop the decapod and dash across to the C. & G. R. track ahead of the Rosemary, there was one chance in a million that he might fling himself upon the car in mid flight and alight with life enough left to help Calvert with the hand-brakes.

Now, in the most unhopeful struggle it is often the thing least hoped for that comes to pass. At Argentine Winton's speed was a mile a minute over a track rougher than a corduroy wagon-road; yet the decapod held the rail and was neck and neck with the runaway.

Three miles more of the surging, racking, nerve-killing race and Winton had his hand's-breadth of lead and had picked his place for the million-chanced wrestle with death. It was at the C. & G. R. station of Tierra Blanca, just below a series of sharp curves which he hoped might check a little the arrowlike flight of the runaway.

Twenty seconds later the telegraph operator at the lonely little way station of Tierra Blanca saw a heroic bit of man-play. The upward-bound Carbonate train was whistling in the gorge below when out of the snow-wreaths shrouded the new line a big engine shot down to stop with fire grinding from the wheels, and a man dropped from the high cab to dash across to the station platform.

At the same instant a runaway passenger car thundered out of the canyon above. The man crouched, flung himself at it in passing, missed the forward hand-rail, caught the rear, was snatched from his feet and trailed through the air like the thong of a whiplash, yet made good his hold and clambered on.

This was all the operator saw, but when he had snapped his key and run out, he heard the shrill squeal of the brakes on the car and knew that John Winton had not risked his life for nothing.

And on board the Rosemary? Winton, spent to the last breath, was lying prone on the railed platform, where he had fallen when the last twist had been given to the shrieking brakes, his head in Miss Carteret's lap.

"Run, Calvert! Run ahead and stop—the up-train!" he gasped; then the light went out of the gray eyes and Virginia wept unafectedly and fell to dabbling his forehead with handfuls of snow.

"Help me get him in to the divan, Cousin Billy," said Virginia, when all was over and the Rosemary was safely coupled in ahead of the upcoming

train to be slowly pushed back to Argentine.

But Winton opened his eyes and struggled to his feet unaided.

"Not yet," he said. "I've left my automobile on the other side of the creek; and, besides, I have a railroad to build. My respects to Mr. Darrah, and you may tell him I'm not beaten yet." And he swung over the railing and dropped off to mount the octopod and to race it back to the front.

Three days afterwards, to a screaming of smelter whistles and other noisy demonstrations of mining-camp joy, the Utah Short Line laid the final rail of its new extension in the Carbonate yards.

The driving of the silver spike accomplished, Winton slipped out of the congratulatory throng and made his way across the C. & G. R. tracks to a private car standing alone on its siding. Its railed platform, commanding a view of the civic celebration, had its quota of onlookers—a fierce-eyed old man with huge white mustaches, an athletic young clergyman, two Bisques and a goddess.

"Climb up, Misteh Winton, climb up and join us," said the fierce-eyed one heartily. "Virginia, heah, thinks we ought to call each other out, but I tell her—"

What the Rajah had told his niece in of small account to us. But what Winton whispered in her ear when he had taken his place beside her is more to the purpose of this history.

"I have built my railroad, as you told me to, and now I have come for me."

"Hush!" she said, softly. "Can't you wait?"

"No."
"Shameless one!" she murmured. But when the Rajah proposed an adjournment to the gathering-room of the car, and to luncheon therein, he surprised them standing hand-in-hand and laughed.

"Hab, you little rebel," he said. "Do you think you desave that block of stock I promised you when you should marry? Anseh me, my dear." She blushed and shook her head, but the brown eyes were dancing.

The Rajah opened the car door with his courtliest bow. "Nevertheless, you shall have it, my dear Virginia, if only to remind an old man of the time when he was simple enough to make a business confederate of a charming young woman. Straight on, Misteh Adams; after you, Misteh Winton."

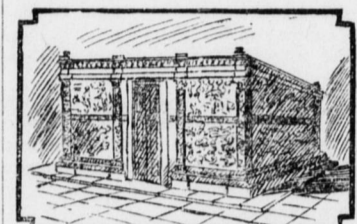
THE END.

ARA PACIS FOUND

ANCIENT TEMPLE OF AUGUSTUS UNEARTHED AT ROME.

Rare Art Treasures of the Long Ago Brought to Light, Enriching the Collections of That Period.

A year or so ago, excavations were begun in Rome, somewhere about the middle of the modern Corso Umberto, the site of the ancient Campus Martius, for the purpose of discovering traces of the remains of the Ara Pacis of Augustus, known to be existing; attempts which have been crowned with marked success. At the time of writing, these excavations were still in course of operation, and the press, as well as the public, have shown as



Restoration of the Ara Pacis of Augustus.

enthusiastic an interest in them as they have in the recent discoveries on the Roman Forum.

In the extensive plain of the Field of Mars, over a large part of which the Rome of the Renaissance, as well as of more modern times, has spread itself, there was in the tenth century, amongst the countless remains of ancient greatness, a statue existing, which pointed with one finger to the ground. This gave rise to the supposition that beneath it a treasure lay hidden, and one fine day they began to dig. The explorers soon happened upon some magnificent mosaics, representing the seasons of the year, and the allegorical figures of animals standing for the signs of the Zodiac. These proved eventually to be portions of the pediment of the famous sun-dial of Augustus, but it can easily be imagined what astonishment, and what attempts at explanation, these strange and curious objects called forth at the time. It has since been ascertained that the figure with the finger pointing earthwards represented the setting sun, whilst on the opposite side there must have been another pointing skywards, representing the rising sun; the sun when rising, would shine on the finger of the latter, whilst in setting it would in like manner gild the finger of the former with its parting rays. But amid all these interesting discoveries the hoped-for treasure itself was not forthcoming, and the common people declared that the priests must have secretly made away with it.

But if this spot conceals no shining gold, the mere material treasure sought for by the people of the year 1,000 A. D., it nevertheless encloses, despite the centuries of ruin heaped upon it, an ideal treasure of art and of priceless memories.

The systematic excavations demanded by archaeologists and since undertaken by the minister of public instruction have, as has been said, yielded the most satisfactory results. In fact, beside an immense number of fragments, and large blocks of marbles adorned with reliefs, the foundation walls of the monument have been found, so that it is quite possible to reconstruct the whole in imagination.

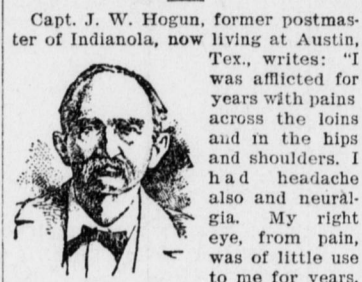
It apparently consisted of an enclosed wall of white marble of upwards of five metres in height, forming a four-sided figure of 11 by 10½ metres square. In the inner space of this enclosure, whose floor was paved with white marble slabs, still in good preservation, stood, close to the wall opposite to the entrance, and raised on steps, the altar of the deity. It is this beautiful piece of work, fragments of which have been known and used for a long time past in the study of decorative art in the schools. A Greek scroll separates the lower from the upper half, which latter is of great beauty and both as regards historical and artistic interest is the gem of the whole monument. A procession unfolds itself of men, women, priests and children, whose figures, somewhat less than life size, appear in two rows, one behind the other, those in the foreground in high relief, those behind being only slightly indicated in quite low relief. The whole represents a procession moving forward to a solemn sacrifice. In the background, following the lines of the procession are to be seen temples, the identifying of which has given rise to much discussion. In the middle of the enclosure a large door opened on the side of the Via Flaminia, through which was an uninterrupted view of the altar, and behind it was another door looking on to the Campus Martius, used for bringing in the beasts for sacrifice.

These sculptures undoubtedly represent the first solemn sacrifice offered in this place, and as Prof. Peterson justly observes, recall to the life the original enclosure adorned with fresh green wreaths such as would be placed around the altar on the occasion of the triumphal return of Augustus. There are some who recognize in the reliefs, the figures both of Augustus and the most important representatives of his family, and even that of the great Julius himself, idealized, after the manner of the art of that time.

ANTONIO PASQUINELLI.

UTTERLY WORN OUT.

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering with Kidney Trouble.



Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianola, now living at Austin, Tex., writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow of urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicine I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well to-day as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Newspapers for the Blind.

The announcement that the London Daily Mail is about to issue a weekly edition for the blind, draws attention to the other British journals published in Braille type, which have had a long and useful career, though they have seldom been seen by the general public. The first weekly newspaper for the blind was published on June 1, 1892, and called the Weekly Summary. It has always been issued below cost price, and its promoters derive no benefit from its publication. Another was started only last year, called the Braille Weekly, and issued from Edinburgh.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug stores refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Most people find fault with their neighbors in order to get even with neighbors who find fault with them.

To recover quickly from bilious attacks, sick-headache, indigestion or colds, take Garfield Tea, the mild laxative. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

Prefer Their Own Way.

Thousands of men do not know what is good for them, but you might as well remember that the majority of them do not want to be told.—John A. Howland.

Sixty Years a Lamplighter.

Timothy Boldra, who has died at Yarmouth, England, at the age of 82 years, had been in the service of the local gas company more than 60 years, and before that, as a youth, was employed to light the street oil lamps with a flint and steel.

Convict's Peculiar Claim.

A life convict in the Andamans had served some long period when an order recently came for his release. All the time he had been in the band, and had evidently so far forgotten that he was a prisoner that on his release he put in a claim for a pension on account of his long and faithful service as a government servant.—Madras Mail.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reliable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hints for the Pipe Lover.

The Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal gives some hints to those who smoke pipes. Everybody thinks he knows how to smoke a pipe, but to do it perfectly is not easy. "Time is a keynote of successful pipe smoking," says the Journal, "and another is gentleness. Take it easy. Don't crowd the pipe to the top of the bowl. Never get a pipe hot. Keep cool, and keep your pipe cool. You can relight a pipe, and if you are an old smoker you will be all the better for it. When you have finished do not refill a heated pipe."

HEADS SHAPED TO ORDER.

German Doctor Explains Causes of Various Formations.

At a recent convention of German naturalists and doctors Dr. Walcher of Stuttgart, in an instructive paper put forth a sensational theory to explain the formation of the shape of the head of infants. He maintained that the head of a child could be molded artificially. He found by experience that when a medium-shaped head is placed in a soft cushion the child turns on its back, or rests on the back of its head, in order to free mouth, nose and face. In this manner the head rests smoothly, and a short head is developed. But if the medium-shaped head of a child is placed on a hard under-rest, like a hair mattress or rolled carpet, the child's head turns aside, as it cannot stand any more on its head than an egg, for the muscle of the back is weakened. Therefore, with continued resting on the side a long head is developed. To prove his assertions the lecturer presented a child whose mother and sister are short-headed. The child at its birth had a short head, now after 18 months it is long skulled. If the child had been placed on its back, according to other experiences its head would have been short-headed. Dr. Walcher did not deny that the shape of the head was inherited, but asserted that it could be greatly influenced by the way the child rested.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILROAD AND WESTERN CANADA.

Will Open Up Immense Area of Free Homestead Lands.

The railway facilities of Western Canada have been taxed to the utmost in recent years to transfer the surplus grain crop to the eastern markets and the seaboard. The large influx of settlers and the additional area put under crop have added largely to the grain product, and notwithstanding the increased railway facilities that have been placed at the disposal of the public, the question of transportation has proved to be a serious one.

It will, therefore, be good news to everyone interested in Western Canada to know that an authoritative statement has been given out by C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, that that railway will do its share towards moving the crop of 1907 from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to tide water, and thus assist in removing a serious obstacle which has faced the settlers during recent years. Mr. Hays, who has just completed a trip from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton in a prairie schooner, a distance of 735 miles, which was covered in eighteen days, is enthusiastic about the country.

This will be gratifying to settlers in the Canadian West, even if Mr. Hays declines to be bound to a time limit with the exactitude of a stop-watch. The Grand Trunk Pacific road will be in a position to take part in the transportation of the crop of 1907, and that will be satisfactory to the settlers in that country when the harvest is garnered.

The wheat crop of 1906 in Western Canada was about 90,000,000 bushels, and, with the increased acreage which is confidently expected to be put under crop next year, it is safely calculated that fully 125,000,000 bushels will be harvested in 1907. The necessity for increased transportation facilities are, therefore, apparent, and the statement made by Mr. Hays will bring encouragement to the farmers of the Canadian West, new and old.

The opening up of additional thousands of free homesteads is thus assured by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere.

NOT DOOMED TO SECLUSION.

Austrian Nuns of Noble Blood Lead Pleasant Lives.

The "first lady" in the Austro-Hungarian court is now the abbess of the Theresian Convent of the Noble Ladies in Prague, a position which is always held by an archduchess. The Archduchess Maria Annunciata, the present abbess, who is a niece of the emperor, has succeeded to the position of first lady through the widowhood of the Archduchess Maria Josefa, wife of the late Archduke Otto. The noble nuns of Prague live a very different life from what is the usual conception of convent life. They play a leading part in the society of the city and are not even compelled to live in the abbey, where each is provided with two rooms and service. Handsome carriages with liveried servants are also provided for their use, and they have a box in the opera. Each noble lady is paid \$500 a year, while the abbess has a salary of \$10,000. When they attend court balls they must wear black evening dress with a ribbon of light blue.

SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered 10 Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura.

"When I was about nine years old small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs. I scratched them with a brass pin and shortly afterwards both of those limbs became so sore that I could scarcely walk. When I had been suffering for about a month the sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared where the sores had been. From that time onward I was troubled by such severe itching that, until I became accustomed to it, I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. This would stop the itching for a few days, but scaly places would appear again and the itching would accompany them. After I suffered about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctors in my native country advised me to use arsenic in small doses and a salve. I then used to bathe the sores in a mixture which gave almost intolerable pain. In addition I used other remedies, such as iodine, sulphur, zinc salve, —s Salve, — Ointment, and in fact I was continually giving some remedy a fair trial, never using less than one or two boxes or bottles. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. I used —s —, but it did no good. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment, having previously used Cuticura Soap and being pleased with it. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least \$50 or \$60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. I shall be glad to write to any one who may be interested in my cure. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

Trade-Mark for Ireland. Ireland now has a trade-mark with which her products are to be stamped. A penalty may be inflicted for its improper use.