

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niquala dam, goes out from camp to investigate a strange light and finds a party camped at the canyon. He meets J. Wesley Cortwright and explains the reclamation work to him. Cortwright sees in the project a chance to make money. Brouillard explains to him the engineer's job and how he came down and took himself off. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material for the dam construction. A busy city grows up about the site. Steve Massingale starts a gold rush if it does not influence President Roosevelt to build a railroad branch to the site. An easy market for gold opens, and the "Little Susan" mine is discovered. Brouillard and the company's promoter

If you were in love with a girl and a beast of a man, who had the power to get you fired from your job, made a smirking remark about her to you, would you smash him in the jaw and kick him out of your office—because if he did caused an indefinite postponement of your wedding?

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"I can't believe it, Murray. It's a fair shot at it and see where the bullet lands: this entire crazy fake built upon one solitary, lonesome fact that we're here, with a man on our hands big enough to create a present-moment market for gold and material. There is absolute nothing else behind the bubble except: if we were not here the Niquala Improvement company would have been heard of!"

"Your arguing that two makes four doesn't change the color of the bubble," he answered. "If big money has been made to skin somebody, the mere fact that the end of the world is due some along down the pike some day, isn't going to cut any obstructing corners. We'll all be buying and selling corner lots in Hosford's new city in a month or two. Don't you believe it?"

"I believe it when I see it," was Brouillard's reply; and with this the matter rested for the moment. "I was later in the day, an hour or so after the serving of the hearty meal in the engineers' mess tent. Brouillard was given to see another and still less tolerable side of the temporary guest. Hosford had come into the office to plant himself in the makeshift easy chair for the smoking of a big, black after-supper pipe.

"I've been looking over your rules and regulations, Brouillard," he began after an interval of silence which Brouillard had been careful not to break. "You're making a capital mistake in trying to transplant the old blue laws out here. Your engineers ought to have the right to



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ful reply to be made to this, Brouillard bent lower over his work and said nothing. At every fresh step in the forced acquaintance the newcomer was painstakingly developing new antagonisms. Sooner or later, Brouillard knew, it would come to an open rupture, but he was hoping that the actual hostilities could be postponed until after Hosford had worn out his temporary welcome as a guest in the engineers' mess.

For a time the big man in the easy chair smoked on in silence. Then he began again: "Say, Brouillard, I saw one little girl today that didn't belong to your workmen's-family outfit, and she's a peach; came riding down the trail with her brother from that mine up on the south mountain—Massingale, isn't it? By Jove! she fairly made my mouth water!"

Inasmuch as no man can read field-notes when the page has suddenly become a red blur, Brouillard looked up. "You are my guest, in a way, Mr. Hosford; for that reason I can't very well tell you what I think of you." So much he was able to say quietly. Then the control mechanism burned out in a flash of fiery rage and he cursed the guest fluently and comprehensively, winding up with a crude and savage threat of dismemberment if he should ever venture so much as to name Miss Massingale again in the threatener's hearing.

Hosford sat up slowly, and his big face turned darkly red. "Well!" he broke out. "So you're that kind of a fire-eater, are you? I didn't suppose anything like that ever happened outside of the ten-cent shockers. Wake up, man; this is the twentieth century we're living in. Don't look at me that way!"

But the wave of insane wrath was already subsiding, and Brouillard, half ashamed of the momentary lapse into savagery, was once more scowling down at the pages of his notebook, when the door opened and Quinlan, the operator, came in with a communication fresh from the Washington wire. The message was an indirect reply to Hosford's telegraphed appeal to the higher powers. Brouillard read it, stuck it upon the file, and took a roll of blueprints from the bottom drawer of his desk.

"Here are the drawings for your power installation, Mr. Hosford," he said, handing the roll to the man in the chair. And a little later he went out to smoke a pipe in the open air, leaving the message of inquiry he had intended to send unwritten.

CHAPTER VI Symptomatic

For some few minutes the two on the cabin porch made no attempt to talk, but when the rumbling thunder of the ore-car which the elder Massingale was pushing ahead of him into the mine had died away in the subterranean distances Brouillard began again.

"I do get your point of view—sometimes," he said. "Civilization, or what stands for it, does have a way of shrinking into littleness, not to say cheapness, when one can get the proper perspective. And your life up here on Chigringo has given you the needful detached point of view."

The trouble shadows in the eyes of the young woman who was sitting in the fishnet hammock gave place to a smile of gentle derision.

"Do you call that civilization?" she demanded, indicating the straggling new town spreading itself, maplike, in the valley below.

"I suppose it is—one form of it. At least it is civilization in the making. Everything has to have some sort of a beginning."

Miss Massingale acquiesced in a little uptilt of her perfectly rounded chin.

"Just the same, you don't pretend to say you are enjoying it," she said in manifest deprecation.

"Oh, I don't know. My work is down there. A few weeks ago I was righteously hot. It seemed so crudely unnecessary to start a pigeon-plucking match at this distance from Wall Street."

"But now," she queried—"now, I suppose, you have become reconciled?"

"I am growing more philosophical, let us say. There are just about so many pigeons to be plucked, anyway; they'd molt if they weren't plucked. And it may as well be done here as on the stock exchange, when you come to think of it."

"I like you least when you talk that way," said the young woman in the hammock, with open-eyed frankness. "Do you do it as other men do?—just to hear how it sounds?"

Brouillard, sitting on the top step of the porch, leaned his head against the porch post and laughed.

"You know too much—a lot too much for a person of your tender years," he asserted. "Which names one more of the charming collection of contradictions which your father or mother or somebody had the temerity

to label 'Amy,' sweetest and most seraphic of diminutives."

"If you don't like my name—" she began, and then she went off at another tangent. "Please tell me why I am a 'collection of contradictions.'"

Brouillard's gaze went past the shapely little figure in the strait hammock to lose itself in the far Timan-yoni distances.

"You are a bundle of surprises," he said, letting the musing thought slip into speech. "What can you possibly know about my thoughts?"

She made a funny little grimace at him. "It was 'contradictions' a moment ago and now it is 'surprises.' Which reminds me, you haven't told me why I am a 'collection.'"

"Oh, I can catalogue them if you push me to it. One minute you are the Madonna lady that I can't recall, calm, reposeful, truthful, and all that, you know—so truthful that those child-like eyes of yours would make a stuttering imbecile of the man who should come to you with a lie in his mouth."

"And the next minute?"

"The next minute you are a witch, laughing at the man's little weaknesses, putting your finger on them as accurately as if you could read his soul, holding them up to your ridicule and—what's much worse—to his own. At such times your insight, or whatever you choose to call it, is enough to give a man a fit of 'seeing things.'"

Her laugh was like a schoolgirl's, light-hearted, ringing, deliciously unrestrained.

"What a picture!" she commented. And then: "I can draw a better one of you, Monsieur Victor de Brouillard."

"Do it," he dared.

"Very well, then: Once upon a time—it was a good while ago, I'm afraid—you were a very upright young man. You would cheerfully have died for a principle in those days, and you would have allowed the enemy to cut you up into cunning little inch cubes before you would have admitted that any pigeon was ever made to be plucked."

He was smiling mirthlessly, with the black mustaches taking the sardonic upcurve.

"Then what happened?"

"One of two things, or maybe both of them. You were pushed out into the life race with some sort of a handicap. I don't know what it was—or is. Is that true?"

He nodded gravely. "It is all true enough. You haven't added anything more than a graceful little touch here and there. Who has been telling you all these things about me? Not Grizzy?"

"No, not Murray Grislow; it was the man you think you know best in all the world—who is also probably the one you know the least—yourself."

"Good heavens! Am I really such a transparent egoist as all that?"

"All men are egoists," she answered calmly. "In some the ego is sound and clear-eyed and strong; in others it is weak—in the same way that passion is weak; it will sacrifice all it has or hopes to have in some sudden fury of self-assertion."

She sat up and put her hands to her hair, and he was free to look away, down upon the great ditch where the endless chain of concrete buckets added to the deep and widespread foundations of the dam. Across the river a group of hidden sawmills sang their raucous song. In the middle distance the camp-town city spread its roughly indicated streets over the valley level, the tall chimney stacks of the new cement plant were rising, and from the quarries beyond the plant the dull thunder of the blasts drifted up.

This was not Brouillard's first visit to the cabin on the Massingale claim by many. In the earliest stages of the valley activities Smith, the Buckskin cattleman, had been Amy Massingale's escort to the reclamation camp—"just a couple o' lookers," in Smith's phrase—and the unconventional attitudes had done the rest. From that day forward the young woman had hospitably opened her door to Brouillard and his assistants, and any member of the corps, from Leshington the morose, who commonly came to sit in solemn silence on the porch step, to Griffith, who had lost his youthful heart to Miss Massingale on his first visit, was welcome.

CHAPTER VII A Turn in the Trail

For Brouillard it had seemed the most natural thing in the world to fall under the spell of enchantment. He knew next to nothing of the young woman's life story; he had not cared to know. It had not occurred to him to wonder how the daughter of a man who drilled and shot the holes in his own mine should have the gifts and belongings—when she chose to display them—of a woman of a much wider world. It was enough for him that she was piquantly attractive in any character and that he found her marvelously stimulating and uplifting. On the days when the devil of moroseness and irritability possessed and maddened him he could climb to the cabin on high Chigringo and find sanity. It was a keen joy to be with her, and up to the present this had sufficed.

"Egoism is merely another name for the expression of a vital need," he said after the divagating pause, defining the word more for his own satisfaction than in self-defense.

"You may put it in that way if you please," she returned gravely. "What is your need?"

He stated it concisely. "Money—a lot of it."

"How singular!" she laughed. She got out of the hammock and came to

lean, with her hands behind her, against the opposite porch post. "But tell me, what would you do with your pot of rainbow gold—if you should find it?"

Brouillard rose and straightened himself with his arms over his head like an athlete testing his muscles for the record-breaking event.

"What would I do? A number of things. But first of all, I think, I'd buy the privilege of telling some woman that I love her."

She was silent for so long a time that he looked at his watch and thought of going. But at the deciding instant she held him with a low-spoken question.

"Does it date back to the handicap? You needn't tell me if you don't want to."

"It does. And there is no reason why I shouldn't tell you the simple fact. When my father died he left me a debt—a debt of honor; and it must be paid. Until it is paid—but I am sure you understand."

"Quite fully," she responded quickly, and now there was no trace of levity in the sweetly serious tone. "Is it much?—so much that you can't?"

He nodded and sat down again on the porch step. "Yes, it is big enough to go in a class by itself—in round numbers, a hundred thousand dollars."

"Horrors!" she gasped. "And you are carrying that millstone? Must you carry it?"

"If you knew the circumstances you would be the first to say that I must carry it, and go on carrying it to the end of the chapter."

"But—but you'll never be free!"

"Not on a government salary," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, it takes more than half of the salary to pay the premiums on—pshaw! Let's drop it."

She was looking beyond him and her voice was quick with womanly sympathy when she said: "If you could drop



"But Tell Me, What Would You Do With Your Pot of Rainbow Gold?"

it—but you can't. And it changes everything for you, it distorts everything, colors your entire life. It's heart-breaking!"

This was dangerous ground for him and he knew it. In the ardor of young manhood he had taken up the vicarious burden dutifully, and at that time his renunciation of the things that other men strove for seemed the lightest of the many fetterings. But now love for a woman was threatening to make the renunciation too grievous to be borne.

"How did you know?" he queried curiously. "It does change things. I'd sell anything I've got, save one, for a chance at the freedom that other men have—and don't value."

"What is the one thing you wouldn't sell?" she questioned, and Brouillard chose to discover a gently quickened interest in the clear-seeing eyes.

"My love for the—for some woman. I'm saying that, you know. It is the only capital I'll have when the big debt is paid."

"Do you want me to be frivolous or serious?" she asked, looking down at him with the grimacing little smile that always reminded him of a caress. "I have been wondering whether she is or isn't worth the effort—and the reservation you make. Because it is all in that, you know. You can do and be what you want to do and be if you only want to hard enough."

He was looking down, chiefly because he dared not look up, when he answered soberly: "She is worth it many times over; her price is above rubies. Money, much or little, wouldn't be in it."

"That is better—much better. Now we may go on to the ways and means; they are all in the man, not in the things, 'not none whatsoever,' as Tig would say. Let me show you what I mean. Three times within my recollection my father has been worth considerably more than you owe, and three times he has—well, it's gone. And now he is going to make good again when the railroad comes."

Brouillard got up.

"I must be going back down the hill," he said. And then, without warning: "What if I should tell you that the railroad is not coming to the Niquala, Amy?"

Do you think that Amy will conduct a little flirtation with the despised Hosford, in order to aid her father, if she finds out that Hosford can bring the railroad to Niquala or keep it away?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE FOUGHT

BIG SHIPS OF BRITISH AND GERMAN NAVIES ARE DESTROYED BY HEAVY GUN FIRE.

THOUSANDS ARE LOST

The greatest naval battle in all history has been fought, and was staged in the North Sea, off the coast of Jutland, between the German and British fleets.

Picking its way from its base in the Kiel canal the German high sea fleet on Wednesday afternoon emerged into the North Sea and engaged the British fleet throughout the afternoon and night in what probably was the greatest naval battle, so far as tonnage engaged and tonnage destroyed is concerned.

When the battle ended Great Britain had lost the battle cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable and Invincible, the cruisers Defence, Black Prince and Warrior and eight torpedo boat destroyers, while the German battleship Pommern was sent to the bottom by a torpedo and the cruiser Wiesbaden sunk by the British gunfire. In addition several German torpedo craft are missing and the small cruiser Frauenlob was last seen badly listed and is believed to have gone to the bottom. These losses have all been admitted by Great Britain and Germany.

Great Britain's admitted loss in tonnage was 114,810 for six battle cruisers and cruisers. That of Germany, excluding the tonnage of the Wiesbaden, of which there is no record, was 15,172. The tonnage of the capital ships sunk by the Japanese in their fight with the Russians in the battle of Tsushima in May, 1905, aggregated 93,000. Twenty-one Russian craft were destroyed in this fight, including six battleships and four cruisers. The remainder of the sunken craft comprised coast defense and special service vessels and torpedo boats.

Great Britain mourns for more than four thousand of her best seamen and the whole nation is oppressed with sadness. There were some six thousand men on the ships which sank and only a few hundred have been saved. Rear Admiral Hon. Horace Lambert Hood, second in command to Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, and Captains Sowerby, Cay and Prowse were lost. There were no surrenders and the ships which went down carried with them virtually their whole crews. The German loss will also run into the thousands.

While Germany still holds to her original announcement of losses—a battleship, three cruisers and several torpedo boat destroyers, the British admiralty says there is the strongest grounds for supposing that the Germans lost two battleships, two dreadnought battle cruisers, nine torpedo boat destroyers, four light cruisers and a submarine—eighteen vessels in all. The admiralty says that with the destruction of these ships Germany's losses were not relatively, but absolutely, heavier than those of the British.

NAVAL BILL PASSES HOUSE BY BIG VOTE

Washington.—The second of the big preparedness measures, a naval appropriation bill larger by many millions than any ever considered in congress, passed the house Friday almost unanimously. It carries a building program for the next year of five battle cruisers, four scout cruisers, ten destroyers, fifty submarines and 130 a-roplanes, provides for a government armor plate plant; authorizes an increase of nearly seventeen thousand enlisted men, and appropriates a total of \$269,900,000.

As passed, the bill is substantially the same form as framed by the naval committee. Only a few amendments were adopted during a week of debate, and a final effort by republican members to have the measure recommitted with instructions to add two battleships, two scout cruisers and destroyers was beaten, 189 to 183. The fight for an increase in the building program by the addition of battleships will be renewed in the senate when the measure is taken up there late this month.

The four negative votes cast were by Representatives Browning, New Jersey, and Graham, Pennsylvania, republicans; Randall, California, prohibitionist, and London, New York, socialist.

With the passage of the bill the house completed the major portion of its share in the preparedness program. Twenty-five democrats voted with the republicans to recommit and increase the building program.

Banker Killed With Ax.

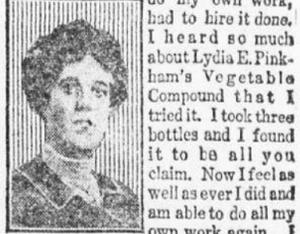
Wills Point, Tex.—R. J. Morau, son-in-law of H. S. Goodnight, president of the Van Zandt National bank, who, with his wife were killed in their home early Wednesday, and Mrs. Morau seriously injured, was arrested Wednesday and formally charged with murder. All three members of the family apparently were beaten with a heavy, sharp instrument, which the police believe was an ax. Morau was taken to Canton for safekeeping.

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:—

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not



do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I

recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 516 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease

Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap. Let us advise you. Made of metal, can't rust or break. No poisonous fumes. Guaranteed effective. Ask for Daisy Fly Killer. Sold by druggists, or direct by express, prepaid, \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It's Valuable Now.

When William Jessup, who formerly operated a woolen mill in Princeton, died 20 years ago, he left among his effects a large keg of Russian red dye-stuff. Each housecleaning time his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Woods, had to shift it around. Woods had tried to sell it to wholesalers in vain; they didn't need it.

"What'll we do with this?" asked Mr. Woods when they cleaned house last summer.

"Pile it on the trash heap and burn it; I'm tired of looking at it," said Mrs. Woods.

Being a dutiful husband, Mr. Woods obeyed.

Now the Russian dye is said to be unobtainable at any price, and the amount that Mr. Woods burned would have netted at this time from \$500 to \$1,000.

The losers philosophically agreed that it's no use to cry over spilt milk and have dispensed with any worry over "what might have been."—Indianapolis News.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I object to coming after the trained baboons."

"You're right," said the manager. "Crowding similar acts together is always a mistake."

It takes an artistic bore to be all most entertaining.

Concentrated Satisfaction

A great many former users of tea and coffee have learned that there is a pure food beverage made from wheat, which has a delightful flavor.

It never exacts of its users the tribute of sleeplessness, heart-flutter, headache and other ills often caused by the drug, caffeine, in coffee and tea.

Instant Postum

suggests the snappy flavor of mild java coffee, but is absolutely free from caffeine or any harmful ingredient. Instant Postum is, in condensed, soluble form, and wonderfully convenient for the home—for the picnic—for travel—everywhere.

If tea or coffee interferes with comfort or success, as it does for many users, try a shift to Postum.

"There's a Reason"