SERIAL STORY

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Grafters," Etc.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Those who knew her best said it was a warning to be heeded in Miss Virginia Carteret when her eyes were downcast and her voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Why, certainly; how simple!" she said, taking her cousin's arm again; and the secretary went in to set the wires at work in Winton's affair.

Now Miss Carteret was a woman in every fiber of her, but among her gifts she might have counted some that were, to say the least, super-feminine. One of these was a measure of discretion which would have been fairly creditable in a past master of diplomacy.

So, while the sympathetic part of her was crying out for a chance to talk Winton's threatened danger over with some one, she lent herself outwardly to the Reverend Billy's mood—which was one of scenic enthusiasm; this without prejudice to a growing determination to intervene in behalf of fair play for Winton if she could find a way.

But the way obstinately refused to discover itself. The simple thing to do would be to appeal to her uncle's sense of justice. It was not like him to fight with ignoble weapons, she thought, and a tactful word in season might make him recall the order to the superintendent. But she could not make the appeal without betraying Jastrow. She knew well enough that the secretary had no right to show her the telegrams; knew also that Mr. Somerville Darrah's first word would be a demand to know how she had learned the company's business secrets. Regarding Jastrow as little as a high-bred young woman to whom sentiment is as the breath of life can regard a man who is quite devoid of it, she was still far enough from the thought of effacing him.

To this expedient there was an unhopeful alternative; namely, the sending, by the Reverend Billy, or, in the last resort, by herself, of a warning message to Winton. But there were obstacles seemingly insuperable. She had not the faintest notion of how such a warning should be addressed; and again, the operator at Argentine was a Colorado & Grand River employe, doubtless loyal to his salt, in which case the warning message would never get beyond his waste basket.

"Getting too chilly for you out here?—want to go in?" asked the Reverend Billy, when the scenic enthusiasm began to outwear itself.

"No; but I am tired of the sentry-go part of it—ten steps and a turn," she confessed. "Can't we walk on the track a little way?"

"We can trot down and have a look at their construction camp, if you like," he suggested, and thitherward they went.

It was Virginia who first marked the boxed-up tent standing on the slope.

"What do you suppose that little house-tent is for?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Calvert. Then he saw the wires and ventured a guess which hit the mark.

"I didn't suppose they would have a telegraph office," she commented, with hope rising again.

"Oh, yes; they'd have to have a wire; one of their own. Under the circumstances they could hardly use ours."

"No," she rejoined, absently. She was scanning the group of steel handlers in the hope that a young man in a billy-cock hat and with a cigarette between his lips would shortly reveal himself.

She found him after a time and turned quickly to her cousin.

"There is Mr. Adams down there by the engine. Do you think he would come over and speak to us if he knew we were here?"

The Reverend Billy's smile was of honest admiration.

"How could you doubt it? Wait here a minute and I'll call him for you."

He was gone before she could reply—across the ice bridge spanning one of the pools, and up the rough, frozen embankment of the new line. There were armed guards here, too, as well as at the front, and one of them halted him at the picket line. But Adams saw and recognized him, and presently the two were crossing to where Virginia stood waiting.

"Ehen! what a little world we live in, Miss Virginia! Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said the technologian, taking her hand at the precise elevation prescribed by good form—Boston good form.

"The shock is mutual," she laughed. "I must say that you and Mr. Winton have chosen a highly unconventional environment for your sketching field."

"I'm down—," he admitted, cheerfully; "please don't trample on me. But really, it wasn't all fib. Jack does do things with a pencil—other things besides maps and working profiles, I mean. Won't you come over and let me be the honors of the studio?" with a grandiloquent arm-sweep meant to include the construction camp in general and the "dinkey" caboose in particular.

It was the invitation she would have angled for, but she was too wise to assent too readily.

"Oh, no; I think we mustn't. I'm afraid Mr. Winton might not like it."

"Not like it? If you'll come he'll never forgive himself for not being here to 'shoot up' the camp for you in person. He is away, you know; gone to Carbonate for the day."

"Ought we to go, Cousin Billy?" she asked, shifting, not the decision, but the responsibility for it, to broader shoulders.

"Why not, if you care to?" said the athlete, to whom right-of-way fights were mere matters of business in no wise conflicting with the social ameliorations.

Virginia hesitated. There was a thing to be said to Mr. Adams, and that without delay; but how could she say it with her cousin standing by to make an impossible trio out of any attempted duet confidential? A willingness to see that Winton had fair play need not carry with it an open desertion to the enemy. She must not forget to be loyal to her salt; and, besides, Mr. Somerville Darrah's righteous indignation was not lightly to be ignored.

But the upshot of the hesitant pause was a decision to brave the consequences—all of them; so she took Calvert's arm for the slippery crossing of the ice bridge.

Once on his own domain, Adams did the honors of the camp as thoroughly and conscientiously as if the hour held no care heavier than the entertainment of Miss Virginia Carteret.

"Oh, how comfortable!" she exclaimed, when he had shown her all the space-saving contrivances of the field office. "And this is where you and Mr. Winton work?"

"It is where we eat and sleep," corrected Adams. "And speaking of eating: it is hopelessly the wrong end of the day—or it would be in Boston—but our Chinaman won't know the difference. Let me have him make you a dish of tea," and the order was given before she could protest.

"CAN YOU SEND ALL THAT?"

"While we are waiting on Ah Foo I'll show you some of Jack's sketches," he went on, finding a portfolio and opening it upon the drawing board.

"Are you quite sure Mr. Winton won't mind?" she asked.

"Mind? He'd give a month's pay to be here to show them himself. He is peacock vain of his one small accomplishment, Winton is—bores me to death with it sometimes."

"Really?" was the mocking rejoinder, and they began to look at the sketches.

They were heads, most of them, impressionistic studies in pencil or pastel, with now and then a pen-and-ink bearing evidence of more painstaking after-work. They were made on bits of map paper, the backs of old letters, and not a few on leaves torn from an engineer's note book.

"They don't count for much in an artistic way," said Adams, with the brutal frankness of a friendly critic, "but they will serve to show you that I wasn't all kinds of an embroiderer when I was telling you about Winton's proclivities the other day."

"I shouldn't apologize for that, if I were you," she retorted. "It is well past apology, don't you think?" And then: "What is this one?"

They had come to the last of the sketches, which was a rude map. It was penciled on the leaf of a memorandum, and Adams recognized it as the outline Winton had made and used in explaining the right-of-way entanglement.

"It is a map," he said, "one that Jack drew day before yesterday when he was trying to make me understand the situation up here. I wonder why he kept it? Is there anything on the other side?"

She turned the leaf, and they both went speechless for the moment. The reverse of the scrap of cross-ruled paper held a very fair likeness of a face which Virginia's mirror had oftenest portrayed; a sketch setting forth in a few strokes of the pencil the impressionist's ideal of the "goddess fresh from the bath."

"By Jove," exclaimed Adams, when he could find the word for his surprise. Then he tried to turn it off lightly. "There is a good bit more of the artist in Jack than I have been giving him credit for. Don't you know, he must have got the notion for that between two hah-seconds—when you recognized me on the platform at Kansas City. It's wonderful!"

"So very wonderful that I think I shall keep it," she rejoined, not without a touch of austerity. Then she added: "Mr. Winton will probably never miss it. If he does, you will have to explain the best way you can." And Adams could only say "By Jove!" again, and busy himself with pouring the tea which Ah Foo had brought in.

In the nature of things the tea-drinking in the stuffy "dinkey" drawing-room was not prolonged. Time was flying. Virginia's errand of mercy was not yet accomplished, and Aunt Martha in her capacity of anxious chaperon was not to be forgotten. Also, Miss Carteret had a feeling that under his well-bred exterior Mr. Morton P. Adams was chafing like any barbarian industry captain at this unwarrantable intrusion and interruption.

So presently they all forthfared into the sun-bright, snow-blinding out-of-door world, and Virginia gathered up her courage and took her dilemma by the horns.

"I believe I have seen everything now except that tent-place up there," she asserted, groping purposefully for her opening.

Adams called up another smile of acquiescence. "That is our telegraph office. Would you care to see it?" The technologian was of those who shirk all or shirk nothing.

"I don't know why I should care to, but I do," she replied, with charming and childlike wilfulness; so the three of them trudged up the slippery path to the operator's den on the slope.

Not to evade his hospitable duty in any part, Adams explained the use and need of a "front" wire, and Miss Carteret was properly interested.

"How convenient!" she commented. "And you can come up here and talk to anybody you like—just as if it were a telephone?"

"To anyone in the company's service," amended Adams. "It is not a commercial wire."

"Then let us send a message to Mr. Winton," she suggested, playing the part of the capricious ingenue to the very upcast of a pair of mischievous eyes. "I'll write it and you may sign it."

Adams stretched his complaisence the necessary additional inch and gave her a pencil and a pad of blanks. She wrote rapidly:

"Miss Carteret has been here admiring your drawings. She took one of them away with her, and I couldn't stop her without being rude. You shouldn't have done it without asking her permission. She says—"

"Oh, dear! I am making it awfully long. Does it cost so much a word?"

"No," said Adams, not without an effort. He was beginning to be distinctly disappointed in Miss Virginia, and was wondering in the inner depths of him what piece of girlish frivolity he was expected to sign and send to his chief. Meanwhile she went on writing:

"—I am to tell you not to get into any fresh trouble—not to let anyone else get you into trouble; by which I infer she means that some attempt will be made to keep you from returning on the evening train."

"There, can you send all that?" she asked, sweetly, giving the pad to the technologian.

Adams read the first part of the letter-length telegram with inward groanings, but the generous purpose of it struck him like a whip blow when he came to the thinly veiled warning. Also it shamed him for his unworthy judgment of Virginia.

"I thank you very heartily, Miss Carteret," he said, humbly. "It shall be sent word for word." Then, for the Reverend William's benefit: "Winton deserves all sorts of a snubbing for taking liberties with your portrait. I'll see that he gets more of it when he comes back."

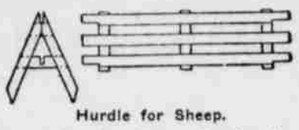
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE STOCK

HURDLING SHEEP FOR FORAGE.

Economic Method of Feeding Rape, Peas, Etc., in the Field.

The most economical method of feeding rape, peas and oats to sheep as summer forage is to hurdle them on a small part of the field each day. This requires a simple and easily movable hurdle. The sketch shows



Hurdle for Sheep.

one made of ordinary fencing lumber, either six or four inches wide, and one inch thick, each panel being ten or twelve feet long, as desired. The braces, says the Farm and Home, are made of the same material, and when set upright the panels are placed in the notches of the uprights and well lapped to prevent them from slipping out.

These hurdles may be moved once each day, preferably in the afternoon, so that the sheep will not gorge themselves on the fresh forage while they are hungry, which they will do if it was moved in the morning.

RAPE FOR SHEEP PASTURE.

Nothing Better, Says a Huron (County) Ohio Farmer.

I have never found any pasture on which sheep will do as well as rape. I have sown it altogether as a catch crop and it has done wonderfully well. I sow it just before the last cultivation of corn, usually about the middle of July. Then the corn is so large that the cultivating has to be done with a single horse. The plants will make the greater part of their growth after the corn is cut up.

This seson conditions were favorable and I sowed July 6 and followed up the same day with the wheel cultivator and two horses, making a short easy and complete job. It took three hours to sow ten acres and the cultivating took a little more than one-half a day. The seed cost $2.80—35 pounds at eight cents a pound. The cost was a mere trifle compared to the value of the crop. The corn stands a little thin on the ground, the land is rich, and I look for a great crop of forage that will come on when the other pastures are brown and dry. I will turn lambs in about the middle or last of September. They will not molest the corn to their injury and the green succulent rape will at this time do them a world of good.

The crop is so easily and cheaply grown in this way, says the Farm and Home, that no man who keeps sheep can afford to do without it. Every flockmaster knows the advantage of having his sheep go into winter quarters in high condition. They are so much more easily and cheaply wintered, and the rape gives them a fine start on the road. It will surprise any sheep man to see how quick lambs will respond to the pasturage of luxuriant rape, and considering how cheaply it can be grown, no flockmaster can afford to do without it.

POINTS ABOUT THE HOG.

The hog quarters should be kept in such condition that they will never be a taint to the air blowing over them.

Don't think that high breeding can take the place of good feeding. Of course much depends on the breed, but more on the feed.

Don't expect the the pigs to thrive in muddy pens and damp beds. They will disappoint you every time if you do.

If the sow is kept in good condition on the right kind of food her pigs will be strong and vigorous.

A good sow in perfect health always loses flesh while suckling a litter of pigs and needs to be well fed.

Pigs often lack vigor because the brood sows are kept too fat. A good thrifty condition is much better for the pigs than too much fat.

As a rule aged brood sows are the most prolific, the best mothers and produce the most vigorous offspring.

Usually the hogs with coarse, straight hair will not fatten near so rapidly as the one with soft fine hair.

The thumps in pigs is often caused by an excess of fat about the internal organs and especially around the heart.

Every farrowing sow should have a shelter to herself and be put in it in time to get acquainted with her surroundings.

The Keeping of Sheep.

There is no stock so easily and cheaply kept as sheep and they are of value instead of a detriment to the farm and pasture. They eat plants, weeds, etc., in the pastures which other stock refuse, thus acting as gleaners.

It Tells.

Continued good health, good food, protection from the inclemencies of the weather, show their influence in the production of even staple of the best quality, while deficiency in either respect will leave its impression upon the fibre.

The Water Supply.

Water is as important as food and should be kept clean and fresh.

BREEDING FOR THE BLOCK.

Farmer Must Distinguish Between the Beef and Dairy Types.

The farmer who breeds or feeds either cattle or sheep for the block must not ignore the distinction between the beef-making types of cattle and the dairy type, or the best type of mutton-producing sheep. He cannot afford to be ignorant on these points. They are of vital importance and determine profit or loss.

Economy of production must be understood, and the successful stock owner must breed with this end in view, of making a certain amount of food produce the largest possible amount of gain, and such gain be relegated to the parts desired to be finished according to the market requirements. The prime beef type calls for short limbs, but a broad, straight back, well-sprung ribs, broad chest, etc., and the broad back and ribs must be well covered with flesh and an even distribution of fat. The heavy, inordinately fat animal has been driven out of market by the demand for one of different type. Another point in favor of the distinctly beef-producing breeds as bred for the market is the fact that the beef of such animals is always superior to that of animals of distinctly dairy type. In our grandfathers' days the excessively fat steer or cow, etc., was the one which "topped the market," avoirdupois being the end generally sought then—it was tallow versus beef—those were the days of tallow candles. Other means of illumination and lubrication have been since discovered, and distinctly fat or tallow-producing animals have been relegated to the background.

A point which also must receive due attention, suggests the Country Gentleman, is reference to the age of animals which are to be fed for market, i. e., the block. The young and growing animal fattens more easily than when grown or fully matured. As animals progress toward maturity, the gain for food consumed is much less. The young animal furnishes the most profitable carcass, and there is not a superabundance of fat where not wanted; this should receive attention. Early maturity of animals for market may be accomplished by generous feeding of such cheap, coarse foods as the farm produces, combined with grain enough to give a suitable ration; the amount of grain may be moderate, except in the finishing up.

As an example of the characteristics of beef and dairy types, take the Jersey or Ayrshire and compare them with the Hereford or Short-Horn. Those who are at all acquainted with the former will admit that the little Jersey was never intended to be anything except what she is, one of the best butter cows bred, a type of the dairy animal. She is, as a rule, rough, angular and bony, and when fattened does not develop along the lines demanded by the market, but instead accumulates fat around the internal organs, while the prominent parts, back and hips, are scantily clothed with flesh. The same may be said of the Ayrshire also.

As to food, the Jersey may consume the same quality as the Hereford, all things being equal, and the gain in weight may be nearly the same, but the Jersey does not lay on flesh readily, and on such parts of her anatomy as will bring the highest prices. Tallow cannot compete against loin and rib roasts. The Hereford is capable of taking on flesh and fat in the proportion required, and finishing up to the point of highest excellence.

SMALL COLONY HOG HOUSE.

Our first illustration shows a plan for a colony house for hogs that is built A-shaped on runners. It is six feet square at the base and six feet to the gable. Its only opening is the

A-Shaped Movable Hog House.

door in front. This house is shown without a floor, but if one is desired planks can be laid across the runners.

Fig. 2 shows a different plan. This house is not built on runners, but

A Small Shed-Roofed Hog House.

they can be introduced if not desired. This plan is also six feet square. The whole idea of construction is well brought out in the illustration.

Both of these small houses, says the Prairie Farmer, are designed for field use where hogs are put out to pasture and require some sort of protection from heat and storm. Many who use similar houses report that they have no trouble in housing hogs in them throughout the winter.

Pasture Hogs After Cows.

Don't put the pigs up in a close pen and feed them when they can get a good living by running after the milk cows if you will only let them.

Bartimaeus and Zacchaeus

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 2, 1906

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 18:35-19:10. Memory verses, 22, 43.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19:10.

TIME.—The last of March, A. D. 30; not long after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jericho, 15 or 20 miles northeast of Jerusalem, in the valley of the Jordan.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 35. "A certain blind man." One well known to the people of that locality. "Begging." The usual occupation of the blind.

Vs. 36, 37. "Hearing the multitude." His ears, made keen as the ears of the blind commonly are, was quick to discern that a great crowd was passing. Evidently Bartimaeus had heard of Jesus, how he had restored sight to other blind men, and he felt that now was his opportunity.

V. 38. "He cried." He could not see Jesus, but he was determined that Jesus should hear and thereby be drawn to see him. "Son of David." Perhaps the blind man recognized Jesus as the Messiah, the descendant of great King David; for of this coming One it had been foretold that he should open the eyes of the blind (Isa. 29: 18; 35:5; 42:7), and this Jesus had proved able to do. "Have mercy on me." This was his customary cry, but in the present instance the mercy craved was not alms, but the restoration of sight.

V. 39. "They which went before." Those who were in advance of Jesus. "Rebuked him . . .hold his peace." They tried to make him cease his cries, deeming it unfit that a common beggar should thus intrude upon one for whom they had great respect. Even to this day there are some to hinder those who seek Jesus.

V. 40. "Jesus stood." Nothing is too much trouble for Jesus, if he can but help a single soul. "Commanded him to be brought." To the calling man, the calling Jesus responded.

V. 41. "What wilt thou?" It is God's way to ask us to express to him our desires. He might supply many of our needs without our asking, but we are bidden. "In everything by prayer . . . let your requests be made known unto God." "Lord," or "Master." There is love and devotion in the title he chooses to address Jesus. "That I might receive my sight." This was the one object of his desire.

V. 42. "Jesus said." According to Matthew, as Jesus spoke he touched the eyes of Bartimaeus and his companion, and immediately sight was restored. "Thy faith hath saved thee." It was divine power that wrought the cure, but the man had put himself in connection with that power by his loving confidence in Jesus.

V. 43. "Received his sight." The restoration was immediate and complete.

V. 2. "Zacchaeus." His name is a Hebrew one, signifying pure, hence undoubtedly the man was a Jew. Concerning his character previous to this meeting with Jesus, most commentator believe that it had been all that served to render publicans odious to their fellow men. "Chief among the publicans. . . . And he was rich." His position was in itself a lucrative one, and the temptations toward unlawful gains were very great.

V. 3. "Sought to see Jesus who he was." He had heard much of Christ. Curiosity was, we may believe, the only motive in his desire to see Jesus.

V. 4. "Ran . . . and climbed." He resorted to the usual devices boys follow to enable them to see a passing pageant.

V. 5. "Said, Zacchaeus, come down." We need not wonder how One who could read the man's heart knew also his name. "To-day I must abide at thy house." To invite one's self thus was in perfect keeping with the custom of orientals, where there is little accommodation such as public inns for travelers.

V. 6. "He made haste, came down, received him." He who had overcome so many obstacles in order to catch a glimpse, is quite prepared to eagerly and joyously seize the opportunity for closer acquaintance.

V. 7. "They all murmured." The feeling of the Jews against the publicans was very strong.

V. 8. "Zacchaeus stood." Stood forth as if to perform a formal act before his family and guests. "The half of my goods I give to the poor." He purposes to begin at once to distribute among the poor the one-half of his present possessions. "If I have taken . . .false accusation." By his tone he confesses that investigation will reveal that in collecting taxes he has often exacted more than his due. "I restore him fourfold." For a case like this the Jewish law required restitution with one-fifth added to the principal (Num. 5:7); Zacchaeus judged himself as if convicted of theft (Ex. 22:1).

Practical Points.

V. 40. Jesus heartily welcomes every seking one.—Isa. 65: 24.

V. 41. Each has need to call upon Jesus to remove spiritual blindness.—Ps. 119:18.

V. 2. Worldly wealth consecrated to God becomes a great power for good.—1 Tim. 6:17, 18.

V. 3. A disposition to seek Jesus is proof that Jesus is seeking us.—John 6:44.

V. 5. Jesus is willing to dwell with us all the days.—Matt. 28:20.

V. 8. True reformation is proved by good works.—Jas. 2:18.

Handkerchiefs Date from 1743.

The first pocket handkerchiefs, utilized in the manner they are to-day, were manufactured at Paisley in 1743.

Another Triumph for X-Rays.

So successful has the application of the X-rays been in the tratment of children suffring from ringworm, that the Metropolitan Asylums Board, London, has been enabled to discontinue the use of one of the two institutions reserved for such cases.

Cuba Wants Immigrants.

The Cuban congress, at its recent session, appropriated $1,000,000 to be used for the purpose of inducing immigrants to come to Cuba from Europe and the Canary islands. It is proposed to pay the passage of each emigrant from his home. The field hands are to be brought from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy.

Schools Spreading in China.

A few years ago the foreign missionary schools were practically the only institutions in Foochow offering facilities for the acquisition of western learning. There are now at least 30 native schools fashioned after the foreign model. Foochow is a city of 600,000 inhabitants, and these schools embrace about 2,000 students. Posters placarded all over the city advertise the opening of various modern schools, which are springing up in every nook and corner of the place. Scarcely a week passes without the announcement of the opening of a new school.

HE MADE THE OPPORTUNITY

How Educator Succeeded in Desire to Address Students.

A distinguished educator of Boston, who once visited a western college during examination week, was, for some reason or other, not asked to address the students, as he had expected he would be. In chapel he was merely requested to lead in prayer, which he did in this wise:

"Be pleased, Father in Heaven, to guide the steps of the president of this college. Thou knowest that he was a clasmate of Thy servant, a graduate of the class of '84, taking high honors. Thine eye hath looked with favor upon the happy choice that resulted in his appointment, with the consent of the trustees, as the head of this institution. Thou knowest that the students of this college ought to look upon him as a friend as well as their president. Thou knowest that thy servant is well pleased with the high standards of scholarship here prevailing and with the righteousness and loyalty of the students."

Finally, to the intense delight of the students, the visitor concluded his prayer as follows:

"And I thank Thee for this opportunity to address the students of this college."