

# Rocky Ford Enterprise.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

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NO 34.

## The Invisibles

A NOVEL  
BY EDGAR FAIR  
CHRISTOPHER

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### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"This clue has undergone many changes; new elements have been crowded into the plot; it has thickened, deepened, enlarged, until I find myself face to face with one of the most prodigious affairs of the kind in the world's history."

"Theoretically prodigious—theoretically complicated," said La Prade, doubtfully.

"But this Jean Valdemere—you seem only to have followed him."

Then, leaning his attenuated face upon his long hand, he told La Prade, in detail, the history of the case from the day he left Paris, omitting nothing, during which recital the damp gathered upon the fat bald head of the new arrival—the eyes bulged—the form bent.

"And does the man and the shadow still rest there," pointing to the black outlines of the mountain frowning against the eastern sky.

"For the time, yes; but the man has begun to move, and the shadow must also move—the man is gone—but the shadow—"

"Gone, did you say?"

"Gone, but he will return."

"How, and when?"

"I can't say how, but soon; the question is, will he return alone, or will he be accompanied by others?"

"Does he know of your presence here?"

"Undoubtedly, as one of his accomplices, a tall, eccentric Englishman, recently joined him, but not before he had spent two hours with me at a tavern in Chattanooga."

"An Englishman? I thought this was a Russian plot—ah, can we be dealing with the agents of kings—the powers—what can it mean?" cried La Prade.

"Ah, you speak of things that are indeed probable, but we also have Frenchmen in this whirlpool of conspiracy. The case will reveal the plot, whether national or international—whether the plot of kings against kings—or usurpers against legitimists—it can make but little difference in our plans, which are to discover the plotter and seize the plotters, and the—the—"

"The treasure," cried La Prade, his eyes alight, his hand trembling.

"Ah, I see you follow me," said Deneau, smiling.

"But the Englishman, what of him?"

"Well, that interview placed Valdemere on his guard—damn the Englishman!"

Here Deneau unfolded his connection with the old stone house.

"But, what has the stone house to do with the cavern?"

"Ah, that is one of the great secrets we are to discover. The house is



Told La Prade the History of the Case.

thirty miles from Dead Man's Cave, and yet, as sure as I am a Frenchman, the Englishman went into that house and two weeks later he emerged from Dead Man's Cave with Valdemere himself. He had traveled thirty miles underground to do this."

The fat face of La Prade was a picture of astonishment—of excitement.

"Then you believe that the secret of the conspiracy is in those subterranean vaults?"

"Undoubtedly, and I am convinced that when we know what is in those

caverns we will have reached the end of the trail, and the end of—"

"Our journey," La Prade shuddered.

"No, not that," said Deneau, "we are here to take, not to be taken, to seize, not to be seized."

"Ah, I had as soon enter Hades as enter that cave."

"And yet, we must enter it, and without delay."

"Should we surprise a force within?"

"I do not believe we shall. I am sure that it is used as a sort of storage for plunder, a secret refuge for the plotters—but we can safely assume it is not used as a dwelling, and, if guarded at all, the guard is small."

"And your plans are?"

"To enter those caverns prepared for the worst, that is, prepared to fight our way if met by resistance, but hoping we shall find the road clear, which I believe will be the case—for having such absolute protection as the cave affords them, as they think it impenetrable, inaccessible, and separated from the world by a barrier which can be removed only by 'The Invisible Hand' itself, and one other—and that other is mine. I have the secret to the entrance, and can, by the movement of my hand, cause the stone wall to fall apart and open the way to the tunnels or caverns beyond."

His eyes blazed, his hand smote the air, and his words were marked by a triumphant inflection. He told La Prade the secret of Dead Man's Cave.

"This is a most remarkable case," said La Prade, his eyes staring through the small panes toward the black outline of the mountain beyond.

"Different in every detail from any other job that has come under my observation. I distrust it. I can hardly reconcile the motive to the measure."

"And yet," replied Deneau, "what better place could be found to conceal from the law and from the world a treasure than those underground caves—what better place to hatch a great conspiracy? In the Northern States, in the Northwestern and Eastern States, the eye of the law is ever upon the nihilists and the anarchists—in New York, Chicago and Boston; but here among the mountains, in a cavern known only to themselves, and accessible only to their members, why it is an ideal rendezvous, a typical place for hidden treasure."

"But they are not nihilists—not anarchists—not pirates?" asked La Prade.

"No, they are not nihilists, anarchists, or pirates, but a band of men, I do not know their number, high in rank, unlimited in funds, desperate in purpose, preparing to deal a blow. When this blow will fall, or with what result, unless it can be averted, I cannot say, but unless we succeed in our purpose, I feel sure that some day the world will stand appalled at the work of 'The Invisible Hand,' and I firmly believe that the future of the Russian Empire is in our hands; two Frenchmen against 'The Invisible Hand,' two Frenchmen, upon whose deeds depend the throne of the Great White Czar, ha! ha! what do you think of it, my brave sleuth; are we to save Russia and dictate terms to that trembling, shivering coward of an Autocrat lurking in the shadows of Peterhoff, or shall we pause at the very mouth of Dead Man's Cave, gaze into the mysterious darkness, and flee for our lives from the scene?"

"Point out the way, and should I come to the Gates of Hell, I will enter," cried La Prade.

Deneau smiled triumphantly. He knew how to reach the heart of his confederate. He knew that La Prade loved danger better than his own heart, and that once he faced the enemy, nothing but death itself would see his back—and thus the compact was sealed.

### CHAPTER XVI.

The morning dawned bright and clear and the rosy light penetrated the curtains of his chamber. I heard the rapturous warble of the birds among the trees, the songs of the servants, as they yodled joyously in the rear-wards the quaint old negro melodies, refined by Creole simulations.

My host had long arisen, and as I looked out of the window I could see his tall form moving among the trees as he took his early constitutional.

"You seem unusually well this morning, Mr. De Tavenier," I said, as he offered me his hand and accompanied me in to breakfast.

"Yes, Rodin," he replied, "I take misfortune as it comes, and it has come so often to me that its influence is less powerful than with other men. It can engage me seriously for a day, or a week, but I find myself at last untroubled by its presence, and soon recuperate from its sting. I was gloomy last night, retrospective, and retrospective, is, as you know, generally synonymous with sorrow. To-day I

am in the present—I am Mr. De Tavenier of New Orleans, surrounded by those who love me, and in whose confidence I can trust. Here, at least, I am loved, yes, even by my dogs."

"And if ever a man," I replied, "deserves the confidence and affection of his family I conceive that man to be you."

"Ah, you are generous, my dear Rodin," he laughed, "but what will you have—tea, coffee, or chocolate?"

The breakfast was a cheerful diversion, and as we finished Marie came in at a side door, her face flushed, her eyes bright, her arms filled with flowers, and her white teeth gleaming from her rosy lips, redder even than the carnations. Her fresh beauty sent a thrill of gladness to my heart, and her smile—such a smile! I had thought that my heart lay dead in the court at Rome, trampled to death by the cruel woman who had promised to share my joys and my sorrows; but now I knew if Helen were to come before me, and upon her knees ask me to take her back, I might pity her—but, love her—I never could.

A man can calculate the power of his brain and endurance of his limbs,

but the limit of his vision, but of his heart he knows little, until it is tried. How truly, how wonderfully, had that remarkable man Valdemere, foretold my life, foretold my weakness, which I had boasted as strength. A skilled surgeon can repair a broken limb, but a woman only can mend a broken heart, and mend it so well that it beats louder than ever before to her magic skill—how beautiful the jasmine, until I saw the magnolia—how lovely the fern, until I saw the willow; how fair seemed Helen until I saw Marie, but now, alas for the jasmine, alas for the fern—I had seen Marie—a man who has never seen the light may write sweet poetry about the darkness, he may love a plum until he eats a grape, a plum until he tastes a peach. Helen was fair by comparison with others, but by comparison with Marie, I had gone mad had I married her and met Marie. She stood smiling upon us, a picture of fresh loveliness, of innocent and unfettered beauty.

"It is too bad, gentlemen," she said, "here you are at table and no flowers—could you not wait?"

"But we cannot eat flowers, my child," said her father, rising and placing her chair at his side, where she deftly fashioned the roses, the carnations, and the lilies into a beautiful bouquet and placed them in the center of the table in a huge china basin, during which time her father sat smiling approvingly upon her, while I feasted my eyes upon the delicate tints of her fair cheeks and watched the strange lights in her great brown eyes—ah, dear one, if I had but her hand to hold forever—if it were not that fate separated us—if I could know her and not know the oath that bound her!

The day passed as no other day had done. Telegrams and cablegrams were prepared and sent to a hundred men, and the servants were coming and going all day long.

The danger signal sped over the wires—books and accounts were placed away in the desks; and letters which came from the committees were hurriedly answered, and in twenty-four hours the signal of danger would reach the uttermost ends of the habitable globe and the faces of two thousand men and women would pale at the awful news and await, in untold agony and suspense, the success or failure of the hundred men who would enter those dreadful caverns, now slowly filling with gas, to remove \$30,000,000 worth of treasure, or be blown into oblivion. I sent a shudder through my frame to think of it—suppose the Council should be too late?

At six o'clock we still worked at our task, and though supper had been announced, we did not leave the work until eight.

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## CULINARY NOVELTIES

WELSH RABBITS THAT SEEM TO  
SAVOR OF INDIGESTION.

Inventors of Choice Tit-Bits However,  
Assert the Contrary—Fish Served  
with Toasted Cheese Poured  
Over It.

There is no longer any special novelty in serving a Welsh rabbit on a piping hot mince pie, as a substitute for toast. For years the cooks at the old chop houses in New York had been serving a dish that they called a "slip on," and this was nothing less than melted cheese poured over hot mince pie, and experts who had systematically tested the effects of this combination did not hesitate to affirm that the presence of the cheese aided rather than deterred the processes of digestion.

To season this cheese, therefore, was but a short step in the direction of culinary eccentricity, novel as it seemed.

A writer in the Bohemian, describing some of the Welsh rabbits perpetuated by well-known people, says that Walter McDougall, the cartoonist, is responsible for one which is "seemingly irrational." Mr. McDougall takes either a haddock, a small cod or a bluefish and stuffs it with a delicious dressing composed of bread crumbs, minced onions and finely chopped friend bacon, moistened with melted butter and seasoned with salt, pepper and summer savory.

Carefully stuffed and properly sewed the fish is baked in a pan with a little water, several bits of butter being scattered over it. During the process of cooking it is basted frequently and when it is done and the thread removed it is served with a Welsh rabbit poured over it.

The late John Chamberlain once confessed to Miss May Irwin that his success as a rabbit maker was due to the fact that after he had grated his cheese into a bowl he added all the other ingredients—the butter, mustard, pepper, paprika and two table-spoonfuls of cream to each person to be served—rubbing them all smooth, or to a uniform paste, before transferring the mixture to the saucepan in which it was to be melted.

Morgan Robertson, the novelist, is the inventor of two methods of making a rabbit, but when he makes a Welsh rabbit to please his own palate he takes the proper quantity of rich New York state cream cheese and breaks it directly into stale ale, letting them heat up together over the fire.

The proper proportions are half a cupful of ale to each half pound of cheese, and to each half cupful of the ale a saltspoonful of soda is added before the process of heating is begun. While the cheese is dissolving it is stirred constantly and when the proper consistency is reached it is poured over the toast.

### Fig Cream.

Cook one-fourth of a pound of figs in a cupful of water until tender; chop fine. Beat the whites of five eggs and a pinch of cream of tartar until dry; then add five level teaspoonfuls of sugar and the figs, beating constantly. Bake in a border mold about half an hour; serve with stewed figs, stuffed nuts, and pass plain cream.

### Stuffed Bananas.

Cut off one-quarter of the ends of a banana. Remove the pulp and press through a sieve. Add to each cupful the juice of half a lemon and two table-spoonfuls of fine sugar; whip a cupful of cream; fill shells; set on ice; serve with cake.

### Chocolate Sauce for Ice Cream.

One cup of water, one-half cup sugar, boil together five minutes; one heaping table-spoon cocoa, scant table-spoon arrowroot; mix last and pour into first. Boil and strain, keep hot till served.

### Walls Covered With Enamel.

Use enameled cloth on kitchen and bathroom walls. If the walls are rough-finished it can easily be pasted on them. Make a paste the same as for wallpaper. Put a thin layer on back of cloth, and put in place on the wall. Rub smooth with a dry cloth, using a good deal of pressure.

### Glossy Table Linen.

Table linen, in order to bring out the bright gloss that makes it attractive, should be dampened considerably before being ironed.

### Best Love Charms.

For love charms women use, among others, the loadstone. If a woman suspects that her husband is in love with another woman or that he is willing to desert her, let her carry a small loadstone sewn to her corset; the husband will become more loving than ever.—Exchange.

### Vine Has Long Life.

The vine sometimes attains a great age, continuing fruitful in some instances for 400 years. It is said to rival the oak as regards longevity.

## New York Town Talk

Adamless Eden Hotel Proves a Failure and Will Hereafter Be Devoted to Money-Making Purposes—Anarchist Berkman Opens Job Printing Office—Other Notes.



NEW YORK.—The Adamless Eden in New York does not pay? The Martha Washington, after a struggle of four years as a hotel for women exclusively, is admitted a failure and will be turned over to a lessee. This, after a record for a full house and a spotlessness of character that made other hostilities green with envy.

During its entire existence the list of casualties comprises two infants of the male sex (smuggled in by fond mamma when the clerk wasn't looking); one over-stimulated guest, one fire scare and one suicide.

But, while prices have trebled since the opening and the bill of fare has shrunk to a mere shadow of its former self; while the staff has been reduced to the minimum requisite for law and order, the stockholders have received no dividends on the enterprise, which made an era in the city's history.

### WHERE THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

New York never has been particularly shy about its public exhibitions of all kinds and long has held its reputation for showing lots of things that most persons would not agree were of public interest. But one of the most unusual "free shows" in town that are permanent is the comparatively recent one of inviting the public to view the engine room of a new Broadway hotel, and also the one in a mammoth office building. You have to go in search of the one in the hotel in question, but in the office building you are invited to look at the wheels go round through an attractive sign on a glass door in the arcade of the building that bears the legend, "Visitors' Gallery, Engine Room."

On opening the door there is a short flight of winding marble steps that lead you down to a little gallery all inclosed with polished white ties and great sheets of plate-glass through which you can see every part of the engine room with its shining array of mechanisms, brass pipes, copper caps and all the wonders of the present-day electrical engines that do not seem to make so much fuss in their work as the steam engines did. In fact, the striking things about this exhibition is the unusual quietude of the place, its cleanliness and its heat. On top of this one cannot help wondering over the cost of that little gallery, which must have meant a pretty penny. But as in this building you can also have, for the asking, a postal card souvenir with a photograph of the structure on it, money does not seem to count.

### BERKMAN GOES TO WORK AT HIS TRADE.

Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, who served 13 years in prison in Pennsylvania for attempting to kill Henry C. Frick in the strike in Homestead in July, 1892, has opened a job printing office at 308 East Twenty-seventh street.

Berkman, who learned the printer's trade before his imprisonment, expects to get a good share of the smaller printing for the radical societies of the city. He will employ no help, as the true anarchist does not believe, he says, in the exploitation of another man's labor for his own benefit. As his business grows he will take partners.

"Some of my friends wanted me to open a big shop downtown and guaranteed sufficient work to keep five to seven men busy, but I would not do that," said Berkman; "all I care for is the returns of my own labor. That will maintain me."

Since his release he has spent most of his time in New York, speaking frequently in weekly meetings of anarchists and aiding the cause of Russian revolutionists.

### "ROOF WARDS" LATEST MOVE OF HOSPITALS.

"Roof wards," which represent the latest advance which medical science has made in the treatment of pneumonia and typhoid fever, soon are to be opened on the top of the main building of the Presbyterian hospital. The structures, railing and various appliances are the gift of a patron of the institution, who made the donation simply as "A Friend."

Two other hospitals, whose superintendents have inspected the new roof wards of the Presbyterian, are making arrangements to install a similar equipment.

So successful was the treatment of pneumonia and kindred diseases on the roof of the institution last winter, under the direction of Dr. William P. Northrup, that it was decided to make it a feature of the hospital. Of the cases that were treated there only one death occurred, and that was due to double pneumonia, complicated with several other maladies.

This open-air sanitarium will cost about \$15,000. Although the trustees decline at the present time to make any announcement concerning the donor, it is generally understood that it was given by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

### NEVER HEARS FIRST ACT OF OWN PLAYS.

Remarkable as it may appear, Oscar Hammerstein has not yet heard the opening act of any opera he has presented at the Manhattan Opera House. Amid all the hurrah he never has been in evidence until the first intermission, and he has continued to lurk in the background during the early evening at all subsequent performances.

Of course, there's a reason. An effort to locate Mr. Hammerstein shortly after eight o'clock the other night disclosed it. Members of his staff were sure that he was somewhere about, but being somewhat deficient in the geography of the house they could offer no reliable directions. He had been noticed at the stage door, and the chief engineer thought that he was somewhere in the cellar.

In an underground passage connecting with the stage by a narrow stairway the impresario was finally found. He was seated on a stool in a tin-plated room that was as severe as the frown upon his brow. Between his lips was a huge cigar, which he removed now and then in order to growl forth his pent-up feelings.

His language was not complimentary. He was talking of his enemies. "The firemen won't let me while I have this," he grumbled, pointing to the big cigar. "And I'm lost without my after-dinner smoke. I can't smoke out in the front of the house, so I've had this little private smoking-room built. It's fireproof. The trouble is that I've educated myself to a cigar that keeps me smoking from eight until nearly nine o'clock. I'd like to hear one of my first acts, but I don't see how I can arrange it."

