

# ACAPTAIN IN THE RANKS

By George Carey Eggleston

## SYNOPSIS.

Captain Gullford Duncan, C. S. A., takes part in the last fight, at Appomattox, and leaves the army. He then determines to go to Cairo, Ill. Although well educated and a lawyer, Captain Duncan is without family or money, and works his passage to Cairo. Here he saves Captain Hallam's cotton from fire, and Captain Hallam, a modern "captain of industry," hires Captain Duncan, and quickly advances in his employer's estimation. He saves Captain Hallam's coal fleet from destruction by a storm, and is made a partner by Captain Hallam. The young man becomes a force of good among the young men of Cairo. Barbara Verne, a young lady, runs the boarding house in which Captain Duncan takes his meals. Captain Duncan is thanked by Barbara for saving her from annoyance by mischievous boys. He determines to call upon her.

Captain Duncan invites Barbara to a dance. He incurs the enmity of Napper Tandy, a capitalist, a rival of Captain Hallam, by making of the latter's coal mine a paying property, in competition with one of Tandy's properties.

(Continued from Last Week.)

## CHAPTER XV.

FROM that hour forth the Redwood mine became a paying property and, as Gullford Duncan liked to think, one which was contributing its share to the public benefit and the welfare of the people.

But Duncan's work there had only begun. Having solved the problem of shipping coal as fast as the miners could dig it, he gave his attention next to the equally pressing problem of increasing output, in the solution of that a great help unexpectedly came to him.

He was sitting late one night over the books and correspondence when, near midnight, a miner sought speech with him.

He bade the man enter and, without looking up from the papers he was studying, asked him to take a seat. Still without taking his eyes from the papers, he presently asked of the man, who had not accepted the invitation to sit:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," answered the man. "I came to serve you, not to ask service."

The voice seemed familiar to Duncan—almost startlingly familiar. He instantly looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, it's Dick Temple!"

"Yes," answered the other. "You and I quarreled very bitterly once. The quarrel was a very foolish one—on my side."

"And on mine too!" responded Duncan, grasping his former enemy's hand. "Let us forget it and be friends."

"With all my heart. It was in that spirit that I came hither tonight. I want to render you a service."

Meanwhile Duncan had almost forced the miner into a chair.

"Tell me," he said, "how it is that you—"

"That I'm a miner? You think of me as an educated engineer, eh? Well, that's a long story and not at all so sad a one as you might suppose. I'll tell you all about it at another time. But it can wait while there are some other things that should be said now—things that vitally affect the affairs you have in charge."

"It is very good of you to come to me with suggestions, and they will be very welcome, I assure you, and very helpful, I've no doubt, for I have faith in your skill as an engineer."

"My skill still remains to be proved," answered the other, with the merest touch of sadness in his utterance.

"But, at any rate, I've had the very best engineering education that the schools can give. Never mind that—and never mind me. I didn't come here to talk of myself. I want to talk to you about this mine."

"Good. That is what I am here for. Go on."

"Well, everything here is wrong. With your readiness of perception you

must have seen that for yourself. With the general management I have nothing to do. I'm only one of the miners. But there is a problem of ventilation here that ought to be solved, and I have come simply to offer a solution in the interest of the company that pays my wages and still more in the interest of the miners. Two of them were killed by choke damp a little while ago, four of them are now ill from the same cause, while all of them are earning less than they should because the best and best, easily ac-



"My skill still remains to be proved," answered the other.

cessible headings are closed. "Is there any very serious difficulty involved in the problem of ventilating the mine?"

"None whatever—at least no engineering difficulty."

"Just what do you mean?"

"I prefer not to say."

"Perhaps I can guess," said Duncan. "I have myself discovered a very serious difficulty in the personal equation of Mr. Davidson. He does not want to ventilate the mine. He has his own reasons, of course. That difficulty shall no longer stand in the way. I shall eliminate it at once. Go on, please, and tell me of the engineering problem."

"It scarcely amounts to a problem. The mine lies only about seventy-five feet below the surface. At its extreme extension the depth is considerably less because of a surface depression there. What I suggest is this: Dig a shaft at the extreme end, thus making a second opening, and pass air freely through the mine from the one opening to the other. The cost will be a mere trifle."

"But will the air pass through in that way?"

"Not without help. But we can easily give it help."

"How? Go on. Explain your plan fully."

"Well, we have here three or four of those big fans that the government had made for the purpose of ventilating the engine rooms and stokeholes of its ironclads. They utterly failed and were sold as junk. Captain Hallam bought a lot of them at the price of scrap iron and sent them out here. Davidson tried one of them and reported utter failure as a result. The failure was natural enough, both in the case of the ironclads and in that of the mine."

"How so?"

"Why, in both cases an attempt was made to force air down into spaces already filled with an atmosphere denser than that above. That was absurdly impossible, as any engineer not an idiot should have known."

"And yet you think you can use these fans successfully in ventilating the mine?"

"I do not think; I know. If Mr. Davidson will permit me to explain—"

"Never mind Davidson. If this experiment is to be tried you shall yourself be the man to try it. Go on, please."

"But, Duncan, I simply mustn't be known in the matter at all."

"Why not?"

"I have a wife to care for. I can't afford to be discharged. No, Duncan; I must not be known in this matter or have anything to do with the execution of the plans I suggest. I want you to treat them as your own; suggest them to Davidson and persuade him to carry them out. In that way all of good and nothing of harm will be done."

"Why, then, haven't you suggested your plans to Davidson?"

"I have, and he has scornfully rejected them. Coming from you he may treat them with a greater respect."

"Go on, then, and tell me how you purpose to ventilate the mine. I'm mightily interested," said Duncan.

"Thank you," said Temple. "My plan is perfectly simple. You can't force air down into a mine with any pump that was ever invented or any pump that ever will be devised by human ingenuity. But you can easily and certainly draw air out of a mine. And when there are two openings to the mine—one at either end—if you draw air out at one end fresh air will of itself rush in at the other end to take its place. My plan is to sink a shaft at the farther end of the mine and to build an air tight box at the surface opening, completely closing it, except for an outflow pipe. Then I shall put one of the big ironclad fans into that box upside down. When it is set spinning it will suck air out of the mine, and fresh air will rush in at the main shaft to take the place of the air removed."

Duncan was intensely interested. Very eagerly he bent forward as he asked:

"You are confident of success in this?"

"More than confident; I'm sure."

Duncan rarely showed excitement. When he did so it was in ways peculiar to himself. At this point he rose to his feet and, with an unusually slow and careful enunciation, said:

"Go to work at this job early tomorrow morning, Dick, or this morning, rather, for it is now 1 o'clock. Your wife is Mary, of course?"

There was a choking sound in Duncan's voice as he uttered the words.

"Yes, of course," answered the other, instinctively grasping Duncan's hand and pressing it in warm sympathy.

"Will you bear her a message from me?"

"Yes; any message you are moved to send."

"Tell her that Gullford Duncan has appointed you sole engineer of these mines, with full salary, and that if you succeed in the task you have undertaken a far better salary awaits you. You are to go to work at once digging the new ventilating and pumping shaft. You are to proceed at once to install any other improvements necessary. I'll look to the payments incidental to your work. My mission here is to make this mine a paying property. To that end you are to bear in mind I have an entirely free hand, and all the money needed is at my command. Now let that final business for tonight. I want you to spend the rest of the dark hours in telling me your story and Mary's. I want to know all that has happened to both of you since—well, since she told me she loved you and not me. Tell me the story of what

has happened to you and Mary since the day when we quarreled like a pair of idiots and, like men of sense, decided not to fight. I want to hear it all."

"I'll tell it all," said the other. And Temple related to his former rival in love how he, a well educated engineer in the Confederate service, had, after the war, been reduced by many successive misfortunes to the position of a coal miner.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SIX months came and went before Duncan's work at the mine was done. Then, in mid-July, he returned to Cairo and gave an account of his stewardship. With Temple in control as superintendent and engineer the mine had become a richly paying property, and with Temple there was no further need for Duncan's presence.

During that half year Duncan had lived chiefly with the Temples in the superintendent's house, which Mary Temple had quickly converted from a barnlike structure, standing alone upon the face of the bald prairie, into a home in the midst of a garden of flowers.

During his long stay at the mine Duncan had made frequent visits to Cairo. These were brief in duration, usually covering a Sunday, but each visit gave Gullford Duncan two opportunities that he desired. He could sit late on Saturday evening, discussing his plans with Captain Will Hallam, and on Sunday he had opportunity to become more and more closely acquainted with Barbara.

He made no formal calls upon her, and none was necessary. He simply adopted the plan of remaining after the 1 o'clock Sunday dinner, and little by little Barbara came to feel that he expected her to join him in the little parlor after his cigar was finished. He seemed to like the quiet conversations with her, while she regarded the opportunity to talk with a man so superior in education, culture and intellect to any other that she had known as a privilege to be prized.

Their attitude toward each other at this time was peculiar. They were good friends, fond of each other's society, and seemingly at least they were nothing more. The fascination that Duncan had from the first felt in Barbara's presence was still upon him, but he accepted it more calmly now, and it soothed his natural restlessness where at first it had excited it.

To Barbara, Gullford Duncan's attitude seemed a gracious condescension, which she did not dream that she deserved. She sometimes wondered that this young man of rare quality, who was sure of a welcome wherever he might go, should be content to sit with her throughout the Sunday afternoons instead of seeking company better fit to entertain him.

It was a riddle that she could not read, and for the present at least Duncan would not offer her any help in solving it. He knew now that Barbara Verne was the woman he loved—the only woman in all the world who could be to him what a wife must be to a man of his temperament, if two souls are to be satisfied.

But he saw clearly that Barbara Verne had no thought of that kind in her mind, or, at least, no such conscious thought. She was accustomed to think of herself as a very commonplace young woman, not at all the equal of this very superior man, to whom everybody in Cairo paid a marked deference. He understood Barbara as she did not at all understand herself. He had looked upon her white soul and bowed his head in worship of its purity, its nobility, its utter truthfulness. He knew the qualities of a mind that had no just self appreciation. He felt, rather than knew, that no thought of his loving her otherwise than as an elder brother might love a little sister had ever crossed her consciousness. He felt that the abrupt suggestion of that thought would only shock and distress her.

"I'll find a way of making others suggest it after awhile," he resolved. "In the meanwhile"—He didn't finish the sentence even in his own mind. But what he did in that "meanwhile" was to see as much as possible of Barbara, to talk with her impersonally, gently and interestingly, to win her perfect trust and confidence and, so far as possible, to make his presence a necessary thing to her. He paid her no public attention of any kind, but he paid no public or private attention to any other young woman. It was well understood that for a time, he was living at the mine and coming to Cairo only for brief visits of a business character at infrequent intervals. His neglect of society therefore seemed in need of no explanation, while his unostentatious intimacy with Barbara attracted no attention. The only person who ever spoke to him about it was Mrs. Will Hallam.

"You are going to marry Barbara Verne, of course?" she half said, half asked one day.

"If I can, yes," he answered.

"I'm very glad of that." And she said no more.

On his final return to Cairo, however, Duncan found himself expected in what is called society. Society was destined to disappointment, for Duncan went nowhere, except that he usually sat for some hours every Sunday afternoon in the vine-clad porch of the house in which he took his meals. Barbara's aunt often sat there with him. Barbara always did so in answer to what seemed to be his wish. He made no calls. He declined all invitations to the little excursions on the river, which constituted the chief social activities of the summer time. He gave it out that he was too busily engaged with affairs to have time for anything

else, and that explanation seemed for a time to satisfy public curiosity.

And that explanation was true. Gullford Duncan had begun to take upon himself the duties of a leader, in an important way, in the work of upbuilding which at that time was engaging the attention of all men of affairs. He had accumulated some money, partly by saving, but more by the profits of his little investments and by being "let in on the ground floor" of many large enterprises in the conception and conduct of which his abilities were properly appreciated by the capitalists who undertook them.

Except as a legal adviser he was no longer a man employed by other men



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now. His relations with Will Hallam were closer than ever, but they were no longer those of secretary or clerk or employee in any other capacity. In many enterprises he was Hallam's partner. In all he was his legal adviser, besides being employed in a like capacity by one or two railroad companies and the like. He had offices of his own, and while he was still not at all rich or a man who was reckoned a capitalist he was everywhere recognized as a young man of power and influence, whose brains had brought him into close association with the greater men of affairs not only in Cairo, but in all parts of the country, and especially in New York, for that great city had by this time made itself completely the financial capital of the country, and its controlling hand was felt in every enterprise of large moment throughout the land.

(To be continued.)

## Why the Dollar of 1804 is Rare.

There are two stories regarding the rarity of the silver dollar of 1804, the most generally accepted one being the one which accounts for the scarcity by saying that they were sent to Africa to pay the soldiers engaged in war between this country and Tripoli. There were only 10,570 of them coined. Another version of the story which accounts for their rarity is that a vessel bound to China with almost the entire mintage of that year was lost. The former story appears to be the most likely explanation.

## A Craze DeSmed.

"What do you mean by saying something is the latest craze?" asked the man from abroad who carries a notebook.

"A craze," answered Miss Cayenne, "is something that amuses other people, but in which you yourself do not happen to be interested."—Washington Star.

## VANITY'S VISION.

Peter Pan Waists Smart For the Tennis Girl—Green Canvas Shoes.

The woman who does not include in her wardrobe a Peter Pan blouse this summer is decidedly out of it. These waists are plain models with turned down soft collars and turn back cuffs on the elbow sleeves. With skirts of like material this style bids fair to supplant the popular Peter Thompson model.

One of the new things in footwear are green canvas tennis shoes for men and women. Like the white tennis shoe, they have reddish rubber soles and white laces.

The demand for long black and white silk and lisle thread gloves is so great that an order for a pair has to be



NINON DE SOIR GOWN.

placed in the shops several days in advance. Even the factories can supply only a few pairs at a time.

A dainty black evening gown of sheer grenadine will be a welcome addition to any mourning wardrobe. A charming model shows a handsome arrangement of brack crape panels and bands outlined with narrow black gimp. The chemisette yoke is of black net with an application trimming of heavy black silk. The skirt, long and sweeping, is tucked over the hips and attached to the bodice. A wide crinkled belt covers the joining. The sleeves are puffed once at the elbow and once below.

Champagne ninon de sole builds the pretty gown pictured. The trimming is of the material supplemented with tiny passementerie ornaments. The yoke is of tacked lawn inset with lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

## FASHION TIDBITS.

Pretty Empire Frocks For Youngsters—New Belts Fasten In Back.

Pretty little frocks for youngsters are of empire green linen trimmed with collars and cuffs of broderie anglaise.

The skirts of these frocks are made with an ample flare at the hem and are box plaited into a band of embroidery.

With these little costumes are worn hats of coarse straw.

The kid belt, which still holds its own, has taken upon itself further developments. Incrusted with fine beads along a stiffened border, it is used for evening wear. The day belt with a large kid buckle remains very wide and looks very pretty in pale blue kid on a white dress. The red suede belt is a success on cream or navy blue.



BLOUSE OF PALE PINK MOUSSELINE.

and with a plaid costume the wide belt of black kid with small gold buttons is an excellent choice. All the new belts fasten in the back.

Finely striped materials that look much like the old fashioned blouse shirtings are being made up into the smartest of summer frocks. Some are of cotton and mixtures, but numbers are of good strong silk. They are made with the lines running straight down or in a slanting direction.

Very dainty is the blouse in the cut. It is carried out in pale pink mousseline, overlaid with maline lace. Bows of a deeper shade of pink ribbon add a pretty touch. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Baptism in Morocco.

This is the way an infant is christened in Morocco: "When the first child is born—and the parents are accustomed to wish for a girl as a happy omen—the mother of the young matron sends a basket containing the layette of the infant, along with henna, eggs and pigeons. The baby is stained with henna from head to foot and the little body smeared with butter and wrapped in flannels. The seventh day is the day of baptism. At the first hour of the morning the friends are invited to the repast. About 9 o'clock a 'aleb' or, better still, a 'shereef,' sacrifices a sheep on behalf of the child and as he cuts the animal's throat pronounces the sacramental words, 'In the name of God it is the baptism of such an one, son of such an one.' Then the child is washed for the first time, tenna is put on its hands and feet, khol under its eyes; it is clothed in its finest robes and put into its mother's bed, at the head of which lighted tapers are burning."

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