

A CAPTAIN 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. At the coal mine Duncan meets an old acquaintance, Dick Temple, now working as a miner. Dick Temple suggests a way to increase the output of the mine and is appointed engineer. XVI—Duncan, who is in love with Barbara.

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR more than a year now Gullford Duncan had been diligently studying those processes of up-building which were so rapidly converting the west into an empire of extraordinary wealth and power. He had made many suggestions that had commended themselves for immediate execution, together with some that must wait for years to come. He had condemned some projects that seemed hopeful to others, and he had induced modifications in many.

All these things had been done mainly in his letters and reports to Captain Will Hallam, but the substance of those letters and reports had been promptly laid before others, especially before those great financiers of the east upon whom all enterprises of moment throughout the country depended for the means of their accomplishment. In that way Gullford Duncan had become known to the "master builders," as he called these men, and had won a goodly share of their confidence. He was regarded as a young man of unusual gifts in the way of constructive enterprise—a trifle overbold, some thought, overconfident, even visionary, but, in the main, sound in his calculations, as results had shown when his plans were adopted. On the other hand, some projectors, whose enterprises he had discouraged as unsound or premature, complained that so far from being a visionary he was in fact a pessimist, a discouraging force that stood in the way of that "development of the country" from which they hoped for personal gain of one kind or another.

Napper Tandy was Gullford Duncan's enemy from the hour in which Duncan had forced that little branch railroad in the coal regions to haul Hallam's coal on equal terms with his own. But Tandy had said nothing whatever about that. He never published his enmities till the time came. About the time of Duncan's return to Cairo he added another to his offenses against Tandy, in a way to intensify that malignant person's hostility.

Tandy was scheming to secure a costly extension of this branch railroad through a sparsely settled and thin soiled region in a way that would greatly enrich himself because of his vast property holdings there. He had well nigh persuaded a group of capitalists to undertake the extension when, acting cautiously, as financiers must, they decided to ask Duncan to study the situation and make a report upon the project. He had already studied the question thoroughly during his stay at the mines and was convinced that nothing but loss could come of the attempt. The region through which the line must run was too poor in agricultural and other resources to afford even a hope of a paying traffic. The line itself must be a costly one because of certain topographical features, and, finally, another and shorter line, closely paralleling this proposed extension, but running through a much richer country, was already in course of construction.

Tandy knew all these things quite as well as Gullford Duncan did. But Tandy also knew many methods in business with which Duncan was not familiar.

As soon as he was notified by the capitalists with whom he was negotiating that they had employed Duncan to examine and report and that their final decision would be largely influenced by his judgment, Tandy, with special politeness, wrote to Duncan asking him to call at his house that evening "for a little consultation on business affairs that may interest both of us."

Duncan well knew that he had offended Tandy in the matter of the coal cars, but as Tandy had made no sign he could see no possible reason for refusing this request for a business consultation. Moreover, Gullford Duncan felt himself under a double responsibility. He felt that he must not only

guard and promote the interests of those who had employed him to study this question, but that he was also under obligations to consider carefully the interests involved on the other side. His function, he felt, was essentially a judicial one. He knew one side of the case. It was his duty to hear the other, and Tandy was the spokesman of that other.

Duncan's reception was most gracious, and Napper Tandy came at once to the subject in hand.

"I'm more than glad, Duncan," he lyingly said, "that these financial people have asked you to examine and report upon this scheme of extension. You are so heartily in sympathy with every enterprise that looks to the development of our western country, and your intelligence is so superbly well informed, that of course a project like this appeals to you."

"It does not appeal to me at all, Mr. Tandy," said Duncan frankly. "I do not think well of the extension. It"—

"Pardon me for interrupting," interposed Tandy in fear that Duncan might commit himself beyond recall against the scheme. "Pardon me for interrupting, but you must see that the Redwood mines, in which, I understand, you own 15 per cent"—

"I own 25 per cent, for I have put my savings into that enterprise," answered Duncan.

"Well, so much the better. You must see that the Redwood mines, in which you own 25 per cent, will benefit as much as the Quentin mines do by this extension of the railroad. It will give us two markets for our coal instead of one. We can play one market against the other, you see, and"—

"That isn't the question that I am employed and paid to answer," interrupted Duncan. "You have other and vastly greater interests than those of the mines that would be served by the extension of the railroad. But the financiers who are asked to put their money into this project will be in no wise benefited either by the increased earnings of your coal mine and ours or by the development of your other and far greater interests that are dependent upon this extension. So when they employ me to report upon the project I am not free to consider any of these things. I must consider only their interests. I must ask myself whether or not it will 'pay' them to undertake this extension. I know that it will not. I know that the extended line cannot within a generation to come pay even operating expenses, to say nothing of interest on the cost of construction. I am bound to set forth those facts in my report. They pay me to tell them what the facts are. Of course, I shall tell them truly. Otherwise I should not be an honest man. I should be a swindler, taking their money as pay for deceiving them and inducing them to undertake a losing enterprise."

"Oh, that's all right. But you might be mistaken, you know. You've formed a judgment after a brief trip through the country. That country seems poverty stricken just now, but that's because it hasn't enjoyed the stimulating influence of a railroad. It is a better country than you think, as I can convince you if you'll let me take you through it in a carriage. We can start at once—tomorrow morning—run out to the mines by rail and there take a carriage and drive through the country. I've ordered the carriage, with abundant supplies, from Chicago. I want to show you the resources of the country. I'll convince you before we get back that the country will build up as soon as the railroad penetrates it and that there will be an abundant traffic for the road."

"Pardon me," answered Duncan. "I've already been through that region. I've questioned every farmer as to his crops. I've questioned every merchant in every village as to his possible shipments by the railroad and as to the amount of goods he hopes to sell if the railroad is built. Their replies are hopelessly discouraging. Taking their outside estimates as certain, there cannot be enough traffic over such a line for twenty years to come to pay operating expenses. In the meantime the men whom you are asking to build the road must lose not only the interest on their investment, but the investment itself. I know all the facts that bear upon the case."

"All but one," answered Tandy. "What is that one?"

"That a favorable report from you means a check, right now and here, tonight, payable to 'bearer,' for \$10,000. My check is supposed to be good for all it calls for. You can have it now, and it will be cashed tomorrow morning. Here it is. Payable to bearer as it is, you needn't indorse it, and you need not be known in the matter in any way. I'm talking 'business' now."

Duncan scanned the face of his interlocutor for an instant. Then he rose from his seat, and with utterance choked by emotion managed to say:

"I quite understand. You would bribe me with that check. You would bribe me to betray the confidence of the men who are paying me a very much smaller sum than \$10,000. You propose to buy my integrity, my honor, my soul. Very well. My integrity, my honor and my soul are not for sale at any price. I shall make an honest report in this matter. Good night, sir! I am not such a scoundrel as you hoped I might be."

And with that Gullford Duncan stalked out of the house, helping himself to his hat as he passed the rack in the entry way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gullford Duncan had been a little more worldly wise than he was he would have gone at once to Captain Will Hallam. He would have told

that shrewd set of shrewd men of the world all that had passed between himself and Tandy, and he would have asked Will Hallam's advice as to what course to pursue.

Instead of that Gullford Duncan went at once to Barbara. He had a need of sympathy rather than a need of advice, and he had learned to look to Barbara, above all other people in the world, for sympathy.

He was still a good deal disturbed in his emotions when Barbara greeted him on the little porch, and it was a rather confused account that he gave her of what had happened.

"I don't quite understand," said Barbara at last. "Perhaps if you have a cup of tea you can make the matter clearer," and, without waiting for assent or dissent, she glided out to the kitchen, whence she presently returned bearing a fragrant cup of Oolong.

"Now," she said after he had sipped the tea, "tell me again just what has happened. You were too much excited when you told me before to tell me clearly."

"Well, it amounts to this," answered Duncan. "That scoundrel Tandy"—

"Stop!" said Barbara in an authoritative tone. "Never mind Tandy's character. If you go off on that you'll never make me understand."

In spite of his agitation Duncan laughed. "How you do order me about!"

"Oh, pardon me!" exclaimed the girl in manifest alarm. "I didn't mean to do that. I would never think of doing such a thing. I only meant"—

"My dear Miss Barbara, I fully understand. I need ordering about tonight, and I heartily wish you would take me in hand."

"Oh, but I could never presume to do that!"

"I don't see why," answered Duncan. "You are my good angel, and it is the business of my good angel to regulate me and make me behave as I should."

"But, Mr. Duncan"—

"But Barbara"—it was the first time he had ever addressed her by her given name and without the "Miss"—"you know I love you, or you ought to know it. You know I want you to be my wife. Say that you will and then I shall be free to tell you all my troubles and to take your advice in all of them. Say that you love me, Barbara! Say that you will marry me!"

All this was in contravention of Gullford Duncan's carefully laid plans, as a declaration of love is apt to be so long as women are fascinating and men are human. He had intended to put the thought of his love for Barbara into her unsuspecting mind by ingenious "trick and device." It had been his plan presently to escort her to church, to the concert that now and then held forth at the Athenaeum, to Mrs. Hallam's for a game of croquet, to Mrs. Galagher's for the little dances that that gracious gentlewoman gave now and then even in the heat of a southern Illinois summer. He had even chartered a steamboat and planned to give a picnic in the Kentucky woodlands below Cairo, to which he should escort Barbara. He had thought in these ways to set the tongues of all the gossips wagging and thus to force upon Barbara the thought of his love for her.

All was now spoiled, as he thought, when he so precipitately declared his love there in the vine clad porch.

Barbara was obviously surprised. Duncan could not quite make out whether she was shocked or not, whether his declaration of love pleased or distressed her, for she made no answer whatever. Instead she nervously plucked honeysuckles and still more nervously let them fall from her hands.

Duncan was standing now and in torture lest he had spoiled all by his precipitancy. He waited as patiently as he could for the girl's answer, but it came not. Her silence seemed ominous to him. It seemed to mean that she was shocked and offended by a declaration of love for which he had not in any wise prepared her.

But Duncan was a man of action. It was not his habit to accept defeat without challenging it and demanding its reasons. So presently he advanced, passed his arm around Barbara's waist



He waited as patiently as he could for the girl's answer.

and gently caressed her forehead, as a father or an older brother might have done.

She accepted the caress in that spirit, seemingly, and then she turned toward the hall door, saying:

"Good night!"

But Duncan was not to be so baffled. He had blundered upon a declaration of love—as most men do who really love—and he did not intend to go away without his answer.

"Don't say 'Good night' yet," he pleaded, again passing his arm around her waist. "Tell me first, is it yes or no? Will you be my wife?"

The girl turned and faced him. There was that in her eyes which he had never seen there before, and which he could not interpret. At last her lips parted, and she said:

"I cannot tell yet. You must wait." And with that she slipped through the door, leaving him no recourse but to take his leave without other formality than the closing of the front gate.

(To be continued.)

An Eye Opener.

The Engaged Girl—I've always heard that love is blind.

The Matron—Yes, but marriage is a great oculist.—Translated For Tales From Les Annales.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.—Rothschild.

Very Well Indeed.

"Why are lightning rods like waiters?"

"Because they have to be well tipped to make them give good service."—Baltimore American.

Bird Fancies.



Young Ostriches—Oh, auntie, reach us some of those lovely bananas!—Punch.

An Uncommon Trouble.

Hewitt—My wife didn't know what to say to me.

Jewett—I never knew my wife to be troubled in that way.—New York Press.

Sure of It.



Elderly Spinster—You know, doctor, I'm always thinking that a man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations?

Doctor—Absolutely certain you do, ma'am.

OUR WEEKLY FASHION LETTER

A TIMELY REVIEW OF THE LATEST MODES (Special) By JUDIC CHOLLET

WHAT IS WORN.

Hatpins Match the Hair Combs—New Ideas in Stocks—Artistic Bangles.

A new idea in regard to hatpins is to have them match the combs worn in the hair. These are of polished tortoise shell or amber, or, at any rate, of much lighter color than has been worn for some time. A pear shaped hatpin of amber with amber combs produces a very pretty effect, whether the hair is dark or light.

A smart stock has a long slot buttonhole horizontally across the lower edge in front. Through this is drawn a short strip with kite shaped ends, practically forming the "tabs" which are sewn on most stocks. The advantage is that it can be slipped either one way or the other and knotted or pinned down as one likes in front.

Collars with rounded corners embroidered in dots and figures all over the collar are very new. The long four-in-hands worn with them are in strong Scotch plaids or small black

chain and "the chateleine" have taken a back seat. My lady now spends her money and her time looking for artistic bangle bracelets.

The frock in the cut is of white foulard with pin dots of black. The skirt is cut in two pieces, each ruffle trimmed with a bowknot design effected with German val lace insertion. The bolero jacket is similarly adorned and tied just above the waist line with a green velvet bow. A line of the same velvet edges the V shaped neck.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Stunning Belt—Startling Colors in Shoes For the Summer Girl.

A belt of gun metal is in a flower design, the center of each flower set with a jewel.

Honesty compels the statement that for women with feet like Cinderella's stepisters the colored shoes of the season are taboo. Most of these shoes intended for day wear are in calf of a solid shade. Sometimes there is a patent leather vamp with the colored top. Every woman who can afford it will have a few pairs of colored shoes in her wardrobe and, if she is extravagant, a pair to match each gown.

Low tan shoes are much worn in the morning. The style differs only slightly from those of last summer, but perhaps there is a greater fancy for rib-



WHITE AND BLACK FOULARD FROCK.

and white checks or in black. Many of these are narrow, though the newest are about two inches wide.

Blue and violet linen turn back collars and cuffs simply stitched are to be worn with linen suits.

The latest variation of the sun plaid skirt is very pretty and graceful. It is circular in shape and falls in ample folds and fullness from a plain yoke.

The embroidered linen hat, with a bow of ribbon for its only trimming, is used with the linen jacket for street wear, but with more elaborate gowns of muslin or organdie a hat of sheer material in shadow work with flowers and ribbons should be donned.

Since the coming of the short sleeves and the return of the bracelet the neck



WHITE CHIFFON BLOUSE.

bon ties and pumps. The smartest style has one eyelet on each side through which is tied a large ribbon bow.

So ubiquitous has the duck skirt become that we will soon be dubbed "a nation of duck skirts." A dozen wash white waists of varying weights and three or four duck skirts, together with a lightweight woolen suit and a dresy little silk gown, make up a very presentable summer outfit.

White chiffon makes the blouse seen in the picture. The material is tucked all over. Arranged over the entire waist are geometric designs carried out in white filmy insertion. In the openings are worked cobweb stitches in pale green silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT.

Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after... Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

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