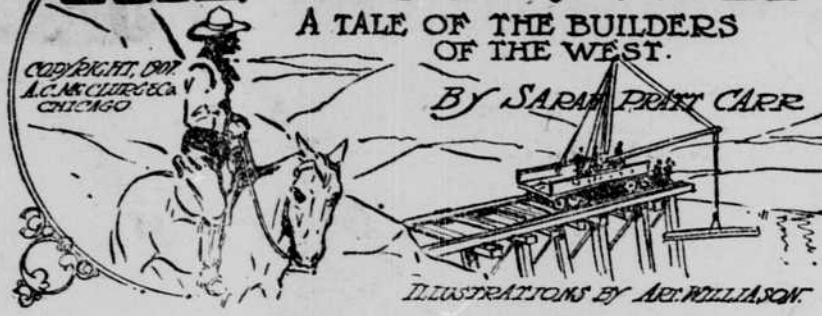


THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, where efforts are being made to build up the country. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Anthony himself taught her; he was a teacher once. She was as peart as chain lightning; and he had oodles of books."

"Anthony went flat broke a few years back; lost everything, including his grip. Some friend put in a word for him with the old man, and he came oveh hyah to hold up this station."

"Is he going to keep her here always?"

"No, that's fretting him. He told me on the quiet he was fixing to take her inside and put her to school this year in San Francisco."

"How old is she?"

"She's young enough. Say, young fellow!" Uncle Billy turned sharply, and his words were stern. "Likely she ain't cut after the pattern of crinolone yo're used to; but she's fast colors all right. And if—we may see mo' like—like what's back yondeh—I want to stake you right now to stand by Stella Anthony."

"You can count on me."

The words were curt, but something in their utterance satisfied the driver. "Jiminy! The barn's gone!" Uncle Billy exclaimed as the stage drew near a square stone house, loop-holed like a battle ship, with tiny points of light shining through.

A heavy bar rattled to the floor inside, the one door opened cautiously, and a woman appeared holding a candle in her uplighted hand. She was tall and straight, her figure youthful in spite of unusual size; but the flaring flame, gleaming down over her breeze-tossed hair, cast aging shadows on her face; and Alfred saw the candle-stick shake.

"It that you, Uncle Billy?" The voice was steady, yet Alfred caught its note of terror.

"Yes, honey." Relief and tenderness blended in the answer.

"The Indians—did you get through without any trouble?"

"Yes, without trouble, now that I see my little gal's safe." He was quickly on the ground, his arms around her.

"Oh, Uncle Billy, father's—oh, I don't know where he is! The barn's burned, the stock gone, and Gid and I've fought 'em all—!" Her voice broke, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

CHAPTER II.

Hail and Farewell.

Quickly Stella controlled herself and was going about the station duties with a quiet calmness that surprised Alfred.

"We've a little barley in her, fortunately, and some blankets for the mules; but the hay's gone. You'll have to unhitch for a few minutes, won't you, Uncle Billy? They can't double without a little rest, can they?"

"Yes, but not for long. We've got to be at Maloney's in time to send help back hyah befo' day. The red devils ain't through hyah; there's whisky left, and brandy, I see, and—"

"Not so much, Uncle Billy. I burned all the brandy to make bullets—meeted all the pewter stuff, too."

"Well, I swear! I didn't reckon yo' father'd ever be short on ammunition."

"It's ordered long ago, but the agent hasn't sent it. Father'll come soon—I hope. It's too bad that you must help with the team, Uncle Billy."

"That's no match. The only thing is to feed and get away as soon as I can. Where'd yo' father go?"

"He took some stock up to the meadows this morning; he should have been back before noon, and—"

She stopped abruptly and turned away.

The driver paled and looked quickly toward a tall young man busy at one of the lockers. He caught the driver's wordless question and nodded significantly.

Stella, facing away from them, was placing dishes on the table. "I'll have supper for you soon," she said presently. "We didn't dare begin to cook before for fear—"

"All right, Stella. These passengels, Mr. Vincent and Mr. Cadwallader, will eat; but Gid an' I'll go and look up the old man first."

Stella flashed him a grateful look before nodding to the strangers, the only acknowledgment of the introduction she took time for. She lighted a lantern and set it near the door; brought a whisky flask from behind the bar, and some white cloth, and placed both beside the lantern.

Alfred sickened at the broken sentences, sinister pauses, and still more sinister preparations; yet intently watched the hurrying workers.

"Gid, take out the barley and feed 'em double measure. I'll help you blanket 'em in a minute."

Gideon shouldered the barley just as Stella pulled a pile of heavy blankets from a shelf. Alfred started forward to help her, and felt himself bending under a load that she had lifted with ease.

"I'll take them, stranger." Gideon had dropped the barley and stepped quickly to Stella's side.

Alfred turned, started at that which his sensitive ear heard in the voice. He met a pair of black, burning eyes in a swarthy face not yet divorced from boyishness, though full manhood spoke from the straight figure and sinewy movements. Alfred needed no interpreter for that jealous look, needed no one to tell him of the instant hostility that lurked in the darkling eye, and found quick response in his own heart. He relinquished the blankets and re-

turned to his chair, his eye the busier sired hands must be idle.

He looked about, upon the bar in the corner, its glittering glass and one kerosene lamp the only brightness in the gloomy room; upon the dark, weapon-hung walls, and the significant loop-holes that gleamed small and bare against the starlit night without. Bare floors, rude home-made furniture—it was life more primitive than Alfred could possibly have imagined ten days before.

One object removed it from savagery, Stella's small cane rocking-chair. It queened the barbarous room, an omen of coming civilization. From the chair to Stella herself Alfred's eye wandered, noting her incongruous dress, a rich lavender silk skirt, once boasting a train, though now cut half-shoe short, disclosing costly French boots, one tor, at the side. Her linen waist was jeweled-clasped at the white neck and belted with a zone of quartz crystals clear as diamonds. Her comb, banded with delicate pink coral, held in place a coronet of glistening golden-brown braids, adorning but not disguising the shapeliness of her perfect-



Stella Felt His Solicitous Though Unspoken Interest.

ly poised head. And from all this misplaced elegance a short red calico apron screamed at the eye with the arrogance of a boor in power.

Calmly unconscious of Alfred's scrutiny, Stella was coming and going, preparing the late supper.

The team, unhitched and not unharnessed, was fed, blanketed and tied to the coach wheels in front of the door; and Uncle Billy stepped inside and addressed Vincent and Cadwallader.

"I reckon you two fellows will have to take turns gyarding that team while we're gone, if you'd care to get away from hyah with yo' own hair on. Fish two shots, wait a minute and fish one, if yo're molested."

Gideon came in with an armful of wood. Alfred saw him answer the driver's unspoken call, saw both leave the house without looking at Stella, though her apprehensive eyes followed them through the door into the night.

The simple supper of bacon, biscuits, potatoes, beans and dried-apple pie was on the table. Stella pushed up a short bench and beckoned to Alfred.

He rose and shook his head. "No, I'll let Mr. Cadwallader eat first," he said, and took his gun and disappeared.

"Cracky, this is good!" Phineas exclaimed as he looked over the table.

"Milk, by the eternal!"

"Yes, but it's our last, I guess. They got the cows. I—!" She stopped abruptly and left the room.

Phineas was at heart a coward, yet he strove to hide it under bravado; and he took his turn in the darkness with a half merry, half contemptuous badinage that was sufficiently deceiving.

"With us the emergency would arise only when a parcel had to be done up, but the Jap uses his piece of string as a first aid to the injured, to repair a rent in his clothing, to fix a broken-down jinrikisha, to mend tools, to take measurements and, in fact, the string is his universal tool chest."

"The queerest use to which it is put, according to my way of thinking, is when a police officer arrests a man, ties a bit of string about the arrested man's wrist and then leads him by the loose end of the thin hempen fetter to the lockup. You ask: 'Why doesn't the Jap crook break the string and

Heedless of her words he followed her to the door, where she stood looking out.

"Curly Joe's brought some stock," she said, glancing over her shoulder as he came near, "some they had a chance to buy I heard him say. It's in the nick of time for us."

She stepped back to the table and poured another cup of coffee. "Have this fresh cup, sir. You're not needed—now."

Alfred seated himself and she went to the kitchen, leaving him to ponder the adverb of time so significantly spoken.

Stella did not return, though Alfred finished his coffee and waited, the minutes dragging with his inaction, until the searchers returned.

Stella heard them and hastened to the door, peering into the darkness. A whispered parley kept her waiting. At last Uncle Billy stepped into the light. Stella gave him a quick look, read the answer to her mute question and fled. Alfred saw her white, set face as she passed.

Duty and love are weapons that affliction at her worst is compelled to respect. Alone Stella fought her quick battle for composure; and when she brought in supper for the two men her face was less stricken than Uncle Billy's. He went to her, took her hands in his own, lifted his reluctant eyes to her. "Honey, you— you must go—in an hour, less time if possible—"

She met his look bravely, her voice unflinching, though words came lamely. "But father—I cannot leave him. Where—where is he?"

"Child, we buried him—Gid and me. We did it good, and I mapped the place, so you can find—but not any injun. And honey, you must—must get ready quick."

Stella's head drooped. Alfred saw

moment she faced him, smiling resolutely, though Alfred saw unheeded tears on her cheek.

"If you and Gid will eat a little supper I'll get ready right away. I'll be—!"

"—I'll be good." The words trembled off into a sob that was touchingly childlike.

"You go right to Jake Bennett," the driver said as he finished his coffee a little later. "He's on the railroad at the 'Front,' wherever that is. You tell him I sent you. Bennett is one of Superintendent Gregory's foremen, a



"You'd Hardly Trust Me If I Accepted Other Terms."

square man—his wife's even square—he'll deal you a straight game, little one. There's Sally B., too, she's white, and can moeth a whole brood like you and not let one chick get a cold toe."

"And I'll follow as soon as I can slip this," Gideon added, his glance sweeping the shadow-peopled room.

"I'm coming myself, honey. I'm coming to be near you, and to watch that Sacramento four tackle the biggest job of building since Babel." Uncle Billy rose and went out.

Soon all was ready. Stella waited by her trunk for the coach to swing round.

"Oh, Gideon, how can I leave you?" she sobbed as he came to her side. "But I wouldn't go unless you stayed."

"All aboard, honey!" called the driver's kind voice from the dark. "Salt Lake City in ten hours!"

Gideon caught her in an embrace she long remembered. It was not farewell, but appropriation. "Good-bye, Moppett," he whispered, "I'll come soon."

CHAPTER III.

Alfred Promises Allegiance.

Alfred studied Gov. Stanford's face keenly while the latter re-read Mr. Huntington's letter.

It said in part: "For three years I have closely observed this young man and found him, I believe, peculiarly adapted to business of a delicate nature, for which we shall have growing need. He is older than he looks and wiser than his age. His character does not altogether show in his face, and few would suspect such a slender youth of his capacity for the affairs you may require of him."

Alfred was gratified at what he saw in the governor's eyes as he looked up from the letter.

"Young man, because of Mr. Huntington's strong letter we're going to trust you beyond your years. It will be a varied and difficult task. Do you think you will be equal to it?"

"All that I can do, sir, is to promise my best effort and ask you to try me."

"Can you take hectoring good naturedly?" asked Mr. Crocker. "You can't go far on such a shape as you have out west here; there's too much Harvard college and ballroom in it."

The governor spoke at once. "I believe Vincent will safely venerate remarks concerning his shape; he'll be in cities most of the time, anyway."

"It's not nice work we're putting you to, Vincent," he continued. "You'll have to meet craft with craft, scheme with scheme. And some of Cadwallader's schemes—they're the schemes of the men behind him, yet they don't sweeten in his hands—yet far from savory. But we'll not ask you to do anything for us that's less than honest."

"That's only safe, sir. You'd hardly trust me if I accepted other terms."

"Here's our cipher. Use it as sparingly as possible. No man can make a cipher some other man can't read."

"Unless he changes it often enough," Alfred added instantly.

The governor smiled and turned to the superintendent. "I guess he'll do, Crocker." His face relaxed, and Alfred caught a glimpse of the genial, hearty citizen who won men to his enterprises through his faith—faith in both enterprises and men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TRANSPLANTING OF FULL-GROWN TREES

It Can Be Successfully Done If Great Care Is Taken in the Operation.



Central Tunnel Made.

The question often arises as to what is the limit in size and age at which a tree may be transplanted. The answer is that these items depend entirely on local conditions. Should a tree only have to be moved to a short distance a very large specimen could be satisfactorily transplanted. Except for special reasons, however, it is not advisable to attempt an unreasonably large tree. As a guide, any deciduous tree may be attempted up to 40 feet in height, with a trunk diameter of 12 or 15 inches. Coniferous trees such as pines and cedars are not so easily transplanted; as a rule, their roots do not ramify so well and there is a difficulty in keeping the ball of soil from breaking.

The character of the soil is a great factor in the transplanting of trees. Should it be a moderately strong loam, or even of a clayey nature, it will be the best possible kind for transplanting from. In such soil plenty of fibrous roots are formed, and they hold the soil together well. In very sandy soil, even if fibrous roots are produced, there is always the danger of the light sand trickling away from the roots during transit. Heavy clay, again, although it binds together well, cannot be said to be the best material for the purpose, as the necessary ground work is much more difficult. When a tree growing in very sandy soil must be transplanted; it is advisable to dig a trench round the stem, leaving a ball of soil rather less in diameter than it is proposed to move eventually, and after filling the trench with good soil leave it for 12 months; this will encourage a

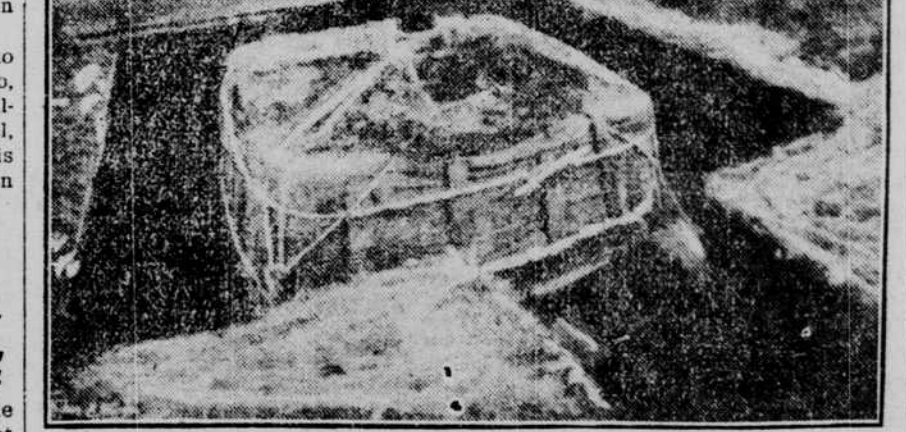
9 inches wide and 1½ inches thick, then the two remaining sides are excavated in the same manner to admit similar boards, the ends of which rest on those of the other side boards. The ends of these boards protrude 9 inches on each side of the ball. Pieces of soft rope are then tied round the trunk of the tree, taken under the stem, leaving a ball of soil rather less in diameter than it is proposed to move eventually, and after filling the trench with good soil leave it for 12 months; this will encourage a



Side Trenches Made.

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Ready for Lifting.

greater amount of root fibers. The same thing may be done with trees that form large roots; by cutting a trench and neatly severing all large roots, then filling up with new soil and leaving for 12 months, small fibrous roots are encouraged, and the tree may be transplanted with greater hopes of success.

For trees that are to be transplanted in the method shown in the illustrations, the ball of soil surrounding the roots may be from 5 to 7½ feet square, 6 to 6½ feet being a good workable size. The depth depends entirely on the roots; usually from 2½ to 3 feet will be found the necessary depth. After the size of the ball has been decided on, it is marked out absolutely square; then in the center of two opposite sides holes are made 2½ to 3 feet wide to a depth of 9 inches below the lower roots. The next item is to tunnel under the ball below the roots, the tunnel being made large enough to admit two oak planks, each

THE PAINTING SEASON.

Good results in painting at the least cost depend largely upon the material chosen. Paint is a simple compound and the ingredients can be easily tested. The solid part or pigment should be White Lead. The liquid part should be Linseed Oil. Those best informed on painting always buy these ingredients separately and have their painter mix them fresh for each job. Before the mixing the test is made.

Place a pea-sized bit of White Lead on a piece of charcoal or piece of wood. Blow the flame against it and see what it will do. If it is pure White Lead, little drops of bright, pure metallic lead will appear, and with patience the White Lead can be completely reduced to one globule of metallic lead. This is because pure White Lead is made from metallic lead.

You may test dozens of other so-called White Leads and not be able to reduce one of them to lead. If they will not change wholly to lead but leave a residue, it is clear that some adulterant is present.

If you should have your painting done with such materials, no matter how cheap they might seem, it would be costly in the end.

National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City, are sending on request a blowpipe free to any one about to have painting done, so that the White Lead may be tested. With it will be sent a handsomely printed booklet having as its frontispiece the "Dutch Boy Painter," reproduced from the original painting. This little painter has become noted as the guaranty of pure White Lead.

WANTED THE WORLD'S OPINION.

Prisoner Had to Have That, Though He Went Without Luxuries.

A certain prisoner landed in jail almost penniless. He was a man who had figured in a number of the town's shady transactions and his name was pretty well known. A few days after his incarceration he wrote to a friend asking for a monthly allowance of ten dollars to be continued during his term of imprisonment. The friend, remembering past favors, remitted the amount each month during a period that covered two trials and the long time intervening. One day it occurred to him to inquire into the manner of expending the allowance. He supposed it was used to buy occasional extra meals, a few cigars and newspapers, but just as a matter of curiosity he asked for particulars. He found, to his astonishment, that the prisoner had never ordered an extra meal and had not smoked a cigar all the time he had been in jail.

"Then what in thunder," demanded the man, "have you been doing with that ten dollars a month?"

"I subscribed to two press clipping bureaus," replied the prisoner coolly. "You don't suppose, do you, that I am going to pass through this, the most critical time of my life, without finding out what everybody has got to say about me?"

CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

Discipline Above All.

Near Serrat, in Morocco, during a fierce engagement, a soldier of the French foreign legion was struck by a Moorish bullet and fell flat on his face. "He is dead," said his corporal, leaning over him. Lifting a battered face, the legionary groaned: "No, corporal; not dead, but badly hurt." "Where is your packet of lint?" demanded the corporal. "I have forgotten it," said the soldier, trying to wipe away the blood. "Two days' arrest," shouted the corporal, and lifting the wounded man onto his back he staggered to the nearest doctor amid a hail of bullets.

The Farmer's Retort.

"What do you call your red automobile, mister?" drawled the old farmer at the drawbridge. "The 'Fool Killer,'" bantered the man in goggles. "I call it that because it kills all the fools who happen to cross in front of it."

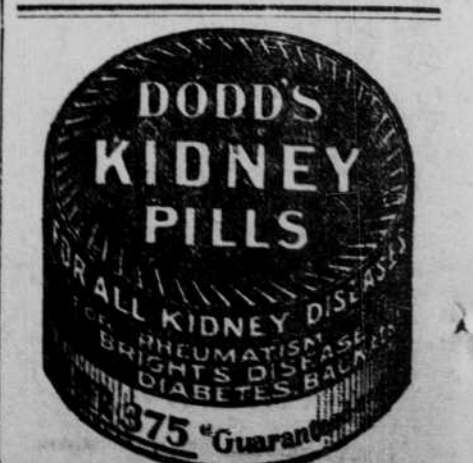
The old farmer cleaned his pipe with a straw and then replied, evenly: "That so, mister? Well, is there any chance of it blowing up and killing the fool inside?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Let him who would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.



JUST MERE PIECE OF STRING

The Important Part It Plays in Japanese Life.

Writing from Japan, an American says: "You must come here to appreciate some of the quaint customs and usages which contact with other peoples has not yet driven out. To read about them gives you only a poor idea. For instance, did you ever know what an important thing a piece of string is here? The children, workmen, servants, all carry pieces of string for use in case of emergency."

"With us the emergency would arise only when a parcel had to be done up, but the Jap uses his piece of string as a first aid to the injured, to repair a rent in his clothing, to fix a broken-down jinrikisha, to mend tools, to take measurements and, in fact, the string is his universal tool chest."

"The queerest use to which it is put, according to my way of thinking, is when a police officer arrests a man, ties a bit of string about the arrested man's wrist and then leads him by the loose end of the thin hempen fetter to the lockup. You ask: 'Why doesn't the Jap crook break the string and

find a gateway?' He could, but he would not. That's where his respect for the law comes in, and the bit of string holds the man as securely as though he were manacled by our own humane chilled steel, nickel-plated and snap-locked method."

Vibrations of the Sea.

"Marine seiches," or "vibrations of the sea," are pulsations usually having periods of 15 to 20 minutes, though varying in different localities, and they occur on coasts in addition to the waves of short duration due to wind and those caused by the regular ebb and flow of the tide. They have brought out various theories. A recent study has been made by Prof. Giovanni Platania at Catania, Sicily, and he concludes that the principal cause is air waves or variations of atmospheric pressure.

The Result of Modern Education.

I am not afraid of a race of fools; I am afraid of a race of rickety human encyclopaedias, who are a nuisance to everyone and a health drawback.—G. H. R. Dabbs, M. D., in Fry's Magazine.