

PAT'S MIND WAS LOGICAL.

Quick to See One Strong Point as to Victim's Identity.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an able-bodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post and picked up insensibly. The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said: "You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick. "But we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He is a Lady Macbeebe."

How I Cured Sweeney and Fistula.

"I want to tell you how I saved one of our horses that had a fistula. We had the horse doctor out and he said it was so bad that he did not think he could cure it, and did not come again. Then we tried Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely.

"One day last spring I was plowing for a neighbor who had a horse with sweeney, and I told him about Sloan's Liniment and he had me get a bottle for him, and it cured his horse all right, and he goes off now like a colt.

"We had a horse that had sweeney awfully bad and we thought it was never going to be any good, but we used Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely. I told another neighbor about it and he said it was the best Liniment he ever used."

"We are using Sloan's Sure Colic Cure and we think it is all right."

A. D. Bruce, Aurelia, Ia.

HOW HE SHOT THEM.

Made Little Difference to Sportsman Where His Birds Were Hit.

"Down in Florida, where I spend the greater part of the winter," said the sunburned New Yorker, "they are not so particular about observing the game laws and the little niceties of hunting as we are up north. I had frequently seen water fowl shot without giving them a chance to rise. Coming up to Jacksonville a big German got on the train at Port Orange with a nice string of ducks. He sat next me in the smoker and I struck up a conversation with him.

"Nice lot of ducks you have there," I said.

"Yah," he replied. "Where did you get them?" I asked.

"Down by de inlet up de creeks," he said.

"I suppose you shot them on the wing," I ventured, remembering the trick of the pot hunters.

"Yah," he replied solemnly, "on de wing, and in de feet, and in de head, eberywhere. Dere dey are. You can examine dem und see for yourself."

Willing to Oblige.

The poor but nery young man was after the hand of the heiress.

"Young man," roared her irate father, "never darken my door again."

"All right, sir," replied the suitor, blandly. "I'll come around to-morrow and give it a coat of bright red paint. That will be much better than darkening it."

And the next instant the poor but nery young man was being chased by a Scotch coachman, a French chauffeur and an English bulldog.

New Dinner Card Idea.

From Paris comes a decorated card-rack with a trail of artificial flowers that may be changed to suit the dinner colors and makes a pretty addition to the table. These racks are to hold a plain card upon which the guest's name is written and they may be used for a good many dinners, thus obviating the expense of the decorated dinner card every time one entertains.

Perversion of Type.

The Sunday school teacher was entertaining her class with what she had fondly planned to be a "social evening." To her disappointment she found that all spontaneity had been left at home with the boys' everyday clothes, and a conversation, dressed hopelessly until her bull terrier came into the room. He sniffed about from one shy hand of welcome to another, when suddenly a boyish voice, gruff with embarrassment, burst forth: "I had a bull pup like that once, but he grew up into a bloodhound."

BUILT RIGHT.

Brain and Nerves Restored by Grape-Nuts Food.

The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are in the increase.

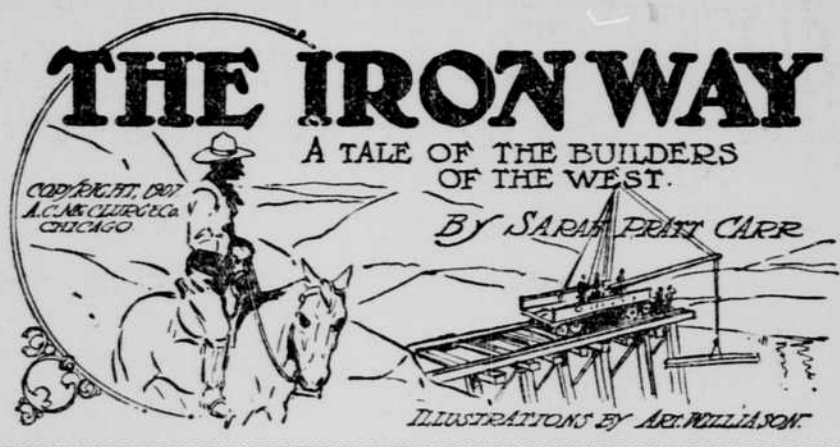
"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady. "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only a short while at a time, and became unable to speak aloud.

"Three years ago I was attracted by an article on Grape-Nuts and decided to try it.

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

"Soon I was able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but fondly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper.

"At the time of beginning Grape-Nuts I could scarcely speak a sentence without changing words around or 'faking crooked' in some way, but my brain and nerves have become so strengthened that I no longer have that trouble." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Dead "The Road to Wellville" in pkg.



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH DEWITT CURR

Illustrations by ALFRED WILSON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, while efforts are being made to build up the country.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Your first business will be to learn more of the railroad. I'll ask our secretary, Mr. Miller, to let you have immediate access to the records. You'd better take a run over the road. That will speak louder in a day than any other record could in a year. As soon as possible you'll go to San Francisco, get in touch with the McLane crowd, McCoppin and our other enemies there and learn what you can of their plans against us." He glanced at the superintendent. "How can we wedge him in there the quickest, Crocker? It won't do for me to introduce him."

"I can fix that. The situation's right in my hand, and no smack of railroad in it, either. I'll send him to Harmon. No one knows that he's to work for us as soon as his term on the bench expires. Mrs. Harmon's the queen bee in society down there. She'll lead the young man where we want him, first fling."

"Good enough. But we can't allow you much time in San Francisco, Vincent. You must work fast, mow as wide a swath as you need—don't mind the dollars, be the Boston aristocrat—and get through in time to cut in at Carson City. There's legislation pending in the 'third house' of that baby legislature over there that we need to know about."

Some further instructions ensued and the conference ended. And Alfred was soon engrossed in minutes of directors' meetings, supreme court decisions, newspaper reports and comments, state and national legislation—everything that would aid in making him master of the history of the road. He worked fast and thoroughly, inspired anew with enthusiasm for the great business to which he had promised allegiance.

Back of his ardent lay another spur, desire to see Stella. She was there, where he shortly would be, at the "front." She had written him of her safe arrival, of Jake Bennett's kind protection, of Mrs. Bennett's loving care and the invitation to remain with them.

CHAPTER IV.

The Whip of the Blast.

Deep in a small gulch, the red earth bleeding through its torn mantle, crouched a raw little railroad town. Cabins, tents, huts, lean-tos propped against trees, scraps of shops, false-fronted stores and "ginmills" huddled new and paintless between the clapping hills.

It was an hour before noon when a slender little engine, with spidery wheels and huge, overtopping smoke-stack, puffed into the rude shed that was hung up on the mountain side above the town and called by courtesy a depot.

A man paced the boards nervously, impatient at the sacrifice of time required to meet so indefinite a personage as a telegram-introduced "young man in our employ who wishes to see your work." The restless man was George Gregory, superintendent of construction, the human engine that executed the commands of the officers at Sacramento. Alfred presented a letter from the governor, a magic bit of paper that arrested even George Gregory's lurid thoughts at the sight of this "dandified ballroom cublet."

The atmosphere was decidedly clearer when the superintendent looked up from the letter. "When will you be ready to go over the grading, Mr. Vincent? I'll have your horse sent any time you say after dinner."

"After dinner, sir? The train leaves at two o'clock, doesn't it?"

"Yes; but you'll not go back to-day, will you?"

"No, not to the front; yet you can see nearly all of the completed grade if you start at once. You'll miss your dinner, though."

"I don't wish to inconvenience you, sir. Could not some other person conduct me? Dinner is unimportant. I must return to-day if possible."

A shade of approbation crept into the superintendent's keen glance. "Very well, Mr. Vincent. I'll have your horse in ten minutes. You ride? Our stock is cantankerous at times."

"I ride a little; if not well enough, I'll have to walk."

"Plucky!" thought the older man, as he dispatched a messenger for Alfred's horse and employed the wait in sending telegrams to the Sacramento office.

Meantime Alfred wrote a short note to Stella explaining his haste and telling her that he would be at the hotel for a moment before he left in the afternoon, if possible. He had slipped the note with a coin into the stable boy's hand and was in the saddle when the superintendent came out of the hot little box that did duty as a telegraph office, and the two were quickly out on the grade.

"So this is the railroad Mr. McLane claims is standing on end and leading up to heaven instead of across the Sierras over Judah's route?" Alfred stopped his horse and looked back through the deep cut, across the deep ravine where the bridge-builders

woman's gown high on a hill that overtopped the track. There stood Stella, a granite boulder for her look-out, behind her a shining laurel. Her hat hung by its ribbons, her cheeks were glowing from her hurried climb, and the wind fluttered her full skirts and tossed her shining hair. She waved her handkerchief as the train passed.

CHAPTER V.

The Coming of Uncle Billy.

Down the rain-soaked street of the railroad village hastened an alert youth carrying a yellow paper. Where all was hurry, one flying figure more or less would not have been noticed; but this one carried a crutch; one foot was turned backward and hung high above the ground. Yet one forgot to be sorry for the cripple, so quick was he, so shining with soap nature. Every one called him "boy," though he was 20.

"Hello, Al! What's yo' hurry?" asked a bystander. "You can do mo' with a stick an' a foot than most folks with two good legs."

"Aw, spare my blushes, Mr. Bennett! Say, is the old man in the hotel?"

"Yes. Can't yo' let him swallow his dinner in peace? He don't need but five minutes; an' it ain't often he gets a lick at Sally B.'s chicken fixin's. He wouldn't to-day if that thar ornery train wait'd two hours late."

"Well, this dispatch 'll help his digestion."

"Thought yo' all wa'n't lowed to read the yallich lightnin'."

"I didn't read it. And—I ain't giving it away. Sabe?"

The boy barely halted and was at the dining room door when Gregory came out.

"What's the racket, Al?" he said. "A message for me?" He spoke a little thickly, his mouth full of a fast disappearing apple.

The message was brief; and his comment was an explosion of oats.

Jake Bennett and Alvin Carter walked to the station together. They arrived at the station just as the train pulled in.

The first passenger through the car door was Uncle Billy.

"Why, durn my eyes! What 're yo' all doin' hyah, Bill Dodge?" asked Bennett as Uncle Billy stepped to the platform.

The two shook hands, but Bennett turned away with a hurried word and disappeared within the station.

Uncle Billy gazed blankly toward the office, his face clouded with a dis-



Alfred Stopped His Horse and Looked Back Through the Deep Cut.

appointment that did not lift while he attended to his scant baggage.

The superintendent came out shortly, giving hasty orders to Bennett as the two walked toward the big roan known as the "Boss" Lightning Striker." They passed Uncle Billy; but Bennett's face was a mask till the roan clattered out of sight, when he turned back, another soul looking from his eyes.

"How air yo' pegs fo' walkin', you ole bronco buster?" Bennett questioned in a hearty voice, slapping his heavy hand on Uncle Billy's shoulder.

They set off briskly and in single file up the steep cut-off that made in one mile the elevation of five miles of grading.

"What kin I do for yo' all, you rotatory-eyed ole coon?" Bennett asked with another hearty cuff as they came abreast.

"I want a job on Charley Crocker's Dutch Flat stage line. Can I get it?"

"You bet yo' bottom dollar! They need men like you. Just chuck yo' application to Crocker, and—no, yo' go right to Spalding; he's boss of the company's new stage line. But what's yo' all's grouch agin the old man?"

"Haven't any in particular. There's a little gal oveh hyah, Bill Anthony's daughter—"

"Shore. We tuck her in fur yo' sake; kep' her fo' her own. The ole woman's dead stuck on her; wanted her to stay right along, but she wouldn't."

"That's her, all right. You remember Bill Anthony?"

"Reckon I do. He's that gold-plated ole cuss that built a sort o' suburb to the Golden City over near in Washoe, ain't he?"

"Same. But the Injuns got him; an' the girl has no relations that she knows of; so I sent her oveh hyah to you. I want to be near her, and—"

Bennett's nudge sent Uncle Billy off the trail. "You ole Mormon! Ain't thinkin' o' marryin' her yo'self, are ye?"

"Well, by jiminy! I'm not that kind of a sardine. She's 18, maybe, and I'm squinting at my fifth birthday. If I'd had a daughter, an' she was like Stella Anthony, the prince o' Wales wouldn't be good enough for her. See where I'm drivin'?"

They came suddenly to the picket-rope engine path where Bennett's gang were spiking the "chairs" over the flanges of the rails to the ties. Instantly banter and familiarity vanished, and Jake Bennett became the quiet, lynx-eyed overseer. They had surprised the men working well under the temporary foreman; yet Uncle Billy saw a sweep of fresh energy speed down the line, as the under man took up his hammer and Bennett swiftly examined the work done in his absence. He spoke scarcely a word, but his "straight" eye saw every poor joint, each badly set "chair," and his own hands often assisted in the readjusting.

When he returned to the end of the section where Uncle Billy was waiting he said, "The boss has powerful good news to-day. That dispatch was a copy of one the governor got from Huntington at Washington. The railroad bill's passed, an' the C. P. company's got another yeah on the fast before he was quite seated. 'I shan't forget you, boy,' he called back over his shoulder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"There's a Little Gal Oveh Hyah, Bill Anthony's Daughter—"

passed. "I guess you can find your way back alone. I'm needed here."

"Aren't you going back—going somewhere for dinner, Mr. Gregory?"

"No, I guess my stomach's as fast-proof as yours. Already his alert eye was elsewhere, and Alfred knew himself dismissed.

The superintendent snapped to his watch cover, regardless of the spring. "Blast that Simms! His gang's the last on duty again! Good-bye, Mr. Vincent. Come and look us over again." He called, and dashed off toward the offending foreman. As Alfred passed on the trail before the superintendent's far-audible he followed him, a unique word panorama, expressible only in dashes and stars.

Muscle-sore, Alfred alighted from his steaming bronco at the depot only five minutes before two. No time for Stella unless he stayed over night. Should he do it? Indeed, ought he not to remain to see with his own eyes how she was circumstanced in this rough town? He remembered his promise to Uncle Billy. Mr. Crocker himself had said Alfred could not get comfortably to the "front" and back in a day. His answer to Mr. Crocker flashed back on his brain: "No man's comfort should count against railroad business." That decided him. To stay meant one day later in San Francisco, one day less to study a situation where any hour might be the hour of fate for the Central Pacific railroad.

The fussy little engine was now facing west, waiting its message from the lever. The signal sounded and the train was starting when a barefooted boy came blowing round the rear car carrying a small package and informed the conductor breathlessly that it was for "that dandy fellow that went off this mornin' with the boss."

"Here!" cried Alfred, reaching down as the boy ran alongside. Alfred caught the parcel and threw a coin to the bearer.

The train labored slowly up the grade and around the hill while Alfred untied his package. It was a neat luncheon; and wrapped in the folded napkin was a spray of wild forget-me-not. From Stella! Impulsively he lifted the blossom to his face, and in the action caught the flutter of a

Yet the boy grinned. It was glad profanity.

"Do you know what's in this, Al?"

"Yes, sir; I couldn't help it."

"How's that?"

"I've learned the telegraph since I've been messenger."

"The dickens you say! What's your speed?"

"I get most of the press dispatches, sir."

"How about sending?"

"Not so good, sir; but I'll soon catch up if— He stopped abruptly.

"If what?"

"I'd rather not say, sir."

"On account of the operator?"

"He's an O. K. friend to me, sir."

"H'm! The superintendent mounted and was in full gallop toward the station before he was quite seated. 'I shan't forget you, boy,' he called back over his shoulder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEALING WITH THE CRIMINAL

Grave Problem That Has Ever Been Before Society.

It is therefore necessarily a moral idiot. One experience of punishment has been enough for many men past that age.

But when a man is undeterred by punishment and goes on committing one crime after another, then we think society owes it to itself to take stern measures. Such a man should be adjudged a habitual and irreclaimable criminal and removed from society. But, on the other hand, honest men should not be burdened with the cost of supporting him. He should be forced to earn his own living.

Far From It.

Former Resident—How things have changed here in 20 years! I wouldn't know the town. What has become of Floggus, who used to shave notes and lend money to two per cent a month? Hotel Clerk—He's gone to his reward.

Former Resident—What! is he dead?

Hotel Clerk—Dead? Not of, your life! He's president of a trust company in New York.



LITTLE VISITS

WITH "UNCLE BY"

I'm Coming Home.

Oh, breath of June from the woodland, Oh, scent of the stream and fields, Oh, droning winds that are whispering Of peace that the country yields—I'm coming home!

Oh, hills floating in bayous, Oh, islands of rustling reed, Oh, willows bending above them, Oh, daisies of fragrant mead—I'm coming home!

Oh, fields that wave like the ocean, Oh, billows that ebb and flow, Oh, groves that shelter the birdlings, Oh, banks where the sunsets glow—I'm coming home!

Oh, maiden, fair as the flowers, With eyes that are soft and blue, Await to-night by the arbor, A-tryst for your lover true—I'm coming home!

Mumble-the-Peg.

An illustration entitled "Pulling the Peg" brings recollections. The man who would not smile broadly at the picture is "fit for strategies and such." The illustration shows a number of boys on a grassy plot, all down on their haunches, their knees or their stomachs, intensely interested in observing an unlucky comrade pulling the wooden peg from the ground with his teeth.

It is an old game, as old as the Pyramids of Egypt and as honored among boys as Sunday school. It is the subsequent farce that follows a game of "mumble-the-peg." The most indifferent player must pull the wooden stick from the soil. The length and size of the peg is regulated by very strict and well known rules. Being prepared the peg is set in the grassy earth and each boy may take a whack at it with the back of his knife, holding the blade as a handle, until the peg is driven down, down, no matter how deep, provided there is still another whack due the last boy.

Then the fun begins! Down on his knees with his nose in the grass goes the unlucky lad, like a zopher digging a hole in the meadow. The fortunate boys "ki-yi" and boot, laugh and shout uproariously as the face of the digger comes up covered with dirt, his mouth full of soil and lips sputtering to dispel the gravel. Down he goes again amid the plaudits of his fellows. His nose is almost flat so hard is he pressing the earth after the peg. After spitting out several mouthfuls of Mother Earth, he can reach the peg with his teeth. He takes a strong grip on the wood and pulls. Either the peg comes up or his teeth break off! Usually he gets the peg. To miss getting it would be to stand the taunts of his playmates for days! In after life when he goes after big projects he remembers the tenacity of purpose cultivated with "mumble-the-peg," and he wins.

Hence the playful game of youth is not without its lesson. It may be untidy, but men do worse things for money or for power, when the peg is deep, than rub a little dirt on their physiognomies—they rub it on their hearts and their consciences and cover over their sympathies with plating; all of which is worse than the smearing of a little soil on the face in an innocent game of "pulling the peg."

Trouble.

When father digs th' mow-machine I'm out th' hay-mow shaft, An' goes an' gits the ole can, While ma she kinder lats, I know that trouble has begun, An' I gist grab my bait an' run!

When mother goes out in th' yard An' measures with a stick Them gits th' little paws of seeds An' plans to sow them thick, I know that trouble has begun, An' I gist grab my bait an' run.

Say! spring would be gist twice as nice Without house cleanin' time An' things to tote outside an' in An' cellar steps to climb! I know then trouble has begun An' I gist grab my bait an' run.

If spring would come with only spring, An' nothin' else in sight But suckers in th' old mill race That flap round an' bite— There wouldn't be th' third bit fun! When I grab up my bait an' run!

Thieves.

Once upon a time a man stole a hot stove—and the people marveled. He completely overshadowed the man who stole the acorns from the blind mamma-peg. Now comes a man who steals a wagonload of unwrapped limburger from a cheese factory in Utica. The man is in jail. He should be given a life sentence. A man who will steal a wagonload of small like that, cannot be trusted. He might flich a soap factory or a political caucus. One never could tell what this man would do in a pinch. Once liberated he might purloin a royal scandal or a game plant. Keep him under lock and key until after wash day, anyhow!

A Pair.

"An Ohio hen chews tobacco," says an exchange. Chewing tobacco ought to be confined to all animals that can not spit. . . . A Massachusetts hen laid an egg with a quarter in it. We have always heard that there is money in hens. —Logan (O.) Republican.

Help!

A person can get a good drink at the drug store nearly any time now, as a doctor has had a new well drilled.—Burlington (Colo.) Republican.

An Art Critic.

"This art craze is going too far," said Blunt, when a pot of paint fell from a second-story window and struck him on the head. "No more decorated tiles for me," he mournfully added, as he began to scrape the yellow paint off his silk hat with a knife.

The Ills We Are Heir To.

There are three modes of bearing the ill of life—by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious, and by religion, which is the most effectual.

WOMEN'S KIDNEYS.

Are the Source of Most of Women's Sickness.



Mrs. Rebecca Mook, 1795 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be a victim of kidney troubles but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. The kidney secretions were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pants for the Orphans.

There is a praiseworthy custom in some families of sending all the "pants" that the boys have gone through, wholly or in part, to the asylum for orphans, and, as the orphans never mind a hole more or less, they are glad to get the garments. In one of these families a few days ago occurred a little incident bearing on this laudable custom. Fred was engaged in that extremely fascinating, but rather dangerous, sport of sliding down the banisters.

"What are you doing there, Fred?" asked mamma.

"Making pants for the poor little orphans," answered Fred.

Easy Victory for Pat.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

Said the Englishman, "Well, I've been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabbers," said Pat. "I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of carrots, a field of turnips, a field of parsley, one of onions and then a pond of water, and we were going so fast that I thought it was broth!"

BABY'S ITCHING HUMOR.

Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Owes Quick Cure to Cuticura.

"Several months ago, my little boy began to break out with itching sores. I doctored him, but in one place they would break out in another. I was almost in despair. I could not get anything that would help him. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never returned nor left him with bad blood, as one would think. Cuticura Remedies are the best I have ever tried, and I shall highly recommend them to any one who is suffering likewise. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washington St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

A Dreadful Secret.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you, either.

Husband—Have you secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.