

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CLAR



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. Uncle Billy, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, an old-timer, are on the trail. The story follows their adventures across the mountains and through the plains, showing the hardships of the pioneer life. Uncle Billy is a young man, and Phineas is an old-timer. The story follows their adventures across the mountains and through the plains, showing the hardships of the pioneer life.

CHAPTER VIII. The Cloven Foot.

Stella shivered apprehensively when Phineas walked into the dining room a few days after Alfred's departure, and crowded past the diners to take the only vacant seat at her table. Travel had grown heavier, and Stella assisted regularly now with the noon waiting. She shrank at Phineas's loud, familiar greeting, helplessly resenting the inquiring looks of the other guests.

Phineas indured her fear by discharging a bomb that startled more than Stella. "California is sure of her transmontane railroad now! The San Francisco and Washoe Railroad company has been organized with ten millions of capital behind it; and ten millions more it will get from the government, besides a whopping big land grant. The road goes by Placerville. It has staked out the backing of the baby state of Nevada, and already begun business. Oh, we fellows ain't asleep over Placerville way, you bet not! We'll make those C. P. stubber-degullions cough up their bootheels yet!"

His loud words carried to all and silenced the room for a pregnant instant. Even the clatter of iron cutlery was suspended. When a subdued hum did begin, dismay was in each

He did not move. "V's lessons don't begin till two; Sally B. said so. It's 1:15 now; time enough for a little talk, isn't there? I've something important to say to you." Phineas gazed at her boldly, expecting to see a flush of apprehensive color sweep her face. Her calmness only spurred him the more.

Stella's eyes were fixed on the opposite hillcrest, and she lifted her hand thoughtlessly to her hair while searching for an excuse to go that would be effective. The motion freed a handkerchief tucked in her belt, and it fluttered to the ground unseen by her.

Phineas furtively reached for it, examined it, noted the embroidered "Stella" in the corner and thrust it in his pocket. "Yes, look to your hair, California Berenice; it is quite brilliant enough to make stars of," he said impressively.

"Mr. Cadwallader, I cannot accept nor parry your extravagant compliments as a city girl would. Surely you can't be interested in the simple things I can say. Please let me go." Once again she moved as if to pass him. "A beautiful woman doesn't need to say things to be interesting. You haven't asked what it is I wished to say."

"Did you expect me to ask?" "Most girls would. That's where you are the more attractive. Sit down here and we'll talk it over. I'll make you comfortable." He reached for some of the overhanging boughs, intending to place them on the rock seat. The movement took him a pace from the opening.

"Really, Mr. Cadwallader, I'm sure you could tell me as well at the hotel. Good afternoon." She started toward the low, thorny opening.

He was after her with the spring of a cat. "No, you don't, my beauty! If you won't stay and talk, you shall give me a proper farewell."

The inequality of the ground availed him; and before she could divine his

his apparel. "You brass-mouthed sneak! I heard you kiss her, heard what you said. If you can't vent your spite on a man without stalking a woman you'd better get into hoops or ride a donkey to—the hell you came from! If Miss Anthony's name passes your lips to any one, you'll get my bullet! Vamoose!"



"I Thought You Went by the Stage."

tongue, confounded the bold eyes. Phineas turned away, speechless till he was safe outside the copse. From there he sent back a last hot shot. "I didn't know I was poaching on your preserves, you Lajun dandy! I resign."

Gideon set his teeth. Body and brain, heart and soul, rebelled against his restraining will, yet he neither stepped nor followed. A fighter born, Stella alone, and Stella in trouble, prevented him from giving Phineas the drubbing of his life. Gideon waited till the faint sound of footsteps proclaimed Phineas out of earshot before he picked up the handkerchief and turned to the strained face beside him.

"Poor little Star!" he said softly. "Don't cry, Moppett! He isn't worth one quarter of one of your tears."

"Oh, I know it, Gideon; but I'm so ashamed, so humiliated."

"The skunk!" Gideon's hands clenched till the knuckles were white. Abruptly he turned to Stella, grasping her arm with the hand that had rested tenderly on her shoulder. A quick flame leaped in his mystic eyes.

"Stella! You shall no longer be exposed to such insults! You must marry me, soon—now! You must!"

Stella's face grew quickly grave. "No, no, Gideon! I will never marry any man for protection. I'd not dare found a home when I'm so unprepared for its responsibilities. And—do you wish me to be a barkeeper's wife?"

Gideon started, stung by the scorn in her question, and released her arm. "But I'll do something else. I'll learn—any business you say. I know I can—for your sake I can."

Stella winced at the world of tenderness in his low words. "That's not done in a minute; and meantime—" "Meantime," he interrupted excitedly, hopefully, "meantime we'll be engaged. We'll tell Sally B.—tell everybody; and whoever dares make you unhappy shall feel that!" He held up his doubled fist.

Stella could not help feeling a woman's gratitude for the comfort and protection Gideon's loyal courage promised; yet she said nothing, looking down on the green breast of Nature, dumbly seeking some wise word from her bounty.

"Gideon"—she turned her eyes, still wet, to his—"Gideon, dear, you'd still want your wife to love, wouldn't you?"

"But you do love me—you've always loved me." His words were confident. He faced her, caught up her hands. "Oh, little Star, don't you remember that last night in the station? You put your hands to me and said: 'Gideon, how can I leave you?'"

Stella looked steadily at him, yet did not speak. Gideon was silenced by some strange thing that appeared in her eyes. She grew more and more remote. He saw her slipping from him. Though her hands were in his, her soul was saying farewell.

"Stella!" he cried imperiously, "you know you love me; you can't deny it." "Yes, Gideon, I love you. I would do anything in my power for you; I think—I think I would risk my life for you, as you've more than once risked yours for me. Yet—yet—" She paused, looked up and smiled at him. Drawing one hand free she brushed a bit of lint from his sleeve, taking unnecessary time for it. She was feeling her way to safety, striving for mastery without a scene. "Yet, Gideon, I know there must be another kind of love, the kind you have for me. You are older than I am, dear. I recognize no change in my feeling for you. I guess I'm still a child, and you'll have to wait for me to grow up."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

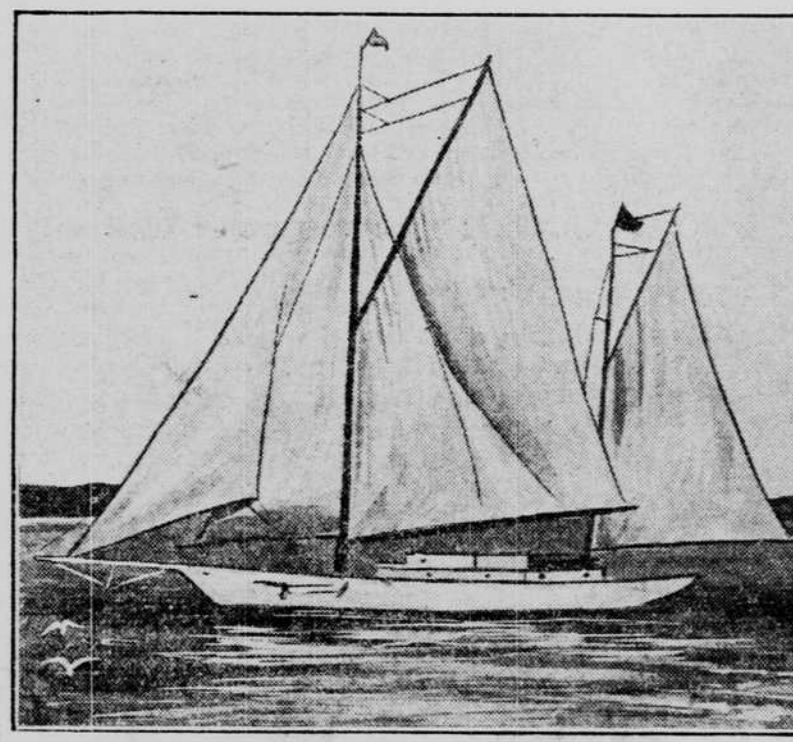
SECRETS OF CORAL REEFS

SCIENTISTS ON EXPEDITION TO FLORIDA KEYS.



An expedition has been sent out by the Carnegie foundation for the purpose of studying the coral formations along the Florida Keys and to the West Indies. The two scientists in charge of the expedition are Dr. A. G. Mayer, formerly of Cambridge, and Dr. W. T. Vaughn of the United States geological survey. Dr. Mayer is a navigator as well as a man of science, and he will be in command of the Carnegie boat Physalia, in which the voyage will be made.

Coral life will be studied along the route of the new railroad from Miami to Key West, where, in making a bed for the track foundations, the coral reefs have been cut through, leaving exposed much that is of interest and



The Physalia, Specially Equipped for the Expedition.

affording excellent opportunity for study. "We shall particularly study the living animals," said Dr. Mayer, just before starting. "The coral is an animal, not a plant, and lives upon small fish and other organisms which it sucks into its mouth. The coral of commerce is composed of the skeletons of these tiny animals. Much of the work which we shall do in West Indian waters will be examination of minute animal life under the microscope, and the study is of interest to a very small group of men."

Dr. Alred Goldsboro Mayer graduated from Harvard in 1897, and from 1892 to 1900 was assistant to Dr. Alexander Agassiz, the world authority in marine zoology, and particularly corals. From 1895 until 1900 Dr. Mayer was in charge of comparative zoology. Since that time he has been successively curator of natural sciences and curator-in-chief at the Brooklyn Institute museum, director of the marine laboratory, Carnegie Institute, and director of the department of marine biology at the Carnegie Institute, Washington. He was assistant to Dr. Alexander Agassiz to the Bahamas in 1892-3; Australia, 1896; Fiji islands, 1897; cruise of the Albatross through the tropical Pacific, 1899-1900; Dry Tortugas, Florida, 1897-8-9, 1902.

Dr. Vaughn is a geologist of national reputation, connected with the Smithsonian institution. He graduated from Harvard in 1893, A. M. 1894, Ph. D. 1903. He studied at museums in Europe, engaged in geological and paleontologic researches; is now geologist of the United States geological survey, and is custodian of Madreporarian corals in the United States National museum. He is a specialist on fossils and recent corals. He is the author of several works on coral growth.

Under the common name, coral, are included many species, probably the

most common being sponge coral and brain coral, their names signifying their shape. Corals are roughly classed under two heads, the horny corals, or the lime or stone corals. The former consists chiefly of a horny secretion from the polyps, which may include also separate particles of lime, and the stone corals consist almost wholly of lime firmly united in a solid mass.

Red coral—so much admired for its fine color and susceptibility to a high polish, and much used for ornamental purposes—is chiefly obtained from the Mediterranean, in some parts of which extensive "fisheries" are carried on. Red coral has a shrublike, branching form, and grows to the height of about a foot, with a thick

ness equal to that of the little finger. Black coral, the heart of which is solid, is still more highly prized. Coral was known to the ancients and was used for ornamental purposes by the Greeks.

Probably the most complete knowledge that the world has gained has been learned from the observations of Prof. Alexander Agassiz, director and curator of the University museum of Harvard, son of Harvard's most famous scientist, Louis Agassiz, and president of the Calumet & Hecla Mining company, as well as a world-wide traveler-student.

Alexander Agassiz's great specialty is marine zoology, and he is the recognized world authority on the subject. Back in the seventies Prof. Agassiz explored Lake Titicaca, between Peru and Bolivia, one of the highest lakes in the world. From 1877 to 1880 he directed the deep sea dredging operations of the United States government steamer Blake in West Indian waters, giving special attention to coral islands, and since then he has explored practically all the oceans.

In 1894 he made a notable expedition to the deep sea region of the Pacific, and it was during this expedition that Prof. Agassiz found the great submarine desert.

Coral reefs have always held a peculiar fascination for Prof. Agassiz, and after exhausting the reefs in the Pacific ocean he made an expedition to Queensland especially for the purpose of studying the famous Barrier reef.

At the time when he was about to start on his four months' exploration trip to the South Pacific in the Albatross, working on plans outlined by the government fish commission, Mr. Carnegie offered to finance the expedition to the extent of \$75,000.

In December 1896, Prof. Agassiz chartered the steam yacht Virginia for another investigation tour to the West Indies.

AT A CRITICAL TIME.

Women Are Likely to Suffer with Dangerous Kidney Disorders.



Mrs. John Kirk, R. F. D. No. 2, Detroit, Mich., says: "Five years ago at a critical time of life I was on the verge of a collapse with kidney troubles, back-ache, dizziness, puffy dropsy swellings and urinary irregularities. I lost flesh and felt languid, nervous or unstrung all the time. As my doctor did not help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a few weeks all these symptoms left me. I now weigh 163 pounds and feel in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Stork—I see you've got the goat, Flamingo. Flamingo—Wrong. Hear of centipede being caught scorching? Stork—Yes. Flamingo—Well, I put my foot on him and got burned.

COMPLAINTS ABOUT PAINT.

The time to complain about paint is before the painter applies it. The man who puts up the money should not shirk the responsibility of choosing the paint. True, the painter ought to know paint better than the banker, the professional man or the merchant. The trouble is, the house-owner too often deliberately bars the competent and honest painter from the job by accepting a bid which he ought to know would make an honest job impossible.

Secure your bids on the basis of National Lead Company's pure White Lead and pure Linseed Oil and see that you get these materials.

No one need be fooled by adulterated white lead. A blowpipe testing outfit will be mailed to anyone interested in paint.

Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City.

Ready to Pay Fine.

"I know where \$5,000,000 in cash lies concealed," said a New York lawyer. "This vast sum lies concealed in the inside vest pocket of the 30,000 automobilists of New York state. Each man carries \$100 of it in one crisp note, ready to be paid out in a fine, if he should be arrested for speeding. Fines, though, don't appear to stop speeding," he continued. "Perhaps the rich automobilist regards them much as the Arabian wood thief did. The thief was arrested. The magistrate said to him: 'You are brought up on the charge of stealing wood. This charge has been proved against you. But you are old and poor and you shall be let off this time. Only don't do it again.' 'Nonsense!' retorted the thief. 'Let us not have any false sentimentalities here. I steal my wood, I pay my fine, and there's an end of it!'"

Economical Physician. Ambassador Wu Ting-fang was once, it is alleged, telling about a certain selfish politician. He said: "The man reminds me of a doctor of Shanghai. A mandarin came to this doctor for advice. He could not sleep, had no appetite, suffered a good deal from depression and nevertheless was taking on fat at an alarming rate. 'Well soon put you in condition again,' said the physician. 'What you need is exercise, good, hard exercise. Four times a week you can come here and put in the morning polishing my floors.' 'But why not my own floors?' the mandarin inquired. 'Mine,' said the physician, 'are larger.'"

How He Got Rid of Rats. A farmer describes his method of clearing the premises of rats in the following manner: "On a large number of old shingles I put a half-teaspoonful of treacle each, and on that with my pocket knife I scraped a small amount of concentrated lye. I then placed the old shingles around under the stable floors and under the cribs. The next morning I found 40 dead rats, and the rest left the farm for parts unknown. I have cleared many farms of the pests in the same way, and have never known it to fail."

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion. I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well. The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



ENDED IN CHILDISH TRAGEDY

Fate of Two Pickaninnies Who Went on a Cruise.

Afloat on the bounding wave—in a wash-tub—two pickaninnies went cruising Thursday, says the Houston Chronicle. They sailed until they were rescued, and with that event came a rainwater bath. White men pulled them to the shore to leave them gurgling in the arms of two black mammas.

There were no signals of distress flying as the two babies in a tub floated swiftly down White Oak bayou. The current was running like a mill race, but the tub was properly balanced for the ride.

As it emerged from the jungle into the ship channel the excitement in-

Very well, Mr. Crocker; I'll be with you in a minute." He turned to Stella. There was something in her unguarded face that set his every nerve a-tingle; that elated yet maddened him. Still, he must hold himself in check, must not lose a second; most of all, he must not let her know what he had learned. "Yes, it must be good-bye, after all, you see," he said tensely. "I'll be back soon; we'll have a talk then." He made a snatch at dinner for looks' sake, and mounted beside the superintendent; while onlookers passed bets as to whether Alfred was a company employe or a "big bug" with a pocketbook Charley Crocker was trying to hook."

And Stella behind the window curtain with blurring eyes watched the stage whirl away into the dark pines.