

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. E. MILLER

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. Later at another station they find the remains have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. The travelers find that Anthony has been killed. Vincent with letters of introduction to Gov. Stanford is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad, being built. He hears of safe arrival of Stella Anthony in a letter from her. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on road and receives token of esteem from Stella, embodied in a neat lunch and forget-me-not. "Uncle Billy" arrives in railroad town, meeting Stella. He hears news that desired railroad bill has passed. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. Stella receives "Uncle Billy" with kisses for her brought her a new hat. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella in the California town, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town and to Stella boasts of success of his enterprise. She writes to Alfred Vincent of it. Plying his attentions Cadwallader later insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant who has protected her for years.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

He looked at her sharply, incredulously; did not give back her smile. "You looked grown up enough when you walked by with that white-faced Vincent Tuesday. I hate—"

"Hush, Gideon! You shall not speak so! He's done you no harm. Do you think you can make me love you by abusing other men?"

He turned away, but she saw his dark face cloud to blackness, his hands open and close, his fingers set deep into his palms. A vertical vein in his forehead grew dark and full, a sign she dreaded.

At last his angry eyes fixed hers, and he spoke sullenly. "If it wasn't for him you'd care for me. He has stolen—"

Stella interrupted him desperately. "Gideon, listen!" She caught his arm, and he felt her tremble, though her look was fearless. "I know I shall never love you as you should be—as I must love the man I marry. You must not expect—not hope for it. I know what such love should be—know I would rather live alone all my life and see the man I loved pass once a year on the street than marry any other!"

"Yes, that's right! But you'd want to kill the woman who kept him from you!"

"No, no, no! For she would be the one he loved! Should I wish to make him unhappy?"

He started as if struck. He dropped his head dejectedly. Pity awoke as danger seemed averted. "Go back to town, Gideon, please. I'm so sorry! I'm—you know I wouldn't willingly hurt you, don't you? Please go!"

She stopped and lowered her lids that he might not see the trembling tears. But he did not speak; and presently she looked at him again, her gaze drawn by his silence. A tense motionlessness held him, and she saw a flame rise and gleam in his eyes.

"Yes, Stella, I will go. But I shall come again, another man—though I'll have the same heart. Whatever it is that gives a man charm for a woman that I'll find. And you shall 'grow up' very suddenly when next you see me. You shall love me—do you hear, Stella?" Don't think I shall fall—you shall love me!"

With no good-bye he shot out of the house.

It was Stella's first defeat. Bewildered, apprehensive, a lonely hour she battled before she felt able to face again the Argus-eyed little town.

As she rose to go a piece of folded paper caught her attention. She picked it up and opened it to find a meaningless jumble of words written in a hand she knew was not Gideon's. It must be something belonging to Phineas. Should she return it to him? No. Evidently it was of no importance. She would tear it up. Yet some secondary impulse impelled her to put it in her pocket; and when she was again at the hotel, to lay it away among her papers.

CHAPTER IX.

Alfred Scores for the Company.

Gloom filled the small office in Sacramento where the affairs of the Central Pacific railroad were mapped and ordered. The newspapers had exploited the organization of the San Francisco & Washoe Railroad company in scarehead, dispatch and editorial.

And now this lightning stroke from Nevada! Would those hard-headed miners be so duped? Would they not see the trick, the trap? Not see that the beginning of a second road would wreck the chances of both? They must see! The Central Pacific must win!

Mr. Crocker rose quickly upon the entrance of Mr. Hopkins and the railroad president, glad for the interruption of his unwelcome thoughts.

"Tell me what on earth those fellows base their claim for government aid on?" he asked before the others were seated.

"The San Francisco & Washoe company claim a shorter, more feasible route than ours, and the certainty of a more speedy arrival at the state line. Here is the way Vincent shows them up."

The governor opened a Carson City paper that contained a half-page pictorial map of the San Francisco & Washoe railroad route, showing up its many weak points and the almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted it.

"Did Vincent do that?" The superintendent looked incredulous.

"Yes; and more. I am in receipt of Carson City and Virginia papers containing articles showing up the pretensions of the San Francisco & Washoe company in telling sarcasm, and by inference placing our company in

most favorable light. But you can read these at your leisure. There's great news in Vincent's letter!"

The superintendent had lost his despondency. "We did right to trust that young chap. What's the biggest thing he's got to say for himself?"

"For us, you mean, don't you, Crocker?" He got Senator Stewart out in print against the S. F. & W. proposition and favoring us; and the Nevada legislature has turned the S. F. & W. people down."

"That's two items, both large," interjected the exact treasurer.

"But Vincent's only a boy, and this is astute work for an old politician. Isn't he overconfident? Are you sure these things are done to stay?" asked Mr. Crocker, skeptically.

"Vincent's all right. You can read for yourself soon. Cadwallader made a big bluff with his petition, but Vincent wasn't idle in the lobby. When the measure came up the Nevada solons asked Cad to show the names and stock subscriptions behind his glittering generality of 'respectable and well-known capitalists and ten millions.' Cad asked for a week's time to make good and they gave it to him."

"What did he do?" Mr. Hopkins inquired with eager interest.

"By George! He skinned out to Placerville, and a man Vincent hired went on the same stage. That railroad company was a myth; didn't even exist on paper till Cad arrived and set 'em sharp at it, with McLane at the head. They organized then; and how much stock do you suppose was subscribed after all that bluster?"

"A million?" asked the superintendent, tentatively.

"Just \$9,000!"

The two listeners were amazed, unconvinced.

"That's a fact," the governor reassured.

"But what about the ten millions capital?" Charles Crocker wondered if the black gobins of the morning had been, after all, only scarecrows of his own conjuring.

"That's what they are going to get from the government." The president smiled at the incredulous faces before him.

Scorn tinged the relief in the superintendent's face. "Why, they're bigger fools than Thompson's colt! Did

they show 'em up in the papers?"

"He hasn't yet. He's sensible as well as sharp. He told Stewart only enough to get him to declare himself, promising proof when it was needed. Vincent's argument was this: That the people behind the San Francisco & Washoe railroad aren't dead, if their road is; and unnecessary hostility to their schemes would react unfavorably on Nevada in higher freight tariffs and in other ways—a matter to be avoided as far as possible while our road is building."

"Mr. Vincent has a long head for one so young," the treasurer said appreciatively.

"Yes; Mr. Huntington hasn't overestimated him. Vincent says further that we can work better if the opposition fancies we haven't seen through their little scheme, and of course he is right. The boy proposes to leave our employ."

"What?" cried Mr. Crocker. "After enquiring those fellows so slick! What's the matter with him?"

The governor's eyes were merry. "He says he's now known as an agent and his usefulness as a secret worker is over for the present. He thinks he should have some inconspicuous position for a time, and suggests that of brakeman, where he can catch a little of what is going on and yet fall out of public view."

"That's a good point the boy makes about lying low for a while. I'll make him a brakeman as soon as you'll let me have him, governor. He'll skip from freight to passenger in no time."

"That'll save us something in salary; though—" the treasurer paused.

"What? You wouldn't reduce his salary, would you?" vociferated Mr. Crocker.

"No; I suppose we must not, after what he has accomplished for us." The treasurer's voice was weary.

No mother with a lean purse and a hungry six could better plan through sleepless hours to make one dollar do the work of two than this watch-dog of the Central Pacific company's treas-

ure, a treasury hardly besieged and seldom replenished. Not even his associates knew how, back of his genteel courtesy, always stalked the gaunt ghost of bills nearly payable, of bills due. Yet ever upon the threshold of exposure, Mark Hopkins laid them low. The Central Pacific company never failed to meet its obligations.

CHAPTER X.

The Lonely Battle with the Storm.

A fierce April storm, the severest of the year! Wet snow, melting almost as it fell, wrapped the town in a sheet of red mud.

It was wearing toward dark, and the stage, seven hours late, had not yet arrived. Stella stood alone by the hotel office window looking up at the mountain peaks, which loomed distant and ghostly through the fitful flakes. Rarely did snow fall at that altitude; and its untimeliness, after two months of summer-like spring, doubled Stella's depression. She was worn with anxiety. This was Uncle Billy's trip.

The wires had gone down. The last word had been from Coburn's, where he had passed safe and on time. But Coburn's was only at the eastern doorstep of the Sierras! Along Donner's frozen shore, zigzagging up the awful steep, across the trackless Summit valley where the summer road lay twice a coach's length beneath the winter snow road—Stella trembled with fear and prayed that Uncle Billy's passengers might be men of courage and strength, young men. Poor Uncle Billy! He was so old!

Fifty, forty—even the prime of life is old age to youth so lately embarked on the soul's voyage.

Stella turned from the dark landscape to read again Gideon's letter:

"I'm glad I dared fate. Such incredible luck I've had! I was prospecting in the gorge just above your father's old, worked-out mine, and in a dilapidated cabin—built since we left there, it was—I found a cigar box with a lot of bullion in it. It must have been years there; for it was half-covered with pine needles fallen through a hole in the roof."

"I came to this city, sold the stuff, bought stocks, sold them, bought again, and have now \$5,000 good money in the bank, besides more that I've saved and my stock. That five thousand shall not be touched. It is to found a home, our home! I'm studying men. I'm trying to learn the things you'd have me know, and do something that you won't be ashamed of. I think it will be teaming. There are a couple of outfits here that go to sheriff's sale to-morrow. If I can get them cheap enough, and trusty men, I'll buy, and lease other teams."

"And soon I'm coming to you—when I'm used to my cane; and my clothes and I are older friends; and when I've picked up a few more points on stocks and men."

"There's some secret on foot. Cadwallader has been here for a week or two. He was blowing harder than ever when he left two days ago; said Virginia was doomed, mines worked out, and a lot more. That means something in the wind. I look for a strike somewhere—the announcement of it, rather. It has already happened, I'm sure; but the owners are keeping dark till they can buy in all the stock at bed-rock figures."

"Good-night, little Star! These long weeks have been years to me. When I come you'll see a different Gideon—the same heart, though—and you'll think me better than the old Gideon, your lover always."

It was his first man's letter to Stella. She marveled at his fluency, yet recalled their childish game of post-office and his smoothly worded though ink-blotted epistles.

Who was Gideon? Many times she had asked this question of him, once of her father. He told her that Gideon was a waif, and bade her think of something else.

She started from the window with sudden, unaiming energy, as if she would shake free a hand already grasping her. The sharp rap and dull thump of Alvin's alternat'ing crutch and shoe came down the street, welcome sounds to her.

Like a draught of cool air on a hot cheek came his merry voice.

"Are you here, Miss Stella?" he asked, poking his head through the door into the dim room. "You stood at the window a minute ago."

"Yes; and so glad to see you, Alvin. Come in."

"I can't stop a minute. Here's some stuff that's been on my mind ever since it went through on the wire before daylight yesterday. It's Chocotaw to me. Some man's cipher, all right; but I'll bet a cookie that's Blowhard Cad's signature."

Stella looked up quickly, apprehension in her face. "That means—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ever since the discovery of remains of prehistoric animals in the Fayum desert in 1901 made North Africa the storm center of paleontology, men of science have been seeking to exhaust the secrets of that region, and to solve the problems of origin which the Fayum fossils suggested. By 1905 Mr. Beadnell, accompanied by Dr. Andrews of the British museum, had proved that Africa, far from being a continent parasitic upon Europe, was a partly dependent, but chiefly independent center of a highly varied life, "a great breeding place, not only of animals which subsequently wandered into Europe, but of animals belonging to types hitherto unknown." Before the work of Dr. Andrews had been even begun, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of

Natural History had prophesied that the original home of the elephants and of several other great groups would be found to be in Africa. These animals, he believed, in spite of the contrary opinion of science, had invaded Europe, Asia and North America from Africa.

The American museum authorities, so rich in the remains of the great monsters of their own country, could not fail to be interested in the Fayum discoveries, and Prof. Osborn longed to fit out an expedition to discover, if possible, and bring back to the New York treasure-house the African ancestors of the vast creatures which once inhabited the American continent. In due time the plan became an accomplished fact; the Egyptian government, in the person of Lord Cromer, gave the American explorers every help in its power, and Prof. Osborn and his assistants went to work. As their caravan crossed the desert, it amused Mr. Osborn to think that he was going with camels, the gift of the western American plains, to bring back the remains of elephants, which were the gift of Africa to all the other continents.

At first, the results of the American Museum's search were disappointing, but after ten days the explorers were rewarded with the jaws and teeth of the ancestral elephant which the expedition chiefly desired, and a fortnight later they found a complete skull of the Palaeomastodon, belong-

ing to the second stage of the evolution of the elephant. A week later, the skull of a Moeritherium (the beast of Lake Moeris) came to light, and Mr. Osborn knew that he had found the representative of the first distinctive stage in the evolution of the elephant.

Twenty-seven species of land animals were discovered by the Egyptian survey, and now several new animals were discovered by the American expedition. These include the giant Arctotheres, the smaller and larger ancestral elephants, the large and small rock-conies, and certain pig-like animals. With two exceptions, all these animals were short-footed and slow-moving, and they had a pair of front teeth as large as tusks, probably for defense against the actively running carnivora of the period. The Arctotheres were one exception, and defended themselves by sharply pointed horns. Two million years ago the Mediterranean bordered on Eocene Libya, and was inhabited by whales known as the Zeuglodon, remains of which have been found in every part of the Fayum region. These creatures were extraordinarily long and snake-like, and were far more slender in body than any existing whale. Among other discoveries made in Eocene Libya are remains which go to prove that the Sirenia, or sea-cows, represent an aquatic offshoot from the very stock which gave rise to the elephant. This kinship was surmised by de Blainville long before Darwin, and it has now been confirmed by the extraordinary resemblance between the most ancient sea-cow, the Eotherium, and the most ancient of the elephants, the Moeritherium.

The scene of the researches, El Fayum, a name derived from the ancient Egyptian word "Phiom," meaning "the lake," lies 50 miles southwest of Cairo, and is the fertile alluvial bottom of a great natural depression, or basin, enriched by the Nile sediments, which have poured for ages into a large natural lake of late geological times, and subsequently into the more contracted Lake Moeris of the Ptolemies.

The brackish lake named Birket-Qurun which bounds the Fayum to the north-west is the vestigial remnant of these two great sheets of fresh water. It lies 130 feet below sea-level, and receives such a meager overflow from the vast irrigation system of the Fayum plains that it is constantly diminishing in extent and increasing in salinity.

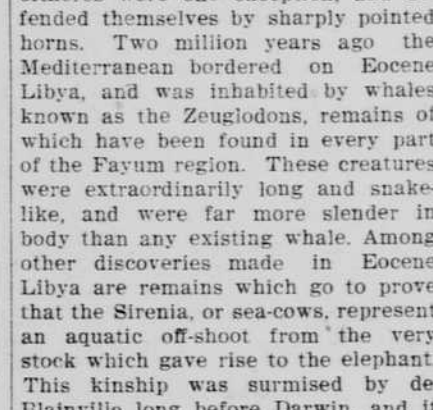
The rich historical associations of the northerly shores of these ancient and modern reservoirs begin with the Palaeolithic flint-makers. They include the irrigation works of Amenemhat I., 2200 B. C.; they cover the rise and fall of populous Greek and Roman cities, now represented by the ruins known as Dimeh and Mushim. But far back of this period of man, the discoveries of the survey on the northerly shores of these same lakes reveal the presence of a world of life so ancient that the pyramids seem as of yesterday.

Excavators bending over the jaw of one of the ancestral elephants.



PROFESSOR OSBORN AND MR. FERRAR IN THE ZEUGLODON VALLEY

Where the Excavations Are Being Made.



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Caught Milk Thief on Fishing Line. After numerous bottles of milk had been stolen from his window on the first floor of No. 318 East One Hundredth street, Henry Cantowitz rigged up 40 feet of line on a spool, hooked one end to a newly deposited bottle and with the spool in front of him watched for a "hook."

When the spool moved rapidly across the floor to the window sill he followed. And as it danced down the street pointed it out to a policeman, Harry Wolf, on the other end, was fined two dollars in the Harlem court.

ROMANCE OF BURIED PICTURES. Long-Hidden Works of Great Artists Strangely Brought to Light.

The romantic story of the picture purchased at a London auction, which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth \$40,000, is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovers and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovers, who, on close examination, found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the scales, and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the earl of Bristol for \$7,500.

Dread of Marble Portraits. "One peculiarity of human nature that I am reminded of daily," said a sculptor, "is the disinclination of the average man to look upon himself reproduced in marble. The sight strikes him with positive dread. It makes him feel as if he were looking on his own lifeless body. For that reason it is difficult to persuade many persons worth modelling to sit for a sculptor. Frequently I am asked why most of my work is modeled after dead and gone subjects. The answer is that living people refuse to give me a commission. The art of the sculptor differs there from that of the painter. Everybody likes to be painted. The sight of one's face, one's figure, one's clothes in a picture evokes nothing but pleasurable emotions, if well done, but to see one's self carved out of marble produces such an overpowering sense of death that many sensitive persons put off immortalization at the hands of a sculptor until they are really dead."

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