

# THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. WILLIAMS

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony's keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing the plans of enemies of railroad, being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. 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 finds their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, returns to town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unmasked and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found. The letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakeman Alfred Vincent, who arrives on scene. Impudently he attempts to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora and sending the ship laden with iron for railroad to Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford, sponsor of Central Pacific. Phineas signs statement, promising that he will enter the governor's cause and the latter tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is understood by sale of a link to Central Pacific.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

On the morning of the day of days Gideon returned from his long absence. Stella knew nothing of his wanderings save the little told in his infrequent letters; and she was quite unprepared for the Gideon who presented himself before her. The change she saw in him was mysterious, almost uncanny. Something about him, his clothes, his bow, his voice, an atmosphere she could neither define nor understand, made her feel as if a character before unknown had stepped out of a book to meet her. She was glad there was no time for him, that she could plead the pressure of work for the evening.

He had hardly gone when Yic Wah poked his yellow face into grand-mam's room, where in spite of August heat, four women were plying hurrying needles in last preparations for the evening.

"Charley Crocker, he come now plitty soon."

"Cut my shoestrings! Extras, Yic; and hurry!" Sally B. rolled up her work with one hand, smoothed her hair with the other and was out of the room before the cook's reply was finished.

"You callee me Yic Wah! Sabee? All light. Extras plenty gosh quick. I damn bully," he called after her as he ambled to the kitchen, his words following her flying form to the office door.

Standing in the open doorway Sally B. began a voluble welcome to her distinguished guest while "he was yet a great way off," her high words carrying like arrows from a tart bowstring.

Not to the public wash basin and all-servant roller towel, but to her fastidiously clean best room, kept for such emergencies, Sally B. conducted Mr. Crocker for "a wash-up 'n hair-brush." Without actual need of the ceremony, he was too tactful to decline it, but used Sally B.'s home-wrought conveniences with an appreciative thoroughness that brought broad smiles to her face as she stood by, serving him, and retelling well-selected railroad gossip the while.

The dinner served to the superintendent, seated apart in a corner of the dining room, testified to Yic Wah's fine understanding of the laconic order, "extras." The flag-draped, fir-trimmed walls, and a stage at the end of the room, aroused Mr. Crocker's curiosity; and Sally B.'s description of the show to be held there that night "for the benefit of Jim Sackett's widow" was so eloquent that Mr. Crocker put in her hand the first five dollars for "a reserved seat," he said.

At six o'clock came a message from Alfred to Stella. "My train is ordered to the front. You'll have to postpone the programme till I come. Set them to dancing, and get Sally B. to explain. She's hostess; it will come properly from her. I'll be there as soon as possible. It will be after ten."

The dispatch met Stella as she went in to supper, early to-night and contrary to her custom.

Teamsters, trainmen, shopkeepers, saloonmen, gamblers, employes of Ingram, Finn & Gould's Fast Freight wagon train to leave in a day or so for the desert, the three musicians from Auburn, a traveling minister—it was an odd companionship of brawn, brain and guile there at supper under the yellow kerosene lights in Sally B.'s hotel. No table-talk served as a sauce to meat; no ceremony graced the daily meal. Men did not eat, they fed—three times a day, if work allowed.

A quick transformation from dining room to theater was followed soon by the arrival of the audience from shop and shack, from saloon, camp, distant ranch—a human mosaic. Sally B. made an effective speech of welcome and explanation; and the ball began.

The flax and dip of candles twinkling in the greens; the twang of fiddle; the scrape of heavy boots in "bow and swing;" the few well-mated couples that whirled in the dizzying, old-fashioned waltz, winning time from the tired musicians because of their grace and beauty—how fascinating it

all was! Stella had not before guessed the possibilities of her little world.

"Deal yer dances fair, Stella," Sally B. whispered as she sailed by, herself as popular as the light-footed Viola. "Where women's skurce, partiality breeds fights," she added a moment later, when her partner seated her near Stella. "An' look out for Gid. He's got up to kill, ha'n't he? He'll be jealous, whether ye give him any call or no."

Stella but half listened to Sally B.'s wise advice; her heart was out in the wild with Alfred. She danced automatically, and forgot the warning because Gideon was quickest at her elbow.

"You know no one else can give you as good a dance as I, Stella," he pleaded almost before another had seated her, and bore her off in the face of a dozen disappointed ones.

Ten o'clock! Half-past ten! Would Alfred never come? Mr. Crocker came down to look on, and Stella wished desperately, unreasoningly, that he had gone to bed. Was he only waiting for Alfred? Would business chain him? But surely Alfred would insist on this one night—that little there was left of it.

Ten-forty! A scared-looking boy came in with a note for Sally B. Stella, watching her as she read, saw her face grow white, saw her whisper to the boy and send him away. And she noticed that Sally B. danced and laughed no more.

Alfred came at last, panting, a red spot on his cheek, his lips dry, his

mediate word with Alfred. He told her of it as they walked slowly down the room.

She saw an angry gleam in his eye, saw his set, stern jaw; but he spoke hardly a word. Stella almost felt that his anger was for her. In vain she looked for some tender glance, some whisper that would explain. She could not know that Alfred was fighting one of the few fierce battles of his life; that he was almost ready to strike out with his fist for possession of her, to defy Mr. Crocker, business, all the same and safe and dutiful things of life. But the wild moment passed, and more than once on his way to the door he looked back tender messages to her.

The supper hour came; but she would not go with Gideon upstairs, where it was laid in the "corral," fearing that Alfred, in his first search for her, would miss her. Neither would she dance afterward, but sat out a schottische, refusing all on a plea of fatigue.

Gideon danced with no one but Stella, and hung about her, entranced by her new beauty. When at last a waltz was called love and anger joined hands. "Just a few steps, Stella," he pleaded; "when Vincent comes I'll give way. Why doesn't he come in spite of Charley Crocker and claim his dance like a man?"

"But he must stay if Mr. Crocker wishes," she said, her lips defending, her heart sore.

"Do you suppose 50 Charley Crockers or railroad jobs would keep me from a promise to you?" Gideon asked vehemently.

Something in Stella's passionate heart responded for a moment to Gideon's lawless flame, though deep in her soul she knew that she more honored Alfred's devotion to duty.

"Anyway, I'd think you would be ashamed to let him see so plainly that you love him. Men don't care for girls that fling themselves openly. They despise 'em."

Stung as by a lash, Stella rose, and without a word stepped out on the floor with Gideon. In any garb he was a striking figure. To-night his faultless dress enhanced his Spanish grace and joy softened his dark, inscrutable

fred was standing by Sally B., who was speaking. An unusual, solemn gentleness in her voice recalled Stella to her surroundings. Mrs. Sackett was dead! What did the people wish done with the money so generously given for her that night? Sally B. paused an instant, then went on a little unsteadily: "Will you have this you've paid in here go for the poor woman's debts, an'—an'—for the buryin'!"

Assent was quiet but hearty. They did not move at once. Each spoke a few sympathetic words to his neighbor.

There was no more jollity. Admiring young eyes, regretful in the face of tragedy for the early close of their rare festival, watched as a sacred rite the unstringing and boxing of the instruments. Subdued, the people rose, the less bashful to clasp Sally B.'s hand in farewell, others wishing enviously for courage to do the same, yet passing out without venturing the conspicuous courtesy.

Soon all had stepped into the starry night; and the house slipped from merry-making to dreamland.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Tis But Thy Name That Is My Enemy."

Alfred did not leave the dining room, but seated himself in the screened niche that had hidden the water cooler from the general gaze. He was glad to be out of the light, even the mild light of sputtering candles. He wished to think, to live over again some of the moments of the night. But the bustle of belated dancers and Sally B.'s hasty orders for his supper annoyed him, till Stella's voice was added to the hubbub, and he found himself straining to catch her every word.

"It's most ready, Stella," he heard Sally B. say as a soft step came nearer. "Everybody's gone, and—look out for yer silk trail! I've set a table in among them greens where you an' him play-acted; but the screen's in front so nobody can see in the winder."

"How dear you are!" he heard Stella reply.

"Hah! It's Yic that's dear. You bet! Vincent's the only feller Yic'd make a kitchen fire for at three in the mornin'. Yic's stuck on Al; says he's 'all samee red button Chinaman.'"

Stella made a light movement before she spoke again. "Oh, what nice things to eat, and linen napkins, hemstitched! And china! Where did you find it all?"

"Oh, them's some bits of high life I've kep' hid fur a spell. You kin make the tea soon's the water boils; an' take in the tray. I'm dead tired. Good-night."

"Oh, Mrs. Sally, you're going to stay, too, aren't you?"

"Lawsy! You don't want me. An' I want 40 winks 'fore sunup."

Alfred blessed her understanding heart.

"You're so good to me," Stella said, and the swish of her silken skirt as she crossed to Sally B. reached Alfred's ear.

"Shucks! Good for nuthin'! I ben young myself onct."

An instance of silence followed, an audible kiss and Sally B. tramped out of the room by side door, while Stella descended to the kitchen.

Alfred was grateful for the stillness, glad that, for the moment, even Stella was unaware of his nearness. He would not speak till there was no danger of interruption.

Yic Wah came in and put out all the lights save the one in the screened corner of the stage. Alfred heard him leave the room and pass through the kitchen, giving Stella an elaborate good-night before he shut and locked the outer door.

With the grating of the key and the assurance of no further intruding, Alfred slipped from the actual, the solid, into the love-land his Romeo's dress recalled. The darkness was welcome. Not even yet would he call Stella. For a moment he would dream.

No need of lamp or candle; the re-splendence of his visions illumined him. The song in his heart throbbed melodiously on, it seemed for hours; yet it was only minutes, and but a few, when the rustle of skirts and a second light appearing behind the screen aroused him. The rustling went and came again, and a faint tinkle of china struck his ear. Then he heard his name!

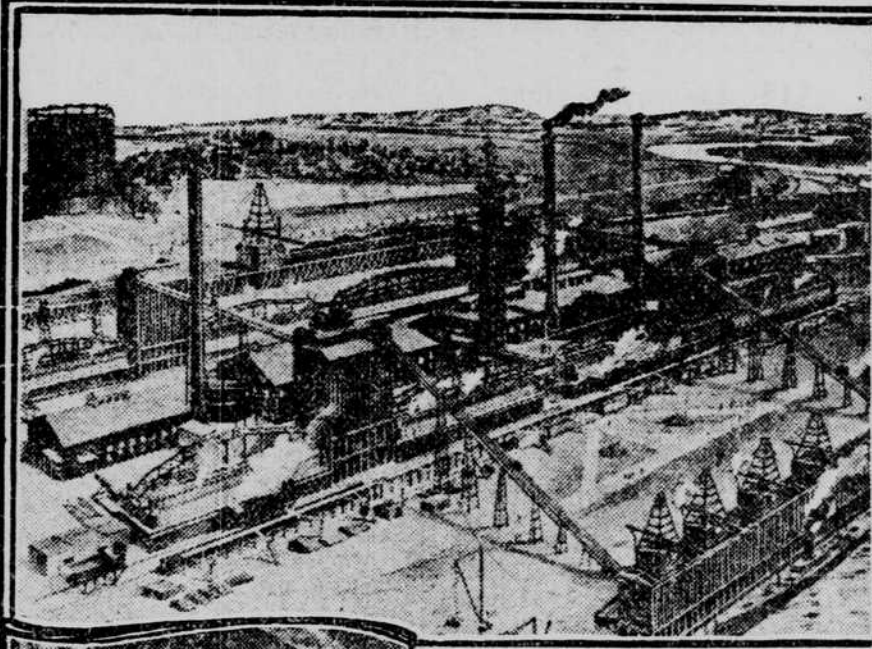
"Mr. Vincent!" softly; and after a breath, hesitatingly, "Romeo."

Alfred sprang out of his nook, but did not speak. There she stood, above him on the high stage, the light from behind the screen flaring sidewise upon her; next him the cheek he had longed to kiss in the play, but did not. A little pale she was now, yet so fair and sweet! Her lips were apart, her hand lifted as if to catch the sound of his coming. How beautiful she was! How sweet and womanly! And in the lonely darkness how near and intimate—his own! his own!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# CREOSOTE in the MAKING

GREAT WOOD PRESERVATIVE HAS INTERESTING HISTORY.



BIG COKE AND GAS PLANT PRODUCES COKE AND GAS AND MANY VALUABLE BY-PRODUCTS AMONG THEM CREOSOTE OIL.



THE NEW COKE OVEN WASTEFUL PROCESS, AS ALL BY-PRODUCTS ARE LOST.

BATTERY OF GAS RETORTS FROM BY-PRODUCT OF COAL-TAR CREOSOTE IS MADE

One of the significant signs of the times is the awakening of the American people to the dangerous destruction of their forest wealth, and the necessity of a wise use of what remains of it. Undoubtedly, in the future the nation must utilize its forest crop less wastefully, both in the woods and in the mill, and must make provision for future crops; but that is not the only way to prolong the timber supply. If the service of the wood which is used can be lengthened, it will largely decrease the amount of timber that must be cut.

And this can be done by treating the wood with chemicals which will poison the low forms of plant life which attack it and cause it to decay. The growth of timber is slow, and when the dearth of it becomes pressing, a new crop cannot be grown quickly enough to prevent a time of severe shortage. Preservative treatment of timber has the advantage, as a remedy, that it can be applied immediately. Its importance is, therefore, attracting increasing attention.

Many chemicals have been used for the preservation of timber, among them blue vitriol, corrosive sublimate and chloride of zinc. The most effective preservative is the substance called "creosote oil," or "creosote." On account of the similarity of the names, many people suppose this to be the creosote obtained from wood, such as can be obtained, refined for medicinal purposes, at the drug stores. But the two are quite different, and should not be confused. The creosote used in wood preservation is obtained from coal, by a most interesting process.

Nearly every city now uses gas for light and fuel, and many people know that this illuminating gas is often made from coal. But the many things besides gas which are obtained in this process are not so well known. It is one of these other products from which is obtained the creosote oil used for wood preservation.

To understand how all these things are produced, it is necessary to know something which the chemists can tell us. Coal, they say, is composed partly of the substance called carbon, partly of compounds of this carbon with the gas hydrogen, which they have named "hydrocarbons." When the coal is heated sufficiently, away from air, the hydrocarbons are driven off in the form of gas. Illuminating gas is made by subjecting coal of the proper kind to this process, which is known as "dry distillation." The coal is put into a long, fire-clay oven, or "retort," shaped much like a giant model of the little cakes which the bakers call "lady fingers," the retorts being about 13 feet long, two feet wide and 16 inches deep. A number of these retorts are built side by side, in three rows, one above the other, the ends of the retorts being supported in a brick wall which also extends around the ends of the rows and over the top, and thus entirely incloses the retorts.

The retorts are partly filled with coal, after which they are sealed, so that no air can get into them. They are then heated to a temperature of about 2,100 degrees Fahrenheit. Under this intense heat almost all the hydrocarbons of the coal pass off, leaving behind only the "fixed" carbon, which comes out of the retort as coke.

The residue remaining in the still after the distillation is "pitch," which is chiefly used together with coal tar saturated felt in the preparation of gravel or slag roofing. In America roofing pitch is the chief end for which tar is distilled. In Europe this is not so true. Now pitch for roofing must be rather soft. Therefore tar distillation is not carried so far in this country as it is in Europe. For creosote oil it would be better if it were carried farther, since the substances which distill at the higher temperatures in most cases neither evaporate in the air nor dissolve in water as readily as those which distill more easily. Consequently they stay in the wood for a longer time, and protect it correspondingly from decay.

Much study is being devoted by the United States forest service to creosote oil, to determine what its composition should be to give the best results in preserving timber, under different conditions, and how the most desirable creosotes may be obtained. The reports of these studies, together with detailed description of the more economical processes of applying the preservatives to wood, have been worked into circulars which the government has placed at the disposal of all users of timber.

Putting it Gently.

Mr. Henpeck—I hear that young Jones and his wife are not getting along very well.

Mrs. Henpeck (authoritatively)—Jones should never have married when he did; he was too young to realize the step he was taking.

Mr. Henpeck—Yes, I know—but I like the boy; we have many things in common.

In Doubt.

Mamma—Don't you like your dollie, Ethel?

Little Ethel—Yes, mamma. But do you think her complexion is natural?

Engravings Made by Nature

Finds by Geologists in Quarries of Lithograph Stone.

For many years the greatest source of the fine-grained stone used in lithography has been the quarries at Solenhofen, in Bavaria. These quarries possess a particular interest, because in them have been discovered remains of exceedingly strange and rare prehistoric animals, such as some of the flying reptiles that once dwelt in Europe, but have now disappeared from the earth.

The science of geology has gained much from these fossils, which flattened and compressed, and leaving their impressions in the rock, might be likened to engravings from nature's own hand, whereby she has handed down to use pictures of a world whose antiquity extends far beyond the limits of human memory or human history.

Recently it has been stated that the Solenhofen quarries are approaching exhaustion and that a new supply of lithographic stone is needed. It is gratifying to know that our own country may supply the want, excellent stone of the kind required being found in Tennessee.

In the meantime, in Germany the possibility of substituting aluminum for Solenhofen stone is being discussed.

Right Food Gives Strength and Brain Power.

The natural elements of wheat and barley, including the phosphate of potash, are found in Grape-Nuts, and that is why persons who are run down from improper food pick up rapidly on Grape-Nuts.

"My system was run down by excessive night work," writes a N. Y. man, "in spite of a liberal supply of ordinary food.

"After using Grape-Nuts I noticed improvement at once, in strength, and nerve and brain power.

"This food seemed to lift me up and stay with me for better exertion, with less fatigue. My weight increased 20 lbs. with vigor and comfort in proportion.

"When traveling I always carry the food with me to insure having it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

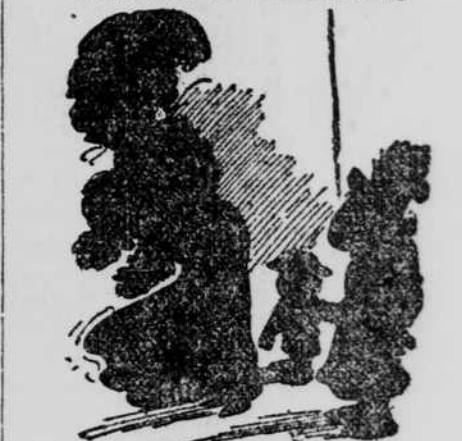
## FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected. I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly ordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

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

## UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT.



Lady—Your little brother seems to be bright for his age, doesn't he?

Little Maggie—Well, I should say so. Why, he knows the name of almost every player in the big leagues.

## TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

Curious Indian Custom.

The following curious custom is recorded by J. Owen Dorsey in his monograph on the sociology of the Omaha Indians:

"In the spring when the grass comes up there is a council or tribal assembly held to which a feast is given by the head of the Hanga, geno. After they decide that planting time has come and at command of the Hanga man a crier is sent through the villages. He wears a robe with hair outside and cries as he goes. 'They do, indeed, say that you will dig the ground! Hallo!' He carries sacred corn, which has been shelled and to each household he gives two or three grains, which are mixed with the seed corn of the household."

After this it is lawful for the people to dig up the soil and plant their crops.

Little Lesson for Rufus.

Uncle Erastus had been polishing his musket for half an hour; at last he gave it a final love-pat, and turned to his grandson. "Chile," he said, "does you see dat bottle about 30 yards over dere?"

"Shore I does," Rufus agreed.

The old man threw up the musket and balanced it rather shakily.

"Whang!" it bellowed. "Now does you see dat bottle?" the old man demanded.

"Yes, I does, granddad."

"Is powerful glad to hear dat, Rufe," the old man said, calmly. "I's ben afraid from de way you sorted taters lately dat your eyesight was fallin'—but hit ain't. Your good fo' several years yit, Rufus."

Useless Society.

Mrs. Jones often declared that she enjoyed a little chat with their fish-dealer because he was a man of such original ideas, but one day, says London Opinion, she returned from market somewhat puzzled by his remarks.

"I said to him, just in the way of conversation," declared Mrs. Jones, "that I had heard that a man becomes like that with which his most associates.

"That's ridiculous, Mrs. Jones!" he answered. 'I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard.'"

BUILT UP

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"Where Women's Skurce, Partiality Breeds Fights."

boots rock-scratched and his trousers red with dust.

"No; no supper yet, there isn't time," he said to Stella as she met and questioned him in the hall. "Yes, I walked the nine miles, all that I didn't run." He saw the quick sympathy leap to her eye, but went on quickly. "Make things ready while I change and get my breath. You can begin without me, can't you?"

She nodded, flushed at the look he sent to her over his shoulder from the stair and ran in to help Sally B. set the programme in motion.

It was better than the usual experience of amateurs, for Alfred was practised in such work and had drilled his mummery carefully. And the on-lookers were so ready to be pleased that the flimsy house quaked with frequent applause and rained pine needles and candle grease impartially on silk and fustian.

All the evening Stella had looked forward to the moment when she might dance with Alfred. During the programme Gideon had knocked at the door of grand-mam's room, then the "green room," to ask for coming waltzes, and had gone away scowling at Stella's refusal.

Their brief players' moment had passed, when Alfred's eyes had burned into hers, revealing his own heart in Romeo's words.

Yet, now that it was over, it seemed a dream, and Stella began to doubt, to fear. No formal words could more fully disclose them, one to the other; still an intangible veil had dropped between them. Alfred was withheld from her; or did he withhold himself? No matter what it was, this hour she would claim. One dance! Once to feel his arms about her, to fancy him her very own—she would dare fate for this; would borrow from the future this one little bit of time, nor care what usury she must pay.

As they neared Mr. Crocker standing by the office door the jam of on-lookers halted them. Some one addressed Stella and she did not hear Mr. Crocker's low request for an im-

face. Since childhood the two had danced together. Even in the grim desert station Stella's father had often yielded to their coaxing and tuned their measures on his old viola.

She saw Alfred enter and pause suddenly in the doorway as Gideon whirled her on toward him. She caught the frank adoration in Alfred's eye as it rested on her and the gleam of almost savage hostility as his gaze shifted for an instant to Gideon. Her heart leaped with quick relief. Gideon did not know. Alfred did not know, did not despise her, would—

"Take me to my seat! Hurry, Gideon! I—"

The music stopped suddenly. Al-

hoarseness down and his spirits up. The supply used to be maintained by a relay of waiters running between the chancellor's bench and the kitchen. At the zenith of his fame, ministers, secretaries of state and privy councillors were alone worthy to accompany the mixture, and when Bismarck was making his last great speeches in the reichstag they were kept busy behind him with wine bottle and self-zer siphon in composing his drink, for Bismarck required eighteen or two dozen glasses of Moselle and water during a speech.

Willows from Napoleon's Grave.

It is interesting to learn that practically all the weeping willows in New Zealand are products of the supply which John Tinline carried away with him from Napoleon's grave nearly 60 years ago. Mr. Tinline, who was one of the early pioneers of New Zealand, kept them alive on the voyage by sticking them into potatoes.

Speaking of the different liquids favored by great orators for refreshment during their speeches, Griffith Boscawen, in his book, "Fourteen Years in Parliament," credits Bismarck with having carried an army bill with the aid of eight lemon squashes. Never was a man and his drink so incongruous. All history protests against the idea of Bismarck even knowing what lemon squash is, for it was Bismarck who boasted to Sir William Richmond that in his young days six bottles of strong wine had no effect on him. And it was Bismarck who lamented: "Ah! English politics has suffered since statesmen have no longer strong heads for wine. They are too cautious, never make a bold stroke." It was a mixture of Moselle and seltzer that Bismarck used in the reichstag to keep his

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