

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH DELLY CLARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART 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, a young woman, are across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the remains of a man and a woman who were killed by a destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing 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 old 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, and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boat. 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 declaration will be returned the sort of a man she will love. Vincent shows up in San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by her. Gideon and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P., he decides to retire to position of brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Phineas letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in territory suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed 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. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora and sending the ship laden with iron for railroad camp. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and is rescued by Stella. Stanford, sponsor for 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 undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Bold and dramatic performance proves big social occasion to railroad town.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

She leaned forward a little, her draperies flowing softly about her feet behind the graceful stage-edging of fir tips, her dear, wistful eyes peering into the gloom. He knew she thought him out there somewhere in the dark; hungry, weary, waiting for her. He was not hungry, he was not weary, but he needed her—she little knew how he needed her. And no matter how far asunder lay their future, tonight he would have her, love her, accept the service of those dear hands.

Impulsively she called again: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, won't you come?"

The tender voice with the heart-ache in it thrilled him, chided his silence, startled him with apprehension also, lest the association of the name lead her to say those other too true words:

"Tis but thy name that is my enemy."

It should be her enemy no longer! "Here I am Stella—sweetheart." He whispered the last word as he caught her down-reached hand and sprang up beside her.

As in a baby's face fresh-walked from sleep, the warm color swept up, rose-tipped cheek and lip, veined the white lids and paled off to the softly waving hair. Her eyes opened wide, frank and joy-flooded as a child's. She turned to him. Doubts and questions fled. He was there! He called her "Sweetheart!"



"All My Heart, My Trust, My Life Are Yours."

The sheltered, spicy nook behind the screen, prudence, business, duty, all slept forgotten, while a nameless youth pledged life-long love and devotion to a dowless, homeless, unworldly woman.

It was Stella, remembering his long fast, who cut short the precious moments and lured Alfred from his love's empyrean summits to his daily bread. She rearranged the dishes and went to the kitchen to make fresh tea, he following that no dear breath of her should be lost to him. Back to the table again they went, stepping lightly that they might wake no ear above; whispering, with gay little laughs suppressed with difficulty, lest eaves-dropping walls might hear and tell. Radiantly garbed, glowing, together they ate the food ambrosia, the sequestered scene a rite, a pledge, pre-figuring a home to be.

"I've known all the time I ought to love you, still less ought I to win your love," yet—yet—oh, Stella, I couldn't help it!" said Alfred.

She regarded him earnestly, pityingly, a moment, her heart in her tender eyes; but he did not look up till she spoke. "Tell me, is it—is it any fault of your own that—?" She did not finish, but he understood.

"No," He paused uncertainly. "No, and yes. I cannot tell you truly—it is not all my secret. I am suffering for another's wrongdoing, yet I caused him to commit that wrong, unwittingly—God knows, unwittingly!" The last words were vehement; and he looked, not at Stella, but away, as if he addressed another auditor.

She slipped to her knees beside him, her clasped hands against his breast, her gaze probing his soul.

"Dear heart, suppose I were your sister and her lover were in your place would you not have her say, as I am saying, 'All my heart, my trust, my life, are yours, now and always?'"

Alfred lifted his head. Her fervent words beat back his fears. He took her hands in his own, steadily giving her look for look, his eyes reverently reading the soul she laid bare. "On my honor, Stella, yes; though I should pity her for the long, dreary waiting ahead of her."

Stella sprang up, joy in her voice. "No waiting! I will be dreary when it is for you! Wherever you go I can think of you, see you. The world will be bright since you are in it and my own. I'll count off the days gayly and—and make a little prayer for you each night."

"Mr. Crocker's special leaves at

seven," said Alfred. "I go on that. And there are reports to make, packing to do. I'm not to work for the company—that is, orally. I'm to go on difficult errands, here and there. And I don't know when I'll see you again—Oh, my darling! I will not leave you!" His arms were outstretched to her, his voice throbbing with rebellion against parting.

She did not go to him, but smiled; and Alfred knew she would side with duty. "Ought you to go?" she asked gently. "And if you ought, will not going bring sooner the day when you may stay?"

"Already you are the better half of me," he answered tenderly, and followed the words with farewell.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sally B. Leads the Wagon Train.

Busy nights made Sally B.'s risings no later. She served as good a breakfast to Mr. Crocker the next morning as if the hotel routine had been unbroken.

The little town was full of confusion, and the center of it was the hotel. The

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Stella smiled halfheartedly. "Do you think we can manage?" She did not shrink from responsibility, but from the horde of men. Travelers, strangers, men of the town, all would make pretenses for lingering in the office or wherever they could find either girl; not from rudeness, but because of the woman-hunger, the longing for all that a good woman stands for to men of the frontier. And Sally B. would not be there for refuge and court of appeal.

"Of course you can manage. You got to. Sabe? Don't get skeered fore you begin. I've got Jinny Dart staked out by telegraph. She's the best dinin' room gal in Placer county. She'n Yic'll run the eatin' end O. K. All you got ter do, Stella, is to boss the whole consarn." Sally B. whisked off to make her preparations, which began with a telegraphed order for goods that kept several clerks in Sacramento busy all that afternoon.

Toward supper time the three women were in the "corral," where Sally B. had "put through" a tremendous cleaning. The room was long and bare, with rows of neat beds, an occasional chair, several rough tables and a forest of nails uphanging various pieces of men's apparel.

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Only the stage took the road ahead of Sally B. the next day. Do you think I'm goin' ter git mixed with Gid Ingram's outfit?" she asked when some one questioned her intention to lead. "If one o' them teams stalls, the whole procession is floored. No, sirree; I got good wagons an' a good team; an' I'm goin' through on time, I am!"

The tarpaulin-covered wagons were drawn up in front of the hotel. Sally B. inspected everything with the eye of an old teamster—harness, couplings, the adjustment of all the load.

"Why, ma, you looked it all over better," Viola said, tagging her mother like a shadow.

"I know that; but accidents happens in busy times. Then them pesky hostlers might think it was funny ter fergit something 'cause I'm a woman. Men think themselves so smart! That Shack 'lowed I didn't need any back-acking with my load."

"Well, do you, ma?" Viola only asked to hear her mother vindicate herself before the admiring bystanders.

"Well, don't I? S'pose I'm goin' to use up yo' paw's fine stock a-puttin' all my load on one wagon? What did he send two wagons fur if I wasn't ter use 'em? I'll work that back-acking on all the heavy spots, an' git the load an' yo' paw's team inter Virginia ahead of Gid's teams, an' in good order. See if I don't!"

"You bet you will, ma!" Viola exclaimed with ardor and unusual slang. The moment for starting came, and Sally B. turned to her lately arrived helper. "Jinny Dart, do you yo' prettiest for the shebang an' I'll make yo' glad," she said, and wheeled quickly to hug her dear "women folks." Viola she held in her arms for a silent moment.

"Take keer of her, Stella," she said softly, placing Viola's hand in her teacher's. "She's the hull world to me."

"I will, Mrs. Sally." Stella saw a tear on the dark cheek as Sally B. wrung her hand.

She was a picture as she climbed to the high seat and took up the lines, aptly as Uncle Billy himself. "Driver? What do I need of a driver? I've driv six—Golly! I wish I had a dollar fur every mile I've driv six, the swing team a-buckin' sometimes like a fresh converted sinner agin' Ole Nick."

She wore a showy dark woolen skirt, a calico waist, a white kerchief around her neck and a man's felt hat. "It'll last better'n a woman's," she told the girls. Huge-wristed gauntlets made her hands look ridiculously small, as did the high-booted foot that swung out on the brake.

The sun had chased the mercury far above the hundred mark in shady nooks. On the porch the heat was intolerable. Yet the hotel people and town folk were gathered there to see Sally B. off, and Yic Wah had donned four satin coats in his honor.

Sally B. loosed the brake a trifle, called to her leaders, waved a last good-bye and was off down the hill. The load shook a little and settled to its long haul, skyward as well as eastward. The horses, rested and fresh, snorted and tossed their heads, rattled their metal-buckled harness; and one of the swing team danced sidewise down the road and out of sight. Sally B. looked back frequently to see if her freight was riding safely; and at the last turn in sight, took off her hat and swung it to the girls and grandmam, yet watching from the hot porch.

The crowd soon melted away and left the three alone. Stella put her arms around Viola, and they stood so an instant, both forlorn, oppressed. Yet with one accord they remembered grandmam, and turned to help her back to her cool room. And in that service the homesick moment was conquered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Southern Woman Suffers Torture Without Complaint.

Racked and torn with terrific pains, nightly annoyed by kidney irregularities, Mrs. A. S. Payne, of 801 Third Ave. So., Columbus, Miss., suffered for years. She says: "The pains in my back, sides and loins were so terrible that I often smothered a scream. Every move meant agony. My rest was broken by a troublesome weakness and the secretions seemed to burn like acid. I was in an awful condition and doctors did not seem to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me from the first and soon made me a strong and healthy woman."

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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The woman who hesitates usually has an impediment in her speech.

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Sweet Girl Brought to Ask Time for Reconsideration.

"Since you can be no more than a sister to me," said the heartbroken young man, "will you not give me one kiss of farewell?"

She assented, albeit coldly. And Mannerling drew the girl to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers with a passionate fervor born of his despair.

Afterward her head sank gently upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Mannerling," she breathed, "this is all so new to me—so strangely different from my expectations—perhaps, if you would give me time—time to reconsider—"

But, dear reader, let us draw a veil over the sacred scene—Exchange.

Milder Definition. At Emerson's dinner table one day there was mention of a woman well known as a lion hunter; and, in speaking of her, Mrs. Emerson objected, the word was too harsh; he didn't like that ugly class of words beginning with "sn." His wife inquired how he would characterize the lady. "I should say—very slowly—she is a person having great sympathy with success."

Vindication. "Some women pursue a man even beyond the grave." "Yes?" "Yes. Maria Henpeck broke her husband's will before he died, and now she is employing lawyers to break it again."—Houston Post.

Try Murine Eye Remedy For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at Sixts. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Read it. We will Mail all our Eye Books Free—Write us to-day. Ask your Druggist.

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Sica's bottle.

It's easy for a deaf mute to love a girl more than tongue can tell.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

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Where the climate is superb, the water abundant and pure, the lands very cheap, and where grain and forage, stock and poultry, commercial fruit and truck yield.

The Largest Money Return Per Acre (180,000) in Western Arkansas along the line of The Kansas City Southern Railway Company. Write for information to S. G. WARNER, G. P. & T. A., Kansas City, Mo.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WELLS' PREPARATION: Refined Sugar, Licorice, Sassafras, Stevia, Glycerine, Water, and other natural ingredients.

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At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

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Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 BURLAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous, hot and get tired easily. If you have aching, smarting feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy; always use it to Break in New Shoes. It cures swollen, hot, sweating feet, blisters, ingrowing nails and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives Rest and Comfort. It cures while you walk. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists everywhere 25 cents. Don't accept any substitute for Allen's Foot-Ease. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. European Branch Office, Peterborough, England.

WARNING:

Success brings imitations. Scores of worthless imitations are sometimes offered for sale. Insist upon having Allen's Foot-Ease. The Original powder for the feet. Twelve years before the public. Annual sales over two million packages. Do not accept spurious substitutes claimed to be "just as good." Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit otherwise you would never be offered a substitute for Allen's Foot-Ease. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, and insist upon having it. Remember, Allen's Foot-Ease is sold only in 25 cent packages bearing yellow label with our trade mark and facsimile signature

Allen's Foot-Ease

"In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold by all Druggists everywhere for 25 cents. For FREE Trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Just Wanted to See Money

And the Little Old Lady Had Her Confidence Restored.

So they showed her carefully "two tens and a five." Her faded eyes brightened, and with a grateful "Thank you," she left, every line of her bent little figure showing happy contentment and confidence, for she had seen her money.

Ancient Justice. The ancient Greeks provided their judges should hear the arguments of attorneys in a dark room, lest they be influenced by the beauty and gestures of the orators. In America we parade a weeping woman and a bunch of hired alienists before a sentimental jury. And we boast of our civilization.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Literal Truth. "Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?" "None," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."—Harper's Weekly.

Stella took the unsavory paper and looked vainly for Sally B.'s message. The only noticeable thing was a string of crosses on the margin.

"Oh, I forgot. Of course, you can't read Bill's letter; nobody but me can. See them two crosses first there. Close together? They mean he's well. See them four with lines over 'n' under? That says he's struck it rich. Blamed rich. Lines under mean pretty good; but lines on top, means whoppin'! Them three crosses standin' apart, them's grub. There's a dot over each; that's all kinds. There's a line under 'em; that means lots of it. Oh, Bill's hit a big lead this time, no doubt o' that; an' he's layin' out to work it on the jump, an' with all the men he kin git." She looked at Stella exultantly, but turned quickly back to the hieroglyphics. "Here's one big cross standin' alone; that's me; an' the line under it means come."

"What does the picture of a man