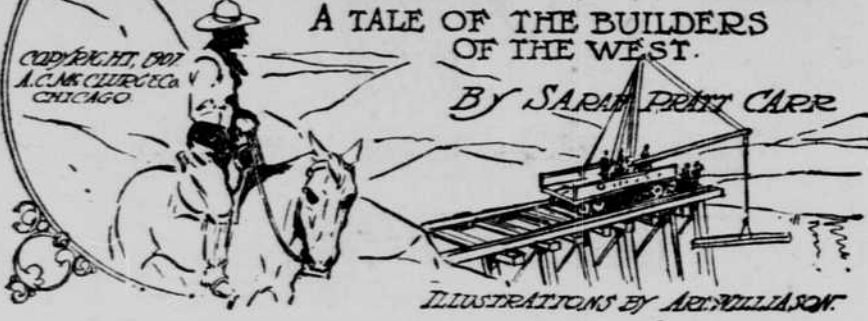


THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By Sarah Port Carr



ILLUSTRATIONS BY NEWELLARON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. Uncle Billy, Dodge, stage driver Alfred, Vincent, young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's, keeper of station, the redskins have carried their 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 land-lord. Vincent visits several times of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad 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 and tells him. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In her proposed marriage, is rejected, leaving her declaring he will return the love of a man she will love. Stella bears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposing railroad. To destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is introduced. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Overland Mail" Flat and show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "stroke," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment. Banquet in railroad town is scene of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Alfred made some quiet reply Stella did not hear, and hastened to the door, returning quickly to say that Mr. Crocker had gone with Mr. Gregory, no one knew where. "You must let me carry you to your room. Sally B."

"Oh, no! I'm too heavy! I'm such a big girl!" Miss Hamilton interrupted, looking up at him with tired, appealing eyes. Stella, thinking of her own largeness, felt this last sentence to be sheer affectation.

For answer, Alfred gathered her easily in his arms, and Stella recognized the quiet authority in his voice. "You cannot stay here. I'll carry you gently. Don't worry, you're only a fairy weight. I'll call Miss Anthony

Stella had seen the delicate face set against his shoulder, had felt the solicitude in his tones. They came toward her, and the gleam of a lamp fell full on their faces as the sound of her own name startled her. She shrank as from a blow, and fled to her room. And when Alfred knocked later she made no response, though to Sally B's anxious inquiry, following soon, she sent a cheery reply. Yet there was no sleep for her in those early morning hours; she was fishing a battle that would change her life.

She did not leave her room till late, giving herself barely time to go to the station, where she arrived just as Miss Hamilton was being lifted in a chair to the platform of the rear car. Stella adroitly avoided Alfred's attempt at a private moment. There was no rancor in her serene face, her cheerful speech. She met his look squarely. And he approved of the fine dignity with which she received Miss Hamilton's extravagant compliments, the invitation to her home and her voluble good-bye. Yet when Stella put her hand in his farewell, though she smiled, and her words were all he could expect, there seemed an adamant wall between them that had been built in a night. The frank girl he loved had changed places with a baffling, inscrutable woman. And Alfred realized that henceforth there might be chambers in her heart forever closed to him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Alfred Pays the Fiddler.

Clarifying daylight had not brought Alfred an easy conscience the morning after the banquet. The spell of the fair sprite he had held in his arms the night before had been broken with the setting of the lop-sided moon. And Stella, standing on the railroad platform, wise in staying away from him till that morning, strong in her resolve which he could feel but not define—it needed but this attitude to recall the ardor of his love for her, more insistent as she grew more remote.

Alfred wrote at great length to Stella, making a bad matter worse by his too ardent defense of Amabel, and by self-condemnation that did not ring quite true. The reply to this letter disclosed to him a hitherto unknown Stella.

More than a second time he read it. He knew now that he could never deceive her. She would always know his inmost heart. She might uncomplainingly bear neglect after marriage, coldness; but she would never forgive him if he married her with less than the whole of his love.

The middle of the other found Alfred in Placerville, where had originally bought for the Placerville road. Where the river end of this road, the Sacramento Valley road, fell into Central Pacific hands, iron was no longer useful to the defunct San Francisco and Washoe, which was to have taken over all track to Placerville. Yet, "Anything to beat the Central Pacific" was still the cry; and Alfred had need of all his discretion; for the opposition would never knowingly sell rails to the Central Pacific company.

"I have a delicate errand here," he wrote toward the close of a long letter to Stella, "that I may not tell you of further than to say I am making as much haste as possible. I hope to

be one of the passengers to Virginia City on the day the Placerville Stage company has set to 'snow under the Dutch Flat and Donner Lake State Company's schedule. If so, I shall complete my business there and be with you two days later. I'll telegraph the day I leave Virginia.

"By the way, Cadwallader is here, ostensibly looking up laborers, which is about all the company gives him to do lately. He is very cordial, and claims to know of a secret 'big deal,' a mine in Nevada, that he wishes me to join him in exploiting. I'm suspicious of his schemes; yet he has some good men with him, and I may look it up.

"But here is the cream of my letter for you, dear—for us. I am to have a handsome percentage of any money that I can save the company in this enterprise now pending. If the business goes as it promises, the day when I may say 'Come' will be a long leap nearer."

Closing words were penned from a flood of tenderness that carried over mountain and vale, and were still warm on the page when they met Stella's eye.

In her favorite hillside nook,



"I Don't Mean to Show Off, Ma."

wrapped about with the fruity fragrance of autumn, Stella read and reread Alfred's letter, and mused upon the vague plans for the future that now occupied her mind. Nothing definite had come to her; but her growing determination to improve herself was augmented by a tormenting vision of a little woman in blue, light and dainty, where she herself was heavy; vivacious and quick, where she was slow; charming, where she was dull. Stella wished she were small, delicate, timid—a hundred things she was not; yet she was sensible enough to know that assuming them would be folly. For underlying all her vain wishes was a recognition of something within, a dim vision of the power of her own soul, that brought tranquility and courage for her difficult venture.

The declining sun shot a level ray into her retreat before she realized the hour and the call of duty. Long before she reached the hotel, Alvin's cheerful voice floated up in one of his jocund songs.

Stella sighed. In a few days Alvin's bright face would be out of her life. He had been promoted from Colfax to the Sacramento office, and was now awaiting his successor. Yet the sight of him carried her thought swiftly to the telegram from Gideon he had that morning brought her.

The message was brief. Gideon was coming for her! He had not heeded her negative-laden letters. She had not disclosed her engagement; she had been afraid. And there was reason for fear. The gossip concerning Alfred that floated from tongue to tongue did not escape her sensitive ears. It was said that he was in love with the superintendent's niece; again, that he cared nothing for her, only for the position he might, as her husband, command. Gideon must hear all this. Stella knew it would hurt her, and that she must meet Gideon, tell him, defy him. It would be a battle of wills, and Gideon would be defeated; but at what cost? What cost to him, to herself, to Alfred? Fear gripped her at thought of the time when the two men should face each other.

In the parlor she found Sally B., Alvin and Viola in an excited, triangular discussion, Alvin pleading, Sally B. stern, Viola in tears.

"Oh, Miss Stella," Alvin cried appealingly as she entered, "do you think a feller that's all straight but one leg

the Lord himself put a crook in ought to be tipped the cold shoulder for that?"

"Boy! 'Tain't that!" Sally B. said sharply before Stella could speak. "If you had a home, an' money, an' could give 'Vi some place in the world—"

"You bet I'll never ask you to give her up, ma'am, till I have a home for her," Alvin broke in impetuously; "a number one home, too!"

"But, Al, that's turrible fur off. How in thunder kin you do it?"

Sally B.'s heart warmed to the pluck of him in spite of her determination. "Do it? I'll just inch along, a little every day, same's I have been doing. I got three hundred saved already, an' on interest; and it'll grow faster all the time. Ma, she helps a lot, too. I'm going to night school in Sacramento; and when I ask you for 'Vi I'll be no Greaser. I can't go on my shape, but I'll make what brains I got stretch like blazes!" His face was eloquent, but Sally B. would not look at him.

Instead she gazed at Viola, all the mother's pent pride shining in her eyes. "Oh, Vi," she said, after a pause that was broken only by the buzz of an uneasy autumn fly on the window. "I've staked a hull mountain of hopes on you. I ain't never thought of you separate from me, some way. I—"

She stopped, and Viola spoke with some spirit in spite of her sobs. "But, ma, you expect me to wear a Mrs. in front of my name some day, don't you? And Mrs.—Mrs. Carter," she blushed and smiled through her tears, though her gaze shifted to the window. "Mrs. Carter's just as good as Mrs. Bernard, ain't it?"

The mother glanced furtively at Alvin, whose heart spoke naively in his adoring eyes fixed on Viola's downcast face. The boy had won Sally B.'s approbation, yet she could not relinquish her dream. "If yore brothers had 'a

When it came the two young things hung breathlessly on each word, their faces growing dull with despair as the fateful sentence fell.

"Vi, yore yo' paw's child's well as mine. I ain't got no right to settle this question without his havin' a say. An' you all might's well know it now's later—yore paw's made his pile. It's on the sly yet, so lock yer lips. We're goin' to pull up stakes pretty soon an' git to the Bay. An' we'll make our air, an' ride on the gilt edge of a white, an' see how that feels. How on air are two ole dufers like yo' paw an' me goin' to show off without you, Vi?"

"I don't mean to show off, ma," Viola said, pitifully.

"I've staved all my life waitin' fur the chance to live like white folks; an' now it's come, are you goin' to spoll it all, honey?" She held out her hand and her voice trembled.

Viola looked up suddenly, wondering, to see tears in her mother's eyes. She was accustomed to her mother's fiery sympathy for others; but this was the first time she had ever heard her plead for herself. A fleeting, hopeless look the child sent Alvin, then crossed the room and took her mother's hand in both her own. "Good-bye, Alvin," she said, piteously. "She was my mother before you were my lover; and I must stick to her—and paw." She flung herself into Sally B.'s arms and the two sobbed together.

For an instant Alvin stood petrified, then straightened to a new manliness. "Mrs. Bernard, you've no right to require such a sacrifice of us. We only asked you to let us be honest with you about our love for each other. I'm not the kind to forget, and neither is Vi. I'm goin' to win that home and a bank account; and then I'm coming for Vi. If we can't marry with your consent, by that time the law of California will let us do it without." He turned to Viola, who had gone to the window. "Good-bye, Vi," he said slowly, looking at her yearningly, though he took no step toward her. "You'll hear from me as soon as I'm ready to build that house. Have your plans drawn and ready, my girl, for it won't be so very long."

There was nothing defiant in his manner, for all of the fearless ring of the words. Stella could have hugged him for the cheer, the hope, the manhood in voice and face. He gave Viola one last look, glanced furtively at Sally B., smiled at Stella a smile sad behind his teeth and closed the door behind him. In a moment his cheerful whistle came back to them, and the stump, stump of his crutch.

CHAPTER XX.

Into the Night.

"Howdy, honey," Uncle Billy said to Stella that evening as he came in and took his supper-seat at the table, where Sally B. proudly included him in her elastic family circle. "Are you ready to the race?"

"Oh, Uncle Billy, are we really going to race the Placerville Stage company to Virginia City? I thought their weeks of talk and preparation were just to beat our previous time schedule."

"Yes, I reckoned it would go at that; still, Mr. Crocker's word's the law."

"But why didn't he give you more warning? You haven't even a day to get ready!"

"Our folks have biggeh pots a-boilin' than staging. However, the Boss is in Virginia now; and I reckon he got so tired of those blamed Placerville Stage agents blowin' over their that he's relvin' on us to shut their mouths. And we've got to do it, if we ain't ready. It's my trip."

"The race is on!" Alvin shouted, as he pegged in with a message for Sally B. Exclamations in concert were shot at Alvin from several tables.

"Yes, the steamer Chrysothorn left the San Francisco wharf at four o'clock; and she's streaking it up the bay like lightning!"

"I hope she'll keep up her gait plumb to Sacramento," Uncle Billy said at the first break in the hubbub.

"You bet she won't," some one replied. "She'll have a breakdown after she gets the mail and passengers off at Freeport for the Placerville Stage people."

"Don't you go into partnership with any worry," Alvin said, pausing at the door. "I ain't giving away the clicker, but let me tell you the C. P.'s ain't fools."

"I got to have hot lunch ready for them passengers to eat on the fly," Sally B. said brusquely. "Uncle Billy, what time do you reckon they'll be here?"

"Some time neah about fo' o'clock in the mawnin', I figger. You can tell into five minutes when we hear what time the train leaves Sacramento."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



No, She Never Kissed Him

Washerwoman, However, Had an Idea of the Situation.

Nell is a girl who lives up on Capitol Hill. On Mondays a woman comes to Nell's house to wash clothes. The woman's name is Nell, too. The other day Nell, the girl, was in the sitting room reading when the telephone rang. Nell, the washerwoman, answered the ring. Nell, the girl, then heard Nell, the washerwoman, say: "Yes, this is Nell."

"How's that?" Silence.

"What! Am I ma because you kissed me last night. Look here, man, you're too fresh. Who are you, anyway. I never kissed—"

Just then the telephone receiver was wildly snatched from her hand. Nell, the girl, blushing furiously, had grabbed it. She hung it on the hook. "He wanted me," she said. "He always tries to tease me that way. I—I never kissed him in my life."

As she disappeared up the stairs the washerwoman smiled and said: "That's a big one."—Denver Post.

A Cane in Defense.

"If you want to keep off hold-up men," said an old detective to the observer, "carry a cane. A hold-up man is more afraid of a cane than he is of a revolver. He's deathly afraid that the man carrying it will jab it in his face or eyes or get the end of it in his mouth. On this account they're just as much afraid of a small, light stick as they are of a heavy one."

There are so many different ways of using a cane that a man doesn't know just which way to guard against it. And any man can use it. Nine men out of ten who carry revolvers couldn't hit the side of a barn with them, and the 'hold-ups' know it, but it doesn't take any skill or practice to learn to slambang away with a walking stick."

While not among the "six best sellers" pocketbook and checkbook are the two best buyers.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

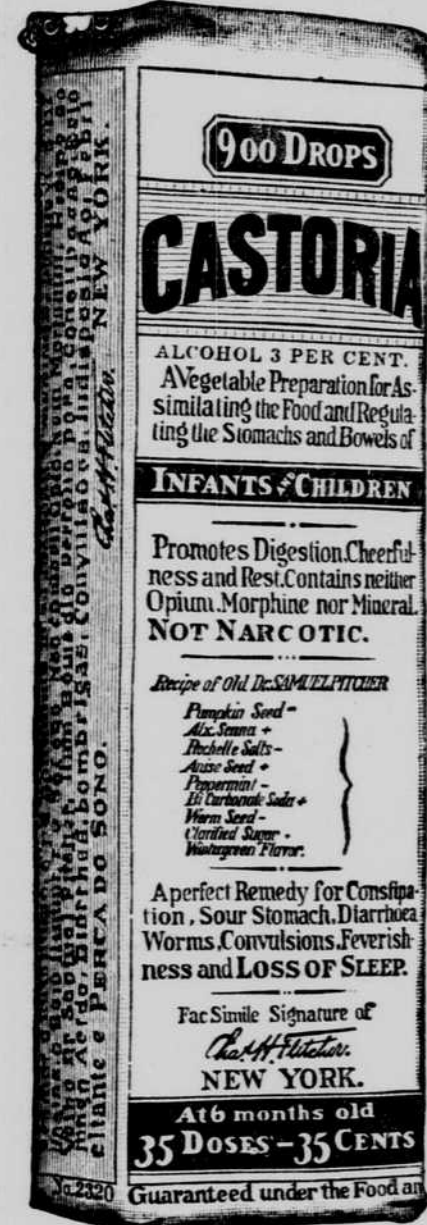
Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

Marriage Did Not Follow the Nineteen Year's Courtship.

In the amiable way of villagers, they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.

"Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other; they'd nobbut knowned each other for a matter o' seven year."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno! Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted a matter of 19 year!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusions!" said the old man, impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"—Tit-Bits.

VERY GOOD REASON.



Father—I told you not to go with that boy.
Hobby—I had to, father, 'cause he had hold of my hair!

Case of Shocking Neglect.
Friend—What has become of Celestine, your maid?
Mrs. Snoblotts—I had to discharge her. She had no consideration for Pido.

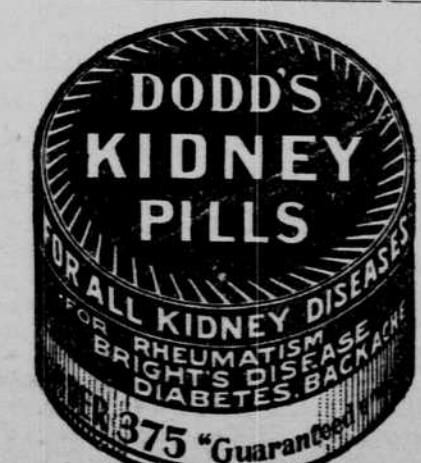
Friend—Why, I always thought she took the most tender care of the pet.
Mrs. Snoblotts—So did I till I found she was using her own comb on him without first sterilizing it.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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Every fiber of the meat of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef is evenly and mildly cured, cooked scientifically and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchen

It forms an appetizing dish, rich in food value and makes a summer meal that satisfies!

For Quick Serving:— Libby's Cooked Corned Beef, cut into thin slices. Arrange on a platter and garnish with Libby's Chow Chow. A tempting dish for luncheon, dinner, supper

Write for free booklet—How to Make Good Things to Eat. Insist on Libby's at your dealer. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



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