in the crops. ready earlier in the spring for putting The land that is drained is always



Tommy, were you fighting with that Carter boy?" "Yes, maw."

"Didn't I tell you not to quarrel with

hear you have taken to writing verse." "O, merely to kill time."

"Indeed! Have you disposed of all your other patients?"-Stray Stories.

Realistic. The conversation turned on the effect produced on the emotions by pictorial art, when one gentleman re-

"I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes."

"A pathetic subject, I presume?" "No, sir; it was a fruit painting. 1 was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery-Defiance Starch-all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

It's all right for a man to be a dreamer of dreams providing he wakes up occasionally and gets busy.

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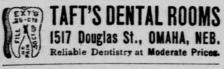
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ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE



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 "Yes, maw; but I thought all bets were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw."

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place.

"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley," I would look just exactly as I do now."

"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Nothing Else to Do.

A well-known doctor who dabbles in literature recently published a poem. Shortly after its appearance he was conversing with a lady celebrated for her wit.

"Well, doctor," she remarked, "so I hear you have taken to writing verse."
"O, merely to kill time."

"Yell, doctor," she remarked, "so I hear you have taken to writing verse."
"O, merely to kill time."

"The down and wall have tarried their destructive work there also. Stella, Mantony, Kaught work at Anthony, Sagard there of station, Kaudhan, Wall being built. Vincent visits town where railroad and the sage of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad and sing plans of enemies of railroad and sing plans of enemies of railroad and season of enemies of railroad and the sage of enemies of the central Pacific railroad and learns there secrets the returns to Stella. The own of the central Pacific rai

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

Sally B. sped away to the kitchen. Stella detained Uncle Billy a second in the hall, her hand on his coat lapel. She had intended to speak with him about schools, where to go, how to set about the new life; but these questions must wait. His trip and its success were the only things that mat-

"Aren't you going to rest?" she asked. "There are plenty others to work. Go to bed early, won't you, Uncle Billy?

He crosed his warm, strong hand over hers with fond pressure. It was sweet to have her womanly solicitude, to feel her near him, her soft hand pulsing under his own. "Afteh the fight is time enough to rest, little girl. I must see that my wagon and stock are all right for the first hard drive. I'll have to trust to luck afteh that, or to the hostlehs-that's about the same

"Well, rest as much as you can, then. I'll have a luck flower for your button-hole when you start." She smiled into his eyes, her own shining with excitement. "You'll win, Uncle Billy! I know it!"

She watched him down the street to the stage barn, where she knew no item of preparation would escape his vigilant eye. Yet there was time to spare. Would he take advantage of it? Perhaps not. She knew he was master of that perfect relaxation that prepares for stress as well as sleep

Alvin had dropped his study, Viola was fighting her trouble alone and Sally B. was in the kitchen. Stella, left with no pressing duty, wandered into the dark parlor. Lighting it was Viola's task, but she had forgotten to night, to Stella's satisfaction.

She drew a chair to the window that faced the dim mountain across the gorge, closed her senses to the little world about her and was quickly off with the sprites of the night to keep her heart's tryst with Alfred. Not quite alone did they two meet this mine compels love. You think your and questioned her; but she was innight in fancy's fair halls. Viola, Al- heart forever lost to that—to the man heeded the distress in Stella's tone, vin. even Sally B.'s uncompromising who has deserted you. Yet you surely tent on her work, caught in the hour's

rying feet came and went; calls, cries. your love; that will follow. I've a parlor, where she lowered the lamp any figure Ball-" hasty commands, odors of unusual cooking floated past inadequate doors: but Stella was oblivious till a draught of air struck her cheek sharply and Gideon's voice called her.

She started to her feet. "Gideon! Where-you said 'To-morrow' in your message! Who told you I was here?"

'No one. I can always find you, Stella. Something tells me. The in- heaven's sake! How many times must the clink of ice and glass, and an ocstant I opened the door I knew you I tell you I cannot-I will not marry were here. A kind of fragrance-I you? I love Alfred Vincent. Some could tell it-"

"Don't, Gideon," she interrupted. She was looking for matches, but his Tenderness fled. The words flashed alert sense caught the aversion in tone forth like the hiss of a snake. He and movement

"Your father once told me that a forehead swelling quickly, undulating-Pima princess was my great-grand- ly. The primordial male was master mother. I cannot escape my heritage now, holding in leash every grace of from her." He took the match she had refinement, every saint's virtue he had struck and lighted the hanging lamp. won. "Listen, Stella Anthony: If The flame shone full on his upturned that woman-dandy cared for you, if he face, and Stella gazed at him fas- had been man enough to marry you, cinated, while he adjusted wick and to put you beyond the insult of railshade. He seemed to her excited gaze road-camp gossip and curiosity, I'd the concentrated beat and pulse of a hide away in the mountains and live hundred lives controlled by the master on memories. But he's spoiling your paper cutter. It will pierce a cigar or but, of course, you don't use hairpins." will that spoke through his burning life! And he shall not live to spoil it clean a pipe. As a buttonhook, either eyes. Often she wondered about his longer! I'll-" power over her, wondered why Gidlife; yet near, so masterful, monopoliz- shall not harm him!" She stood erect, find it convenient for extracting the the hunting season hit upon the origthe lamp this question rose again; For herself weak, for him she loved it has served as a toothpick, horrible disposal of her visitors, in which to

and was still unanswered. tiny. His eyes were deep and tender, strike a woman through the man she of a hatpin. his voice wooing. "You're glad to loves? I could hate you, Gideon threw his arm about her waist with a see your face again!" motion both swift and gentle, as

kissed her on the forehead.

only be content with brotherliness! "Moppett, why do you push me

what I see in your eyes."

of me, Stella. I love you, and I want forehand of murder! your love in return, not your fear."

That doesn't apply to us." down upon her tenderly. "I've come emphatic. "Say! The race begins flower-eyes. I'll not kiss you on the git off in four minutes after." lips till-till I've the right-'

she interrupted, springing back. Still he controlled himself to gentle- call him, won't you?"

ness. "Stella, dear, listen. Love like | Another time Sally B. would have

past, she flung out her stinging words casional voice raised above the sublike whip-strokes.

"Love! What do you know of that sacred thing? Hide in your mountains? Yes! And stay, till you learn event. that first of all love is not for self, but to serve the loved one. I could never love you. If Alfred were ten times dead, I'd not marry you!"

passionate eyes, and he turned to her with savage counter threat.

"Whether Vincent lives or not, you shall be my wife, Stella Anthony! fear, she yet could not face Sally B. There's no other woman in the world but you, and I shall be worthy of you. restlessly, stopped to reread her letter You shall see my face again-you and add a penciled word, and went shall pray to see it!" He towered over | into the hall to listen for Uncle Billy. her, his stormy eyes fixed on hers un- Silence. No one was stirring in the yield. Always with Gideon present flinchingly, yet he did not touch her. came the memory of their comradship. "Good-bye," he said in a lower voice. comforting sense of his strength, a "I shall find him; and I shall come tread, counting her steps mechanicaldesire to lean upon him. If he would again!" He stepped backward as he ly. Her mind was painfully alert, finished.

She sprang after him, but he had away? It's so long since I saw you. closed the door and slid into the night. whispered. But the dining-room clock If I were your brother by blood as I When she looked out he was neither quickly rang a confirming chime; and am by rearing, you'd take my kiss, and to be seen nor heard. She stood a the doomful tick, tick, went slowly on. kiss me back. Isn't the tie almost as moment in the open doorway, striving close? We've been so much more to to quiet the tumult of soul and body. fice, where the clerk no longer coeach other than ordinary brother and | The weakness of reaction came quick-

subdued Stella with quick contrition. grew more dreadful; and the com- Gideon's name was not there! "Oh, Gideon, I don't mean to be pelling power of his presence recold, unkind; but I'm afraid of-of mained. A dezen uncertain plans chased one another through her whirl-He looked long into her face. "Dear ing brain. She would telegraph Allittle girl!" he said at length; and the fred. But where? What could she adjective did not seem unfitting when say? She could not send heart tragehe stood near her. "Don't be afraid dies over the wires, accuse Gideon be-

She would write-get Uncle Billy to "But I can't help it, Gideon. You deliver her letter in person. She wrote would compel me, hurt me. Does true a feverish letter, destroyed it, and lection of Alfred's promised telegram. wrote again; then hastened out to find He would surely keep his word. "Does a mother love her child when Uncle Billy. In the kitchen she came she gives it into the surgeon's hands?" upon Sally B. superintending the extra past—fifteen! Stella would not see his meaning, baking,

"Uncle Billy? He's snatchin' 40 "It does, Stella." He went to her winks. He didn't go up till a bit ago: again, standing close, and looking he ain't to be disturbed." She was for you, dear." He kissed her sud- O. K.! Train'll be here at 2:50 instid denly. "I remember what you said, o' four o'clock! Uncle Billy 'lows he'll

"Oh, I must speak to him alone," "Gideon, you can never have that!" Stella pleaded; "just a minute, when he comes down. Tell him when you

dued murmur that came from Sally B's barroom-all told Stella that the town waited awake for the night's She stole out, passed the hotel and peeped guiltily into the stage office. Only the clerk on duty was within, and he was nodding. Cautiously she

Red lights were burning in Gideon's approached and looked over the passenger list that lay open on the counter. Gideen had not booked. Though half stunned by dread and

again and the busy kitchen. She paced house outside of the cook's domain.

Back she turned to her nervous

supersensitive. The half-hour struck "The clock is surely wrong!" Stella

She crept out again to the stage ofquetted with duty in his chair, but sister." He dropped his arm and ly. The scene rehearsed grew in por- lay full length on the counter, frankly stepped back; and the consideration, tent. No flery courage rose to meet seduced by Morpheus. The passenger the gentleness and regret in his tone the memory of his threats; yet they list still lay open, and Stella looked.

even more than his words told her that he would seek Alfred at once. As she walked back new fears beset her. Why was Gideon not going on the stage? Could Alfred be already on his way to Colfax? Near? Coming now, and Gideon had learned it? A terrifying vision of their meeting shook her;

Ten minutes of two! Ten minutes

A light step came down the stair, and Stella flew into the hall.

"Uncle Billy!" she called softly, and drew him into the parlor. She put her letter in his hand, told him of Gideon, breathlessly describing Alfred's danger, though concealing its cause. She did not dream that Uncle Billy guessed

He promised to mount guard over Alfred, though he scoffed at her fear, and declared that Gideon, son of the night, was doubtless alone somewhere fighting out his anger.

"Oh, Uncle Billy, you're such a dear, good father to me," she cried impetuously; and, heedless, did not see the light die in his eyes, recked not of a missed heart-beat.

His back was toward the lamp, his face downcast; yet when he lifted it again, he was calm, his voice steady, though Stella caught a vibrant sadness in it she could not understand.

"Honey, there's something I've been wishing to speak to you about for a month o' Sundays, but I couldn't raise the pluck." He stopped, and Stella, so overwrought, grew suddenly apprehensive, though she did not speak. "Yo' Uncle Billy's stake in Mammon's mighty small; but such as it is, it is deeded to you, child. I haven't any kin of my own, that is, none that's as neah to me as you are, honey. I fixed the papehs in Auburn yestehday.'

For an instant Stella did not comprehend. She looked questioningly into his face and he smiled back at her, waiting for her to speak. Then it broke suddenly-a will! All a young heart's dread of death came into her eyes. Uncle Ellly dead! And she profiting by it? It could not be. He surely would live long years still. She could not spare him!

The precipient sorrow, the generous deed, broke down Stella's defenses, and tears flowed uncontrolled while she haltingly told her gratitude. Uncle Billy had barely dried her eyes when Sally B.'s step sounded in the hall.

"I'm in heah, Sally B.," he called, "and all ready." Before she could turn back from the stairs and enter he drew Stella to him and kissed her. "Don't forget my luck posy, honey," he whispered, as Sally B. opened the door. And in that instant Stella's eyes were opened.

Ten minutes later the coaches Uncle Billy's leading, lined up beside the thronged sidewalk. Some passengers stood near the second coach. Only a privileged few coming on the train would go with Uncle Billy.

Stella, a rose in her hand, stood with others near the stage office door. "Is Mr. Ingram going with Uncle Billy or in the other coach?" she asked the clerk, as he returned to his post from some errand.

black eyes interrupted Stella's dreams. will soon wake to the shame of it. excitement. She gave absent-minded Took Ball's best horse, Nig. Told Ball Minutes ticked by unheeded. Hur- Your womanhood will help me, if not assent; and Stella crept back to the if he broke the nag's wind he'd pay

Stella did not wait to hear him through. "Book me for Virginia where the roses on the trellis wait for Uncle Billy's coach? She would go City!" she cried. "In Uncle Billy's coach-

"You can't-" he began. A whistle shrilled through the dark-

"Yes! yes! I'll make him let me!" "Gideon! Stop, for men at the doors; the rattle of chips, she panted, and was gone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Many Uses for the Hairpin

Invaluable.

the saloon across the way; knots of

"Moppett, Why Do You Push Me Away?"

house and garden for you in Sacra- and again sat down with her fears.

mento; your own home, trim and neat, Had Gideon been able to get a seat in

your care. There you shall live in and see. She opened the door and

peace, and show the gossips that Al- peered out. The street was deserted.

-did not win you to cast you off. To- ing in all directions; extra lights in

fred Vincent did not break your heart Yet bright, unshaded windows gleam-

morrow we shall be married-"

day he intends to marry me-

"Intends to marry you! Some day!

faced her fiercely, the veins in his

for boots or gloves, it is invaluable. "No, no, Gideon!" she broke in ex- In lieu of its sharper sister, the pin, she was a lioness at bay. "Do you call as this may seem, while, if a sufficient record their desires and criticisms.

There is another popular service such as: see me, aren't you, sweet Star?" He Ingram! Leave me! I hope never to also that it performs, says the London Chronicle. Recently at a smart hotel he knows to whom." Gideon did not speak. Stella roused in London a young lady took up a "The green peas yesterday were might be a panther mother's, and and angry was a new being to him. novel, saying to the man who was burned." He had not realized that her spirit was carrying it round: "How far have Baroness M- flirts; unfortunate-"Don't, Gideon!" Stella cried, as intrepid as his own. Stripped you got with this story?" As she ly, not with me." breathless, struggling unavailingly, yet of compassion for his love of her, spoke she opened the book with that The marquise has withdrawn the DEERE PLOW CO. | not quite sorry that his arm did not | wrenched free from the claim of their | quick movement which inevitably be | register.—Cri de Paris.

Little Instrument May Se Said to Be | trays the book marker, then putting it down with a laugh added: "Oh, I was looking for the hairpin which It is an excellent substitute for a marked the place you had reached,

A French marquise whose country eon away, was so small a part of her citedly. "Don't say those words! You seaside trippers have been known to house is crowded with guests during ing. In the pause while he attended to her eye blazing back flame for flame. winkle from its shell. In extremities inal idea of placing a register at the He turned to meet her mute scru- that love?" she asked scornfully, "to number are used, it supplies the place The pages of the richly-bound book soon began to be covered with notes

"Count de R- still owes 25 louis:

The Mean Tring.

She (eyeing the refreshment booth) -Dearest, while we are waiting for the train, don't you think it would be a good idea to take something? He-Yes, darling; and since it is such a beautiful moonlight night, let's

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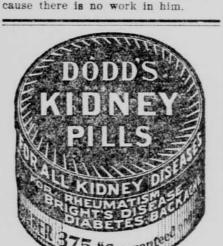
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