

### SAVED AT THE CRISIS.

Delay Meant Death from Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Herman Smith, 901 Broad Street, Athens, Ga., says: "Kidney disease started with slight irregularity and weakness and developed into dangerous dropsy. I became weak and languid, and could do no housework. My back ached terribly. I had bearing down pains and my limbs bloated to twice their normal size. Doctors did not help, and I was fast drifting into the hopeless stages. I used Doan's Kidney Pills at the critical moment and they really saved my life."

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

### CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.



The Hunter—Ain't it a shame, lads? It says here that mountain lions are rapidly becoming extinct. I bet we've never got a chance to shoot a single one.

Sheer white goods. In fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### The Prolonged Applause.

"Don't you think," asked the sincere citizen, "that a man should prepare himself studiously and carefully for service as delegate to a national convention?"

"Well," answered the man of experience, "it would undoubtedly be a good thing to take a year or so of voice culture."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A coat of arms doesn't always hide the family skeleton.

### ALL RUN DOWN.

Miss Della Stroebe, who had Completely Lost Her Health, Found Relief from Pe-ru-na at Once.

### Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROEBE, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes." "My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

### Pe-ru-na Did Wonders.

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1421 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run-down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.



### Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles

That firm, crisp quality and delicious flavor is what you get when you insist on Libby's Mixed Pickles at your dealers. They are always the finest and never disappoint. It's the same with Libby's Sweet Gherkins and Sweet Mixlets. Ask for them.

### Libby's Olives

The cultivation of centuries marks the olive groves of Spain as the world's best. Libby's Olives are imported from the oldest and most famous of these groves. The result is a rare product, delightfully appetizing. Try one bottle and you'll buy more and never be without them.

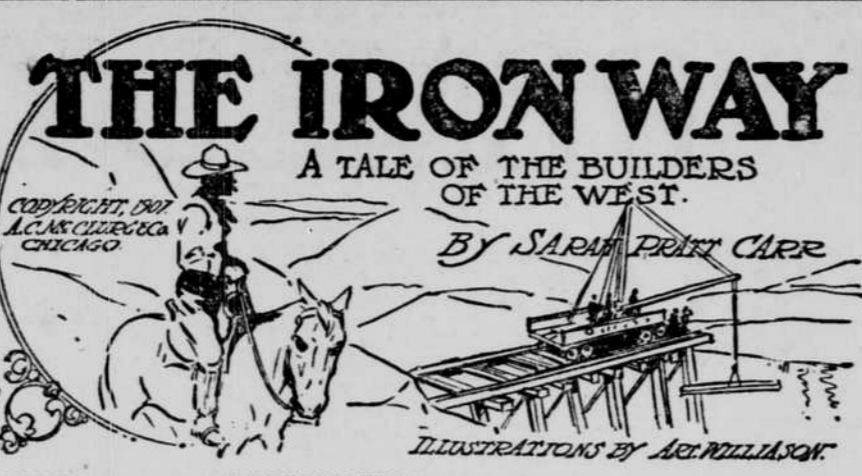
### Libby's Preserves

Pure, ripe fruit and pure sugar in equal parts, cooked just right and timed to the second, in Libby's Great White Kitchen, is the secret of the extreme superiority of Libby's Preserves. There's none as good at any price. Grocers and delicatessen stores carry all of Libby's Food Products. They are warranted the best to both you and the dealer.

Write for Free Booklet—"How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Insist on Libby's of your dealer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



## THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.  
BY SARAH DELLY CLARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AG. WILSON

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. The driver, Dodge, a heavy driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come to 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, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assisted 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 notice 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 tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel land-lady. Vincent visits society circles 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 arranges to secure opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his last Stella vows from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposing railroad. Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up Stella. She and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. In showing Miss Hamilton, 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. In determination of Stella's part to change her temperament, Alfred writes passionately to Stella, desiring the attention which he has completed to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage succeeds. Stella falls to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon in return for Alfred's freedom will die." After conference Stella decides to flee.

### CHAPTER XXIII. The Promise Kept.

Alfred came downstairs to Mrs. Harmon's spacious parlor. It lacked some minutes of the dinner hour, and he hoped for a cozy chat before the judge came in. At least, he felt sure of the few minutes. It took the judge to scramble grumbling, into his detested evening clothes.

Mrs. Harmon entered, a stately, white-haired woman in creamy, shimmering satin, whose merry eyes belied the somewhat stern mouth.

"Alfred!" She was beside him in front of the fire before he was aware of her presence. "How good it is to see you! Oh, but you're changed!" She looked him over critically, yet in a breath. "You have acquired a few—just a few—lines, and a business face. It is all becoming, though, the tan, the lines, and—and the business face," she added hesitatingly. "You're a trifle stouter, aren't you?" "Yes, I am."

"That's good. You were too thin. How sorry I am to have been away when you arrived! It was so inhospitable."

"It's very good to be here, to see you after this long time. And don't frown a minute about not being here to receive me. Toy is a whole domestic retinue. He took me to my old chamber and fussed about delightfully."

"Yes, Toy is my right hand man, half my housekeeping brain."

"It is like home, even to the hellebore on the stand. How good of you to remember my favorite flower."

He glanced swiftly around the quiet room, bringing his eyes again to her calm face. He felt welcomed, warmed, his heart lighter. This beautiful home was like his own, ample, refined; and its genius stood on a pedestal beside the memory of his mother.

"Flattering of Toy." Mrs. Harmon replied to his last remark; "you were a favorite of his. I can't claim credit for any such definite memory of your tastes. I'm afraid I've forgotten even the songs you liked me to sing; but I shall never forget some of yours. I can hear you now as on that first night when you sang 'Down Upon the Swannee River' as if God had turned you out of heaven."

"I thought he had then; I know better now."

"Because you have gained it since?" "Yes, and lost it again. I think I know—a little about—hades." He was looking down, and quite unaware of the dejection in his voice.

"You poor boy!" She stepped closer and put her hand on his arm. "You must tell me when you're in the mood of that trying experience. It must have been dreadful!"

"The kidnapping? Oh, yes, that was pretty bad; and the long illness after—but there. What a silly I am to unload my troubles before I've given you a decent how-do-you-do! That's what I used to do to my mother at home in—" He trusted his voice no farther.

"I'm your mother in California, you know," she said softly.

He lifted her hand from his arm and kissed it reverently.

"Alfred, dear, I understand. Because you've been so long from things you need, have missed things, perhaps, that I don't know of, my sympathy has undone you. Some other time, when no guests are coming, forget that I'm not your own mother and tell me all your heart. Meantime, brighten up. The very dearest of my many girls is to be here to-night. I've been wishing you might meet her. She's a beautiful woman, a heroine, too—Miss Anthony."

Alfred started, and his lips straightened instantly. "Stella Anthony?" he asked thickly.

"No, Esther Anthony," Mrs. Harmon answered, noting his agitation. "She's not one you'd take the liberty of nicknaming. Sit down, Alfred, and let me tell you of her."

"Is she large, rosy, with red-gold brown hair, very light, a dozen—all the colors of the sunset in it?" In spite of attempted control, his words trembled with eagerness as he pushed forward a chair for Mrs. Harmon, and seated himself opposite her.

"It's the proper time to dine—at the close of the day—the only time; when there's leisure for guests, enjoyment and digestion. As for petticoat tyranny," Mrs. Harmon smiled indulgently, "what would the judge's social position be with no wife to manage him? Why, he'd go with one pump and a boot to a ball! In a dressing-gown, too, perhaps, if some sane person didn't look after him."

The judge flung her a merry rejoinder and turned kind eyes to Alfred. "Mother, the boy's grown!"

Why the judge called his wife "mother" was a mystery to their friends. The more observant noticed that he used the name only when moved; and seen read in it undying respect for the son that came but never breathed.

"Yes, it's true, judge," Alfred acknowledged. "In spite of hardship and roughing it I've laid on flesh."

The bell rang. "There are the rest of the diners! Come on, Vincent, into the den with me. There'll be time for a good talk before the madam's train and Toy are ready for dining-room conjunction. I want to hear by eye-witness from the front."

The two went into a large rear room overlooking the Bay, the Golden Gate, Sausalito straggling down the Marin county hills to the shore, Tamalpais and all the rest of the blue and golden-brown panorama unrolled before them in eternal beauty.

Alfred declined cigars, but the judge smoked serenely, quite indifferent to the nearing dinner hour.

"Tell me, how's the iron horse race coming on out there in the sage-brush? Crocker and Gregory getting in on the last race?"

"Yes, sir; they're making fair time," Alfred replied. "They expected to be

road will delay them; I'm glad of that."

"But it hasn't. Those people are rushing right along, regardless of Uncle Sam's disapproval."

"Our folks surprised those U. P. chaps some, I expect, when we caught up with their west section of grade. What possessed the Union Pacific people to begin grading as far west as Humboldt Wells? They're poor calculators."

"There's a secret about that, sir. Did Mr. Crocker never tell you of Mr. Gregory's understudy?"

"Understudy? What of him?" "Last autumn, when our people were pegging along near Winnemucca, a stranger came to Gregory wishing to study railroading at its latest and best; said he was contemplating an Oregon enterprise; completely fooled the old man."

"Fooled Gregory!" The judge's laugh shook him as a craft tossed by a high wind.

"Yes, sir. The fellow was a U. P. spy. He went back by way of San Francisco and the Isthmus, and told his people we couldn't get to Salt Lake before '71. You should have heard Gregory's remarks. Good for indignation."

"But how came the spy to be so out of reckoning?" asked the judge, grinning appreciatively.

"Based his calculations on the Palisade tunnel. That would have taken a good year."

"And our folks changed their minds and walked around it. Bully! What does Gregory say now?"

"Oh, that's history to him. He's busy driving his white men and Chinese like a modern Pharaoh."

"By hokey! It was lucky for us, that burg Durrant made."

"Durrant?" Alfred questioned absently. His mind was wandering with Stella in the past, her memory vividly aroused by Mrs. Harmon's description of her protegee.

"Yes. Didn't you hear of it? Vice-President Durrant of the Union Pacific telegraphed Stanford this: 'If we lay any track on your grading we'll pay you for your grading. If you lay any on ours we won't charge you a cent.' We'll get them on that deal."

"Yes, sir; and it's lucky for us that ownership terminates where the iron meets instead of where the grades meet."

"Iron! That's the keynote. I wish we could act on Gregory's wish and get iron out across the Isthmus."

"It would be like spiking down silver track," Alfred said wondrously.

"You bet! But we're making railroad for 1,000 years! Every mile we build now will in time pay for Isthmus-packed iron—yes, for silver track!"

Alfred nodded, but was silent.

Toy, velvet-footed, and exquisite in his waiter's garb, came to the door. "Mistee Vincen in pal'ah," he said softly.

The judge rose slowly and flipped the cigar ashes from his coat. "Good-bye, comfort. Come on, boy. She's the general you know."

In the parlor Alfred was barely introduced to the other guests when through the hall archway Miss Anthony appeared. He stopped in the middle of a speech and stared open-mouthed. It was Stella!

He took a quick step forward, but halted. This was not his Stella. She dwelt only in memory, in the far, fragrant mountains. His long, fruitless search for her flashed upon him, his months, years of longing. Surely she had not wished to be found. He looked again at the stately woman before him. No, no; this was not his Stella.

Esther's entrance had immediately focussed attention. Alfred was glad that his perturbation had thus gone unnoticed. He took shelter behind a pillar and covertly followed her movements.

She was taller than before, he thought; and she carried herself regally. Her gown was white; and save the crimson rose drooping from her hair, the rich dress was relieved only by a string of priceless pearls, the most beautiful Alfred had ever seen.

Guests went forward to meet her, till she was encircled. Turning this way and that to make her replies, Alfred fancied she sent a fleeting glance his way. But before there was time for further speculation, dinner was announced; and in the slight confusion of finding partners, Esther, passing, looked at him without recognition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Stella Anthony?" He Asked Thickly.

I know of her. We both fell in love with her, the judge and myself. She was working her way through school."

"Yes," Alfred answered absently. "She has an exceptional mind. The judge was very greatly interested in her."

"I begin to see how Miss Anthony accomplished Vassar. She—"

"But you don't see. She's not a protegee, but one of the richest women in the city; and quite the rage, though she returned less than a month ago."

Alfred's hope glimmered away to oblivion. His heart had sung Stella's name through all the conversation; yet nothing of this woman's life or looks tallied with Stella. Still, if she were Stella—oh, if she were Stella!

"All the judge did was to manage her mining property," Mrs. Harmon went, "mines she had owned for years but supposed worthless. So they were until the railroad made the valley of the Humboldt accessible."

"That was fortunate for her. Has she finished school?"

"Yes, graduated with honors last spring. You should have taken her in to dinner if I had known you were coming; but I've promised her to Mr. Montague. She's—"

"Hello, Vincent! Here you are, making love to my wife again! Beginning right where you left off three years ago, I suppose, you young scamp!" The judge rolled in, fat, puffing and red with the exertion of hasty dressing; yet a man whose leonine head and kind, fearless eyes would arrest the most casual observer.

"Isn't it good to have Alfred here again?" she asked, as the two shook hands heartily.

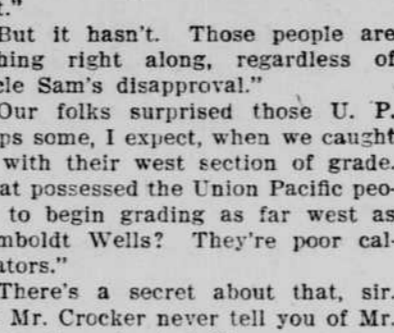
"Of course you think so! Most any woman would enjoy this spruce young chap. Never mind the old man, Vincent! I don't blame you. She's a pretty nice sort of an old girl, isn't she? I'm in love with her myself. I—"

"George, you're twisted your tie. Let me change it," Mrs. Harmon interrupted, rising to adjust the knot under the fat, shaven chin, giving it a tender pat or two for a flash. "I do wish you'd get you a man; or—let me help you."

"A man!" he snorted. "When I can't dress myself to suit you, madam, I'll resign! Blast all this toggery, anyhow. Spike-tail coats, dinner in the middle of the night—Don't marry, Vincent, or you'll be tied for life to just such petticoat tyranny."

"I've been accustomed to it in my youth, sir, all except dinner at night; that's new to me."

### IN TOYDCM.



Billy Block—A Teddy bear! And here I've went and shot me last stone at a canary bird! Drat the luck!

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 thickly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Just Suppose. "Just suppose," said Brother Dickey, "heaven wuz one big watermelon patch, an' it wuz de Fo'rh er July de year noon."

"Go long, man," said Brother Williams, "you almos' makes me want ter go dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Johnson* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

After a man has moved heaven and earth to acquire a certain thing he is surprised to discover how little he cares for it.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

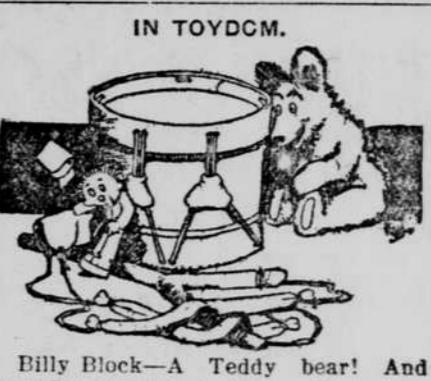
You can't flatter an honest man by telling him that he is honest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A man isn't necessarily a wood sawyer because he says nothing.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Keas. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

It isn't a secret if a woman hesitates in the telling of it.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death."

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,"

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. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Disorders. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all the troubles incident to the Torpid Liver. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Removes all dandruff. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. 25c and 50c.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MOHRIS, PENSIONS, Washington, D. C.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 32, 1908.



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Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

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16oz.—One-Third More Starch.

STARCH 16oz. DEFANCE

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