

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CLARK

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the Overland Mail through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle" Boake, 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 roadsters have carried their destructive work there since of some months. Vincent is assigned to work on the building plans of enemies of railroad men. 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 and restaurant owner. Vincent visits 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, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boss. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and a note of a railroad official. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship in order to force the railroad to relinquish evidence against Cadwallader found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. Perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Tara." Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment. Campaign in railroad town is one of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, desiring the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. Lang-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 a success. Stella falls in love with Gideon. Stella receives letter: "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther. Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself in Kansas and stays into highest San Francisco society. Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in social society, he passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Stella visits Mrs. Sally Bernard, now in top notch society and wealthy, being known as Mrs. Lang-Bernard.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"She's had time, then, to learn your good heart. If she hasn't, she deserves no sympathy."

Sally B. smiled broadly. "You tuck—look in the blarney stone on your tower, didn't you? What a playboy shame we couldn't have towered to gether!"

"That would have been nice. Did you enjoy your travel?"

"Fine!" the other answered quickly; yet a dejected note crept into her next words. "I enjoyed it all right; but it didn't pay—not Bill an' me. We're too old, and didn't have no—any fit cultivating for such a crop. But it paid for Vi," she said exultingly. "She's come out just a little queen. Vi has. She fits all this fine stuff." Sally B.'s sweep of arm included the whole magnificent villa. "An' her paw's that proud of her!"

Esther smiled sympathetically. "Tell me about your home, Mrs. Sally. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's pay rock, sure; a thousand dollars to the ton. But some way I like it better when I'm tellin' about it, or showin' it off, than I do about livin' in it. You know, I ain't used to bein' waited on—not personal—but I'm going to get used to it for Vi's sake; style, furrin servants—got five kinds, seven courses, church people—the hull hog!"

"Did you get the place already equipped?"

"Law me, yes. Furniture, they left a coachman, an' monnygram. They hired a cook, too, a Frenchy; but I bounced him, fy, fy; an' Yic Wah hangs up in the kitchen now. Gosh!—I say! I'm just going to take a vacation from grammar while you're here; it's too hamperin'. No use showin' off to you, Steal—Esther; you know me from shoe to bonnet, anyhow."

"I don't love you for your grammar, good or bad, but for—I won't risk another reference to—to my travel in Ireland. How's Yic Wah?"

"Proud of the place as if he owned it. Come! I'll show you everything; him an' the kitchen with the rest."

She led the way, trailing her black skirts over the rich carpets from room to room, holding her head high and showing off her possessions with pleased pride. The house was large and in perfect taste. The former owners had failed suddenly and sold to the first bidder, walking out with only their clothing. The two women halted in the library; and Esther looked curiously along the rows of books, most of them standard authors, and bound to order, with the owner's monogram on the cover. She wondered what part they played in Sally B.'s present life. "Have you read any of them?" she asked, glancing at the shelves.

A tired look crept into Sally B.'s face. "I've got to the sixth book on the fourth row from the top. I reckon it'll take about two year—years. Vi likes 'em, but I don't—leastways, not much of it."

Esther refrained from comment, though her heart ached for the heroic woman. "It's too bad about the monogram. L. B.'s so near right."

"It's just right! I've took—taken maw's name, Lang. See here!" She crossed the room and brought cards from the desk. They were in the extreme style, and read, "Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Lake View. First Thursdays."

"Think o' Sally B. bein' that big a fool! But that's what you got to do if you want to get—get up to that where I'm bound, to the very top notch! Of course, I don't belong there, but Vi does, an' I'm going to boost her if money an' work can do it." She was leading the way to the ballroom at the top of the house, a beautiful, spacious apartment overlooking Lake Merritt and the Berkeley hills.

"I'm sure you're succeeding," Esther said as they sat near an open window,

She wondered if it was wise to encourage Sally B.'s impossible ambitions.

"Yes; that is, Vi is. She gets invited into the ginuine, bong tong set, where the men wears opery hats an' gold-headed canes, an' the women's all ladies."

"Does Viola enjoy it?"

Sally B.'s face sobered instantly. "I don't know. Vi's changed some. She was always quiet; now she's deep. I can't make her out. She goes a heap, always does the right thing, wears her clo'es like a queen, she does. And Freddy Bryan—he's old Dick Bryan's son, you know; the old man's on his third million now; an' they're first families, O. K.—well, Freddy's shuin' up to Vi fine! Then there's Mr. Reginald Lawrence; there's he's really a lord's son. I kin see he likes Vi, but he's one of them stand-off English fellers; you can't tell about 'em. Cut my—if Vi'd ketch a lord—She stopped and beamed on Esther.

"But he might not make Viola happy."

"N—o," Sally B. acquiesced reluctantly. "Anyhow, he's shy lately. Reckon he's waiting to size up Bill's pile." Sally B.'s honesty extended to herself, no matter how unflattering.



"I've Got to the Sixth Book on the Fourth Row from the Top."

"Vi's 19 next week," she went on. "She's goin' to have the doggondest ball—invitations ben out a week—on silk, they are. An' I've staked out the best decorator an' the best caterer round the Bay."

"Whom have you invited—besides me? I received my invitation safely."

"Oh, all the big bugs—all the other big bugs," Sally B. smiled at Esther. "I kin git. All that's called on me, an' a lot that hain't. The 'Piscopal church folks, too; they're bong tong, all right."

They discussed the ball a little more, when Esther asked suddenly: "What of Alvin? Haven't you let those two meet again?"

The other woman's countenance fell. "I reckon Vi still likes him. But how can I let my little thoroughbred marry that cripple? An' if he wa'n't crooked, he's nobody, no more'n I be. Vi's got to go up! You hear me! She's bound to go up! She rose and walked down the room, stopping by another window an instant before she returned. "She ain't seen Al in two year."

Esther saw the battle between love and ambition, and said nothing. Poor Viola! Must she be sacrificed? Esther knew that the crooked leg would be condoned if Alvin had a hyphenated name or a long purse.

"Come on down to my room," Sally B. said presently. "I want to show you my Jew's. Oh, that's my church, St. Andrew's." She stopped on the stair and pointed out an ivy-hung building of unmistakable Episcopal architecture.

"So you go to church?" There was surprise in Esther's tone.

"Reg'lar as estin'."

"It seems odd somehow." Esther looked speculatively at Sally B.

"Course, I wa'n't raised to it—been miles from churches all my life. But it's the proper caper, an' I go the hull thing, you know."

Esther asked Sally B. how she liked her fellow parishioners.

"Tain't no matter how I like them. What I've started to do is to make them like me. But it's no go. They'll take to Vi, an' to my money; but they'll never swallow me."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, they get my dinners; say they're splendid. An' they invite me to their'n. But most generally it's Bill an' Vi an' me ap'win' a lone hand fur visitors. Or if they's other folks, they wink an' tech—touch up another

when I talk. They think I don't size 'em up; but I ain't a durn fool all the time, if they do bleed me like thunder."

"Bleed you?"

"You bet! They think they do it sick, an' I don't let on, but just give, an' all kinds of missioners, an' all kinds of poor boxes, till I wonder how much they pay the man that invents so many ways."

"I can imagine how generous you are," Esther said approvingly.

"There's one piece of work they let me run my own way, an' I like it; that's looking after the poor. Some way, I can understand them folks; tell whether it's grub or a boost or the spirit they need most. I s'pose we're right smart happier with folks that needs us. That's why I ain't—well, not exactly hilarious with the big bugs; they don't need nothin' I got—except my daughter."

Esther sighed. Did any one in all the world need her? "How does Mr. Bernard like the new home?" she asked, stepping across the room for another view of the beautiful grounds.

"Oh, like me, bang up. Yet what you're raised to don't git out of the blood in a minute. An' I know Bill blooms at night of the mountains an' his sleep, 'cause he hollers out in his mind about 'em."

She was busy bringing from hook and shelf and drawing a billow flood of heterogeneous finery. Her tongue voiced a new mood; and Esther, not without sympathy for the "big bugs," recognized Sally B.'s company manner.

"This here is made by Worth of Paris. I hope it will be worth as much to me as it was to him. Ain't it orfay? And here's one that's just magnif! I brought them all over my—well—wore 'em all first to save duty. My! But maybe you think 't wa'n't no job to flop around a hotel parlor in a new dress four times a day! Whew!

"Bet she had a good time," the other went on. "We took her all over Yerp; an' she lived two months after we come home. I bought her more clo'es than she'd had in all her life before, she could put on a different dress every day in the month! We took her riding in the victoria, took her to the theater, the City, an' everywhere! She didn't suffer none; I thank God for that." She went in and out of the closet once or twice without speaking, and Esther waited.

Her sentences had been tossed by gusts of emotion; now speech was entirely wrecked. While she struggled for calmness Viola entered.

"Oh, Stella! Esther!" Viola's arms went round the other girl impulsively and she burst into tears.

"What under the canopy are ye crying for?" her mother asked; yet she knew; and her own tears were hardly restrained.

"Oh, ma, it's so good to see her! She belongs to the old, honest time when we said what we thought, or kept still!"

The mother winced. Viola's unusual emotion disclosed unwelcome facts. She was taller, and had blossomed into a soft, wood-violet sort of beauty that yet had something mystic about it; as rare as felicitous.

She spoke of many things, Viola's womanhood unfolding her in a mantle of sadness. Esther knew she had been defrauded of her girlhood, and longed to set her free from her unyouthful self-control; wondered if she would, at the last test, sacrifice herself to her mother's ambition.

They went the round of the bedrooms, the kitchen, where Yic Wah greeted Esther with voluble cordiality; the stables, conservatories, and breeze-swept gardens; and Esther was preparing for the street when the maid brought a card.

"Mr. Bryan, ma," Viola said. Her face grew gray and dull; while her mother's was swept by a quick panorama of doubt, question, mother love, ambition.

She put her arm about Viola's slender waist. "Honey, mammy expects a heap of you. Will you do it?"

Viola turned suddenly, spoke with strange impetuosity, "Don't, ma! I can't do it! Freddy Bryan's honest. He'd ask me just the same if I was poor. I thought I would say yes, when I told him I'd give him my answer to-day. But I won't cheat him. I'll tell him I can't care for him as he deserves. It's no use, ma." She put up a protesting hand, and even Sally B. was held in silence by the new sternness in her daughter.

And Esther, distressed at the tragedy in the girl's face, made her adieu quickly, that Sally B. might not see the angry resentment in her heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It makes me sweat now to think of it! Ain't that red just—

"Regal!" Esther finished, as Sally B., for a wonder, paused for a word.

"Like it?" Sally B. displayed with pride the scarlet satin robe, spangled from hem to throat, and finished with costly gold lace. "That's my own design, an' my favorite of all I got. Worth told me never to tell it was his make. Wouldn't put his tag on it. Didn't want to steal my thunder, I s'pose. Clever of him, wa'n't it? Say! With my diamonds—they're in the bank or I'd show 'em to you—I look—"

"We've used the only word, Mrs. Sally—regal," Esther laughed, thinking of her at a fancy dress ball as the Queen of Sheba.



HERE'S IDEAL MODEL CITIZEN

The Coming Man as Seen by Admirers of Socialism.

To describe an ideal modern citizen now is a best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that inferior, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. He will be neither under the slave tradition nor a rebel, nor a vehement elemental man. Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. He will probably be a public servant; at any rate he will be a man doing some work in the complicated machinery of the modern community for a salary and not for speculative gain. Typically he will be a professional man. I do not think the ideal modern citizen can be a person living chiefly by buying for as little as he can give and selling for as much as he can get; indeed, most of what we idolize as business enterprise, I think he will regard with very considerable contempt. But then I am a Socialist

"Oh, what a pretty thing this is!" she said, lifting a pale gray gown from the filmy heap.

"Yes, I s'pose the toot onsembl of that's good. But them pale colors don't fit me; an' the work on that won't stand the eyes of a connoisseur."

"I suppose Mr. Bernard has a lot of things, too," Esther said as soon as she could control her face.

"You bet! Only men's things ain't interestin' like women's. I wish men were lace an' things, like they did when that picture was took." She glanced up at an exquisite engraving of a scene at the court of Louis XIV.

"I presume Mr. Bernard would rather wear the dress of 1869."

"Yes, an' I'd rather be would. His manners don't seem how it what he's got now. I never noticed that Bill was short on manners when he was wearin' a blue shirt, an' punchin' moles, or huntin' a lead. But in this fine house, him a pushin' victuals with a silver knife, an' eatin' soup audible, while people sets round an' tries not to laugh; an' the flowers and the pictures some way sham'n' him—why good feller as he is, I wish he'd go back to his blue shirt an' moles, or else buy some manners. An' the worst of it is, I know I got just as bad a case of not fittin' her myself; only I'm that stuck on myself, I can't see it. I've—been going back right now on all my polish for a coon's age."

Esther ventured no reply, and the other woman began to put away her wardrobe. "Ain't it too bad had to die 'fore I get a chance to wear half these here new things? Black's so becoming! An' I can't even wear white riches; them's for widders."

Esther was startled. No wonder conventional people could not understand Sally B. Esther knew that no more devoted daughter had ever lived than Sally B. had been; yet who, that knew nothing of this would believe it in the face of her last remark?

"Bet she had a good time," the other went on. "We took her all over Yerp; an' she lived two months after we come home. I bought her more clo'es than she'd had in all her life before, she could put on a different dress every day in the month! We took her riding in the victoria, took her to the theater, the City, an' everywhere! She didn't suffer none; I thank God for that." She went in and out of the closet once or twice without speaking, and Esther waited.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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

Dr. F. Gerald Dietter, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustavo A. Eisenbrauer, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my practice and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Duckman, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. D. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. D. Edmondson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin P. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

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Bears the Signature of
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
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WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Albert's Particular Reason for Inquiry That Worried Nurse.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice, said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

One by the Colonel.

Some one had been telling the colonel about weather so warm that eggs could be fried on the sidewalk.

"Call that hot weather!" scoffed the colonel. "Why, that's nothing, sah."

"Think not, colonel?"

"No, sah. Why, Ah have seen it so hot down south, sah, that the popcorn popped right on the stalk."

"Whew!"

"And that's not all, sah. The juice in the cane in the next field turned to molasses, ran through the fence, mixed up with the popcorn and formed the finest combination of popcorn and molasses that ever crossed your lips, sah. Talk about hot weather? Huh!"

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

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

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

The Mosher-Lampman Business College

Is not only the best place west of the Mississippi river to learn Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc., but it gives its students a business training and discipline that fits them for business.

It converts them into business men and women. Many of the Bank Cashiers, Department Managers and successful business men of the West were educated by us.

Fall Term Opens September 1.

Write for catalogue and specimens of penmanship.

Mosher & Lampman, 17th and Farnam, Omaha, Neb.

CONTRARY, INDEED.

None for Him.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

The tree of fame is an inconveniently tall tree; the trunk of it is abnormally smooth, too, affording very little foothold to the climber.—Lucas Malet.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

If you are unable to hold your temper get a strong man to hold you.

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

A talking machine is all right if it does not talk machine politics.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. See it at your Druggist's. Write A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for sample.

Better a tramp in the woods than a hob in the woodshed.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

WARM WELCOME ASSURED.

"And you say you haven't been home all the afternoon?" reprised the old lady on the bridge.

"No'm," confessed the small boy with wet hair.

"Well, why don't you go home right away? Your mother will be wearing her soul away for you."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"Yessum, but if I get there before my hair dries she will be wearing a single away for me. You see, I've been in swimming."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

The average man is willing to let his wife have the last word—and the sooner she gets around to it the better he seems to like it.

Thompson's Eye Water

EDUCATIONAL

Nebraska Military Academy

A first-class military boarding school for boys. Splendid building and grounds. Promotes college and business. Special arrangements for young boys under 12 years. For information, address B. D. Hayward, Supt. W. N. U., OMAHA, NEB. 34, 1903.