

# THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH DEWEY CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADRIAN WILLIAMS

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, 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 remains have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been destructively working plans of enemies of railroad being built. He returned Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his present situation. Stella's letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship. Plans to answer Stella's letter of importance against Cadwallader's found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. Stella's perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet in railroad town is scene of momentous event. Stella's love for Alfred and her father is revived. Stella announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred. Stella quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage. Stella's letter falls to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter. "Promise to marry Gideon in return of Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, indicates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Stella changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Frisco" she, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his father is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Anthony's romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin. Alvin Carter, Stella's lover when she was a poor girl, visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several sons of rich stores are asking the girl's hand. The Bernards lose their riches and Sally B. again becomes a housekeeper. Viola, marrying Alvin Carter, Stella visits Sally B. and sees "Uncle Billy."

### CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, surely not to stealing!" Instantly Esther's mind flew back to the desert station, the overland journey, the scene on the hillsides, to many lesser visions of him, even to her last meeting at Judge Harmon's. Always the same aversion to him, the same wonder that the company trusted him. "Yes, stealin'." They gave him a passenger out of Sacramento, an' he didn't run it three weeks till they caught him. The boys say there's something back of that, too, an' it'll go hard with him. Pore devil! He was bright 'nough fur meanness; pity he couldn't 'a tried bein' white. Come on. I got to go to the kitchen."

Here again reigned Yic Wah, the imperturbable.

"Do you like it here?" Esther asked him.

He grinned. "You bettee! Heap good. One dollah man out here; no two bittee man. Heap plenty loom. You likee say 'damn, all light. No matter."

"Yic got converted down in Oakland," Sally B. said when out of his hearing. "It'll give ye a crick in yer side to hear him singin' 'sams. He's the best hollerer Charley Crocker's got. McLane's comin' through to-night. The boys has stuffed Yic with a lot about Mac, told him Mac's goin' to do up Crocker's railroad; and I'm power'ful 'raid Yic'll sass Mac." There was a trifle of worry in Sally B.'s laugh.

"How can he hinder our company now?"

"He can't hinder 'em, but he kin pester 'em a heap, him an' the gang he's actin' fur. He ain't any wuss'n the rest, only smarter. He's on his way home from Washington and New York now. Been tryin' to fix congress agin, I'll lay. But I bet Collis P. beats him! I bet on Collis P. every time. Read this!" She tumbled over a pile of papers, found a recent copy of the Clarion and pointed out a short telegraphic dispatch. "Read it aloud, honey. I like to listen when our fellers spout at the government powwow."

It was an appeal from Mr. Huntington to Andrew Johnson, as the head of the outgoing administration, on behalf of the Central Pacific railroad.

"Likely it's ter spike that gun, that Mac's been ast. The boys says so. But I bet on Collis P. all the same. Ding that Clarion!" she continued, whipping from one topic to another with astonishing suddenness. "They're cluckin' to the U. P.'s now to pass us and come on to California; an' howlin' about pushin' the Southern Pacific to bust the C. P. If I was Gov. Stanford I'd mortgage my chance o' heaven, maybe a little bit o' the other place, but what I'd git hold o' that Southern Pacific."

"What is the Southern Pacific expectin' to do?"

"Build across the continent and have a competin' line."

"What? Two railroads? Surely, one will be enough."

"If them four git a bolt of it, they'll put it across all right. One line? They'll be half a dozen some day. An' you bet the C. P.'s won't let nobdy git the start of them if they only git a fair show."

The strange town stirred Esther's imagination. Like a flock of vagrant, ugly birds, the shacks and flimsy wooden houses squatted on the inhospitable mountain top or huddled beside the hawling stream. The most pretentious places were saloons. A very long tent caught Esther's eye.

"That's the dancehouse," Sally B. said. "They've got an extra big troupe of hurdy-gurdes in now—there's the place where they sleep just to the left there. Sufferin' ears! They make racket at night, they an' the men. Ain't nobdy no bad'y you might think 'bout them girls, though. Where they come from furra parts, where their job ain't considered disrespectable."

All in the town carried arms, and there were occasional brawls; yet no stranger was molested who did not first molest. Night drew on, and the sleepy town awoke. Wood teams from the mountain chopping camps rattled in. The clatter of animals feeding, human and otherwise, stirred the air. The evening train whistled in from the west, with mail, passengers, a few

workmen, much forage and supplies. "Collis P.'s done the job!" cried the first trainman to enter the hotel. "His little game o' talk with the president won the tin. The bonds are issued!"

"When was it?" asked Sally B., excitedly.

"Oh, weeks ago, probably. It was done fur Andy Johnson went out of the White House, anyway."

"How much bonds?"

"Two million four hundred thousand," the man said, rolling out the words slowly and respectfully.

A small sum enough for eyes that read to-day. Yet to a railroad of the present, forty millions could not mean more than that sum meant to the struggling Central Pacific.

The train came in from the front, a lot of empty cars bumping over unsettled track. To-night came Louis McLane, a distinguished-looking gentleman; yet great man as he was, and earnestly as Sally B. tried to make him comfortable, other matters overshadowed him.

"Them U. P. fellers laid seven and a half miles of track the other day," the story ran from lip to lip.

"Huh! I bet a game rooster George Gregory'll beat that when the iron

clink of glasses, the rhythmic beat of many feet, the voices of the dancing girls between sets. How had she shown thankfulness for the boon of health, of friends, training, wealth—all that was between her and these poor girls? Had she not wasted her days in idle longing? Among even the noisy dancers yonder might there not be some one better, according to her miserable opportunity, than she herself had been with her wider chance? It should be so no longer! When the last tie was laid she would return to her home, her city. She would cease her foolish waiting for Alfred; and somehow, wherever the way opened, she would work for those less fortunate than herself, would put herself on record for the better side of life.

A peace long unknown stole over her; and she slept tranquilly.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### The Stroke of the Fang.

The days ran happily by for Esther, so far as she remained in her own little world. It was a joy to be with Uncle Billy a short late hour every other night when his train was in and his reports made; a joy to know that his presence comforted Sally B., whose heart, despite her busy life, longed for her only child, and grieved for the old child who dogged her footsteps, did her errands, followed her with meek, trustful eyes. The spell of the desert, and her ever deferred hope of seeing Alfred, still held Esther. Gideon was in the town, though he kept out of Esther's way. Sally B. met him abruptly one day, forced a kind word upon him and asked him of his stay; but he evaded her with a half-coherent reply about seeing the railroad through. She mentally substituted Esther for the railroad, knowing it was for chance glimpses of her he hung around the town.

The grading was finished. Engi-

The supply train backed, switched, loaded freight brought in the night before; yet did not pull out for the front as usual, but side-tracked and waited. The iron was coming! It was due at noon.

Hotel patrons had eaten and gone. Bill Bernard was out on an errand; and the house was deserted save for the cook and scullion, and the two women at their late breakfast. The sun had not yet thawed the frost of the night when a shot rang out from Sally B.'s barroom.

She caught her pistol from some near nook and rushed out, Esther flying after her.

"Go back, child!" Sally B. said sternly from the doorway.

"Not unless you go," Esther returned in a voice as firm.

"Foller still, then," the other whispered, seeing opposition useless; and they entered the barroom noiselessly.

A man with beetling brows and fierce, resentful eyes stood with his back to them, holding a big revolver somewhat unsteadily over Shack Newbegin, whose hands were high in air. The intruder's clothes were soiled, his boots dusty and cut from much walking over rock. Notwithstanding his vicious, threatening attitude, his body drooped as from intense fatigue.

He did not hear the women; and his savage, low-spoken command showed him dangerously sure of himself.

"Give me ten dollars out of that till. Do it quick, and keep still. And don't try shootin' next time when a man asks you for money; you might get your wooden overcoat sooner'n you'd like. Hurry up, there!"

"Drop that gun, pardner!" Sally B. said quickly.

She had waited barely a breath on the threshold, yet Esther had smelled burned powder, seen Shack's pistol on the floor, his dishevelled hair and the bullet hole in the marauder's hat. Shack had had the first shot. How had the other mastered the situation?

The man wheeled, with blazing eyes, to meet Sally B.'s pistol barrel almost at his head. His own weapon, unconsciously lowered, left him helpless though he made a slight motion as if to lift it.

"Drop it, I say! Let go!" Her revolver touched his temple, and her black eyes blazed a message that compelled obedience.

He returned her look for an instant, lowered his eyes sullenly, glanced covertly about, and stooping, laid the pistol on the floor.

"Now, git inter that cheer!"

Again he looked at her resentfully; but only for a breath, when he bent stiffly, and dropped heavily down.

"Tie him, Shack, to the cheer; an' his hands behind him, an' his feet together. How'd he git the drop on ye? I see ye got the first shot."

"Yes, but I reckoned he was only a drunk, an' I wasn't lookin' fur him to fight. I only shot to skeer; but he jumped me like greased lightning."

"He looks holler; I 'low grub ain't ben plenty. Had anything to eat lately?" she asked her prisoner.

He shook his head sulkily.

"I thought so. Watch him, Shack," she ordered, and after the tying was done to her satisfaction, the two women went out.

They returned shortly, Sally B. with a generous breakfast; Esther, who refused to let her come alone, carrying the coffee. They arranged the food on a chair, and Sally B. took up her revolver again.

"Untie his hands, Shack."

"You're the beatin'est," Shack began, obeying her order reluctantly. "To go an' feed a man that's tried to rob ye."

"No matter. He's hungry. I wouldn't turn a hungry dog off without a bone. Get to work, now," she said gruffly to the bandit. "An' while ye're busy, tell what you wanted ten dollars fur. Why didn't ye ask fur the hull till?"

"'Cause I wanted to be white an' take only enough to get out of the country with," Esther thought his face softened a trifle.

"Why don't ye work for it? The Boss wants choppers; an' everybody's dyin' west like ole Nick was after 'em."

"That's my business. I want to leave the country, not chop wood." The sullen look deepened.

"If ye're that partic'lar, you git that grub out o' sight, an' git! I earn my money workin', an' you can yurn."

He scowled at her; and no one saw the gleam in his wicked eye as he caught the flash from Esther's solitaire.

It was the only ornament of value she wore in this rude place. She had bought it for protection, and it had served its purpose well. Most people supposed it an engagement ring, a supposition she tacitly encouraged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## VISITS WITH UNCLE BILLY

On the Wing.



A Nebraska man of the name of Wood married a widow of the name of Cole. They should have no trouble in keeping bright the fires of love.

I have just learned that cloves will keep moths out of clothing. I suppose that is the reason there are so few moths in some men's vest pockets.

An Ohio judge says that a school teacher in love is not competent to teach school. Where are we going to get so many new teachers, though?

The glory of a woman's hair is sometimes very high— And when her hubby gets the bill It makes him sigh: "Oh, my!"

If hills and hills didn't so readily rhyme with bills, I might take more pleasure in contemplating the vacation—which I hope to have. Oh! don't get worried, Angelina. I'll come back and tell you all about it, show you my sunburned nose, my blistered hands, the wound where the "musk" nipped me, the affidavit from the fish regarding my catch, and the vacuum in my pocket-book caused by a chance meeting with the game warden. Gay life, isn't it?

The Expected Happens. Tousled-haired Mary, with the light of glory and mischief in her baby eyes, has a playhouse and a domesticated hen. Mary likes the playhouse and so does the hen. The biddy is especially fond of a certain soft seat that child has had to rent "Speckles" from the "take-it-easy" that really was meant for little girls instead of big, fat motherly hens.

Yesterday Mary came rushing into the house, her eyes snapping with delight and excitement.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "the expectable has happened!"

The old hen had laid an egg in the easy chair.

The Track the Rabbit Made. Lewis-haired Mary, with the light of glory and mischief in her baby eyes, has a playhouse and a domesticated hen. Mary likes the playhouse and so does the hen. The biddy is especially fond of a certain soft seat that child has had to rent "Speckles" from the "take-it-easy" that really was meant for little girls instead of big, fat motherly hens.



When autumn hues are sere and brown And covered o'er with white, The rabbit from his burrow snug Comes out to play by night— And everywhere he hops about, Within the fluffy snow, He leaves impressions by the way, Criss-cross and to and fro!

When winter comes upon the hair Of man all bent and sere, The footprints of his way are seen In deeds of doing by night— Impressions he has made through life Are left that men may read, And by the footprints that remain Decide his earthly creed!

For when the summer time is past And winter falls in white, No man may dodge the tracks he made Within the dark of night! All plainly in the snow they mark The record of his way And stand in judgment at the throne Of Resurrection Day!

The Literary Life. It is easy to make wise remarks on paper, but getting money for them is genius.

The Holiday. The blush of rose is in the sky, And crimson mirrors all the west, As Rose and I, without a care, Go boating on the river's breast. Within the boat is stored away The luncheon that her skill has made— The sandwich and the cottage cheese, The angel food and lemonade!

And as the willows by the shore Cast silhouettes upon the stream, We drift within our fairyland And watch the darting minnows gleam. But now a cloud obscures the sky And Phyllis begins a game Of tennis in the sunny glare That flushes with the lightning's flame!

And as we seek the sheltered shore, The Storm King tears his shackles off— Our fairy shell, our bark of love, Is slopping like a water trough! And as we duck beneath the trees, The poison ivy trips our feet— But though her hair is in her eyes, My Rose is still a rosebud sweet!

And though the rain has spoiled her hat And drenched her to the very skin, My love is still quite waterproof. Her precious heart as dear to win, And though the storm shall be a gale We do not shrink, nor fear, nor start, For each has found a sheltered spot Within the other's throbbing heart!

More Than He Wanted. "Sometimes ladies thank me when I give up my seat to them," the young man said, "and sometimes they do not, and then occasionally something unusual happens. This morning when I gave up my seat to a lady she thanked me effusively.

"Thank you very much," she said; "very acceptable, I assure you." This speech attracted the attention of all around, and really I think I would prefer not to be thanked at all rather than to be thanked so generously.

"If it would be polite for me to indicate just how I'd like to be thanked for giving up my seat I should say that just a little smile with a slight inclination of the head, would be the acknowledgment that would please me best of all."

Man's Rough Path. Times are not always hard, but a man always needs money, for he is compelled to buy his salvation of a preacher, his health of a doctor and his rights of a lawyer.—Atlanta Constitution.

Big Engineering Feat. One of the biggest pieces of engineering in New England is a 2,500-horsepower dam in the Union river, at Ellsworth, Me. It is constructed of hollow concrete, and cost nearly \$500,000.

Shower of Sulphur. Charolles, a small town 20 miles from Macon, in France, has recently been visited by a shower of sulphur. The roofs, gardens, fields, vineyards, rivers and ponds were covered with a yellow dust, and for some time the peasants in the fields were troubled by a sulphurous biting odor which made breathing difficult.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe his remedy perfectly reliable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WASHINGTON, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Undoubtedly by Blindness. Prof. E. D. Campbell, director of the chemical laboratories in the University of Michigan, lost his sight 18 years ago through an accident. In spite of his affliction he has taken a high place in education and has made original researches of much value, especially in the chemistry of iron and cement.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

More Dignified. "Good night, you precious lamb!" said the mother, with the liberty one sometimes takes, even with one's son, at bedtime.

"Mother," said the small boy seeing, "if you must call me something, wouldn't you just as soon call me a billygoat?"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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.

DISTEMPER. In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$2.00 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

That Proved It. Ella—Don't you think Bella a very common sort of girl? Stella—Certainly; she's had neither appendicitis nor nervous prostration.

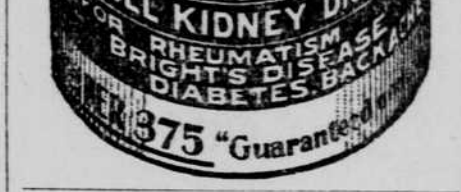
WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 165. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

There is no rest for the man who is pursued by bill collectors and a guilty conscience. Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c dealer is good quality all the time. Yic dealer or Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Try to love your neighbor as yourself, but if you can't, don't. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Anyway, the man who borrows trouble isn't asked to return it. If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

The burglar also has his get-rich-quick scheme.



When autumn hues are sere and brown And covered o'er with white, The rabbit from his burrow snug Comes out to play by night— And everywhere he hops about, Within the fluffy snow, He leaves impressions by the way, Criss-cross and to and fro!

EDUCATIONAL. Nebraska Military Academy Lincoln, Nebraska A first-class military boarding school for boys. Splendid building and grounds. Prepares for colleges and business. Special department for young boys under 12 years. For information, address B. D. Hayward, Supt.

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Removes dandruff, restores gray hair to its youthful color. Cures every disease of the scalp. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces is the package and other sizes only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY. Want a Job? Good pay. Write Red Cross Chemists Specialty Co., Chicago. W. N. U., OMAHA, NEB., 1908.

never crack nor become brittle. They last twice as long as those laundered with other starches and give the wearer much better satisfaction. If you want your husband, brother or son to look dresy, to feel comfortable and to be thoroughly happy use DEFIANCE STARCH in the laundry. It is sold by all good grocers at 12c a package—16 ounces. Inferior starches sell at the same price per package but contain only 12 ounces. Note the difference. Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH. Insist on getting it and you will never use any other brand.

Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.



"Drop That Gun, Pardner!"

comes. It's on the way now, they say." Sally B. looked challengingly about.

Waiting at table did not prevent her keeping up with all the railroad news, it rather aided her in doing so; and her comments were a sort of daily oral editorial that most of her patrons believed in, and all enjoyed.

"The U. P.'s discharged 12 engineers 'cause they wouldn't run at night," another loquacious diner remarked.

"Don't wonder they refused," a man from the east replied. "The grades are ticklish; the track ain't half finished, to say nothin' o' being settled; and the Injuns are raisin' Cain in triplets."

"That's the way it's been all the time over on the U. P.," a second stranger added. "Workmen never have had the proper protection. I was on the Denver line, and the chief of construction telegraphed for more force, saying, 'I have to fight while I dig.' But the company didn't help him out. Why, we had ten Injun fights in ten weeks. From one to seven white men killed every time. It wasn't fun, you can bet!"

Esther was in the dining room and heard. The dreadful day at the stage station came to her. Across the way violins began to twang, arousing Esther from her reverie. The caller's voice came clear, and the low, seductive rumble of dancing feet. One by one the men finished eating and went out. The voice of the town called louder and louder. Esther wondered, were she a man, if the calls would seem hideous as now; or would she, in the very joy of masculine freedom, look around, join the fringe of the curious onlookers, be caught by the siren. Temptation, and drawn into the human vortex, carried down—down!

Of all the guests, Mr. McLane alone was left. He ate slowly in dignified silence, pried upon intermittently by Yic Wah. The wheedling voice of the town had no fascination for Mr. McLane. He went at once to his room, attended by Sally B.

Then the two women chatted a little longer, when Esther, still tired from her night spent sitting up in the car, went to her bed.

But not to sleep. Unhindered by tent walls the drone of the fiddles came in at her open window; and the

neers, their occupation gone, had already started for new barrens to measure. Bridge builders followed. Men of the pickax and shovel, drillers, strikers, teamsters, Chinese, cooks, scullions, camp-movers—a long procession faced westward toward "California, God's country."

It was the morning before George Gregory's great day, the day he was to outdo the Union Pacific feat of laying seven and a half miles of track at one stretch. He had chosen the flat spaces eastward by Kelton, where the grade was easy, culverts and bridges few. Everything was in readiness. The iron was coming—on the road—due at the front that afternoon. All along the line betting ran high. Interest and excitement pervaded town, camp and home; touched even women and children.



## Laughter Not Always Good

Evidences of Merriment Sometimes by No Means Satisfying.

is a mere vocal habit. The worst laugh of all, however, to my mind, is that mindless sound provoked by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it rasps, naturally, most of all, the object calling it forth. A person laughed at and hurt never forgets the experience."

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