

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME.

Colored Fisherman Most Satisfied When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?" "Fishing," said the reply.

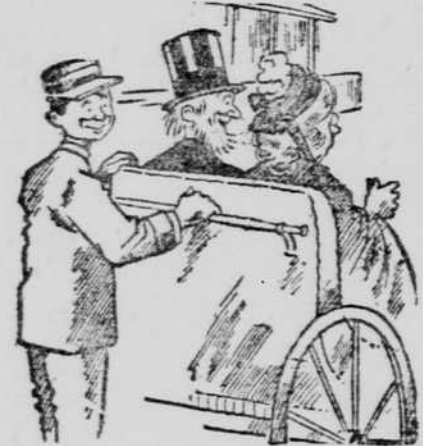
"Not getting many, are you?" "No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite." "I don't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hit's this-a-way, cap'n: when I pits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I coudn't have no time fo' fishin'!"—Success Magazine.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.



Silas—I jes' tell yer, Mandy, this ride makes me feel 50 years younger. Mandy—Yer don't say!

Silas—Yer, it's jes' about the fer back when I wuz handled the same way.

Much Power from Niagara.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked for 10,000 tons of structural steel for the Canadian government.

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.

Johnnie's Position.

"Yes," began Mr. Peters, Sr., "Johnnie, Jr., has quit school and accepted a position in Davis' general store."

"Indeed!" commented the summer visitor. "What are his duties?" "He is superintendent of the cracker and cheese department," replied Mr. Peters, Sr., with guarded satisfaction.

"His wish fulfilled." A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance.

"Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones. The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with an apologetic grin. "I got my wish; thank you."—Everybody's Magazine.

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.

At the time he casts his first vote a man is too young to realize that he doesn't know it all.

Omaha Directory

Courtney's Wholesale and retail dealers in everything from a gentleman's table, including Fine Imported Table Delicacies.

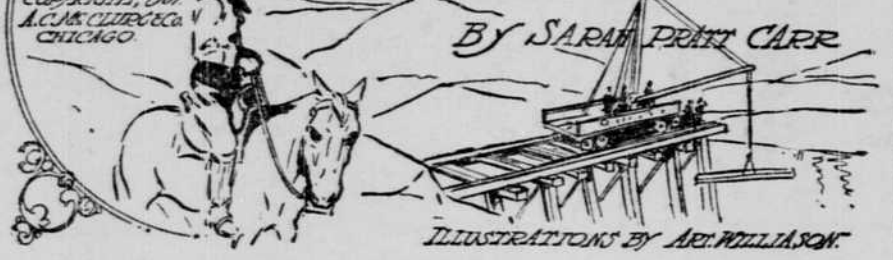
Furs At Factory Prices. Aulabaugh's complete catalogue will show you what you want.

RUBBER GOODS by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue.

Taft's Dental Rooms 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.

THE PAXTON Hotel European Plan Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double.

THE IRON WAY A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.



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 Caldwell, introduced. They come across the region of a massacre.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

No man among them all had worked as hard as he had worked. Month by month his flesh had dropped away, his cheek tanned darker, as he fought his way from ocean to inland sea.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Freedom at Last.

From all America, from Europe and from the north, they came to join that monster excursion to the front. San Francisco was awake at last.

Now began to arrive forerunners of the event; the polished laurel tie and its silver plate, with an inscription that is to-day historic.

Gregory rushed from one task to another, sending back to California the greater part of his forces and apparatus, that they might pierce other mountains, conquer other deserts with new iron highways.

Alfred, quite recovered, was indispensable in many ways, hastening the tremendous clearing, polishing, preparing, that proceeded steadily among all concerned, from stoker to president.

"What? What, boy? Is your father dead?" "No, sir; it's—it's a business matter."

"Business! A business matter?" the superintendent repeated incredulously. "We can't spare you, Vincent—not for a month, at least. Settle your business by telegram! Write your telegram—never mind length—and I'll frank it for you."

"It's a matter that I can't send over the wire, sir."

"Jove! Put it off, then! It'll keep. I'll let you go the first of June." Alfred burst the bonds of years. "I can't wait, Mr. Crocker! Not a day! For nearly eight years I've been an outcast from home and name, sir. As I've hoped for reinstatement at home, with hand and foot, heart and brain, I've served this railroad. The girl I wished to marry, but could not, has suffered incredibly for my sake. Now it is all cleared up. My father telegraphs me to come, waits for me in Saint Louis. And you ask me to delay, Mr. Crocker! To send messages! I can't do it. Not an hour beyond the first all-by-rail train east!"

Mr. Crocker's heart warmed. The end of the long struggle had already wiped years from his face. Now the carpenter man fled altogether, and left a joyous boy.

"By George, Vincent! You shall go—go day after to-morrow on the overland special. And joy go with you. But come back soon to us. We'll have a good job for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Crocker," Alfred said earnestly, wringing the offered hand, and hastening off to find Esther. She was coming down the steps of Gregory's car.

"Read that!" He thrust the letter into her hand, and stood by her side while she looked it over. It was dated at Boston.

"Dear Alfred: My Aunt Almira is dead, and has left me three thousand



"All Want You to Marry Me! To-Night! To Start Home—"

dollars. With this I've been able to pay the last dollar; and my statement is to be forwarded to your father to-night. He is traveling in the west; but his Saint Louis address is the same as formerly. I am now released from my promise of secrecy, and by the time you receive this your father will know how unjust he has been to you, how kind to the real criminal. At last I have vindicated you! But for you I should be in prison, or worse; my father dead of sorrow, my family disgraced. I shall write you words in thanking you. God alone knows what you have been to me; I cannot tell it.

"Ever your humble, grateful, "Max." "Mr. Alfred Vincent Osborn."

"Now this!" Alfred thrust the telegram into her hand before she could speak. It was sent from Saint Louis, and signed, "George Osborn."

"Have just learned all from Max. If you can forgive your father, come at once. I will await you here."

Esther looked up, but her eyes were too misty for seeing. "Poor Max! Poor Al—no, no! Noble Alfred!"

He was too overwrought for attention, even for tenderness. He caught both her hands, heedless of passing eyes. "I want you to marry me! To-night! To start home—home with me on the first train after the jubilee. No, don't speak yet!" he added quickly as she opened her lips. "Let me tell you! I'll telegraph for the Episcopalian minister at Ogden—there'll be time. If he can't come, I'll wire Billy Dodge to pick up a minister somewhere on his trip to-day. We'll take the Harmons, Mrs. Gregory, if she'll go, and be at Sally B.'s in four hours. While I run down to Elko for the license—Mr. Crocker'll let me have the engine, I know—you can be packing. I'll follow Uncle Billy in and we'll be married! It won't be much of a wedding, but—do we care for dry-goods and ceremony?" He looked eagerly into her face.

"Oh, Alfred, how—" she began tremulously. "Don't, dearest! Don't speak yet! If you'll only think just a minute I know it will be 'Yes!'"

She smiled at his impetuosity, astonished at this unwonted vehemence. This was a new, a free Alfred. He was coming into his own, taking possession; and of her with the rest. All her being yielded gladly to his importuning; yielded with that deep gratitude for strength and support that only a large, strong woman can feel, upon whom many have leaned, and whom none have considered.

"Yes, Alfred. At once, and anywhere with you!"

She walked in a dream up the car steps; he shot off blithely to execute his plans.

They carried successfully; and that night in Sally B.'s rude home, on the mountain-top and under desert stars, the simple marriage was celebrated. Uncle Billy gave the bride away, and mourned because he had no wedding bonnet for his darling. If his old heart was heavy, and the sun had dropped out of his sky, he dissembled so gallantly that even Esther was deceived.

Mrs. Harmon rejoiced, though "two of her dear children had become one." Judge Harmon blustered a little incoherently about the theft of "his dear girl," but deluded no one.

But Sally B. was happy in Esther's happiness; she had, however, she sobbed out her loneliness against her husband's breast. That was his moment of illumination. "Fore little critter! You've got Bill left, we know. We'll prospect the rest of life on the same lead, won't we, honey? Git bright! It'll be sun-up soon, honey!"

CHAPTER XXXV. The Wedding of the Rails.

A glorious, cloudless day! The tenth of May, 1869.

Beside the majestic inland sea, gathered there from near and from half the world away, men and women had come to celebrate the culmination of two tremendous enterprises.

Against calumny, against plot and counterplot, against the power of money and bribery, against old time himself, had the Central Pacific railroad come to completion. On pork

employees and foster-children yet testified to his kindness, his consideration. Luff, hearty Charles Crocker, the superintendent, irascible, obstinate, yet reasonable, was also the daring, the generous, the pioneer!

Next stood Colis P. Huntington, the vice president, tall, stately, elegant, the keen financier, the astute business man, the subtle politician, the keeper of secrets; a tireless worker, a courtly gentleman.

Leland Stanford, the president, ex-governor of California, beloved by the people, this man was the cynosure; imperial head powerfully set on a massive body; eyes of the steel, brows of the conqueror; mind of steel and heart of gold; brother of men and respecter of man; orator, friend, patriot.

Talleyrand once declared to the Emperor Napoleon. "The great republic is a giant without bones." These four men had put into the giant a spine of iron.

Under the desert sky the spreading multitude was called to order. There followed a solemn prayer of thanksgiving. The laurel tie was placed, amidst ringing cheers. The golden spike was set. The trans-American telegraph wire was adjusted. Amid breathless silence the silver hammer was lifted, poised, dropped, giving the gentle tap that ticked the news to all the world! Then, blow on blow, Governor Stanford sent the spike to place!

A storm of wild huzzas burst forth; desert rock and sand, plain and mountain, echoed the conquest of their terrors. The two engines moved up, "touched noses," and each in turn crossed the magic tie.

America was belted! The great Iron Way was finished.

THE END.

PURCHASER OF WINDMILL REALLY WAS NOT BADLY "JEETED."

"Dey jeeted me on der vindmill," complained Big George in the boozie bazaar at the Fairmont.

"What's the matter now, George?" inquired a new arrival, slapping 50 cents in real money down on the mahogany.

"O, no-dine," smiled George. "But you were saying when I came in that some one cheated you on a vindmill."

"Vell, dey did. Every Sunday I go up to my ranch by Sonoma county to see der new machine if it work, and dree Sundays I go up dere at work and it don't work, and I von't buy for it; it ain't good."

"But how do you know it isn't a good one?" "Vell, didn't I say dere two hours dree Sundays in der hot sun and fan myself all der time and vatch it and it nefer moved?"

"Maybe there was no breeze, George." "Of course der was no breeze. Would I fan myself if dere was a vind?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

WHEN SMALLPOX WAS COMMON.

A Century or So Ago Every One Expected to Have Disease.

"All our ancestors," said a physician, "were pock-marked, and smallpox was a recommendation if you were looking for work."

"What I mean is that you couldn't get a job if you had not had smallpox. No one wanted a servant who was liable at any moment to be stricken down with the loathsome disease. Hence—"

"He opened a newspaper volume of 1774. "Hence 'help wanted' ads read like this: "Wanted, a man between 20 and 30 years of age, to be footman and under-butler in a great family. He must have had smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fortune and fashion. The woman must have had the smallpox in the natural way."

Japanese Hotels. Barring the bath, and perhaps the beds, Japanese hotels are delightful. All during your stay in their spotless precincts you are made to feel that you are an honored guest, Japanese etiquette is lavished upon you, and when you depart you are always given a token to remember your visit, usually a white, coarse cotton towel with blue pictures printed on it.

You must thank the little maid for this with an elaborate bow when you go, and the chorus of "Sayo Nara" from all the hotel force gathered in the dooryard will seem to have in it, not only the regret of good-by, but the deeper feeling which they really mean: "If it must be that we must part."—Travel Magazine.

Must Charge to Get Crowd. The Ladies' Club of a certain New York church had planned an evening entertainment and reception, and asked the rector to make announcement of it on the Sunday preceding.

"This is all right," he said, "but you must charge admission." "Why this is just a social evening," they protested. "We are inviting people."

"They won't come," said the rector, "because they will think it is not worth while. But charge a small admission and you will have a good crowd." So the women gave in, and subsequent events proved the rector was right.

But Yet a Man! "I suppose I have about the most thoughtful, kind and considerate husband in the world," she was saying, sadly. "When he comes home at about two of the morning, turns all the lights on and wakes me out of a sound sleep, he always says in the most polite way imaginable: "Don't let me disturb you, dear, but will you please help me to unfasten this collar button?"

Knew How to Treat a Lady. The woman had been accused of murder, the evidence sustaining the charge, but the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

"How did you reach such a monstrous conclusion?" asked the judge, severely. "Your honor," returned the foreman, "do we look like 12 jays that don't know how to treat a lady?"

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

OPPONENT EASY TO BEAT. Slight Accident Put Edmonia's Rival Out of the Running. Mrs. S.— was in a Richmond hospital, and she was lonely, so welcomed the advent of a very black and very languid maid, who came in one morning to wipe up the floor. Some one new to talk to, so no time was lost.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Why He Went Back to His Old Tricks. "You ingrate!" exclaimed the frate judge, addressing the culprit; "this gentleman took a fatherly interest in you after you had promised to stop stealing, and he gave you a job in his store, did he not?"

SICK HEADACHE. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Obstruction. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Stomach Pain, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores to the hair its natural color. Cleanses the scalp. Price 25c and 50c at Druggists. Thompson's Eye Water. Want a Job? Good pay. Write Red Cross Chemists Specialty Co., Chicago. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 42, 1908.

Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch with your next order of groceries and I will guarantee that you will be better satisfied with it than with any starch you have ever used. I claim that it has no superior for hot or cold starching, and it will not stick to the iron. No cheap premiums are given with DEFIANCE STARCH, but you get ONE-THIRD MORE FOR YOUR MONEY than of any other brand. DEFIANCE STARCH costs 10c for a 16-oz. package, and I will refund your money if it sticks to the iron. Truly yours, HONEST JOHN, The Grocerman.