The IRON HORSE

NOVELIZED BY EDWIN C. HILL

FROM WILLIAM FOX'S GREAT PICTURE ROMANCE OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY CHARLES KENYON AND JOHN RUSSELL

CHAPTER VIII MISS MARSH OF NEW YORK The flying years had swept the little group of Davy Brandon's friends "back East" into paths undreamed of in the old Springfield days. No other decade in the country's history ever marched so tempestuously over the lives and fortunes of a whole people. Stormy events thundered in the cars of men and blazed before their eyes. The false tranquility of the fifties had been shattered by the cannon in Charleston Harbor. The land quivered to the shock of battle as the reeling armies of Blue and Gray hurled themselves into combat, for the truth, as each saw it. It was an era of stunning change. The names of new leaders-glowed like stars in the firmament of fame-

Brightest of all was the star of Lincoln. Other statesmen had groped blindly in the swift confusion of the coming crisis, but the humble railsplitter, seeing clearly, had won the affection and trust of the plain people. They made him president seven years after he had said farewell to the Brandons. To his greatness of soul they had turned for salvation in the darkest hour that ever clouded a nation's

Like Lincoln, Thomas Marsh had been carried from Springfield upon the tide of events. There, as a contractor and builder, he had got on rapidly, but with the outbreak of the Civil war immensely wider opportunities presented themselves to his shrewd business judgment. The forces of the north had to be fed and clothed. Vast stores must be assembled and distributed to the armies in the field. Too elderly for active service, and altogether lacking in such military training and science as would have qualified him for important command, Marsh threw himself into the task for which he was fitted. At the beginning of the war he had called upon the president at the White House and talked the matter over

"Tom," said Mr. Lincoln, "we've got plen / of good men at the front, but between you and me, there are a lot of infernal rascals back of the lines. The union needs houest men. I wish ou would take hold of the army contracts job from bacon to beans. If you want a pair of shoulder straps, I'll make you a colonel tomorrow.

"No," said Marsh, "I don't want rank. I want a chance to do business in a square way."

"That you'll have," replied President Lincoln. "I'll write to Stanton to-night. I can get him to do things for me, once in a while That will get you enough contracts to keep you busy for a year, I reckon, And, Tom, maybe you can feed those men of Me-Clellan's scmething that will start them toward Richmond."

"I'll do my best, Mr. President. By the way, before I go, I want to give you Miriam's love and respects. She's at school in New York. I placed her there last year. She especially asked me to tell you that she still has the medal you gave her the day Dave Brandon and his boy started

Why, bless her heart!" said Mr. Lincoln, "she must bewhat? All of sixteen, by this time. Quite a young lady, Tom The next time you come to Washington you must bring her to the White House. What ever became of Brandon and the boy? · Have you had any news of them?'

"Not a word," replied Marsh. "I wrote to correspondents in California to see if they could be traced, but nothing ever came of it. They simply dropped out of sight. The far West is a long way from us. It doesn't seem as if even this awful war interested those people very keenly."

"I know that Tom," said the president thoughtfully. "The time has come, I am convinced bring East and West closer together. The railroad must be built, Tom, the railroad that Dave Brandon used to dream

about, poor fellow! I have managed to find time between generals to talk over the subject with men who are interested. A Mr. Huntington of San Francisco has been to see me a number of times, and I have gone over the ground with Mr. Durant of New York. I don't mind telling you, confidentially, that a bill will be introduced in congress early next year to provide for the building of the Pacific railroad. The men I have talked to are enthusiastic about it We must build it to hold California and the Pacific Coast states to the Union It's the only thing which can open up the west."

"I believe now that it must come," said Marsh,, "but the cost, the terrible difficulties?"

"They will be met and faced." replied Mr. Lincoln quietly. "When the American people find that something is necessary for their happiness and security, money doesn't count, Tom, nor do difficulties exist. The road will be built. I want you to know this because you should have a hand in the building of it. They will need honest men for the job, for the road must be built right, Tom."

A full year had passed since that talk with the president, a year crowded with labor for Thomas Marsh, From his office in New York, and with weekly visits to Washington, he swung briskly into the business of supplying the armies in the field. It was profitable and Marsh quickly won repute for square dealing. Even the harassed and crusty Mr. Stanton received Tom Marsh at the War Departwith friendly smiles and warm hand-shakes.

In New York he had made a home for Miriam and himself in one of a row of attractive houses set back from the side of Eleventh St., a little west of Sixth avenue, and within a short walk of beautiful Washington Square. In this quiet quarter, shaded by fine old trees, he found himself content, absorbed in his work, happy in the companionship of his daughter. He was often absent from home, and much of Miriam's time was spent in her studies as a pupil of Miss Beekman's select Seminary for Young Ladies in Great Jones street but they had each other at weekends and on such evenings as Marsh could spend in the metropolis. They took long walks together, along the East River and the North, enjoying the colorful confusion of the waterfronts; or drove their brougham and sleek chestnuts up Fifth avenue, thronged with the carriages of the rich and fashionable

He regretted that he could not find more time to devote to this lovely little daughter whose beauty, unfolding like a rose in June, was obvious even to a father's accustomed eyes. At seventeen Miriam was as charming a picture as one might hope to look upon. To Marsh she was like a light in a dark room Her slight and graceful figure was rapidly taking on the curves of womanhood. Her hair, so long that it swept almost to her knees when she loosed it, was of a wonderful blue-blackness, and as fine as spun silk. Great, dark eyes which at times seemed purplish gray and at other times deep blue; glorious eyes, veiled by long, curving lashes, were perhaps her most arresting feature. A low, broad forehead, a short, straight nose, with a tantalizing tilt, full, curving lip with a delicious upward curve at the corners; a perfectly modeled chin, softly hinting at strength of character, and a complexion like sweet peas in the dewy morning, had been conferred upon this delicious girl by a destiny careless of the heart

As cheerful as sunshine and with a disposition which, owed, it may be, 'no little to perfect health, Miriam was yet no spiritless young beauty. She possessed a temper which sometimes flashed like lightening, as some of the supercilious misses

pangs of helpless young men.

of Miss Beekman's select finishing school discovered when she first arrived among them from the West and was submitted to the snubs and injustices they elected to infket upon "the barbarian from the backwoods." Her mind worked like a steel trap snapping painfully upon her tormentors Her pluck, independence, readiness to shoulder her own problems, plus the quickly-made discovery that she was no tale-bearer, soon changed the atmosphere of the school from standoffishness and hostility to comradeliness and friendship, and at the end of her second term there was no more popular girl in the seminary. She made warm and enduring friends among the girls of the highest social position in the city, and her sweetness and sure poise of good breeding made her extremely well-liked by the discerning mothers of her school friends. The result was that Miriam came to be a welcome guest in the old homes around Washington Square and in the Lower Fifth avenue, and her lovely face was invariably to be seen at the small dances and the more formal assemblies of smart society.

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Young as she was, suitors swarmed to her as bees to a rose, and among the young men who constituted themselves her devoted cavaliers were several that bore names as old as Manhattan Island. The silver tray in the hallway of the picturesque house in West Eleventh street, a house of three stories, with broad verandas of iron grill work facing each story and overlooking the neat and narrow lawn, displayed the cards of scions of the Stuyvesants, the Van Renssalaers' the Beekmans and the Van Courtlandts. It also held the neat visiting cards of Mr. Peter Jesson, whose family had played its part in the history of old New York. Young Jesson had been introduced to her the previous winter by her best friend, Susan Delancey.

"Nice but wild," whispered Susan. "Take him and tame him, Miriam."

Jesson had paid her earnest and assiduous attention from their very first meeting. Wherever Miriam appeared there Peter Jesson was sure to be. Little by little, imperiously, he had managed to shoulder aside all rivals.

In the year that had passed, Miriam was disturbingly conscious of a growing interest in Jesson. He attracted her, at times fascinated her. He was the perfect courtier, delicately skillful in the thousand small attentions that are due of every pretty girl. Miriam gradually found herself depending upon him for the innumerable little services that girls like to have without solicitation. He was extremely personable-tall, athretically built, with the bearing of an aristocrat; distinguished in any company. He talked well and amusingly from an unfailing store of bright, light gossip of the town. She liked his clothes very smartly selected, and worn with an air. Altogether, Mr. Peter Jesson had made distinct progress toward a definite place in the heart of Thomas Marsh's charming daughter. But attracted as she was, Miriam was sometimes repelled. There was an arrogance about the man, an occasional disregard of the rights and feelings of others, especially of inferiors, that Miriam did not

This was the situation as the summer of the second year of the war approached. Marsh went frequently to Washington. He had had further conferences with the president, and his mind was becoming more and more engrossed with the much-talked-of project of the transcontinental railroad. He spoke of it to Miriam often.

"The bill authorizing the Pacific railroad is in congress. It will be reported out of committee sometime late in June,' he said. "I believe it will be passed and I am confident that the president will sign it. Many people don't think so. They argue that every dollar of money and every ounce of energy should be used for the war and that the railroad should

. it off until victory is won. The crisis will come in a few days. I must be in Washington when it occurs."

" Miriam discussed the railroad with Jesson. To her surprise he was intensely interested. "As you know," he said, "I am a civil. engineer, although I confess I have rather neglected my profession. It has been very difficult for one situated as I am to make the right sort of connection. I'm afraid I've been pretty much of an idler, but if this railroad is begun it might meam a wonderful opportunity for me. Your father being interested makes the idea all the more attractive to me. If he goes into it, the work will take him west. Miriam! That means that you would go with him doesn't it?"

"Why, yes, Peter," said Miriam. "Of course. I couldn't dream of living anywhere without father. And father thinks the road will surely be built and will bring riches to the builders."

"Well, then, I see that I shall have to get down to work," laughed the young man. "I could not bear to have you go away from me. And the family fortunes certainly need reviving."

They were sitting in the drawirg-room of the Marsh home. Jesson arose, walked to the long French window and gazed for a few moments toward the shadowy trees. He turned and walked slowly back to Miriam's chair, standing over her, bending forward.

"Miriam," he began, "I didn't mean to speak so soon. But, somehow, I must I love you: you must know that I have adored you since the night we met. I am afraid I haven't a great deal to offer you except a good family name. But I-Imust have you. Tell me, do you care for me? Will you marry me?"

"Peter," said Miriam, steadily. though a little tremulously, "I am not going to be silly enough to say that this is a great surprise. I have known perfectly well that you seemed to be very fond of me-"

"Seemed!" cried Jesson, but Miriam continued-

"I don't know whether I truly care for you in that way or not, the way people call love. I am very fond of you, Peter I miss you when you are not near me." "Miriam!" he cried. "You do love me!"

"No, not yet," she said gently. "There are things about you Peter, things that I have heard They trouble me. You seem to have no purpose in life. You gamble, or so the talk goes. I think you drink too much. You see, I speak frankly. I must. I am not a blue stocking, Peter, but these stories -. Then, sometimes you seem hard."

> (TO BE CONTINUED) "The Apple of the Eye" By Glenway Wescott

"Keep . . . my law as the apple of thine eye." From violence to flowers, from promisculty to emigmatic melancholy-bad Hannah. From dreams to delight, from love to needless tragedy-pure Rosalia. Close by them all, Dan, adolescent, sensitive, plastic. First crippled by Puritanism, curious and ashamed of sex; next his senses awakened by the sensual philosophy of Mike, then revolted by Rosalia's profane death; finally peace in the animal wisdom of Jule. Prose that exquisitely beats the drum of the ear with many sticks, bringing smells and sounds as vivid as April, beauty that moves with poignant, perfect pain.

France's Franc Insurance. From the Minneapolis Journal The French cannot be accused of being financially foolish, even if they are slow about balancing their budget and paying their bills. The bulk of the \$100,000,000 loan to France engineered by J. P. Morgan and company has never left the Morgan vaults in New York. Its presence in the vaults is due to no carelessness on the part of the Paris government. This great sum is there for a purpose-the protection of the franc against specu-

lative raids. Every dime of this reserve, and a lot more, too, will be poured into the hopper, if such a raid is ever at-tempted, says M. Caillaux. There are so many francs outstanding that \$100,000,000 could not stop the slide, if the franc ever should really hit the toboggan. But it is enough to keep the franc from reaching the top of toboggan. Suddenly thrown into the market, this sum would ruin any group of speculators starting a bear raid. The speculators know this. So does France. That is why the Morgan loan money remains in New York.

"Around the World in New York" By Konrad Bercovict

(The Century Company) An outstanding book of travel, in which the author, himself an immigrant, presents a unique study in Americanism with the tables turned -Americanism for Americans.

Combining keenness of observation with brotherly understanding Konrad Bercovici appeals for tolerance on the part of self-esteeming, second and third generation Americans.

The various nationalities in our great cosmopolis are treated by separate chapters, their material strength, their cultural and spiritual contributions, their leavening potenTHE MESSAGE. -Richard Realf.

O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows Which is not music....
And every humble hedge-row flower that grows,

And every little brown bird that doth sing. Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing, Albeit holds the message un-

From the Iowa Legionaire.

If the going seems hard for you, comrade, perhaps you can get sonie inspiration from the following: Homer, the greatest of all Greek poets, was blind. Demosthenes, the greatest Greek

orator, had an impediment in his Julius Caesar, one of the world's greatest military geniuses, was an

epileptic. Pope, the famous poet, was a hunchback.

Nelson, famouse British admiral, rose to the peaks when blind in one eve and with one arm gone. Henry M. Stanley was born in an almhouse and was buried in West-

minster Abbey. Roosevelt was born a weakling, physically.

Lincoln, from lowly beginning, became one of the greatest Americans. Helen Keller, deaf and blind from childhood, has won international

Booker T. Washington was born in A well known Iowa legionaire, with only a common school education, who has not had a fully well day since he fell in the Argonne, is becoming wealthy and an outstanding figure by dint of hard work which aggravates his suffering.

An auxiliary member underwent seven major operations while rearing and supporting her family of three girls and four boys, all of whom were

Like H. C. Witwer, the author, we can't give much to the person who believes that the man worth while is the man who can smile when everythnig goes dead wrong: we agree with him that when things go wrong it should arouse one to a fighting pitch and we believe that the greatest triumphs often come through winning over adversity.

> LXX-"Love and Kisses." From the Living Age.

The Schoolmaster, which is, as its name implies, an English journal for the edification of pedagogues, makes us all its debtors at irregular intervals by gathering up a collection of the choicest "howlers" perpetrated in examination papers of the year by the British school boy.

This year the British school girl is also included, and some of the bestor worst, for it depends on how you Leeds high school for girls.

It was a pupil in this institution who declared that the Roman numerals LXX stood for "love and kisses"a mistake which will be perfectly comprehensible to any ex-officer wh censored enlisted men's mail during the war and observed their penchant for adding osculatory x's to their sig-

Other equally amusing blunders-if they are blunders, and not so many sly attempts to twitch teacher's ankle -are also listed. Whatever the intention, whether the Leeds school girls were only having a bit of fun, or whether they really meant it, three sets of questions and answers are worth reprinting:

What is the effect of lead on water? What bird lays the biggest egg?-The biggest bird.

What discovery was due to the falling of an apple?—The wickedness of Eve.

Suspicions Justified.

From the Omaha World-Herald. Senator Borah cannily announces that he has "gown suspicious" of the "popular demand" for reducing taxes chiefly by slashing the surtaxes and abolishing the estate taxes. He thinks the propaganda too well organized and too systematically carried on to be spontaneous.

A great many other people doubtless entertain the same suspicion. Especially are they inclined to stop and count 10 when told that the reason the big taspayers are so eager to have the surtases cut in two is that then they would be enabled to pry more taxes than they do now.

From what the people know of the great fortunes and their fortunate possessors they are well persuaded that if slashed surtaxes would cause them to pay more taxes they would be promoting with might and main a propaganda to avert that calamity. In vain does the fowler spread his net in the sight of the bird. The reason low surfaxes are demanded by all the numerous spokesmen of great wealth is that wealth would then pay less taxes. And in proportion as it paid less the rest of the people would pay relatively more. Even an electorate that gave 7,000,000 majority to Coolidge is smart enough to see that.

Started Early.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it, putting hed to tend the sheet. A puff of wind and he shouted in ne uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!"

No response.

No response.

Then again: "Let go the sheet, quick!"
Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said: "Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

A Metaphysical Explanation.
From the Yale Record.
He (having just kissed her)—"Ah!
That was indeed a triumph of mind over matter!" She-"Yes, I didn't mind, because you didn't matter."

A standard for the everyday grocery store paper bags may soon be adopted, the department of commerce believes. The Grocery Bag Manufacturers' association has named a special committee to present for the appreval of the United States bureau of standards, its tentative standards for the cubical contents of grocery paper bags.

Enough cargo passed through the Panama canal in 1994 to load a free train 6,000 miles long.

Guard at New York State Penitentiary Suffered Ten Years From Catarrh

Now Well He Used PE-RU-N



Mr. Charles S. Many, 12 Water St., Ossining, N. Y., writes:—"I had catarrh for ten years, tried a lot of medicines, spent a lot of money. but it did me no good. Instead of getting better I grew worse. My eyes were bloodshot, my nose smelled bad, and I would get so dizzy I would be forced to catch hold of something to keep from falling. I used about ten bottles of Pe-ru-na and am cured of catarrh, the dizzy feeling has left me and I am not bothered any more. I keep Pe-ru-na in the souse and when I feel a cold coming on I take a little. It does me good."

Ask for the original and genuine Pe-ru-na the recognized treatment for catarrh and catarrhal conditions for more than fifty years.

Your dealer has Pe-ru-na in both tablet and liquid forms.

Theater Magnate Had Studied Human Nature

An actor was talking about the late thomas H. Ince, the movie magnate. "We played together for two years in 'For Love's Sweet Sake,' " said the actor. "One night on the road three of our coops got into a squabble about their bed. They had to sleep three in a bed, and this squabble over who was to sleep in the middle got so terrible that some of the company feared violence and wanted to send for the police.

"But Ince was calm and smiling amid the threats and curses that came from the three mad actors' room. He calmed us with the words: " lon't be alarmed, friends. Windy people never come to blows."

Street Made Beautiful The 5,000 delegates and visitors to the triennial convention of the Episco pal church ac New Orleans, La., next October will pass through a street of blossoms when they walk up St. Charles avenue. A committee, providen with plants, shrubs, vines, trowels and watering cans made a careful house-to-house canvass giving out plants, and if nobody was at home. set out the flowers, watered them, and left a note of explanation to account for the vines and shrubbery mysterlously springing up in their gardens.

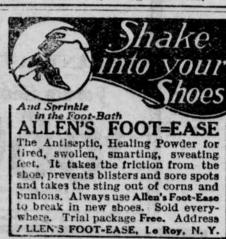


Canadian Tobacco

Tol acco production in the Canadian rovinces, Ontario and Quebec, during he last year, amounted to 18,710,740 pounds, of which 12,135,000 pounds was produced in Ontario and 6,575,740 nounds in Quebec. The value of the rield last year is placed at \$4,358,898. The acreage planted to this crop totaled 21,317, from which an average yield an acre of 878 pounds was ob-

Lighter Boots for Miners

Miners of Europe have abandoned neavy boots for lighter-weight styles, and makers of the heavy footwear recently faced the choice of making light boots or quitting business.





CIII All Flies I THEY SPREAD DISEASE DISEASE DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and