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 Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there alax Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. 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 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 landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found, the letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakeman Alfred Vincent, who arrives on scene. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flors and sending the ship laden with iron for railroad camp. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford, sponsor for Central Pacific. tapping and has interview with Stanford, sponsor for Central Pacific. Phineas signs statement, promising that he will enter the governor's cause and the latter tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Ball and dramatic performance proves big social occasion in railroad town. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strike," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp. Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

"Why don't you buy abroad?" "Our franchise forbids that; and American foundries can't make it fast enough. What we do buy is so long getting here! Twenty thousand miles! That's a sail for you. And the gales, and wrecks! By George! I wish it was quicker and safer."

As they neared the camps their conversation changed from railroad to other subjects-the latest book; the newest dance; the poem or picture most in the public eye. From topic to topic they flitted, up and down the polite world of their day.

To Stella, striving to lose no word, it was new, intoxicating. "That's my world, too," she thought. "I could say things like those. I know a little of mythology and history." She wondered why she had never used such language with Alfred, why he had not talked with her as he did now with Miss Hamilton.

Stella lifted her head in a spirit of rebellion quite new to her. She could never acquire this subtle manner; and she should not stand in Alfred's way. He would succeed. From serving he would soon advance to ordering. He would need a wife like Miss Hamilton.

Mr. Crocker called Alfred for some questioning, and in his absence Miss Hamilton turned to Stella. "I'm afraid I'm monopolizing this opportunity, Miss Anthony. It's my first | visit, you know."

"It is my first visit here, also," Stella replied.

"Your first?" Miss Hamilton's eyes opened wide with not too civil question. "Oh," she laughed, "if you live here and don't care enough to come and see these wonderful things I shan't let my conscience sit up nights over my monopoly of Mr. Vincentand the conversation." She turned to I fore lotion, powder, and a wee touch of | She noticed proudly that he wore his smile at Alfred reappearing, and Stella was without opportunity to explain that, despite enthusiasm and appreciation, the railroad grade was not a which she continually adjusted to new woman who floated by his side, a sumproper promenade for a girl alone.

The young people lagged, in spite of the call of the seaders, and arrived at inine adoration at the altar of selfthe camps to find them already alive adornment.

with men and beasts. "Oh, I must see the Chinese camps." Miss Hamilton cried. "I've heard of

They were in time to see the cooks serving from great cauldrons to each You may come for me in five minwater. There was also an array of big black pots simmering over camp fires, yet white and savory messes were

within, announced by attractive odors. "What do they do with those little tubs?" Miss Hamilton asked, as she saw the coolies disappear within tents or brush shacks.

for it. She knew Miss Hamilton was "Each man takes a hot sponge bath and dresses in clean clothes before only "in fun." Still, how could this

he eats.' a big, awkward creature as herself "Is to-day any special occasion?"

she questioned, wonderingly. "They do that every night in the

Miss Hamilton failed to apologize, the year. They never sup in their working clothes.' her own toilet, went unnoticed; for "What an example to Americans! Stella was too generous a giver to My respect for the disciples of Con-

count the cost of her givings. fucius has risen to a hundred." She wished to stay to see the yellow men in "dinner dress," squatting self while she quickly made ready.

with their little bowls and chop-sticks, coiling as usual her thick waving hair. but adding her "golden combs;" slipchattering over their "licey;" but her uncle sent back a second hurrying ping hurriedly into her simple white summons that held a note of impa- gown and its simpler accompaniments. tience; and Stella pushed ahead with sure steps, following her temporary es- from flower-loving Yic Wah, caught cort. But Miss Hamilton, unused to her eye. She pinned them on her rough going, and in spite of Alfred's breast, and hastened downstairs, meetwatchfulness, turned her ankle and ing Sally B. and Viola in the hall. arrived at the road pale and weak with pain, leaning heavily on his arm. so late? I was jest comin' fur you. I ered a long and what he believed to softest eiderdown flannel. The flan-Yet her gay bravery deceived her see they've reserved a seat on both be a telling lecture. A day or two may be drawn about the shoulders, uncle, though she clasped Stella's ex- sides o' Al Vincent's. One's fur you, later the youth left without giving no- thus providing a cozy, warm nest in tended hand sharply as the two men I reckon. I'm sittin' third from Chartice, and shortly afterward Mr. Bar- which the coverlid cannot be tossed lifted her into the coach.

up into the hotel brilliance. Stella alighted after the others; yet she heard Miss Hamilton's graceful thanks to Alfred, saw the lingering handshake, the appeal in her eye, while she

leaned upon her uncle's arm. Sally B. came out to meet them; and the lantern swinging in the evening breeze threw fantastic, dancing shadows on the group. Suddenly Stella felt out of it all, remote; for Alfred, lifting his hat impressively, backed away from the open door and did not see her standing in the shadow, alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Little Woman in Blue. Sally B.'s ready skill soon had the ankle rubbed to comparative ease. She prescribed bed; but Miss Hamilton declared for the banquet even if she walk around the long table. And must be carried there, and gladly accepted Stella's offer of help with the dressing

Miss Hamilton's lingerie was hardly less costly and dainty than my lady's arm in the dependent style of the of to-day. White silk hose and satin time. slippers; multiplied skirts more lace than cambric; the combination of lace and blue silk tissue that was the filmy to banquets, when all await some inlittle gown-with careful hands Stella comprehensible delay, and when any unpacked and laid them, a snowy diversion is welcome. The two walked heap, on the bed.

The toilet went slowly. Stella had been taught a decent respect for the fectly artful that they seemed artless human body; and her innate love of -young women were so trained then. beauty and order had blossomed into an honest personal neatness. But Stella had not before seen Alfred in such complicated hair-dressing, such evening dress. The night he wore caressing of eyebrow and lash; such Romeo's velvet and laces he was critical attention to hands and nails; more splendid; but this conventional the bathing, hot and cold; the rub- dress, finely displaying his slim figure, hearty cheers. Yic Wah entered,

came under the lamp. "Don't she, ma?" echoed Viola, heartily.

"Say, honey, them tiger lilies suits you; an' I'd never 'a' thought it. They got colors in 'em like yo' hair an' eves, shore's vo're born. Then they're kinder secret an' powerful lookin', like they could do things to all the other flowers."

"What an odd idea!" Stella said won-

"Is it? Well nobody won't git their secrets a-studyin' of their looks; no more will they your'n, Stella. Your face gits secreter an' eleganter every day." Sally B. never paused for a word. It might not be the right one. but her meaning carried, as the message of the master in spite of poor

instrument and blundering fingers. The band was playing as they en-Stella's quick eye noted with sudden

aversion the three reserved chairs, and the absence of Alfred and Miss Hamilton. "Let me sit on this side with you and Viola, won't you, Miss Sally?" she asked softly.

"But there's no seat on this side, chicken." Sally B.'s whisper was far

A gentleman rose at once and offered his, arm, which Stella accepted to save further confusion. She was rosy with embarrassment, though no other hint of it showed in her stately Sally B. watched delightedly the following of admiring eyes.

Stella was hardly seated when Miss Hamilton entered, leaning on Alfred's

Miss Hamilton had timed her coming to that awkward instant common slowly down the long room, Miss Ham ilton's step and movements so per-

A hum of admiration went round.

splendiferous!" she exclaimed as they side that perfect pair and was deeply grateful to the chance that prevented it. She noticed Alfred's use of Miss Hamilton's given name, and the omission of his usual endearment to herself, and because she was hurt she dared not be serious. "Do let her think the coast clear; it will be such a fine test of your constancy," she said

with a flippancy astonishing to him. He was too thoroughly masculine to fathom the art a woman uses to hide her wound. Neither could he reply, for Miss Hamilton turned to him with some laughing remark.

The insistent band, undaunted by two partitions, blared the popular airs of the day; sentiment, frolic, pathos: "When This Cruel War Is Over," "Ever of Thee." "The Maiden's Prayer," "Champagne Charley," "Last Ditch Polka," the last two accompanied by a soft tapping all along under the table

Sally B. sat opposite Stella, her eyes seemingly on all the waiters at once, vet she found time for the guests and their conversation.

A slight commotion at the door arrested the attention of the guests. There came a gust of subdued yet excited Chinese chatter, a pause, and the entrance of two men carrying a towering white pagoda, surmounted by the word "God," in huge gilt letters. With some difficulty the sugary structure was safely landed in the center of the table, and Yie Wah and his assistants withdrew to the cover of the doorway, where Stella saw the cook peeping expectantly through. It was his master tribute to the occasion.

An instant of silence followed; then an infectious snicker ran around the table, in spots breaking into an actual

Stella saw Yic Wah's eves open wide with astonishment and question; vet in a breath they gleamed with anger. His face went livid, and he

But Sally B, saved the moment, "My cook set up all night to make that cake, Mr. Crocker; please don't laugh!" she whispered past the two intervening guests.

At once the host rose, and taking Que., Feb. 20, 1907." his cue from her anxious face, proposed a toast to "The Cake and the Cook," that was responded to with bing and patting of cheek and arm, be- belonged to a world she knew not. bowed, and retired with a beaming

The toastmaster now rapped for order. The conversation and laughter ceased, the soft rustle of serving and eating hushed, and the speeches be-

Mr. Crocker spoke first, to the general topic: "The Railroad." He told the story of its inception and progress, paying tribute to Theodore T. Judah, to the men who furthered the undertaking in congress and legislature, to all the officers, especially to Mr. Gregory; and closed with a neat compliment to Alfred. Stella ever so gently pressed his arm with her own; but the woman on the other side smiled alluringly into his face, and pouted at her uncle.

"Uncle Charley didn't say half nough about you," she whispered, yet stella heard it.

"I shall tell him he has left his debt"

Bears the Signature of Chorte, Flitcher. enough about you," she whispered, yet Stella heard it.

of gratitude for me to liquidate," the In Use For Over 30 Years. eauty continued. "Or-or can I pay Uncle Charley's scores?" she questioned in mock humility, leaning toward Alfred till her breath brushed his cheek. "Perhaps my coin is not singing joyously in the treetops? current in your market"

Of course, he had to meet her badinhe would have been toe had he entire- munity." ly escaped the spell of her witcheries. Several speeches followed, among them Mr. Ludlow's memorable toast, "The Pacific Railroad, the Beautiful Belt of the Union, with California as the age. Makes new shoes easy. the Golden Buckle."

At the close of the banquet Stella escaped through a door; and from cover of darkness watched knots of men gather and dissolve about Miss Hamilton; marked her every motion and speech: noted her vivacity, her perfect grace, her quick smile; saw flattered Alfred's ready response as she appealed to him prettily for fact or corroboration of her own assertions. The little court melted away at last. Mr. Crocker was buttonholed by Mr. Gregory and led off. Viola disappeared; and Sally B. was already rushing the transformation that must precede the five o'clock breakfast

When the radiant two were alone Stella saw Miss Hamilton's animation fade in a breath; saw her pale and tremble and lift a pathetic little face to Alfred. And Stella marvelled at the heroism that had kept the girl keyed so long to her role. However artificial Miss Hamilton's manner might have been before, Stella recogmurely and exchanged salutations with mask. Here was perfect honesty, and A rap at the door and the hearty the gentleman at her right. Alfred the sweet appeal of pain courageously voice of Mr. Crocker called from with- seized that moment for a word with borne. How could Alfred resist it, or "Why didn't you wait for us? I subtle intimateness of the moment? her trust in him, her beauty, all the

haven't your permission to mention "Oh, Mr. Vincent, I've nearly died our engagement, but I wish Miss Ama-this last hour," she said unsteadily. bel to suspect it. Yet you make it im- "Won't you please find Uncle Charley as soon as you can?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

capable of filling any but a menial position? The real unkindness for which Agreed With Late Employer

For a Time, at Least, Boy Would Not Smoke "Twist."

Miss Hamilton seated herself de-

She thought of herself entering be-

"You May Come for Me in Five Minutes."

rouge went on; the examinations at clothes with an accustomed ease, saw

each stage with hand glass and mir- also that he was the only man in the

ror, Stella holding one of the lamps room who could fitly escort the dainty

angles of reflection-this was an amaz- mer cloud in her filmy white draper-

ing revelation to her of Eve-old fem- ies.

out: "How's the ankle, Amabel? How Stella.

contined to Stella as her uncle walked possible, Stella."

utes. I can do by myself now," she

down the hall. "It's splendidly kind of

you to help me, and so beautifully. If

you ever need work I can get you a

position as lady's maid. I'll give you a

Stella winced, yet chided herself

delicately reared city girl believe such

scant minutes she had left Stella for

In ner own room she smiled to her-

"Oh, here you be! What made you

soon will you be ready?'

fetching character."

Mr. J. M. Barrie, the popular novelist and playwright, has glorified tobacco more than once, but on a certain occasion he tried to induce a it is bad for a boy to smoke twist. I smoker to desist. It happened thus: Mr. Barrie returned to his rooms have finished your cigars." one day and discovered his page boy A cluster of tiger lilies, an offering puffing hard at a dirty clay pipe.

"My boy," said the novelist, "it is very bad for you to smoke that coarse black twist. You will make yourself the market. It is made precisely like old before your time."

ley Crocker-big bugs is next to him rie brought some friends to his flat. aside by the restlessness of the small It was quite dark when they drove -an'-cut my shoestrings! You look Promising them a special treat, he occupant.

went to a cabinet where he kept a store of very choice cigars. You can imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the cigars had vanished, and in their place was the page boy's clay pipe and the following note: "Dear Sir: I agree with you that

will not smoke any more twist till I

Sleeping Bag for Babies. To protect babies from the draughts of winter nights a sleeping bag is on those in use by the ranchmen of the And so he went on till he had deliv- west except that it is of the daintiest,

WHERE SHE HAD THE BULGE.

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"You know that red-headed cashier that had the nerve to complain of me to the boss the other day," said the girl at the telephone desk, to a New York Times writer. "Well, I got even with him, all right. He ain't married, but he's got a best girl. His father owns a shoe factory over in Jersey. and rich-my! Well, she called him up the other afternoon at her usual time. 'Is Mr. Smith there?' she asks, in her most romantickist voice. 'Yes,' I answers, just as honeylike as she. 'It's his wife wants him, isn't it?' With that Miss Girl hung up with such a jerk my ear hurt. Smith goes around wondering why she does not call him Every time he dares he says to me: 'Has any one called me on the 'phone, Miss Limit?' And I look as innocent as a kid and shake my head 'No.' I tell you, us telephone girls can turn 'Joy to the Bride' into 'Nothin' Doin' any time we please. Me for Us."

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