

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By Sarah Peck Carr



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Edgerly, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Caldwell, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. 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. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. After hearing from her lover, Gideon, and his phenomenal success, Stella receives a letter from Phineas Caldwell, who has found evidence against Caldwell's found. Phineas Caldwell faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet in railroad town is scene of manifestation of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton, Mrs. "Sally" 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 success. Stella falls to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon in return for Alfred's freedom. Will die conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnapping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Erisco" society, she 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. Anthony romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin. Alvin Carter, Stella's lover when the Bernards were poor, visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several sons of rich strata are asking the girl's hand. The Bernards lose their riches and Sally B. again becomes a housekeeper. Alvin marrying Alvin Carter, Stella visits Sally B. and sees "Uncle Billy." Decides to cease waiting for Alfred and says she will devote her life to charity.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

The man ate hungrily, and finished with a surly "Thank you."
"Which way are you going?"
"West."
"We'll take yo' weepion, an' watch ye a piece out on the track. Shack, you keep an eye an' a gun on him till he gets to the turn. Ye needn't come back for another meal o' victuals," she continued to the fellow. "If ye do, ye'll find more'n one gun p'inted your way. Skeddadle!"
"He's ben layin' round the town for weeks, that cuss has; but I missed him yesterday," Shack said as the man started off slowly. "Thought he'd lit out the track."
Esther watched him with mingled aversion and pity; but Sally B. was already in conference with one of the railroad office boys that "lettered well," getting out a "Warning!" to be posted on one of the town's bulletin spaces. Whatever the reprobate might next undertake could not be done there. The town kept open eyes by night as well as by day.
The iron train was two hours late, and the desert day so alluring that Esther decided to ride as usual. Immediately after the noon dinner her mount was brought to the door; but her kindly knight was missing. This was not alarming. His memory often failed him in the daily routine, when he saddled his horse and wandered alone in the hills hunting for "color," but always returned safe; and on such occasions Esther patiently went without her ride. But to-day she was disappointed. She wanted to get away from the memory of the morning. "Had any one seen him go?" she asked. And Shack, hearing her question, told her that "Bill had saddled not a quarter hour ago, an' lit out west down the track."
"I can overtake him, then," she said to Sally B. as she mounted.
"I don't like ter see ye start off alone," Sally B. said; yet she was too fearless herself to suspect danger; and her protest was perfunctory.
"I'll find Mr. Bernard shortly; don't worry about me."
"Look out for that there breakfast guest of our'n. If you met up with him, he might take a shine to you, or yore mare."
"My lungs are good. And section men are too plenty and Swift's heels too nimble for any man on foot to hurt me," Esther replied nonchalantly. "Besides, he'll be far toward Wells by this time. That's his first chance for supper."
It was good to be out in the open this perfect day, to be alone. She kept on the lookout for her cavalier, expecting momentarily to overtake him. Presently she spied him climbing a high hillside to the north. It looked hot and breathless over there. She knew the succession of ridge and hollow in that direction. No wide, level spaces for gallops, no open vistas. She would have this one long afternoon to herself, listen for voices that spoke only to the solitary ear. She rode slowly, making subconscious notes of the smooth, trodden path beside the track, at places where she would give the mare her head when returning in the cooler afternoon.
"A patch of brilliant desert flowers in a small nook where the melting snow had been gathered and held caught her capricious eye. She would be hidden from the town here, yet not far from the track and passing trackmen. It would be quite safe. Dismounting, she gathered a great bunch of the sun-colored blossoms, and tucked them in her hat and habit front. She uncloiled the Mexican hair rope from beneath her saddle flap; and, giving Swift 40 feet of freedom, sat down, back to the track, to memories and day dreams—day dreams that purloined time unheeded, till the iron train thundered past.
Eyes that caught the vision of beauty in horse and rider silhouetted against the gray hillside lighted with sudden appreciation; and one pair flamed up curiously, watched eagerly till the vision vanished, then gloomed above set teeth and clenched hands.
Esther remounted and resumed her ride, still slowly. The mood for a

speed had not come. A short distance farther on she came to a deep, curving cut. Instantly on entering an uncanny sensation possessed her, a presentiment of danger. Yet she derided herself, and touched Swift to a lope. Had not the train just passed? What menace could arrive in ten minutes?
Along the banks were a few cave-like depressions cut for some purpose by the graders. As Esther rounded the curve a fleeting glimpse of a horseman coming toward the cut from the other end was interrupted by the voice of a man who sprang from one of the little holes and caught her bridle rein.
"I'll trouble you for that sparkler, miss; and don't take too much time getting off your glove. Keep them ruby lips shut, too. I might add by way of friendly advice."
Esther was looking into the barrel of a pistol held by the man she had that morning served with coffee. It was not courage that came quicker than reason to her; rather, a swift anger that this creature should presume to molest her.
"How dare you?" she cried fearfully, striking the hand on her bridle a stinging blow with her whip. In the instant of surprise and pain that made him release her, she whirled the mare on two feet and was off.
Three shots rang out behind her.



He Was Pale, Hatless and Coatless.

She heard the whizz of a bullet perilously near, yet raced wildly on, every sense alert to keep her horse's feet from pitfalls. No sounds followed her. She knew the man would not dare show himself, would probably hide from the other rider if possible; and the mare was putting the miles behind her in marvellously few minutes.
Esther began to breathe more freely. Near the town she slowed to a walk and looked back. Neither miscreant nor horseman could be seen. She stopped to put herself to rights. Her heart was beating fast, yet as much from the rapid riding as from fear, she told herself. All had happened so quickly, it now scarcely seemed real. Dread of making a scene was stronger than fear for what had passed; and it nerved her to ride quietly up to the hotel.
Sally B. met her at the door in great excitement. "Mrs. Gregory an' Mrs. Harmon both telegraphed you to come on an' see the show tomorrow. I been hopin' ye'd fly in 'fore the train left. I got yer things all packed!"
The train stood on the track less than a stone's throw distant, its time just up. The conductor came forward as Esther dismounted.
"Will you go, Miss Anthony? I'll hold her ten minutes for you."
"Thank you. Yes, I'll go. Five minutes will do."
With Sally B.'s help she changed to another gown and sped downstairs.
"You're lightning, sure!" the conductor said with respectful approval, as he took her bags, helped her into the high boxcar, made her as comfortable as he could, and went about his train work.
Following a half-hour behind the iron train, the little engine struggled noisily along for a time, dragging its string of loaded cars, when it came to a sudden halt on a mountain-side grade. Around a curve and just beyond, the track left the mountain and crossed a gorge over a trestle. The forward brakeman came running back with blanched face and a ghastly message.
"The trestle's gone down! the iron train's wrecked and piled up down there!" he finished, pointing with a trembling finger forward.

CHAPTER XXXI.
Ambrosia in Arcadia.
Passengers and trainmen went forward to investigate. Left alone, Esther leaned far out of the door and peered forward, but could see nothing of them. In front the train curved out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain. An undulating sweep of white sand and gray sage brush stretched on either side to the horizon—that was all. Breathless and apprehensive, she waited. She could hear the steady hiss of escaping steam, an occasional shout far beyond; for the rest, desert silence.
It was late in the afternoon, yet the sand reflected the heat in pulsing waves, burning her cheek. She climbed down after a little and walked forward, meeting one of the brakemen.
"Go back, Miss Anthony! It's no place for you—it's not—"
"Oh, what is it?" she interrupted anxiously. "Is any one hurt? Can't I help?"
"No; not now, anyway. No one can help one poor fellow; he's passed in his checks. We're trying to dig the other out before he dies."
Esther felt faint, yet kept pace with his hurrying steps.
"Miss Anthony, won't you please go into that car next? It's rough, but we'll need this for—" They were beside the rear car now.
"Yes, yes, I will—I know. But can't I do something? Won't you—"
"No, you can help most by staying right here—the conductor said so. But it may be hours—you'll roast in the car—"
"Never mind me. Don't wait—I'll manage."
He passed her and hurried into the car. In a moment he ran by again with blankets, a basin, and a bucket of water.
The car he had designated was partly filled with a great pile of cabbages, and looked rather impossible. Esther sat down on the end of a tie

Four more men appeared with a laden blanket; this was a winding-sheet. The men spoke no word, and were uncovered. Their burden, too, they bore on to the last car. Three more followed, one walking feebly, supported by the others, the conductor and brakeman of the supply train. He was pale, hatless and coatless, with a scarlet stain on neck and collar. Yet he was conscious, speaking freely.
"Don't mind me," he was saying.
"Alfred!" Esther sprang toward the trio, and caught one limp hand swinging by his side.
He straightened with sudden vigor; a wave of color warmed his pale cheek. "Stella! Stella!" he repeated, and stood still, gazing at her.
"Put him in here!" she cried, now awake, and ready for action. "I'll take care of Mr. Vincent—make him comfortable."
"I'm not hurt," Alfred interrupted, "it's scarcely a scratch! I must help the boys in the other car. They—"
The conductor interposed. "Obey orders, Vincent. You're used up. We've help enough in there. You've done your part."
The two men, not heeding his protest, lifted him into the cabbage-car.
"Now, Miss Anthony, let me help you in."
"No, not now, thank you. I've something to do first. You're not ready to start, are you?"
"No, it will be a half-hour anyway; we must make one more trip to the wreck."
"I can get in by myself. Don't think about me." Even the conductor, accustomed to command, yielded to the finality in her voice, and hurried on.
"Can you sit against the car side a few minutes, Alfred? You won't faint?"
"Faint?" he scouted. "Indeed, no. But where are you going? Don't leave me, Stella!" he called a little wildly as she stepped back a pace.
Perplexities, embarrassments, were forgotten. In this solemn moment of tragedy they resumed their old relations, unquestioning.
"I'll be back in a minute. Here! You may keep this for me!" She tossed him her hat. "A hat is a pretty sure anchor for a woman, isn't it?" she said, smiling up at him, and was out of sight around the end of the train.
She could not help the gasp in her voice. The world was alive once more. Life was beautiful in spite of the grewsome sights in the car beyond. Since she could do nothing for them she would not think of them, Alfred was here; hurt, yes, but not unto death, not even to great pain. For one little moment she would selfishly hug her joy.
Down in a little swale, just before they had halted, she had noticed the lunch grass growing long and rank. She flew at it, tore it up, handful by handful, till she had a high pile, which she gathered in her arms and carried to the car. Pitching it in, she was off again, heedless of Alfred's protest. Three times she made the short journey, pausing at the door after the third load to catch her breath.
"Aren't you coming in this time? You must let me help you," he said, partly rising, but falling back.
"No, no! Don't move! You aren't able to; and if you do I won't come!" she replied emphatically, though her face was shining. "Turn your head away, and don't look till I say 'Here!'"
"I can't turn away from you, Stella!" he said whimsically, yet tenderly; and her eyes dropped. Still, she did not move.
"Oh, come, dearest, won't you? Don't wait so long. I'll—I'll turn—"
"My true love sent me a letter to turn back my head! Did you ever play 'Green Graves' when you were a little tad? My head is turned back!"
Esther never knew how she managed the climb through the great, gaping door, yards above the sloping ground; still, she was there, standing before him.
He spoke no word, but gazed up into her tender, bending face. Light speech that had bridged the first tense moments was impossible now. Pain, misunderstanding, pride, prudence, even the years, fled. She loved him, loved him! Nothing else counted.
"Lean down, Stella, sweetheart!" he whispered at last, his eyes drawn by her with his words.
She knelt beside him. The long separation melted into the land of the unremembered.
The engine whistle startled them shortly, and a brakeman came with a blanket for Alfred, his coat, and Esther's bags and cloak.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IS LUNCH WAGON A HOUSE

Question That Agitates Montclair—Women Threaten to Burn It.
Montclair, N. J.—The women of upper Montclair are up in arms over the establishment of a lunch wagon in that exclusive section of the town, and threats have been made by some of them to burn the vehicle if it is not removed.
The matter came up in court, when the proprietor of the wagon, Thomas Amend, was found guilty in Recorder Yost's court of violating the building laws in placing the wagon on Valley road. Recorder Yost deferred sentence.
The case, however, will be carried to the higher courts, as was done when Amend was found guilty on a similar charge several months ago, when he purchased a plot for \$2,500 on Bloomfield avenue and placed thereon a lunch wagon.
Amend, in his defense, contended that the authorities erred in classing the vehicle as a building. The town officials asserted that as the wagon was connected with the sewer and gas mains, it must be classed as a house, and be amenable to the building laws.
Amend, who has five wagons in the town, declares that he will take the matter to the higher courts. He is

NEW TEACHING PLAN
EDUCATION INNOVATION BEING TRIED IN EAST.
Schoolroom and Factory Combined in Latest Experiment—High-School-boys Spend Alternate Weeks in Shops.
New York.—Advanced ground in industrial educational work has been taken in Fitchburg, Mass. Educators in all parts of the country are watching the development of the ambitious undertaking with more than passing interest, as upon the success or failure of the departure will depend whether or not the plan is adopted elsewhere. This fall the second-year high-schoolboys received the privilege of learning a metal trade by going into the factories of the town to work one week at regular factory hours and to return to the schoolroom the following week, thus alternating between factory and schoolroom throughout the year. Twenty boys were elected to take the new course, and the reports for the first three months of the experiment are altogether favorable, not one of the 20 boys having shown any desire to abandon the combination of schoolroom and factory work.
It is the first attempt of the kind in a public school. A course similar to this one has been in operation at the University of Cincinnati for older boys, and the Fitchburg experiment is patterned after the Cincinnati idea. The course is one of four years, the first year consisting exclusively of schoolroom work and the three following years of theoretical and practical training equally apportioned. The factory owners, seven of whom

are co-operating with the school department, say that the high-school-boys are making better progress than the full-time apprentices, and Superintendent Joseph G. Edgerly of the Fitchburg public schools reports that the schoolroom work of these boys is fully up to the standard.
The success of the Fitchburg plan seems so well assured that steps are being taken in a number of other cities, whose school authorities have been in correspondence with Superintendent Edgerly, to begin similar courses next year. Superintendent Edgerly and Principal John G. Thompson of the Massachusetts State Normal school at Fitchburg, who has taken a deep interest in the working out of the plan, believe they have gone a long way toward solving the problem of how best to keep the boys in the high school for the full four years' course, a problem that has been the despair of educators in all manufacturing towns, such as Fitchburg. The belief of many parents, whether right or wrong, that their boys, who must eventually find their way into the shops, were wasting time in school when they could be learning a trade has been the chief cause of the falling off in the enrollment of second and third-year high school classes.
Inability of parents to support their boys during the four years they were in the high school has also unquestionably been a big factor, but this has been eliminated in Fitchburg, as the boys who take the shop-work course will be able to earn enough to clothe themselves, and even pay board, without interference with their school work, since they receive regular apprentice wages for the actual time they work in the factories. The first year they receive ten cents an hour, and they work approximately 1,650 hours. Working the same number of hours the two following years, they receive 11 and 12½ cents an hour, respectively, and they are as well fitted for their trade as if they had put in all of their time in the factory—better fitted, because of a livelier intelligence and ability to use their hands as well as their heads, Superintendent Edgerly says.
The shopwork consists of instruction under practical overseers in the operation of lathes, planers, drilling machines, bench and floor work and such other machine work, according to the ability of the apprentice, as pertains to the particular branch of manufacture of the shop where the boy is employed. Of the 20 boys who entered the Fitchburg shops last August, 16 are learning the machinist's trade, two are receiving practical instruction in pattern making and two in drafting. The co-operative course includes English, mathematics, with tables and simple shop problems; mechanics, including simple machines; freehand and mechanical drawing.
Use Machines for Shearing Sheep.
Sheep-shearing machines are now used quite extensively in Australia. In Tasmania they are just beginning to be installed. It seems only a question of time when all the sheep shearing in this island will be done by machinery, driven by steam, electric or gasoline power.
A New Kind.
"Pa, what is the deadly parallel?"
"I guess, son, it is somewhere about the one where work in the tropics is located."—Baltimore American.

FLIRTING WITH THE SOUTH
Mr. Taft is the first Republican president, or president-elect, formally to concede that the country needs, in its legislation and administration, the active participation of that element of the southern people which has persistently adhered to the Democratic party. President McKinley, it is true, cordially invited the military patriotism of the south to his aid in the Spanish war and gave it liberal recognition, but there he stopped.
In the reform policy to which he is pledged, and which he proposes to carry out in his administration, Mr. Taft will need the support of all the best wisdom and patriotism of the country, in whatever section it may be found. But in the appeal for southern support which he has made before the North Carolina society of New York, the coming president vaults lightly over many obstacles that will not be so easily overcome in the concrete.
In the presence of conditions that are not fully understood anywhere else in the country, the south will hesitate long before abandoning its solidarity to throw itself upon the tender mercy of the Republican party. There is the negro vote, without which in an election that is at all debatable, the Republican party cannot carry New Jersey and the states north of the Ohio river. In order to propitiate this vote the Republican party, in every national election, makes boastful promises of what it is going to do for the negro, and the fear is ever present in the south that a Republican administration may interfere, through its interstate powers, to disturb conditions there by trying to make these promises good.
It may be confidently predicted that southern Democrats, and Democrats from other parts of the country, will support President Taft in all beneficial measures that consist with Democratic principles. But the south is not going to break ranks and abandon the flag of the party which has been, and is, its only bulwark of defense.—St. Louis Republic.



JOSEPH G. EDGERLY

MUST REMAIN FIRM
HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW.
People Justified in Demand for Light on Panama Deal.
ONLY BULWARK OF THE SOUTH IS DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
Section Can Not Afford to Abandon Its Solidarity and Throw Itself Upon the Mercy of the Republicans.
Mr. Taft is the first Republican president, or president-elect, who has had the courage and the candor to admit that the south has been right in placing lawful qualifications upon the suffrage in order to save states, counties and municipalities from domination by ignorant and deluded electorates.
In the face of many threats of federal interference and of reduced representation in congress, the south has persevered in this policy because it knew it was right, and because it was confident that the entire country would in time, concede that it was right.
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Penetrating Questions.
What the people want to know, and have a right to know, is who bought the old obligations and divided up the \$25,000,000 paid for them. Who were the new Panama Canal Company which divided up \$15,000,000? Who participated in the \$5,000,000 syndicate and furnished the cash to buy up the old obligations, finance the manufactured Panama revolution and put through the canal job?—New Haven Union.
Ought to Be Past Surprise.
Astonishment of the house committee on appropriations over the discovery that the historic Pennsylvania station in Washington had been removed without legal authority on the "order of the president" is amusing. If Washington should some day find the capitol moved across the Potomac, or the White House rolling toward Long Island, no one who knows the president ought to be astonished.
Plundering the West.
An entirely new American west has grown up since the present American tariff law was placed on the statute books. If the tariff, at its best, is the "mother of trusts," what must we call it when certain schedules are deliberately perpetuated to tax western industry for the benefit of idle and profligate eastern tariff overlords?
"Why shouldn't Standard Oil have members in congress and legislators?" asked Mr. Bedford ingenuously. "It controls more money than half a dozen states." In view of the fact that Standard Oil has such representation there seems to be no room for argument.
"Where Providence has thrust upon us the responsibility of a (Filipino) people."—Mr. Taft.
It was not, however, Providence who got the \$20,000,000 for that thrust, was it?