

THE IRON WAY

A Tale of the Builders of the West
By SARAH PRATT CARR
Illustrations by Art. Williamson

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, while efforts are being made to build the road and to drive 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, Stella Anthony in a letter from her.

CHAPTER II.—Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony's station, is introduced. The travelers find that Anthony has been killed.

CHAPTER III.—Vincent with letter of introduction to Gov. Stanford is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad, being built. He hears of safe arrival of Stella Anthony in a letter from her.

CHAPTER IV.—Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on road and receives letter of introduction from Stella, embodied in a neat bundle and a forget-me-not.

CHAPTER V.—"Uncle Billy" arrives in railroad town, meeting Stella. He hears news that Stella has returned to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman.

CHAPTER VI.—Stella receives "Uncle Billy" with kisses for her brought her a letter that she is engaged to marry Stella Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady.

CHAPTER VII.—Vincent visits society circles of enemies of central Pacific railroad, learns their secrets and returns to Stella in the California town, each showing signs of love for the other.

CHAPTER VIII.—Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town and to Stella boasts of success of his enterprise. She writes to Alfred Vincent, Phineas Cadwallader's attention. Cadwallader later finds her and she is rescued by Gideon. Her father's services have been rendered for years. In turn he proposes marriage. It is rejected, leaving her declaring he will return the same way.

CHAPTER IX.—Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. He is then elected to position of a brakeman.

CHAPTER X.—Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, of his success. Stella's letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip.

CHAPTER XI.—Plot to destroy company's ship Florida is unheeded and incriminating evidence against Stella is on charge of wire tapping is also found, the letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakeman Alfred Vincent, who arrives on scene.

CHAPTER XII.—Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting Florida and securing ship laden with iron for railroad camp.

CHAPTER XIII.—Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and has interview with Gov. Stanford, sponsor for central Pacific. Stella's statement, promising that he will enter the road, is a railroad official tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up Florida.

CHAPTER XIV.—Support of San Francisco and Washoe road is undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Bill and dramatic rescue proves big social occasion in railroad town.

CHAPTER XV.—Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's rescue, leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl renounces Gideon's advances.

CHAPTER XVII.—In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece, to a railroad official about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Banquet in railroad town is scene of more monopolization of the road by Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament.

CHAPTER XIX.—Alfred writes passionately to Stella, desiring the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton and Stella makes plans for battle of wits which must come when she meets Gideon. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces that she, her husband and Viola have been made rich by recent "strike." Viola's love for Alvin, a telegraph operator, is revealed. Stella, declaring he will claim his sweetheart when he has a home and a bank account.

CHAPTER XX.—Gideon returns to Stella and finding offers of love rejected, makes a threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on state which he makes in search of Vincent. When Stella discovers this she makes a desperate effort and books passage on state, which is attempting to beat that of rival company. Alfred wild scenes the coach dashes out of town.

CHAPTER XXI.—Race to beat opposition company's stage a success, but Stella falls to hear of Gideon.

CHAPTER XXII.—Stella receives a letter from Vincent, who has returned from Alfred Vincent will die. After comment Stella decides to write to persecutors that she will marry Vincent without Gideon's assent.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther. Anthony's remains a rich woman, who has been at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Stella and Stella meet in Frisco society, she passes him without recognition.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact.

CHAPTER XXV.—Sally B. Cultivates Aristocracy. Esther stood at the door of the Bernard mansion in Oakland. Sally B. was crossing the hall when the colored butler opened the door.

"Oh, honey! Stee—Esther, I mean!" She flew down the hall and caught the girl in a vigorous embrace. "I've been dying to see you ever since—since I read in the paper you'd got back from your tour. Come right up to my boarder."

"I only learned last week, at Judge Harmon's, where you were." Esther said as soon as released. "You've been away most of the time lately, and this is my first opportunity to come since you returned from the springs. Why California in the winter, of all places?"

Sally B. was fussing about happily, helping her out of her wraps. "Vi's been peaked lately, an' I took her up fur—the sulphur water. That's good in the spring, you know."

"Yes, but February?"

"Oh, well, any time near Valentine's

day's spring around the Bay. Stella! You've grown tall, and that elegant!"

"Grown, madame," interrupted a quiet voice.

Esther glanced curiously at a demure figure sewing in a corner of the elaborate room.

"I've been—been terribly im—" "Terribly, madame."

Esther saw a shade of annoyance pass over Sally B.'s face; but she went on again.

"I've been terribly impatient to show you my new house and our gold-plated traps."

"I'm sure I'm just as impatient to see them all. How long have you been here?"

"We bought a little better'n eight months ago—got a bargain. It only cost us—"

"Private expenses tabooed subject," the even voice broke in; though the girl never lifted her eyes from her work nor showed the slightest interest in the conversation.

Sally B. turned swiftly, shot an angry glance at the young woman and opened her lips with a spring that Esther well remembered. Yet her anger faded quickly. "Thank you, Marie," she said, and continued. "Set—sit down, Esther. I bet you'll have a—"

"I bet' is not quite elegant, madame."

Sally B. whirled on her heel in quite the old way. "Marie, you git!"

The girl rose and walked quietly out of the room. Before the door closed Sally B. was calm again. "There I go," she said. "That's two dollars she gits—sets to-day, an' it ain't—ain't two o'clock."

Esther did not try to conceal her laugh. "Two dollars for what?"

"For my bad language. I hired her to keep Vi up in her French, but mostly to correct my bad grammar. I pay her twenty-five a month, and a dollar every time I say slangy things to her. She's kittin'—getting rich!"

"I should think she'd retire when visitors arrive," Esther ventured.

"Her orders is—Say! do you say 'orders is' or 'are'?"

"Are, I think." Esther struggled with a too persistent smile.

"Her orders are to stick to me like a cockle burr to a mule's tail; let up for nobody except when I receive big bugs in the parlor. An' I'm sorry for her, that I am."

"How long has she been with you?"

"Oh, ever since we bought."

"She's had time, then, to learn your good heart. If she hasn't, she deserves no sympathy."

Sally B. smiled broadly. "You tuck—tuck in the blarney stone on your tower, didn't you? What a playgy shame we couldn't have towered together!"

"That would have been nice. Did you enjoy your travel?"

"Fine!" the other answered quickly; yet a dejected note crept into her next words. "I enjoyed it all right; but it didn't pay—opt Bill an' me. We're too old, and didn't have no—any fit cultivating for such a crop. But it paid for Vi," she said exultingly. "She's come out just a little queen, Vi has. She fits all this fine stuff!" Sally B.'s sweep of arm included the whole magnificent villa. "An' her paw's that proud of her!"

Esther smiled sympathetically. "Tell me about your home, Mrs. Sally. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's pay rock, sure; a thousand dollars to the ton. But some way, I like it better when I'm tellin' about it, or showin' it off, than I do just livin' in it. You know, I ain't used to bein' waited on—not personal—but I'm goin' to get used to it for Vi's sake; style, furrin servants—got five kinds, seven courses, church people—the hull hog!"

"Did you get the place already equipped?"

"Law me, yes. Furniture, horses, coachman, an' monkeyman. They left a cook, too, a Frenchy; but I bounced him, fy; an' Yic Wah hangs up in the kitchen now. Gosh! I—Say! I'm just going to take a vacation from grammar while you're here; it's too hamperin'. No use showin' off to you, Stee—Esther; you know me from shoe to bonnet, anyhow."

"I don't love you for your grammar, good or bad, but for—I won't risk another reference to my travel in Ireland. How's Yic Wah?"

"Proud of the place as if he owned it. Come! I'll show you everything; he's in the kitchen with the rest."

She led the girl, trailing her black skirts over the rich carpets from room to room, holding her head high and showing off her possessions with pleased pride. The house was large and in perfect taste. The former owners had faded suddenly and sold to the first bidder, walking out with only their clothing. The two women halted in the library; and Esther looked curiously along the rows of books, most of them standard authors, and bound to order, with the owner's monogram on the cover. She wondered what part they played in Sally B.'s present life.

"Have you read any of them?" she asked, glancing at the shelves.

A tired look crept into Sally B.'s face. "I've got to the sixth book on the fourth row from the top. I reckon I'll take about two year—years. Vi likes 'em, but I don't—leastways, not much of it."

Esther refrained from comment, though her heart ached for the heroic woman. "It's too bad about the monogram. L. B.'s so near right."

"It's just right! I've took—taken Mrs. Lang's name, Lang. See here!" She crossed the room and brought cards from the desk. They were in the extreme style, and read, "Mrs. Lang-Hernard. Lake View. First Thursday."

"Think of Sally B. bein' that big a fool! But that's what you got to do if you want to git—set up; an' that's where I'm bound, to the very top notch! Of course, I don't b'long there, but Vi does, an' I'm going to boost her if money an' work can do it." She was leading the way to the ballroom at the top of the house, a beautiful, spacious apartment overlooking Lake Merritt and the Berkeley hills.

"I'm sure you're succeeding," Esther said as they sat near an open window. She wondered if it was wise to encourage Sally B.'s impossible ambitions.

"Yes; that is, Vi is. She gits invited into the glazius, long long set, where the men wears opsy hats an' gold-

headed canes, an' the women's all ladies."

"Does Viola enjoy it?"

Sally B.'s face sobered instantly. "I don't know. Vi's changed some. She was always quiet; now she's deep. I can't make her out. She goes a heap, always does the right thing, wears her clo'es like a queen, she does. And Freddy Bryan—he's old Dick Bryan's son, you know; the old man's on his third million now; an' they're just families, O. K.—well, Freddy's shinin' up to Vi fine! Then there's Mr. Reginald Lawrence; they say he's really a lord's son. I kin see he likes Vi, but she's one of them stand-off English fellers; you can't tell about 'em. Cut my—Vi'd ketch a lord—"

She stopped and beamed on Esther. "But he might not make Viola happy."

"N—o," Sally B. acquiesced reluctantly. "Anyway, he's shy lately. Reckon he's waiting to size up Bill's pie." Sally B.'s honesty extended to herself, no matter how unflattering.

"Vi's 19 next week," she went on. "She's goin' to have the doggondest ball—invitations ben out a week—on silk, they are. An' I've staked out the best decorator an' the best caterer round the Bay."

"Whom have you invited—besides me? I received my invitation safely."

"Oh, all the big bugs—all the other big bugs." Sally B. smiled at Esther, "I kin git. All that's called on me, an' a lot that ha'n't. The Episcopal church folks, too; they're long tong, all right."

They discussed the ball a little more, when Esther asked suddenly: "What of Alvin? Haven't you let those two meet again?"

"The other woman's countenance fell. "I reckon Vi still likes him. But how can I let my little thoroughbred marry

to laugh; an' the flowers and the pictures someway—shamin' him—why good feller as he is. I wish he'd go back to his blue shirt an' mules, or else buy some manners. An' the worst of it is, I know I got just as bad a case of not fittin' her myself; only I'm that stuck on myself, I can't see it. I've—been going back right now on all my polish for a coon's age."

Esther ventured no reply, and the other woman began to put away her wardrobe. "Ain't it too bad may had to die fore I got a chance to wear half these here new things? Black's so unbecom'g! An' I can't even wear white ruffles; them's for widows."

Esther was startled. No wonder conventional people could not understand Sally B. Esther knew that no more devoted daughter had ever lived than Sally B. had; but yet, that knew nothing of this would believe it in the face of her last remark?

"Bet she had a good time," the other went on. "We took her all over Yerp; an' she lived two months after she come home. I bought her more clo'es than she'd had in all her life before; she could put on a different dress every day in the month! We took her ridin' in the victoria, took her to the theater, the Cliff, an' every-where! She didn't suffer none; I thank God for that." She went in and out of the closet once or twice without speaking, and Esther waited.

Her sentences had been tossed by gusts of emotion; now speech was entirely withheld. While she struggled for calmness Viola entered.

"Oh, Stella! Esther!" Viola's arms went round the other girl impulsively and she burst into tears.

"What under the canopy are ye crying for?" her mother asked; yet she "new"; and her own tears were hardly restrained.

"Oh, ma, it's so good to see her! She belongs to the old, honest time when we said what we thought, or kept still."

The mother winced. Viola's unusual emotion disclosed unwelcome facts. She was taller, and had blossomed into a soft, wood-violet sort of beauty that yet had something mystic about it; as rare as felicitous.

She spoke of many things, Viola's womanhood enfolding her in a mantle of sedateness. Esther knew she had been defrauded of her girlhood, and longed to set her free from her unyielding self-control; wondered if she would, at the last, sacrifice herself to her mother's ambition.

They returned to the room of the bedrooms, the kitchen, where Yic Wah greeted Esther with voluble cordiality; the stables, conservatories, and breeze-swept gardens; and Esther was preparing for the street when the maid brought a card.

"Mr. Bryan, ma," Viola said. Her face grew gray and dull; while her mother's was swept by a quick panorama of doubt, question, love, and ambition.

She put her arm about Viola's slender waist. "Honey, mammy expects a heap of you. Will you do it?"

Viola turned suddenly, spoke with strange impetuosity. "Don't, ma! I can't do it! Freddy Bryan's honest. He'd ask me just the same if I was poor. I'd thought I give my answer to-day. But I won't cheat him. I'll tell him I can't care for him as he deserves. It's no use, ma." She put up a protesting hand, and even Sally B. was held to silence by the new sternness in her daughter.

And Esther, distressed at the tragedy in the girl's face, made her adieu quickly, that Sally B. might not see the angry resentment in her heart.

[Continued in our next issue]

It makes me sweat now to think of it! An' that red just—"

"Regal!" Esther finished, as Sally B., for a wonder, paused for a word.

"Like it?" Sally B. displayed with pride the scarlet satin robe, spangled from hem to throat, and finished with costly gold lace. "That's my own design, an' my favorite of all I got."

Worth told me never to tell it was his make. Wouldn't put his tag on it. Didn't want to steal my thunder. I s'pose. Clever of him, wa'n't it? Say! With my diamonds—they're in the bank or I'd show 'em to you—I look—"

"We've used the only word, Mrs. Sally—regal," Esther laughed, thinking of her at a fancy dress ball as the Queen of Sheba.

"Oh, what a pretty thing this is!" she said, lifting a pale gray gown from the flimsy heap.

"Yes, I s'pose the toot ensemble of that's good. But them pale colors don't fit me; an' the work on that won't stand the eyes of a connoisseur."

"I suppose Mr. Bernard has a lot of things, too," Esther said as soon as she could control her face.

"You bet! Only men's things ain't interestin' like women's. I wish men wore lace an' things, like they did when that picture was took." She glanced up at an exquisite engraving of a scene at the court of Louis XIV.

"I presume Mr. Bernard would rather wear the dress of 1869."

"Yes, an' I'd rather he would. His manners don't seem to fit what he's got now. I never noticed that Bill was short on manners when he was wearin' a blue shirt, an' punchin' mules, or huntin' a lead. But in this fine house, him a pushin' victuals with a silver knife, an' eatin' soup audible, while people sets round an' tries not to laugh; an' the flowers and the pictures someway—shamin' him—why good feller as he is. I wish he'd go back to his blue shirt an' mules, or else buy some manners. An' the worst of it is, I know I got just as bad a case of not fittin' her myself; only I'm that stuck on myself, I can't see it. I've—been going back right now on all my polish for a coon's age."

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[Continued in our next issue]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Stark S. Sanford, plaintiff
vs
Carrie H. Farrell and Emerson B. Farrell, defendants
In the Court of Common Pleas of Hocking County, Ohio.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Sheriff of Hocking County, Ohio, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of said court in the above entitled cause, and to him directed as Sheriff of said County, will at the door of the Court House in Logan, Ohio, on

Friday, June 6, A. D., 1908, at 10 o'clock p. m., of said day, offer for sale at public auction, the following lands and tenements, situate in Hocking County, Ohio, to-wit:

Being all coal and other minerals in and underlying the following described land, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of section twenty-five (25), Township thirteen (13) North, Range one (1), and running thence south eighty-nine and one-half (89 1/2) poles; thence west nine and one-half (9 1/2) poles; thence north nine and one-half (9 1/2) poles; thence east eighty-nine and one-half (89 1/2) poles to the center of the beginning, containing thirty (30) acres more or less and being the same and or minerals rights conveyed to Elizabeth Baker, wife of John W. Baker, (both deceased).

Appraised at \$100.
Terms of sale—Cash.
This sale is made at Logan, Ohio, on this 25th day of April, A. D., 1908.
GEORGE B. WILLIAMS, Sheriff of Hocking County, Ohio.
W. C. LOWY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Legal Notice.

Henry Oldaker, Aaron Oldaker, Florence Oldaker, Alva Oldaker, Earnest Oldaker, Leona Oldaker and Lee Oldaker, who reside at Columbus, Ohio, and are the heirs at law of one of the heirs at law of Isaac Oldaker, deceased, will take notice that Mary E. Oldaker, Administratrix of the estate of Isaac Oldaker, deceased, on the 13th day of March, 1908, filed her petition in the Probate Court within and for the county of Hocking, and State of Ohio, alleging that the personal estate of said deceased is insufficient to pay his debts and the charges of administration, and that she had seized in fee-simple of the following described real estate situate in said county, to-wit: Being a part of fractional lot No. 7, Section 10, Township No. 11, Range No. 1, beginning at the southeast corner of section 22, thence east 41 chains; thence south 22 1/2 degrees west 17 chains to the center of the center of said turnpike 66 1/2 degrees west to the point of beginning.

Also a part of said lot No. 7 above named, beginning at the southeast corner of section 22, thence east 208 chains to the center of the center of said turnpike 66 1/2 degrees west to the point of beginning, containing 79 of an acre excepting therefrom 25 of an acre heretofore conveyed to L. Turner, leaving only 54 of an acre.

All of this land heretofore described is situate in Salt Creek Township, County and State of Ohio, and is owned by Mary E. Oldaker, and Mary E. Oldaker, as widow of said deceased, is entitled to dower in said premises.

The prayer of said petition is for the appointment of said petitioner, as Administratrix, for a sale of said premises, subject to such dower estate, for the payment of the debts and charges aforesaid, for other relief.

The persons first above mentioned will further take notice that they have been made parties defendant to said petition and that they are required to answer the same on or before the 25th day of June, 1908, A. D.

MARY E. OLDAKER, Administratrix, as aforesaid, May 14, 1908, 6-was.

Notice of Petition of Transfer.

Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of May, 1908, the Trustees of Marion Township in Hocking County, Ohio, filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas, the object and prayer of which is to secure from said court the transfer of the real estate of the said Marion Township, to the said Marion and Bridge Fund of the general and special fund of said township, because there is no use or necessity for the same in said township, and the same is being used for other purposes.

Also that the said petition is subject to the order of the court on the 10th day of June, 1908, or as soon thereafter as it is convenient for the parties to appear.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of May, 1908.
LEVI DERR, Clerk.
SOLOMON BAUER, DANIEL KATZBERGER, GEORGE SHULL, Trustees

Notice to Lumbermen and Contractors.

The Board of Directors of The Crockett Run Oil & Gas Co. will receive bids up to 1 o'clock p. m. of Saturday, May 23, as follows:

1st. For material for derrick delivered on the premises.

2d. For furnishing all material and erecting derrick complete ready for drilling on the premises.

3d. For material for derrick delivered on the premises.

Notice to Bidders.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Education of Marion Township, Hocking County, Ohio, are ready to receive all bids for the erection of a new School House in No. 2 District, as so to read as follows: The building to be erected shall be of the type of Third Model, Co. of June, at 12 o'clock. Said board has the right to reject all bids. Old School House to be offered for sale on the above date.

Clerk of the Board of Education.
May 14-19

Probate Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for the estate of the late Mrs. L. M. Adams, deceased, and the same will be taken up for hearing on the 4th day of June, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge.
May 11, 1908

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F. P. MARTIN, Probate Judge.
May 11, 1908

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Elizabeth Wetmann, deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executor and Trustee of the estate of Elizabeth Wetmann, late of Hocking County, Ohio, deceased. Dated this 23rd day of May, 1908.
FRED W. STRICKLAND, Executor.
May 14, 1908

Notice to Our Patrons.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children. Bort & Co.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

JOINT RESOLUTION
Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Ohio relative to the passage of bills.

Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, that the following be submitted to the electors of this State at the next election for members of the general assembly to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio to the effect that the words inclusive of article II, shall respectively be numbered as sections 19 to 23, and sections 24 and 25 of such article be numbered as read as follows: