



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST BY SARAH PAUL CLARE

Illustrations by J. H. MILLER

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Greenland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. Uncle Billy, a young man, and Stella, a young woman, are introduced. They are on a train that is being built through the mountains. Uncle Billy is a surveyor and Stella is a school teacher. They are both in love with each other. The story follows their journey through the mountains and the challenges they face. Uncle Billy is determined to complete the railroad and Stella is determined to get married to him. They face many hardships, including a fire on the train and a landslide. In the end, they are reunited and get married.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Sally B. sped away to the kitchen. Stella detained Uncle Billy a second in the hall, her hand on his coat lapel. She had intended to speak with him about school, where to go, how to set about the new life; but these questions must wait. His trip and its success were the only things that mattered now. "Aren't you going to rest?" she asked. "There are plenty of others to work. Go to bed early, won't you, Uncle Billy?"

He crossed his warm, strong hand over hers with fond pressure. It was sweet to have her womanly solicitude, to feel her near him, her soft hand pulsing under his own. "Aftch the fight is time enough to rest, little girl. I must see that my wagon and stock are all right for the first hard drive. I'll have to trust to luck aftch that, or to the hostiess—that's about the same thing."

"Well, rest as much as you can, then. I'll have a luck flower for your button-hole when you start." She smiled into his eyes, her own shining with excitement. "You'll win, Uncle Billy! I know it!"

She watched him down the street to the stage barn, where she knew no item of preparation would escape his vigilant eye. Yet there was time to spare. Would he take advantage of it? Perhaps not. She knew he was master of that perfect relaxation that prepares for stress as well as sleep does.

Alvin had dropped his study. Viola was fighting her trouble alone and Sally B. was in the kitchen. Stella, left with no pressing duty, wandered into the dark parlor. Lighting it was Viola's task, but she had forgotten tonight, to Stella's satisfaction.

She drew a chair to the window that faced the dim mountain across the gorge, closed her senses to the little world about her and was quickly off with the sprites of the night to keep her heart's tryst with Alfred. Not quite alone did they meet this night in fancy's fair halls. Viola, Alvin, even Sally B.'s uncompromising black eyes interrupted Stella's dreams.

Minutes ticked by unheeded. Hurrying feet came and went; calls, cries, hasty commands, odors of unusual cooking floated past inadequate doors; but Stella was oblivious to a draught of air struck her cheek sharply and Gideon's voice called her.

She started to her feet. "Gideon! Where—where is 'to-morrow' in your message? Who told you I was here?"

"No one. I can always find you, Stella. Something tells me. The instant I opened the door I knew you were here. A kind of fragrance—I could tell it."

"Don't, Gideon," she interrupted. She was looking for matches, but his alert sense caught the aversion in tone and movement.

"Your father once told me that a Prima princess was my great-grandmother. I cannot escape my heritage from her." He took the match she had struck and lighted the hanging lamp. The flame shone full on his upturned face, and Stella gazed at him fascinated, while he adjusted wick and shade. He seemed to her excited gaze the concentrated beat and pulse of a hundred lives controlled by the master will that spoke through his burning eyes. Often she wondered about his power over her, wondered why Gideon away, was so small a part of her life; yet near, so masterful, monopolizing. In the pause while he attended to the lamp this question rose again; and was still unanswered.

He turned to meet her mute scrutiny. His eyes were deep and tender, his voice wooing. "You're glad to see me, aren't you, sweet Star?" He threw his arm about her waist with a motion both swift and gentle, as might be a panther mother's, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Don't, Gideon!" Stella cried, breathless, struggling unavailingly, yet not quite sorry that his arm did not

past, she flung out her stinging words like whip-strokes. "Love! What do you know of that sacred thing? Hide in your mountains? Yes! And stay, till you learn that first of all love is not for self, but to serve the loved one. I could never love you. If Alfred were ten times dead, I'd not marry you!"

Red lights were burning in Gideon's passionate eyes, and he turned to her with savage counter threat. "Whether Vincent lives or not, you shall be my wife, Stella Anthony! There's no other woman in the world but you, and I shall be worthy of you. You shall see my face again—you shall pray to see it!" He towered over her, his stormy eyes fixed on hers unflinchingly, yet he did not touch her. "Good-bye," he said in a lower voice. "I shall find him; and I shall come again!" He stepped backward as he finished.

She sprang after him, but he had closed the door and slid into the night. When she looked out he was neither to be seen nor heard. She stood a moment in the open doorway, striving to quiet the tumult of soul and body. The weakness of reaction came quickly. The scene rehearsed grew in portent. No fiery courage rose to meet the memory of his threats; yet they grew more dreadful; and the compelling power of his presence remained. A dozen uncertain plans chased one another through her whirling brain. She would telegraph Alfred. But where? What could she say? She could not send her tragic over the wires, accuse Gideon beforehand of murder!

She would write—get Uncle Billy to deliver her letter in person. She wrote a feverish letter, destroyed it, and wrote again; then hastened out to find Uncle Billy. In the kitchen she came upon Sally B. superintending the extra baking.

"Uncle Billy? He's snatching 40 winks. He didn't go up till a bit ago; he ain't to be disturbed." She was emphatic. "Say! The race begins on O. K.! Train'll be here at 2:50 instid o' four o'clock! Uncle Billy 'lows he'll sit off in four minutes aftch!"

"Oh, I must speak to him alone," Stella pleaded. "Just a minute, when he comes down. Tell him when you call him, won't you?"

Another time Sally B. would have

"Oh, Uncle Billy, you're such a dear, good father to me," she cried impulsively; and, heedless, did not see the light die in his eyes, reeked not of a missed heart-beat.

His back was toward the lamp, his face downward; yet when he lifted it again, he was calm, his voice steady, though Stella caught a vibrant sadness in it she could not understand.

"Honey, there's something I've been wishing to speak to you about for a month o' Sundays, but I couldn't raise the pluck." He stopped, and Stella, so overwrought, grew suddenly apprehensive, though she did not speak.

"Yo' Uncle Billy's stake in Mammon's mighty small; but such as it is, it is deeded to you, child. I haven't any kin of my own, that is, none that's as neah to me as you are, honey. I fixed the papers in Auburn yesterday."

For an instant Stella did not comprehend. She looked questioningly into his face and he smiled back at her, waiting for her to speak. Then it broke suddenly—a will! All a young heart's dread of death came into her eyes. Uncle Billy dead! And she proffing by it? It could not be. He surely would live long years still. She could not spare him!

The precipitous sorrow, the generous deed, broke down Stella's defenses, and tears flowed uncontrolled while she haltingly told her gratitude Uncle Billy had barely dried her eyes when Sally B.'s step sounded in the hall.

"I'm in heah, Sally B.," he called, "and all ready." Before she could turn back from the stairs and enter he drew Stella to him and kissed her. "Don't forget my luck peas, honey," he whispered, as Sally B. opened the door. And in that instant Stella's eyes were opened.

Ten minutes later the coaches, Uncle Billy's leading, lined up beside the thronged sidewalk. Some passengers stood near the second coach. Only a privileged few coming on the train would go with Uncle Billy.

Stella, a rose in her hand, stood with others near the stage office door. "Is Mr. Ingram going with Uncle Billy or in the other coach?" she asked the clerk, as he returned to his post from some errand.

"Ingram?" He left town hours ago. Took Sally's best horse, Nig. Told Ball if he broke the nag's wind he'd pay any figure Ball!"

Stella did not wait to hear him through. "Book me for Virginia City," she cried. "In Uncle Billy's coach."

"You can't," he began. A whistle shrieked through the darkness. "Yes! yes! I'll make him let me!" she panted, and was gone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Moppett, Why Do You Push Me Away?"

mine compels love. You think your heart forever lost to that—to the man who has deserted you. Yet you surely will soon wake to the shame of it. Your womanhood will help me, if not your love; that will follow. I've a house and garden for you in Sacramento; your own home, trim and neat, where the roses on the trellis wait for your care. There you shall live in peace, and show the gossips that Alfred Vincent did not break your heart—did not win you to cast you off. To-morrow we shall be married!"

"Gideon! Gideon! Stop, for heaven's sake! How many times must I tell you I cannot—I will not marry you? I love Alfred Vincent. Some day he intends to marry me!"

"Intends to marry you! Some day!" Tenderness fled. The words flashed forth like the hiss of a snake. He faced her fiercely, the veins in his forehead swelling quickly, undulatingly. The primordial male was master now, holding in leash every grace of refinement, every saint's virtue he had won. "Listen, Stella Anthony! If that woman-dandy cared for you, if he had been man enough to marry you, to put you beyond the insult of railroad-camp gossip and curiosity, I'd hide away in the mountains and live on memories. But he's spolling your life! And he shall not live to spoil it longer! I'll—"

"No, no, Gideon!" she broke in excitedly. "Don't say those words! You shall not harm him!" She stood erect, her eye blazing back flame for flame. For herself weak, for him she loved she was a lioness at bay. "Do you call that love?" she asked scornfully, "to strike a woman through the man she loves? I could hate you, Gideon Ingram! Leave me! I hope never to see your face again!"

Gideon did not speak. Stella roused and angry was a new being to him. He had not realized that her spirit was as intrepid as his own. Stripped of compassion for his love of her, wrenched free from the claim of their

casual voice raised above the subdued murmur that came from Sally B.'s barroom—all told Stella that the town waited awake for the night's event.

She stole out, passed the hotel and peeped guiltily into the stage office. Only the clerk on duty was within, and he was nodding. Cautiously she approached and looked over the passenger list that lay open on the counter. Gideon had not booked.

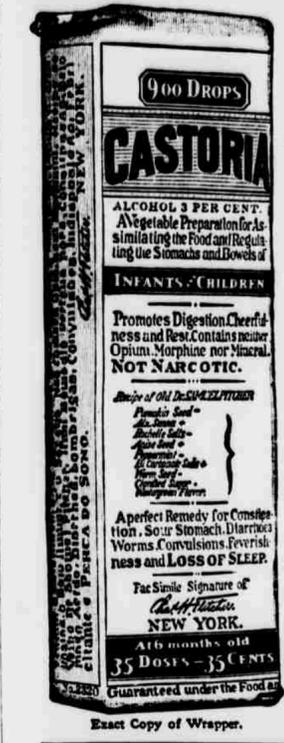
Though half stunned by dread and fear, she yet could not face Sally B. again and the busy kitchen. She paced restlessly, stooped to reread her letter and add a pencilled word, and went into the hall to listen for Uncle Billy. Silence. No one was stirring in the house outside of the cook's domain.

Back she turned to her nervous tread, counting her steps mechanically. Her mind was painfully alert, suspicious. The half-hour struck. "The clock is surely wrong!" Stella whispered. But the dining-room clock quickly rang a confirming chime; and the doornail tick, tick, went slowly on. She crept out again to the stage office, where the clerk no longer coquetted with duty in his chair, but lay full length on the counter, frankly seduced by Morpheus. The passenger list still lay open, and Stella looked. Gideon's name was not there!

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians, addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blatter, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results." Dr. Gustavo A. Elsenraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children." Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children." Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use." Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market." Dr. R. E. Eklidson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children. I have ever known and I recommend it." Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers." Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use." GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE "LESS" AGE.



Cholly—it's wonderful, bah love! Riding without harness, telegraphing without wires, and all these things. Maude—Yes and thinking without brains.

BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4709 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

None for Him. "Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Cruel Kindness. Aged Belle—You know, Mr. Seymour, I have always had the greatest horror of growing old.

Green Youth—But I hope, dear lady, that you have not found it as bad as you anticipated.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The Contented Man. The man who is thoroughly contented is likely to be a bore or a tramp.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Discomfort from Indigestion, Constipation, Bloating, a Perfect Remedy for Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Stomachache, and all the ailments of the Head, Face, and Throat.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Woman Owns Household. The wife in Abyssinia always owns the house and contents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

Don't waste other people's time while you are waiting your own.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours. Write a postal to Lewis' N. Y. for sample.

It's sometimes easier to catch on than it is to let go.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, GOUT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM. GUARANTEED.

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Many Uses for the Hairpin

Little Instrument May Be Said to Be Invaluable.

It is an excellent substitute for a paper cutter. It will pierce a cigar or clean a pipe. As a buttonhook, either for boots or gloves, it is invaluable. In lieu of its sharper sister, the pin, seaside trippers have been known to find it convenient for extracting the wrinkle from its shell. In extremities it has served as a toothpick, horrible as this may seem, while, if a sufficient number are used, it supplies the place of a hatpin.

There is another popular service also that it performs, says the London Chronicle. Recently at a smart hotel in London a young lady took up a novel, saying to the man who was carrying it round: "How far have you got with this story?" As she spoke she opened the book with that quick movement which inevitably be-

trays the book marker, then putting it down with a laugh added: "Oh, I was looking for the hairpin which marked the place you had reached, but, of course, you don't use hairpins."

Outspoken. A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors, in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly-bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as: "Count de R— still owes 25 louis; he knows to whom." "The green peas yesterday were burned." "Baroness M— flirt; unfortunately, not with me." The marquise has withdrawn the register.—Cri de Paris.

Potash

Makes Two Bundles of Wheat Grow Where but One Bundle Grew Before

Getting a full crop from a fertilizer without enough Potash is like getting well by the doctor's prescription with its most important drug left out. Commercial fertilizers need more Potash to get all the crop profit you are entitled to.

Mix 25 to 30 pounds of Muriate of Potash with 300 pounds of bone meal or phosphate. That will raise wheat! Set clover, too! The profit will come next year in bigger crop, more profit. Potash is profit. Buy the Potash first.

Send for New Farmer's Note Book containing facts about soil, crops, manures and fertilizers. Mail free. GERMAN KALI WORKS, Monadnock Building, Chicago. New York—93 Nassau Street. Atlanta, Ga.—1234 Condit Building.

PILLS FOR THE EYE

Thompson's Eye Water. A. N. K.—B (1908—34) 2244.