

DRAG YOU DOWN.

Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Manchester, Ia., says: "For two years my back was weak and rheumatic. Pains ran through my back, hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and lost much sleep. The action of the kidneys was much disordered. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased, and my health is now unusually good."

Legal Reason Why He Should Be the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rattle soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two wait-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own. "Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and inquisitive."

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.



The Rejected—And will nothing make you change your mind? She—Myes, another man might.

The Allurements of the City.

Mrs. Perkins and her daughter Mandy from the country were in the city one day, and as they walked along together they came to a window in which was displayed a variety of women's apparel. Mandy glanced wistfully at the different articles of clothing and started into the store. But a sign in the window which read: "Clothing One-Half Off During This Sale," caught Mrs. Perkins' eye. She seized her daughter by the arm, hurried her along down the street, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Why, land's sake, Mandy, that ain't no decent place for a girl to go!"—Judge's Library.

Why He Went Back to His Old Tricks.

"You inerrate!" exclaimed the irate judge, addressing the culprit; "this gentleman took a fatherly interest in you after you had promised to stop stealing, and he gave you a job in his store, did he not?" "Yes, sir!" "And when he left you alone in the place one day you repaid his gratitude by sneaking behind the desk and rifling the cash drawer, didn't you?" "Yes, sir."

Much Power from Niagara.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked on 10,000 tons of structural steel for the Canadian government. The steel is to be used for towers which will support the cables used in transporting the current. Already power generated at Niagara is being sent to a distance of more than 125 miles, and it is the intention of the Canadian government to increase this distance, says the Scientific American. Towns in every direction about Niagara will be supplied.

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

By the end of the second week all

traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time."—There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

"Dear read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

THE IRON WAY A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. Stella becomes a stage driver. Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a train. Later at Anthony's station they find the skeletons have carried their destructive work there also. Stella becomes a driver. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing the remains of the train. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition to the Union Pacific. Stella's ship "Phineas" is unharmed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader is found. Phineas' four builders become prisoners in charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up the train. Stella is arrested. Stella is in scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton. Stella's determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, describing his work in unearthing the remains of the train. Stella is compelled to give Miss Hamilton, Mrs. "Sally" Bernard, amorous replies. Stella leaves town on best procurable horse in search of her lover. Stella succeeds in finding her lover, Gideon. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter from Gideon. Stella is married to Alfred. Stella decides to go to the city. Stella becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into the ranks of the aristocracy. Kidnaping Phineas Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in Trios 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. Stella visits Mrs. Sally Bernard, now in top notch society and wealthy, being known as Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Anthony's romance is unfolded, showing children who loved Stella, to be her own cousins. He reports deeds and tries to even up score in interview with Stella. Alvin Carter, Stella's lover when the Bernards were poor, visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several scores of rich wives are asking the girl's hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Battle on the Desert. Out in the sage-covered wilds a horde of pigmies charged the ice-bound earth with pick and powder. Fighting desperately against endless malignant obstacles, George Gregory forged on toward Salt Lake, the goal of his dreams.

Side by side, mile after mile, the rival companies ran their grades, the Central Pacific working steadily east, the Union Pacific rushing west from their main front, and pushing east with the grade they had begun at Humboldt Wells. They hoped to outrun their rivals and meet their own iron far west of Salt Lake.

Thus the days sped. Gregory's life became a profane prayer for iron. For ten days his men worked but four hours a day. The rest of the time they slept, visited or tramped. A few quarreled, some gumbled on the sly. Yet these men averaged well, and it was not for them Gregory held his sleepless vigilance, but for the tide of riffling setting westward from the oncoming Union Pacific, from the remote mines and camps, and taking toll of mischief as it passed.

One night, worn with fruitless courtship of sleep, Gregory rose and went out into the desert, cold, stinging mercilessly down the sleeping tented town. He turned the other way, passed the boarding train, the commissary, the shops, and on by the Chinese camps. Returning, a slight noise caught his ear as he neared the wheeled bakery. He stopped, listened, and sent his lantern ray against the door. It was ajar.

Presently a man came out with a loaf of bread and climbed down the steps into Gregory's light. He was a recent comer, thick, sturdy, with beaming brows and fierce, resentful eyes.

"What are you doing here?" thundered Gregory.

"I walked too far to get back for supper, and went for some bread," the man answered readily enough.

"How'd you open the door? Wasn't it locked?"

"Yes, sir; but I got the key, I—"

"He got no farther, Gregory dropped his lantern and flew at him. Hot anger and the power of authority reinforced Gregory's more than usual strength. He rained blows and inventive on the offender; fisted him and booted him; kicked him under the wagon finally, with a last irate charge.

"Lie there, you dog! till daylight, if you want to; but be out of this camp before I see you again, you son of iniquity! Blast your eyes! I'll see if stealing can't be stopped here!"

Gregory hurried away, but not fast enough to escape the man's defiant rejoinder: "Taking a loaf of bread in place of supper's no stealing. I'll be even with you for this, you damned slave-driver!"

The voice was weak, but Gregory felt the venom, and its threat.

"There's a man under the bakery that I've ordered out of camp," he said to the watchman, as the two men. "See that he goes; but give him this—the quiet, you understand. The watchman took the five dollars. "He's only worked two days; there won't be much coming to him, poor devil," the superintendent said compassionately. It was this side of Gregory's varied character that won for him the allegiance and service of the men he drove hard, though less hard than he drove himself.

Gov. Stanford established headquarters at Salt Lake City, and Superintendent Crocker fitted up and down the line to the Front whenever the Sacramento office did not claim him. The movements of the director seemed fatally slow to Gregory, the man of steel, who must ask no questions but execute their office-made plans. He chafed more than ever over delay in forwarding materials, for he was desperately near the end of all the rails on the coast.

Mr. Crocker exclaimed, and went forward.

There she stood, smiling, at 7. I mourning discarded, her traveling suit the smartest, her strong personality raying out hypnotically to all within reach. The moment the train halted she tripped down the steep steps, and went quickly toward the two men, calling out voluble greetings on the way. First Mr. Crocker, then Mr. Gregory, she embraced with impartial cordiality, and kissed each audibly on the cheek.

"It's the same old Sally B. Time can't touch her, youth can never forget her," Mr. Crocker said gallantly.

"Thank you, Mr. Crocker; but it's me that's got to do the marrying. I've come begging," she said bluntly, yet with her old, confident smile.

"Whatever I can do for you—" Mr. Crocker began heartily, when Gregory interrupted.

"I'll leave you to your business now, Sally B.—excuse me, Mr. Crocker—but as soon as you're finished, you go right forward to our car—first on the other side of the construction engine there. The madame'll hail you as an angel in the desert. We—"

"But I'm going right back to-day."

"No, you won't! You'll stay all night with us and cheer up the madame. Plenty of room." He lifted his hat with a grace that revealed somewhat of the secret of his ability to meet all situations.

That night Sally B. told her story to the sympathetic Gregory. The human units that swung Gregory's hammers and covered under his fierce energy little dreamed of his gentler side, of the delicate, sensitive wife still mourning the death of their only child.

"Yes, Bill's broke all to pieces, won't never be no count again, the doctor says. That last buck of his'n against the stock board took his'n, an' him, too, mighty nigh." Sally B.'s acquired culture dropped from her like a loosely pinned mantle. "She deserv-

Alvin's mother to have seen the proud flash in Sally B.'s eye. "And I'm comin' out here to work for—for Bill." Her voice trembled.

"What did the Boss give you?" Gregory asked a little later.

"Toano eatin' house."

"Good enough. There's a chump there now that don't know beefsteak from a mule's hoof. I'm glad he's got to go. It's a good stand. You can hook trade from the U. P. outfit there, too."

"You bet I will! I'm just dead gone on Charley Crocker. He's been that good to me! I'm going to live now, you bet! I'm goin' to keep the dog-soundest best eatin' house this side the Bay. An' I'm goin' to carry Bill on a feather pillow's long's he lives. Pore Bill! Lord! But I'm tired!" she finished breathlessly, and collapsed in tears—tears that frightened George Gregory, who had not supposed that Sally B. possessed them.

CHAPTER XXIX. The Message of the Dancing Girl to Esther.

To Esther, restless, unoccupied, came Sally B.'s urgent invitation to visit her at Toano. Esther accepted it at once, deciding not to wait for the Harmons. Business had delayed the judge, and now fear of small-pox for his wife. A pitted face testified to his own immunity. But Esther had no fear of the disease; Toano was free from the scourge, and the breath of the wide, free desert breezing from Sally B.'s best loved the wings of Esther's spirit.

She timed her going to catch Uncle Billy's train out from Winnemucca. Through all the years she had written him at intervals, sending her letters at first through Sally B.

She wished to surprise him. He was therefore quite unprepared for the tall, elegant young woman who waited impatiently at the rear end of the car to greet him. She saw him glance toward her as soon as he entered, and her heart leaped. But she came calmly on, from passenger to passenger, stopping here and there for question or direction. He looked her way inquiringly once or twice, but blandly.

When he was not a few seats away, recognition came. He sprang to her, his face transfigured. Thought of stranger eyes, of official dignity fled. He caught her hands in his own. "Honey! Stella!" he cried softly as he kissed her on the cheek, the stars' hunger for her shining in his misty eyes. "Where under the canopy did you come from, honey? You've been a lovely plumed mantic, she deserv-

She smiled her joy, but said no word.

He still held her hands, her fingers cutting under the pressure neither marked till later. His eyes searching her glowing face, her mask had dropped, his soul was open to him.

He made her as comfortable as possible in the rough car that did duty as sleeper, coach, parlor and emigrant car all in one. When the near-by business after leaving each frequent station was dispatched he came to her again; and the long day was not half time enough for the tale of Esther's eventual life, every detail questioned and appreciated by her captivated listener.

Esther opened her eyes the next morning upon a strange life new yet old. The Wizard Doctor wrapped her again with the mantle of his enchantment. As at all she had waited out of their spaces to meet her. She was back in her own world, back to Sally B.'s loving arms, to Uncle Billy's tender soliloquy.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Sally?" Esther asked, following her from one to another of the rough rooms, as the mistress deftly touched such change spot to order.

"Lord love you, child! I didn't know how powerful goodness I was there in Oakland and the city till I got back here where I belong. There's folks of course that's made for totin' society's pack, some of 'em a soft, squashy critter, an' some of 'em a plain good like Freddy Bryan; but the pains, an' work, an' men with blood in 'em, an' freedom—that's what I was born to, an' it's what I'm fit for." She was tearing an unpeppable bed to pieces with merciless scrutiny. "Gosh! The way a man runs a hotel without no woman is 'nough to make a skunk sick!"

Esther marveled at Sally B.'s reversion. Nothing of her violent effort at culture remained; and her old speech and manner seemed doubly vigorous for the long rest.

"If only Bill was—was right near again—" Sally B. began, but stopped abruptly and shook a pillow dangerously near to its undoing.

"Did you hear at out Blowhard Cad?" she asked a little later.

"I overheard his name in the car yesterday, but learned nothing definite."

"He's arrested for stealing from the company."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Lie There, You Dog! Till Daylight."

"We can't. I'll cost—"

"Jove and all the little gods! What does money, piles of it at any interest, if you haven't got it on hand, count for against more than 150 miles of road for all time?"

"A hundred and fifty miles? What do you mean?"

"It's that far from here to Ogden. The U. P. people get every mile they can clap iron on first. Yet their iron's away east of Ogden; and I can beat 'em there, if you'll get me the iron! Think what the business of Salt Lake valley will amount to in 10, 20, 30 years! You've simply got to have that piece of road!"

"You can't do it, Gregory!"

"By the eternal, I can! I've set my pins for it ever since that blasted spy horns-woggled me last summer. The minute the engineers cut out the Palestine tunnel I knew I was O. K. Now, don't play Pharaoh on me, Mr. Crocker! I can't build your road without iron. Get it for me, if you have to steal a foundry and pre-empt the isthmus of Panama!"

"It can't be done in time."

"It can, sir! Telegraph the governor at Salt Lake. He'll telegraph the order, rush the foundry, a dozen of 'em. By jiminy! You can put the iron afloat in a week, have it here in 40 days!"

Mr. Crocker caught fire. "By George, Gregory! I believe we might do it. I'll have a talk over the wire with the governor. He was about to turn away, but he stopped to give Gregory a glimpse. "There's Tuesday's Clarion. Interesting reading there. They're begging the Union Pacific to fly by us, come into California by Beckwith pass and snatch our trade."

"Let the Clarion blow. We're giving the U. P. about all the knitting work they can tend to, and those dried-beef-colored Slous."

"Hold on, Gregory! We'll be charged with murder, yet," laughed the other. "There's the train!" he added, as a whistle pierced the still air.

The men walked along the newly-laid track, past the construction train to the rear and awaited the approaching iron train.

"Only five cars!" groaned Gregory. "It won't keep the spikers going any time."

"Who's that woman standing in the car door? Well, if it isn't Sally B.!"

AT ATLANTIC CITY.



Silas—I jes' tell yer, Mandy, this ride makes me feel 20 years younger. Mandy—Yer don't say!

Silas—Yer, it's jes' about that fer back when I was handled the same way.

Animal Food. Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)—What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions?

Patient (feebly)—Yes, doctor. Doctor—Jeen eating animal food 'light along, have you?

Patient (grimly trying to smile)—Well, doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the lay and the clover tops all right; but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up.—Judge.

A very simple and efficient Stock Tonic or Stock Food may be prepared at home at small cost by using ten pounds of wheat bran or other ground food, two and one-half pounds of oil meal and two and one-fourth pounds of Compound RoC. Compound RoC may be had at any drug store, and should not cost to exceed one dollar for two and one-fourth pounds.

He Apologized. Henry aged three was left alone with his three-month-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to 'cuse me.'"

Advice from a Wife Man. After getting the best of a man to one deal steer clear of him, for he will begin to sit up and take notice.—Exchange.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight to suit. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

An occasional failure doesn't discourage a hustler.

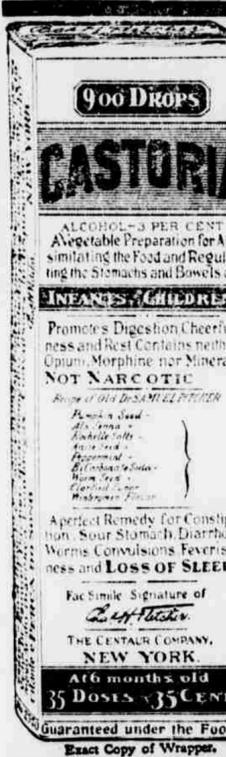


After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.

Mrs. Sallie French, of Paucanah, Ind. Ter., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had female troubles for seven years—was all run-down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat your letter in confidence and advise you free. No woman ever regretted writing her, and because of her vast experience she has helped thousands. Address, Lynn, Mass.



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. 476 months old 35 Doses 35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper.



Mother Instinct Was Strong

Old Lady Ready to Aid Any One She Thought Needed It.

A woman who looked as if she had a commuter's ticket in her handbag kept a long line of customers waiting in a New York bank one morning recently. She was writing something and was in no hurry. She was not one of the fashionable "no hips" creatures, but was of such generous proportions that she could not be circumnavigated. There was nothing to do but wait and wonder what her business was. The cashier himself was in doubt, but waited politely to see.

"There, young man," she announced triumphantly to the cashier after putting her pencil in her mouth for the fiftieth time, "there is a prescription that has been in our family for 50 years. It will knock lust out of your eyes. Hustle right out and get it filled and be sure and soak your feet in hot mustard water to-night. Don't let your cold run on."

The smiles that went round were kindly ones, it seemed so good to meet a universal "mother" ready to coddle

any human being that she thought needed her ministrations.

Ignorance of South America. One of our contemporaries referred yesterday to "little Paraguay," that republic is four-fifths as large as tier many.

Many persons have erroneous notions as to geographical sizes and lengths in South America. They have not the slightest idea that Brazil is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, that the distance between the north and south ends of Chile is as great as that between the North Cape of Europe and Gibraltar, and that steamers ply almost straight north and south on the Parana and its Paraguay affluent for a distance about equal to that between New York and Omaha.—New York Sun.

Battleships Soon Wear Out. Naval experts put down the active life of a modern battleship at about 15 years. A hundred years ago battleships lasted almost six times as long and were on active service nearly the whole time of their commission.

Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch

with your next order of groceries and I will guarantee that you will be better satisfied with it than with any starch you have ever used.

I claim that it has no superior for hot or cold starching, and

It Will Not Stick to the Iron

No cheap premiums are given with DEFIANCE STARCH, but you get ONE-TENTH MORE FOR YOUR MONEY than of any other brand.

DEFIANCE STARCH costs 10c for a 10-cz. package, and I will refund your money if it sticks to the iron.

Truly yours, HONEST JOHN, The Grocerman

