



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH BERT CHASE

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains, while efforts are being made to build up the country. Uncle Billy, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. The travelers find that Anthony has been killed. Vincent with letter of introduction to Guy, 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. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on road and receives token of esteem from Stella, embodied in a neat lunch and a forget-me-not. Uncle Billy arrives in railroad town, meeting Stella. He hears news that desired railroad fell has passed. The old stage driver decides to keep close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman.

Stella smiled. She had already seen that there was no hook in Sally B.'s house where shirkers could hide; yet if one were ill or unfortunate, no other good Samaritan than Sally B.'s self was needed.

"I'll send to Auburn an' git the same books they use in the schools there. You can put 'em through from 5 to 12, help me in the dinin' room on busy days, an' keep school agin from two to four. Here in grandma's room can be the place. An' I'll double your wages. How'll that suit?"

"It's not a question of how it will suit me; it's all on my side. Let me make the beds and sweep Saturdays and it will be nearer fair."

"Sweep? Have Viola's teacher sweep? No, stree! An' I wouldn't let you go in that corral for six bits a minute!"

Viola entered, small, childlike in figure, old of face, yet lovely in coloring. Between her dark mother and grandmother, the latter the best, weakened original of her daughter, the fair, hazel-eyed child seemed of another face. As foreign to them, too, were her air of delicate refinement, her soft voice and her gentle movements. Inheritances from a father bred out of his proper environment. She held wild butters and violets, which she carried to her grandmother.

The old face flooded with a sudden glory. She took the flowers in both hands, gently pressed them to lip and

where there's honey there'll be more'n one fly; and all fella's is sweethearts at 15."

Viola came in with the water and pushed up a "lightstand," leaving grandma with her flowers.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Sally, how you make her understand. It's wonderful!"

"Yes; folks thinks it's right part. Poor grandma, she can't read!"

Sally B. paused and gazed sorrowfully at the old woman. "They wa'n't no chance o' learnin' to read in Oregon in the twenties. So when she got ston deaf I was peaky cut up. It came after paw died. I laid awake o' nights studyin' how I could talk with her like the deaf an' dumb does. One day she asked me how Bill—thar's my husband—come by a scar on his hand; an' I drew a picture of a horse kickin' a man."

"I wish you'd seen grandma's face," Viola broke in. "It was just like to-day with the flowers."

"After that I pictured out things whenever I could git the time—rough o' course; I can't draw none—but sort of one-line things she'd see the meanin' of. Bime-by they got so many it took a heap o' time to hunt 'em over, an' I hit on the idee of puttin' numbers on 'em. She larned the numbers; an' now when we want to tell her anything we just call off the fingers on our fingers. One wave of both hands is ten, two waves is 20, an' so on; an' the one, two, threes we do with our fingers."

"How astonishing! May I see your picture alphabet?" Stella asked.

"Certain," Sally B. brought out the crude drawing. "Of course, all the easy things, such as eatin', sleepin', laughin', cryin', we just act out." The lightning panorama on Sally B.'s face showed that her mother had some things to be thankful for.

"Stella, you make Viola read them kind o' books you have read; an' understand 'em, too, if ye have to break her head a-doin' it. Think o' maw just a settin' there, plectin' raisin' sun quilts, an' settin' moon quilts, an' bridin' wreath quilts—same ole patterns over'n over agin. Good Lord! One riel' son's 'nough for the hull alrith."

What is Pe-ru-na?

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Great Caneah! That's good news!"

"Yes, Bill. That thar's news to pass along. Men works better on a winnin' deal; only we bosses can't talk. Hyak's where yo' all can come in—just from the city, seen the governor, heard the news. Sabot?"

"Certain, I'm yo' huckleberry! I'll blow the word as fast as Jericho," returned the driver cordially.

"Come to our shanty after work. The old woman'll be powerful glad to see ye. Oh! Tie up at Sally B.'s. She's right smart peppery, but she'll give ye good truck; an' if she takes a shine to ye, yo' own mother couldn't do mo' to ye. Stella's thar, too."

Uncle Billy's face sprang from December to May; and he turned quickly to the rocky trail that led back to town.

Stella! The lonely man sped down the red, muddy trail, his fatigue banished by the magic of her name! He looked up through the overarching fretwork of pine and cedar to heaven's blue beyond, and the poet stirred in his heart, awakened by the memory of her face. Winter-blue skies, the thin, fragrant air, whispering pines, even the red, warm face of the uprearing mountain, all had a secret word for him to-day. Would she love him still? Or had new scenes, new faces, filled her life, left no small chamber in her heart labeled "Uncle Billy?"

CHAPTER VI.

The Genius of Bernard's.

A narrow planned and painted strip on the largest false front in town announced "Bernard's Hotel." The personality indicated by the name "Bernard" was a miner, an incurable, always wandering in the silent mountains, always just going to "strike it rich." But Sally Bernard, his wife, was equal to her "lone hand," and scrupulously faithful to her husband's interests. For her mother and her daughter Viola she made a home, happy if rude; for her husband she made dollars that he dropped into his prospecting holes.

CHAPTER VII.

A Peep Into Paradise.

In San Francisco after three years of exile Alfred found a home. Judas Harmon made him welcome as a son; and Alfred did not stay long enough to discover that other young men shared with him the judge's fatherly attitude.

Mrs. Harmon was a child-hungry woman, no longer young in years, though her heart would never forget 25. A favorite, a social authority and leader, she launched Alfred immediately and successfully among the people he most needed to meet. Posing as a Boston sightseer, he was accepted with a hospitality known only in Kentucky and in old San Francisco; and he found no lack of alluring eyes and smiles, albeit every woman was a belle.

The hotel was the most imposing structure in the town and aggressively new. The odor of pitch met the guest before his entrance, and continued with him, a warning he wisely heeded by keeping away from all partitions. Doors and windows stood open to patrons and flies alike, for the temperature spoke of summer, though the calendar said winter.

Sally Bernard was known from Sacramento to Virginia City as Sally B., and it was in her motherly heart and home that Stella Anthony, orphaned and kinless, found her niche and her work.

"Why, Mrs. Bernard, you've only known me a few weeks. I'm not wise enough to be Viola's teacher."

They were sitting in grandma's room, which was family bedroom, sitting room and parlor, a conglomerate of furniture, color and uses, that none but a three-generations-bred frontier woman could have evolved. A wide shelf high above the floor extended the length of the longest wall. Under this rough bedframes were hooked up, though the mattresses were the best that money could buy. Beside them were home-made dressing cases, a washstand with a pail for a pitcher, a gourd for a dipper and a shining brass basin. Nails adroitly disposed utilized every angle for hanging clothes.

Stella gave Sally B. no time to reply, but went on firmly: "You need a capable governess for her, one who can prepare her to meet life. Of that I am as ignorant as a little child. I'm quite satisfied with the dining-room work, Mrs. Bernard."

"Don't 'Mrs.' me! I ain't used to it. As for knowledge, you know a heap sight more'n Viola; an' sayway, I want her to be with you. I might hire a herd of governesses, an' not git the right kind. There's more'n arithmetic an' fancy readin' a girl will learn from her teacher."

Stella's voice was grateful. "But Mrs.—but—"

"Call me Sally B., like the rest does."

"No, I'll call you Mrs. Sally. I ain't earn my livin' Mrs. Sally."

Sally B.'s black eyes snapped. "If ye don't you'll be the first ever took Sally B.'s money without givin' value received."



Society, fast and feverish, curious, fascinating, opulent, was the speediest vehicle by which he could arrive at his purpose; for society in San Francisco was still too new to divorce itself from the golden enterprises that made it. His success astonished himself. Men whose intentions he expected to learn through patient acumen talked openly of their affairs with the railroad men. Even women made of the Central Pacific railroad and its projectors a continuous joke. Alfred wondered. He could not then, as afterwards, realize that, to every thorough-going San Franciscan, California was but a storehouse, a kitchen garden, at most a tribute-bringing suburb of the gay city by the Golden Gate. Nothing outside mattered. To them the sand-duned camp, straggled over with its slimy, gibbous houses, was as truly the whole world as ever was the Eternal City to old Roman.

So secrets fell unearned into Alfred's keeping. Red lips told him tales between their smiles, every word a prize. Business men, talking glibly of inland transportation, dismissed the transmontane railroad with a yawn, yet went wild over the delusion of San Joaquin valley petroleum. And Alfred drove, sang, dined, danced merrily to his goal; and bade good-bye to his entertainers the very day he read Phineas Cadwallader's name on the Lick house register.

He reported in Sacramento, received instructions, and incidentally commendation. Hastily he made the changes called for by the step from Jamez-hung San Francisco to ice-bound Carson City. And the second day after leaving salt water he swung into Sally B.'s to find Stella away, across the gulch, watching in a house of mourning.

All the way from Sacramento, while the little steam bantam bumped over the unsettled roadbed, Alfred had rehearsed his expected interview with Stella. He did not admit his love; he had no right to it. Friendly interest, the duty of courtesy to one so forlorn and so placed in his care—those were all. His own eyes must prove the truth of her letters, which told scanty of her good health and fine situation. He would all by her side the short hour before the stage left, hear in detail her life in California.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Gosh Dang It Yic! Why Did You No Tell Me Last Week?"

cheek, drew long whiffs of their fragrance, turned from side to side, peered questioningly into their sun-filled hearts—it was pitiful the ecstasy a flower could bring to this shut-in soul.

"Where'd you git 'em, honey?" she asked in the thick voice of the deaf.

Instantly Viola caught up her grandmother's crutch, bent back her foot, and, for a step or two, imitated Alvin Carter.

"The telegrapher's boy!" the old woman asked, with an odd light in her eye.

Viola nodded.

"Hee they be, child. You mustn't give away yer sweetheart's poor gift."

Viola's cheek flint deepened; but she laughed, pushing back the old hand that offered the blossoms.

"Git a tumbler of water, Vi, so's they won't wilt," her mother commanded.

As soon as Viola vanished, Sally B. began the most remarkable gesture speech Stella had ever seen. It was meaningless to her, yet the old dame evidently understood it.

"No sweethearts? That pretty gait!" The old eyes gleamed young again.

Another series of gyrations.

"Too young ter marry? She's older'n you was; though I do low she's powerful little."

Sally B.'s movements were more emphatic.

"Rho, Sally; she mustn't marry that little cripple, to be shore. But

ain't it? Well, she's made a dozen—makes 'em for me, too, God love her! Jest think what her life'd be if she could read!" Sally B. almost sobbed the last word.

A shadow fell across the doorway and Yic Wah appeared. "No spuds, no lice, no salacious to supple. You catchee him quick!"

Sally B. whiffed, her eyes blazing. "Gosh dang it, Yic! Why you no tell me last week?"

"You callee me Yic Wah, Sabot?" The Chinaman's voice was as placid as a pond in July. He turned without another look at the group and left the room.

"May I go to the store for you?" Stella asked.

"No. There's two reasons: One, I can't have Vi's teacher doin' common errands; the other, that Gid'd be leavin' his work an' runnin' after you." She parted the drapery at the back of a barrel chair and drew her hat and jacket from under the seat. Though it was warm, Sally B. dressed for business as carefully as she played every other part in life.

"I'll have to give Odeon some lessons, too, I think," Stella said half aside.

"You've give him too many already. Say, Stella, I'm right sorry I tuck him on at the bar. He's got to make trouble for ye, specially if ye git partial to any other feller. I think—"

"Soww fellees like see Misses Stella," interrupted Yic Wah, poking his

On Getting Up Early.

I often hear fellows say that their life consists solely of coming down to business, and sleep, says a writer. What a different tale they would tell if they were only to get up early and go out of doors before they need think of business! Even if they only rose early once a week, that morning would stand ahead of the other six. There is a freshening and invigorating power in the early morning air which only early risers may enjoy. Ask anybody who is accustomed to rising early and going for a ride or a walk before breakfast how much better they feel to face their daily toil.

The Onion In Cooking.

The greatest of French cooks, being asked to give the secret of his success, answered: "The very foundation of all cooking is butter and ONION! I use them in all my sauces and gravies. They have the effect of making a customer come back for more. Better without onion will drive the customer away after a few days. Peel the onion till it melts or entirely disappears; then add the butter, and call the mixture stock."

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