

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By Sarah Pratt Carr



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. POLLACK

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle 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 they find the robbers 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. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep faithfully watch over the young woman, she is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, building a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. He writes to Alfred Vincent his boat. Phineas's attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage. He is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return in the sort of a man she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by governor and heads of Central Pacific. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Vincent. He "shows up" San Francisco. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. "Uncle Billy" returns in terrible suffering from long mountain trip. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthing and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found, the letters found by Stella being deciphered by Brakenstein in Vincent who arrives on scene. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora and sending the ship laden with iron for railroad camp. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping and is rescued by Stella. Stanford, sponsor for Central Pacific, Phineas signs statement, promising that he will enter the government's cause, and the latter tells him of a perfect chain of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred share love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Ball and dramatic performance proves big social occasion in railroad town. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strike," leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances. In allowing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Why don't you buy abroad?"
"Our franchise forbids that; and American foundries can't make it fast enough. What we do buy is so long getting here! Twenty thousand miles! That's a sail for you. And the gales, and wrecks! By George! I wish it was quicker and safer."
As they neared the camps their conversation changed from railroad to other subjects—the latest book; the newest dance; the poem or picture most in the public eye. From topic to topic they fitted, up and down the polite world of their day.
To Stella, striving to lose no word, it was new, intoxicating. "That's my world, too," she thought. "I could say things like those. I know a little of mythology and history." She wondered why she had never used such language with Alfred, why he had not talked with her as he did now with Miss Hamilton.
Stella lifted her head in a spirit of rebellion quite new to her. She could never acquire this subtle manner; and she should not stand in Alfred's way. He would succeed. From serving her would soon advance to ordering. He would need a wife like Miss Hamilton.
Mr. Crocker called Alfred for some questioning, and in his absence Miss Hamilton turned to Stella. "I'm afraid I'm monopolizing this opportunity, Miss Anthony. It's my first visit, you know."
"It is my first visit here, also," Stella replied.
"Your first?" Miss Hamilton's eyes opened wide with not too civil question. "Oh," she laughed, "if you live here and don't care enough to come and see these wonderful things I shan't let my conscience sit up nights over my monopoly of Mr. Vincent—and the conversation." She turned to smile at Alfred reappearing, and Stella was without opportunity to explain that, despite enthusiasm and appreciation, the railroad grade was not a proper promenade for a girl alone.
The young people lagged, in spite of the call of the readers, and arrived at the camps to find them already alive with men and beasts.
"Oh, I must see the Chinese camps," Miss Hamilton cried. "I've heard of them."
They were in time to see the cooks serving from great cauldrons to each man his little keeler full of boiling water. There was also an array of big black pots simmering over camp fires, yet white and savory messes were within, announced by attractive odors.
"What do they do with those little tubs?" Miss Hamilton asked, as she saw the coolies disappear within tents or brush shacks.
"Each man takes a hot sponge bath and dresses in clean clothes before he eats."
"Is to-day any special occasion?" she questioned, wonderingly.
"They do that every night in the year. They never sleep in their working clothes."
"What an example to Americans! My respect for the disciples of Confucius has risen to a hundred."
She hesitated to stay to see the ye-

low men in "dinner dress," squatting with their little bowls and chop-sticks, chattering over their "licey;" but her uncle sent back a second hurrying summons that held a note of impatience; and Stella pushed ahead with resort steps, following her temporary escort. But Miss Hamilton, unused to rough going, and in spite of Alfred's watchfulness, turned her ankle and arrived at the road pale and weak with pain, leaning heavily on his arm. Yet her gay bravery deceived her uncle, though she clasped Stella's extended hand sharply as the two men lifted her into the coach.
It was quite dark when they drove up into the hotel brilliance. Stella alighted after the others; yet she heard Miss Hamilton's graceful thanks to Alfred, saw the lingering handshake, the appeal in her eye, while she leaned upon her uncle's arm.
Sally B. came out to meet them; and the lantern swinging in the evening breeze threw fantastic, dancing shadows on the group. Suddenly Stella felt out of it all, remote; for Alfred, lifting his hat impressively, backed away from the open door and did not see her standing in the shadow, alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Little Woman in Blue.

Sally B.'s ready skill soon had the ankle rubbed to comparative ease. She prescribed bed; but Miss Hamilton declared for the banquet even if she must be carried there, and gladly accepted Stella's offer of help with the dressing.
Miss Hamilton's lingerie was hardly



"You May Come for Me in Five Minutes."

less costly and dainty than my lady's of to-day. White silk hose and satin slippers; multiplied skirts more lace than cambric; the combination of lace and blue silk tissue that was the filmy little gown—with careful hands Stella unpacked and laid them, a snowy heap, on the bed.
The toilet went slowly. Stella had been taught a decent respect for the human body; and her innate love of beauty and order had blossomed into an honest personal neatness. But such complicated hair-dressing, such caressing of eyebrow and lash; such critical attention to hands and nails; the bathing, hot and cold; the rubbing and patting of cheek and arm, before lotion, powder, and a wee touch of rouge went on; the examinations at each stage with hand glass and mirror, Stella holding one of the lamps which she continually adjusted to new angles of reflection—this was an amazing revelation to her of Eve-old feminine adoration at the altar of self-adornment.
A rap at the door and the hearty voice of Mr. Crocker called from without: "How's the ankle, Amabel? How soon will you be ready?"
"Better, thank you, Uncle Charley. You may come for me in five minutes. I can do by myself now," she continued to Stella as her uncle walked down the hall. "It's splendidly kind of you to help me, and so beautifully. If

you ever need work I can get you a position as lady's maid. I'll give you a fetching character."
Stella winced, yet chided herself for it. She knew Miss Hamilton was only "in fun." Still, how could this delicately reared city girl believe such a big, awkward creature as herself capable of filling any but a menial position? The real unkindness for which Miss Hamilton failed to apologize, the scant minutes she had left Stella for her own toilet, went unnoticed; for Stella was too generous a giver to count the cost of her givings.
In her own room she smiled to herself while she quickly made ready, coiling as usual her thick waving hair, but adding her "golden comb;" slipping hurriedly into her simple white gown and its simpler accompaniments.
A cluster of tiger lilies, an offering from flower-loving Yic Wah, caught her eye. She pinned them on her breast, and hastened downstairs, meeting Sally B. and Viola in the hall.
"Oh, here you be! What made you so late? I was jest comin' for you. I see they've reserved a seat on both sides of Al Vincent's. One's fur you, I reckon. I'm sittin' third from Charley Crocker—big bugs is next to him—'cut my shoestrings! You look splendidous!" she exclaimed as they came under the lamp.
"Don't she, ma?" echoed Viola, heartily.
"Say, honey, them tiger lilies suits you; an' I'd never 'a' thought it. They got colors in 'em like yo' hair an' eyes, shore's yo're born. Then they're kinder secret an' powerful lookin', like they could do things to all the other flowers."
"What an odd idea!" Stella said wonderingly.
"Is it? Well nobody won't get their secrets a-studyin' of their looks; no more will they yo'n'r. Stella, your face gits secret'er an' elegant'er every day." Sally B. never paused for a word. It might not be the right one, but her meaning carried, as the message of the master in spite of poor instrument and blundering fingers.
The band was playing as they entered.
Stella's quick eye noted with sudden aversion the three reserved chairs, and the absence of Alfred and Miss

Hamilton who could flitly escort the dainty woman who floated by his side, a summer cloud in her filmy white draperies.
Miss Hamilton seated herself demurely and exchanged salutations with the gentleman at her right, Alfred seized that moment for a word with Stella.
"Why didn't you wait for us? I haven't your permission to mention our engagement, but I wish Miss Amabel to suspect it. Yet you make it impossible, Stella."
She thought of herself entering beside that perfect pair and was deeply grateful to the chance that prevented it. She noticed Alfred's use of Miss Hamilton's given name, and the omission of his usual endearment to herself, and because she was hurt she dared not be serious. "Do let her think the coast clear; it will be such a fine test of your constancy," she said with a flippancy astonishing to him.
He was too thoroughly masculine to fathom the art a woman uses to hide her wound. Neither could he reply, for Miss Hamilton turned to him with some laughing remark.
The insistent band, undaunted by two partitions, blared the popular airs of the day; sentiment, frolic, pathos: "When This Cruel War is Over," "Ever of Thee," "The Maiden's Prayer," "Champagne Charley," "Last Ditch Polka," the last two accompanied by a soft tapping all along under the table.
Sally B. sat opposite Stella, her eyes seemingly on all the waiters at once, yet she found time for the guests and their conversation.
A slight commotion at the door arrested the attention of the guests. There came a gust of subdued yet excited Chinese chatter, a pause, and the entrance of two men carrying a towering white pagoda, surmounted by the word "God," in huge gilt letters. With some difficulty the sugary structure was safely landed in the center of the table, and Yic Wah and his assistants withdrew to the cover of the doorway, where Stella saw the cook peeping expectantly through. It was his master tribute to the occasion.
An instant of silence followed; then an infectious snicker ran around the table, in spots breaking into an actual laugh.
Stella saw Yic Wah's eyes open wide with astonishment and question; yet in a breath they gleamed with anger. His face went livid, and he hurried away.
But Sally B. saved the moment. "My cook set up all night to make that cake, Mr. Crocker; please don't laugh!" she whispered past the two intervening guests.
At once the host rose, and taking his cue from her anxious face, proposed a toast to "The Cake and the Cook," that was responded to with hearty cheers. Yic Wah entered, bowed, and retired with a beaming face.
The toastmaster now rapped for order. The conversation and laughter ceased, the soft rustle of serving and eating hushed, and the speeches began.
Mr. Crocker spoke first, to the general topic: "The Railroad." He told the story of its inception and progress, paying tribute to Theodore T. Judah, to the men who furthered the undertaking in congress and legislature, to all the officers, especially to Mr. Gregory; and closed with a neat compliment to Alfred. Stella ever so gently pressed his arm with her own; but the woman on the other side smiled alluringly into his face, and pouted at her uncle.
"Uncle Charley didn't say half enough about you," she whispered, yet Stella heard it.
"I shall tell him he has left his debt of gratitude for me to liquidate," the beauty continued. "Or—or can I pay Uncle Charley's scores?" she questioned in mock humility, leaning toward Alfred till her breath brushed his cheek. "Perhaps my coin is not current in your market."
Of course, he had to meet her badinage. She meant her coin should be current with him, and above par; and he would have been ice had he entirely escaped the spell of her witherettes.
Several speeches followed, among them Mr. Ludlow's memorable toast, "The Pacific Railroad, the Beautiful Belt of the Union, with California as the Golden Buckle."
At the close of the banquet Stella escaped through a door; and from cover of darkness watched knots of men gather and dissolve about Miss Hamilton; marked her every motion and speech; noted her vivacity, her perfect grace, her quick smile; saw flattered Alfred's ready response as she appealed to him prettily for fact or corroboration of her own assertions. The little court melted away at last, Mr. Crocker was buttonholed by Mr. Gregory and led off. Viola disappeared; and Sally B. was already rushing the transformation that must precede the five o'clock breakfast.
When the radiant two were alone Stella saw Miss Hamilton's animation fade in a breath; saw her pale and tremble and lift a pathetic little face to Alfred. And Stella marvelled at the heroism that had kept the girl keyed so long to her role. However artificial Miss Hamilton's manner might have been before, Stella recognized the significance of the dropped mask. Here was perfect honesty, and the sweet appeal of pain courageously borne. How could Alfred resist it, or her trust in him, her beauty, all the subtle intimacy of the moment?
"Oh, Mr. Vincent, I've nearly died this last hour," she said unsteadily. "Won't you please find Uncle Charley as soon as you can?"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To cure dyspepsia—First give away your chafin dish.—Somerville Journal.

VISITING DRESSES



The first shown is a graceful skirt of pale mauve silk, with a wide band round the foot painted with a handsome design of clematis in shades of mauve with brownish green foliage. The short-waisted blouse is of crepe-de-chine, made quite plainly, the deep swarthen band is of silk of a darker shade than that used for the skirt. The cape and under-sleeves are of lace, the points of the cape being finished by silk tassels. The high crowned hat is covered with silk like the dress; it is trimmed with a chenille spotted veil and clusters of pale pink roses.
The second illustration is in the palest green French delaine, patterned with violets of three shades. The under-skirt is of sateen, with a deep shaped flounce of delaine. The over-skirt and the kimono bodice are edged with dark green silk, cut on the cross; the underslip, with three-quarter sleeve, is of piece lace. Pale green straw hat, lined with chiffon of a darker shade, it is trimmed with roses and tinted foliage.
Materials required for the dress: 12 yards delaine 27 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard silk 22 inches wide, 5/8 yards sateen, 3/4 yards lace, 18 inches wide.

EDGINGS FOR PILLOW CASES.

Crochet Work the Best for Use in the Hot Weather.

Crocheted edgings make a pretty and useful finish for pillow cases used during the summer, when simple bed furnishings are preferred to the more ornate. Many women keep a bit of this crochet work at hand to do when enjoying the cool breezes of the veranda or willing away a few minutes in their rooms. It makes excellent pick-up work.
The favorite crochet pattern for this use is the Greek key, which is made with the corner worked in the lace. For shams the corner is necessary, but for the pillow cases straight crochet is all that is required. The Greek key pattern is about two inches in width, with a battlemented edge. The key design runs through the upper side of the lace.
A wheel pattern looks well when used this way and is simpler to make on account of being narrower. The favorite one has a row of wheels through the center and a fan-shaped edge.
The Worcester cross border is another effective pattern if one likes a wider lace. When made it is at least three inches in width.

SPEND TIME ON THE COIFFURE.

Simple Effects Require Patience and Artistic Taste.

Present coiffures reveal infinite patience and infinite time in the doing, and the effect is simple and artless in the extreme. No more of your round bullet heads, encircled with regular and almost metallic waves achieved by the systematic passage of a hot iron mathematically balanced, and surmounted by a geometrical coil of pre-arranged proportions and definite outline—all this is now thought provincial, prim, graceless, not to say demode. Instead, the hair is bundled, rolled, twisted and looped with the appearance of carelessness and indefinite intention, high drawn here, drooping there, now sweeping in a smooth, long, flat stretch of shining lock, then breaking into a witching tendril or fascinating curl. The iron crumples up this little spot, or a bit of brilliantine smoothes out that, after the coiffure is almost completed, as the exigencies of the hair ornament or hat suggest. No two women wear their hair alike, save that it is done over, invariably, for the evening in a more elaborate fashion than for the morning.—Vogue.

Old Jewelry Fashionable.

Bring out your old-time trinkets this summer, as they will be fashionable, no matter how ancient they may be. Old-fashioned necklaces will be especially in favor, and those with long pendants are preferred. One such set seen recently in the east was of the bunch-of-grapes design, and attracted a great deal of attention, but they were not used as earrings, but as pendants for a necklace that was made out of a pair of bracelets of the same design.

Secure Pins for Large Hats.

New batpins are shown that fasten to the bandeau with small spikes, and from there they run with double prongs through the hair. These novelties seem to hold the hat firmly in place, more firmly than any of their ornate cousins, and they cannot possibly do any injury to the hat.

Fichu Frocks.

Nothing could be more cool and dainty for a hot summer morning than one of the new fichu frocks that are being made in such numbers for sea-shore wear.

COSTUME OF GREEN CLOTH.

Model That is Very Popular Just at Present.

Our model is one which is very much worn at present, it is made in green cloth, with striped collar and cuffs.
The coat is tight-fitting with cut-away fronts, fastened at the bust with



one large button, the sleeves are long, and have a plait starting a little way from the wrist, finishing with a point in which a button is sewn.
The skirt is composed of large inverted plait, stitched three-quarters of the way down, two rows of stitching finish the foot of the skirt.
Hat of green chip, trimmed with roses, foliage and a soft feather.
Materials required: 7 yards cloth 44 inches wide, 1/2 yard silk, and 3 buttons.

A Sensible Idea.

In a certain home is a large reading table and in the center of it is fastened a hand-wrought mission lamp that cost \$12. It is securely fastened to the center of the table with iron screws and bolts underneath the table. The owner explained that the lamp was necessary in the room and the children liked to play games on the table or it was a favorite place for study and they lived in constant dread of a lamp being tilted until the idea of fastening it securely to the table was thought of.

Is Universal Panacea.

Olive oil is good for many things and should be much used, not only at table, but in the massaging of the body. In the case of nervous troubles or a run-down condition of the system it may be taken both internally and externally with great profit. Massage with olive oil and afterwards rub down with a Turkish towel and the result will soon be felt. It is also recommended as good for catarrh, whether of the throat or the stomach.

Bridge Coats.

Bridge coats and blouses of every description are again to the fore, and nothing can equal the smartness of the lace coats, usually three-quarter lengths, sometimes with long, hanging points in front, and sometimes closed up across the bust; and for these garments crochet is first in favor. Eldeweiss lace, with a design in the Greek key pattern, is used for the three-quarter length coats with deep gilt fronts, turning back in the form of

ISRAEL ASKS FOR A KING

Sunday School Lesson for July 5, 1908
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—1 Samuel 8:10-22. Memory Verses, 19, 20.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"By me kings reign and princes decree justice." Prov. 8:15.
TIME.—Near the close of Samuel's administration, B. C. 1100-1094 (Usabur).
COUNTRY.—Samuel was born at Ramah, a few miles northwest of Jerusalem; and there for the most of his life he made the center of his administration, from which he made a wider circuit as judge and as teacher of religion.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.
The country was but little larger than Wales, and, like it, "a land of mountains and hills, skirted through its whole length by the deep-lying Jordan valley on the east, and the harborless coast of the Mediterranean on the west. The lay of the land gradually developed different qualities, and made natural barriers between tribes, where the means of communication were so difficult and rare."
The twelve tribes were of one blood, one religion, one language, and one history, but there was little of the solidarity of a nation. The social unit was the tribe. Each tribe had its own political organization. They were loosely held together, and sometimes broke out into open war.

The people were an agricultural people, untrained in the arts of war, lovers of home and of peace. Their wealth consisted in flocks, grain fields and vineyards. Hence they were exposed to the raids of their warlike neighbors, as the Lowlanders of Scotland were to the forays of the Highlanders. The people lived in walled villages for safety, while their outlying fields, vineyards and pasture lands were exposed.
Their enemies were warlike and on every side, always more or less hostile. The warlike commercial Philistines lined the western shore with their rich plains. The Amalekites on the south, and the desert tribes on the east of the Jordan were ever seeking whom they might devour.

The government was a kind of republic. "The organization was at best exceedingly primitive." Frequent reference is made to the "men of the town" (as for example Judg. 9:2, 6, 23, 26, et seq.), suggesting that most matters of public interest were decided by a council including all the free men of a city.

The Transition Period.—The conditions that tended to unity were centralized in Samuel. Graetz' History of the Jews, volume 1, furnishes an excellent account of which the following is a summary:
1. Samuel himself, the most striking figure of the nation, was in himself a strong unifying force.
2. Samuel's irresistible eloquence for a revival of true religion found a powerful response in many hearts.
3. He traveled the whole land, appointed public meetings, and announced to the multitudes the lessons revealed to him by the spirit of God. Year after year he called together the elders of the people. At Ramah, his residence, frequent meetings of the tribes took place.
4. At divine services Samuel offered sacrifices, introducing the use of stringed instruments to arouse devout feelings, and added a new element, songs of praise. Samuel, the ancestor of the celebrated psalmists, the sons of Korah, was the first who composed songs of praise for divine service.
5. The tribe of Judah, who, during the entire period of the Judges had not taken the slightest share in public events, was now driven by the incursions of the Philistines to unite with the other tribes. They brought an accession of strength and religious activity.
6. It must be noted that just at this period Israel's greatest enemies, the Philistines, were transformed into a kingdom.
7. "But the thing displeased Samuel." 1. It was the choosing of "the second best," when "the best" was possible to them. Hence it was a great disappointment to Samuel. His long life of teaching and training had not accomplished its purpose. They refused their high privilege of being unlike all the nations, the chosen people of God, the means of blessing all nations.
8. Esau bartered his birthright for a mess of pottage.
9. "They have rejected me that I should not reign over them." It is quite probable that they half consciously wanted a king, because they were tired of having their prosperity depend on their good behavior. The leaders God chose for them could succeed only when the people turned to God. But the king might not press them so hard, but conquer by his skill and organizing power.
10. "The people refused to obey."—R. V., "to hearken unto"—"the voice of Samuel." They simply were not good enough to have the best government.

Practical Points.
Like the Israelites, we are tempted to insist on our own wills and choices. We are apt to look too intently and see too exclusively the evils in our lot, as did the Israelites.
The life of faith, which relies on an unseen arm, and bearkens to the law of an unseen king, is difficult, and sense cries out for something that it can realize and cling to.
God does the best he can for us. If we will not accept his ideals and accept the best life he has planned for us to live, he will give us the second best blessings.