## HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man
Who is brave enough to die;
But the man who struggles unflinchingly
Against the currents of destiny
And bears the storm of adversity,
We pass unnoticed by.

We've plaudits and tears for him who falls,
Borne down in the shock of strife;
But a word of cheer we neglect to say
To him who plods on his dreary way
And fights in silence from day to day
The unseen battles of life.

There's courage, I grant, required to face
Grim death on the gory field.
There's also courage required to meet
Life's burden and sorrow; to brave defeat;
To strive with evil and not retreat;
To suffer and not to yield.

Some movements are there in every life
When the spirit longs for rest;
When the heart is filled with a bleak despair
When the weight of trouble, remorse and care
Seems really greater than we can bear,
And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way
To the duties that lie in wait,
From day to day we renew the fight,
To resist the wrong, and to seek the right,
To climb at last to the sun-crowned height,
And to climb o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them—
My meed of praise I would give
To those who struggle life's path along,
The host of toil, who are patient, strong,
The unrewarded, unnumbered throng,
Who are brave enough to live.
—Rocky Mountain News.

# The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Nan, you care a great deal for Mr. Wykamp, don't you?" I said, sitting up and trying to secure an eye-hold upon her.

She bent lower over her work, and a dull flush began to creep slowly up under the softened brown of her neck and cheek.

"Is that any o' your business?" she queried, antagonistically.

"It is. I owe you my life, Nan, and I can't keep silence and see you throw yourself away on that scoundrel."

"Humph!" she said. "Paw an' maw 've been puttin' you up to say that, I reckon."

"Neither of them has ever said a word to me about yourself or the engineer. But I know what I am talking about. The man is a scoundrel, dyed in the wool. He doesn't mean to be honest with you; he has never meant to be honest with any woman he has ever made love to."

She went on sewing steadily, and but for the dull flush deepening now to crimson I should not have known that I had touched her. But the explosion came at last.

"You're cowards, all of you!" she burst out, the beautiful eyes which were her major charm flashing indignation, and the ripe lips curling scornfully. "You don't darst say it to his'n face—nary one of you!"

"Be patient, Nan, if you can. I'm only trying to do you a service. Bring him to me and I shall show you how willingly I shall confront him with his past and give him a chance to clear himself—if he can."

She was silent for a full minute. Then she said:

"He's done cleared himself—to me."

"Then he has lied to you."

She flashed out again at that.

"I say you don't darst call him a liar to his'n face! I said a minute ago 'at it was paw an' maw 'at set you on. I know better, now. It was the school-ma'am; that's who it was. You needn't to tell me anything about her. I know!"

"What has Wykamp told you about Miss Sanborn?"

"That's none o' your business, either. But if I was her, I'd keep mighty quiet. I'd be 'shamed to let on, I would so."

"Miss Sanborn has never lisped a word to me, or to anyone, Nan. And she has nothing to be ashamed of; she was innocent as—as you mean to be. You will understand me when I say that if I were her brother the world wouldn't be large enough to hold Wykamp and myself."

"I don't believe it," she said, stubbornly. "You can't prove nare thing ag'inst him—none of you."

"I can. I can prove that which should make most men and all women despise him."

"Humph!" she said, again. "Talk's mighty cheap!"

It was now or never. I had come to my final round of ammunition, and if the shot missed the battle would be lost. I took the newspaper clipping from my pocket-book and read it aloud to her, prologuing it with as much of Grantley's letter as was necessary to clear the reporter's story of any possibility of being misunderstood. She heard me through with her needle at her lip, and I was dismayed to see her eyes grow hard with added incredulity. The shot had missed.

"Let me see that," she commanded, when I had made an end.

I returned the slip and the letter to my pocket-book.

"Not now, Nan. You are disappointed and angry, as you have a right to be. But you should quarrel with the man—not with the facts."

"I don't believe nare single word of it, an' I never will, 'less'n I see it with my own eyes." She said it deliberately and quite without heat "You've jest fixed it up amongst you, an' it's a mean lie from beginnin' to end. If I cared enough about it I'd tell him what-ail you say."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I owed it to you to tell you, Nan, and I've paid the debt. The facts are exactly as I have stated them, and if you still refuse to believe it will be the worse for you. I have spoken first to you because it seemed no more than fair, but I must warn you that I can't in justice allow the matter to rest here."

Her needle was flying again, and it was well that the thread was strong.

"What-all will you do?" she queried, without looking up.

"I shall do what I ought to have done in the first instance—go to your father with this information."

I expected another outburst and braced my flagging nerves against the shock of it. It did not come. She relapsed into dogged silence, keeping her place on the door-step and sewing diligently until her task was finished. Then she went into the house and I saw her no more.

I meant to carry out my ultimatum that very night when Selter should be free to listen to me. It was a hazardous thing to do, since it might lead to a murder; but it seemed to be a duty clearly defined. And when I reflected that I should have ample opportunity to suggest temporizing measures before Selter could go to extremities, I did not hesitate.

But the time proved unpropitious. It was late when the farmer came in, and when he had eaten his supper not any diplomacy of mine sufficed to compass an interview which might promise to be free from interruption. I gave it up, finally, and went to bed in my room under the rough rafters' consoling myself with the thought that a day more or less could make no difference.

None the less, the threatened climaxing of the tragi-comedy oppressed me, and my dreams were those half-real horrors which seem too terrible to be true, and too vivid to be phantasies. In one of them I fancied Nan had come to my room to avenge the arraignment of her lover. I saw the door open by inches, heard the creak of the clumsy hinges, saw her figure in the half-light made by the moonrays silting through the cracks in the shingling. I made sure it was a reality and not a dream. I could hear the night wind sighing in the canyon, and the muffled roar of the Torolito among its bowlders. She had one hand behind her as if she would keep the weapon concealed, and as she crept nearer the horror of it grew upon me until I could feel the sweat standing thickly upon my forehead. Not until the shadowy figure had faded into indistinctness behind the chair where I had thrown my clothes could I break the spell and rise on my elbow. When I was unquestionably awake, some of the imaginings proved to be indubitable realities. The wind was sighing in the canyon, and the tumbling stream lifted its hoarse roar in deep-voiced accompaniment. The moonbeams were sifting needle-like through the chinks between the shingles, and notwithstanding the dim half-light, I could have sworn that the door was moving slightly on its hinges. Also, the cold sweat of terror was unmistakable.

The following morning, when I dressed to go down to breakfast, I felt for my pocket-possessions in mechanical obedience to a life-long habit. They were undisturbed; but when I glanced into the pocket-book I realized suddenly that my dream had been something more than a vagary of the night. The newspaper clipping and the letter from Grantley were gone.

CHAPTER X.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

In deference to my illness, as well as to the fact that I paid liberally for my footing in the Selter household, I was not required to rise at

SHE WENT INTO THE HOUSE AND I SAW HER NO MORE.

daybreak and breakfast with the family; and I was rather later than usual on the morning following the night of bad dreams and worse realities. Mrs. Selter served me, as she usually did, and Nan was not visible. Knowing the girl's excellent reason for avoiding me, I thought little of it at the time, being swallowed up in anxious conjectures as to what use she would make of the stolen letter and newspaper clipping.

But as the day wore on and still she did not appear, anxiety became dread, indefinable and unreasoning, but mighty in proportion to the portentous possibilities. It was to little purpose that I tried to argue myself into a calmer frame of mind; that I wrought out the problem of chances again and again in a vain endeavor to prefigure what would come of it. At the worst, it appeared, she could only betray me to Wykamp; or, if jealousy should prove stronger than love, hold her knowledge of the shameful facts as a sword over Winifred's head; but, as the event was to show forth, I reckoned entirely without my host, as one is likely to reckon when the inscrutable secrets of a woman's heart are involved.

The long day brought no explanation of Nan's absence. From my post of observation on the porch I saw Wykamp ride past on his way to his work; and I made sure that he did not repass until he returned late in the evening at the tail of the straggling procession of workmen. Winifred returned from the schoolhouse at the usual hour in the afternoon, and my anxious scrutiny of her face as she came up the walk from the gate and stopped for a word with the convalescent before going to her room assured me that as yet the blow had not fallen upon her. Still Nan did not appear, and her prolonged absence, and the stolid indifference of her father and mother to it, puzzled me not a little. I would have given much to know what had happened in the family councils in those early hours of the morning when I had slept the sleep of the unsuspecting.

By nightfall the indefinable dread had grown until it had become an agony of apprehension. For two days Macpherson had intermitted his evening visits to the farm at Valley Head; and after supper I watched and waited in the hope that he would come. It had been no part of my plan to make him a confidant in the results of the Grantley investigation, but under the changed conditions it now seemed to be the wisest course; and I was half daft at the thought that the story might reach him through another channel. So I kept my post in the hammock until nine o'clock, and then went to my room to stay only till I could be sure that the family had gone to bed. When the farm-house was still and dark, I found my overcoat and crept downstairs with my shoes in my hand.

The moon was well above the uplifted eastern horizon when I put on my shoes and propped myself in the hammock to continue the pointless vigil. There was not the vaguest promise that anything could come of it. At the most I could only make sure that Nan did or did not come home. And yet, if life itself had been at stake, I could scarcely have gone back to my room and to bed.

The night was as perfect as night can be in a region where both night and day are beyond the imaginings of the dwellers in lower altitudes. The hazeless air was tremulous with the murmurings of nature's silences. It seemed that I had never before realized how white the moonlight could be, nor how black the shadows. The wind, what zephyr's-breath there was of it, was up the valley; and on its wings came the scents of suncured grasses and the distance-softened notes of an accordion played by one of the workmen in the engineer's camp. The very atmosphere was eloquent of peace, and the restless urgency of the latter-day struggle for existence seemed far removed. After a time the moon rode higher, and the hammock under the porch-roof swung in the blackest of the shadows. The night air began to grow cooler, and I buttoned my overcoat and filled and lighted my pipe.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when Nan returned. I heard her step in the road and extinguished my pipe. She came up the walk with footsteps lagging, as one who fights with fatigue; and she let herself into the house silently and without looking to right or left. One thing, and one thing only, had I learned by being a silent witness of her home-coming. She had come from somewhere down the valley; otherwise the wind would not have brought me the warning of her approach.

It was fully half an hour later before I could make up my mind to go to bed. There was less than nothing to watch for now, and, despite the overcoat, the chill of the night struck deep. I climbed out of the hammock stiffly and took a turn in the door yard to start the blood a little. From the gate I could see the foaming torrent of the Torolito rushing past on the opposite side of the road in its final plungings to the level of the lower valley. I had long since remarked that the river was always much higher at night, and been puzzled to account for it until Macpherson had explained that the night flood-tide in a snow-fed stream is proportioned to the heat of the preceding day.

The August day had been unusually hot, and the river was in full flood. Its thunder filled the silence of the night—made it, I had almost said—but not to the exclusion of other sounds. While I lingered at the gate the click of a horse's hoofs came wind-borne from the direction of the engineer's camp. There was a low cottonwood growing on the embankment of the ditch just outside the gate, and I crawled between the wires of the fence and crouched in the shadow of the tree.

The horseman was the engineer. He was riding slowly, and his face was turned from me as if he were inspecting the turbulent stream as he followed its course in reverse toward the upper canyon. I divined his purpose. Some one—Selter, I think it was—had commented upon the unsafety of the timber coffer-dam which Wykamp had put in to divert the course of the stream while the workmen were making the excavation for the foundations of the permanent structure; and the engineer was on his way to see how the temporary barrier was standing the pressure of the night flood.

It was no concern of mine, and but for the fact that in the act of rising I heard the house door open I should have gone in to put idle speculation to bed. But it did not seem worth while to arouse curiosity touching my late vigil and I crouched still lower in the shadow of my cottonwood when a man crept out at the slowly opened door and went off at a shuffling run across the nearest field. It was Selter, and I wondered if he had been sharing my vigil, and to what end. He came out into the road at the point where the ditch crossed it, still running; and when he held on up the dry bed of the ditch instead of keeping to the road, I understood his object. By following the line of the ditch and crossing the canyon on its flume above Macpherson's placer, a man on foot might reach the dam-workings in the upper canyon in advance of a horseman on the trail.

Again I said it was no concern of mine; and if Selter had carried his rifle—as he did not—he should have gone unfollowed by me. Once more my hand was on the gate-latch, and once more the warning wind brought the click of horseshoes on the hard surface of the road. Looking eastward I could make out the figure of a horseman rising and falling in a rapid gallop up the gentle ascent from the schoolhouse. Some vague premonition drove me to the shadow of my tree again, and I saw the horseman as he cantered past; saw his face and caught a glimpse of the short repeating rifle of the cow-boys unslung and lying across the saddle.

It was Macpherson; and Nan's long absence was explained as clearly as need be. It was to the young stockman that she had carried the proof of Wykamp's villainy, though to what end no man might guess. But the result was before me. Macpherson had forgotten his promise to Winifred; forgotten that vengeance belongs to God and not to man; and was on his way to call the engineer to his accounting.

I was in no doubt as to the outcome. I knew Macpherson well enough to be sure that he would give his antagonist a fair chance to defend his life—and no more. As I have said, I saw his face as he rode past me. There was no passion in the fixed stare of the eyes or in the out-thrust jaw. It was rather the cold and unflinching determination of a mild-mannered man goaded past endurance, and it was terrible to behold.

At the moment I was sure of nothing but that the tragedy must be prevented at any cost, and I set out to run after him as fast as a sick man might. With presence of mind which was entirely mechanical, I forsook the road at the point where Selter had left it, running up the dry bed of the ditch which traversed the small inner valley beyond the "hogback" on a higher level than that followed by the rough wagon-road. As it chanced, the choice of the ditch saved my life, though when I had wallowed a panting quarter of a mile in the dry sand of the channel I was fain to curse the impulse which had made me forsake the trail.

[To Be Continued.]

## ESTRANGED COMRADES.

**The Quarrel of Two English Army Officers and Its Touching Termination.**

A touching story of two friends is told by William Beatty-Kingston in his "Journalist's Jottings." They were two officers in the English army who quarreled about some trifle, and although they had been the closest of comrades, became, in consequence, entirely estranged. The fact of their separation was extremely bitter to both of them, and one Christmas day one of them received from the other a card bearing a dove with an olive-branch.

The recipient kept the message by him for a twelvemonth, and on the following Christmas sent it back to his fellow officer, who, in turn, laid it aside for a year, and then dispatched it on the next anniversary.

Through three successive decades, at each Christmas-tide, the mute messenger was regularly sent in token of continued friendship, until a year came when it was forgotten because the present possessor was too harassed by financial losses to remember it. In the course of the Christmas week, however, his wife came upon the card, and sent it off to her husband's friend with a newspaper cutting referring to her husband's bankruptcy. The returning post brought her a letter, inclosing a thousand pounds, and explaining that the sender had just come into a fortune, and that in return for this trifling sum, intended for his old friend's rescue, he should keep the Christmas card as his most precious possession.

## REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

**Sage Sayings by a Shrewd Member of the Feminine Sex on Various Matters.**

Love without confidence is the root of all jealousy.

Almost all intense natures quarrel with those they adore.

No man is ever hopeless who retains even one sweet illusion.

It is only woman's vanity which makes her man's inferior, writes Vada Agnew, in Judge.

A man who marries without love encounters life's costliest game.

When the present becomes hateful the past seems doubly beautiful.

Life's greatest blessing is to have absolute confidence in some one.

Life never ceases to be sweet to the man who never ceases to be the lover.

Some men are so sensitive as to induce melancholy among their associates.

The cup of happiness is but a sieve which is empty when it reaches the lips.

A jealous man usually says: "I hate you," meaning "I love you very deeply."

**Getting On.**

The Good Man—So, Willie, you're going to school, are you? That's nice. And what have you learned so far?

Willie—To whistle without puckerin' my lips.—Chicago Record-Herald.

# HAS FINISHED ITS WORK.

## General Assembly of Iowa Adjourns After Being in Session Eighty-Nine Days.

## NEARLY 200 NEW LAWS WERE ENACTED

**Appropriations Amount to About $1,600,000—Tax Levy Will Be About Three and One-Half Mills—Revenue Taxes Charged to Each County—Other Notes of Interest.**

[Special Correspondence.]

Des Moines, Ia., April 14.—The legislature, which adjourned late last week, was in session 89 days. It cost the state about $125,000. It enacted in the neighborhood of 200 new laws. It appropriated about $1,600,000 for extraordinary purposes. The amount of money which must be raised by taxation in the biennial period beginning next June will be about $2,000,000 a year. It is estimated that this will require a tax levy of about 3½ mills.

**Salaries Raised.**

Salaries of public officials were raised materially by the legislature which has just adjourned. The governor got an increase from $4,100 to $6,100, effective after January 1, 1904; the supreme judges secured an increase from $4,000 to $6,000, effective on the same date; the district judges got an increase from $2,500 to $3,500, effective next January; the sheriffs gained largely in the changes made in their salaries; county superintendents got an annual salary of $1,250 instead of a per diem of four dollars; there were a number of other changes of less importance.

**Tax Ferret Laws Stand.**

All efforts to interfere with the tax ferret laws were fruitless in this legislature. It was thought toward the last of the session that amendments would be secured satisfactory to those who sought a modification of the law, but this failed. The tax ferrets remain in full control of the matter of delinquent taxes in this state insofar as those counties which employ them are concerned.

**To Complete Capital.**

One of the most important measures adopted by the legislature is that appropriating $250,000 for the completion, repair and decoration of the capitol building. It was not completed, and many repairs are needed. The money will be expended by a commission of three members appointed by the governor during the next four years.

**Tax for Schools.**

The most gratifying act of the Twenty-ninth general assembly was the passage by it of the educational tax levies. The Agricultural college at Ames and the State university at Iowa City were each given two-tenths of one mill tax levy for five years, which will net them $550,000 each, for building purposes. The State Normal school at Cedar Falls was given one-tenth of a mill tax levy for five years, which will net it $275,000 for building purposes. This means a levy of one-half mill for educational purposes in Iowa in support of the state institutions of higher learning. While Nebraska levies a tax of one mill for this purpose, yet the advance step taken by the Twenty-ninth general assembly in Iowa is extremely gratifying to the friends of these institutions.

**The Supreme Court.**

The bill in reorganization of the supreme court, which will go into effect January 1, 1904, is one of the important accomplishments of this legislature. Under the measure the judges of the supreme court will receive $6,000 per annum each, and are prohibited from doing any other work for which they receive compensation. The measure requires them to hold monthly sittings in the city of Des Moines, which means that they will be required to reside at the capital. They are to be required to take in submission at each hearing only as many cases as they will be able to decide within the next month. Attorneys believe that this will result in immediate decisions of cases which are submitted to the supreme court, and upon this point litigants and attorneys in the court are agreed as to its desirability.

**State Institutions Cared For.**

The omnibus appropriation bill for the institutions under the management of the state board of control carries $716,577. The institutions get the following amounts:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marshalltown | $77,200 | Mitchellville | $37,100 |
| Davenport | 59,200 | Mt. Pleasant | 104,450 |
| Anamosa | 32,602 | Independence | 79,200 |
| Vinton | 9,700 | Clarinda | 67,500 |
| Council Bluffs | 12,100 | Fort Madison | 81,000 |
| Glenwood | 109,075 | Eldora | 47,430 |

As passed the bill makes the following appropriations for purchase of land at the institutions:

| | |
|---|---|
| For Mount Pleasant | $25,000 |
| For Independence | 39,000 |
| For Clarinda | 30,000 |
| For Glenwood | 25,000 |
| For Davenport | 10,000 |
| Total | $129,000 |

**Infectious Diseases.**

One of the important measures passed by this legislature relates to the powers of the state board of health respecting the care of persons suffering from infectious diseases and empowering the state board of health to take steps in case of controversy with respect to the care of such persons. The measure provides that when a controversy arises between municipalities or between boards of health thereof respecting the location of pesthouses or hospitals for the treatment of infectious or contagious diseases such matter shall be referred to the president of the state board of health, who shall forthwith appoint a committee of three members thereof, which committee shall, upon two days' notice to the parties interested, investigate the matter and make such order in the premises as the facts warrant, and such order shall be final. The health officers of a municipality which is allowed to maintain a pesthouse or hospital for patients affected by infectious or contagious diseases outside the limits of said municipality shall have exclusive judisdiction and control of such pesthouse or hospital for the enforcement of all sanitary and health regulations.

**Naval Militia.**

One of the interesting measures which passed through this general assembly was the bill to authorize the organization of the naval forces of the state, to be known as the naval militia. This provision was made in order to enable a branch of this service to be organized at the University of the Sons of Veterans at Mason City, but without cost to the state. It is proposed by this legislation to enable the Sons of Veterans' institution to secure its proper share of the appropriation made by the national government for naval schools. The government has assured the management of the school that it will equip the organized service at Mason City, and it is believed that before the end of the summer Clear lake at Mason City will be the scene of actual naval practice.

**Habitual Criminal Act.**

One of the most important criminal acts passed by this legislature was the bill introduced by Representative Colclo, and which passed the senate and house during the last days of the session. This is known as the habitual criminal act. It provides that any person who habitually follows the commission of the crime of burglary, robbery, larceny or forgery, or either of them, as an occupation shall be guilty of felony and shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than 20 years. Three convictions of either of these crimes will be taken as conclusive of the guilt of the person accused, and he may be punished as a habitual criminal.

**County Taxes.**

The following is a statement of the general revenue taxes charged by Auditor of State Merriam to the various counties of Iowa and which must be collected during this year. It is the state tax on the assessment of last year at a levy of 2.7 mills. The charge to the counties is as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adair | $10,174 07 | Johnson | $21,711 31 |
| Adams | 8,760 25 | Jones | 16,704 49 |
| Allamakee | 9,677 14 | Keokuk | 16,757 38 |
| Appanoose | 11,333 99 | Kossuth | 16,663 44 |
| Audubon | 9,850 86 | Lee | 20,766 43 |
| Benton | 21,831 43 | Linn | 34,088 16 |
| Black Hawk | 24,188 00 | Louisa | 10,348 20 |
| Boone | 15,980 50 | Lucas | 9,316 20 |
| Bremer | 11,616 16 | Lyon | 11,135 17 |
| Buchanan | 14,935 26 | Madison | 11,076 63 |
| Buena Vista | 13,499 26 | Mahaska | 19,086 57 |
| Butler | 14,287 77 | Marion | 14,545 24 |
| Calhoun | 13,157 29 | Marshall | 20,135 32 |
| Carroll | 13,783 42 | Mills | 12,959 15 |
| Cass | 14,653 99 | Mitchell | 10,764 53 |
| Cedar | 18,985 13 | Monona | 11,309 81 |
| Cerro Gordo | 15,688 91 | Monroe | 9,114 37 |
| Cherokee | 13,266 54 | M'tgomery | 12,800 16 |
| Chickasaw | 10,510 79 | Muscatine | 18,853 53 |
| Clarke | 8,354 46 | O'Brien | 12,853 61 |
| Clay | 11,014 80 | Osceola | 6,107 43 |
| Clayton | 16,407 82 | Page | 16,004 83 |
| Clinton | 27,374 09 | Palo Alto | 9,009 48 |
| Crawford | 16,478 48 | Plymouth | 17,784 58 |
| Dallas | 17,452 71 | Pocahontas | 11,585 56 |
| Davis | 9,054 35 | Polk | 53,550 80 |
| Decatur | 9,982 64 | Pot'wat'mie | 34,972 15 |
| Delaware | 14,651 05 | Poweshiek | 16,519 28 |
| Des Moines | 19,189 06 | Ringgold | 10,297 95 |
| Dickinson | 6,367 42 | Sac | 14,216 85 |
| Dubuque | 34,964 11 | Scott | 37,543 29 |
| Emmet | 7,578 34 | Shelby | 12,690 38 |
| Fayette | 17,195 16 | Sioux | 18,143 94 |
| Floyd | 13,034 55 | Story | 16,961 00 |
| Franklin | 12,765 89 | Tama | 20,702 61 |
| Fremont | 12,284 11 | Taylor | 11,330 33 |
| Greene | 13,539 10 | Union | 10,232 68 |
| Grundy | 13,293 89 | Van Buren | 10,388 80 |
| Guthrie | 12,528 07 | Wapello | 15,363 96 |
| Hamilton | 14,665 16 | Warren | 14,049 31 |
| Hancock | 9,334 97 | Washington | 17,260 82 |
| Hardin | 17,203 23 | Wayne | 11,305 55 |
| Harrison | 15,269 21 | Webster | 19,599 44 |
| Henry | 12,876 98 | Winnebago | 7,830 04 |
| Howard | 9,930 43 | Winneshiek | 15,839 37 |
| Humboldt | 9,473 81 | Woodbury | 29,820 55 |
| Ida | 9,402 25 | Worth | 7,362 62 |
| Iowa | 13,849 46 | Wright | 12,033 09 |
| Jackson | 13,846 38 | | |
| Jasper | 21,855 93 | | |
| Jefferson | 11,872 73 | Total | $1,508,467 76 |

**To Increase State Income.**

A proposition which has met with great favor among legislators and other people is that made by Senator Blanchard that all corporations which sell capital stock in this state shall file their articles of incorporation with the secretary of state and pay the regular statutory fees thereon. This proposition is meant to affect the oil and mining companies in particular, millions of dollars of whose stock has been floated in this state among investors, and the proposition is designed to compel these concerns to pay fees before they can do business in Iowa. Such a regulation would either drive a large number of these concerns out of the state altogether or it would mean an income of additional hundreds of thousands of dollars to the state.

**Homeopathy Candidate.**

Committees representing the homeopaths of the state have appeared before the state board of control and appealed to it to appoint a homeopathic doctor as superintendent of the state insane asylum at Independence. The present superintendent, Dr. Gershom H. Hill, will not ask for reelection, as it is his intention to enter the practice of medicine in Des Moines the first of next July. The homeopaths present as a candidate for the place Dr. William O. Mann, of Boston, formerly an assistant in a state hospital in Minnesota. Dr. Mann is now at the head of the Massachusetts homeopathic hospital in Boston. He is represented to be a competent person. The board will not decide for some time.

LEON BROWN.

**Big Price for Land.**

A remarkable transfer of farm land took place in Manchester when Henry Deudmeyer purchased of the Martha Platt estate a farm of 160 acres at $75 per acre. There is not an improvement on the place of any description, not even a foot of fence. Mr. Deudmeyer built a division fence at his own expense. With the ordinary improvements added the place would have sold at $120 per acre.

**Dog Went Back.**

E. Hayden moved to Elk River, Minn., and took with him a shepherd dog. He wrote the occupants of his former home in Waterloo of the loss of the dog. The letter and the animal arrived the same day, the dog coming on foot and the letter through the mails.