

LOVE IS LAW.

ROUGHLY in the walls of time
Progress rings its runic rhyme
But the hum of the world
More than wisdom can reveal;
And the force that baffles fate
On proud knowledge doesn't wait.
For, through all the storied strife
Of the onward sweep of life
There's a power that thrills the living
That moves each soul with an undying
song!

O harbinger of rare delight!
O revealer of the right!
In material-burdened space
Never wert thou given place!
Yet dost thou light each darkened way,
Thou soul-flame and celestial ray!
Ruler over good and ill
Stronger than the strongest will,
Thou art the Law of Love that ever pleads
For higher living and for helpful deeds.

Long in labyrinthine ways,
Through the quick recurring days,
One procession works and waits
By life's outward swinging gates
And wherever smoke ascends,
And wherever faith defends,
Lo, a spirit flames above
All the tolling—it is Love!
The love that lives
In one who gives
His life to help all humankind;
Who labors late
With purpose great
The ways of happiness to bind.

Love is law! the human heart
Feels it 'e'en in busy mart!
Where worship is, where sacrifice
Conceals itself by strange device,
There this law of love prevails,
And no true love ever fails;
Work is but the outward show
Of the feeling hid below
Who hopes for peace and dreams of brotherhood
Holds Love to be the only guide to good.

Change that in material things
Beauty from the barren brings,
In the soul-world serves to show
Character from failure grow;
And the histories of place,
Annals of each buried race,
Wise tradition, dear and old,
Are as naught, till Love be told.
When from the heart this ruling force shall
What matters life or death if duty die?

Lo, the motive in good deed,
And the heaven in each creed,
Strength of arm and help of hand,
Pleasant increase in the land,
Temples bulged, public weal,
Words that doubt sorrow heal,
The truth that's told on printed page
And all the uplift of an age,
Are but the light
Of Love's great might
That through man's progress ever flows;
And will is vain
If conscience reign
Not in the life that merely knows.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

The Trouble A on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.
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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

His smile was inscrutable. "If it's all the same to you, I think I'll go on with the dirt-washing on my placer claim."

"But you can't; your bar's gone." The mysterious smile held its own. "It's a pretty spiteful wind that blows nobody good, Jack. As you say, the bar's gone, but there is another one formed just below. I went up there and washed out a few panfuls to-day, and this is what I found."

He showed me a handful of dull, yellow nuggets from the size of a mustard seed to that of a pea.

"Then you've struck it rich at last! I congratulate you, my dear boy."

"Thanks; though it may not be a bonanza—probably isn't. But maybe there'll be enough to stand us all on our feet again. If there is anything in it, I'm going into the stock business."

"You're in that now, aren't you?"

"No; the other kind of stock. The Glenlivet people will be mighty tired when they hear of this, and they'll sell out cheap, most of them. I want to buy and own 51 per cent. of the stock. If there is ever another syndicate in the Torolito it'll be Angus Macpherson & Co."

"Good; and the company?"

"You know who the company will be; and that's where you come in. You've got to think up some scheme to take care of her while I'm making the turn."

"It is already thought up, proposed and accepted. She goes with me to my sister in Denver, poco tiempo."

"Jack, old man, you're a god in the car!"—he wrung my hand till I winced. "If you go off and die before you see me through on this, I'll never forgive you."

"If I die, I'll leave it as a bequest to Letitia, and she will see you through. She is a born matchmaker, as you have occasion to know, if my memory serves me."

"Oh, you be d—d!" said Mac, his eyes filling. He had not sworn at me for many days, and it was heartening. "When will you go?"

"To-morrow, if you'll lend us the team and the buckboard. Neither of us have more than the clothes we stand in, you know."

He was silent for a good while, and then he said:

"May I go up to the house and see her?—just for a minute? You can do the chaperon act."

"No."

"For a half-minute, then?"

"No. We both know the circumstances, and that she can't really mourn him. But we mustn't forget that he was her husband."

"That's so. Good-by, and God bless you, old man." He wrung my hand again, and was gone; and I did not return to the farm house until I had fairly lost sight of his broad back at the turn of the road.

come to hope more for me, and to love the schoolmistress for her own sake, my part was still harder to play; for, as I have hinted, my sister is a born maker of matches. Indeed, I may as well confess that I should have made a sorry failure of it if I had not warned Letitia off by telling her the truth, and so made her Macpherson's advocate instead of mine.

Long before the snows came to stop the work on the placer bar, Angus fulfilled his own prophecy. I acted as his broker in Denver, and went gunning from time to time for Glenlivet stock. It was pot-hunting, for the greater part. The stockholders were only too willing to be out of it at any price, and the last block of stock cost us little more than the transfer fee. Angus was jubilant, as he had a right to be; and when he was once more the king of the Torolito, he wrote me at length, detailing his plans. There was to be a new house, and a great stock farm with antebellum beasts, and a few more settlers picked and chosen from among our friends, for all of which the placer bar promised to be responsible—and kept its promise.

The spring was well footed on the eastern plains when next we saw the sheltered valley nestling between its snow-crowned mountains, and traversed by the sparkling waters of the Torolito. But for the lower sweep of the snow-caps, it might have seemed but days instead of months since we left it together, Winifred and I. We had driven up from the fort, she to take her summer school again, so Letitia had assured me, and I to try if the dry upland air might give me yet another reprieve and a little longer lease of life.

It was high noon when we emerged from the cliff-shadowed portal of the Six-Mile and looked once more upon the scene which had grown dear to both of us. Winifred drew a long breath and her eyes were shining. I had thought her beautiful before, but the winter in Denver, with the crushing burden lifted forever, had made her more than beautiful.

"The dear old valley!" she said. "It is like coming home to get back to it. Is that Mr. Macpherson's new house?"

The old ranch house was no more. In its place on the knoll to the northward stood a modern low-roofed country house, many gabled, and built of the bright lava stone of the hog-back. As we looked, a man mounted at the door-stone and rode at a gallop toward us. I thrust the butt of the whip among the parcels on the buckboard and succeeded in dislodging one of them. It was Winifred's smaller handbag, and it was well to the rear in the dust of the road when Angus met us.

"Good boy!" I exclaimed. "You project your welcome into space, don't you? Will you lend me your horse and take my place? I've lost one of the valises, and if you'll drive Miss Sanborn I'll ride back for it."

I know not if my transparent subterfuge were suspected. And I doubt if either of them questioned or cared, so long as they could be together. We made the exchange quickly, and Angus pointed the team toward the house on the knoll.

"We'll wait dinner for you," he said. "I have Aunt Richmond here to do the honors, and you can own the ranch as long as you'll stay."

I looked into Winifred's eyes and found there my warrant for a retort in kind.

"We shall see about that, later. I'd like to have my invitation from the chateleine of a house where I'm



"SHE GOES WITH ME TO MY SISTERS."

supposed to quarter myself indefinitely."

It was a liberal half-hour later when I rode up to the veranda of the country house with the lost valise at the saddle-horn. There was no one in sight save Connolly, the ex-trooper, who nodded affably and grinned and took the horse.

"You'll find him on the piazza bevant," he said, with a wink and a leer, and the unfettered freedom of the great west large within him. "It's forgetting yez entirely by this toime, they'll be."

But they had not forgotten me; and when I mounted the steps it was Winifred who came to meet me, putting her hands in mine and blushing with sweet shyness, with Angus only a lame second.

"You said you wanted an invitation, Mr. Halcott," she said, archly. "You are very welcome to Torovista; to come and go and stay as our nearest and truest friend."

I looked from one to the other of them and gasped, and my heart sank a little in spite of me. Even when one has been working and praying for some certain end the seal of fruition and irrevocability may come with a trying shock. But my part was still to play, and I played it.

"Is— isn't this rather sudden?" True, I tried to give you as much

time as I could—if I'd known you were coming to meet us, Angus, I should have knocked the valise off miles farther back."

Angus roared. "I wish I had had the nerve you give me credit for," he laughed. "We stole a mare on you and did it by mail, long ago. There is to be a wedding in this shack to-night, and you're to give the bride away. Why don't you say something?"

There be times when the grave-diggers are busy, and the heart is too full for speech; and if at the moment I said no more than the hollow nothings that such occasions demand, it must be forgiven me. None the less, when the time came, I gave her to Angus, freely and without reserve.

That was five years ago; and since—I can look back upon it now with steadfast eyes, realizing that what is always best—her happiness and his, and the love of little Joan, my name-child, have been my recompense for my undivided share in the trouble on the Torolito.

(THE END.)

USED HIS TALENT.

An Impecunious French Noble Who Profited by His Ability to Make Salads.

M. Brillat-Savarin, in his *Memoirs* of his time, gives the history of several of the French nobles who fled to England to escape the guillotine. Among those who found themselves penniless and without profession or craft by which to earn their bread was a Comte d'Albignac of old and noble family.

One day, while seated in a cafe in London, three or four young English noblemen sat down at a neighboring table to dine. Presently one of them came to him and said: "Monsieur, I have heard that all Frenchmen excel in making a salad. Will you do us the favor of mixing one for us?"

D'Albignac hesitated, but then gayly sat down with them and prepared the salad. He had great skill. The men ate with enthusiasm, and exchanged cards with him at parting. But one of them with the card pressed a sovereign into his hand.

D'Albignac trembled with rage, but a quick second thought kept him silent. He was a nobleman. None of his race had ever earned money. But why should he not earn money? He had this little art; why not use it to make his bread? Was it not more honorable than to live, as many of his fellow refugees were doing, on the charity of their friends? He bowed to the company and put the sovereign in his pocket.

The next day he was asked to go to a large mansion where a dinner-party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainment, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then, with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

She Was Too Smart.

Two years ago an American woman, visiting the south of France in the spring, heard a good deal of talk about a certain Countess of Killarney, who was also on a visit. She looked the unknown up in a peevish way to see who she was and discovered that, in the words of the immortal Mrs. Prig, "there ain't no sich person." Full of triumph, she waited until the conversation turned on Lady Killarney, and then she brought out a thunderbolt—the woman was an impostor, there was no Lady Killarney, and she was downright sorry that her friends were taken in. There was a pause. Then a smile began to appear, and one of the ladies remarked, sweetly: "Don't you really know that 'Countess of Killarney' is the incognito of the duchess of York?" As the duchess of York is the wife of King Edward's son, heir apparent to the British throne, there was one American woman who wished she had not been so smart.—Troy Times.

Amenities in Beau Nash's Day.
One day Beau Nash joined some fine ladies in a grove, and, asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came, she replied: "Straight from London." "Confound me, madam," said he, "then you must have been dabbled in the mire by the way." She soon, however, had ample revenge. The following evening he joined her company, and, with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash," replied the lady, "and an impudent dog he was."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Somevhat Uncertain.

"And yet there are people who claim that a woman really knows what she wants," he remarked as he put down his paper.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I have just been reading the matrimonial career of Mrs. Snell-Coffin-Coffin-Walker-Coffin-Snell," he answered.—Chicago Post.

Inseparable.

"Oo! Oo!" exclaimed Johnny, on his first visit to church, "what's that?"

"Sh," said his mamma, "that's the organ."

"My! Is that an organ? It must be an awful big monkey that goes with that."—Philadelphia Press.

His Orthographic Status.

"Spell chicken," said a Paola teacher to a boy in the primary class.

"I can't do it, ma'am—I ain't got that far along," said the boy, "but I can spell 'egg'."—Kansas City Journal.

RAILWAYS REDUCE RATES

Will Carry Material Used in Making Roads in Iowa at Twenty Per Cent. Discount.

A CHANGE TO BUILD GOOD HIGHWAYS.

State Politics Are Beginning to Be Lively—Increase in State Institution Inmates—Crop Prospects Are Promising—Other News and Notes of General Interest.

(Special Correspondence.)
Des Moines, Ia., April 28.—The state railroad commission recently granted a reduction of 20 per cent. in the railroad freight rate on road making material. This includes gravel, crushed stone, burnt clay, cinders, etc., used in the making of roads. The Association of Supervisors of Iowa appointed a committee at its last session to ask the railroad commission for this concession. Mr. H. J. Wulff, of Dixon, appeared before the commissioners and declared the reduction asked for would mean the commencement at once of hundreds of miles of roadway in this state. He said that in Scott county, where rock is handy, about 80 miles had been completed. The railroad commission decided to give the county authorities a chance to commence the work of building the good roads for which the state has been praying for several years, and granted the reduction asked for. It means that road making material will be hauled hereafter for the rate charged for hauling slack coal, whereas, heretofore, the rate for hauling lump coal has been charged. It means a reduction, practically, of 20 per cent. It is provided, however, that the material must be delivered to an official in charge of road making, and that it must be so used, in good faith.

Politics Becoming Lively.
State politics is taking on a lively complexion. The republican state central committee will probably meet in a few weeks to fix the date and place for the state convention. It is conceded that it will be held in Des Moines this year. The date is problematical. The democrats have not considered the time or place of their convention. The prohibition party will hold a state convention late this year. In former years this party has held its state convention in May. For the first time in its history, moreover, the prohibition party will be able to get its ticket on the official ballot without filing a petition therefor; this is because it cast to exceed two per cent. of the total vote east last fall. That entitles the ticket to a place in the third column of the official ballot. Republican candidates for the different nominations to be made this year have been announced as follows:

Secretary of State—W. B. Martin, Adair county, Ninth district.
Treasurer of State—G. S. Gilbertson, Winnebago county, Tenth district.
Attorney General—Charles W. Mullan, Blackhawk county, Third district.
Supreme Judge—Scott M. Ladd, O'Brien county, Eleventh district.
Auditor of State—Amos W. Brandt, Polk county, Seventh district; B. F. Carroll, Davis county, Sixth district; Joseph Wall, Ringgold county, Eighth district.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—C. T. Jones, Washington county, First district; J. C. Seward, Lucas county, Eighth district.
John Crockett, Hardin county, Third district; J. E. Whelan, Montgomery county, Ninth district; Henry Bousquet, Marion county, Seventh district; C. G. Stranahan, Ringgold county, Eighth district.
M. A. Buchan, Grundy county, Fifth district.
Railroad Commissioner—E. A. Dawson, Bremer county, Third district; N. S. Ketchum, Marshall county, Fifth district; Albert R. Smith, Lee county, First district.
Reporter of Supreme Court—B. I. Salinger, Carroll county, Tenth district; W. W. Cornwall, Clay county, Eleventh district.
Messrs. Martin, Gilbertson, Mullan and Ladd are conceded nomination without opposition, each being a candidate for a second term.

Controversy Settled.
There has been somewhat of a controversy for several years as to who originated the idea of a board of control for the state institutions. Friends of Govs. Gear, Boies and Carpenter have claimed the honor for them. Frank I. Herriott, in a series of publications for the state historical department, has discovered evidence to show that the idea was originated by the then representative from Hamilton county, John D. Hunter, in the legislative session of 1870. On March 21 of that year he introduced a bill known as H. F. 302, and which was introduced so late in the session that it did not come out of the hands of the ways and means committee. This bill appears to have provided for the creation of a board which could be called, legitimately, the father of the present board of control idea. It was designed by Mr. Hunter, however, more to stop the legislative junketing in the guise of visiting the state institutions than as a plan for the financial management of the state's property, which is the prime interest and duty of the present board.

Increase in Numbers.
There was a net increase of 381 inmates in the state institutions of Iowa during the year ending April 1. These are the figures compiled by the board of control. The only institutions showing a decrease were the penitentiaries, where the decrease was 35, net. The following table gives the number of increase of inmates in each institution during the year:

Hospitals for insane	156
College for the blind	42
Soldiers' home	50
Soldiers' orphans' home	45
Industrial school for boys	47
Industrial school for girls	39
Institution for feeble minded	28
Penitentiaries (decrease)	35

The total population of the institutions on April 1 was 7,336. The new insane hospital at Cherokee will be able to accommodate several hundred insane persons, but the increase

in the number is so great that the board of control fears that it may have to abandon its long cherished desire to remove all insane persons now cared for in poor houses and the poorer class of county insane hospitals to the state hospitals. Many of the county institutions are merely asylums, where no hospital care is given; it has been the hope of the board that it would be able to send the curable defectives from these institutions to the state hospitals for proper care; but if the natural increase keeps up this will not be possible.

Factory Inspection.
State Labor Commissioner E. D. Brigham has issued an announcement covering the work that he will attempt to do in the Iowa bureau during the ensuing two years. The last legislature passed an extremely important law relating to factory inspection. He will give special attention to this. He will also investigate child labor. He will compile statistics of strikes for the period since September, 1900, to which date the figures of the report of Commissioner Wennerstrum reach. He will print information as to new industries established and information as to the needs of localities in the matter of industries. The trades unions of Iowa will be given a large department in the work, information pertaining to their beneficial features, their victories in disputes over wages without resorting to strikes, and matters of that character being given prominence.

Will Not Consent.
The Meek Brothers, of Bonaparte, will not consent to the condemnation of a fishway through the dam owned by them at Bonaparte unless the state pays to them the full value of the entire structure. This would be equivalent to the destruction of the dam. The recent legislature provided that the fish and game commissioner should be empowered to condemn a fishway through the dam. This contemplated a legal condemnation with an award by a sheriff's jury. The Meeks declare they will accept no award unless it is practically the value of the structure. They have offered to sell it to the state for \$25,000. The fishway ought not to cost to exceed \$5,000. It follows, therefore, that another legal controversy will arise.

Crop Prospects Good.
Although April, 1902, has been extremely dry, it has not been as dry as the April of 1895. That year the state enjoyed the biggest crops in its history. The officials of the state in charge of the crop statistics do not fear the lack of moisture at this time. It is more an apparent than a real danger. If followed by May moisture it may result in larger crops than for years, in the opinion of the state crop service director. There is no doubt about the temporary damage to pasture and the delay in the starting of the crops which have been seeded throughout the state, but it is thought that later moisture will remedy this condition thoroughly. Persons who have information on the subject believe that the indications are favorable for another 1895.

Governor Kept Busy.
Gov. Cummins finds himself unable to accept a third of the invitations to make addresses received by him. He has accepted invitations and will make addresses as follows:

May 9—Library dedication at Grinnell.
May 15—Commencement at Earlham.
May 16—Commencement at Drake Law college, Des Moines.
May 20—Iowa Grand Army encampment, Des Moines.
May 21—Illinois Grand Army encampment, Rock Island.
May 27—Commencement at Corydon.
May 28—East Des Moines school commencement.
May 29—Commencement at Winterset.
May 30—Memorial address at Stuart.
May 31—Commencement at Griswold.
June 2—Address to the graduating class at the Colorado State Agriculture college at Denver.
June 4—Republican state convention at Sioux Falls, S. D.

Blocked by Socialists.
The socialists of Des Moines, numbering about 400, have effectually balked, for a time, the construction of the proposed \$2,000,000 army post in this city. The legislature authorized the city to lend \$50,000 to the waterworks company with which to build water mains from the plant of the company to the post, which will be located four miles south of the city. The socialists at once began an injunction proceeding to restrain the city from making the loan of \$50,000, as provided for in the law, on the ground that the law is unconstitutional in that it permits the loaning of public funds raised by taxation to private commercial interests.

Kruger Invited.
The Des Moines city council has passed a resolution inviting President Kruger to visit Des Moines when he passes through this country on his contemplated visit to America. Hollanders in Des Moines do not expect that he will be able to come, but the invitation was suggested by the Transvaal league with headquarters at Omaha. Whether he visits Des Moines or not depends on the route he takes in crossing the country and visiting his people. There are two large settlements of Hollanders in this state—at Orange City and at Pella. It is thought he may visit both. However, it is probable that he would come directly to Des Moines and permit these people to visit him while here.

Carnival at Des Moines.
Des Moines business men will entertain the people of the state at a carnival June 23-28. The order of the Elks will have charge of it for the Business Men's association. A circus will be given in conjunction with the exhibit of Des Moines products and business houses.

AGAINST VACCINATION.

L. A. Piehn, a Banker, Has Renewed the Agitation Which He Commenced Many Years Ago.

(Special Correspondence.)
L. H. Piehn, of Nora Springs, who is president of the bank there and a bank at Rudd also, has renewed the agitation, for which he has been standing for many years, against vaccination. He will attempt to so work up the agitation against it that when smallpox appears again in the state next fall, as the physicians anticipate, there will be organized resistance to the effort to make people vaccinate. It is on account of his work against vaccination that the legislature has failed to enact laws compelling vaccination in this state. His opposition originated at the death of his sister in 1840 in Germany. In 1894 his own daughter died from blood poisoning, said to have been induced by vaccination. His sister died of lockjaw. Mr. Piehn came to this country in 1853, locating at Chicago. In 1860 he came to Iowa, settling at Nora Springs. There he runs a bank and has been mayor and treasurer of the school district. He is highly respected and is wealthy. He spends a great deal of money pushing the agitation against vaccination. He has organized the Anti-Vaccination association, which has branches in all parts of the world.

THE SCHOOL LAWS.

County Superintendents and the State Superintendent Are Somewhat at Loggerheads.

State Superintendent Barrett has been holding conferences for a few days with the county superintendents of the state respecting school matters. He has discovered that there is a divergence of views between himself and the county superintendents as to the interpretation to be placed on some of the laws relating to schools. For instance, he has held, and the attorney general has sustained him, that it is illegal for county superintendents to issue certificates to teachers on examinations taken before other superintendents. This practice, he has discovered, has been quite common. Moreover, the county superintendents are inclined to persist in it. Other differences of opinion have arisen. Mr. Barrett has announced his intention of securing the opinion of the attorney general on all mooted points for inclusion in the forthcoming revised edition of the school laws of the state, with annotations.

MADE A MAJOR.

Deputy State Auditor Brandt Honored for Gallant Services in the Army in the Philippines.

(Special Correspondence.)
Deputy Auditor of State Amos Brandt has been notified that he has been brevetted a major on account of gallant services in the army in the Philippines, where for 18 months he commanded a company of the United States volunteers. He was born just a little too late to enter the civil war, but spent about two years in the Spanish-American and Filipino-American wars. He is a candidate for auditor of state. Against him are running B. F. Carroll, of Bloomfield; Joseph Wall, of Mount Airy, and Fred Bennett, of Sioux City, may decide to be a candidate. Auditor F. F. Merriam has decided not to be a candidate.

WIN A BOND SUIT.

Sioux City Must Pay \$150,000 to the Chicago Holders of a Special Issue Made Several Years Ago.

J. H. Quick, special master in chancery in the United States circuit court in Sioux City, found for O. A. Vickery and Farson, Leach & Co., of Chicago, in the suit on bonds brought by them against Sioux City. The decision means payment by the city of \$150,000. The bonds were issued on special assessments funds for public improvements between the years of 1886 and 1891. The city, after refunding nearly all, claimed they were illegally issued. Master Quick found the bondholders were entitled to face value on the original bonds and for the collections in the funds for the refunding bonds.

Good Showing.

Company M, of the Fifty-first regiment, of Red Oak, stands at the head of the Iowa national guard in its rating on inspection at company quarters. It has been allowed an even 100 by the inspecting officer, Maj. John T. Hume. Next to it stands Company A, of the Forty-ninth regiment, at Dubuque, with a rating of 99. Company F, of Oskaloosa, of the Fifty-first regiment, is third with a rating of 98. Company L, of the Fifty-second, of Sioux City, is fourth with the top of the list and has a rating of 97.6.

A Brave Woman.

Mrs. T. A. Watson, wife of a farmer living near Searsboro, saved an Iowa Central passenger train from going through a burning bridge. A long woden structure, three miles north of Searsboro, on a sharp curve, took fire, presumably from coals dropped by a freight engine. The smoke was noticed by Mrs. Watson, who, knowing the passenger train from the south was nearly due, ran to a point south and flagged the train just in time. The crew fought the flames two hours.

To Remain Idle.

The National Corn Products company, which absorbed the National Starch company, does not seem disposed to give northwestern Iowa a home market. The plant in Sioux City has been idle since last fall, when it was busy on a special order. Now orders have been sent to Sioux City to ship corn to the Davenport glucose plant.