

A LULLABY.

You go to sleep, young feller,
This ain't no time of day
To set up straight and solemn.

No, sir! You can't be hungry,
You don't jerk and fret,
I'm certain sure it wasn't

You see them stars out yonder?
Well, all o' them is eyes
That belongs to little angels

I don't know what you're sayin',
Your lingo's Greek to me,
But you know what I tell you,

There, there, don't feel that way,
I just soon get it, feel
I know there ain't nobody

My Strangest Case
BY GUY BOOTHBY.
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PART III.—CONTINUED.

An hour later the stranger was so far recovered as to be able to join his hosts at their evening meal.

"Come, that's better," said Gregory, as he welcomed him. "I don't know what your usual self may be like, but you certainly have more the appearance of a man, and less that of a skeleton than when we first brought you in. You must have been pretty hard put to it out yonder."

"I wouldn't go through it again for worlds," he said. "You don't know what I've endured."

"Trading over the border alone?" Gregory inquired. The man shook his head.

"You had a hard time of it, by Jove," said Dempsey; "but you've managed to come out of it alive. And now where are you going?"

"Treat it as a loan if you like. You can return it to me when you are in better circumstances. I assure you we don't want it. We can't spend money out here."

Two days later the wanderer reached Bhamo, that important military post on the sluggish Irrawaddy. His appearance, thanks to Gregory's and Dempsey's kind offices, was now sufficiently conventional to attract little or no attention, so he negotiated the captain's check, fitted himself out with a few other things that he required, and then set off for Mandalay.

When the Shweydaon was lost in the evening mist, and the steamer had made her way slowly down the sluggish stream with the rice-fields on either side, Hayle went aft and took his last look at the land to which he was saying good-by.

"A quarter of a million if a half-penny," he said, "and as soon as they are sold and the money is in my hands, the leaf shall be turned, and my life for the future shall be all respectability."

PART IV. Two months had elapsed since the mysterious traveler from China had left the lonely frontier station of Nampoung.

Two months had elapsed since the mysterious traveler from China had left the lonely frontier station of Nampoung. In outward appearance it was very much the same as it had been then.

"What an ass I was to come out!" he said angrily to himself. "This heat is unbearable."

At that moment a crashing noise reached him from behind. Turning to discover what occasioned it, he was just in time to see a large boar cross the clearing and disappear into the bamboos on the further side.

"What is it?" the other inquired. Before the man had time to reply his quick ear caught the sound of a faint call from the jungle on the other side of the nullah.

Having climbed the bank of the nullah, he was about to proceed in the direction whence the cry had come, when he became aware of the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen in his life approaching him.

"Either he doesn't understand, or he's dumb," said Grantham. "But it's quite certain that he wants me to follow him somewhere."

Turning to the man again, he signed to him to proceed, whereupon the little fellow hobbled painfully away from the nullah in the direction whence he had appeared.

"My friend tells me that you are an Englishman," he said, in a voice that shook with emotion. "I'm glad we have found you. I heard your rifle shot and hailed you. We are in sore distress, and have been through such adventures and such misery as no man would believe. I have poisoned my foot, and am unable to walk any further. As you can see for yourself I am blind, while my companion is dumb."

"You have suffered indeed," said Grantham, pityingly. "But how did it all come about?"

"We were traders, and we fell into the hands of the Chinese," the taller man answered. "With their usual amiability they set to work to torture us. My companion's tongue they cut out at the roots, while, as I have said, they deprived me of my sight. After that they turned us loose to go where we would. We have wandered here, there and everywhere, living on what we could pick up, and dying a thousand deaths every day. It would have been better if we had died outright—but somehow we've come through. Can you take us to a place where we can procure food? We've been living on jungle fruit for an eternity. My foot wants looking to pretty badly, too."

"We'll do all we can for you," said Grantham. "That's if we can get you down to the ford, which is about five miles away."

"You'll have to carry me, then, for I'm too far gone to walk." "I think it can be managed," said Grantham. "At any rate we'll try."

"By Jove," he said, "I'm sorry for you fellows. You must have suffered agonies. The Chinese are devils. But yours is not the first case we have heard of. We only come up here for a month at a time, but the man we relieved told us a strange tale about another poor beggar who came into the station some two months ago. He had been wandering in the jungle, and was nearly at death's door."

"My friend wants to know if you are aware of that man's name?" he said. "We lost a companion, and he thinks that he may be the man. For heaven's sake tell us what you know. You have no idea what it means to us."

"That's what they told me," said Grantham. "Since then I have heard that he was on his way from Peking to Burmah, and that his coolies had robbed him of all he possessed."

"You don't happen to remember his name, I suppose?" The blind man tried to ask the question calmly, but his voice failed him.

There was another and somewhat longer pause. "You did not hear whether he had any precious stones in his possession?"

"Good gracious, no! From what they told me I gathered that the man hadn't a halfpenny in the world. Why should he have been likely to have had jewels? In point of fact I'm sure he hadn't, for I was given to understand he was about as woe-begone a customer as could be found anywhere."

"The blind man uttered a heavy sigh and sank back to his former position upon the ground. An hour and a half later, just as the shadows of evening were drawing in, a party of Sikhs put in an appearance, bringing with them a dhooly, in which they placed the injured man. It was almost dark when they reached the station, where Grantham's superior officer was awaiting their coming.

"What on earth's the meaning of this?" he asked, as the cortege drew up before the bungalow. "Who are these men? And where did you find them?" Grantham made his report, and then the wounded man was lifted out and carried to a hut at the rear of the main block of buildings. The little man watched everything with an eagle eye, as if he were afraid some evil might be practiced upon his companion. When the blind man had been placed on a bed, and his foot attended to as well as the rough surgery of the place would admit, Grantham did something he had not already done, and that was to ask them their names.

"My name is Kitwater," said the blind man, "and the name of my friend here is Codd—Septimus Codd. He's one of the best and stanchest little fellows in the world. I don't know whether our names will convey much to you, but such as they are you are welcome to them. As a matter of fact, they are all we have with which to requite your hospitality."

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was in one of our western cities a few years ago an artist exasperated her by persistent invitations to visit his studio to see a portrait of herself, relates the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He had made it, he said, from a painting which he had seen and studied in Paris some time before.

Finally, after repeated urging on his part, she went to the studio. Standing before the canvas she simulated the keenest rapture as she looked at the portrait, and she complimented the man in extravagant French.

"It is beautiful, grand!" she declared. "It is magnificent!" Then suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the persistent artist, she added: "And of whom, pray tell me, sir, is this a portrait?"

Unprecedented Erudition. An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon. "What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter. "Fried eggs," replied the professor. "Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

IOWA LIQUOR LAW UPSET
The Supreme Court Says There Is No Way to Stop Sale from Outside Sources.

Des Moines, Ia., May 19.—Temperance people are much concerned about the decision of the supreme court in a liquor case in which the court holds that the state has no power to stop agents of liquor concerns outside the state from soliciting sales in Iowa and delivering the stuff in C. G. D. packages.

A Burlington man was arrested in Jefferson county charged with soliciting liquor sales in Fairfield, an agreed statement of facts was made and the case was appealed to the supreme court. It has just handed down its decision, as stated. Under the decision a Chicago brewery may ship liquor to any city in the state, apparently, and collect for it in the town, the United States supreme court having decided that the interstate commerce shipment has not been completed until the liquor is delivered to the consignee. After he gets it the state's police laws step in and arrest him if he gets drunk and prosecute him if he sells it, but cannot seize the liquor unless he has it with the intention of illegally disposing of it.

Under the present law and decisions salesmen can solicit purchases from those persons who have a right legally to sell the stuff after buying it. There are no such persons in prohibition counties. Now, under this decision, the right is conferred to solicit from everybody. The result may be—temperance people fear it—that in communities where there are men that wish to drink contracts for weekly supplies will be made and the liquor shipped in cash on delivery. This, it is feared, will destroy the prohibitory law in the counties in which the mule law is in force in the decision. The decision is one of the most important rendered in years. The court's decision that it would decide the case differently if it could is very significant.

Extra Session Possible. It is barely possible that an extra session of the legislature may be held to meet the emergencies which have arisen since the twenty-ninth general assembly adjourned five weeks ago. A fire in the school for the deaf and dumb at Council Bluffs destroyed \$275,000 worth of property and left the institution unable to take care of the 265 pupils who have been housed there. The legislature failed to appropriate money to carry on the work of the state fish commissioner and game warden, and Commissioner Lincoln very much desires to have \$10,000 set aside for his department of the state government for the ensuing two years. A number of other matters of more or less importance were overlooked by the legislature, and these could be adjusted if a special session were held. If a session is called the members will be asked to serve without pay so that the only expense will be the salaries of employees. While an extra session is not limited to the special business for which it is called yet it is assumed that the extra session would not undertake general legislation but would devote itself to meeting the emergencies which were the occasion of its convening.

Foreign Population. State Labor Commissioner E. D. Brigham has prepared an interesting report of value to laboring men and wage earners, especially those in the organized trades, relative to the foreign born population of this state. The following are the figures issued by him and which will be included in his forthcoming biennial report:

Table with 2 columns: Nationality and Population. Includes Russian Poles, Hungarians, British, Scotch, Welsh, Teutons, Scandinavians, etc.

State Insurance. The fire at the institution at Council Bluffs has revived the agitation in favor of the state carrying insurance upon its state buildings. The state owns about \$6,000,000 worth of property but the board of control figures that not to exceed \$4,000,000 worth of this property need be insured; the remainder is fire proof or so amply protected that the insurance would be superfluous. The losses from a fire at the state institutions during the last ten years amounted to \$768,355. The insurance during this period would have cost \$330,000, which would leave the state \$438,355 better off to-day than it

is, if it had carried insurance during the decade. During the life of the institutions the total fire losses suffered by the state on their account has been \$927,261. It is estimated that the cost of insurance during that time would have been about \$816,000, which would have left the state \$111,261 better off than it is, if it had carried insurance during the entire time. The fire losses at the institutions have been as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Institution Name and Amount. Includes Anamosa, Clarinda, Council Bluffs, Davenport, Eldora, etc.

Following is the monthly statement of the state institutions for April:

Table with 4 columns: Institution Name, No. of Inmates, Paid Out in April, Balance on Hand May 1. Includes Anamosa, Clarinda, Council Bluffs, etc.

A large number of the educators of the state met in Des Moines the past week to formulate the schedule of minimum requirements for pedagogical courses, the graduates of the recognized institutions to be on a basis similar to that occupied by the graduates of the state normal school at Cedar Falls.

Section 1. That the state board of educational examiners shall constitute a board for the inspection, recognition and supervision of schools designed for the instruction and training of teachers for the common schools.

Section 2. That schools desiring state recognition shall apply to the board of educational examiners, which shall then proceed to inspect such schools with reference to course of study, equipment and faculty. All schools that shall meet the requirements of the board of educational examiners shall be known as accredited schools.

Section 3. Graduates of approved accredited schools, who shall pass the examination required for a two years' certificate shall receive from the state board of examiners a certificate for two years, which may be renewed under such rules as the board may prescribe.

Director J. R. Sage, of the state crop service, will send out blanks immediately to his crop reporters requesting them to send in reports as to the cereal acreage planted in Iowa this year. He believes that the acreage of corn is largely increased but does not agree with the statement made by some of the grain men that the acreage will go to 10,000,000. Last year it was 8,500,000, approximately, and he believes that if it will go to 9,000,000 across this year the limit will have been reached. He does not believe it could go higher than that figure. He believes that the outlook for crops is better for Iowa this year than any year since the famous yield of 1895. This is partly due to the fact that the fields are as clean as floors. The dry spring was responsible for this. The farmers have had the opportunity to cultivate their fields.

Considerable speculation has been indulged in with respect to the state levy of taxes to be made by the executive council in July. It has been estimated that a levy of four mills will be necessary to meet the requirements of the legislative appropriations. The total tax levy for state purposes in each of the last seven years was as follows: 1895, 2.5 mills; 1896, 2.7 mills; 1897, 2.4 mills; 1898, 3.3 mills; 1899, 3 mills; 1900, 2.8 mills; 1901, 2.9 mills.

A new thing in the matter of observing Memorial Day will be introduced into Iowa on May 30 this year. In each city in which there is a flowing river flowers will be cast on the waters as an emblem for the decoration of the graves of the union sailors whose lives were lost during the civil war. This ceremony has been carried out in the west heretofore but never in Iowa. In Des Moines a unique feature of the observance will be the joint ceremony in which the grand army and the Union Veterans' union will take part.

There are 35 less convicts in the state prisons now than there were at this time last year. No effort is made to explain this falling off in that character of population, but the state records show that it is a condition. At this time last year there were 907 convicts at Anamosa and Fort Madison, 461 in Anamosa and 446 in Fort Madison. There are now 872 in the two prisons, 416 in Anamosa and 456 in Fort Madison.

Deacons Harvey McClurg and Harvey Heller, of Valley Junction, are suing Mayor J. M. Brenton, of Des Moines; Fred A. Brackett, chief of police, and other police officers of Des Moines for \$20,000, because, they allege, a pack of bloodhounds secured by the city to track criminals traced and surrounded the plaintiff deacons in their homes on the pack's first trial after chicken thieves. The deacons claim that because of the fact that the city officials used bloodhounds whose noses had not been properly trained they, the plaintiffs, were placed under suspicion of being chicken thieves and their standing in the community where they have long resided has been irreparably injured. They have already filed the petitions in this novel suit.