

IF LOVE WERE A SONG.

If Love were a Song, I would borrow his voice
 And, singing with notes of gold,
 Would carry his messages, passing sweet,
 To the hearts of the young and the old.
 And the tones of my song should be borne
 Along
 Like the chiming of bells afar;
 And my voice should be heard like a lonely
 Bird,
 Or the gleam of a falling star,
 If Love were a Song.

If Love were a Flower, I would borrow his
 form,
 And softly his heart unfold
 To the whispering sigh of the scented wind
 Sweeping over the hills of gold.
 And the blue in the eyes of the morning
 skies
 More radiantly fair should shine;
 And the crimson streak on the mountain's
 cheek
 Should deepen at sight of mine,
 If Love were a Flower.

But if Love were a Song, he would languish
 and die
 With the effort that gave him birth.
 And if Love were a Flower, he must wither
 and fade,
 And his glory must fall to earth;
 But his spirit is bright, like the shaft of
 light.
 That shines out in the heart of a storm,
 And love doth last an eternity past,
 An eternity still to come!
 For Love is our Home!
 —Jessie Acheson, in N. Y. Weekly.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART IV.—CONTINUED.

"There's more in the case than meets the eye," he said, suspiciously, "and I fancy, if only we could see the bottom of it, we should discover that your two proteges are as fine a pair of rascals as could be found on the continent of Asia."

"I don't know anything about that," Grantham replied. "I only know that they were a miserable couple, and that I did the best I could for them. You wouldn't have had me leave them in the jungle, surely?"

"I am not aware I have said so," the other answered, stiffly. "The only thing I object to is your treating them as if they were martyrs, when in all probability they deserve all the punishment they received."

Grantham was too wise to carry the argument any further. He knew that when Handiman was in his present humor the best thing to do was to leave him alone in it. He accordingly returned to the hut where the two men were domiciled, and attended to their comfort, as far as lay in his power. His heart had been touched by their misery. He did not give as a reason for the trouble he took the fact that the face of the elder man reminded him of his own venerable father, the worthy old Somersetshire vicar; it was a fact, nevertheless. For a week the unfortunate couple were domiciled at the ford, and during that time Grantham attended to their wants with the assiduity of a blood relation. Meanwhile Handiman scoffed and bade him take heed for the valuables, lest his new-found friends should appropriate them. He did not believe in honest gratitude, he declared, particularly where homeless wanderers in the Burmese jungle were concerned. At last, however, they were so far recovered as to be able to proceed on their way once more.

"We have to thank you for our lives, sir," said Kitwater to Grantham, when the time came for them to say good-by to the ford. "Had it not been for you we would probably be dead men now. I don't know whether we shall ever be able to repay your kindness, that is with Allah, but if the opportunity should ever arise you may be sure we will not neglect it. Whatever we may be now, you may take it that we were gentlemen once. There's just one favor I should like to ask of you, sir, before we part!"

"What is it?" Grantham inquired.

"I want you, sir, to give me a letter of introduction to the gentleman in your regiment who looked after the stranger you told me of, when he came here out of China. I've got a sort of notion in my head that even if he is not our friend, that is to say the man we are searching for, he may happen to know something of him."

"I will give you the letter with pleasure," Grantham replied. "I am sure Gregory will be only too pleased to help you as far as lies in his power."

The letter was accordingly written and handed to Kitwater, who stowed it away in his pocket as if it were a priceless possession. Then, when they had bade their protector farewell, they in their turn set off along the track that Hayle had followed two months before, and in due course arrived at Bhamo. Here they presented the letter they had obtained to Capt. Charles Pauncefort Gregory, who, as may be supposed, received it with manifest astonishment.

"Well," said he, "of all the stories I have heard since I have been in the east, this is the most extraordinary. I thought that the other chap was about as unfortunate a beggar as could well be, but you beat him hollow at every turn. Now, look here, before I go any further, I must have my friend with me. He is the man who discovered the other chap, and I'm sure he would like to hear your story."

Dempsey was accordingly summoned, and his wordiness was as great as his friend's had been.

"Now," said Gregory, when Dempsey had been made familiar with the other's story, "what is it you want to know about the man we picked up? Ask your questions, and we'll do the best we can to answer them."

In reply to Kitwater's questions, Gregory and Dempsey described, as far as they were able, the appearance

of the man whom they had helped. The schedule was in a great measure satisfactory, but not altogether. There were so many English in Burmah who were tall, and who had dark eyes and broad shoulders. Little Codd leant towards his companion, and, taking his hand, made some signs upon it.

"That's so, my little man," said Kitwater, nodding his head, approvingly. "You've hit the nail on the head." Then, turning to Gregory, he continued: "Perhaps, sir, you don't happen to remember whether he had any particular mark upon either of his wrists?"

Gregory replied that he had not noticed anything extraordinary, but Dempsey was by no means so forgetful.

"Of course he had," he answered. "I remember noticing it for the first time when I pulled him out of the ford and afterwards when he was in bed. An inch or so above his left wrist he had a tattooed snake swallowing his own tail. It was done in blue and red ink, and was as nice a piece of work as ever I have seen."

"I thank you, sir," Kitwater replied, "you've hit it exactly. By the living thunder he's our man, after all. Heaven bless you for the news you have given us. It puts new life into me. We'll find him yet, Caddy, my boy. I thank you, sir, again and again."

He held out his hand, which Dempsey felt constrained to shake. The man was trembling with excitement.

"I tell you, sir," he continued, "that you don't know how we loved that man. If it takes the whole of our lives, and if we have to tramp the whole world over to do it, we'll find him yet!"

"And if I'm not mistaken, it will be a bad day for him when you do find him," put in Gregory, who had been an observant spectator of the scene. "Why should you hate him so?"

"How do you know that we do hate him?" Kitwater asked, turning his sightless face in the direction whence the other's voice proceeded. "Hate him, why should we hate him? We have no grudge against him, Caddy, my boy, have we?"

Mr. Codd shook his head gravely. Not they certainly had no grudge. Nothing more was to be gleaned from them. Whatever their connection with George Bertram or Gideon Hayle may have been, they were not going to commit themselves. When they had inquired as to his movements after leaving Bhamo, they dropped the subject altogether, and, thanking the officers for the courtesy shown them, withdrew.

Their manifest destitution, and the misery they had suffered, had touched the kindly white residents of that far off place, and a subscription was raised for them, resulting in the collection of an amount sufficient to enable them to reach Rangoon in comparative comfort. When they arrived at that well-known seaport, they visited the residence of a person with whom it was plain they were well acquainted. The interview was presumably satisfactory on both sides, for

when they left the house Kitwater squeezed Codd's hand, saying as he did so:

"We'll have him yet, Caddy, my boy, mark my words, we'll have him yet. He left in the Jemadar, and he thinks we are lying dead in the jungle at this moment. It's scarcely his fault that we are not, is it? But when we get hold of him, we'll—well, we'll let him see what we can do, won't we, old boy? He stole the treasure and sneaked away, abandoning us to our fate. In consequence I shall never see the light again; and you'll never speak to mortal man. We've Mr. Gideon Hayle to thank for that, and if we have to tramp round the world to do it, if we have to hunt for him in every country on the face of the earth, we'll repay the debt we owe him."



ON A SUNDAY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN KITWATER HELD A SERVICE ON THE DECK.

Mr. Codd's bright little eyes twinkled in reply. Then they shook hands solemnly together. It would certainly prove a bad day for Gideon Hayle should he ever have the ill-luck to fall into their hands.

Two days later they shipped aboard the mailboat as steerage passengers for England. They had been missionaries in China, so it was rumored on board, and their zeal had been repaid by the cruelest torture. On a Sunday in the Indian ocean, Kitwater held a service on deck, which was attended by every class. He preached an eloquent sermon on the labors of the missionaries in the far east, and from that moment became so popular on board that, when the steamer reached English waters, a subscription was taken up on behalf of the sufferers, which resulted in the collection of an amount sufficient to help them well on their way to London as soon as they reached Liverpool.

"Now," said Kitwater, as they stood together at the wharf with the pitiless

English rain pouring down upon them, wetting them to the skin, "what we have to do is to find Gideon Hayle as soon as possible."

CHAPTER I.

It has often struck me as being a remarkable circumstance that, in nine cases out of ten, a man's success in life is not found in the career he originally chose for himself, but in another and totally different one. That mysterious power, "force of circumstances," is doubtless responsible for this, and no better illustration for my argument could be found than my own case. I believe my father intended that I should follow the medical profession, while my mother hoped I would enter the church. My worthy uncle, Clutterfield, the eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn Fields, offered me my articles, and would possibly have eventually taken me into partnership. But I would have none of these things. My one craving was for the sea. If I could not spend my life upon salt water, existence would have no pleasure for me. My father threatened, my mother wept, Uncle Clutterfield prophesied all sorts of disasters, but I remained firm.

"Very well," said my father, when he realized that further argument was hopeless, "since you must go to sea, go to sea you certainly shall. But you mustn't blame me if you find that the life is not exactly what you anticipate, and that you would prefer yourself on dry land once more."

I willingly gave this promise, and a month later left Liverpool on an apprentice on the clipper ship *Maid of Normandy*. Appropriately enough the captain's name was Fairweather, and he certainly was a character in his way. In fact the whole ship's company were originals. Had my father searched all England through he could not have discovered a set of men, from the captain to the cook's mate, who would have been better calculated to instill in a young man's heart a distaste for Father Neptune and his oceans. In the number of the various books of the sea I have encountered was one entitled: "A Floating Hell." When reading it I had not expected to have the misfortune to be bound aboard a vessel of this type. It was my lot, however, to undergo the experience. We carried three apprentices, including myself, each of whom had paid a large sum for the privilege. I was the youngest. The eldest was the son of a country parson, a mild, decent lad, who eventually deserted and became a house-painter in the South Island of New Zealand. The next was washed overboard when we were rounding the Horn on our homeward voyage. Poor lad, when all was said and done he could not have been much worse off, for his life on board was a disgrace to what is sometimes erroneously called "human nature."

In due course, as we cleared for San Francisco, and long before we crossed the line, I was heartily tired of the sea. In those days, few years ago as it is, sailors were not so well protected even as they are now, and on a long voyage aboard a sailing ship it was possible for a good deal to happen that was not logged, and much of which was forgotten before the vessel reached its home-port again. When I returned from my first voyage my family inquired how I liked my profession, and with all truth, I informed them that I did not like it at all, and that I would be willing to have my indentures canceled and to return to shore life once more, if I might be so permitted. My father smiled grimly, and seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that he had prophesied disaster from the outset.

"No," he said, "you have made your bed, my lad, and now you must lie upon it. There is still a considerable portion of your apprenticeship to be served, and it will be quite soon enough for us at the end of that time to decide what you are to do."

A month later I was at sea again, bound this time for Sydney. We reached that port on my nineteenth birthday, and by that time I had made up my mind. Articles or no articles, I was determined to spend no more of my life on board that hateful ship. Accordingly, one day having obtained shore leave, I purchased a new rig-out and, leaving my sea-togs with the Jewish shopman, I made tracks, as the saying goes, into the bush with all speed. Happen what might, I was resolved that Capt. Fairweather should not set eyes on George Fairfax again.

From that time onward my career was a strange one. I became a veritable Jack-of-all-trades. A station-hand, a roustabout, shearer, assistant to a traveling hawker, a gold miner, and at last a trooper in one of the finest bodies of men in the world, the Queensland mounted police. It was in this curious fashion that I arrived at my real vocation. After a considerable period spent at headquarters, I was drafted to a station in the far west. There was a good deal of horse and sheep stealing going on in that particular locality, and a large amount of tact and ingenuity was necessary to discover the criminals. I soon found that this was a business at which I was likely to be successful. More than once I had the good fortune to be able to bring to book men who had carried on their trade for years, and who had been entirely unsuspected. Eventually my reputation in this particular line of business became noised abroad, until it came to the ears of the commissioner himself. Then news reached us that a dastardly murder had been committed in the suburbs of Brisbane, and that the police were unable to obtain any clue as to the identity of the person accountable for it. Two or three men were arrested on suspicion, but were immediately discharged on being in a position to give

a satisfactory account of their actions on the night of the murder. It struck me that I should like to take up the case, and with the confidence of youth I applied to the commissioner for permission to be allowed to try my hand at unraveling the mystery. What they thought of my impudence I cannot say, but the fact remains that my request, after being backed up by my inspector, was granted. The case was a particularly complicated one, and at one time I was beginning to think that I should prove no more successful than the others had been. In the end, however, I came upon the murderer, who, seeing himself very neatly trapped, placed a revolver in his right temple and, before I could prevent him, pulled the trigger.

At the conclusion of this case I resigned my position in the police of the northern colony, and joined the detective staff in Melbourne, seeing in their service a good deal of queer life and ferreting out not a small number of extraordinary cases. The experience gained there was invaluable, and led me, after one particularly interesting piece of business in which I had the good fortune to be most successful, to entertain the notion of quitting government employ altogether, and setting up for myself. I did so, and soon had more work upon my hands than I could very well accomplish. But I was too ambitious to be content with small things, and eventually came to the conclusion that there was not enough scope in the colonies for me. After 15 years' absence, therefore, I returned to England, spending a year in the further east en route in order to enlarge my experience, and to qualify myself for any work that might come to me from that quarter.

On a certain bitterly cold day in January I reached Liverpool from the United States, and took the train for my old home. My father and mother had long since died, and now all that remained to me of them was the stone slab that covered their resting place in the quiet little churchyard at the foot of the hill.

"Well, here I am," I said to myself, "33 years old and alone in the world. Nobody knows me in England, but it won't be my fault if they don't hear of George Fairfax before very long. I'll be off to London and try my fortune there."

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT HE WANTED.

The Man with the Fluent Fount of Tears Was Ready to Weep Anywhere.

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

I told him, if he would indicate what he wanted, that I might arrange it.

"I don't know as you can," he said, "for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want."

I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me.

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to get married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'."

I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired.

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want?"

I said it would.

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Reciprocity Limited.

In May and June steamers laden with green peas and strawberries leave Brittany daily for England. These are the spoils of the rich lands about Brest.

After Fashoda and the Dreyfus affair, when an anti-English feeling was rampant, a grocer of this district, distinguished in his abuse of the British, denounced the whole race as "despicable preserve-merchants."

"Why 'despicable preserve-merchants?' some one asked.

"Because they make the jams they sell to us. They have no sugar and no fruit. Despicable? Why, they take our sugar and our fruit, and they make us buy their jams!"

A story as slight as this from Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Book of Brittany" would be overweighted by the addition of a moral, but it may be hinted that to err peasants and politicians—of a certain stripe—are liable alike.

Turned Over to Mary.

A recently published story of the late Lord Morris illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details.

A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent over from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter.

When he introduced himself and explained his errand, Lord Morris smiled with suspicious blandness and said: "Certainly, I will put you in communication with the person immediately in charge of that department."

Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old charwoman. Lord Morris arose and left the room, saying as he did so: "Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

Brings Him Out Every Time.

You never really know a man unless you allow yourself to owe him money.

—Chicago Daily News.

SECOND IOWA YEAR BOOK

Contains Many Articles of Value, Especially to the Farmers of the State.

NOTED MEN AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Rights of Corporations to Recover Fees from the State—Bankers Go on Record Against Asset Currency—Congressional Nominations—Other Notes of Interest.

(Special Correspondence.)

Des Moines, Ia., May 26.—The second Iowa Year Book, issued by the department of agriculture, is now in print and copies of it will be furnished to applicants by Secretary John Simpson, of the department. It is almost 700 pages big and contains among other things of value, especially to the farmers of the state, the full reports of the State Farmers' institute for the year, the report of the state agricultural convention held in Des Moines last December, the meeting of the state board of agriculture, extracts from the reports of the state dairy commissioner, State Dairy association, the Experiment station at Ames, Iowa weather and crop service, Improved Stock Breeders' association, papers read and discussions held at the farmers' institutes, reports of local fairs, agricultural statistics, etc. The list of contributors to the pages of the book includes some of the most noted men engaged in agricultural pursuits in Iowa. The book is profusely illustrated also. The stock breeders' associations' reports are of great interest and value, as parts of the book.

Had No Authority.

The supreme court of Iowa has held that the secretary of state had no authority to require a corporation whose articles had expired to pay the same fee for recording an amendment renewing the corporation that he would have charged for the original articles. Secretary of State Dobson thought when the corporation renewed its life it was a new corporation, virtually, and should pay full fees as if it were starting originally. The lower court in Polk county thought so, too, but the supreme court has reversed this decision. The recent legislature passed a specific law covering this matter and requiring corporations which renew their lives to pay original fees. This law went into effect about March 1. The question now is as to the right of the corporations which renewed their articles prior to that date and paid full fees as if filing originally can recover from the state. Of course suit against the state is impossible, but suit against the secretary of state is not. It is estimated that hundreds if not thousands of dollars were collected under the decision of the Polk county district court, which the supreme court has just reversed. This money was turned over to the treasurer of state by the secretary, and if suits are brought against him it will take a legislative appropriation to make good if recovery is had.

Against Branch Banking.

The bankers of Iowa have gone on record against asset currency and branch banking. An effort to get through a resolution indorsing these ideas failed in the recent state meeting of the financiers. There was no discussion on the subject, as the state bankers seem unanimously opposed to the ideas. When Secretary of the Treasury Shaw was appointed it was discovered by the newspapers that he had delivered a speech on asset currency. In that speech he did not commit himself to the idea. But the speech was seized upon as a possible reflection of his policy. He has done no said anything since his appointment to indicate that he is a convert to the idea. The fact that the Iowa bankers oppose it unanimously indicates what his sentiments probably would be. No one, however, had heard him hint his views relative to this subject or as to branch banking since he was appointed secretary.

To Prevent Abuses.

The members of the Iowa Medical society have decided to ask the next legislature to amend the laws relating to court practice so as to prevent some of the abuses connected with expert medical testimony. Many physicians are beginning to feel that the custom of hiring experts on one side or the other of suits in court is a bad thing for the profession and tends to belittle it in the eyes of the public. The theory of the physicians is that medical experts should be summoned by a court to decide mooted points and not as partisans of one side or the other in a case. The attorneys of the state have long recognized the abuses connected with the use of expert testimony of all kinds and are ready to cooperate with the doctors in securing suitable legislation to protect both professions from one of their greatest banes.

Renominated.

To date five of the Iowa congressmen have been renominated by the republicans. They are: Thomas Hedge, of the First district; D. B. Henderson, of the Third; R. G. Cousins, of the Fifth; J. P. Conner, of the Tenth, and Lot Thomas, of the Eleventh. Conventions have been called in the Eighth for June 10, and in the Seventh for July 10. Neither Congressman Hepburn, in the former, nor Congressman Hull, in the latter, has opposition, although there are rumors that Hull may have when the convention is held. The Fourth district convention has been called for June 19. There is a bitter fight in that district. Congressman Haugen seeks renomination. James E. Blythe and Duncanson are contesting the county, of

Cerro Gordo, and it is said there may be other candidates in other counties. The Second and Sixth districts have not called their conventions, nor has the Ninth, but there is no opposition to Congressmen Rumpke, Lacey and Smith, respectively, and they are conceded renomination. Practically the only contest, therefore, against the present congressmen, is in the Fourth district.

Much Elated.

Members of the Fourteenth division of the Thirteenth corps are much elated by the distinction conferred upon it by the governor in appointing commissioners to take charge of the business of erecting monuments to cost \$150,000 to the memory of the Iowa soldiers who took part in the Vicksburg campaign. This corps secured a majority of the commission, and while it is said by none that Gov. Cummins made the appointments with any view of this character, yet the soldiers who were in the division are gratified. J. F. Merry, of Manchester, who has been elected president of the commission, and D. A. Haggard, of Algona, were members of the Twenty-first Iowa; W. O. Mitchell, of Corning, and H. H. Rood, of Mount Vernon, were members of the Thirteenth Iowa; Judge L. C. Blanchard, of Oskaloosa, was a member of the Second brigade, Twelfth division. This was also in the Thirteenth corps. This gives the corps a majority of the commission and the Fourteenth division within one of a majority. This is especially gratifying to the soldiers who served in McClernand's division.

May Be Appealed.

There is a bare possibility that the question of whether or not the Iowa law relating to tax ferrets is constitutional will be appealed to the federal courts. The Iowa court has held that the law is constitutional in every respect. In Ohio such a law has been held invalid by the federal courts. Their decisions are not binding on the state courts, however, and, indeed, the Ohio supreme court decided that the Ohio law was perfectly valid. In Iowa the treasurer collects the taxes and he is authorized to take out of the collections a certain per cent. provided his salary is not at the maximum fixed by the law already. In Ohio the auditor collects the taxes and is authorized by the Ohio law to take out a commission, as is the treasurer in this state. There it was held by the federal courts that inasmuch as the auditor had an interest in the proceeding, and the assessing of property was a judicial act, the law was invalid, as the judge must be presumed to be prejudiced by his interest. In Iowa, however, no treasurer is now drawing a commission on collections, and this distinguishes the Iowa situation from that in Ohio, in the opinion of the Iowa supreme court. However, it is possible that the matter may be taken into the federal courts.

The War Claim.

Both Secretary of the Treasury Shaw and Speaker Henderson, of the national house, have notified the state authorities that the state of Iowa is entitled to and may recover from the government at this session of congress the whole of its claim against the general government on account of money expended during the civil war in equipping troops, and amounting to more than \$456,000. The state authorities have been notified that the item will go into the urgent deficiency bill which will be passed by congress just before adjournment. This assurance comes from Senator Allison, who is at the head of the appropriations committee in the senate. The state officials believe that the money will be snug in the Iowa treasury by the first of August.

Chances Are Slight.

The chances for an extra session of the legislature on account of the emergency at the institution for the deaf and dumb at Council Bluffs because of fire, are slight. It is the general understanding that the governor is opposed to the plan. Many of the members of the legislature have discouraged the extra session idea because they fear that the question of relocating the institution would come up, and this would involve the assembly in a long session, in all probability. The board of control is now carefully investigating to ascertain the cost of the structures which will be imperative for the needs of the institution during the ensuing two years or until an appropriation for a building, which the legislature of 1904 will make will be available.

Fund Is Growing.

That all corporations are not soulless has been demonstrated by the Iowa State Bankers' society. About eight months ago the bank at Greenville was robbed. Three suspicious characters were discovered near Albert City, and a posse of citizens took after them. They made a fight and killed two men. One of these, John Sunblad, was a poor man, and his family was left in an unfortunate condition. The bankers started a fund for indemnity or insurance to his family, and at the state meeting here the past week it developed from the trustees of the fund that it now amounts to about \$5,000. It continues to grow. In the battle one robber was killed and the other two are now under sentence of death for killing Sunblad and his companion.

Independent Line.

An independent toll line for long-distance work is planned between Burlington and Council Bluffs. As soon as this is completed other long-distance independent lines will be built and operated. The independent companies recently decided to invade the long-distance field in Iowa. It is believed that this is a forerunner of a general consolidation among independent properties, which already have a community of interest. County consolidations are now being formed in several of the counties of the state.

LEON BROWN.