

## LITTLE SLED IN THE ATTIC.

Winter again, and I turn once more  
To my childhood's home for a holiday,  
And lift the latch of the attic door,  
And climb its rickety, worn stairway.

Ancient umbrellas, rent and torn,  
Lanterns, saddles, and horsehoses old,  
Trenchers and cradles, and samplers worn,  
Trinkets of silver, and bits of gold;

Garments so quaintly out of style,  
Books and parchments, yellow and dim,  
Tools that no workman's art beguile,  
And dishes no house-mother conjures in;

Through all the rubbish I find my way  
To my dear little brother's cherished sled;  
It has made me happy for many a day,  
And its slight wakes memories long since  
Dead.

Handsome carriages, built for ease,  
Railway palace-cars, rich and grand,  
Steamships plowing the mighty seas,  
Jeweled treasures from every land—

All from my vision pass away!  
Rarest melodies cease to flow!  
And the sweetest chimes that I hear to-day  
Are the bells of a little sled over the snow.

Never a song of the vanished years,  
Full of the rhythmic notes of joy,  
Can thrill my spirit or free my tears  
Like the musical laugh of a happy boy.

Do you not hear it—so silvery and clear?  
Have you heard any other ring out like  
his?

He is laughing aloud in glory now,  
Through a thorny pathway he trod to  
bliss.

Call me weakly, ye women-hearted,  
Laugh as ye will, stout-hearted men!  
I'd give for one hour of the old delight,  
All I have sought or known since then.

O, the rides! O, my brother! I miss him  
so,  
Who rides over pavements the angels  
tread,  
In the City where nobody sorrows more,  
And they laugh and shine who were sad  
and dead.

And I vow once more to be pure as snow,  
To lighten the burdens that others feel,  
To smile when the selfish tears would flow,  
And when proud and bitter to humbly  
kneel.

With my face to the morning I'll travel on;  
With my brow to the stars, if I fall I'll  
lie;  
I will go to him who will not return,  
In the Land of the Holy, some by and by.

And through the grace of the One Divine,  
Who bade us live as a little child,  
I will keep my trust, I will bide my time,  
Till I laugh with my brother—the unde-  
filed.

—Rev. Frances E. Townsley, in Union Sig-  
nal.

## My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

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

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### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"In point of fact," he said, "I may say that I have traveled from Dan to Beersheba, and until I struck this present vein of good fortune, had found all barren. Some day, if I can summon up sufficient courage, I shall fit out an expedition and return to the place whence the stones came, and get some more, but not just at present. Events have been a little too exciting there of late to let us consider it a healthy country. By the way, have you heard from our friend, Kitwater, yet?"

"I have," I answered, "and his reply is by no means satisfactory."

"I understand you to mean that he will not entertain my offer?"

I nodded my head.

"He must have 'all or nothing,' he declares. That is the wording of the telegram I received."

"Well, he knows his own affairs best. The difference is a large one, and will materially affect his income. Will you take creme de minthe-kummel or cognac?"

"Cognac, thank you," I replied, and that was the end of the matter.

During the remainder of the evening not another word was said upon the subject. We chatted upon a variety of topics, but neither the matter of the precious stones nor even Kitwater's name was once mentioned. I could not help fancying, however, that the man was considerably disappointed at the non-acceptance of his preposterous offer. He had made a move on the board, and had lost it. I knew him well enough, however, by this time to feel sure that he had by no means despaired yet of winning the game. Men of Gideon Hayle's stamp are hard to beat.

"Now," he said, when we had smoked our cigarettes, and after he had consulted his watch, "the night is still young. What do you say if we pay a visit to a theater—the Hippodrome, for instance. We might while away an hour there very pleasantly, if you feel so disposed."

I willingly consented, and we accordingly left the restaurant. Once we were in the street Hayle called a cab, gave the man his instructions, and we entered it. Chatting pleasantly, and still smoking, we passed along the brilliantly illuminated boulevards. I bestowed little, if any, attention on the direction in which we were proceeding. Indeed, it would have been difficult to have done so, for never during the evening had Hayle been so agreeable. A more charming companion no man could have desired. It was only on chancing to look out the window that I discovered we were no longer in the gayly-lighted thoroughfares, but were entering another and dingier part of the town.

"What is the matter with the driver?" I asked. "Doesn't he know what he is about? This is not the way to the Hippodrome! He must have misunderstood what you said to him. Shall I hail him and point out his mistake?"

"No, I don't think it is necessary for you to do that," he replied. "Doubtless he will be on the right track in a few minutes. He prob-

ably thinks if he gives us a longer ride he will be able to charge a proportionately larger fee at the end. The Parisian cabbie is very like his London brother."

He then proceeded to describe to me an exceedingly funny adventure that had befallen him once in Chicago. The recital lasted some minutes, and all the time we were still pursuing our way in a direction exactly opposite to that which I knew we should be following. At last I could stand it no longer.

"The man's obviously an idiot," I said, "and I am going to tell him so."

"I shouldn't do that, Mr. Fairfax," said Hayle, in a different voice to that which he had previously addressed me. "I had my own reasons for not telling you before, but the matter has already been arranged. The man is already carrying out my instructions."

"What do you mean by already arranged?" I asked, not without some alarm.

"I mean that you are my prisoner, Mr. Fairfax," he said. "You see, you are rather a difficult person to deal with, if I may pay you such a compliment, and one has to adopt heroic measures in order to cope with you."

"Then you have been humbugging me all this time," I cried; "but you've let the cat out of the bag a little too soon. I think I'll bid you good-by."

I was about to rise from my seat and open the door, but he stopped me. In his hand he held a revolver, the muzzle of which was in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"I must ask you to be good enough to sit down," he said. "You had better do so, for you cannot help yourself. If you attempt to make a fuss I pledge you my word I shall shoot you, let the consequences to myself be what they may. You know me, and you can see that I am desperate. My offer to those men was only a bluff. I wanted to quiet any suspicions you might have in order that I might get you into my hands. As you can see for yourself, I could not have succeeded better than I have done. I give you my word that you shall not be hurt, provided that you do not attempt to escape or call for help. If you do, then you know exactly what to expect, and you will have only yourself to blame. Be a sensible man, and give in to the inevitable."

He held too many cards for me. I could see at a glance that I was out-manuevered, and that there was nothing to be gained by a struggle.

Ten minutes later the cab came to a standstill, there was the sound of opening gates, and a moment later we drove into a stone-paved courtyard.

### CHAPTER X.

If you could have traveled the world at that moment, from north to south, and from east to west, I believe you would have found it difficult to discover a man who felt as foolish as I did when I entered the gloomy dwelling-place as Hayle's prisoner. To say that I was mortified by the advantage he had obtained over me would not express my feelings in the least. To think that I, George Fairfax, who had the reputation of being so difficult a man to trick, should have allowed myself to fall into so palpable a trap, seemed sufficiently incredible as to be almost a matter for laughter rather than rage. There was worse, however, behind. Miss Kitwater had been so trustful of my capability for bringing the matter to a successful conclusion, that I dared not imagine what she would think of me now. Whichever way I looked at it, it was obvious that Hayle must score. On the one side, he kept me locked up while he not only made his escape from Paris, but by so doing cut off every chance of my pursuing him afterwards; on the other, he might console himself with the almost certain knowledge that I should be discredited by those who had put their trust in me. How could it very well be otherwise? I had committed the criminal folly of accepting hospitality from the enemy, and from that moment I should not be seen. The natural supposition would be that I had been bought, and that I was not only taking no further interest in the case, but that I was keeping out of the way of those who did. To add to my misery, I could easily imagine the laugh that would go up on the other side of the channel when the trick that had been played upon me became known. But having so much else to think of, that fact, you may be sure, did not trouble me very much. There were two things, however, about which I was particularly anxious; one was to set myself right with Miss Kitwater, and the other was to get even, at any cost, with Hayle. The first seemed the most difficult.

It must not be supposed that when I had alighted from the carriage I had given up all hope of escape. On the contrary, had it not been for the presence of three burly fellows, who immediately took up their places beside me, I fancy I should have made a dash for liberty. Under the circumstances, however, to have attempted such a thing would have been the height of folly. Five to one, that is to say, if I include the coachman in the number, with the gates closed behind me, were too long odds, and however hard I might have fought, I could not possibly have been successful.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to step into the house," said Hayle. "The air is cold out here, and I am afraid lest you might take a chill."

Before complying with his order I looked around me once more, to see if there was any chance of escape. But so far as I could see there was not one. I accordingly followed one of my captors into the building, the remainder bringing up the rear.

From what I could see of the house with the help of the light from a solitary candle hanging in a sconce upon the wall, it had once been a handsome building. Now, however, it had fallen sadly to decay. The ceiling of the hall had at one time been richly painted,

but now only blurred traces of the design remained. Crossing the hall, my guide opened a door at the further end. I obeyed to a request from Hayle. I entered this room, to find myself standing in a fine apartment, so far as size went, but sadly lacking in comfort where its furniture was concerned. There was a bed, a table, three rough chairs, and an entirely inadequate square of carpet upon the floor. I have already said that it was a large room, and when I add that it was lighted only by two candles, which stood upon the table in the center, some idea will be formed of its general dreariness.

"Now, look here, Mr. Hayle," I said, "the time has come for us to have a serious talk together. You know as well as I do that in kidnaping me you are laying yourself open to very serious consequences. If you think that by so doing you are going to prevent me from eventually running you to earth, you are very much mistaken. You have obtained a temporary advantage over me, I will admit; but that advantage will not last. Do not flatter yourself that it will."

"I am not so sure upon that point," said Hayle, lighting a cigarette as he spoke. "If I did not think so I should not have gone to all this trouble and expense. But why make such a fuss about it? You must surely understand, Mr. Fairfax, that your profession necessarily entails risks. This is one of them. You have been paid to become my enemy. I had no personal quarrel with you. You can scarcely blame me, therefore, if I retaliate when I have an opportunity. I don't know what you may think of it, but the mere fact of your dining with me to-night is very likely to go hard with you, so far as your clients are concerned. Would it be a good advertisement for the famous George Fairfax to have it known that, while he was dining pleasantly in Paris with the man they were paying him to find? I laid my trap for you, but I must confess that I had not very much faith in its success. Your experience should have made you more wary. A student of human character, such as you are, should have known that the leopard cannot change his spots, or the tiger his—"

"If you continue in this strain much longer," I said, "I'll endeavor to stop your tongue, whatever it may cost me. Now, either let me out, or get out of the room yourself. I want to see no more of you while I am in this house."

He blew a cloud of smoke, and then answered nonchalantly:

"You had better occupy yourself thanking your stars that you are let off so easily. At one time I was tempted to have you put out of the way altogether. I am not quite certain it wouldn't be safer, even now. It could be done so easily, and no one would be any the wiser. I know two men now in Paris who would gladly risk the risk for the sake of the ill-will they bear you. I must think it over."

"Then think it over on the other side of that door," I said, angrily. "Play the same traitorous trick on me as you did on Kitwater and Codd if you like, but you shall not stay in the same room with me now."

My reference to Kitwater and Codd must have touched him on a raw spot, for he winced, and then tried to bluff it off.

"I rather fancy Messrs. Kitwater and Codd will have just such kindly things to say concerning you in the future as they do about me now," he said, as he moved toward the door. "And now I wish you good-by. As I leave Paris almost immediately, I don't suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again. For your own sake I should ad-



I WAS ABOUT TO ARISE FROM MY SEAT AND OPEN THE DOOR, BUT HE STOPPED ME.

viser you to be quiet. I might tell you once for all that you can't get out. The door is a stout one, and the windows are exceptionally well barred. The men to whom I have assigned the duty of looking after you are in their way honest, though a little rough. Moreover, they are aware that their own safety depends to a very great extent upon your not getting out. Believe me, if you do not know already, there is nothing like fear for making a good watch-dog. Farewell, friend Fairfax! You have been instrumental in sending a good many men into duress vile; you can tell me later how you like being there yourself."

With that he went out, shutting the door behind him. I heard the key turn in the lock, and a bolt shot at top and bottom. I thereupon went to the window and examined it, only to discover that it was made secure on the outside by large iron bars. So far as I could see, there was no other way of escape from the room.

Though I laid down on the bed I did not sleep; my thoughts would not permit of that. The face of the woman who had trusted me so profoundly

was before me continually, gazing at me with sweet, reproachful eyes. Oh! what a fool I had been to accept that rascal's invitation! The more I thought of it, the angrier I became with myself. Now, goodness only knew how long I should be confined in this wretched place, and what would happen during my absence from the world!

At last the dawn broke, and with it a weird, sickly light penetrated the room. I sprang from my bed and approached the window, only to find that it overlooked a small courtyard, the latter being stone-flagged, and surrounded by high walls. I could see that, even if I were able to squeeze my way out between the bars, I should be powerless to scale the walls. At a rough guess these were at least 12 feet high, and without a foothold of any sort or description. This being so, I was completely at the mercy of the men in the house. Indeed, a rat caught in a trap was never more firmly laid by the heels than I. At about half-past seven o'clock a small trap-door, which I had not noticed near the ground and the main door, was opened, and a grimy hand made its way in and placed upon the floor a cup of coffee and a roll. Then it was closed once more and made secure. I drank the coffee and munched the roll, and, if the truth must be confessed, poor as they were, felt the better for both.

At midday a bowl of miserable soup was handed in; darkness, however, had fallen some considerable time before I could detect any sound in the hall outside that might be taken to mean the coming of my evening meal. At last there was a clatter of feet, the bolts shot back, the key turned in the lock, and the door opened. A man carrying a lantern entered, followed by two others, and as the light fell upon his face I uttered a cry of astonishment, for he was none other than my old friend Leglosse, while behind him was the infallible Lepallard.

"Well, thank goodness we have found you at last," cried Leglosse. "We have had such a hunt for you as man never dreamed of. I called at your apartments late last night, hoping to see you, on important business, but you had not returned from a dinner to which you had been invited. I called again this morning, and was informed by the concierge that they had, up to that moment, seen nothing of you. When the good Lepallard informed me that you had left the restaurant in a cab with M. Hayle, and that the latter had returned to his apartments this morning in a great hurry, only to leave them a short time after with his luggage for the railway station, I began to grow uneasy. You have no idea what a day I have had looking for you, but it has been well spent, since we have the pleasure of seeing you again."

[To Be Continued.]

## HAVOC OF THE REMINISCENT.

An Invitation That Carried with It a Serious Reflection Upon a Family Trait.

It is only tactful people who should be allowed to give personal reminiscences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones, who do give them, says London Tit-Bits.

"How well I remember your father when I was a little girl!" lately said an elderly woman to a Newcastle clergyman. "He used to come to our house to dinner. We were always delighted to see him, children and all."

"That is very pleasant to hear," said the clergyman, with a smile; but the narrator remained gravely unconscious of his interruption.

"I remember what a hearty appetite he had," she continued, blandly. "It was a real pleasure to see him eat. Why, when mother would see him coming along the road she'd send me running out to the cook and say: 'Tell Mary to put on just twice as much of everything as she had planned, for here is Mr. Brown coming to dine with us!'"

The eminent son endeavored to preserve a proper expression of countenance at this interesting reminiscence, but his composure was sorely tried when, with great cordiality, the lady said:

"You are so much like your father! Won't you come home and dine with us after the service?"

### He Did His Best.

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English musician was on the lookout for a musician to assist at the service.

Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him, and started the conversation with: "Do you play the harmonium?"

"A little," was the reply of the organist of St. Paul's cathedral.

"Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can select," added the delighted parson.

"I will do my best," said Stainer, with a smile.

The service proceeded satisfactorily, but the congregation at the close listened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assistant he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stainer, and the ensuing laughter was the prologue of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences.—Youth's Companion.

### A Sidewalk Prescription.

The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man noted for his ability to get "sidewalk" advice.

"I am thoroughly worn out, and sick and tired. What ought I to take?"

"Take a cab," replied the unfeeling doctor.—N. Y. Times.

## INSPECTS THE FACTORIES

Labor Commission Begins the Work Under Law Passed by Iowa Legislature Last Winter.

### MANY WOMEN AND CHILDREN EMPLOYED

Probability That Railroad Taxes Will Be Increased This Year—Cash Balance for State Institutions Increased—State Cancels Warrants—Other Notes of Interest.

(Special Correspondence.)

Des Moines, Ia., July 21.—Labor Commissioner E. D. Brigham has begun the work of factory inspection under the law passed by the legislature last winter. The law gives him additional authority and powers, and these he finds are of great benefit. At one factory investigated during the past week he was compelled to show his authority for visiting the plant. Ordinarily, however, the state officials are treated with concern by the factory managers. Mr. Brigham has been appointed to find that the factories have not complied, as a rule, with the spirit of the law, whose terms provide that dangerous machinery shall be covered and proper sanitary arrangements must be provided for the different sexes. The law, however, gives him authority to command strict conformity with its provisions and he proposes to do it. He has been astounded at the large number of women and children in the factories of the state, finds that their wages are deplorably low, and is confident that the number is constantly and largely increasing. The enforcement of the provisions of the law will be undertaken at once by Mr. Brigham.

### Railway Taxation.

The hearing before the state executive council on the question of taxation of railroad property in this state has come to an end, after continuing a week, and the council is now giving consideration to the arguments made by the attorneys and to the facts and figures relative to the assessment to be made this year. This assessment must be determined and the amount certified to each county auditor of the state before the first Monday in August, which falls this year on August 4. Last year the assessment was slightly above \$47,000,000, which made the executive council's estimate of the total value of all the railroad property in Iowa \$188,000,000, since the assessed value is one-fourth of the actual value. The prevalent opinion as to the action of the council this year is that the assessment will not be less than \$52,000,000 and possibly may reach \$55,000,000. It is the common belief also that the bulk of the increase will have to be borne by the Northwestern, Burlington and Milwaukee systems. This is due to the fact that their earnings during the past year were enormous.

### Increase in Cash.

During the month of June the cash balance on hand in the support funds of the Iowa state institutions was increased about \$9,000, reaching \$106,134. The following figures show the population in the different institutions June 1 and July 1:

	May.	June.
Anamosa	417	415
Fort Madison	451	448
Clinton	1,001	1,008
Independence	1,088	1,099
Mount Pleasant	1,967	1,995
Edwards	518	522
Mitchellville	292	290

### Buy a Rifle Range.

The government of the United States now owns almost 1,000 acres of land near Des Moines for use in the establishment of a military post. It has just completed the purchase of a 525-acre tract of land for use as a rifle range. It is located in Warren county and is more extensive than the army post site itself. The latter site was given to the government by the residents of the city of Des Moines, while the rifle range was purchased outright, about \$30,000 being paid for it. The two tracts are about two miles apart. The work of building the army post has been begun by the government engineers, who have staked out the buildings and begun the excavations. Hon. F. M. Hubbell, of Des Moines, who has had more to do with securing the post than anyone else, threw the first spadeful of dirt when the ground was broken for the post buildings.

### In a Predicament.

The people of Glenwood, Ia., have been in a more or less serious predicament for several months. When the Burlington road determined upon straightening its track and cutting down grades and curves it made two surveys for Glenwood. One took the road about five miles to one side of the line and the other took the road through the grounds of the state institution located there, but also through the city. The Glenwood people came to Des Moines last winter and got through a law giving the road the right to run through the institution grounds. When the board of control learned that the road expected to run through the institution grounds it set on foot an investigation which terminated in the expression of an opinion that the cutting up of the grounds was worth at least \$200,000 to the road and that sum should be paid to the state. The road refused and the people of Glenwood appealed to the executive council, which ordered the road to cut through the institution grounds. It is possible that the state may look to Glenwood citizens to pay the damages, whatever they may be.

### Warrants Canceled.

During the past week the state has taken up and canceled \$20,000 worth of warrants issued about four years ago.

Five years ago the legislature granted to the state university a special building tax of one-tenth of one mill. The revenue under this act would net about \$50,000 a year. It was desired to proceed with the building on a more extensive scale than \$50,000 expenditure a year, so that the regents of the institution drew on the fund in advance and discounted the warrants. It was a part of these warrants which were cashed the past week. They were presented by the Burlington savings bank of Vermont.

### Congressional Situation.

Since last week a notable change in the congressional situation has developed. Congressman J. N. W. Rumple, of Marengo, congressman from the Second district, was conceded renomination, but he has withdrawn, not desiring to remain in congress on account of a very serious cancerous affection of the lips and throat. His withdrawal was wholly unexpected, however. A number of candidates for the republican nomination have been mentioned, among them W. L. Roach, of Muscatine, and Julius Lischer, of Davenport. Probably it will go to a resident in a river county. The convention will be held at Clinton August 20, being the last of the congressional conventions. The past week Congressman J. A. T. Hull was renominated by the republicans without opposition for his seventh term, and Congressman Walter I. Smith, of the Ninth district, was renominated without opposition, also Congressman John F. Lacey in the Sixth district. The congressional nominations by the republicans, therefore, are closed, except as to the Second district.

### The "Graybeards."

When Alexander McGarragh died in this city a few days ago it was stated that in all probability he was the last member of the famous "Graybeards." This was the Thirty-seventh Iowa regiment, composed exclusively of men more than 45 years of age at time of enlistment and which served throughout the war. But since the statement was made a number of surviving members of the regiment have turned up in different parts of the state. Probably the oldest is George Washington Brown, of Keosauqua, who, though more than 90 years of age, daily walks from his home across the Des Moines river to the city of Keosauqua.

### Were Iowa Men.

Both of the candidates for governor of Nebraska leading the two big parties were Iowa men. John Mickey was brought up near Burlington, Ia., and is the republican candidate while the democratic candidate, W. H. Thompson, lived for years in Fayette county, and there attended Upper Iowa university, also graduating in both collegiate and law departments at the state university. His brother, I. Ross Thompson, resides in this city.

### Rural Mail Carriers.

Iowa has a larger number of rural mail carriers than any other state, according to population. The number has been augmented by the addition of about 160 within the past two weeks. There are now nearly 1,000. They are paid monthly out of the Des Moines post office and receive \$60 a month each. Formerly the salary was but \$50. The mail carriers who ride the rural districts must furnish their own horses and care for them.

### Not in the "Corner."

It was reported that former Gov. Francis M. Drake was interested in the July corner on the Chicago board of trade. Gov. Drake has been much incensed by this report and has taken occasion to correct it in several newspapers. He denies that he was in the crowd of millionaires who controlled the market up to last week and advanced the price to 90 cents.

### Must Apply Before August 1.

Adj. Gen. Newman announces that all persons who are going to the national G. A. R. encampment at Washington, D. C., and desire to stop at the hotel engaged by the officers of the Iowa department of the grand army for the entertainment of Iowa veterans must have their applications for quarters in the hotel in the hands of Adj. Gen. Newman before August 10. After that date the hotel will be rented to persons who apply first; before that time it is reserved for Iowans exclusively.

### Favors State Organizer.

The referendum vote to determine whether the state Federation of Labor should employ a state organizer has resulted in a victory for the employment. The members of the federation are taxed ten cents per capita to pay his salary. T. P. Menton, of Boone, is the organizer. He has been in the field since the meeting of the federation in Cedar Rapids, May 14, and has organized several cities of the state.

### Low Fare Promised.

Promoters of the interurban electric trolley lines through the state have agreed upon a passenger fare of 1½ cents per mile. The railroad rate is three cents. It is said that freight rates will be about the same proportion.

LEON BROWN.

### Bold Burglary.

The burglary of Christensen & Henderson's stores in Story City a few nights since was one of the boldest pieces of work done in this part of the state for some time. The thieves secured about \$800 worth of merchandise, loaded it into a wagon and drove south of town, being tracked for about two miles.

### Editors Organize.

Story county editors met in Ames and formed a permanent organization for mutual benefit. The organization is called the Story County Newspaper association. The following officers were elected: A. K. Graf ton, Story City Herald, secretary; George Benjamine, Nevada Journal, treasurer.