His Friend, The Enemy

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CHAPTER I.

Guy Herbert arrived in Concord, Dakota Territory, on the noon train. As soon as he had removed the stains of travel and eaten his luncheon, he made haste to inquire his way to the office of the Concord Blizzard. The Blizzard was reckoned a very potential power throughout Dakota, and not to have heard of it was synonymous with being a stranger in that part of the country. A man named Keever—Col. Archibald Keever, if you please—presided over the destinies of the Blizzard. He was also the guiding hand that manipulated the affairs of the Concord Townsite Company in those booming times of '85. Guy had to do with the Colonel on matters pertaining to the town, weighty matters so far as Guy was concerned.

The building that harbored the sanctum and its accompanying "plant" was an unsightly two-story structure covered with tar paper held in place by strips of lath. A flight of crazy stairs clung to the outside, and Guy, somewhat doubtful of their stability, laid hold of the hand rail and ascended cautiously. At the landing above he turned sharply to the left and was confronted by a door bearing this printed placard:

Office of the Blizzard,
Fearless Champion of the Rights of Man,
In General,
And of the Republican Party,
IN PARTICULAR.
Welcome.
☞ Wipe your feet on the mat.

Guy scraped his shoes assiduously and passed into the sanctum. One would hardly have thought that in such a misty little cubby hole the powerful mind of Archibald Keever was wont to evolve those gems of editorial wit which had made the Blizzard venerated and feared all the way from Fargo to Bismarck, and from Standing Rock as far north as Turtle Mountain. Yet such was the fact. Guy looked about him with interest. Insurance calendars, farming implement advertisements, a cheap lithograph of Topsy and another of Eliza pursued by bloodhounds did their little mite toward covering the rough board walls. Two ten-penny nails, affixed to the board wall by half their length, supported a white hat and a cane. A window containing eight panes of dusty glass let in a mellow light upon the great man who sat at a desk, his profile to the caller, and took no notice of him. Evidently the editor was in the throes of composition.

Guy had no desire to interrupt and remained standing very quietly in the center of the floor. Scratch, scratch, scratch. Humped over that antiquated desk with his old steel pen, scraping away as for dear life. What fire the Colonel must have been throwing into that editorial! Guy observed him curiously.

The Colonel was not tall, but rather short. He was also very stout—a pudgy man with an extremely pudgy countenance. His face was red, the tip of his nose conspicuously so. He wore a mustache and chin whiskers, both gray and bristling and cut in the fiercest form compatible with high respectability. The better to show the Colonel's illustrious bumps, Nature had denuded of hair the greater portion of his scalp. Phrenology had been a pastime study of Guy's, and he observed how, beginning at the temples, the hirsute fringe bordered the Colonel's head, passing, at the back, no higher than the topmost limits of philoprogenitiveness, imperfectly developed. Two small eyes, murky, but wide apart, claimed Guy's final attention.

The caller realized suddenly that he had been in the office for quite a considerable period. If the Colonel could not grant an interview, he might say so, and Guy would call again. The young man coughed. The Colonel frowned heavily, raised his left hand in token of silence and scratched on.

Guy swung on his heel and started for the door.

"Colonel!" cried a shrill voice. "Don't let him get away! Maybe he wants to subscribe!"

Guy was startled. He halted and peered about the room, finally detecting a cadaverous, ink-begrimed face topped with a snarl of red hair. The face was peering into the sanctum from the workroom through an unused stovepipe hole cut in the partition. The red haired boy grinned as he caught Guy's eye and dodged away to escape a paper-weight which the Colonel hurled at him. The Colonel's aim was bad, and Guy observed that the opening was bordered with dents and abrasions.

"By gad!" exclaimed the editor, angrily. "That imp has knocked the tar out of one of the finest things I have set hand to in many a day. If the people ever find out what they lose on account of that graceless cub, they'll rise up as one man and hang him, no doubt about it." Whirling in his pivot chair, he glowered at his caller.

"Perhaps I had better go and come back at some more convenient time," said Guy.

"The mischief has been done, and my inspiration is knocked into a cocked hat," answered the Colonel, softening. "If you wish to subscribe for my excellent paper, two-fifty a year, in advance, I shall be pleased to enter your name on the books."

"I presume I am addressing Col. Keever?"

"You are sir, you are."

"I do not wish to subscribe, colonel, but came on other business."

The colonel looked disappointed; nevertheless he waved his hand hospitably toward a chair.

"Very well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"My name is Herbert, Guy Herbert," answered the young man. The other acknowledged receipt of the information with a nod. "You were the manager of the Townsite Company, were you not?"

"Were!" cried the Colonel. "I am, sir, at the present moment."

"Three men owned the townsite," continued Guy; "Mr. Harlow Briggs, president of the H. G. & Y. railroad; Mr. Edward Thomas, a lumber dealer in St. Paul, and Mr. Montford Herbert. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Thomas sold out to Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Herbert—" the young man's voice trembled—"died two months ago."

"You don't tell me!" ejaculated the Colonel. "Of course I know all about the company; in fact, I am on familiar terms with Briggs and Thomas and both knew and admired—admired, I say, sir—Mr. Montford Herbert." The Colonel settled back in his chair and shook his head sadly. "And so Herbert is gone," he murmured. "This news comes with appalling suddenness."

"Mr. Montfort Herbert," resumed Guy, "was my father."

"Your father!" The Colonel struggled to his feet, rushed upon Guy and wrenched his hand powerfully. "My dear boy, this would be a happy moment for me were you not the bearer of such sorrowful news." The Colonel dropped Guy's hand, reached behind him to the tails of his coat and brought forth a large bandanna handkerchief. Applying this to his eyes, he proceeded to pace the narrow confines of the sanctum while rallying from the blow.

Guy was surprised at this manifestation of feeling. He was aware that his father had known Col. Keever well; so well that, having acquired entire charge of the town, he was on the point of dispensing with the manager's services at the time his last illness came upon him.

Halting under the stovepipe hole, the Colonel recovered the paperweight, again seated himself and laid both paper weight and handkerchief on the desk beside him.

"As Mr. Briggs and Mr. Thomas sold out to my father," observed Guy, "and since I am my father's sole heir, it naturally follows that I—" Guy hesitated.

"It naturally follows that you own the town," finished the colonel. "A princely inheritance, my boy."

"Do you think so?" queried Guy, hopefully.

"I do, providing we can keep the county seat."

"Then I hope Concord will be able to keep it," returned Guy, fervently.

"WE'LL BEAT THEM, I TELL YOU."

"Aside from a few hundred dollars, this town is all my father left me.

The Colonel's face lengthened. Guy observed this and augured direfully.

"What's the matter with the county seat?" he asked. "I understood that Concord had it hard and fast."

"County seats, my boy, are peculiar institutions. In this country it takes a county seat to make a town; consequently, every settlement in a county that has been able to euchre the government out of a post office feels in duty bound to step in and try for it. You are familiar, I suppose, with the fight we have had up here?"

"I know that the town of Harmony was beaten at the polls a year or more ago. I thought that settled the question."

"It should have settled the question, but it didn't. Harmony is like Banquo's ghost, and wont down. Do you know what the Harmonyites, under the leadership of that arch conspirator, Wilbur Vlandingham, have done?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. Two-thirds of the qualified voters of Goodwill county have signed and presented a petition to the county commissioners, praying that the county seat be removed to Harmony, and the commissioners have ordered a special election to be held for the purpose of voting upon the question. This, mind you, is in direct violation of the law!" The Colonel brought his clenched fist down on his desk with a vim that made the ink leap out of its stand and prostrated the pen rack. "What say the statutes?" he demanded. "They expressly stipulate that the people's will, with respect to changing the location of county seats, shall be learned at the general election directly following the presentation of the petition praying for such change. Now they have called a special election. A sandbag game, sir! Robbery, rank robbery!"

"If it's illegal, why can't it be stopped?" asked Guy.

The Colonel's indignation dropped away and he smiled indulgently.

"This is Dakota, my dear young man. The Commissioners are under the thumb of Vlandingham. But you wait. Archibald Keever is to the fore and the Blizzard lives! We'll beat them, I tell you."

"How?"

The Colonel tapped his brow significantly.

"It requires a two-thirds vote to capture the county seat away from us," he replied. "I have arranged matters so that Harmony will never be able to roll up a sufficient majority." The Colonel arose and walked to the window. "Come here, Mr. Herbert." Guy passed over and stood beside him. "Behold my confidence in the cutcome," added the Colonel, with a sweep of his arm.

What Guy saw was a ten-by-fifteen building in process of construction. At least a dozen men were working upon it and even a novice like Guy could see that they were very much in each other's way.

"A lot of carpenters for a small house like that," commented the young man.

"I should say so," chuckled the Colonel. "Those men were brought in from Jimtown and they're voters, every mother's son of them. I've got others building roads and repairing bridges." He closed one of his murky little eyes, slowly and slyly. "They'll vote as I tell them to, Mr. Herbert, and there'll be enough of them to kill Harmony too dead to skin." He threw up the window. "Hello, there, Jordan!" he called to a man who was working languidly with a saw. "You fellows are getting along altogether too fast. Take a lay-off this afternoon." Instantly all work ceased, tools were left where last used and the 12 workmen hurried away in a body. The Colonel closed the window and beamed upon Guy complacently. "That's the courthouse they're building," he added.

"Rather a small courthouse, isn't it?"

"Oh, it will grow, it will grow."

"Where does the money come from?" inquired Guy, anxiously.

"Don't worry about the money, my boy. I sold a batch of lots to a tenderfoot a few weeks ago, and it's his money that's doing all this."

"It doesn't seem just right to rush voters in in that way, Col. Keever."

"Anything's right that's successful up in this territory. This is my little plan and of course Harmony isn't laying back on its oars and waiting for me to grab the persimmons. Vlandingham and his lieutenants, Dingle, Harp, Blue and Boomer, are going to do something, but just what remains to be seen. They have a town meeting over at Harmony tonight to discuss ways and means for getting ahead of me!" The Colonel's smile faded into a look of trouble. "I'd give a hundred dollars," said he, to know what kind of a scheme they hatch up at that meeting. They'll have lynx-eyed men on watch, however, to make sure that no Concord fellows get in."

The Colonel turned and wandered reflectively about the office. Guy sat down again and watched him thoughtfully. Finally the Colonel halted, thrust his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest and declared:

"Herbert, you're the man!"

"The man for what?"

"To run over to Harmony and take in that meeting. You're a stranger in this section, and they won't know you from Adam. Be careful, though, and don't give yourself away. Feeling is running high and both sides are exceedingly bitter. If you were to be found out you'd have a rough experience. Ever carry a revolver?"

"No."

"Then get one. I haven't anything but the office gun and can't spare that."

"Col. Keever," said Guy, reddening, "I'm not going to make a spy out of myself."

"Tush! tush! You're not doing anything dishonorable. I'd cut my tongue out before I'd counsel anything of that kind. You're a high minded young man—I can see that at a glance and I admire you for it. But those fellows on the other side of the county are blackguards, every one of them. They are laying their plans to steal the county seat away from you and all you are to do is to discover what their plans are, if possible, so we may balk them in their nefarious attempt. My boy, you have something like 1,200 lots in this town. That means a fortune for you if we can keep the county seat. If we lose the county seat your lots will be worth just what they'll bring for farming purposes, and no more. Nor is that the worst of it. Let Harmony win in this election and every man, woman and child now living in Concord will pull up stakes and move over to the other town."

"They wouldn't leave their homes and their places of business, would they?" queried Guy, aghast.

"Not much they wouldn't leave 'em—they'd take 'em along. You could put wheels under the national capitol and move it along a hundred miles over these prairies without jarring out a brick or a chunk of mortar. My word for it, Mr. Herbert, let Harmony win and there won't be so much as a hen-coop left to mark the site of the present town of Concord."

"I'll go," said Guy.

"I thought you would," returned the Colonel, approvingly. "There's a freight down at 6:30. Take that."

"Copy. C-o-p-y!" bawled a voice through a hole in the partition.

The Colonel made a dive for the paper weight and the red-headed printer vanished in a flash.

"I'll have to grind out some stuff for that rascal, or he'll drive me crazy!" exclaimed the Colonel, tossing his hands.

"Then I won't bother you any longer," said Guy.

"You'll have to be discreet," went on the Colonel, following the young man to the door. "Don't let those Harmony chaps get an inkling as to who you are or what you're there for, that's all. Keep your plans to yourself and don't talk about them to any one in this place. There's a bad leak in this community somewhere, and more than one choice plan of mine has floated out of it and drifted over to the enemy. Sharp's the word and I shall expect a good report from you in the morning."

The Colonel gave the young man's hand a parting grip, closed the door on him and then seated himself before his desk and resumed his scratching.

"He's clay in my hands," soliloquized the Colonel, blithely. "I can do as I please with him, and can make or mar the future of this town—whichever is the more profitable."

[To Be Continued.]

A LAZY VIRGINIAN.

Put Out One of His Eyes to Save the Trouble of Squinting When Out Hunting.

During one of Senator Daniel's famous campaigns he struck a little town in the central part of Virginia which was said to contain some of the laziest men in the old dominion. He was in the midst of a group on the porch of a small hotel, when a procession approached which looked like a funeral, says the Chicago Tribune. He asked who was to be buried.

"Jack Sheridan," they told him.

Poor Jack! He was a good-natured, good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, who seemed to have a little native talent for drawing and spent most of his time making pictures for the children. He lived upon the few fish he caught and the squirrels he killed, but mostly on the donations of his neighbors.

"So poor Jack is dead, is he?" said Senator Daniel.

"No, he ain't dead 'xactly," was the reply of one of the loungers on the porch.

"Not dead—not dead? Yet you are going to bury him?"

"Fact is, senator, he's got too infernal, all-fired lazy to live. We can't afford him any more. He's got so lazy that the grass is beginning to grow over his shoes—so everlastin' lazy that he put out one of his own eyes to save the trouble of squintin' when he was out a-gunnin'."

"But," says the senator, "this won't do. It will disgrace my constituency. Try him awhile longer, can't you?"

"Can't do it; too late—coffin cost $1.10. Must go on now."

About this time the procession halted and the senator promised, if they would let Jack out, to send over a barrel of corn to the unfortunate.

Upon this announcement the lid of the coffin slowly raised, Jack Sheridan sat up with an effort, opened his one good eye, looked at the senator and asked:

"Is the corn shucked?"

"No," replied Senator Daniel, "not shucked."

"Then," said Jack, as he sank into the coffin, "go on with the funeral."

SHE WON THE RACE.

But It Was an Honor That the Donkey-Rider Had No Wish to Acquire.

The humors of donkey-riding in Egypt have been told by most travelers in the east. The experience of the English governess of the khedive's daughter is told in her book, "Five Years in Egypt."

"My donkey was rather an unsociable animal, and was not satisfied with winning, but carried me on far beyond the hearing of my companions. Then at last he thought fit to slacken his pace. As he was thus walking leisurely along, I began to examine the contents of my pocket, and took out my notebook to make some entries.

"While I was thus occupied, the donkey boy, who had run noiselessly after me on the sand, suddenly rushed up, and with blows urged my donkey on again at full speed. I had only time to grasp the reins, and away I went, my treasures all scattered behind me and I shouting to the boy to desist.

"These boys run as fast as the donkeys, and in answer to all my scolding, he replied: 'Yes, missus; you very good donkey; he called "Flying Dutchman!"' and then to keep the honor of the name, another blow to urge him forward. In a few minutes I was on the bank of the river, long before my companions, and then the boy had the effrontery to ask for bakshish for having got me there first!"

Owlish Observations.

We can always see why others should set a good example.

Any fool can find fault; most fools do.

It is easier to buy the good opinion of the world than to merit it.

Appreciation is not always shown in a manner in which it is appreciated.

Empty barrels make the most noise; after them come those who have emptied them.

Every man has in him the capacity for running some business—usually some other man's business.

Every man who shows that he thinks as highly of himself as we do of ourselves we set down as conceited.—Smart Set

DEPOSITS IN IOWA BANKS

Official Statement of the Auditor Shows They Have Increased Greatly in the Past Year.

GAIN PLACED AT NEARLY $20,000,000.

Marvelous Record Made by the State Hospital at Mount Pleasant—Valuation of Personal Property as Shown by Reports of Assessors—Other Notes of Interest.

[Special Correspondence.]

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 4.—Deposits in the state and savings banks of Iowa increased nearly $20,000,000 between July 1, 1901, and July 1, 1902, according to the official statement just issued by Auditor of State Merriam. Since April 5 of this year the deposits have decreased $1,423,000, being the first decrease recorded in any period covered by the official bank calls since 1895. The condition of the national and private banks is indicated by the showing on state and savings banks. The following is Auditor Merriam's statement of the condition of the latter, and their number, on June 30 of each year since 1890:

Year.	No. Banks.	Deposits.
1891	205	$33,781,706
1892	215	42,467,395
1893	325	42,351,434
1894	350	41,978,836
1895	364	43,827,136
1896	370	43,966,793
1897	372	45,442,894
1898	383	52,236,458
1899	402	77,405,669
1900	448	91,147,056
1901	474	114,731,614
1902	531	133,692,464

A Difficult Problem.

The state board of control is alarmed by fear that it will be unable to accommodate all the inebriates and dipsomaniacs committed to the ward for that class of unfortunates established at Mount Pleasant hospital. It has been informed of actions begun or contemplated in almost every county in the state, affecting from one to five persons. The ward will not accommodate more than 50 or 60, and how to care for all that are committed is a problem. The board has transferred to the ward 20 men who were sent to the hospitals nominally insane but really inebriates, before the new law passed. The board receives word, however, that the fear of commitment under the new law is having a good moral effect.

Value of Personal Property.

The compilation of the reports of the assessors to the auditor of state shows that the taxable value of personalty increased about $13,000,000 during the past year. The realty is assessed at about $419,000,000. The personalty is up to about $107,000,000. The following abstract from the figures of the auditor of state shows the actual value of the different classes of personalty, the taxable value being one-fourth of the actual, in each case:

Vehicles, including bicycles	$5,981,946
Household furniture	2,301,893
Moneys and credits	143,382,741
Corporation stock	22,856,618
Capital in manufacturing	1,871,762
Merchandise	66,585,637
Buildings	2,894,168
Live stock	165,120,991
Other personality	17,663,131

The following is the auditor's statement of the actual value of different classes of live stock in Iowa:

Heifers, 1 year old	$7,831,648
Heifers, 2 years old	6,906,996
Cows	33,998,839
Steers, 1 year old	12,108,324
Steers, 2 years old	6,060,055
Steers, 3 years old	449,052
Cattle in feeding	10,169,393
Bulls	2,791,206
Colts, 1 year old	3,716,588
Colts, 2 years old	4,688,437
Horses, 3 years old	46,799,921
Stallions	1,595,616
Mules	2,647,915
Swine, over 6 months old	23,660,584
Sheep, over 6 months old	1,726,735
Goats, over 6 months old	40,883

Will Go in Uniform.

The national guard companies at Red Oak, Glenwood and Corning have been granted permission by the governor to attend the encampment of the Philippine veterans at Council Bluffs, August 13-15. They will go in uniform and their expenses will be paid by Council Bluffs. They were in the Fifty-first Iowa, which served in the Philippines, and have retained their Spanish-American war organization more nearly complete than any other companies who saw service in the Philippine and Cuban contests. It is possible that the Atlantic company may be substituted for one of the three named.

Marvelous Record.

Forty per cent. of the patients admitted to the state hospital at Mount Pleasant during the past year were discharged cured. This record is regarded by alienists as marvelous. The per cent. of cures of insane people has constantly increased, however, and the board of control is anxious for the state hospitals to make a record of 50 per cent. cures. Superintendent Applegate, of the Mount Pleasant institution, says that the reason the per cent. is increasing is because the people have come to have more confidence in the care the state affords at its institutions, and they are committing their insane relatives to the institutions at an early stage in their dementia. This aids in the cures.

Demand Larger Margins.

The representatives of the grain houses having agencies in Iowa held a conference in Des Moines the past week and decided to exact deposits of larger margins by those doing trading in grain, in the future. This is due to the unsettled condition of the market, the quick rises and sudden falls and the liability of difficulty with patrons over carrying deals for them. Heretofore any deal has been carried which has been margined for one to three cents. Hereafter some of the most speculative deals will have to be margined ten cents.

Angora Goats.

A herd of 2,000 Angora goats will be exhibited at the state fair, August 22-29. A few dozen of these animals have been brought to the fair in recent years, but nothing like a herd has ever been exhibited. William L. Black, of Texas, owns the herd of 2,000, and will bring them here on a special train to exhibit them, in the hope of reviving the interest in the animals that was prevalent three or four years ago. A sale will be conducted while Mr. Black is here. Judge N. M. Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, started the Angora goat epidemic in Iowa, but he disposed of his after a year's experiment, during which they consumed all the underbrush that he wished taken out of his pasture, and since then interest in the animals has ceased.

Went to Work.

Warden N. N. Jones, of Fort Madison penitentiary, says that it is not true that Henry Tracy, the Washington bandit who recently killed a half-dozen men near Seattle and escaped from the officers in a sensational manner several times, ever was an inmate of the prison at Fort Madison.

Mr. Jones says that Matt Hunter, the young Mount Ayr man who killed Homer Holland, the Drake university athlete, has given up the idea that he can live in the solitary cell on bread and water indefinitely, and has gone to work like the rest of the convicts. It is a rule of the prison that all convicts physicaly able shall work. Hunter refused to do it. It is the rule that when convicts refuse to work they shall be confined in a solitary cell on bread and water. Hunter stood this about three weeks, and then gave up.

Expect the President.

It is now believed that President Roosevelt will visit Iowa between September 29 and October 2. Gov. Cummins is in charge of the arrangement of the form of entertainment. It is probable that no large public reception will be held, as it is desired to cut out the hand-shaking part of the programme, if possible. But a public meeting at the Auditorium has been thought favorably of, at which the president can make an address. Gov. Cummins undoubtedly will entertain the president at luncheon and invite some of the leaders into the affair.

Tile Roof on State House.

The capital improvement commission has decided to put a tile instead of a slate roof on the statehouse. The wind has taken off large sections of the former slate roof and about $15,000 will be required to repair the damage. The dome will be regilded immediately. The capitol improvement commission has determined upon this part of the improvements. The new warehouse, to be built at a cost of $20,000, remains in abeyance for the present. The difficulty experienced by builders in getting structural iron and steel prevents the commission from proceeding at once with the warehouse.

First of the Kind.

The first interurban railroad to be constructed in Iowa was completed the past week from Des Moines to the town of Altoona, 11 miles east of Des Moines. An electric line has been in operation between Waterloo and Cedar Falls, and one from Mason City to Clear Lake, for several years, but they were built before the legislature recognized interurban railways as commercial enterprises. The line from Des Moines to Altoona comes directly under that recognition. The road is an extension of the Des Moines city railway line and is projected to Colfax, and, possibly, Newton.

Cattle at the Fair.

Gov. S. B. Packard, of Marshalltown, is in charge of the cattle exhibit at the state fair this year. He has been flooded with requests for entry blanks. He has found it necessary to issue a card requesting those who make an exhibit to write to him about it, and signify the number of stalls for cattle that they will require during the fair. "It is first come, first served," said Gov. Packard. "The prospect is for the largest exhibit in recent years. While the capacity for accommodation of the cattle exhibited at the fair has been largely increased, nevertheless, I fear that there will be an overflow and it may be necessary, as it was last year, to put some of the exhibits under tents. Therefore the exhibitors should hurry in their entries."

LEON BROWN.

Must Post Bulletins.

The railroad commission is sending out letters to the railroads of the state calling their attention to the violations of the law enacted by the last general assembly requiring railroads to post in their depots bulletins showing the time of arrival and departure of trains. The law went into effect July 4, but since that time members of the commission have noticed a number of stations where there are no such bulletins.

May Have Races.

There is talk of pulling off a race meet in Dubuque in September. Four years ago the biggest trotting meeting in the history of the United States was held in Dubuque. The stakes aggregated $100,000. The meeting was a financial failure, and since that time only one meeting has been had in Dubuque. The owners of Nutwood park will soon hold a meeting and decide whether to hold a race meet this year or not.

Secures His Liberty.

Dr. J. W. Crofford, sentenced at Lamoni last fall to 13 years in the state penitentiary, has procured his liberty by putting up a bond for $50,000. He was convicted of having brought about the death of Miss Maud Stone through a criminal operation. Ira Hammond, who was charged with complicity, was acquitted. The case against Dr. Crofford has been appealed to the supreme court.