

SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

As falls the dew at eventide
To moisten and refresh the flowers,
So moisture of affliction comes
To freshen, brighten all life's hours.

The sunlight fed and nourished life
In its own bright and beautiful way,
But neither rose nor lily bloom
Could long endure the sunlight's stay.

The tears of even, cool of night,
Though less attractive they may be,
Contribute just as large a share
As sunlight to the charms we see.

Thus fortune's rays and joy's bright light
Make life below both sweet and pure;
But growing souls, like blooming flowers,
Unchanging climate cannot endure.

The tears and cold of sorrow's night,
Though less desired by the heart,
Contribute even larger share
To make life sweet, than joy's impart.

Then still my soul be content—
Believe in God; He reigns o'er all!
Rejoice, for highest Wisdom says,
"Into each life some rain must fall."
—Rev. Arthur E. Gringel, in Christian Work.

**His Friend,
The Enemy**

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

There came a sharp ring at the door bell, followed by a colloquy between the maid and some person or persons without. The next moment there was a tread of feet and four gentlemen marched into the parlor single file, their hats in their hands.

The gentleman in the lead was a very small person, and from the way his left eye focussed itself unswervingly on a given point while his fellow roved at will there was small doubt that the left eye was glass. Behind the leader came a gentleman of towering height—he was taller even than Guy or Mr. Vlandingham—and his framework was so loosely put together he could not seem to talk without jarring himself; the third of the quartet had a wooden leg and the sleeve of the fourth was folded over and tucked in the front of his coat.

"Miss Vlandingham," exclaimed the man with the glass eye, "your most obedient!" He bowed and his three companions bowed with him. The spokesman executed an "about face," and directed his attention at Miss Vlandingham's father, the rest of the squad participating in the movement. "Evening, squire," he said, starting a nod that tilted every head in the row. "Good evening, gentlemen," returned Vlandingham, courteously.

"It's eight o'clock. Have you forgotten?"

"Not at all." Mr. Vlandingham consulted his watch. "It is close to eight, that's a fact. Betty and I came down in a freight from Jimtown, Colonel, so that I'd be here in time to connect with the town meeting." Vlandingham turned to Guy. "Mr. Herbert, allow me to present to you Col. Dingle"—the man with the glass eye bowed—"Maj. Harp"—acknowledgements from the giant—"Capt. Blue"—ditto from the gentleman with the wooden leg—"and Mr. Boomer." The man with the empty sleeve ducked amiably. "The Colonel," continued Mr. Vlandingham, "conducts our paper, the Harmony Northern"—Guy wondered if all the colonels in Dakota conducted papers—"the Major, by the grace of the republican administration, hands us our mail; the Captain is proprietor of the Bee Hive store, and Mr. Boomer—er—er—what the nation do you do, Boomer, anyhow?"

"Just hang around, squire," smiled Mr. Boomer.

"That's it," said Vlandingham. "Mr. Herbert, gentlemen, will probably invest in some Harmony lots." Guy raised his hand in protest. "After the election," supplemented Mr. Vlandingham. "We have a town meeting to-night, Mr. Herbert, and you might go along with us and rub up against some of our best citizens.

"Squire!" exclaimed the man with the glass eye, crooking his finger.

Vlandingham bent down, and Col. Dingle whispered to him earnestly.

"Nonsense!" said Vlandingham, in a low tone, which nevertheless reached Guy's ears. "I'll vouch for him."

When the six of them finally started for the meeting, Guy's conscience was sadly troubling him. He would rather a thousand times have remained behind and spent the evening with Miss Betty.

CHAPTER III.

The town meeting was held in a vacant room over the Bee Hive store. So far as Guy could make out, Harmony and Concord were very much alike, except that in Concord the business places were ranged along a main street, while in Harmony they were grouped about a vacant square. This was a distinction without much of a difference. The square, Mr. Vlandingham informed Guy, was reserved for the courthouse. In the event that Harmony won the contest, Guy wondered what he and Col. Keverer would do with their courthouses.

A lamp burned in the entrance leading up to the hall and a stern-looking man with a rifle over his arm blocked the way.

"How is everything, Marley?" inquired Vlandingham.

"Nothin' suspicious so fur, squire," replied Marley, staring at Guy.

"Got sentries posted all around this building?"

"Sure. No one that ain't on the square can come within a block of it."

"That's right."

Vlandingham and his party ascended the stairs. At the top they passed the scrutiny of another guard and entered the meeting-room. There were some 20 or 30 men in the hall and

Vlandingham made for a platform at the farther end of the room, nodding to citizens on either side and speaking a word here and there as he progressed.

"I'll introduce you all around after the meeting is over," he whispered to Guy. "You'll want some lots, I know you will, and I'll see that you get them, no matter what Betty says."

Guy had no time, just then, to once more disavow any intention of purchasing real estate in Harmony, for Vlandingham was late and the impatient people wasted not a moment in having the meeting called to order.

Guy sat on the platform with Vlandingham, Col. Dingle, Maj. Harp, Capt. Blue and Mr. Boomer. These five, as Guy quickly learned, constituted a committee of safety and ways and means. Vlandingham was elected chairman, and as they had no use for a secretary the business was begun immediately.

The first man to get the floor was a Mr. Pinkney. Mr. Pinkney was excited to a hysterical degree. He shook in body and limb and during his agitated delivery of the matter that oppressed him his voice broke often from excess of wrath and indignation.

Business had called him to the eastern side of the county that day, Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, and in returning he had driven boldly back through the outskirts of that pitiful excuse for a town called Concord. Yes, sir, and no one had dared to raise a hand against him. And what do you think he saw, Mr. Chairman, what do you think he saw with his own eyes? At this point Mr. Pinkney gulped his words, choked on them, and finally managed to articulate hoarsely. Why, on that rattle-trap of a building which the wretched Keverer is erecting for a courthouse, he actually saw a weather-vane, a monstrous thing which answered to no wind of heaven but pointed ever and always in the direction of Harmony. And what was that weather-vane, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, what was it? It was a man's head, sir, a man's head and hand, and the hand was doing this, looking straight toward Harmony all the time, and doing this, doing this at their honorable chairman, at Col. Dingle, Maj. Harp, Capt. Blue and Mr. Boomer! Yes, gentlemen, doing this at all of you!

Mr. Pinkney made a weather-vane of himself for purposes of illustration. With his thumb to his nose and his trembling fingers outspread he directed the opprobrious gesture at Vlandingham, then in turn at each member of the committee of safety and then at the entire meeting.

Guy was consumed with a desire to laugh, but suppressed it strenuously. It was not a laughing matter for the citizens in the hall, and not one detected a trace of humor in the situation. A murmur of rage swept through the assemblage and Col. Dingle sprang to his feet with a fierce cry.

"They are all hoodlums and rowdies on the other side of the county," he shouted, tossing his arms, "and the

arch fiend who leads the rabble is that schemer, that political trickster, that preeminent rascal, Archibald Keverer!"

In a twinkling the meeting was in an uproar. Every citizen was talking wildly and shaking his clenched fists. Vlandingham pounded for order. When a measure of quiet finally obtained he spoke a few words himself.

"We must be quiet, we must be calm, we must not allow our passions to run away with us. Let us remember that it is the cool head and the daring hand that wins the day. They have flung the gage at us and we will bear with this insolence now and return it a hundredfold. Col. Dingle, we will hear from you."

Mr. Pinkney sat down, and Col. Dingle, calming himself with a painful effort, declared that this gratuitous insult could have been the work of none other than Keverer; that he came from Kentucky, as did the aforesaid Keverer, and that he wanted the meeting to appoint him a committee of one to ride directly into town and slap the aforesaid Keverer's face. He would do it, and he would abide by the consequences.

Barely had this duty been laid upon Col. Dingle's shoulders when an uproar was heard below, at the street entrance. The noise increased and swept up the stairs, and the cause of it all presently burst open the door and dashed into the room. A wild-eyed, strapping big fellow with his trousers tucked into his boot tops was among them. He was covered with dust and his face was ominous and eager.

"A traitor!" he shouted, waving a scrap of paper over his head; "there's a traitor in this room!"

During the foregoing silence that followed Guy's heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"A traitor, Barney?" queried Vlandingham, getting up and sweeping his gaze over the people before him. His voice was soft, but there was a metallic glitter in his eyes as he advanced

to the edge of the platform. "Come here, Barney," he added, indicating a cleared space in front of him, "come here and tell us about it. Boomer, you and the captain will please guard the exit."

The Captain stumped away to the door, followed by Boomer, both frowning heavily. Mr. Boomer grimly developed a revolver.

"I got the information from the broom man," said Barney, approaching as he had been directed to do and presenting the folded paper. "I would have got here sooner but that broncho of mine—consums him!—got scared and threw me, so I had to walk half the way."

Vlandingham unfolded the note and read it silently. Guy, who was watching him narrowly, saw his face slightly redden and observed a twitching of his heavy iron gray mustache. The deep stillness was at last broken by the chairman.

"Is there a hunchback man in this room?" he demanded, sternly.

There was not, and Guy was participating in the general feeling of relief when Barney cried out:

"Hunchback, squire? That doesn't say anything about a hunchback!"

"I thought you couldn't read, Barney?" returned Vlandingham, accompanying the words with a severe look.

"No more I can't, squire. I can spell out print tolerable well, but writin's a point beyond me. I stopped at your house, though, on the way in, and Miss Betty read the note aloud and sent me along here in a hurry. She said I wasn't to give the note to anyone but you."

Was it disappointment or consternation that afflicted Vlandingham. Guy wondered as he surveyed him.

"I have been possessed with the idea, gentlemen," continued the chairman, addressing the meeting, "that trouble is to be expected through the agency of a hunchback. This note doesn't describe such a person, but I know who the man is. If Mr. Herbert—" he turned to Guy and handed him the note—"will assist us, we will be able to capture him without trouble or violence. Please read that, Mr. Herbert, and inform me whether you are acquainted with the individual described."

Guy glanced at the writing hurriedly.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I know him."

"Will you go with Barney, here, apprehend the fellow and see that he stays at my house until I come?"

Guy saw how Vlandingham was trying to save him. He noted also the perplexed faces of the citizens in front, and of those on the platform; especially he was aware of Barney's blank amazement. The latter's eyes were starting from his head, and it was evident that his brain was violently disturbed. Guy gave Vlandingham a square and manly look.

"On my honor, Mr. Vlandingham," said he, "the man will be at your house when you get there."

"Why," gasped Barney, leveling his finger, "that there—"

"Silence!" roared Vlandingham, knocking the extended arm downward. "You are to go with Mr. Herbert and apprehend this man, and take him to my house. Not a word from you. If you had been a little later in getting here, your information would have been valueless. Your horse threw you, eh? A likely story! It looks very much as though you were late purposely. You will have something to explain, Barney, when I meet you at my house. For the present, show that you know how to obey orders. Go with Mr. Herbert."

Barney faced about automatically and started for the door. Guy followed at his heels. Aside from their echoing footsteps there was not a sound in the room. The captain and Mr. Boomer parted and allowed them to pass. Mr. Boomer fingered his revolver nervously. The guard in the passageway eyed them keenly, and the man with the rifle, at the foot of the stairs, suffered them to depart without a word.

When they were well on their way to Willowview, Barney found his tongue.

"Well, I'm dinged," he muttered. "You're the spy, ain't you?"

"I'm the man described in the note," answered Guy, who did not relish the harsher term.

At that precise moment he was wishing Col. Keverer at the antipodes. His own folly in allowing the Colonel to influence him came in for a large share of his condemnation. Better a hundred times that he lost every cent he had in the world and preserved his self respect. He was going to meet Miss Betty now, and what would she think of him?

"Why the dickens did the squire act like he did?" asked the confused Barney.

"He did that to save me from the hands of the Harmony people," answered Guy, with a dash of irritation.

"They're so wrought up over this county seat matter that they would have acted and thought about their actions afterwards."

"You bet they would."

"Mr. Vlandingham is head and shoulders above the rest of them. He's a gentleman."

"He's ole business, that's what. Don't you feel pretty meachin'?"

"That's my affair."

"Spose you'll try to run away now, hey?"

Barney caught Guy's arm, and Guy wrenched away and gave his companion a push that almost upset him.

"I'm not going to run away. I've given my word and I shall abide by it."

Barney whistled.

"If the people at the meetin' had known who you was, I guess you'd have been carried back to Concord feet foremost."

Guy made no answer to this, and they shortly arrived at Mr. Vlandingham's house. Their ring was answered by Miss Betty herself.

"Mr. Herbert!" she exclaimed, smilingly, "I knew very well that father wouldn't allow you to be hurt. But you took frightful chances. Why are you here, Barney?"

"The squire sent me along to see that he didn't get away," responded Barney, valiantly.

"Well, you needn't remain. I'll see that he doesn't get away. Good night."

The door was closed in the astonished Barney's face.

"Come into the parlor, Mr. Herbert," said Miss Betty.

Guy couldn't understand the situation at all. Miss Betty did not seem to abate one jot or tittle of her friendliness. "A consummate actress," Guy thought; "the storm will come before long." Miss Betty motioned toward a chair. After Guy had obediently seated himself she took a rooker vis-a-vis. She thought for a moment, and then laughed softly.

"To think," she remarked, "that neither father nor I, on hearing your name, ever thought of connecting you with Mr. Montfort Herbert, of the Concord Townsite company! And you boarded that freight train at Concord, too!"

"Why don't you denounce me for being a spy?" asked Guy, impatiently.

"Why should I denounce you? Concord is your town, Mr. Herbert, and it is right for you to do what you can to hold the county seat. Harmony is our town, and we shall do what we can to take the county seat away from you. I'm sorry for you, for yours is a losing fight."

"Yet there are means you would not countenance even in a struggle of this kind?"

"I will have no violence. That is why I added a line to the note which Barney brought from Concord."

"That line" had escaped Guy. He took the note from his pocket and saw penciled dimly at the bottom the words: "See that no harm comes to Mr. Herbert, Betty." He drew a deep breath.

"Then I have you to thank for my present safety," said he, replacing the note in his pocket.

[To Be Continued.]

KNEW AND WAS NOT AFRAID.

A Dying Mother Gains Courage for Her Journey Away from Her Little Daughter.

A touching and most unusual little incident of a young mother who was hopelessly ill, but quite unconscious of her condition, is described by the Boston Courier.

One afternoon the physicians held a consultation, and afterward announced to the husband and sister of the patient the sad fact that she had but a short time to live.

It was questioned whether it would be advisable to tell the sick woman or not. They talked the matter over quite unmindful of little Edith, the five-year-old child of the dying woman, who was quietly playing with her dolls, apparently unconscious of what was going on about her.

In a few minutes the little girl left her toys, walked slowly up the stairs and went directly to her mother's room. With the aid of a chair she climbed on the bed, kissed her mother's pale cheek, and then asked her in low, tender tones: "Mamma, are you 'fraid to die?"

The mother was at first startled by the question and asked: "Who told you? Do they think—"

"Oh, mamma, dear," murmured the child, "you needn't be 'fraid at all. Hold my hand tight; shut your eyes close. I will stay by you, and when you wake up again it will be all right."

The eyes were closed, the hand tightly clasped for a few minutes, and when, a little later, the other members of the family entered the room the mother was quietly sleeping, and the child said: "I told mamma, and she was not 'fraid to die."

The sick woman opened her eyes and said: "Yes, I know, and I am not afraid."

Are You on the Right Track?

Not long ago, shrewdness, sharpness and long-headedness were the qualities that won promotion in the business world. False methods were employed in thousands of establishments where now only absolute integrity and clean, straightforward dealing are tolerated. Before this century attains its zenith, unclean methods will be unknown in either large or small concerns. The double standard of honesty—one for private life and one for business purposes—will be unknown. The foundation stones of the greatest commercial houses in this country are reliability and honesty. The world is beginning to see that, even from a utilitarian standpoint, it pays to be honest.—Success.

A Good Excuse.

Of a certain Scottish professor the following story is told. Amongst the students was a young man from the Highlands who, before he left his country home, had taken to himself a helpmeet for life. One morning he entered the college class room rather late, and the professor asked him the cause of his unwonted unpunctuality. Bashfully the young man explained that that morning his wife had given birth to a son and heir.

"Oh, in that case it's all right!" said the teacher, making the usual stereotyped reply. "Only see it does not happen again."—London Tit-Bits.

Tender Mercy of Asceticism.

Many letters come to the monastery announcing the death of relatives of the monks; these are seen by the abbot only, and at chapter he may simply announce: "The mother of one of our members is dead; let us pray for her soul." Never to his dying day does the bereaved Trappist learn that he was praying for his own mother.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A VICTIM OF OVERWORK.

Death of President Beardshear, of the Agricultural College, Due to Incessant Labor.

NEVER FOUND TIME FOR RECREATION.

Gov. Cummins Calls Attention to Labor Day—Increase in Railway Assessments—Estimate of the Fruit Crop in Iowa—Fewer Convicts at Anamosa—Other State News.

(Special Correspondence.)

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 11.—William M. Beardshear, president of Ames Agricultural college, who died the past week, was a victim of overwork. He was too busy to take a vacation. For more than six years he had worked incessantly and had not found time to take even a single day off. He was widely in demand for addresses and these were principally written on trains. He traveled with a library. It was his continually entertained intention to take a few weeks for a vacation, but he was never able to do it. He slept five and six hours a night. Because he was six feet in height and spare and robust and filled with energy, he thought he could go on all ways. When he collapsed with nervous prostration five or six weeks ago it was necessary to finish a few things which he had begun. He was ambitious to deliver the president's address at the National Teachers' association meeting at Minneapolis three weeks ago. He wrote the address. When the teachers heard it he was tossing on the bed from which he never arose.

President Beardshear was 52 years of age. He was an Ohioan. His father was Swiss and his mother a product of Scotch and Welsh blood. They resided near Dayton. There he enlisted at 14 years of age and served in the union army to the end of the war. He was valedictorian of his class at Oberlin university. He preached in the United Brethren church at Arcanum, O., and took a course in Yale theological seminary. He preached in Summit church in Dayton, and was president of Western college at Toledo, Ia., going to that institution in 1881. In 1889 he became superintendent of schools in West Des Moines. In 1891 he was made president of the state agricultural college, at Ames. In the ten years of his work there the attendance had grown from 309 to 1,100. He was president of the State Teachers' association in 1894, and last year was president of the national association. He held the degree of master of arts and a doctor of divinity. A large fraction of the alumni of the state university worked for his selection as president of that institution when President Schaeffer died in 1900, but the regents elected George E. MacLean, of Lincoln, Neb. The university alumni hoped by Dr. Beardshear's election to make the institution at Iowa City a real university and the college at Ames an agricultural school, as contemplated originally, but of which Dr. Beardshear was making a real university.

Labor Day.

Gov. Cummins has issued a labor day proclamation in which he says that "in so far as possible factories, shops, stores and other places wherein labor is employed should be closed September 1, to the end that every workingman and every working woman may be given an opportunity to enjoy the holiday and participate in the meetings and exercises that may be held thereon." He recommends, also, that "the day be observed and celebrated, not alone by those who are employed but by those who employ, and by all who feel a concern for their country's welfare so that the many problems which seem so difficult may be more easily, justly and harmoniously solved."

Railway Assessment.

By fixing the railroad assessment of the state at \$51,112,814 the state executive council increased the assessment \$4,041,556. Of this the Northwestern railroad bears \$1,100,549 increase; the Burlington system, \$665,457; the Rock Island, \$554,319, including the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, which is a part of its system; the Milwaukee, \$300,802; the Illinois Central, \$250,016; the Omaha & St. Louis, \$225,700; the Great Western, \$250,158, and the other systems the remainder. The increase is the largest ever made in an assessment except in 1887 when the council raised the roads more than \$5,000,000 over the assessment of 1886, but included new assessment on 400 miles of new railroad, while there were no new roads, practically, to assess this year. The per cent. of the assessment to gross earnings is 91 per cent. Last year it was 89.9 per cent. The year before it was 92 per cent.

Is Investigating.

Gov. Cummins is investigating the legality of the reorganization of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad with a view to interfering in its operation under the laws of Iowa, if possible. The company was reorganized recently on a basis which made a company organized in Iowa the concern to operate the property, but whose stock was owned by a New Jersey corporation. Incidentally, also, the new Iowa company's stock was \$50,000,000 greater than the stock of the old company, whose stock it takes up. This is regarded by Gov. Cummins as an inflation which is not permitted by the laws of this state. He doubts whether the company can issue that additional \$50,000,000, and he doubts whether a New Jersey corporation can own the stock of an Iowa corporation. He has sought the cooperation of Attorney General Mullin with a view to deciding whether his position on these questions is right. If he is right he will go ahead with legal proceedings to prevent the reorganization on the basis outlined. The railroad attorneys say that they had fully investigated the Iowa laws before drawing the articles.

The Fruit Crop.

Following is the official estimate of the fruit crop in Iowa, as issued by Secretary Wesley Greene, of the State Horticultural society, and based on reports from observers in every county

in the state: Summer apples, 58 per cent.; winter apples, 55 per cent.; fall, 58 per cent.; American plums, 47 per cent.; European, 26 per cent.; Japanese, 25 per cent.; pears, 61 per cent.; grapes, 35 per cent. In northern and central Iowa the apple crop will not exceed from 5 to 20 per cent. All of the fruits in northern Iowa are very light. Grapes are suffering from fungus growths. They never have recovered their vitality from the hard winter of three years ago.

Fewer Convicts.

The number of convicts at Anamosa state prison has decreased below the 400 mark, there being 398 on July 1. This is the lowest number for several years. The reason for the falling off is not clear to the state board of control but the good times and plenty of work are believed to be responsible in large measure. The number of persons committed to the inebriate ward of the state hospital at Mount Pleasant is so large that the board of control believes it may become necessary to remove some of them to the prison at Anamosa, whose capacity is very much greater than the demand, while the capacity of the inebriate ward is so small the demands cannot be satisfied.

Contract Agreed To.

The contract between the Burlington railroad and the state of Iowa, by the terms of which the road is permitted to build through the grounds of the state institution for the feeble minded at Glenwood, has been agreed to by the governor, the state executive council and the right of way agent for the Burlington road. If it shall be approved by the officials of the railroad it will go into effect. It is so drastic that there is a chance that the officials will not accept it. The residents of Glenwood, Ia., are much interested. Unless the road is able to pass through the institution grounds it will have to build its new tracks five miles away from Glenwood, leaving the city out in the prairie without connection with a railroad. The state asks for \$4,000 cash, iron fences along the right of way through the grounds, a half dozen crossings, etc., and their perpetual maintenance.

Experimenting.

An experiment just completed at the agricultural college at Ames is said by the official report of the experiment station to show that in the fattening of young hogs a ration containing more protein and ash than is found in an exclusively corn ration gives better results than a corn ration fed alone. The experiment was conducted by feeding five cars of swine different foods and watching the results. These experiments are being carried on on an extensive scale in all classes of stock foods. The live stock interests of Chicago are furnishing \$50,000 for the work.

Money for Strikers.

It is estimated by officials of the local mining organizations that \$30,000 has gone out of Iowa to support the strike of the hard coal miners in Pennsylvania. Local mines are sending from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a week to the strikers. They have voted from \$100 to \$300 out of each of their treasuries in support of the strike. There are 11 organizations here. The Iowa miners are much gratified that the Indianapolis conference did not order a strike. By keeping at work they not only earn wages for their own benefit but they are able lavishly to contribute to the support of the strikers. If they had struck all would be looking for aid.

Must Have Fire Escapes.

A law which went into effect July 4 requires fire escapes on all buildings in Iowa, except residences, above two stories in height. This was intended, primarily, to be applicable, especially to hotels and factories. In Des Moines the fire department of the city is serving notices on the owners of all buildings above two stories in height to erect the escapes forthwith. The state labor commissioner is preparing to give the matter attention with respect to the factories throughout the whole of the state. The traveling men's organizations will look after the hotels.

Osteopaths.

More than 300 persons applied to the state board of medical examiners at the statehouse the past week for certificates to practice osteopathy in Iowa. The applications were made under the new law passed by the recent legislature recognizing this school of doctors. When a vacancy shall occur on the board of medical examiners the osteopaths will ask Gov. Cummins to appoint a member of their profession to fill it. The new law authorizes him to do it.

State Tax Levy.

The state tax levy has been fixed at 3.5 mills. With the special levies this makes four mills. It will raise a little less than \$2,000,000. The legislature required \$2,300,000, but the general government paid \$450,000 war fund due the state and this, with the Rock Island filing fee of \$125,000, made it unnecessary to fix such a levy as to raise the full amount by direct taxation.

Soldiers' Day at the Fair.

The programme for soldiers' day at the state fair, August 26, has been made up. Past Commander George Metzgar, of Davenport, will preside. Addresses will be delivered by Senator J. P. Dolliver and Gov. A. B. Cummins. The girls' orchestra from the State Industrial school at Mitchellville will furnish the music. The exercises will be held in the big stock pavilion, which seats 4,000 people, on the fair grounds. Soldiers will be admitted to the grounds free of charge on Soldiers' day.