

JUST A HINT.

Daughter, don't let mother do it.
Do not let her slave and toll.
While you sit a useless idler.
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear
Bring the lines upon her forehead,
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it.
Do not let her bake and broil.
Through the long bright summer hours,
Share with her the heavy toll;
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
From the cheek the ruby glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it.
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be tolling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor.
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the gods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it.
You will never, never know
What was home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low;
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care and pain,
To the home so sad without her
Never to return again.
T. Harry, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

(Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

CHAPTER XV.

On the night Col. Keever guarded the county records, he took with him into the courthouse a Winchester rifle and a pint flask. Kentucky born and bred it is to be presumed that he was as familiar with one of these weapons as he was with the other. Be that as it may, however, it is certain that he fortified his courage to such an extent that he slept soundly throughout all the operations connected with the moving of the building.

So level was the road leading from the courthouse site in Concord to the vacant square in Harmony, and so skillfully did the enemy work, that Col. Keever, if he realized anything at all, could only think that the storm was most furious and that this half-finished structure was sadly in need of underpinning.

A never-to-be-forgotten picture he presented to Capt. Blue and his Invincibles, who did the work connected with the moving. In the light of an occasional lightning flash the Colonel could be viewed at leisure by any one who wished to walk along beside one of the windows and peer into the single unfinished room which the building contained.

The great man was lying upon a cot in such a way as to reveal the noble proportions of his platinic brow. Under the cot was the tin box containing the precious records and close beside the cot lay the empty flask. The Colonel's pillow partly covered the rifle, only the stock and muzzle of the weapon being in evidence. As the Colonel slept he smiled—smiled condescendingly in that superior manner which was a part of him. He was dreaming dreams, no doubt, and pleasant ones.

It was late in the morning when the awakening came. The rain had ceased, the clouds had dispelled and a burst of June sun trailed in through an eastern window. The Colonel stirred restlessly, opened his eyes and yawned. The melancholy gaze he rested on the empty flask changed to a look of pride as his eyes took in the box of records, all intact. It would have taken an army corps to separate him from those documents.

Suddenly he had a startling thought and he jerked spasmodically and blinked in his bewilderment. Then he lay quite still, thinking. What business had the morning sun shining through a western window? The courthouse, at the present stage, had only one glazed opening and nothing but a blank wall on its eastern side. What did this mean? The Colonel rubbed his forehead. Was it possible that he had slept into the afternoon and that the sun was descending instead of rising? He got up and hurriedly dressed himself. Then he walked to the window. Merciful powers! There were iron bars across the outside of it! The mystery deepened. As he stood there staring lo, the face of Dingle, of the hated Dingle, appeared and looked in at him.

The Colonel staggered against the wall and caught his head in his hands. Was this a hideous dream or was it reality? Dingle remained at the window but spoke no word. All he did was to grin, in a sarcastic way and draw the lid partly down over his glass eye.

That half-wink broke the spell. With a roar the Colonel rushed to the cot and grabbed up the Winchester. "Villain!" he cried, tossing the gun to his shoulder. "Your insolence has overshoot the mark! You have dared to come into this town again and this time I've got you. Egad, we'll teach you a lesson now that you won't soon forget."

Once more Dingle drew down the left eyelid. The Winchester seemed to have no terrors for him and the Colonel's fury passed all bounds. He pulled the trigger—not with the intention to slay but merely to frighten and to arouse the town. There was a sharp click, but no report. The Colonel "pumped" the lever and tried again, but with like result. Then Dingle found his tongue. "Don't excite yourself, Keever," said he. "Capt. Blue unloaded the magazine of that gun last night."

"Gad!" yelled the Colonel. "Blue

is here, too, is he? And he came in on me last night and tampered with my rifle!" He lifted his voice to its strongest. "Up Concordians! Hello! Hey! The enemy, the enemy!"

As he finished he hurled the Winchester at Dingle and the resonant call ended in the crash of glass. Keever sprang to the door. The key had been removed from the inside of the lock and the door did not respond to his furious pull. He hurled himself upon it and struggled like a demon. So furious was the onslaught that the knob came away and the great man was precipitated to the floor. A laugh floated in from the window. Gaining his feet after an elephantine tussle, he braced himself in a corner and turned his gleaming eyes upon the barred opening. Dingle had been joined by others, whose heads were crowded together in the narrow space; and when the Colonel had recognized Capt. Blue, Mr. Boomer, Maj. Harp, Vlandingham, Barney and a few more, his brain became dizzy and he staggered to the cot. Dropping down there he buried his face in his hands.

Had it come to this? Was he finally bewitched by the spirits of Kentucky bourbon? He had been a hard drinker all his life, but so had his father been before him and he had died in his nineteenth year, of a palsy. The Colonel brought an impulsive heel down on the empty flask.

"I don't know who you are, or where I am," he said, hoarsely, peering at the grinning faces in the window, "but if there's a doctor among you, send him to me. I'm going mad—I must be."

"Eat this and you'll feel better," said Barney, pushing through the bars a pasteboard box filled with eatables. The Colonel got up and walked unsteadily across the room.

"Liscomb," he returned, "step up to the office and tell Sampson I want him."

"Step up!" exclaimed Barney. "It's quite a step, Colonel—seven miles if it's a foot. You're in Harmony; don't you know that?"

"Harmony!" gasped the Colonel; "how can that be?"

"Well," drawled Capt. Blue, "we moved the whole shebang over last night, during the storm. As you happened to be inside, we brought you along."

That took the wind completely out of the Colonel's sails. Very humbly he received the box of luncheon out of Barney's hands, went back to the cot, turned his face from the crowd and sat down. He ate the food and as he ate he reflected.

Here was a masterpiece, indeed! Beside this that affair of the weather-vane paled into utter insignificance. The Colonel had known all along that Harmony was meditating some coup. It was for the purpose of discovering what this was that he had prevailed upon Guy to come to Harmony and attend the town meeting. Although the theft of the weather-vane had chagrined the Colonel, it had lulled his suspicions, for he believed that that had been the contemplated stroke. What an awakening he now had! The

records were stolen, the courthouse was stolen and he himself had been carried along with the rest of the plunder.

During that forenoon all Harmony came to look into the Concord courthouse and gloat over the prisoner. Citizens, male and female, young and old, felicitated themselves and cried uncharitable things at the crushed and melancholy man who had been the head and front of all offending against them. The Colonel kept his back to the window, held his peace in the face of great provocation and waited patiently to learn what was to be done with him.

The afternoon was marked by a dearth of curiosity seekers. No one came to the window and it was possible for the prisoner to rise and pace the room, without running a gauntlet of scoffs and gibes. While he was thus wandering about the room, the key scraped in the lock and the other half of the knob—which had fallen outside—was thrust through the mechanism. The catch was turned, the door opened and Isaac Dingle stepped fearlessly in. Keever rushed at him like a whirlwind, but halted in trepidation at sight of a quickly displayed revolver. By a chance, Col. Dingle's natural eye and its artificial counterpart were both fixed on the prisoner.

"Careful!" warned the rival editor. "I have not come here in anger, Col. Keever, but as a messenger of peace. I wish to ask you to let bygones be bygones. The wheel of fortune has turned against you, but we are both editors and the art preservative is the tie that should bind us in good fellowship. I am here to extend a fraternal hand and a helpful one. Shall we bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace?"

Col. Keever was astounded. There must be an ulterior purpose back of this show of friendliness. That was certain. It was equally certain, to Keever's mind, that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by meet-

ing Dingle half way in these amicable overtures. As Dingle switched his revolver to his left hand and extended his right Col. Keever grasped it with great show of cordiality.

"It is not my nature, sir," said the great man, "to cherish animosity. True, you behold me now at the depth of my fortunes, but always and ever you will find me suaver in modo, fortiter in re."

No one could say a fine thing more finely, and this delicate bit, culled by the Colonel from the back of his dictionary in a leisure hour, was rendered with a voice and gesture that brought admiration into Dingle's eyes—even the glass eye. The little man put away his revolver and they both took seats on the cot.

"The uncomplaining manner in which you bear this reverse," said Dingle, "has touched me most profoundly. I can bear as well as forbear," returned Col. Keever.

"I see you can, Colonel, and it's that which shows your inherent nobility. You are not the only Concord man whom the Harmony people have in their midst." Being of the old school, Col. Dingle clung to some of his platitudes. "Another of your fellow townsmen has experienced the misfortunes of war."

"Another Concordian in this town!" exclaimed Keever.

"Not in town, exactly, but out at Whitaker's and being cared for by one of our men."

"To whom do you refer?"

"To Mr. Guy Herbert."

"He is not a Concord man, sir; he inclines more toward Harmony than toward his own town."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Every Samson has his Delilah," was the other's gloomy and significant response. "Herbert has deserted to you?"

"No; some of your people chased him out of Concord and pursued him into a company of Harmonites. Shots were fired, Mr. Herbert was hit—"

"Hit! Not killed?"

"No, no; just wounded, that's all. But isn't that enough? The affair might have been infinitely worse. If any one gets killed during this squabble the governor of the territory will take a hand and it will go hard with all of us. Miss Vlandingham saw the shooting this morning and when Herbert dropped from his horse, she rode up to him, dismounted in a twinkling and raised his head. She was pale as death and how she did lecture us! She would have no violence, no bloodshed, she declared, and she would have something to say to all of us after Mr. Herbert had been attended to. The something she had on her mind was spoken only a little while ago and to nearly every man in town—all of us having been summoned to her father's house for the purpose. I can't tell you all she said, but reconciliation is the order of the day. The fight for the county seat is to continue just as vigorously but, if it can possibly be, Miss Vlandingham desires that the struggle for supremacy shall be a good natured one."

"It can't be," declared Keever, "so long as you have the courthouse."

"It's a young woman's dream, that's what it is, an unsubstantial fancy. Matters in this town, however, are run about as Miss Vlandingham desires. We wouldn't give up this courthouse, though, even if she should order us to."

"Then the bitterness will continue, sir, mark my words."

"With me that was a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, I was told off by Miss Vlandingham to inaugurate her new policy. I have reconciled myself with you and am now to drive you back to Concord, or as near Concord as I dare to go."

"I am free?" asked Col. Keever.

"You are. My horse and gig are out in front."

"Do I take the records back with me?"

"You do not."

Col. Keever sighed.

"In accepting my liberty at your hands," said he, "understand that I make no promises."

"That is understood. Miss Vlandingham presents her compliments, however, and hopes that you will persuade your fellow citizens to accept the olive branch which she holds out to them on behalf of Harmony."

"When Miss Vlandingham sends the olive branch to Concord nailed to the courthouse, I give my word it will be accepted." This from Col. Keever, with dignity.

Dingle wagged his head decidedly and led the way out of the building. Two minutes later the red wheeled gig was making record time in the direction of Concord.

CHAPTER XVI.

Of all life's mystery the mystery of pain is the most profound and baffling. Men on the battlefield have been wounded most horribly and have yet thought, at the first of it, that they were injured only slightly, if at all. It was so with Guy. When the bullet entered his side his suffering was no more than would have come from a pin prick and great was his surprise to feel the quick weakness, the sudden sapping of his strength, the dizzy whirl of everything about him. As he plunged headlong to the ground the darkness closed in and left not the faintest ray of reason.

This status was not of long duration and for some time before he opened his eyes he was conscious of a gentle forward motion as though he was being carried. Voices were borne to him, too—the sturdy voices of men with another, soft and musical in spite of its undertone of indignation and reproof. The softer voice thrilled him to his heart's core. He did not mind the pain so much, although it was steady and intense. The realization that Miss Betty was near was as a balm to him, body and soul. Looking out from between his partly opened lids he discov-

ered that he was being carried on a blanket by six men. Others of the company rode and led the horses of those who were acting as bearers. A little to the left rode Capt. Blue with Miss Betty, mounted on a fine spirited horse, at his side.

"What right had you," Miss Betty was saying, "to ride out of Concord with these armed men? What is your excuse for doing that, Capt. Blue?"

"We feared reprisals on account of the courthouse," answered the captain, stiffly, for to be taken to task by Miss Betty was sorely against the grain. "We were scouting, that's all. Just scouting."

"The moment I heard that you had trooped out along the Concord road I galloped after you," went on Miss Betty. "Oh, I wish, I wish, I had come up with you in time to prevent this terrible meeting!" She looked toward Guy, poignant regret showing in every line of her face. "He would not have been hurt if I had. I have felt all along that something terrible would happen before we secured our rights in this county seat fight. I have tried my best to keep you from violence and you, Capt. Blue, have disregarded my expressed wish, my strongest command. Who was it fired the shot that wounded Mr. Herbert?"

"The other side fired the first shot," replied the captain, evasively.

"I know that, for I was close enough to see it. But that shot did no harm, and was no excuse for the fusillade which you returned. You were three times the number of the other side and they were fleeing as fast as their horses could carry them. My question was not answered, Capt. Blue. Can you tell me whose bullet struck Mr. Herbert?"

"No one could tell you that, Miss Vlandingham. A dozen shots were fired simultaneously and it would be impossible to tell which did the work."

"We will inquire into that later. I am going to push on so as to have the doctor at our house and to make ready for Mr. Herbert. See that you bring him as quickly and as easily as you can."

She darted from the captain's side at top speed and was quickly lost to sight.

[To Be Continued.]

DEATH OF ALEXANDER II.

Dramatic Description of the Assassination of Russia's Former Ruler by Nihilists.

Shall I ever forget it? It was on a Sunday, about two o'clock. We were rehearsing a new play, writes Mlle. Ithea, in Century. Some of us were in the green room, when the emperor passed, escorted by his Cossacks. We were standing at the window, and with a smile he gave us the military salute we knew so well. He had hardly turned the corner when we heard an explosion. We looked at one another and the same thought crossed each mind—an attempt on the emperor's life! We rushed out and arrived at the corner of the street just in time to see, 200 yards from us, the explosion of the second bomb, which proved to be the fatal one. The first had killed two Cossacks. While they were arresting the assassin, the czar, deaf to the entreaties of his coachman, who wanted to drive on with all speed, came out of his carriage to say a word of sympathy to his dying soldiers. He took their hands, and addressing their murderer, he said: "Wretch, see what you have done in your blind fury!" After a last look of pity at his faithful servants, he was about to reenter his carriage, when a man, standing at the door, dropped another bomb, which he had kept concealed in his handkerchief, and that one not only killed the nihilist himself, but mortally wounded the emperor. In a moment the street, before deserted, was crowded with people coming from every direction. Sleighs were going to and fro, and all we heard was: "Thank God, the emperor lives!" His carriage being damaged, he was placed in a sleigh and driven to the palace, where he expired a few hours later. His legs had been shattered.

Might Succumb to Royalty.

Two women sitting opposite the writer in an electric car pitched their voices so high that every word of their conversation could be heard by those sitting near them. Matrimony was evidently the subject of their conversation, for one of them said:

"Sometimes I think that if I was single I wouldn't marry the prince of Wales himself, an' then ag'in I dunno."

"Yes, that is so," replied her companion. "I feel just that way myself, an' I have as good a husband as the average, too."

"So have I—that is, as men run nowadays."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Listener at the Door.

"Did she say: 'This is so sudden?'"

"No; her mother was listening at the keyhole and she didn't dare to throw on any frills."

"How do you know her mother was there?"

"Because stooping over shuts off her wind, and you could hear her gasping all over the room."

"Well, what did Minnie say?"

"She whispered: 'Cut it short, Jack, ma is apoplectic.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Sense of Humor.

A girl may laugh at a man's jokes, but after she marries him he discovers that her sense of humor is badly in need of moisture and needs digging around the roots.—Aitchison Globe.

A Cruel Blow.

Clara—How long have you been engaged with her?

Maud—Ever since she accepted the man I rejected.—Detroit Free Press.

TO CHRISTEN THE CRUISER

Miss Elsie Macomber of This State Selected as Sponsor for New Ship Des Moines.

DEDICATION TO OCCUR SEPTEMBER 20.

Miss Clara Carleton, of Haverhill, Mass., Chosen to Assist in the Honor—Visit of President Roosevelt to the State—Various Bits of Interesting Iowa News.

[Special Correspondence.]
Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 15.—At the dedication, launching and christening of the cruiser Des Moines at Fore River shipyard, at Quincy, Mass., Saturday, September 20, Miss Elsie Macomber, of Des Moines, will break the bottle of wine over the bow of the ship as she slips into the sea. Secretary of the Navy Moody selected Miss Clara N. Carleton, of Haverhill, Mass., to assist Miss Macomber, the young ladies representing the two states. Miss Carleton will sever the cord which will release the ship at the moment following which Miss Macomber will spill the wine. Miss Macomber is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Macomber, of Des Moines. She is the oldest of six children and is brilliant and cultured. She has traveled abroad. Her mother has taken several parties of tourists through Europe and Mex-



MISS ELSIE MACOMBER.
(Iowa Girl Who Will Act as Sponsor for New Cruiser Des Moines.)

ico, as chaperone. Mr. Macomber is practicing law in Des Moines, where he was city collector for four years. Miss Macomber was born at Ames while her father was professor of physics in the State Agricultural college. The Iowa party at the launching was planned to be composed of Gov. and Mrs. A. B. Cummins, the governor's staff and Miss Macomber. The city of Des Moines, for which the cruiser was named, arranged to have no official representative at the launching, but the governor and Miss Macomber both reside here.

Statement Denied.

The trustees of the state college at Ames have announced that the published statement to the effect that James Wilson had been invited to resign his position in the cabinet of President Roosevelt to accept the presidency of the institution to fill the vacancy caused by the death of William M. Beardshear, is incorrect and unfounded in fact. The trustees have reached but one conclusion with respect to the presidency of the institution. That is, not to fill it until next year. Mr. Wilson has not been asked to resign his position in the cabinet and to consider the Ames presidency. There is a bare possibility that he may be, but the trustees have not discussed the matter in their meetings. Henry Wallace, of Des Moines, is one of the prominent candidates for the place in the sense that his name has been pushed forward by his friends. He is editor of the Wallace's Farmer.

Will Meet President.

Gov. Cummins will meet President Roosevelt when he enters the state September 26, and will accompany him throughout Iowa. The governor has received permission to attach his special car to the special train carrying the president. He will go to Sioux City to meet the president September 26, accompany him that day to Denison and return to Des Moines, the president going on into Nebraska. On September 30 he will meet the president at Clarinda and accompany him throughout the day on his tour to Des Moines and then to Keokuk, going south.

Elected to New Chair.

P. G. Holden, of Bloomington, Ill., has been elected to the chair of agronomy in the State Agricultural college of Iowa. This chair has been created but recently. Its field embraces the whole science of the production of farm crops. For this, Professor Holden has large experience. He is a graduate of Michigan Agricultural college and has held professorships in that institution and in the Illinois Agricultural college. He organized the Corn Breeders' association of Illinois, was manager of the Pekin Beet Sugar company's farms, and recently has been superintendent of the 37,000 acres of seed corn farms of Funk Bros. at Bloomington. He comes to Iowa solely because he is more interested in science than he is in making a fortune for himself. His work at Ames will be to develop the corn breeds. Corn is useful for three principal purposes: Food, oil, starch. Gluten is needed in food corn, starch in corn to make starch out of, and fat to make oils. Formerly there was but one kind of corn, prolific in some of these elements, deficient in others. It is the business of the agronomist, now, to discover

a means for breeding different kinds of corn, one of which shall carry an excess of gluten, another of fat, another of starch. The work has been started by Professor Holden, and at the Iowa institution he hopes to be able to develop breeds of corn as distinct as are the different breeds of cattle, which will greatly multiply the value of the product.

Roosevelt in Iowa.
President Roosevelt will arrive in Sioux City September 23 instead of September 29, as stated formerly. He will be in that city on that date, and go from there to Arion, Denison and Council Bluffs the same day. He will return to the state on September 30, and make the remainder of the tour as described, including the visit to Des Moines the afternoon of September 30. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw will accompany the president on this western trip during his tour of this state, at least.

Elected President.
Joseph Eibeck, editor of the Staats Anzeiger, of Des Moines, was elected president of the German Editors' association of this state at their last annual meeting. He was also presented with a solid gold watch. Col. Eibeck lost a gold watch through a buglar a few weeks ago, and has mourned its loss greatly because it had been presented to him by his friends at Elkader when he left that town to come to Des Moines 20 years ago. The editors, reading of his touching reference to the loss in his paper, decided to surprise him with a new timepiece to take its place, as nearly as possible. The presentation was made by Lafayette Young at a banquet which the editors enjoyed during their meeting here. There are 35 German newspapers in Iowa.

Will Attend Meeting.
Secretary Wesley Greene, of the State Horticultural society, and four other Iowa delegates will attend the meeting of the National Apple Growers' association at St. Louis November 18 and 19. This association is devoted to the promulgation of information with respect to the extent, quality and care of the apple orchards of the country. The states surrounding Iowa, aside from New York, are especially interested. The Iowa delegates named by the governor are: Mr. Greene, J. T. D. Fulmer and daughter, of Des Moines; Judson Cramer, of Cedar Rapids, and J. T. Temple, of Davenport.

Building Completed.

The temporary buildings at the school for the deaf and dumb at Council Bluffs, built by the state board of control and state executive council to replace the main building which burned immediately after the recent legislature adjourned, are completed, and the school will be able to open as usual this fall. The board of control has been buying the furniture during the past week. The buildings cost about \$25,000. They are intended to furnish accommodations until the legislature builds permanent buildings.

University Opened.

The Sons of Veteran Memorial university at Mason City opened its doors for the reception of students the past week. It will be run as a military academy for the present, but eventually it will be made a genuine university. The first building erected is three stories in height, is 155 by 75, and has a chapel that will seat 500 students. The institution starts off with great promise. It was decided at the national encampment of the Sons of Veterans at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1900, to build a national memorial university. Mason City was a candidate for the location, and through the energetic work of A. L. Soter and others the Iowa town won over several competitors. During two years a sufficient sum of money was secured to erect the first building and to open the doors of the institution. It was planned to have the building dedicated by President Roosevelt, and when he is again in Iowa he will be asked to attend the ceremony. It is desired by the trustees of the institution to have each building dedicated by a president, in order to make the institution what it is intended it shall be, national in character.

Programme Arranged.

The programme for the sessions of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias and auxiliary orders in Des Moines October 6, 7 and 8 has been arranged by the local committees. Monday, October 6, the Knights of Khorrassan will occupy the attention of the visitors. A parade and banquet together with an entertainment will occupy the day. Tuesday, October 7, the degrees will be exempted, and P. E. Duncan will conduct a school of instruction. Wednesday morning a public meeting will be held at which Gov. Cummins and Mayor Brenton will make addresses. The sessions of the grand lodge will follow. That evening a reception will be given, followed by an entertainment at Auditorium park. The Rathbone Sisters will meet during the sessions of the grand lodge. Five names have been mentioned in connection with the grand chancellorship, to succeed F. W. Porterfield, of Atlantic. They are O. M. Gillette, of Independence; John Springer, of Iowa City; F. S. Thompson, of Knoxville; E. M. Hemmingway, of Hampton, and E. S. Hopkins, of Cedar Rapids. William Clark, of Marshalltown, has been announced as a candidate for chancellor of the exchequer, and the other offices will be filled without political contests.

LEON BROWN.

The hard fought case at Sibley of the state vs. E. B. and Arthur Collins, charged with receiving stolen property, ended by the jury returning a verdict of not guilty.