

## THE PICTURE.

A man with bony hands worked day by day To put the rough-hewn sills in place and lay The beams across and build the walls; he made The narrow stairs, he raised the roof and laid The gable floors; the vines he trained To wind about the doors. He felled the trees That stood about, and through much tolling gained The little that comes unto him who frees The soil of its first growth, and through The years he saw age warp the walls. He grew Old with the rotting sills; where long ago The forest stood he saw sweet blossoms blow; On trees the willful wind had set aslant, And memories of her who saw him plant Them there in rows came back, and in his eyes A moisture gathered as he looked away Across the fields and saw the white stones rise Upon the distant hillsides.

Old and gray, He stood before the door, where she had passed, Where once the shadows of loved forms were cast— He stood and sighed and watched the blossoms fall. And from the road an artist marked the scene. Beheld the vines that hid the arched wall. Gazed up along the path that wound between The rows of flowers such as once had made The dull days bright for her whose hands were laid Upon her breast long, long ago.—The artist saw And drew the scene, and people praised His splendid picture. But he did not draw That which was in the soul of him who gazed Across the fields—who with a heavy heart And all unthanked, gave what he had to art.—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK  
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### CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Now I should think," resumed Guy, "that Mr. Vlandingham gave you a whole block in return for the Amityville vote."

"A block!" gasped Landy.

"Yes, or more."

"Why, if I had a block of Harmony lots I'd be independent rich as soon as the county seat question is settled and the boom sets in."

"Your influence would be worth it. Didn't you get a block?"

"No, nor half a block. I only got six and was given two to transfer to every voter in Amityville."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Guy. "Is it possible that that is Mr. Vlandingham's idea of fair treatment? Only six lots for gaining the county seat for Harmony! Well, well!"

Guy leaned back in his chair and looked at Landy sympathetically.

"Vlandingham has pulled the wool over your eyes, Abe," chuckled Whittaker, making due note of his cousin's long face.

"It doesn't look as though he had treated me just right, does it, now?" mumbled Landy.

"No, sir," said Guy, with emphasis. "Did you make a straight bargain with Mr. Vlandingham?"

"There wasn't any bargain at all. When Vlandingham got ready to have his petition to the county commissioners signed he handed me a due bill for six lots, together with 14 other due bills for two lots each for the rest of the voters in Amityville. All he did was to slap me on the back, and call me Abe, and say how much he thought of me. Gosh! And to think that he was making game of me all the time."

"It is too bad, Mr. Landy," rejoined Guy. "For some time he had been furtively taking Mr. Landy's measure and he was now ready to lay on the finishing stroke of a hastily evolved plan. 'If Amityville votes for Concord,' he went on, 'it's almost a certainty that Concord will win. When it is once settled that Concord has the county seat good and fast, the town will boom and lots will sell like hot cakes. As I told you, I have over two hundred good lots and I wouldn't object to giving 34 due bills for two lots each to every man, woman and child in Amityville, excepting Abraham Landy. As for Mr. Landy, I would ask him to distribute the 34 due bills and then, if he would promise to return a solid vote for Concord, I would give him a thirty-fifth due bill for 50 lots, two full blocks."

"You'd do that, would you?" exploded Landy, leaping from his chair.

"I would," answered Guy, "and I would consider Mr. Landy had done me a favor."

Mr. Landy clasped his hands behind him and walked around the house, his eyes turned groundward.

"You've hooked him!" muttered the delighted Whittaker. "By jinks, you've hooked him, Mr. Herbert."

And Whittaker was right. Ten minutes later Guy was writing due bills by the dozen and half an hour later Mr. Landy was homeward bound after having given a written agreement to poll every Amityville ballot for Concord. While he was engaged in giving away lots, Guy did not forget to present Whittaker with half a dozen; thereupon that gentleman solemnly covenanted that his house should remain forever upon the Concord side of his farm.

This deal consummated, Guy went in and laid down. He felt that he had done a good stroke of work for Concord. His conscience troubled him somewhat, for there was a hint of sharp practice in his deal with Landy that was directly opposed to the young man's inclinations and

general character. Still, if Vlandingham had bought Amityville signatures to his petition, why should not Guy buy Amityville votes? The ballots of the two sets of imported voters, each just a score in number, would nullify each other. Now that Amityville was to go for Concord, the success of Concord seemed certain.

The first flush of assured victory over, Guy began to feel sorry for Miss Betty. She was bending every effort toward a victory for Harmony and was so confident of the result that he—well, he almost regretted that he had allowed himself to purchase Mr. Landy's influence.

"Lady to see you, Mr. Herbert," announced Whittaker, abruptly opening the door. After grinning slyly he vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

"A lady," murmured Guy, in trepidation.

He had been so busy with his thoughts that he had heard no sounds indicative of the arrival of a visitor. As he arose he glanced through a window and saw Miss Pinkney seated in a gorgeous trap and holding a horse. The next moment he saw Whittaker approach the trap, stand beside it and engage Miss Pinkney in conversation. Guy's heart fluttered! At last! At last he would be able to explain that affair on the lake shore.

Miss Betty was waiting for him when he entered the other room. She came forward hastily and took one of his hands in both her own. The look on her face was one which he had never seen there before. Sadness, heartburning, regret—these were all in the glance she gave him.

"I can remain but a moment, Mr. Herbert," she said. "I have been in Bismarck for a few days and, on my return to Harmony I learned something which has brought me straight to you to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?" he repeated, clinging to one of her hands. "Forgiveness for what?"

"For allowing you to help me, thus causing you to be looked upon as a traitor by your own townspeople; and for daring to think that you had brought the sheriff and two others with you to the lake, a week ago last Wednesday. Oh, I feel as though I am personally culpable and that your wound is the indirect result of my own actions." Her blue eyes grew misty and her voice shook.

"Will you forgive me, Mr. Herbert?"

He longed to clasp her to his breast and then tell her how dear she had become to him in the brief time they had known each other; he would have given worlds to kiss her tears away and do other sentimental and foolish things which he had no earthly right to do, but he restrained himself. He loved her, and he defied the months and years to disprove a truth which two short weeks had made clear to him. Yet, while sure of his own feelings, he must wait to assure himself of hers.

"Who has told you my side of the case, Miss Vlandingham?" he asked.

"Some one who knows," was the reply; "some one who lives in Concord and is thoroughly conversant with every phase of your ill-treatment at the hands of the mistaken people there."

"My ill-treatment, I fear, has been overdrawn," said Guy, smiling. "I



I FEEL AS THOUGH I AM PERSONALLY CULPABLE.

love the study of my fellow man, Miss Vlandingham, and although I have been put to some inconvenience while in Concord, I assure you that I have had a good deal of enjoyment out of the situation existing there. In trying times like these, human nature flies to the surface and that makes the study of character not only easy but delightful. I am glad, however, that you know I was not at fault when I met you at the lake. Did you hear of my telegram?"

"Yes, I know of that. Col. Keever told the operator that you had decided not to send it."

"And it was simply a coincidence that caused you to appoint, for our meeting, the very place, day and hour that was hit upon by Col. Keever and Col. Dingle for their affair of honor?"

"A coincidence entirely. You will forgive me, will you not, and forget my hasty words at the lake? Please, hurry, for I must be going."

"I forgive you freely, although I do not see how you could have acted otherwise than as you did."

"Your generosity prompts you to say that. But you must not be too generous. For instance, I would not want you to think that you must not strain every effort to win the county seat contest. It is a case of Greek meeting Greek, you know; and all is fair in war."

"And love!" added Guy.

The color flew to her face.

"I like to see a man successful," she added, "even if he is fighting against me."

"I have done, and shall continue to do, everything I can to keep the county seat at Concord," averred Guy.

"There!" she exclaimed; "I like to hear you say that and in just that tone of voice. It sounds business-like and manly, you know, and that's the way I like to see people—some people—that is, people in whom I take an interest, and—what am I saying?" She bit her lip in vexation and stamped her foot. "Please let me go," she said, attempting to withdraw her hand.

He raised the gloved hand to his lips. The scarlet flew to her cheeks again and she turned and fled from the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The election was to be held on Tuesday, and the Monday immediately preceding had been fraught with matters of grave concern for Col. Keever. The most momentous of these matters was the strike of Sampson for back pay and higher wages; the most momentous because, like the newly-started snowball, the incident grew amazingly in importance until it ended in the Colonel's disgrace, his banishment from the town, and the wrecking of the Blizzard.

To begin with, the Blizzard had never been much of a financial success. It was a paper of Johnsonian excellence; that is to say, so ponderous in its utterance that it had to be read with a Webster—unabridged—at one's elbow. The little fishes talked like whales on every line and through every column. In a community necessarily deficient in its supply of Websters, the Blizzard was venerated and feared because of its evident learning. For the same reason, but few subscribed for it; and so small was the subscription list at the time the unfeeling Sampson went on strike and so meager was the advertising patronage that the Colonel had barely two dollars that he could call his own.

His printing "plant" had cost him \$500, and he had paid all but \$450 of that debt. He had no lots in Concord, and if called to a strict accounting by Guy it would have been found that there were 100 or so which had not been turned over. That very Monday, Pedro Smith had pressed the Colonel for a board bill long past due; the news company had sent his "patent outsiders" by express, C. O. D., and the bundle was still in the express office while the forms waited in vain on the "Army" press.

What was the Colonel going to do? Racked by these worries he had entered his office only to be confronted by Sampson who demanded money and declared he would "stop work" if he didn't get it.

This was the last straw. The Colonel's patience gave way and hot words were passed between him and his printer. And then—well, he struck Sampson with his cane, and Sampson hit him with a chair, and threw him into one corner, and shook a fist in his face and vowed revenge, r-r-revenge! After that, Sampson went away in high dudgeon and the Colonel picked himself up, limped to his office chair and sat there for a long time, bitterly reflecting. The sun went down, the shadows of evening fell and still the Colonel's acute mind had found no loophole for escape from his present difficulties.

It was at this juncture that four gentlemen from Harmony, all of serious aspect and wearing black slouch hats, ascended the unsteady stairs that led to the office of the Blizzard. And one was very tall, and one had a glass eye, and the third stumped through life on a wooden pin, and the fourth carried an empty sleeve. Business called them to Concord and ill-fortune had prepared the Colonel to greet them in receptive mood.

The committee of ways and means—dark ways and questionable means—came at night as befitted doers of ignoble deeds. Their two-seated carriage and team were left at the edge of town and they were unseen by any save Sampson. He still had a key to the workroom and as they entered by the front he entered at the rear.

Col. Keever cherished no ill-feelings and he greeted his callers cordially and humorously. Should he put their names down for a year's subscription to his invaluable paper, two dollars a year, in advance?

No; the four gentlemen from Harmony had not called for any such purpose.

Indeed! While his four callers were unfortunate, in so far as they resided in a town with such a poor outlook as Harmony, yet lack of taste was not a crime, and Col. Keever was glad to extend the right hand of fellowship to Col. Dingle, Maj. Harp, Capt. Blue and Mr. Boomer.

Col. Dingle, Maj. Harp, Capt. Blue and Mr. Boomer gratefully acknowledged Col. Keever's amicable sentiments and begged to assure him of their own, coupled with a slight offering in the way of liquid refreshments.

This preliminary matter arranged to the voluble satisfaction of all parties, Col. Dingle asked to know if they were alone.

Col. Keever told him that they could not be more utterly alone if they were set down on the broad bosom of the Sahara—with nothing to drink.

Then they all laughed and clapped Keever on the back and seemed to think it an excellent joke, and Col. Keever became bland and facetious and informed them again of his everlasting regard.

After this, Mr. Boomer went to the door and looked out on the land-

ing and down the stairs and came back seemingly satisfied.

"All clear, Colonel," he said, and Col. Dingle hitched his chair into confidential proximity to Col. Keever's.

"Colonel," he observed, carefully, "Concord is the county seat of Goodwill county."

Col. Keever replied that he had no reason to dispute his honorable friend's statement. He concurred in it fully.

"Colonel," went on Dingle, "Harmony would like to have the county seat."

Keever averred loudly, in answer to this remark, that Col. Dingle was a truthful man and a man of undoubted ability. They had had their little differences, of course, yet Col. Keever knew how to grant honor where honor was due. When it rained, Col. Dingle knew where to go to keep out of the wet.

Dingle laughed, his natural eye glowed, and he nudged Keever with his elbow. The other three gentlemen joined in the merriment, liquid refreshment was again bountifully administered and the good feeling prevailed to an extent that was almost morbid.

Dingle hung languidly on Keever's shoulder while the three others huddled about, anxious to laugh at any joke however old, and silently imploring an opportunity to express their unbounded affection for everybody.

"A special election has been called for the purpose of shifting the county seat from Concord to Harmony," Dingle resumed, "and a two-thirds vote is necessary to the consummation of such a change. Now it is impossible to deny that Harmony is a favorite with two-thirds of the county, but we"—Dingle designated himself and his three companions—"thoroughly understand how utterly vain it would be for Harmony to attempt to secure the county seat without the good will and assistance of one whose ability is undoubted, whose virtues are the envy of his fellow-men and whose congenial nature is a theme of general remark. In short, Col. Archibald Keever, of Concord."

Col. Keever smiled his gratification and desired to state that it had never been his extreme good fortune to run across so truthful a man as Col. Dingle nor such a whole-souled, appreciative set of companions as had accompanied him; and he hoped that, knowing him as they all did, they would take this little apostrophe for what it was worth. In the meantime, as the national debt was oppressive, why not give it another lift?

The four gentlemen from Harmony readily understood this hint and four flasks were stretched out simultaneously towards Col. Keever. The latter bowed, and to the end that none might feel aggrieved, paid due and lengthened attention to each flask, supplementing each draught with a peculiarly happy remark relative to the generosity of the donor and the excellence of his gift.

[To Be Continued.]

A FOOLISH VENGEANCE.

The First Duchess of Marlborough Sacrificed Her Hair to Spite Her Husband.

Sarah, the first duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Fitzgerald Molloy, the latest biographer of the duchess, has incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively but charming, says the Detroit Free Press.

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mass of her hair. Years before, when he had thwarted her in something, she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and in a place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her, and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done, but she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

Perfectly at Home.

"Can you talk on your feet?" said the young man who was thinking ruefully of the time he tried to make an after-dinner speech.

"I can," was the answer, accompanied by the baleful smile of a person who is about to make a deliberate joke; "I used to lecture on chiropody."—Washington Star.

The Safe Plan.

Traveling Man—A chop and a cup of coffee, quick. My train leaves in 20 minutes.

Waiter—Yes, sah; 75 cents, sah.

"Do you want pay in advance?"

"Yes, sah. You may be gone before it's cooked, sah."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Original Philosopher.

"The man who thinks humor and irreverent vulgarity are synonymous," said the original philosopher, "ought to consult a physician."—Los Angeles Herald.

VETERANS MEET.

The Famous Crocker Brigade Holds a Reunion in Muscatine and Elects New Officers.

A joint reunion of survivors of Crocker's Iowa brigade, consisting of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments, and the Thirty-fifth volunteer regiment, was held in Muscatine. The streets were lined with many hundreds of civil war veterans, gathered from almost every state in the union to help celebrate the biennial reunion. Every incoming train brought many more soldiers to join the host of old soldiers, and this was probably the greatest grand army event that has taken place in that city since the war. About 3,000 soldiers were present. The city was practically turned over to the soldiers, and no time, work or expense was spared by the citizens to make the veterans of the 60's welcome. The streets were lighted with hundreds of red, white and blue electric lights, arranged to give the appearance of Old Glory.

Headed by a platoon of police, over 2,000 members of the brigade volunteers marched in the parade. Maj. S. R. Chase, of Moscow, aged 94 years, and a member of company B, Thirty-seventh Iowa volunteers, the famous "Graybeard" regiment, was one of the marchers. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Col. H. H. Rood, Mount Vernon.

First vice president—Col. J. H. Munroe, Muscatine, Ia.

Second vice president—W. A. Hunter, Cedar Rapids.

Third vice president—J. B. Craig, Memphis, Mo.

Fourth vice president—W. L. Kissick, Beacon, Ia.

Recording secretary—C. W. Kepler, Mount Vernon, Ia.

Treasurer—Peter Kiene, Dubuque.

Corresponding secretary—D. W. Bushnell, Council Bluffs.

Waterloo was selected as the place for holding the next encampment, in 1904. The reunion closed with a camp fire, at which Gen. MacArthur, Col. Hare and Keefer and Gen. Skirg were the programme speakers.

JUVENILE COURTS.

A Des Moines Woman Explains the Reason Why Such Institutions Are a Necessity.

At the quarterly conference of the state board of control and the heads of the various state institutions which convened at the state house in Des Moines, a most interesting feature was a paper read by Mrs. Isaac Hillis, of Des Moines, on the subject of delinquent children, juvenile courts and probation officers. Mrs. Hillis thought that in Des Moines and all other cities where there are truant officers, as provided by the new state law on the subject, those officers should also be probation officers. Through the press she thought public opinion ought to have great influence in the matter, so that these men might be empowered to act without waiting two years for some special act of the legislature on the subject.

The state geologist, Prof. Samuel Calvin, of the University of Iowa, read a comprehensive and thorough paper on the subject of artesian wells in Iowa, and the paper prepared by Dr. Max Witte of the state hospital for the insane at Clarinda, was read by Superintendent Fitzgerald, of Mitchellville. Dr. Witte being sick and unable to be present. Dr. Witte's paper was on the subject: "The Undesirable Employee; How Shall We Protect Ourselves Against Them?" and his suggestion that a black list be maintained met with much favor.

Finally Disposed Of.

The Brown-Marshall calf case, which has become a cause celebre in Judge Caswell's court in Marshalltown, has finally been disposed of. The costs in the case amounted to over \$500, while the value of the calf was \$42. How much was paid out in attorneys' fees will probably never be known. The cause of the trouble originated in the floods last spring. W. H. Brown and Frank Marshall were obliged to round up their cattle to prevent their being drowned. In the process Marshall got a young steer which was claimed by Brown. Both Marshall and Brown got replevin suits and the matter was carried through the district court. Marshall gets the calf.

Death of a Pioneer.

Jacob G. Sperry died at his home in Iowa City, aged 81 years. He had lived in Johnson county for 49 years. For many years he held official places of honor and trust and was a man who was highly respected. For the last 30 years he has been in the abstract business, and until two weeks ago attended to the duties of his office. In 1867 he was converted under the evangelist Morgan Edwards, united with the Baptist church, and during his long membership was a liberal supporter and defender of the church. He was well known all over Iowa, and leaves a wife and seven children.

A New Question.

A new question has been referred to the state authorities by the school managers of Des Moines. It is: What authority has a school board or superintendent to exclude children of defective minds from the public schools? There is some doubt about the power of the school authorities to exclude such children. There seems to be no law on the question. Local school managers are inclined to believe that under the new compulsory education law a parent may compel the schools to take care of children who are actually nuisances if such a parent sees fit.

IOWA STATE NEWS.

Won a Point.

Dr. D. R. Hammer, the Newton physician who was accused of having caused the death of Vina Knoble, a Marshalltown girl, by a criminal operation, won a point in the district court at Montezuma. After hearing the testimony, Judge A. R. Dewey dismissed the case without prejudice, which probably means that it will be dropped. Miss Knoble went to Dr. Hammer's office for treatment. The evidence showed that she went to other doctors also, and that from one of them she stole a surgical instrument with which, the defense asserts, she performed the operation, and that Dr. Hammer only attended her when she became ill from the effects.

Killed Himself.

George Jones, cashier for Einstine & Morris, clothing dealers in Clinton, committed suicide at the home of his parents in Andover. A warrant for Jones' arrest was sworn out yesterday by his employers, charging the embezzlement of \$15,000. They say he had confessed to taking between \$9,000 and \$10,000. Jones was 30 years old and had worked in different stores in the city for several years. He came of a good family and there never was a suspicion of his honesty. What he did with the money is a mystery.

Divorced Second Time.

For the second time Mrs. Frank M. Sheeley, wife of the superintendent of the Sioux Falls railroad, was granted a divorce in Sioux City from her husband. The divorce was secured by Mrs. Sheeley, who charged adultery and desertion. Sheeley's daughter testified she had seen her father hugging other women. Mrs. Sheeley was married to F. M. Sheeley 20 years ago and secured a divorce on the same charge, so she alleges. Ten years later she married her former husband, only to be divorced again.

End of a Wild Career.

The finding of the dead body of G. Francis Stannier in bed at his home marked the end of a wild career. Stannier was one of the English colonists who settled in that vicinity, and received a monthly annuity from England. Later an uncle died, leaving him \$25,000, and he went on a wild spree, ending with an expenditure of \$9,000 in London upon an Austrian adventures. She married him and came to America, staying just long enough to get a deed to Stannier's home, when she went away with a German friend.

Shoots to Avenge Child.

Mrs. Maud Smith, accompanied by her daughter, aged 17 years, fatally shot Harry Clark in the state fair grounds in Des Moines. The woman fired five shots, two of which took effect. Handing her revolver to a bystander Mrs. Smith then boarded a street car and started for the city, where she was arrested. She gave as a reason for shooting Clark that he had ruined her daughter.

Crop Outlook.

The weekly crop report of the Washington weather bureau says for Iowa: Week cool but generally favorable for farm work; corn cutting in progress; late corn seriously damaged by frosts, especially in northern section; fully two-thirds of acreage planted early and promises large yield; potatoes and apples yielding above expectations; fall plowing and seeding in progress.

Found Poison.

A satchel containing several bottles of poisonous drugs was found in the window of the cell in which Mrs. James Gallagher, accused by her alleged accomplice, Harry Holada, of the murder of her husband, is confined at Iowa City. The county officers say it was placed there by a friend of the woman to assist her in a desire to commit suicide.

To Succeed Henderson.

Judge B. P. Birdsall, of Clarion, was nominated for congress by the Third District republican convention in Hampton. The nomination was made on the second ballot by a vote of 88 to 26 for C. E. Ransier, of Buchanan. The district is at present represented by the speaker of the national house, Hon. David B. Henderson, who recently declined a renomination.

Boles Accepts.

Ex-Gov. Horace Boles has accepted the democratic nomination for congress in David B. Henderson's district. In his letter trusts are denounced and tariff for revenue is declared the way to deal with them.

News in Brief.

The report of the secretary of horticulture shows over 9,000,000 fruit trees in Iowa.

The trial of John A. Monteith in Albia for the murder of his uncle, Phil Gladson, in May, 1901, ended in an acquittal.

Rev. F. J. Vanhorn, of Plymouth Congregational church, in Des Moines, has accepted a call from Old South church, Worcester, Mass., at \$6,000 a year.

Mrs. George Claffin hanged herself at Keosauqua while her husband, who had been watching her to prevent the deed, was asleep.

Senator J. P. Dolliver delivered the principal address at the dedication of Ottumwa's public library, for which Mr. Carnegie gave \$50,000.

Gorman M. Brown, for a quarter of a century a prominent stockman in Monona county, died at his home in Belvidere township, aged 79 years.

Robert Ray and Howard Rodman, aged 20 years, were killed, and J. H. Moran was seriously injured in a freight wreck near Cedar Rapids.