Two Singers.

Two singers there were and one was like
To a queen in her royal gown—
With a stately step, and pride agleam
In the deep of her eyes of brown;
And one's was a face with a gentler grace,
And eyes that a heart shone through—
Eyes that borrowed the schoolday tint
Of a little sunbonnet of blue.

One was a singer of great renown,
Now stirring the blood with a note,
Now charming the ear with the cultured tones
That came from her shapely throat;
And one was a singer of songs of love,
And she knew not the ways of art;
But she sang right on past the ear and poured
Rich melodies 'round the heart.

Two tributes of song—and one was lost
In the deafening volley of cheers;
And one throbbed on when the singer was gone,
And the answer was silence and tears.
Ah, many the day that has passed since then,
And the singers that sang are not;
But memory holds to a little song,
And the other—forgot! forgot!

HIS FIRST NIGHT IN MANILA.

A VOLUNTEER'S ADVENTURE.

An injury, received at Cavite, a few days after our troops entered Manila, incapacitated me for further service. I was furloughed and might have come home on the transport to San Francisco, but I wanted to see a little more of life in the Philippines.

Two American friends of mine, with an eye to future business, had bought a number of houses of departing Spanish residents on a street leading off the Escolta, and at their request, I hired a native servant and went to live in one of these houses, to look after the property and "hold down the claim" for them, as they say in Nebraska, till they could take possession themselves. The casa, or house, where I became thus domiciled was a typical Spanish structure of Manila, built around an enclosed open patio, or inner courtyard, with strong walls and grated windows. The roof over the wider front portion of it was of corrugated iron, as is common here on account of earthquakes; but the lower portions at the wings and rear were provided with roofs of red earthen tiles.

Having the whole house to choose from, I selected two rooms on the second floor, fronting the street. The Spanish family who had lived here had left much of the old furniture, curtains, bamboo chairs, bedsteads, colchons and other articles not worth moving away. Even the braziers for cooking still stood on the gallery outside the door. I had but to fetch in my personal belongings and begin my bachelor housekeeping.

You get a mozo, or native male servant, for four dollars a month here, and this "boy" does everything for you, even to laying out your clothes and fetching in your meals. For an indolent life at moderate cost, Manila is the ideal city, in time of peace. The mozo does all the small buying, and it is often necessary to trust him with several of the big silver dollars which constitute the medium of exchange here.

Although I found the old casa shut up, it was far from being wholly unoccupied and empty. A Chinese "chow" dog, with a black tongue, curly hair, and a tail that was still trying hard to keep in its peculiar curl, was in the patio when I unlocked the outer door and entered. The forlorn creature seemed uncertain whether to bark at me for an intruder or whine for food, and she watched my face with sad, longing eyes, perhaps pleading for her three little puppies.

A dirty, lean, white cat, with a broken tail was also peering out from under a rank banana stalk. The whole patio was now overrun with neglected flower plants, shrubs, pepper-vines and a "fire-tree."

Mosquitoes had bred in the little, half dry pool of the fountain, and a lizard three or four feet long was squatting on the rim of it. There were five more of these long lizards about the court and late that afternoon they began to "sing." I thought that half a dozen locksmiths had entered and were filing keys below, till my new mozo told me the noises were made by the lizards.

The first night after taking possession I spent down at Cavite with some friends; but the mozo remained and availed himself of my absence to smuggle into the patio two tough-looking game cocks of his own; for all these native "boys" are incorrigible cock fighters.

He also kept a yeeping turkey there, for what purpose I never knew, and raised "hongos"—mushrooms—in a dark back room of the ground floor. Still, he was a very good mozo, as Manila mozos go, and was usually on hand when he was wanted.

The old house had still other denizens which I did not learn about till the second night, which was the first that I actually passed there. Any one living in Manila—even a newcomer of a few weeks' experience of the city and its inhabitants—would have understood matters better than I did. At Cavite I had lived either in barracks or at a hospital.

A very diminutive kerosene lamp furnished what light I was to have in the old casa. After a stroll up and down the street outside, I went in, locked the great door, ascended to my new quarters, and sat down to read an old copy of Waverly which had found its way to the Philippines on a war-ship.

Something about the queer, musty old place gave me a singular sensation—lonesomeness, perhaps. I forgot it in the narrative of "Callum Beg," for a time. Then I heard Florencio, my mozo, coming up the stairs from the patio. He brought in drinking water, opened my bed, and laid a pair of slippers beside it. As yet the mozo and I had much difficulty in understanding each other. He spoke Tagalog and a little Spanish; I still less Spanish and no Tagalog. I thought that he appeared uneasy, and scarcely wondered at it, the house was so silent and deserted. I asked him if he were afraid.

"Ah, nao, senor," he replied, with a doubtful look around, but added something about picaros, and then explained, in many long sentences, none of which I more than comprehended, that native black burglars often crept in, naked, having their bodies smeared with fat so that they could not be seized or held.

I had a Krag-Jorgensen carbine; but Florencio brought in two old rusted lances which he had found below, such as had sometimes been used by Spanish cavalry. He stood up one of these doughty weapons beside my bed, with an odd smile, intimating that he should keep the other near his own colchon in the back room which he occupied on the ground floor. I laughed at him; yet in the disturbed condition of the city at that time precautions were not entirely out of place.

After he had said buenas noches, and I had listened to his shuffling feet descending the stairs, I read again for a while, and then went to a window to look down into the street, which was very quiet and dimly lighted. Presently I heard the tramp of a patrol squad, and a sergeant with five soldiers passed. From the window I could see three natives peeping after them from the entrance of an alley. "Such is Manila in 1899," I thought, and went to bed.

The night was not uncomfortably hot. I blew out the feeble lamp and fell asleep at once.

A scraping sound soon waked me; a rat was dragging one of my shoes across the tiled floor. When I struck a match, the big gray fellow dropped the shoe and scurried into a corner, where I could see his small eyes reflecting the light.

I put my shoes and socks on my bed, and again fell asleep; but not for long. Frightful squealings broke out. A battalion of charging Filipinos could hardly have made a sharper uproar—and it was overhead! "Something larger than rats this time," I thought, starting up, and once more lighted my lamp.

The ceilings of these old Spanish houses usually show the beams and boards. A heavy object was rolling and tumbling in the loft above the ceiling of my room, and I could hear an occasional clang against the iron roof above it. Then a strange, grating, sliding noise succeeded, followed immediately by another frightful outburst of screams; then bump-thump-plump all over the loft!

Considerably excited, I jumped up, and seizing the old lance, struck and prodded the ceiling-boards vigorously. These proved not to be nailed or fastened in any way; they turned over easily. Dirt, dust and a shower of rubbish fell. But my demonstration had the effect of quieting the noise for the time being.

From the sounds I was sure that a man or some large animal, as well as rats, must be in the loft—a greased picaro, perhaps. Mounting a chair, with the lance in one hand, I held up the lamp. As I raised the light there was a sudden commotion above, a clatter of the overturned boards, and there slid down, not a yard from my face, fully a fathom's length of the ugliest scaly serpent that I ever set my eyes on.

I yelled outright, purely from terror, and jumped down from the chair. The monster appeared to be coming down tail first. The lamp chimney fell to the floor and broke, by no means improving the feeble light. The snake—more of it—was still sliding down. Apparently there were yards of it behind.

Its tail now nearly touched the floor. Putting down the flaring lamp, I snatched my carbine and literally blew a hole through the reptile's body. It fell, bleeding and thrashing, on the tiles.

But the noise in the loft had increased. Glancing up, I saw the tail of another python whipping down as he ran over the beams. A second shot sent it executing even wilder gyrations.

At length, catching sight of its body gliding across one of the wide cracks I had made by overturning the boards, I fired and brought it down through the hole.

Both snakes, the smaller of which was not less than nine feet long, were now tumbling spasmodically about the room, and I leaped upon the bed, for my feet were bare, and I was otherwise in scanty raiment.

At that moment there came a hasty knocking at the door, with Florencio crying in alarmed accents, "Senor! Senor! Que hay?"

He had naturally concluded that a battle with robbers was raging. It is good evidence of his fidelity that he had seized his lance and come to my assistance.

With an eye to the writhing serpents, I got down, threw the door open and jumped hastily back on the bed. Florencio, weapon in hand, peered in. He was ashen with terror. But as his eyes took in the situation, the dying serpents and the damaged ceiling, his face regained its wonted expression. Nay, he even smiled!

Then, marking my excitement, he began a reassuring discourse, of which I understood scarcely a word. Quite fearlessly, as it seemed to me, he seized the snakes by the tail, and hauling them out on the gallery, threw them down into the patio. Then he began to tidy up the room, all the while repeating something about culebras de casa (house snakes), and that el senor (myself) no conoce (did not know).

It was not until the next day that I came fairly to understand that I had foolishly killed two harmless boas which had filled the necessary office of rat-catchers in the old house for years, and whose place would have to be filled by others of their species if we expected to live there.

I then learned that most old houses and bungalows at Manila have their majas, or house serpents,—a species of boa, from eight to twelve feet long,—which live in the lofts and attics above the ceilings, rarely or never giving the people any trouble. These snakes, in fact, are sold by native peddlers on the street.

Not many days later, itinerant venders, acting from some hint of Florencio's probably, came to the house door, each bearing a bamboo pole over his shoulder, with a boa coiled around it. The reptile's neck was tied fast to the pole aloft, to prevent them from escaping. It cost me two of the cart wheel dollars of the country to make good the witless slaughter which my inexperience had occasioned.—Youth's Companion.

Jealousy Kills a Parrot.

When Lieutenant George E. Goodrich of the 161st Regiment Indiana Volunteers returned to Shelbyville from Havana recently he brought with him an exceptionally bright parrot, which caused the one owned in the Goodrich family many years to grow very jealous. The old bird was a changed one from the time the new one was given quarters in the house, refusing to talk or to accept anything from the hands of the family. A few days ago "Polly," who was known all over the city, was found dead in her cage, having died of a broken heart.

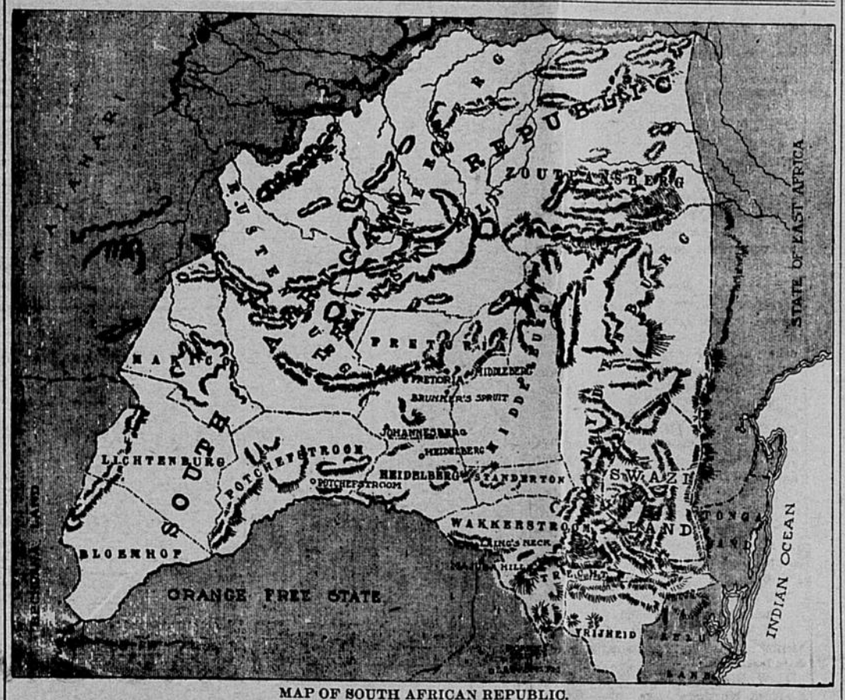
THORN IN ENGLAND'S FLESH.

Possibility of a War with the Transvaal Republic Brings That Little Country to the Front Again—Characteristics of the Boers and Their Land.

THE trouble in the Transvaal is a war of races. In that country of wind-blown veldt and craggy hills the aggressive, restless, absorbing, conquering, colonizing spirit of the Anglo-Saxon faces the stolidly courageous inertia of the Dutch. Three times in the past the blaze of open conflict has flared. The smoldering embers are growing a brighter red, and the time is not distant when once more they will burst into flame. That is the judgment of every unbiased student of the situation. It is their judgment, too, that the coming combat will far surpass its predecessors in fury, in fatalities and in results.

It is a country worth fighting for. Between it and that portion of the United States which lies just to the eastward of the Rockies there is strong similarity. It has the same wide-spreading mesas, carpeted with waving grasses, green in the early spring and brown in the heats of summer. There are the same infrequent and treacherous water-courses, the same magnificent distances, the same jutting knobs of granite and other stones, which we call "buttes." The land of the Dutch is possibly less fertile than the American land, although there is no better cattle country. As an offset to this it is the greatest gold-producing area of the earth. It is gold that has caused all the trouble, because the thirst for gold has brought in the tens of thousands of foreigners, mostly Englishmen, who have come to be known as "uitlanders" or outlanders.

PAUL KRUGER.



MAP OF SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

The Transvaal was formerly annexed to Great Britain. When the English army was beaten at Majuba Hill Gladstone was prime minister. He concluded a treaty with the Dutchmen which gave them everything for which they had been fighting. It was peace without honor, and the Tories raged as the heathen rage. Mr. Gladstone said that England's "magnanimity" at this crisis would go far toward convincing the Boers that a great and powerful nation was willing to do them justice, and that Englishmen would become immediately popular in the Dutch republic. His opponents said that exactly a contrary result would accrue, and the end of it proved them to have been right. The Boers laughed at the suggestion of "magnanimity." They declared that the English had been whipped to a standstill, and that it was fear, not humanity, which dominated them. This impression of the English army exists almost universally in the Transvaal to-day.

Thorn in Britain's Flesh.

The Transvaal is about the size of France. It is rich in natural resources, aside from its gold and diamond fields, and for nearly two centuries has been tilled by the thrifty Dutch emigrants and their descendants, or utilized for the pastures of their thousands of herds of cattle and horses. The country takes its name from the River Vaal, which forms its southern boundary. This may become a new Rubicon if war is declared, and it is probably the best-known stream of the Dark Continent, although from a geographical standpoint it is insignificant compared with such watercourses as the Nile and the Niger. While largely composed of tablelands the country is well watered and fertile. On the tableland can be grown the usual crops of the temperate zone, such as cereals, tobacco, fruits and vegetables, while its ivory and wool markets are among the most extensive in the world. The ostrich is also a native of this country and the trade in its feathers is considerable. An abundance of timber and other building material have given the inhabitants an opportunity to construct substantial and comfortable homes at a small cost, and the traveler is surprised at the advance in civilization which he finds in the towns located hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad.

But the Transvaal has been a thorn to the British Government for over a century. Within the country and near its borders have occurred many conflicts, in which the English have not met the success which has attended their arms in East India and other parts of the world, for the reason that they have had to oppose men of Dutch blood, who have proved by many wars that they are a nation of fighters as well as of farmers. Since the first colony of Dutchmen landed at Cape Colony, in 1652, these people have been the enemies of England, and have shown it in a variety of ways. The present difficulty is based, apparently, on technical grounds, but Kruger, who may be called the Dutch George Washington, has taken every opportunity to arouse the feeling of his countrymen, and of the native African as far as possible, to incite another war. None know this better than the British Foreign Office, and it is endeavoring in every way possible to avoid an open rupture. Should Kruger and his allies come out victorious there is a possibility that the entire southern portion of Africa, from the Limpopo River, which bounds the Transvaal on the north, to Cape Colony will again be under the administration of the Holland emigrants. On the other hand, should they be defeated, it will be a long step toward the complete subjugation of Africa to British interests. Hence the importance of the outcome of the difficulty.

The southern peninsula of Africa is practically divided into several republics of greater or less size under the suzerainty of Great Britain. The proceedings of the Parliament in Cape Colony and the Volksraad in the Transvaal are seldom or never interfered with by the British Foreign Office. The majority of the Cape Colonists are grateful for the garrisons or regiments which are stationed at various towns, not only at Capetown, but in Natal and on the Gold Coast, for they are maintained by the home government and are valuable as a protection, for which no taxation is necessary. This is owing to the fact that the English population has rapidly increased within the past few years, and their sympathy is with their own nationality. The Kaffirs and most of the other black tribes also have a friendly feeling for the English and are opposed to their original Dutch conquerors for several reasons. They are too well aware that government by the latter means cruelty and bloodshed, with the possible resumption of slavery, which was one of the chief causes of several of the wars which have occurred since 1850. The abolition of slavery in the South African republics greatly increased the bitter feeling of the Boers, who by this step lost millions of dollars in human property. It was an act which they will probably never forget nor forgive.

They are also opposed to the English on account of their enterprise in developing the mineral resources in this portion of the continent. The descendants of the pioneers who landed in 1652 and those who have come over from Holland since that time, have been content to utilize merely the agricultural resources of the country. If the average Boer has a productive farm on which he can raise a fair proportion of wheat, corn and tobacco, with enough vegetables to supply the needs of his family and servants, he is satisfied, provided he can sell his grain, as well as the cattle from his pastures, and the wool of his flocks, at a fair profit. The proceeds of these sales are more liable to be turned into gold to be hoarded than to be placed in speculative ventures, where they will return a good rate of interest. He is miserly and believes in accumulating gradually, but surely. If in business in the towns he confines his wares to goods which can be sold to the farmers. He seldom engages in mining or manufacturing.

Up to 1850 South Africa was practically an agricultural and grazing country and its cities depended almost entirely upon the Boer farmers and stock raisers for their business. By the discovery of gold and diamond mines, however, the influx of English and other nationalities was greatly increased. Foreign enterprise has aided in the progress of the country, which, up to this period, had been far behind other portions of the world in railroad building, manufacturing and the application of science and arts.

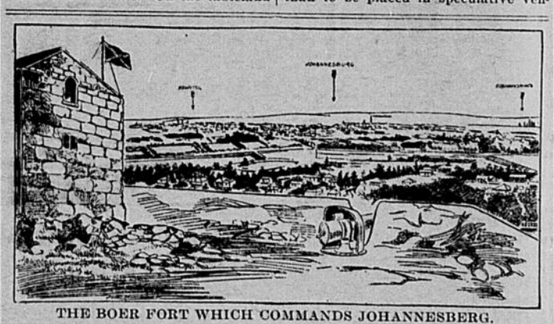
Boers' First Reverse.

The first reverse which the Boers received at the hands of the English was when they abandoned control of the country around Cape Colony and moved across the Vaal. This "trek," or exodus, was in 1835 and 1836, and constituted the founding of the Transvaal. For nearly forty years after they dominated the territory north of the Vaal to the Limpopo River, although but a few thousand in number. In fact, the white population in 1877 of the Transvaal was but 8,000, while the blacks numbered near 1,000,000. This will give an idea of the ability of the Dutch to govern the native tribes and the success which they attained, for nearly all of the latter were subject to them. Several thousand remained in Cape Colony, and these and their descendants have always remained Boer sympathizers.

THE MAIN STREET OF JOHANNESBERG.

The Boers have enacted laws almost entirely for their own race, the foreigners being greatly restricted by the legislation adopted. Under the supervision of Kruger, who has been in every respect a dictator of the Boers, the voting has been almost entirely limited to his countrymen. A foreigner, for example, is obliged to reside in the Transvaal at least five years before he is entitled to cast a vote for any official, and until recently only a resident of Dutch ancestry could be elected to the Volksraad. This law has been changed so that a foreigner could be selected by ballot for a seat in the Second Raad, but as this body could enact no measures without the sanction of the principal body the office was of but little importance, while in a district where the Boers were in the majority a foreigner stood very little chance of being nominated for this office.

White persons not of Boer extraction residing in the region of the Transvaal, for example, are termed Uitlanders, which really means Outlanders—from out of the land. The Uitlanders have been gradually crossing the Vaal, attracted by the mineral and other deposits, as well as the opportunities for agriculture, since 1850. They have increased to about 80,000 in the Transvaal alone, out of the total population of 230,000 white people. About 50,000 are of British descent, the balance being French, Spanish and a few thousand Americans. Owing to the laws of the country, it is estimated that fully four-fifths of them are not entitled to vote, although these are numbered among the wealthiest and most prominent citizens.



THE BOER FORT WHICH COMMANDS JOHANNESBERG.

President Kruger.

Although to-day over 90 years of age, the President of the Transvaal Republic is nearly as vigorous and capable of exercising authority as when in the prime of life. He is really of German descent and not a Hollander by birth. Over six feet in height, with heavy Teuton features, fringed by a shaggy beard, he is a typical Boer physically. In his character he combines the stubbornness, perseverance and bulldog tenacity of his associates, who have so long settled this part of Africa. He has demonstrated his military ability in defying the power of the English forces in past conflicts. He knows every mile of his country and its strategic features. His police are as well drilled in the art of warfare as his soldiers, and the army of the republic is one of the best equipped in the world, although its force on a peace footing is not over 30,000 men. The Boers, however, have been bred to fighting, and inherit these traits from their ancestors, who have acquired their territory by the rifle. They have been accustomed to the use of firearms from childhood, and are among the finest marksmen in the world. Opposed to them the English can muster about 10,000 regular troops, consisting of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Besides these contingents from the regular forces, there are in the Cape Colony 1,015 officers and men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, 7,007 officers and men of the volunteers and 1,843 officers and men of the Cape Mounted Police. It should also be noted, in connection with the defense of the Cape Colony, that every man between certain ages and capable of carrying arms is by the law of the colony liable to be called upon for conscription in case of necessity, to fight either in or out of the borders of the colony.

The Natal Mounted Police consist of a small force of 490 officers and men, and have a record for bravery second to none in the South African colonies. In Natal also there is a volunteer force of 1,391 officers and men, and the conscription laws apply in this colony as at the Cape. In the Niger territories and West Africa there are the West African frontier forces, consisting of 2,400 officers and men, artillery, infantry and engineers, besides that remarkable corps, the Haussas, 10,000 strong, officered by Englishmen. There is, besides those enumerated, an easily available force of 1,087 officers and men stationed on the Mauritius. However, the garrisons in East India are within easy range of Cape Colony by steamship, and undoubtedly large re-enforcements would be sent from Great Britain.

Reindeer Moss.

In Sweden the food given to reindeer is "reindeer moss," a lichen highly prized by the Lappe, and which grows abundantly in the Arctic regions—almost as luxuriantly on bare rocks as in the soil. It covers extensive tracts in Lapland, making the summer landscape look like a field of snow. The domesticated reindeer are never as large as the wild ones. The domesticated Siberian reindeer are larger than those of Lapland. No care at all is taken of the deer. They thrive best by being permitted to roam in droves and obtain their own sustenance. The moss can be used as human food, the taste being slightly acrid. Attempts have been made to feed hay, roots, grain, etc., to the reindeer, but they have not succeeded.

First Envelope Ever Made.

One of the odd exhibits in the British Museum, London, is the first envelope ever made. It is a crude, handmade affair, but constructed on lines similar to those in use to-day. Up to the middle of the present century modern envelopes were unknown. Correspondents folded their sheets into little squares, sealing the flap with wax and writing the superscription on the blank back.

Analysis of a Woman's Tear.

It is said of James Smithson that, "happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek, he endeavored to catch it in a crystal vessel; that one-half of the drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents, and detected what was then called microscopic salt, with muriate of soda and three or four more saline substances held in solution."—Self-Culture.

Secret Order in the United States.

There are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with more than 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

OF INTEREST IN IOWA

A DIARY OF NOTEWORTHY HAPPENINGS.

Kills Another Man's Wife—Collapse of a Scaffold—Fire Loss at Davenport—Suit for Breach of Promise—Suicide of a Soldier.

George Wright, until recently a motorman on the Muscatine Electric Railway, shot and instantly killed Mrs. Josephine Crippen at that city. He then attempted to kill her husband, but was overpowered. Wright escaped and ran to a lake below the city, closely pursued by two policemen. He was captured after a struggle in the water and rushes and placed in jail, where a strong guard was placed to prevent a possible lynching. Wright has been separated from two former wives. The cause of his act is assigned to jealousy.

Bad Fire at Davenport.

The Sickles-Preston-Nutting Company of Davenport, one of the largest wholesale hardware houses in eastern Iowa, met with a heavy loss by fire. The loss will exceed $20,000. Spontaneous combustion in a pile of sweepings in the basement of the building was the cause. The dense smoke which filled the building, arising from the burning of a large quantity of manila rope in the basement, and the volume of steam which arose from the fire before it was under control, worked the greatest damage to the stock.

Seeks Pay for Blighted Love.

Miss Frances Stone of Red Oak has commenced proceedings against Warren McBride in the Coffey County Court at Topeka for $10,000 breach of promise. McBride, it is alleged, agreed to marry Miss Stone in 1896, but put her off from time to time, finally going to Kansas. The young woman says in her petition that she had a chance to marry a Chicago man with a good home at the time and that McBride's refusal to marry her has damaged her to the extent of $10,000.

Fell from Scaffold and Was Killed.

At Burlington, five men tearing down a big tank were thrown to the ground by a breaking of the scaffolding. Harry Wilkin is dead and Herman Osborn and William Simeon are probably fatally injured; John Gentry and James C. Bailey were seriously injured. All were taken to the hospital, where Wilkin died in a few moments. The faulty construction of the scaffolding is the subject of an investigation. All the men have families.

A Very Plucky Woman.

Four tramps attempted to hold up Mrs. Jennie Figg, who was driving through a lonely stretch of wood near Iowa City. She immediately flashed a revolver before the astonished gaze of the leader and put the whole gang to rout. They returned a short time afterward and attempted to hold up Emory Holmes, who escaped after a more desperate resistance.

Lieut. Moore Kills Himself.

A cablegram from Manila announces the suicide of First Lieut. John L. Moore of Company D, Fifty-first Iowa volunteers. Lieut. Moore was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moore of Council Bluffs. In the last batch of letters from Manila he said he was in the hospital, but expected to be out in a few days. He was about 25 years old.

Farmer Killed in Field.

A farmer named Seitsinger, living near Kinross, was killed while working in his hayfield. The unfortunate man was engaged in stacking, when the gin used for hoisting the hay fell. The pin connecting the poles at the top struck him upon the head, crushing the skull. Death was instant.

Two Farmers Killed.

An east-bound stock train on the Northwestern struck two unknown men, supposed to be farmers, near Norway, killing them instantly. They were taken to Belleplaine for identification. They were walking on the track and stepped off one track right in front of a special.

Brief State Happenings.

The corner stone of the new M. E. Church at Monticello has been laid.

A water system is contemplated at Hudson, and plans have been prepared.

There is talk at Mason City of a wholesale drug house being established there.

The ladies of Logan have organized and commenced a crusade against the saloon there.

J. L. Arduser, a farmer living near Monticello, was severely injured in a runaway.

The new wagon and foot bridge at Waverly is to be one of the finest in the State.

Much alarm has been caused in Dubuque by the death of a cow from hydrophobia.

The laying of rails has commenced on the Soldier Valley branch of the Northwestern.

The Iowa iron works at Dubuque are building nine vessels for the Federal Government.

The poles are being put in place for another telephone line from Russell to Bethlehem.

W. M. Wilkins, an Illinois Central brakeman, fell from a train at Dubuque and sustained several severe injuries.

A resolution has been adopted by the West Des Moines school board directing the superintendent to purchase such books as are necessary to supply the demand for free text books during the coming school year in conformity with the vote at the recent election, at which they were adopted by the district. This means that the superintendent will purchase the same kind of books as are now in use. The law provides that those who have books when the law goes into effect shall use them and the district shall purchase only for those who have none. The board's intention is to let the regular five-year contracts for new books next year.

The carpenter shop and woodshed of H. A. Cross in Waterloo was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

E. Weingartner has resigned the secretaryship of the Davenport Board of Education after thirty years' service in the office.

The ladies of Burlington who have in charge the free waiting rooms for shoppers and farmers' wives have added a free labor bureau.

The Iowa Lithographing Company of Des Moines suffered a loss by fire of about $1,000, supposed to have been caused by an electric wire.

The Ames Congregationalists have let the contract for their church.

Oris W. Roberts of Dunlap has been appointed an observer in the weather bureau at a salary of $1,000 per year.

John Harris, a prominent young man of Richland, attempted suicide by shooting himself, but he will probably recover.

One of the teachers killed in the wreck of a train in California, Miss Addie Harris of St. Louis, formerly lived in Fort Madison.

The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of Harlan to begin business, with a capital of $50,000.

The corner stone of the new Methodist Church at Keosauqua has been laid with appropriate ceremonies.

When the C. & N. W. west-bound train arrived in Marshalltown the other day a young woman left one of the cars and was observed to crawl underneath the trucks. She was rescued from her perilous position. It was very apparent that the woman was insane, therefore she was taken to the county jail. She was violent and no information whatever concerning her home, her destination or her friends could be obtained beyond the fact that her name was Katherine Thomsen and that she was bound from Chicago to Audubon.

Col. George C. Poisall is dead at Kensett. He was a prominent newspaper man and at the time of his death was postmaster of that city.

Sixty cutters in the pearl buton factory of Teichmiller Brothers at Muscatine left their saws on account of new schedules posted reducing their earnings.

W. H. McLeod, a large grain dealer and member of the firm of McLeod & Jones of Williamsburg, was found dead on the Iowa river. Apparently it was an accidental death.

Earl Covert, the young convict wanted for larceny, and who was captured and turned over to the Cedar Rapids marshal, and escaped, has been recaptured this time at Pittsburg, Pa.

The artesian wells of Dubuque are one after another giving out, and it will be only a question of time until all are exhausted. The water works is drawing a portion of its supply from the river and the quality is deteriorating.

Gen. James A. Guest of Burlington has written to Adjt. Gen. Byers, refusing to surrender his commission as brigadier general. The Supreme Court held that Guest holds the commission illegally, and that the place belongs to Gen. John R. Prime of Des Moines.

Bill Walker, confined in jail at Toledo on a year's sentence for aggravated assault, planned to escape. He had a key to his cell. He was also provided with a new suit of clothes and a considerable amount in cash. A quarrel with a fellow prisoner developed the plot.

The date for the State convention of the Iowa Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been set for Oct. 4, 5 and 6. The convention promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the State and between 300 and 400 delegates are expected at Des Moines.

Rose Adell Comstock, 17 years old, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. J. Comstock, committed suicide at Oskaloosa by taking strychnine. Her parents objected to her marrying the man of her choice. She left letters explaining why she killed herself. Captain Comstock is a well-to-do farmer.

Dr. F. R. P. Edwards of Iowa City has been appointed to subject all cattle sent into the State of Illinois from the Second district to the tuberculin test. One such inspector is to be appointed in each congressional district, to meet the requirements of the law recently enacted in Illinois.

Attorney General Remley holds that the estate of Benjamin R. Sheldon of Rockford, Ill., so far as it is in the jurisdiction of Iowa authorities, is subject to the Iowa collateral inheritance tax. The estate holds a large number of notes given by Iowa people and secured by mortgages on Iowa real estate.

Clyde Wood was drowned in Dabney's pond, two mile swest of Winterset. He was in bathing with several boys of about the same age. They rowed out into the pond and upset the boat. Young Wood was not able to swim, and drowned in spite of the efforts of his young friends to save his life.

John Stockdale, an aged blacksmith of Muscatine, committed suicide. He had been ailing for some time and suffering from a severe illness. Growing despondent and giving up all hope of recovery, he placed a revolver to his head and pulled the trigger. The bullet tore its way through the brain, leaving an ugly wound. He died instantly.

The first fatality from drowning in that section this season occurred at Cross' Ford, southeast of Iowa Falls. Oswalt Hall went bathing with a company of companions and got beyond his depth and sank. He was rescued and revived and a physician sent for, but he died shortly after from a hemorrhage caused by strangulation, which burst a blood vessel in his breast.

The Attorney General has begun suit in Harrison County to enjoin the drainage of Noble lake. W. A. Smith is the defendant. He has commenced building a ditch to drain the lake into the Missouri. The Attorney General will make the case a test to prove whether the State can protect its lakes. Many of them have been drained in recent years and the policy of the State is to vigorously oppose such action. The lake includes about 600 acres and is from five to twenty feet deep.

Gov. Shaw has determined that the State will pay rejected volunteers for the Spanish war. When the Federal call was made for troops the four regiments of Iowa militia were offered in a body and mobilized in Des Moines. They were held there several weeks before the Government surgeons examined them. A considerable proportion of the men were rejected for physical reasons. The Federal Government refused to pay the rejected men for the time they were in the State camp. About $4,000 will be required to pay these claims.

Ernest A. Lawrence and Simon Hamberg, Chicago real estate dealers, were brought to Keokuk by Sheriff Kinney and lodged in jail. They were extradited from Chicago on an indictment found at Keokuk charging them with defrauding C. Hills and wife of $2,500 in the purchase of a farm, giving in payment a mortgage or trust deed for that sum signed by Bertha Swartz and made payable to the Chicago Title and Trust Company and representing it to be a first lien on the property, when it was but a second mortgage and wholly worthless.

During a race between horses owned by George Jacobs and Martheney, both of Emeline, a most disastrous accident occurred. A mile of road in the timber was chosen for the course, and after considerable scoring the word was given and the race was on; but as the horses were at the top of their speed and the mile almost run, two other men came down the road from opposite direction seemingly testing the speed of their own horses. The road at this place making a little bend, the four horses unavoidably collided, killing one of them instantly and breaking another's leg, while the riders were more or less injured. Jacobs had his right leg broken in three places and Martheny received a broken hip and spine injury.

A boy named Pruitt was accidentally killed at Siding by the pile driver which was being used by the Illinois Central workmen at the overhead crossing on the C. & N. W. line falling on him. He was engaged as water carrier and his people live at Loveland.

While Mrs. Hugh Beggs was preparing breakfast at her home at Ogdensburg, a lamp exploded, enveloping her in flames. She rushed from the house to the barn, setting fire to both. She died from her injuries. Her husband, about the same time, fell while working at the Cardinal canal and broke five of his ribs.

Mrs. Caroline Byerly of Monticello sustained painful injuries. She was engaged in kindling a fire in a cook stove with paper. The blaze ignited one of her sleeves and before it could be extinguished ran the length of her arm, burning the flesh on her neck and shoulder quite badly.

At Dubuque, Peter Fitch and his 8-year-old son went fishing, taking a position on the boom just above the inside pier of the bridge. The child fell off into the swift current and was swept away. His father jumped into the river in an effort to save him, but being no swimmer was unable to save the child and had a narrow escape from drowning himself.

One of the worst coal mining strikes that has occurred in northern Iowa is that which is in progress at the present time at the Frazer coal mines at Fort Dodge. All of the white miners are said to have quit and none but negroes are working the mines.

A ruling of interest to the legal profession and of the decided importance to the medical fraternity has been announced by Judge James D. Gamble of Knoxville in the case of Dr. George B. McClelland vs. J. F. Mentzer, sheriff of Marion County, in which Judge Gamble declared the provisions of the code regulating the licensing of physicians to be void, as in conflict with the constitution.