

DOES NOT AGREE WITH CURTIS

Captain Fullison, an Old Steamboat Man Takes Issue With Journalist Regarding the River.

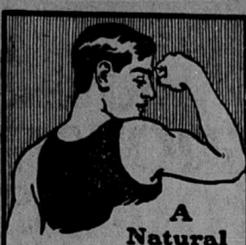
THE AMERICAN BOAT

South America Replaced English and German Built Boats With Those Made in the United States.

[Special to The Gate City.] WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.—Captain J. F. Ellison, of Cincinnati, secretary of the National Rivers and Harbors congress, now and for the past thirty years an operator and owner of steamboats on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, does not agree with William E. Curtis, a newspaper writer of note, in his conclusions based on the report of the Inland Waterway Commission, regarding the decreasing tonnage of various American rivers. Captain Ellison commenting on an article recently published by Mr. Curtis in several metropolitan newspapers said today:

"The report of the Inland Waterway Commission, as it applies to the Mississippi river and the remarks thereon by Mr. Curtis are in the main correct. There is no question but what there has been during the past 20 years a steady decrease in through tonnage on the Mississippi river. By through tonnage is meant tonnage from St. Louis to New Orleans and from the tributary streams to the same port, but to offset this there is a condition that the Inland Waterway Commission has failed to take note of, which is a very decided increase in local and way tonnage, which has increased in practically the same proportion that the through tonnage has decreased. There are today more steamers engaged in local short trade routes from various points on the lower Mississippi river than were engaged in the same 20 years ago. This increase is most notable at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez.

"This change in handling freight on the Mississippi river has been brought about by various causes, chief of which is that the City of St. Louis and its merchants formerly practically controlled the bulk of the business to Mississippi river points between St. Louis and New Orleans, inclusive. With the opening up of the new trade markets west and southwest of St. Louis there was developed a field to which the transportation was permanent and regular and the merchants of St. Louis turning to this regular and more productive field for their output, abandoned to a very



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great extent the Mississippi river valley country, to which, by the river, they never had a dependable route.

"The Mississippi river, never certain for steamers of proper draft, was in the years preceding the early 80's the most dependable route to New Orleans from St. Louis. In the years which have elapsed there has been built upon practically both banks of the Mississippi river, rail lines, paralleling the river throughout its entire length, and while the river by the work done by the Mississippi river commission, through the engineers of the war department, is today in a better condition than ever before in its history between Cairo and New Orleans no permanent work has been done and no better channel supplied from St. Louis to Cairo, and the same condition applies to the principal tributaries of the Mississippi, the Missouri from Sioux City to its mouth, the upper Mississippi from St. Paul to St. Louis, and the Ohio from Pittsburg to Cairo, together with its great tributaries the Tennessee and the Cumberland.

"In this day and age of close and keen competition in business, neither the receiver or shipper of freight, even if the rate be much less, will undertake to handle business on an obstructed route when there are unobstructed routes that can and do deliver the goods. It is in this condition that the friends of improved waterways are earnestly endeavoring to change. With the Mississippi river

improved from St. Paul to Cairo and the Ohio river improved from Pittsburg to Cairo, there will unquestionably flow through these natural channels a great commerce, and this statement is backed up by the experience, not only of this country, but by that of the older countries of the world, for history does not show a single waterway properly improved, so that its navigation can be depended upon by the receiver and shipper, that is not now doing a great business.

The American Boat.

"Mr. Curtis, in common with a great many writers who are not thoroughly posted on their subject, criticises the mode of construction of western river steamboats. It will perhaps be of interest to a great many people to know that the western river style of steamboats is pronounced by experts the world over as being the best craft for navigating shoal waters. To illustrate and prove this assertion it is proper to say that on quite a number of the rivers of South America, notably the Magdalena river, American built boats of the ordinary Ohio and Mississippi river type have replaced the boats of English and German design to such an extent that one firm of boat builders, located at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, have in operation on the Magdalena 28 boats, which they built at Pittsburg and shipped to the American coast. Less than two years ago a boat building firm upon the Clyde sent one of their engineers to this country to examine our style of tow-boats, the result being that the English firm paid for designs, drawings and specifications of hulls, machinery and general equipment, and built, under one order, 15 boats of our type for service on the Hoogly river, in India. The same Pittsburg firm referred to above have within the past 90 days built and shipped a tow-boat for service on the Nile, to tow coal above the Assouan dam. More than 20 years ago Russia adopted our boats for service on the upper reaches of the Volga, the initial boats for this service were built under the supervision of an American and the machinery was made in this country and shipped there.

"I think the foregoing illustrates that no great change in the form of construction of western river boats is needed. What is needed, however, is that the rivers be improved so that they may become dependable routes upon which the commodities that are produced can be handled to the advantage of both the producer and the consumer. This done, then the rivers that the Inland Waterway Commission now designate as being devoid of traffic will again become what they were in the olden days, before rail competition, the main arteries of commerce."

Alone in Sawmill at Midnight unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as night watchman at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lung. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by Wilkinson & Co., and J. F. Kiedalsch & Son.

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Father at the Summer Cottage. He has two weeks to rest, and so he hurries up to Shady Nook. "Now here," said dad, "I'll let things go, and lounge around and read a book." Next day his wife's relations come. To entertain them was his job; and every day it was the same. Of friends he always had a mob. He dug the worms and minnows caught. That they all might a-fishing go; He ran the raptha launch and taught The children how to swim and row. He cleaned the fish and baited hooks, To get the water was his chore; He had no time to spend with books, At night he slept upon the floor. —Detroit Free Press.



(Continued.) CHAPTER IV.

The morrow was wild and drear. The mountains were hid by sheets of falling water. Brent Lawrence's first waking thought, was of the woman who had figured in his dream. Would she appear to him as she had the evening before? Perhaps the fancy had worn away, during the night. He was anxious to see her again.

He saw her at breakfast, and thought her, if possible more beautiful in her dainty morning dress than she had appeared the night before. Her golden hair arranged less elaborately lay in soft loose puffs and curls about her face giving it a girlish look.

After breakfast the miner was restless and longed to be off to the mines. He talked incessantly of shafts and blasts, stocks and wages. His visitor tried hard to feel and appear interested in what had brought him to the mining country, but he caught himself wondering if his hostess would make her appearance in the parlor that morning.

Not until dinner did she join the gentlemen. She wore a dress of dark green that fitted to perfection, showing to advantage every curve of beauty.

After dinner there was music again, and a discussion of books and pictures in which the miner took no part, unless the frequent glances of admiration bestowed upon his wife could be considered such, or his smile of proud appreciation when she would defeat their guest in some heated argument.

To tell how the following five days were spent would be going too much into detail. Perhaps were I to attempt it, it would be, as the visitor in the mountain home was unable to say. He only knew that not one moment hung heavily on his hands when he was waiting for the appearance of the miner's wife.

The first was a fair sample of those days that followed. When the program became familiar and to the miner monotonous he would settle back on the sofa and indulge in a nap, leaving his wife and her visitor at the piano.

When tired of play, Blossom would creep up into her father's arms and journey with him to dreamland. Brave crouching as close to his little mistress as possible, would follow her example. Jocko never left the side of the miner's wife. For her he seemed to fear danger. With one eye closed the other blinking at the stranger he alone was left to play propriety. If there was any impropriety in their conduct not one of the three so deeply interested thought of it.



LONG AND EARNESTLY HE LOOKED AT IT.

"She is more congenial than he," Mr. Lawrence would say to himself by way of excuse for confining his conversation to the wife rather than the husband.

The Power to Do Good

And the Power to Be Good Are Much the Same. One writer has truly said during sleep and rest, sufficient energy and strength should be supplied for tomorrow's work. If you will learn how to allow perfect relaxation to take place in every part of your body and how to fall asleep whenever you desire, you will need no other remedy than good food to keep you in perfect physical condition.

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"But he is a noble fellow in his ro way." When we begin to make excuses to our conscience, we may be sure that, if not wrong, something is not exactly right. It was these evenings after the lights came on and the curtains shut out the world that Brent Lawrence enjoyed most, and thought of most in after years when it was all over.

To Elba the man's conversation about things and people she had known and enjoyed was like reading the second time a book partially forgotten. But a page was slowly but surely unfolding which she had never read before. For the first time she was reading the old, old story. Old but ever new. Unconsciously the two were drifting nearer and nearer the danger line beyond which lay ruin worse than death.

Brent Lawrence had a pardonably good opinion of his intellectual powers, and scholarly attainments consequently was a little surprised to find a woman and that woman the wife of an uneducated miner, who could measure lances with him in a discussion as skillfully as many men. Boldly she stepped out on classic ground, following where he led. Sustaining herself where the majority of her sex would have found themselves bewildered.

When in the seclusion of his room he would review the incidents past, what surprised him most was the strange sensation experienced when in her presence. The interest found in her most trivial remark. He had always enjoyed music and was familiar with the best but never had it stirred his blood and quickened his pulses as did her voice mingling with the notes of the instrument in the parlors of that mountain home. He had always admired beauty. Through man of the world, he had mingled with every type, from the dreamy eyed Creole with her bewitching smiles and shrugs and charming accent to the pale proud Northern blonde reminding one of sunlight on a glacier. He had flirted with flower faced English maidens by the hawthorn of their native hedges. Had talked sweet nonsense to the velvet eyed beauties of voluptuous France. Had returned with interest the languishing glances of fair Andalusians and sung love ditties under their balconies with all the fervor of their countrymen. Had even looked into the eyes of the veiled beauties of the harem. Lastly had bowed at the shrine of beauty among our own true, sweet American girls, fairer than whom none can be found. Yet never had woman cast such a spell over him, as had this miner's wife with her shadowy brown eyes, crown of golden hair and winning manner. Perhaps he was ignorant of the danger into which he was drifting, again he might have been playing with fire for the amusement that was in it.

The rain had ceased. The sun was out in all its splendor after an absence of five days. There was no longer an excuse for Brent Lawrence remaining in the miner's home. He stood on the steps with his gloves in his hand. The household was there to tell him goodbye. The miner was to take him over to the station in the trap.

He had kissed Blossom, had patted Brave's sleek head. Had shaken Jocko's skinny paw and stood with the woman's slender fingers clasped in his own. He stood on the step below her bringing her face on a level with his. His blue eyes were looking searchingly into the brown ones. He was wondering if it was hard for her to say goodbye.

Her voice was steady, her features composed. She met his gaze fearlessly. "Goodbye, Mr. Lawrence. We have certainly enjoyed your enforced visit and will entertain the hope of seeing you again, in the near future, unless in the constant whirl of business and pleasure you entirely forget your mountain friends."

"Thank you. I do not forget easily." Unconsciously, his fingers tightened about hers. He said nothing more. What could he say! Looking into the sweet face, innocent as that of her own baby girl he knew there was nothing more to say. He could not tell her that he was wishing that he might be able to forget. He dropped her hand and walked toward the gate where the miner was talking with one of the men who had just arrived from the direction of the mines.

"No go today, pard." Mr. Sanders turned, with a smile to his guest "You are in for another day, so you'd as well make the best of it."

"How's that?" Mr. Lawrence advanced toward the two men. His heart beginning to beat rapidly.

"Why, I thought we could make it over in the trap," the miner replied, but Giles says that the big bridge between here and the station is clear gone. We cannot cross. They are already building another, but we can't get over before tomorrow."

"Relieved!" Brent Lawrence almost shrieked the word aloud. In the joy of that moment he could have grasped the horny hand of Giles and wrung it in very gratitude. He only said quietly:

"Is that so?"

"While I sympathize with you, Mr. Lawrence, am selfish enough to be glad. One day will not count in a life time. We shall be so lonely when you are gone." The woman standing on the porch smiled as he returned to her side.

A feeling of disappointment, almost annoyance crept over him. The woman's frankness gave evidence of an indifference that hurt him. Yet he should be glad. Of course he was glad. It was

only a momentary thought. His manhood asserted itself. He breathed a fervent "Thank God, she is safe." "Life is full of disappointments," Mrs. Sanders. Few dreams are ever realized, and even the few more often prove to be Dead Sea fruit."



"GOOD-BYE, MR. LAWRENCE, WE CERTAINLY HAVE ENJOYED YOUR ENFORCED VISIT."

"O, the dreary, dreary moorland, O, the barren, barren shore." A shadow crossed her face. She turned from him with a shiver. "I do not like Locksley Hall," she said in a dry hard tone.

"Indeed! According to my judgment, Locksley Hall is the brightest gem in Tennyson's crown of fame."

She made no reply. The words Judge Latham had repeated, years before, were ringing in her ears.

"As the husband is the wife is, Thou art mated with a clown, And the grossness of his nature, Will have weight to drag thee down."

Mr. Sanders joined them on the porch. Elba turned and entered the house.

Watching her Brent Lawrence wished he had never seen her. Never seen her! To the unhappy man it seemed there had never been a time when he had not known her. He felt just then that there would never be a time when he could forget her. He wished he had been permitted to go on his way and the sootier begin the lesson.

"No use to look glum, it can't be helped," Mr. Sanders laughed. "Go in and amuse yourself the best you can, with the books and music. Elba will play for you and you can both sing. The one will pass some way. There is an ad to everything."

Brent Lawrence wondered if there should ever be an end to the terrible feeling that had taken possession of him. Dropping into a chair he looked about the pretty rooms where he had drifted to his doom. "The last day," he thought bitterly. "Fool that I am," he said to himself. "This is madness. I will be a man and not a weakling." The talk of his host about the mines irritated him. He was conscious of returning curt replies, and was ashamed of himself.

When Jocko crept close to him, as though conscious of something wrong, and anxious to learn what it was, he was pushed impatiently aside.

Nothing daunted the monkey retired to a respectful distance, closed one eye while he eyed the visitor with the other. His expression seemed to mean, "You needn't blame me, for your trouble. I'm nothing but a monkey, but I saw what was coming and would have had more sense."

Attributing the change in his visitor to disappointment Mr. Sanders thought best not to worry him with talk, so left him alone.

Mr. Lawrence tried to read but failed. Constantly his eyes sought the door. He started at every sound, hoping it was her footsteps. Surely she would come to spend this last day with him. But this was no more to her, he told himself, than all the days that would come and go when he was gone. Evening came and with it the miner's wife and happiness for the restless, unhappy man.

It was spent as the other evenings had been. Blossom had been tucked in her little bed. Brave lay on the rug dozing. The miner sat on the gallery, just outside the open window and smoked his pipe. Jocko crouched in a corner, with one eye open and watched the two at the piano.

(To be continued.)

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