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ALL SETTLED BETWEEN TRAINS.

Samuel G. Blythe devotes several columns of space in this week's Saturday Evening Post to the political situation in Indiana.

CLEAN STREETS AND HEALTH. The Kansas City Journal notes that one of the mayoralty candidates makes the tempting promise that if elected he will give the town clean streets, flush the sewers and keep them flushed and wash and scrub the sidewalks daily.

There is Ottumwa there is reason to believe that a better program of street cleaning will soon be enforced.

There is "nothing new under the sun." Proof of this is given every time we discover what we think is a new issue and then find that we have merely rediscovered an old one.

Iowa is a favored state. Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Michigan and some more of our neighbors are digging their way through snow drifts while we are basking in the April sun shine.

It is much the same now. The only difference is that while we still kick about the price of "meat of victuals" we pay any price for liquors without a murmur.

WOODROW WILSON, THEORIST.

Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, was the principal speaker at a Democratic meeting in Elizabeth, N. J., last Tuesday night.

His speech was just such an effort as it was expected he would make. He is one of the men who depend upon books alone instead of practical experience for an education.

Men who set theory ahead of practice in the every day life of a government, are always free traders, and Mr. Wilson is no exception to the rule.

Theroretically, free trade is fine, but when practically applied to this country, it has invariably put the poor man out of a home and into the street.

In his recent effort, Mr. Wilson states that he is thinking of the tariff. We are pleased to know that he is now devoting some time and thought to the tariff.

For example, it will be noted that the tariff rate has been increased on figs, pineapples, dates, hops, split peas, grapes in barrels, buckwheat flour—and all of these things either remain at the old prices or have been reduced in cost to the consumer.

There is no question of the high price of living. But it isn't fair to charge the tariff with being the cause of it. For the tariff doesn't do it—as the facts and figures show.

Our country presents on all sides marks of prosperity and happiness unequalled perhaps in any portion of the world.

In 1833, however, he signed a bill that was the cause of the panic of 1837. It was the Compromise tariff of 1833, which provided for a gradual reduction of all tariff schedules that were above 20 per cent, so that at the expiration of ten years, all tariff schedules should be reduced to 20 per cent.

The tariff of 1828 produced so much revenue for the government that congress did not know what to do with the money. It discussed plans for spending the surplus in internal improvements and even distributing it among the states.

In Ohio, with all her abundance, it was hard to get money to pay taxes. The sheriff of Muskingum county, as stated in the Guernsey Times, in the summer of 1842, sold at auction, ten hogs at 6 1/2 cents each; two horses at \$2 each; two cows at \$1 each.

The cause for the panic of 1893, is just as plain as the cause of the panic of 1837. The remedy applied was the same in both cases. It was a protective tariff law. It cured the patient.

Lightning struck a house in the west part of Buxton Friday night and it was partly burned. A store owned by John Brooks just east of town was also struck and burned.

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be constructed this summer. This will give Centerville eight miles of brick paving.

Perhaps Mr. Pinchot has gone to Copenhagen to "tell it to the Danes."

If you have got through up to this hour without kicking any brick stuffed hats, there is a good chance that you will evade the April fool jokesmith.

STOP "CUSSING" AND BEGIN THINKING.

Gentlemen who insist on "cussing" the tariff for the high cost of living should take a copy of the new tariff law in one hand and a price list of groceries and meats in the other and inform themselves.

For example, it will be noted that the tariff rate has been increased on figs, pineapples, dates, hops, split peas, grapes in barrels, buckwheat flour—and all of these things either remain at the old prices or have been reduced in cost to the consumer.

On the other hand, the tariff has been reduced on beef, bacon, mutton, veal, pork, ham, barley, green peas, dried peas, cream, starch, cabbage, lard, cornmeal and sugar, among other things—and on all these things or nearly all of them, the prices have gone up.

There is no question of the high price of living. But it isn't fair to charge the tariff with being the cause of it. For the tariff doesn't do it—as the facts and figures show.

Living costs more and more because more and more the people who produce have quit producing and have gone into the consuming class. And there is little hope of the cost of living getting down to old-time prices until the tide of population turns from the mills and the cities and the mill-ions north dependent on wages—or charity—turn to taking care of themselves by raising what they need for food, and a little for the market.

Then things will get down to the normal—and not until then.—Salt Lake City Herald.

CHARITON.

Mrs. M. E. Butrum of Indiana turned home last evening after a visit in English township with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Umbenhower.

Mrs. J. A. McGee has returned from a business trip of several weeks to the Saskatchewan district in Canada.

Miss Blanche Griffin left last evening for a visit in Albia with her parents and other relatives.

Mrs. Jerry Farthing and children of Creston visited in this city yesterday with her sister, Mrs. T. C. Walker.

Mrs. McClone of Omaha is visiting in this city, a guest of Mrs. J. Fred Greeno.

Harold Householder and Miss Olive Pain, who are attending the State Agricultural college at Ames are home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Rhoda Bennett of Oklahoma is a guest of relatives and friends in this city.

Rev. Felix Hanson of Red Oak, visited in Chariton yesterday at the home of his father-in-law, A. Lindquist, while on his way home from Rock Island where he had been visiting a sick brother.

Mrs. May von Kutzleben and children of Burlington, and Mrs. Emma Nichols of Colorado, are here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. John Everett, and sister, Mrs. H. F. Kumm.

Miss Eloise Wilson, who has been in Chicago for several months studying music, arrived yesterday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Wilson.

Harry Hickman has returned from Long Beach, Cal., where he and his mother and sisters went several months ago.

Miss Helen Van Arsdale left last evening for a visit in Des Moines with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Post.

BUXTON.

Mr. Swartout was in Eddsville on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Thomas were in Albia on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Stone visited in Belle Plaine last week.

M. D. Cox was in Albia Tuesday on business.

Miss Harlow, county superintendent of schools visited the Buxton schools Thursday.

Miss Winnie McBrade came up from Ottumwa Friday to spend a week's vacation with her sister Mrs. Maud Thomas.

Miss Landers, having quit her work at the store, left Thursday for her home in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Wm. Vance has been confined to her home with an attack of bronchitis for a week.

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TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XII.

A NEW PRISONER ARRIVES.

IT was far past midnight when King was aroused from the doze into which he had fallen.

"Stand ready, then, with the guns!" cried Peter Brutus. "It may be a trick, after all. Don't open that door down there, Spantz, until you know who is on the outside."

"It's all right," came at last in the relieved, eager voice of Peter Brutus. "Clear the way, comrades. Give them room. By our holy father, this is a brave triumph. Ah!"

Heavy footsteps clogged into the room, accompanied by stertorous breathing and no small amount of grunting from masculine throats.

"Still unconscious," he said when some measure of order was secured. "Yes," grunted one of the men.

"We will have our instructions tomorrow. The count is to inform us before nightfall where she is to be removed. Next week she is going to go to Schloss Marlanx." Brutus added a cruel, heartless laugh.

A woman, thought Truxton. The countess! They had brought her here from Balk, after all. What a remorseless brute Marlanx must be to maltreat his beautiful wife!

"To my mind she is more beautiful than his own wife," observed Anna Cromer. "She will be a fine morsel for the count, who has even cast longing eyes on so homely a mortal as I."

"All women are alike to him," said Spantz sardoniously. "We must put her in the room with the American for the present. You are sure he will take her away before Saturday? A woman's cries are most distressing." It was Spantz who spoke.

"I'll stop her crying," volunteered Anna Cromer harshly. "She's regaining her senses!" exclaimed one of the men. "Stand back, every one. Give her air!"

Presently the door to King's room was thrown open. He had got to his feet and was standing in the center of the room, his eyes blinking in the glare of light.

"Hello!" cried Peter Brutus. "You up, eh? We've got a fair lady for you, my friend. Get back there, you dog! Keep in your corner."

"You are a fine bunch of human beings!" blurted Truxton. A man with a lighted candle entered first, holding the light above his head. He was followed by two others, who supported the drooping, tottering figure of a woman.

"Let her sit there against the wall, Drago. Julius, fetch in more candles. She must not be left in the dark. He says she is not to be frightened to death. Women are afraid of the dark and strange dogs. Let there be light," scoffed Peter Brutus, spitting toward King.

"I'll get you for that some day," grated the American, white with anger. "Enough!" commanded William Spantz. "We are not children." Turning to King, he went on, a touch of kindness in his voice: "Cheer her if you can. She is one of your class. Do not let the lights go out."

Raising his hands, he fairly drove the others from the doorway. For a time King stood in his corner, watching the figure huddled against the opposite wall. Suddenly he started forward, his eyes wide and staring. He had seen that gray riding habit before. Two eager steps he took and then halted halfway.

"Great Jehovah!" he gasped, unbelieving. "You! My God, is it you?" He dropped to his knees before her, peering into her startled eyes. A look of abject terror crossed the tired, tear stained face. She shrank away from him.

"What is it? Where am I?" she moaned. "Oh, let me go! What have I done that you should bring me here? Let me go, Mr. King! You are not so wicked as—"

"I—I bring you here!" he interrupted, aghast. Then he understood. Utter dismay filled his eyes. "You think that I have done this thing to you? God above us! Look! I, too, am a prisoner here. They are going to kill me after tomorrow."

"Oh, Mr. King, what does it all mean? Forgive me! I see now. You are bound; you are suffering; you are years older. What have you done? What have I done?" "Don't shrink from me," he urged. "Try to calm yourself."

persuaded her to rise and walk about the little room with him.

"It will give you courage," he urged. "Poor little girl!"

She looked up into his face, a new light coming into her eyes.

"Take your time. Hold to my arm, please. There!"

"For five or ten minutes he led her back and forth across the room very tenderly. At first she was faint and uncertain; then, as her strength and will came back to her, courage took the place of despair. She smiled wanly and asked him to sit down with her.

"Where are we? What is it all about?" she asked.

"Not so loud," he cautioned. "I'll be perfectly candid with you. You'll have to be very, very brave. But wait. Perhaps it will be easier for you to tell me what has happened to you, so far as you know. I can throw light on the whole situation, I think."

She became more excited. Her eyes flashed; she spoke rapidly. On the morning of the 23d she had gone for her gallop in the famous Ganlook road, attended by two faithful grooms from the royal stables.

"I was in for a longer ride than usual," she said, with sudden constraint. She looked away from her eager listener. "I was nervous and had not slept the night before. A girl never does, I suppose."

He looked askance. "Yes?" he queried.

She was blushing, he was sure of it. "I mean a girl is always nervous and distrustful after—after she has promised, don't you see?"

"No; I don't see."

"I had promised Count Vos Engo the night before that I—Oh, but it really has nothing to do with the story. I—"

Truxton was actually glaring at her. "You mean that you had promised to marry Count Vos Engo?" he stammered.

"How very strangely you talk! Are you sure—I mean, do you think it is fever? One suffers so!"

He sighed deeply. "Well, that's over! Whew! It was a dream, by Jove!"

She waited a moment and then, looking down, said very gently, "I'm so sorry for you."

Then she resumed her story.

She had gone six or eight miles down the Ganlook road when she came up with five troopers of the royal guard. One of the troopers came forward and respectfully requested her to turn off into another road until a detachment passed, in charge of a gang of desperadoes taken at the inn of the Hawk and Raven the night before. Unsuspecting, she rode off into the forest lane for several hundred yards.

It was a trap. The men were not troopers, but brigands got up in the uniform of the guard. Once away from the main highway, they made prisoners of her and the two grooms. Then followed a long ride through woods near to her.

When night came they were high in the mountains back of the monastery, many hours ahead of any pursuit. They became stupidly careless, and the two grooms made a dash for freedom. One of them was killed, but one had escaped.

Some time during the slow, torturing ride through the forest she swooned. When she came to her senses she was in a dimly lighted room, surrounded by men. The gag had been removed from her mouth. She would have shrieked out in her terror had not her gaze rested upon the figure of a man who sat opposite, his elbows on the back of the chair which he straddled, his chin on his arms. He was staring at her steadily, his black eyes catching her gaze and holding it as a snake holds the bird it has charmed.

She recognized the hard, hawklike face. There could be no mistake. She was looking into the face that made the portrait of the Iron Count so abhorrent to her—the leathery head of a cadaver with eyes that lived. She broke down and cried herself into the sleep of exhaustion.

All the next day she sat limp and helpless in the chair they had brought to her. She could neither eat nor drink. Late in the afternoon Marlanx came again. She knood not from whence he came; he stood before her suddenly as if produced by the magic of some fabled genie, smiling blandly, his hands clasped behind his back, his attitude one of designing calculation.

"He laughed when I demanded that he should restore me to my friends. He chided me when I pleaded and begged for mercy. My questions were never answered. Where am I, Mr. King? Oh, this dreadful place! Why are we here—and you?"

King's heart throbbed fiercely once more. A vast hunger possessed his soul. In that moment he could have laid down his life for her with a smile of rejoicing.

Then he told her why she was there, why he was there and of the 26th—the dreadful 26th!

"God in heaven!" she repeated over and over again in a piteous whisper.

The light was going out.

"Quick!" he cried. "The candle! Light a fresh one. My hands are bound."

She crept to the candles and joined the wicks. A new light grew as the old one died. Then she stood erect, looking down upon him.

"You are bound. I forgot."

She started forward, dropping to her knees beside him, an eager gleam in her eyes. "If I can untie the ropes—will that help? There must be one little chance for you—for us. Let me try."

"By Jove," he whispered admiringly, his spirits leaping to meet hers, "you've got pluck. You put new life in me. I—I was almost—a quitter."

At last, after many despairing tugs, the knot relaxed. "There!" she cried, slinking back exhausted. "Oh, how it must have hurt you! Your wrists are raw!"

His arms were stiff and sore and hung like lead at his sides. She watched him with narrowed eyes while he stood off and tried to work blood and strength back into his muscles.

"Do you think you can—can do anything now, Mr. King?" she asked after a long interval. "We must escape, she said as if it were all settled.

"It cannot be tonight," he gently informed her, a sickness attacking his heart. "Don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

He prevailed upon her to lie down, with his coat for a pillow. In two minutes she was asleep.

For an hour or more he sat there looking sorrowfully at the tired, sweet face, the utmost despair in his soul. At last he stretched himself out on the floor near the door, and as he went to sleep he prayed that Providence might open a way for him to prove that she was not depending on him in vain.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DIVINITY SHAPES.

IT was pitch dark when he awoke. The sound of breathing came to his ears. He sat up. His hands were free. It had not been a dream. She was lying over there asleep. The candle had burnt itself out; that was all. He crept softly across the floor. In the darkness he found her and touched the garments she wore—and drew back enthralled.

Afraid to move for fear of disturbing her, he sat quietly for an hour or more. All this time his brain was working like mad in the new found desire to perform miracles for the sake of this lovely, unattainable creature. He was forgetting the prince, the horrors of the 26th; he was thinking only of saving this girl from the fate that Marlanx had in store for her. Vos Engo may have had the promise, but what could it profit him if Marlanx had the girl?

Footsteps in the outer room recalled him to the bitter reality of their position. He awoke her and whispered words of encouragement into her bewildered ears. Then he put on his coat and threw himself on the floor, first wrapping the rope about his wrists to deceive the guard.

A key turned in the padlock. Old man Spantz stood in the doorway.

"It is noon," said the old man frantically. Then he came in and lighted a candle.

"Noon of the 25th," said Truxton bitterly. "In twenty-four hours it will be all over, eh, Spantz?"

"At noon tomorrow."

Julius Spantz brought in the food for the prisoners, setting it on the floor between them.

"It is usually the duty of our friend Julius to feed me," observed Truxton to his fellow prisoner.

"Julius?" queried the girl from the castle, peering at the man. "Not Julius Spantz of the armory?"

"The same," said Truxton. Julius laughed awkwardly.

"Enough," snarled William Spantz. His manner changed completely, however, when he turned to address the young lady. "I beg to inform you, madam, that your stay is to be brief. Tonight you will be removed to more pleasant quarters that a friend has prepared for you. As for you, my friend," turning to Truxton and smiling ironically, "I deeply deplore the fact that you are to remain. When we next gather in the room beyond a new dispensation will have begun. You may be interested then to hear what we have to say out there."

With a profound bow to the lady and a leer for King he departed, bolting the door behind him. Instantly King was at her side.

"An idea has come to me," he whispered eagerly. "I think I see a way."

"Mr. King, what is it you intend to do? Please tell me. I must know. You heard what he said about taking me to the count's. He meant Marlanx. I will die first."

"No. I will die first. By the way, I may as well tell you that I wasn't thinking altogether of how we are to escape. Why should I save you from Marlanx just to have you hurry off and get married to Vos Engo? It's a mean thought, I know," hastily; "but, just the same, I hate to think of you marrying some one else."

"Some one else?" she questioned, a pucker on her forehead.

"Oh, I know I wouldn't have a chest of a chance even if there

wasn't a Vos Engo. It isn't that," he explained. "I recognize the—difference in our stations and—"

"What has all this got to do with your plan to escape?"

"Nothing at all. The point I'm trying to get at is this: Don't you think it's pretty rough on a hero to save the girl for some other fellow to snap up and marry?"

"I think I begin to see," she said, a touch of pink coming into her cheeks.

"That's encouraging," he said, staring gloomily at the food he had put aside. "You are quite sure you promised Vos Engo that you'd marry him?"

"No. I did not promise him that I'd marry him."

"You said you had promised?"

"You did not allow me time to finish. I meant to say that I had promised to let him know in a day or two. That is all, Mr. King." There was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

"What's that?" he demanded. "You—you don't mean to say that—Oh, Lord, I wonder—I wonder if I have a chance—just a ghost of a chance? He leaned very close, incredulous, fascinated. "What is it that you are going to let him know—yes or no?"

"That was the question I was considering when the brigands caught me," she answered.

"Of course he is in your own class," said Truxton glumly.

She hesitated an instant. "Mr. King, has no one told you my name—who I am?" she asked.

"You are the prince's aunt. That's all I know."

"No more his aunt in reality than Jack Tullis is his uncle."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am Jack Tullis's sister, a New Yorker bred and born, and I live not more than two blocks from your—"

He stared at her in speechless amazement. "Then—then you are not a duchess or a—?" he began again.

"Not at all—a very plain New Yorker," she said, laughing aloud. "You are not disappointed, are you? Does it spoil your romance to—"

"Spill it? Disappointed? No! By George, I—I can't believe that any



THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF TRUXTON KING'S BODY WAS BEHIND THE PRISONER'S DOOR.

such luck—no, no, I don't mean it, but that way! Let me think it out. You me get it through my head.

"Miss Tullis," he said, a thrilling voice, "you are a princess just the same. I never was so happy in my life as I am this minute. It isn't so black as it was. I thought I couldn't win you because you—"

"Win me?" she gasped.

"Precisely. Now I'm looking at it differently. I don't mind telling you that I'm in love with you—desperately in love. It's been so with me ever since that day in the park. I loved you as a duchess or a princess and without hope. Now, I—I well, I'm going to hope. Perhaps Vos Engo has the better of me just now, but I'm in the lists with him—with all of them. If I get you out of this place—and myself as well—I want you to understand that from this very minute I am trying to win you if it lies in the power of any American to win a girl who has suitors among the nobility."

"Are you really in earnest?" she murmured.

"I mean every word of it. I do love you."