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BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO.

Founded August 8, 1848.

Member of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate.

A. W. LEE, Founder

J. F. POWELL, Publisher

J. K. DOUGHERTY, Managing Editor

Daily Courier, 1 year, by mail, \$3.00

Tri-Weekly Courier, 1 year, \$1.50

Office: 117-119 East Second Street.

Telephone, Bell (editorial or business office) No. 44.

New telephone, business office 44; new telephone, editorial office 147.

Address the Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter October 17, 1902, at the postoffice, Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

### DECORATE THIS WEEK.

The merchants have been requested to decorate their store fronts with flags and bunting during the democratic state convention Wednesday and the joint picnic of the Modern Woodmen of southeastern Iowa and the Morrell packing plant employees Thursday. They have been requested also to have their store windows illuminated at night on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It is to be hoped that this request is fully complied with as no better means could be found of co-operating with the Commercial association in its effort to show Ottumwa at its best during this busy week. There will be thousands of visitors in Ottumwa for the convention and joint picnic. It is assured that these visitors will be given Ottumwa heartiest welcome, and Ottumwa have gained a statewide reputation as royal entertainers. But the decorations and the night illuminations will do more than anything else to show the visitors that the city is proud to honor them as guests, and that no expense has been spared to give evidence of this welcome. Ottumwa must put on its best clothes for convention week.

### EXTENDING THE AGE LIMIT.

The New York Sun objects to the practice some young reporters have fallen into of referring to every man of middle age who writes about as an "old man" or as "aged." It believes however, that the young reporter is not altogether to blame, as his error is an evidence of the lingering ancient misconception of the proper limits of old age. The Sun adds: In the spirited days of the race, to the end of the middle ages and long beyond, what with hard fighting, harder drinking, incredible insanitation, a medical practice often as wise as that of the darkest witchcraft-riden Africa, it was difficult to live, and men were regarded as old who in this improved time would be called mere boys. In these happier days the metes and bounds of a no longer morose, a cheerful and golf-enlivened age must be set and have been set much farther forward. Nobody who cares to be either accurate or polite will call anybody under 100 "old."

### THE REAL RAINMAKERS.

You have to give it to the democrats. Why Ottumwa and the immediate vicinity hereabouts have been praying, sweating and cursing for rain for weeks without raising a good sized cloud, but no sooner had the advance guard of the militant democracy ar-

rived in our midst than the clouds gathered, the thunder rumbled and the rain came pouring down. All of which is proof that the poet knew his business when he linked democracy and rain together in those lines that run: The more rain, the more corn; The more corn, the more whisky; The more whisky, the more democrats. This may need some revision to suit the present occasion, inasmuch as the witnesses in the present trial of the Cotton law, now being staged for our edification, tell us that Ottumwa is a highly moral town, and there may therefore be a shortage in the supply of whisky. However, we have had the rain, we shall have more corn and better corn because of the rain, and the democrats are arriving on every train, so we should not be downhearted.

### A LETTER came to Lafayette Young,

publisher of the Des Moines Capital, from South Dakota, the other day, containing a two-dollar greenback and reading as follows: "July 22, 1910.—Enclosed please find two dollars which was carelessly left unpaid for your newspaper which you published in Atlantic, Ia. With best wishes."

Mr. Young was so delighted with this letter that he printed it on the editorial page of his paper, adding: "For twenty-one years we have been looking for them from Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Washington state, Oregon and many other countries. We have money loaned out in all the states and territories named. It is a shame that there is only one conscience out of all of the hundreds that has been thus moved. We are in favor of religious revivals all over the northwest. Now that South Dakota has started the movement we shall look for more old subscribers—dear old subscribers—to be attacked with the remittance fever."

The only thing that bothers Mr. Young in the whole transaction is raised by this question: What shall he do with the two dollars? The growth in the automobile industry in this country and the aid made by the American manufacturer are shown by a report just made by the department of commerce and labor of the imports and exports in this line. The value of foreign automobiles imported last year was the same as the preceding year, \$2,900,000, while the value of American machines exported to foreign markets, gained from \$5,400,000 in the fiscal year 1908, to \$5,500,000 in 1909. Last year the automobile gained greatly in popularity in this country and these figures show that the gain was all made by the American manufacturer, both in the home and foreign field. The imports for the purpose of manufacture showed a great gain last year, and the value of manufactured articles exported to foreign countries was larger by \$72,000,000 than the year before.

Des Moines has taken the first steps in a system of municipal garbage collection. Superintendent MacVicar of the department of streets and public improvements, has prepared a letter, duplicates of which were sent to 1,000 merchants in Des Moines, asking their co-operation in connection with the establishment of a "white wings" service. The city employees will remove all waste except cinders from furnaces and kitchen garbage free. In his letter Mr. MacVicar states that he hopes this movement will prove the first step toward securing a collection of city garbage and waste throughout the entire city at public expense. This is of interest to Ottumwa, as this city has entered upon a plan of removing garbage at private expense. Des Moines has been operating under this plan and has found that it does not work. That city is now working toward a plan of providing for garbage removal at public expense.

## S.S.S. FOR SCROFULA

The children of blood tainted parentage inherit a polluted circulation to burden their existence with disease and suffering. Swollen glands about the neck, weak eyes, running sores and abscesses, pale, waxy complexions, and frail, poorly developed systems are the most usual ways in which the disease is manifested. In some cases the blood is filled with the scrofulous germs that from birth, life is made miserable with suffering, while in other cases it is held in check during young, vigorous life, but when the system begins to weaken, especially after a spell of sickness, the ravages of the disease will commence. S. S. S. is Nature's perfect cure for Scrofula, made entirely of healthful roots, herbs and barks, a safe medicine for young or old. S. S. S. goes into the circulation and drives out all scrofulous matter, and entirely removes the cause. It supplies the blood with the healthful properties it is in need of and in this way builds up weak, frail, disease-burdened persons and makes them strong, robust and healthy. S. S. S. cures Scrofula, because it is the most perfect of all blood purifiers. Book on the Blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

It is probably a little late, says the Sioux City Journal, to get a grand jury indictment of Taft in time for the Des Moines convention. The Des Moines Capital adds that perhaps the attorney general might hand down an opinion to the effect that the president is unconstitutional.

"Vacation for an employe is a good thing for an employe," Mr. Rockefeller is quoted as saying. "It enables him to find out just how much an employe is worth. And, of course, it may show an employe how easily he can be replaced." According to the view of a contemporary this is not an altogether cheerful message to hand out in the vacation season.

The rain last night was worth millions to Iowa and Nebraska over which states the precipitation last night was reported to be general. The weather bureau missed its guess badly, as in neither of these states was rain predicted. Dr. Chappel, the Des Moines observer, couldn't account for rain, as he said there were no evidences yesterday of the disturbances which appeared last night. As marked before, however, this is easy. The democratic state conventions are on in Iowa and Nebraska and these states might be expected to go "wet" for the day.

Mayor Phillips and his prosecutor, Senator Cossom, got real chummy on the stand yesterday and nothing would do but that they should drop all formality and address each other as "Tom" and "George." If the senator had been an abolitionist, "Jerry" now, for instance, it would be possible to build a right good wheeze out of that.

A Louisville, Ky., secretary of a trust company invested \$1,140,000 of the firm's money in the Chicago board of trade. He did not tell what it was he bought, but the other members of the firm are of the opinion that it was lemons.

C. C. stands for three things that are synonymous: chautauquias, congressmen and chiggers.

It is easier to keep out of trouble than to get out.

### THE REMITTENT FEVER.

One of the things that makes a fool hard to get along with, is that he will not stand aside, but usually demands the privilege of leading.

Young Jay Gould might get some advice on the matrimonial problem from his Aunt Anna. She has had experience.

The democrats are coming, heigho, heigho.

As the gentle rain came down upon the dust, it said: "Ah, there, I'm onto you—your name is mud."

### SIGOURNEY.

Friday afternoon occurred the funeral of Ray I. Parker, son of Capt. J. T. Parker at the age of 32. Mr. Parker fell on a cement sidewalk striking his head on the walk and fracturing his skull. Medical aid was called immediately and it was decided to take him to Cedar Rapids for an operation. He died just before Cedar Rapids was reached. He leaves to mourn his untimely death his father two sisters, Mrs. J. T. Foley of Keokuk, Eve Parker at home and five brothers E. M. and Ernest Parker of Lewistown, Idaho, Chas. Parker in Kansas, Fred Parker of What Cheer and T. B. Parker of Hastings, Neb. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Philip Palmer, a former pastor of the Presbyterian church here.

At the sixth judicial convention held at Oskaloosa last Wednesday the democratic convention nominated W. C. Gambell of Sigourney, C. E. Meyers of Newton and S. W. Reynolds of Oskaloosa as candidates for judges of the sixth district.

Sunday afternoon from the residence of Mrs. Mary House occurred the funeral of Mrs. Ray House who died in Ottumwa Friday. Mrs. House was a little more than twenty-five years of age and leaves surviving her husband, Ray House. Miss Letha Hendrickson of Monroe arrived in the city Friday for an extended visit with her friend Miss Griselda Schultz. Rev. Tillmans, a missionary in India arrived in the city the latter part of the week for an extended visit with his parents Rev. and Mrs. G. Tillmans of this city.

### EDDYVILLE.

Chas. Palmer made a business trip to Montzuma Friday.

Dr. Shahan visited his father in Albia Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris and son Henry visited with relatives in Oskaloosa Friday. Miss Ruth Morris who has been employed in Oskaloosa returned home.

Geo. Thomas living west of town has moved to Oskaloosa to become the manager of the Arnold store. Frank Burns has accepted a position in the Clark drug store. He will have charge of the store while Mr. Clark is away on his vacation.

Miss Leta Heston will return to her work in Oskaloosa after spending two weeks vacation with her parents in Eddyville.

Mrs. Harry Rhodes living west of town is quite ill this week.

Mrs. Phil Scott is visiting friends in Albia.

Mrs. Ed Spurgeon and children who have been visiting at the N. S. Barnett home north of town returned to their home at Farmington today.

"Yes, I've got 'em again," says Mr. Emerson, always eager to give entertainment with the English language.

"I am indeed blue this afternoon. Won't you talk to me? I feel that the sound of a dear friend's voice will drive dull care away."

"Gladly, says I; I am a silent man by birth and training, and my thoughts is jewels, but for you, I'll scatter them at large, and you can take your pick. Now, this salmon business ain't what it's cracked up to be, after all. It's a smelly proposition, no matter how you take it, and a fisherman ain't much better than a Reub; ask any wise guy. I'd rather see you in some professed that don't stink so, like selling scented soap. There was a fellow at Dyea who done well at it. What think you?"

"It's a dark night without," says

# The... SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH,

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### CHAPTER VII (Continued.)

"Have you heard about the mail boat?"

"No."

"We've missed her."

"What'd you mean?" demanded Big George, blankly.

"I mean that the storm delayed us just long enough to ruin us."

"Why—er—let's wait till the next trip," offered the fisherman.

Emerson shook his head. "She may not be back here for eight weeks. No! We're done for."

Balt was like a big boy in distress. His face wrinkled as if he were about to burst into loud lamentations; then a thought seized him.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he cried with a heavy attempt at meeting the problem. "We'll put off the scheme for a year. We'll take plenty of time and open up a year from next spring."

"No," said Emerson, with a dejected shake of the head. "If I can't put it through on the flash, I can't do it at all. My time is up. I'm down and out. All our pretty plans have gone to smash. You'd better go back to Katvik, George."

At this suggestion, Balt rose ponderously and began to rave. To see his vengeance slip from his grasp enraged him. He cursed, shockingly, clenching his great fists above his head, and grinding forth imprecations which caused Fraser to quail and cry out aghast:

"Hey, you! Quit that! D'you want to hang a Jonah onto us?"

But the fisherman only goaded himself into a greater passion, during which Petellin, the storekeeper, entered, and forthwith began to cross himself devoutly. Observing this, the merchant's pantomime, Balt turned upon the trader and directed his outburst at him:

"Where in hell is this steamer?"

"Out to the westward somewhere."

"Well, she's a mail boat, ain't she? Then why don't she stop here coming back? Answer me!"

The rotund man shrugged his fat shoulders. "She's got to call at Uyak Bay going east."

"Where is Uyak Bay?"

"Over on Kodiak Island," Big George answered; then turned again to vent his spleen upon the trader.

"What right have them steamboat people got to cut out this place for an empty canny? Why, there ain't nobody at Uyak. It's more of that damned company business. They own this wilderness, and run it to suit themselves."

"She ain't my boat," said Petellin.

"You'd ought to have got here a few days sooner."

"My God! I'm sorry we waited at the pass," said Emerson.

The weather couldn't have been any worse than it was when we came across."

Detecting in this remark a criticism of his caution, Big George turned about and faced the speaker, but as he met Emerson's eye he checked the explosion, and, seizing his cap, bolted out into the cold to walk off his mad rage.

"When is the boat due at Uyak?" Emerson asked.

"Most any time inside of a week."

"How far is that from here?"

"It ain't so far—only about fifty miles."

Then catching the light that flamed into the miner's eyes, Petellin hastened to observe: "But you can't get there. It's across the Straight—Shellkof Straits."

"What of that! We can hire a sail-boat, and—"

"I ain't got any sail-boat. I lost my solo last year hunting sea-otter."

"We can hire a small boat of some sort, can't we, and get the natives to put us across? There must be plenty of boats here."

"Nothing but skin boats, kyaks, and bidarkas—you know. Anyhow, you couldn't cross at this time of year—it's too stormy; these Straits is the worst piece of water on the coast. No you'll have to wait."

Emerson sank back into his chair, and stared hopelessly at the fre.

"Better have some breakfast," the trader continued; but the other only shook his head. And after a farewell squint of curiosity, the fat man rolled out again in pursuit of his duties.

"I've heard tell of these Shellkof Straits," Fraser remarked. "I bunked with a bear-hunter from Kodiak once, and he said there was certainly some heat in winter. When Emerson made no reply, the fellow's colorless eyes settled upon him with a trace of solicitude, and he resumed: "I'm doggone sorry you lost out, pal, but maybe something'll turn up yet." Then, seeing that the young man was deaf to his condolence he muttered: "So you've got 'em again, eh? As usual on such occasions, he fell into his old habit of reading aloud, as it were, an imaginary scene to himself.

"Yes, I've got 'em again," says Mr. Emerson, always eager to give entertainment with the English language.

"I am indeed blue this afternoon. Won't you talk to me? I feel that the sound of a dear friend's voice will drive dull care away."

"Gladly, says I; I am a silent man by birth and training, and my thoughts is jewels, but for you, I'll scatter them at large, and you can take your pick. Now, this salmon business ain't what it's cracked up to be, after all. It's a smelly proposition, no matter how you take it, and a fisherman ain't much better than a Reub; ask any wise guy. I'd rather see you in some professed that don't stink so, like selling scented soap. There was a fellow at Dyea who done well at it. What think you?"

"It's a dark night without," says

Mr. Emerson, and I fear some mischief is afoot!"

"But what of yonder beauteous—"

Unheeding this chatter, the disheartened man got up at this juncture, as if a sudden thought impelled him, and followed Balt out into the cold. He turned down the bank to the creek, however, and made a careful examination of all the canoes that went with the village. Fifteen minutes later he had searched out the disgruntled fisherman, and cried, excitedly:

"I've got it! We'll catch that boat yet!"

"How?" growled the big man, sourly.

"There's a large open skin-boat, an oomiak, down on the beach. We'll hire a crew of Indians to put us across to Uyak."

"Can't be done," said Big George, still gruffly. "It's the wrong season. You know the Shellkof Straits is a bad place even for steamships at this time of year. They're like that Pass up yonder, only worse."

"But it's only fifty miles across."

"Fifty miles of that kind of water in an open canoe may be just as bad as five hundred—unless you're lucky. And I ain't noticed anything so damned lucky about us."

"Well, it's that or nothing. It's our only chance. Are you game?"

"Come on," cried Big George, "let's find Petellin!"

When that worthy heard their desire, he uttered a shriek of denial.

"In summer, yes but now—you can't do it. It has been tried too often. The Straits is always rough and the weather is too cold to sit all day in an oomiak; you'd freeze."

"No, no, no! If it comes on to storm, you'll go to sea. The tides are strong; you can't see your course, and—"

"We'll use a compass. Now, you get me enough men to handle that oomiak, that's a good fellow. I'll attend to the rest."

"But they won't go," declared the little fat man. "They know what it means. Why—"

"Call them in. I'll do the talking."

And accordingly the storekeeper went in search of the village chief, shaking his head and muttering at the madness of these people.

"Fingerless" Fraser, noticing the change in Balt and Emerson when they re-entered the store, questioned them as to what had happened; and in reply to his inquiry, Big George said:

"We're going to tackle the Straits in a small boat."

"What! Not on your life! Why, that's the craziest stunt I ever heard of. Don't you know—"

"Yes, we know," Emerson shut him up, brusquely. "You don't have to go with us."

"Well, I should say not. Hunh! Do I look like I'd do a thing like that? If I do, it's because I'm sick. I just got this far by a gnat's eyelash, and hereinafter I take the best of it every time."

"You can wait for the mail boat."

"I certainly can, and, what more, I will. And I'll register myself, too."

"There ain't got to be any accidents to me whatever."

Although the two men were pleased at the remote chance of catching the steamer, their ardor received a serious setback when the trader came in with the head of the village and a handful of hunters, for Emerson found that money was quite powerless to tempt them. Using the Russian as interpreter, he coaxed and wheedled, increasing his offer out of all proportion to the exigencies of the occasion; and still finding them obdurate, in despair he piled every coin he owned upon the counter. But the men only shook their heads and palavered among themselves.

"They say it's too cold," translated Petellin. "They will freeze, and there is no good to dead men." Another native spoke: "It is very stormy this month," they say. "The waves would sink an open boat."

"Then they can put us across in bidarkas," insisted Emerson, who had noticed the presence of several of these smaller crafts, which are nothing more than long walrus-hide canoes completely decked over, save for tiny cockpits wherein the paddlers sit.

"They don't have to come back that way; they can wait at Uyak for the next trip of the steamer. Why, I'm offering them more pay than they can make in ten years."

"Better get them to do it," urged Big George. "You'll get the coin all back from them; they'll have to trade here." But Petellin's arguments were as ineffective as Emerson's and after an hour's futile haggling the natives were about to leave when Emerson said:

"Ask them what they'll take to sell me a bidarka."

"One hundred dollars," Petellin told him, after an instant's parley.

Emerson turned to George. "Will you tackle it alone with me?"

The fisherman hesitated. "Two of us couldn't make it. Get a third man, and I'll go you." Accordingly, Emerson resumed the subject with the Indians, but now their answer was short and decisive. Not one of them would venture forth unless accompanied by one of his own kind, in whose endurance and skill with a paddle he had confidence. It seemed as if fate had laid one final insurmountable obstacle in the path of the two white men, when "Fingerless" Fraser, who had been a silent witness of the whole scene, spoke up, in his voice a bitter complaint:

"Well, that puts it up to me, I suppose. I'm always the fall guy, damn it!"

"You! You go!" cried Emerson, astonished beyond measure at this offer, and still doubting. The fellow had so consistently shirked every hardship, and so systematically refused every hazard, no matter how slight!

"Well, I don't want a Fraser flared up on you just by a bet on that. But these Slawashes won't stand the gaff, they're too wise; so I've got to, ain't I?" He glared belligerently from one to the other.

"Can you handle a boat?" demanded Big George.

"Can I handle a—Hunh!" sniffed the fellow.

"Say just because you've got corn on your palms as big as pancakes, you needn't think you're the only human that ever pulled an oar. I was the first man through Miles Canon. During the big rush in '98 I ran the rapids for a living. I got fifty dollars a trip, and it took me three minutes by the watch. That was the only easy money I ever picked up. Why, them tenderfeet used to cry like babies when they got a peek at them rapids. Can I handle a—Yes, and I wish I was back there right now instead of hunched up with a pair of yaps that don't know when they're well off."

"But, look here, Fraser," Emerson spoke up. "I don't think you are strong enough for this trip. It may take us forty-eight hours of constant paddling against wind and tide to Uyak. George and I are fit enough, but you know you aren't—"

"Fingerless" Fraser turned violently upon the speaker.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, cut that out, will you! Because you happened to give me a little lift on this cursed Katmal Pass, I s'pose I'll never get done throwing it up to me. My feet were sore; that's why I petered out. If it hadn't been for my bum dogs I'd have walked both of you down; but they were sore. Can't you understand? My feet were sore."

He was whining now, and this unexpected angle of the man's disposition completely confused the other and left them rather at a loss what to say. But before they could make any comment, he rose stiffly and blazed forth:

"But I won't start today. I hurt too much, and my mits is froze. If you want to wait till I'm healed up I can die in comfort, why, go ahead and buy that fool-killer boat, and we'll all commit suicide together. He stumped indignantly out of the room, even to smile."

For the next two days the men rested replenishing their strength; but Fraser developed a willful temper which turned him into a veritable chestnut burr. There was no handling him. His scars were not deep nor his hurts serious, however, so by the afternoon of the second day he announced, with surly distemper, that he would be ready to leave on the following morning, and the others accordingly made preparation for an early start. They selected the most seaworthy canoe, which at best was a treacherous craft, and stocked it well with water, cooked food, and stimulants.

Since their arrival at Katmal the weather had continued calm; and although the view they had through the frowning headlands showed the Straits blue and angry, they prayed the wind would hold off for another twenty-four hours. Again Petellin importuned them to forego this journey, and again they turned deaf ears to his entreaties and retired early, to awaken with the rickety log store straining at its cables under the force of a blizzard that had blotted out the mountains and was rousing the sea to fury. Fraser openly rejoiced and Balt's heavy brow, cleared; but Emerson was plunged into as black a mood as that of the storm which had swallowed up the landscape. For three days the tempest held them prisoners, then died as suddenly as it had arisen; but the surf continued to thunder upon the beach for many hours, while Emerson looked on with hopeless, sullen eyes. When at last they did set out—a week, to a day, from their arrival at Katmal—they had the capes that they had hard shift to make it back to the village, drenched, dispirited, and well-nigh dead from the cold and fatigue. Although Fraser had fully recovered from his collapse, he nevertheless complained upon every occasion, and whined loudly at every ache. He voiced his tortures eloquently, and bewailed the fate that had brought his fortunes to such an end, burdening the air so heavily with his complaining that Big George broke out, in exasperation:

"Shut up! You don't have to go with us! I'd rather tackle it alone than listen to you!"

"That's right," agreed Emerson, whose patience was also worn out by the rogue's unceasing jeremiad. "We'll try it without him tomorrow."

"Oh, you—ill, will you?" snorted Fraser, indignantly. "So after me getting well on purpose to make this side the water, you want to dump me here with this fat man. I'll stand as much as any body, but I won't stand for no deal like that. No, sir! You said I could go, and I'm going. Why, I'd rather drown than stick in this burgh with that greasy Russian porpoise. Gee! this is a shine village."

"Then take your medicine like a man, and quit kicking."

"If you prefer to swallow your groans, you do it. I like to make a fuss when I suffer. I enjoy it more than that way."

Again Petellin called them at daylight, and they were off; this time with better success, for the waves had abated sufficiently for them to venture beyond the partial shelter of the bay. All three knew the desperate chance