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RESULTS OF THE NEW TARIFF.

The record of the first full year under the new tariff law, so far as relates to total importations and customs collections, is presented by a special statement compiled by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor in response to numerous requests for information upon that subject.

The figures cover the imports of the twelve months, August 1, 1909 to July 31, 1910, and thus include five days under the Dingley tariff, since the present law went into effect on the morning of August 6.

The statement shows total imports during the twelve months in question, \$1,562,621,181, of which \$768,047,231 or 49.15 per cent entered free of duty.

GOOD ROADS ON THE INCREASE.

Automobiling in and around Ottumwa has increased to such an extent that the railroads find themselves minus numerous fares in the summer season by the practice of machine owners employing their cars instead of the usual conveyance.

and the river to river road is the result.

The Council Bluffs correspondent of the Pittsburg, Pa., Gazette-Times, supplies a graphic description of the making of the river-to-river dragged road across Iowa.

"A great piece of road building was completed in Iowa last week," he says, "when in the short space of one single hour a line of road 380 miles in length and stretching entirely across the state of Iowa was put in the most perfect condition of any road west of the Mississippi river.

"And not the least interesting thing in connection with the tremendous piece of work is the fact that not a man of the entire 10,000 engaged on the work received one cent of wages. Good will and patriotism alone are responsible for the splendid showing.

"Last winter the Iowa roads became so fearfully bad that traffic was practically killed and farmers were compelled simply to remain in their homes. Finally the matter became a political question, and both parties got behind the movement.

"The result of the organization was shown last Saturday. Shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning farmers began getting out in the road. Hundreds and thousands of plows, picks, shovels, scrapers, road drags, grading machines and other implements were brought along.

"The queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, makes an income from her books that many American authors might well envy. The emperors of Russia has a sweet tenor voice trained to be a singer on our day.

"But the crown princess of Roumania is the only royal person who is actually engaged in business. She manufactures toothpicks, and this year expects to turn out 25,000,000 of them.

For its debut and with it comes a desire on the part of the tired business man for a few odd "happy endings."

"The rapidly increasing ranks of American authors, appreciating the delightful taste a joyful ending to the play affords, are so constructing their offerings to make this one feature a point. Not so with the productions given on the stage of Europe.

"In the Covent Garden season was the following array of crime and unhappiness: "Les Huguenots."—Hero and heroine die together.

"Faust."—Heroine causes her brother's death, goes mad, murders her child, and dies as a lover is carried off by the evil one.

"Aida."—Hero and heroine are entombed alive.

"Lakme."—Heroine takes poison.

"Romeo and Juliet."—Hero takes poison and heroine stabs herself.

"Pagliacci."—Hero stabs heroine and her lover.

The... SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH, Copyright, 1909, By Harper & Brothers

(CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.) The docks of the big, low-lying steamer were piled high with gear.

"From what they said, I don't think they know you, Fraser," continued "Anyhow, they wanted Peasley to point you out. When they come off, maybe you can slip 'em."

"But how?" Boyd seized eagerly upon the suggestion. "The wharf is empty—see! I'll have to cross it in plain sight."

"Through the rear door of the office opened upon the dock proper they beheld the great floor almost entirely clear. Save for a few tons of freight, which Big George's men were working, it was as unobstructed as a lawn; and, although it was nearly the size of a city block, it afforded no more means of concealment than did the little office itself, with its glass doors, its counter and its long desk, at the farther end of which a bill clerk was performing his task.

"There they are now!" and they saw at the foot of the gang plank two men talking with Big George. They saw Balt point the stranger; carelessly to the office, whence he had seen Boyd disappearing a few moments before, and turn back to his stoves; and then they saw the plain clothes men approaching.

"Here! Gimme your coat and hat, quick!" cried Fraser in a low voice, his eyes blazing at a sudden thought. He stripped his own garments from his back with feverish haste.

"That won't do. Everybody knows me," Boyd cast an apprehensive glance at the archer back of the bill-clerk, but Fraser, quick of resource in such a situation, forced him swiftly to make the change, saying: "Nix. It's your only 'out.' Stand here, see!" He indicated a position beside the rear door. "I'll step out the other way where they can see me," he continued, pointing to the wagon-way at the right. "Savvy? When they grab me, beat it, and don't wait for nothing."

the men paused, and then the steamship whistle interrupted opportunely, with a deafening blast.

The dozen men who had been slinging freight on the dock, hastened up the gang-plank or climbed the ladders, while the signal-man clung to the lifting tackle, and at the piping cry of his whistle, was swung aloft out of the very arms of the rioters.

Above, on the flying bridge, Captain Peasley was bellowing orders; a quartermaster was running up the iron steps to the pilot house; on deck the sailors were fighting their way to their posts through the ranks of the raging fishermen and the shrieking confusion of the orientals; the last men aboard, with a "Heave Ho!" in unison, slid the gang-plank upward and out of reach.

Big George alone remained upon the wharf. As he saw the rush coming he had ordered his men to abandon the rigging, and taking slack from a deck hand, cast it off. Back up the dock he went to the forward hawser, where, at a signal, he did the same, moving, toward the last, without excessive hurry, as if in a spirit of bravado.

Even yet Emerson's anxiety was the keenest; for, notwithstanding the stress of these dragging moments, he had not forgotten Fraser, the vagabond, who, morally twisted, rascal, to whom courage and resourcefulness he owed so much. He strained his eyes for a glimpse of the fellow, at the same time dreading the sight of a uniform. Would the ship never get under way and out of hailing distance? If those officers had discovered their mistake, they might yet have time to stop him.

"What makes you think so?" demanded Peasley. "Ask them." "Turning, the skipper bellowed down the gleaming electric pathway, "Who are you?" "Police! We want to come aboard."

"What with the cocktail yarns about Mr. Fairbanks and the stories told about Sunny Jim Sherman to Senator Gore, and the fact that a presidential office is becoming a pretty strenuous job, remarks the Milwaukee News.

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AMERICAN MADE CLOTHING IN EUROPE.

For the benefit of those who think they can not get as good clothing in this country as they could get if they lived in Europe, we publish the following from the Daily Consular and Trade reports, issued by the department of commerce and labor:

"The firm in question is delighted with the experiment and is arranging to handle American clothing on a large scale, carrying a full line of overcoats, sack suits, and tuxedos. The demand is developing. The Glasgow firm admits that the finish on these American goods is better than can be accomplished by their tailors, regardless of the price charged. In other words, they have no tailors expert enough to finish the shoulders, collar, and lapels of a coat, with any material at any price, as well as the American goods are finished.

AMERICA'S RICHEST WOMEN.

- Here is a list of some of America's richest women, with an estimate of their fortunes: Mrs. Russell Sage.....\$70,000,000 Mrs. E. H. Harriman.....60,000,000 Mrs. Frederic C. Penfield.....60,000,000 Mrs. Hetty Green.....60,000,000 Mrs. C. P. Huntington.....40,000,000 Mrs. Whitehall Reid.....35,000,000 Mrs. Henry J. Bracker.....25,000,000 Mrs. Gustave A. Mainek.....25,000,000 Miss Faith Moore.....20,000,000 Mrs. John S. Kennedy.....15,000,000 Miss Helen Gould.....15,000,000 Miss Mary Garrett.....15,000,000 Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard.....12,000,000 Mrs. W. D. Sloane.....12,000,000 Mrs. W. Seward Webb.....12,000,000 Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.....12,000,000 Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.....12,000,000 Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.....10,000,000 Mrs. Potter Palmer.....10,000,000 Miss Giulia Morosini.....10,000,000 Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.....10,000,000 Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst.....10,000,000 Mrs. J. J. Lawrence.....10,000,000 Miss Jennie Flood.....10,000,000 Mrs. W. B. Leeds.....10,000,000 Miss Laura Stallo.....7,500,000 Miss Helen Stallo.....7,500,000 Miss Grace Watt.....5,000,000 Mrs. Julia Watt Curtis.....5,000,000 Mrs. Herman Oelrichs.....5,000,000 Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....5,000,000 Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.....5,000,000 Miss Anna Leary.....5,000,000 Mrs. Warner M. Leeds.....5,000,000 Mrs. J. Watson Webb.....4,000,000 Mrs. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen.....4,000,000 Mrs. Ogden Goelet.....4,000,000 Mrs. Robert Goelet.....4,000,000 Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry.....4,000,000 Mrs. James Henry Smith.....4,000,000—Munsey's.

Colonel Bryan, says the St. Paul Dispatch, ought to be an enthusiastic advocate of good roads. All that he has traveled on his way to office have been rocks.

ing weeks. It struck him suddenly that she had grown very quiet of late. It was the first time he had had the leisure to notice it, but now when he came to reflect on it, he remembered that she had never seemed quite the same since his interview with her on that day when Hilliard had so unexpectedly come to his rescue. He wondered if in reality this change might not be due to some reflected alteration in himself.

Well! He could not help it. Her strange behavior at that time had affected him more deeply than he would have thought possible; and while he had purposely avoided thinking much about the banker's sudden change of front, back of his devout thankfulness for the miracle was a vague suspicion, a curious feeling that made him uncomfortable in the girl's presence. He could not regret his determination to win at any price; yet he shrank, with a moral cowardice which made him inwardly writhing, from owning that Cherry had made the sacrifice at which Clyde and the others had hinted. If it were indeed true, it placed him in an intolerable position, wherein he could express neither his gratitude nor his censure. No doubt she had read the signs of his mental confusion, and her own delicate sensibility had responded to it.

The wharf remained side by side on the bridge while the day dimly amidst a wondrous panoply of color, each ton or two of the cargo was stowed. There was no longer a word to be spoken, in their hearts emotions oddly at variance. The sky ahead of them was wide-streaked with gold, as if for a symbol, interlaid with sooty clouds in silhouette; on either side the mountains rose from penumbral darkness to clear-out heights still brightly from the shadowy shore-line a light was borne; the smell of the salt sea was in the air. Above the rhythmic pulse of the steamer rose the voices of men singing between decks, while the parting waters at the prow played a soft accompaniment. A steward summoned them to supper, but Boyd refused, saying he could not eat, and the girl stayed with him while the miles slowly slipped past and the night enveloped them.

"Two hours more," he told her, "is the ship's bell sounded. Then I can eat and sleep—and sing." Captain Peasley was pacing the bridge when later they breasted the glare of Port Townsend and saw in the distance the flashing searchlights of the forts that guard the Straits. They saw the fort brightly, and raised his night-glasses; Boyd laid his hand on Cherry's arm. Presently the Captain crossed to them and said: "Yonder seems to be a launch making out. See! I wonder what's up." Almost in their path a plinky light was violently agitated. "By Jove! They're signalling."

"You won't see it," questioned Emerson. "I don't know, I am sure. I may have to." The two boats were drawing together rapidly, and soon those on the bridge heard the faint but increasing patter of a gasoline exhaust. Carry, of the same speed as the Bedford Castle, the launch shortly came within hailing distance. The cyclopean eye of the ship's searchlight blazed up, and the next instant, out from the gloom leaped a little craft, on the deck of which a man stood waving a lantern. She held steadfastly to her course, and a voice floated up to them.

"Aho! What ship?" "The Bedford Castle, cannery tender for Bristol Bay," Peasley shouted back. The man on the launch relinquished his lantern and using both palms for a funnel, cried, more clearly now: "Heave! We want to come aboard."

"Wait, they're after me, captain; it's the Port Townsend police, and if you let them aboard they'll take me off." "What makes you think so?" demanded Peasley. "Ask them." "Turning, the skipper bellowed down the gleaming electric pathway, "Who are you?" "Police! We want to come aboard."

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kid You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of J. H. Atkinson.