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Sidewalk Sketches
By Howard L. Rann

SLEIGH RIDING.
Sleigh riding is an invigorating form of out-door exercise which would be more popular if it could be enjoyed over a hot-air register. As a means of securing fresh air which has not come into contact with anything else it is a decided success.

In order to be thoroughly enjoyable, sleigh riding should not be undertaken except in weather which would freeze the feet on a cigar store Indian. One of the most dangerous occupations in the world is to ride behind a knee-acting roadster in a Portland cutter, on a sloppy day. Every few minutes the horse will pick up four or five snowballs in his feet and hurl them against the dashboard with all his might. The faster the horse is going the more speed he has and the poorer his control. When a horse gets his sights adjusted to high, he is liable to miss the dashboard entirely and plug somebody who had always treated him right in the left ear.

One of the most popular forms of sleigh riding is the bob sled variety. The bob sled is a low, rakish craft which comes from the barn in a springless and highly perfumed condition, and when filled with tame hay and human feet can be ridden for several miles without contracting anything worse than spinal meningitis.

Sleigh riding offers very few inducements to uninterrupted love-making. One of two things is certain to happen—either the man will have cold feet or the girl will have a cold nose and both are fatal to the course of true love. Nothing will cool the ardor of a shivering suitor quicker than an icy nose which is allowed to nestle close to the ear of the prospective bridegroom.

raw materials and labor. Nevertheless, there was a notable increase in dividend and interest disbursements during the year, and a large output of securities represented new investments of capital.
Dun's Review adds that the new year opens with all the gains and advantages achieved during the last half of 1912. Underlying conditions remain unchanged and the new year takes over from the old the increased agricultural wealth resulting from the big crops, the great activity in the largest industries, especially iron and steel, the augmented confidence in nearly all the branches of domestic commerce and the breaking foreign trade.

WHY NOT A "BEAUTIFUL IOWA"?
Representative O. Bernbrock, a new member of the legislature from Black Hawk county, of which Waterloo is the county seat, thinks that the legislature should do something to help Iowa to live up to its name. Iowa, we are told, is Indian for "beautiful land." Mr. Bernbrock wants the state to aid in restoring some of the natural beauties of forest and tree that he sees neglected in this practical age.
"It is my intention to introduce bills tending to the esthetic development of the state," said Mr. Bernbrock in an interview in a Des Moines paper. "This will be in the form of a bill or bills making it compulsory to plant shade trees on all residence streets of the cities and towns of the state. I believe that these trees should be uniform in kind, at least in uniform throughout all the streets of any city or town. I am in favor of the employment of state foresters, greater scope and power to park commissioners and civic bodies in order that there may be co-operation in the improvement of the state."

Mr. Bernbrock does well to call attention to this subject, whether it should be found a matter for legislative action or not. In Ottumwa, for instance, there has been more or less of an epidemic of tree cutting. We should now give some attention to tree planting, and we shouldn't wait for a legislative enactment before seeing our duty in this respect.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.
Illinois has a new state commission formed to study the subject of marriage and divorce laws and recommend suitable legislation to the general assembly. One law being considered is the California law, now in operation in that state, which carried these provisions:
First—A uniform marriage license law, requiring fifteen days' residence in the county by one of the contracting parties before a license is issued. Ten days' notice of the intention of the contracting parties to marry to be submitted to the license clerk. The returning of the contracting parties to the state whether either is a grass widow or widower, and if so, where they were divorced and on what grounds. Swearing to the truth of their statements by both parties, and perjury in that instance would be made a felony.

Second—A divorce examination bill. The new law would require the duty of the district attorney's office to conduct a divorce suit, for the purpose of uncovering fraud or perjury. Thirty days' notice of the filing of a petition for separation.

Judge Marcus Kavanaugh, a member of the Illinois commission believes that the states should take up this question and enact uniform divorce and marriage laws. "The divorces in this country are seven times more numerous than in Europe," he says. "We have only one in our disgraceful record." Judge Kavanaugh says that the newspaper publicity given the two former meetings of the Illinois commission has resulted in a falling off in Chicago divorce applications and hearings of 25 per cent. The publicity features of the California law it is claimed, have reduced divorce by 50 per cent in that state.

White bread contains more nutrition and is just as easily digested as Graham or whole wheat bread, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association. Some members of the medical profession have been muckraking white bread lately and advising people to eat bran and other delicacies of the stable. Out of consideration to the p-late the Journal believes it should give a reassuring word.
Senator Webber and Representatives

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE
A Romance of the Sea
By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

CHAPTER XXIV (Continued).
The kaid gave a sharp order, and the escort cantered up and formed round the camels. There were twenty-five of them, all told, so that the dour with the camel drivers and British, number in all some five and thirty souls.

"Why are they wearing respirators?" "Twaracks," said the kaid shortly. "By your leave I'll just try an experiment." He put thin fingers between his bearded lips and blew a slight pitched whistle. It seemed to lead the other with a gun-blast and a short, all on the same note; and then after a pause he blew two short blasts and a long, half a tone lower.

The squadron leader of the Twaracks threw up a long-barreled gun, and his men halted. The saint wheeled his bayonet to the others, so that he was a plain mark to see, or be shot at. The squadron leader of the black troops gazed a moment, acknowledged the salute with a gun-blast and then wheeled his horse and galloped back into the shadows by the way he had come, with his horsemen thudding at his heels.

"Friend of yours?" asked Captain Kettle. "Nothing of the sort. Didn't I tell you he was a masked Twarack? He's a pirate of the desert out yonder to the south and east, and I guess he appears in here to the riders who appear to be riding your steamer. Let's hope he'll continue to do it."

"You seem to know his helm signals?" "Precisely. And may I suggest, my good sir, that you don't know all the international codes? You Europeans are in the very infancy of long distance signaling. And even when you do others in Africa show you how to do the trick, you don't seem able to learn. Look out now. Here's the real thing."

A howling mob in white billowy draperies poured out from behind a shoulder of the sand hills, and the night kindled and roared with the discharge of their guns. But the range was too far for the inaccurate muzzle-loaders to be effective, and barrages of camel slightly hissed, but not that which carried the ladies, no damage was done.

The damaged camel was allowed to drop behind, and the others were flogged and dagger pricked into something nearly approaching speed. The enemy were hard at work reloading; but charging and priming a musket of true Moroccan build is a work of art and time, and before more than a dozen of the weapons could be hurriedly snatched off against them, Captain Kettle, the saint, and Sir George Chesterman, riding abreast, smashed down into the middle of the enemy.

Each did terrible work with his own weapon. Sir George had borrowed a mace (that might well have been carried in the Crusades) from one of his escort, and acted and felt, to use his own subsequent expression, like a white-hot iron. The saint, with his long loom, and steering the bay with his knees, used both hands to the Winchester, and did not miss a shot, although he opened fire thirty yards away from the line.

"But Captain Kettle, who rode that ramping black stallion as a sailor rides, kept his head in this, his first cavalry charge, and did more damage than any of them. He was conscious enough of his bad horsemanship not to risk fancy shots. He chose his man to deliberate aim, and did not pull trigger till his revolver's muzzle rested on the victim's clothes."

Nothing but this desperation could have saved him from being killed. The mongrel crew along the beach were every man of them as brave as he; but when they saw his pistol muzzle set fire to jellab after jellab, they called one to another that Shaitan rode on the Sid's bride hand, and that it was time to be gone.

The attackers broke through, rallied, and charged back again toward the rising dawn. The camels, with legs stretched to all the compass points, sprawled along in their midst, and the deck houses on their backs lurched and pitched like mark buoys in a tide-way. But no sturdy wall of raiders waited for them this time. They drove their horses through the skirts of a rout, and clubbed and stabbed and slashed at white-winged fugitives.
"Pull up," bawled Kettle, "and let the rest go. Slow down, Sir George. Halt there, you fellows, and give me a hand with this devil-possessed black horse of yours. He's worried two men with his teeth, and he'll eat you next if you don't get out of range. By James! do you spawn of the mountains hear me? Halt! Halt where you are. And now wheel. Wheel back to the lagoon, or I'll turn loose this horse at you. Sir George, I'm the last man to spoil a fight when on horseback, but we'll hammer them any more, these jokers in the white nightgowns will remember they're quite eight to one, and they'll turn and eat us without salt. Sir, shake yourself together, and think of your sister, and anyway, give me that damn club. Give it to me, I say—I'm sorry I've hurt your wrist, but you've offered obedience, and it's my habit to seek that order, and it's a good one. Saint, I've reloaded my gun, and if you don't whistle your men off riding their horses over those fellows on the ground, by the living James! I'll empty six saddles."

"Please to remember that they've missed all the fun and only had the shaking, and I'm afraid we shall find them in baddish preservation."
CHAPTER XXV.
Salvaged.
Day was lit by this time and the chill had slipped away, and the air was already beginning to warm up toward that baking temperature on which the edge of the Sahara rests so much of its ill reputation.

"The battle had been fought in a valley of the dunes, and the vanquished tribesmen had scattered away in the direction of their villages, north, east and south. To the west, over a low line of hummocks lay the lagoon.
"Shall we find the Wangaroo still there?" wondered the kaid. "Don't know," said Sir George. "That gentry may have captured her, or at least have her away to sea."

"She'll be there and untaken," said Captain Kettle shortly. "I left McTodd in charge, sir, and though he may have fallings, and be argumentative when he's near drink, when it comes to looking after the interest of the owner who pays him, Mr. McTodd is as efficient as the king of England."

But in spite of these confident words anxiety presently crept into Captain Kettle's eyes. "We should have raised her mast trucks before this above those sand hills," he told himself. And presently, when he held his patience no longer, he clapped the sharp heels of his silken irons into the ribs of the black steaming lion, and galloped to the west, the lagoon lay clear before him, and the deep boom of the Wangaroo's enormous siren hummed through the air, away on his left hand.

He turned sharply. Yes, there she was, the little beauty, down at the other end of the lagoon, close in fact, to the Norman Towers. But in the name of wonder what was this? Foam bubbled from her tall and lay round her in a hoary ring. Her engines were running, and yet she did not appear to move. Arouse! No chance of it. He had sounded every bit of the lagoon at that end, and was prepared to swear before a board of trade inquiry that she had at that very moment ten fathoms of water under her bottom.

He forced the black horse down the slope, and then galloped south along the hard beach, waving the others to follow him.
Half a mile farther on, when he had got the steamboats clear of one another, he saw why the Wangaroo did not move ahead. She was tethered by a heavy wire hawser. The other end of the wire, which was as taut as an iron bar, led in through one of the Norman Towers' hawse-pipes. It was obvious she was trying to tow it, and equally obvious she could not do it. Captain Kettle cursed Mr. Neil Angus McTodd, unqualified second engineer and acting captain of the Wangaroo, with maritime point and fluency.

"McTodd's polished his old coffee mill of an engine till he thinks there's no limit to her power," Kettle told himself. "And now he's trying to pull a steamboat full of dead weight, and swing six times our size, through what practically amounts to a dock wall."

A moment later he pulled up sharply and took a quick cross-bearing of the Norman Towers' forecast against a cleft of the chocolate colored rock behind. "By the living James," he cried, "he's budged her. She's moving ahead." The Berber kaid pulled up alongside him. "I thought you and McTodd decided that the local ragamuffins had built that ship up inside a coffee-dam that weighed about a million tons of solid stone?"

"I saw the stone myself," said Kettle shortly, and looked at his watch. "It's bang on the top of high water this minute, and now they've got a move on her she's coming off like a bar pulled through a keg of tallow. Look at those links of cable hopping in through her port hawse-pipe. They've laid out an anchor, and McTodd's got that as well as with the old girl's own steam on her own windlass. You can see the leak of it now through the escape. Great James! why can't I find a boat?"

But the engineer in charge of the salvage operations was not the man to break off just then for the mere pleasure of being surprised by his superior officer. Mr. McTodd stood on the forecastle of the Norman Towers enjoying himself hugely.
He was wet through and dripped brine as he stood; his overalls were smeared with every variety of sea impurity from black grease to the red rust of iron. There was seaweed in his beard and an oozy red cut on the bridge of his nose. He exuded a mixed aroma of whisky, competency, and authority, and from Trethewey the mate on the Wangaroo's upper bridge to the meaneast nonation deck-hand awaiting orders on the Norman Towers, all within ear-shot were ready to jump to do his bidding.

Inch by inch, and then foot by foot, the Norman Towers hove up to her anchor, and the windlass engines, which had strained hard to make a quarter of a turn at a time under an extra full head of steam, began to send up a steady rhythmic clatter, and to make the deck beneath them buckle and shake.
"Go it, old girl," said Mr. McTodd. "Gosh, but this is scraping the

barnacles finely off your belly." He raised his voice to a throaty bellow and hailed a cluster of men who lay behind a barricade of coal bags on the poop. "Aft there; are you keeping a bright lookout? If another shot comes aboard from the shore without your shooting first, I'll baptize some more of ye with a three-quarter-inch spanner. Kindly remember I've no put ye there just for decorative purposes, ye lope-ared allens. D'ye hear me, ye Schwereines?"
"Aye, aye, saire."

This last, he laughed cheerfully. "That's all right, Mr. McTodd. The necessity of commandeering medical comforts in time of stress is recognized by act of parliament. Then did you and that splendid crew pull down that enormous embarkment by hand, and in deep water?"

"Our policy," said the engineer, emphasizing his point with an explanatory pipe-stem. "Was to cut a gap big enough for the steamboat to pass through at the top of flood. We'd no ambition, ye'll understand, for leaving parliament structural improvements to this part of Africa, and when we'd a bucketful of the stone hoisted above water level, we hooked it on to another derrick chain aft and dumped it over the stern. That was where the trouble began with the natives. They seemed to object to our spoiling the contours of their dock."

"Have they been sniping you all along?"
If the money those misguided heathen wasted on whisky and slugs had been spent on whisky, and distributed in Glasgow, half of the second city in the empire would have been happy for a day. And their firing, thanks to my ingenuity, was all wasted. It was vava humorous to see the way they went on bombarding the coal bags I erected to shelter the men. We talked back at them, too, in a language they could understand. I let the watch on deck—I mean those that weren't engaged for the moment on the diving—take their rifles and loose off cartridges from behind coal bags. I hear that some of them quite pride themselves on being marksmen, and that bald-headed old pirate, with experience in the China seas, says he's a further bag of fifteen to his discredit. They shot at every native they could see. Man, it's laughable to think they bombarded the saint's own messengers, and nearly lost us your cargo of gold."

"Lost which?" Captain Kettle and Sir George Chesterman bounced in their chairs and put the question simultaneously.
"Your needs," said the engineer, suffering from drought, and as an expert I should recommend a lubricant. The saint sent the gold to foot his bill all right, and there was a message which said there was no hurry about the rifles, as you'd all be staying with him for some time."

Sir George and Captain Kettle glanced at one another. The same thought flashed across each of them. Had Sir Mohammed Bergash an idea that with the gold once on board, the Wangaroo would vanish forthwith from his calculations? It was little he knew McTodd.
"I offered the messengers some slight refreshment," said the engineer, "and as they wouldn't take it owing to relegions' scruples I just swallowed it myself to prove to them the superiority of my own northern creed, and then I looked up the gold in a stateroom and got on with my employment but I'd an idea there might be mischief in the background, so I gave the old chief a job. He's a very intelligent man, the chief engineer of the Wangaroo, if he's provided with ideas, and a working drawing, and has tools put into his hands just as they are required."

"What on earth are you maundering about now?"
"You ken you brass signal gun on the old Towers they bombarded us with as we came into the lagoon?"
"Ye's a useless!"

"Aye, there speaks your lavman's ignorance. Man, you ken your chief the idea—it was a brilliant little thing of my own, but I'll not waste the details on your unmechanical intelligence—and he put a rifling into the barrel, and turned up some scrap brass we had into shells, and fitted them with studs in correspond with the rifling. For want of a better explosive we filled the shells with water, and I tell you a fine din they made when they burst. She'll carry three-quarters of a mile, will that two-penny brass cannon in her new state, and one shell she threw landed among a committee meeting of true believers and sent ten of them there and then to the place where they fry gratis. I watched it myself with the bridge binoculars, Gosh, you should have seen the old chief. He'd let no one salvo the gun but himself. You may call him cynical, you may know him to be sarcastic, but my idea is that the world's mischief in him a natural artistryman."

The carpenter rapped smartly at the door, opened it, and waited to be spoken to.
"Ye's," said Captain Kettle.
"I've sounded the Towers in every hold, sir. She's tight everywhere. So are all the compartments of the double bottom that I could get at."

"Very good," said Kettle, and the carpenter went out. "And what's your idea of her engines, Mac?"
"Yeel, I have na' had time to take a turn out of them, and there's no denying that outwardly they're disgraceful. Any engines with sea water on them and three months' neglect would be that. But with three days' labor, and some good nursing, I don't see they would be any worse than many of the marine engines that are now earning dividends all over the seas. Gosh! there's that noisy-minded steward ringing the thing he calls a gong for supper. It would mean a bath at least for me if I was to come down, so with leave I'll stay in comfort as I am, and have a snack on deck. And so, Captain, as I see you're aching to beautify yourself, I'll leave ye. About that bottle of brilliantine I begged the loan of."

"I have none," snapped Kettle.
"Yeel," drawled the Scot, "I've no used the half of it," and muttering to himself "vava humorous," he pulled himself up and rolled out of the chart house.
"McTodd's a great taste for pulling your leg," said Sir George, as he followed more slowly.

"A sea," retorted Captain Kettle sharply. "I don't appreciate it. My idea is, sir, that the engine-room should always give the deck officers proper respect. And by James, sir, if they don't know how, I'm the man to teach them."

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