



THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher. COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS

A TOAST.

[Written by Capt. Jack Crawford, the "Poet-Scout," on the eve of his departure for Europe three years ago, and only recently published. It was written, says the Banner of Gold, to his daughter, Eva Lenore, since married to D. W. Reckart, a graduate of the Columbia college.]

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT.

"Many a yarn will ne'er be told, And many a line ne'er be unrolled; Many a lunch will go for naught, Or to the fish that go uncaught."

HE Mermaid trilled most gayly, and cast a roguish glance at her companion. The time was nine or thereabouts of a bright forenoon; the scene was the quarter-deck of the tug Nestor, with Tybee Lighthouse gleaming in the sunlight some miles behind.

"The Mermaid," or the Pilot's Daughter, as she was called by most people, or Kitty Watson, by formal name, swung on her heel and smiled viciously upon the young man balancing on a campstool. "You don't believe it, Fred?"

Frederick Landers smiled calmly at her predictions. Since the tug had left the wharf the two had spent most of their time together. Most, but not all. The pilot-house of a vessel has a fatal fascination for young women. And though young Trowbridge, the pilot, had been attending strictly to business all the morning, and had kept a more persevering look-out ahead than the fair weather seemed to render necessary, Kitty had made several visits to the pilot house.

However, for the last 20 minutes Kitty had devoted her entire attention to Landers. "I suppose you have sailed these waters many times, Kitty," he remarked. "Hundreds of times. After mamma died, papa always took me with him when I was not in school, and he did not expect to be out all night; and, in spite of all his precautions, I have slept many a night under a tarpaulin, and slept soundly, too."

"While 'papa' watched!" "Yes; but in the morning I'd steer while he slept, if the wind was light." "These small hands couldn't do much in a storm, I fancy, even now," ventured Fred, gallantly. Kitty flushed at the compliment, but protested, archly: "Never judge the strength of a woman's hand, sir, until you have felt the weight of it. And I have steered in a storm. When the boom broke papa's arm, I steered 30 miles in a driving wind."

Fred watched his lines in silence, until old Capt. Hutchins hove alongside. The captain had been rolling around the deck all the morning, with the most curious winks and chuckles and facial contortions. The sunny-haired Kitty had appeared to be perfectly oblivious of the captain's inexplicable behavior, perhaps because he was an old friend of her father, and she understood his little peculiarities. Not so with Landers. He had watched the captain, and he more than half suspected that the little real-life drama which he and Trowbridge and Kitty were playing, and had been playing for the last three months, was an open secret with the captain.

"You fellows have had good luck on this trip," nodded the captain, reflectively, "findin' the Banks so easy. Yes," pursued the captain, "young Trowbridge is a neat 'un on findin' the Banks—or anything else he's after, for that matter." The old sailor's throat swelled out in an alarming manner, and though his face was as immovable as that of the sphinx, and not a sound escaped him, Landers would have sworn he was laughing.

The captain found fish on two or three of the hooks. He looked critically at the bait on the third hook. "Kitty Watson strung that bait, I'll bet my hat to a schooner of beer! Now, didn't she? I could tell one of her baits in China."

"Yes, she strung it," admitted Landers, smiling in spite of himself. "She must have a reputation for catching fish."

"Well, she have," declared the captain, "and they ain't allus black fish, either. Ha! ha! ho! ho!" The captain roared and guffawed most incontinently at his joke, and gave Landers a shoulder a blow that would have laid out a porpoise. The old tar's suppressed humor of the morning had plainly reached the danger-point, and this joke was the safety-valve that saved him.

"But a joke's a joke, young man," added the captain, familiarly, after he had recovered, "and that ain't saying that Kitty's a croquette."

"I should hope not," observed Landers, leaning busily over his line to hide a smile. "She certainly doesn't look like one."

"That she ain't, young man," continued the captain, assuringly. "Never think it. But where's the gal gone, anyway?" asked he, affecting to peer with concern toward the fore-castle.

"I'll give this old fool all the line he wants," smiled Fred to himself. "He's having more fun out of it than any of the rest of us. I don't know," he answered aloud, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I think she has gone after more bait."

as nearly as he could make out through the lights streaming with water Kitty herself was standing at the wheel. "Her dare-dell love for adventure!" thought he. He paused for a moment to watch her graceful figure bending to the hard work; and, despite his frame of mind, a gentle light beamed from his eyes. He was about to slip unobserved back to the cabin, when Kitty caught sight of him.

"Oh, Fred, come in!" she cried, almost eagerly. "I've been waiting for you a long time."

"No, thank you," he answered, with a cold smile; "it's a little too wet in there for me."

Kitty looked at him in a startled manner, as though unable to believe her ears, and in an instant her bright smile had vanished.

"It is nice and dry for me," she replied, with bitter sarcasm. "Why do you expose yourself to such a storm?" he asked, harshly.

"Just for the pure love of it," she returned, with a hard laugh. "Or from the pure love of Mr. Trowbridge!" he added, scornfully. He turned away before she could answer, and ran square into the arms of the captain.

"What does it mean, captain, for that girl to be playing with the wheel in a storm like this?" he demanded, angrily. For a second the captain looked at him in dumb amazement.

"Playin'!" thundered the captain and he poured out words with Gatling-gun rapidity. "It means that she's the only man aboard that knows the island course! It means that she's saved this old hulk, or mighty near it! It means that she's a genuine heroine, and a blamed sight too good for any man or this tug!" The captain looked daggers.

"Where's—where's Trowbridge?" faltered Landers, bewildered. "Below. Dead," came the laconical reply. "Dead!" "Yes, or mighty nigh it," said the captain, in softer tones. "Lightnin'! The first clap."

THE TARIFF ON CUTLERY.

Why the Trust Can Dictate Such Outrageously High Duties. One of the worst schedules in the Dingley bill is that relating to cutlery—especially pocket cutlery. The duties on pocketknives range from 100 per cent. to 300 per cent. above present duties, and are nearly double those in the McKinley bill. Why, you will ask, are these duties so extraordinarily high? And why are they allowed to remain there? Both questions are easily answered.

It is unnecessary here to go into details. Before McKinley's nomination one of the five or six large manufacturers of pocket cutlery, who was prominent in the trust, which raised prices an average of about 35 per cent. under the McKinley bill, began to hustle for McKinley. He is said to have raised a large sum of money by passing the hat among the 20 or 25 cutlery manufacturers. Just how the money was spent is not known. It is possible, however, that several McKinley delegates to St. Louis owed their presence there to this fund. The hat passer himself was one of the very few delegates from New York who was for McKinley first, last and all the time. He was one of Hanna's most trusted lieutenants. One of the two favors which he is said to have asked as compensation for his valuable services was the fixing of the cutlery schedule. This privilege, being an ordinary and expected one under the protection system, was readily granted by the power behind the throne. This is probably the whole story. It explains fully why the duties are there and why they will stay there.

Below is given in detail some of the effects of the proposed duties as applied to importations for the last fiscal year. Of course but few knives will be imported under such exorbitant duties.

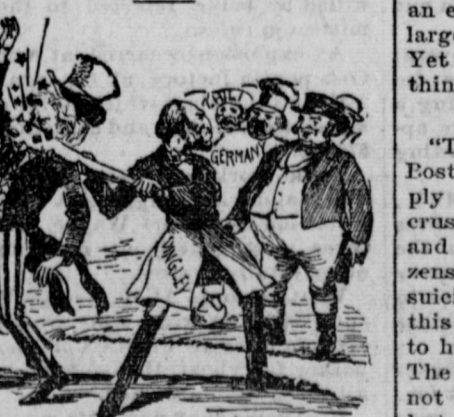
PROPOSED SCHEDULE. First—All pocketknives not costing more than 40 cents a dozen, 35 per cent. ad valorem. Second—Costing more than 40 cents a dozen, 1 blade, 20 per cent. ad valorem and 50 cents a dozen. Third—Costing more than 40 cents a dozen, 2 blades, 20 per cent. ad valorem and \$1 a dozen. (If pearl or shell, 50 cents a dozen extra.) Fourth—Costing more than 40 cents a dozen, 3 blades, 20 per cent. ad valorem and \$1.50 a dozen. Fifth—Costing more than 40 cents a dozen, 4 blades or more, 20 per cent. ad valorem and \$2 a dozen. (If pearl or shell, 75 cents a dozen extra on 3 and 4 blades.)

RESULT. Knives to the value of 6 per cent. of importations, duty would be 35 per cent. Knives to the value of 94 per cent. of importations, duty would be 14 1/2 per cent. The duty on pocket cutlery for some years prior to 1890 was 24 per cent. ad valorem. From 1890 to 1899 it was 50 per cent. ad valorem, with the exception of a short time during that period when it was 45 per cent. ad valorem. The McKinley tariff averaged about 91 per cent. ad valorem. The Wilson tariff averaged about 51 per cent. ad valorem. The proposed Dingley tariff will average, based on the importations of 1896, 14 1/2 per cent. ad valorem on 94 per cent. of all knives imported during that year. The equivalent ad valorem duties on the following popular description of knives, under the McKinley bill, Wilson bill and proposed Dingley bill, are as follows:

McKinley-Wilson Dingley bill. Wilson bill. Dingley bill. 2 blade jackknives that retail at 25 cents..... 112 56 145 2 blade pearl knives that retail at 25 cents..... 112 56 195 2 blade pearl knives that retail at 50 cents..... 83 51 120 3 blade penknives, not pearl or shell, that retail at 50 cents..... 83 51 120 3 blade penknives, pearl or shell, that retail at 50 cents..... 83 51 170 4 blade penknives, pearl or shell, that retail at 50 cents..... 83 51 160 4 blade penknives, pearl or shell, that retail at 50 cents..... 83 51 204

Why We Shiver. It is true that woolen clothing, underwear and blankets will be out of the reach of the people of moderate means when Dingley has his way, but just think how sweet it is to suffer for one's country and to shiver in order that the robber barons may continue to wax fat and contribute to the "legitimate" expenses of the g. o. p!—Louisville Post.

HIT THE WRONG PARTY.



The Truth About Mr. Dingley. Whether or not Mr. Dingley is a stockholder in a woolen mill that is buying up wool in anticipation of Dingley prices on it, he is certainly the leading stockholder in a bill to force the people who do the country's work to pay the highest possible taxes on the necessities of life.

WOMEN'S DRESS GOODS.

Will Come High When the Dingley Tax is Added. The extremely high duties which Dingley proposes to collect from women's dress goods should be more generally understood by the women of this country. It is they who must suffer most because of these duties. Here are a few samples of the increased duties taken from a list prepared by Mr. P. B. Worrall, of the dress goods importing firm of Fred Butterfield & Co., of New York:

"A wool and cotton cloth costing in England 1s. per yard, equal to 24 cents in our money, weighing 16 ounces to the running yard, costs under the present tariff 33.6 cents per yard, while under the proposed tariff it would cost 67.8-16 cents per yard.

"A 27-inch black serge (cotton warp), costing in England 75-8d. per yard, equal in our money, weighing 28 ounces to the running yard, and costing under the present tariff 78.4 cents per yard, would cost under the proposed tariff \$1.4858 per yard.

"An all worsted cloth, costing in England 2s. 1d per yard, equal to 50 cents in our money, weighing 16 ounces to the running yard, and costing under the present tariff 70 cents per yard, would cost under the proposed tariff \$1.2998 per yard.

"A 32-inch black serge (cotton warp), costing in England 75-8d. per yard, equal in our money, weighing 28 ounces to the running yard, and costing under the present tariff 22.87 cents per yard. Under the proposed tariff it will cost 30.07 cents per yard.

"A 27-inch black sicilienne (cotton warp), costing in England 77-8d. per yard, equal to 15.75 cents in our money, weighing 3.7 ounces to the running yard, costs under the present tariff 23.02 cents per yard. Under the proposed tariff it will cost 33.92 cents per yard."

Why Increase the Coal Duty? Under the existing tariff bituminous coal pays 40 cents a ton. The Dingley bill proposes to make this 75 cents. In 1895-6 the imports of bituminous coal into the United States were 1,243,835 tons. The exports were 2,246,284. The figures from Canada were: Imported from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc., 123,404 tons; from Quebec, Ontario, etc., 39,987; from British Columbia, 627,257; exports to these three divisions respectively, 413 tons, 1,672,302 and 3,094. Canada now proposes in case the Dingley rate is imposed to retaliate by a high duty on our coal, which will certainly not stimulate exports. Here is an export business worth twice as much as the corresponding import business, and it is proposed to run the risk of ruining the former for the sake of screwing \$350,000 taxes out of the latter, and this on the plea of reviving American industry. Can any sane man fail to see that, even assuming that imports do not fall off, it is hardly worth while for the sake of a paltry \$350,000 to tempt Canada into ruining an established business nearly twice as large as that which is to yield the tax? Yet this is the way in which "the old thing works."

Iniquitous Lumber Tariff. "The proposed tariff on lumber," the Boston Transcript (rep.) says, "is simply a measure to pick the pockets and crush the industry of a large, useful and influential class of American citizens. It is uneconomic, unscientific, suicidal. The statements upon which this schedule was made up are shown to have been insidious and misleading. The result will be to strip the country not of an annually recurring income, but of its white pine principal, which at present rates is within ten years of exhaustion, and also to ruin a large class of business men in this country who deserve better things. It does not seem possible that men claiming to represent the people will permit such a measure to have the force of law. If they do, it will cease to be folly and become iniquity."

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

There is one thing that is always an alleviation of our wrong doings, and that is to hold others responsible for them.—N. Y. Weekly. "Star Tobacco." As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Some people owe their good reputation to the loyalty of their friends. "Can't cure my rheumatism!" You can, you must use St. Jacobs Oil. When some folks do not know what to say they quote Latin. It may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the best to cure sprains. It ought to be first. Never beat a carpet when it is down.—Up-to-Date.

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Since Mr. McKinley was inaugurated fourteen savings banks, with 26,000 depositors, have failed. Since his election, last November, there have been more business failures than during any like period in our history.

On the outside of last week's COURANT are a few remarks by John Wanamaker that mean much. There must be a change in the affairs of this government soon or else there is going to be a new party that will be composed of the best element of all parties. It is no use to shut our eyes to this fact. The people are getting tired of the politicians and will have a new deal. Read what Mr. Wanamaker said.

The Republicans now say it is all nonsense to talk about the President having power to establish prosperity; that the individual thrift and industry of the people can alone redeem a country from hard times. Very good, but we didn't hear that statement, last fall, nor at any time during Cleveland's administration. Just tell us why, Mr. Republican?

It was bad enough to have the opposition constantly pointing to unfulfilled pledges and predictions, but when John Wanamaker joined the critics poor McKinley's joy fled forever. We sympathize with the President, but then it should be remembered that he obtained power on the pledge to immediately restore prosperity, and the fellow who obtains valuables on false pretenses takes the chances and cannot complain when retribution overtakes him.—Eureka Messenger.

Colonel Frank Bacon, of Chanute, died, week before last, at Gueda Springs, of heart failure. The remains were buried at his old home in Chanute. He leaves a widow to mourn his death. Mr. Bacon ran on the Democratic ticket for Lieutenant-Governor in 1890; was Commissioner for Kansas at the New Orleans Exposition, and was appointed Receiver of the land office at Obelin in 1885 by Mr. Cleveland, and succeeded John S. Richardson as Chairman of the Kansas State Democratic Committee.

WHY KANSAS SUFFERS.

There is a good deal of unfair talk, especially in western States, to the effect that there is no reason why railway properties should pay dividends and interests on watered stock, or bonds representing it. The answer to this argument is that most railway properties, certainly all western roads, would feel happy if they were only paying dividends and interests on the actual cash invested in the property—the cost of building the roads plus the actual money expended on betterments. The fact is, no class of investors have done so much to develop our western country as those who furnished the money to construct the railways, and no class of investors have suffered so greatly by reason of failure to pay either dividends or interest.

Take, for example, the State of Kansas, and, with one exception, no railroad corporation has paid a dividend of any kind for many years. The one exception is the Rock Island, which paid 2 per cent., no portion of which was earned from its lines in Kansas.

These are facts that must be squarely faced by the farmers of the western States, if they ever expect to restore anything akin to prosperity again. How is it possible for capital ever to flow westward again, if after forcing railways, by intemperate legislation, to a condition of insolvency, they still refuse to give them needed relief? All legislation for the last twenty-five years has been against the railway interests, and they have simply reached a condition, to-day, where they stand no more of it. The recent threat that the only alternative left a certain railway in Kansas was to tear up its track and stop operating the road was by no means an idle one.

The chief railway system in the State of Kansas, the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe, did not even pay a return upon the cash actually

invested. During 1896 the road paid no dividends whatever, and paid, in interest on its bonded debt, a sum that is only equivalent to \$704.70 per mile of its railroad which is 6 per cent. on \$147.45 per mile to that the total payments, made by the largest railroad system in the State, to the security holders of every class, equaled less than 6 per cent. on \$12,000 per mile of railroad.

The company owning this system has bridged nearly every large stream on the continent, and has spent millions in tunneling mountains, reducing grades, acquiring terminals in large cities, and so improving its railroads as to make its operating economical and safe. Nor is it claimed that the original investors in Kansas railways have made money. On the contrary, these investors have been heavy losers. Taking the four chief railway systems in Kansas, comparisons are given below, showing the total value at the current prices, of the stocks of these companies in 1887 and 1897, respectively:

Table with 2 columns: Company Name, Value in 1887, Value in 1897. Includes Union Pacific, Rock Island, Missouri Pacific, Atch. Topeka & S. F.

Fair minded and reasonable farmers and Populists who are not bent on absolute destruction of property, must see the story of disaster and loss in the above figures. A further shrinkage of these properties means utter destruction, and how can individuals hope to prosper and States prosper on the ruin which adverse legislation, national and State, has brought about?

After twenty-five years of legislation that has brought about these results, is it not time to reverse the policy and enact legislation that will have a tendency to reconstruct these properties. In part, this condition has been brought by competition.

No one is benefited by this condition, for with the loss of revenue to the railways the whole community and ultimately the whole State has been impoverished. Kansas is suffering from many troubles just now, but one of the most serious is the fact that its railways do not pay, that capital invested has been wiped out, and new capital seeks investment elsewhere.—Newton Journal.

NOT STRINGENT ENOUGH.

Picking up a paper, the other day, we noticed a case in court in Pittsburg Penn., where Mrs. Lonis Morris was plaintiff against an insurance company in a suit to recover ten thousand dollars on a policy carried by her husband in the Fidelity and Casualty Company, an accident insurance corporation. Her husband had fallen out of a skiff and drowned, but the company refused to pay the amount of the policy on the ground that the deceased came to his death from heart disease and not from accident—that he died before he struck the water from heart failure. To sustain their course the company produced the man's heart in court, and doctors swore that it was diseased when he took out the policy and from this he died. The company had got a ghoul to dig into the grave and cut the fellow's heart out, pickle it and exhibit it to the jury in the presence of the widow.

The fact that the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed, with interest from date of death, does not alter the disgrace of the company. Yet the policy of this company in resisting the payment of the claim is generally the policy adhered to by all life and accident insurance companies. They desecrate graves, steal bodies, sever the heads, cut out hearts and hire professional crooks to swear to any and all statements that will help them to win their cases and get out of paying what they agreed to pay. They grow rich, assume a high air of respectability, hire the best legal talent and go on year in and year out fleecing the people.

Such is the character of the concerns that have pooled issues to fight Webb McNall, the Insurance Commissioner of Kansas. They want to break him down because he has the backbone and honesty to use the laws passed from time to time by the Legislature to protect the public. They have had him indicted by the

grand jury and they are pursuing him like death on a pale horse to destroy his usefulness and knock him out of his position.

We hope that Mr. McNall will carefully, intelligently, honestly and courageously persist in the course and policy he has set out upon. Fair and wholesome laws have been enacted in Kansas for the protection of the people against the greed and dishonesty of insurance companies. They were not placed upon the statute books to remain a dead letter. The nefarious policy adopted and followed by insurance companies, in other States as well as Kansas, made such laws a necessity. There is no politics in it. Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Greenbackers, Populists and independents all voted for the laws now in force which Mr. McNall is honestly trying to enforce. Really the laws are not stringent enough.—B. J. Sheridan, in his Paola Spirit.

PHONES FOR FARMERS.

Edward Mitchell and Alonza Beal are two prosperous farmers at Valencia. Like other prosperous farmers they take the Daily State Journal, and saw, a short time ago, an account of how wire fences might be utilized for telephones. They determined to try the experiment.

The farmers live about two miles apart, and it was found that by a little trouble the places could be connected by a wire fence. The telephone instruments were purchased for \$15 and the connections were made, but the line failed to work. The men then went along the projected telephone line and found that where the line had been spliced the wire was looped and the wire connected by means of a noose. This was changed and straight splices were made by twisting the wires together.

Then the line was again tried, but still it failed to work. Both men had about pronounced the plan a failure, when Mr. Mitchell said he would make one more trip along the fence and try and ferret out the trouble. He found it. At one place the wire was fastened to an iron post, and as iron is a conductor he at once concluded that there the trouble lay. He accordingly knocked the neck off a glass bottle and put the bottle neck on the wire next the post in the fashion of an insulator.

Then the line was again tried and it was found to work perfectly. The telephone line has been in use two weeks and no trouble has been experienced. Persons at either end of the line can hear the other distinctly and the telephone is as good as any in use. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Beal are both elated at the success of the experiment and they propose to extend the line to reach the barns and milk houses.—Topeka State Journal.

OFFENSE OF THE COLORED SHIRT.

In writing of "The Offense of the Colored Shirt" Edward W. Bok, in the June Ladies' Home Journal, denounces it in its present development—violent colors with white collar, and worn with a loud cravat—as an absolute offense against good taste. Many of the colors and combinations worn in shirts by men of good repute, he asserts, have been borrowed from the sporting element—gamblers on the race track and followers of the prize-fight, who for a long time had monopoly of this style of wardrobe, and were known by their shirts of wonderful design; as well as clothes of loud "check." A young man can, least of all, profane good taste in dress, no matter how general a foolish fad may become. The colored shirt of violent color or design is not the young man's friend; it is his enemy. He does not impress people with his good taste by wearing it; on the contrary, he shows the weakness in his character of a tendency to unwise imitation. The quiet, gentlemanly garb is his, and he should adhere to it. Employers look not for the latest styles in a young man's dress, but for a sense of neatness and becomingness.

Dress cheerfully, at twenty we need not dress as if we were fifty. There is a happy medium between the black tie and the brilliant cravat of rainbow hue. That is where good taste comes in and the young man must exercise it. The colored shirt is possible for him, but within limitations. The pin dot or stripe is not offensive; on the contrary, it is becoming. But brilliant cravats, fancy waistcoats, loud and large "checks"

in clothes, and extreme colors in shirts, are not for the young man of taste, refinement or future standing. Nor are they in one whit better taste for the mature years. They are offensive, and bespeak the man who affects them.



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