

# THE ROMANCE OF A POLE-HUNTER

## The Long Wooing of Anthony Fiala Is Soon to End.

### BACK FROM THE NORTH TO CLAIM A BRIDE

#### Wooded for Eight Years, a Pretty Southern Maid Will Wed an Ardent Lover—Her Word Given as He Sailed Northward Two Years Ago.

Nashville, Tenn.—Some time during the coming winter there will be solemnized in this city a marriage that will mark the climax to one of the prettiest romances this land of romances has known in many a year.

It will be a union of the north and south—of that north represented by the frozen ice fields surrounding the north pole, and of this sunny southland, Anthony Fiala, the hero of the Ziegler expedition in search of the pole, is the hero of this romance, and Miss Claire Puryear, a young lady prominent in Nashville society, is the heroine, and the story of their courtship is an interesting one.

It has been a long engagement, even as long engagements go, and even a longer wooing, says a special writer to the New York World. It was eight years ago that Anthony Fiala, then a youngster of 27, first met Miss Puryear. He was a member of gallant troop C, of Brooklyn, then. He had gone as part of the escort of the governor of New York to the exposition at Nashville. On New York day, just by chance, he was introduced to Miss Puryear, a guest at the governor's reception.

Of course the trooper did just what he ought to have done—he fell in love with her. They corresponded after he left Nashville for good, but that was all. Chance took young Fiala back again to Tennessee and he made bold to say what his heart had hidden him.

"No," said the young girl, thinking, of course, it was final.

But men who are fit to brave the terrors of the arctic don't give up at one rebuff, and a hundred times more not so Anthony Fiala. He went away undaunted. Again and again he begged the girl to marry him, sometimes going to Tennessee just to make one more proposal; at other times sending his message by letter.

Then in seeming despair he gave it up.

"I am going after the pole," he wrote in 1901, and it wasn't a joke, either. William Ziegler was then fitting out his



THE AMERICA

first expedition under Evelyn B. Baldwin in his quest to attain the farthest north. When young Fiala applied for a place he was accepted. Mr. Ziegler found that the young man had already an enviable war record in '98, when he went to Porto Rico with troop C, and was also an accomplished artist, photographer and stenographer. So the young man got one of the coveted places.

Two years later he came back. The expedition had been a failure. There had been dissension among the officers of the America, which finally stirred up a spirit of mutiny even in the men. Little was accomplished; the bickering which had been bred in the Arctic were kept up when the expedition arrived back in New York. Mr. Ziegler was disgusted. He spoke his contempt for the men who had wasted his money in no uncertain words. But Anthony Fiala was not one of them. He had done good work, and when it came time for the baking powder millionaire to cast about for a man to lead a second expedition in 1903, he selected young Fiala, then but 33 years old.

"Northward, always northward," was Mr. Ziegler's injunction, as he entrusted the young man to the command of the America, the best ship that ever ground her way through Arctic ice.

Fiala promised.

He sailed from New York in May with the members of his party. The other officers with him were: R. R. Tafel, of Philadelphia; Charles L. Setts, of Evansville, Ind.; William J. Peters, of the geological survey, second in command; Francis Long, of the weather bureau, the meteorologist of the expedition; Dr. G. W. Shorkley, of Camden,

back without finding a trace of the man she loved, or his ship. A third went northward nearly four months ago—she waited again.

And then—the glorious news, alive and well!

It came first in the regular dispatches from far away Norway, and then in another message to Fiala's brother, Louis—"Returned, good health, love from Anthony." A third dispatch went to Tennessee, but what was in it is not on record. It was then that Miss Puryear's secret became known to the world. She admitted that she would become the wife of this man who had twice risked his life in search of the frozen pole.

Up in Norway, meanwhile, the young man was receiving the congratulations of men who know what it means to brave the terrible rigors of two Arctic winters. Though he had lost his ship and had failed to reach the pole, or even the farthest north, he had come back with an honorable record—every-

body knew that. Of the 38 men, all but one were safe and sound. The dead man did not succumb to anything that he might not have died of in his own home. It was a record far surpassing that of the other Ziegler expedition.

Fiala spoke modestly of what had happened during these past two years, saying nothing for himself, though it was largely due to him that he had brought his men back all right.

Fiala didn't have much to say of what he had been through, but others told of it. The men were in fairly good shape, but some were so weak that they never could have withstood a third winter in the Arctic.

It was the terrible winter of 1903 and 1904 that was against them. When storms and grinding ice crushed the stanch America like a pasteboard box, this ship that had weathered many an Arctic winter before, Fiala did not give up.

He saved 50 tons of provisions and 100 tons of coal, which he deposited on the ice for further use. Then he led his men out on the ice fields. The last wreckage of their ship disappeared in the fearful storm of January 22, 1904. His ship gone, Fiala did not give up his search for the pole. Parties went out east, west and north, trying to force a passage north. There was impassable ice everywhere, and much open water, which forbade other attempts. Then the provisions began to fall. It meant a forced march south or death for everybody.

It was a long, painful and terrible journey on foot and sledge to the southward. Ultimately the party reached the caches at Cape Flora, Cape Dillon and Cape Ziegler. The men were distributed at these three places, and asked to eat the provisions they found by catching bear and walrus, or which they subsisted.

Everybody was hopeful until the autumn of 1904, when no relief ship came. The party knew it was doomed to pass another winter in the Arctic without any hope of rescue. Solid ice fields stretched in every direction. It was plain that no help could come until another season.

But at home there was one girl who had hope. And when spring came again, there was one man who had made up his mind to obey to the letter the parting injunction of William Ziegler, even then doomed to death:

"Don't come back without Fiala. Bring him back dead or alive."

Mr. Champ knew what that meant, and he resolved to do it. While Fiala's Terra Nova was making her way northward almost by inches. She sailed from Tromsø, Norway, on June 13 last. She encountered tremendously thick ice all the way. She encountered perils that would have driven back almost anyone save an American.

From Tromsø she shaped her course direct for the ice fields, which she found on June 19. Then she slipped along eastward until June 27, when she began to drive her way through the floes. On July 25, four weeks later, the Terra Nova struck open water.

But this was only for a brief spell. On July 28 she again hit the ice. Champ had experienced navigators with him and they were agreed that they could never reach Fiala. Some even doubted that they could get back themselves until next year.

"Keep on," ordered Champ quietly, and the resolute men set their faces still to the north.

On July 28 they sighted Palmi island. Next day, after a 24-hour battle, they reached the island. Then they knew they had won. There they found six members of the expedition which Fiala's foresight had left there. Then Champ knew that his mission was successful, for the six told him where headquarters were at Cape Dillon, and that Fiala and the rest of his men

were alive and well there. Out went the sledge.

They bore joyful news to Fiala—a rescue ship was waiting! Fiala told them where the rest of his party were at Cape Flora, and on July 30 these were found, too. Some of the men were mere skeletons, worn down by the hardships they had endured for two years, but no one was in such a bad way that good food and plenty of rest would not bring him around all right. On August 1 all the parties were gathered together and the start made for Norway, where everybody arrived safe and well on August 10. It took six days' hard work to get out of the ice-pack—the rest of the sail to Norway was easy. The sturdy ship that had rescued the men was unharmed.

Miss Puryear, the girl who has waited, has been teaching school in Tennessee for the past five years. She is strikingly handsome, talented and cultured. She moves in the best Nash-

ville society. Maj. John Reid, of Virginia, is her grandfather; the family is well known throughout both Tennessee and Virginia.

Miss Puryear was too modest to say anything to a correspondent about her romance.

"We will be married in the winter," was all that she would vouchsafe.

**CAN DETECT HUMAN BLOOD**  
New Method of Distinguishing It from That of Animals Is Discovered.

Consul General Guenther of Frankfurt reports that the Prussian military surgeon, Dr. Uhlenhuth, who has been transferred to the hygienic institute of the University of Greifswald, is the discoverer of a new method for distinguishing human from animal blood.

In the fall of 1900 Dr. Uhlenhuth published important investigations with reference to distinguishing between the albumen of eggs of various birds upon the basis of modern science, which is mainly the result of the researches of Bordet of France and Ehrlich of Frankfurt. Uhlenhuth found that these albumens can be differentiated biologically. His researches resulted in the important discovery of a new forensic method, was soon confirmed on all animal blood so that it is now possible to tell with absolute certainty the origin of even the smallest traces of blood either in dry or also in putrefied form. This method, was soon confirmed on all cases, and has become of fundamental importance for forensic medicine.

By his method he can tell the presence of horse meat in sausages and other smoked meat articles, which is a great step in advance for the examination of foodstuffs.

**NATIVE SERVANTS IN INDIA**  
Obey Orders to the Letter, But Seem to Be Wholly Lacking in Judgment.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable though sometimes inconvenient virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. This trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts, during a campaign in India, had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets and appeared at the commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier, who was awakened one morning by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man—"sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, but he did not go to bed till seven."

**How Crocodiles Are Caught.**  
In some parts of India the natives dig a crocodile pit which they cover with sticks and leaves. The pit surrounds a little island or a mound of earth and is close to a stream where crocodiles abound. On this mound they fasten a young goat, and its bleatings through the night attract the crocodiles who break the frail floor of sticks with their heavy bodies and fall into the pit prepared for them.

**Same Feelings.**  
Howell—I feel like 50 cents.  
Powell—I feel like 25 cents to 1L, when the train goes at 10:30.—Judge.

**She Never "Boarded."**  
"It was in the Boston subway that this occurred," said a prominent business man, according to the Journal, and frequently journeyed to the Hub, "and I was an interested observer. I don't know whether you had it in an account of a tragedy, I suppose the woman in the case regarded it as a tragedy."

"In alighting at that station near the Common where I also happened to get off, a blundering, awkward hulk of a passenger who was all feet stepped on her, and made her skirt look as though it had been through a mangle."

"She was in a state of mind, of course, and no one could blame her; but the worst was yet to come. An alert official, notebook in hand, hurried up to her, anticipating trouble for the road."

"Where did you board, madam?" he inquired.

"She ejaculated indignantly, with a rising inflection, and speaking so that she could be heard above ground. 'I never boarded in my life.'"

**Could Get No Rest.**  
Fresno, Minn., Sept. 18th (Special).—Mr. R. E. Goward, a well-known man here, is rejoicing in the relief from suffering he has had through using Dodd's Kidney Pills. His experience is well worth repeating, as it should point the road to health to many another in a similar condition.

"I had an aggravating case of Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Goward, "that gave me no rest day or night, but using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put new life in me, and I feel like a new man."

"I am happy to state I have received great and wonderful benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would heartily recommend to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial, as I have every reason to believe it would never be regretted."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills make you feel like a new man or woman, because they cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys mean pure blood, and pure blood means bounding energy and energy in every part of the body."

**The Wedding.**  
Stella—Did she marry the count with her eyes?  
Bella—No; only her purse.—N. Y. Sun.

**CUTICURA PILLS**  
For Cooling and Cleansing the Blood in Torturing, Disfiguring Humors.—60 Chocolate Pills 25c.

Cuticura Resolvent Pills (chocolate coated) are the product of twenty-five years' practical laboratory experience in the preparation of remedies for the treatment of humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and are confidently believed to be superior to all other blood purifiers, however expensive. Complete external and internal treatment for every humor may now be had for \$1.00, consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure.

People taint themselves for money, but the money isn't tainted. Even if it were, it would take off the taint to apply it to a good purpose.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Interesting to Students.**  
The schools and colleges will soon open for the fall term, and there will be many self-taught men and women who will be looking for a good way to earn their expenses. The Four-Track News, the great illustrated monthly magazine of travel and sports, appeals to intelligent readers, and students will find it easy to secure subscriptions for it. The terms to persons soliciting subscriptions are especially liberal, and offer a very generous margin of profit. It will pay any one interested to write to the publisher, George H. Daniels, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, for full particulars.

Advertising our afflictions only increases their circulation.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Splendid Passenger Service of the Nickel Plate Road**  
has become popular because of the care and attention shown to the patrons of this line. Colored Porters in uniform are in attendance on both 1st and 2nd class passengers. Ladies traveling alone or accompanied by children are given special attention. Excellent Dining and Sleeping Car Service, and no excess fares charged on any train. All trains depart from La Salle Street Station, Chicago. For full information regarding tickets, rates, routes, sleeping car space, etc., call on or address J. V. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

**Sorry Now He Speaks.**  
The Departing Guest (after paying his bill, sarcastically)—I sincerely hope your conscience won't trouble you!  
The Sumner Hotel Proprietor (blandly)—Don't worry, sir; we don't care how you get the money.—Puck.

The theory that the scarcity of servants is due to their all having become novel writers probably originated with some one who was trying to account for the quality of current fiction.—Kansas City Journal.

**GOOD BLOOD FOR BAD**  
Rheumatism and Other Blood Diseases are Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"In the lead mines I was at work on my knees with my elbows pressed against rock walls, in dampness and extremes of cold," said Mr. G. Menkel, of 297 1/2 Jackson avenue, Dubuque, Iowa, in describing his experience to a reporter, "and it is not surprising that I contracted rheumatism. For three years I had attacks affecting the joints of my ankles, knees and elbows. My ankles and knees became so swollen I could scarcely walk on uneven ground and a little pressure from a stone under my feet would cause me so much pain that I would nearly sink down. I was often obliged to lie in bed for several days at a time. My friends who were similarly troubled were getting no relief from doctors and I did not feel encouraged to throw money away for nothing. By chance I read the story of Robert Yates, of the Kaiser Manufacturing Co., of Dubuque, who had a very bad case of rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy he had used. In three or four weeks after beginning to use the pills, I was much better and in three months I was well. The stiffness of the joints and the tenderness disappeared, I could work steadily and for eight years I have had no return of the trouble. My whole family believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Both my sons use them. They consider them a household remedy that we are sure about."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mr. Menkel they are doing for hundreds of others. Every dose sends galloping through the veins, pure, strong, rich, red blood that strikes straight at the cause of all ill health. The new blood restores regularity, and braces all the organs for their special tasks. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your druggist's or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

# Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.



Mrs. Chester Curry Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nineteenth-century nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some deangement of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are you spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; and all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; bearing down pains; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration. Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women testify to this fact.

**Free Advice to Women.**  
Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with female troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

**When Trouble Comes.**  
Just remember that "every cloud has a silver lining."  
Put your shoulder to the wheel and say: "I will be bright, I will make the best of things."  
Don't sponge on your friends simply because they assure you they are "perfectly welcome" to what they have.

If at the end of the day you feel discouraged at your lack of progress don't sit down and lament over it; find out your mistake and try to do better next day.  
Don't be overpowered by the dark side; keep at it until you find the bright one, for "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

When most tempted to whine and rebel at the way things are going just think of the mother who struggles for food and shelter for her little ones, who in the face of the darkest trials bears up for their sake, and you will be sure to brighten up through very shame of daring to do anything else.

**Winchester Repeating Shotguns.**  
No matter how big the bird, no matter how heavy its plumage or how to fight, you can't be long with a long, strong, straight shooting Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Results are what count. They always give the best results in field, fowl or trap shooting, and are sold everywhere at everybody's pocketbook.

**ANTI-GRIPINE**  
IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA. It kills all Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE. W. W. Dwyer, N. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

**W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3.00 & \$3.00 SHOES**  
W. L. Douglas's \$4.00 Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

**WET WEATHER COMFORT**  
"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."  
(NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)  
You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats. Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

**DAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC**  
FOR WOMEN  
Dressed with the peculiar to the fact that it is not only a germicide, but a disinfectant, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local sores, soothes and relieves itching, and restores the skin to its normal condition. Paste is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than any other soap.

**WOODWARD & CO., GRAIN COMMISSION**  
ESTABLISHED 1870. Minneapolis. Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets.