

PEOPLE IN PRIZE.

Mrs. Peary, during the several Arctic expeditions whereon she accompanied her husband, became an expert and fearless walrus hunter.

Mrs. Lucinda Watkins, of Atterbury, Ill., is 96; her daughter is 76; her granddaughter, 54; her great-granddaughter, 37; her great-great-granddaughter, 19; her great-great-great-grandson, ten months. She has 121 living descendants.

Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, the survivor of the Spirit Lake massacre of 1857, is living at Pillsbury Point, Lake Okoboji, Ia. She has written a history of the massacre and has purchased her old home at the lake and spends her summers there.

Frank Rockefeller, the youngest and least known of the oil king's brothers, is reserved and unpretentious, his hobby being the taming of wild animals at his home near Cleveland, Wickliffe-on-the-Lake. On his Kansas ranch he has raised 3,000 horses and 70,000 cattle.

Constantin Schusens, a young Russian, supposed to be Count Constantin Strainski, is studying railroad engineering in this country. He is not taking a course in any college or technical school, but is at work on the New York Central railroad, learning the business from the bottom up.

George R. Blabon, son of the late G. W. Blabon, who died in Philadelphia a year ago, leaving \$15,000,000, but cutting off his son, was buried by the G. A. R., in San Jose, Cal., recently, as he had died penniless and alone in a cabin on a ranch. He was a veteran of the civil war.

J. H. Seger, agent of the Cheyenne Indians at Colony, has adopted a plan of having the young Indians of the settlement earn their livelihood by doing farm work in that section. He has issued orders that all of them prepare to pick cotton this fall, telling them that their provisions and clothes depend upon this work.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller cares as little for society as does her husband. Of rather less than the usual height, unassuming and quiet, she is not a woman who is readily remembered. Indeed, few people know her, and these are mostly members of the Baptist church, where she attends services. Mrs. Rockefeller is a devout churchgoer, and when her health permits attends Sunday school as well as church services.

YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

A good ostrich is worth \$300. Diamonds have been found in meadows.

Most deaths occur between sunset and sunrise. The robin is the last bird to go to bed at night.

Frusiac acid is the most rapid poison a human being can take. Cremations can be watched by the public at one dollar a head in Italy.

The mountain spider of Ceylon spins a net of yellow silk ten feet in diameter.

A Chinaman cannot be partial to his sons in his will. All must share and share alike.

One million dollars a year in stones is stolen from the South African diamond mines.

Imprisonment in childhood is the chief factor in the creation of habitual criminals.

Biting the nails is called "onychophagy" in France, and is regarded as a symptom of degeneracy.

ODD THINGS WE HEAR.

Rudyard Kipling believes in ghosts. Thomas Edison never wears an overcoat.

The right ear is usually better than the left. The Chinese national anthem is six hours long.

Butter first, bacon next, are the most nutritious foods. Women make the best anglers' flies, often earning \$25 to \$30 a week.

A kiss on the lips is in Finland, even from a husband, a deadly insult. Twelve ships a week, on an average, are wrecked on the oceans of the world.

Dublin's police are the finest. Every man is over six feet and physically perfect.

Good Prescription. If a man's life is solitary, he should indulge in brisk morning walks, followed by cold baths. If his occupation is apt to breed morbid fancies, he should read the biographies of good men and women.

PARALYSIS CURED

Case Seemed Hopeless but Yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Kenney has actually escaped from the paralytic's fate to which he seemed short time ago hopelessly doomed. The surprising report has been fully verified and some important details secured in a personal interview with the recent sufferer.

"The doctor," said Mr. Kenney, "told me that if I wanted to live any length of time I would have to give up work altogether, and he told my friends that the paralysis which had begun would in time involve my whole body."

"Just how were you afflicted at this time?" Mr. Kenney was asked.

"Well, I had first hot, and then cold and clammy feelings, and at times my body felt as if needles were being stuck into it. These sensations were followed by terrible pains, and again I would have no feeling at all, but a numbness would come over me, and I would not be able to move. The most agonizing tortures came from headaches and a pain in the spine. At night after night I could not get my natural sleep, and my system was wrecked by the strain of torturing pains and the effect of the opiates I was forced to take to induce sleep. As I look back on the terrible suffering I endured during this period I often wonder how I retained my reason through it all."

"But relief came quickly when I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The very first box seemed to help me, and seven boxes made me entirely well. There can be no doubt about the thoroughness of my cure, for I have worked steadily ever since and that is nearly four years."

Mr. Kenney is at present employed by the Merrimac Hat Company and resides at 101 Abin street, Amesbury, Mass. The remedy which he used with such satisfactory results, is sold by all druggists, or direct by the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Co., Lowell, Mass.



The Bad Boy and His Dad at a Christian Science Boarding House—The Bad Boy Tells His Uncle How They Were Kidnaped in Greece—Dad Sang "Hot Time" in the Bandits' Cave and When They Were Asleep Escaped on a Mule.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.) (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) "Well, I suppose you have got your European airs worn off, so you can come down to plain American living again," said the old groceryman to the bad boy when he came into the grocery with a kerosene can, and sat down on the barrel of dried apples, and reached into the barrel of lump sugar, and filled his pocket. The old man had just cut a new cheese, and he sliced off a thin slice of cheese and laid it on a big square cracker and handed it to the boy, saying: "Just lay that inside your ribs and tell me if you got anything to eat in Europe that could hold



BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE A GREEK STATUE ROSE UP BEFORE US.

a candle to that for filling up the waste places and making a hungry man feel at ease with all the world." "Go, but these stops that tired feeling in a fellow like taking chloroform for a toothache," said the boy, as he put himself outside the lunch the old man had provided. "There is no absent treatment about cheese, like the Christian Scientists teach. It is the real stuff. We have been boarding for a couple of weeks with a woman who practices Christian Science, and I am as hollow as a woodpecker's nest. That boarding house keeper gives us boiled water and tells us to imagine that it is coffee, and we are just as well off as though we had the real thing. We had absent treatment ham and eggs for breakfast, and there was no ham and no eggs, and the woman just talked ham and eggs until we thought we were filled clear up to the muzzle, but when we got out of her presence we were too weak to walk. But dad got even with the Christian Science boarding house keeper this morning when he paid the board bill. He handed her a blank piece of paper, and told her to imagine it was a check for \$20; but she is going to sue dad for obtaining board under false pretenses, and I guess we will be in litigation the rest of our lives. Say, give me another cheese sandwich, and cut the cheese thicker," and the bad boy reached for another cracker.

"I don't believe much in these new styles of religion," said the old man, as he wiped the cheese knife on a coffee mug. "Give me the old praying and shouting kind of religion, that has a revival in the winter and gets you all hot up, and you go forward and you have 'em pray for you, and you confess for your sins and along in the spring are baptized, and feel that you are as a brand plucked from the burning, and then, when summer comes, and the picnic season opens, you backslide and the people of the church cut you dead, and point to you as one of the worst ever, and then along towards winter you attend the revival again, and get religion where you left off, and they fall over themselves to make you feel that you are as good as anybody, and the next time you are baptized it seems to take, like vaccination, and you stick to the church always, and sit up nights to rope in other fellows that swear and cut up. That is what I call religion that sticks to your ribs like crackers and cheese to a hungry man."

"But, say, how was it you never wrote me, when you were abroad, about visiting Greece? Your dad was in here 'tother day and said he had had rheumatism ever since he was kidnaped in Athens, and had to wear the Greek costume of short petticoats for men, and sleep out on a mountain-side. What about it?" "Did dad tell you that?" said the bad boy, as he laughed, and looked as though the recollection of the Greek experience was going to split him wide open. "Dad and I agreed that we would keep that a secret, but if he has told about it, there is no use of my keeping still. We struck Athens, and dad felt that there was a place where he could boss the people around, 'cause everybody seemed to be dressed like ballet dancers; the men wore a sort of starched petticoat, and they all looked as though they were loveless, and didn't do anything but pose to be looked at, and we couldn't blame them, for the women were the whitest and handsomest we had seen anywhere, with red cheeks, and great soulful eyes like Americans. Yes, sir, everybody in Athens seemed to be in love, and dad thought the men looked effeminate, on account of their clothes, but every man is an athlete and a fighter from the word go."

"Well, we went up on the hill to the Acropolis, an old marble ruin that overlooks the town, and dad paced off the ground, to see how much territory it covered, and figured up how much marble was there was in it, that could be used for gravestones, and when some of the policemen asked me what the old man was doing I told them he was a rich old party from

We Must Keep On Building Battleships

By REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

THE power of the battleship is the power that a great nation must have. We are rising once more into our proper place in the world. President Roosevelt has struck the right note and has stirred up the patriotic manhood of the country. You can see the effects of his virile influence everywhere and you can feel it right here in this fighting force, which needs and is gradually drawing the finest brain and muscle and heart of the fighting youth of America.

It was Togo's battleships and big guns that smashed Rostjensky's fleet. The Japanese torpedo boats attacked the Russian ships after they were wrecked by the 12-inch guns on Togo's ironclads. That battle has proved, more than ever, the superiority of battleships and has set the torpedo where it belongs, in a class of auxiliary weapons which can be used effectively only under certain conditions.

The true policy of the United States is to keep on building first-class battleships. We will soon come, I believe, to great turbine ironclads, carrying patterns of ten 12-inch guns and 40 or 50 three-inch guns.

We can hardly stop till we have 50 battleships and a naval force of at least 70,000 men—not if we are to hold and defend the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico, protect Cuba and make the Panama canal secure when it is built.

We can't improvise a force like that. It will take years to make it. Some day we will be put to the test in actual warfare with a powerful nation—perhaps more than one nation—and then we must be ready, not only with ships, but with men. What do you suppose Russia would have been willing to pay for the eight battleships of my squadron if she could have got them a few weeks ago? She could have paid to or even 20 or 30 times what they cost, and yet they would have been cheap. That's the way to look at this naval situation. President Roosevelt has it right. No great nation can afford to be unprepared for war. Defeat is too costly.

America that was going to buy the Acropolis and move it to the United States and make it over into a morgue, and that he didn't care for expense, for he was the richest man in the world.

"Well, we looked things over, like all tourists do, and we went to Mars Hill, where Paul preached, and dad read up on Paul, and offered to bet that Paul could give cards and spades to any preacher, and then eat him preaching, and the next night we went to the place where Socrates and Plato taught school, and some of the Greeks had watched us pretty close, and just before daylight on the second morning, a beautiful woman, like a Greek statue, rose up before us, and a white robe on, and she went up to dad and claimed his protection, as she was being pursued by robbers, and she cuddled up to dad. At first we thought she was a ghost, but when she touched dad, and clung to him, he said she was warm all right, and was no ghost, and he told her not to worry, as she was under the protection of the American flag, and he would stand by her till hades froze over, and he put his left arm around her and drew his revolver. I can remember the scene as though it was last night, and how that Greek woman clung to dad, and thanked him, and she smiled a smile full of teeth and red lips, and then she locked out into the moonlight and screamed: "There they come," and she fainted in dad's arms, and then we were surrounded by about a dozen Greek bandits, dressed in white petticoats, and with long crooked daggers, and one fellow that seemed to be the chief, put a crooked knife to dad's throat, and dad turned blue and said what are you going to do, but they didn't say anything, but took us to a cave, where the woman got over her fainting spell, and then they dressed dad up in a white petticoat, and these long socks such as ballet dancers wear, and we all got on to small mules and started for the mountains, and rode all night.

"Say, dad was a picture. The Greeks are small men, and they look all right in petticoats, but dad was so fat he looked swelled up, and even the mule noticed it, and the girl, who was on the white mule, laughed at dad, and she could talk English, and she told dad that the bandits only wanted his money, and they wouldn't hurt him if he gave up a million or so. It proved that she was one of the gang, and dad and I held a consultation, and we decided to give her a letter to the American consul at Athens, authorizing him to give her a carload of money for ransom, and in the letter dad wound up with a postscript telling the consul not to give a confounded cent, but to arrest her and send troops to

mad at dad and said: "You think you are smart, don't you?" and then she was taken to jail, and dad and I took an account of the stuff we robbed the bandits of, and found we had several hundred dollars, and besides, dad filed a claim against Greece for half a million dollars, for lacerated feelings, and left it with the consul to collect, so if you ever hear of American warships going to Greece, you will know what is the matter.

The next morning the soldiers came into Athens with the bandits tied to mules, and they threatened to kill dad on sight, so we skipped out, but dad got his pants back, and so he didn't have to sail with petticoats on, but whenever dad meets a Greek gentleman around home here it is all I can do to keep him from robbing the Greeks. Say, give me another slice of that cheese," and the bad boy got up and stretched himself and yawned. The old groceryman looked at the bad boy for a minute, and then said: "Either your father ought to be in the penitentiary or else you are the condescendest liar in America."

made me dance, and dad kept saying "Let's have one more on me," and they drank until the whole crowd was stupefied, and dad acted as though he was drunker than any of them, but when they all got asleep, and I began to cry, and wish I was dead, dad woke up and said: "Now I won't do a thing to your Greeks," and he went around to the sleeping bandits and took all their knives and all their money, and he took off the petticoat they had given him to wear and tied a blanket around his waist, and he tied their legs together with strings off the saddles of the mules, and just before daylight on the second morning, dad and I got on the biggest mule and started down the trail, and when we struck level ground we mauld that mule and he got a move on him and went across that prairie on a hop, skip and jump, and only touched the high places.

"Along towards noon we saw dust in the road ahead, and pretty soon we met a mess of Greek soldiers, with the American consul at the head, and told them where the bandits were, drunk and with their legs tied, and the consul and some soldiers went back to Athens with us, and the rest of the troops went on after the bandits. We got to Athens before night, and found the woman under guard in the consul's office, and when she saw dad, and he told her how he had tied the bandits, she cried, and said she wasn't to blame, and wanted to hug dad, but he said: "Nay, nay, Pauline, and then she said he was no gentleman because the consul did not pay the ransom, and dad told her he wrote to the consul not to cough up and she looked



THE BANDITS MADE DAD DO THIS COOKING.

mad at dad and said: "You think you are smart, don't you?" and then she was taken to jail, and dad and I took an account of the stuff we robbed the bandits of, and found we had several hundred dollars, and besides, dad filed a claim against Greece for half a million dollars, for lacerated feelings, and left it with the consul to collect, so if you ever hear of American warships going to Greece, you will know what is the matter.

Japs Know Good Music. Picking up a menu card of a hotel in Yokohama, one sees thereon a music programme, made up entirely of compositions by Beethoven, Flotow, Haydn, Strauss and Liszt. Which proves that the Japanese know good music and evidently like it, else the hotel management would not make up its programme from composers of this grade. This is an improvement on the American taste, which goes in for "ragtime" or such chaste works as "Redella," "Smoky Mokes," "The St. Louis Tickle." The more we hear and see of Japan and its people the more we are inclined to the view that in many respects they represent a higher degree of civilization than beautiful America and Americans have yet reached.

WANTED SIMPLE TUNES.

These Classical Things on the Violin Were Too Much for Him.

A Westport fond father made his daughter mad and accidentally led up to view his lack of knowledge of violin music. His daughter is a violinist. A visitor was in the library, and the father suggested that his daughter play. She sat him willing, relates the Kansas City Times. "Mary's been studying in the east," said her father, and has just got home. I haven't heard her play myself yet." The girl's mother went to the piano in the next room, and the girl got her violin. For three or four minutes twanging from the two instruments was heard. Then there was a halt. It was there that the fond father made his mistake. "Now play something simple, Mary," he said. "That was nice, but it's too classical for me."

The girl glanced through the door. Her face wore a look of disgust. "I've been tuning, father," she said.

Poor Imitation. Arrested for larceny, the cashier of a St. Louis restaurant claimed absent-mindedness in explanation. He said that one morning while he was reading about the delicta of life insurance officials he unconsciously abstracted seven dollars from the till. Police who were commenting on his did not take the entire contents.—Boston Budget.

She Thought of Him. She—Oh, Mr. Brown, how do you do? I was talking to Mrs. Nixdorf just now, and I couldn't help thinking of you. He—And was she discussing me? "Not exactly. She was commenting on the weather, and just asked me if I could imagine anything more tiresome and disagreeable."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Read. The man being out of his head, the surgeon proceeded forthwith to saw a hole in his skull. "To enable him to get back in," whispered to the on-lookers, one to another, in awe.—Puck.

The Columbia Pattern. "Oh, say, did you see that man steal up behind the counter, and hit him in the neck with a brick?" "Yes, I saw him. 'Wa' our coach. Ain't he splendid?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Teacher's Testimony. Hinton, Ky., Oct. 30th (Special).—It has long been claimed that Diabetes is incurable, but Mr. E. J. Thompson, teacher in the Hinton school, has pleasing evidence to the contrary. Mr. Thompson had Diabetes. He took Dodd's Kidney Pills and is cured. In a statement he makes regarding his cure Mr. Thompson says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for more than two years, and was treated by two of the best doctors in this part of the state. They claimed I had Diabetes and there was little to be done for me. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and what they did for me was wonderful. It is entirely owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I am now enjoying good health."

Many doctors still maintain that Diabetes is incurable. But Diabetes is a kidney disease, and the only disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be discovered.

"If he starts," said Uncle Eben, "instead of what he finishes, every page in de city directory would be full o' great men."—Washington Star.

WILD WITH ECZEMA

And Other Itching, Burning, Scaly Eruptions, with Loss of Hair—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; dry thoroughly with rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to all itching, irritation and inflammation, and when the itching and burning subsides, apply Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and take the blood. A single set, costing but \$1.00, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

"Keep your eyes wide open on the life-read," says a Billville philosopher; "but be sure that the few ahead of you don't blind you with the dust."—Atlanta Constitution.

Go East via the Nickel Plate Road. Lowest rates via the Nickel Plate Road read its eastern connections to all points in Eastern and New England States. Three elegant through trains daily to Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Meals served in Dining Cars on the Individual Club Plan, at prices ranging from 35 cents to \$1.00. Also service in cars. Luxurious Sleeping Cars on all trains. No excess fare charged on any train on the Nickel Plate Road, and service as good as the best. For full information regarding rates, connections, sleeping car reservations, etc., address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 115 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

One proof that fortune as well as love is blind is the persistency with which she continues to pass us by and bestow her favors upon others.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 16.—It is reported from Casper, Wyo., that sales of town lots for the new town of Shoshone, located on the edge of the Wind River Reservation on the new line of the Chicago & North-Western Railway across the state from Casper, have been unprecedented.

Hiding for cowboys, the high, and a large number have been disposed of within a short time. Buyers evidently figure on the growth of the city here when the Indian reservation is thrown open to settlement next June.

Overexercise is ruining homes; underexercise is ruining digestions.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SUFFERINGS UNTOLD.

A Kansas City Woman's Terrible Experience With Kidney Sickness.

Mrs. Mary Cogan, 20th St. and Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., says: "For years I was run down, weak, lame and sore. The kidney secretions were too frequent. Then dropsy puffed up my ankles until they were swollen to a frightful size. Doctors gave me up, but I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and the remedy cured me, and have had a fine baby, the first in five that was not prematurely born."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$3 a Day Sure. Read your own address how to make it. Send your address and we will send you the book. It is free. Write at once. 100 for every day's work, absolutely sure. No. 170. Write at once.

THE DISCOVERER

Of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.



No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles or such hosts of grateful friends as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. It has cured more cases of Backache and Laceration than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yield to it. Womb troubles, causing pain, weight and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it invigorates the female system, and is as harmless as water. It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues" and headache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures. Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex, the Vegetable Compound always cures. It is the only medicine who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

PRICE, 25 Cts. TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY. ANTI-GRIPINE. IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-eases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart-y Eating. A perfect Remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Refuse substitutes. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT. FOR MAN AND BEAST. KILLS PAIN AND DESTROYS ALL GERM LIFE. CURES RHEUMATISM. WONDERFULLY PENETRATING. A COMPLETE MEDICINE CHEST.

Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, 615 Albany St., Boston, Mass.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. FARMERS' WESTERN CANADA FREE. Land adjoining this can be purchased from railway and land companies at from \$6 to \$10 per acre.

On this land this year has been produced upwards of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. It is also the best of grazing land and for mixed farming it has no superior on the continent.

Splendid climate, low taxes, railways convenient; schools and churches close at hand. Write for "Twenty-fifth Century Canada" and low railway rates to SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, or to authorized CANADIAN Agents: CHAS. FILLING, Chicago, Ill.; Grand Forks, N. Dak.; J. M. MACLEAN, Bismarck, N. Dak.; W. T. HOLMES, St. Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES. In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by mail and economical than liquid supplies for all trades. THE S. PAXTON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

DAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN. Dressed with it is peculiar to their sex, used as a douche and economical than liquid antiseptic for all trades. THE S. PAXTON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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