

FOUND NORTH POLE.

Wife of the Arctic Explorer "Knows" He Has Succeeded in His Quest.

Portland, Me., Oct. 29.—"I am as sure as I am living this minute," said Mrs. Robert E. Peary yesterday, "that my husband has found the pole and soon will be on his way home to tell us about it."

"Mr. Peary has been gone 15 months and we have not heard a word from him since the companion ship to the Roosevelt left him at Etah in September, 1905. "Am I worrying about him? No, I have all confidence in my husband's ability and in the good ship Roosevelt. I do not expect to hear from him until the last of November and will not be disappointed if I do not hear from him then. When the expedition started, it was planned to make a two year round trip, although it was hoped they might return sooner. If my husband has not

reached the pole yet I suppose he is in winter quarters at Cape Hecla but I have an instinctive feeling that he has accomplished the ambition of his life.

"To my mind there is only one possibility that he will not return, alive. The dogs on which he depends to carry him across the frozen country should be attacked by the dread dog disease, might die and leave him with no means of transportation."

Mrs. Peary gave out the above authentic interview recently, the first since her husband left on his search for the pole.

Mrs. Peary, who with her little daughter, Mrs. Peary, has excluded herself on an island in Casco Bay, will leave for her home in Washington next week.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

DRUMMOND'S WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

(A Legend of Lac St. Pierre.)

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante
Gut scart, an' run below,
For de win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captain walk on de front deck
An' walk de him' deck, too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de crew also.
De cook, she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chamber maid on lumber barge
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-east-wes—
De sout' win' she blow, too,
Wen Rosie cry, "Mon cher cap-
taine,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captain throw de big ank-
erre,
But still the scow she deef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore.
Becons' he los' her skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat
De wave run high and fast,
Wen de captain tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mast.
Den he also tak' de life preserver,
An' jump off on de lak'.
An' s' Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go down for your sake."

Nex' mornin' very early,
"Bout hal' pas' two—tree—four—
De captain, scow an' poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak' hurri-
cane,
Bimbeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailorman
Tak' warnin' by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French
girl.
An' leve on wan beeg farm.
De win' she blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'boss she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St.
Pierre.
So long you stay on shore.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

YOU NEED STRENGTH.

Vitality is lacking and You Must Have a Bracing Tonic at Once.

You're sick and need medicine, not an emulsion to sicken the stomach, not a "dope" cure, nor bitters—but a nourishing tonic that will increase weight, strength and spirits. Try Ferrozone and watch the result. Because it gives instant effect and steadily builds up, it is used by thousands in ill-health. No other medicine contains more nutriment, supplies better building material, makes you feel well and strong as quickly as it did Mrs. Charles Beony, of Cloyne, Ont.

HER STATEMENT.

"I was sick. I was broke down, had no strength, couldn't eat. I was sleepless. My nerves were all shot. I was thin-blooded and could not be happy. I tried Ferrozone. It gave me new strength, force, vim. It brought me comfort and strength—it made me well. It's by making the appetite good, by instilling iron and ozone in the blood, by fortifying the system with reserve strength, that Ferrozone accomplishes so much. You'll have new life in a week. In a month you'll be like a new being. Try Ferrozone. It always justified itself. 50c. per box or six for \$2.50 at all dealers."

TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH.

Wolves Devoured the Body of Dr. Emily Chambers.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 24.—With a part of the skull, a rib, a piece of the femur and bits of clothing by which identification was possible, Dr. Hewitt of Wisconsin, has returned to Dawson with all that remains of his sister, Dr. Emily Chambers, for

whose body he searched the frozen north for two years. The discovery of these few bones and the positive knowledge of the fate that overtook Mrs. Chambers, sets at rest the mystery surrounding her disappearance and brings down the final curtain on a tragedy that, for gruesome details, has seldom been surpassed in the grim land of ice and gold. A recent arrival from Dawson says that there is no doubt but that Mrs. Chambers' body was devoured by wolves. The ghastly relics that alone remain are to be brought to Seattle to be buried. Dr. Hewitt undertook a long, arduous trip alone, tramping through the wilds with a pack on his back, over hills and through swamps that he might be sure of the fate that had overtaken his beloved sister.

Mrs. Chambers was a woman to whom the prosaic life was irksome. She went to Dawson in 1900 and secured a position with the Leduc Co. Office life proved unbearable. She longed for adventure and travel, so she made a trip through a little known section of the Yukon Territory with the idea of gathering material for a book. The itinerary decided on was one that would have appalled many an old prospector and the woman's friends tried their best to dissuade her from the journey. Being absolutely fearless she would listen to nobody who sought to deter her. On Oct. 24, 1901, she left on the trip from which she was never to return. Three years ago mounted police discovered her diary in which was the name and address of Prof. Hewitt, her brother. He was notified of her disappearance and at once sought for her remains. He has been successful after two years.

WHERE DOES CONSUMPTION BEGIN?

That first little tickle becomes a cough, the cough grows severe, is neglected and travels down to the lungs. Treat throat trouble before it gets severe. Catarrhozone heals, allays inflammation, cures throat and bronchial trouble quickly. A marvel wonder is Catarrhozone which prevents thousands of Catarrh victims from contracting consumption. Recommended by doctors, proved by time to be unfailing. Catarrhozone is just what you need. 25c. and \$1.00, sold everywhere.

DARING RESCUE AT SEA.

Oil-Laden Steamer Saves Crew from Burning Vessel.

New York, Oct. 29.—A thrilling story of the rescue of half a dozen men in the recent storm off the Florida Keys was told by Capt. Rudolph Rubelli of the Standard Oil Company's steamer Captain A. M. Lucas, which arrived here today after the most tempestuous voyage of her career. The rescued men were fishermen, whose house-boat had been swept to sea by the gale.

Coupled with the tale of the bravery of his own men who risked their lives at the height of the gale, he told of the wonderful fortitude and daring of the sailors of a British vessel who lowered themselves in small boats in the midst of the fiercest storm and picked a dozen or more bodies of the living and dead from the wreckage in the gulf.

The six sailors who were taken aboard the Lucas had built a fire on top of the house-boat in which they were drifting ocean ward and when the vessel was brought alongside to take them off there was a momentary danger that some of the huge oil tanks would explode and blow up the entire crew and storm sufferers. The fire that called the attention of a watchman on the Lucas to the plight of the fishermen, before assistance could be sent to the men the fire had spread to the house-boat and the men were in imminent danger of being burned to death. There was no time to lower a sail boat, and so the steamer was run alongside of the burning house-boat, and the men rescued.

"THE AULD BRIG O' AYR."

Scotchmen in Canada Asked to Contribute towards its Preservation.

The Scotchmen of Canada are to be asked to contribute towards the fund now being raised in Britain for the restoration of the "Auld Brig o' Ayr." This decision was arrived at by the Burns Club at its last meeting. Engineers have reported that the Auld Brig can be repaired and put in a condition to last for a century or more although this will

cost much more than it would to build an entirely new bridge.

The "Auld Brig" is not only indelibly associated with Burns, "the ploughman poet," but with many stirring events in Scottish history, hence the desire for its preservation. Lord Roseberry has made a strong appeal for the preservation of the bridge.

The club also decided at the same meeting to ask the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to take steps for the restoration of the Burns monument in that city, which has been allowed to fall into disrepair.

GOT \$95 BECAUSE PAINT WAS WET.

Joseph Raghman and His Sweetheart had Embarrassing Experience on Street Car.

New York, October 29.—Dressed in the lightest of their summer clothing both as to color and texture, Joseph Raghman, a clerk employed in a Broadway department store, and his fiancée went for a trolly ride in the cool of the evening of August 4 last, and thereby hangs a tale which might have been tragic but which came to a pleasing close, as all love stories should, in the municipal court Thursday.

Boarding an eighth avenue car in Cortlandt and Greenwich streets, Mr. Raghman and his bride to be settled themselves comfortably in a seat that looked particularly new and inviting, and enjoyed the breezes until 125 street was reached. Then they decided to get off, but they reckoned without that new and inviting looking seat. It refused to let them budge.

Started for a moment with a fear of sudden paralysis, Raghman and the young woman gazed into each other's eyes with something like horror. Then Raghman passed his hand along the back of the seat and discovered that it bore a thick coating of the stickiest kind of enamel paint which had not dried. With a whispered word he clasped her hand firmly in his and they gave a strong pull and a pull together. There was a rattling sound and both were free, but clinging to the affectionate seat were various portions of their summer clothing.

For reasons best known to themselves, Raghman and his fiancée decided to hasten their marriage and they became one a few days later. Then they brought suit against the New York City Railway Company and before Judge Heyer a verdict in their favor was given for \$95, compensation for their embarrassment and the paint they acquired.

THE PUBLIC IS OFTEN FAKED.

Unscrupulous dealers actuated by large profits often recommend corn cures "as good as Putnam's." There is only one genuine Corn Extractor and that is Putnam's. Putnam's is a miracle of efficiency and promptness. Use no other.

"Peanut" Explanation.

"I wonder why the water rights and drainage notices directly under the death notices?" queried the typewriter boarder, as she glanced over the local paper.

"I don't know," rejoined the fussy bachelor, "unless it is to remind us that the fools are not all dead yet."—Chicago News.

Maidenly Modesty.

"Ah my love," sighed the ardent lover, "if you only knew how beautiful you are."

"You mustn't say that," protested the dear girl. "I don't want to know."

"Because it would make me too conceited."—Catholic Standard and Times.

GREAT SNAKES.

Python and Tiger Fight on Shipboard—The Huge Reptile Only Lasted a Few Minutes.

Of the voyage of the British steamer Indrashtra from Singapore to New York, and what happened when a big sea was shipped, The New York Times tells this story. The vessel carried among its side lines of cargo a tiger and five huge pythons. During the storm a tremendous sea came over the starboard side of the quarter-deck and swept with great violence to the after-end of the alleyway, where the tiger and the snakes had been confined for security in the bad weather. The sea stove in the temporary bulkhead and washed away the support to the tiger's cage. The boxes in which the pythons were kept were smashed and the great snakes floated about in the starboard alleyway, while the tiger was swimming in his cage to keep himself above water. His roar frightened "Bill," the ship's cat, so badly that he left the ship's galley and hid himself in the boat's locker.

When Chief Officer Evans, a bronzed, bearded and salty-looking man, went aft he thought for a moment that the tiger had slipped some cables' lengths of real sea serpent. The long, undulating coils of the snakes seemed to reach from the after hatch to the stern of the ship. The officer then realized that the captain's pets were adrift. The four largest pythons aggregated 100 feet; the longest measured 27 feet, the next 26, while the two others were 22 and 24 feet long respectively. And their girths? Well, they averaged up to nearly two and a half feet each. According to the Malay boat's crew, the pythons were so frightened when they found themselves sliding about in the salt water that they linked themselves up, end to end, for mutual protection.

The boat's crew declares that snakes in Lohore, where these reptiles came from, always loop themselves together when trouble breaks loose.

The fifth python, which measured about 22 feet, and came from Djogjakarta, did not join his fellows, but wriggled through the bars of New's cage and interrupted the striped monarch of the jungle in his swimming exercise. The tiger, seemingly annoyed at the intrusion, did not waste any time in tedious preliminaries, but went for the python and ripped him with his powerful claws. The snake tried vainly to twist his coils around the body of his enemy, but he was handicapped by the heavy seas which kept dashing down the alleyway and swamping the cage.

The encounter lasted about five minutes, when with a sound like the ripping of a big piece of calico, New tore the serpent asunder. The water which flowed back from the alleyway was dyed crimson, and at first the chief officer thought that a human being had fallen a victim to the tiger. With the daring of an experienced snake-charmer Evans seized the twenty-seven footer by the neck and tucked two feet of him under his arm. Then the ship's carpenter supported another two feet, followed by the rest of the crew, each wrestling with a two-foot section, until they had the big snake under control, when he was laid away in the locker in assorted coils.

The chief officer called the captain and then ordered the boat's crew to pipe all hands aft to capture the snakes, and confine them in the potato locker until the carpenter could rig up a new box for them.

The crew and the midshipmen must have come from the Emerald Isle, so that if the python had been much longer there would have been more than enough of him to go around. After the largest snake had been disposed of the other three were caught in the same manner and stowed away.

The skin of the dead python was dried and stuffed under the directions of Captain Wilkes, who had it hung up in the saloon as a memento of the voyage. The Indrashtra, it may be mentioned, is a very "dry" ship, and carries a plous crew.

The King's Umbrella.

King Edward is no stranger to a rainy day. His life at Marlborough House has first been characterized by thought for others, says M. A. P. All the restrictions imposed by the authorities of the fashionable spa for His Majesty's comfort have been removed at his especial request. Paths which have been roped off for his convenience have been thrown open to the public, so that the more confident of the visitors have been enabled to so speak, "rub shoulders" with majesty without molestation. Some bad weather was the cause of still another act of kindly gallantry. While about ten minutes' walk from his hotel the King was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. Although without the protection of an overcoat, he carried an umbrella, and proceeded to avail himself of its shelter as he tramped back to the hotel with vigorous strides. He had scarcely covered half the distance when he noticed an old lady, a native of the place, with her head bent downward trying to make headway against the heavy shower. The King in a moment crossed over and placed his umbrella in the old lady's hand, while she, in the intervals of astonishment, heaped blessings on the head of the good-natured stranger. "Send it to the hotel when you have finished with it," said the King carelessly, as he prepared for a brisk walk. "Who shall I say it's for?" asked the grateful old dame. "Address it to the Duke of Lancaster," answered His Majesty as he moved away, leaving the old lady prostrate with awe as the identity of her good Samaritan dawned upon her. Next day the umbrella was returned, with a huge bunch of flowers attached to the handle.

Ireland, Land of Rose.

England, which claims the rose as its national flower, appears to be losing its prestige as a rose-raising country. At the Rose Society's show, held in London recently, all the principal prizes went to Scotch, Irish and Welsh raisers. Scotland, especially enough, taking most of the first prizes, while another striking feature of the show was that the only two new varieties of rose came from the Emerald Isle. One was a hybrid tea rose of great size and perfect form, its color being a ripe rose pink. The other was a new seedling, also large flowered, its hues being a delicate blending of pink, buff, saffron and cerise shades.

Frills.

"You need not be so critical," says the person accused. "You say I have a vinegar disposition, but every one knows that you have one too."

"I acknowledge it," retorts the accuser. "But mine is a genuine pure elder vinegar disposition, while yours is the commercial compound of sulphuric acid and water."—Woman's Home Companion.

Mental Limitations.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner.

"Geet!" he said. "That's one on me. I never thought of that."—Houston Post.

VACATION'S OVER.

Comes the saddened traveler home, Come the tourists trooping; Manners lagging, footsteps slow, Heads and spirits drooping, Office desk-stool, working chair, Waiter reluctant rover; Work is piled up in arrears, Vacation time is over.

Past the lazy nook with red,

By the grassy river,

Past the aimless, dreamy sail,

Drifting on forever,

Past the blissful lack of care,

With its joys that hover;

Comes again the worry time,

Vacation days are over.

Pitch into the work ahead,

No more dawdling hour;

Face the problems coming fast,

Grip them with new power;

From the work of the day

Flue no more to cover;

You have had your time to play,

Vacation now is over.

THE SILENT OPINION.

What Men Think of Women and the Women of Men.

Most men have some silent opinion about women and most women about men. There are certain types of face, certain kinds of manner, certain methods of expression even, for which many men and women are utterly condemned in the minds of some of their brothers and sisters. A disposition to dislike certain types of face is at times so strong as to suggest a previous existence.

We do not openly say that all women with such and such eyebrows are hard hearted or that a man must be a charlatan if the color of his eyes and hair contradict each other; but we act continually upon notions hardly less unreasonable. Educated men with small vocabularies, for instance, are divided as a rule by clever women into fools by birth and self-made fools, according to whether their want of equipment is ascribed to nature or to affectation.

To the first they are indifferent; to the latter they have almost always a more or less active dislike. Such men are often able, a fact their own sex invariably recognize. The man whose words are few and ill chosen may be a man of prompt and reasoned action, who having been brought up among the silent wise or the garrulous silly, deprecates the waste of pains occasioned by the game of talk. All mental athletics bore him just as physical athletics bore others.

In the same way the fact that a man pretends to know no more words than a savage may be a matter of awkward, though genuine, humility—a fear of pretending to a culture he does not possess—or an act of superficial conformity to a passing fashion among a small set. It may have no more to do with his real mind than an ugly figure or an ill-cut coat. Circumstances will sometimes convince even a clever woman of these facts so far as a given man is concerned, but she will never alter her silent opinion as to the generality.

Clever women are very hard on the men they imagine to be fools. Able men, on the other hand, are not at all hard on women they know to be stupid. Where youth and beauty are

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all wasting diseases where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist doesn't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post. You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine or known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

concerned the fact is easily understood; but youth and beauty by no means explain the whole of this phenomenon. Many men are inclined to think that the kind of mental power in women which we colloquially call brains, exists in inverse ratio to their common-sense and serves only to carry them with a fatiguing rapidity through verbal fallacies to a false conclusion.—London Spectator.

A Procession of Ancients.

The London Common Council has just repaid an old tombstone found in a churchyard at Southwark. Its inscription reads: "Near this place lies Richard Griffin, Born at White Church, Salop, the 17 of May, 1620; Interred the 18 May, 1734. His corp was accompanied from the Kings Arms Tavern on St. Margaret's Hill to the grave by 1,116 ancient people; the oldest pall-bearer 95."

A Birmingham correspondent writes to state that his canary has just died at the age of 24.

A carefully greased needle will float upon water, though, of course, the steel is much heavier than a similar bulk of water.

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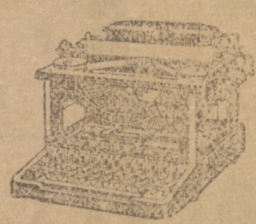
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