

REVENUE CUTTER'S LONG ARCTIC CRUISE

Steamed 18,000 Miles and Arrives With 37 Refugees.

Port Townsend, Wash.—Completing a cruise of seven months in the arctic, during which she steamed nearly 18,000 miles, the United States revenue cutter Bear, Captain J. G. Ballinger, arrived here from the north, having on board thirty-seven refugees from Nome, who were landed at Seattle.

Captain Ballinger before leaving Nome took all the Eskimos from that city and vicinity to their homes, so that they would not be a burden on the community during the winter. That the Bear rendered valuable service to Nome after the storm is evidenced by a vote of thanks passed by the city council to Captain Ballinger and his officers.

This is the third cruise Captain Ballinger has made on the Bear as master to Point Barrow. The two previous voyages the passage was free from ice, but on this trip it was with difficulty that he succeeded in reaching the top of the continent. The Bear sailed from Point Barrow on Aug. 18, having been delayed seven days in the ice, and Captain Ballinger says that if he had not sailed when he did his vessel would have had to winter in the far north.

The Bear is the only vessel which went into the arctic this year that was able to get out. She made many trips to the relief of vessels in distress, most of them being small craft.

Captain Ballinger expresses the belief that all the vessels caught in the ice are safe and those on board can reach native villages.

The Bear after a stop at Seattle will proceed to San Francisco.

OWES LIFE TO CHEAP PANTS.

Caught In Machinery, Trousers Give Way Under the Strain.

Chester, S. D.—The fact that his trousers were of sufficiently flimsy material to not stand the strain saved the life of John Schmidt, a farmer living near town, when his trousers became caught in the machinery while he was elevating a load of corn into a crib.

Had his trousers not given way and released him, he would have been seriously injured and in all probability killed.

As it was he escaped with a broken ankle bone.

BURIED UNDER PAPERS.

Between Litter and Fires Life in De Quincey's Home Was Lively.

De Quincey's greatest extravagance grew out of the morbid value he set upon papers and their not being disturbed. He was in the habit of accumulating these until, in his own words, he was "snowed up," which meant that when matters reached such an extremity that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon and no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose, and the trunk from the door to the fireplace, always kept open until the last, was completely obliterated so that he had not even place in which to set his foot—then De Quincey locked the door upon his paper treasures and turned elsewhere. At his death there were at least a half dozen such places "papered" by him and being maintained at no small expense.

Such a thing had been experienced as his actually "papering" his family out of house, but in later years his daughters learned how to guard against such a contingency.

De Quincey usually spent the evenings with his family, who looked forward to these hours with much pleasure. Upon the arrival of the newspaper he would render the news in his own quaint manner, questioning the various members of the group about him and illuminating the various subjects touched upon with a wealth of memories, good stories or human experiences until the happiest flow of real conversation sprang from the circumstances of the moment.

He was not a tranquilizing companion for nervous persons to live with, as those nights were the exceptions on which he did not set fire to something it was a common occurrence for one of his daughters to look up from her work and to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire" to which he would respond casually "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

On one occasion, when the maid rushed in to announce that Mr. De Quincey's room was on fire, he hastened to the rescue of his already "snowed up" apartment, refusing all suggestions that water be poured upon his treasured papers. Armed with a heavy rug he disappeared into the burning room determined to conquer without water or perish in the attempt, while the members of his frightened household trembled for his safety outside the door, locked to prevent the allotted water from being poured in. Presently, after occasional bursts of smoke and a very strong smell of fire, all were assured that the danger was over, the victor emerged triumphantly from his fight with the flames, and the devoted element having been subdued for the evening all retired in a state of thankfulness.—From Caroline Fickens' "Hawthorne and His Publishers."

BAFFLED THE BOOK AGENT.

A Question That Moved Him First to Pity and Then to Fury.

Several years ago, when Vice President Marshall was plain Attorney Tom Marshall of Indiana, a particularly seedy and down at the heel individual eluded the office boy and the stenographer and insinuated himself into the lawyer's back office.

"Mr. Marshall," he began glibly in that bland professional manner that makes one long for the good old days of blood, "I've heard a great deal of you as a church worker here, and I know you'll be interested in a new and absolutely up to date edition of the English Bible, full morocco bound, hand stitched, annotated," he hurried on, flipping the pages of his book, "and placed upon the market at a price which barely covers cost of publication, shipping and—"

The attorney had been caught unawares at first, but now he found breath to inquire in his slow drawl, "Who wrote it?"

The other paused to study his victim undecipherably for a moment. "Why,



HE FACED THE MAN IN THE CHAIR.

I guess you didn't understand me, Mr. Marshall," he explained pityingly. "This is a Bible."

"But I did understand," drawled the little man, his face calmly curious. "And I ask you, who wrote it?"

The agent shifted his feet uneasily, ran a suspicious eye over the man at the desk, felt of his collar and cleared his throat in an annoyed way. "But, Mr. Marshall," he insisted patiently, "it's a Bible—B-I-B-L-E," he added hopefully, "Bible, you know."

"Who wrote it?" demanded the future vice president, grave as a cast iron monument of one of the early Christian martyrs.

The visitor's brow was moist now, and his eye searched the four corners of the room despairingly. With a last effort he braced himself, looked at his man again and, finding no encouragement there, retreated to the doorway. The knob under his fingers seemed to stir his faltering courage, for once more he threw back his shoulders and faced the man in the chair.

"Why, you blithering, pin headed fool," he shouted vengefully, "it's a Bible!"—Lippincott's.

Value of Money.

Wealth is no sinecure. Moreover, the value of money depends partly on knowing what to do with it, partly on the manner in which it is acquired.—Sir John Lubbock.

FARM WAGES STILL HIGHER.

Rise 2.5 Per Cent in Last Year and 11 Per Cent Since Four Years Ago.

The wages of farm labor increased about 2.5 per cent last year and about 11 per cent in the last four years. Since 1902 the increase has been about 36 per cent. The estimates are based upon reports of correspondents of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture.

The current average rate of farm wages in the United States, when board is included, is, by the month, \$21.38; by the day, other than harvest, \$1.16; at harvest, \$1.57. When board is not included the rate is, by the month, \$30.31; by the day, other than harvest, \$1.50; by the day, at harvest, \$1.94.

Wages of farm labor have been increasing rapidly, not only in the United States, but in most, if not all, other countries of the world.

Although farm wages in the United States increased about 37 per cent from 1900 to 1910, land values nearly doubled in the same time, indicating that in the distribution of the proceeds from farming operations a larger proportion now goes to capital account and less to labor account than formerly.

MAN BEST AT 60, SAYS TAFT.

Knows So Much Then He Wants to Guide the Young Afloat.

In a recent address to students at the law school of the University of Minnesota former President Taft declared that a man at sixty was at the very zenith of his ability.

"When a man is sixty," he said, "he is able to recognize the defects which have come to him through lack of self control and self sacrifice. We know so much at sixty we think we ought to rush in and aid the young men and women to avoid the same pitfalls."

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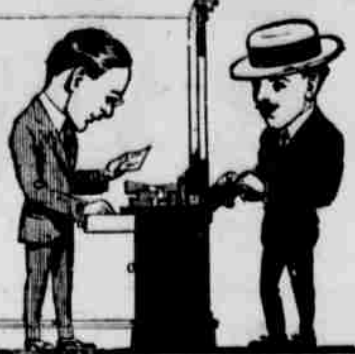
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Woman Finally Recovers From Nervous Breakdown

Impoverished nerves destroy many people before their time. Often before a sufferer realizes what the trouble is, he is on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown. It is of the utmost importance to keep your nervous system in good condition, as the nerves are the source of all bodily power. Mrs. Rosa Bonner, 825 N. 18th St., Birmingham, Ala., says:

"I have been suffering with nervous prostration for nine or ten years. Have tried many of the best doctors in Birmingham, but they all failed to reach my case. I would feel as if I was smothering; finally I went into convulsions. My little girl saw

Dr. Miles' Nerve

advertised in the papers and I at once began to take it. I continued to take it for some time and now I am well."

If you are troubled with loss of appetite, poor digestion, weakness, inability to sleep; if you are in a general run down condition and unable to bear your part of the daily grind of life, you need something to strengthen your nerves. You may not realize what is the matter with you, but that is no reason why you should delay treatment.

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has proven its value in nervous disorders for thirty years, and merits a trial, no matter how many other remedies have failed to help you. Get Dr. Miles' Nerve. If one bottle fails to benefit you, money is returned. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.