

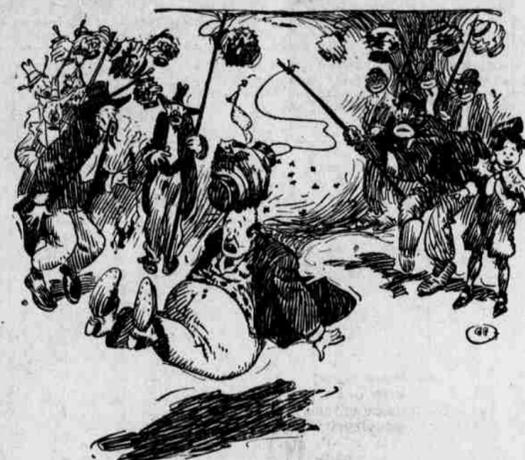
PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

The Bad Boy and His Pa inject a Little Politics into the Show—Rival Bands of Atlanta Citizens Meet in the Circus Tent—A Bunch of Angry Hornets Causes Much Bitter Feeling.

I expect that next year I shall be one of the managers of this show, 'cause they tell me I have got the greatest head of any boy that has ever traveled with the show.

We haven't been having a very big business in the south, because the negroes haven't money enough to patronize shows, and a lot of the white people are either too high-toned or else they are politicians and want a pass.



He Hit 'Pa Over the Head with His Chinese Lanterns.

The managers and heads of departments held a meeting to devise some way to get both classes interested, and everybody was asked to state their views. After they all got through talking pa asked me what I thought would be the best way to get the people excited about the show, and I told him there was no way except to inject a little politics into it. I said if they would give me \$50 or so, to buy Chinese lanterns, and about a hundred complimentary tickets to give away, pa and I could go to Atlanta a couple of days ahead of the show and we could organize a Roosevelt club among the negroes, and a Bryan club among the white fellows, and at the evening performance we could have the two clubs march into the main tent, one from the main entrance, and one from the dressing room, with Chinese lanterns, and one could yell for Roosevelt and the other for Bryan, and advertise that a great sensation would be sprung at the evening performance. I said the tent wouldn't begin to hold the people.

Every one of the managers and heads of departments said it would be great stuff. Pa was the only one that kicked. He said the two processions

Then when we met the Bryan procession we were to shout and wave our lanterns, and if necessary to whack the white men over the head with the lantern with the horns' nest, and the horns would wake up and do the rest.

The negro wanted to know how I could prevent the horns from stinging our own men, and I told him that we had been in the horns' business all the season and never had one of our own men stung. I said we took some asafetida and rubbed it on our clothes and faces, and the horns wouldn't touch us, but just went for the other fellows to eat the hand. Say, negroes are easy marks. You can make them believe anything. But if I ever get to be president I am going to appoint my negro assistant to a position in my cabinet, 'cause he is the greatest political organizer I ever saw. He rounded up over 200 cotton pickers and negro men who work in the freight depots once in a while and started them out after horns' nests. He gave them some change to get a drink, and promised them free passes into the show the next night, and the next morning they showed up with their horns' nests enough to scare you. They put them in a dark place in the barn, so the horns wouldn't get curious and want to come out of the nests before they got their cue.

That afternoon we hid them into

The horns got busy and went for the elephants, and the Japanese jugglers, and they stampered like they never met a hornet before.

The female tumbler found horns on their stockings, and everywhere, and they gave a female war whoop and rushed for the dressing room. The elephants got stung, and they came down off their pyramid and went out to the menagerie tent trumpeting, and switching their trunks. The negroes and the white politicians were getting into a race war, so the circus hands rushed in and separated them, and my negroes found that the fetty I had them rub on themselves did not keep the horns from stinging them, so they stampered.

Then the horns began to go for the audience, and the women yelled murder and pulled down their dresses to cover their shoes, and the men got stung and the whole audience stampered into the open air.

Then I met pa, and he was a sight, and I never got stung once. The managers tried to get the band to play some tune that would soothe and hold the audience till an explanation could be made, but somebody had thrown a hornet's nest under the band seats and the horn players got stung on the lips so they couldn't play, and the band all lit out for a beer garden. Before I realized it the show was over, and a detective that detects for the show had me collared and brought me up before a meeting of the managers. Pa was the prosecuting attorney, and told them that I didn't run my politics fair, 'cause I had brought in a lot of ring-cars. The managers asked me how the horns' nests came to be in the Chinese lanterns. I told them they would have to ask the negroes for how was I to know what weapons they had concealed about their persons, any more than pa was responsible if his politicians carried revolvers.

They said that looked reasonable but they believed I knew more about it than anybody, but as we had to pack up the show and make the next town they wouldn't lynch me till the next day. Pa got me to put 'o' cream on his stings, and then he said, "Henry, you are the limit!"

People of Title in Reduced Circumstances Scheme for a Livelihood.

Society in all cosmopolitan cities is a mystery, and in Paris more so than elsewhere. Titles grow here over night. Dukes and counts, princes and princesses arrive from nobody knows where, start large establishments, entertain and get everything on credit, says a writer in the London King.

One day there comes a crash. And their downfall is watched with a grim smile by some of the members of the old aristocratic families who have been occasionally asked if they know a Marquis d'Angelys or a Count Kolski.

An industry, and a lucrative one, is run on artistic lines, and successfully practiced by a titled mondaine. This lady has an old mansion in the most fashionable quarter; the wood carvings are of the eleventh century; the pictures are portraits of her ancestors by old masters.

This makes an ideal background for her trade; for she is in league with dealers, who place here and there in good positions a doubtful Greuze or a pseudo Watteau.

The victims are admitted to madame's receptions and admire, and somehow or other get to know that they may make an offer for some of the treasures. It is said that the carvings from mantelpiece to ceiling have been sold over and over again, and that a very good income is derived from the pictures.

And the society matrimonial broker! The penniless viscount is in search of money to regild his tarnished escutcheon, while Mlle. Durand, or Duval, the daughter of a retired tradesman, seeks a coronet for her pillow. The society broker brings them together in her salon and touches a handsome commission when the affair is settled.

These are specialists, but everybody cannot be a specialist. It requires years of practice, a well-known name and a large clientele, to carry on a prosperous trade.

These women are the Rothschilds of the profession, and are envied by the smaller fry, whom I may term as commission princesses, who, having no speciality, operate generally.

They introduce their acquaintances to dressmakers, milliners, etc., makers, etc., who all know that the Countess X., or Mme. J.—is to be credited with ten per cent. commission on all articles bought.

They also levy contributions on restaurateurs, dentists, and I know of a case where a lady squeezed a commission out of the vestry board of one of the richest churches for the celebration of a convert's wedding.



They Stampered Like They Never Met a Hornet Before.

might get into a fight, but I said what if they did, we wouldn't be to blame. Let 'em fight if they want to, and we can see fair play.

So they all agreed that pa and I should go to Atlanta ahead, and organize the political processions, and, say, we had such a time that the circus came near never getting out of the town alive. We overdid the thing so they wanted to lynch me, and pa wanted to help.

The way it was was this way: Pa was to organize the white men for Bryan, and I was to organize the negroes for Roosevelt, and we went to work and bought 600 Chinese lanterns, and pa stored his half of the lanterns in a barn on the circus lot and I stored mine in another barn owned by a negro that I gave five dollars to be my assistant, with a promise that he should have a job traveling with the show, to milk the sacred cow. I told this negro what the program was, and that I wanted 200 negroes who had an ambition to be politicians, and hold office, and I would not only pass them into the show free, but see that they got a permanent office. What we had got to do, I said, was to stampered the white procession, that would be led by pa, and the way to do it was for every negro in my party to skirlish around in the woods and find a hornet's nest, and bring it to our barn, and sit it into one of the Chinese lanterns, and fix a candle on top of the nest, while the horns were asleep,

then they pounce on it, and bite it and tear it up, and then the horns woke up, and they didn't do a thing to that mass of hyenas. The hyenas set up a grand hailing sign of distress, and howled pitiful, and the lion raised up his head and looked at them through the bars as though he was saying, in a snarling way, "What you grive robbers howling about? Can't you keep still and let the czar of all the animals enjoy his after dinner nap?"

Just then the hyenas kicked what was left of the horns' nest under the bars into his side of the cage, and he put his foot on it and growled, and about a hundred horns gave him his. He gave an Abyssinian cough that woke all the animals, and then the horns scattered and before I knew it the zebras were jangling a snake dance and all of them were howling as though they were in the ark, hungry, and the ark had landed on Mount Ararat.

Just then one of the assistant managers beckoned to me to lead in my procession and we lighted the candles in our Chinese lanterns. I didn't stop to see how the animals got along with the horns, but I couldn't help thinking that if one horns' nest could raise such a row, what would a hundred or so do when we got to going in the other tent?

Oh, if I had only died when I was young, I never would have witnessed that sight. The band played, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-

A CURE FOR DEBILITY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills A Reliable Remedy for the Weak, Ailing and Bloodless.

When the body is weak and the blood thin it is sometimes difficult to find the cause unless a wasting illness has preceded, or the sufferer happens to be a girl on the verge of womanhood.

Obscure influences, something unhealthful in one's surroundings or work, may lead to a slow impoverishment of the blood and an enfeeblement of the whole body. When a serious stage has been reached there seems to be nothing that will account for it.

Mr. C. E. Legg, of Tipton, W. Va., has found a successful method of treating weakness and bloodlessness. He says:

"I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for weakness caused by a lingering malarial fever that began in the spring of 1896. The worst effects of this were indigestion and a bad state of my blood. I was anemic, as the doctors say. People generally would say that I didn't have blood enough, or that I didn't have the right kind of blood; mine was too thin. My kidneys and liver were out of order. I was badly annoyed by sour risings from my stomach. There was a good deal of pain, too, in my back and under my right shoulder blade."

"For over two years, for four months of that time I was under the care of a physician, but his medicine did me no good. Meanwhile I learned of the cures that had been wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You owe your cure to these pills?"

"I certainly do, and I also know that they are helping others to whom I have recommended them. They have real merit and I know of nothing that would take their place."

For further information and valuable booklet address the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a lonesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. If this great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

A Positive CURE FOR GATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail; Trial size 10c. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

REVENGED ON THE JUDGE.

Rubber in the Turkish Bath Eved Up the Score with "His Honor."

In ordinary life he was a very important person. In short, he was a judge, relates the Chicago Journal. But, alas! he got out of order, just the same as if he had been an ordinary mortal, and a brother luminary had advised him to take a Turkish bath. It was a luxury he had not previously indulged in, and he noticed that the rubber was terribly rough. However, he patiently endured being punched, slapped and assaulted until he could stand the torture no longer.

"Is it—quite necessary—to—make me—black—and—blue—all—over?" panted his lordship.

"Never you mind; you're all right!" responded the rubber, redoubling his energy and grinding diabolically.

"Who (that, groan) are (that, groan) you?" gasped the judge, a horrible suspicion dawning in his mind. "Your (whack, groan) face does (whack, groan) look familiar—miliar (swish, groan)."

"O, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber, sarcastically. "Well, blow your old hide, mebbe you'd like to have the chance to send me up for six months again for 'prisoning!' 'Noooh!"

Upside Down.

"So you don't believe in College education?"

"No, sir. After graduation I nearly strived to death practicing law."

"But you look prosperous now."

"Yes, sir. I went into vaudeville and made a fortune balancing a barrel on my feet while standing on my head."—Detroit Free Press.

As Soon as Spring Comes

the need of Garfield Tea is keenly felt. This wonderful herb medicine purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion and insures a natural action of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Good for young and old, at all seasons.

Assisting Conversation.

"Yes," remarked the professor, "I rather pride myself on the discovery of another hypothesis."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Cunrox, a little doubtfully, "I had an idea they were quite extinct."—Washington Star.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Some people have themselves almost to death.

CAVE HIM SPECIAL RATES.

Hotel Man Knew How to Please His Patrons and Benefit Himself.

It was one of those automatic hotels, where, if you want anything you go and look for it and don't find it, and where the landlord is a non est man until the next morning, when he says: "Two dollars, please." He never fails to be on hand then, relates a writer in Talent.

"Now, my 'damner' had sent me a little slip, giving me special rates of \$1.50 single, and \$1.25 double, and I thought it was a pretty good thing.

So in the morning I presented my little slip, saying:

"You gave us special rates, I believe, \$1.5 a day?"

"Yah, dot see right," answered mine host. "One dollar and a half is special."

So I paid him 15 cents, on which he made at least \$1.30, and went my way, rejoicing as much as I could.

I strolled down to the depot with a commercial missionary, who seemed very much pleased about something, and presently in a very high state of chuckle, he said:

"Mr. Hawks, I laughed with you last night, but I had to laugh at you this morning."

"What's the joke?" I asked, for I didn't see any.

"That landlord gave you a special rate of \$1.50 per day, didn't he?"

"He did, indeed."

"Well, that's the joke; his regular rates are one dollar a day."

WOULD BE KEPT ALIVE.

Man Wanted to Work Would Not Be Incapacitated for Doing the Same.

Samuel Gompers, the re-elected chief of the American Federation of Labor, was pointing out the good that unions had done for workmen.

"In France," he said, "there are few unions, and a French bricklayer told me the other day that wages were, in consequence, reasonably low there."

The bricklayer said with a laugh that a friend of his in Nice out of work, bought on the Avenue de la Gare a newspaper, and took the paper home to his attic in the squalid Rue Felix, and his wife, after turning to the advertisements, said, eagerly:

"The very thing! You must look into this, Mays, 'cause my man is wanted at the Palais de la Jete, and he won't be worked to death, and will be paid enough to live on."

"The man started."

"Won't be worked to death," he muttered.

"Yes," said his wife; "and paid enough to live on."

"He frowned."

"Ha," he said. "Some catch about that."

TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR.

Head Covered with Humor Sores, with Loss of Hair—Another Speedy Cure by Cuticura Remedies.

"All my life I had been troubled more or less with humor in my scalp, but about a year ago it became worse, and my scalp was covered with little sores, which itched so it nearly made me crazy; my hair also began to get dry and fall out. I tried all kinds of hair restorers with no effect, and I was nearly discouraged; but one day I was reading in a paper what the Cuticura Remedies had done for scalp diseases, and I decided to make a trial. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills. I used them according to directions, and soon noticed a difference; the tiny sores on my scalp began to heal, the itching stopped, and my hair began to grow thick. I have used only one cake of Soap, one box of Ointment, and one vial of Pills; and now I have no humor on my scalp and my hair is soft and silky." Miss Mayzie C. Atkins, Box 32, East Orleans, Mass., Mar. 19, 1905.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER

'CAPSICUM VASELINE

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY WHETHER THE PAIN BE CAUSED BY A BRUISE OR OTHERWISE. IT IS ALSO INDISPENSABLE FOR CHILDREN

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE

SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING IN USE FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS AND TO ALLAY ALL IRRITATION OF THE SKIN. A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR SUN-BURN

VASELINE COLD CREAM

KEEPS THE SKIN IN A SOFT AND HEALTHY CONDITION AND PRESERVES THE COMPLEXION. EACH OF THESE WELL KNOWN PREPARATIONS CAN BE OBTAINED FROM DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15 CENTS IN MONEY OR STAMPS EXCEPTING CAMPHOR ICE, FOR WHICH SEND TEN CENTS CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 17 State Street, NEW YORK

PILES—NO MONEY TILL CURED—SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE ON PILES TO DR. THORNTON & MINOR—610 OAK ST., KANSAS CITY, MO. (Branch Office at St. Louis)

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Disorders and Hoarseness

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WE SAVE YOU MONEY

On Bee Supplies and Incubators

WE PAY THE FREIGHT ON INCUBATORS. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CATALOGUE FREE.

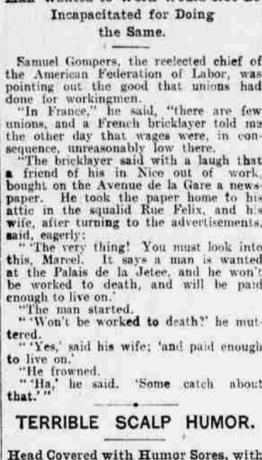
LARRY MEECE, CO., ROGERSVILLE, MO. and EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



restoring the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for wherever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The cases of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably in the work office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

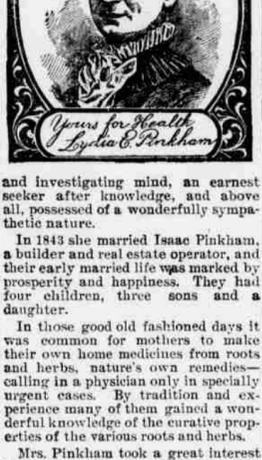
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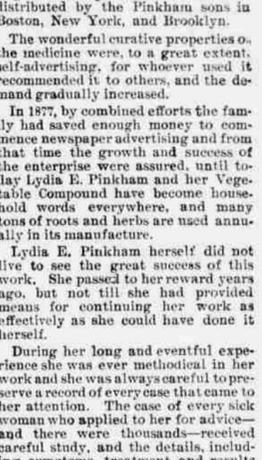
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La Creole Hair Restorer is a Perfect Dressing and Restorer. Price \$1.00

"I had dumb chills and fever," writes Edna Rutherford, of Atlanta, Tex., "and suffered more than I can tell. I tried all the medicines I could think of and four doctors, but nothing helped until I began to take

For Your Liver

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

I now feel better than I have in many months and thank God and you for your wonderful medicine." For Constipation, Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sallow Complexion, Pimples, Blisters, Impure Blood and all troubles caused by an inactive Liver, Thedford's Black-Draught will be found a safe and reliable remedy. Be sure you get Thedford's.

At all Druggists, 25c and \$1.00.