

MARK TWAIN, AGED 70

The Humorist Is Three Score And Ten Years Of Age Today.

THE PRINCE OF HUMORISTS

Glimpse into the Life of the Genial Fun Lover at Whose Jokes All the World Has Laughed—The Premier Humorist of Modern Times—A Practical Joker.

ON Nov. 30, Thanksgiving day, Mark Twain arrives at his seventieth birthday. That the genial fun lover, the premier humorist of the world, should have attained the proverbial three-score and ten, and that in a hale and robust condition, should be an additional cause for gratitude to himself and his readers throughout the earth. In the scattering of mental sunshine, in the tearing off of masks, hypocrites and seemings, in spreading common sense and in giving the world new, sane, wholesome and rational views of things, this prince of jesters has placed the age under a debt that we ourselves can scarcely measure.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens he was christened, but it is too much of a

Twain then faced his questioner, who promptly fell dead, but revived sufficiently to tell the story.

Ever a Practical Joker.

It may be that his estimate is right, that he does try to write seriously, but that he has in him such a pent up force of native fun that he cannot keep it from bubbling forth. The American people remember when he did try to talk soberly on Chinese missionaries, Christian Science, imperialism and other topics, but even then they would not believe he was in earnest. There are few more imaginative or better descriptive writers than he, few who can grow more indignant at injustice, few who can more effectively puncture a sham. But the spontaneous fun in him must have vent. It is so much a part of his nature that it shows in everything he says or does. In his letters and private conversation it is present as much as in his books. It is even revealed in his actions, for he has ever been a practical joker. He himself says that he smokes all the time when awake, but has never learned to smoke in his sleep. It is the same with his joking.

"Self Never Seems to Enter His Mind."

There is a tender side to his work, a quality of pathos, and this gentler vein shows forth in his home relations. He is a model host, famous for his fine compliments, and is affectionate in all his home relations. His sister-in-law has said of him that "self never seems to enter his mind. The wants of others are always uppermost."

Concerning his mother, the famous humorist once said: "As to wit, I have met my Waterloo. There is one woman whom I could never get ahead of

that the report of my death is greatly exaggerated."

When asked as to the sort of people who make the most sympathetic listeners he replied, "College men and clergymen."

He is resourceful and ready on the spur of the moment. One morning when his telephone was not working well he used words hot enough to blister the receiver. Then when he discovered an eminent divine at the other end he said blandly:

"Is that you, doctor? My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

He once told William Dean Howells that indecision had made his fortune. When he could not decide whether to spend his last nickel for a cigar or an apple he kept it and so got rich.

Here is a sample of a rather startling practical joke. A kindly old couple on whom the Clemenses were going to call were surprised in the early evening at finding a young baby left on their front steps. They decided to adopt the waif.

When the visitors arrived Mrs. Clemens almost fainted on discovering that the baby was her own.

Twain was always fond of cats. He had a bunch once that did not live long. They were overweight with their names, he thought. The names were Sour Mash, Apollinaris, Zoroaster and Blatherskite.

Detests Collars and Cravats.

He is not overfond of clothes, preferring pajamas around home. He especially detests collars and cravats. When living at Hartford he used to climb over the back fence and call on Harriet Beecher Stowe, usually in a collarless condition. One morning after such a call Mrs. Stowe received a package containing a collar and cravat with this note:

Mrs. Clemens tells me that I spent half an hour at your house this morning without the inclosed articles. Therefore I must ask you to look at them for that length of time.

P. S.—Please return them; they are all I have.

This Hartford house, by the way, was built with the kitchen in front in order, as the owner said, that the servants might see the callers without taking time to run into the halls and peep through doors.

Much of the humorist's work is done at his summer home at Saranac Lake, where he goes to escape from his admirers.

When during a contagion one of the Twain houses was disinfected Mark said that the fumigator was so strong "that it took all the brass off the door-knobs and all the tune out of the piano."

Mark Twain's latest book, in which he skins King Leopold of Belgium, is probably the boldest attack ever made on a crowned head, and it is as righteous as it is brave.

The crowning act of the career of this most famous of American writers was in paying off the debts of the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., though not legally bound to do so. It took him years of hard work in his old age, but finally every cent was met. The world had laughed with Mark Twain before. It learned to love him then.

J. A. EDGERTON.



MARK TWAIN



OLD HOME AT HARTFORD, CONN.



HIS BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MO.



SUMMER HOME AT SARANAC LAKE, N.Y.

mouthful of a name, and besides Mark Twain fits better. He was born at Florida, Mo., but early moved to Hannibal. His father was a absent-minded man and forgot the youngster at moving time. A neighbor heard the boy crying, rescued him and overtook the family on the road. Mark had little schooling and became a devil in his brother's printing office. Afterward he was a cub pilot on the Mississippi, where he has been described as green looking, plodding and slow. One day the captain said to him:

"Sam, you'll make a riverman some day if you'll just get over this nonsense of writin' for the papers. Why don't you quit?"

"Yes, captain," replied the future humorist, "and don't ye s'pose I might make a pretty good writer some day if I'd jest get over this tryin' to be a riverman?"

At the outbreak of the war he joined a Confederate company of irregulars, but was never in much of a battle. He said the enemy never wanted to fight when his men did, and when the enemy wanted to fight his folks were generally on the move. So he left.

Struck Pay Dirt Right Away.

His brother who had owned the printing office was made secretary of the territory of Nevada at about this time and took Sam along as his private secretary. Here he tried mining and writing for the papers. The mining did not pan out, but in writing he struck pay dirt right away. At first he signed his stuff "Josh," but soon went back to the steamboating term of "Mark Twain."

The San Francisco papers noticed him, and he got a job there as a reporter. In after life he ascribed his rise in the world to the fact that he lost that job. He tried mining again, with no better luck than before, after which he went to the Sandwich Islands, writing letters to the papers on the trip. He afterward returned to Frisco and lectured about it. Then he wrote "The Jumping Frog," which immediately made him famous. He went east and edited a paper at Buffalo. In later life he has lived at Hartford, Conn.; New York, Elmira, London, Paris, Florence, Vienna and pretty much all over the world. He now has a home at Tarrytown, N. Y., where he is a neighbor of that other famous press humorist John D. Rockefeller. Twain has more hair than Rockefeller, but the oil king has more money, so the score is even.

Mark Twain's opinion of himself is best told in a story. Like Grant, he often pauses to look at shop windows, especially those of bookstores. When once so occupied an irrepressible who had not seen his face paused beside him. Spying a picture of Twain in the window, the young person asked:

"What do you think of him?"

"I think," said Mark, "that he is the greatest impostor the American people ever refused to take seriously."

"How so?"

"Well, because he really is serious and because nobody'll believe him. He passes for being humorous."

in repartee—my mother." When Mark's steamboat captain reproved him for his drawl in speaking, asking him, "What makes you pull your words so?" the then cub pilot replied: "You'll have to ask my ma. She pulls them the same way."

Mark Twain's wife was a Miss Olivia Langdon of Elmira, whose father was quite wealthy. When the courtship was young Twain called on the old gentleman. Sidling toward the door, he timidly asked:

"Have you noticed anything between your daughter and me, Mr. Langdon?"

"No," was the sharp reply.

"Well," said the irrepressible Mark, "if you keep a sharp lookout you will."

The Twains had three daughters, and to commemorate their birth the proud father erected three handsome stone watering troughs, with the name and date of birth cut on each, thus publishing to the world what should be a woman's most hidden secret—her age.

He never had a son, unless "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn," "Harris," "Pudd'n-head Wilson" and "Mulberry Sellers" may be considered boys of his.

The death of his daughter Clara and of Mrs. Clemens were sad blows to the great author, and under this double bereavement the world saw him in a new light. Telegrams of condolence came from all corners of the earth. It is said that none were received than at the death of Queen Victoria, so universally known and popular is this Yankee wit and philosopher. On the modest block of marble over his wife's grave he placed this inscription:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here;
Green sea above,
Lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

His kindness of heart is shown to others than his own family. He has started more than one young man in business. He got a doctor his first patient by telling a banker in need of medical services that he knew a physician who had never lost a case. He then gave the name of the young would-be practitioner, who indeed never had lost a case—he never had one to lose. It is not generally known that Samuel M. Clemens is an inventor, but he has taken out patents on a vest strap, a scrapbook and a game. Most of his inventions, however, are covered by copyright rather than by patents.

Anecdotal Burs.

And now look out, for I am going to shake the chestnut tree and open a few anecdotal burs. They were not chestnuts, however, when Mark Twain grew them.

When Mrs. Astor said that a man could not be a gentleman without a college education Mark said he regarded it as "a direct personal insult."

When the humorist was slightly ill his death was reported and a newspaper sent a man to find out the particulars. Mark said to the reporter:

"Young man, just wire your paper

HORSE SHOW INNOVATION.

Women to Jump Their Own Horses For the First Time.

This year the national horse show, which recently opened in New York, promises to be greater than ever. One of the innovations is the raising of the ban against women jumping their own horses in the hunting and jumping classes, says the New York Post. For a number of years it was felt that the risks were too great under the artificial lights, flanked by the crowds, etc., but so greatly has the type of animal shown improved in manner and so strong was the pressure from numerous women that it was decided to admit those who wished to take the plunge. Consequently any woman wishing to jump her own horse can do so.

Numbers of the sex, especially in the south, have signified their intention to take advantage of the change, and it simply remains to be seen whether woman will live up to her reputation in the past of not wanting anything with-in reach, but always desirous of what is just beyond reach. In other words, and who take advantage of the change. That there are quite a number who are capable of doing themselves justice is known, many of them riding infinitely better than the men. If the competition is won by a woman she will be presented with a cup, so there is no lack of inducement.

It cannot be too frequently stated that, thanks in a great measure to the great horse show influence, the United States is now recognized as the great horse nursery of the world. We have brought out the cream of the high class harness horses of the world, and this fact is well known, as shown by the constant purchase by Europeans of splendid specimens. We have supplied the horses for the cavalry of two great recent wars, and should there be another there is no country but the United States on which to call for suitable horseflesh in any quantity. To the illumination of this fact the great horse show is still doing its part. Attention is attracted to it not only in the United States, but all over the world.

Bank For School Children.

The board of education of Youngstown, O., recently decided to establish a bank for school children, says a Youngstown correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. On Friday of each week they are to give the money to the principals, who are to deposit it on 4 per cent interest. The fund is a candy, cigarette and chewing gum one.

International Marine Exhibit.

On April 15, 1906, a most important international exhibition, including everything connected with the sea, will be opened at Marseilles. For the first time the results of oceanographical researches and those founded on practical experience will be collected together.

The Wings of the Morning By LOUIS TRACY Copyright, 1905, by Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

"I wonder," said the girl to herself, watching his retreating figure, "what he is afraid of. Surely by this time we have exhausted the unpleasant surprises of the island. Anyhow, now for a splash!"

She was hardly in the water before she began to be afraid on account of Jenks. Suppose anything happened to him while she was thoughtlessly enjoying herself here! So strongly did the thought possess her that she hurriedly dressed again and ran off to find him.

He was engaged in fastening a number of bayonets transversely to a long piece of timber.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why did you return so soon? Did anything alarm you?"

"I thought you might get into mischief," she confessed.

"No. On the other hand, I am trying to make a trouble for any unwelcome visitors," he replied. "I intend to set this up in front of our cave in case we are compelled to defend ourselves against an attack by savages. With this barring the way they cannot rush the position."

On the nineteenth day of their residence on the island the sailor climbed, as was his invariable habit, to the Summit rock while Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clearly cut as the rim of a sapphire. He examined the whole arc of the sea with his glasses, but not a sail was in sight. According to his calculations the growing anxiety as to the fate of the Sirdar must long ere this have culminated in the dispatch from Hongkong or Singapore of a special search vessel, while British warships in the China sea would be warned to keep a close lookout for any traces of the steamer, to visit all islands on their route and to question fishermen whom they encountered. So help might come any day or it might be long deferred. He could not pierce the future, and it was useless to vex his soul with questions as to what might happen next week. The great certainty of the hour was Iris—the blue-eyed, smiling divinity who had come into his life—waiting for him down there beyond the trees, waiting to welcome him with a sweet voiced greeting, and he knew, with a fierce devouring joy, that her cheek would not pale nor her lip tremble when he announced that at least another sun must set before the expected relief reached them.

He replaced the glasses in their case and dived into the wood, giving a passing thought to the fact that the wind, after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night. Well, the change portend a storm? Did they were now prepared for all such eventualities, and he had not forgotten that they possessed, among other treasures, a box of books for rainy days. And a rainy day with Iris for company! What gale that ever blew could offer such compensation for enforced idleness?

The morning sped in uneventful work. Iris did not neglect her cherished plant. After luncheon it was her custom now to carry a dishful of water to its apparently arid roots, and she rose to fulfill her self imposed task.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon."

"No, thank you. I simply won't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite glad to see me. It drinks up the water as greedily as a thirsty animal."

Iris had been gone perhaps five minutes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks" but "Robert," in the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened. It was a cry of supreme distress. Mortal agony or overwhelming terror alone could wring that name from her lips. Precisely in such moments this man acted with the decision, the unerring judgment, the instantaneous acceptance of great risk to accomplish great results, that marked him out as a born soldier.

He rushed into the house and snatched from the rack one of the rifles reposing there in apple pie order, each with a filled magazine attached and a cartridge already in position.

Then he ran with long strides not through the trees, where he could see nothing, but toward the beach, whence in forty yards the place where Iris probably was would become visible.

At once he saw her struggling in the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks, one by his garments a person of consequence, the other a half naked savage, hideous and repulsive in appearance. Around them seven men armed with guns and parangs were dancing with excitement.

Iris' captors were endeavoring to tie her arms, but she was a strong and active Englishwoman, with muscles well knitted by the constant labor of recent busy days and a frame developed by years of horse riding and tennis playing. The pair evidently found her a tough handful, and the inferior Dyak, either to stop her screams—for she was shrieking, "Robert, come to me!" with all her might—or to stifle her into submission, roughly placed his huge hand over her mouth.

These things the sailor noticed instantly. Some men, brave to rashness, ready as he to give his life to save her, would have raced madly over the intervening ground, scarce a furlong, and attempted a heroic combat of one against nine.

Not so Jenks.

With the methodical exactness of the parade ground he settled down on one knee and leveled the rifle.

None of the Dyaks saw him. All were intent on the sensational prize would desert him.

Jenks placed her on her feet at the entrance to the cave.

"You understand," he cried, and with out waiting for an answer ran to the house for another rifle. This time, to her amazement, he darted back through Prospect park toward the south beach. The sailor knew that the Dyaks had landed at the sandy bay Iris had christened Smugglers' cove. They were acquainted with the passage through the reef and came from the distant islands. Now they would endeavor to escape by the same channel. They must be prevented at all costs.

He was right. As they came out into the open he saw three men, not two, pushing off a large sampan. One of them was the chief. Then Jenks understood that his bullet had hit the lock of the Dyak's uplifted weapon, with the result already described. By a miracle he had escaped.

He coolly prepared to slay the three of them with the same calm purpose that distinguished the opening phase of this singularly one-sided conflict. The distance was much greater, perhaps 800 yards from the point where the boat came into view. He knelt and fired. He judged that the missile struck the craft between the trio.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the fore sight," he said "or perhaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't go far."

A hurrying step on the coral behind him caught his ear. Instantly he sprang up and faced about—to see Iris. "They are escaping," she said.

"No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

"Where are the others?"

"Dead!"

"Do you mean that you killed nearly all those men?"

"Six of them. There were nine in all."

He knelt again, lifting the rifle. Iris threw herself on her knees by his side. There was something awful to her in this chill and businesslike declaration of a fixed purpose.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty, "do not kill more men for my sake!"

"For my own sake, then," he growled, annoyed at the interruption, as the sampan was afloat.

"Then I ask you for God's sake not to take another life. What you have already done was unavoidable, perhaps right. This is murder!"

He lowered his weapon and looked at her.

"If those men get away they will bring back a host to avenge their comrades—and secure you," he added.

"It may be the will of Providence for such a thing to happen. Yet I implore you to spare them."

He placed the rifle on the sand and raised her tenderly, for she had yielded to a paroxysm of tears. Not another word did either of them speak in that hour. The large triangular sail of the sampan was now bellying out in the stern wind. A figure stood up in the stern of the boat and shook a menacing arm at the couple on the beach.

It was the Malay chief, cursing them with the rude eloquence of his barbarous tongue. And Jenks well knew what he was saying.

(To be continued.)

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and thru it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a cough or cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble. My mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50 cents and \$1; guaranteed at McDonald & Mahood Co.'s drug store. Trial bottle free.

A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines, and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two bottles cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." For sale by McBride & Will Drug Co.

DAM BUILT IN THE AIR.

Concrete Column Erected at Niagara Falls Tipped Over into River.

The concrete column erected in Victoria park on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, after the plans of Isham Randolph of Chicago and designed to be a dam in prostrate form was tipped over the other afternoon in the presence of a large crowd, many of them engineers, who had gathered to witness the event, the first of the kind on this continent, says a special dispatch from Niagara Falls to the New York Times.

The column was seven feet four inches square and stood fifty feet high on a trestle that was twenty feet above the ground level. Its approximate weight was 200 tons, and extending through the center was a heavy chain to keep the sections together after the column had been broken into six parts by wooden wedges inserted every eight feet.

No Poison in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

From Napier, New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of all the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics makes this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

HOLIDAY RATES

Via Chicago Great Western Railway. Only one fare plus one-third for the round trip to points in Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, North Dakota, northern Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25, 30, 31 and January 1, 1906. Final return limit January 4th. For further information apply to J. R. Harding, agent, Marshalltown, Ia.

Anxious Moments.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little one of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given. For sale by McBride & Will Drug Co.

Opportunities

On the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway in Iowa, Missouri, Illinois and Minnesota for business men, professional men and manufacturers. Openings for nearly all lines in live towns on a progressive railway, affording a "square deal" for all. Maps, Maple Leaflets, Town Talk, and full information given on request to Industrial Department, C. G. W. Railway, St. Paul, Minn., or H. B. Magill, Manager, Townsite Department, Omaha, Neb.

Can You Believe Your Senses?

When two of them, taste and smell, having been impaired if not utterly destroyed by nasal catarrh, are fully restored by Ely's Cream Balm, can you doubt that this remedy deserves all that has been said of it by the thousands whom it has cured? It is applied directly to the effected air-passages and begins its healing work at once. Why not get it today? All druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 506 Warren street, New York, on receipt of 50 cents.

International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, Dec. 16-23, 1905.

For the above occasion the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell tickets to Chicago at only one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Tickets on sale December 14th to 24th, inclusive. Final return limit December 24th. For full information apply to J. R. Harding, agent, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Falsehood has an infinity of combinations, but truth has only one mode of being—Rousseau.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength to build up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

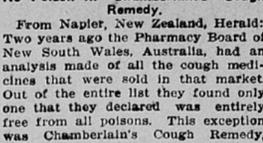
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by All Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

The New Hats.

Hats show the influence of long ago in their shapes, and, curiously enough, many of them are replicas of the hats worn by men between 1800 and 1825 in both countries.



MOTHERS, DO YOU KNOW

the many so-called birth medicines, and the most remedies for women in the treatment of her delicate organs, contain morphine or less opium, morphine and strychnine?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not take internally any medicine for the pain accompanying pregnancy?

Do You Know that Mother's Friend is applied externally only?

Do You Know that Mother's Friend is a celebrated prescription, and that it has been in use over forty years, and that each bottle of the genuine bears the name of The Bradford Regulator Co.?

Do you know that when you use this remedy during the period of gestation that you will be free of pain and bear healthy, hearty and clever children?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. Of druggists at \$1.00. Don't be persuaded to try a substitute. Our little book "Motherhood" free.

THE BRADFORD REGULATORY CO., ALBANY, GA.

World's Largest Dock.

Southampton's new graving dock, the largest in the world, was recently opened in the presence of a large and distinguished assembly, says the London Standard. The dock was designed by W. R. Galbraith, consulting engineer to the company. The following are the dimensions of the dock: Length from point of sill to dock head, 875 feet; length occupied by keel blocks, 83 feet; width of entrance, 90 feet; width of dock at floor level, 90 feet; width of dock at cope level, 125 feet; depth of dock from cope to floor, 43 feet.