PROMINENCE OF OREGON

WILL GET MUCH CONSIDERATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

Orators Will Point to Its Large Republican Vote—Talk of Bill to Run With Bryan.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—As usual Oregon is going to occupy a prominent place in the coming National Convention at Philadelphia. This is by reason of the great victory obtained in Oregon at the last election. The Republican orators can point to the result as an indorsement of the Republican policies and the present Administration, together with the indorsement of the expansion idea, which seems to have been one of the main issues before the people. At nearly all of the National conventions of the Republican party Oregon has cut more or less of a figure. It has happened on some occasions that the convention was in session when the election in Oregon was held, and the telegrams announcing the result have been read to the assembled delegates, causing great cheers for the Pacific Coast state, which sounds the first gun.

This year the returns will all be fully understood before the speeches are made, and the Oregon election will be one of the important features for every spellbinder who wishes to make a point. There is only one little drawback in the whole affair, and that is defeat of the Republican Legislative ticket in Multnomah County. But if any reference is made to that, the 6000 majority which Representative Moody has in Multnomah County can be pointed out as an indication of the Republican feeling in the largest county and principal city of the state.

The Republicans in Washington in discussing the result in Oregon find the one discordant note in the result of the Legislative fight in Multnomah County. This has necessitated explanations from those who were advised of the conditions. Of course, many questions were asked, as to who was to blame for that vast difference between the 6000 majority for Moody and the election of a fusion Legislative ticket. The explanations did not increase the admiration which certain people have been trying to work up for the senior Oregon Senator. Had the election in Multnomah County resulted in a Democratic Legislature in Oregon, the entire effect of the Republican success with the Congressional nominees would have been lost upon the country.

No Republican orator could have stood up in the National convention and pointed to the glorious victory in Oregon, as will be the case now, because not only has Oregon shown its Republicanism, but the Legislature is also safe. There will be no need of explanations. Senator Carter would not have been able to make the eloquent and effective Republican speech at the close of the session had there been a Democratic Legislature in Oregon. Many Democrats would have been glad had they been able to point out that the victory was not more than a drawn battle, because the legislature was Democratic. It is well for those who were responsible for the defeat of the regular Republican Legislative ticket in Multnomah County to consider carefully how near they came to making Oregon carried by the Republicans instead of being advertised everywhere as the great Republican state which speaks in trumpet tones, answering all of the petty devices of the Democratic party, and also indorsing expansion and prosperity of the country.

Hill for Vice-President.

There is a very deep interest manifested in the Hill-Croker controversy among politicians in Washington, and Hill is generally applauded or admired for the manner in which he seems to have won out. Democratic managers generally agree that Hill will be the undisputed leader of the New York Democrats at the Kansas City convention, to the discomfiture of the Tammany leaders. Four years ago Hill made a strong and courageous fight, but lost, and when he at last found that he could not bring the party to him, he gracefully and wisely went to the party. While he does not agree with others who antagonize the Chicago platform, Hill will yet strive to secure some modification of that declaration at Kansas City, but if he fails, he will accept the adopted platform and support it as if it met his hearty approval. In view of this switching about, there is renewed talk of placing Hill on the ticket with Bryan, which would undoubtedly add strength to the Democratic ticket. Democratic leaders here hope through Hill to awaken a new interest among New York Democrats, in the hope of swinging that state into line for the Democratic ticket.

Position of Fairbanks.

Attempts are being made to show that Senator Fairbanks, because of his determined fight on the confirmation of William D. Bynum, as a member of the Board of Appraisers at New York, has ruined his standing among Republican colleagues in the upper branch of Congress, but in spite of the fact that this action may not have met with their approval, it yet remains to be seen that no such valuable Senator as Mr. Fairbanks would be ignored because of his stand as regard the appointment of one Government official, and that to an office outside of his own state. Senator Fairbanks has worked himself into a position of prominence during the present session of Congress, and has come to be looked upon as one of the leading members of that body. It is recalled that a month or so ago his name was quite prominently mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency, although it was generally admitted that he was too good a man to remove from the Senate, and be placed on the Vice-Presidential shelf.

It is pointed out by those who are trying to injure Fairbanks, that he made his strong fight for Bynum because of the feeling of gratitude which the President bore that gentleman, because he thought it proper to extend some fitting recognition to the Gold Democrats for the support they have tendered the Republicans in times past. Everyone knows how instrumental Mr. Bynum was in bringing the Gold Democrats in line for McKinley four years ago, and if the Senate, or the Republican members of it are not inclined to support him for the position he so earnestly sought, they yet would not dare turn down a man, or ignore him, because he disagreed with them in the matter of extending this recognition. It may not be Mr. Bynum's personality that has won for him the support of so many Republicans, but he is a fair representative of the Gold Democrats who supported McKinley, and on that account he has been selected to receive such recognition as can be bestowed on the party. It may be true that the persistency of Mr. Fairbanks did grow monotonous and influence some doubtful votes against Bynum, who preferred to drop the matter, and Bynum with it, rather than have the discussion indefinitely prolonged. But whatever may be said, Senator Fairbanks was most sincere in his fight for Bynum, and was actuated by motives which appealed to him as just, and the Republican Senators will respect him for standing by his convictions, even though they may not agree with him. It can be safely said that beyond a little ill-feeling that was engendered at the time, Senator Fairbanks will stand as high in his party, a year from now as he does today, and if his past improvement continues, will be even more prominent.

Cheap Rates to Siberia.

New York Sun.

The Russian Government is now providing transportation to emigrants from European Russia who are willing to make new homes in Siberia at rates of fare that have probably never been equaled for cheapness. The third-class tickets sold on the Russian and Trans-Siberian Railroads were believed to be about the cheapest in the world; but the fourth-class tickets which the Government has recently caused to be offered make the others a costly luxury by comparison.

These tickets are sold to any one of 114 stations in Siberia and they are good from any points in Russia. The fourth-class passenger, for example, from Moscow to Tobolisk pays for that long journey only two roubles, or a little over a dollar. On the other hand, if he wishes to go clear to Vladivostock, by the railroad and its steamer connection, now complete, a distance of about 5000 miles, he has to pay 4½ roubles, or $3 60. Transportation could hardly be afforded on more favorable terms, unless the railroad paid the passenger for the privilege of carrying him.

The government thus practically gives free transportation to those inhabitants of Russia who will move into the fertile agricultural and industrial regions that have recently been opened in Siberia. The Czar and his advisers are very anxious to secure the rapid development of Siberia, and so great efforts are making to fill the new regions with an industrious population. In the past three years about 600,000 Russian peasants, stimulated in every way by their government, have removed to Siberia, and today its population is about 6,000,000.

AMERICA IN CHINA.

Manila Is Next Door to World's Greatest Markets.

Minister Wu Ting Fang in Ainslee's.

"America has a magnificent opportunity in the Orient if she will only reach out and take it. A people which has done so much and has taken advantage of so many chances will surely not fail to reap for its commerce the benefits which it has earned by its bravery. The possession of the Philippine Islands brings the United States close up to the greatest markets in the world-markets which have only just begun to be developed, but which have already shown a capacity for development that a great commercial people will understand. There are many millions of people in China, and they are ready to buy from other nations the things which they can use. Some in America seem to think that the Chinese now manufacture practically all that is sufficient for their own needs. Far from it. Of course, it is true that for centuries before China was open to foreign trade its people made the goods they use, and this seemed sufficient; but now China is open to foreign trade, and manufactured goods come from America and Europe. We buy them readily. America can sell us goods more cheaply than our people could manufacture them. This is true especially of cotton cloth. That which we manufacture ourselves we weave with our own hands, and it is very durable; but the American product is very fine in comparison, and now it has come to be in common use with us. In some parts of the empire American and English cottons have taken almost entirely the place of our native manufacture. With finer dresses, silks and that sort of thing, it is not yet true; but with cheaper articles it is.

"China takes kindly to improvements. We have not only the railroad, but the telegraph and the telephone. The telegraph lines extend throughout the length and breadth of China. There is not a province now without the telegraph. The first cable in China was laid by the Danish Company, and our principal telegraph company is now superintended by a Danish engineer. The first telegraph company was organized by an official named Sheng Hsuan Huai, commonly known as Sheng Taotai. He induced Chinese merchants to subscribe and built the line under government protection. The line extended from Tien Tsin for a short distance; then it was continued to Shanghai; then to Pekin, and so branched out from north to south, from east to west. This was 20 years ago, and the telegraph built by private enterprise under government control, with Danish operatives, in the main now covers a wide extent of territory. When it came to extending the system to more remote parts of the country the private commercial company did not like to undertake the construction, and so the government has built these lines itself. Thus there are practically two systems, one semiofficial, the other solely under government control.

"The telephone has been introduced more recently. The first telephones were brought in by foreigners for their own convenience, and their use spread gradually. The first line was put up at Shanghai, and others followed in different treaty ports. They are all managed by different private companies. We have no long-distance telephone as yet, but that will come in time. With the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and a great population thickly settling a vast extent of territory, the future possibilities of the Chinese trade must appeal to the commercial instincts of the United States. With a foothold in the Philippines, America will have a great advantage over other nations which lack possession in that part of the world. If Americans know how to turn this to good account they will be able to do wonders."

How Madagascans Get Their Fire.

Washington Post.

Various savages have different methods of kindling fire. In New Holland a pointed stick is twirled between the palms of the hand until the wood on which it stands begins to smoke, and at last breaks into flame. Other savages obtain a spark by sticking one bit of wood upright in the earth, cutting a slit in it lengthwise, in which they rub another bit of wood with a protruding piece until it flames.

The most ingenious method is, however, that followed by the inhabitants of Western Madagascar. These use a string of animal hide, by which they twirl the upright stick rapidly and hasten the fire lighting. To us who have merely to strike a match under the mantel-piece the value of fire is little appreciated, but suppose that we were caught in the wilderness without a match, how would we go about lighting the fire to warm ourselves or cook our food? Perhaps the savage will point a way, especially as every boy of any account has a piece of twine in his pocket.

MORE MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Enough Delegates Are Already Instructed for Bryan to Assure His Nomination—Political News Item.

—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

PLAINSMEN IN OLD DAYS

DANGERS AND ESCAPES OF HUNTING PIONEERS 50 YEARS AGO.

An Old Employe of the American Fur Company Tells of an Exciting Voyage.

"Yes," said old man Rivet, "I was in the employ of the American Fur Company a great many years in one capacity or another. Sometimes I went out for a season's trapping along the mountain streams, sometimes I was the post hunter, and again I formed one of a crew to take a boatload of furs down the river. Of all these different employments I liked that of hunter best. All I had to do was to kill and butcher 25 buffalo a week for the use of the people at the fort; my two assistants followed up with wagons and hauled in the meat. Twenty-five fat buffalo cows represented about 15,000 pounds of good meat, a large amount, you will think, for the 50 or 60 people employed. But you must understand that, excepting the factor and his clerks, they ate nothing else, and again, the crowds of Indians constantly coming in to trade had to be feasted; so the meat was never wasted. The Indians, rich in horses and women, could afford to buy a few groceries; robes were to be had for the killing, and their wives tanned them. But we humble employes, working for $30 or $40 a month, could not pay $3 50 for a pound of brown sugar and a pint of tea, nor $1 for a cupful of flour. Nature formed the buffalo and placed it in these great plains to furnish the food and the clothing and the shelter of the race who peopled them. The peculiar flavor of its meat never cloyed the appetite; its light, rich substance and juices were all-sufficient for the growth and physical well-being of the Indians. It was all-sufficient, too, for us who were pioneers of that civilization which was so soon to exterminate the buffalo; and, practically, the Indian too.

"I cannot begin to tell you the fascination there was in that wild life; there was something about it which, once experienced, was never voluntarily relinquished. Civilization had no charms for the voyageur, for the hunter and trapper; the hardships of his calling, the dangers which beset him on every hand, were nothing. And it was a dangerous life.

"The American Fur Company having built Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, in 1829, soon saw that, to shut off the encroachment of the Hudson's Bay Company into the territory of the Upper Missouri, they must extend their posts farther west. In 1833, therefore, they built Fort Brule, not far below the present town of Fort Benton. A year later, in '34, I was one of the crew who brought up the mackinaws laden with trade goods for the new fort. What a trade there was that Winter! We had the three tribes of the Blackfeet, the Gros Ventres and the Sarcees in the vicinity, and long before Spring the log warehouses were filled with robes and furs. There were three mackinaw boats out on the bank, which had brought up the trade goods, but they would not begin to carry down the bales of furs. It would take at least four more. So some men were sent out to the Highwood Mountains, about 30 miles distant, and there, with whipsaw and ax they cut from the pine trees sufficient material to make the extra boats. The lumber was hauled to the fort, and after it had become sufficiently dry, was put together. Strong, staunch boats they were, from 40 to 45 feet in length, and capable of carrying 10 tons or more. During the winter I had been the post hunter, and an easy time I made of it, seldom going more than two or three miles to get the weekly supply of meat.

"But when Spring came and preparations were made to ship the furs, I was detailed to handle an oar on one of the boats. Of course, I didn't want to go, but there was no questioning the factor's orders, so I went to work with a will and helped load the boats. Pack after pack of beaver skins, each weighing 100 pounds, was stored away, and of bales of buffalo robes, of wolf and lesser furs there seemed to be no end. The last bale aboard, one fine morning, loaded to their utmost capacity, the boats were pushed out into the stream, and with oar and current we started on the long voyage. It was easy work to guide the boats down the swift stream; and the voyagers started off with light hearts; if the thought came to them of the return trip, when they would have to cordel the heavy boats against the current, wet to the neck, shoulders bleeding from the chafing of the rope, they put it from them and with song and jest gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"Two of the oarsmen in my boat were young Canadian Frenchmen named Paul and Peter, good-hearted and generally good-natured fellows, but like the rest of their race, very excitable, and prone to argue about matters of no moment. Now as we glided swiftly down the stream on this first day of our voyage, their thoughts turned to their home at Quebec, and talking of one thing and another, they began to argue as to which of two certain young women of their acquaintance was the better-looking. In a few minutes the oars were forgotten and a lively exchange of personalities was made.

"'At least,' said Paul, 'I am braver than you, and if I choose I can have either of those girls; yes, by gar, I can have them both; they like me so much.'

"'Ha! exclaimed Pete, 'so you are the bravest! Well, we shall see; we will make the test on this voyage, and our comrades shall judge.'

"If the steersman had not just then called to them to resume rowing, I guess there would have been a fight in the boat; but his word was law, and they picked up their oars with snorts and puffs of defiance at each other, their dark eyes blazing with anger.

"Along in the afternoon we ran into an immense herd of buffalo which was crossing the river; it was impossible to stop the boat in the swift water, so all we could do was to drift, and do our best to scare the animals by shouting and firing our guns. Our boat was in the lead, and in spite of our efforts we drifted into a perfect mass of the swimming beasts and were in imminent danger of being swamped. Suddenly dropping his oar, Pete ran to the bow, and with a mighty spring and a whoop landed fair on the back of a bull, entirely submerging the great beast for an instant beneath the turbid water. It came up snorting and blowing, a terribly frightened animal, and its wild plunges with the sight of the yelling man astride it frightened its fellows in turn far more than our shooting and the appearance of the boat had done. The herd was crossing from the south to the north side of the stream, and as luck would have it, the bull which Pete bestrode turned back to the south, and the other buffalo behind it turned too and frantically endeavored to regain the shore. But beyond there was a solid mass of animals reinforced every minute by countless others, which came plunging out of the timber down into the water, and when these two forces met, there was a terrible commotion; they pushed and pawed and clambered on and over each other, making the water fly in all directions.

"In the meantime, for a few minutes, before the great oncoming column succeeded in overcoming those which had turned back, there was a clear channel along the northern shore, and rowing with all our might, each boat swept through it in safety. And Pete, leaving the bull at the right moment swam out to the last one, and was quickly hauled aboard. It was a brave, but rash act. The men in the other boats cheered and swung their caps, but we remained silent, for Paul was darkly scowling and saying: 'It is nothing; I will do more; you shall see.'

"Day after day we glided on down the river, but saw no signs of Indians, for whom we were ever on the lookout. All kinds of game, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, sheep, and bears swarmed in the river bottoms, and along the bluffs; water fowl of every kind arose before us in countless flocks; beavers were continually seen swimming about or dragging their cuttings down the steep banks to the water. We had our choice of all this various flesh and fowl, and lived high. One evening we moored our boats to the shore at the mouth of the Fourchette, prepared our simple meal of broiled meat, and after smoking a pipeful or two, each one rolled into his robe wherever he chose, most of us on the bank, where was a full moon, so the night was almost as bright as day. We had not been asleep long when we were rudely awakened by shots, yells, the whizzing of arrows, and realized that some war party had attacked us. Every one on the boats jumped to his feet, and while some began to unmoor, the others fired into the brush whence the shooting came, as fast as they could reload. Those who had been sleeping ashore had rushed to their boats at the first alarm, all but Pete, whom we missed just as our boat began to swing out into the current. 'Wait!' Paul called out. 'For God's sake, wait!'' and he sprang ashore and ran up the bank. We all jumped out and stopped the boat, the rest passing us in the meantime, rowing with all their might to get out of range of the arrows which were plunking into the water like hail.

"Paul was not gone a minute (but it seemed a year), when he re-appeared with Pete on his back, and as he floundered onto the deck with him, we pushed off, and followed our companions as fast as three of us could navigate the boat; Paul and Pete lay on the deck side by side. The river at this point was broad, the current swift and bearing toward the other shore, so we soon got beyond the range of the Indians' arrows. They had but few guns and, as we well knew, poor ones, too, so we did not mind the occasional balls which came whistling after us, and presently the shooting ceased altogether. Meantime the other boats had made the further shore some distance below, and waited for us to come up, but not until we reached them did we have time to examine our comrades, and to our sorrow and horror they were both dead, Pete had been shot through the lungs by an ounce ball, Paul's jugular vein had been severed by an arrow, and there they lay with their arms about each other, apparently having made up their quarrel ere their lives ebbed away in the blood which covered the deck. We covered them with robes and once more cast out into the stream, rowing steadily all night and far into the next day, when we went ashore and buried them as best we could beneath some big cottonwoods.

"At Fort Union we got a couple of men to make up the crew of my boat, and proceeded on to Fort Pierre without further incident. Here other crews took our boats and cargoes on to St. Louis, and we made preparations to take the cargoes they had brought to this point up to their destination at Fort Brule. As luck would have it, the post hunter at Fort Pierre accidentally shot himself in the leg the day before we were to start, and I was told to take his place until he should be able to resume his duties. So it was nearly the end of August when I was released and told to proceed to Fort Brule as best I could. There was a young fellow named Davis—John Davis—of Pittsburg, Pa., who had driven a meat wagon for me here, and who was very anxious to go up the river with me. I didn't want to take him, for he looked like a frail sort of fellow, who couldn't stand much hardship. But he pleaded so hard that I finally gave in, and having got his transfer from the company, we started out on foot, carrying nothing but our guns, ammunition, a blanket apiece, and pemmican enough to last a couple of days.

"I think it was the third day out that we came to where a prairie fire had swept through the country. Our food was gone, and no game of any kind was to be seen, not even a bird. But we thought that a day's travel would take us past the burning, when we would find the buffalo again, so we kept on, little caring if we should have to go a short time without food. But not one day, two, three passed, and still there was no sign of an end to the dreary, burnt, black ground, which stretched out as far as we could see. Davis was getting very weak, and I carried his gun and blanket, cheering him up as best I could. On the seventh day of our fast we crossed the Cheyenne River, and about a quarter of a mile beyond went into a big patch of cottonwoods and trees on the banks of the Missouri. It was the first green timber of any extent we had seen, and I hoped to find some deer or elk in its thickets. It looked like ruin, so I bent some willows in the center of a thick patch of brush near the river, spread our blankets over it, and, having made Davis as comfortable as possible, set out to find something to eat. I tramped through that bottom up and down, back and forth, and not a living thing did I see, not even a rabbit, and at dusk I dragged myself back to our rude camp, pretty well worn out.

"During the night I suddenly remembered that I had a fish-hook and line in my coat pocket, or that I ought to have, and putting my hand in, sure enough found it was there. Well, I thought to myself, at any rate the fire hasn't burned the fish out of the river, and if I can only find some bait, we'll have something to eat after all. I couldn't sleep any more, and as soon as daylight came, I went out to an open glade a little way from our shelter, built a big fire, got Davis out to it, for the morning was very chilly, and then set about my fishing. It didn't take me long to find some grubs in a rotten old cottonwood, and then, cutting a pole, I was soon trying my luck from the edge of the bank, where a deep eddy slowly whirled. After a half an hour or so, I felt a nibble, and, pulling up, landed a catfish about eight inches long. Dropping the pole, I unhooked it and took it to Davis, who was lying by the fire, telling him to be sure to cook it well before he ate it, as raw fish would make him sick.

"Then I went back to the river and began to fish once more, wishing I could get hold of a larger fish. I was watching the line intently, as it lazily drifted about in the eddy, when I heard a splashing in the river above, and, looking up, I saw 30 or 40 bullboats, each carrying two Indians, coming down the stream. I knew at once that they were Crees, for 'twas their custom to build these tubs of buffalo hide, stretched over a willow frame, and float down to the Sioux country in them. Arrived in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, they would abandon their boats and take to the land. But for some years now, these Crees had also been bitter enemies of the American Fur Company, having only a few seasons before murdered every employe, and the factor, too, of the trading post, which had been established in their village. So when I saw them coming down toward me my heart sank, and when I saw that they were making for the shore, terror seized me, I dropped my pole, and ran back to our fire, where Davis was lying, watching his fish broil on a hot stone.

"'Quick,' I yelled out, grasping his arm, 'the Crees are upon us; we must get into the bush and hide, if possible.'

"'I can't move another step,' he replied; 'not a step. Save yourself if you can.'

"I ran over to our shelter, intending to get our guns, and then make him go with me, but just as I got there I heard two shots, and, looking out, saw him rolling and twisting in his death agony. Two Crees rushed out of the brush to scalp him, and I fired at them and ran, forgetting in my haste to pick up my powder-horn and bullet pouch. I went through the brush, following an old deer trail until I came to the river, and jumping into the stream, swam and floated along until I came to a big pile of driftwood cast up on a shoal by the Spring freshets; with a leap or two I cached myself in the center of it, having left no trail nor sign by which I might be traced. There I lay all day, listening to the whoops and shouts of the Crees as they danced around the scalp of my dead comrade. They had scoured the timber, the bluffs and coulies, and, failing to find me, were enjoying themselves as was their custom.

"About sundown I saw them file up over the bluffs, and ere they disappeared, fire two or three shots in the air; it was the Indian sign that they gave up the hunt and I could go free. But I feared some treachery, that some of them might be lurking about watching for me, and it was not until 9 or 10 o'clock that I left my hiding place and resumed the weary tramp up the river. Maybe I staggered along for two or three hours, and then I sat down. 'What's the use?' I said to myself, 'of struggling further. I'm worn out. I have no ammunition; I might as well die here as anywhere.'

"I fell asleep. The sun was far above the horizon when I awoke, and was shining down on an unburned prairie, covered with buffalo and antelope. 'While there's life, there's hope,' I said to myself, as I arose and started on. 'If I can't shoot a buffalo, maybe I can some way manage to shoot a rabbit or grouse.'

"I hadn't gone far when I came to a young buffalo cow, killed and partly eaten by the wolves. The meat might have been fresher, but it tasted good. I ate a little of it raw, and rested; I ate some more and rested again. I cut up all that was left, slicing it into thin sheets, and hung it on the bushes to dry. In two or three days it was cured and light. I felt well and strong, and with a good pack of it on my back, I set out for the Mandan camp at a pace few men could have followed. Sneaking by the village of the Crees, I finally arrived at the home of the friendly Mandans, and my hardships were over. The chief gave me a home, on which I traveled to Fort Union, where I was employed during the succeeding Winter."

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

Compressed Pure Oxygen Advised by French Doctors.

Has a really effective remedy for seasickness at last been discovered? An affirmative reply to this question is readily given by those who have heard of the experiments made by Drs. Dutremblay and Pedriolat, of Paris, in this direction, and who have seen the report on the subject which these physicians have just made to the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

According to these French physicians, seasickness can be warded off by inhaling compressed pure oxygen. Many persons before them have claimed infallibility for other remedies, but all have proved to be of little or no avail. "Take warm drinks every half hour," said one adviser. "Keep some ice on your spinal column," said another. "Maintain a horizontal position as much as possible," said a third. Finally some one announced that antipyrine was a sovereign remedy against mal de mer, and the members of the French Association for the Advancement of Science were so convinced of its efficacy that they took a copious supply with them on the occasion of their journey from from Paris to Algeria, for the purpose of attending a Congress in the latter country. When the vessel began to rock and the first tokens of gastric disturbance manifested themselves they promptly swallowed the prescribed doses of the drug and confidently awaited the predicted results. Alas! a quite unexpected result followed. The drug not only proved unavailing to ward off the dreaded illness, but it even tended to make it more acute—at least so some of the suffering scientists declared.

Why Some Remedies Fail.

Now, says the New York Herald, the reason why these and many other alleged remedies have proved to be useless is because there has hitherto been much obscurity as to the precise manner in which seasickness affects the human organism. We know that among its symptoms are pallor, dizziness, headache, difficulty in breathing, nausea and violent gastric disturbances. These symptoms, however, do not manifest themselves always under the same conditions. There are persons who become seasick on a small boat, but who are never troubled in this way on an ocean steamer, and there are others who feel quite well while traveling across the Atlantic, but who invariably become ill while crossing the British Channel. Furthermore, many persons while traveling on a railroad experience sensations very similar to those of seasickness, and others cannot watch a number of dancers without becoming just as dizzy as if they were on a rocking boat. For these reasons it is not surprising that the precise cause or causes of seasickness have up to the present time remained much of a mystery.

Well aware of this fact, Drs. Dutremblay and Pedriolat determined to solve the problem. The first step necessary was to imitate artificially the pitching and rolling of a ship at sea, and the next was to place passengers on this pseudo vessel. This being done, the experiments took place, and as a result the physicians found that the vessel's motion produced a very considerable disturbance among the abdominal viscera, and that in consequence the diaphragm, respiratory organs and pulse were much affected. The conclusion at which they have arrived is that the great and sudden disturbance of the viscera and the contraction of the diaphragm are the principal causes of seasickness, and that they produce the secondary manifestations, such as headaches, chills and nausea.

Oxygen Expels Nausea.

The malady being caused in this way, they maintain that oxygen is bound to prove an effective remedy. They have tried this gas in many cases, and have found that it gives speedy relief. They say that it causes all feelings of nausea to disappear, renews the strength and finally induces a calm and restful sleep. Furthermore, it helps greatly to regulate the respiration and to remove headaches. According to the two physicians, the oxygen should only be inhaled through the mouth, and the inhalations should be long and should be made at regular intervals. The nostrils meanwhile should be closed. Finally the physicians point out that pure oxygen can be easily procured and can be readily kept in tubes of a suitable size.

The news of this discovery should be welcome, not only to the many Americans who intend to cross the Atlantic this year, but also to the many physicians who know that, while seasickness is not in itself a grave malady, it nevertheless has often a very serious effect on persons suffering from some organic disease.

COSTLY EXPERIMENTING.

British Battle-Ship Majestic Sinks Turret-Ship Belle Isle.

An interesting British Admiralty experiment was carried out recently off Selsea-Bill, near Portsmouth, England, with the view of settling various naval gunnery questions. An old turret ship, the Belle Isle, was selected for the purpose. She is a well-constructed, iron-built coast-defense vessel of 4870 tons displacement, 345 feet long, 52 feet beam, drawing 21 feet of water, driven by two propellers and having 2600 indicated horse-power. She was built at Poplar in 1878, at a cost of about $1,200,000, has 12 inches of armor on her sides, nine inches over her bulkheads, nine inches over her gun positions and from six to nine inches of deck plating. Her armament consists of four 12-inch muzzle-loading guns, six six-pounders of the quick-firing type and 27 rapid-fire guns of various calibres.

The Belle Isle was moored, completely equipped with torpedo and splinter nets, etc., as she would be in action, and the British first-class battle-ship Majestic of 14,900 tons displacement and carrying four 12-inch guns, 12 6-inch quick-firers, 8 12-pounders, 12 three-pounders and eight smaller rapid-fire guns, steaming past the Belle Isle at seven knots and at a distance just under a mile, treated the Belle Isle as an enemy and opened fire on her with all her guns. The 12-inch guns of the Majestic were aimed at the central battery of the Belle Isle and her smaller guns at other parts of the old turret ship, one object being to explode a live torpedo left in a torpedo tube of the Belle Isle.

The firing lasted nine minutes. In six minutes the Belle Isle was in flames, many explosions were heard and when the volumes of smoke and yellow lights of the lyddite shells had cleared away it was seen that she had sunk in a mud bank and was burning fiercely. Tugs with working parties immediately boarded the Belle Isle and extinguished the flames, after which a number of officials, including the First Lord of the Admiralty, George J. Goschen, and Admirals Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and Sir Harry Rawson and others boarded the vessel.

The experts' examination showed that the shots of the Majestic had riddled the Belle Isle. She was a complete wreck inside, the shells having pierced her lightly armored and unprotected portions. But they did not pierce the thick armor with which she had been specially fitted for the experiment. It is understood that one result of the experiment will be to discontinue all employment of wood in the construction of British warships.

Keep Sweet.

Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
Your trust in them betray;
And rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a share—
Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your mind;
And earth denies you half your hire,
And heaven seems quite unkind;
And you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear.
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair.
So I advise, whate'er your case—
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good—forget the base—
Keep sweet.

—W. C. Martin in Baptist Union.

North Carolina got along all of last year, ending May 31, without a strike.

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Best for the Bowels

RHEUMATISM

Distorts Muscles, Shatters Nerves, Stiffens Joints.

Is due to an acid poison which gains access to the blood through failure of the proper organs to carry off and keep the system clear of all morbid, effete matter. This poison through the general circulation is deposited in the joints, muscles and nerves, causing the most intense pain.

Rheumatism may attack with such suddenness and severity as to make within a few days a healthy, active person helpless and bed-ridden, with distorted limbs and shattered nerves; or it may be slow in developing, with slight wandering pains, just severe enough to make one feel uncomfortable; the tendency in such cases is to grow worse, and finally become chronic.

Like other blood diseases, Rheumatism is often inherited, and exposure to damp or cold, want of proper food, insufficient clothing, or anything calculated to impair the health, will frequently cause it to develop in early life, but more often not until middle age or later. In whatever form, whether acute or chronic, acquired or inherited, **Rheumatism is Strictly a Blood Disease,** and no liniment or other external treatment can reach the trouble. Neither do the preparations of potash and mercury, and the various mineral salts, which the doctors always prescribe, cure Rheumatism, but ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

A remedy which builds up the general health and at the same time rids the system of the poison is the only safe and certain cure for Rheumatism. S. S. S., made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful solvent, purifying properties, attacks the disease in the right way, and in the right place—the blood—and quickly neutralizes the acid and dissolves all poisonous deposits, stimulates and reinforces the overworked, worn-out organs, and clears the system of all unhealthy accumulations. S. S. S. cures permanently and thoroughly, and keeps the blood in a pure, healthy state.

Mr. J. O. Malley, 123 W. 19th Street, Indianapolis, Ind., for eighteen months was so terribly afflicted with Rheumatism he was unable to feed or dress himself. Doctors said his case was hopeless. He had tried fifty-two prescriptions that friends had given him, without the slightest relief. A few bottles of S. S. S. cured him permanently, and he has never had a rheumatic pain since. This was five years ago.

We will send free our special book on Rheumatism, which should be in the hands of every sufferer from this torturing disease. Our physicians have made blood and skin diseases a life study, and will give you any information or advice wanted, so write them fully and freely about your case. We make no charge whatever for this service. Address, SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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