

THE TRIAL TRIP OF A BATTLE-SHIP.

The Great Kearsarge Is Being Prepared for Her Initial Run—Extraordinary Precautions that Are Necessary Before the Monster Can Be Turned Loose—How the Trial Is Made.

Washington, D. C., June 24.—The battleship Kearsarge will soon be ready to take her initial spin out to sea. Already her engines have had a dock trial, the two great propellers have been "turned over," as the term puts it, and the finishing touches are now being put upon her motive machinery preparatory to the contract preliminary run out into the blue waters beyond the capes of the Chesapeake. To the contractors this first run is an important affair, for then they learn in what the ship is lacking and for just what they must prepare to have the great craft thoroughly slick when she settles down to that four hours' race against time off the coast of Massachusetts.

It is expected that the ship will be ready for her maiden run the latter part of this month, and by the first or middle of August she will be finally conditioned for that official run which is to mean not only dollars and cents but a good share of glory to her builders, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company.

The heyday of premiums has passed for the builders of naval vessels, the department no longer lacking confidence in the calculations of its designing bureaus or faith in the contractors to live up to those figures, and, as a result, the Kearsarge will be the first of our battleships to have no greater promise than the contract price as a reward should she live up to the requirements for speed; while, should she fall below the pace cut out for her, the contractors will have to pay a forfeit at the rate of \$10,000 a knot. While there is not the slightest danger of this penalty being incurred, and while, also, the builders can expect nothing beyond their bargain, still they intend that the ship shall more than fulfill requirements, and that that difference shall count to their prestige as a shipyard able to turn out the mightiest of fighting machines.

The cost of an official trial trip sums up to quite \$10,000, and this is paid for by the government only when the ship has attained the speed demanded by the contract; so there is another good reason why no preparation should be overlooked contributive to success.

The average mind doesn't appreciate the cunning of calculation that can foresee just what a great mass of metal of 11,000 tons shall do when the day comes for it to have voluntary motion. The work of its construction is committed to the faithful performance of several thousand men—the most of them contributing to the general result with a comprehension limited to their individual shares, and it is only when each halts in his labors and looks up that he sees what his neighbors have done. One part of the great body is here, another there, and all over the shops of the busy yard are scattered hundreds upon hundreds of parts which must be assembled accurately and brought into that perfection of line and nice adjustment demanded by a successful ship. Human ants, each busied in his own narrow path, struggle along for two years or more, and then this fabrication of steel and iron and copper and brass is ready for its breath of life and its earliest sign of motion. The five great boilers have found their way down into the body of the ship, and through them for the first time is coursing the life-force for the two ponderous engines just afloat in their twin compartments. The engines have been "set up" and aligned with such perfection as skill and foresight makes possible in such masses, but there is still much to be done before the various parts can be said to be true. Slowly the steam is let in from the boilers, and just as slowly and with hesitating movements the engines are turned over. Shafts are watched, the communion of interlocking arms is checked, and variations not considered in other machinery are carefully harmonized in these engines which are to drive the ship. Cylinders are opened again, pistons are reset, journals are overhauled, and again the engines are ready for another turn or two. This goes on for weeks and ends only when, at the docks, the engines may be run at moderate speed for an hour or so without showing heating—the sign of friction—and had fitting—or tricky performance in any part. This much has already been done, and now the ship is nearly ready for her first serious essay of work at sea and the task that is set for her in that four hours' trial off the New England coast.

It isn't commonly understood by the public just what a speed trial means. It is an anxious time for the builders. To begin, the ship, save in the principal elements of driving machinery and structural fittings, is a long way off from the finished craft which is to bear the pennant of commission, and her displacement or total weight is something considerably short of any serviceable, offensive equivalent; but in the matter of her engines and boilers and hull proper, she must be as spick and span and as ready as she will ever be in the moments of her triggest prime.

Into the dock she has been carried, where her bottom can be cleaned of the slime or the barnacles which have gathered there since she was launched. Her underwater skin is cleaned till it is free of every obstructing particle, and then coated with a glossy covering of slippery paint, which will offer the least resistance in passing through the water at high speed. The great blades of her two propellers of bronze have been polished till they look like burnished gold, and their edges have been filed down to the sharpness of knife blades that they may cleave their way through the water without loss of driving force. Things which the layman might consider trivial in so large a mass are deemed of vital importance by the men that know how even little matters contribute to the ease of performance of a ship of 11,000 tons. The boilers have been scrutinized for the slightest leaks; joints have been caulked, leaky valves have been packed anew, for escaping steam

means waste, and waste means just so much less pressure at the engines, where every pound has its work to do in maintaining the momentum of those ponderous moving parts. At best, the bulky boilers will be taxed to their utmost to sustain a pressure of 180 pounds of steam during those four hours of official trial, and it will take all the care of skillful men to keep those mighty caldrons up to their task. Tons upon tons of the finest of Pocahontas coal—the most expensive native fuel—will be required to feed the glowing furnaces, and each particle of that coal will have to be hand-picked and guaranteed to yield its quota of heat products. The firemen entrusted with the work of feeding those hungry, burning mouths will not be common coal-heavers; they will be men skilled in just such work and under the pressure of trial, and perfectly familiar with the wearing, taxing work of keeping those blazing beds of coal equally hot and well fed throughout their limits. Great fans will help to increase the natural draught of the two tall smokestacks, and the greed of those roaring, withering masses of flames will be all the greater, and no one unfamiliar with the work before them realize the task set those men down there in the fire rooms. The water in the boilers must be watched, not only to guard against the worst of accidents, but also to check the supply of feed of fresh water that the steam pressure may not be lowered by its admission.

In the engine room the same care has been exercised not only at the joints of all pipes and valves, but around every moving piston rod where steam might also escape. Pistons have been ground and tried till they move with the minimum of friction; journals have been lined and reset so that they bind just enough to hold without heating, for heating may mean slackened speed at a critical moment; parts have been readjusted as shown proper; sliding masses reset or ground to insure smoothness of action, and every bolt and nut has been carefully examined to see that it is perfectly tight and strong enough to stand the stress of full speed. This is a matter of safety ever more than one of speed, for a loose nut or a faulty bolt may lead to all sorts of dire consequences in moving masses of steel driving up and down in and out with a speed of a couple of hundred movements a minute. To cast loose a flying, pounding hammer of such magnitude would mean the ruin of everything in sight, the destruction of the attendants, and, not unlikely, a great wound in the ship's body, through which the water might enter in dangerous quantities. Where the friction of a moment has an appreciable dignity in the interchange of these driving parts, it is easy to see how even the briefest, faltering shake could easily upset the entire rhythm of engine wheel at a moment when the slightest halt would lead to wreck and ruin.

Hundreds of tiny pipes, leading from tanks of lubricating oil, pass down into the mazes of the machinery, and drop by drop keeping the moving parts slicked for their rushing work, while scores of watchful assistants supplement these lubricators and keep all doubtful journals lathered with an emulsion of oil and sea water till they look like the bits of great champing war horses. Overhead wanders a seeming labyrinth of great veins and arteries of copper and steel, each carrying its pulsing current either of motive steam or its burden of spent vapor. Great coats of felt and agnesia packing cover the steam pipes, while another white coat of congealed oil covers the cold-water pipes, where, spattered with lubricants from the rapidly moving parts, careful watchers count the strokes of the piston rods, check the steam pressures and take the little indicator cards which tell of the driving force of the great engines. The roar of the machinery, the ponderous grind of the turning gears, and the sharp hiss of escaping steam do their best to tax the nerves already as tense as they can be; but the human guides must falter not, and each man must do his duty with that fullness never understood at large till accident emphasizes what work well done really means.

As for the ship as a fighting machine, one would hardly recognize her. The great masses of her defensive armor are missing, most of her guns are not yet on board, and seemingly inexcusable piles of pig iron and chain cables are found where the guns will be in time. These are the weight equivalents of the fighting phases of the ship, and are placed relatively where the stress of the guns and their ammunition will be felt when the ship is ready to meet a foe. There is certainly little of beauty about the craft in her garb of rusty gray, her decks strewn with the cinders from the scorching stacks, her brass work dull, her boats dirty, and every place but her fire and her engine rooms littered with stray boxes, barrels and unshipped materials of divers sorts, but there is something inspiring in the easy way in which she meets each rising sea and recovers herself with a graceful swing that carries her onward, with a great white mass of tumbling waters falling from her bows or sweeping sternward with a swiftness to meet in another tumbling bill of foam and spray just where the two screws are cutting away below the surface. There is something life-like, something well-nigh natural in the way the rushing craft adjusts herself to the changing seaways, and then it is that one grasps the guiding cunning which has mastered the varied work of thousands of fellow-men into a harmonious fabrication of metal, working with a precision and purpose just short of human.

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RUBBER HEELS ON HORSESHOES.

Cushion That Lessens the Pounding on the Animal's Foot.

The cushion principle has been so successfully applied to vehicles that efforts are being made to utilize it as a means of saving the horse's joints by devising some sort of a horseshoe which will relieve the animal of the many rapidly succeeding shocks as he pounds the hard road with his hoofs. Elias A. Powers of Chicago has recently patented a shoe having rubber heels which is said to afford the animal relief. The shoes are made recessed at the ends for the purpose of giving broad rubber heels, which not only take up the force of the blow as the foot strikes the ground, but also act as a protection for the frog of the foot, which is exceedingly sensitive. The rubber blocks are interchangeable and are held firmly in place by means of a pin passing through the shoe.

RUSSIA BUYING OUR STEEL.

Biggest Contract for Steel Rails Ever Given.

The Carnegies to Furnish 180,000 Tons of American Rails to the Russian Government Within the Next Twenty-six Months—Highest Prices of the Year Paid, Too.

"The Carnegie Steel company, on June 22, signed a contract with the Russian government for the largest order of steel ever given in the history of the world. It has a double significance, being as it is for export. Further, it means that the Carnegie Steel company's advantages for manufacture have never been even partially realized, and also that greater things can be looked for from this country in exports than foreigners ever dream of. "The Carnegie company has agreed to deliver to the Russian government within the next twenty-six months 180,000 tons of steel rails at a price that is said to be the highest quoted this year.

"It is said that the sale was made at \$28 per ton, but this is not authentic and is merely a street rumor. It is safe to say that the price is not less than \$25 per ton at the mill. Such being the case, the Carnegie Steel company has an order aggregating \$4,500,000, which has never been surpassed in the history of the steel trade.

"It could not be learned who represented the Russian government in the deal, nor was it made clear just when the first deliveries will be made.

"The rails are for the extensive railroad projects the Russian government is promoting in Siberia and China. Taking an eighty-pound rail as the standard, it means that the Carnegie company will supply about 1,300 miles of railroad, although it is doubtful if such a heavy rail will be used for this traffic, as a sixty-pound rail is usually used in building new railroads, when the mileage represented will be that much greater.

"Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. have received a large number of orders for steam and gas engines during the past month. Among them are orders for 85 engines, aggregating 6,000 horse power, and valued at about \$100,000, for export to the following countries: Russia, England, France, Germany, Austria, New Zealand, Chili, Mexico, Argentine Republic, South Africa, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Cuba, Patagonia, Belgium, Egypt and Canada.

"Besides these, the same firm has secured orders recently for a large number of engines for use in this country, and the contracts on these will amount to nearly \$100,000. Among them is a gasoline engine of sixty-five horse power for the Royal Palm Hotel, Miami, Fla.

The negotiations leading up to their purchase were conducted in Philadelphia. The Russian government was represented by V. A. Kasheonikoff, who is one of the chief engineers of the Siberian railroad. After the deal was completed it was stated authoritatively that the price agreed on was \$28 a ton, which brings the total value of the contract up to \$5,040,000.

The enormous impetus this contract will give to all industries in this country can well be imagined. In pig alone it means a demand for 200,000 tons, a quantity which will go materially to swell the production of this country to the 15,000,000 output anticipated for the current year. This means, also, approximately 300,000 tons of ore, enough to last several fleets of the gigantic ore barges and carriers which sail on the Superior regions and the upper lake ranges into Cleveland. Altogether, it will be a memorable order in the industrial history of the United States.

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been relief from the affliction." For sale by J. H. Lunn, druggist.

COULD NOT FOOL GLADSTONE.

The keenness of Gladstone's collecting eye, even in old age, the Athenaeum says, "may be inferred from the story told us by a bookseller in Brighton. On one of his last visits Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to our informant and took up a nice book in an old French binding. 'What's this?' he said. 'Oh, it's a book from the library of Catherine de Medici.' But there's no fleur-de-lis in the top lozenge," reported Mr. Gladstone, without a second glance at it."

AS PRE-ARRANGED.

At 11 o'clock Bertram Knox quitted the home of his prospective bride. By the time he reached the street, sidewalks were deserted and the lights had died out in most of the pretentious residences. The clerk of the distant mail box lid rang with startling distinctness, and Knox was roused from an absorbing calculation of the purchasing power of \$1000 a year—divided by two.

"If Stratford would only make it \$1200," he mused, "that would simplify matters very much. But, after all, happiness is the thing, and it isn't measured by the size of the house. Perhaps I can do a little extra work, and—"

"Man!" cried an agitated voice. "Oh, man!"

Knox stopped short and listened. "Will you wait a moment, please?"

"Here I am."

Knox turned about and started to retrace his steps. In the deep shadow of the trees he saw the figure of a woman.

"Did you call me, madam?" he asked.

"No," was the hesitating reply; "that is, no one in particular. I cannot see your face. I suppose you are honest—and a gentleman."

"I will not keep you in the dark," he laughed, striking a match and holding it up before his face.

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "but never mind that now. Hurry! My two babies are sick, and as this is Sunday night the servants are away."

"A moment ago I stepped out on the front porch for a breath of fresh air, and the wind blew the door shut. It is a spring lock, you know, and of course I have no key with me."

"Where can I get word to your husband?" said Knox. "That is the easiest way out of the difficulty."

"He is away from the city," she replied. "Oh, what will become of my poor babies?"

"There is no cause for worry," Knox assured her. "You can safely rely on the servants leaving something unlocked. Let's have a look at the premises."

Together they hurried to the house, and Knox began a systematic investigation of the door and windows of the first floor. At last a snail yielded under his hands, and a moment later he was standing inside the dining room.

"Go around to the front door," he called to the woman. "I will come through the house and let you in."

After upsetting two chairs and colliding with a heavy table, Knox reached a door, but it soon proved to be a china closet. He tried another and found himself in a butler's pantry.

A third effort opened up a dumb waiter. Then, the last match burned out leaving him decidedly confused.

Suddenly the babies began a dismal wailing from the regions above, and a second later the telephone bell joined in with its irritating clatter. Stirred to action, Knox groped about the walls until an opening out of the maze presented itself. Finding himself at last in the main hall, he hastened to the front door and admitted the frantic mother.

"If there is anything else I can do—" he began; but she ran upstairs without a word.

Before long the crying ceased, but the telephone bell still kept up its whirling. Knox had stepped out on the porch and was preparing to depart.

"Heaven help me!" he heard the woman moan; and then, "Have you gone? Oh, do not leave me—I need you."

Knox rushed inside and bounded up the stairs two at a time. He found the woman huddled on the floor beneath the telephone.

"What is it?" he cried. "Any bad news?"

"My husband," she sobbed. "Oh, it cannot be true!"

Knox caught up the receiver of the telephone and placed it to his ear. "Did you understand? Give it to you again. Your husband got mixed up in a drunken row at Bland's place. Hit over the eye with a club. Identified by name on his shirtband. Only man of that name in town. Better come down to police station and put up for him. That's all."

"Are you afraid to stay alone while I go and bring him home?" Knox asked, lifting the weeping woman to her feet.

"Yes," she cried, clinging to his arm. "Do not leave me—for an instant. I am terror-stricken and heartbroken. The servants should have been in long before this."

By a few moments' use of the telephone Knox soon had a cab started after the crying husband. The matter of the fine was also arranged by a short conversation with police headquarters. Half an hour later the cab arrived at the gate. Then, with the driver's assistance, Knox carried the limp body into the house and up to the front bedroom. Closing the door, he withdrew.

"I think I hear some of the servants returning," he said, as he stood in the hall. "I will go now."

"God bless you," replied a tremulous voice.

According to the statement of his room-mate, Knox reached home and appropriated the greater part of the bed covering at 1 o'clock Monday morning. This statement was called forth by the arrest and preliminary examination of Knox on Tuesday.

The prisoner was charged with stealing a very valuable collection of diamonds from a residence on Elane avenue.

At Knox's request he was taken to the scene of the robbery, where he might confront his accuser. As he had supposed, it was the same house where he had rendered such kindly service in the time of distress.

"Madam," he said, when the lady of the house entered the room. "I want to know if you think me guilty of having abstracted your diamonds?"

"I—I am afraid I do," she replied.

"May I speak to your husband?" he continued.

"It's very strange," she said, "but the man you brought here—I can see

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now that it was all prearranged—the man disappeared in the night.

"And you think it was not your husband?" said the prisoner.

"I know it was not," was the indignant answer. "My husband telegraphed that he would be home to-day."

Knox rose without a word, and the officer prepared to accompany him. At that moment a key clicked in the night latch and the door opened to admit a cherry-faced man with a traveling bag.

"My husband!" cried the woman.

"Mr. Stratford," exclaimed Knox.

"My wife—Knox—a policeman—what is the matter?"

Little by little Mr. Stratford was able to piece together the strange facts that had led up to so unpleasant a situation.

"So they were going to lock you up for stealing my wife's diamonds, were they, Knox?" he said, at length, and then to his wife: "My dear, this is Bertram Knox. He has been in my office for many years. You could trust your life with him."

"But the diamonds," said Mrs. Stratford, "and that horrible story—and the other man—that is the explanation?"

"The diamonds, my dear," her husband replied, "are locked up in my safety deposit box, where you asked me to place them before leaving the city."

"But the man?" she persisted.

"Call James," he commanded.

In answer to the summons the butler soon made his appearance. One of his eyes was very badly blackened, and a cut extended clear across his forehead.

"James," said Mr. Stratford, "have you been wearing my shirts again?"

"Yesur."

"Did you have one of them on Sunday night?"

"Yesur."

"Did you wake up in my bed after your spree?"

"Yesur—and the devil take me if I know how I got there, beggin' your pardon."

"My dear wife," Mr. Stratford observed, "I think we owe Knox an apology, as well as a unanimous vote of thanks. Are you of the same opinion?"

"And all this may have had something to do with the generous increase in Bertram's salary; or perhaps it was because Mr. Stratford knew that his hand man had been looking about for a cozy cottage in the suburbs.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CONVICTS TRACKED BY A MULE.

A letter from Valdosta, Ga., says: "A rather interesting story comes here from down about Genoa, Fla., of an old mule which tracked a gang of escaped convicts for two days and led to their capture. The convicts were at Savage & Co.'s stockade and made their escape a few days ago. There were no track dogs at the camp, but a posse was formed to hunt for the men. Among the animals which the men had to ride was an old mule that had been on a similar chase many times before. As soon as the men started out they noticed that the mule put its nose to the ground just as a track dog would and started off as if on a trail. The mule was allowed to go almost as it pleased, and the men were finally convinced that the mule was right. The chase was kept up for two days, and the convicts were captured below Lake City, a distance of fifty miles. The men are now convinced that the capture of the fugitives was due to the good scenting powers of the mule. The story, though it sounds a little fishy, comes through entirely trustworthy sources."—Baltimore Sun.

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WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

The experimenter of China has never left his palace except to pray at the Temple of Heaven.

There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand, one goes ten times as fast and the other signifies ten times as much.—Sidney Smith.

I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than a sloven and unrepresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic.—Emerson.

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ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

The idea of Memorial day originated among the women of Maryland, who put flowers on the graves of both federal and confederate soldiers long before the surrender of Appomattox. The women of other states soon began following the custom. In 1869 General John A. Logan, as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, appointed May 30th for that purpose.

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