ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT these were impressed and then some of

How the Correspondents Fared When They Got Away from Tokia

PING YANG REACHED AFTER MUCH TOIL

Osear King Davis Writes of His Experience with Soldiers, Sailors and Sampans and the Corean

(Copyright by New York Herald Co., 1904.) fall in any direction that pleased him most. PING YANG, Corea, April 14.-(From a The Japanese, or somebody else, have Staff Correspondent of the New York graded up some of the streets in the cen-Herald-Special to The Bee.)-I said in ter, and in that rain the slopes at the aides Chinnampo that I would go to Ping Yang, were as easy of descent as ever the broad and here I am, but saying nothing at all way to the bottomless pit can be, if not as about going back. It was a fine thing to alluring. Splashing, sprawling, and now go from Chinnampo to Ping Yang, because and then saying things, I slipped and slid Ping Yang is on the way to Anju, and down the long clay road to the pier, past beyond Anju somewhere is that clusive the long lines of guns beside the road and front that we have been after for so long. the piles of war stores, covered with tar-When they told us at headquarters in paulins and guarded by silent, statuesque Chinnampe that we would go on to Ping sentries, who, I am sure, stood muffled in Yang at once there was some gnashing of their great coats watching me and saying teeth because the canteen steamer was over to themselves in give as they viewed not yet arrived and it had our horses and my performance: baggage. One can go to the front without food; that is easy and has often been done. But it is not too feasible to go without horses when the walking is bad and the front is 200 miles ahead of you. Therefore, it seemed wise to wait for the steamer with the beasts. It came in the evening. but the horses were not landed until the next afternoon, because there were no hills the cabalistic word:
sampans large enough for the debarkation "Sampan!" of horses except those owned by the army, and they were busy discharging army stores. Then when they were at last on land again the poor horses were in great need of rest for a day or two after their long incorporation in the prison of a ship's hold. That made it clear that we could supported by Japanese of different sizes, not start before the afternoon of the next ages and conditions of life. All, however, day, and then only for a short march of seemed to be actuated by the same mo-

My English friend, who typifies the force 110-ton palatial river boat Keiho Maru. that has made Britain great, having Now and then one of them tried his luck coughed up a foundered pony in the wil- at calling a sampan. High and low, angry derness of the Corean village back of the settlement, declared for an advance, and began it forthwith on his own, with his interpreter riding behind on a pony hired for the special occasion and equipped with MacHugh and I determined to go on by all kinds lay within easy range of the boat as far as Ping Yang and once there to organize a pack train of our own and get along, leaving the canteen to get up as soon as it could on its pleasant task of stick his head out from the comfortable overtaking the headquarters to which it and dry shelter of his little cabin, and and we were assigned. Being transporta- taking note of the night and its disreputation by water, there would of course be no bie character, dodge back again, leaving difficulty in taking all our baggage, and we those who called to go on calling as they smiled inwardly at the thought of the willed. interest with which the forceful Englishman would learn in Ping Tang of our arrival and departure in pursuit of the front. How it Rains in Corea.

Then it began to rain. It is no news, but nevertheless a solemn fact that there of his call had changed. Instead of an imis rain and rain. Some rain rains and perious demand there was entreaty and some drissles. This rained. The many starred heaven that had hung over us He waved the money again and shouted: became a huge impenetrable black pall that lowered threateningly just overhead. Darkness that was like the haven of no hope settled upon the streets of the settlement punctuated at long intervals by the feeble gleam of a lantern animated by a single candle, whose fitfully sputtering was unheard of. Some of the Japanese rays flickered across dreary deserted waiting along the rail shook their heads in streets and along blank, hopeless walls. Under foot there was nothing but water that this foreigner was mad. Some of and mud, a thin, slimy, treacherous mud, that lay on the surface of the clay made would tell them his nationality, and two or and clay paved streets, waiting whom it might catch by the unwary heel and looked over him critically. But it worked. aprawl at full length. Overhead nothing but rain, driving, cold and needle sharp, the sort of rain that, when you are not you and his sampan drifted down on the actuated by some great purpose or high your clothes and makes your soul shiver few yards out in the stream there were

The word from the steamship agent was that we must be on board before 10 o'clock. The ship was to sail at midnight. It was but a five hour run up the river to Ping Tang and we should be in easily for a 7 o'clock breakfast. There were letters to write and some baggage to overhaul and arrangements to be made with the canteen men for bringing over the horses, so that it was after 8 when we were ready to begin sending the baggage down to the pier to go aboard the ship. We had sent out in good time for a lot of coolies and they were already hanging around the house. The interpreter who had supervised their collection took stock of the baggage and decided that it would take a few more men to handle it. So he sent out for more and Mac and I completed our work and were ready to go. Then we found that the coolies had already gone. One of the other interpreters, who had not yet learned the important fact in interpreter's life-or in anybody's- at the same old rate as if the real business that too much seal is oftentimes worse than too little, had undertaken to save money for his employer by trying to beat down the coolies' charges for packing the baggage to the pier to 314 cents per man. There was no recovering them. No promise of extra pay for the night work, with something added because of the rain, was sufficient to lure them out again. Only two would go, and they were ridiculously in-

Slipping to the Pier. oked a hopsless proposition, but we had said we would go to Ping Yang by that boat, therefore it must be done. The can-teen had some two-wheeled carts to be used in transporting its supplies. Two of



Pitchblend costs eight dollars a ton.

The Radium particles in it are worth eight million dollars a pound. Why?

Because pure Radium works wonders that nothing else will work. "FORCE" costs more

than the run of breakfast foods because of the pains I take to make it pure.

But it's worth the dif-

safely delivered at the pier, and I stayed When it had gone I trailed along, leaving

the canteen men to drag them, Mac went down with the first load to see that it was

behind to see that the next was started.

my interpreter to see that the last of the

duffle got on the first cart when it returned.

You remember the old story of the cat that

climbed two feet out of the well every

day and slipped back three feet every

night. Walking through the slimy streets

of the Chinnampo settlement was something worse than being a cat in a well.

There was only one direction in which the cat could fall, but a man sliding over that

mud could swing round the compass and

The rain raineth and the goose winketh, Little wotteth the gosling what the goose thinketh.

On the pier was commotion. Mac was

raging up and down, stamping his feet

and waving his arms, and occasionally

lifting up his voice in a roar that cleft

the night and boomed back from the far

A Sampan at Last.

It was the call to arms, but there were

none to respond. Ranged along the rail-

ing of the pier there were several lanterns,

which, upon investigation, I found to be

tive, a fervent desire to get on board the

of the river as it swept down under the

impulse of a six-knot tide. Sampans of

calls and occasionally from one or another

would come an encouraging word of re-

sponse. Then he who had uttered it would

I came up to Mac as he was leaning over

the rail and waving one hand energet-

ically back and forth, and I perceived

that it held a 10-yen note. He was no

longer shouting "Sampani" The nature

appeal in his voice, coupled with promise.

Then when there was no response to

that amazing offer be raised his own bid

Twelve yen for a sampan to a ship! It

a way that plainly indicated their opinion

them came up and inquired politely if he

three soldiers walked down the pier and

above the consideration of a few paltry

the line of sampans that lay at anchor a

evidences of more or less excited discus-

sion. Manifestly they came to the conclu-

sion that it was a joke or a trap. No sane

man would make such an offer. It was

useless to answer it. They ducked back

again enveloped them. But it did not

had not all struggled in to get the prize,

so that there could have been some satis

did not come spoke to one of the interpre-

ters in mild protest at the offer of such

"Yes," said Mac, "but it got ours,"

Efforts to Get Aboard.

of the summer had only just been set under

way. It was operating unhampered upon

the baggage, by frontal atttack and on

both wings at the same time. I came on

in extended order, in echelon and in close

column by division and charged steadily

with all arms. There was no point of the

line that did not feel its full force, unless

it was the left elbow of my overcoat and

that felt the fullest effect. It is a cheerful

thing on a hike to have your left elbow

wet. That sensation of coolness has such

tendency to check any rising warmth of

feeling when things do not go just as de-

We began to swing the baggage down

into the sampan and the waiting Japan-

ese gathered about and intimated politely

that they were prepared to consider fa-

vorable any proposition looking to their

going out also in that sampan. Some of

At last the baggage was all in and Mac

and I followed with the interpreters. The

long sculls to keep the boat headed against

the tide. Slowly the unwieldly craft moved

the greatest rush of the tidal current. The

faded and grew dim. The faint outlinne of

the structure dissappeared into blackness.

We were actually off Ping Yang. In the

water there was such phosphorescence as

one sometimes sees in the tropical waters,

when ever drop of rain that fell struck

in a little ball of fire, and the crest of the

little how wave of the sampan was ridged

with a streak of flame, Several boat

lengths shead of the steamer the sampan

men took their clumsy craft before they

turned out into the atream to make the

ship. Between us and our destination lay

a hig schooner, with two anchors down

and atraining hard against its chains. We

were to go under its hows to reach the

steamer. With all their might the two

boatsmen struggled. The heavy sweeps

threshed the water in short, sharp strokes,

but strive as they might they could hardly

hold their own against the swift tide.

Down on the bow of the schooner we

ments that we were not going to Ping

swept and it seemed certain for a few md-

Yang for some time. But by a last desper-

ate effort the heavy sampan was forced

a little way against the tide and we cleared

the nose of the schooner by a scant six

feet. In a minute the tide had swept the sampan over to the Kelho Maru and with

close enough alongside to grasp a friendly

them seemed grieved to think that they

were not urged more insistently.

sired.

chance of getting a boat.

"Ju yen! Ju yen!"

two and roared out:

One boatman heard w

"Jul yen!"

The Sweetser-Pembrook Stock

On Sale Tuesday We Were in on the **Ground Floor**

This was the largest purchase of merchandise ever arrived in Omaha.

Wash Goods, Linens White Goods and Domestics

00,000 yards of the finest wash goods that was made to sell this summer at 25c,

00,000 yards of the cream of all the American mills, that 45-inch Silk Embroidered Dress Swiss-wholesaled was made to sell at 15c, 19c and 25c, will go on Z_2^1 C

00,000 yards that was made to sell at 10c, 124c, 15c and 19c yard, will go

Oc dress ginghams, at 6c dress prints, 50,000 yards of short lengths and mill ends, worth up to

25c yard, will go 1,000 Other Bargains in Wash Goods.

From Sweetser-Pembrook Stock

Another immense shipment just received and will go on sale Tuesday morning, May 31st. at almost unreasonably low prices. Fully three weeks previous to the auction sale and while this firm was striving to unload, we secured from their representative many thousand yards Silks, Wash Goods, Linens, Domestics, Etc., at our own price. The first shipment has been here for some days past and a great part of it has been reduced to the remnant stage.

The second shipment, larger and if anything better than the first, is now here and must be disposed of in short order. Watch Our Ads. Our Prices Will Move the Goods.

New Shipment Silks from Sweetser-Pembrook Co. On Special Sale Tuesday for First Time. Cyclone of Silk Bargains.

The Biggest and Best Lot of Silks We Ever Offered on Special Sale.

50 pieces Plain and Changeable Taffetas, extra heavy, worth \$1-100 pieces Fancy Silks, suitable for shirt waist suits, all the fashionable styles and colors, worth up to \$1.25—10 pieces Elegant Pongee Silk, in natural color—all in one lot Tuesday at.....

Bargain counters loaded with hundreds of pieces Superb collection of Silks in 100 different kinds | of fine Silk of every description from and colors-all from Sweetser, Pembrook & the Sweetser, Pembrook & Co.-Co., and worth two and three on sale times sale price..... Yard wide Black Wash Silk on sale for 49c

Fine Wash Fabrics 89c and 49c, all will 10c From the Great Liquidation Sale

at 37½c yard—in this sale—yard..... 32-inch Fancy Embroidered Dress Swiss-wholesale price 25c-in this sale-yard......

Fancy White Silk Mull, satin striped-wholesaled at 521c yard-in this sale-yard Fancy Mercerized White Waistings-wholesaled

Greatest Bargains in Shirt Waist Suitings Ever Heard of.

up to 571c yard-in this sale-yard.....

Flannel Dept.

12tc Drapery Cretonne at yard

12 c extra wide

large size,

Shaker Flannel, yd. 61/2C

\$2.00 White Fringed Bed Spreads, Marseilles patterns, beautiful designs, heavy knotted fringe and

ton, 45x36 in. These are sold everywhere at 20c, on sale, at, each... 142°C

12 Yards of English Long Cloth for \$1.08 Don't fail to see our large

stock of White Goods, consisting of India Linon, Madras open work and lace stripes.

THE GREAT

SWEETSER-

PEMBROOK

Linen and

Domestic Stock

on Sale.

62-in. Half Bleached Table

Turkey red table damask, in all

Bleached Napkins, & size and

pure linen, sold regular at

\$2, on sale Tuesday 1.39

Bleached Muslin, 36 in. wide,

Ready-to-use Pillow Cases, made

from the New York Mills cot-

soft finish, regular 91c value,

the latest colors and designs,

regular 65c

regular 40c

value, at, yard

value, at, yard

only, at, dozen

on sale Tuesday

only, at, yard

Linen, guaranteed pure linen,

It was worth the whole thing to see that around the brush. When he got to earth plugging along at less than a mile an hour. had been packed, thought his load too duffle was passed through. head sampan man climb up the side and again the boys followed, and there began But we were getting on, which was better light and took to fighting with another, grab the en-yen note that Mac gave him. the thing that came near proving our unHe clung to the sale of the ship like a doing. In the same ald overzealous sprit iniquity of the interpreters developed in some of the packages. monkey while he spread out the note in of which we already had sufficient ex. its fulness. They had landed on an island, the light of the lantern and examined it. | hibition they started off on their own hook, and we reached the spot where it was the "American Christmas" had long given but a miserable and scattered few, and swif 'the and came in above the pier. In It mattered nothing to him that the rain filled with the idea of getting into Ping necessary to cross the stream to the bank us up. Only the faithful cook had waited, was soaking it into pulp. His eyes gleamed Yang ahead of Mac and me and doing on which Ping Yang lies. But there was and as we sat down to a piping hot supas they feasted on the rare treasure. "Ten dollar!" he cried, in glee. Then he scrambled back to the tiny cabin of his finally arrived, quite forgetful of the his lungs nearly out trying to make them boat and, opening the door, thrust the bill into the hands of someone inside, with as much chattering as a flock of bander-log.

into their four-by-five cabins and silence But Not to Ping Yang. We were on the way to Ping Yang. Mac matter now, one had heard and he was all and I sought our cabin. We were to be towe needed. The only regret was that they gether in one "stateroom." It was about four feet wide and a little over five feet long, with two bunks, fore and aft. There faction in refusing some of them. Some of the Japanese waiting for the sampans that outer wall to put my saddle pockets. There was not room in the bunk to lie out at full price, saying that it prejudiced their with the new Japanese paint that is supposed to be insect proof, and if there is any sense of smell in the insects it certainly must be proof against them. Its aroma Because I have not mentioned for several reached out into the dark night a powerful lines the fact that it had continued all manifestation of its presence. Neverthe this time to rain steadily it must not be less, we turned in and actually slept, for inferred that there had been any letup in we were carrying out a high resolve, and the downfall of water. That was going on obstacles were not to be considered.

There was a boy in the ship who is prob ably on her list as cabin boy. He is about three feet tall and his face is about as round as the man's in the moon. He came to us gravely and said many things. We responded quite politely, and neither knew a word that the other had said, yet both were satisfied. He brought us tea that was hot, and in the morning served up basins of piping hot water and watched the laving and shaving process with evident delight Then he produced breakfast-toast, more hot ten and a thing he thought was a beefsteak, which had been frying in rancid grease for the last ten years.

Now we learned that we were not going in the steamer to Ping Yang, as we had supposed. There is a place down the river from here, about six miles, which goes by the mellifluous name of Man Kyeng Dai, although it is pronounced Man-an-day. There the steamer stopped, as if it had grown tired of threshing forward in the rain, and we were informed that the rest of the jouurney was to be made in a san pan. It was after 5 o'clock in the mornsampan shoved off and the two men at the ing when we left Chinnampo, instead of midnight, and the result was that we sweeps strained with all their might at the reached this town of the sweet but difficuit spelled name just at the finish of the up the stream, hugging the shore to avoid flood tide. In fact, the current had already sat down stream when we anchored. glow of the paper lanterns on the pier

There was the same reluctance on the part of the sampan men of Man Kyeng Dai to work in the rain that there had been among those of Chinnampo, but one man finally came along in a huge, lum- kidneys and bladder are out of order. bering boat that was as broad nearly as it was long, and after a few minutes of dickering agreed to take us all with our bassuge up to Ping Yang. It looked to doubtful proposition, for he was alone and there was place in his boat for only one scuil, but it was the only chance and took it. When we were all loaded up there was an appeal from one of the Japanese passengers for permission to go along in our boat, and by a rare strok of genius one of the interpreters told him he gould come. Thus we entertained our angel unawares, for he it was who got us through to Ping Tang.

Japanese Passenger Useful. A hundred yards from the ship it be came apparent that we were "overloaded undermanned," if not "meant to founder." The heavy sampan ealy crawled along against the stream, and every minute we saw the current increasing. At last the boatman ran it close inshore and jumped out with his long tie rope in his another hard pull by the boatsmen we were

pan was hauled up to a cargo port and the it. By this time the tide was setting out marrow searching cold rain. The boys suit that appeared was that one of the something or other indefinite for which no communicating with them. Our Japawe should be extremely grateful when we nese philosopher ran on ahead and howled axiomatic fact that an interpreter two or hear, but could not even come in sight of three miles ahead of you is not of much them. In a village a few hundred yards account in carrying on a conversation in from the bank he learned that they had the native cities of Canton, Shanghai and which you are interested.

By the time all the interpreters had got so far ahead that there was no howling them back the boat came abreast of two large sampans anchored out in the stream. Mác and I succeeded finally in indicating was just room between the bunks and the to the Japanese who had come along as a passenger that it would be desirable to get another man or two from these sampans length. The room had been freshly painted to help out our poor chap. He grasped the idea with enthusiasm, and after a vigorous use of Corean vernacular persuaded our boatman to get back into the sampan and scull out to those at anchor. Then he went aboard and there followed a demonstration of the masterfulness of his spirit. For out of the comfort of their dry cabin he ravished two strong, husky coolies and got them into our boat. I know not what threats or promises he made, but the sound of the language he used was awful, and if dire necessity had not been urging me on I should certainly have sent for the police or the humanitarian agent. But he got the men, and for the time being that was the main thing. Back to the bank we went, and with two towing and one sculling we forged ahead again at the breath-taking rate of about a mile an hour. Our Japanese preserver walked along, scanning the river and shaking his head. At intervals he talked to us in the smiling persuasive manner of the man who knows perfectly that you do not understand a word of what he is saying. His gestures toward the stream, however, supplied the neaning his words failed to convey. It was touch and go whether we should get to Ping Yang without waiting for the next

Long Wait for Interpreters. Still it rained, the same old driving

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes,

Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure hand. With one end over his shoulder he to mention that you read this generous ing to the moon. Hour after hour we trudged along the bank, and for a while offer in The Omaha Daily Bes. Don't make strugged on. Our American exhausted his the boat made fairly good time, probably any mistake, but remember the name, fluent stock of Corean vernacular. line and be hauled up to the gangway. It as much as two miles an hour. But there Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, cracked the long whip he carried. He used was too risky to undertake passing the came some brush along the bank and he and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on language that would have justified a gov-luggage up the gangway, and so the sam- had to return to the boat to work around every bottle.

been seen following the shore line some time before and were undoubtedly going clear around the island. There was nothing to do but sit down and wait for

them, and there we stopped. For two hours we waited, and every minute saw the rising tide grow stronger and the water along the bank that had been comparatively quiet, so that by great effort we could advance through it, become swift and impassable for us. It was all over, The only hope of Ping Yang was on the next tide At last the boys came in sight again far behind us. We watched them follow along the bank, and supposed of course that they could tell from the footprints that we had come on. But when they came to the place where they had turned off inland before, to make what they thought would be a cutoff, they turned back on their own trail,

pressed, for we meant to make yet one effort, and so our Japanese friend hurried down after them and brought them back, very shamefaced and penitent. Now we crossed the stream to try to tow up on the other bank, and in crossing lost an invaluable 500 yards. Near the other bank the clumsy sampan grounded, and it was evident that there was not sufficlent water to float it close enough to the shore to permit towing; the line was too

and we said in our just rage that if we had

the time we would let them walk again

all around the blessed island. But time

short. "Well," sald Mac, "you go on to town and I will stay here and watch the boat. Meet me at the landing when the tide SELLAR.

A Helpful American. So up the three miles that are longer than any five I ever walked before I trudged through the mud and the rain, and through the streets, through which run the open sewers of the city, to headquarters. There was a red roofed house on a hill which had been plainly visible all the walk, and there, as our Japanese guide, who walked up with me, said, lived an American "Christmas." From headquarters I sought this "Christmas" and found him indeed a helpful friend, for he knew the man who had been sent across country to meet me, with an outfit of ponies and supplies, so that once Mac and the baggage were up we could go on at once. At headquarters they had told us that we could go as soon as we liked and

they would give us the road passes at

I found the man with the pack train

and down the river we went. It was just

dusk when we came to the place where I had left the boat, and there it still was, having been unable to get a foot ahead. Half an hour later the baggage was all packed nd we were setting out for town again. The pack coolies who had lived in Ping Yang all their lives vowed that they knew a short out, and in our extremity we took it, forgetful of the truth of the old saw about the long way around should have the hest. Sold by druggists in being the shortest way home. Through rice fields and mud flags, across swamps You may have a sample bottle of Swamp- and ditches, where ponies fell and soaked Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book their loads, up hill and down dale, into that tells all about it, both sent absolutely the black, eternal night they led us with free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., no more idea of where they were going than if they had been in an airship floatoffer in The Omaha Dally Bes. Don't make struggled on. Our American exhausted his

strong, and it was slow work getting ahead were out of sight and we were ponies, upon which only about 400 pounds come home to the hive, no smoke curls

per we took stock of ourselves and laughed. We had kept our high resolve. We were in Ping Yang. But no man can tempt us to undertake the trip back. As for Ping Yang itself, if you take

Tien Tsin and mix them up in a bunch with some of the most odorous sections of Peking, you approach something of the smell of it. Beyond smell there is nothing but a flock of mud huss roofed with thatch and hundreds of greesy Coreans. No wonder the "American Christmas" lives on the highest hill. OSCAR KING DAVIS.

REGION A VAST SOLITUDE Labrador Said to Be the Most Desolate Spot on Top of the Crust.

The coast of Labrador is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and blasted by the frosts and beaten by the waves of the Atlantic for unknown ages A grand headland, yellow, brown and black in its nakedness, is ever in sight, one to the north of you and one to the south. Here and there upon them are strips and patches of pale green mosses, lean grasses and dwarf shrubbery. There are no forests except in Hamilton inlet. Occasionally miles of precipices front the sea in which fancy may roughly shape all the structures

of human art.

More frequent than headlands and perpendicular sea fronts are the sea slopes often bald and tame, and then the perfec tion of all that is ploturesque and rough. In the interior the blue hills and stony vales that wind up from among them from the sea have a summerlike and pleasant air. One finds himself peopling these regions and dotting their hills, valleys and wild shores with human habitations, but a second thought and a mournful one it is. tells that no men toll in the fields away there, no women keep the home off there, no children play by the brooks or shout Harper's Weekly.

around the country schoolhouse, no bees blooms, no bleating sheep flock the moun-

rible wildness, thousands of miles in extent and lonesome to the very wild animals and birds. Left to the still visitation of the light from the sun, moon and stars and the auroral fires, it is only fit to look upon and then be given over to its primeval solitariness. But for the living things of its waters, the cod, salmon and seal, which brings thousands of fishermen to its waters and traders to its bleak shores, Labrador would be as desolate as Greenland. The time is now coming when with good steamship accommodations the invalid and tourist from the states will be found spending the brief but lovely summer here, notwithstanding its ruggedness and desolation .-Boston Transcript.

Various Kinds of Machine Guns. The first machine gun of any note was the Gatling. The original Gatling had ten barrels placed in a circle, with a breech mechanism so arranged that by turning a crank these barrels were successively fired, the cartridges being placed in a small hopper situated on the top of the gun.

The Hotchkiss was a similar gun, having similar arrangement of barrels, but a totally different form of mechanism. The Hotchkiss system, however, was used for a larger type of ammunition than the Gatling. The French mitrailleuse had thirty barrels. They were all loaded at the same time and all fired simultaneously. The recoil was so great that it had to be mounted in the same manner as a field piece, on a heavy carriage, requiring six horses. The apparatus was clumsy, difficult to operate and had a comparatively slow rate of fire.

The Nordenfeldt gun consists of a series of barrels arranged side by side, like organ pipes. The Nordenfeldt gun generally has five barrels, and the mechanism is worked by a lever, the cartridges falling down from a hopper on the top of the arm into position, where the mechanism thousts them into the barrel, fires them, and extracts the empty case. This gun is of great simplicity and for a time went into extensive use,-



Call or phone TODAY for one bottle of Elimine and see how MUCH BET-THE it makes you feel. Delivered free. For sale by SCHAEFER'S CUT PRICE DRUG STORES, E. T. Yates, Proprietor. 18th and Chicago Sta., Omaha, 'Phones 74' and 76'. Min and N Sts., South Omaha, 'Phone No. 1. 5th Ave. and Main St., Council Bluffs, 'Phone 880.