

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

COMBINING FOR TRADE

AMERICA'S COMPETITORS ARE MAKING ALLIANCES.

United States stands alone as a nation unwilling formally to adjust trade differences.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMATS BUSY

THE "AMERICAN INVASION" REAL, BUT SOMEWHAT OVERESTIMATED.

Alliances Among Other Nations Likely to Interfere with Our Trade—Colonial Plans.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. LONDON, Sept. 1.—The United States is lagging behind in the race for the trade of the world.

The American invasion is not to be underestimated. It has become a real danger to foreign producers.

Cargoes of American lumber are dumped upon British markets with hurry-up orders to sell and at times less realized than the cost of production at American mills.

England's trade is good. This 1 per cent. is a large trade, but it does not mean, as some people seem to believe, that the British manufacturer has been driven from the field.

Let there come a slack in the present rush of world-wide prosperity, a few years of bad crops in the Western United States, as has often been recorded in the past and is a probability of any decade of the near future.

This is merely an illustration of the real character of the great foreign trade of the United States. At least 50 per cent. of it depends upon the productivity of American farms.

This is the situation to-day, but developments are promised for the future which will put a difference upon matters and open up real dangers due to competition and not to natural shortages.

While the people of the United States are congratulating themselves, and with good reason, upon their success abroad, and with characteristic disregard of the future are refusing to make trade concessions to their best customers, the latter are by no means so indifferent to what may be accomplished by a give-and-take policy.

Canada is ambitious. Canada the third largest customer of the United States, is making good her word to attempt a great and independent place for herself in the world.

countries. When the Canadian high commissioners returned from their fruitless trip to Washington they were chagrined at their reception and smarted under a sense of failure.

The English coronation gave this clever statesman his opportunity, and he has taken advantage of it to the utmost. The results of his mission are already apparent.

From London Sir Wilfred went to Paris. There he talked reciprocity between Canada and France—a 15 per cent. reduction of tariff on French goods admitted into Canada.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

The incline we faced was a snow field, between two mighty rocks, running apart for several miles it seemed. We were forced to take it at an unequal gait, for its steepness made us lose control of our limbs time and again.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

ALPINE GUIDE RESCUED

AMERICAN WOMAN FIGURED ACTIVELY IN SEARCH FOR BODIES.

Story of the Rescue and Also the One Survivor's Account of His Unfortunate Experience.

(Vere Carew, the American writer, happened to find the bodies of the missing men with a party of seven when the news of the disaster, of which the cable dispatches told, reached her. She at once headed a rescue party and had the satisfaction of pulling out the bodies.)

SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS.

Sources of Supply for Irrigating Wells in Arid Regions.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—When men, drilling for petroleum in the Colorado desert, struck, instead, a stream of clear, gushing water, they made a discovery of far greater importance and value than the one sought.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

At the end of an hour more I happened to be in the lead of the party, when suddenly my eye was attracted by an ice pick and ax sticking out of the deep snow.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE PHILIPPINES

MONSIEUR AUGUSTO GUIDA

Mr. Guida will represent the Vatican in the negotiations at Manila over the friar question. Governor Taft will represent the United States.

course, I decided to show him the stuff I was made of. I took the lead again and walked ahead in the face of the raging storm, accompanied by fog so dense that I couldn't see the alpenstock I had in my hand.

"Pretty soon it became evident that we had lost our way. While we thought we were marching towards Cabane Ballot, we were making for the Grand Plateau, as I now see. Finally even M. Manduit got enough and announced that he was willing to seek a refuge.

"Towards 4 in the morning I noticed that the heavens were clearing; the wind somewhat subsided, while the cold increased in intensity. For these reasons I demanded that we proceed without delay.

"I walked ahead, the Frenchman right behind me, and we had not made more than 300 paces when I felt myself drawn backward by the rope. I turned and helped M. Manduit to his feet, encouraging him as best I knew how and reminding him that the trouble was of his own making.

"I can't go a step further," he moaned with a breaking voice; "I believe I am dying. Come, Blanc, give me your hand and tell me that I am forgiven. I see now to what a sorry predicament my obstinacy led. Forgive me, friends, all of you."

"At this moment I sounded my repeating watch; it was just 4. When Mr. Staeling saw what had happened, he began to roll his eyes; next he was seized by a laughing fit, then he cried and raved. The carrier and myself tried in vain to quiet him; when we persisted he attacked us, tearing our beards and clutching at our bodies.

"Will one man suffice to bring you up?" The man below made some references to the animal kingdom, prefacing the information that a rope would do. He "knew enough to fasten it round his belly."

"The search on the frozen snow beds and over ice-clad rocks was one of the most exhausting and perilous undertakings I ever engaged in. After an hour my hands and knees were bruised and bleeding in a dozen places from falls, and the clothes of all of us were in tatters. However, we finally discovered the spot where the footprints ceased—at the edge of a large crevice.

hour or more, probably walking in a circle like horses suffering from blind staggers. At 7 o'clock, just after I had sounded my watch, I felt the ground give way under me. I fell and fell, and still I fell. I thought I was falling to the center of the earth.

"I reckon that my descent into the mountain lasted five or six seconds, but it would take me two hours to describe the thoughts and feelings I experienced during this short space of time. And all my thoughts, notions and ideas were thoroughly consistent and coherent, not mixed up and jumbled up as in dreams. First, I saw the possibility of my fate. I calculated to myself: 'Ten to one I will be a dead man upon my arrival at the bottom. If, however, I find myself alive and conscious, I will have to take some of the vinegar ether, which, on leaving home, I placed in my vest pocket. A good thing, I mused to myself, that it is where it is. I would be unable to reach for it if it was still in my knapsack, where I used to carry it. I will take two or three drops of the ether on my tongue; I continue in my thoughts. 'That will revive me and keep me from taking cold. But what about my stick? Ah, that may be useful, if I live, and besides it is a beautiful alpenstock. I will keep it!' And, true enough, I held on to it. Then I thought that it might be well to take off and throw away my spectacles, as they might break and injure my eyes. I reached for them, but was unable to do so intended.

"Thus, I spent several, or may be, only one precious second in egotistical circum-



MONSIEUR AUGUSTO GUIDA

Mr. Guida will represent the Vatican in the negotiations at Manila over the friar question. Governor Taft will represent the United States.

QUANT OLD VOLUME

A COPY OF "MR. WESLEY'S PRIMITIVE PHYSIC" OWNED HERE.

The Book Found by an Indianapolis Collector in a New York Second-Hand Bookstore.

JOSEPH BISHOP FIRST OWNER

THE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND IN 1747.

It is Valued at Two Hundred Dollars and Contains "Fearful and Wonderful" Suggestions.

While rummaging through the dusty shelves of an old second-hand book store in New York recently an Indianapolis collector of rare medical books came across an ancient volume, the leaves of which were yellow and frail and the leather cover so worn and dirty that the lettering on it was indistinguishable. The pages of the book had long since become disconnected from the cords and glue that had once held them together, and were only kept intact by numbers, pinned laboriously from all appearances, but, no doubt, with a good deal of pride on the part of the writer, for he evidently considered the occasion one of immense importance. This is what was written in the long ago by the proud possessor of the volume:

"Joseph Bishop is my name, And with my pen I write the same." A HIGH VALUE. The book, which is valued at \$200 by its present owner, has attracted much attention among the local physicians that have been fortunate enough to get an opportunity to examine it. Nothing could better illustrate the progress of medicine during the last century and a half than a glance through the pages of this curious old publication. The volume is made up of what its author called "a collection of receipts for curing all diseases," and after reading it through one is inclined to give thanks that John Wesley's sermons have outlived his medical advice. Even the stoutest admirers of the staunch old Methodist will find it impossible to suppress their mirth when they read some of his "receipts," and will find themselves wondering if, after all, the good evangelist didn't kill a good many people while saving souls. And yet John Wesley was no doubt as good a doctor as was to be found anywhere in those old times; and he had the courage of his convictions, too, as the self-confident style in which this little book was written proves.

In the preface he says, to quote his own quaint style: "As to the manner of using the medicines here set down, I should advise, as soon as you know your distemper (which is very easy under a complication of disorders, and then you would do well to consult a physician who fears God), first, use the first of the remedies for that disease, which occurs in the ensuing collection (unless some other of them be easier to be had, and then it may do just as well); secondly, after a competent time, if it takes no effect, use the second, and third, and so on. I have purposely set down, in most cases, several remedies for each disorder, not only because all are not easily to be procured at all times and in all places, but likewise, in case that one or two of them will not always cure another of your distemper. Nor will it cure the same man at all times. Therefore it will be necessary to have a variety. Thirdly, in connection with the taking of the medicines, abstain from all mixed and high-seasoned food; drink only water, if it agrees with your stomach; if not, drink small beer."

It is only possible, of course, in a brief article to set out but a few of the "remedies" which are printed in the old-fashioned English type in the curious old book. For the curing of an ague, which seems to have been the most common of all sicknesses in those days, over a score of receipts are given. Here are a few of them: "Eat a small lemon, rind and all." "Put a teaspoonful of salt of tartar into a large glass of spring water and drink little by little. Repeat the same dose the next two days, before the time of the fit." "When children get an ague they can be cured by wearing waistcoats in which the bark of a tree is quilted."

AN AWFUL MIXTURE. For "St. Anthony's fire," which, as the author explains in a footnote, is a fever attended with a red and painful swelling on the face, the patient is advised to "put a gallon of cold water to a quart of Norway tar, stir them together with a stick for five or six minutes and after the mixture has stood over for three days, drink a glass of it, warm, in bed every hour until well." Some people may think that he might have substituted "anti-dote" just as well. For curing "poxley," the patient is to "undergo large bleedings from the neck, while having his feet bathed in hot water, and then should have his garters tied very tight just above the knee to lessen the motion of the blood from the lower extremities." "Canine appetite" comes in for a good deal of consideration by the doctor. It isn't explained just what "canine appetite" is, but judging from some of the remedies given, it must be that unrespectable trouble known as "tape-worm" to-day. The principal receipt in this case is to "dip bread in red wine and stuff it in the nostrils of the sufferer."

John Wesley's suggestion for the curing of baldness is unique and should be given a trial at once by those Indianapolis citizens that are interested in such things through force of circumstances. He advises that "the bald one rub his head morning and evening with onions until it is red, and then rub it with honey for awhile."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

KINSMAN OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR



GRAND DUKE BORIS

The grand duke, who spent several weeks in this country, is said to be a wild blade. It is said he drank wine from a sourette's slipper while in Chicago. The czar, it is reported, is displeased at the rumors of the young man's sensational doings.

Incapable of supporting life of plant or beast, there, far beneath, winding their way slowly toward the sea, flow great subterranean rivers—water-courses whose presence has remained an unsuspected secret throughout the ages. These sources of artesian supply, like any surface supply of the arid lands, are indigenous, but come from a distance. They may be the drainage and seepage from mountains hundreds of miles distant.

There are two classes of underflow or ground water. Where an impervious bed of clay or rock is found beneath the soil, the earth or gravel above it may simply act as a reservoir to hold the floods of winter or form an underground drainage system roughly similar to the system of surface drainage. To get this water to the surface requires pumping. Artesian water, however, is water under pressure. It is an underground current or stream which flows through some porous rock or sand, inclined top and bottom by impervious strata.

Then, when the roof of such a reservoir is tapped, the water gushes up as a result of the pressure. This subterranean basin or river may be hundreds of miles long receiving its supply from an outcropping of the porous rock or sand. A simple illustration is to compare this outcropping to the intake of a water-main at a city reservoir. Thence the city water supply is carried beneath the surface in a pipe, but it is available wherever a surface pipe taps the main and brings the water to the surface again, the pressure at any hydrant or faucet being dependent upon the elevation of the reservoir.

The Dakota artesian basin is the sole source of water supply for many prosperous Dakota towns, and its development has been one of the wonders of the West. In the Moxee valley, Washington, splendid artesian flows have been struck at depths ranging from 500 to 1,000 feet. Several of these wells flow upwards of 500 gallons a minute, sufficient to irrigate a large farm. At Pullman, Wash., artesian water has been found within seventy-five feet of the surface, six-inch wells flowing 30,000 gallons daily and the water rising to 2,300 feet above sea level. Many of the artesian wells of the West have been flowing with undiminished vigor for years, although the source of supply is not, of course, inexhaustible. The discovery of artesian water always means a splendid source of income to the land. The flow is constant, day and night. In season and out, and even if the stream is small, the water can be stored in reservoirs, ready to apply when crops become thirsty. GUY E. MITCHELL. Timely Warning. The length of time the Boer generals contemplated remaining in the United States, six months, coupled with their popularity among many classes of the American people, ought to be sufficient warning to them to bring their difference-in-the-moral remedies with them.