

WHAT IS ANDREE'S FATE?

Startling Theory of a New York Scientist.

Philadelphia Times.

Two years ago last Tuesday Andree left Spitzbergen in search of the North Pole. Since then nothing definite has been heard of him. That he is dead is the generally accepted belief, but as to the manner of his death no two scientists agree.

A curious mystery attaches itself to his disappearance. Andree, when last seen, was travelling northward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which should have brought him to the Pole in less than two days. Since that day he has made no sign, and his friends believe that with his ingenuity and the means at hand he should have found some way of communicating with the outside world. Instead he has disappeared as completely as though he had been swallowed up.

A well-known electrical authority, Newton Harrison, editor of the Electrical Age, of New York, has recently come forward with a theory that the explorer met his death in a very sudden and awful manner by being literally swallowed up by the earth. Mr. Harrison's researches have led him to believe that a danger more to be dreaded than the ice and cold awaits the intrepid explorer in the form of an immense volcano situated at or near the Pole.

There is much scientific evidence to prove that at each of the earth's axes there is an enormous opening extending to the interior of the earth which menaces the life of anyone who approaches them.

Andree, with his balloon, may have been swept into this opening or burned to death by a breath from the heated interior of the globe. The man who advances this explanation is not given to spinning fantastic theories. He has been known for years as a writer entitled to all respect on scientific subjects; he is a man of scholarship, and his opinions and theories are the result of careful scientific investigation. One day last week, when Mr. Harrison was visited by a Sunday Times reporter, he discussed his theory in great detail, quoting many well known scientific authorities in corroboration.

The theory suggested by Mr. Harrison is briefly that the earth is, to begin with, merely a great molten body covered by the thin crust of earth on which we live. This interior heat, it must be supposed, is the result of some sort of combustion, a burning up of various gases and molten solids. It is, of course, inconceivable that this combustion can go on unless it is fed by oxygen, and it seems equally clear that this vast supply of oxygen must come from outside space. The line of reasoning is clear enough to this point, when the question naturally arises, how does this supply reach the interior of the earth?

The various volcanoes of the world are as so many pin points as compared with the entire surface of the earth, and the enormous fire which has been burning for thousands of centuries. It is inconceivable that such a fire could be maintained with such diminutive drafts and fires. All this points inevitably to the conclusion that there must be somewhere an enormous vent or opening to the centre of the world.

If there were such an opening it would naturally be at the poles, where there is so much less motion than on the revolving surfaces of the globe. The earth, moreover, in cooling from a liquid to a molten and finally a solid body, would also be more likely to have such an opening at these points than at any other. A perfectly clear line of reasoning is thus established to explain such a formation.

The theory of this earth's chimney is not entirely new to science. It was first advanced by a scientist named Sims some seventy-five years ago. This theoretical opening has ever since gone by the name of Sims's hole. A number of scientists have since written upon the possibility of its existence, and an immense amount of evidence has been collected. Mr. Harrison has collected this and arranged it in a very attractive and convincing manner. He meets all objections to the theory in discussing it with an array of scientific facts and quotations from world famous scientific men which goes far to silence criticism.

He argues, for example, that it is entirely conceivable that a hole many miles in diameter could be in operation without its making a disturbance of any kind to the rest of the world. The moon, for example, which is a much smaller body than the earth, has a number of large craters, which would serve for a flue or chimney for such a purpose. The Arctic floor, as far as it is known, shows many signs of great volcanic disturbances in the past ages of the world and the great ice fields probably hide much more evidence of this kind from our view.

The crust of the earth, as all the world knows, is a mere shell as compared with its diameter. The hard surface, in other words, is but fifty miles in depth, or about one hundred

and sixtieth of the diameter. An orange has a thicker skin than the planet upon which we live. It would be an easy matter, therefore, for this great mass of molten earth in its effort to get a breath, as it were, of oxygen, to burst a hole through this delicate shell of hardened earth. The earth in rotating has a centrifugal motion which would tend to make the crust at the poles thinner and weaker than anywhere else. It may be seen, therefore, that the earth in cooling may have kept this vent constantly open, and if at any time it became closed up it would be possible for the great interior force to open another vent at the same place.

It will occur to everyone that since the world contains such an immense body of molten matter protected by so thin a shell it is curious that it does not at times break through, devastating enormous sections of the earth's surface. The theory of the existence of these great polar chimneys makes the present stable condition of the earth seem the more conceivable. Instead of the earth being capped with eternal fields of ice, it seems probable, therefore, that they are the immense safety valves of the earth.

What then is the condition of the poles of the earth? Even if it be proven that these world chimneys exist, the effect on the polar regions still remains a mystery. Mr. Harrison believes that this escaping heat may have served to transform the polar section for a considerable area into land capable of sustaining some form of vegetation, and even of supporting animal life. This section, if it exists, would be circular in form and surrounded by a sea formed from the water from melted icebergs. The open polar sea, of which there has been so much speculation, can be readily accounted for on this theory. The opening into the earth itself may, besides, be surrounded with geysers and similar formations.

The theory which Sims urged was that the opening was a veritable funnel through which poured enormous volumes of oxygen, forming a huge vortex which swept everything in its path inward to the very depths of the earth. If this theory be true a vast funnel of air several miles in extent is constantly sweeping down, sucked in by the internal fires of the earth, which no human force could contend with.

It will be remembered that Mr. Harrison points out that Andree had made several plans for sending word as soon as possible to the outside world. All the explorers who have gone before have either made their way out or got some word to civilization in less time than has elapsed since Andree disappeared. The friends of this explorer, therefore, argue that he must have met with some very sudden fate to be silenced so quickly and completely as he has.

It will be remembered that the explorer took with him, in addition to his ordinary outfit, a generous supply of food tied to the rigging of his balloon, which would support him even in case he lost the car of his balloon, until he might reach some civilized point. He was known, besides, to be very resourceful. When he started for the Pole he was travelling, as stated, at a speed which would carry him there in less than two days. For many days after his departure the same wind continued, so that he would presumably have been swept over the Pole and quickly on past the more dangerous regions on the other side towards civilization. In the light of these facts, Mr. Harrison's theory seems the more probable.

If the Harrison-Sims theory be true Andree was swept on to his awful fate and perished miserably in little more than a day after his departure. His balloon, with its freight, was swept swiftly down into this great crater as a fly might be drawn into a great chimney. There seems to be no other theory which accounts for Andree's complete disappearance.

It is probable that this crater could not be seen, or at least that the danger could not be realized until the balloon was within the clutches of this awful maelstrom, and then it would be swept onward and downward irresistibly.

About one month ago my child, which is fifteen months old, had an attack of diarrhoea accompanied by vomiting. I gave it such remedies as are usually given in such cases, but as nothing gave relief, we sent for a physician and it was under his care for a week. At this time the child had been sick for about ten days and was having about twenty-five operations of the bowels every twelve hours, and we were convinced that unless it soon obtained relief it would not live. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended, and I decided to try it. I soon noticed a change for the better; by its continued use a complete cure was brought about and it is now perfectly healthy.—C. L. Boggs, Stumptown, Gilmer Co., W. Va. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

The following, taken from a Nat. Temp. Tract, gives the ingredients of what some of the stuff that men pour down their throats and soak into their stomachs are made of:

"Bourbon or rye whiskey is manufactured with high wines, commonly called fusil-oil whiskey, made to-day and drank three days after; contains also oil of bourbon, vinegar, syrup, water, French coloring, bluestone, and other poisonous chemicals. Cost from 95 cents to \$1.00 a gallon; retails from \$5.00 to \$6.00.

Stock ale or porter is diluted with strychnine; oil of vitriol and aquafortis to make it keep.

Lager beer is made out of a little malt, plenty of water, some inferior hops, resin, tar, saleratus soda, with four different kinds of chemicals to make it keep after brewing.

Is there any wonder that those who drink this poisonous swill become disproportioned in body, red nosed, flush faced, and fired with the flames of lust and hell? No wonder that the statistics say that a large proportion of the idiots, or "natural fools" born into the world are the children of drunken fathers. It is stated that, in Norway, in ten years of free liquor traffic, insanity increased fifty per cent, and the percentage of idiots born increased one hundred and fifty per cent. Oh the awful shame and sorrow, caused by this monstrous liquor business. It is the curse of creation. It subverts wholly an debased manhood, defrauded childhood, wronged and ruined womanhood and is the avowed enemy of God and all that is pure.

The saloon is the hot-bed that hatches the vulture of lust, licentiousness and harlotry—the dark lake whose waters open the flood-gates of hell, and pour out bums, bloodshed, brothels, broken marriage vows, blasted homes and hearts. When will we awake as a nation, as a church, as a people? Let us turn upon this monstrous evil and pour God's eternal truth and tremendous artillery upon it until it is forever driven from our midst, and back into hell, from whence it came.

Last Romp With the Tiger.

I am not proud of my history, as it touches the drink habit. I tell it with a blush of shame and because I think God wants me to tell it. He has blessed it in the past to the salvation of many who were under the paw of the tiger. I hope and pray he will bless it to-night. There seems to be in the minds of some the belief that a boy will be better fitted for after life by "seeing the elephant," "sowing wild oats," "painting the town red." The young man of to-day who will make the best man of tomorrow is the young man who never will see the inside of a gin mill, or cross the threshold of a house of ill repute. It is a lie born of the devil that he will be better for "sowing wild oats."

I had sold forty-four cars of goods in Little Rock, Ark., in three days, for which I was getting \$10 per car commission, so you can see I was making a good salary. I was not a starved-out drunkard. As to making money, I made more than I do now. I had a nice home, with every comfort, but at times I would get on a "whiz." I was then having prosperous times. There are two things a man who drinks rum cannot stand. One is prosperity, the other is adversity. If adversity comes, he drowns his sorrow. If prosperity comes, he celebrates. So I began a celebration. When I arrived in Kansas City, Mo., my next point, I was still celebrating. I hit the trade a little the first day or two, after that I never brought out my sample case, but went right on celebrating. I kept this up until my "roll," as well as my expense money, was all gone. Then I took my watch, a present from Bishop John P. Newman, and that "went into soak." If it had been the Bishop's own watch, it would have gone up all the same. Then I took the coat from my back and a diamond pin, and they "went into soak" with the watch. With my money gone, my watch and coat "in soak," I was wandering the streets of Kansas City without a cent, begging 10 cents from the passers-by on the street to get a drink.

When I had money, everybody else had money. When I was "busted," everybody else was "busted." When I had money, they met me with smiles. When my money was gone, no more smiles for me. When I had money, it was "Williams, have something, join us!" "No, I thank you." "Oh, take a soda, a seltzer, a lemonade, a cigar, join us." When my money was gone, it was, "You old bum, you in here again?" "Give me drink." "No, you are pickled in whiskey now. You are soaked. Your skin is filled with red liquor. Go down to the wharf and jump off and say, 'Here goes nothing.'" "Williams, if I had a dog and he would run with you, I would kill the dog. If you will take this drink and stay out of here, I will give you a drink."

Evangelist W. H. Williams, 282 Myrtle Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

The Best Remedy for Flux.
Mr. John Mathias, a well known stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says: "After suffering for over a week with flux, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me." For sale by Hill Orr Drug Co.

An Ohio Judge has decided that one cannot be prosecuted for forging a document unless a revenue stamp is affixed to it.
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures dyspepsia because its ingredients are such that it can't help doing so. "The public can rely upon it as a master remedy for all disorders arising from imperfect digestion." James M. Thomas, M. D., in American Journal of Health N. Y. Evans Pharmacy.
"I expect I will be frightfully tanned," she said. "I'm going to the seashore." "I was frightfully tanned yesterday," broke in her small brother. "I was out in the woodshed with father."

They would pour the drink. If they had let me pour it, I would have taken a drink, but as it was I only wet my whistle a little and, with what they call down South, "Nigger Whiskey."

Yes, they want the old bum out of the way to make room for the young man. As you have given the privilege of license, they will attend to getting the old bum out of the way, and at the same time make room for your boys to line up. Fathers, you just push the button, they will do the rest.

Broken in pocketbook, credit and spirit, I was met by a Cherokee Indian, a Mason brother, a drinking man to whom I had sold goods in Indian Territory. He got my watch, charm and coat out of "soak," had me shaved, procured me clean linen, as I had not had a shave or clean shirt for over three weeks. I could not give my money to a barber or laundry, with every nerve in me crying for rum. He also got me a sober necktie. Yes, I had on a drunk necktie, and I did not know it. Everything about a man gets drunk, his legs, his mouth, his hat, his coat.

"Man in Sin is in darkness and under the ruler of the darkness, which is Satan." It is doubly so with a man under the paw of the tiger, led on by the devil. While hell joins in the chorus, and there goes up a shout of laughter from mocking devils.

This mason friend took me to the train, and bought me a ticket to Fort Smith, Ark., where I lived. He put me in charge of the Pullman conductor with \$10 in my pocket. So when I arrived at Fort Smith, I was still celebrating, because I had drank Pullman whiskey all the way down from Kansas City. For five days and nights I kept up this celebration in Fort Smith, with my son trying to get me home. I can see him as I talk to you, sitting at a table half asleep, then wake up and say, "Papa, please come home. Mamma has been calling for you all day. She is so sick. I won't leave you, papa. I will die with you on the floor of this saloon. Please, Pa, come home with me." The boy finally grew discouraged, and went out and got two Knights Templar friends of mine, members of my Commandery. They came into the saloon and took me and put me in a cab and took me home. A Knight Templar can do about as he pleases with a brother Knight, drunk or sober.

When I arrived home I found my wife in bed, suffering from nervous prostration, brought on by my long absence. I stepped up to the bedside of my wife. She would rise up in bed and say, "Where's papa; where's papa," and then fall back exhausted. Friends, I am at war with a business that makes such a scene as this possible. I am fighting for the protection of my home, and while I am protecting my own home, I am putting in a few liks for your own home. I would expect God to paralyze my arm and voice if I did not raise them against this foul destroyer.

When my wife came to herself she handed me this Bible and said: "Papa, read it, for it is our only hope," and I put a lot of it on the inside of me. That is a good place to have your Bible. I found that God said He was more willing to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask, than we are to give good things to our children. So, on my knees, with God's Book before me, I got the "Calvary Cure." Jesus, the friend of the lost, just threw His arms around me and saved me, and the best of it all is I am saved up to date. We have told you of the last romp with the tiger. The next romp we have, will be with the lion of the tribe of Judah on the play grounds of the skies.

For several years Mr. Williams has been "on the road" for Christ, selling the good news of salvation to "whosoever will," without money and without price. He is even more successful in this than in his former business, and is known throughout the land as "The Drummer Evangelist." Any church league or society, wishing to secure his services for evangelistic and temperance meetings, should address him as follows:

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Philosophy of the Heathens.

"As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilize me."

"Exactly so."

"You mean to get me out of the habits of idleness and teach me how to work."

"That is the idea."

"And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter."

"Yes."

"And next I will become ambitious to get rich, so that I will not have to work at all."

"Very likely."

"Well, what's the use of taking such a round-about way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."—Exchange.

It is related of General Nathan Bedford Forrest that on one occasion a loquacious widow asked him why his beard was still black while his hair was turning gray. General Forrest answered that he could give no explanation unless that "he had used his brain a little more than his jaw." It was this very quality that made General Forrest one of the greatest soldiers of his time, the soldier of whom General Sherman said, "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our civil war produced on either side. In the first place, he was uneducated, while Jackson and Sheridan and other brilliant leaders were soldiers by profession. He seemed always to know what I was doing or intended to do, while I am free to confess I could never tell or form any satisfactory idea of what he was trying to accomplish."

Speaking of these short rushes forward a queer thing happened at Guiguinto, where perhaps half of the soldiers in one regiment found hens. Before there was time to kill the fowl orders came to go forward. A little further out the regiment lay down under fire for some minutes. Then the order came to charge. Up and forward with a yell rushed the soldiers, but over the cheering rose another sound. Three or four hundred hens, objecting to being carried with head down with feet tied to the strap of a haversack, set up a frantic squawking such as was probably never heard along a line of charging military before.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that State, was attacked by cholera morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

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Mr. L. J. Clark, of Orange Courthouse, Va., writes:

"For six years I had an obstinate, running ulcer on my ankle, which at times caused me intense suffering. I was so disabled for a long while that I was wholly unfit for business. One of the best doctors treated me constantly but did me no good. I then tried various blood remedies, without the least benefit. S. S. S. was so highly recommended that I concluded to try it, and the effect was wonderful. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease and force the poison out, and I was soon completely cured." Swift's Specific—



S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—drives out every trace of impurity in the blood, and in this way cures permanently the most obstinate, deep-seated sore or ulcer. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of potash, mercury, or other mineral. S. S. S. cures Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Catarrh, Eczema, Rheumatism, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, or any other blood trouble. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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WHILE the procession passes if you want to. Nobody will disturb you. But you are alive to your own interests arouse yourself, shake off of slumber, climb into the band-wagon and wend your way with the crowd to—

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