

AN EDITOR'S LAMENT.

Chicago News. I loathe, abhor, detest, despise, Abominable and worse than these, Like good bread, like good meat, Or anything that's good to eat, But of all poor grubs beneath the skies, The poorest is the editor's pie. Give me the toothache or sore eyes, But don't give me dried-apple pies. The farmer takes his quart of fruit, 'Tis wormy, bitter and hard to boot; They leave the hulls and make us cough, And don't take half the peeling off, Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung, And in a garret window hung, And there it roasts, a roast for flies, Until it's made up in a pie. Tread on my corns and tell me lies, But don't pass me dried apple pies.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBOGEN.

A SEA MYSTERY.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley in New York Herald: The narrative of the Rainier's wreck is in one mysterious incident unparalleled in the history of sea misadventure. Pathetic as are the usual tales of ocean disaster, of peril, suffering and heroism, this one is signalized by the claimed operation of an occult agency which foretold and, to a slight degree, aided the final rescue.

The value of the evidence depends, of course, upon the credibility of the witnesses and their object in uniting upon the same testimony. One of these is Mr. Humphreys, mate of the ship and an officer of unchallenged reputation; another is his wife, the daughter of the Rainier's master, Captain Morrison, and the remainder are seamen who could gain nothing by agreeing to lie present in a matter which did not affect their material interests, and who told their common experience with a frankness and earnestness no cross-examination could tangle.

The indirect evidence rests upon the careful examination made at the time and place by the officers of an American man-of-war. I have questioned a number of these gentlemen, and they agree that the story was confirmed in its essentials by all the white people found on the island of Ujea, and that the voyage of the captain and his part of the crew, as described by the so-called Spirit of Libogen, was verified when these marines were subsequently found at Jaluit.

The narrative is given largely in the mate's own language. I have made a few changes in its order and have condensed the preliminary story, leaving it unhampered by his descriptions of shipboard life and of the island and people of Ujea. I have no theory to advance, not even the hackneyed one that here, as often before, the connecting link is left unexplained and coincidences are mistaken for causes. Nor have I any purpose in view save to give a favorite, latter-day service, a wider publicity than it has hitherto enjoyed.

On the 12th of August, 1888, the American merchant ship Rainier, Bath built and of 2,000 tons burden, took her departure from the Delaware capes, bound for Kobe, in Japan. Thirty-five days out the line was crossed, and in due time, when the forty-fifth degree of south latitude was reached, she was hauled to the eastward for the long run of 6,000 miles across the Indian ocean. The average vicissitudes of sea, wind and weather were supplemented by the sickness and many hardships, though otherwise the voyage did not promise to be a bad one.

Upon the 14th day out, about 3 in the afternoon of the 3d of January, an island, supposed to be Lao, one of the Marshall group, was sighted on the north bow—and a few hours later it bore abeam, distant eight miles by cross bearings. As this marked a turning point in the course the captain went below, laid down his position on the chart, and then said to the mate: "The course is now northwest and we are at least clear of the islands, with nothing to trouble us until the shores of Japan have in sight."

"The night," writes Mr. Humphreys at this part of his narrative, "had grown dark, and the moon having set as eight bells struck, there seemed to be an impenetrable darkness, and the bright, twinkling stars had commenced to show themselves in the far-off sky. The watch was mustered and relieved at eight bells, two men were sent on the top gallant forecastle for lookouts, and the first officer took charge of the decks. As he walked aft he found the captain on deck with a telescope trying to penetrate the gloomy darkness. Two bells struck and the ship was staggering along under a heavy press of canvas. The captain and mate stood on the weather quarter eagerly watching the ship as she hurried, when one said to the other:

"That white ridge ahead looks like breakers."

"At the same time the lookout's cry was heard: 'Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!'"

ing to a wreck that soon must go to pieces." Every effort was made to establish communication with the shore, and finally, by the employment of a line traveling on a hawser, the boats, stores and crew were sent clear of the reef into the smooth lagoon. By this time the day was nearly spent, and the island, undistinguishable from the ship, was fully ten miles distant, the king determined to make sail for home.

"After many orders and much gesticulating the large mat sails were hoisted, and each canoe took a boat in tow, the king taking the captain's boat. Away they sailed with great speed and soon the tops of trees could be seen. These gradually increased in size, until the canoes and boats reached the island, which proved to be three quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and was called Ujea. It was covered with coconut trees to the water's edge, presenting on near approach to the eyes of the anxious shipwrecked people a perfect tropical paradise. It did not take long to dispel the illusion, for men, women and children could be seen running down to the edge of the water watching our arrival.

All the inhabitants of the island soon gathered to view the white Kanakas, as they termed the shipwrecked people. They seemed most surprised at seeing a woman, the females closely looking at the captain's daughter, feeling her cheeks and long hair, and gazing at the clothes she wore, which were of the New York style of a few months previous. Mothers presented their children and all the savages seemed to admire the pale faced damsels.

The darkness gathered a bonfire was made with the coconut husks, and men were detailed to keep it burning while the remainder retired to rest. Three mattresses and some blankets having been saved the captain and his daughter were provided with a comfortable bed. The other was used by the steward, and he was one of the sick men and had been in the water all day. Sleep soon came to the weary eyes, but the savages still sat about the fire, some of them indeed, lingering until the morning.

Several days were idled away in recovering from the bruises and excitement of the wreck and in building huts; but nimble fingered as Jackie is at most things, he was a poor hand at this, and was glad to trade a shirt or a pair of tarry trousers for the three hours' labor by which the deck natives could make a shelter of coconut branches and coral grass. In the meantime the captain determined to seek assistance, and when the men were rested he called out the long boat and made her ready for what at the first chance would be a dreary and perilous journey. A volunteer crew offered itself, the boat was soon in as good condition as when she left, and on January 10, the second mate in charge, she sailed with a fresh breeze down the lagoon and into the Pacific on her quest for help.

The captain's instructions were to hug the wind and if possible reach a white man's trading station, which was said by the natives to be 300 miles distant. If the wind blew too strong the second mate was to run before it to Oulan island, and if no sail could be found there he was to make a course for Ascension and thence to China, which would then bear west-southwest, distant 3,000 miles.

The ten days following the longboat's departure were bitter, with strong winds and rough seas, and the captain, who was ailing and fretting over the loss of his ship and the discomforts of his daughter and crew, commenced to build a schooner. Chance threw in his way a stout lumber, but the carpenter's tools were imperfect and the lumber had broken up so fast that little could be taken from her. Still so valorously and skilfully did all hands work that by the middle of March the boat was sparred, rigged and provisioned, and on the morning of the 15th all hands mustered early to see the departure of the "Ujea," as they had called her.

"Having been speechless for so many weeks, and having no use of his hands, and as his legs were getting numb," continued the mate, "the captain determined to make a desperate attempt to reach some place where assistance and medicine could be obtained, for Mrs. Humphreys and many of the men had been sick for some time. He decided to sail for Jaluit, one of the Marshall islands, in the Kawlie group, 300 miles away, as the king had said, 'White Kanaka belong Jaluit, plenty, plenty.' From seeing a whisky bottle we concluded it must be one of the wandering stations of the South Sea islands."

"The king's son and one of the natives had consented to go in the schooner to act as interpreters, should it stop at any of the islands lying in their course. So when the day came the sails were said, hands were detailed and the captain and Will Jackson stepped on board the canoe, followed by Lila Bucho and his servant. The canoe was then shoved into deep water, the sail hoisted and the vessel proceeded on her way. Before the wind was soon lost to sight." What happened to the longboat and to the schooner the hapless ones learned when later the spirit of Libogen revealed to them their own and their shipmates' fates.

and whose spirit still came at times to visit the king and his family, and these were the only ones who were pleased with the spirit. The body of Libogen had been buried on a small island twenty miles down the lagoon, and no person was ever allowed to land there except the king and his family. After giving me this information I asked the king to tell me when Libogen came, again as I would like to talk with her, but not being a believer in spiritualism, I thought no more about it until the king sent for me.

"On our arrival we found the third officer and the seven sailors gathered near the door, and also many of the Kanakas, listening with sober, long drawn faces to the mysterious talking of an invisible spirit. The king beckoned us to come in, and we were seated by him in the center of the house, surrounded by the members of his family, who took but little notice of our arrival, as they were greatly interested in the spirit's conversation.

"The king continued talking to the spirit for some time, and the voice could be distinctly heard, first in one part of the house, then quickly changing to the opposite side, and again speaking to me along side of me. With my slight knowledge of the language I could distinguish some of the words spoken. The voice sounded or spoke in the tone of a whistle, and was fully as mysterious as it was wonderful. After a little time the king said: 'Libogen would speak to me, so I gave the king to understand that I wanted to know what had become of the second mate in the long boat, and of the schooner in which the captain had sailed away with thirteen of the crew and if we were ever going to be rescued from this lonely island.'

"The king asked my questions and the spirit told him that the second mate had been picked up near an island called 'Pomphe,' and that Captain Morrison had arrived in the schooner at Jaluit, but he was sick and could not come; that all the schooners were away but the captain was all right, and in one week a schooner would come to the island; but the captain would sail a schooner as soon as one could be got, but two weeks a big schooner would come, and we would all be rescued.

"Libogen said the steward who had died was buried on Ujea, but that his spirit was with her. The conversation lasted some time, and when finished I was told to say 'Good night, Libogen,' which I did, and was answered by 'good night, mate,' in as plain English as I could speak. Mrs. Humphreys was asked to do this, and was plainly answered, good night, Emma."

"Such wonderful information was more than my brain could conceive to be true, and the day following the week seemed a lifetime. Slowly they passed until Saturday night came, and we all anxiously waited the morning with wavering faith. During the evening the king drifted down to the house, and I could see him going, and a few whiffs of his pipe came out, and tobacco had given out many weeks before, and a smoke of oakum or dried leaves was a luxury. True I had a little which had been wet with salt water and dried, but this was saved to give the king to smoke in payment for the bread fruits or coconuts when we were hungry.

"The king seated himself on the floor, and I refilled the pipe with oakum and gave it to him. After smoking a few moments he said: 'Libogen speak, tomorrow schooner come.' To this I replied, 'Libogen too much lie. No speak true.' 'No, no, no,' said the king, 'tomorrow come, sun and moon, schooner come. Libogen lie, always speak true.' 'It must be remembered that all kinds of craft seemed a schooner to the natives, since having seen our schooner built and sailed away. No doubt it was the largest vessel many of them had ever seen.

"Sunday morning came at last, and saw ten watchers eager for some sign of deliverance from their island prison. The hours dragged slowly, and the sun was nearing the western horizon. Anxious eyes had grown dim with watching, when a shout was heard from one man to another the whole length of the island. The king who was standing on the porch, shouted, 'Schooner come! Libogen no lie!'"

"The morning dawned, and with it drizzling rain, and hot, sultry weather, and the prospect seemed a gloomy one even though assistance might be near, as fog surrounded the island so thick that even the reef could not be seen, though only a short distance away. 'No coconuts had been brought to us the previous day, and so we had nothing to eat, since the natives, like ourselves, subsisted on bread fruit, and the trees were so high it was impossible for us to climb them to get any nuts. Toward 8 o'clock the fog lifted a little, and I was seated at the door talking to the third officer, looking out on the dreary waste of water, and the sound of a big gun came across the water and in a short time the island was astir. I had previously given each man a station on the system of communication to describe the spot of the rain, and I immediately sent out the men, with orders to report anything that might be seen, as the gun must have been from a ship in distress, or else a distance was near. Hardly had the men started, when another boom came ringing along and apparently not far distant, and soon after the shout came from one man to another until it reached our little hut—and that glad, welcome shout which tells of disaster—and the rain came. With the hail came two of the men, who reported a large vessel off the south-west end of the island under fore and aft sail and apparently passing by. There was no time to lose if such were the fact, and the natives of the island, who had been helped to launch the boat, and in a short time four men were pulling me rapidly down the lagoon.

"We were obliged to put for some distance down the reef before a safe anchorage could be found, as the surf ran so high and washed with such force against the coral reef. As soon as a safe place could be seen the boat was headed for the reef and all hands jumped into the water and pulled the boat over the reef, ready to launch her through the surf as soon as a chance was offered. With a loud hurrah the boat was shoved into the surf, and in a few minutes the boat was clear of the breakers, and we were pulling for a large vessel which came to view around the point some three miles away.

"Soon we could discern that the vessel was under steam, and all sail had been taken in. The stars and stripes were floating at the peak, and on near approach the first gun salute distinguished among the many crowding her rails was that of our old second mate, W. H. Dhorne, whom we had long since mourned for dead, but through whose brave adventures, and under whose painful circumstances, we were rescued from our island prison.

"Hardly had the boat reached the side of the unknown ship when the commander shouted from the bridge: 'Are Mrs. Humphreys alive and well?' 'Yes, they are,' I replied, 'and the captain has sailed away in a schooner which we built a month ago, and no news from him as yet. One man, the steward, who have buried, and there are ten of us now on the island.'

"'Come along with me,' was the reply, and as we glided alongside the vessel was thrown. We made this fast to the boat, and grasping a ladder which had been hung over the side, I leaped from the bobbing craft, and quickly reached the deck, where I was warmly greeted by Commander McCormick, who grasped my hand and said: 'Welcome on board of the American man-of-war Essex, sent by the United States government to rescue the crew of the wrecked American ship Rainier.'"

"The island was a rugged and the shouting and yelling were indescribable, the natives running this way and that in confusion. Quickly grasping my glass I started for the other end of the island, which had been seen, and with long strides, followed by the rest of the crew, soon reached a point where a sail could be dimly seen bearing down on us. With my glasses I could distinguish a curious but great with a large, broad, conical sail, and on near approach I could see the many naked savages with which the vessel swarmed. I made up my mind immediately that our deliverance might be from life, but not from bondage, and determined to return to my hut and arm the crew with the rifles which we had and to hold out for our lives as long as possible. But my fears were quickly allayed by the king, who said: 'Never mind, Kanakas no hurt to me. So I returned to my home and to form the anxious Mrs. Humphreys that our deliverance had not yet come.

"The first part of the spirit's prophecy had proved true, and the following Sunday was the day set by Libogen for the second mate to come in a schooner and rescue us. The week dragged slowly, and the weather, which had been fine and pleasant with a strong breeze, now became hot and disagreeable, and the change of the monsoons, the rain came down in torrents. The most quites crowded in swarms, seemingly bent on eating us up. Having no shoes we were obliged to hang our feet out of the door to keep the mosquitoes off, and the captain would send me to be able to live in peace. Our misery was nearly complete, and if deliverance came not on the morrow hope was akin to despair.

"During the morning Mrs. Humphreys was picking a morning gown with a piece of red tulle, and the governor, being Joseph's coat of many colors, while the third officer and myself were enjoying the luxury of a smoke of tea, prophesying what the morrow might bring for us. When speaking Mrs. Humphreys started up exclaiming: 'I hear a gun.' In a few moments a native came running up to the hut saying: 'Schooner come, and bum, bum, but hearing no more sounds we concluded it was all imagination and lay down to sleep.

"The stories of the longboat and of the schooner are interesting enough to deserve a place for themselves. But space forbids and it may be added as the tag end of the story, that the second mate's boat was picked up by my eyes, and after its crew had suffered greatly, by the British bark Catalina, Captain Williams, bound from Australia to Saigon, Cochinchina. The rescue was made as Libogen had revealed, near an island called Porpoise, of which the natives had never before heard. Upon their arrival at Saigon they were sent to Hong Kong and, as a result of their report, the United States steamer Essex, then proceeding American interests at Shanghai, was ordered to stop at the island. The customary diligence and efficiency of this ship on that famous cruise, she sailed immediately after cooling at Nagasaki.

"On the 12th of April the Essex arrived off Ujea and fired the signal gun heard by the natives. The next day, Sunday, just two weeks from the date of Libogen's promise, the mist lifted and the gladdened watchers heard the guns and saw the flag of home and of rescue. And as predicted the second mate was on the island.

"There is no time to tell the wanderings of the captain's schooner, but Mr. Humphrey in concluding this part of his narrative, says: 'I leave the reader to judge if the spirit of the departed Libogen has spoken truly or not. I am no spiritualist, but the within facts are true ones, and I must believe what I have seen, for all that the spirit told came true. What the spirit told in regard to the captain's being sick and unable to come is true. With the customary diligence and efficiency of this ship on that famous cruise, she sailed immediately after cooling at Nagasaki. On the 12th of April the Essex arrived off Ujea and fired the signal gun heard by the natives. The next day, Sunday, just two weeks from the date of Libogen's promise, the mist lifted and the gladdened watchers heard the guns and saw the flag of home and of rescue. And as predicted the second mate was on the island.

BITS OF WIT AND WISDOM.

Some Important Truths and Valuable Information in Pleasant Doses. PRESERVING THE BALLET'S PURITY. The Day After Christmas—During the Run—A Bachelor's Practical View—By a Typographical Error—Papier Mache.

New York Weekly: Minister's wife looking up from the paper—"The ideal. A minister in Michigan has brought a bill of \$800 against an estate for preaching the funeral sermon of a wealthy man who died. What in the world did he make such a charge for?" Good minister (wearily)—"I presume it was to satisfy his conscience."

Society Birds. Drake's Magazine: Larkin—"Martens are the most stylish of birds." Gazzam—"How so?" "They wear swallow-tails."

The Day After—Buffalo Express. His many friends remembered him. With presents small and great. The Christmas mail and holy sprigs. He can't enumerate. But still he's feeling pretty blue. He's spent all he could earn. For ever and a day he'll wear out. Five dollars to return.

All in His Eye. Pharmaceutical Era: Customer—Got some pills for sore eyes? Clerk—Yes, these are said to be excellent for sore eyes. Customer—How do I take 'em? Clerk—Two every four hours. Customer (returning from the front of the store after ten minutes or so, holding a red bandana to a watering eye)—See here! The doctor that thinks a fellow can keep two of them pills in his eye for four hours must be crazy; why don't he make the pesky things so they'll melt when you put 'em in?

A Mere-Nay Bachelor. Harper's Bazar. The maid was more than fair. The maid was more than sweet—She'd wealth of soft and golden hair. A smile that was discreet. Her smile was all for me—A bachelor most odd for—And I say any free I loved the ground she trod. And yet the match was balked, Because, good sir, or dame, The groom on which this maiden walked Stood in some other's name.

Generous Emulation. Chicago Tribune: "We will now," said the preacher, "take up our usual Christmas collection for the poor. I wish to remind the congregation that I am reliably informed that the gumbars of this town have boasted that they will outdo the churches more than two to one in charity this year. At the gambling house in the block below the sum of \$250 was raised yesterday."

A Typographical Error. St. Joseph News: "Look here young man," said the lately resigned conductor to the railway auditor, "I've always treated you white, haven't I?" "You have."

"And when I resigned the other day didn't I tell you I'd worked for the company twenty years?" "I believe so."

"And yet this is the kind of a send-off you give me." And he laid the last issue of the paper on the table and pointed to the notice of his retirement, which stated that he "had the company for twenty years."

Papier Mache. Chicago Tribune: They were standing in front of a furniture and house-fitting establishment on State street, looking at the display in the window. "Stay out here a minute, Nance," he said, "while I run in and ask 'em something."

"Gosh all panicles!" he exclaimed! "Reckon them ten cords of 'hick'ry I've got on the ridge back of the cow pasture? They're worth more'n a thousand dollars. Look at the stick of wood in that thar fire fireplace, will you? They pay a dollar a half apiece for 'em, by gum! Man! I'd give so katus for 'em come on, Nance! And he grabbed her by the arm. "Cap," he said, halting a policeman, "wher's the nearest oyster sloop?"

Charlie's Courtship. Mary M. Barnes in Century. Young Charlie O'Neil came to me one day, and he was water spouting long with: "You are older and wiser than many I know, and by your advice I'll be led." Not to mention that I'm a young fellow propose to some pretty maiden I know? I'm anxious to marry, but cannot because I'm a bit of a puzzle to me so.

I told him my thoughts, and urged him to try the pleading a favor so sweet. "For life without love is a field that is bare; With one—the soul that's come on, Nance! When next I saw Charlie, he had my name, I asked him, if love prospered so, He laughed and answered, "The pleading's so nice, I've asked every girl that I know."

No Conventions. Detroit Free Press: A lone woman who was residing down Jefferson avenue to the Third street depot the other day suddenly observed a great big silver dollar lying on the sidewalk. She made a stoop for it, but it ran off into a hallway, much to her surprise and consternation. She was looking after it when a boy appeared, doffed his hat, and said: "Scuse me, ma'am, but it was another dufer I was layin' for."

"You—you had a string to it?" she queried. "Yes'm."

"And you fool people that way?" "Sometimes, ma'am."

"Well, young man, all I can say is that if I had a bookie and a place to sit down, I'd pull a string on you which you wouldn't forget if you lived to be as old as Methusalem?"

Interesting Information. Smith, Gray & Co's, Monthly: "That's an awful price this new company has to pay the government for every seal they kill in Alaska," said Mr. Wiggler. "Ten dollars; just think of it!" "Mrs. W, dollars for every one?" asked Mrs. Wiggler. "Every single one. The old company never paid but three."

How plain to my mind are the scenes of my childhood, As my recollection recalls them to view The soap-kettle hung on the poles of green basswood The Smoke and the Smell that my infancy knew! But those days of SIFT and consequent anguish Have long since departed, we pray and we hope; The use of the stuff 'gan to wane and to languish As soon as they offered us

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