

WEIRD TALE OF THE SEA

Sight Witnessed by Ship's Doctor, Captain and Lookout.

LAW A CHILD'S SOUL PASS

Graphic Picture of a Spectacle on a Tempest-Tossed Ship, with Accompaniment of Lightning and Thunder.

Doctors, as a rule, do not entertain superstitious beliefs, nor are they disposed to be susceptible to the influence of occultings, and the following strange experience of a ship's doctor is not related with the object of proving the rule by the exception.

The business of the doctor of medicine deals with the material and the physical; the psychical, the supernatural, the hyper-physical and other divina particula auras being left to the metaphysicians, thaumaturgists, sky pilots and Heap Big Medicine Men.

This story was told me in such intensely earnest sincerity that, even had I been inclined to be skeptical I could not have helped being convinced of the narrator's honest belief in its actuality.

I am quite under the conviction that the doctor saw the strange manifestation just as it was described to me, and I do not in any way feel that it is my prerogative to raise a question of the why and the how.

The almost equally mysterious light and its movements witnessed by the captain, the mates and the lookout or officer of the deck, corroborate and confirm the genuineness of the visitation witnessed by the doctor beyond peradventure.

Dr. W. T. S. O'Hara, formerly on one of the ships of the White Star line, tells, as nearly as I can remember the details, this story:

A Jolly Companion. "When I was ship's doctor aboard the Albatross we had, on a trip out of Yokohama, a very beautiful little girl of 12 years, who had been orphaned in the east and was returning with us alone to friends and relatives at home.

"She was so bright and intelligent and was such a jolly, good-natured lassie that I was naturally attracted to her. The friendship being mutual, we were soon quite attached to each other, spending much of the day together on deck and about the ship, for she was possessed of a woman's curiosity and was eager to investigate the mysteries of the great vessel, from the engine room to the crew's nest. During these tours of inspection and rappings about she readily made warm friends of all the crew, and especially of the commanding officers.

"As we ran down the coast it became evident that the increasing heat of the climate did not agree with her, and she soon grew listless, losing interest in the sea and the ship and her playfellows, although she seemed to cling closer and closer to me as her spirits relaxed and her physique gradually succumbed to the depressing effect of the heat.

"When we were well down into the China sea she became very ill and was confined to her stateroom. In a few days the trouble developed in a severe attack of tropical fever.

"There being little other illness aboard, I was able to give most of my time to her, and toward the last, except when called to some incidental duty for the moment, remained at her side almost night and day, doing all in my power, both as doctor and friend for her relief and comfort.

Deadly Tropical Fever. "All my doctoring and care, however, seemed of no avail against the consuming fever that was burning out her vitality, and by the time we had swung down into the Indian ocean I had reluctantly abandoned hope of her recovery.

"The captain and other officers, as well as the crew, had shown an unusual and heartfelt interest in her fight for life, and they came often to sit beside her, expressing, in their sailor-like way, sympathy and doing the best they could in the kindness of their hearts to keep her spirits rallied to the greatest degree of resistance, so that it was with a very real sorrow and more than a suspicion of wet eyes that they heard me as I reported to the captain one evening that the turning point for her would come that night and that the chances were all against the probabilities that she would be able to live for the morning.

"Maure's landman's belief in the hardened nature of the sailor, he has, nevertheless, a heart tender as a woman's and a kindly disposition that only those who have lived with him in the open can fully understand and appreciate.

"And that night it was demonstrated far into the night, as I passed the smoking room on my way to the locker for medicine, I saw the ship's officers there in a little group—silent, waiting. Those big, rough, weather-seasoned fellows were 'on watch,' frowning to learn the issue of life and death that struggled desperately in the stateroom of their little friend near by.

Life's Flickering Light. "As the fire of the fever burned higher the fire of her life burned down to its smoldering, darkening embers. The unequal contest was nearing the final. As the flushed face among the pillows turned for a last pitifully appealing look into mine the fever-bright eyes closed, the hand that held mine gave a feeble, parting pressure, the tremor of a sigh escaped her and she lay very quiet and still. The restlessness of delirium had gone and nature relaxed the submissive resignation to the inevitable that told me that I had lost my battle with death.

"The pulse still moved in fluttering beats, the respiration continued, weak and faint, the muscles quivered fitfully, the pretty lips trembled now and then and the facial expression changed from one indicative of weakness and suffering to repose and calm—the restful calm that follows the wearing storm.

"Now and again it seemed that she might be trying to speak aloud, but the working of her dissolving mentality was the communion of her soul with angels rather than of the mind with men.

"As I sat heavy-eyed in the darkened chamber awaiting the approaching transition from life to death the tears came, and through the misty haze I saw again another sweet-faced little girl lying pale and quiet on a death bed away back in the gone days of my boyhood, when I had watched beside my sister as she passed on into the shadows of the great afterlife, and in the halo of that vision the iron of the physician dissolved in the heart of the man, and I silently sobbed out the pain that was divided between the sad reverie and the nearing approach to the parting of the ways with the dear little friend beside me.

conscious sensation of the presence of a something in the room that I did not see, an uncanny something I could not understand.

"Intuitively, I think, it came to me that it must be the presence of death, and instinctively, almost mechanically, I closed the pressure of my fingers on the pulse, but I found they still beat softly beneath the touch.

"As I looked again at the face the room grew lighter, slowly, almost imperceptibly, with a light that seemed unlike the birth of a dawn of a day at sea; but I knew that it was not near the morning, nor could such a light be possible with the low-hanging, black clouds of the tempest without that closed about us with an impenetrable wall of living, and, wondering, yet not altogether surprised, I waited, watching.

"Gradually the light increased until the room was as bright as the light of a full-grown dawn, and then I became conscious of a change—a change that was the most marvelous thing I ever witnessed.

"The light seemed to creep from out the corners of the room and gather in flickering, uncertain waves of blue and white and gold directly over the body of the child, a tremulous, lambent ghost light, fading, brightening, dissolving, quickening, falling, rising—reminding me as I think it did now of the quivering notes of soft, low music coming over the tumbling water, out of the distance.

"A moment it remained and then disappeared, leaving the room in darkness save for the shaded light of the night lamp. The pulse still beat, the heart moved in fluttering pulses, the face trembled in its childish smile and the lips continued muttering their unspoken messages.

Answering the Call. "The storm lulled and in the hush I waited, wondering, but with no thought of fear. The lips moved apart, the face brightened, her eyes looked at me questioningly, and, bending my head low, I caught the words of her murmuring voice: "Oh—look! How—beautiful! and her fingers closed over mine as she spoke.

"She turned her eyes upward, and, looking, I saw, close to the ceiling, straight over her head, a blurred, misty, luminous globe, like a distant star, dimly glowing in a heavy fog. This grew, slowly, almost imperceptibly as before, until it hung a quivering sphere of bluish white, wavy light. It was more nearly like the St. Elmo's fire that clings about the ends of the spars in a heavy electrical storm than anything I can compare it to.

"See! she whispered: O—see!" "Slowly, so slowly that I did not notice it at first, the ball of light descended until it seemed to envelope her face and hair, giving the peaceful, pleased look on her face a glory and radiance such as we think of the angels having—the sweetest and most heavenly vision I ever saw or ever expect to see.

"As it lay for a moment wavering about her pillow, I felt her hand grow tense in mine, her body trembled lightly and she made a feeble effort to raise her head as she cried out fearfully: "Oh, mamma, mamma! I see—the way—and it's all bright—and shining!" "And the voice ended in a low whisper, the light rose rapidly, dissolving and disappearing as it reached the ceiling; the curly head lay quietly back among the pillows, there was the faintest breath of a sigh, a nervous flutter of the muscles, the fingers of the hand relaxed, the pulse was lost and she lay very still and white as I knelt there beside her couch, alone with death.

What the Captain Saw. "I placed her hands across her breast, and, mechanically, I again looked at my watch; it was 2:30 o'clock. As I rose to my feet I heard the door open and the captain entered, followed by the first and second mates and two other officers. The captain stepped to the side of the bed and placed his hand on the child's forehead; then, turning to me, he said: "I thought so. And then he added: "Doctor, I don't believe in ghosts and spirits and that sort of thing, and I don't think there are any of us here that do, but these men and myself have just seen something that was very queer, and it was so real and plain that there is no mistaking that we did see it.

"There was a ball of blue fire," he continued, "just like the St. Elmo's fire in a thunderstorm, that appeared right over our heads in the smoking room, and when we looked up at it the thing floated straight across the room to the door. There it hung for a second, turned to this direction and disappeared. When it had gone I said right away: 'Boys, that little girl of ours is dead!'" "After sending for the stewardess to care for the body, I put on my overcoat and went on deck and up to the bridge. I was worn and nervous with the long vigil in the sick room, where it was always hot and stuffy, and I wanted to get out and breathe some cool, fresh air, regardless of the storm and the spray and the rain.

Play of Lightning Balls. "As I reached the bridge the third mate, who was on watch, came to me, and, before I had time to speak or to tell him of what had happened below, said quickly and with an air of suppressed excitement: "Say, Doc! are you superstitious?" "I assured him that I was immune; not being altogether certain at the time, however, whether I really was or not.

"Well, he continued, 'nether am I. At least I wouldn't want to be accused of it, but I just saw something that has set me thinking quite sharp.

"About half an hour ago, I should say, I stood watching the play of the lightning balls around the forepeak. There were several others, but this was the biggest—the biggest that I ever saw. As I looked it began to drop, followed the mast right down to the deck and disappeared.

"I thought at first that it must be an optical illusion, so I rubbed my eyes and looked again to the peak, but the light was gone. Now, I don't believe in signs and omens a little bit, but I'll admit I did about half wonder for a while if that was a forewarning that we were to go to the bottom in something of the same style as that ball of fire had done.

"Well, then while I stood there still wondering that ball of fire seemed to come right out of the deck raise, up along the mast and settle around the forepeak again.

"Queer, though, but it only hung there a moment, and then it drifted right up into the clouds and disappeared. Strangest thing I ever saw! Can you offer any explanation for such a queer freak? I can't."

"Yes—I could—and I couldn't!" "I told him then in detail of the experience I had had below, just as I have told it to you.

"He heard me through, rested his chin in his hand a moment and then said simply: "Oh, was that it! I wish that I had known it at the time! and walked away to the binacle."

"I did not ask him why he would like to have known, but I wondered: just as I have often wondered about the weird and fascinating thing that I saw at the bedside of the dying child."—New York Herald.



Magnificent Quarter-Sawed Oak Rocker 4.25

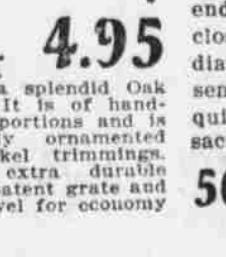
This Rocker is made of selected quarter-sawed oak, of extremely handsome design with fancy shaped back, large carved front posts with carved heads and claw feet. Has novel spindle sides, the trimmings extending from arm to runner. The seat is extra wide, spacious and comfortable. This is positively the greatest rocker value that was ever offered for your consideration.

America's Greatest Home-furnishers



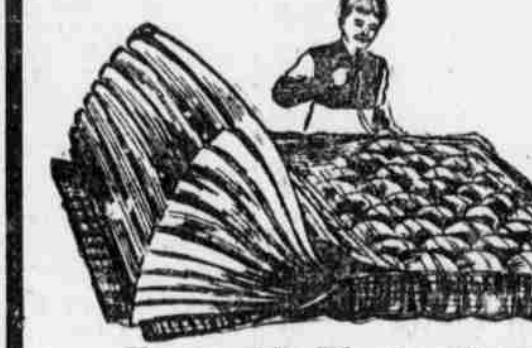
Solid Oak Dresser 8.75

This handsome Dresser is made of selected solid oak and has a beautiful polished finish. Has large French beveled frame. On sale all week at the Hartman store.



Oak Heater 4.95

This is a splendid Oak Heater. It is of handsome proportions and is beautifully trimmed with nickel trimmings. It has extra durable firebox, patent grate and is a marvel for economy of fuel.



Hartman's Elastic Felt Mattress 8.75

This Mattress is of our own manufacture, is of superior quality, but by saving the manufacturer's profit we are able to sell it at the special price above quoted. It is made of elastic felt, soft, resilient and comfortable. Will never lump. Made with imperial stitched edges that cannot break down, and taped. Equal to \$15 mattresses advertised and sold throughout Omaha.

- Carpets--A Big Saving
35 Rolls Heavy Ingrain Carpet, usually sells at 45c to 55c, yard 38c
26 Rolls Fine Brussels Carpets, you're saving 30 per cent, yard 67c
41 Rolls Wilton Velvet Carpet, strictly all wool super, yard 95c
18 Rolls Extra Super Quality Wilton Velvet Carpets, yard 1.20

LET HARTMAN "Feather your nest" 1414-1416-1418 DOUGLAS ST.

BLACKSNAKE FLAGS A TRAIN

Remarkable Intelligence and Gratitude Displayed in Crisis by Pet Reptile.

Captain Frank Williams, who resides on his farm at Woodford, about two miles beyond the exposition grounds, in East Tiddi, is plunged into bitter grief. Last Sunday he buried Hamlet, his pet snake, the constant companion that for so long has comforted his declining years, sharing his sorrows and rejoicing with him when fortune smiled upon the ranch.

"Yes, it is a great sorrow to me," said the captain, as he ranned his pipe full of home-grown leaf, his eyes moist with the memory of his faithful friend. "I've known Hamlet since he was a wee little tot, too small to know which end to start off on when he wanted to go somewhere. Hamlet, yes, that was his name. I see, he was always dressed in a customary suit of solemn black, being a blacksnake, and when he was feeling soope he could a tall unfold as long as a bull whip."

"But his faithfulness was at last rewarded, and poor Hamlet did save me from a horrible death, though at the cost of his own life. I had been over to a matinee at the opera house in Tiddi one afternoon, and on my way home I went back of the car shops and took a short cut between the Union depot and the rolling mills along the main line of the railroad. About half way home the road curves around through a deep cut. As I gingerly stepped along the cross-ties while Hamlet glided at my heels, watching for every possible danger that might threaten me, I stumbled and fell. My head struck against the rail, cutting my forehead deeply. The blow did not render me unconscious, but it brought on a sudden and complete paralysis, and I lay there, prone

across the rail, bleeding profusely, but without power to move a muscle. Poor Hamlet, deeply moved, came wriggling up and folded himself carefully around me, stroking my brow with his tail and looking the sympathy he could not speak. That's one advantage a snake has over a woman when it comes to nursing. "As I lay there, waiting to recover my power of motion, I suddenly heard the approach of the express train. Instantly the full horror of my position flashed upon me, but no sooner than it did upon my faithful Hamlet. With an agonized look he began to uncoil his folds from about me and for an instant I feared that he would leave me to my fate. The next moment I saw how cruelly I had misjudged his noble nature. With eyes filled with hope and determination he dived into my pocket, drew forth my handkerchief and an instant later was mopping it with feverish haste in the blood that flowed from my wound. I lay looking on in bewilderment while the thunder of the express rolled rapidly nearer. Then, as Hamlet swiftly proceeded to knot the ends about his tail, I knew he had conceived some marvelous plan of rescue, and I laughed with joy in my full confidence in his subtle intellect. With one last glance that seemed to say, 'Old fellow, you just put your money on the long one,' he swiftly hoisted his tail in the air, pushing it higher and higher, until there he was standing on his nose in the middle of the track like a ballet dancer on the tip of her toes, while six feet above him in the air was the tip of his tail, and from it the net came in, while the wind the blood-red handkerchief that you couldn't have told from the danger flag of a rear brakeman. "It must have been a terrible strain on his nervous system, let alone his muscles, and I was afraid he couldn't hold out, but the net came in, the engine came rocking 'round the curve at a fifty-mile-an-hour gallop. There was a hiss of steam and a grating of brakes as the engineer, halted by Hamlet's red flag, reversed the engine and threw on the air. Hamlet, overcome by the tremendous strain, collapsed and fell in a faint, with his body half across the rail, as the engine came shivering up and stopped within a foot of me, but not before it had cut poor Hamlet in two. "An ear rolled down the captain's cheek as he scratched a match on the pickle jar and relit his pipe.—Washington Post.

See Want Ads for Business Boosters.

BETTER SERVICE

IS RECEIVED BY CUSTOMERS OF THE HARTMAN STORE

WE GIVE THE PEOPLE CREDIT of a HIGHER CHARACTER --- dignified, confidential credit. And we give them BETTER SERVICE---more accommodations and greater help. It's our desire to accommodate our customers---we're anxious to do it. We make people feel free to call upon us for special favors. We give our customers GREATEST FREEDOM in making their payments---GLADLY EXCUSE them when they are ill or out of work. You would appreciate this liberal treatment---this BETTER service. It's just the kind of service that every salaried person needs---such as YOU need and should be having RIGHT NOW.



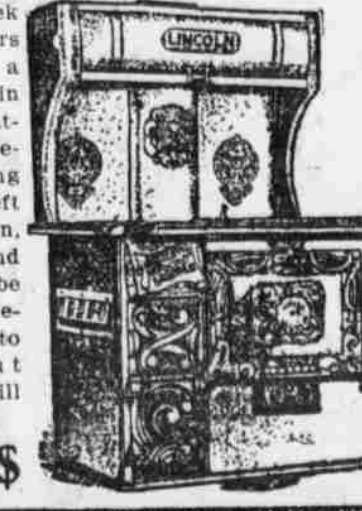
Colonial Library Table Special 11.75

Made of solid oak, elegant finish, made especially for use and of superior quality. The top measures 44x28 inches. This table is made under our own supervision and is thoroughly guaranteed in every particular; has large, spacious drawer; extra massive legs and large broad stretcher shelf below.

Advance Sale of Heaters and Ranges

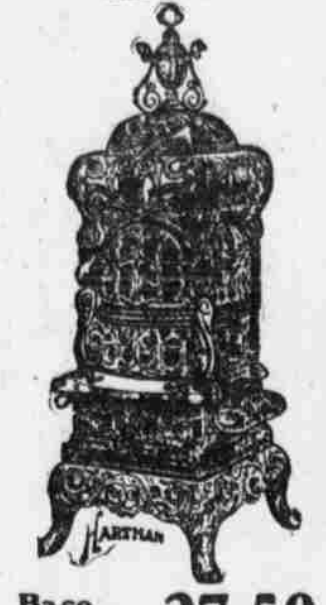
Extraordinary saving opportunities—a special sale of the season's newest and most improved Stoves—prices that can't possibly be duplicated a month later.

We offer this week 250 fine Heaters and Ranges at a tremendous cut in price. These Heaters are of a special lot, consisting of samples, left from last season, and some odds and ends. All must be closed out immediately and send them out quickly we will sacrifice them at 50c on \$



Steel Range, \$26.75 guaranteed for 5 years; complete with high warming closet, as shown in illustration. This steel Range is a marvel for the money—positively the best ever sold anywhere near the price. Has six large, full-size 8-inch holes, has extra large square oven, is beautifully ornamented with nickel trimmings.

TERMS—\$2.50 Cash, 50c Weekly.



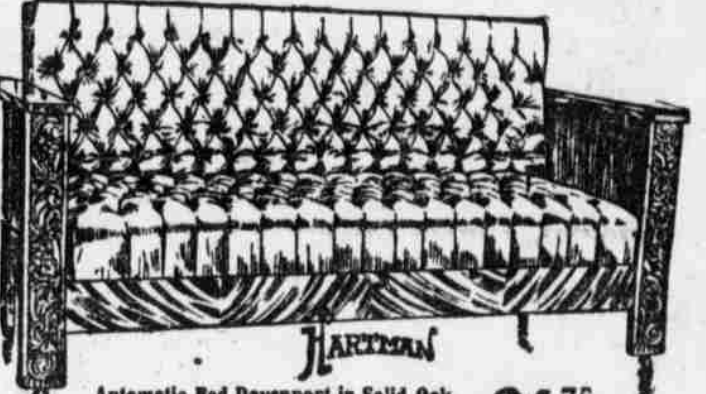
Base Burner 27.50

Extra size—most durably constructed—powerful double heater—many new features which add greatly to its efficiency. Handsomely nickel trimmed, large mica illumination, large coal magazine.



Solid Oak Sideboard 12.85

This Sideboard is a very elegant design, serpentine front, elaborately carved ornamentations and extra large French level mirror. It's a value unmatchable in Omaha. It is only through the great advantage we enjoy in buying these for our great chain of 22 stores that we are able to make the low price above mentioned.



Automatic Bed Davenport in Solid Oak Opens Automatically to Full Size Bed 26.75

This Bed Davenport is made in solid oak, beautifully polished. It is of Hartman's reliable construction, very strong & durable.

Oil Cloth, Linoleum & Matting

- 115 Rolls Oil Cloth, 4-4, 6-4, 8-4 reduced to, yard 28c
96 Rolls Linoleums, printed, best quality, yard 59c
112 Rolls Inlaid Linoleums, Imported qualities, yard 90c
600 Rolls Japanese Matting, large consignment just received, yard 27c

How many of your customers are women?

Women do most of the buying for the household; even for the buying of men's clothes their word usually goes as to where and what to buy.

The women folks read the advertisements; they are as much interested in store prices as their husbands in market reports; they are constantly studying, where they can buy the best and most for their money.

The Bee is the home paper; it is delivered early and the housewife reads it first. There are thousands of homes where no other paper is admitted, for good reasons. Advertisers can reach the women folks through

THE OMAHA EVENING BEE A clean and reliable newspaper for the home. 1c per copy 6c per week Delivered Within everybody's reach—reaches everybody.