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**JENNY WREN'S CHILDREN.**

Up three pairs of winding stairs With noisy patterned carpets, There you'll find, if you are not blind, Little brown babies in a brown bed, Whispering together some secret deep: "Peep, peep, peep!"  
Nightcap and gown of the finest down, Crazy quilt of sunshine and shade, Pillows of moss and thistle floss, Where five little drowsy heads lightly are laid, Softly slugging themselves to sleep: "Peep, peep, peep!"  
—Youth's Companion.

**ON THE PLAINS.**

"He crawled on his hands and knees at least twenty-five miles over the snow and ice, with one leg broken and one arm dislocated. It took him three days and over to do it, and in that time all he had to eat was a handful of cabbage seeds."  
F. R. Walti of Santa Cruz, was relating the terrible experiences of his brother and partner on the Reese river, Nevada, country.  
"On the morning of the 13th of January, 1893," the narrative begins. "I started to drive half a dozen head of horses from Stein's range on the river bottom to my stock farm, thirty-five miles over the hill to the northward. It was nearly noon when my horse stumbled while trotting along a side hill and fell, throwing me and then rolling on my right leg. I received the brunt of the fall on my right arm, spraining my wrist in so doing, and the weight of my horse broke my right leg between the knee and ankle."  
"The pain caused me to lose hold of the reins, and when the horse staggered to his feet he was beyond my reach. I crawled after him at once, but he was a mustang, and not very well broken, and of course he galloped away. After half an hour of fruitless pursuit I gave up the chase through exhaustion and commenced to study the situation. Pretty fix, wasn't it? One leg broken so that I could not stand, and one arm so badly crippled that all crawling had to be done with a hitch of the sound limbs on the left side. The thermometer was down to twenty degrees, it was snowing and the ground was covered with frozen clods."  
"It was five miles to the nearest road and fifteen miles to Addington's ranch, the nearest habitation. Of course, I started for the road, hoping to be picked up without covering the entire distance."

"It is not necessary to describe the pain—I couldn't if I tried—for anybody can figure it out for himself. At first I just hitched along, reaching ahead with my good hand and moving my knees up so I could reach out again, but I did not save myself any pain by this method, and it was so slow that I soon got down to using the knee of the broken leg and the sprained arm, suffering anything in order to make time and get it over."  
"About 7 o'clock that night it commenced to snow furiously and I lost my way, though I did not know for hours afterward that I was crawling back toward the hillside on which my upset occurred. At 11 o'clock I tried to kindle a fire, but the sagebrush was so wet it would not burn and there was nothing left to do but crawl on."  
"Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning the snow ceased falling and the stars came out, when I was nearly crazed to see only half a mile in front of me the same hill I had started to make the road from fourteen hours before. Well I prayed and cried and swore, and was undecided for a time whether to give it up and die or make another trial.  
The coyotes decided me. A man was frozen to death and eaten by them within a few miles of where I was last year, and I was one of the party to drive them from their horrible feast. I suppose it doesn't make much difference to a dead man what becomes of his body, but since that poor fellow's fate I had an awful horror of becoming food for coyotes. So, as I say their howling settled it. I opened my knife handy for use and made another try for the road. This time I made it, but it took me until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I was about as bad off as a man could be."  
"Both gloves, the points of my leather chaparras and breeches were worn through and cut to ribbons by the ice and sharp points of the rocks and frozen dirt, and the last half mile that was made took the skin off, so that I was crawling on my bare bones."  
"It was a little easier on the road, but not much, and I soon gave over trying to rig protectors for my hands and knees, and just drove ahead blindly. It was only by my weakness that I knew I was hungry, for the pain of my leg and arm overpowered all other sensations, ber one, and that was my fear of the coyotes. I can thank those infernal brutes and their constant howling for being alive to-day. My misery was such that I forgot wife and babies and everything, and would have been glad to give up and die but for the remembrance of the gnawed bones of the man we found last winter."  
"I made breakfast, lunch and supper that night on two little five-cent packages of cabbage seed I had in my coat pocket, and then commenced a system to keep awake. I would crawl 500—I don't know what to call them—steps or hitches, and then rest five minutes by my watch. I kept this up all night long, even after I lost my mind, which was about midnight, when the snow commenced falling again. I did not exactly lose my mind, but I had strange fancies. One was that a man was with me and urging me to stop and take a rest."  
"Take it easy, Ed," this fellow would say, seeming as plainly as I am talking to you this minute.  
"No, sir," I would answer, "I want to get along."  
"To cut a long story short, it was a case of crawl 500 steps and rest five minutes all through the night

and till the afternoon of the next day, and the further I went the less sensible to pain I became, and the keener the desire for sleep. Finally it was so bad that I could only keep awake during the rests by saying, 'Coyote meat! Coyote meat!' over and over again as my watch ticked off the seconds. While crawling it was not so bad, for I had to look out for ruts. Every time I struck one the break in my leg got a wrench that was very good keep-awake medicine.

"An hour before dark I came across an oasis in the awful desert in the shape of a moldy old haystack, three miles from Addington's. Near it were some old boards nailed together, part of a hay-press and a broken sledge-hammer, but I did not discover these until next morning. When I sighted the stack the 'man' who wanted me to rest had deserted me, and I was as clear-headed as ever in my life. There was an old fence-board with a couple of nails in one end of it lying on the ground, and with this I managed to rake a lot of the straw off the top—the foot of the stack was as solid as a rock—to make a bed with."

"Half a mile more would have been beyond my powers. The broken leg was swollen to an enormous size with fever, and the other, strange to say, was frozen and frost-bitten until it was as black as my hat. Both hands were also frozen. Now, I needed two things, cold to take the fever out of my broken leg and fire to warm the upper part of my body. The first was easily obtainable, for the snow was a foot deep against the windward side of the stack, but after raking for half an hour to get at some dry hay, I found I had lost my matches. This left only one member to be cared for, which was some consolation, and I devoted myself to the fever. After cutting away the ragged remnants of the clothing about the broken leg I buried it in the snowbank for fully three hours."  
"The snow snizzled around it almost as it would on a red-hot stove, and it required a fresh hole every few minutes in order to keep it surrounded."

"The fever left it to a considerable extent, but then the pain came back, and though I had a comfortable bed in the hay it was impossible to sleep for the torture."  
"With sun up Thursday morning it did not seem as if it were possible for me to stir another inch, and but for the sight of the hay press, I should have been lying there yet."  
"Then I think it took me at least half an hour to get on my one good foot and get the boards under my arms. It was better than crawling, but getting along was about the most awful fight you can imagine. When I set the boards down on the ground it was always on a corner, and the sudden tilt to the other corner as I swung forward upset me about every fifth time. Then I would have another long struggle to get on my feet again. My fingers had no strength in them, and time and again one or the other of the boards would slip from them, and I don't think I ever picked one up under ten minutes. Every tumble seemed as if it would break my frozen, brittle body in two."

"Right at this point five horses came galloping up behind me, and went by on the run. Trotting along behind them was my horse, the fellow who had caused all my misery, still saddled and bridled."  
"I tried to stop him, but he dodged me easily, and then it seemed as if the end had come in earnest. I fell down and could not get up again, set my teeth and try as I would. Neither could I crawl, and the last hope lay in help coming from the house."  
"Thank God, it came sooner than I expected."

"Addington's was deserted, save for a Slavonian ranch hand, and his attention was attracted by my horse. He caught him and then rode to the top of a little knoll to look for the rider. Of course I was a plain mark on the white snow, and in a few minutes he was with me. He would not believe but that I had just been thrown off until he saw my hands and knees and my bloody trail in the snow. They were enough to convince anybody."  
"The Addingtons had taken the only wagon belonging to the ranch away with them, and it took what seemed like hours to rig a litter to trail from the horse's neck and haul me to the house. The Slavonian carried me in to the fire and in a minute I commenced to burn, the sensation seeming to be about what you would expect from being stuck full of pins and needles. I kept that man pretty busy for about an hour. First thing he had to do was to get me a tub and a bucket of water with chunks of ice in them, and into these I stuck my legs and arms, which were frozen by this time. Then he fed me two cups of strong coffee and three or four eggs, and I commenced to think I was a lot too good for coyote meat."

"After building up more fire and placing some food within reach he saddled a horse and rode off to the nearest neighbor's, an Italian named Philipene, twelve miles away. There they kindly started out two men, one to my home, twenty-eight miles away, and the other to Beowawe, the nearest railroad station, fifty miles away. Philipene himself hooked up his team and drove back to Addington's with another of his men. The Slavonian returned directly, and there he found me, sound asleep, with my legs and arms still in the ice-water. The long immersion did the business, though, for the blackness of the freezing was all gone and a good deal of the swelling, while the dirt was mostly soaked out of the cuts on my hands and knees."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**BYGONE DAYS.**

I would that we had never met, In days that now are past, For oh! I never can forget, Those days too bright to last.  
Ah! then what happiness was mine, When thou wert by my side, And whirling asked my love for thine, And me to be thy bride.  
But now the time is past, when I Alone possess'd thine heart, And knowing this, I breathe a sigh, Then say that we most part.  
Yet still, when thinking of the past, My constant prayer shall be, That thou may'st know and feel at last The love I felt for thee.

**CAPTAIN JANE.**

It was early in the spring of 1850 that a person walked into the store of Chenery & Hazeltine, in Sacramento and inquired for the head of the firm.  
Mr. Chenery made his appearance. "I want to purchase a load of goods for the northern mines and I want to purchase them entirely on credit. I own the six-mule team standing just on the outside. I am, as you see, dressed in male attire, but I am a woman. My name is Jane—plain Jane. Women, you know, have no rights in this world and it is not necessary for them to bother about names. I drove this same team across the plains, arrived here last fall, took my team to the Gordon ranche, over on Cache creek and did work of one kind and another to support myself while the mules recuperated. They are beauties, as you will see. They were in better condition when they reached Sacramento than any other team I saw, because I took care of them. There is not a mule out of the six which would not follow me around like a dog if turned loose. They love me, you see, because I am kind to them. My plan is to take up a load of goods, sell them, return the money, take up another load, repeating until I get rich and the firm gets richer than it is."

Richard Chenery whistled, and the whistle had a big exclamation after it.  
"Who are you, and where did you come from?"  
"It is not to our purpose to discuss that point. I am here before you. I am 22 years of age, I am five feet seven inches high, weigh 165 pounds. I can lift a barrel of flour into the wagon, and can cut a figure 8 in the street with a six-horse team. I will pull the lines over the wildest team ever hitched up. I came across the plains, stood my watch regularly, handled a gun in two fights with the Indians and asked no odds of any man. I am here to make some money—get rich. I am going to get rich by my own exertions. Then it's mine, you see."  
"Hazeltine, come here; I want to introduce you to this lady."  
"Lady?"  
"Yes, lady. Though not so dressed she is a woman, and her name is Jane, plain Jane; but, by Jove, she is a captain!"  
"Captain Jane, your most obedient," said Mr. Hazeltine, as he extended his hand.

The situation and the request were explained by Mr. Chenery. She got the load of goods and an account was opened with "Captain Jane." All that summer and the winter following she made regular trips. The winter of 1850-51, he remembered, was the driest season the Americans had seen in California, so teaming was not interrupted. At the end of the year Captain Jane had deposited with her merchants about \$50,000.

Every resident of the west side of the Sacramento valley and of Shasta remembers Captain Jane. She purchased a farm on Thoms creek, just below the town of Tehama. The teamsters and tavern-keepers along the road in that day had many incidents to relate of her. Camping miles away from anybody she would sleep in her wagon or beside it alone, when it was well known that she had large sums of money. She was a woman of action, not of words. She talked more to her mules than to men. When she threw the harness on each mule walked to his place. Nor did she ever picket out one of them. Freed to graze upon the best grass they were sure to be on hand in the morning. She kept her Tehama property but a short time, and selling it at a profit she disappeared.

In 1852 George W. Frink kept the Tehama house at the corner of California and Sansome streets, San Francisco. John Duncan was his clerk. There were sitting around the office stove General E. O. C. Ord, his brother, Judge Pacificus Ord, Judge Cy Wallace, Dr. Robert Semple, General J. W. Denver, John Bigler, Lieutenant Derby and several army officers. The Panama steamer had just arrived and the political situation at the East was being discussed, when a plainly dressed woman walked in, approached the counter, registered and asked to be assigned a room. The conversation lulled. Duncan disappeared to show the lady her room, and Frink walked to the register to look at the name.

"Who is she," asked Lieutenant Derby.  
"Plain Jane Smith."  
"From where does she hail?"  
"She doesn't hail—that's left blank."  
For weeks and months the distinguished guests of the Tehama wondered who Jane Smith could be and whence she came, but none of them could engage her in conversation. The landlady was one of the handsomest men of his day, and a great ladies' man withal, yet he could talk to her of no other matters than those connected with the business between them. She took all the commercial papers of the Atlantic board, as well as those of San Francisco. As a

pointer John Duncan noted that the old papers brought down from her room were minus the market reports and shipping intelligence.  
"No more ham for breakfast," said landlady Frink, jocularly, to his guests. "Gone away out of sight; been cornered just as flour was a short time ago. In the last six or eight months somebody has cornered pork, lard, candles, flour, salt, beans tobacco, and be hanged if I know what else. I am told to-day that it is a woman, who pokes around inquiring prices, giving no names, but when she buys she always says, 'Cash.'"  
A few minutes later "John Doe," supposed to be one of the richest merchants of the city, came in, sent his card to sixteen and nervously awaited a reply. It was noticed that he drew a deep sigh of relief as the message came: "Show the gentleman up."

I have given this gentleman an alias.  
"Miss Jane Smith?" queried Mr. Doe, as he entered the room.  
"Jane Smith, at your service, sir."  
"Ah! Mrs. Jane Smith?"  
"Jane Smith is my name, and yours, I believe, is John Doe?"  
He bowed, and she continued: "Oh, yes; I think I have heard the name before. You are engaged in trade, I believe, something of which women are supposed to know nothing. You deal in hams, sometimes in flour, occasionally in pork, and it seems to me somebody once told me you handled candles."  
"You seem well posted on my business, Miss Smith."  
"Jane Smith has sought to post herself on the business of several gentlemen. How well she has succeeded the sequel must show."  
"Lady, whether Miss or Mrs., have you any mercy in your composition?"  
"Do you ask mercy of me?"  
"I am bankrupt unless you grant it. I have been the unfortunate victim of all your deals, or deals I now suppose to have been yours. Of course, it was not intentional, but it so happened just as I had agreed to deliver a large lot of flour, flour went up. It was the same with pork, tobacco, sugar, candles and other articles, and now I must deliver hams, but cannot touch them. You hold them all. Can you make no concessions?"  
"Will you repeat after me one sentence?"  
"I will."  
"Repeat word for word as I speak: 'That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me.' Ah! you stammer and finally halt at the last word."

"Woman, who are you, and why do you persecute me?"  
"Let me tell you a romantic story—a story filled with acts of mercy. You have a son. He married a girl in every way his peer, eye, I maintain in some respects his superior. Her descent was honorable. In her veins flowed the best blood of the land. High principles and nobility of character were hers by the right of inheritance. When she was very young pecuniary misfortunes befell her family. With her own hands she earned the money for her education. At seventeen she carried away all the honors of the college. In your eyes, however, poverty was a crime. You would not even see this young wife of your son. It was enough for you that she had worked in the kitchen. By perjured testimony procured by you the people, and even the husband, were led to believe this wife false to her vows. All her pleading for mercy availed nothing. She was driven out and even her baby was torn from her arms. I am that wife, that mother. I swore to make you ask mercy of me. I drove a team across the plains, I fought Indians, I swam icy rivers, I stood guard in the cold, cold blasts of snow and sleet. I teamed to the mines in male attire, attending to six miles night and morning, and driving them all day. I slept by the roadside with only a revolver for a companion. But all, all for my baby, oh, my baby! My purse grew and hope grew with it. I came to the city with \$100,000 to carry out dreams of the lonely roadside, plans formed beneath the starry skies, amid a silence broken only by the coyotes. I began operations here, and when I found I could corner an article I first bought you short on it. All this, John Doe, to force my way to justice and my babe, held from me by force and wrong. You know of the perjury, you know of the wrong; confess them to my husband; give him back to me; give me my child; give me back my good name. I can repeat the line without a quiver: 'That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me.' Undo the great wrong, show the mercy you ask, and all the hams in California, all the money you have lost shall be yours. I am not a blackmailer, I am not proposing to purchase your son, I am justly demanding justice—and it justice I will have whether you yield it or not. I feel like an enraged lioness whose cub has been stolen. Oh, my boy, my boy, my baby boy!"  
She sank into a chair and wept. He, too, wept tears of genuine repentance. He approached her, smoothed back her hair, kissed her forehead, and said "My daughter."—San Francisco Examiner.

Anxious to Change Its Name.  
Residents of Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y., are tired of that euphonious name, and intend having the name changed. The name is derived from the fact that Jeremiah Dobbs, a Swede, who was a fisherman and lived at Willow Point, near the southern line of the village, added to his meager income prior to and during the revolution by ferrying occasional travelers across the Hudson.

Paterson, N. J., boasts of a woman 8 years old who rides a wheel.  
You cannot improve the weather by discussing its imperfections.  
By the way, Mr. Gas Addicks seems to have been lost since the St. Louis convention.  
The Vanderbilt family are discovering that money cannot purchase a first-class quality of health.  
Twitting people concerning their weaknesses bears about the same relation to wit that a gourd does to an orange.

The University of Calcutta is said to be the largest educational corporation in the world. Every year it examines over 10,000 students.  
The telegraphed declaration that a presidential candidate cannot carry his own county is an indication that the mere politician is getting in his work.  
It is exceedingly fortunate for Chicago's reputation that visitors to the city rarely think to amuse themselves by attending sessions of the city council.  
Prof. Hortet of Lyons, France, who is experimenting on guinea pigs, says that his investigation proves that the Roentgen rays prevent the development of bacilli in consumption.  
Our lawmakers will hereafter have to be careful. Two ex-state senators in Ohio have been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years each, one for soliciting the clerk of the house to change a record to show that a bill had passed, and the other for soliciting money to pass another bill.

Time brings many sad and pathetic changes. Newell Clark, aged 85 once the leading business man of north-eastern Ohio, and for thirty years the president of the First National bank at Ravenna, died last week an object of charity. His downfall began several years ago, when he was induced to buy a "gold" brick.  
Now some Philadelphia doctors assert that there is no such thing as hydrophobia, and that mad dogs are exceedingly rare. The doctors say that people are frightened into nervous disorders, and most cases of supposed rabies are acute hysteria. Half a dozen of the most eminent physicians in the Quaker City say they never had or saw a case of the hydrophobia.  
Delphi, Indiana, people consider that they were scandalized by Miss Carrie West, the heiress, who became so infatuated with W. T. Harris, the married man of Hammond. Miss West mortgaged a business block for funds to pay for the Harris divorce and as soon as it was obtained the knot was tied by Squire Coster and the couple left at once on their honeymoon. It was certainly a rare leap year event.

The most remarkable act yet done by a new woman may be credited to Mrs. Mary Caton, whose husband conducts a large stock farm near Lansing, Mich. She sailed from New York on Saturday in charge of a string of nine trotting horses whose care-taker she will be throughout the entire European trotting circuit. She is said to thoroughly understand horses, and her husband, detained at the farm by business, considered her the only person he could thoroughly trust to manage the horses during their European career.  
Some writers strive to put the gist of their subject into the opening sentence, after the manner of the able newspaper head liner. This can be overdone. A lady went to a Louisville hotel to meet her son, whom she had not seen for years. He was not there to meet her, but he had left a letter. The opening sentence read: "I am now in the penitentiary." Then the old mother fainted, and it was three hours before she recovered. Then she discovered by reading the rest of the letter that her boy had a good position with the contractors for the penitentiary labor and had been unable to leave his duties.

However one may regret from patriotic motives the defeat of the Yale crew at Henley, it is refreshing to perceive how thoroughly they have wiped out the remembrance of the disagreeable impression made there last year by Cornell. The great banquet given the Yale men at the Sports club in London after the race was marked by extreme cordiality towards the Americans, and the victorious Leanders have done everything in their power to make the Americans feel as cheerful over their defeat as possible. All of which is entirely different from the events following the defeat of Cornell last year.  
German papers discuss the origin of the phrase, "Blood is thicker than water," which Emperor William lately used twice as an expression of good will toward England and, as usual, credit it to the wrong man. It was used first by Captain Ingraham during the British-Chinese war in 1859 and not by Admiral Tatal, the commander of the American fleet that witnessed the bombardment of the Taku forts by the British gunboat Opossum. Captain Ingraham was already a famous man on account of the share he took in the Martin Koszta affair, when he, at the harbor of Smyrna, had his vessel prepared for action, placing her between two Austrian men-of-war to emphasize his demand for the surrender of Koszta, a political refugee, with a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States in his pocket. The Austrians of course yielded.