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Confident that he has discovered an absolute cure for consumption and all pulmonary complaints, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles to any reader of NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT who is suffering from chest, bronchial, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

Altogether this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

Offered freely, apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the proposition.

Ho has proved consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation. He has on file his American and European Laboratories testimonial of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Delays are dangerous. Address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl Street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and postoffice address, and mention reading this article in the NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT.

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GHOST CAME TO SCIENTIST.

Great Naturalist Declared He Had Seen an Apparition.

Frank Buckland, the well-known English naturalist, was the last man in the world whom one would expect to be superstitious, but in a remarkable letter of his, addressed to a friend at Selhurst, Surrey, he solemnly declares that he once saw a ghost at Westminster abbey, says the New York Press.

Buckland's father was dean of the abbey and his son lived with him in the ancient house attached to the church, occupied by the deans for hundreds of years. One night, so Buckland declared, he had returned home rather late after an evening at the theater.

He opened the window and sat at it smoking a last cigar before retiring. His room overlooked the cloisters. A curious legend was attached to a door almost directly opposite the window.

It was to the effect that the door was covered with human skulls and certainly the fragments of the dark leather still hanging to it help, by their appearance, to support this assertion.

Buckland was sitting smoking and watching the quiet cloisters, flooded with bright moonlight. Suddenly he saw the dark figure of a man come out of the door and walk down the cloisters.

Buckland knew that no one should be around the abbey at that hour and supposing it was some interloper ran downstairs and searched the cloisters for the intruder. To his surprise he could find no one and on trying the door found it securely bolted, having not been opened evidently for years.

Much mystified he returned to his room and continued to watch. In a little while he saw the same figure, which appeared to be dressed like a monk, return along the cloisters and enter the abbey by the same door.

Thoroughly alarmed, Buckland ran down again and found the door in exactly the same condition and still bolted on the outside. In the morning he inquired of some of the old attendants around the abbey and found that more than one of them had seen or heard others speak of the apparition.

Some time afterward he found among some ancient archives of the abbey an account of the beheading of one of the monks for a terrible crime and it was added that he was flayed and his skin used to cover one of the doors leading to the cloisters.

Buckland afterward said he firmly believed that it was the ghost of this monk which he had seen.

Booker Washington's School. The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has become one of the most famous of the schools for the education of the negro, and its president, Booker T. Washington, is recognized as one of the ablest leaders of the negro race.

The school had a very puny beginning fifteen years ago. To-day the institute owns 2,460 acres of fine land, thirty-seven buildings, some of which represent large expenditure, 265 head of live stock, an abundant supply of wagons, buggies, etc.

The total value of its property is nearly \$300,000. For the year ended May 31, 1896, the income of the institution was \$97,716, donations from various sources making up \$62,835 of the amount.

Besides the academic department, there are twenty-five industrial departments where practical instruction is given in carpentry, brick-laying, stone cutting, blacksmith work, shoemaking, plastering, plumbing, rimming, and other trades.

For female students there is also training in such lines as are appropriate to them.

Appealed to Him Partially. The vague man stood on the side of the Atlantic steamer and gazed admiringly at the rich sunset. The boat was tossing heavily on the bosom of the deep, as is the habit of boats when the sea is rough, indelicate though such a course may be.

As the sun finally sank below the horizon the vague man murmured: "Sic transit gloria mundi!" Strictly classical, of course, but even vague men are sometimes educated. The Irishman in the steerage overheard the remark and groaned loudly.

It was his first voyage. "I don't know nothin' at all av the glory o' Monday," he growled, "but there's no doubt av the sick transit!" The sailor's cry of "Heave ho!" at this juncture did not conduce to his relief.—New York Journal.

Populating Siberia. Siberia will soon lose its terrors in the popular mind. The opening of the Siberian railroad has caused a rush of Russian peasants for the plentiful and cheaper lands in Siberia and whole villages in Russia are being left without inhabitants.

AN EPISODE.

It has been a remarkable summer. In May it was as hot as August and in August it was as cold as March. It rained most of the time. Almost anything seemed an excuse for the heavens to drip, or pour, or swash down buckets of water, as the fancy of Jupiter Pluvius was at the moment.

Then it cleared off hot enough to cook you or so cold you had to drag out your winter clothes. This peculiar state of affairs seemed to agree with the insect and reptile tribe. They flourished on other people's poison to a wonderful degree.

There is an old German myth that says by some chance or a descendant of the same wily serpent in the garden that played havoc with Mother Eve entered into the ark. When Noah, well protected by his mackintosh and goloshes, took a hasty inventory of stocks he failed to discover this cunning gentleman, who evidently inherited the craft of his ancestor who lived several centuries before.

There were all the innocent tribes of snakes, those who had never committed any considerable crime; but Monsieur le Serpent lay in a dark corner till they got well under way.

Then he came cautiously forth and began to make himself so agreeable, after the manner of his worthy great-grandfather, and like that venerable person proved such a charming conversationalist that the rest of the household of the ark agreed it would be a great pity to throw him overboard.

So they sailed on and on; and it rained and rained, after the manner of the summer of '96, till Noah became perturbed in spirit and the passengers discontented. All the good stories had been told over and over; the supply was limited; all the old songs sung over and over again; and quarrels and disputes were the order of the day.

The qualities of the dove as an advance agent were still unknown, and Noah worried not a little as to the direction and final destination of the ship.

At last a council was held, and my Lord Snake, in a most modest and becoming manner, intimated he had some experience in sailing and would be pleased to see Noah at the close of the meeting.

The interview took place. The Serpent owned that matters looked bad for the occupants of the ark, but assured Noah he could extricate them from their difficulties and bring them safely to land—on one condition only. This offer at first appalled Noah, but after some hours of thought and very rough weather he called his immediate family together and laid the case before them.

The Snake had consented to act as pilot-captain-mascot, all in one—a regular Pooh-Bah—for the trifling reward of a wife.

He had taken a violent fancy to one of Noah's daughters, the youngest, a beautiful girl, and demanded her hand as the price of his efforts; the reward not to be given till they were all on land, high and dry.

To cut the story short, this was agreed to. The family were all somewhat under the influence of the wily charmer, and perhaps even then there

lurked in the bottom of their hearts an intention to break the contract when the danger was over. The Serpent took the helm. The dove was sent out, and in a little while they reached land, saw the sun once more, and hung out their rusty clothes to dry.

Once in the promised land the Snake demanded his bride. Family councils were again held. He was enticed into their midst and cruelly betrayed to his ruin. Instead of a wife he received death at their hands. Not content with merely killing their preserver, and contending that he was an old fraud and stowaway—that they would have touched shore just as well without him—they decided to refuse him even a Christian burial and burn his body, while they danced round his pyre.

But as the flames rose to heaven the victim had his revenge. Each column of blue smoke turned to vicious, stinging insects—gnats, mosquitoes, flies, and the thousand crawling, creeping things, whose descendants afflict our poor humanity to-day. Noah had too much foresight to perpetuate them by putting them in the ark, but his act of treachery put his caution all to naught.

This damp summer has been again prolific in all these pests, and chief among them is the fitting, tricky, tormenting moth-miller. Its whole life is given up to the one idea of making that of man a burden; its gleeful flight through the house in search of something to destroy rouses the inmates thereof to insane speech and action. Nothing is sacred to this iconoclast. The richer the prey the greater its joy.

The little woolen garment that you fondly imagine still holds the imprint of the dear dead baby's form; grandma's work basket, that used for so many years to stand by the bed, and which, when you looked at it, seemed to bring before your eyes again the patient, suffering form, the bent and trembling fingers that lined the basket with soft wools were not too precious for its deadly work, but fall to dust in your hand. The overcoat that you thought would last one more winter does not escape, but shows great holes on every side and vanishes a thought you had indulged in of a ticket to the opera once or twice, for it must be re-

placed. These things and many more haunt you as the witter flies by.

John had been particularly active in this warfare. Often as he sat reading some abstruse volume his book would fall to the ground, his glasses follow, as with a tremendous lurch forward he would exclaim with extended hands: "I have it!" generally adding a moment later: "No! there it goes!"

The tricky insect would disappear and in a moment be visible in another corner, or, if perchance, it was caught and lay in dusty nothingness, a dozen sisters came loyally to the rescue. So the strife went on. Conversations of great interest, chiefly to the participants thereof, and generally upon the financial question, were punctuated, emphasized, broken up by these winged messengers of anarchy. At last the great night arrived in which John was to make the speech of his life.

He had studied and thought but on one subject for many weeks and hours and hours; he had written and erased and written again till every sentence showed like a jewel in his eloquent address on "Our Only Safety Lies in Gold."

The hall was packed. People of both parties sat or stood. Some, the majority, came to be strengthened in their faith; a small minority to be convinced of error. John sat on the platform, dignified as ever, surrounded by his fellow-townsmen. On one side a Presbyterian divine, on another a Congregational clergyman, and a learned judge or two. He was introduced and began his remarks.

His calm, earnest manner commanded attention and respect. He spoke on and on, gradually going from one well-argued premise to another, and growing every moment more eloquent. One near and dear to him thought she detected occasionally a moment's hesitation, a spasmodic tightening of the hands, but it passed away. The audience was enthusiastic. The climax, that should sweep all before it and carry conviction, seemed near, when suddenly he paused, made a convulsive leap forward, brount both hands together with a resounding smack, and cried in a loud voice:

"I've got it! No, there it is!" Consternation spread through the room. The poor victim of the serpent's last revenge grew pale and tottered to his seat. Water was brought. The learned judge made a few remarks to an unheeding audience, but all in vain. The spell was broken. The men that were almost persuaded went gladly out clinging to their old belief, and the Snake once more had conquered.

AME SYLVESTER.

Fighting a Bob-Cat. The ugliest appearing animal that ever walked a log, killed a rabbit or fought a trap in the lynx, which is just as ugly as it looks ten months in the year, and somewhat uglier during the other two. Not only will the lynx fight anything that walks in the woods, but it will also tackle a visitor from the clearings, be he man or dog, or half-grown calf, if the occasion offers, says a writer in Shooting and Fishing.

Jim Berry was hunting up in Maine about forty miles north of Greenville, when he and his friend came suddenly upon the carcass of a caribou which a bear was eating. The bear made itself scarce, much to Jim's regret, as he wanted to kill a bear. Without saying anything to his friend, he left camp the next day and started for the carcass, intending to watch it in the hope that the bear would return. He waited and watched till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he began to think of returning to the camp.

A soft footfall back in the woods, the crafty step of some wild animal, just then sounded in his ears. Pretty soon the bear was chewing the caribou meat, and Jim could see it plainly. He leveled his buckshot gun and pulled the trigger when the wabbling muzzle was pointed in what he thought was the right direction. The bear went down, and Jim started for it. Then he stopped with his mouth open.

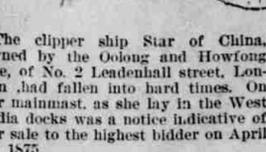
The bear had leaped to its feet and jumped sideways with its back up. Jim knew the yell, and he also recognized the humped back. It was a wounded lynx spooling for a fight. Not having time to level his gun to shoot, the man clubbed it, and the blow stunned the cat a little, but the beast got in a rake on the man's leg that tore his trousers and hide, too. Another frantic sweep of the gun barrel laid the beast flat, and then a revolver bullet killed the animal. The buckshot had torn the top of the lynx's head—enough to make it angry.

Reynard Got the Best of It. A queer fox hunt is reported from Barren county, Kentucky. A farmer going one morning to open the door of his poultryhouse found that the place had been raided by a fox that was still inside. Reynard appeared to have worked up the sliding door until he effected an entrance, when it dropped and made him a prisoner. The farmer and his son concocted a plan for his capture. Turning a dog inside the poultry-house, they held a bag firmly over the opening, and on the slide being lifted there was a swift rush into the bag, the mouth of which was quickly closed and held tightly. Imagine their surprise, however, to see the fox slip out of the shed immediately after and bolt out of sight. They had bagged the dog!

Earthly Influence. It is a high, solemn almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meaneast of us, have an end.—Thomas Carlyle.

There are probably more thieves in China than any other country in the world.

HOW THEY LOST THEIR SKIPPER!



The clipper ship Star of China, owned by the Oolong and Howfong line, of No. 2 Lendhall street, London, had fallen into hard times. On her mainmast, as she lay in the West India docks was a notice indicative of her sale to the highest bidder on April 13, 1875.

As a clipper in the carriage of tea she had made a record of renown. Sixteen knots an hour, with the wind abeam, was an easy achievement. She was, in point of fact, the queen of the tea fleet, thousands of golden sovereigns having been won and lost on her passages out and home.

Before the Suez canal opened up a shorter route to the Orient, the whole of the tea trade was conducted in sailing vessels, with the exception, of course, of the caravan supply, all of which was swallowed up by the Russians, connoisseurs of tea, of which they get the best brands, and of champagne, of which they secure the very first vintages.

Thus, the occupation of the clipper ship Star of China was gone. Her owners had invested in a number of iron steam tanks, such as a true sailor despises, in the innermost cockpit of his heart, but which he is compelled to sail in to keep soul and body together.

And so it came to pass that the Suez clipper was offered for sale in the ignominious manner referred to above. And the old girl looked as though she knew she was for sale under inglorious conditions. She had been dismantled. Her topgallant masts and yards had been sent down, her jibboom had been rigged in, and, altogether, she seemed in doleful dumps—just like an outclassed race-horse when he becomes the property of a cab-driver.

The eventful day came at last. John Allan, a shipowner of the old school, bought the ship for £15,000, and dirt-cheap she was at the price. He had a regular fleet of old frigate-built ships trading between London, Calcutta, Colombo and intermediate ports, and had amassed a large fortune.

One of the ships, the Hur Karu, (Hindustance for Messenger) had been lost on the Madras coast, and, having a great attachment for her skipper, Capt. Harris, who had made much money for him in the past, he bought the clipper ship for him. But, while he put a new captain in charge, he retained the services of Chief Mate Phillips, and Second Mate Stent. These two sailors were devoted to the ship. They would have cried like children if they had received their marching papers. The mate told the new owner that he would take two pounds a month less for his wages, and the second mate offered a corresponding reduction in his stipend. John Allan, having hereditary Scotch thrift in his system, jumped at the offer.

And so it happened that the Star of China, under the care of her new skipper, fitted out for her voyage around the cape, meanwhile taking in her cargo, which consisted of railway iron, hogsheds of Maderia, cases of rum and other liquors, crates of the ugliest idols you ever saw, manufactured by machinery for native consumption, cheaper by far than at Hindoo factories. Cheek by jowl, alongside, were cases of prayer books, Bibles and missionary literature, all printed in Hindostance by a Manchester firm, and a huge box of tracts in the Tamil tongue, entitled, "Hush, for Heaven's Sake!" for the people for whom they were intended were, and all are, fearfully and curiously profane and obscene.

The Star of China cleared and sailed in the usual manner. Her new skipper was a surprise to the old officers, and the ship was in the nature of a wonder to the skipper. It was like putting an engineer of the very slowest freight locomotive in charge of the Empire State Express. The old captain was a century behind the times. Every night he used to snug down the craft by taking in all the flying kites, down even to the outer jib and the three topgallant sails. The ship felt it. She misbehaved, and conducted herself like a hot-headed young lady whose fiancé has just jilted her.

Out to Madras the Star of China sailed. Her time of passage from Gravesend to the Port was 125 days. Whereas her average run to the tea ports was eighty-four days.

Chief Mate Phillips and Second Mate Stent were sound allies. They had been schoolmates at King's College and had gone to sea together. Each liked the fat old, good-natured captain, while they were sorry to see the ship, whose swiftness they knew, was being made a scow of.

But they got even at last. On the homeward passage, while they were threshing to windward around the Cape of Good Hope, there suddenly came a charming bald spot of fine weather, a deceitful prospect, but flattering.

An old craft called Colombo, owned by the same firm as the Star of China, hove in sight, and by the curious law of attraction that prevails in deep water, both vessels came together.

"Star of China, ahoy!" hailed Skipper Robinson of the Colombo. "Come aboard and dine. We have sucking-pig for grub, and tender it is; likewise, rum; and also, wine. Col. Marlborough of the gallant Tenth, is sailing with me for the benefit of his health, and there are cases of 'gooseberry' ready to be opened."

"Why, old shipmate, I wouldn't disappoint you for the world." And now the chief mate came into action. He was on in that piece. He hauled up the mainsail, lowered the jolly boat and rigged up a chair for the fat old skipper, hoisting him up from the main deck and lowering him down into the attendant boat. Four apprentices pulled the fat old man to his chum and the sucking pig.

In less than an hour there came a fog so dense that you might cut big chunks out of it with a rusty sheath knife.

Said the mate to the second mate: "We will lose the old man and make a fast run home." "We will," was the ready response. "Call up all hands and make sail, boatswain!" yelled the chief mate. "Don't wait to shave or curl your hair; we've got to catch the captain."

That sucking pig was the cause of the Star of China beating the Colombo forty-five days from the Cape home. The clipper, under the care of her old officers, was kept moving all the time. At night, as well as day, when she couldn't carry it she dragged it. There was no taking in of canvas at dusk.

When the ship had got home at last, John Allan, the old Scotchman, put two and two together. He heard of the episode of the sucking pig. He made a just conclusion. What he did was to retire Capt. Harris on half-pay and promote Chief Mate Phillips to captain and Second Mate Stent to chief

mate, while at the same time he ordered his other skippers not to be quite so sluggish in stays.—New York World.

Feeding the Children. Many parents do not even have the instincts as to feeding their young that the lower order of animals have. They do not seem to know that the infant, as a rule, brings its natural life and health-sustaining food with it, but are ready to feed it with all manner of food which manufacturers have been actuated to invent from whatever motive.

They know the child's stomach only as a receptacle, and are so slow to learn that any food will harm the digestive apparatus, because they (the parents, or perchance, the grandmother) are fond of such food. I have known well meaning mothers to feed their babies with mince pie, fried potatoes, all kinds of fruits, nuts, and, all before the child had the sign of a tooth. And when the almost universal rational artificial food (cow's milk) has to be given, such kindness is bestowed that the child gets all that it wants and whenever it wants it, regardless of the impaired condition of the digestive organs. Often food is given where drink is only necessarily required by the fretting child. In many instances, if not death, irreparable injury is produced by urging children to fill or gorge their stomachs with fresh food, while a large portion of the former meal in a decomposed condition remains. The result of a combination of this very common habit is obvious to the pathologist.—Dr. J. A. Work.

The First Principle. An English dairy journal says: The utter disregard of the first principle of butter-making—correct temperature of the cream—naturally produces a soft, oily butter containing excess of moisture. No amount of washing or mauling can make butter produced at too high a temperature or over-churned any good; while excessive washing entirely removes the fine aroma which all choice creameries should possess in a very marked degree. The foisting of rubbish as choice creamery on English buyers is as stupid a fraud as the shipping of false weights and tares, and when done to any extent, as during the past month, simply destroys the markets for the time being.

As confidence in quality is now being restored, I look for a renewed and much better butter demand. Butter must be made now by the rule of thermometer and accurate weighing; not by the rule of thumb and guess-work.

They Lowered Him in a Chair. wonder to the skipper. It was like putting an engineer of the very slowest freight locomotive in charge of the Empire State Express. The old captain was a century behind the times. Every night he used to snug down the craft by taking in all the flying kites, down even to the outer jib and the three topgallant sails. The ship felt it. She misbehaved, and conducted herself like a hot-headed young lady whose fiancé has just jilted her.

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"I'VE GOT IT."

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