N THE department of the lifesaving service at Washington they sometimes speak of ' night's work on the Jersey coast," which, to a casual listener, carries no especial significance. It is only when one is curious enough to probe behind the matter-of-fact attitude of the department officials, or dig into the time-yellowed reports of the coast patrol that one obtains a glimmer of what this branch of

government service expects of its servants, and of the unemotional heroism that is concealed in that casual phrase-"a night's work."

From Washington, if you go down into the lifesaving stations along the Jersey shore, you will find the same casual indifference to the story of one night which is now history—an indifference that might lead to the belief that the occasion was a trifle, were it not for the fact that in the memories of the old men of the service its de-

tails are still vivid. It was the third of February, 1880. Two storms were rushing along the Atlantic coast. They met off the Jersey shore, a howling, roaring conflict of wind and weather, snow-rent and sleet-riven.

As darkness settled the life-saving crews in the stations along the wind-swept coast watched the sea with foreboding in their hearts. At midnight the storm was at its height.

In the next twelve hours during its continuance the apprehensions of the Jersey patrol found realization. Within those twelve hours there were five wrecks within the scope of four consecutive stations, while another disaster engaged a station a short distance beyond. The men of the stations rescued forty-three persons, tolled hungry and half-frozen in darkness and tempest, established a standard of bravery and fortitude that is unique and went through the ordeal with that offhand carelessness of personal risk which characterizes those of their calling.

At one in the morning Keeper Charles H. Valentine of Station No. 4 lay gravely ill of pleurisy. At 1:30 Surfman Van Brunt, staggering into the drift of the gale on the west patrol, caught the red gleam of a light in the breakers. So fierce was the wind, filled with driven sand and sleet, that he could not look into its teeth, but by shielding his eyes and looking across it he saw the outline of a large schooner. She was the E. C. Babcock of Somers Point, and she was on

a bar close to shore.

Van Brunt ran for the station and gave the alarm. Despite his illness, Keeper Valentine rose from his bed and in person led his crew to the rescue. Baffled by the snow which lay thick along the beach, by the gale that tore seams in their faces, and by the intense cold which froze shot line and beach apparatus, the life savers fought for two hours to get a line aboard the stranded vessel. At length they succeeded, and a man came ashore in the breeches buoy. He said that the captain of the Babcock had his wife and two small children on board. The breeches buoy was sent out again and the captain came ashore in it, his six-year-old daughter in his arms. His wife followed. Then came the mate with the other child. Last came the rest of the crew.

The life savers went back to the station, and in the early hours of the stormy dawn were hastily rearranging the apparatus when one of the men saw a large brig coming head on for the shore. Keeper Valentine had gone back to bed, but once more he arose and insisted on leading his men

again to the scene of danger.

Before the crew could get the half-prepared beach apparatus to the surf, the brig, running furiously before the tremendous sea, her sails split and tattered, struck with terrific impact. The tide was very high, and the brig, the Augustina from Havana, came up close to the station and well inside the breakers. Just before she struck the life savers could see a man at the wheel, apparently steering composedly, his face emotionless, a pipe in his teeth.

When the shock came a torrent of frothing seas broke over the vessel's stern, covering the helmsan; but a moment later he could be seen standing at the wheel, unmoved. Then the brig swung broadside to the fusiliade of thundering surf, and her crew fled forward to the bitts.

By this time the life savers were on the beach with their gun, while a crowd of some hundreds of persons watched from the shelter of the higher dunes. The brig was so close to shore that Surfman Garrett White, following a receding sea down the beach, succeeded in throwing a heaving stick and line on board her.

This the crew secured, and hauled the whipline on board, but, getting the tailblock, did not know what to do next. In vain the life savers signaled and shouted to them. They were Spanish, and the directions on the billet attached to the lines were in Italian and English only.

At this moment the life savers were filled with horror. The crew of the grounded brig, unable to solve the mystery of riging the breeches buoy, were preparing to take a terrible risk. One of them seized the line and started the attempt of coming in on it hand over hand.

Meantime the wreck of the Babcock, a quarter of a mile up the beach, had broken up, and the fragments of the vessel, together with her cargo of cordwood, were being swept by the current down about the Augustina, filling the surf with tumbling debris which well-nigh insured the death of anyone who fell into it. In a moment the whip line, over which the sailors were preparing to come in, fouled in the wreckage. Disregarding the shouts to wait, the first sailor, clad only in a pair of trousers, seized the line and began working his way in on it hand over hand.

Rushing waist deep into the breakers, White seized the man, and as the brig rolled inshore and the line slackened he slipped the bight from the sailor's neck.

The next second both were caught in the inrush of wood and water and torn from the line to be hurled beneath the breakers. By a terrific effort White succeeded in regaining his footing and, still clutching the sailor, dragged him

out of the surf. While this struggle was taking place two more sailors had started down the line from the brig. Surfman Van Brunt sprang into the water to aid them, but was swept from his feet, his life hanging on a straw in the deadly mass of tumbling timbers. He was carried down-shore a hundred yards, where a mendly wave shouldered him up on the beach. At the moment Van Brunt's peril



was recognized by those on shore, Surfman Potter leaped to his assistance, only to be himself unfooted and flung on co a floating mass of drift. As he lay there strugglinig to get to his feet, the line suddenly tautened in the current and falling across his breast held him pinioned under water. For fully a minute he lay there helpless in sight of his comrades and slowly drowning. At last, nearly dead, a wave washed him free.

Meantime one of the two sailors was torn from his hold on the rope and washed ashore unconscious. Surfman Ferguson went for the other and brought him in. Surfman Lockwood rescued

And so, one by one, in grim hand-to-hand combat with the storm, the crew of the wrecked brig were rescued. Hours later she was boarded in the surfboat. In the cabin, lying in his bunk, a pistol bullet through his head, they found the captain. He had been part owner of the vessel, and when he had seen that she was lost, he had gone below, scrawled a note in Spanish saying he was ruined, and shot himself.

While the men of Station No. 4 were battling at these two wrecks, those of Station No. 2 were rescuing seven men and the captain's wife from the three-masted schooner Stephen Harding. While five miles off shore the Harding had been in collision with the schooner Kate Newman, which had gone down with all hands, save one man, who, as the vessels came together, leaped over the bulwarks of the Newman on to the deck of the Harding.

At the same time Stations Nos. 11 and 12 were waging one of the grimmest and gamest fights against masterful odds in the history of the

This struggle was at the wreck of the schooner George Taulane. The night before the big storm she was off Navesink, running steadily in the growing wind. An hour found the snow shutting thick over the rim of the sea, and the gale increased to a hurricane. It was two in the morning when the craft found herself in distress. At that hour the deck load of lumber, piled high, broke loose. The terrific roll of the schooner in the high sea sent huge timbers tumbling about her decks, making it almost impossible for the crew to stay above hatches. Twenty minutes later fire was discovered on board. Flames shot aft from the forecastle, igniting the deck load.

With her progress somewhat arrested toward shore by the dragging anchors, the Taulane began drifting parallel to the shore, getting in close to it very slowly. At this time she was discovered by the life savers of Station No. 11. This crew, leaving beach apparatus behind

and knowing that no lifeboat could live in the breakers, followed the craft as she drifted along the coast, calculating that she would ground near Station No. 12 and depending on that station for apparatus. Shortly afterward the wreck was seen by Keeper Chadwick of Station 12, who ordered out his crew with beach cart and gun. At this time the vessel was about half-way be-

tween the two stations. On one side the crew of Station 11 were following her along the beach; on the other the crew of No. 12 were coming in to

It was between nine and ten o'clock when the two crews met. The horses that had started with the beach cart of the men from Station 12 had refused to ford the sluices between the hills and had been left behind, the men dragging the cart themselves. The helpless Taulane was then still holding off the bar by her dragging anchors, and still drifting along shore. The two life-saving crews now joined forces in a strange and terrible battle.

The vessel was 400 yards off shore, her men in her rigging, the seas breaking and tumbling white all over her hull. But she was still moving. steadily, surely, alongshore, her keel free of the

The life savers at once placed the surf gun and a line which was fired fell across the Taulane out of reach of her shipwrecked crew. Before another could be fired the vessel had drifted southward out of range.

Loading the gun and apparatus into the beach cart, the two life-saving crews started after her alongshore, laboring manfully in the sand and flooded sluices to keep pace with the drift of the vessel to leeward. In order to do this they were obliged to proceed at what was almost a run. After twenty minutes of breathless work they were again opposite her, the gun was once more planted, and another shot fired.

At this portion of the beach the sand dunes were low, and the only point of vantage from which the gun could be shot was the top of the knolls. The knoll on which the effort was made was in an indentation in the shore, making it farther from the vessel, and, the line being wet and heavy, it failed to reach the Taulane.

Once more the crews of Stations 11 and 12 loaded the heavy beach cart and staggered on after the fast drifting schooner. As the chase led to the south, the conditions on the beach became worse. The surf washed in higher, the sluices became more numerous, and the dry sanddune tops further separated.

The next dry hill was 400 yards farther on.

it was finally gained only to find that the vessel had passed it and was drifting on.

Perhaps the best account of the remainder of the terrible march to its ultimate end is given in the report of the service of 1880, which says

"From first to last the difficulties of the life savers and the perils which beset them never slackened a moment. The wheels of the cart, in coast phrase, 'sanded down' so rapidly-that is, sank so quickly in the infiltrated soil-that the conveyance had to be kept on the move lest it should be lost. Often the cart had to be partially unloaded and portions of the apparatus carried by the crews to lighten it sufficiently to make progress possible, and at other times the men would have to fling themselves upon the wheels and hold them with all their strength to prevent the cart from being capsized by the inequalities of the submerged ground or the overwhelming inburst of the sea rushing high over the axles.

"The escapes were numerous. It was with great difficulty that the men could keep their feet in this constant onelaught and pelting of driftwood. But not a man fell away or flinched from the work before him.

"Not the least difficult of their tasks was that of keeping the lines, and especially the guns and powder, dry in the universal drench around them, and it is difficult to understand how they contrived it; for, aside from the number of actual firings, wherever a momentary pause of the vessel as she grazed bottom, or a slowing of her motion, offered an opportunity for action, at least a dozen times, and probably more, the cart was hurriedly unloaded on the nearest eminence, the gun planted and the shot-line arranged for the effort, when the wreck would suddenly roll away upon her course, and the men would have to reload the cart and toll on again after her. In this way and with these interruptions, they worked down along the beach to station No. 12 and a quarter of a mile beyond it, when a chance offered for another shot; but the line parted. The noon, and suddenly the man so long seen hanging in the rigging fell into the sea and was gone. The crew still followed the vessel with unslackened activity. Half an hour later they saw another man drop lifeless from the ratlines.

"Laboring forward now for the rescue of the remaining five, they suffered a misfortune. In staggering and floundering through one of the worst sluiceways with the cart, the gun toppled off into the flood and was lost. A desperate search was made at once, and finally it was found in four or five feet of water, fished up and wiped dry, and carried thenceforth by the stout keeper on his shoulder. A man was dispatched back to No. 12 for a dry shot-line, while the crew, moved on to a point three-quarters of a mile below the station, where they got another chance to fire a shot, which, however, fell short, the tide having forced the firing party farther and farther back on the hills as they advanced, and the line, too, being weighted with moisture.

"The cart was again reloaded, and the march resumed. A mile below the station the man overtook them with the dry shot-line and, chance offering, the last shot was fired. This time it was a success! The line flew between the foremast and the jib-stay, and, the cut sweeping the bight of the line in to the side of the vessel, the sailors got hold of it and fastened it to the fore and

"As the schooner still continued to drift and roll, nothing could yet be done, but while the greater part of the force loaded up the cart and trudged on with it, three or four kept fast hold of the shore end of the shot-line, and kept pace with the wreck in leash. At the end of another quarter of a mile the vessel suddenly struck the tide setting north, stopped, swung head offshore and worked back to her anchors under the comb of the breakers. The time had come at last; and the whip-line, with its appurtenances, was bent on to the shot-line, hauled aboard, and made fast by the tail of the block to the mainmast head.

"The wreck now slued around broadside to the sea and rolled frightfully. The hawser followed the whip-line on board, and the breeches-buoy was rigged on, but the vessel rolled so that it was impossible to set the hawser up on shore in the usual manner, so it was rove through the bull's-eye in the sand-anchor, while several men held on to the end to give and take with each roll of the vessel. The work of hauling the sailors from the wreck was now begun with electric energy. After two men were landed, the vessel took the ground, but the circumstances increased rather than diminished her rolling, and some conception of this powerful motion may be derived from the fact that in one instance the breechesbuoy with a man in it swung in the off-shore roll fully fifty feet in the air.

"The strain and friction upon the hawser were so great that the lignum-vitae bull's-eye through which it ran at the sand-anchor, despite the hardness of the wood, was worn fully half an inch deep during 30 minutes of use. Within those 30 minutes, however, the five men were safely landed, the last man getting out of the buoy at half-

past two." And so closes the story of that which in the department at Washington, is spoken of casually as "A night's work on the Jersey coast."

BITTEN BY MAD DOG THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY

CONVICTS CONFESS RELIGION AND ARE BAPTIZED.

NEWS FROM OVER THE STATE

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readere Throughout Nebraska and Vicinity.

Beatrice-The epidemic of hydro phobia which has been alarming the residents of Glenover has spread to the main city and the little daughter of Dwight Coit, cashier of the German National bank, of this city, has been bitten by a dog supposedly mad. The little girl, who is about three years old, was playing with the family dog when suddenly it flew at her in a rage and bit her. The animal rapidly grew worse and was killed a short time later and the family started for Chicago with the girl for treatment. An analysis of the dog's brain at the Pasteur institute revealed unmistakable signs of rables.

Convicts Embrace Religion.

Lincoln-John Eli and Jesse Chat tell, two Douglas county convicts at the state penitentiary, were escorted to the First Christian church here Sunday and baptized by the Rev. N. T. Harmon, chaplain of the penitertiary. Both men confessed their mis deeds and asked that the blessing o the Lord be upon them in their future endeavors.

Commercial Club Banquet. Hartington-The Hartington Com mercial club gave its first annual ban quet here Thursday evening, 265 per sons being present, making it the largest attended function of its kind in the northeastern part of Nebraska

Killed by a Stray Bullet. Kearney-A stray bullet, supposed

ly fired by some hunters in the timber along the Platte river three miles southeast of here, struck Glenn Holt, twelve years old, in the breast, killing him almost instantly.

New School for Osceola.

Osceola-The laying of the cornerstone for the new \$40,000 high school building will take place on Wednesday, June 12, according to present

Postoffice Building for Lyone. Lyons-It has been decided to re model the postoffice building here and

erect one suitable for postoffice, city

hall and fire department. ++++++++++++++++++++

Superior was shut out at Columbus Monday, 2 to 0. Grand Island defeated Seward Sat-

urday, 12 to 8. Columbus defeated Superior Sun-

day in a sand storm, 12 to 3. Falls City Saturday shut out Ducky Holmes' aggregation by the score of

4 to 0. Wilber was defeated at Crete Sun-

day 7 to 0. Norton of Crete fanned sixteen men. Wisser's "Whizzers" shut out the

Hiawatha Indians Tuesday afternoon

by the score of 7 to 0. The feature of a game at Pender Sunday was a triple play in the sev-

enth by the home team. Large scores were made in most of the State league games Wednesday

The high wind was responsible. The stores were closed and the en tire town turned out to see the opening game at Columbus with Seward

Wednesday. The pitchers in the State league are getting theirs this year. On the other hand, players are fattening their bat-

ting averages each day. At Beatrice Monday, Hiawatha defeated the home team 1 to 0. It was the best game of the season at that

place and a pitchers' battle. Clay Schoonover, left fielder for the Omaha team last year and a substitute this season, has been sold to Grand Island of the State league.

Averages are close in the State league. The winning of a game or two would send a team from second last place to the second rung of the ladder.

The Polk County Baseball league has been organized and a series of games are to be played in each of the county towns, commencing on June 4 Averages in the state league wil shift a great deal for the next two weeks. Every team in the league has a good chance for the pennant as far as averages go.

Superior is the surprise of the league so far. Last year's pennant winner have not been able to get a start and have won but one game, although playing at home.

The features of the Monday game at Humboldt were three base hits by McClellan, Thuere and Murphy of Humboldt and Free of Auburn.

Despite a temperature of nearly 100 degrees and a gale of wind carrying dust and sand, the game at Fremon Sunday with Hastings drew a big crowd. Ramey struck out eleven men

The following has been posted in the grandstand in the St. Louis Na BAROLD SCHEES, 180 Defail Ave., Breeklys, H. Y tional league park: "Notice: Any person using profane or abusive language directed against either home or visiting players, will be expelled from the grounds."

FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

Most elderly people are more of less troubled with a chronic, per-sistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent beiching of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recommending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, withal, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in thousands of families, and should be in every family medicine chest. It is equally as valuable for children as for older people.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Mosticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial.

Lamb's Tenure of Life Not Long. A party of privileged sightseers were admitted to a private view of a menagerie between performances, and among other things were shown what was called a "Happy Family," that is to say, in one and the same cage there was a toothless lion, a tiger, somewhat the worse for wear. and a half-famished wolf. Beside these wild animals, curled up in one corner, was a diminutive lamb which shivered as it slumbered.

"How long have the animals lived together?" asked one of the party. "About twelve months," replied the

showman. "Why." exclaimed a lady, "I am sure that little lamb is not as old as

that." "Oh," said the showman, quite unmoved, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Kye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Eed, Weak, Watery Kyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illus-trated Book in each Package. Murine is sompounded by our Ceulists—not a "Patent Med-icine"—but used in successful Physicians Prac-tice for many years. Now dedicated to the Pub-lic and soid by Pruggists as Mc and Mc per Bottle. Murine Kye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, No and Ma Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Her Advantage.

"I should thing Buggs made things very uncomfortable for his wife when he has a habit of storming all over the house."

"What need she care how he storms, as long as she is reigning in it?"

The woman who cares for a clean, STATE BASE

BALL NEWS

Wholesome mouth, and sweet breath, will find Paxtine Antiseptic a joy forever. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Economy In Atchison. An Atchison man is so economical he won't go to a ball game unless he gets a pass to a double-header .-

Atchison Globe.

Cole's Carbolisaive quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. 25c and 50e by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co.. Black River Falls, Wis. Strike Breakers of Old. Elijah was being fed by the ravens.

strike," be boasted. Hibernian. Knicker-What is a stepless car? Bocker-A step in the right direc-

"I don't care if the waiters do

Which wins? Garfield Tea always wine on its merits as the best of herb cathartics.

There's music in the squall of a baby-to its mother.

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of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Heartburn, Cramps or Malarial Disorders is to take

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IT TOMES - STRENGTHENS INVIGORATES—REBUILDS Try a bottle today and be convinced. All Druggists.



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