

# CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1882. THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CUSTER COUNTY. LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

VOL. XXIV.

BROKEN BOW, CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1906.--EIGHT PAGES.

NO. 35.

**THE CUSTER COUNTY FARMER'S INSTITUTE WILL BE HELD AT BROKEN BOW, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14 and 15. Make arrangements to attend.**



EYE TROUBLES

Are best avoided by the use of proper glasses. These can be had here in the latest time and at modern cost. Eye tests are made free. Modern scientific instruments are used. This eliminates all possibility of error. Headaches caused by eye strain give much trouble to students and school children. The temporary use of glasses of the right strength will generally give immediate relief. We sell these at low prices.

**A. E. Anderson**  
JEWELER & OPTICIAN

## The Advo Cash Grocery!

A High Grade Carosene Oil a Specialty.  
Bright!  
Safe!  
No Smell!!!  
No Smoke!!!!

Call at the store and get a coupon good for half gallon. Try a can and be convinced.

Our can goods are all labeled "Advo Extra."—the best the market affords. We have a fine line of Staple and Fancy Groceries. Call and see us

Try The Republican for PRINTING.

## Wreck of Steamship Valencia

Horrible Loss of Life and Indescribable Suffering.

In the gloom and darkness of midnight, with the wierd wailing of a hurricane wind, while the seething, hurrying waves were running mountain high, carrying 170 precious souls, the Valencia, under full steam and without warning was suddenly dashed against the bleak and merciless rocks of Cape Beale, in Vancouver Island, and 137 men, women and children were sent to eternity.

The Valencia sailed from San Francisco at 11 a. m. Saturday, January 20th, bound for Seattle. After sailing twenty-four hours in good weather she encountered a hurricane storm and heavy seas which lasted to her final destruction. A dense fog which hung heavy and low on the fatal night added to the terrors of the storm and caused Capt. Johnson to lose his bearings and he ran past Cape Flattery and the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca without knowing it.

Being in the night, amid the awful rush of a mad and un conquered sea, the terrific shock when the boat struck the rock sent a death chill through the company of passengers and would have created an uncontrollable panic had it not been for the cool and considerate action of Captain Johnson.

The officers soon realized that the crash had opened a hole in the boat's bottom through which the water was rushing like a mill-race. The water soon drove the engineers from the throttle and word was at once sent to the Captain that the boat was doomed. Orders to back, turn around and run stern ashore as quickly as possible were obeyed as the only chance to save life. There was no time to even look for a favorable landing, as the water front was guarded by precipitous rocks and the boat fast sinking. The second crash was under a full head of steam and here, between fifty and one hundred yards from an inaccessible shore, the steamer with its human freight went down and to pieces. This was a terrifying and awful moment. No time to be wasted. As soon as the brave Captain saw that the last opportunity had arrived, he ordered the small boats lowered to the rail. The first boat was lowered and by order of the officers it was at once filled with women and children, they little dreaming that in a moment they would be beyond the reach of the terrible catastrophe. In the anxiety and excitement the ropes suspending one end of the small boat were cut without official orders and like a shot every soul was plunged into the raging, turbulent sea, while the boat was ground to bits against the side of the big steamer.

The second boat, as it was lowered, was swept by the maddened waves into the foaming sea, suffering the fate of the first boat. Every soul was washed out into the sea and all except one perished. The exception was that of T. F. Carrick, first assistant Engineer, who relates that: "When I felt myself swallowed by the sea I cried to God in my misery. It seemed ages that I was being hurled and crashed about by huge breakers. Somehow I grasped a line thrown over the side and was hauled aboard the steamer."

Five other boats were lowered and it is certain that three of them were dashed to pieces and their precious freight of humanity all lost, as evidenced by wreckage and dead bodies which have been found strewn along the shore.

In the early part of the night when the engine room was filled with water which covered the dynamos, the lights went out,

adding darkness to the dark tragedy.

A brave fight was now ordered by Fate for the remainder of the company. Passengers and crew still remaining on board, huddled together on the saloon deck, now the only part of the ship not submerged.

In all seven boats and two life rafts were lowered and only thirty-seven lives saved out of the 170, leaving the loss of lives, 133.

After two boat loads of women and children had been lost in the attempt to save their lives the remaining women in fear and desperation positively refused to leave the ship, preferring to run the chance of being rescued by boats in sight than try to escape in small boats. They were encouraged in their determination to remain with the steamer by the remarks of the stewardess: "No true sailor will abandon his ship," then she sang "Nearer My God to Thee."

One passenger offered \$1,800 in gold to the man who would save his life, and when he found no takers he threw the bag of gold to the deck, but no one cared enough about it to pick it up.

As the steamer gave way to the persistent wind and ocean swells continually encroaching upon her, gradually sinking, the company was forced to take refuge in the rigging. Several were lashed fast as a precautionary measure against being thrown into the sea by the ceaseless tossing and rocking of the ship. Here, for hours, in the impenetrable darkness and gloom of that awful night and for forty-eight hours thereafter, in a fearful raging storm, chilled to the marrow by the fierce wintry wind and ocean spray, frail women and children were exposed in the rigging until they fell to their deaths or perished in the final fall of the mast supporting the rigging. When the fatal moment came there were between twenty and thirty still waiting—and what a waiting! But the end came, the spar fell, the deck sank, and all was over—all perished, and one of the saddest tragedies of the century was enacted but not ended.

The story of the dead is soon told, but not so of the rescued living. So terrible was the mental agony and physical suffering of those who were rescued that some lost their reason, two committed suicide.

On the morning of the 26th twenty-three survivors, were brought to Seattle, clothed and fed, and otherwise cared for; others were taken to Victoria.

Strong men wept as the dazed and half-famished survivors, with quivering voices, related each his experience in choked accents. The stories of T. F. Carrick, first assistant Engineer; C. Allison, passenger to St. Paul; Frank Bunder, passenger to Seattle to fill the appointment of Superintendent of Public Schools of Seattle, who lost his wife and two children; L. C. Hancock, cook; J. McCallery, a passenger; John Segalis, a Greek and the hero of the occasion; T. J. McCarthy, boatswain, and one or two land men who witnessed the disaster, are all most pathetic and almost staggering belief when detailed.

Miss Van Wyck, one of the victims, was on her way from San Francisco to visit her sister, Mrs. W. A. Peters of Seattle. Mr. Peters, an attorney, has chartered a tug and is now cruising around the wreck in search of the body of his sister-in-law. It was her sweet voice that joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee" while lashed to the rigging.

The last life raft was intended for only twelve persons, but it did carry eighteen over the raging deep until they were picked up by the Topeka. When found some were unable to stand up without help, others had lost their reason and all were frothing at the mouth, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the line from the Topeka was made fast to the raft.

My next will be interviews with some of the survivors. Seattle, Wash., Feb. 1, 1906.

## HOT WATER BAGS

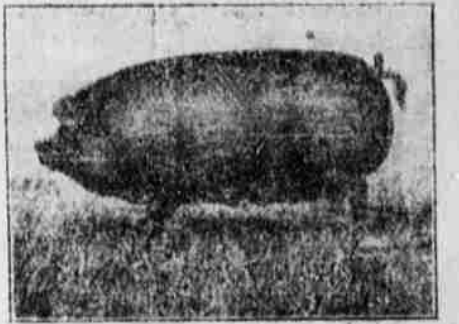
During these chilly days and cold-nights there is much sickness in the family. A cold, or ache, or even a more serious ailment. One of our Hot Water Bags will often relieve these. Get one now. Don't wait until the last minute.

**J. S. & J. F. BAISCH**

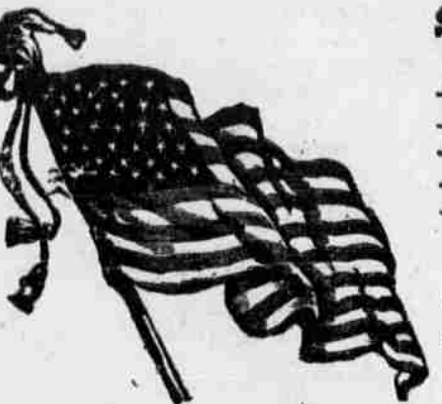
Successors to J. G. Haeberte.

## Duroc and Herefords

I have some fine sows and gilts bred to Custer Billy and Cadwell's Challenger, also choice bulls for sale.



G. E. CADWELL, BROKEN BOW.



## SEVENTH ANNUAL MILITIA BALL

The members of Co. M, will give their Seventh Annual Military Ball at the OPERA HOUSE,

Thursday Night, February 22nd, 1906.

Everybody cordially invited. Music by Taylor's Orchestra. R. J. Morton, Prompter.

Tickets 75 Cents.

## HARRY KIMBALL.

Successor to ROCKWELL & KONKEL and GEO. WILLING.

Embalmer and Funeral Director,

NORTH SIDE, BROKEN BOW, NEB.

Business phone, 301. Residence phone, 227.

## A Woman's Taste

in the selection of wall paper is very discriminating. This is particularly true of the gentle women of this county. They want the latest and best or none at all.

Our stock of papers was bought particularly to satisfy discriminating buyers. We were careful to select only the daintiest and most fashionable designs and the softest and most pleasing colors. In a word, our wall paper was bought to please you.

Don't buy wall paper until you see our stock. We can please you and save you money, too.

**S. R. LEE,**

South Side Square. Broken Bow.

## BOWMAN & ANDERSON.

WE are dealers in Real Estate of all kinds. We will buy or sell. Don't fail to see us before you buy or sell. We can do you good. Collections made and insurance written. Farms rented and taxes paid. See us for farm loans. Come in and see us.

**BOWMAN & ANDERSON.**



## Pure Food Products

should be the word of warning in every household, be it either rich or poor. Good, healthy food products may seem extravagant at first, but are the cheapest for your pocket-book and health "in the long run."

We have a new syrup known as the **Liberty Brand Table Syrup**. It is a pure table syrup with a rich flavor, amber tint, and as clear as crystal. You can see clear through a barrel of it. It is all syrup. To introduce this syrup to the public we will sell it for the small price of **Fifty Cents for a Gallon Pail**. Buy a pail of the Liberty Brand Table Syrup to-day.

**J. C. BOWEN.**

TRADE MARK Pure Old Amber Vinegar North Side BROKEN BOW, NEBR.

## In Business Again!

I HAVE purchased the Martin Bates stock, located in the North Side Opera Block, and will be glad to meet my old friends and customers and many new ones. This stock consists of a complete line of Hardware, Furniture, Implements, Buggies, Dishes and Glassware of all kinds. Harness and several makes of wagons at very low prices. In fact there will be bargains in every department in order to reduce this stock.

UndertaKing, Embalming and Hearse.

Come and see me,

**GEORGE WILLING.**