

A FIGHTING ... WHALE

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I was one of the crew of the whaling ship Crosby when I came across a giant whale that had often been seen before, that had destroyed many lives. He had come to be known as Tom Bowline and was recognized by a V shaped scar on his head. The Crosby was to the west of St. Helena when he was raised by the lookout. Tom Bowline came to the surface with a rush and then lay wallowing about. Three boats were lowered, and the whale was recognized by his scar. The mate's boat had the lead and got within striking distance first. As soon as the harpoon entered the whale settled away like a rock and went down 350 feet. Then he turned and rushed for the surface like a wild locomotive, breaching his full length out of water and filling and swamping the mate's boat with the waves kicked up by his fall. He rested a moment and then slewed around and started for the boat. He caught it with a swing of his jaw and made splinters of it and killed three men at the same time. For five minutes the mate, who was supporting himself by an oar, was alongside the fish and rubbing against his body, but he finally pushed himself clear and reached one of the other boats. The monster had the three boats at his mercy, but for some reason was satisfied with the destruction of the first. Perhaps it was because the others remained perfectly quiet while he seemed to be searching for them. Fifteen minutes after destroying the boat he moved slowly away, and those who had escaped his fury returned to the ship. We were at this time over half full of oil.

One hundred and fourteen days later, when 400 miles west of the island of Tristan d'A Cunha, in the south Atlantic, we cut in our last whale, cleared the decks of the tryworks and set our course for Salem. We were full to the hatches and thus far had made one of the best seasons on record. In about three days we had the ship cleaned up and most of the smoke and grease washed off our bodies, and we were about to begin painting when at noon on the fourth or fifth day after turning on our heel for home a whale suddenly breached right astern of us and not more than 300 feet away. His fall raised three or four waves, which pitched the ship about as if we were lying in a gale, and, though the monster settled away out of sight at once, we had identified him as Tom Bowline. It may seem queer to you to read that every man aboard, from captain to apprentice, was badly frightened as soon as it was known that our old enemy had hunted us down, as it were. We had left him almost four months before at a point 2,000 miles away, and yet he had overhauled us as if he had been a steamer sent in search and posted as to our cruising ground. His breaching so near us was taken as evidence of his evil intentions, and some argued that he had meant to strike the ship.

All work was at once suspended, and the men were ordered to move around the decks on tiptoe. We hoped the Leviathan had not seen us and that his breaching so close aboard was quite accidental, and after half an hour had passed away without further sight of him everybody began to feel easier. A man had just started aloft with a glass to scan the sea when the whale rose to the surface about a stone's throw to windward.

From that time on for five hours he swam with the ship, paying no attention to us, but maintaining his distance to a foot. Then of a sudden he settled down, and we all heaved a sigh of relief. We had not seen the last of him, however. An hour before midnight the odor of a whale suddenly saluted the nostrils of the men, and they looked to the windward to catch sight of a great black bulk on the water. It was Tom Bowline. Word was passed around and all hands turned up, and from 1 to 3 we were in a state of suspense. At about 3 o'clock the whale began lashing the water with his flukes. When he had churned an acre or more of surface to foam, he slewed around and headed straight for us, but miscalculated our speed and passed astern, though clearing the rudder by not more than five feet. As he rushed to leeward, swinging his head and thrashing the water, we luffed sharp up until we were heading due east. Whether he located us by sight or sound no man can say, but as he slewed around I saw that he would come head on for our stern. As he started on his mad rush the ship's head was brought due north again in hopes to avoid him, but he changed his course as well and came down on our port quarter.

Every soul aboard knew the ship was doomed. She was heeled to starboard until almost on her beam ends, and the instant she settled back there was a rush for the boats. No one gave the whale further attention, but every effort was put forth to get the boats into the water as the ship was luffed into the wind. Her decks were awash as the last one got away, and that was about fourteen minutes after she was struck. When we came to look around from Tom Bowline, he had disappeared from sight, and no whaler ever reported seeing him after that. It had always been generally believed that he received injuries in striking us that caused his death. We were picked up three days later by a Scotch whaler none the worse in health for our adventure, but the small fortune which that rich cargo would have given every man if safely landed had gone to the bottom of the Atlantic.

M. QUAD.

Wanted Another Wife.

A traveler in Persia tells the following: "My huntli walks into the veranda. He is an aged man, wrapped in a long black cloak and wearing a green turban, denoting him a seyyid, or a descendant of the prophet. He is very polished today. His beard is dyed the brightest orange with henna, and he tells a string of beads while he waits. We plunge into stories of the Caliph and dictation written from left to right with a reed pen, and presently the reason of his smartness is told. He has a favor to ask. Would it please me to advance him three months' pay in order to buy a wife? He is old and he is poor, yet he has fallen a victim to the moon face and stag eyes of a damsel of fourteen, but her dowry is large. 'Why do you not support your old wife?' I inquired sternly. 'She is crippled and nearly blind. You do not give her sufficient sustenance, and I send many things to her.' 'She is too old,' he replies, with a shrug. 'She is ugly as an afreet. Added thereto she has no money or children, and of what good is an old woman unless she is rich?'

What Education Will Do.

A railway company was erecting a line of new poles along a highway. One of the men engaged to fill in the dirt and clear up around the poles was an Irishman, new at the business and new to America. He had not got beyond his first pole, says the Philadelphia Times, but stood pondering how to dispose of the dirt which had filled the space now occupied by the pole.

His sense of the fitness of things must have been strong, for he was averse to piling the loose dirt around the base of the pole, as is the custom. A negro wayfarer stopped for a match, and the Irishman asked his advice.

"If I was a-doin' dat job, I'd jus' dig a hole 'bout where you ah standin' and shovel de dirt into it. Much 'blige."

As the negro sauntered away the Irishman scratched his head and murmured:

"Well, it's not to be denied that education has been afther-r doin' a gr-r-eat deal for-r th' ney-gur-r!"

Preaching and Practice.

W. S. Gilbert on one certain occasion was on a visit to a friend, the owner of a fine English country house. On the morning after his arrival he was chatting with his host before breakfast when he became suddenly aware that family prayers were about to be read. The household filed in, and the distinguished guest knelt down on the spot where he happened to be standing.

Looking up, he caught his host's eye fixed on him with a warning glance, which he, however, failed to read aright. The service began, "Almighty Father, who hast made all men alike" (more telegraphic phrases), "rich and poor, gentle and simple"—then, unable to contain himself any longer, the host called out, "Gilbert, you are kneeling among the servants!"

Red and Inflamed Eyelids.

Red and inflamed lids, lids which look as though the person had been keeping very late hours, says a recent periodical, and lids which have little crusts formed during the night at the root of the eyelashes, are usually an indication of a low degree of astigmatism. In some cases no relief is had for this condition till proper glasses are procured. A large proportion of the cases, however, will be cured by the following ointment: Yellow oxide of mercury, three grains; yellow vaseline, one-half ounce; mix thoroughly and apply a very little to the edge of the eyelids each night.—Jewellers' Circular-Weekly.

The Limit.

"Don't you think," said the soulful young thing, "that a ruined old church with the ivy clinging to its crumbling walls comes nearer than anything else to realizing one's ideal of patient resignation?"

"That's what it does," replied the young man with the camera. "I don't know anything that will stand for being photographed half as often."—Exchange.

To Clean Brass.

To clean brass and keep it always bright rub it with a solution of oxalic acid, one ounce of acid to one pint of water, and alternate with a solution composed of one-half pound of rotten stone and one ounce of oxalic acid, with as much water as will make it into a stiff paste. Apply the solutions and polish with a piece of leather or an old silk handkerchief. Both solutions should be labeled "Poison."

Attended To.

"I've sent for you," said the old merchant, "to paint a new sign for us. I've taken my son into partnership."

"Yes, sir," said the sign painter, "but your son gave me the order for the sign several days ago."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir. He told me to make it read, 'Job Lotz, Jr., & Father.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Hard Words.

Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, what makes you so late?

Tommy—Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school.

Mrs. Tucker—You had words with the teacher?

Tommy—Yes'm. I couldn't spell 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

An Invaluable Aid.

Boney—Unable to increase Hawley's salary and not desiring to lose his services, the Sharps have taken him into the firm.

Skinnie—That's great!

Boney But then the firm is losing money daily. — Philadelphia North American.

SHE WAS TOO GOOD.

Why Old Uncle Lige Left the Whole Cabin to His Wife.

One winter in the mountains of North Carolina I met old Lige Downs, a familiar character of those hills, trudging toward town with a bundle tied in a red bandanna slung over his stooped shoulders.

"Good morning, Uncle Lige," I said. "Maw'nin', maw'nin'," he replied, taking his hat from his kinked white crown. "Are you going away?" I asked.

"Yessum," he answered, "yessum."

"Where's Aunt Hootie? Is she going too?"

"None; she ain't gwine wif me. I ain't no fittin' cump'ny fer dat woman nohow."

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, amazed. "I always thought Hootie was the best wife in the world."

"Yessum; dat's what she shorely is. But a pore, mis'ble sinnah laik me kaint stan' so much goodness. Dat woman nevah did know de power of sin, an' de parson hisself kaint come up to hah for preachin'."

De hull cabin alines wif glory, but me—I ain't nuffin' but a black spot."

"Why, Uncle Lige, you cannot leave your wife because she's good," I said. "That would be a strange cause for divorce."

"Deys lots of um does it, missy. I ain't no dejections to hah bein' good, but when anybody gits so good dat dey ain't got no feelin' for nobody, what dey wants is a cabin to dere-selves."

The "black spot" moved down the sun flecked road toward other blacker spots that waited for him in the village.—Exchange.

Hawaii's Rippling Language.

The language of the Hawaiian Islands, as every one knows, abounds in vowels and therefore ripples deliciously in the mouth. It is only necessary to pronounce such names as Honolulu, Oahu, Kilauea, Hilo, Manna Loa, Kamahehameha and Liliuokalani to discover this. A young Presbyterian clergyman of Brooklyn who visited the islands two or three years ago and prepared a lecture on them on his return declared that there was only one place on the islands which possessed a name lacking in euphony. That place was Spreckelsville. This euphony of the Hawaiian tongue was productive of one of the jokes of his lecture. The first time he gave it he remarked incidentally that he "took the steamer Wily-willy" to go to the town of Nawily-willy. A laugh followed the remark, and thereafter he always included this phrase in his lecture. It invariably produced the same result when used.—New York Tribune.

Aggravatingly Peculiar.

Up in the mill district of Kensington it is the custom for employees to contribute so much per capita each week to a fund for providing soap, towels, ice water, shoe blacking, etc., one of the number in each mill being appointed to take charge of the purchasing and distributing of supplies. A young Celt has had this duty in one of the mills for some months. One evening after the whistle had blown for the stopping of work for the day a grimy machinist found a very damp and unlabeled towel after he had reached the wash-sink.

"Say, Reddy," he called to the custodian, "this is the limit to ask a man to wipe on."

"Don't yez be so arlish!" retorted Reddy. "Fifty or sixty just as good as ye have wiped on it already, and yez is the first to complain."—Philadelphia Times.

A Historic Tree.

The oak tree under whose branches Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas held a political debate in 1858 is still standing in Bloomington, Ill. It appears to be centuries old. In 1858 the tree marked an inclosure then known as Henshaw's pasture, a former public meeting place. George Henshaw, the owner, was a Democrat. He arranged to have the debate there, being an admirer of Douglas. The two candidates for United States senator had engaged in a series of debates, and the one held in Bloomington attracted voters from far and near. A platform for the candidates was constructed directly under the boughs of this old oak. Its shade protected the audience as well as the speakers.

ple point will sway a foot and a half. Usually it sways from seven to nine inches. Painting it means reaching for a spot on the right side and finding it on the left, and when making a dive for it on the left to see it sway back to the right. Yet in spite of the constant danger a born steeple climber exults in his work and is at home only when high above the world. He can stand triumphant at any height if he can have two and a half square inches to bear his weight.

Somaambulism.

Farmer Jones was awakened by a suspicious noise in his barnyard, and going out with a club and lantern, in an angle between the chicken coop and barn he saw a colored neighbor standing bolt upright, with his eyes closed. After receiving a sharp blow on his head the intruder opened his eyes.

"Where is I?" he asked. "Is dat you, Farmer Jones? I spect I've been walking in my sleep again. I often does walk in my sleep and jus' stand round and don't know where I is."—New York Herald.

Money and Politics.

Simple—I suppose the correct way to go into politics is to go in with a barrel of money?

Wise—I is not so much how one goes in, but how one comes out. Come out with a barrel of money, and you may be sure you are a successful politician.—Boston Transcript.

An Odd Nugget of Gold.

There have been many large and oddly shaped gold nuggets found in the United States and elsewhere, but the oddest of them all was that discovered at the Midhas mine, on Sukky gully, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. The nugget was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was 12½ inches and its greatest breadth 8 inches.

It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering, mostly between the "fingers," and weighed 617 ounces. It was found in the northwest main drive of the Midhas mine, 120 feet below the surface of the earth and at a spot only fifty feet from where the famous Lady Brassey nugget was discovered the year before. It weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold.

Preliminary to the Baptism.

When Bishop Goe of Melbourne was a curate, a famous pugilist in the parish, who went by the name of Jim the Slogger and who had never darkened a church door, called at the parsonage asking him to baptize the baby. Accordingly the bishop repaired to Jim's house, but was surprised on being admitted to see Jim lock the door and pocket the key. "Be you the parson come to sprinkle that kid?" he asked. On the bishop assenting he continued, "You can't sprinkle that kid till you and me has had a fight, parson."

The unfortunate parson protested, but finding protest useless "stood up" to Jim. The battle went for the bishop, and Jim, pulling himself from the floor, muttered, "He's the parson for me." The baptism was proceeded with, and, as the story goes, Jim took to church going from that day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Adequate Provocation.

An old Scotswoman had imbibed so much of the doctrine that music in church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to subscribe to the general sentiment in favor of choir singing, etc. She scowled one day in her own church when the congregation took up an anthem that was scored rather elaborately and complained to her pew neighbor of the foothold the devil was getting even in the service of God, says the Philadelphia Times.

"But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!"

"Weel, weel," commented the old woman, "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw a javelin at David when the lad sang for him!"

Settled the Wing Question.

Two little Philadelphia girls the other day strayed into the realms of theology and anthropology, though of course they didn't know it.

"Say," said the first, "we's Dod's 'little angels, isn't we?'"

"Yeth," lisped the second, "but we hasn't dot any feathers on uth, like the 'little angels my mamma showed me in a picture book."

"Well, we had once, don't oo know," returned the first, "but Dod pulled 'em all out before him sent us down here."

"What for did him do that?"

"So that we couldn't fly up in the trees when our mummies want us to come in and be washed!"

The Cannibal.

"And what," asked the cannibal chieftain in his kindest tones—"what was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No; merely a subeditor."

"Cheer up, young man! Shortly after my chef has finished his perusal of the cookbook you will be editor in chief."

Laughing heartily at his bonmot, the cannibal chief wanted to know if the captive had a funny bone.—Judge.

Napoleon and His Mother.

Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple he chanced to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. He was surrounded by courtiers and half playfully held out his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return; "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."—Chambers' Journal.

Theories.

"I suppose you have thoroughly investigated the conditions of which you are treating in your book," remarked the friend.

"No," replied the literary woman who had undertaken a great work. "You see, I'm afraid an investigation might interfere with some of the beautiful theories I have evolved."—Chicago Post.

What Money Can Do.

Struckoyle (showing his art collection)—Ain't that bullfight picture a beauty? I paid an artist \$2,000 to paint that for me to order.

Cutting—Well, well! It's surprising what some men will do for money, isn't it?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Considerate.

Sandy—Yer say dat lady was considerate dat threw de bollin' water on yer?

Cinders—Cert! In dese days of germs and microbes she was considerate to boil it before she threw it.—Philadelphia Record.

The first fourteen Roman emperors all shaved their faces clean. There is a portrait bust representing Nero with a beard, but it is not believed to be authentic.

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urgent gamblers. In Europe and the new world the most inveterate gamblers are the Spaniards and their descendants. Among African tribes the Haussas run the Chinese very close, and there are some Kanaka tribes in the south seas who push the hazard of gambling beyond the grave and stake their very bones on a last throw of the cowrie shells, which they use as dice.

A Call Down.

"Pa, ain't you a director of the school board?"

"Yes, I am. What of it?"

"Well, teacher called me down today, and she was awfully impolite about it."

"Were you on the schoolhouse premises when she called you down?"

"Yes; I was on the roof."—Pittsburg Press.

Still Under the Spell.

Mrs. Powers—Hezekiah, if you were to live your life all over again and it came to the matter of choosing a wife do you think you would choose me?

Mr. Powers (submissively)—There's no doubt about it, Maria, provided you wanted me.—Richmond Dispatch.

All the actions and attitudes of children are graceful because they are the offspring of the moment, without affectation and free from all pretense.—Fussell.

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