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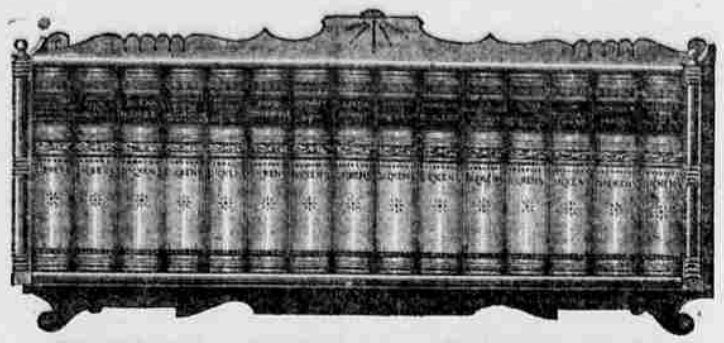

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A HOME ON THE DEEP.

An Incident in the Career of an Old Whaler.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT PORK WAR

Captain George O. Baker Spins Yarns of Adventures of a Life on the Ocean Wave—A Sea Breeze.

Experience of a Whaler.

Captain George O. Baker of New Bedford, Mass., who has been visiting his brother, the superintendent of THE BEE building, for the past week, has seen about as much of this wide world as his years would allow, and he is by no means a young man, either. He is the master of a whaling vessel and is now on his way to San Francisco, whence he will shortly sail on what he imagines will be his final trip to the waters of the northern Pacific.

In appearance he is the typical sea captain of the good old school. Stoutly built, his sturdy frame looks as though it could defy the wildest wind that ever blew. His face has been beaten and bronzed by wind and wave in all the waters of the earth, and his hair and beard are bleached with the suns of all climes. His keen eyes twinkle with good humor, and he has a laugh which shakes his whole anatomy.

In spite of his white hair, when one looks into his good humored face, feels the vigorous clasp of his hand, and listens to his hearty laugh, it does not seem at all incongruous to hear his brother speak of the time since he has seen "this boy."

Since 1863 Captain Baker has been master of a whaling ship and the paths of all the oceans are as familiar to him as the streets of his native town. He spins glibly off the names of out of the way capes, islands and bays of the Arctic ocean and the southern Pacific, along the coast of New Zealand and Chili, up through the seas of Japan, China, Okhotosk, Kamtchatka, Panama bay, the length and breadth of the Atlantic, and in fact of all parts of the world where ships sail and whales spout. He cannot swim a stroke and his boat has been swamped and smashed times without number. He has been lost for days among fogs and icebergs, cast ashore among savages, tossed high in the air by the flip of a whale's fins, driven helpless, before the tempest, and yet does not imagine there is anything in his experience which would at all interest the readers of THE BEE.

Since becoming master of a vessel he has taken upwards of twenty-seven thousand barrels of oil which represents a value of at least $540,000.

It takes some little time to draw him out, as the incidents and adventures of a seafarer's life are commonplace affairs to him, but when once started he can spin many an interesting yarn.

"No, I have never been shipwrecked yet," said the captain to a reporter the other day, "but I have had some almighty close calls for all that. About the toughest time I ever had I guess, was before I became master, in '57 I think it was. We had just crept up to one of the finest whales you ever saw, and were kind o' see-sawing on the waves made by his tail. First thing I knew, and I never could tell just exactly how it happened, our boat was drawn square over his great black flipper and the brute saw us. The next I knew I was sailing heavenward like a sky-rocket. When I got back to the boat there was a four-foot hole in her bottom and I went through it. My left leg was broken, and I was bruised and barked from top to toe, but my only salvation was to hang on to that boat, and there I hung. The other boats were miles away, but they had seen our sail disappear and came to our relief as soon as possible. In the meantime I was clinging there immersed in the bitter cold water with a broken leg swishing to and fro with the motion of the waves. Very pleasant wasn't it? I was finally taken to the ship and laid up. It was over twelve hours before I got any attention, and by that time my leg was as big around as a bushel basket. Then the surgeon turned the hose on it for about a day, and got it set.

"A few years ago I was lost in a fog in an open boat in the sea of Japan for three days, and thought all was up with me. We had plenty of fodder, however, and managed to live through it all right, but I tell you I never felt so thankful for anything as I did for the sight of the masts of our ships at the end of the third day.

"Two years ago I was struck by a gale that came mighty near putting an end to my whaling in this world. We were running along, about ten miles off the coast in the sea of Okhotsk, when the breeze struck us. Lord, how she did blow, and dead on the land at that! Every plank and timber of the stout old ship creaked and groaned in misery, the wind whistled and shrieked through the rigging and a deluge of salt water poured over our decks continually. Our boats were all blown away and stove in and the rigging snapped like pipe stems. I tell you, my lad, that was a hard night and none of us expected to see the daylight. We squeezed through, however. There was about a hundred barrels of oil aboard and we stove in the casks and dumped it into the water. That saved us.

"But I must tell you about the 'Pork War.' There is something that no historian has so far done justice to. This was a good many years ago. I was in command of the Ed Carey, one of a fleet of four whalers carrying all told 120 men. When two months out from San Francisco we were overhauled by the privateer Shenandoan and captured. Of course we made no fight. We had nothing to fight with. We were all clapped into irons and kept there for seventeen days, at the end of which we were put off and left to shift for ourselves among the savages of Ascension island. We were there for six months, and I cannot say it was a very bad life after all. We were scattered in various parts of the island on account of the food supply, which is simply wild fruits, fish and game of various sorts and gathered by the natives when they feel hungry. We officers were all together and the objects of the special care of the king, who was not half a bad fellow. He built a house for us—a little square stone affair, located on a pier over the water to avoid the mosquitoes, which on the island were as big as canaries and as bloodthirsty as Bengal tigers. Every morning some of the natives, Knukas they are called, brought us our day's supply of bananas, bread fruit and other supplies and in fact treated us like princes. The rest of the party was parceled out to different tribes of the island and all were well treated. It was a lazy, happy-go-lucky kind of a life and we made the most of it.

"But about the pork war. I don't think there was ever such an affair on the island before for they have their own style of fighting. For instance, two tribes have a difficulty and are supposed to be at war. Both parties lay low and talk loud till one of them gets an incautious member of the opposing tribe out alone—very likely a lone old woman in her canoe—they then pounce upon her and scatter her anatomy to the four winds of heaven. The other party retaliate in like manner and the cruel war goes on.

The crew of one of our ships consisted of natives of the Sandwich islands who very readily fraternized with the islanders. Two of our men got hold of a barrel of pork from the wreck of our ship and rolled it up to their hut. The Sandwich villians got wind of it and forcibly confiscated it. Word was brought to us of the occurrence and the following day we marched to the quarters of the robbers seven men strong and as the booty was guarded by only two men we had no difficulty in recapturing it. That night an emissary arrived with the information that our whole party was to be assassinated. We loaded our guns and prepared for a siege. Sure enough, at dark down came the black devils and began blazing away with all sorts of muskets and rifles. I was in command of our party and after telling the boys to be careful of their aim I sought the shady side of a stone wall and watched the fun. None of our men were hurt, but I suppose about sixty shots were fired. The canoe was riddled; one man was killed and two or three were wounded. Then the defeated men enlisted the sympathies of the tribe whose guests they were and things began to look serious. I sent word to the king that we wanted an audience. It was granted, and the obstreperous tribe was summoned before him at the same time. We mustered the whole white force, nearly a hundred strong, and filed before his dusky majesty in martial array. There was a good deal of speech-making and we finally told him that if he would take the guns from the belligerent tribe we would give up our design of making mincemeat of the entire population. He did so and the Pork war was ended. Thenceforth I was saluted with salaams and the title of Jaut Ki Poanpil, the Knaka synonym for most illustrious commander.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A skin game—tattooing.

A man who eats fish ought to get along swimmingly.

Nothing will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

"I thank my stars," said the manager, after having a full house.

The corset is a paradox. It comes to stay and yet goes to waist.

"General court news"—account of the engagement of one young man to several young women.

"Does your teacher ever get mad?" "Yes, indeed. I am often the victim of his ruling passion."

No self-respecting newspaper man will connect coffee with the grounds for the revolution in Brazil.

Theatrical people like Chicago, Cincinnati and Omaha because those cities are noted for packing houses.

There is a threatened strike in Wales. Striking and wailing always went together when we were boys.

When an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company dies on the road we suppose it is necessary to hold an au-Topsy.

Judging from the many attractions in the dime museums, it is easy to believe that this is a freak country.

A writer says that whipping a boy may make him stupid. It may be, but it is more likely to make him smart.

Never make love in a corn field. Remember that corn has ears, and it is easily shocked. You should make an oat of this.

When a husband comes home with powder on the sleeve of his coat his wife is very apt to show fire. Then he is blown up.

"No," said she: "I never use powder, paint or cosmetics of any kind." "Don't you!" said her dearest foe. "You'd look a good deal better if you did."

Nothing tends to turn a man toward prohibition quicker than going toward the closet in the dark for the brandy bottle and getting the cod liver oil bottle instead.

As an incentive to patriotic exertion a Monrong, Cal., man has left $20,000 to his daughter, to be inherited only upon the birth of her first child. Case of C. O. D.

Ah, wicked girl, you broke my heart,
How could you act so bad a part!
But that, alas! is not the worst;
You broke my heart, but broke me first.

John L. Sullivan spells colored man with two "g's" and charges colored victims double prices. John is a true Irishman, and so long as he is sober he seldom goes back on the sod.

Wife—Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa are to each other! I'm quite positive there's something between them. Husband (after a look)—I think you're mistaken, my dear.

"The subject for debate this evening, ladies and gentlemen," said the president of the society, "is the old maid." "Ready for the question!" humorously shouted everybody in the hall at once.

Man's life is as a sleeper's
Waking, who says "Alas!"
Blinks with his drowsy peepers,
And then—blows out the gas.

The reason why there cannot be a thorough reciprocal understanding between the northern and southern republics of America is not so much on account of the manners as it is of the customs of the former.

"Hilskins is a nice fellow." "Yes; but he shows such a marked disposition to exaggerate." "To be sure; but that is counterbalanced by one thing." "What is that?" "The general indisposition to believe him."

To make an egg stand on end without breaking the shell, place a small looking-glass level on the table face upward; take a fresh egg, shake it violently so that the white and yolk mix, then place it upon the point and it will stand in equilibrium.

ALL HIS PEOPLE PRAISE HIM.

Whispers From the Vestry, Pulpit and Pew.

HOSANNAS AND SUPPLICATIONS.

Church Movements During Thanksgiving Week—A Shepherdless Flock—New Home of the Immanuel Baptists.

Services for Hotel Waiters.

The inaugural recitals of the new Roosevelt organ in the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church will be given on the evenings of the 12th and 17th of December. The organ will be opened on the 12th by Prof. Louis Falk with a programme of classical and popular selections, assisted by Mrs. Latey of St. Louis, in soprano solos. The second recital will be of a popular character, with organ selections by Messrs. Taber, Marshall and others of this city; select readings by Miss Anderson, and a programme of song by soloists and a chorus. The recitals are under the management of the ladies of the church, and are given in aid of the organ fund.

The New Immanuel Baptist Church.

Today the members of the Immanuel Baptist church will meet in their new building, North Twenty-fourth and Binney streets. The pastor will have for his morning theme "Thanksgiving." Evening theme, "Upsetting Things." At the close of the morning service reception of new members and sacrament of Lord's supper. The public will be welcomed to our new house. The pastor, Rev. Frank W. Foster, will have his office in the new building hereafter, and may be seen there every morning and every evening except Saturday.

An Organ Dedication.

Gospel services for colored people will be held in the People's church, Boyd's opera house, this evening at 9 o'clock. Preaching by Rev. C. W. Savidge; subject, "Words of Counsel." The hotel waiters of Omaha are always in service until 9 p. m., and can never attend Christian worship. They have desired me to hold this service, and with them all are welcome who like to attend. A colored chorus will lead the singing.

Pulpit and Pew.

Bishop O'Connor, who has been dangerously ill for a month has been forced to leave for the south for the benefit of his health. He was accompanied by his private secretary, Rev. A. M. Colanori.

A magnificent pipe organ is being placed in the St. Mary's avenue Congregational church and it will probably be ready for use by next Sunday.

At the Holy Family church hereafter Sunday masses take place at 7, 9 and 10:30 a. m., vespers at 3 p. m. instead of 5 p. m. All society meetings will be held after vespers.

There will be a meeting of the Omaha presbytery December 9, at 2:30 p. m., in the First Presbyterian church.

A very interesting series of meetings for men only are held Thursday evenings at the Castellar Presbyterian church. At the close of the meeting last week the ladies of the church treated the gentlemen present to a fine lunch.

Bishop Newman has returned with his family after a somewhat protracted absence and will pass the winter at the Paxton.

An effort is being made to organize a Young Men's Christian association at South Omaha. There are already 100 applications for membership and on Monday evening the prospective members held a social at the South Omaha Methodist Episcopal church, enjoying a most pleasant evening.

Wanted, a Pastor.

St. Mark's Lutheran church, on Twenty first and Burdette, is still without a pastor since the resignation of Rev. C. H. Schaur several months ago, on account of his preferring to marry the woman of his choice.

Rev. E. Brown of Sterling, Ill., occupied the pulpit last Sunday morning and evening and the large audiences that gathered to listen to him were highly pleased with his discourses. He has been invited to return again, and there is a possibility that he may be offered the pastorate.

Rev. Brady Leaves.

Rev. C. T. Brady, lately assistant to Dean Gardner, has left with his family for his new home in Crete. Mr. Brady will have charge of the parishes of Wilber and Crete. At the latter place a new rectory is to be built and the church building greatly improved. Dean Gardner is now looking for an assistant.

Church Notes.

This evening there will be gospel services for colored people at the People's church, Rev. William R. Henderson's subject at the evening service at the Second Presbyterian church is "The Relation of the Respectable Citizen to the State."

Regular services at Plymouth Congregational church. Preaching both morning and evening by Dr. Thim. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Kountze Memorial Evangelical Lutheran church, corner of Sixteenth and Harney streets, Rev. J. S. Detweiler pastor—Church service and preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Morning sermon for the first Sunday in advent, "The Conqueror Comes."

St. Matthias' church, South Tenth street and Worthington place, Advent Sunday, December 1. 7:30 a.m., holy communion; 10:30 a. m., litany and holy communion with sermon; 3:00 p. m., Sunday school; 7:30 p.m., evening prayer and sermon. The seats are all free.

At the First Presbyterian church, the pastor, Rev. W. J. Harsha, D.D., will preach both morning and evening. In the evening he will conclude his series of Sabbath evening lecture on the theological views of Shakespeare, the topic being for tonight: "The Poet's Idea of What is the Matter with the World."

Rev. Willard Scott will preach in the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church in the morning at 10:30 a.m., when members will be received and the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered. No evening service, as the gas connection has not yet been made, and the church is without evening light.

First Methodist Episcopal church, Seventeenth and Davenport streets, P. S. Merrill minister; parsonage 1814 Chicago street—Mr. Merrill will preach today at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The morning subject will be "Christ Proven and Duplicated;" the evening discourse will be on "The Supreme Motive." An old fashioned Methodist welcome to all. For good seats go early.

Trinity M. E. church, Kountze place, corner Twenty-first and Binney, Rev. W. K. Beans, pastor—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Power of Sacred Song;" evening, "The Hand of God in Our National History." Sunday school at 2:30, M. M. Hamlin superintendent. Young people's meeting at 6:45. The people made welcome.

Three Prize Verses.

Recently the Magazine of Poetry offered prizes for the three best quatrains on the subject of poetry. These are the honor verses:

I.

"She comes like the hushed beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after."

II.

"Oh, we who know thee, know we know thee not,
Thou Soul of Beauty, thou Essential Grace!
Yet, undeterred by baffled speech and thought,
The heart stakes all upon thy hidden face."

III.

"Gon placed a solid rock man's path across,
And bade him climb; but that it might not be
Too rough he wrapped it o'er with tender moss;
The rock was Truth, the moss was Poetry."

A GREAT CHIEF'S NAMESAKE.

Promising Outlook for the Young City of Red Cloud.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE PAST

A Conspiracy of Advantages to Force Her to the Front—A Few of the Architects of Her Greatness.

A Young Giant.

RED CLOUD, Neb., Nov. 30.—[Special to THE BEE.]—There are very few names in history enjoying the distinction and notoriety of that of Red Cloud. The name itself has many pleasant and very many unpleasant associations. It is derived from the early days of the Sioux nation and it no doubt emanated from no particular source.

For many years the southern boundaries of the Sioux reservation were along the present Kansas and Nebraska line. It was then that Red Cloud, the great chief of the tribe, located his village on the north banks of the Republican river, near the present site of the young and prosperous little city of Red Cloud, and there maintained his headquarters until the reservation was thrown open for settlement in 1868.

Early pioneers soon located the present townsite upon a beautiful mesa overlooking the broad and fertile valley of the Republican about two miles north of the river, and here today stands a bustling, energetic city of 8,500 inhabitants, the county seat of Webster county, the population which will reach nearly 20,000.

Red Cloud, by force of nature and surrounding conditions, is destined to be in the near future, the chief manufacturing and jobbing center in southern Nebraska. She has a magnificent water power, second to none in the state. She has an immense area of agricultural territory tributary to her market. She has the full and undivided trade of Jewell and Smith counties in Kansas. She has one of the largest systems of railway in the world, the B. & M., with depot, offices, eating house, round houses, etc., located here. She has the Red Cloud & Kearney line of railway soon to be constructed which will intersect and traverse the richest and most productive parts of the Republican and Platte valleys. She has a splendid system of waterworks. She has broad avenues and driveways macadamized and beautified by nature's luxurious growth of elm, poplar and oak throughout the city. She has the Edison system of incandescent and arc electric lights, the dynamos of which are run by turbine wheels placed at the falls on the river. She has several miles of street railway, which will in a short time be run by electricity, the power being obtained from the turbine wheels operating Sprague motors. She has a number of fine, large brick business blocks, costing from $2,000 to $30,000. She has perhaps one of the largest and finest roller mills in the state, representing an investment of over $50,000. This mill is run by water power and has a capacity when running full force of 150 barrels per day. Red Cloud also has a pressed brick factory of 30,000 daily capacity. She has two public school buildings costing $18,000, eight churches, three lumber yards, a court house and jail costing $20,000, an opera house, $15,000, seating capacity, 600; a completely equipped fire department, hose carts, hook and ladder cart, etc.

Red Coud has five hotels, the Holland, the B. & M. Eating house, the Gardner, Valley, and Fourth Avenue. The Holland is the leading house for traveling men, being located in the business center, first-class in every respect, heated by steam, etc. The Gardner is also first-class and divides the trade with the Holland.

NEWSPAPERS.

The Red Cloud Chief, A. C. Hosmer, editor and proprietor, established in 1873, has 1,000 weekly circulation.

The Webster County Argus, (rep.), established 1878 by George J. Warren, has 1,000 weekly circulation.

The Red Cloud Democrat, established 1888 by D. J. Myers, has 500 circulation.

The Red Cloud Republican, established 1888 by the Red Cloud Publishing company, has 500 circulation.

BANKS.

The First National—R. V. Shirey, president; John R. Shirey, cashier. Capital, $75,000; surplus and undivided profits, $15,759.99.

The Farmers' and Merchants' Bank—Ex-Governor Silas Garber, president; Anson Higby, cashier. Capital, $100,000; surplus and profits, $6,225.

Red Cloud National—J. W. Sherwood, president; L. P. Albright, cashier. Capital, $75,000; surplus, $3,000.

The Nebraska and Kansas Farm Loan Company—Capital, $50,000. Hy Clark, president, New York; J. A. Tullys, vice president; R. V. Shirey, treasurer.

REAL ESTATE.

G. O. and R. D. Yeiser are among the leading real estate dealers in Red Cloud and handle farm and city property exclusively. Mr. G. O. Yeiser is one of the oldest settlers in Webster county.

D. B. Spangle of Red Cloud is one of the oldest settlers and heaviest real estate dealers in the state. He also does a general loan business on farm and city property.

Red Cloud can boast of her natural facilities for carrying on manufacturing of any kind, having an abundance of water and sufficient elevation for good drainage. A joint stock company have constructed a very costly and substantial dam across the Republican river a couple of miles above the city where the roller mill and electric light plants are located. Here they obtain a fall of about twenty feet, which furnishes unlimited power for all manufacturing purposes.

The Monkey's Appeal.

New York Sun.

Why should the hand-organ stop off its music!
Why must my master go begging for "reds!"
Why must I learn to do chores in the kitchen!
I was not made to make hashes and beds!
Who's going to dance for the tenement children!
Who's going to teach them the National airs!
These are the questions the poor folk bewildain'—
They are not thinking of "millions" and "fairs!"
Where will the cripple now eke out a living!
Where will the crone get the price of a bite!
Surely the great folk might be more forgiving—
They needn't work for a home over-night!
Lo, the poor Simian appeals for your mercy,
Women and children join in his appeal:
Give him an organ or buy him a hearse, he
Must starve, like a man, if his organ is still.