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# THE INDEPENDENCE

## West Side.

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In it are com-  
bined the finest  
mechanical  
skill and the  
most useful  
and practical  
elements, and  
all known ad-  
vances that  
make a sewing  
machine desirable  
sell or use.

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Shirts Made to Order and fit Guaranteed.  
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All kinds of Harness and Saddlery  
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Cash Grocery & Bakery  
—ON C STREET—  
Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes on hand every day  
except Sunday.  
A full and fresh stock of canned goods, soups,  
tea, coffee, sugar, candies, cigars and tobacco,  
D. B. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

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—DEALER IN—  
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CLOCKS AND  
JEWELRY.  
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### THE FRUIT IS RIPE! PLUCK IT!

here is a tide in the  
Affairs of Men which  
taken at the Flood  
leads to Fortune

### THE M HAS COME FOR ACTION.

A RAILROAD TO FALL CITY!

It is needed!  
We must have it.  
We can build it.  
Who will make a start?

The lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Get in and Swim! The  
Water is not very cold.  
nor deep.

Don't stand on the bank  
and shiver. You will  
never learn to swim  
in that way.

Let us have the survey within four weeks.  
The grading done within four months  
and trains running by December  
1st, 1891.

A Long Pull!  
A Strong Pull!  
A Pull All Together!

### HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

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The Joint Work of P. T. BARNUM,  
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and ALAN DALE.

XL—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

By P. T. BARNUM Illustrated by H.  
O. COULTAUR.

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There comes a crisis in the lives of  
most people when sorrow crowd so thick  
and fast that there is a dreary satisfac-  
tion in the thought that "things cannot  
be much worse."

So felt Edna Crawford, sitting with  
bowed head and shaken nerves, on the  
train that is bearing her onward to the  
beside of her dying father. She bitterly  
regrets ever having left him, and tor-  
tures herself with wild pictures of the  
sufferings he may have endured at the  
unceremonious hands of Dr. Watson.

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### SHIPWRECKED CREW'S VAIN EF- FORTS TO REACH LAND.

Three Men Drowned on the Rocky Rhoda  
Island Shore Within Ten Feet of Terra  
Firma—A Vivid Description of an  
Awful Storm.

William H. Burns, an eye witness of  
the wrecking of the three masted schooner  
Black Point at 4 o'clock, and in  
twenty minutes was kindling wood.  
The crew consisted of six men. Three  
were drowned, including the captain,  
and three were saved. Every man of  
them was on the rocks at one time, and  
the captain and steward were swept  
away when but five feet from shore. It  
was an awful struggle for life between  
these six men and the merciless waters.  
Burns tells the story thus:

Black Point, where the vessel struck, is  
three miles south of the Casino. It is a  
mass of rock which juts boldly from the  
shore, but descends into a sharp pointed  
reef with jagged protruding edges at its  
farther part. It is not one solid body,  
for the action of the waves has worn  
wide and deep crevices in it, where the  
water forms in pools. On the north side  
is a pale bar full seven feet deep. I  
have charge of the cottage of S. S.  
Rogers, of Buffalo, where I live with  
my family, and which is about a quarter  
of a mile from Black Point on the bluff.  
I was informed about twenty minutes  
to 4 by Sam Kinsouth, who lives near by,  
that a schooner was going on the point.  
He immediately rushed out, and was on  
the bluff about fifty yards from the rocks  
when the schooner, drifting broadside  
on, struck. The wind was blowing  
sixty miles an hour and the sleet and  
hail cut into the face like needles.

I was quickly on 100 feet away. The  
vessel was scarcely 100 feet away, and  
was right on top of the sharp rocks, which  
were exposed by each receding wave.  
The men were plainly visible, huddled  
together, hanging on to the house at the  
stern of the schooner. At five minutes  
to 4 fifteen minutes after she struck,  
the mismanagement of the crew, and a  
crash that was heard above the other  
noise, and the mainmast and the fore-  
mast quickly followed. As the fore-  
mast went over the side the vessel split  
in the middle, and the cakes of ice with  
which she was loaded came pouring out.  
As the vessel parted the men jumped  
for the rocks. They all landed. Young  
Lawrence, a mere boy, only 18 years  
old, was the last to jump. He never  
reached the shore. The mate, John  
Rooney, as quickly as he could, threw  
off his boots and overcoat. His fore-  
head and his hands were bleeding, but  
he made the shore. The captain, the  
mate and the steward, Frank Ham-  
mond, kept together. While Bernard  
Webers and another seaman named  
Kuma tried to work their way over to  
ward the south end of the reef, the  
others went straight ahead and more  
toward the north side, where the sea had  
fall away.

I had run down to the shore while  
Kinsouth had gone after another man  
named Rowley. When they got to the  
scene the vessel was in pieces and the  
men struggling for their lives. I sta-  
tioned myself toward the south side, and  
looked on and gesticulated for the men  
to come that way. I yelled also, but I  
could hardly hear my own voice. The  
group of three and the young sailor,  
however, kept right on. The sea was  
dashing over the rocks with terrific  
force, every wave completely submerg-  
ing them. The holes and crevices were  
filled with water, and through these the  
men waded or swam, clinging to the  
rockwork and by the weeds when the big  
breakers dashed over them.

It was only five minutes since they  
had left the ship, but it seemed an age  
to the men on shore who were watching  
the brave struggles of the unfortunate  
sailors. Inch by inch they fought their  
way along the treacherous slippery  
rocks, holding on for their lives in the  
crevices and by the weeds when the big  
breakers dashed over them. As the  
waves receded I would rush down the  
slippery rock on which I stood in the  
vain hope that they would get near  
enough for me to seize them. The min-  
utes seemed like hours, but still the men  
held on.

Now they are within ten feet, but an-  
other wave breaks over them. If I had  
had a ten foot rope I would have saved  
them. The suspense was awful as the  
men, with their drawn faces and  
cut teeth, held on and looked toward  
the refuge so near them. Now the wave  
goes back. A strong effort and they are  
safe. They press onward; are almost  
there, only five feet more, when a  
monster roller bigger than the others  
strikes them. It tears their weak grasp  
from the rocks and buries them out of  
sight. All but Rooney. He, divested  
of his coat and boots, has a better chance  
than the others, and as the waves go  
back he lies struggling almost at my  
feet. It is but the work of a moment to  
seize him and drag him safely on the  
rock.

The others were washed up on the  
single amid the driftwood of the vessel  
the next day. The steward's body was  
entirely stripped of clothing, his skull  
smashed in and his scalp torn off.—  
Providence Journal.

A Startling Comparison.  
Recent statistics show that French  
railways annually kill one person out of  
each 2,000,000 carried, while in England  
\$1,000,000 are carried before one meets a  
violent death in a railway accident.  
French railways annually wound one  
passenger out of each 500,000 carried;  
English, one in each 750,000; Belgium,  
one in each 1,650,000; and Prussia one  
in each 4,000,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than That.  
Dolley—Did she say you say, old man?  
Goolin—She wasn't so considerate as  
that. She used a plain adverb instead  
of "no."—Munsey's Weekly.

### speed in Ocean Travel.

"The great drawback," said Mr. Rich-  
ard, one of the agents of the Hamburg-  
American Packet company, "to crossing  
the ocean quicker than we do at present  
is the expense of coal. More powerful  
engines could be built which would in-  
crease the speed, but these engines would  
require so much more coal. The steam-  
ers of the Hamburg-American Packet  
company now consume about 100 tons  
of coal a day; if 150 tons were  
needed daily, besides the cost of the  
valuable space required for the addi-  
tional 100 or so tons of coal, more en-  
gines, more stokers, etc., would be  
needed. But it was necessary to make  
the most powerful engines in the world  
the gain of time in crossing the ocean  
would not be more than eight or ten  
hours, so long as coal is used."  
"I have great faith, however, in elec-  
tricity some day or other taking the  
place of coal for the propulsion of ocean  
steamers, and when that time comes  
they will be run much cheaper. The  
weight of the coal does not make the  
steamer slower; that has nothing to do  
with it. Sometimes a weighted  
steamer goes faster than one that is not  
weighted, all depending upon the wind  
and the weather."  
"Steamers can never go as quick as  
locomotives, because they have to con-  
tend against water and air, whereas the  
railroad cars have only air as a resist-  
ance. Assuming the maximum speed of  
a locomotive to be about sixty miles an  
hour over short tracks, the steam train  
said that it goes three times as fast as  
a steamer, although the average time made  
by the fastest limited express train is  
only twice the average time made by a  
fast steamer."—Epoch.

### The Kitchen Will Vexed for This.

One the seventh floor of the St. Cath-  
arine flats, at Fifty-third street and Mad-  
ison avenue, a particularly pretty Maltese  
kitchen has the good fortune to live.  
Her favorite nooning place is on the  
seat of one of the windows overlooking  
the court yard. This window happened  
to be open for a respite during the other  
morning, and the kitten, quite carried  
away by the novelty of the idea, stepped  
out upon the window ledge to take a  
cat's eye view of the yard below and the  
surrounding country generally.

An instant later her paws slipped  
from under her upon a piece of ice and  
over she went. She fell a distance of six  
stories and then landed feet foremost  
just upon the extreme edge of the  
roof of one of the outbuildings. But so  
terrible was the force with which she  
landed there that she bounced from off  
the roof like a rubber ball, and after  
the usual respite continued her head-  
long journey toward the ground.

She landed on her feet again, shook  
herself for a moment just to see that  
she was all there, and then giving vent  
to a faint wail of triumph, as one would  
say, "How's that for high?" picked her  
way toward the very margin of a deli-  
cious air of nonchalance and total  
oblivion to the fact that she has only  
eight lives left to her credit.—New York  
Evening Sun.

### Machine for Shaping and Boring Post Arms

An ingenious machine is used in Eng-  
land for preparing telegraph post arms.  
These arms are usually made of the best  
selected English oak, and vary in  
length from two feet to four feet. They  
are in the first case planed on the four  
sides by means of a special planing ma-  
chine, and then sawed to the exact  
length required. The rough ends of a double  
cross cut sawing machine made specially  
for the purpose. The arms are then  
passed on to the shaping machine, which  
rapidly and effectively does its work.  
The machine is quite self contained, and  
has the driving shaft placed overhead and  
supported upon standards fixed to the  
main bed. The arrangement for deal-  
ing with the various lengths of arms  
has been carefully worked out. At the  
official test of the machine the wooden  
arms were finished at the rate of three  
per minute.—New York Commercial Ad-  
vertiser.

### Enoch's Classification.

Dr. Van Dyke told this story: I am  
reminded of a preacher who preached  
from the text "And Enoch was not."  
He went on to explain that this text was  
incomplete. "Now, brethren," said he,  
"you may not know in what way Enoch  
was not. To find this out, we must ex-  
amine the text carefully in the light of  
the context. First, Enoch was not an  
Episcopalian, because he 'walked' with  
God and not with man. He was not a  
Baptist, because he 'walked' with God  
and did not swim. He was not a Free-  
byterian, because the context tells us  
that he walked with God at all, and he  
was not a Methodist, because we are  
plainly told that God took him."—New  
York Sun.

### Are the Eyes Ever Safe?

Beware of the electric light. This is  
a warning sounded by a correspondent,  
and a warning that should be heeded.  
The use of the incandescent lamp is apt  
to be highly injurious to the eyes if pre-  
cautions are not taken with regard to  
shades or globes. Plain or cut glass is  
particularly noxious. In all cases the  
little illuminator should be shaded with  
a green or thick white glass, and the  
glass should be frosted. It is said that  
a number of men in the clubs are suffer-  
ing with sore eyes, entirely due to the  
improper shading of the club lights.—  
London Letter.

### Just Like His Russian Brother.

The sultan very rarely or never leaves  
the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk, except to  
go once a week to a mosque just outside,  
when the very striking ceremony known  
as the Selam is performed. Once a  
year, also, he pays a visit to Stamboul,  
but the route there and returning is  
never known in advance. He is in con-  
stant fear of assassination. Some grand  
duchess whom he received at his court,  
on his complaining that his health was  
indifferent, advised him to take more  
exercise and change of air, and to drive  
about the country. On her departure he  
is reported to have said: "What harm  
have I done that this woman should de-  
sire my death? Why does she advise me  
to run into such dangers?"—Nineteenth  
Century.

### A Wedding Cake Defected.

"I had some wedding cake today un-  
der very distressing circumstances," said  
a postal clerk. "At the postoffice a pack-  
age had been received containing a heavy  
invoice of this style fancy goods. It  
was nearly six inches square and had  
sixteen cents in postage stamps, but not  
a sign of an address. There was no help  
for it. The owner couldn't be found,  
and rather than let the cake go to waste  
it was distributed judiciously among a  
few friends. Of course everybody was  
sorry, but the state of things might have  
been worse."—Buffalo Express.

### Bring your umbrella," called Mrs. Brinkley to her husband, the other Sun- day, as she waited at the door for him to go to church. "Who's going to preach?" he called back from upstairs. "Our regular preacher." "Is that my umbrella, I guess we won't need an umbrella."—Texas Siftings.