DEADLY DOOM OF SING LOW

Merchant of Madre de Dios Who Deserted Fay Lee for Felipa.

A CHINESE TALE WITH A MORAL

Sons of the Silver Land Didn't Do a Thing to Him—"Black Smoke" and Ancient Cognac Did the Rest.

Twenty years ago Sing Low had been a thin, meek Chinese coolie, toiling in the rice fields of the Soo-Chow province, relates the San Francisco Argonaut. Insufficiently clad and insufficiently fed, he had many times been weary of life, and but for the vows of his secret society forbidding would have put a summary end to it—a double quantity of opium in the pipe is an easy way! But Sing Low had persevered and starved until one day there was an exodus of many of his own society (now renamed "Sons of the Silver Land") to the western coast of Mexico. With them journeyed Sing Low and his newly married wife, Fay Lee, for there was demand for Chinese colonists, and the promoters told it loudly that there was plenty of money to be made in the "silver land." For once the truth had been spoken by a promoter! Had you ten years after the exodus known the Chinatown of Madre de Dios and the restaurant and "tea place" of Sing Low you would better appreciate the fact. For the Chinese colonists had made unto themselves a place of their own in the western part of the city, out beyond the marshes; many narrow streets were filled with the shops of the Chinese, who were no longer colonists, but full-fledged citizens.

In the very center of the Chinese civilization, and fronting a view of hot, blue gulf water, Sing Low's name was blazoned in gaudy Chinese script over a tea shop and opium den, while uptown, where Mexicans and mining men most did congregate, another building, made of yellow adobe and pine boards, bore the legend: "Chinese Restaurant of Sing Low: American Pies." In front of this restaurant generally sat Sing Low, but not the Sing Low of the Soo-Chow rice fields—far from it. This was a very fat and important Sing Low, in full and flowing Chinese garments, pigtail neatly wound about a sleek and shining head, and silk-shod feet thrust into flapping embroidered slippers. A large gold American watch dangled from his sash, and yellow Mexican diamonds glittered on his pudgy fingers—truly had Sing Low, head of the "Sons of the Silver Land," prospered and waxed fat in a far land.

Piling Up Wealth.

Inside the restaurant many Chinese waiters and cooks rushed about, serving all sorts and conditions of men at the manta covered tables. For Madre de Dios was a steamer town, whence hides and silver and bullion were shipped to Lower California and even San Francisco, and many men of many sorts ate chili con carne, and tortillas and "American pies" in the restaurant of Sing Low. There were dirty greasers and swaggering bearmed Mexicans, who drank bottles upon bottles of fiery mescal, and calm, deliberate, mining Americans, who consumed untold numbers of pies and American canned beans, while Sing Low smiled from afar, with a keen eye upon collections. For twenty years he had saved and toiled, but another year would see the end. Then, with Fay Lee, who was now old and fat, and the 20,000 Mexican dollars that they had made he would go to San Francisco. Back to China? No! Fay Lee had once timidly proposed it—for she had no children, and her heart was sick for her native land—but Sing Low said a decided "No." He had not yet forgotten the rice fields. And, besides, in these American lands even a coolie of low birth could be as mighty as a mandarin; he, Sing Low, had been of no import in China, nor would even his $20,000 make him a mighty man there. In other words, better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven, or one's native land.

To all of which poor Fay Lee had to consent, of course, Sing Low being a husband of no small persuasive power, particularly when aided with a bamboo stick. And he hesitated not to chastise the wife of his bosom when occasion needed, for did not even the laws of the Christians say: "Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord?" Not that it often became necessary to impress this latter fact upon Fay Lee, for she loved the fat, pompous Sing Low now, in the midst of his prosperity, even as she had once loved humble Sing Low of the rice fields. It is the way of many women. And, though there were few friends, and no children for her to caress with affection, she was content to live the life that her husband bade, embroidering his costly garments and waiting on him as though she were his bonded slave, instead of his wife. And during the long hours that he spent in the opium house or in the secret lodge of the "Sons of the Silver Land," she consoled herself with many cups of tea and admiring thoughts of the brave figure that her "honorable lord" was at that moment of a surety making as the head of his society. Poor Fay Lee!

A New Shine.

I say "poor Fay Lee" with a purpose, as you will find. For, even as the best-laid plans of mice and men go astray, so did the plans and hopes of Sing Low and his wife vanish into naught—through the fault of the man, of course. Sing Low, to make a long story short, fell in love one bright day. It was a thing that Celestials are not given to, for which reason Sing Low made a bad mess of it, and loved far more desperately than any other Chinamon on record—at least, so his sighing protests to the lady of the case ran. Not that he could be blamed overmuch, for Felipa was the prettiest girl, out and out, who had ever been seen in Madre de Dios—as well as one of the naughtiest. Her brother (a gambler from Mazatlan) had used her many months as a lure, and more than one hapless Mexican had come to grief for her sake, but Sing Low was the best game that she had ever caught.

There is in Spanish a proverb setting forth the same sentiment expressed in our own, "There's no fool like an old fool," and never was there an old fool so deeply in love as Sing Low, who soon became the laughing stock of the entire very mixed population of Madre de Dios. Fay Lee, of course, knew nothing, and supposed that her lord's frequent absences were due to secret society meetings. To be sure, Ah Toy, the sprightly young wife of Sam Lung, had considered it her duty to go to the deceived and neglected wife with a full description of the doings and misdoings of the faithless one. But Fay Lee had first laughed uproariously at what she considered a joke, and later, believing the tale a malicious lie, had turned her sister Celestial out of the house, with calmly expressed convictions as to the fate in store for liars and scandal mongers who could lift tongue against such an honorable and noble man as her lord and husband, Sing Low. Wherefore Ah Toy had departed, giving expression to many naughty words and tearfully saying—just as a civilized woman might have done under similar circumstances—"The next time she meddled in the attempt to open a deceived wife's eyes—"

Placidly indignant, yet somewhat amused, Fay Lee went back to her embroidery and a fresh cup of tea. The incident did not seem of enough importance to repeat to her husband and it soon escaped her mind. That any one should dare to tell such things of her most honorable and faithful lord, expecting her to believe them! She did believe, however, when very late that same night Sing Low came home, not alone, and much the worse for liquor. He had brought his new wife, Felipa, to her home, he stated, with drunken dignity, and Fay Lee must wait upon her and see that she had what she wanted. For she (Felipa) was to be the honorable mistress of the house, and Fay Lee and the servants must bear themselves accordingly.

Bided Her Time.

Your Chinese wife is no creature of high tragedy and Fay Lee acted under all circumstances as a well-behaved Chinese lady should, placing perfumed water and powders and silken apparel for the new wife. No attentions were neglected, though Sing Low watched vigilantly for them. And only when her services were no longer needed did the supplanted woman go forth full of murderous fury and hate from the house of her husband. She had a cousin who was a high official in the secret society; to him she went. Not that there is nay recourse for a Chinese wife if her husband wishes to take unto himself a No. 2 spouse, for it is according to the law. But all things naturally should be done in order and the law of dignity and self-respect had been transgressed by Sing Low, who had not even advised Fay Lee of his intention. It was an insult to her and all her family, which the cousin was not slow to realize. But insults are not prison offenses and must be avenged privately; wherefore the cousin and Fay Lee said nothing, but bided their time, having in mind a way in which they could be more than avenged.

For quite a long time, as much as a month, Sing Low was exceedingly happy with his pretty young wife. But Felipa was a young woman of much sprightliness and she had not married the portly old Chinaman for the sole purpose of kow-towing to him and embroidering his clothes and waiting on him hand and foot—not a bit of it. And so she emphatically stated. On the contrary, she wished many friends, and pretty costumes and boxes at the bull fights and the one small theater that Madre de Dios possessed. She had no intention of being any man's slave!

And so began the tormenting of poor old Sing Low. He soon learned that in the bewitching Felipa he had caught a veritable Tartar, and that unless humored she could and would make his life a torment to him. Wherefore, like a wise man, he promptly gave in to her and humored her in all things—that is, in all things but one. Despite her every endeavor she could not make him tell her what went on at the meetings of his secret society. On that one subject alone Sing Low remained mute, and no cajolery or blandishment could move him.

Setting a Hot Pace.

As time went on and the influence of his Mexican wife told on him, Sing Low began to sink lower and lower, both morally and physically. He drank steadily now, and more and more of the "black smoke" became necessary—and even the apple of his eye, his restaurant, with its American pies, began to be neglected. So that many whisperings and reports got about, and more than one high official of the secret society murmured distrust. Meanwhile a worn and aged woman (hardly to be recognized as the portly Fay Lee of yore) watched and waited, eager for revenge. And in the secret society of the "Sons of the Silver Land" one of the high officials went about stealthily spreading reports that a traitor was among them; that important secrets had more than once been given away, and that if not located and dealt with the traitor would soon accomplish the ruin of the society.

All this came to a head one night when the most important meeting of the year was held. For more than an hour the rooms of the secret society had been filled with an ominously quiet crowd of Chinamen, who were waiting in perfect stillness the return of one of the officials who had gone to fetch their erstwhile head, Sing Low. For the first time in twenty-one years he had failed to appear at the meeting of the society, and, more than that, all the private records and documents of the "Sons of the Silver Land" had been stolen. No wonder there was perfect stillness in the secret rooms, and that over in the corner one Chinaman waited, holding a huge, razor-edged sword. These things are dealt with quickly among Chinese guilds.

They brought him in presently, the cousin and another society member carrying him, for the honorable head was too much overcome with the mixture of opium and bad cognac to walk of his own accord. He was dropped limply into the corner where the Chinaman and his sword waited, and to a malignantly quiet set of members the cousin showed the precious papers and records that he had just taken from Sing Low's silken vest. The man had been found dead drunk in a low cantina in the Mexican part of the town, while the society papers and records—had access to only by two men, the cousin and Sing Low himself—were dropping unheeded to the cantina floor, to be seen there of all who might care to read. And but for the cousin, who had found them in time, the papers would have been distributed far and wide before the setting of tomorrow's sun, and the society, "Sons of the Silver Land," with all its important secrets, would have been ruined, and many of its members implicated in all sorts of crimes and given up to prison cells, or perhaps the gallows. The sin of Sing Low had been a tremendous one, for which no atonement could be made, and there was but one thing to do, so far as his punishment was concerned.

The meeting lasted a long time, and finally Sing Low was released from the hands of his torturers, far more dead than alive. His drunken stupor had lasted but a short time under their hands, and in a frenzy of terror he waited what he knew was still to come. The room was still now, and you could have heard a pin drop as the wretched man was placed on his knees just in front of the masked Chinaman, who held in both hands the great, sharp, sword. Another man, the cousin of Sing Low, knelt quietly in front of him, and drew his bared head and neck down and forward so as to meet the uplifted sword. Then there was deathly quiet as the huge blade ascended. It made a circle and a whistling sweep in the air before it descended slowly and touched the neck of the condemned. There it stopped. No blood gushed, and there was no cry or moan from Sing Low, for the reason that the blade had just touched his flesh, and no more. Then the cousin stood up, facing the judge, and the executioner did likewise, holding the sword erect, as he announced solemnly:

"Honorable judge, this man is dead!"

Five minutes later the Chinamen were all hurrying from the hall. Sing Low had been dragged, still on his knees, from the room, and flung into the narrow, weed-choked street outside. He had endeavored to beg mercy, but his lips were stiff and dumb. Then he had clung to the judge's knees, jabbering hysterically, only to be cast aside like a truly deadly thing, for a Chinaman lost to caste and his secret society is worse than dead. He had moaned and begged at the feet of his cousin, but he, too, had passed relentlessly on, paying no attention to a dead man's speech. And so at last they had all gone—among the crowd Sing Low's own clerks and employes—and the dead crouched alone and deserted of all, in the darkness of night.

Read His Obituary.

In the early dawn Sing Low stumbled drunkenly homeward—not to the house in which he lived with his Mexican wife, but to Chinatown, for at the last, whether in joy, sorrow, death or disgrace, the heart of even an Oriental turns to his own people, such as they may be. And Sing Low had no thought of Felipa, much as he had loved her, or even for his restaurant, with its American sign, that had brought him so much money. The Americans or the Mexicans would take him in surely, for had he not money? His own people had cast him out, yet to them he turned.

Posted up in front of the opium den owned by him was a large bill, setting forth his execution. He read it. Two other men, waiters in his restaurant, were reading it at the same time. His stained and torn silken garment brushed against one of them, and the men moved back as if some dead beast were there. To these two men Sing Low spoke, but they seemed to see only empty air where he stood. He went into the opium den, begging for the "black smoke," but no one heard him or saw him. All the men seated and lying about the room were discussing the execution of the once respected Sing Low. Unable to endure it, the poor brute slunk out, and wandered distractedly about the streets. He was unnoticed, and even when in the early morning he begged for bread, not a crust was given him, not a drop of water. He was dead to his people and his dead voice was unheeded.

For two days the torture of Sing Low endured. At midnight of the second day he crept into his own restaurant and stole a pistol that was lying invitingly in his desk. The clerk saw it, but said nothing, and did not attempt to prevent the theft. And with the pistol Sing Low made his way back to Chinatown, where he read over again one of his own death notices, and, standing under it, placed the pistol to his temple and blew out what remained of his poor, addled brains.

Household Remedies.

Radway's Ready Relief, Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Radway's Pills are standard household medicines that have outlived all competition. Their merit is so well established that dealers or druggists find it unprofitable to ever attempt substitution. While regular physicians are not friendly as a rule to most proprietary medicines, yet Radway's remedies enjoy the undisputed favor of physicians of all schools. Radway's Read Relief should be in every family, factory, hospital, home and institution. It has extraordinary power and much unnecessary suffering may be prevented by its prompt application.

Probably almost everybody in the United States knows R. R. R. stands for 'redin,' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic," and besides that, everybody who can read, write and figure knows that the same initials also stand for Radway's Ready Relief, the famous specific for all sorts of ills the human flesh is heir to. Its fame has passed out of the United States into almost every quarter of the globe. It has been used with good effect for many years.

Radway's Pills, too, are widely known as a remedy for liver and stomach diseases. The headquarters of the firm, which has branches all over the world, are at 55 Elm street, New York, and their goods are on sale everywhere.

Announcements.

Tonight David Belasco's war drama, "The Heart of Maryland," will be presented at the Boyd for an engagement that will include tomorrow night and a special matinee tomorrow afternoon. The leading role, formerly played by Mrs. Leslie Carter, will be assumed by Alma Kruger. It is said that the entire scenic setting that aided in making the drama such a success from the time of its first presentation will be used. Anyone knowing David Belasco's love for smart stage detail can appreciate what this entertainment means.

The fourth of the series of amateur performances will be given at the Orpheum Friday night. The roster includes the three Tansles, in a Japanese specialty; T. H. Dreggs, rag time piano player; Leslie Elmer and Walter Robinson, in a tramp specialty; Charles McGee, high and trick kicker; Hyde and Raymond, black face song and dance artists; Lulu Gonden, singing and dancing soubrette; N. L. Ramsey, basso; Robert Ratekin and J. Carroll, David and Hattie Lewkowitz, coon shouters and cake walkers; J. Richardson, the Grand Island baritone, and Ruth Leonard and Margaret Bell, two young soubrettes.

Engine Regarded as a Hoodoo.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Jan. 31.—(Special.)—Engine No. 815, which was in the wreck at Brighton a month ago, was turned out of the Union Pacific shops here yesterday, having been rebuilt. All enginemen look upon the locomotive with suspicion, as they regard it as a hoodoo. It is said that no less than ten men have met death on the 815 and scores of other employes injured, to say nothing of the destruction of thousands of dollars' worth of property.

Missouri and Missourians.

The carpenters of Sedalia have organized a union.

There are 256 inmates at the Confederate home at Higginsville.

Jefferson City wants the state nominating conventions of both parties.

One man purchased $10,000 worth of horses and mules at Monroe City last week.

John Jennings of Laclede stands six feet ten inches in his stocking feet and weighs 310 pounds.

The supreme court has cut off 3,000 of Webb City's population by deciding that the city council illegally extended the limits of that town a year ago.

Joseph Utt, who was burned to death in the Harris-Anderson lumber yard fire at Lexington, was a famous hunter and fisher in that locality for many years and numbered among his friends every lover of field sports who lived in that locality.

Mrs. Mary Steelman of Beaman, who disappeared from home last October, returned a few days ago and related a strange story about having been abducted and held a prisoner by a strange man near Warsaw for three months. She tells that the man placed her and her two children in a wagon and drove off with them.

The shock and strain of being fired from a cannon daily through a circus season, would seem to be extraordinary. But it is not nearly so wearing upon the average woman's nervous system, as the strain and drain of the every day life of the married woman. It is not the great shock of the storm which wears the stone but the "continual dropping," So in woman's life it is not the great demands upon her energy which wear her out, but the interminable leakage of her strength through the diseases that affect the delicate womanly organs.

To stop this ceaseless leakage of strength is as much the desire as the duty of women. It can be done once and for all by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is not a cure-all but it is specially designed for a specific purpose, the cure of the chronic diseases peculiar to women. It dries up the drains, allays inflammations, heals the ulcerations and cures the displacements which are at the bottom of woman's miseries.

There is neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"For five years my wife was in an almost helpless condition, suffering from female weakness," writes J. S. Everitt, Esq., of Hagerman, Washington Co., Fla. "Last September I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She took several bottles of the medicine and gave birth to a ten pound son on January 21st, 1898. She is now sound and well and doing her housework."

A gift. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of postage *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper bound volume, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALL AGREE HELP IS NEEDED

Prominent Attorneys Discuss Proposed Reinforcement of Supreme Court.

EXISTING CONDITIONS UNSATISFACTORY

General Manderson, W. R. Kelly, Judge Duffie and Others Unite in Declaring that the Supreme Court Demands Attention.

Prominent members of the Omaha bar continue to discuss the proposition suggested by The Bee relative to reinforcing the supreme court by calling upon the judges of the district court for assistance in reviewing cases.

The bar, so far as interviewed, is a unit in declaring that something must be done to expedite supreme court work. Present conditions are very unsatisfactory, and there is no reason to expect any improvement until some arrangement is made for adding to the force. A difference of opinion exists as to the best method of reinforcement. Interviews with attorneys follow:

General Charles F. Manderson—It is a well established fact that the supreme court of this state is behind with its work to such extent that relief is needed; not so much to relieve the supreme court, as some lawyers have stated it, but rather to give the people relief from the supreme court. This state has grown to such proportions that the supreme bench needs reinforcement. It is reasonable to suppose that this growth will continue and that litigation will increase proportionately. Thus it is at once apparent that the bench as it is at present constituted will never be able to clear up the work that has accumulated and at the same time devote attention to new business that will arise from time to time. But I do not fully endorse the proposition to call in the judges of the district courts as assistants. It might be a case of appealing from Caesar to Caesar. In the early days of Nebraska the district judges composed the supreme court and along in the early '70s, when the state had outgrown such arrangement, a supreme bench was created independent of the district bench. My idea would be to amend the constitution so as to reduce the number of district judges and add to the supreme bench. We might have five supreme judges, and even seven, if we reduce the district bench.

W. R. Kelly—I have not given this question any attention and am therefore not ready to express an opinion. I do not care to speak as to the policy of such arrangement until I have satisfied myself that the power exists for putting it in force.

Judge E. R. Duffie—I have not made thorough research on this proposition, but I have no hesitancy in declaring that there is need for some kind of an arrangement by which the work of the supreme court can be kept more nearly up to date. I doubt the advisability, however, of placing district judges on the supreme bench as assistants. I believe it would have a tendency to disrupt the even tenor and the usefulness of our district courts. It would be too much like having a district judge review a case which had been taken from him on appeal. This would not actually happen of course, because it could be so arranged that no judge would pass on his own case, yet it would perhaps have a tendency to lead to undesirable complications. There is no doubt in my mind that something ought to be done, but why not make a clear-cut issue of it and establish a supreme bench permanently by taking the necessary steps toward adding two members to the bench?

W. S. Poppleton—I will not undertake now to express an opinion as to the constitutionality of the proposition, but I will go on record as favoring most heartily any legal method by which the supreme court docket may be kept up to date. There is need of improvement.

C. A. Goss—I realize urgent necessity for reinforcement of the supreme court. In an offhand way, I do not care to enter into the constitutional phase of the proposition presented by The Bee, but I am most heartily in favor of taking action of some kind that will expedite business that comes before the supreme court. I think the proposition is well worthy of earnest consideration.

E. M. Bartlett—Attorneys very generally agree that the status of the supreme court docket is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as there is such an accumulation of unfinished business, but I do not feel assured that the district judge plan would prove satisfactory. This, however, is an opinion expressed in an offhand way. The situation warrants attention, and something will eventually have to be done.

W. A. Redick—I believe the commissioner plan formerly in effect in this state is the best way in which to solve the problem that has presented itself. The abolition of that commission was not because of unsatisfactory results from its workings, but simply a freakish idea. I am not altogether in favor of the district judge plan. There are district judges and there are district judges. While I believe that the members of the district bench in Douglas, Lancaster and many other counties are amply qualified to render valuable assistance to the supreme bench, it must be admitted that a small percentage is likely to lack the qualifications that should make up the ideal judge of a supreme court. This does not imply lack of qualifications for a district judgeship, but I mean to say that not all district judges would make the right kind of timber for the supreme bench. There is a vast difference in the work. I am in favor of agitating the commission proposition when the legislature meets again. That, in my judgment, is the easiest solution for the condition that confronts us.

OMAHA, Jan. 30.—To the Editor of The Bee: The editorial contained in The Bee Sunday advocating relief for the supreme court opens discussion upon a subject of the highest importance to the state. A government which does not afford ample provision for the speedy enforcement of personal and property rights cannot long have the respect of the people and it must be confessed that under present conditions the administration of justice in this state is little less than scandalous. A case docketed now in the supreme court, unless relief be afforded, will not be reached for hearing during the next five years. This is often a substantial victory for the party defeated in the lower court and is a practical denial of justice to the successful party.

There are hundreds of cases now on the docket of the court which do not present a single meritorious question, or profess to, and which are there merely for the purpose of gaining this victory. The party entitled to relief and having obtained the judgment or decree in the court below is denied it until relief is almost without value. It is impossible to calculate the direct pecuniary losses to litigants, but the aggregate of direct losses to litigants is a mere bagatelle compared to the indirect losses resulting to the whole people of the state from the existence of such scandalous conditions. It is not the fault of the court. The court is helpless. The volume of business is now and has been for years beyond its capacity.

But your suggestion that the court be relieved by calling the district judges to the assistance of the court is, in my judgment, objectionable, because:

First—It cannot be constitutionally carried out. This, if correct, would, of course, be a decisive answer.

Second—The plan would not be satisfactory to the public—litigants would not be satisfied with opinions in that court written by judges of the district court. A litigant who, defeated in the district court, feels that his case has been incorrectly determined there, will not be satisfied (and he should not be expected to be) with an appeal to a tribunal where his rights may again be, wholly or partially, considered and determined by a judge of the district court. He wants to feel, and it is obviously to the interest of the state that he should be made to justly feel, that an appeal to the court of last resort will invoke the highest powers and best talents the state can procure.

Third—You are certainly mistaken in assuming that the judges of the district court have time to devote to the business of the supreme court. If there is any judge in the state who has too little to do it is simply because he does not do well what he has to do. A judge should have time for study and he cannot have too much. We have many evidences that they have too little time and none that they study too much. The law is a field in which no man ever becomes perfect and while one might overwork himself, which, of course, he should not do, no judge or lawyer is so wise or ever becomes so wise that he cannot advantageously learn more.

There has been in this state for many years past a persistent tendency to degrade all governmental institutions—instead of elevating ourselves to what should be the high standard of our institutions, we degrade our institutions. Your suggestion is in this line. Its tendency will be to degrade the supreme court. I do not say this in any offensive sense, but merely to point out the fact that the tendency of what you suggest would be to bring the highest judicial tribunal of the state, one which should command the most perfect respect and confidence of all of the people and be everywhere regarded as too sacred for the slightest contamination, to the level of the district courts in public estimation and in fact.

How, then, shall the evil of the present conditions be remedied? There can be no perfect or permanent remedy under our present constitution. We have outgrown the provisions and restrictions of that instrument in this, as well as in many other, particulars. It was framed by inexperienced men. It is true that members of that convention have since become wise and experienced men, but they were twenty-five years younger then than now. The constitution requires many changes, but these cannot be suitably made and it is well that they cannot be. So the problem is, What remedy shall be devised until the constitution can be changed?

I do not believe that any remedy can be found better than that of the appointment of commissioners, which was in vogue in this state until recently sacrificed to politics. This system is now and has been at times in vogue in many other states and it has been fairly satisfactory and it was fairly satisfactory here.

One great obstruction to the dispatch of the business of the court, however, which is statutory may be removed by the legislature. This is the statute prohibiting the court from requiring printed abstracts of the record in each case. The passage of this law was the height of folly. It not only makes an enormous amount of unnecessary work for the court, but, what is far more important, it precludes the possibility of careful and independent examination by the judges. As the practice now is the court receives in each case a typewritten transcript of the record in the court below, in which the evidence is generally written out, question and answer. These transcripts often contain more than 500 pages and I have seen them containing more than 1,000 pages, of which everything material to the questions presented and necessary for the information of the judges might have been abstracted and printed in twenty or thirty, or perhaps forty pages; yet the judge who writes the opinon in the case must read the whole contents of the transcript in order to dig out what is material and as he reads it with the knowledge that much of it is of no value to the inquiry he will necessarily often overlook that which is material and get an imperfect or perhaps entirely erroneous understanding of the record. As there is but one of these transcripts it goes without saying that only one judge examines it, whereas, if there were printed abstracts the matter to be examined by the judges would be reduced to that which was material, would be placed before them in the most convenient form for examination and each would have a copy and be able to make independent examinations.

In my judgment, this foolish statute should be repealed, leaving the court at liberty to require printed abstracts of the record by rule; the commissioner system should again be resorted to, but the number of commissioners should be six, until the accumulated business of the court has been disposed of; no commissioner should be allowed to file a dissenting opinion, as they did in this state when the system was in force, and all opinions should have the approval of a majority of the judges. Then let the court sit in three divisions, one judge and two commissioners in each, to take the submission of causes. By these means the court might fairly hope to overtake the business within two years after they are adopted.

It is none too early to commence the discussion of this subject, as its importance demands thorough consideration and prompt action when the legislature convenes.

W. W. MORSMAN.

The Most Beautiful Woman in America Says:

Philadelphia, Dec. 11th, 1899.

Eight performances each week, with the change of bill weekly, and a memorizing of from seventy-five to two hundred pages of manuscript, began to tell upon my health. I was on the verge of a collapse, when a friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure. It acted like a miracle. I used only three bottles of this famous remedy, and was completely restored to my former good health. I feel that I owe my present strong condition physically to this remedy, and take pleasure in informing you of it.

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A thoroughly competent and regularly graduated woman physician will give medical advice free, to any woman needing same. Address: "MRS. ALICE McCULLOUGH, M. D. (Personal), Warner's Safe cure Co., Rochester, N. Y."

HOLMES IS ON TRIAL AGAIN

Alleged Forger of Railroad Tickets Brought Into Court on Three New Charges.

E. F. Holmes, who was a curbstone ticket broker in this city during the exposition, and who was recently bound over to the district court on charges of forgery preferred by Burlington Route agents, is again before Judge Vinsonhaler to answer three additional charges in which a similar offense is set forth.

James C. Hitt, a St. Joseph ticket broker, who received a consignment of bogus tickets from Holmes, and who gave to the railroads information that led to the expose of the alleged fraud, is the principal witness. Mr. Hitt was here a few weeks ago when Holmes had his preliminary trial on the original charge.

It is said that Holmes' method of forgery was the most clever that has ever been detected in railroad circles. He had a scheme, it is said, by which he validated expired tickets by filling up the punch marks with paper pulp and restoring the original figures.

The proceedings were cut much shorter this time than on the previous trial, and Holmes was, with but comparatively little ceremony, held for trial in the district court, his bond being fixed at $1,500 in each case. He made no effort to give bond.

Invitation to Omaha Curling Club.

Manitoba branch, Royal Caledonian Curling club of Scotland, has sent an invitation to the Omaha Curling club to join them in their twelfth annual bonspiel at Winnipeg, Manitoba, February 14, and continuing several days. Most of the clubs on the American continent will be represented, and the prizes will be numerous and valuable. Among the many are eight cups valued at $1,450; a gold watch, $75; other prizes, $1,425.

The Omaha club is considering whether it will send a rink of four to contest this year, but the club is young and has not enough members to draw from who can afford so long a time away from business.

Railroad Man Goes Insane.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Jan. 31.—W. A. Harvey, general freight and passenger agent of the Arizona & Southwestern railroad, with headquarters at Bisbee, Ariz., is in this city in a pitiable condition. He was on his way to Chicago and got off the Santa Fe train here, leaving his grip and overcoat on the train. At first it was thought he was getting over the effects of an overdose of cocaine, but his condition became worse and he was locked up. It is evident now that he is mentally unbalanced. His parents, who live in Wisconsin, have been notified.

Champagne Imports in 1899.

As shown by Customs statistics the imports in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry reached the enormous figure of 109,303 cases, being 72,495 cases more than of any other brand—a record unprecedented in the history of champagne. Its 1895 vintage now imported has no equal.

GRAIN-O! GRAIN-O!

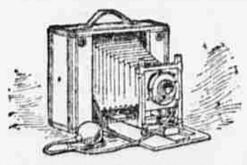
Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Grain-O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant, but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about ¼ as much as coffee. 15c and 25c. per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Good Digestion
Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken regularly after meals, removes the sense of distress, oppression and "all gone" feeling of the stomach.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

40 Per Cent Discount.



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Peerless, unsurpassed—endorsed by the greatest living artists—we carry them in the different beautiful veneers—the new styles with the Duett music desk and the roll fall board—put these instruments in the front rounds of up-to-date designs. Our prices are as low as at the factory and we sell them for cash or easy monthly payments.

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