

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.) As they walked toward the door Rayburn's eyes fell on the dark bulk o, the dead hyena beside it. A curious expression passed over his face. He touched the dead beast with him foot.

"What's this, Cleland-a dead dog?" "Rather a dangerous kind of dog," answered Cleland, smiling. "It is a hyena, and would have made short work of me if I had not happened to be beforehand with my rifle."

"Lucky for you. I thought I heard a shot as I came round; but fancied . had made a mistake afterwards," said the other, with a peculiar intonation. "An ugly customer to deal with, and you're lucky to have escaped. Well, are you ready?"

They went out into the moonlit night. Cleland led the way up from the camp.

"I was tempted by another fellow to take a look around before we turned in," he said, as they walked on as quickly as the sand would permit. "We thought we might happen to fall on some traces of the Baggara. We got into a jungle, and had the greatest difficulty in finding our way out. In the thickest part of it the other fellow tripped and tell, his rifle went off, and he shot himself right through the shoulder. It's a nasty wound, and, though I did the best I could to bandage it. I'm rather afraid he won't be able to keep it still. I ran all the way back, and have not roused anyone, 1 was in such a hurry to get you up to nim."

Cleland thought this account a little inconsistent with the leisurely way in which he had seen Major Rayburn wandering round the camp; but he said nothing, and the two men hurried on together.

The ground became less arid as they did so. An occasional mimosa-bush dotted the sand. Presently they came in view of what was evidently the jungle.

"You are done up, I can see," said Rayburn, suddenly pausing to look at the other. "I have a flask with me. Will you take a little?"

"I am all right, thank you," said Cleland, quietly. "I do not take alcohol, you know."

The other made no remark, but stepped on, Cleland following. In a few minutes they were in the very heart of the scrub. An almost impenetrable jungle it was, whose sharp mimosa-spears caught the incautious traveler by the clothing, pierced it through, and pierced the flesh with a thousand sharp, thorny pricks, over whose rough half-grass his feet stum-

I feet with a stifled exclamation and looked at his watch. "Is it possible I can have been asleep for 10 hours? It is now 2 o'clock! And Rayburn, what on earth has happened to him?" he ejaculated, looking round in a confused way.

Presently the bewilderment passed, and he began to understand his position more clearly.

He was alone in the bush, having slept for 10 hours. Rayburn had utterly disappeared. He had never come back, that was quite evident. If he had done so he would have awakened Cleland. What was Cleland to make out from this?

It was some time before he came to the conclusion that he had been deliberately deceived by Rayburn, and led into this unhappy position for purposes of Rayburn's own. Cleland was not a superstitious man, and he was too honest and upright himself to think evil of others; but he could arrive at no other conclusion.

What had caused him to sleep so soundly? He remembered his sudden drowsiness-a very unusual condition with him. Was it possible the cigar given him by Rayburn had anything to do with that?

He remembered now he had noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor, not unlike that known to the hashish eater, about it. He had thought nothing of It at the time, but now the remembrance confirmed his worst suspicions. For some purpose of his own Rayburn had deliberately led him into the jungle, drugged him, and then left him there, to whatever fate might overtake him.

But what could his purpose have been?

Suddenly it flashed upon Cleland that the camp had expected in all probability it would be called upon to march forward to Hudi to-day. If that were the case, the brigade would have left at break of dawn-at least eight hours before this!

Would they have noticed his absence? It was highly improbable.

Paul Cleland was a brave man, and as ready to face a day's hard march or a sharp brush with the enemy as any old and seasoned soldier; but at the prospect of a solitary march over that desolate and pathless desert, in utter ignorance of the direction taken by the army, his heart sank. What if he should take the wrong direction, and get further and further into the unknown depths of that vast sandy desert-"a dry and thirsty land where no man is"-and wander there aimlessly, fruitlessly, endlessly, until thirst and starvation did their work, and he dropped on the torrid sand,

whiriing clouds of black dust-like cayenne pepper in appearance, and quite as disagreeable-Cleland saw something which made his heart leap. It was a long line of stationary lights! He had no doubt now but that he

had come in sight of the English camp. He spurred on, hope lending him strength and swiftness. In half an hour he was quite close

to the encampment. Then he paused, a strange, uneasy feeling possessing him

Could this be his own camp? It consisted in the center of a long zareba, protected by what seemed like a jungle of mimosa and palm, thickly interspersed with half-grass and creepers. As he approached he saw that in front there was a deep trench and a stockade. At either end there were a few tents, not unlike those to which Cleland was accustomed.

He stood still, a chilly fear creeping over him. Suddenly, as if they had sprung out of the ground, two tall figures stood, one on either side of him, and two immense brown hands gripped each one of his arms.

Cieland turned quickly towards one of his assailants, and saw a tall, dusky figure, clad in a dark and dirty "jibbeh," or upper garment, loose drawers, and on its head a piece of rolled cloth, somewhat resembling the Turkish turban. The face beneath was dark and sinister.

Cleland could no longer have any doubt on the subject. He was in the hands of the enemy!

He had sufficient knowledge of the language to explain.

"Where are you taking me? I am an innocent man!"

"Cursed be all Christian dogs and infidels!" exclaimed one of his captors. "Allah il Allah! You are a spy, and the Khalifa will hang you, as he has hung others!"

"Are you taking me to the Khalifa?" exclaimed Cleland, only able to understand half of what was said,

The man made a brief assent, and then, pointing his lance at Cleland's breast, made him come on.

There was really nothing else for it but to allow himself to be led forward, and Cleland submitted without any resistance.

He was dragged on by his captors, whose savage looks and tones showed clearly that they had no feeling save that of bitter hatred against the man who wore the dress of the hated English infidel. In a few moments Cleland found himself entering the zareba by means of an opening concealed behind brushwood and mimosa-thorn. Inside the zareba he was dragged

across pits and trenches, between lines of fierce-faced, gloomy-eyed dervishes, who sprang to their feet, lance in hand, past huts, donkeys and tethered camels, on to a central hut, which he guessed must be that of the Khalifa.

The door was open, and the next moment he found himself in the presence of the ruler of the Soudan, the man who had such terrible reason to hate the accursed white race-accursed both for their unbelief and for



How High Up Officials Have Promoted Treasury Raids-Fresh Bread for Officials and Stale Bread for Inmates.

week's report concerning the management of the State Institution for Feeble Minded Youth at this place only gave a brief recital of the facts. There are other facts relative to it hitherto unpublished which are worthy of the closest consideration by everybody.

FORAGING ON THE STATE. Not content with placing an army

of incompetents on the payroll, there is positive evidence that, not only have favorites been permitted to furnish their relatives with bed and board, but they have been permitted to draw money from the public treasury for services never rendered. In this connction the name of Judge Sullivan again appears, and that, too, in connection with a very questionable transaction. The facts are these: On the 8th day of August, 1899, Miss Keating voluntarily tendered her resignation as matron to Superintendent Lang. On that day she gave up her keys, moved all of her effects and left the institute. She notified the superintendent that she had resigned. The salary of the matron is \$66.66 per month, and a voucher for \$17.25, the amount due for eight days' service, was made out, and Miss Keating signed it. This voucher recited the fact that it was "in payment in full for all services rendered the state." It was sent to the Board of Public Lands and Buildings for approval. But it was never approved; it was abstracted by somebody and made away with.

He also informed the governor that he did not believe Miss Keating would do such a thing. "Well," said the governor, "just send her a voucher made out for the full amount and see what she will do." Again Superin-tendent Lang informed him he would do nothing of the kind. "I will sign the voucher on the back in blank." said the superintendent, "and I will leave the matter of making the fraudulent claim to Miss Keating." Superintendent Lang did this very thing. and he also at the same time, on learning that Judge Sullivan was mixed up in the matter, sent the following letter to Judge Sullivan:

BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7, 1899.

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7, 1899. "Hon. J. J. Sullivan: "My Dear Sir-I learned from some pources that you are not satisfied with the disposition of Miss Abigail Keating. Your letter of inquiry to me a short time ago was courteously and kindly answered. I stated to you the facts-that Miss Keat-ing resigned her position and turned over her keys of this institution on the 8th day of August, 1899, and that she moved all of her belongings then from this insti-tution, and has acted in no way since: that she then notified employes of this in-stitution that she had resigned, that I stitution that she had resigned, that I did not dismiss her, and that at that time it was made public in Beatrice that that was the case. I made out said youchers for the time served and sent them to the secretary of state. Believing that she is acting under your advice I say to you that I am much surprised at the stand you take in this matter. That she has been used kindly and was advised rightly cannot be denied, that she resigned th sth day of August, 1899, can be supported by the affidavit of the employes of this institution and the press of Beatrice, and that she never returned to this institution. I am dealing in this matter for the state of Nebraska as I would with individuals, and I am sorry to think that we have any man or woman in our rank; that would demand of me, who has loyal ly supported your nonor, or ask any par y to make any affidavit of service under such circumstances. I have forwarded her a blank for record for her to fill out such circumstances. I have forwarded her a blank for record for her to fill out which I presume she will, acting under your advice. I have the triplicate vouch-er signed and receipted by her without any crasures, and if such clerical era-sures appear on the original voucher as is often the case. I never had any inten-tion of filling out vouchers for any more than time served. I often make the cr-pra in filling out for fill month when part ror in filling out for full month when part is only served, so the original voucher corrected shows exactly what amount was due for time served. I think our party and state officials have treated you very kindly, and hope that you appreciate the kindness fully. Yours truly, "BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D. "Superintendent of Institute for Feeble Minded 'Youth." At the same time he mailed a vouch-

BEATRICE. Neb., Aug. 6 .- Last Appended to the voucher is a letter from Governor Poynter to Auditor Cornell under date of November 23, in which the governor says:

which the governor says: "So far as I am informed Miss Keating was matron at Beatrice and entitled to her full salary until September I. Evi-dently a mistake has been made in allow-ing Miss Keating's voucher for salary from August Ist to August Sth, and then afterwards allowing her a full month for August. She should be allowed for her full month for August, but not double allowance for part of the month." allowance for part of the month." It would appear from this that the first voucher for \$17.75 had been allowed before the scheme was concocted to draw pay for the full month. If this was done, however, the records fail to disclose it. It savors somewhat of Milikin's "corn meal" and it is possible that it is a problem of that character.

Neither is this the only instance wherein the state treasury has been looted by salary grabs of this nature. Under the superintendency of Dr. Sprague, who preceded Dr. Lang, a henchman of the fusionists, one C. W. Phelps, was steward. He was of a charitable turn of mind, especially in dealing with himself. The first thing he did was to gather remnants of a large family around him at the institute and feed them at the expense of the state. At times, the Phelps famly was well represented at the festal board. The number is variously estimated at from five to thirteen, the records of the institute being in such shape that nothing definite can be learned as to the number of people

outside the inmates living there at the expense of the state. True to tradition. Phelps became obstreperous, refused to obey the superintendent, and, after a period of months, during which time he kept the institution in turmoil, he abdicated. He was a holdover from the Holcomb administration, and his only recommendation was that he needed the position to support his family,

Shortly after Poynter entered upon the discharge of his duties Dr. Sprague went to him and laid the Phelps case in his hands. Poynter told him he had no interest in Phelps any more than in thousands of other men, and that if Phelps was a disturbing character he should be summarily dismissed. Relying on this, Dr. Sprague gave Phelps thirty days notice to quit the institution. Phelps paid no attention to the notice. The first notice was given March 1st. On the last day of March, seeing that Phelps had taken no action towards moving his effects, Dr. Sprague gave him a written notice announcing his dismissal. This notice Phelps took to the governor. and, though having authorized Dr. Sprague to remove Phe'ps, Governor Poynter, for some unknown reason, turned a complete somersault, and instead of upholding the superintendent. told Phelps to return to the institution and stay there. He was relieved of his duties on the last day of March, but stayed at the institute with his family until June 15th, at which time both he and Dr. Sprague retired. Having nothing but spare time on his hands. Phelps turned his attention to creating discord, going among the employes and telling them that they might with impunity disobey the orders of the superintendent, that he had a "pull" with Governor Poynter and would back them up. When the change came and Phelps had to go perfect bedlam reigned. However, since April 1st, Phelps' salary had been held up. He had performed no services and was entitled to no pay. But he got his pay, and, like the Keating case, it was through the instrumentality of Governor Poynter. Dr. Sprague resisted payment of the claim, protested that Phelps had not worked at the institute and was therefore not entitled to draw any pay, and, on learning that Governor Poynter was aiding Phelps in his effort to get the money, filed with er signed in blank to Miss Keating, the auditor a sworn statement (September 18th) to the effect that he discharged Phelps April 1st, and that from that date until June 15th Phelps was neither steward nor employed in any capacity at the institute. That he Sprague) did not withdraw any request on the governor for the discharge of Phelps, nor consent to his remaining. That he made no request on the governor to discharge him for he discharged himself, as under the law as interpreted by Holcomb and the State Board, he had a right and the authority to do. In the face of this, Governor Poynter wrote the following letter to Auditor Cornell, being careful, however, not to make cath to it: "I hereby certify that Mr. C. W. Phelps was steward of the institute at Beatrice until June 20, 1800. Prior to that time Dr. Sprague, the superintendent. requested the removal of Phelps from the steward-ship, but subsequently withdrew the re-quent and agreed with me that Mr. Phelps should be retained, and he was re-tained until June 20th tained until June 20th. "W. A. POYNTER, Governor." Here it is, one official under oath leclares that Phelps was discharged April 1st and another "certifies" that he was not. The one who made the oath was at the institute and in charge of it, and certainly ought to speak advisedly. The other was at the capitol at Lincoln, forty miles away, and had no way of knowing the facts other than by bearsay. There is a glaring inconsistency in the statements of the two men. Sprague says under cath that Phelps did not perform the services for which he wanted pay, that he never consented to Phelps remaining and that he never recalled his request for removal. Poynter "certifies" that he did. At any rate Poynter and Phelps carried the day and Phelps, in addition to living with several of his family at the institute and doing nothing for nearly three months, was allowed and paid \$222.21, the full salary for that time. (See Voucher B. 36462.)

Perhaps one of the most shameful outrages that has been perpetrated on the taxpayers of the state by the fusion regency is the maintenance of the name of Mrs. Thomas upon the pay roll of the state. Mrs. Thomas has her name on the pay roll because, and **T** only because, she is the mother of State Oil Inspector Sprecher, who is reputed to be Governor Poynter's most trusted orderly. She is a woman who has crossed the meridian of life, being about 60 years of age. She has held the position of matron, first at Lincoln, then at Norfolk, and was from Norfolk transferred to Beatrice. At Beatrice she stubbornly refused to perform any of the duties incident to the position, and the duties of matron are being performed by the wife of the superintendent, who draws a salary of \$25 per month. Thus, two persons are on the pay roll for the same office, and the state pays \$91.66

OUTRAGE ON TAXPAYERS.

per month, simply that the mother of a leading fusion politician may have her name on the pay roll and live in luxury. The wife of the superintendent is not envious of her position and, according to her own words, she is forced to do the work in order to prevent disease, sickness and death among the inmates as a result of filth and uncleanliness, as Matron Thomas refuses to perform the duties." Ever since she has been at the institute at Beatrice she has, with her 18-yearold daughter, lived luxuriantly in apartments at the institute, drawn a salary of \$66.66 per month and refused to perform the duties of matron.

Only a few weeks ago Superintendent Lang resolved to submit to the indignities no longer and summarily dismissed for insubordination Matron Thomas, Miss Mutz, Miss Candee, Miss Brady, Miss Spanogle and Miss Larson

All provisions, or nearly so, are supplied by contracts, and the rule is to award contracts to the lowest bidder. The evil of this is, that the contracts are let in omnibus form, and, as usually results, the state pays more for an article by contract than it could buy it for in the open market. By conspiring with the steward a contractor can reap a rich harvest, and to all outside appearances it would be legitimate. STALE BREAD FOR INMATES.

Considerable feeling has been aroused over the reported fact that Contractor Wolf, who furnished bread to the institute for the second quarter of the present year, delivered two kinds-fresh bread for the officials and employes and stale bread for the inmates. When asked what became of his stale bread Mr. Wolf, without realizing perhaps the force or significance of the statement, replied: sell it to the institute."

"Do you sell two grades of bread to the institute."

"Well, some on it is better than the other. The old man (meaning his delivery clerk) takes out some fresh bread every morning, but I don't know whether he leaves any at the institute or not. What I send out there for the institute is the unsold bread I get returned from the grocery stores.

"Do you ever take stale bread back from the grocery stores?"

"What do you do with it?"

"I sell it to the institute." "Do you take back any stale bread from the institute?"

"No." Other bakers are required to sell their stale bread, and do it every day. for five cents a barrel. It is used for food for hogs and horses. Not so with Contractor Wolf. He sold his to the state for \$2.40 per hundred pounds. When asked about it Superintendent Lang persisted in a flat denial and declared that, so far as he knew, there was not a word of truth in it. He said that he and his wife used the same quality of bread supplied to the inmates. The bread received was received by the steward and not by Superintendent Lang and Superintendent Lang would therefore know little or nothing about the quality of the material delivered. However, the authority for the statement that stale bread was delivered is Contractor Wolf, the man who delivered the goods. A DEPLORABLE SPECTACLE. To close the chapter, which is but a partial recitation of the facts, it is enough to say that the Beatrice Institute of itself presents a bitter arraignment of the fusion party. It is not a pleasant subject for contemplation that this institute, designed to care for almost helpless and defenseless people. should be converted into a political mad-house and maintained as a resort for broken-down politicians and party henchmen. It is bad enough that the state should be required to support an army of political parasites without having the treasury exposed to the rapacity and perfidy of this same element. It is no doubt true that could the records speak they would disclose some startling facts. One instance is recited where a young lady, who was an official at the institute and who is now an official at another institute, disposed of about \$50 worth of brushes manufactured by the inmates and made no report of it, nor has she ever paid over the money to the state. This is only one instance of dishonesty; there are said to be many others.

'Yes.'

bled and tripped at every step, and whose huge twisted ropes of creeper flung down straggling tendrils over his neck and shoulders so that he was caught like a fly in a spider's web.

"This is becoming almost impassable!" Cleland exclaimed. "Where is your wounded man, Major Rayburn? Is he anywhere near here?"

"We were quite as far as here, but looks to me as if I had lost my bearings," said Rayburn. He paused and seemed lost in thought; then started suddenly, "Ah, I see now! This palm tree was our guide, I remember that. This is the way, Dr. Cleland."

He turned aside to the left, leading Cleland more into the heart of the jungle than ever; then he paused again.

"Will you stay here for a few minutes while I run on in this direction, doctor, and see if there is any trace of my poor companion? I begin to feel quite uneasy. Have a cigar while 1 am away; they are the best Havanas."

Cleland agreed, and stood waiting while the other went on, and soon disappeared from sight. Cleland heard him calling "Vanburgh! Vanburgh! where are you, man?" for a few minutes; then his voice died away and there was complete silence all around.

CHAPTER VII.

How long he waited he never afterwards knew. It might have been half an hour, it might have been more. But suddenly a strange sensation began to creep over him, a sensation of most extraordinary drowsiness, which he seemed unable to combat.

He had taken one of Rayburn's proffered cigars, thinking it would be ungracious to refuse, and feeling, moreover, that he would be the better for one after that long tramp and the fatiguing scramble through the jungle. He was smoking it as the feeling of drowsiness crept over him.

He made a courageous effort to shake it off by trying to move about as well as his limited space would allow. Once or twice he shouted Rayburn's name at the pitch of his voice; but no answer came back.

"I may as well sit down," he thought at last. "I feel as if my limbs would scarcely support me."

A little knoll of the rough halfto it and sat down. In a few minutes the whole of his surroundings-the his wounded friend-faded away into unconsciousness, and Cleland slept.

When he awoke it was daylightnay, more, the sun was high in the heavens, and was pouring down the full heat of his rays upon the tall palms, the mimosas and asaslas surrounding Cleland. He started to his Looking right ahead, through the

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never more to rise from it, only to leave his bones bleaching there, where never a human eye should see or pity? Cleland roused himself from these thoughts with a shudder. His first

effort must be to get out of the jungle; his second, to find the camp. "If they're really gone," he thought

to himself, "time enough then to indulge in these ghastly anticipations. And even if they are-why, I must make a bold effort to make up with them."

Getting out of the jungle was easier said than done. Rayburn had made that as difficult as possible by turning and twisting several times instead of taking a straight path. But it was accomplished at last, and Cleland found himself in the open once more. He knew in which direction the camp lay, and a quarter of an hour took him down to the deserted village.

Alas! his worst fears were realized. Not a tent, not a man remained! Like the Arabs themselves, the whole brigade had, in the early dawn, silently folded their tents and as silently passed away like dreams of the night. Cleland stood still for a moment, a sense of sickening disappointment coming over him. To find oneself utterly alone in that vast, unknown desert, with no human companion, no

chart to guide the way, nothing to eat or drink, no hope of ever again seeing a human face, save through one's own unaided efforts, is enough to appail the stoutest heart.

But Paul Cleland had the obstinate and determined nature of his country people. Nothing but death itself would ever make him give in when once he made up his mind to a thing. He paused a few minutes to take his bearings. He had a little pocket compass with him, and by that alone he could hope to guide himself. Once he decided which direction to take he marched forward without hesitation.

Walking in the desert is slow work. By 6 o'clock Cleland calculated that he had walked 10 miles; but he was no nearer the moving brigade for anything he could make out.

At sundown a sandstorm arose, Cleland had been in one before, but this seemed to be the most terrible experience he had yet been through. The sand blew in his face, and soon formed grass formed a temptation; he yielded a hard crust over it, which cracked painfully with every muscular motion; his eyes were bloodshot, and he could jungle, the thought of Rayburn and hardly see; his throat felt as if it were filled with gravel. He was choknothingness; drowsiness passed into ing with thirst, and his mouth was parched like a bit of cinder.

The blue sky was hid from his view; the plain beneath was a mere whirling mass-he could see nothing but sand. Presently it thinned a little. The night was now coming down rapidly.

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their determined attempts to overthrow his power.

A straw mat lay on the floor in the center of the hut; on this reclined the Khalifa. He looked up as his soldiers entered with their prisoner, but made no attempt to rise.

Cleland met a patr of cold, merciless black eyes, set in a thin, dark face, keen as an eagle's, and as cruel, without wincing or wavering. The Khalifa waved his hand towards his men, who began an excited oration, most of which Cleland could not understand; but one word he could make out, and that was "spy."

(To be continued.)

Del'cate Surgical Operation.

A celebrated astronomer suffered acutely for over twelve years from an unknown trouble in his leg. The surgeons did not seem to be able to diagnose his case. He finally went to the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore, and an examination by two young surgeons showed that the lameness was due to a diseased nerve in the leg. The patient was told that the operation would be painful, and in the nature of an experiment, as it had been tried only once before, in France, in which instance it was successful. The patient refused to take anaesthetics, as he desired to witness the operation as far as possible. The leg was opened and the nerve was found to be diseased, and the patient directed the surgeons to cut it out. The nerve was entirely removed, the wound closed and in ten days the patient was able to dress himself and walk about the hospital, and he is now able to go up and down stairs and walk half a mile at a time.

The Claim Was Justified.

Visitors to the Paris exposition may have noticed over one of the restaurants the inscription, "Ici on parle toutes les langues." Those who are familiar with the results obtained in French restaurants where "Anglais" is spoken will naturally be rather skeptical about this comprehensive claim to speak all the languages under the sun. A visitor recently remarked to the manager: "You must have a great many interpreters here." "Not one," was the reply. "Who, then, speaks all the languages?" "The customers, monsieur."-New York Chronicle.

Truth's Characterization of Lamdorf.

According to London Truth, Count Lamdorf, who is spoken of as successor to Count Mouravieff of Russia, never goes into society, and hardly has any friends. He lives in apartments at the Russian Foreign office,

Why should a clock be arrested for striking the hour?

appended to which was the following caustic letter:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 17, 1899. "Miss Abigail Keating: "As I understand there has been som-

"Ass Abigail Keating: "As I understand there has been some talk as to the amount due you from this institute, I have sent out vouchers for you to fill out for time served at this in-stitution and on duty. You will fill out the same and swear to them. I trust that you will observe that it is to be a matter of record, and also, that the man-ner in which you left the institution is known to each and all. In my dealing with the state of Nebraska I observe the same rule that I would in dealing with individuals. That you resigned your po-silton here the 8th day of August, 1889, and turned over the keys of your volun-tary act, goes without dispute. I regret very much that any person of our party or of the state of Nebraska would ask me to do an act of record that I do not deem prudent. I signed the voucher only on the back, expecting you to fill out for on the back, expecting you to fill out for time served. Yours respectfully, BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D.

Superintendent One week afterwards Superintengent Lang received the following reply from Judge Sullivan, written from Co lumbus, Neb., on a letterhead of the supreme court;

SUPREME COURT OF NEBRASKA, "COLUMBUS, Oct. 13, 1899. Dr. E. F. Lang:

"Der B. F. Lang: "Dear Sir-Your favor of recent date re-ceived. My views of the matter about which you write me are these: Miss Keating was matron of the institution during August. She was ready and will-ing to do the work incident to the posi-tion and was therefore, legally and mor-ally entitled to receive the salary. Re-gretting that I am obliged to differ with regard to the justice of her claim, I re-main very truly yours.

main, very truly yours, J. J. SULLIVAN." Miss Kenting signed the voucher for the full month, swore to it, and returned it to Superintendent Lang to be forwarded to Lincoln. Superintendent Lang refused to have anything to do with it and sent it back to her. She then sent it to Lincoln, but there must have been quite a wrangle over it, as it was not allowed until October 30th and was not paid until November 27th. (See Voucher B. 40803.)

Odd Pennsylvania Law.

By a peculiar arrangement of the Pennsylvania election law votes are not canvassed for the candidate for whom they are cast, but for the ticket or tickets upon which his name appears. Thus in the election of Chester Chester is a strong republican county and contains the town of Chester with its large shipyards), both parties agreed last year upon Joseph Hemphill for common pleas judge. This is the way the official canvass was declared: Joseph Hemphill, republican, 8,162 votes; Joseph Hemphill, democrat, 4,371 votes; Joseph Hemphill, fusion, 1,643 votes; Joseph Hemphill, scattering, 374 votes. There was no other candidate in the field.

Lived 123 Years.

In San Diego county, California, recently there died at the great age of 133 years Augustine, chief of the Sequoia tribe of Indians. He had ruled the tribe over 100 years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.