#### DEMONS SIT IN JUDGMENT.

Horrible Methods Employed By the Courts in China.

A WITNESS PUT TO TORTURE.

Graphic Description of Death By Slice ing - The Bamboo and the Cangue-How Prisoners Are Bled For Money.

#### An Inferno on Earth.

Canton, China, March 6.—[Special Corre spondence to THE BEE. |-Horrible! horrible!! horrible!!! are the cruelties of Chinese justice! I grew sick while watching the torture of a witness at the courts here in Canton to-day, and I had to leave the place for fear I should faint away. The man was brought into the court in a pasket. His arms were chained behind him. His feet were manacled so that the heavy iron had cut through the skin and there was a chair also about his neck. He had refused to testify and had been tortured before until he was now pale and sick. He was thrown from the basket on to the floor in front of a tall Mandarin judge dressed in a long silk gown and wearing a round black cap with a atton on the crown. The irons were taken off and the man was forced into a kneeling posture on the stone floor. He plead that he was sick. That he knew nothing and he begged that they would not punish him further. The judge said a word and three burly Chinamen grasped him. They carried him to the side of the court, where a bench about four feet long and a foot wide was lying. They put this bench on end against a pillar and then taking the prisoner, forced him down upon his knees before it so that the board of the bench rested against his back and between his shoulders. He was bare-footed. They pulled his wide pantaloons up to his thighs and bending up his legs tied his big toes to the top legs of the bench so that the bare skin of his knees rested on the stones. The bench extended some distance above the back of his head near the end a hole had been bored about an inch in diameter. Through this his cue was pulled, forcing his head tight against the board and stretching his neck so that the cords stood out like whips His arms were twisted behind the bench stretched backward and upwards and held there by strings tied to the thumbs. A heavy, sharp chain with iron links about two inches wide was then brought and put under his bare knees. He was to be kept with his whole weight resting on this chain and held up by his thumbs, his big toes and his cue until he confessed. The torture was terrible. His eyes almost started from their sockets. his face twitched and his moaning made me

the pounding a man's cheek with a leather clapper until the blood oozed from his mouth. This clapper was made of two pieces of leather of the thickness and twice the width of a harness tug, fastened to a third piece of teather as a handle. The whole affair was not more than a foot long, but it is more brutal than though it was made of iron. It is used largely in the punishment of women and it not infrequently breaks the jaws and knocks out the teeth. This prisoner was suspected of being engaged in smuggling oplum and he denied being guilty. He was whipped thus on the jaws and then bambooed. The bambooing was done by taking down his trousers and laying him flat upon his belly on the floor of the court, while a turnkey raising a bamboo again and again upon the backs of the bare yellow thighs of the offender. This bamboo was split down the middle like a tuning fork. It whistled as it flew through the air and it clapped the skin with the noise of a pistol shot. The bare-armed failer counted each blow. The long-cued, silk-gowned, sore-eyed judge looked complacently on and I saw no signs of pity in the stolid faces of

Among the other tortures I witnessed was

WHERE DEMONS PRESIDE. Let me give you a picture of this Chinese court room. It is one of many in Canton and the largest. We passed through room after room and aisle after laisle of low, narrow buildings to get to it. There was a court in front of it and around this in narrow cells sat the clerks and employees of the judge. The room was open at the front, paved with stone, and it had only a table and a chair or two. There are no lawyers in China and the judge has unlimited power, provided he does not transgress the code. China has a code of laws hundreds of years old, of which a new edition is published every five years, and in which the penalties for the minutest crimes are regulated. It is fuller of more horrible sentences than the Newgate calendar, and the judges of China have more power in the examining of witnesses than the most brutal of tyrants. There is no jury and the court room is as bare as a barn. Just behind where I stood were a number of the implements of torture ready for use and all showing the marks of wear and tear. One, which my guide said was very bad, was made of a bar of wood six feet long supported by two upright wooden pillars. The prisoner was made to kneel under this with the back of his neck touching the bar and his arms stretched out along it. These are tied by cords to the bar and as he kneels with his bare knees upon the chain such as I saw a few moments later, for the obdurate witness a third bar is placed across his legs back of the knees and two men stand upon it, thus forcing the flesh into the chains. The ankles are sometimes crushed by a similar bar placed across them.

Chinese invention. which gave its people super centuries before it tickled the palates of other mortals, which brought gunpowder into the world, and which invented printing, seems to have dropped long ago the useful arts and devoted itself to the torture of its criminals. I believe that the Chinese heart is naturally cruel, and in looking over the Carette Level 1, see that the tortures of the is naturally cruel, and in looking over the Pekin Gazette I see that the tortures of the middle ages are common here, and that now and then a judge astonishes oven the Chinese themselves by the refinement of his punishments. Instances are given where the fingers are wrapped in oiled rags and burnt, and one magistrate, some time age, fastened two criminals to boards by nalls driven through their palms. Compelling men to kneel on pounded glass is noted, and this kneeling on chains with tinks as sharp as knives is common. William tells of a magistrate who put a man into a coffin and kept Lim there until he was suffocated, and he gives the instance of a judge who used beds of iron, boiling water and red hot spikes in his cruelties. At Shanghai I was shown a wooden cage between five and six feet high, just high enough to enclose the body of a

man's neck can just fit into it. It is about four feet square, and some of those which I looked at were so heavy that I could not lift them. One weighed ninety pounds, and great bars of iron were set into it to increase the weight of the wood. The name of the offender and his punishment is pasted on the boards and there is one special of capacity. boards, and there is one species of cangue made in the shape of a barrel. The prisoner is put inside with his head fitting through a hole in the top and his hands fastened with chains come through the sides. He cannot

move, and he has to be fed.

At the Shanghai prison I saw cages which looked as though they might have been pens for the carrying of hogs to a county fair.

These were so low that a man could not sit up in them and it is in these that criminals are often carried to execution. These had been used the day before for the caging of criminals, and I took a look at the prisoners who had been taken from them to the jail. I wanted to go through this prison but I was told that if I did so I would probably have my clothes torn from me by the prisoners, as they were a bad lot and had killed their jailor a few days before. I looked through a hole in the door and saw the most brutal faces I have as yet seen in China. The men were chained to the wall like wild beasts and some of them had chains about their necks as well as their feet. The smell was horri ble, and the Chinese prison is by no means a sanitary institution. Each prison has its dead house connected with it and deaths from semi-starvation and torture are not un common. The jailors make a large part of their

and money will do as much and more for the and money will do as much and more for the criminal in China than it will in America. Judges sometimes pay thirty and forty thousand dollars for their appointments, and he is a poor money maker who does not get rich during his term. The Tautoi of Shanghai gets a salary of about \$1,000 and his office is estimated to be worth more than \$100,000 a year. The commissioner of cus-toms at Tientsin nominally receives a salary of about the same size, but I am told that he

SALARY BY SQUEEZING.

makes about \$200,000 a year, and his profits all come from bribes or squeezes. This sys-tem of squeezing goes through the whole course of Chinese officialdom and the jailors enact money from the relatives of the crimi-nals. They have the right to sell the food to nais. They have the right to sell the food to the criminais and they make them pay high prices. If they cannot pay they must in many cases go without. The criminals cook for themselves in the jail and they are allowed about two cents a day for fuel. They have an allowance by the law of rice, but the jailor gives them this or not as he pleases. THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.

Three cooles carried me in a chair from the court in Canton to the execution ground and I had a chat with the execution and I had a chat with the executioner. He was a nasty, dirty, blood-thirsty looking fellow, with hair an inch long standing out like bristles over the front of his head and about his cue. He had not been busy for several days, and he took delight in explaining to me the uses of the heavy swor t. This sword was about four feet long. has a blade as sharp as a razor and it is about a quarter of an inch thick at the back and more than two inches wide. ooth hands in swinging it about, and he told me that my neck would be an easy one to slice off but that he would not like to have to cut up my thin frame by the process. This execution ground of Canton is used as a crockery factory, and the making of pots goes on when executions are not in progress. It is a narrow court between two high walls on the banks of the Canton river, and the heads are cut off in the open air. Upon my asking what was done with the heads of the criminals, he told me through my interpreter that they were thrown into jars of quick lime and that he would take one out and show me for the sum of 10 cents. In the interest of your paper I subscribed this amount and he

PULLED OUT A HALF-EATEN SKULL and showed its ghastly ugliness to me. There were about a dozen of these earthen jars at the back of this execution ground. They were of the size of a twenty-gallon keg and were covered with paper. They were full of heads and probably represented a year's executions. As soon as the head is taken off it is carried up to the magistrate or officer in charge and shown, and it is often exposed in a cage or on a pole as a warning to others. The cages in which the heads are put are of the size of little bird cages, and when the leads are tied to trees or poles they hang down by the cue.

At the back of this execution ground stood

take a piece of telegraph pole eight feet long and set a similar pole five feet long into it at right angles two feet from the top you will have the Chinese cross. It is upon these crosses that the criminals are bound when they are to undergo the punishment of Ling Chi or slicing to death, which is the sentence for all who murder a brother, a parent, a teacher, a bushand or an uncle. a parent, a teacher, a husband or an uncle The criminal is stripped and his feet are raised upon a brick or a stone. His queue is tied up to the cross and his arms are stretched out upon its arms. A British naval officer whom I met at Hong Kong, described an execution of this kind which he witnessed a

"It made me feel very green at first," said he, "but after it was begun I could not keep my eyes off of it. I have had the experience over again three times in my dreams and I would not want to see it again. I had the best guide in Canton and we saw the execution from the roof of one of the buildings beside the execution ground. There were two criminals and it took about thirty utes to cut each of them to pieces. The first cuts sliced off the cheeks and the second the eye-brows. After this a man held a fan before the faces of the prisoners and all we could see of them was the blood running down upon their bodies. The next cut was of the flesh be-tween the hand and the elbow and the arterties were first bound above the places cut so that the man would not bleed to death be-lore the ceremony was completed. Then the shoulders were cut off. Then the flesh of the thighs and after this the calves of the the thighs and after this the calves of the legs. The seventeenth and eighteenth cuts removed the hands and the last cut took the head from the body. In both cases the men did not faint away. The pain was too terrible. They could not cry out as they were gagged, and their writhings were horrible. The last cut killed them. It was not a very safe place for myself and my friend. There were several hundred Chinese present, and a more hardened looking set I have never seen. They caught sight of us and the boys among them began to yell at us and to take their finthem began to yell at us and to take their fingers and draw them around their throats, pointing at us as though they would cut our heads off. Our guide got frightened and he took us down and put us in the cellar of the house through a trap door, where we stayed for a couple of hours until the crowd had dispersed. They were very threatening, and the blood-thirsty sight had roused their passion to such an extent that if they had caught hold of us our lives would not have been safe."

been safe."

STRANGULATION AND DECAPITATION.

Mr. Cheshire, the Chinese secretary of our legation at Peking and one of the ablest of our representatives in China, pursued his studies of the Chinese language in Chinese clothes, living in a Chinese house and wearing a cue. He went into all parts of the Chinese cities and into the most out-of-the-way places. He described to me two executions which he witnessed—one by strangulation and the other by decapitation. "The tion and the other by decapitation. "The Chinese," said he, "prefer to be strangled rather than to have their heads cut off. The man who is beheaded can only come to carth again to fill the office of executioner, and this is the vilest of Chinese occupations. Strangting is a respectable method of taking off. It is inflicted on kidnappers and on all thieves who steal article of more than \$500 in value. The prisoner is fastened to a cross and a strong piece of twine is tied around his neck and fastened at the upper part of the perpendicufastened at the upper part of the perpendicu-lar bar. Such deaths are slow, and another method is twisting the cord until the man dies. The agony I cannot describe, but I shall never forget the strangled man's face." wooden carge between five and six feet high, just high enough to enclose the board of a man. It was made of four posts with a thick board set into the top. This board was made of two pieces so arranged that it could be taken out and a man's neck enclosed in the bole in its center. At the bottom it had cross bars several inches above the ground, and the top was so graduated that the man seclosed within it must stand upon his toes. His hands were tied and this torture is terrible. In some instances men are loft to starve to death in such cages, and this cage had contained a prisoner only a few days before. It had a piece of straw matting stretched over the top of it which the wife of the last criminal had put there to protect his bare head from the rays of the sun.

It canton, just outside this court room, I are rean stack of cangues ready for use, it cannot in the content of the last criminal had put there to protect his the wearing of these is a common punctude in China. He lighted it and store, which in the foll against all comers, and in Washington he may possibly find time to return to his favorite exercise. The temporary closing of the little house in Cromwell place must necessarily cause widespread regret."

Measbring By the Eye.

New York Weekly: Young Lady—'I want a pair of shoes, targe and comfortable. Two will do."

New Boy (glancing at her foot)—"Mr. Leather, the lady wants two shoes large and comfortable. Where's that box of sixes."

Unsuspected disorders of the kidneys are responsible for many of the ordinary allments of humanity, which, if neglected, develop into a serious and principal time to return to his favorite exercise. The temporary closing of the little head for the head further out by holding on to the man's cue. One blow of the sweather of the nearly said of the execution prometry to the execution prometry of the execution took place I waiked among the prisoners amoking.

One of them as square the neck and the execution took place I want a special prometry of the sum of the execution too

height of fifty feet and upward, gets its entire growth in a few weeks. I have heard of prisoners being tied over plants and of these growing through them. For certain offenses prisoners are buried up to their necks and those who go by them are expected to add a clod to the pile. They do not, I am told, hesitate to do this, and this Chinese civilization, founded upon Buddhism, Confucianism and so-called literary culture, is productive of such men and such scenes. Do you wonder that there is no room for missionaries!

I don't.

Frank G. Carpenter.

London Fun. ("L'Etate-c'est moi!") I am the country, the country I Made for the Bismarck dynast-I. That is the end of German-I. I am the country. He that tricks Or jests on Bismarck's politics, The splendid German honor pricks. I am the country—heart and core.
If other countries ask "What for!"
I give my word, I start a war.
I am the I-ron Chancel-lor.

Bismarckiana.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

omething About the New British Minister to the United States. Sir Julian Pauncefote, K. C. B., G. C. M. G., lives in Cromwell Place, says Edmund Yates in a letter to the New York Tribune. As the clock of the neighboring church strikes ten, a sedate messenger from the foreign office, bearing a green calico bag filled with red morocco dispatch boxes of various sizes, announces his arrival at one of the most unpretending houses in the street by a ring loud enough to disturb the after-breakfast meditations of Sir Charles Lopes, six doors away, if he has not already set out for the high court of justice. Not one of the thou-sands who drive in summer time through Thurlow place, on the way to Hurlingham, is probably aware of the important part which the modest home of the permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs in South Kensington has played in contemporary history during the last few years. It will not be until the emissaries of Downing street cease their morning visits and take the bag of boxes elsewhere that people will realize the fact that Sir Julian Pauncefote, transformed into a minister plenipotentiary, has really crossed the Atlantic to pour oil upon the troubled waters at Washing-For three hours every working day there is a ceaseless exchange of communications between Arlington street, the foreign office and the permanent under secretary's abode,

body but official visitors.

'The hall chairs are generally occupied by grave men, with green bags across their knees, who maintain a decorous silence and view your approach with suspicion until Sir Julian's cheery welcome convinces them that he has determined to make an exception in your favor. Standing up in the midst of crimson dispatch boxes, from which protrude oblong pink, green and white labels—signifying 'extreme urgency,' 'important' and 'not pressing' respectively—the newly appointed British minister does the honors of his den."

and it is not until luncheon arrives that

the stalwart guardian of a hundred

state secrets can find time to see any-

Sir Julian contrives to find time to tell you something about the traditions of his ancesters and the story of his own active life. There were Pauncefotes in the west of England when the "Domesday Book" was written. One Sir Grimbald Pauncefote was knighted by Sir Edward Bohun at the taking of Gloucester castle, during the wars of the barons, and obtained the lionels, which have constituted the armorial bearings of the family ever since. Sir Grimbald married an heiress in church of the Much Cowarne, in Herefordshire, | liancy of the evening star appears as if Pauncefote who sailed with Prince Edward of Tunis, 1270, and was taken prisoner by the Saracens, and whose wife is ed to have obtained his release by sending her right hand as a ransom to the infidels. This incident gave rise to the legend of the Couped hand which is still implicitly believed at Much Co-warne. The Pauncefotes possessed their characteristic motto, Forte," six centuries at beast before Julian Pauncefote was born at Munich, just sixty-one years ago. An education at Paris and Geneva gave him a practical knowledge of foreign languages and a lucky accident led him to exchange a military cadetship in Madras for forensic studies in the Inner temple. Sir William Wolesworth first introduced him to the colonial office and diplomacy. He practiced diligently as a conveyanser at home before he went to Hong Kong to become the attorney general and drafted a code of civil proceedure. The year 1872 brought him the chief justice of the leeward islands and knighthood. After successfully opening the federal supreme court, putting the whole judicial administration in working order, and giving the Leeward islands a civil code, Sir Julian returned to England to succeed Lord Knutsford as the legal assistant to the

under secretary of state at the colonial office. "The chief justiceship of Ceylon could not tempt him to return to the tropics. Two years later Lord Derby offered him the newly created legal assistant under secretaryship at the for-eign office. Lord Beaconsfield gave him the ribbons of the bath and the colonial order. Lord Granville selected him to succeed Lord Tentarden as the permanent under secretary of state for foreign affairs. His good work on the Suoz canal international commission made him a G. C. M. G. During six years Sir Julian has watched over our relations with the great powers and has gained a reputation for energy, clear-headedness, calmness and tact, which fairly astonished those who put their faith in the absolute necessity of long training in the routine of the for-eign office. The polition of British minister to the United States is one of peculiar difficulty, but the past achieve-ments of Sir Julian Pauncefote, his special aptitude for dealing satisfactoriby with burning questions, inspire a cheering confidence that he will soon be as much liked in Connecticut avenue

as in Cromwell place.
"There are few London drawing-rooms where youthful members of the corps diplomatique are more thoroughly at home than in Cromwell place. The kindly hospitality of Lady Pauncefote and her popular daughter is always keenly appreciated, especially by new arrivals. Sir Julian Pauncefote is always on the best of terms with the foreign secretaries and attaches. There was a time when he could hold his own in the foil against all comers, and in Washington he may possibly find time to return to his favorite exercise.

PROSPECT HILL AT MIDNIGHT.

A Ramble Through the Piace When Grave Yards Yawn.

GROPING IN THE DARKNESS.

Bleeding on a Baby's Tomb-Tracing the Avenue-The Soldiers' Beds and the Little Old Tool House.

There is no place in Omaha where there is less to disturb the quiet of the midnight hour than in the immediate vicinity of the old cemetery on Prospect Hill. For years it was a tonely enclosure nearer to heaven than the town for whose weary citizens it provided rest. But of recent years the tide of pusiness and progress has rolled even to its very gates. And yet, there is about it that solemn silence which so well becomes a resting place of the dead. Its presence has a subduing effect upon those who have colonized at its gates. They pass

by or through it with composure and reverence, long marks of deference to hallowed ground, and conversation, when indulged, is carried on in an undertone as if, indeed, the occupants could be aroused from that placid sleep which knows no waking. Round about and through the sacred spot, people pass at every hour of the day. Some on their way home, others to business, others to visit a grave and others still to return to earth some frail deserted tenement, relinquished by a soul which has gone before. But who visits these silent precincts

in the darkness of night? The resur-

rectionist? No. because in the history of the yard there has been but one grave robbery. That was eight years The remains were found dissected in Dr. Frizoru's institute which was then in Hellman's building. The tramp? No, because if he should be found inside at night by the sexton, he would tramp no more. The mourning No, because even to him or her, the gates are closed and the griefstricken soul may not find solace upon the lonely mound within. Who then? Gentle reader, the newspaper man, the representative of THE BEE. He goes there to tell how the memorial looks in the awful darkness and silence of the night. He approaches the cemetery from the southeast at the hour of 10. He passes the Lowe burial ground, the monument in which with the surrounding trees is visible in the distance more to the imagination than the vision. It is a lonely spot. The wind is from the north. The nearest trees moan as if suffering in the The sky is hung with a pall, studded with immortelles becoming the funereal place. To the right, the hill drops gradually, dotted with cottages from which shoot rays of light, which, however, are soon lost in the darkness. There are lights of all sizes and many colors adown the slope, on the hills to the south and far up the table-land, until the vision strikes immense sombre bank beyond which it may not penetrate. From the heart of the city, a brilliant opalescent glow seems to ascend to the sky, like the celestial radiance which is pictured as signalizing the entry of a redeemed soul into heaven. Here and there an individual light with the beautiful brilbeen induced to permit an unusual number of her stellar heroines to illumine

the heavens. lights reach not the cemetery. Neither do the noise and revels of the city so far away. The enclosure looms up faintly, almost dubiously, and the journalistic heart shudders at the isolation which marks the spot. It shudders still more at the idea of entering. But it is not the time to hesitate. The sidewalk is abandoned, and, noiselessly, on the hard road the writer picks his steps. He looks around but can see nobody. He can hear nobody. He is alone with the night. He tip-toes from the road across the sidewalk on Yates street, the southern boundary of the cemetery, reaches the fence, a low, wooden one of four boards, and clambers over it and

into the graveyard.

The turf is hard though comparatively level. The news man's feet glide slowly over rather than step upon it to avoid the noise of footfalls and stumbling over some mound or curb. He proceeds cautiously, the while using a heavy stick after the manner of a blind man. Satisfactory progress is made for about twenty-five feet, when, sud-denly, the writer's fegs and stick strike a curb and the owner falls forward upon a grave, his hat striking a monument in its descent and losing itself in the gloom. The fall makes a noise which seems loud enough to attract the attention of the sexton. But no, that func-tionary, Pruitt, with his newly-married wife, reposes in their home without the gate. But may he not be in the yard on business? The scribe trembles at the thought of discovering this to be a fact. Sextons' ears are proverbially acute. Should suspicion be aroused, investiga-tion would be made, flight in the darkness would be hopeless, and the result would be perhaps death. Groping on the chilly blades, the hat is found. The traveler rises and again continues his journey. Again he falls, this time cutting his forehead upon an infant's grave stone. He wipes the blood away, and in doing so is remided of the patient mother by the cradle of the sick little darling, whom he saw at a window on his ascent to the cemetery. How long would it be before that little one slumbered beneath the daisies like that whose memorial ble was now stained with the wilter's

The falls lead the scribe to believe that he has lost the reckoning he had made two days before, and that he will be unable to regain it. The prospect. therefore, of wandering aimlessly about is not consoling. Groping along the curb, however, until the cold penetrates to and benumbs his gloved hands, he to and benumbs his gloved hands, he at length reaches a broad avenue, lined almost continually with curbs of varying heights. These mark, as he knows, the lots of some of the best families in the city. In one of these he gropes his way to the monument which is square and of stone and on the facing on one side he traces in the relief the on one side he traces in bas relief the name of Drexel, a member of which family it is said was one of the first per-sons buried on this hill. He returns to the avenue gropes along, his stick ena-bling him to proceed at a certain dis-

tance from the curb. Progress is necessarily slow, and if possible, as the newspaper man reaches the older part of the cemetery, the gloom deepnes and becomes much more appalling under the trees. The limbs of these are bare but they bend in the breeze and crack in the sadden gusts. They seem almost to a hat out the faint

There is a sound of footsteps. They seem on frozen ground, and seem also to aproach. They later become distinctly audible as their owner proceeds hurriedly along the walk on Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

the east side of the cemetery. The men little knew that their foot-falls are heard by mortal ears, that the subdued tone in which they converse penetrates, in the stillness of the night, to the recesses of this home for the dead. They leave the walk and as they descend the hill, the coliseum-like shape of the ravine again drives the sound of their

voices back to the scribe. There seems to be no other person within the enclosure. In fact he could not, if he were there, be distinguished three feet away. White marble monuments are white only on the closest in-spection. Where there is a possibility of outline striking the eye, there is nothing sufficiently spectral in appearance to suggest the vulgar idea of a ghost. And yet, the scribe cannot restrain his imagination from peopling the place with grim-visaged personages which seem to lack only the element of light to discover and destroy the in-

At length the main avenue is reached after losing the path several times and running against several bare and several palm trees. This suggests a host of memories and the writer cowers behind a large pine tree to rest and keep, if possible, out of the reach of other prowlers. Up and down this avenue now often has not Old George Medlock run and walked! How many comfortless mortals followed, up this avenue, to the grave of the one in whom their thoughts were centered. Up this avenue were borne General Strickland, Governor Cuming, Major Thornburg, P. W. Hitchcock, George Mills, Colonel Baumer, Old William Turtle, twice a member of the legislature and for years the president of the bricklayers' union; Colonel Smythe, Colonel Watson B. Smith, Ezra Millard, John McCormick. S. S. Caldwell, and others long identified with the history of the city. this avenue marched bands music, companies of regu-rs and militia, prayerful chaplains, eloquent orators and musical glee clubs to join in the services of memorial day. Some of these memo-

The silence is intense. One feels as if his breathing would arouse the sex-ton, while a footfall, carelessly made seems to invite the neighborhood. breath hastily, step as if shod with slippers of down, but so slowly that every step seems to require a minute.

rialists are now sleeping in these sur

rounding billocks, others will soon fol-

ow them, while others still may not

find rest except in the newer home be-

You are simply avoiding the living. Here, at length is the center of the cemetery, the circle in which Chase Webster, Bean, Cowin, Strickland, Manderson, Bartlett, Poppleton and others have spoken. Were they here now, they would not dare even to whisper. It may well be doubted if the biggest braggart on the streets of Omaha could be subsidized to raise his voice above a whisper, nay more, whether he could be hired even to enter the place. And yet, there is not half so much to be feared here as there is on any of the lamp-lighted thoroughfares of the city. But one cannot satisfy himself of that fact. He cannot drive from his mind the idea that he needs to watch himself. Every sound even of the slightest order strikes his car and suggest a foot step The sighing breeze suggests the pitiful moan of some wicked outcast, the crack of a limb, the ineffectual blow of a hammer on a worthless cartridge in a re volver which the watchman has aimed at you. What if those graves should open, those vaults fling back their doors and the dead appear and smite you for your invasion of their premises! You know they cannot harm you, however, yet you move cautiously along the main drive, unable to expel from your privileged at times than they are at others.

Again the searcher loses his way and

stumbles over a series of small stones

placed close together. Ah, this is a good place to fall, because it is upon the bed of a soldier. Here lie heroes who never wore shoulder straps, whose names go not down to history and whose name, maybe, has received only the at-tention which the inscription on the headstone attracts from the passer-by. These heroes, the writer knows, lie in the western part of the cemetery, and are near the fence. He feels more em-boldened, steps out a little more confidently and runs right against the wal of a small house which he had never noted before. What if there should be a within. If there is, escape is impossible. The hair almost stands erect and perspiration exudes from his pores. He expects a lantern to flash from the door, and a revolver to be pointed at his head. A minute passes. It seems an hour. But nobody appears. The house is not occupied. While The house is not occupied. While there's life there's hope, and he makes haste to the fence. Five minutes bring him to the rough wooden palings. walks along beside these until he reaches the northwest corner, because there is some light streaming from cottage windows further south. He climbs the fence, and just at that instant the high school clock strikes the hour of midnight. It requires two hours to grope through the cemetery, and those iours will always be like centuries One would not live them over again for a fortune. There is no cordial farewell extended by silent dwell-ers. In fact, their silence seems to argue that they feel disposed to resent the unbidden visit. An affectionate leave, however, was taken by the newspaper man with the kindliest of appreciation and most humane of consideration for departed beings in whose precincts he has been wandering. Taking his card from his case he shoots it back into the cemetery. It sings for an instant after it leaves his hand then is wafted by the breeze back as a souvenir to Mr. Pruitt of the call. The scribe jumps to the road, Thirty-third street. The noise is al-most like a shot. It seems to dis-turb nobody. In the face of a strong,

cutting breeze from the north, with chilled frame and coat collar about his ears, the writer, watched only by the myriad of bright eyes of heaven, moves fearlessly along to Lake street, thence to a certain place where an impatient steed is waiting, which soon gallops him into town. And thus ends a ram-ble among the dead. An Absolute Cure The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT

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