#### A RUN TO FREETOWN,

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH

(Copyright, 1897, by George Griffith.) In the nature of the case it was quite out of the question that the story of the Diamond Dog, under the skin of which gems were smuggled from the mine, should remain a secret for very long. To the illicit diamond buyers every detail of it, as it gradually leaked out, was as a sweet morsel under the tongue, and to many more honest enemies of the new compound system, mostly tradesmen and canteen keepers, it was far too acceptable a story either to be kept dark or to be allowed to lose any-

thing in the retelling. Added to this the tragedy in which it had culminated had lent a piquancy to its flavor which sufficiently etimulated the palate of Kimberly society to set it longing for more, and so, little by little, it filtered through the barriers of official reticence, until at last a fitting firish was given to the story by the confession of Chief Detective Inspector Lipinski one night in the smoking room of the club that that day's mail had brought him a brief note, written by one Loo Chai, presumably a former resident of that name in Delagoa bay, requesting that an inclosed acceptance for 1250, drawn in his favor by the late Mr. Augustus Lowenfeldt, might be cashed by that gentleman's executors, and the amount, less 10 per cent commission for his, the inspector's, trouble, forwarded at his convenience to No. 9 Malay street, Singapore. The note concluded by stating that the 1250 was a balance due from Mr.

Lowenfeldt on the purchase of a certain dog of the estimated value of £11,000. Despite the fact that not a few of those who heard the note read out, and looked at the acceptance as it was handed round, had lost some proportion of that \$11,000, the frony of the note and the delicate humor of the address given-Malay street, Singapore, having a reputation that is redolent throughout the whole east-provoked a laugh as general as it was hearty, and the next morn-ing all Kimberley was enjoying the heathen's parting joke.

That night a lady variety vocalist at the Theater Royal sent her audience into prolonged and vociferous raptures by singing the then famous patter song, "Keyser, Don't You Vant to Puy a Tog?" with appropriate local allusions, and then Kimberley pro-ceeded to improve the occasion in its own

way.
"No Dogs Admitted" was found painted in large black letters across the principal to be principal. The page compound. The cutrance to the De Beers compound. The corpse of a large Newfoundland dog sewn up in the skin of a small donkey and carefully packed in a neat case was sent by coach from Vryburg to the chief inspector "to be paid for on delivery." Printed no-tices were stuck up in conspicuous parts of the town to the effect that in future all dogs entering or leaving Kimberley would have to be skinned alive "by authority"—and so on until the very sight of a dog in the street afflicted the worthy inspector and his subordinates with something like a new sort of

All this was humorous enough in its way as humor went then in camp, but for all that it was destined to lead up, indirectly, to a much darker tragedy than that which had closed the hitherto prosperous career of Augustus Lowenfeldt.

There was at that time in Kimberley a Yankee adventurer named Seth Salter, who was known to the detective department as an even more skilful I. D. B. than the late lamented Lowenfeldt. His ostensible means of livelihood were stock and share specula-, billards, and three-card monte, varied the occasional keeping of a faro bank; but though he did well at all these comparatively honest vocations, he did not do well enough to satisfactorily account for a style of living and luxuriance of dissipation which could not be adequately supported on less than \$65,000 a year, at the most modest computation. There were only possible alternative hypotheses, debt or I. D. B., and he had no debts.

"Ten years on the breakwater." snapped the inspector, as he emptied his glass and set it down with a bang on the counter.

"No you don't," laughed Salter: "that's for me to lay. Now, look here, I'll lay you

had no debts.

Now, Seth Salter was one of the most conspicuous of the humorists, who, as be put it, made the department see dogs instead of snakes when the officials thereof had "got a bit too full." and before very long "got a bit too full." and before very long "got a bit too full." "got a bit too full," and before very long you can do to stop me."

Inspector Lipinzky publicly stated in the bar

As he spoke he sudd of the Queen's hotel that the next time Mr. Salter tried, either in person or by proxy, to out to the inspector with the palm full of given the department a horse to pay for run a parcel of illicit stones over the border rough diamonds. to Freetown, he would so arrange matters time the circus was over, the said Mr. Saiter would have good reason to with that he had been born a dog, instead tude. Like lightning a revolver jumped out search and see, if you like. of a dirty, stock-rigging, card-swindling of his coat pocket, and as he covered the of a dirty, diamond thief.

As it chanced, just as the inspector was emphasizing the above statement, garnished with certain verbal frillings which need not be produced here, by slapping his four fingers on the bar counter, Mr. Seth himself lounged into the room. The instant turn-ing of the eyes of the company onto him told him, as plainly as any words could have done, that he was the subject of the inspector's eloquence. The crowd saw at a glance one expected a royal row, for Salter was known to have a temper as quick as his eye and his hand, and Lipinsky, though only about half the Yankee's size, was grit all

Nothing less than immediate manslaugh-



"HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!"

to scatter instinctively. But, somewhat to the disappointment of the more restive spirits, Salter strolled quietly up to the bar, took his place about three feet from the inspector, and said, with the most perfect good humor:
"Even'n', boss! Don't seem to be feelin'

quite good tonight. Hope no one's been tryin' to sell the department another pup?

Of course, the crowd laughed. The double pointed tibe was irresistible, and the laugh did not improve the inspector's inward feel-But he was far too well skilled in his business to show the slightest trace of irritation, so he replied with an easy smile and the most perfect politeness of tone:
"Ah, good evening, Mr. Salter; I was just

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Salter; I was just talking about you. No, thanks, the department is not buying any dogdesh just now, not even skins. As to your kind invitation well, as I say, I was talking about you just now when you came up, and perhaps—"

If ever man uttered fighting words coolly and as if he meant them. Inspector Lipinzky did just then. Seth Salter had never been known to take anything like that from any man without prompt and usually fatal reprisals. The crowd waited breathlessly, and silently scattered a little more. But no, the Yankee's hand did not even move toward Altogether it was an interesting situation, did just then. Seth Salter had never been known to take anything like that from any man without prompt and usually fatal reprisals. The crowd waited breathlessly, and silently scattered a little more. But no, the Yankeo's hand did not even move toward his pistol pocket. There was just a little krinkling of the outer corners of his eyes.

Altogether it was an interesting situation, especially for the inspector. If he caught Salter with nothing but the schlenters on the head prisals. Orange and blue, green, rose and pure white, they glittered most tantalizingly in the light of the paramin lamp which hung above the bar counter.

"Mother av Moses, what a lot! Shure, they're the pick of the mines and worth a king's ransom any day!" said Mr. Maguire without leaving a scar, without leaving a scar, without leaving a scar,

Market and the control of the contro noticed only by the inspector and one or two others, but it vanished immediately, and there was no trace of anger in his voice; in

> an usual, as he replied; "Don't take the trouble to say it again, bons. I've known your opinion of me for a long time, and now I've heard it. If you'd backed down you might have heard some-thing drop, but as you didn't I'm free to say that I've too much respect for your honorable department to think of removing its respected chief to another and maybe less congenial sphere on account of an honestly expressed opinion—not me, sir! So now, N. G. and name the poison. Will you join us,

The crowd joined as one man, and, under the circumstances, the inspector could do nothing less than come in with them. But for all that he felt a trifle puzzled, though he took care not to show it.

After that the conversation became general and perfectly amicable, albeit dwelling mainly on the somewhat ticklish subject which possessed the chief interest for every one present. But as drinks multiplied and lies got more complicated the inspector began to grow taciturn. Liquor has that effect on some natures, and his was possibly one of

At last the Yankee rallied him, quite "Shortage, confound it! You're a nice nape of his neck, lashed his horses into a

A little before noon Salter changed his plane and said he would go the next day, and a few minutes before inidnight he got into his cart just outside Beaconsfield. The boy whipped up his team and the cart ratinto his cart just outside Beaconsfield. The boy whipped up his team and the cart rattled and jolted away at a quick trot toward the border. The night was dark, but fine, and as they spun along mile after mile without let or hindrance Salter began to think that after all Lipinski had junked the how. Weal here is you along that his own reward was to some, handed them back to Salter, who pocketed them in a handful as he turned to the almost paralyzed inspector and his men, and said:

"No, boss, they're not echienters this time—a little steam and a little skill, you have to you all here is you."

trap that he had laid for him, and decided to risk 'etting the diamonds through than make a fool of himself by the capture of a lot of worthless schlenters. The lights of Freetown were already glimmering in the distance across the veid. Ten minutes more would see him safe across the border with the most valuable packet of diamonds that had ever been run out of camp, and then—suddenly his strained care camp, and then—suddenly all strated care caught the sound of a voice in the distance, followed by the clinking of horses bits and the ominous "click click" of rifle locas. He was sitting, as usual, on the seat be-hind the driver, and just as the boy turned

round and whispered in a frightened way,
"Pilce bass, better pull up, th! might get
shot," and thrust the barrel of his revolver
under his pose and said in a low, but very business-like tone: "You yellow swine, you've sold me! Now "You yellow swine, you've sold me! Now you whip them borses up and make 'em go for all they're worth. By thunder, you shall drive to Freetown or Glory tonight, for if I see you pull those reins I'll blow the top of your ugly head off, just so sure as you'll never see the other side of Jordan. Whip up, now! You've got to get

through or go home, I tell you."
The road just here ran for some distance At last the Yankee rallied him, quite good-humoredly, on his lack of festivity, but rather unfortunately, as it seemed to the company, dragged in something about shortage on mine returns. That was too much for the inspector, and his long bottled-up wrath suddenly flared out.

"Shortage contound it! Volves a pice of the neck lashed his horses into a sound of the mounted police, whose moving forms Salter could now see dimly in the distance. The terrified cape boy, feeling the coid revolver muzzle in the same of his neck lashed his horses into a second counter.



"MOTHER OF MOSES, THEY ARE THE PICK OF THE MINES."

know as well as I do that there's about \$15,000 short of the month's average on De Beers and Kimberley returns, and you know a big sight better than I do where the stones have gone to. But we'll have you yet. You're wide and you're deep, but you're not quite the cleverest man on earth,

to have got on to it yet. I'm going across to Freetown some time between now and Sunday on a little private business of my own. S'pose, now, I was taking that bit of shortage with me-what'll you lay against

me getting it through?"

As he spoke he suddenly pulled his left "Ah, it's you, inspector, is it? Sorry I've hand out of his trousers pocket and held it brought you a booby hunt like this and

tering stones, but he lost neither his pres-ence of mind nor his professional prempti-tonight, true's death you have. But you can

of his coat pocket, and as he covered the Yankee's heart with the muzzle, he said Yankee's extended hand or his speech. He

he possession of those diamonds."

'Wael, boss, I did not think you had a betschlenters? them 'round, I reckon. Here, take 'em, and see for yerself. There's plenty of good

judges in the room to help you.

A very brief examination satisfied the disas very brief examination satisfied the disgusted inspector that the astute Yankee had
once more turged the laugh against him.
The things were "schlenters," or "snyde
diamonds"—imitations made of glass treated

of his lost bet, of a civil action for damages The things were "schlenters," or "snyde diamonds"-imitations made of glass treated with fluoric acid to give them the peculiar frosted appearance of the real rough stones— which were used chiefly for the purpose of swindling the new chums and greenhorns who were making their first essays in I.

Lipinzki saw that he had "done him shot in the eye," as the camp vernacular had it, and put up his revolver with what grace he could. The Yankee took his little triumph very quietly, and asked the young lady behind the bar to oblige him with a sheet of note paper and an envelope. Then he wrapped up the false stones, put them into the envelope, stuck it down and asked the inspector to write his name across the flap, which he did, with a pecular smile on

his well-shaped lips.
"Waal, now, that's a bet, eh?" said Sal ter, as he put the packet in his pocket. 'Now let's take another drink on it and then go home. There's no knowin' how soon might have to start."

The glasses were filled again and the Yankee clinked his against the inspector's with as much cordiality as though they had been the best of friends instead of, as they were now, hunter and quarry in a chase to

The next day Seth Salter opcoly hired a cape cart and team of four horses to take him to Bloemfontein, which is about eighty miles by road from Kimberley, and informed the driver, an off-colored cape boy, who had made more than one run of the who had made more than one run of the kind, that if he would start at midnight instead of midday, and go via Freetown instead of Boshoff, he should have £190 for that part of the journey alone, which was not a bad fare for a drive of less than an hour. The boy jumped at the offer and within a couple of hours had accepted one of twice the amount, with half cash down, from Inspector Lipinski, to pull up at a certain spot about 400 vards from the Free State border.

400 vards from the Free State border.

That afternoon Salter and Lipinski met, as if by chance, in the private bar of the Central, had a whisky and soda together and talked over the journey with apparently perfect friendliness and freedom. The inspector affected to treat the whole thing as a joke, a bit of spoof that he was far too wary a bird to be taken in by.

It wasn't likely that such as old band as It wasn't likely that such an old hand as

Salter would try to run anything but the schlenters, after giving himself completely as he had done, at least not that time. Some other time, perhaps, and then he'd see. At the same time it might after all be a clever and daring game of bluff, and so it would be as well to take

precautions.
Altogether it was an interesting situation

one to talk about shortage, Mr. Salter. You gallop. The shapes on ahead grew more and more distinct, and presently there rang out the short, sharp order:

"Halt, or we'll shoot!"
"Halt, and I'll shoot," Salter hissed into the driver's ear, and the cart sped on at a

New mounted forms seemed to rush out of the darkness and close round. Meanwhile the lights of Freetown were getting quite near now. A few minutes more and-crack erack, erack, went the rifles to right and left and in front. The off leader reared up with a shrill neigh and then pitched on his head, with the others and the cart on top of him.
"Well, gentlemen, may I ask what is the

meaning of this outrage on an unoffending traveler?" said Salter in a cool, but angry voice as the police rode up.
"That'll do, Mr. Salter," said Inspector
Lipinski's voice out of the darkness; "the bluff's played out. Pass up with the klips and come along quietly. Don't shoot, for that's murder, and you're covered three

The Yankee climbed down out of the cart with an audible chuckle, walked quietly to Lipinski's stirrup and held up his hand,

Lipinzky fairly gaped at the heap of glit- across last night inside a Kaffir dog, but

harply: just covered Salter with a revolver and "That bluff won't work, Mr. Salter. I'll ordered his men to light the lanterns and see your hand for a thousand now. If you search everything thoroughly. They obeyed don't want a sudden death in your family, and after a twenty-minute investigation, ome along to the office, and account for during which they employed every device that their ingenuity and experience could To the added amazement of everyone in the room, Seth Salter burst into a loud laugh, and said, without moving out of the

fess that they had drawn a blank.
"Waal, boss, you are satisfied that I ain" tor eye for kips than that. D'you fancy I sellin' you a pup this time?" said Salter, as be such an almighty sucker as to—good Lord, man, can't you see they're all stripped to the buff, with the true hardihood of a man who is playing for a big stake and meano to win.

Not so much as a schlenter had

found, and Mr. Inspector Lipinski felt that he had got himself into a very nasty place before a jury that might probably be L. D. B.'s to a man, of heavy damages, and of the storm of ridicule that would overwhelm him at the end, flashed in quick succession past his mental gaze, and, being only human after all, he decided to temporize.

"I'm out, Mr. Salter!" he eaid, with the best assumption of cordiality that he could muster. "I'm dead out and it's for you to call the game. I'm not satisfied, but I know when I'm licked, and I am this time. muster.

What's it to be?"
"Waal," drawled the Yankee, "seein's how you've pulled me up here, shot a horse, cut up the fit-out and made me undress in this almighty cold, I think the least you and Mike Maguire's shanty yonder and take a drink. You bet I want one pretty bad. Wha

Under the peculiar circumstances there appeared to be only one thing to say, and that was "Yes." In fact, Inspector Lipinski thought it a remarkably good get out. Besides, a miracle might happen even yet, so he caid yes and followed it up with a really

handsome apology.

The result was that within a very few minutes the dead horse was unharnessed and pulled out of the road, the other leader hitched on to the end of the pole and the whole party trotted across the border toward Mike Maguire's store and shanty. On the way Salter roasted the Cape boy unmerci-fully and then not only consoled him, bumystified him considerably by telling that he should have his money after

In spite of the wrong that had been done him, Salter insisted on standing the first round of drinks when the party at length stood up against Maguire's bar. The drinks were duly raised and lowered, and while Lipinski was ordering the next round he

said very quietly:
"By the way, boss, about those stones P'raps, as you've come all this way you might like to see them. Here they are!" While he was speaking he had pulled the Cape boy toward him and thrust his hand into his trouzer pocket. He pulled out the identica! envelope which he had asked for in the bar of the Queen's hotel, with the in spector's signature still written across the

flap. He banded it over to the barkeepe and said: "When the chief of the department in Kimberley does do it, he does it to rights. Just you open that, Mike, and tell me if

you ever saw a prettier lot."

Mr. Maguire looked at the signature, glanced curiously at the astounded inspector, then opened the envelope, unfolded the bulky packet that was in it, and disclosed about fifty rough diamonds, the sight of which made even his experienced eyes water. Orange and blue, green, rose and pure

a desperate game and Inspector Lipinski gerly turned the priceless stones over and was prepared to take desperate measures to over with the end of his thick forefinger. "Here, take them back, mister, before I'm tempted beyond the endurance av human flesh and blood by the sight av the darlins.

God bless their pretty sparkles!"
So saying, honest Mike, knowing that his

time—a little steam and a little skill, you know. Waal, here's to you, and now i'll just take your good-for\* for that £1,000. Mr. Lipinski, said then we'll say good night. I'm not coming back to Kimberley till I've

It took all the inspector's self-control to enable him to rise to the occasion, but he did it. He took his licking like a man and Cape boy just grinned and drank their liquors, for, after all, I. D. B. is but a gamble, and the gods look sometimes this way and sometimes that. The game had been That round of drinks was drunk and then

another and another, and then-alas for the weakness of the best balanced human naborn of the fulness of his triumph, left the barroom with the diamonds in his pocket and went out into the night to see his dis-comfited friends off on their homeward journey. Exactly what happened during the next quarter of an hour was never known. Distant sounds of shouts and shots reached the waiting ears of Mr. Maguire, but he knew his business, and quietly bolted the

door, remarking to himself the while: "Smart se he is, it's meself that's fearin

spector Lipinski and his merry men escorted the three-horse Cape cart into Kimberley. This is a very different impression. The horse that was lying dead on the veld was paid for to its full value and the driver got his £200, coupled with a private intima-tion to the effect that if he ever opened his mouth on the subject of that night's doings fifty lashes and five years as an illicit dia-mend runner would be the least that he could expect. Inspector Lipinski slept the balance of the night out with a £15,000 parcel of diamonds under his pillow, and the next day there was no one in Kimberley who had anything to say to him on the subject of double-skinned dogs or the selling of pups.
Of course, there were many in camp who would have given a good deal to know what part of quite a different story.
\*The South African form of I. O. U.

### LAKE MYSTERIES.

Subterranean River Said to Exist Be tween Superior and Ontario.

"I believe there is a subterranean river unning from Lake Superior through Lakes Huron and Michigan, under Lake Erie, an mptying into Lake Ontario," said a man rom up the state to the New York Sun. There is no other theory-by which certain nysteries of the great lakes may be explained. The surface of Lake Superior is est of the body. He enters the court first bout 650 feet above tide, while its bed is 260 feet below tide level. Lake Huron's surface s fifty feet below that of Lake Superior, and ts bed is about on a level with Superior's The surface of Lake Michigan is 30 eet lower than Lake Huron's, and its bed is sunk to a corresponding distance to the level of Lakes Superior and Huron. Lake Erie's surface is nearly as high as Lake Michigan's above tide, being 350 feet above the ocean evel, consequently its bed is 250 feet higher han the beds of Lakes Michigan, Huron and owest of all the lakes, being less than 500 eet above tide, but its bed is 260 feet belov he ocean level, or on about the same level with Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superio So there is a continuous fall from Lak Superior to Lake Ontario, and all the known outlet that the upper lakes have is in the omparatively insignificant Detroit river. It loes not seem within the bounds of physical possibility that Detroit river could dispose of all that great volume of water from above. r its banks withstand the enormous pressure the existence of the underground river such who is nearing his eighty-first birthday, and as I have mentioned seems to me not only who will, if he lives until August, have as I have mentioned seems to me not only plausible, but the existence of that stream is a necessity. All the St. Lawrence river five months spent on the bench by Chie fishes are found in every one of the great Justice Marshall, has felt the weight of fishes are found in every one of the great lakes, except Lake Erie. Why? Because they follow the course of the subterranean river, passing 300 feet beneath the bottom of then only for a few moments. He has, during the last session, been pretty regularly the last session, been pretty regularly the last session. Michigan, thence to be distributed to the in court at the beginning of the week, but other lakes above it.

"The lakes above Lake Erie have frequent but irregular flux and reflux of their waters, corresponding with ocean tides. What is the ake tides Simply, according to my opinion constantly separated from the lake bottoms and moved down. Then that supplementary butlet for the great volume of water that are larger to the Pacific coast and back within the year, and his associates discover no reason why he should not live to see the incombing of the twentieth century. for the time becomes useless, and the only other outlet, Detroit river, being insufficient for the purpose, the waters are dammed back and the lakes rise. At last the underground bstructions are swept away by the irresistible pressure, the subterranean river flows of the upper lakes subside. That is the whole mystery of the rise and fall of the tides in the great lakes."

There is a time for everything; and th time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait till you have consumption, but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure the great remedy for coughs colds, croup bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

#### HER TURN TO TREAT.

Her Invitation at that Time Seemed to Lack Courtesy.

"The next time I invite Marian Strong to ake luncheon with me she'll know it!" exclaimed the girl who prides herself upon her generosity, as she indignantly faced the other club members. And she lost no time in acquainting them all with the details of absentee's villainy, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

Times-Herald.

"Of all the miserable, mean, contemptible girls I ever saw," she began, breathlessly, "that creature is the worst. Just listen to way she treated me, and then if any you ever speak to her again you're no friends mine, that's all.

of mine, that's all.
"You know, I've been trying vegetarianism lately; ever since we had that lecture
upon "The Bad Effect of Meat Eating Upon the Complexion' I have wanted Marian to get thin as fast as I've done. I'm sure her complexion needs improving quite as much as mine, and as for her form—I guess my telling her how gross and heavy it was get ting made her act so meanly. Or, perhaps, it was because I let her know how heavy and ugly her chin is when she's fat. At all events, I asked her to go to lunch with me, and she accepted just as sweetly as could be. be. I might have known she was up to something, the wretched little cat! So, as I happened to remember that I'd spent nearly all of my allowance on candy. I took her to a cheap place 1'd read of in a little vegetarian magazine; and, honestly, girls, the food was just awful. I couldn't get it down at all myself, and even Marian in spite of that enormous appetite of hers, couldn't manage all of the dishes. But she ate up nearly everything there was in sight, and then she turned to me like a deceiving

'It's my turn to treat you, now, isn't it? she asked me, those borrid eyes of hers just gleaming; and I thought she was going to take me to the matinee, and was congratulating myself that I'd only paid 15 cents. spiece for our dinners. But not she, the mean thing. She only smiled again when I said yes, I supposed it was her turn; and she picked up her gloves and pocketbook in

the a hurry,
sed

of laughing, like the idiot she is; 'don't put on those gloves again, either. Come out with me, and we'll go and have something to eat.'

Now, what do you think of that for

### MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT

Sketch of the Federal Supreme Court in Eolemn Operation.

THE PROCESSION OF ROBED MEMBERS

Marvelons Transformation Shedding the Dignity of Office. Personal Characteristics of a Famous Mine.

ourt of the United States is in session and the throng of visitors at the capitol is large, it is one of the sights of the building, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly, to stop near the side door of the supreme court to see winner rather with admiration than with the honorable the court as it passes from the court room to the robing room to be divested of the flowing silk gowns of office. The alert and obsequious attendants, who, by asture, Mr. Seth Salter, with a confidence sociation with the august justices, have acquired a proper appreciation of the dignity of the court, stop the concourse of people for a few moments, and when the procession of justices appears it passes unobstructed, impressive, awe-inspiring, across the passage, around a bend in the robingroom, and the door is closed. A few m ments later seven or eight hearty, cheerful, chatty gentlemen come out of the door through which the robed figures had disap-"Smart et he is, it's meself that's tearing he's put his fut into ut this time. What a peared, and stroll off in groups toward the sparklers where they were safe when he had them there. Well, well, life's a gamble anyhow, and so's death, too, sometimes. I hope they haven't hurt him beyant re-

This is a very different impression from that given by an inspection of the court in operation. Those visitors who venture into the supreme court chamber, with a warning from the attendants to be absolutely quict. to refrain from reading newspapers in the presence of the honorable court, or to make notes against the peace and good order to the state, find the spectacle of the nine black figures oppressive, and the conse-quence is that few visitors remain long to listen to arguments they cannot hear or fol-low and speedily leave the room for the notes against the peace and good order of other visitors who may be standing in line to be permitted to enter in their turn. If they have business with any of the justice and wish to address a communication to him, they will be advised to be very particular to have the address read. "Mr. Justice Brown," or some other justice, in strict observance of that very simple and revere style which meets with the judicial approval, having been maintained form a rery remote date in the history of the court. This may account for some "notions" that are entertained by the wise men who sanction or unmake some of the work of the coordinate branch of the government that sits in the same building.

THE COURT IN SESSION. The center of the beach in the supremourt, when it is in session, is occupied by the chief justice, the smallest and the great and, when the court adjourns, he leads the procession to the robing room. Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller has flowing hair and luxurious mustache of snowy white; but he all dignity. Off the court, he is, officially, company with some of his associates who make a daily practice of walking home along Preceylvania avenue, or meeting with the following prices of the capital in its coassal of the capital in its capital of the capital in its capital of the capital of the capital in its capital of the capit

nd instructive talker, with that general and easy acquaintance with the front rank that his position and the opportunities provided by his wife and three popular daughters nat urally afford him. Some of his former ac quaintances insist that the supreme cour-has somewhat repressed the former humos of the judge; but it still asserts itself in the justices of the supreme court only wis dom and solemnity.

The supreme court, when full, consists of session just ended, that the number on the onch was so large. Associate Justice Field served longer than the thirty-four years and service by returning speedily to his home which is immediately opposite to the capito and at the very edge of the grounds. withstanding his age, and the added infirmity of disease, he has borne the fatigue of a fourney to the Pacific coast and back within

Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan ext to Justice Field the oldest member of natured giant however, well known to every Washington, plain and hearty in hi manners, and inclined to be one of the people naturally once more and the dammed waters He has ceased to attend national conventions ning may strike him, which it may yet do He is one of the walkers of the court, is not an uncommon sight to see Justices Harian. Brewer and Brown walking leisurely along Pennsylvania avenue late on days, discussing questions that provoke too much hilarity to justify the assumption that

the talk is about law points.

Justice Horace Gray, the tallest of the supreme court justices, is also the most fastidious of all. Everybody at the capital knows about his habit of promptly leaving the bench the moment the minute arrives when he should take his luncheon, and the proprietor of the Senate restaurant would not dare to send to him a slice of toast that was appreciably thicker than a sheet of paper. He is a stickler for the observance of court manners, and the late George Ticknor Curtis once found this out. He had ventured to approach the bench while the court was in session, to make an inquiry about a case in which he was interested. Mr. Justice Gray was offended at the informality of the proceeding on a former occasion, and upon its repetition he astonished the historian of the constitution by requesting the bailiff of the court to take the offender away and prevent him from again committing the offense. Mr. Gray is an occasional walker with other members of the court, but he is not so enthusiastic the court, but he is not so enthusiastic pedestrian as Jurtices Brewer, Brown Harlan and Shirae.

TWO JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS. Associate Justice David Josiah Brewer is

one of the most interesting members of the court. The silken robes at him less closely than they do any of his dignified brethern although he does not lack dignity. As an after-dinner speaker he is bold, witty and full of apt illustration. He was the life of the Venezuela commission, which closed its career when the British government consented to allow the Venezuela-Guiana boundry dispute to go to arbitration. He is a nephew of Justice Field, and was born

sionary.

Associate Justice Henry Billings Brown is considered by lawyers to be one of the most accomplished members of his profession, and one of the strongest men on the bench. He and Justice Brewer were graduated from Yale in the same year—1856. His mind is keen and active, his industry is prodigious, and while he strikes the visitor to the court as is one of the most attractive of men. As a speaker he is fascinating, the freedom of the platform affording him opportunity to reveal a sense of humor and a pungent wit that account for the reputation he has among the reverend judges of a "good fellow."

Associate Justice George Shiras is a tall. slender man, with a strongly-marked individuality that invests him with much of the solemnity that is supposed to attach to all supreme court justices. His brethren on the bench declare that he is not so grave as he looks on the bench and in his silken vestments. He came out of Yale college three years earlier than Brewer and Brown. Like Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan, he rangements.'
had not served on the beach of any court "'I am sorry,' replied Mr. Gresham, 'but Times have changed."



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before he was made a supreme court justice by President Harrison.

"KID" MEMBERS.

There is not a bachelor justice on the bench. Associate Justice Edward Douglass White was a bachelor when he was appointed in 1894, but has since married. Dur ing his membership of the senate he made a reputation for his oratorical ability. As a "kid" member of the court he has some-times been made the subject, by the older members, of some deep-laid plots to harm lessly embarrass him, but, as he is not quite destitute of humor, he has regarded these

evidences of the friskiness of venerable justices as permissible hazing of a new-comer in the screne judicial body. The "baby" member of the supreme cour is Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham but he is 59, and is seven years older than Justice White the voungest justice. Having been but two years a member of the court he is still occupying an "amen" seat in the background, although there are rumors com ing out of the consultation room that Justify the belief that he has achieved a position, and in consequence of his superior legal attainments, his fine and quick discernment of points of law, and his large fund of humor, he has qualified himself for full fellowship with the elder members of the family. No justice of the nine has command of a more varied and graphic vocabulary of expletive, an accomplishment that canno be exhibited so long as Justice Gray con tinues to be a member of the court. Justice Peckham's resemblance to his father, the late Judge Rufus Peckham, increases with age, and the portraits of the associate justice recall the fact to all who knew the

Something to Know. It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centers in the stomach, gently stimulated the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these or gans in throwing off impurities in the blood Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aid Electric Bitters improves the appetite, alds digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at Kuhn & Co., drug store.

A STATE SECRET. Why President Arthur Delayed a Trip

With the party of Georgians who came to town on Monday to see the sights is W. E Arnold of Jacksonville and New York, and h incidentally disclosed a state secret yester-day, relates the New York Sun. Mr. Arnold was a railroad man for many yours, and during President Arthur's administration during President Arthur's administration was an officer of the Chesapeake and Ohio allroad. A reference to President Arthur suggested to Mr. Arnold a story about him

that has never been told.
"At the time the incident occurred," said
Mr. Arnold, "I was cautioned to say nothing about it because it was a state secret. Dur ing the summer of 1883 the Louisville expo-sition was opened and President Arthur had accepted an invitation to attend. I made all the arrangements for the president's train. Sunday. This fact had been announced in the newspapers and I had perfected all m plans for the trip. On Sunday morning I was summoned to the White House by the postmaster-general and the secretary of

"Ar. Mr. Gresham said to me: "Mr. Arnold, the president's leave Washington today."
"'I understand that it was the plan to leave today." I said, 'and I have made all my arUNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

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you must change them. The reason for the change is a State secret. Since it has been announced that we were to leave on Sunday church people all over the country have been received here protesting against the president's starting out on a junketing trip on Sunday. The number of them has sur-prised us, and the president has decided to postpone his departure until Monday morn-

at 4 a. m. sharp tomorrow morning."
"Well, I had no choice in the matter, and
the time to change the plans was limited.

"A calegraph wire, and, being an oper-I hired a telegraph wire, and, being an oper-ator myself, after an hour's sharp work I had everything clear for the misses as to the There were all sorts of surmises as to the reasons for the president's postponing his tells but as none of the members of his trip, but as none of the members of his cabinet volunteered to clear the matter up.

had everything clear for the trip on Monday I didn't think it was my duty to say thing about it. I don't believe that if F dent McKinley were to announce today that he intended to leave Washington on Sunday afternoon any such fuss would be made.