AN ADVENTURE OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

about the dock or hanging against the taffrail | pellation? was a sallow-faced, dark-eyed, much-sunburnt | amith anxiously.

and I may be permitted to preface the adventures that will be hereafter set forth by a lew brief words about myself.

Some twenty years previously I had joined the staff corps from an infantry regiment in India. A natural taste for languages had belped me in passing the higher standard; I was fluent in Hindustani and Persian, had a fair knowledge of Arabic and a smattering of Hindee. These acquirements had gained me a "civil" billet. I entered the police depart-ment, and was presently occupied almost en-

rely with Thuggee and Dacoity.
I may lay claim to considerable success in I may lay claim to considerable success in police work. In one recent case I was able to bring home a grave and mysterious crime of poisoning by Datura to its perpetrators, and for this I had received the thanks of government. Then, just when I was on the high road to speedy advancement, on the very threshold of a brilliant future, my health broke down. A long illness followed the completion of the case above mentioned, with its incessant labors and keen anxieties. I was now on my way home to reeties. I was now on my way home to re-cruit, but with a serious warning from the loctors that it would be perilous to my life

To be forced into retirement on a scanty pension when well this side of 40, having given one's best years and energies to work strenuous and all-sufficing in itself, but scemingly impossible to find elsewhere, was a bitter blow to a man who still felt himself fit for something. I had no prospect, no hope of finding suitable employment in Eng-

frequently challenged to run ashore with the

But I had no heart for it. I knew Gib-raltar "like my pocket;" I had been quar-tered there with my regiment in early days; the place was tull of ghosts. I did not wish to be reminded of joyous tires in the heyday of youth now when I was so keenly conscious of the failure I had made in life.

Yet I went, and almost immediately tumbled upon an old friend. It was Harry Brightsmith, whom I had not seen since we were lads at school together. He was now grown into a puffy round-sheeked conse day of youth now when I was so keenly grown into a puffy, round-cheeked consequential little man, with the self-satisfied air of one accustomed to give advice to others. He was a partner in the highly respeciable firm of Black & Brightsmith, so-licitors of Greshim street.

As we walked up Waterport street to-gether he explained this unexpected meeting. "I came out a couple of days ago," he said, by the mail steamer, meaning to travel to some beastly place inland. But I have been stopped here by a telegram from my partner with some curious news. I'm fairly best and don't know what is bes

"Is it business?" "Yes. On account of some clients of urs, heirs of the late Sir William Mc-Killop. He went rather blindly into a min ing speculation in these parts (quite without consulting us, you understand). Now it's all in a tangle. The heirs are minors unable to get for themselves, and even we can make nothing of it. So we decided that | one of us ought to come out and look after the property. Black couldn't, or wouldn't and it fell to my share, worse luck."
"Let's hear about it. Where is the mine

exactly and what is the trouble?" 'It's a lead mine in some mountains forty

McKillop's notice by a mining expert, and I believe the scheme looked extremely rosy I find a report among his papers that the ore was very plentiful and very rich. It could be worked easily labor was cheap, the stuff could be got down without difficulty and shipped on the open sea beach. Sir William took to the thing, paid a large sum

for first rights and just as he was looking for returns died. Then when we went into the business, as representing the bene-ficiaries under the will, we could not see our way. We've been eleven months trying to straighten it up and have done just noth ing at all. There is hitch after hitch. We can get no information, no replies to our The engineers who brought the thing to McKillop cannot be found." Were they the real vendors?"
"No. The property belonged really to

Spanish nobleman, a certain Marquis de Al-mendral. He is somewhere in this Godmendral. He is somewhere in forsaken country, I suppose, but the con-tracts were made with the engineers, who took the lead in everything." 'And you can't come down on the en-

gineers? "Can't find them, I tell you. You evidently don't know much about mining engineers—of this sort, anyway. They're like els and have slipped clean out of sight. It was a firm called Cripps Raskelf Bros. I knew them, and once had dealings with them to my sorrow. It was in a South African company and we acted for the promoters, who got left high and dry. I smelt something fishy in this business when I heard that Cripps Raskelf was in it. It was about his last coup."
"Has the firm failed?"

"Gone under completely. The whole of them-lock, stock and barrel. The partners have disappeared to the uttermost ends of the earth. Cripps was last heard of in westsomewhere on the Murch ern Australia. his brother Silas is supposed to be in My sore; the rest of them are in Abyssinia South America, Alaska, goodness knows

'Why don't you take possession of the

came out here on purpose to do that But since I left England we hear from our Madrid correspondent that the Spanish government has issued an injunction to stop our proceedings. We are foreigners and was being worked more or less secretly and must fulfill certain conditions, satisfy some not for the benefit of McKillop's heirs. prior claims, goodness knows what. Black wires me to go on straight to Madrid and work matters at the fountain head."

nywhere near here."
"It is, or is supposed to be, as I have told tale of what her business had been.

It's a three or four days' ride, and that's under the same of the

amuse me. I know Spanish and something of this neighborhood. Shall I stay?"

contract for the sale. We easily fixed upon the locality, or, rather, the alleged locality was his affair. He meant to take the case of the mine, for its existence had still to be proved. But the estate of the Marquis de Almendral was clearly marked under its penalties. The people who had "jumped"

安全安全安全安全安全安全 安全安全安全安全安全安全安全 ist, by S. S. McClure Company.) ; name of the Llanura de las Slerras. We

"Well, what do you advise?" asked Brightman of medium height and military hearing. "Clearly, the first thing is to verify the to get an injunction against the persons whose spare, rather shrunken frame and existence of the mine. That settled, you unknown who were wrongfully working La whose spare, rather shrunken frame and back-inster eye showed that his health had suffered form prolonged residence in the 'shiny' erst.

I, Lionel Macnaghten-Innes, was that man, there is no mine. Some one must start for Marbella at once."

'Aye, but who? It's a forty-mile ride." I paused before answering him. I was not n robust health, but a few days on horsein robust health, but a few days on horse-back among the Vermillon hills would act as a fine tonic. To ride to Marbella and back would be nothing to a man who had simost lived in the saddle for years. What I should find mere child's play would be serious exertion for my soft and fleshy friend Brightsmith. It would be time enough for him to face the effort when he went armed with proper authority to take pressession of with proper authority to take possession of

Of course we might send an emissary, but that would have meant taking some outsider into our confidence, and after all these years knew no guide or muleteer at Gibraltar

whom I could thoroughly trust.
"I'll go myself, Harry." I said at length.
"I know my way about. I've been to Marbella before; I can easily find my way there alone, and on to the mine—(if there is one this side of the Sierra Morena). Three or four days from now ought to settle that part of the question."

My preparations were soon made. A visit o Montegriff's stables secured me a serviceable mount. The hunting season was now over, and I had plenty of choice, I hired a big-boned, flea-bitten gray, with a huge head -an ugly horse, but of the class and color much esteemed in southern Spain for spirit much esteemed in southern span and "put-and endurance. I had breeches and "putties" in my portmenteau. I shoved necessaries in my saddle wallets and I was ready for the road

land, so at least I thought in my then despondent condition. My active career, as I believed, had terminated abruptly; I was too poor to marry; I had no living relations; I could have no home but my clubs and a big barley, I continued my journey soon afpoor to marry; I had no living relations; I could have no home but my clubs and a hack bedroom off St. James' street. There was nothing before me but to vegetate in obscurity without hope or horizon, disappointed and useless, until I faded rapidly into properties old are. sun rose upon the glassy sca. glinting bright-ly upon the white houses of the distant town, into premature old age.

As I brooded thus moodily, taking no interest in the bustle and scuffle around, I was for many a day.

When still some miles from Marbella, I ame upon a busy scene down upon the indentation here, running back into a small

the mice must be ejected summarily and properly punished.

"I'll let them see. That's my business. Mac, I don't know that I need detain you now if you are anxious to go home."

He was so pompous and self-satisfied that I felt inclined to take him at his word. But the detective instinct was strong in me, and I wanted to see the thing through.

I was soon avenged on Brightsmith. He wanted to see the thing through.

I was soon avenged on Brightsmith. He I knew it, and we soon parted, he a couple

Copyright, 197, by S. S. McChare Company.)
One bright morning in the early spring the good ship Elion of the P. & O. company was rounding Europa Point on her homeward voyage, and was about to step at Gibraliar for a few hours.

Among the crowd of passengers lounging Point on the company the infinity pellation?

Among the crowd of passengers lounging Point on the company the infinity refused to surrender them or even the mine to be. It was called in the mine to give an attested copy, as Brightsmith's him, to give an attested to give an attested copy as Brightsmith's him, to put the whole case plainly before then appealed to the British chancery tor protection, and was told by a pert attached. that our minister could not interfere with the course of Spanish law. Next he tried but driven mad.

I watched him, quietly amused, for a fortnight nearly going my own road, which was not his, following my own devices, which interested me and kept me fully employed, knowing all the time that he would come to me some day on his knees seeking help and sympathy.

When he did I was ready for him.

"This is the most exasperating country he cried. "I seem to make no progress at all

What are you laughing at?"
"I laugh when I think what would have become of you if I had gone home when you suggested it.'

"Why, what sort of use have you been?" "Come up to my room, Harry; I'll show you something. I keep it under lock and

key."
"There," I said five minutes later, as I
threw him a heavy bundle of papers, "those
are the contracts. How's that, umpire?"
He looked at me open mouthed with his little round eyes protruding.
"Want more?" I went on. "Read this."

I put a printed document into his hand; it purported to be the draft prospectus in Spanish of the "Compania Anonyma de la Mina Bien Escondida," which was shortly to be floated in Madrid and Paris with a capital of 10,000,000 ron or £200,000, which was to work the very property that Harry Brightsmith sought to save for his clients, "They have gone over your head, Harry. This is Raskelf's doing; he is here in Madrid, and I have had several talks with him. He has jockeyed you completely. You are too late, my friend, and will lose every stiver

unless-"it is the rankest robbery," he cried, ig-noring my proviso. "The vilest swindle. In England it would mean the Mansion house." "This is Spain, my dear sir, and you haven't a leg to stand on. But you may save something—a good deal—on one condition. Indeed, I have already agreed to it on your account. Wait and hear what I have to tell you.

This was my explanation; It chanced that soon after our arirval in Madrid, when my friend was being entangled in the meshes of Spanish law, and I found cove or creek, and I saw that & falucha, or | myself much alone, h was lounging one day



"ONE OF THE BAGS MUST HAVE BURST WHEN IT WAS GOING ON BOARD." lateen-sailed craft of this country, lying close | in the Puerat del Sol. This "sun-gate"

or fifty miles from here. The nearest town is called Marbella."

"I know it—on the coast, half way to "The mine was brought to Sir William McKillop's notice by a mining expert, and I believe the scheme looked extremely rosy or fifty miles from here. The nearest town and donkeys, by which, no doubt, the cargo had been brought thither.

With careless interest I paused to watch the work, and while I watched it came to an end; the animals were got ready for the Lianura de las Sierras. Its owner then was dressed as a pessant in brown cloth and poolainis (galters); now he were a long Snan-

flerce whack of the stick the train was started in the direction that I myself was going. But I saw no more of it until an through Marbella without halting. I came ipon it well inside the Llanura valley. nust have taken some shorter cut, but this ncerned me less than the obvious fact that was heading for the mine. I saw that the beasts now bore no loads.

They had the weary, footsore galt of animals elbows, while his slouching, uncertain galt that had traveled far, and I was stisfied—spoke plainly of drink. the conclusion was inevitable-that they had been down to the coast with a cargo of-ore. What else but minerals could be raised in this inhospitable valley whose iron-bound sides now rose straight and sheer above me s I penetrated farther into the pass? Ere long, with my good gray I overhauled

the party. Immediately a man, no doubt its leader, detached himself from the party and came towards me. He was of dark, forbidding aspect, and he addressed me with scant courtesy. Distaining to reply to my "Vaya unted con Dios." the usual compliment of the road, he peremptorily asked me who I name.

was and whither I was going.

I am an English officer from La Person. great rock, and I go where I please."

said shortly. This road leads nowhere."

"Then why do you travel by it?" I retorted. 'That is our affair; we have no account render to you. It is our ground, this; e want no strangers here. Turn back! "What treasure do you keep concealed in the rocks up there? A hidden gold mine.

At my use of the word "Escondida" the spond. no. In an instant they had halted, faced "It must have been my brother," he cald, ound, and came at me with such an ugly, with obvious relief, while I blessed my stars threatening look that in common prudence I

My good gray soon left them far behind. rode into Marbella without drawing property and work the mine or sell it for the benefit of McKillop's helts?". There, at the inn, I refreshed man and the benefit of McKillop's helts?" besst, and sought some corroboration of my suspicions. The landlord's reluctance in answering my questions, his repeated Dios sabe that there was really a mine, and that it

I gained further and more convincing evidence on my homeward ride, and on visiting work matters at the fountain head."

"Right enough. At the same time you ought to have a look at the mine if it is see its sail on the far horizon. But here

Ore of the bags must have burst as i was going on board, and some of its content you. But how am I to find it? Can take a return ticket by next train? There is no train. I've inquired here, and they tell me were scattered about in the sand. I picked

"It was on the third morning at Gib'altar, not look here. Harry Brightsmith," I said idenly. "Shall I stop here and see you rough it?" It might help you, and would thanks, but I cut him short. "We had better push through to Madrid

muse me. I know Spanish and something f this neighborhood. Shall I stay?"

He accepted my offer with enthusiasm, so must be clayed out there."

All that tedious and fatiguing journey my sent on board for my traps, and was pres-I sent on board for my traps, and was presently in close conference with my old friend at the King's Arms hotel.

He had a good map of southern Andalightly of what he meant to do on reaching He had a good map of southern Anda-lusis, the latest government survey, also the plans originally made to go with the contract for the sale. We easily fixed upon gan to patronize me as though what remained was his affair. He meant to take the case

in, was being laden with produce of some sort, packed in small kegs. Hard by stood noon, who come here like lizards to bask a group of patient beasts of burden, mules and lay in caloric.

ish cloak and a tall hat. capataz, the overseer or head man of the mule train; of that I had no doubt. My memory for faces was strong and generally unfailing.

was not alone. The man who walked by his side was short, squat, coarsely built, red-halred—unmistakably English. He were a rough suit of "dittoes," stained and frayed and he had the air of being much out at the

I had not forgotten Rockelf, the absconding engineer, from whom the Lianura property had been first obtained. Could this be he? was a wild shot of mine, but not imposs In any case, the first man, the capataz interested me sufficiently to make me follow Surely something important had brought him all the way from Andalusia to Madrid. walk of half an hour from the Puerta del Sol down to Calle Alcala and on brought to the gates of an ancient and rather dilaci dated house, which I afterward learned was the Casa Amendral, the family monsion in the corte, or capital, of the marquis of that

When the men parted at the door I noticed that the Scaniard touched his hat with a very offband gesture of farewell. I heard him "Hosta la vista" (till next time), and then the Englishman turned, retracing his steps toward the Calle Alcala.

I had already resolved how to act, and, ste oing out briskly, I soon overtook him. "Mr. Baskelf, I believe?" was my greeting. spoken with so much assurance that he stopped and stared. Surp ise and suspicion

"Surely we met in Mysore-in the gold ner started as if I had shot him, then started as if I had shot him, then started a few sharp words to his compan-fields?" I went on glibly. "I cannot be mis-

my stratagem had succeeded. That must be my apology, then. Pray forgive my stupidity. But—we are going the same way, I think—may I walk with you? I

am almost a stranger in Mad id. My name is innes." And I handed him my cord. Half an hour later we were sested at the same table in the cafe European conversing as though we had been friends for years. 1

to talk quite freely, following my lead.

I asked if there was business doing in his I had heard that Spain was rich in

"There's a fortune-a vast fortune-to be if you're on the inside track and can work the oracle. All you want are capital and enterprise," he said angrily.

Well, there's capital enough lying idle. "I know, sir, I know; and I could place it in things that would go like smoke if-if-He checked himself abruptly, and I guessed that he was consumed with regret that the London market was closed to him

"Ah, yes, London! It is very different in this beggarly country, where you can't get "Buck"; colos together to boil a teapot, let alone his gun. work a mine. Why, major-He teaned over and whispered with drinkimpregnated breath right into my ear:

"I have a project worth millions in the bollow of my hand-millions to any one who will plank down a few paltry thousands. But I cannot squeeze out a maravedi here from the man it would benefit most." "Is he a fool?

"All that, and a pauper to boot. As proud It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck" tell the story.

I was soon avenged on Brightsmith. He had met with a disheartening check at the very outset. It was necessary for him to produce the original contracts made, and they were nowhere to be found. After a long and exhaustive search through nearly all the notarial archives in Madrid, they were found at last in the office of Messrs. Bernabeu and Sandoval. But the notaries flatly refused to surrender them or even to give an attested conv. as Brightsmith's.



offer of the breach of the McKillop contract and the dishonest working of the mine.
He received me with the stately courtesy that sits so well upon men of his stamp. I found an old man, spare of frame, still erect and with keen black eyes under bushy, black eyebrows, in sharp contrast with his snowwhite hair.

His first remark was one of indignant pro-

"Believe me, Senor mio, I know nothing of this-the true state of the case was kept from me. I was assured that the contracts had lapsed with the death of Sir McKillop, and that I was free to make new. I was on the point of doing so. But nada. It is nothing. Fair dealing first, Pundonor v caballerosidad. They are the rule with Spanish gentlemen.

All difficulties soon vanished when I was met in such a spirit. The marquis himself secured me the contracts and declared that he wished to abide by them. He it was who gave me Raskelf's prospectus for the new company, a scheme that had originated in that fertile but unscrupulous brain. It was Raskelf all through who had checked and countered Black & Brightsmith at every point, who had made an improper use of influence the marquis still wielded in high places and interposed the delays that retarded Brightsmith's progress.
I was glad to know when, some months

later, the "Bien Escondida" was floated in London under the most respectable conditions, that a certain number of founders' and preference shares were allotted to the Marquis de Almendral, who thus benefited far more substantially than he could have done with Raskelf.

That villian soon afterward drank himself to death; and I returned to England, encour aged by Harry Brightsmith to hope for more work of a similar kind. It came in abundance, far afield, perhaps, but always interesting, as I hope to show.

STORIES ABOUT "BUCK" KILGORE. The Woman Who Got the Best of Him but Kep It Secret.

There are men in every quarter of the union, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, who will regret to hear of the death of Judge Constantine B. Kilgore, at Ardmore, I. T. For eight years "Buck" Kilgore was a notable man at the national capital. In person he was the typical Texan. Above six feet tall, above sixteen stone in weight, above the average congressman in ability, above the average man in sincerity, straight as an Indian and strong as an ox, "Buck" Kilfore was a marked man wherever he apthe house lobby that gave him notoriety. It was characteristic of the man. He wanted to go into the lobby, the messenger shut the loor in his face; he knew he had a right into the lobby. He raised his foot clothed in an enormous cowhide boot and kicked the door down and went his way. The notoriety that attached to him on account of the act was always distasteful to

Except Dick Bland and Amos Cummings, there was no more democratic looking man in congress. The boys on the avenue called him "Buck," and after he kicked the door down every gamin in Washington was ambitious to shine his boots. Many of them poasted of the honor. Kilgore did not have his boots shined every day. When he first landed he took rooms on C street, not far from the capitol. After breakfast he went shine. "What's your name?" asked "Buck. "George Washington," replied the boy. "It's an honor I did not expect," rejoined Kliggre; "you can pitch right in." During the whole squares to give that boy the job of shining

assist in gathering up some deserters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a deserter who had been off the and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a nicely broiled chicken. The savor of the fowl made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his pocket, which he had carried for years and to which he was much attached, but he was bound to have that chicken, and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade-the coin for the fowl The lady said the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not seil it.

"But," she continued, "I'll jump you for "What do you mean?" said Buck. "I mean that we will see which can jump farthest from this doorsill out into the yard

chicken and dollar." "All right; that suits me exactly," said Buck. The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and slung his arms and made a tremendous leap of over twelve feet. He recovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the but against her shoulder

as though we had been friends for years.

soon found that he was in very low water.

The glassy eye and slavering lip told of troubles quenched in stimulants which now he could but ill afford, and for which he was constantly athles. as constantly athirst.

After the third brandy and soda he began rage and his mouth overflowing with eloquent profanity.

By this time it was dark. Over in a field "Buck" spied a gin house. He went to it and chimbed into the loft, laid down on the floor and soon was fast asleep. After a time he was awakened by voices down below. He listened and made the discovery that one was female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was relating the "jumping episode to her companion, who gave vent t peal after peal of laughter. There were the chicken and his dollar which he could see by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the fleor of the loft and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunged through that hole and seized Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" roared out: "Madame you just firt the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman, he and I will flirt grave to the office of the provost marshal. He is the deserter I have been after for a week." There was shoot in "Buck's" eye now. The woman left. "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken and before midnight surrendered his prisoner to the provost marshal

MONEY ORDER SYSTEM PAYS

Postoffice Department Intends to Extend the Service.

NUMBER OF OFFICES TO BE INCREASED

Expense of Conducting the Busines Merely Nominal_Proposal for Interchange with Russian Empire.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8 .- The Postoffice department has adopted a policy of general extension of the money order system. First Assistant Postmaster General Heath be lieves that any postoffice wanting money exchange facilities should be given them. Complaints have been constantly filed by business houses that their correspondents at villages are unable to send money orders because their postoffices have no such facili-During the past fiscal year almost 27,000,000 money orders were issued, amounting to a little less than \$200,000,000. The international money orders issued during the year, purchased principally by workmen sending money to friends or relatives in foreign countries, amounted to \$15,000, 000, while the amounts drawn on the United States by foreign countries did not exceed \$5,000,000. During the Harrison administration, it is stated at the department, there was a large extension of money order offices, about 10,000 having been established. During the last four years the number was increased by only 1,100 on the theory, it is said, that there were too many postoffices. The total number of money order offices now is about 22,000 and the number will probbly be increased to 30,000 before the next fiscal year.

General Superintendent Metealf of the noney order office said today that the cost o the department of maintaining a money order service at a postoffice is less than it money order business. If it issues orders amounting to \$10 it is a source of revenue and helps pay the general postal expenses. The money order business now brings a revenue of \$1,000,000 in fece, mostly net, and, accordingly the more money orders issued he more revenue.

The Russian empire, which has recently established a money order service, has just submitted to this government a proposition asking for a convention or agreement for a money order exchange between Russia and the United States similar to the money order exchanges now in operation between this government and thirty-seven other countries. The details of the arrangements are now being perfected and it is probable that money orders can pass between the two countries early in the coming year. The only difficulty in the arrangement is the payment of the balance, as the exchange is-sued here is only in paper roubles, which differ in value from gold roubles. This ob-stacle, however, will be satisfactorily adjusted.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Super ior to Any Other.

George B. Secord, the well known con-tractor of Towanda, N. Y., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for a long time and have found it superior to any other."

The above testimonial is from a promi-ment citizen here.—A. C. Tuck, Druggist, N Towanda, N. Y.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

Manages to Make Her Father Wish She Were Married. The judge's daughter was in one of he houghtful moods, and the judge was natu

rally nervous, relates the Chicago Post. H knew what those moods portended, for has ne not been tripped up as a result of then on previous occasions?
"Papa," she said at last, "I wish yo would enlighten me in regard to a little

egal problem that has been bothering me or some time."

The judge sighed and out down his paper He knew that there was no use battlin against fate. He was in for trouble, an

he would have to make the best of it.
"What is it?" he asked.
"It's the case of this Miss Tillinghast, tharist, who undertook to put some staine glass angels in a memorial window, and who has had to sue for the contract price of the work." explained the judge's daugh-

"It's a straight case of law," said the scared. It was the kicking down of the judge to himself with some jubilation, for leading from the legislative chamber to be could answer about anything in the legal he could answer about anything in the legal line that didn't have snarls in it. asked: "What is there about it that puzzles you? If she has a contract it ought

be a very simple—"
"Oh, she has the contract all right interrupted the judge's daughter. but I am not quite sure about the interpretation of it. That's why I have come to on. Of course, you know everything that there is to know about law, and what is so blind and confusing to me will be a mero trifle to you. You see the contact called for an angel, but the figure Miss Tilmedy for linghast put in the window has no wings. and it was for that reason that payment has been refused. Naturally, the whole ques been refused. Naturally, the whole ques-tion hinges on whether the law recognize angels with or without wings. Is a wing ess angel lawful or does the supreme cour ecognize only the winged variety? possible to produce any authentic record of an angel without wings? Would one have any standing in court? And, on the other band, have we any evidence that a rea angel has wings? Of course that is the sur osition, but would you as a presiding judg in a case of this sort feel that you were ju-During the war he was ordered home to youd a reasonable doubt?"

The judge's daughter paused and looker at the judge inquiringly. with unnecessary energy and is cigar

ooked at his daughter. "Isn't that the only question at issue in this case" demanded the judge's daughter. and the judge nodded.
"Well, then?" she persisted, and waited

for him to answer. Well, then, he said, slowly, after a minute of thought. "I am of the coinion that the evidence in this case shows that you are going to make things mighty interesting for ome young man at some future time."
Then the judge went upstairs and told his wife that he didn't care how soon their daughter married.

There is no need of little children being ortured by scald head, eczema and ruplions. De Witt's Witch Hazel ives instant relief and cures permanently.

Reflections of a Bachelor. New York Press: Inspiration is generally

iore than half sweat. A min has to think he loves at least two comen before he can know he loves one. When a smart man comes out of the little ad of the horn he turns around and blows After a girl has once heard that some or

aid she was fascinating she takes to look ng queerly at the butcher. If some women could go to heaven fo instands they would probably end by pick-ing out one of the four-winged beasts.

Adam wasn't really lonesome in the Gar-ien of Eden, but he needed some one to tell him when to put on his heavy under

He Moved Out.

A traveling medium who recently gave seance in a Georgia town began by saying:
"I have been requested by some of the men present to recall the spirits of their wives, who have gone before. Keep perfectly quiet, friends—in one moment they will be with you." "John," whispered an old man in the audience, "Gimme my hat—quick! I don't mind meetin' Molly in heaven, but I'll se durned of I want her to resume business on earth!"

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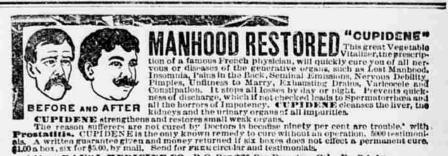
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