THE DIAMOND OF THE NAWAB OF JUBBULPORE.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF MATTHEW QUIN, WILD BEAST TAMER.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYTON.

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famous diamond, no clew to the mystery has yet been found. The stone, it will be remembered, was plucked out of the nawab's turban, which he had left exposed in his bed chamber after wearing it at a state ball. The theft was committed in the early hours of the morning, and suspicion fell on his body servant, Dada Kahn, who slept in an adjoining apartment. The Hindoo-he could not have left the palace that nightwas closely confined in a room and watched for the space of a week. He was then dismissed on the ground of carelessness, and the following night he was seen in the native bazars in company with an Englishman named Blount, who has long been known to the police as a dissolute adventurer and

swindler. It is said that Blunt is missing

from his old haunts. The diamond was valued at £15,000, and was noted for its

size and beauty. The affair has gained

widespread notoriety.-Reuter." "At 2 o'clock this afternoon the fine mansion known as the Firs, on Putney Heath, with all its furniture and gems of art, will be sold at public auction. The Firs belonged to the late Mr. Vernon Fulke, stock broker, of Broad street, whose suicide, after being ruined by a sudden and disastrous turn of the market, caused a painful sensation a fortnight ago. Among the articles to be offered to bidders is a rare and beautiful snow leopard of the Himalayas, to which a history attaches. The creature was formerly in the private menageries of the nawab of Jubbulpore, who presented it to Mr. Vernon Fulke when the latter was traveling in India several months ago. It was shipped to England at once, and a week later the unfortunate broker was summoned home by cablegram. The leopard is said to have been devotedly attached to the nawab's valet, who has recently fallen into disgrace through the well known theft of the Jubbulpore dia-

The above paragraphs, as many readers may remember, appeared in the Times on a certain October morning in the year 189-That the one could have any direct bearing on the other was a possibility which escaped even the astute officials of Scotland Yard, for they knew about as much of India as of Timbuctoo. But Matthew Quin was learned in the ways and tricks of the wily Hindoo, and he looked at the matter from a point of view suggested by his oriental experiences.

The Times was his invariable companion at breakfast, and after skimming over the rest of the contents he turned for the second time to the two paragraphs. He digested them slowly and with an air of increasing attention. He forgot his fourth piece of toast and left his third cup of tea untasted. He resorted to his favorite stimulus, strong tobacco, and smoked several pipes with his chair tilted back and his feet on the table.

The public sale of so rare an animal as a snow leopard would have roused his interest at any time, but he was not thinking of that now; his mind was running in a vastly different and more problematical groove Finally he picked up the paper again, turned to the shipping news and rubbed a finger slowly down the column. He found what he was looking for, and it brought a twinkle of satisfaction to his pursed lips. It was an item of but two lines, stating that the steamship Rameses, from Calcutta for London, had reached the Royal Albert docks on the previous afternoon. He made a hasty calculation on the back of an envelope and

"I may be all at sea," he said to himself, "but it's worth having a try at. They had plenty of time to pick up the trail if they are in London, and I believe they are. There's a chance of a double haul, and I'll lay my cards for it. It's four years since I saw Mr. Wilfred Blunt at Allahabad, but I'll know him among a thousand. Shall I look up the passenger list of the Rameses? No. it would only be a waste of time. As for the leopard, that is a matter of out-

side business not to be neglected." From his Bloomsbury lodgings Quin took a cab to the office of Karl Hamrach & Co... near Lower Thames street. He had an interview of several hours' duration with his employer, and later they lunched together in the city. Then Ouin cabbed it to Waterloo, caught a train to Putney, and trudged leisurely up the quaint old High street to Putney heath. He stopped at the Green Man for a cooling pewter, and the landlord directed him to the late Mr. Vernon Fulke's residence, which was close by.

The Firs was a big, yellowish-drab mansion, nelosed by ivied walls, approached by a driveway and with fine grounds front and fear-one of that procession of stately detached houses which border the eastern edge of Putney heath and Wimbledon common and look across Kingston vale to the breezy heights of Richmond Park. The safe had ust opened when Quin arrived and he found to his satisfaction that the outdoor goods and chattels were to be disposed of first He chose a point of vantage in the stable yard where the autioneer commenced operations. The bidding was spirited and the family carriage, a brougham and several traps quickly changed hands.

Meanwhile Quin pretended to pay attention of the offers, though a close observer might have noticed that his interest was entirely with the audience. Craftily he scanned each of the two score or more of faces-elderly men in frock coats, sporting whined. Quin had noticed both, and there gentlemen in gaiters and brown bowlers, a was a gleam of triumph in his eyes as he few horsey individuals, a sprinkling of shabby dealers and hook-nosed Jews in quest of a bargain and half a dozen idlers drawn thither by curiosity. But in all the throng he could not locate the two persons for whom he was looking and he reluctantly concluded that they were not present.

He watched the sale of a part of the deceased stockbroker's horses and then slipped around to one side of the stable The first thing that met his eye here was the Nawbab of Jubbulpore's present to Mr. Vernon Fulke. In an iron-barred cage placed against the wall the snow leopard was pacing restlessly. It was a magnificent brute, superbly formed and large; its rich coloring of stripes and spots on an opalescent background of cream and silver would have defied the brush of an artist.

With blazing eyes and a switching tail, with rasping snarls of rage, the animal resented the scrutiny of its visitor. Quin examined it closely, as a man would view the points of a horse; he noted how it walked and turned, looked into its mouth when the jaws opened for a yawn, and his keen glance did not miss an inch of the furry coat from head to tail.

"I don't know what to make of it," he muttered to himself. "There's no clew here-and I couldn't have expected it. I'm afraid I'm on the wrong tack, else one or the other of those two chaps would surely have turned up by this time. However, the glance to the left and observed that the leopard is worth a stiff price-

short. The auctioneer turned the corner of watching intently, the stable, the crowd trailing behind him expectantly. He was a little man with Lower Thames street," he said loudly sandy, mutton-chop whiskers, and with the the clerk who was with the auctioneer. winked at an acquaintance as he took his pay cash for it." He produced a bundle of

(Copyright, 1888, by William Murray see before you the famous snow leopard of the 'Imalayas, a beast that is scarcer than 'Though nine weeks have passed since the law to Jubbulpore's large and loss of the nawab of Jubbulpore's large and specimen at that. 'E belonged to the private menagerie of 'is 'ighness the Nabol of Jumblepore. 'E'll do nicely as a pet for the children, or you can put 'im in a kennel for a watch dog. And 'e'll look jolly nice being led along Piccadilly by a chain and muzzle. Come, gentlemen, what am I offered for this fine crittur? It's a chance

of your lives!" A titter of laughter ran through the crowd, and a shabby individual shouted facetiously: "Why don't you sell 'im to the butcher, Scraggs?

"I'll give 10 bob," cried another voice. "Ten pounds!" Quin said quietly.
"Ab, that's better!" exclaimed the auc-

"But it's too low for such a prize

Come, run it up to a decent figure—"
"Fifteen pounds!" The speaker was a hard-featured man who looked as though he might be an agent from the Zoo.

"Eighteen!" said Quin. "Twenty!"

The auctioneer's face beamed with pleas-

"Twenty-two!" ure. The crowd took a keen interest in ingly.



THE TAWNY BRUTE LEAPED FAIRLY UPON BLUNT'S BACK.

bidders. Quin and the hard-featured man had it all to themselves, and they promptly means under the leopard's commercial value. It was Quin's bid, and a brief silence fol-lowed it.

"Thirty-six!" said his rival.

"Thirty-seven!" cried Quin.
The hard featured man had plainly were more irritating than soothing.

-going!-

"Forty pounds."

The offer came loudly and eagerly, with foreign accent, from the rear of the throng. The man who made it-a new arrival-pushed quickly to the front. And at mahogany face and a Sikh beard, but wearing the conventional European top hat and frock cont. "It's a blooming nigger!" muttered a de

"Forty pounds I'm offered!" shouted the

"Fifty!" said the Hindoo as quickly, with

his rival.

thing, but his words were drowned by the leopard, who just then rose up against the bars of his cage, and gave a prolonged howl that sounded like a mixture of grief and pleasure. The Hindoo, looking slightly disconcerted, slipped back a few feet into the crowd; the leopard dropped on all fours and called out:

"Fifty-five pounds!"

The Hindoo's lips worked, but he wa silent; his complexion turned a sickly hue. He glared with Oriental flerceness at Quin, and then looked anxiously over his shoulder. "Going! going!" the auctioneer howled, reluctantly, "Any more bids? Once, twice gone! Yours, sir, for £65!"

At that instant the clatter of wheels was heard, and a cab drawn by a steaming horse dashed around the corner of the stable. A man jumped out-a big, ruddy, clean-shaven man in a suit of tan tweeds. Quin stared

"Wait!" cried the man, jostling his way to the front. "Hold on! Is that leopard

man yonder," the auctioneer replied, blandly. "You're 'alf a minute too late." The stranger swore in an undertonecursed bitterly in the "budmash" tongue of the eastern bazars-the while he scowled savagely, but unsuspiciously, at Quin. Then he edged alongside of the Oriental, and the two held a rapid conversation in whispers. "Your name, sir?" the auctioneer

the buzzing of the crowd. Before replying Quin shot a stealthy Hindoo and the man in tweeds had moved A confused clamor of voices cut Quin a little nearer, and were listening and

manded of Quin, in a voice that rang above

"I represent Karl Hamrach & Co. of fund of indiscriminate wit. He bought the animal for the firm, and I will bank notes and counted out the correct

load the creature in the ware ouse. And you might leave word that I son't return today. Here is my card-hand it in at the office. Be sure you don't collide with any-"Trust me for that, sir," the man answered, tucking the card in a greasy pocket. "I'll deliver this 'ere package right side up with care."

aware that the Hindoo and his companion

auctioneer. "The

were close behind him.

"Fetch it at once," said Quin.

A moment later the van rumbled heavily out of the stable yard. The auctioneer turned in the opposite direction, announcing the sale of some rare plants in the hothouses, and the Hindoo and the man in tweeds followed on the skirts of the crowd. Quin knew that they were watching him and he regulated his movements accord-

himself, as he sauntered out to the Wimbleton road. "Without a doubt I'm on the right trail, and if I play my cards cleverly I'll make a pretty haul. A good day's work so far. I call it."

He filled and lit his pipe and struck over the heath as though he was starting on a hurry to get back to town and he wanted a couple of hours for solitary reflection moreover, one of his greatest pleasures was a walk on London's breezy, suburban upcourse at Barnes. He waited here some Waterloo station at 6:30 o'clock. He wired to Hamrich & Co. and took a cab to his Bloomsbury lodgings, where he put on a heavier suit of clothes and then walked back to a chop house on Ludgate Hill. Hav-

"Join me at the Emporium, court en trance, at 10 o'clock. Important. Reply. "QUIN."

"I can rely upon Earl," Quin reflected with satisfaction. "He's seen me through one or two little matters before. I'll have plenty of time to explain what's up, for I don't expect anything will be doing till

office with a key. He stopped here only long enough to put a loaded revolver in his pocket and to light a small lantern: then

with a couple of barrel windows high up; overhead was a spacious skylight, which was partly open to admit air. The walls were lined with cages and boxes, big and little, containing various animals and rep-Quin as he moved about, merely blinking at him with sleepy eyes. He was the only person on the premises, for the usual watchman, in consequence of the wire sent from Barnes, has been relieved from duty that

The leopard had been delivered all right and was sleeping with sullen resignation in the corner of its cage, which stood apart from the others. Quin took a peep at the brute, and then, leaving the lantern behind him, he passed out of the warehouse by the rear door. This opened on a court, at the end of which were double gates communicating with a narrow street that lay parallel to the Thames. He unbarred the gate, returned softly to the warehouse and locked the door. Then he turned the lantern very low, lit his pipe and sat down on a box at one side of the room. For five minutes he smoked reflectively. No sounds pene-

ing of the sleeping animals. Earl will be here pretty soon," he said to himself, "and then for another hour or two of waiting. If the affair don't come off tonight-the rogues may decide to postpone the attempt-I'll still have the cards the sale. Blunt spent most of the day in and commenced to thread our way over a in my hands. But the odds are all trying to borrow more money from old network of roots, round huge towering tree-

thought they might be needed," replied the unpleasant surprise. He sprang to his feet, looked to the right, and saw by the dim light a revolver leveled at him within three 'There's a small-sized one paces. And behind the weapon was the man The clerk hurried off and in a couple of who had reached the sale too late-the big. ninutes a two-horse covered van appeared, ruddy-faced fellow in the tan tweeds. Quin driven by one of the auctioneer's men. With was taken foul; he was empty-handed, and the assistance of some of the bystanders

his pistol was in his hip pocket. the cage was hoisted into it and pushed "I've got the drop on you, my friend, back, after first being draped with a pack-ing cloth. Quin closed the van door-it the man said quietly. "Don't make a sound, and don't be foolish enough to refastened only by a bolt on the outside-and sist. You are armed, of course. I'll trouble dropped into his pocket the key of a padyou first to place your shooter on that box And at the least treacherous move I'll put door of the leopard's cage. He was perfectly a bullet into your brain. Be quick!"

"And if I obey you," Quin asked, coolly, what then, Mr. Wilfred Blunt?" "Ah, you know me!" said the man. "Well, so much the better—we understand

"Do you happen to know Hamrach and company's emporium, my man?" he asked each other. Put the weapon down, and then "I do, sir!"
"Well, take the leopard straight there. step into youder empty cage. I shall lock the door, and keep guard over you until-" You'll find plenty of men to help you un-"Until the arrival of Dada Khan," sup-

plemented Quin. "Just so," replied Blunt. "What a clever detective you would make! But we have

talked enough—do as I told you!"
For a brief instant Quin hesitated, outwardly calm, but fuming inwardly with rage and mortification. He had weighed the chances, and he knew that he was in the power of a merchiess and determined ruffian. But a ruse might gain him the upper hand, and a daring and doubtful one flashed into

"You fool, it is you who are trapped," be said scornfully. "You are covered by two weapons-look behind you!" He spoke so calmly, with such assurance, that Blunt could not but believe. With a muttered oath he glanced over his shoulder, and that quickly Quin was upon him, strik ing up his right arm and sending the pisto flying ten feet away. The two grappled

fercely, swayed for a moment, and then Locked tightly together, they rolled toward the rear of the building, each trying his best to overpower the other. They were pretty evenly matched, and Quin was by no means sanguine of victory; he could not release one hand long enough to reach for his pistol. He saved his breath, making no outery, but twice Blunt gave a shrill whistle. Meanyhile the struggle roused and excited the caged beasts, and they filled the room with discordant noises. An old lion roared and the snow leopard howled dismally. "It's no use," exclaimed Quin; "you'd bet

ter yield!" "I'll kill you first, curse you!" panted

With that he whistled a third time, and at once an answer came from overhead. Looking up briefly while he fought, Quin saw a dark figure drop from the open skylight to a tier of packing cases ten feet beneath, and then begin the further descent to the floor. The man was Dada Khau, and the leopard, scenting the presence of its old and beloved attendant, bounded with rasping cries against the cracking bars of its

The arrival of the second rogue, instead of disheartening Quin, spurred him to a final effort. He threw all his strength into it, hit his adversary hard between the eyes, and broke away from him. But he was no sooner on his feet than the Hindoo confronted him, a gleaning knife in hand And as quickly Blunt was up again, read for the fray.

"Surrender, or we'll kill you!" he cried. Just then, as the pair of ruffians crept nearer, a startling thing happened. Above the roaring of the animals was heard rending noise, followed by the elatter of falling bars-the leopard had broken out of its cage. Instantly the tawny brute bounded forward, and with a horrible snarl it lept fearly upon Blunt's back. Down the two went, the man yelling for help and the

leopard screeching with rage. Dada Khan, thrown off his guard, made an imprudent movement to assist his confederate. In a thrice Ouin snatched the knife from his grasp, tackled him bodily and bore him to the floor. At this exciting moment there was a thunderous crash on the rear door, and two more blows sent it reeling inwards, torn from its fastenings. The stalwart figure of Sergeant Earl entered he room, and he flung aside a heavy wooden bar which he must have brought from th

"Here, take this fellow!" shouted Quin. 'Be guick!"

The Hindoo knew that the game was up he yielded sullenly when the officer bent over him and slapped the muzzle of a revolver to his forehead. Quin ran for a net that was hanging close by, and threw it skillfully over the leopard. An instant late the brute had been dragged from the writhing body of its victim, and was helplessly entangled in the stout meshes. Blunt lay in a pool of blood, moaning with pain. He was badly mauled on the back and shoulders, but not fatally, as Quin saw by a brief examina-

"You'll do for the present, my man," he

With that he turned to Dada Khan, hastily searched his clothing and with a smile o triumph produced a tiny phial filled with

"I knew I should find this, you rascal," he exclaimed. "And now, if you are sensible, you will do as I tell you. Here is the drug and the knife, and yonder lies your pet leopard. Cut out the diamond!" "The sahib is surely mad!" gasped the

"Not a bit of it," Quin answered, cheer fully. "I know all. Come, get to work!"

"And if I refuse, sahib?" "That won't benefit you any. I'll have the eopard killed and skinned before your eyes. Dada Khan scowled and swore softly under his breath. But either he was sincerely attached to the brute or he concluded that a yielding policy might be the better

stroke and a few words and then made it almost instantly unconscious by a whiff of the liquid in the phial. Quin and Earl watched him intently as he took the knife and cut a slight incision in the animal's neck. He inserted a finger tip and filliped out a glittering, blazing stone the size of a hazel nut, which he reluctantly handed to Quin. The latter looked at it fondly.

he exclaimed. merely with forcible entry and assault and were sentenced as heavily as the law would

A full confession and statement made by Wilfred Blunt was published in the newspapers after the trial. He and Dada Khan gotiations for the purchase of the leopard that we should have to wade away and leave when it was presented by the nawab to Mr. the horses hopelessly buried in a deep. miry land. As soon as possible the two rogues | Thus we worked our passage for two solid followed, reaching London with only a few hours under a scorching sun before we pounds, which Dada Khan took with him to reached the grateful shade of the forest

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rach & Co.'s emporium. He found a chance to slip unseen into the warehouse and hid behind a cage, intending to admit the Hindoo when the coast was clear. And how nearly the trick succeeded the reader knows. Quin, with his usual modesty, refused to take the credit for the affair and kept out

of the way of prying interviewers. "It's nothing to make a fuss about," he said to Karl Hamrach. "Any sharp man would have picked up the scent from reading those paragraphs in the Times. nawab's servant was intimate with Blunt, and I happened to know Blunt of old; also, I remembered various instances of Hindoos concealing jewels under the skin of an animal. So I put the threads together, and there you are. A reward? No; I don't expect one and don't want it."

But the nawab of Jubbulpore was yet to be reckoned with. The diamond was shipped back to him, and a month afterwards he sent Quin a testimonial couched in the most flowery of oriental language, begging his acceptance of a magnificent ring set

THE DEVIL'S WOODYARD. A Strange Mud Volcano on Trinidad

Island. It was at after-dinner coffee one night in the wet season, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, that I first heard of "a queer place in the big woods that goes by the name of the Devil's Woodyard," and, prompted by curiosity, I consented to visit it with a

"It is only about six miles from us as the crow flies," he said, but we had to struggle up and down steep and slippery hills, through seas of mud of varying depths, tacking backward and forward in a vain search for terra firma, with showers of warm, muddy water squirting up from our animals' feet, and with the constant fear

Thus we worked our passage for two solid

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audible, at that midday hour; only now and hen the mysterious stillness was broken by the beaten track to look for the volcano, for the two plaintive minordnotes of the large wild pigeon. A cordial welcome was, however, extended to us by the ever-thirsty A few seconds of violent upheaval had mosquitoes, and the busy movements of a raised its surface twelve feet above the surrain of driver ants across our path told us that rain was not far off. We left the main track for a narrower one

our destination and on uncertain riding ground. Here my friend pointed out a broad, deep fissure, like the rent caused by a violent earthquake shock. With cutlasses ready for action and eyes on the alert for snakes, we pushed or cut our way through overhanging leafy curtains for about thirty yards, till we suddenly came upon a clearng and were face to face with the mud volcano known generally to the natives as spot of level mud flooring eighty yards in diameter, without a vestige of living vegetation, strewn all around its edge with dry fallen and falling trees and boughs, and dotted about with little volcanic cones from a severe earthquake, and deafened by the belched forth bluish mud containing small, smooth red stones, or baked clay, that seemed to have passed through the action hunter will not shoot over it after nightfall. at dusk or by moonlight, for the dense encircling belt of living green contrasts so markedly with its barren desolation, and the gurgling, spouting sound of the unseen subterraneous powers forcing their way to the surface is so suggestive of the helpless | cones were rising in every direction. There plight that might at any moment overtake a can be no reasonable doubt, I think, that

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came. It was not now necessary to turn of

the Woodyard there were several wide, deep chasms in the earth, and only a few, feet from one of these was a crooked hut. The owner was an East Indian, who had been tempted by the richness of the soil to buy a piece of land in that strange place from the crown. The poor fellow had had a bad time of it. Suddenly awakened by roar of the explosion, he could not tell which way to run in the darkness, and waited for the morning light with feelings that can be more easily imagined than described. When I saw him he had somewhat recovered his composure, and, pointing to a spot where the overflow had swallowed up his garden of maize, he said, 'Queen must gi'e um more garden, massa; debbil no' mindum picket!" (that is, has

In three weeks the crust of the earth had hardened to such an extent as to enable me to walk all over the volcano, and fresh most of the hills in these West India islands, where not the work of coral insects, again found myself near the Devil's Wood- are raised after the pattern of and with the same volcanic agency as the Devil's Woodyard.

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reached his limit; he edged back into the crowd, who greeted him with remarks that "Only £37 for this fine animal!" axclaimed the auctioneer. "It's dirt cheap! Will no gentleman bid higher? Once-twice

sight of him Quin's eyes twinkled with sat sfaction; for the stranger was an unmistakable Hindoo-a tall, slim fellow, with a

"Forty-five!" Quin cried without hesita-

a keen glance at the expressionless face of The delighted nuctioneer shouted some

"Sixty!" cried his rival. "Sixty-five!" said Quin.

hard at him, and inwardly exulted.

"Just knocked down, sir. to that gentle-

"Gentlemen, 'ere's a rare bargain, one not amount, taking a receipt. "Now I want a be 'ad every day," he began, when he van," he added. "Where can I get one?"

A low, short laugh jarred on Quin's rival. Then, still determined to get the diapanorama of palms, creepers and orchids. There was little animal life visible, or even

long and aimless tramp. He was in no lands. He crossed the Kingston road, turned down Roehampton lane and arrived in due time for the next train, which landed him in

ing ordered a dinner he wrote and dis patched the following telegram, addressed to Sergeant Earl of the city police:

In the course of half an hour an answer was handed to him by the waiter. "Will be with you as near to 10 as possible," the police sergeant wired.

He ate a hearty dinner, thoughtfull; smoked two strong cigars and strolled leisurely from the club house to his destination. It was 9:30 o'clock when he reached Karl Hamrach & Co.'s big, gloomy building on the little thoroughfare running riverwards from Lower Thames street. After making sure that his movements were not under surveillance, he let bimself it to the

he went through several rooms and pas-This was a large, cement-floored building,

trated from the lonely city streets without; the silence was broken only by the breath-

outer gates.

Hindoo, with feigned astonishment.

for him in the end, for without further vords he agreed to Quin's demands. He approached the leopard, soothed it by

"The Nawab of Jubbulpore's diamond! So that was the end of the night's work and the rest is history-police history, mostly. The leopard recovered consciousness as soon as it was safely back in its cage and by that time Sergeant Earl's whistle had brought two constables, who conducted Dada Khan and Blunt to the police station-bearing the latter on a hastily improvised litter. Blunt's injuries having healed the prisoners were put on trial. As the nawab of Jubbulpore had refused to take extradition proceedings against them they were charged

had been bazar acquaintances for a long time and the plot that the clever pair hatched was due to their knowledge of the fact that the nawab was anxious to sell the leopard, which had taken a dislike to him. Blunt raked money together industriously, and, when the amount was sufficient, the Hindoo stole his master's diamond at the first opportunity and concealed it under the animal's skin. Blunt was about to open ne-Vernon Fulke an shipped at once to Engfriends, which accounted for his tardy ar- stems like cathedral arches, passing a varied

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and then dismounted, as we were close to Devil's Woodyard. It was a large circular six inches to three feet in height. Some of these cones that were in operation of fire. There are tracks of game across the Devil's Woodyard, but the most intrepid And, indeed, it must be an uncanny place

curious visitor. After ten years of bome wanderings I yard, and renewed my visit to it under the following circumstances: At 4 o'clock one dark, still morning in February a planter in the neighborhood, who was setting his laborers to work, was startled by the sound of a strange, hoarse rumbling in the woods, like the rushing of an express train at full speed over a quarter of a mile of rail. At daybreak a small exploring party set out for the scene of the explosion, cautiouslypeering and listening, and half expecting renewed rumblings that fortunately never

its charmed circle of death and havoc had widened to a diameter of at least 120 yards. rounding forest, uprooting smaller trees that were still standing at all conceivable angles, and enveloping the spurs of the larger leafy monarchs that alone stood upright in the track of the invading flood, Wishing to get a bird's-eye view of the scene. I climbed a tree, from which the appearance of the volcano was that of a hugo overboiled pudding that had collapsed without breaking up. Sixty yards from the circumference of

no regard for boundary marks).

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