

# SNAP SHOTS OF THE NEBRASKA LEGISLATURE IN SESSION.



TROMPEN of LANCASTER.



BALDRIGE of DOUGLAS.



MCCARTHY and DIXON - ONE OF THE REPUBLICAN LEADERS.



TROMPEN of LANCASTER & ARENDS of OTOE - THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF THE SENATE.



GEORGE D. MEIKLE - JOHN.



UHL of DOUGLAS.



HAMILTON of BUTLER.

PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE BEE BY LOUIS R. BOSTWICK.



CAIN of RICHARDSON, YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.



CORNEER of DOUGLAS, BIGGEST HOUSE MEMBER.



HOUSE PAGES.

## Told Out of Court

The judge of the United States court in Porto Rico, relates the Chicago Record, bears the musical name of Sulzbacher and comes from New Mexico, where he learned Spanish and became the friend of Senator Elkins, which accounts for his appointment. That Judge Sulzbacher is a diplomatist and a man of ready resources a little incident in his judicial career will prove. Before the policy of congress and the administration toward our new possessions was developed Judge Sulzbacher prematurely decided that the constitution followed the flag. This judicial precedent might have troubled other people, but it gave him no concern whatever, because the first time any one questioned his decision he replied: "It is true that I held that the constitu-

tion followed the flag, but I did not say with what speed it does the following."

A correspondent of Case and Comment writes that in a certain family history it is related that "when Morgan county, Illinois, was first organized a certain farmer was selected for a justice of the peace. When the county was added to a circuit and a supreme justice came down to hold a court this justice of the peace, with the county attorney and others, called on him. The justice of the peace said: 'Judge, I want to ask you a question of law.' 'Ask your county attorney and these other lawyers of your county,' said the judge. 'Oh, I know as much law as those fellows. I want to ask you.' 'Well, what is it,' said the judge. 'Can a justice of the peace grant a divorce?' 'Certainly not, he has no jurisdiction,' said his honor. 'Well, judge, you're wrong,' said the justice of the peace. 'He can, for I

granted one myself yesterday, and the gal's gone back to Missouri, and the man's working down there in that field.'"

People in this country, says the London Chronicle, frequently express surprise at the high salaries paid to members of the judicial bench in India. When, however, these gentlemen have perforce to hear with a grave face such pleadings as the following it is not difficult to understand why the government offers them a handsome rate of remuneration. The case in question was one of assault and battery: "My learned friend with more wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. But this is mere guerrilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client and I only seek to place the bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. Your honor will be pleased enough to observe that my client is a poor widow with one post-mortem son. A widow

of this country, your honor will be pleased enough to observe, is not like a widow of your honor's country—is not able to eat more than one meal a day or to wear dhobies or to look after a man. So my poor client had not such physique or mind as to assault the lusty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her valuable leather—the leather of her nose.

"My learned friend has thrown only an argument ad hominum upon my teeth, that my client's witnesses are all near relatives. But they are not her near relatives. Their relationship is there homeopathic. So the misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold water. And I am sorry to say that this witness is a man of my own feathers, that there are in my profession black sheep of every description, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. Until the witness therefore explains how he has come across my client's nose leather, he cannot

be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush." We are glad to observe that the defendant who took a piece of the widow's valuable nose leather was bound over to keep the "piece."

John Philpot Curran, one of the wittiest lawyers who ever faced a court, was once arguing a case before Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor. Clare cherished a cordial dislike for Curran and in order to show his contempt for that gentleman affected to pay no attention to the argument and devoted himself to fondling a mastiff which he had brought with him to court. Presently he stooped down ostentatiously to pat the dog. Instantly Curran stopped speaking. The lord chancellor looked up and said: "Go on, Mr. Curran." "I beg your lordship's pardon," replied Curran; "I thought you were engaged in consultation."