

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

Japanese Methods.

A grim story of Japanese ingenuity comes from the Island of Formosa, formerly Chinese territory, but now a possession of the Japanese, who are waging war against the savages of the interior. These are represented to be of the ferocious order, the head-hunting variety of barbarians who are relentless in pursuit of enemies and to whom accordingly it is deemed useless to show mercy in time of hostilities. At least it is represented that very effective means have been taken to bring the savages to terms. As the story goes, whenever a band of the insurgents can be located a strong barbed-wire fence is constructed all around the area, and is heavily charged with electricity. Then the Japanese troops advance, the head-hunters falling back before them. The result is inevitable. If the savages face the Japanese they are killed by rifle fire. If they continue to flee until they bring up against the wire fence they are shocked to death by electricity. Certainly a few applications of that sort of medicine will be effective on the patient. Before such scientific warfare the occupation of the head hunter is gone. And if he persists the head hunter goes himself.

Revolutionists in Russia may be punished but not cured, and the aristocrats among them hold to their principles even more pertinaciously than do the representatives of lower classes. Dispatches record that Mme. Breshkovskaya, a woman 70 years old and one of the first aristocratic converts to the terrorist propaganda, has been cast into prison in St. Petersburg for distributing terrorist literature. She was sent to Siberia in the early seventies, but succeeded in escaping. The experience, however, only strengthened her revolutionary ideas. As in France in the time of the revolution, it is the fiery determination of the women that does much to keep the spirit of rebellion alive.

Princess Louise of Orleans was married to Prince Charles of Bourbon in England recently, in the presence of the king and queen of Spain and nearly 40 other members of royal families. She is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, who with his brother and uncle served on the staff of Gen. McClellan in the civil war in America. The count's history of the war has been translated into English, but he and his family have never stirred the national imagination as did Lafayette, that other Frenchman who fought with American troops.

They are shipping apples from Portland, Ore., to Vladivostok, Russia, on the opposite side of the Pacific, and the fruit brings \$7.50 per bushel. Of course the apples are carefully selected and packed, but the fact that such prices can be obtained fully warrants the trouble. When an American product as perishable as apples can be shipped 10,000 miles across the water and sold at a big profit it should be encouragement to try the same process with other articles. There are hundreds of things which the United States can supply, and the field is waiting to be improved.

There will be music in the air when the big battleship fleet is not engaged in naval practice. No less than 26 pianos with pianolas were taken along on the ships, having been furnished by private subscription for the delectation of officers and men. That gives at least one instrument to each ship, and some of the vessels will have two pianos with mechanical attachments. And as a full supply of both classic and popular music goes along there isn't a doubt that the boys will have some delightful times. The pianolas will play when the guns do not.

A recent chemical investigation by the New York health department discloses the pleasing intelligence that bologna sausage and liverwurst are all that they should be. Frankfurters are uncertain, however, because some of them are seasoned with borax or sulphite. In view of the doubt that was cast on these delicacies some months ago this information will be welcomed by would-be consumers whose faith was undermined. As for a little borax, there might be worse things in sausage!

Our navy certainly is a wonder. One hundred men from each of the battleships which paused at the Island of Trinidad were given shore leave and there were no brawls. Can other nations blame us for pointing with pride?

King Leopold has sent to New York for display a large collection of what are said to be very valuable and interesting exhibits from the Congo. So far as reported no scarred and mutilated natives are among them.



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis the post trader, and his daughter, Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid, Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glencaid to teach in the first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Winkop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He sports a double-breasted among the Sioux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer but she is not his acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ballroom with a fan for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the Lieutenant that his attentions to Naida must cease and proclaims an authority over her that justifies the statement. Brant tells Hampton of the presence of Silent Murphy, and the fact that Red Slavin receives government messages for him. Miss Spencer called on Bob Hampton. Tells him of a red-faced stranger mistaking her for Naida. Brant interviews Red Slavin.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I suspected as much," Hampton went on, coolly. "Indeed, I should have felt hurt had you been indifferent upon such an occasion. It does credit to your heart, Slavin. Come now, keep your eyes on me! I was about to gratify your curiosity, and, in the first place, I came to inquire solicitously regarding the state of your health during my absence, and incidentally to ask why you are exhibiting so great an interest in Miss Naida Gillis."

Slavin straightened up, his great hands clinching nervously, drops of perspiration appearing on his red forehead. "I don't understand your damned fun."

Hampton's lips smiled unpleasantly. "Slavin, you greatly discourage me. The last time I was here you exhibited so fine a sense of humor that I was really quite proud of you. Yet, truly, I think you do understand this joke. Your memory can scarcely be failing at your age.—Make another motion like that and you die right there! You know me.—However, as you seem to shy over my first question, I'll honor you with a second—Where's Silent Murphy?"

"You devil!" Slavin roared, "what do you mean?"

With revolver hand resting on the table, the muzzle pointing at the giant's heart, Hampton leaned forward, utterly remorseless now, and keen as an Indian on the trail.

"Do you know who I am?"

The horror in Slavin's eyes had changed to sullenness, but he nodded silently.

"How do you know?"

There was no reply, although the thick lips appeared to move.

"Answer me, you red sneak! Do you think I am here to be played with? Answer!"

Slavin gulped down something which seemed threatening to choke him, but he durst not lift a hand to wipe the sweat from his face. "If—if I didn't have this beard on you might guess. I thought you knew me all the time."

Hampton stared at him, still puzzled. "I have certainly seen you somewhere. I thought that from the first. Where was it?"

"I was in D Troop, Seventh Cavalry."

"D Troop? Brant's troop?"

The big gambler nodded. "That's how I knew you, Captain," he said, speaking with greater ease, "but I never had no reason to say anything about it round here. You was allers decent 'nough ter me."

"Possibly"—and it was plainly evident from his quiet tone Hampton had steeled from his first surprise—"the boot was on the other leg, and you had some good reason not to say anything."

Slavin did not answer, but he wet his lips with his tongue, his eyes on the window.

"Who is the fellow Murphy?"

"He was corporal in that same troop, sir." The ex-cavalryman dropped insensibly into his old form of speech. "He knew you too, and we talked it over, and decided to keep still, because it was none of our affair anyhow."

"Where is he now?"

"He left last night with army dispatches for Cheyenne."

Hampton's eyes hardened perceptibly, and his fingers closed more tightly about the butt of his revolver. "You lie, Slavin! The last message did not

reach here until this morning. That fellow is hiding somewhere in this camp, and the two of you have been trying to get at the girl. Now, damn you, what is your little game?"

The big gambler was thinking harder then, perhaps, than he had ever thought in his life before. He knew Hampton would kill him if he needed to do so, but he likewise realized that he was not likely to fire until he had gained the information he was seeking. If he only knew how much information the other possessed it would be easy enough. As he did not, he must wield his weapon blindly.

"You're makin' a devil of a fuss over little or nothin'," he growled, simulating a tone of disgust. "I ain't never had no quarrel with ye, except in fer the way ye managed ter skin me at the table 'bout two years ago. I don't give no screeches in hell for you no are; an' besides, I reckon you ain't the only ex-convict a-rangin' Dakota either fer the matter o' that. No more does Murphy. We ain't no bloomin' detectives, an' we ain't buckin' in no business o' yours; ye kin just bet your sweet life on thet."

"Where is Murphy, then? I wish to see the fellow."

"I told you he'd gone. Maybe he didn't git away till this mornin', but he's gone now all right. What in thunder do ye want o' him? I reckon I kin tell ye all that Murphy knows."

For a breathless moment neither spoke, Hampton fingering his gun ner-

ally ignoring these, Hampton thrust himself recklessly through the crowd. Half-way down the broad steps Buck Mason faced him, in shirt sleeves, his head uncovered, an ugly "45" in his uplifted hand. Just an instant the eyes of the two men met, neither doubted the grim purpose of the other.

"You've got ter do it, Bob," announced the marshal, shortly, "dead er alive."

Hampton never hesitated. "I'm sorry I met you. I don't want to get anybody else mixed up in this fuss if you'll promise me a chance for my life, Buck, I'll throw up my hands. But I prefer a bullet to a mob."

The little marshal was sandy-haired, freckle-faced, and all nerve. The crowd jammed within the Occidental had already turned and were surging toward the door. Hampton knew from long experience what this meant; these were the quickly inflamed cohorts of Judge Lynch—they would act first, and reflect later. His square jaws set like a trap.

"All right, Bob," said the marshal. "You're my prisoner, and there'll be one hell of a fight afore then lads git ye. There's a chance left—leg it after me."

Just as the mob surged out of the Occidental, cursing and struggling, the two sprang forward and dashed into the narrow space between the livery stable and the hotel. Moffat chanced to be in the passageway, and pausing to ask no questions, Mason promptly landed that gentleman on the back of his head in a pile of discarded tin cans, and kicked viciously at a yellow dog which ventured to snap at them as they swept past. Behind arose a volley of curses, the thud of feet, an occasional voice roaring out orders, and a sharp spat of revolver shots. One ball plugged into the siding of the hotel, and a second threw a spit of sand into their lowered faces, but neither man glanced back. They were running for their lives now, racing for a fair chance to turn at bay and fight, their sole hope the steep, rugged hill in their front.

Hampton saw the flash of a blade, a portion of an arm, and then the clutching fingers of Slavin swept him down. He reached out blindly as he fell, his hand closing about the deserted knife-hilt. The two crashed down together upon the floor, the force of the fall driving the blade home to the gambler's heart.

CHAPTER XX.

The Cohorts of Judge Lynch. Hampton staggered blindly to his



"Where is Silent Murphy?"

ously, his eyes lingering on that brutal face.

"Slavin," he said at last, his voice hard, metallic. "I've figured it out, and I do know you now, you lying brute. You are the fellow who swore you saw me throw away the gun that did the shooting, and that afterwards you picked it up."

There was the spirit of murder in his eyes, and the gambler covered back before them, trembling like a child.

"I only swore to the last part, Captain," he muttered, his voice scarcely audible. "I never said I saw you throw—"

"And I swore," went on Hampton, "that I would kill you on sight. You lying whelp, are you ready to die?"

Slavin's face was drawn and gray, the perspiration standing in beads upon his forehead, but he could neither speak nor think, fascinated by those remorseless eyes, which seemed to burn their way down into his very soul.

"No? Well, then, I will give you, today, just one chance to live—one, you dog—one. Don't move an eyelash! Tell me honestly why you have been trying to get word with the girl, and you shall go out from here living. Lie to me about it, and I am going to kill you where you sit, as I would a mad dog. You know me, Slavin—now speak!"

So intensely still was it, Hampton could distinguish the faint ticking of the watch in his pocket, the hiss of the breath between the giant's clinched teeth. No wretch dragged shrieking to the scaffold could have formed

feet, looking down on the motionless body. For a moment the room appeared to swim before his eyes, and he clutched at the overturned table for support. Then, as his senses returned, he perceived the figures of a number of men jamming the narrow doorway, and became aware of their loud, excited voices. Back to his numb brain there came with a rush the whole scene, the desperation of his present situation. He had been found alone with the dead man. Those men, when they came surging in attracted by the noise of strife, had found him lying on Slavin, his hand clutching the knife-hilt. He ran his eyes over their horrified faces, and knew instantly they held him the murderer.

The shock of this discovery steadied him. He realized the meaning, the dread, terrible meaning, for he knew the west, its fierce, implacable spirit of vengeance, its merciless code of lynch-law. The vigilantes of the mining camps were to him an old story; more than once he had witnessed their work, been cognizant of their power. This was no time to parley or to hesitate. He grabbed the loaded revolver lying upon the floor, and swung Slavin's discarded belt across his shoulder.

"Stand aside, gentlemen," he commanded. "Step back, and let me pass!"

They obeyed. He swept them with watchful eyes, stepped past and slammed the door behind him. Men were already beginning to pour into the saloon, uncertain yet of the facts, and shouting questions to each other. To-

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

In Luck.

Dennis—Hinnisy is the luckiest devil that ever walked.

Pattick—How's that?

Dennis—Faith, an' he promised to pay me the five dollars he borrowed next week—an' he up an' d'ed yesterday.—Smith's Magazine.

Something New Under the Sun.

A lady in Illinois sent us 12c a year ago for our remarkable collection of vegetable and flower seeds and sold \$37.76 worth therefrom, or made 314%. That's new. Just send this notice with 12c and receive the most original seed and plant catalog published and

1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot..... \$.10
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1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon..... .15
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Total \$1.90

Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 lbs. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers and all is mailed to you

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or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

GENEALOGICAL.



The Bull-Pup—I suppose this is what they call a family tree.

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE.

Explanation Satisfied Policeman That Punishment Was Due.

Policeman Kneirem, of the Tenderloin precinct, saw an old man beating a small boy on Seventh avenue recently in a fashion that reminded the officer of the happy days when he used to beat it from the parental beating. So with a cheerful smile, having children of his own, the policeman approached the old man.

"Listen," replied the man; "half an hour ago I sent Isaac to the delicatessen. I gave him two quarters, one with which to buy bread, the other to buy fish. And now he comes back and says he wants to know which quarter is for the fish and which for the bread. Is it enough?"

"It is," replied Kneirem.—New York World.

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee."

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up."

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish I asked for a taste."

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it."

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)