

HOW LODGE WAS MURDERED

STORY OF THE TRAGIC AND UNWARRANTED SHOOTING.

TOLD BY FATHER AND BROTHER

Charles Lodge and Sam Lodge Returned Last Night From Sacramento, Where They Buried the Victim of a Brutal Bullet.

Charles Lodge, father, and Sam Lodge, brother of John Lodge, who was murdered at the Sacramento race track several days ago, returned home last night from California, where they went to bury the victim, and brought with them for the first time the story of how the foul tragedy occurred.

It was at the race track that John was shot, and it was a drunken deputy marshal, clothed in authority for that day at the track, who committed the murder.

During the day this deputy marshal had been drinking and finally a saloonkeeper at the track, fearing he would do harm with the gun, took the revolver away from the deputized officer. A little later the marshal, with the chairman of the race committee, returned to the saloon and demanded the gun. The chairman insisted that the marshal's gun should be returned and the saloonkeeper turned over the fatal shooting iron.

Shortly after this the drunken marshal was waving his loaded revolver around in the air and John Lodge, with a companion, walked by. As they passed the fellow, Lodge's companion remarked, "They ought to take that gun from him or he will hurt somebody."

Drunk Man Turned on Lodge.

The intoxicated marshal, overhearing some remark, and realizing no doubt what he ought to be called, turned on John Lodge with blood in his eyes.

"Did you call me a ————?"

"I did not," replied Lodge calmly.

"I didn't say anything to you at all." But the drunken officer did not stop. With one hand he struck at Lodge and with the other he reached for the gun.

Fought For His Life Unaided.

Lodge cast one arm in front of his chest to protect himself from the officer's blow and with the other he lunged at the gun-hand of his assailant. Big and powerful, the former Nebraskan succeeded in putting his own fingers as handcuffs around the wrists of the man who would kill and then, realizing the peril, called out for help from among the crowd that had gathered.

"Take the gun from him," John Lodge pleaded, "Take his gun, I say."

No One Offered Help.

But no one offered aid in response to the call. A moment later, twisting, squirming, writhing about, the marshal had slipped his finger to the trigger of the revolver. Then there was a flash, a roar, a puff of smoke—and John Lodge fell to the track with a mortal bullet sent hissing into his stomach.

The wounded man uttered but one sentence after the gun had done its deed.

"He's shot me," he simply said—and then expired.

Nearly Mobbed the Murderer.

The murderer was caught and is now in jail, awaiting his trial. He was not caught, however, until he had been nearly lynched by the angry mob of men who had gathered.

When that crowd realized the tragedy that had been enacted—when they saw that innocent man, as harmless as a child and with no word of offense from his lips, they rushed like madmen at the brutal, drunken deputy-marshal and pounded him to a pulp. And it was only after a battle with that throng that the officers were able to reach the murderer and take him away to jail.

The telegram that came to Norfolk after the shooting told the family here that John Lodge had been fatally shot without provocation. Sam Lodge and Charles Lodge, the father, left immediately for Sacramento, where they arrived in time to bury their dead brother and son.

John Lodge had lived formerly in Nebraska but for the past twenty years in California. He was the owner of a number of very valuable horses.

METHODIST APPOINTMENTS.

Locations of Pastors for Coming Year, Result of Conference.

Among appointments made by the Methodist conference for northern Nebraska, held at Albion, were:

Norfolk district—D. K. Tindall, presiding elder; Allen, W. A. Rominger; Bancroft, J. H. Smith; Beemer and Wisner, C. P. W. Willberly; Bloomfield, E. E. Carter; Carroll and Sholes, C. H. Moore; Coleridge and Belden, H. H. St. Louis; Creston and Humphrey, W. R. Warren; Dakota City, E. E. Shafer; Decatur, W. G. Fowler; Emerson, R. W. Wilcox; Harrington, F. M. Drullinger; Homer, C. E. Carroll; Laurel, S. A. Drais; Lee, D. A. Keane; Lyons, A. L. Miekkel; Madison, J. M. Bothwell; Norfolk, J. F. Poucher; Norfolk circuit, W. R. Peters; Pender and Thurston, C. S. Hughes; Pilger, Robert S. Hisey; Ponca and Waterbury, H. G. Langley; Randolph, F. A. High; St. James and Central, C. H. Turner; Stanton, C. N. Dawson; Scribner, C. F. Kruse; South Sioux City, J. H. Hard; Wakefield and Pleasant Valley, Amos Fetzer; Wausa, E. T.

Antril; Wayne, T. J. Wright; Winstide, R. J. Cocking; L. M. Busby and Rex Moe, without appointment to attend school.

Neligh district—Thomas Bithel, presiding elder, Norfolk; Albion, E. T. George; Battle Creek, R. J. Calloway; Battle Creek circuit, to be supplied; Boone, O. Eggleston; Brunswick, W. D. Smith; Chambers, J. E. Griffith; Clearwater, H. W. Rummel; Creighton, E. C. Thorp; Deloit and Goose Lake, Frank E. Sala; Elgin, to be supplied; Emerick, H. P. Williams; Ewing, T. E. Smith; Inman, B. H. Murtong; Lindsay, to be supplied; Loretto, E. B. Koontz; Lynch and Highlands, H. A. Horady; Meadow Grove, A. L. Kellogg; Monowi, Alfred and Verdel, to be supplied; Neligh, Charles O. Trump; Newman Grove, L. A. Cook; Niobrara, A. W. Ahrendts; Oakdale, R. J. McKenzie; O'Neill and Eden Valley, G. F. Mead; Osmond, R. F. Shaeklock; Paddock, Michael Miller; Page and Maxfield, W. C. Kelly; Pierce, E. J. T. Connelly; Plainview, J. Y. Bost; Plainview circuit, J. G. Calloway; Royal, O. B. D. Woods; Spencer, Bristol and Gross, Madison Combs; Tilden, J. N. Gortner; Ralph E. Mitchell, without appointment to attend school.

Dr. William Gorst, formerly of Norfolk and Neligh, is to be presiding elder at Omaha. Jesse W. Jennings, manager of the Kansas City Book Concern, formerly of Norfolk, was present.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This is a medicine of great worth and merit. Try it when you have a cough or cold and you are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. It is pleasant to take and can always be depended upon. For sale by all druggists.

OLDEST PIONEER IS DEAD

"UNCLE BILL" LAMONT BURIED AT NIOBRARA.

ALL BUSINESS HOUSES CLOSED

His Patent to Land Was Signed by President Andrew Jackson and He Was the Oldest of the Nebraska Pioneers—Funeral Yesterday.

Niobrara, Neb., Sept. 20.—"Uncle" Bill Lamont, the oldest of the pioneers of Nebraska, was buried here yesterday and notwithstanding the elements the gathering was large. All business houses here closed in honor of the aged man, for which movement all honor is due to F. Nelson.

Mr. Lamont's land patent bears the name of President Andrew Jackson. He was seventy-eight years old. Mr. Baxter Berry and Scottie took good care of William Lamont during his sickness and took him to his last home—Leau Qui Court cemetery.

"Uncle Bill" Lamont was known to every man, woman and child in the Niobrara country and his stories of the early days were always eagerly listened to by the young and old alike. He came west when the prairies teemed with antelopes and Indians and he has truly grown up with the country.

MICKEY'S STRENUOUS LIFE

The Governor Will be Very Busy the Next Few Days.

Lincoln, Sept. 20.—Governor Mickey is preparing to lead a strenuous life for the next few days. Among the list of special duties that he has undertaken is to officiate at the laying of the corner stone of the Seward county court house, at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument at Omaha, and besides he will act as a witness in the railroad tax suit.

TOWN LOTS SURE TO GROW.

A Legitimate and Certain "Get Rich Quick" Proposition.

Shoshoni, the new Wyoming town that is now being established by the Pioneer Town Site company is deservedly attracting general attention. Located in Fremont county, Wyoming, in the famous Wind river country on the line of the Wyoming and Northwestern railway, now under construction, and within two miles of the east line of the great Wind River (or Shoshoni) Indian reservation, comprising 1,400,000 acres of land, which will be opened for settlement June 1st, 1906, the town cannot help but take a prominent position among the cities of Wyoming.

The tributary country is good and will be settled speedily.

The general situation of the town is most auspicious, assuring to investors, or those locating in any line of business large returns.

Opportunities of this kind are rare and "those who know" are rapidly taking advantage of this one.

Lots in the new town will be offered for sale during session of the Wyoming state fair, at Douglas, Wyoming, October 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1905.

Mr. P. Whitney, general town site agent of the Pioneer Town Site company, will be at Douglas during the above period with maps, prices and all information concerning the new town.

Checker Playing Taught Quickly.

T. F. Byron, formerly on the staff of the Iowa State Register, has published in booklet the original rules by which he won even games from the champion of the world. They are the only checker rules ever printed, and they teach the game quickly as champions play it. Price 25 cents silver. Address author, 1034 So. 28th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

MAN IN LOVE IS HAPPIEST

WEALTH, SUCCESS, POSITION DO NOT BRING IT.

SOME WOMEN LIKE VULTURES

They Swoop Down on a Fellow-Creature Who Has Taken a False Step, and Tear Her to Pieces, Declared Father Vaughan, the Lecturer.

From Wednesday's Daily I. The only true happiness in the world, according to Father Vaughan, who lectured to a houseful at the Norfolk Auditorium last night, comes from love. And love means charity, sacrifice, brotherly affection.

The happiest man in the world, declared the speaker, is not the man of wealth; who ever knew a millionaire who was happy? It is not the "rich man of the town;" is it happiness to own a palatial residence on the outskirts of the city and to have that home empty, the wife in Europe, the daughter at some watering place, the son off on an automobiling tour or a yachting trip while the rich man, himself, sits down town in his office all summer and works? The happiest man is not the merchant who has had success each day in all of his undertakings; that man comes home tired and nervous, his prattling children have to be sent away to give him rest, he bites but a mouthful of supper and then nervously reads his paper, only to retire for a rolling, tossing, sleepless night of worry as to how success can be gained on the morrow. The happy merchant is the one who comes home with a smile on his face because he has, when he caught his clerk stealing, had the charity to forgive and talk to the young fellow; and his wife is glad that she married a man instead of a brute.

Happiest Man of All.

But the happiest man in all the world—and here Father Vaughan painted a pretty little word picture—is not the man of means and worry. "I see," said the lecturer, in his tenderest tones, "a little golden headed fellow swinging at a gate post of a cottage out on the edge of the town. He is looking through the fence and his whole tiny frame is a quiver with expectancy. Suddenly he leaps through the gates and springs eagerly down the street—and I see a man just turning the corner, toward the child. The man is a big, begrimed, oil-covered man, dressed in blue overalls and his face hidden by the grease. And the father lifts up that little boy and their lips meet in a caress of love and genuine joy. And back there in the kitchen of that home is another slave who has been working to have everything ready when 'pap' comes home—her heart has been at the gate and there is happiness in that heart. And that man is the happiest man in all the world—for happiness comes from love."

Father Vaughan told of the love that permeated the atmosphere of every battle of the civil war. He told the story of the leave taking when the young soldier said goodbye to his little wife in the old New Hampshire home—said goodbye for the last time and then joined the ranks of the marching soldiers and disappeared over the hill never to come back. And he told of the dying and wounded on the battlefield after the guns' roar had hushed. Though crying for water, the bleeding soldiers in blue and those in grey whispered a last message into the ears of the little Sisters of Charity who knelt at their sides—a message of love for the old mother or the young wife back home.

Should be More Charity.

There should be more charity in the world. "Some women of culture remind me," said the speaker, "of the vultures of the south. These birds darken the heavens in their flight, keeping out the golden sunlight. They circle hither and thither and finally, swooping down into a forest, they light upon the carcass of a fellow-creature and tear it to pieces for their own gore."

"And many of our society women of today are like these very birds of prey. They get together, discuss first this and then that, and finally swoop down upon the carcass of one of their kind—a sister, to tear to pieces and devour what remains of her womanhood. A young woman who has taken a false step is shunned by them all. Instead of going down and taking the hands of the erring creature, to lift her up an encourage her, why not go to her, some of you women who have position, and tell her the story of forgiveness that you all know so well? But doors are slammed in her face, men who dragged her down swear at her, the officer of the law strikes her with his club—and there is no place left for her but the doors of hell which fly open and greedily welcome her within."

"I remember an instance in my own life," said Father Vaughan, seeking to further impress the need of kindness and charity. "I was a boy. A family of many good habits lived in the town. The father read the Bible to the children every night and led in prayer. One night they read in their paper the story of an erring young girl of the city—one of good family and breeding whose life had been ruined."

"And then they discussed the case. They tore the poor girl to pieces, all blamed her viciously excepting one. She, a girl of perhaps seventeen, felt charitably for the sister who had fallen.

"Her youth, father—wouldn't that

in some way atone for her mistake?" "I am surprised," retorted the indignant parent, "that one of my family should uphold a woman of the street. There is no place fit for a creature who has so sinned except the river."

"And then the father took down the old Bible and read aloud, and prayed that the father would 'forgive us as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

"That night the little daughter who had defended the miserable sister being, after that household was asleep, crept out of the house, hurried to the bridge of the river, stood a moment and leaped into that stream to her death."

"And her father, next morning when he learned, prayed that some one might strike him dead—for, in passing sentence upon another man's child, he had passed sentence upon his own."

Father Vaughan's dramatic ability is pleasing and when he had dropped down to the soft, tender tones of the second half of his lecture, he held his audience perfectly. His introduction was rapid and oratorical. It was somewhat long and lacked the intense human interest of the latter half. But when he came down to his story of heart interest—the story old yet ever new, of love and charity and sacrifice, he won his hearers completely and they fell in love with him. For a few moments at the start there was a slight nervousness in the Auditorium—and suddenly the large crowd settled down into an immovable silence—one in which the dropping of a pin could have been heard distinctly at any moment, until the very end of a very beautiful sermon.

THE NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS

STATE CONVENTION BEING HELD IN LINCOLN TODAY.

THE POPS ARE LIKEWISE THERE

And They Will Endorse the Democratic Supreme Judge and Regents of the State University—Met at the Auditorium.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 20.—The democratic state convention assembled here today and was called to order in the Auditorium by Chairman T. S. Allen of the state committee. The convention will name candidates for one judge of the supreme court and two regents of the state university. The populists are also holding their state convention here and may endorse the democratic nominees.

Cattle Sheds Burned.

Stanton, Neb., Sept. 18.—Special to The News: During the rainstorm Friday night the cattle sheds on the F. D. Perry farm were struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Loss about \$250. No insurance.

Try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and you will never wish to be without it in your home. It has saved many lives. For sale by all druggists.

ON TRIAL FOR KILLING WIFE

Dr. George Eslam Enters Plea of Insanity in Defense.

Minden, Neb., Sept. 20.—The trial of Dr. George Eslam, charged with killing his wife, is now in progress in the district court of this county. The defense has entered the plea of insanity and besides raises the question of Mrs. Eslam having committed suicide.

WATER NEAR NIOBRARA.

Fields are Soaked and Corn Damaged Slightly.

Niobrara, Neb., Sept. 20.—Niobrara is dry. There is plenty of water but no firewater. The report goes that saloons must be closed on the first day of the week.

Monday night was one of the worst nights ever experienced here. The storm raged all night and many fields and gardens are under water. Even the flour mills have stopped because they haven't a mill by a dam site—the mill is run by an artesian well. Some damage has been done to crops but that is not large. Corn is out of the way, threshing has been commenced and is fairly being dealt with.

DEPARTMENT STORE.

Anthes & Smith Will Start Business Here in Rees Building.

A. N. Anthes, formerly of St. Jo, Mo., one of the members of the firm, of Anthes & Smith who are soon to locate here in the mercantile business, is in the city preparing to get started as soon as their quarters, the new Rees building, are finished.

"We will start ten days after the store is completed," said Mr. Anthes, "and the store will be finished, it is now planned, within seventy-five days. I want to rush it more if possible."

"We will carry everything excepting groceries, clothing, boots and shoes. We will operate a sort of department store, carrying dry goods, a light line of hardware, novelties, cut glass, jewelry and the like. We have a big line of holiday goods ordered and have five carloads of our stock now stored in the city. We will also do plumbing, hot water, etc. I am a plumber by trade, having worked at the business for twenty years."

R. C. Smith is the other member of the firm. Mr. Anthes will leave for St. Jo next week and will meet Mr. Smith next Tuesday.

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