Columbus Journal

Columbus, Nobr.

ed at the Postolice, Columbus, Hole.

by mail, postage propaid

WEDREDAY, AUGUST 14, 1997.

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DadCONTINUANCES—Responsible subscrib-ces will continue to receive this journal until the publishers are notified by letter to discontinue, when all arrearens must be paid. If you do not wish the Journal continued for another year af-ter the time paid for has expired, you should proviously notify us to discontinue it.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS.—When orders shange in the address, subscribers should be to give their old as well as their new address.

Jerome R. Alcock, republican can didate for county superintendent of public instruction.

Seven years a teacher in rural schools eighteen years as principal and teacher in high schools. Attendance at two summer sessions of the Tniversity of Nebraska. Hold life certificate issued on state examination in 1906.

I respectfully announce myself as candidate for the office of county superintendent on the republican ticket subject to the approval of the voters at, the primary election, and on the basis of the above qualifications solict your support.

J. R. ALCOCK.

The Columbus races were a great success in every way. The management deserves great credit for the way in which the meet was handled.

As far as we have gone with the operation of the new primary law, if it has shown any advantage over the former system, we would like to have some one point it out to us.

Everybody who knows the record of F. H. Abbott, the present editor of the Aurora Repudlican, while here in Columbus, is not surprised at his bitter wick. Mr. Abbott delights in sensational journalism.

Since the republican state central committee of Ohio endorsed Secretary Taft for president, in spite of Senator Foraker's protest, it looks more favorable for Taft's success. If President Roosevelt had not given his word that he would not accept the nomination again, neither Taft nor Fairbanks, nor anyone else would be thought of, for the people seem to want Roosevelt and

Supervisor district No. 4 has been very ably represented by A. E. Priest during the last two years, and his colleagues on the board have recognized his ability by placing him at the head of one of the most important committees on the board. His work has always been careful and conscientious and he should and will be given another term by the taxpayers of

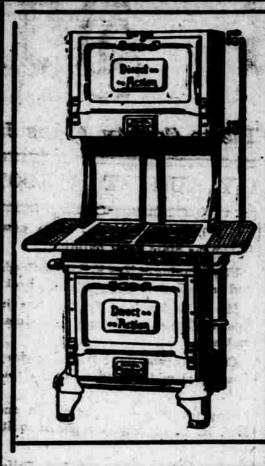
The Standard Oil Company has not given its check yet for the \$29,000,000 fine that United States Judge Landis imposed npon them. The case is appealed to the highest court, and it will take a few years before it is finally decided. The verdict is an unusually large one, but meets with the hearty approval of the general public. Eventually, if compelled to pay, the Standard Oil Company will squeeze the money out of the consumers. Criminal prosecution is the only thing that will scare such soulless corporations as the Standard Oil

Col. Bixby, of the State Journal, is having a hard time working up the necessary courage to make a trip across the briny deep. By all means make the journey, for it will do you good, and while you are riding some of them high waves, not knowing nor caring whether you go straight up or straight down, you will be able to unload a great deal of that "bile" you accumulated while running a newspaper in Columbus. But take a friendlp tip, old man, before you start-lay in a goodly supply of "store teeth"you cannot get them on the other side at \$5 per.

The petitions of two candidates for upreme judge have been filed for th republican ticket. They are Judge Reese and Judge Sedgwick. Both are good men, able jurists, and well and favorably known throughout the state. We, and every other republican can conscientiously and heartily support whoever shall receive the primary nomination. Judge Sedgwick is the

There are five contests for nominations on the democratic county ticket that will probably get quite warm before the September primary. The sheriff and assessorship have first place at present, and it looks like a free for all. Some are picking Lachnit for a winner, but it will be close, and there is a good chance that either of the other two may land. If location counts for anything in the assessorship. Shell Clark will land the plum. Louis Held and Otto Heuer are both from the same ward in Columbus, so the one who is strongest in the county will be the successful candidate. For superintendent it is going to be a guess, and unless there are some later develop ments, neither candidate has a sure thing of the nomination. Should Judge Robinson make a good showing in the north end of the county, his chances for success are good, as the south end is not so much interested in who is nominated for county judge. The two fortunate democratic candidates are John Graf for county clerk and C. M. Gruenther for district clerk. They will read a clear title to their nomination, as no one but them have filed for these offices.

The daily papers are having troubles of their own during the commercial telegraphers' strike, and as a result of this may be short on news until it is settled.



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Continued from last week. Mrs. Herndon, ain't you? Well, then, this is the place where I was sent; but

I reckon you sin't no more particular about it than I am. There's others." "Who sent you to me?" and Mrs." Herndon came forth into the sunshine. "The preacher."

"Oh, Mr. Wynkoop; then you must be the homeless girl whom Lieut. Brant brought in the other day. Why did you not say so at first? You may come in, my child."

There was a sympathetic tenderness apparent now in the tones of her voice, which the girl was swift to perceive and respond to, yet she held back, her independence unshaken. With the quick intuition of a wome Mrs. Herndon best down, placing one hand on the defiant shoulder.

"I did not understand, at first, my dear," she said, seethingly, "or I should never have spoken as I did. Some very strange callers come here. But you are truly welcome. I had a daughter once; she must have been nearly your age when God took her. Won't you come in?"

While thus speaking she never once glanced toward the man standing in silence beyond, yet as the two passed through the doorway together he followed, unasked. Once within the plainly furnished room, and with her arm about the girl's waist, the lines about her mouth hardened. "I do not recall extending my invitation to you." she

He remained standing, but in hand, his face shadowed, his eyes picturing within the cool shadows of the house. deep perplexity.

"For the intrusion I offer my apology," he replied, humbly; "but you see I-I feel responsible for this young woman. She-sort of fell to my care when none of her own people were left to look after her. I only came to show her the way, and to say that I stand ready to pay you well to see to her a bit, and show her how to get hold of the right things."

"Indeed!" and Mrs. Herndon's voice was not altogether pleasant. "I understood she was entirely alone and friendless. Are you that man who brought her out of the canyon?" Hampton bowed as though half

shamed of acknowledging the act. "Oh! then I know who you are," she continued, unhesitatingly. "You are a gambler and a bar-room rough. I you't touch a peany of your money. told Mr. Wyakoop that I shouldn't, but that I would endeaver to do my Christian duty by this poor girl. He was to bring her here himself, and keep you

The man smiled slightly, not in the least disconcerted by her plain speech. "Probably we departed from the hotel somewhat earlier than the minister anticipated," he explained, quietly, his old ease of manner returning in face of such open opposition. "I greatly regret your evident prejudice, madam, and can only say that I have more conndence in you than you appear to have in me. I shall certainly discover some means by which I may do my part in | been sitting there for hours, and that shaping this girl's future, but in the be was hungry. desired presence."

He stepped without into the glare of the sunlight, feeling utterly careless as to the woman who had affronted him, yet somewhat hurt on seeing that the girl had not once lifted her lowncast eyes to his face. Yet he had carcely taken three steps toward the oad before she was beside him, her hand upon his sleeve.

, "I won't, Bob Hampton. I'd rather so with you than be sood.

His sensitive face flushed

It was no small struggle for him to say so, for he was beginning to comprehend just what this separation meant. She was more to him than he she had even been an hour before, and new he understood clearly that from this moment they must ever run farther apart-her life tending upward, his down. Yet there was but one decision possible. Then he answered, "This is your best chance, little girl, and I want you to stay and fight it

ing, although in a totally different way, that here was a moment of important decision. Mrs. Herndon darkened the doorway and stood locking out.

"Well, Mr. Bob Hampton," she ques tioned, plainly, "what is this going to

He glanced toward her, slightly lifting his hat, and promptly releasing the girl's clinging hand.

"Miss Gillis consents to remain," he announced shortly, and, denying himself so much as another glance at his companion, strode down the narrow path to the road. A moment the girl's eyes followed him through the dust cloud, a single tear stealing down her cheek. Only a short week ago she had utterly despised this man, now he had become truly more to her than any one else in the wide, wide world Then Mrs. Herndon came forth quietly and led the girl, now sobbing bitterly,

> CHAPTER VIII. A Last Revolt.

It proved a restless day, and a suf-Sciently unpleasant one, for Mr. Hampton. For a number of years he had been diligently training himself in the school of cynicism, endeavoring to persuade himself that he did not in the least care what others thought, nor how his own career ended; impelling himself to constant recklessness in life and thought. He had thus successfully built up a wall between the present and that past which long haunted his lonely moments, and had finally decided that it was hermetically sealed. Yet now, this odd chit of a girl, this waif whom he had plucked from the laws of death, had overturned this carefully constructed barrier as if it had been originally built of mere cardboard, and he was compelled again to see himself, loathe himself, just as he had in those past years.

One thing he grasped clearly,-the girl should be given her chance nothing in his life must ever again soil her or lower her ideals. Mrs. Herndon was right, and he realised it; neither his presence nor his money were fit to influence her future. He swore between his clinched teeth, his face grown haggard. The sun's rays bridged the slowly darkening valley with cords of red gold, and the man pulled himself to his feet by gripping the root

ening noise and bustle of early even ing, the long discipline of the gambler reasserted itself—he got back nerve. It was Beb Hampton, cool, resourceful, sarcastic of speech, quick of temper, who greeted the loungers room, watchful of all others present. light, but he looked gravely down into his present mood, and he stood there, her indignant eyes. "Oh, yes, you will, smid the black shadows, looking coutemptuously down upon the stream of

angrily." Suddenly he leaned forward, clutching the rall in quick surprise. "Kid," he exclaimed, harshly, "what does this mean? What are you doing

alone here?" She stopped instantly and glanced up, her face flushing in the light streaming forth from the open door of the Occidental.

"I reckon I'm alone here because want to be," she returned, defiantly. "I ain't no slave. How do you get up there?"

He extended his hand, and drew her up beside him into the shaded corner. Well," he said, "tell me the truth." "I've quit, that's all, Bob. I jus

couldn't stand reform any logger, and so I've come back here to you." The man drew a deep breath. "Didn't you like Mrs. Herndon?"

"Oh, she's all right enough, so far "Kid." and Hampton straightened

up, his voice growing stern. "I've got to know the straight of this. You say you like Mrs. Herndon well enough. but not some other things. What were Herndon. The girl hesitated, drawing back

little from him until the light from the saloon fell directly across her face. Well," she declared, slowly, "you see it had to be either her or-or you Bob, and I'd rather it would be you." "You mean she said you would have to cut me out entirely if you stayed there with her?"

She nodded, her eyes filled with en treaty. "Yes, that was about it. I wasn't ever to have anything more to do with you, not even to speak to you life, too."

"Never mind about that little affair, Kid," and Hampton rested his hand gently on her shoulder. "That was all in the day's work, and hardly counts for much anyhow. Was that all she

"She called you a low-down gambler. gun-fighter, a-a miserable barroom thug, a-a murderer. She she said that if I ever dared to speak to you again, Bob Hampton, that I could leave her house. I just couldn't stand for form yet closer against his own, as that, so I came away." Hampton never stirred, his teeth

set deep into his cigar, his hands clinched about the railing. "The fool!" he muttered half aloud, then caught his breath quickly. "Now see here, Kid," and he turned her about so that he might look down into her eyes, "I'm mighty glad you like me well enough to put up a kick, but if all this



What Are You Doing Here Alone?"

say it? Do you believe that sort of a fellow would prove a very good kind to look after a young lady?"

"I ain't a young lady!" "No; well, you're going to be if I have my way, and I don't believe the sort of a gent described would be very apt to help you much in getting there."

"Well, perhaps not. Like an amateur artist, madam may have laid the colors on a little thick. But I am no winged angel, Kid, nor exactly a model for you to copy after. I reckon you better stick to the woman and cut me." unchanged purpose in her eyes, and

his own decision strengthened. Some instinct led him to do the right thing; he drew forth the locket from beneath the folds of her dress, holding it open ! threshold of her new life. to the light. He noticed now a name engraven on the gold case, and bent lower to decipher the delicate letter-

Their eyes met, and those of both had perceptibly softened. "Naida," his lips dwelt upon the

peculiar name as though he loved the sound. "I want you to listen to me. child. I sincerely wish I might keep you here with me, but I can't. You are more to me than you dream, but it would not be right for me thus deliberately to sacrifice your whole future to my pleasure. I possess nothing to offer you,—no home, no friends, no reputation. Practically I am an outlaw, existing by my wits, disreputable in the eyes of those who are worthy to live in the world. She, who was your mother, would never wish you to remain with me. She would say I did right in giving you up into the care of a good woman. Naida, look on that face in the locket, your mother's face. that goes. 'T ain't that; only I just It is sweet, pure, beautiful, the face of a good, true woman. Living or dead. it must be the prayer of those lips that you become a good woman also. She should lead you, not I, for I am unworthy. For her sake, and in her name, I ask you to go back to Mrs.

> He could perceive the gathering tears in her eyes, and his hand closed tightly about her own. It was not one soul alone that struggled.

"You will go?" "O Bob, I wish you wasn't a gam-

unfortunately I am," he admitted, soberly, "and it is best for you to go back. Won't you?"

Her gase was fastened upon the open locket, the fair face pictured if we met—and after you'd saved my there smiling up at her as though in

"You truly think she would wish it?" "I know she would."

The girl gave utterance to a quick. startled breath, as if the vision frightened her. "Then I will go," she said, the jostling crowd below, as if she had been some fairy princess. Her locket hung dangling, and he slipped it back into its place and drew her slender they stepped forth into the black, deserted road. Half-way up the gloomy ravine they met a man and woman coming along the narrow path. Hampton drew her aside out of their way. then spoke coldly.

"Mrs. Heradon, were you seeking your lost charge? I have her here." The two passing figures halted, peering through the darkness

"I was not seeking her," she returned, icily. "I have no desire to cultivate the particular friends of Mr.

"So I have understood, and coasequently relinquish here and how all claims upon Miss Gillis. She has informed me of your flattering opinion regarding me, and I have indorsed it as being mainly true to life. Do I state this fairly, Naida?"

"I have come back," she faltered, fingering the chain at her throat, " have come back." "Without Bob Hampton?"

The girl glanced uneasily toward

Hampton rested his hand softly upon her shoulder, his fingers trembling, although his voice remained coldly de-

"I trust this is entirely satisfactory, Mrs. Herndon," he said. "I can assure you I know absolutely nothing regarding her purpose of coming to me to-night. I realise quite clearly my own deficiencies, and pledge myself here-after not to interfere with you in any way. You accept the trust I believe?"

She gave utterance to a deep sigh of resignation. "It comes to me clearly as a Christian duty," she acknowledged, doubtfully, "and I suppose I "But you have doubts," he interrunt

"Well, I have some, for I have

in God. Good-night, Naida." He bowed above the hand the girl gave him in the darkness, and ever pressed his line upon it. The next me ment the black night had closed him out, and she stood there, half frightened at she knew not what on

CHAPTER IX. At the Occidental Hampton slowly picked his way back through the darkness down the sa road, his only guide those dim ye

It was Saturday night, and the min- the doorway, glanced up quickly asing town was already alive. The one long, irregular street was jammed with constantly moving figures, the numerous saloons ablaze, the pianos sounding noisily, the shuffling of feet in the crowded dance-halls incessant.

Riot reigned unchecked, while the quiet, sleepy town of the afternoon blossomed under the flickering lights into a saturnalia of unlicensed pleasure, wherein the wages of ain were death.

Hampton pushed his way through the noisy throng with eyes ever watchful for the faces. His every motion was that of a man who had fully decided upon his course. He swung up the broad wooden steps of the Occidental and entered the barroom, which was crowded by jostling figures, the he said, "provided one can afford to ever-moving mass as yet good-natured, trot in their class, for it is money that end of the long, sloppy bar he stopped

"Anything going on to-night worth while, Jim?" he questioned, quietly. "Rather stiff game, they tell me, just started in the back room," was the cental reply. "Two eastern suckers, with Red Slavin sitting in."

The gambler passed on, pushing rather unceremoniously through the throng of perspiring humanity. The large front room upstairs was ablaze with lights, every game in full operation and surrounded by crowds of derotees. He walked directly toward the rear of the room. A thick, dingy red curtain hung there; he held back its heavy folds and stepped within the smaller apartment beyond.

Three men sat at the single table cards in hand, and Hampton involuntarily whistled softly behind his teeth at the first glimpse of the money openly displayed before them. This was apparently not so bad for a starter, and his waning interest revived. A red-bearded giant, sitting so as to face entrance, his coarse mouth instantly

taking on the semblance of a smile. "Ab, Bob," he exclaimed, with an evident effort at cordiality; "been wondering if you wouldn't show up before the night was over. You're the very fellow to make this a four-handed affair, provided you carry sufficient

Hampton came easily forward into the full glow of the swinging oil lamp, his manner coolly deliberate, his face expressionless. "I feel no desire to intrude," he explained, quietly, watching the uplifted faces. "I believe I have never before met these gentlemen." Slavin laughed, his great white

fingers drumming the table. "It is an acquaintance easily made," ton, permit me to present Judge Hawes, of Denver, and Mr. Edgar Willis, president of the T. P. & R. I have no idea what they are doing in this hell-hole of a town, but they are deadgame sports, and I have been trying my best to amuse them while they're

Hampton bowed, instantly recogni ing the names.

"Glad to assist," he murmured, sinking into a vacant chair. "What limit?" "We have had no occasion to discuss that matter as yet," volunteered Hawes, sneeringly. "However, if you have scruples we might settle upon

something within reason Hampton ran the undealt neck carelessly through his fingers, his lips smiling pleasantly. "Oh, never mind, if it chances to go above my pile I'll drop out. Meanwhile, I hardly believe there is any cause for you to be medest on my account."

The play opened quietly and with some restraint, the faces of the men remaining impassive, their watchful

Continued on last page.

Hay Tools, Farm Wagons, Gang aud Sulky Plows, and Press Drills

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Champion Hay Tools, Mitchell Wagans, New Yankee Gangs and Sulkies and last, but not least, the famous Columbia Press Drilis. Every farmer ought to see this tool whether he thinks of having one or not, it will be time well spent.

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UNDERTAKING HERRICK