

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. When ordering honge in the eddress, rehearthers show to size their old so well so their new of

Republican Ticket.

CHARLES B. ANDERSON,

HEMRY T. CLARKE.

J. C. MARTIN,

P. K. STROTHER

FRANK SCHBAM

J. R. ALCOCK.

W. J. NEWMAN.

Bryan came back to New York from

his trip around the world and made

define his platform, he announced him-

ownership of all railroads. When he

found out that the solid south and all

good business interests were opposed

to it, he quickly changed his tune and

now offers to postpone this issue until

these parties can agree with him. Mr.

leans society for promoting immigra-

tion welcomed them and provided a

pier was thronged with employers and

agents of planters, who bid against

leans Times-Democrat, "were beseiged

with offers at wages ranging from

\$1.50 upward." And "immediate em-

ployment could have been furnished

to ten times the number" that arrived

on that boat. The effect of such wel-

homes of the immigrants—as soon, indeed, as they can communicate with

comes must quickly be felt in the

his great speech in which he was

rk of District Court— JOHN GILBDORF

A. E. PRIEST,

J. A. COUPLAND.

been tried once now, and because more people took part in the primary election than usual, it is pronounced a success. We admit that the more of our people that can be induced to take an interest in the primaries, the better it is for the good and safety our government and our institutions, but there are other things to be taken into consideration. People now com plain we have too many elections. Under the present primary law we will hereafter have two for every one we now have. There is a danger that people may become indifferent to all elections if we have so many. The result on the democratic ticket in this county was precisely what the machine or court house clique wanted, and precisely the same as the old system. with but few votes, would have brought about. The republicans in this county had no contest on county officers, so except where there was a supervisor contest but few votes were cast. We are free to admit we prefer a county and state party convention, and candidates to be named by these conventions, rather than a candidate pay cash for a nomination. We venture the assertion that not onetenth of the voters could say now how they voted for regents or railroad commissioner, they did not know anything about either of the candidates. We do not think it is best to have the Next Saturday, September 14, all ticket are requested to meet at the organization and make the party council chamber to name and reorgan- platform. The new primary law is ize the Platte County Republican cen- expensive and complicated. The last republican state convention and the last legislature of Nebraska demon-Last week W. J. Bryan called Secstrated beyond any doubt that the retary Taft the "straddler." This people of Nebraska can have just the week he calls him the "postponer. kind of representatives they want, because Taft thinks that just before both in their conventions and in their presidential election the tariff should legis latures, under the old laws. The not be tinkered with. When Mr.

primary law, the better.

long and short of it is this, the people

should turn out at the primaries, and

the plainer and simpler you make the

self as firmly in favor of government THE NOMINATION OF REESE. The republicans of Nebraska have chosen as the candidate to head their ticket for supreme judge Manoah B. Reese of Lancaster county. Judge Reese receives this high honor directly from the rank and file of the party. Bryan is a pretty good postponer who have for the first time under the new primary law made their express-By the result of the primary elec- ed desire effective without the intervention Judge M. B. Reese is the republican of delegates or other intermediarlican nominee for supreme judge. We lies.

still think that Judge Sedgwick de-Judge Reese has served six years on served a renomination, but a majority | the supreme bench, being retired in of the republican voters differ with us, 1889 at the close of his first term as and we cheerfully submit to the will consequence of the manipulation of of the majority. We can conscien- hostile railroad politicans. Ten years tiously and heartily endorse and sup- later, just before Nebraska had fully port Judge Reese, for he is an able emerged from the dark age of popujurist, a clean man, and in every way lism, he was nominated a second time, worthy of the position to which he but succumbed to a coalition of demowill surely be elected. The Omaha crats and populists on a fusion oppo-World-Herald is printing some stuff nent. In this preliminary primary that the Omaha Bee is said to have campaign Judge Reese's candidacy written about Judge Reese some has been championed by the self-styled twenty-five years ago. The World- "progressive" element of the party, Herald had better spare itself all that | demanding for him restoration to his trouble. The Bee has printed some former place in vindication of his prepretty mean things about a good many | vious sacrifice to the cause of reform.

public men. A pure, upright life like The Bee has already recalled the Judge Reese has led needs no defense. fact that it had supported Reese as the party candidate twice just as it had One cannot be surprised by the rush of European immigration to this supported Judge Sedgwick six years country, in view of such scenes as that ago and could conscientiously support either again, even though it asw no at New Orleans last week when the steamship Sofia Hohenberg arrived at good reason why Judge Sedgwick should be deprived of his second term. that port. There were landed 396 The Bee has also recited in this camimmigrants, the bulk of them being paign what it had mid of Judge Reese able-bodied men from Germany, when he was last nominated in 1899. Hungary, Greece, Italy and other and it reiterates again, as follows: Mediteranean countries. A New Or-

In Judge Reese the republican party presents to the people of Nebraska a candidate who has often been who laid down the judicial ermine he each other for the labor of the new- had worn for six years as spotless as sought and, in fact, in spite of repeated sentative and harmonious convention is an honor rarely conferred. It is



Continued from last week.

precautions merely because I have be easy enough. As he did not beard a rumor that you have indulged must wield his weapon blindiy. in a threat or two since we last parted, and I know something of your imfortably."

"Oh, go to hell!" hat with calm deliberation on the move that hand again I'll fill your system with lead-you experience some bloomin' detectives, an' we ain't buckvery, natural curiosity regarding the object of my unanticipated, yet I hope bet your sweet life on thet." no less welcome visit."

Slavin's only reply was a curse, his bloodshot eyes roaming the room fur-

went on, coolly. "Indeed, I should have felt hurt had you been indifferent upon such an occasion. It does

now, keep your eyes on me! I was bout 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 Naids

Slavin straightened up, his great hands clinching nervously, drops of perspiration appearing on his red forhead. "I don't understand your damn-

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

"You devil!" Slavin roared, "what

able, the mussle pointing at the giant's heart, Hampton leaned forward. stierly remorseless now, and keen as "Do you know who I am?"

The horror in Slavin's eyes had hanged to sullenness, but he nodded

"How do you know?" There was no reply, although the hick lips appeared to move. "Answer me, you red sneak!

you think I am here to be played Slavin gulped down something which seemed threatening to choke

wipe the sweat from his face. "If-If I didn't have this beard on you might guess. I thought you knew me Hampton stared at him, still pur-

sled. 'I have certainly seen you somewhere. I thought that from the first. Where was it?"

"I was in D Troop, Seventh cav-"D Troop? Brant's troop?" The big gambler nodded. "That's sow I knew you, Captain," he said.

speaking with greater case, "but about it round here. You was allers decent 'nough ter me." "Possibly"—and it was plainly evisent from his quiet tone Hampton had

steadled from his first surprise,—"the boot was on the other leg, and you had some good reason not to say any-

troop, sir." The ex-cavalryman dropped insensibly into his old form of talked it over, and decided to keep

"He left last night with army dis-

patches for Cheyenne." Hampton's eyes hardened per

he was not likely to fire until he had keep them there!" he said. "Now, my gained the information he was seek-dear friend, I have come here in ing. If he only knew how much inforpeace, not war, and take these slight | mation the other possessed it would be easy enough. As he did not, he

"You're makin' a devil of a fuse over little or nothin'," he growled, petuous disposition. I regret the ne simulating a tone of disgust. "I ain't cessity, but trust you are resting com- never hed no quarrel with ye, exceptin' fer the way ye managed ter skin "We will consider that proposition I don't give two acresches in hell for somewhat later." Hampton laid his who you are: an' besides. I reckon you ain't the only ex-convict a-ranging Datable. "No doubt, Mr. Slavin,-if you kota either fer the matter o' that. No more does Murphy. We ain't no in' in no business o' yourn; ye kin just

"Where is Murphy, then? I wish to "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 kin tell ye all that Murphy knows." For a breathless moment neither spoke, Hampton fingering his gun nervously, his eyes lingering on that bru-

hard, metallic. "T'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 cowered back before them, trembling like a "I-I only swore to the last part

Captain," he muttered, his voice scarcely audible. "I-I never said I saw you throw-" "And I swore," went on Hampton,

lying whelp, are you ready to die?" Slavin's face was drawn and gray, the perspiration standing in beads apon his forehead, but he could neither speak nor think, fascinated by those remoraeless eyes, which seemed to burn their way down into his very

day, 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

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 a more pitiful sight, but there was no mercy in the eyes of the man watch-

"Speak, you cringing hound!" Slavin gripped his great hands together convulsively, his throat swelling beneath its read beard. He knew there was no way of escape. "I-I had to do it! My God, Captain, I had

"I had to, I tell you. Oh, you devil, you flend! I'm not the one you're after—it's Murphy!"

For a single moment Hampton stared at the cringing figure. Then suddenly he rose to his feet in decision "Stand up! Lift up your hands first, you fool. Now unbuckle your gunbelt with your left hand-your left, I said! Drop it on the floor."

There was an unusual sound behind such as a rat might have made, and Hampton glanced aside apprehensive ly. In that single second Slavin was upon him, grasping his pistol-arm at the wrist, and striving with hairy hand to get a death-grip about his throat. Twice Hampton's left drove straight out into that red, gloating face, and then the giant's crushing weight bore him backward. He fought savagely, silently, his slender figure like steel, but Slavin got his grip a last, and with giant strength began to crunch his victim within his vise-like arms. There was a moment of superhuman straip, their breathing mere sobs of exhaustion. Then Slavin wriggling partially free from his death grip. It was scarcely an instant, yet it served; for as he bent aside, swinghis burly opponent with him, someon struck a vicious blow at his back; but the descending knife, missing its mark, sunk instead deep into Slavin's

portion of an arm, and then the utching fingers of Slavin swept him down. He reached out blindly as he tell, his hand closing about the deserted knife-hilt. The two crashed down together upon the floor, the force of the fall driving the blade

CHAPTER XX. The Cenerts of Judge Lynch. Hampton staggered blindly to his 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

knew instantly they held him the mu-

in. He realized the meaning the the west, its fierce, implacable spirit vengeance, its merciless code rach-law. The vigilantes of the than once he had witne nower. This was no time to parley or to heattate. He grabbed the loaded revolver lying upon the floor, and swung Slavin's discarded belt across

"Stand aside, gentlemen," he

watchful eyes, stepped past and siam-med the door behind him. Men were already beginning to pour into the seloon, uncertain yet of the facts, and shouting questions to each other. Totally ignoring these, Hampton thrust imself recklessly through the crowd. Half-way down the broad steps Buck fasce faced him, in shirt sleeves, his beed uncovered, an ugly "45" in his eyes of the two men met, neither abted the grim purpose of the other. "You've got ter do it, Bob," an-

ounced the marshall, shortly, "dead ry I met you. I don't want to get anybody else mixed up in this fuss. f 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 ong experience what this meant: these were the quickly inflamed cohorts of Judge Lynch—they would act first, and reflect later. His square iaws set like a trap.

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

Occidental, cursing and struggling the two sprang forward and dashe into the narrow space between the livery stable and the hotel. Modat chanced to be in the passageway, and promptly landed that gentleman on the back of his head in a pile of discarded tin cans, and kicked victoral at a yellow dog which ventured to snap at them as they swept past. Behind arose a volley of curses, the thud 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 lower ed faces, but neither man glance 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 began to understand the purpose of his companion, the quick, merring instinct which had led him to select the one suitable spot where the successful waging of battle against such odds was possible the

leserted dump of the Shasta mine. With every nerve strained to the sttermost, the two men raced side by side down the steep slope, ploughed through the tangled underbrush, and tolled up the sharp accent beyond.

At the summit of the ore dump the two men flung themselves panting down, for the first time able to realise what it all meant. They could perceive the figures of their pursuers among the shadows of the bushes be low, but these were not venturing out into the open—the first mad, heedless rush had evidently ended. There were some cool heads among the mob leaders, and it was highly probable that negotiations would be tried before that crowd huried itself against two desperate men, armed and entrenched. Both fugitives realised this, and lay there coolly watchful, their breath growing more regular, their eyes soft-

how?" questioned the marshall, evi-dently somewhat aggrieved. "I was just eatin' dinner when a feller stuck his head in an' yelled ye'd killed

Hampton turned his face gravely toward him. "Buck, I don't know thether you'll believe me or not, but I guess you never heard me tell a lie. or knew of my trying to dodge out of s bad scrape. Besides, I haven't anything to gain now, for I reckon you're planning to stay with me, guilty or not guilty, but I did not kill that fallow. I don't exactly see how I can prove it, the way it all happened, but

Mason looked him squarely in the eyes, his teeth showing behind his stiff, closely clipped mustache. Then he deliberately extended his hand, and pripped Hampton's. "Of course I believe ye. Not that you're any too blame good, Bob, but you ain't the kind what pleads the baby act. Who was the feller?"

"Red Slavin." "No!" and the hand grip perceptibly tightened. "Holy Moses, what ingratitude! Why, the camp ought to get together and give ye a vote of thanks. and instead, here they are trying their level best to hang you. Cusseder sorter thing a mob is, anyhow: soes an' I bet I could name the fellers who are a-rennin' that crowd. How did the thing happen?"

the ingathering of their scattered purmers, but Hampton answered gravely ing his brief story with careful do tail, appreciating the importance of

"All I really saw of the fe

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are among the order of the day. If you are in need of any of the above tools come and examine same and get our prices. We are in position to give you the very best the mar ket affords. Just read this list of names & be convinced that the above statement is not far ou- of the way.

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neath the shade of a huge oak a hundred yards below.

"Never carry a knife, do ye?

fought with a gun. Caught no sight of the feller after ye got up?" "All I saw was the crowd blocking the doorway. I knew they had caught me lying on Slavin, with my hand grasping the knife-hilt, and, somehow, I couldn't think of anything just then but how to get out of there into the open. I've seen vigilantes turn loose

"Sure. Recognize anybody in that

before, and knew what was likely to

"Big Jim, the bartender, was the only one I knew; he had a bung-starter in his hand."

mouth puckered. "It's him, and half a dosen other fellers of the same stripe, who are kickin' up all this fra cas. The most of 'em are vonder now, en' if it wusn't for leavin' a pris oner unprotected, darn me if I wudn't like to mosey right down thar an pound a little hose sense into that bunch o' cattle. Thet's bout the only thing ye kin do fer a plum fool, so long as the law won't let ye kill

up in this, Buck," said Hampton,

"Oh, I don't know. It's bin my experience that there's allers chances if we kin only manage to hold 'em back , tuously, his hands thrust into his nock till after dark we maybe might creep away through the bush to take a hand in this little game. Anyhow, it's up you ain't. This yere man, Bob Hampto us to play it out to the limit. Bless | ton, is my prisoner, an' I'll take him up right now!"

elimb the hillside, fallowing a dim trail through the tangled underbrush. where he could see better, and watched their movements closely.

"Hi, there!" he called, his voice harsh and strident. "You fellers are not invited to this picnic, an' there'll be somethin' doin' if you push along The little bunch halted instantly

just without the edge of the heavy timber, turning their faces up toward the speaker.

one, taking a single step ahead of the others, and hollowing his hand as a look to us fellers as if this affair was sort of an outfit." any of your funeral, nohow, and we've come long ahead of the others just on purpose to give you a fair show to pull out of it afore the real trouble begins. Sabe?" "Is thet so?"

for them to perceive how his teeth

"You bet! The boys don't consider thet it's hardly the square deal your but it warn't expected you'd ever take no sides long with murderers. Thet's too stiff fer us to abide by. So come on down, Buck, an' leave us to attend to the cuss."

"If you mean Hampton, he's my prisoner. Will you promise to let me take him down to Cheyenne

"Wal I reckon not, you | kin give him a trial well 'nos in Glencald." round another voice from one of the group, which was anparently growing restless over the de lay. "But we ain't inclined to do you



Ain't invited to This Picnie."

abidin' citisens, you are! Blamed if my eyes, if those lads ain't a-comin' to Cheyenne if I have ter brain every tough in Glencald to do it. Thet's

"Oh, come off; you can't run your actions agin the whole blame moral

"Moral sentiment! I'm backin' un the law, not moral sentiment, ye crosseyed beer-slinger, an' if ye try edgin' up ther another step I'll plug you with

while the men below conferred, the marshal looking contemptuously down upon them, his revolver gleaming ominously in the light.

"Oh, come on, Buck, show a little

any advice, Jimmie, I'll send fer ye." Some one fired, the ball digging up the soft earth at the marshal's feet, and flinging it in a blinding cloud into Hampton's eyes. Mason's answer crowd flying belter-skelter into the uned and half fell, yet succeeded in dragging himself out of sight. "Great Scott, if I don't believe

Continued on last page.

winged James!" the shooter remarked

cheerfully, reaching back into his



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