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Republican Ticket.

- For Supreme Judge—H. B. REESE. University Regent—CHARLES B. ANDERSON, J. A. COUPLAND. Railroad Commissioner—HENRY T. CLARKE. District Judge—J. C. MARTIN, C. K. ABBOTT. County Treasurer—F. E. STROTHER. County Clerk—FRANK SCHRAM. Clerk of District Court—JOHN GLENDON. County Superintendent—J. R. ALOOCK. County Sheriff—J. L. SHARRAR. County Coroner—DR. W. W. FRANK. County Judge—JOHN HOFFETT. County Assessor—JOHN LEUBCHER. County Supervisors—A. E. FRIEDT, W. J. HEWMAN.

Next Saturday, September 14, all candidates on our republican county ticket are requested to meet at the council chamber to name and reorganize the Platte County Republican central committee.

Last week W. J. Bryna called Secretary Taft the "straddler." This week he calls him the "postponer," because Taft thinks that just before a presidential election the tariff should not be tinkered with.

By the result of the primary election Judge M. B. Reese is the republican nominee for supreme judge. We still think that Judge Sedgwick deserved a re-nomination, but a majority of the republican voters differ with us, and we cheerfully submit to the will of the majority.

One cannot be surprised by the rush of European immigration to this country, in view of such scenes as that at New Orleans last week when the steamship Sofia Hobenberg arrived at that port. There were landed 396 immigrants, the bulk of them being able-bodied men from Germany, Hungary, Greece, Italy and other Mediterranean countries.

Moving picture shows seem to have taken quite a hold on our people, and many of them are really worthy of support. Not everybody has the means or the time to travel in other lands than ours, nor all even our own country, and moving pictures showing up various countries are both instructive and amusing.

The state wide primary law has 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 of our government and our institutions.

THE NOMINATION OF REESE. The republicans of Nebraska have chosen as the candidate to head their ticket for supreme judge Manoa B. Reese of Lancaster county. Judge Reese receives this high honor directly from the rank and file of the party, who have for the first time under the new primary law made their expressed desire effective without the intervention of delegates or other intermediaries.



Continued from last week. "Put your hands on the table, and keep them there!" he said. "Now, my dear friend, I have come here in peace, not war, and take these slight precautions merely because I have heard a rumor that you have indulged in a threat or two since we last parted, and I know something of your impetuous disposition. I regret the necessity, but trust you are resting comfortably."

"Oh, go to hell!" "We will consider that proposition somewhat later," Hampton laid his hat with calm deliberation on the table. "No doubt, Mr. Slavin, if you think that had again I'll fill your system with lead—you experience some very natural curiosity regarding the object of my unanticipated, yet I hope no less welcome visit."



"Where is Silent Murphy?" 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 solemnly 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."

Hampton's lips smiled unpleasantly. "Slavin, you greatly discourage me. The last time I was here you exhibited to me a sense of humor that I was really quite proud of. You, truly, I think you do understand me. You know me—however, as you seem to say 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. "Do you know?" "There was no reply, although the thick lips appeared to move."

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."

eyes over their horrified faces, and knew instantly they held him the murderer. The shock of this discovery startled him. He realized the meaning, the great, terrible meaning, for he knew the west, its fierce, implacable spirit of vengeance, its merciless code of Lynch-law.

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. Totally knowing these, Hampton thrust himself recklessly across the crowd.

"You're making a devil of a fuss over little or nothing," he growled, simulating a tone of disgust. "I ain't never had no quarrel with ye, exceptin' for the way ye managed ter skin me at the table 'bout two years ago. I ain't give two screeches in hell for who you are; an' besides, I reckon you ain't the only ex-convict s-raging Dakota either for 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 that."

"Where is Murphy, then? I wish to see the fellow." "I told you he'd gone. Maybe he didn't get 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."

"No? Well, then, I will give you, to-day, just one chance to live—one you dog—on. 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 clenched 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 watching him."

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

"I had to, I tell you. Oh, you devil, you fiend! 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 gun-belt with your left hand—your left, I said! Drop it on the floor."

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use crowd beginning to collect beneath the shade of a huge oak a hundred yards below. "Never carry a knife, do ye?" "No."

"Thought not; always heard you 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 before, and know what was likely to happen!"

"Here, recognize anybody in that first bunch?" "Big Jim, the bartender, was the only one I knew; he had a bang-start in his hand."

"Mason nodded thoughtfully, his mouth puckered. "It's him, and half a dozen other fellows of the same stripe, who are kickin' up all this fuss. The most of 'em are yonder now, an' if it wasn't for leavin' a prisoner unprotected, darn me if I wudn't like to mosey right down thar an' pound a little horse sense into that bunch o' cattle. That's 'bout the only thing ye kin do for a plum fool, so long as the law won't let ye kill him."

"I'm really sorry that you got mixed up in this, Buck," said Hampton, "for it looks to me about nine chances out of ten against either of us getting away from here unhurt."

"Oh, I don't know. It's his m experience that there's allers chances if ye only keep yer eyes skinned. If ye kin only manage to hold 'em back till after dark we maybe might creep away through the bush to take a hand in this little game. Anyhow, it's up to us to play it out to the limit. Bless my eyes, if those lads ain't a-comin' up right now!"

A half-dozen men were starting to climb the hillside, following a dim trail through the tangled underbrush. Mason stepped up to the ore dump where he could see better, and watch of their movements closely.

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"Oh, There! He Called, 'You Fellers Ain't Invited to This Picnic.'"

no harm unless ye ram in too far. So come on down, Buck, throw yer cards; we've got all the ace, an' ye can't bluff this whole turn camp."

"Mason spat into the dirt contemptuously, his hands thrust into his pockets. "You're a fine-lookin' lot o' law-abidin' citizens, you are! Blamed if you ain't. This yer man, Bob Hampton, is my prisoner, an' I'll take him to Cheyenne if I have ter brain every tough in Glencald to do it. That's me, gents."

"Oh, come off; you can't run your notions agin the whole blame moral sentiment of this camp."

"Moral sentiment! I'm backin' up the law, not moral sentiment, ye crosseyed beer-drinker, an' if ye try edgin' up thar another stop I'll plug you with this '45."

There was a minute of hesitancy while the men below conferred, the marshal looking contemptuously down upon them, his revolver gleaming conspicuously in the light.