

An Interrupted Revenge

By JOHN GASTON

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WHO IS the distinguished looking man who came in then with Mr. Campbell?"

The person to whom the question was addressed glanced across the reception hall and replied:

"Robert Gordon. He is the fellow about whom the newspapers are saying so much—the lobbyist from New York who has succeeded in getting the Consolidated Telephone ordinances through the council. Handsome, isn't he?"

"Remarkably so. Still, on a closer view his expression is not entirely pleasant, and I should say that he bears marks of dissipation—not grossly, but there is something that suggests wine, women and song at unholy hours—or am I mistaken? Is that polio natural?"

A woman standing near bent a keen glance at the man as his name was mentioned, and the slightest suggestion of a flush appeared on her cheeks. It was the first time she had laid eyes on him since the night she had jilted him for Frederick Markham. That was 29 years ago. They were both young—about 18—and had been sweethearts from childhood. He was still in college, a brilliant boy and a career predicted for him. But the career was a long way off and Gordon had little other than expectations.

Frederick Markham was rich and well-connected and ten years her senior. He offered her all the things so dear to the girl just budding into society, and she had accepted him and thrown Gordon over. She had not anticipated such a scene, however, as followed when she told him that she was to marry Markham. He accused her bitterly of heartlessness and of deliberately leading him on for the sake of amusement. He swore that she had ruined his life and for the wreck that would follow she was responsible by every law of God and of man. He told her that he would never again believe in the sincerity of a human creature. He would live, he declared, solely to gratify his senses, and he wished her much joy in the sale she had made of herself. It was the speech of a hot-headed, high-spirited, disappointed boy. It all came up before her this night many years later with startling vividness as she looked at him across the reception hall.

And it had eventuated much as he had predicted. He had finished his college course and studied law, while plunging into extreme dissipation. His great natural abilities had carried him through and he had settled in New York, where, instead of devoting himself to his profession, he had used his brilliant qualities to forward all sorts of questionable schemes. He had become a very successful lobbyist.

He had never visited the home city since his interview with the woman until this time, when he had come to force through the city council the most audacious and notorious measure that had ever been attempted in the city. And he had succeeded and it was whispered that he had secured a small fortune for his work.

She was surprised at the great change in the man, and still more surprised at the unchanged resemblance to the ingenious, enthusiastic youth she had known. He looked scarcely older, excepting for the prematurely gray hair, although the face had lost its roundness and the cheeks were white with pallor.

While all this flashed through her mind Robert Gordon and Mr. Campbell were surrounded by a merry party of ladies and gentlemen, to whom the former was being presented. When Mrs. Campbell glanced toward the party Gordon was being presented to her as a tall, handsome, vivacious young man. The mother noted the look of recognition in his eyes (the mother of the same age), and noted also the faint flush in his pale cheek. The mother's difference had vanished from his face and he entered at once into an animated conversation with the young woman. The expression of anxiety came back to the face of Mrs. Markham and the glow of a great apprehension shone in her heart. Then she straightened herself haughtily and muttered to herself:

"What a man! I must be going into second-hand goods."

During the entire evening Gordon made Miss Markham's attention, and she close handed her to the cashier and to the considerable amount of her mother.

Robert Gordon did not return at once to New York. He had announced previously that he would be absent for several months and he had been seen in the city and hanging over the balcony of the young heiress of the city.

It was a fortunate thing that Mrs. Markham's attention was attracted toward the handsome young man who had been successful suitors for their daughter's hand; and as for Markham, he was the dominant person in New York.

The apprehensions were not allayed, however, and one day the mother took to the situation and the most serious talk between the mother and daughter was had. The girl was madly in love with the handsome lobbyist, and when she was talked over by her mother she saw at once that it was a serious matter for the daughter when there was a serious

FOILED ONCE MORE

OUTLAW AND TWO COMPANIONS LOCATED IN A SHACK NEAR SAWYER LAKE.

Cudihee and Six Picked Men Surrounded Their Position, but Escaped Pursuers, as Usual—Other News.

Seattle, June 17.—Tracy has escaped again. The hounds and posse are following him.

Seattle, July 17.—Tracy has been located in a shack near Sawyer Lake, on the Palmer Cutoff. He is said to be badly wounded, and is unable to defend himself, but is guarded by two pals. Sheriff Cudihee and six picked men are surrounding the shack, and Tracy's death may be reported at any minute.

Black Diamond, Wash., July 17.—Tracy is surrounded with two companions in a shack near Sawyer Lake. News of a battle is expected here at any minute. Sheriff Cudihee has been on a still hunt, and has at last definitely located his man. Tracy has been lying in the brush since the day after he left Pauto's ranch, nursing the wounds in his back, which were made by Deputy Bunce in the fight in the railroad cut near Covington last Thursday. His hiding place was not four miles from Covington. With him were two confederates, one of whom is supposed to be a murderer with a price upon his head. Tracy's wounds were lanced Saturday or Sunday, a razor being employed by his companion in an attempt to prevent the outlaw's death by blood poisoning.

North Yakima, July 17.—Seven heavily armed men left here in wagons early this morning to join in the hunt for Convict Tracy. The posse was organized by Sheriff Tucker, who accompanied it on request of Sheriff's Hartman, of Pierce, and Brown, of Kittitas, for his co-operation. While the utmost secrecy is maintained, the report is that the three sheriffs expect Tracy will cross the mountains and are arranging to guard all the passes through which the fugitive could possibly come. The posse divided a few miles up the valley, some of the men ascending the Wenas and some to Nachez. It is composed of the nerveiest and most trustworthy men obtainable here for the purpose. Some are mountaineers, thoroughly acquainted with the country.

Owensboro, Ky., July 17.—John Anderson, a farmer who was in jail here charged with the murder of his wife on the night of July 8, was taken from prison by a masked mob of about 40 men and hanged to a beam over the city scales, on one of the principal streets of Owensboro, at about 2:30 o'clock this morning. The lynchers who are supposed to have come from the scene of Anderson's alleged crime, about three miles west of Owensboro, made their entrance into the city quietly, and, going to the jail, demanded admittance, which was refused. They then battered down the prison door, and, while some went to the prisoner's cell to lead him out, others of the mob surrounded the jailer and his family to prevent them from giving the alarm.

Anderson was soon secured, and in a few moments was led across the street from the prison, where a rope was placed about his neck and he was hanged to a beam over a pair of scales. The mob then dispersed quietly. No arrests have been made.

Anderson was the first white man ever lynched in Davies county. At the time of the murder with which he was charged was committed, Anderson and his wife had been separated for about seven weeks, and Mrs. Anderson was living at her father's house, whither Anderson went for the alleged purpose of effecting a reconciliation. The woman's father, it is said, entered some objections, and the irate husband then dragged his wife into the yard and shot her to death. He was arrested shortly after the crime, and was in the Owensboro jail when he was lynched.

Denver, July 17.—A telegram received at the general office of the Rio Grande railroad, at Denver, from its Representative at Pitkin, says that the bandits who held up the train on Marshall Pass, Monday, have been surrounded in a box canyon. The message says that the posse was apprehensive of good results unless reinforcements were sent at once. As

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Corvallis & Eastern R R Time Card No 20.

2 For Yaquina:	
Train leaves Albany.....	12:45 p. m.
" " Corvallis.....	1:30 p. m.
" " arrives Yaquina.....	5:35 p. m.
1 Returning:	
Leaves Yaquina.....	7:00 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....	11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....	12:15 p. m.
3 For Detroit:	
Leaves Albany.....	1:00 p. m.
Arrives Detroit.....	5:45 p. m.
4 from Detroit:	
Leaves Detroit.....	6:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....	11:05 a. m.

Trains 1 and 4 arrive in Albany in time to connect with S P south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S P north bound train.

Train 2 connects with the S P west side train at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 1:00 p. m. after arrival of S. P. south bound train from Portland, reaching Detroit at 5:45 p. m.

For further information apply to EDWIN STONE, Manager
J. Turner, Agent Albany
H. H. Cronise, Agent Corvallis.

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