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Write for Booklet and Information

SENATOR BOURNE WILL NOT FIGHT

Washington, D. C., June 16.—Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, purposes not to make a fight for reelection next year. He will leave to the voters of that state to decide whom they want for senator, and will spend no money, distribute no literature, employ no campaigners. He probably will use the official pamphlet printed by the secretary of state to go to all voters, and therein set forth his views. But, as to the hurrah, boys! old-fashioned campaign with brass bands, flaming advertisements in papers and on bill boards, speakers and hired workers, hall rent, printing bills, railroad fare, and all that, according to the present design of the senior Oregon senator, he will omit them.

This does not mean that Bourne is indifferent to the senatorship. He has "made no bones" of the desire he has cherished to see the United States senate. But he has decided to make a test of the real effect of the popular government laws as enacted in Oregon, and will leave entirely to the people their decision on the senatorship.

In other words, believing in the efficacy of the popular government laws, Bourne will "try it on the dog," he himself being the dog.

Next year while the campaign is in progress in Oregon, in which the question will be decided as to who shall be the senator to succeed him, Bourne will in all likelihood not go to Oregon but will continue to labor for the advancement of the popular government laws in the east, where, in his opinion, they need advancement. He will not do this out of any spirit of indifference, but because he has conceived the idea that by this time the people of Oregon should know what they want, should know the splendid instruments they have themselves wrought for the working out of their political salvation, and should know how to use them without assistance from any other politician.

"If they want me, they know they do; if they do not, they have the right to choose someone else," is about the substance of Bourne's personal philosophy on the matter of choosing United States senators under the Oregon system of popular government laws.

It has been known for some time that Senator Bourne designed just that sort of campaign next year, and recently it was printed in the east as a sample of political novelty. It created quite a sensation—for nothing exactly like it had been produced since the United States began to turn out political devices and ideas during the infancy of the republic.

Another phase of the situation as affecting the Bourne candidacy is that in the east it seems to be generally accepted as a foregone conclusion that Mr. Bourne will be reelected beyond all question. The newspaper correspondents who printed the story of the plan of Bourne not to make an active campaign, but to leave to the calm judgment of the people the whole issue, added that it was expected that he would be reelected as "everyone seems to be for him," quoted the closing sentence of the Washington Times.

Interest in the Bourne plan, among the members of the Oregon colony, is the deeper, however, because they know that opposition will develop, and that a sharp contest may be looked for and the spectacle of a man, knowing of the harshness of that coming contest, refusing to engage his antagonists in stated conflict, is something about as novel as anything that has appeared in recent years.

MAINE MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED

Tampa, Fla., June 25.—"The secret of the destruction of the battleship Maine will never be known," said General W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers in charge of the work of raising the Maine, on his arrival here today from Havana.

The destruction of the vessel was such, says General Bixby and the deterioration has been so great that it will be impossible to tell whether the ship was blown up from a force within or without. The greatest force, however, was from the inside, indicating that the forward magazine had exploded. Whether this was from a sympathetic explosion caused by a torpedo from the outside may forever remain a mystery.

General Bixby says that unless they find fragments of a torpedo there is no way of connecting some outside agency with the blowing up of the vessel.

"We do not expect to find any human remains," said the general. "The crews' compartments have disappeared entirely."

Let the Examiner figure on your next Job Printing.

THE FLYING BELL.

A Mystery of a Ranch and the New Cowboy.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

They were gathered about the supper table in the mess house—Gabriel, "the Crane," Harry Barry and Jim Lewis.

"The Crane" reached forth a long arm and dug a spoonful of sugar from the bowl and covered it successfully to his cup of coffee. As he was repeating this difficult feat some sound arrested his hand in midair and the sugar sifted slowly down upon his bacon and fried potatoes. His black eyes were fixed on Gabriel's face with puzzled inquiry.

"Hear it, Gabe?" he muttered anxiously.

Gabriel nodded sullenly. "Never miss it—I don't."

"Last time it was"—Jim Lewis hesitated and waited for "the Crane" to complete the sentence, but Harry Barry, a new man on the Lone Bull outfit, was bursting with curiosity.

"What do you hear, boys? I ain't heard a sound except the bacon sizzling out yonder. You all look clean scared. What's up?"

"Ha'nts," said "the Crane" solemnly. Harry Barry stared. "Ha'nts! Where?"

"Here—on the Lone Bull."

"Is it straight?"

"Listen!" said Gabriel sharply.

Then through the open door there sounded the sweet musical tinkle of a bell. The sound seemed to drift downward from above the house and floated into the silent room with almost solemn intensity.

When it had ceased Harry Barry turned wondering eyes upon his companions. "That's what scared you?" he demanded.

Gabriel nodded. "Sure thing. You don't know half the story."

"You're all plum loosed, every blame one of you—yes, you and you and you and you!" Harry Barry pointed a lean



"I HEARD THIS HERE INSHASHUN'S ABOUT OVER, EH, BOYS?"

finger at each of them in turn with a contemptuous flip of his thumb toward the shivering cook.

They passed the insult, and this fact seemed to impress the new cowboy with the genuineness of their dread.

He pushed his chair back from the table, rolled a cigarette and lit it. "Tell it," he said resignedly, and Gabriel appeared to be relieved at this opportunity for unburdening his mind.

"It's this way," began Gabriel, accepting a light from Harry Barry's cigarette and puffing nervously at his own. "You never heard of a Lone Bull chap being scared of ha'nts, have you, Harry?"

"Nary," returned that gentleman impatiently.

"You remember Asa Butler?"

"Sure."

"And Collins and Hayden and Derrick?"

"Yep."

"They're all dead, as you know," said Gabriel impressively.

"I wasn't asking for mortuary statistics," remarked Harry Barry coldly. "I was asking about the ha'nts on the Lone Bull."

"Them's the ha'nts!" interposed "the Crane" eagerly.

"You mean those chaps come back to hang around this outfit?" drawled Harry Barry skeptically. "What do they want—looking for work, or are they trying to cut out a bunch of cattle? Seems to me that act was Butler's long suit."

Jim Lewis brought his fist down on the table until the dishes rattled. "Let me tell it," he roared impatiently. "If you'll recollect, Harry, all those four chaps died within a year of each other. Every time before one of them died there came a warning, and after the warning they just died."

"What did they die of—the warning or something catching?" grinned Harry Barry impudently. "Seems to me I remember Hayden died of—strangulation at the end of—well, the end of his life, eh? And Butler had shingles, and Derrick fell down into Canyon creek and was drowned, and Collins—I forget about him."

"He was kicked by a steer," explained Jim Lewis gloomily. "Well, every one of them deaths was foretold by this here bell." His voice lowered, and the others gathered closer about the

table, listening intently. The cook hovered in the background, fortifying his shattered nerves by long drafts at the coffee pot. "Five years ago," resumed Lewis, "there was seven of us—just like that ponie we used to recite at school—and we set around this table much as we're doing tonight, and we heard that bell ringing overhead. We all run out to see what it was, but nary thing was there in sight. It was a dark night, and the sound seemed to drop right down out of the sky."

"Sounded like a sheep bell," commented "the Crane."

"Maybe 'twas a dinner bell ringing in some air castle," remarked Harry Barry innocently, but his grin vanished under Jim Lewis' gloomy scowl.

"You'll laugh on the other side of your face later on, pard. As I was saying, we went out to see what the noise was, and there was nothing to see, only we could hear the tinkle, tinkle, over our heads, and after awhile it stopped, and we went inside, and Butler acted just like you're doing, Harry—he lifted at the whole thing, and six months afterward we planted him—dead from the shingles!"

"I had the shingles lots of times when I was a kid," remarked Harry Barry thoughtfully. "Every time I looked it from school or went in swimming out of season my dad he'd take down a big flat shingle and—well, go on, Jim. Why didn't all of you die when you heard the passing bell, eh?"

"'Twan't our time; maybe it'll come next. It's likely to be any one of us that heard it. The next year it was Hayden, and then Collins, and then Derrick. This is the first we've heard it for some time." Jim Lewis borrowed some tobacco from "the Crane" and proceeded to roll several cigarettes with lithe brown fingers.

Harry Barry sat up very straight and solemn. "You mean one of us here is going to die because we heard that bell?"

"Sure thing," answered Lewis, and the others nodded approval.

"Mebbe it will be you," Harry Barry pointed his finger at Jim Lewis.

"Mebbe," said that gentleman, gloomily surveying the smoke stained wall.

"Or you," again pointed Harry Barry, this time at "the Crane."

"I'm looking for it," shivered "the Crane."

"Or you."

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Quien sabe?" he muttered between his teeth.

"You're a mush hearted lot," sneered Harry Barry, sick to his feet. "If I'd known you'd all sicken and die because you heard a sheep bell"—He stopped short.

Jim Lewis arose to his tall height, with a queer light in his gray eyes.

"Sheep bells don't ring at night out of the sky," he said impressively.

"This bell only rings at night, only once in awhile during the year, and it rings slow like, just tolling, and sometimes there's a groan—a hollow groan—like a soul in torment." He tightened his belt and spoke with lowered voice. "It sounds like it was a bell flying through the air attached to nothing, ringing, ringing—Hark!"

Instinctively they arose to their feet and stood with bent heads in a listening attitude. Then there floated in the soft tinkle, tinkle, growing louder and accompanied by a snoring groan. Once, twice, it seemed to pass close above the mess house, and then it died away into silence.

They all looked at Harry Barry.

He stood rigidly by the table, staring out into the night, his big eyes wide with terror, his mouth open and his chin quivering shakily. The cigarette dropped unheeded from his limp fingers to the floor, and the minutes passed, and still he stood as if paralyzed with horror of some invisible evil.

Suddenly he uttered an ear splitting screech and flopped to the floor, where he lay motionless as a corpse. They stood in a circle, staring down at him, not one lifting an eye to the other. In the background the cook watched open mouthed.

After a long silence "the Crane" unjoined his long body and stooped above the prostrate man. He laid a hand on Harry Barry's pale forehead and leaped up with a yell.

"What's the matter?" demanded Lewis excitedly.

"Done for."

"You're joking!" insisted the other desperately.

"Try him and see—scared plumb out of his life. Cold as charity and dead as a doornail," quaked "the Crane."

Jim Lewis knelt down and laid his hand on Harry Barry's blue flannel shirt above his heart. He felt of his forehead and winced, turned up an eyelid and shivered. Then his hand went around to his own hip pocket and brought back a flask filled to the neck. This he applied to the closely locked teeth of Harry Barry and managed to empty the contents down his throat.

"He swallows!" he cried exultantly. "Fetch me a pail of water, Gabriel!"

Gabriel turned to obey and then stood still in his tracks. With startling suddenness Harry Barry had returned to consciousness, jerked himself to a sitting posture and rubbed the back of his head thoughtfully. "That there was prime whisky, Jim," he grinned. "Soon's it touched my throat seems like I heard tinkle bells and groans. I don't wonder you Lone Bull chaps lose your nerve when that old tawny owl from the canyon flies over the house trailing the sheep bell from her claw. I reckon this here inshashun's about over, eh, boys?"

They grinned sheepishly. "We reckoned you was dead from fear, Harry," admitted "the Crane." "We didn't count on your knowing about that there old bell owl!"

Harry Barry rolled another cigarette. "I oughter explain that I tied the bell on that owl," he drawled meekly.

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