

California shipped to the east more than 7,000 cars of green fruit this season.

We should not lay the results of our overeating on the grip germ. It has crimes enough of its own.

In India they marry girls to a julep tree, but in the Occident a family tree is a consideration of more moment.

A ship without a rudder is pretty bad, of course, but it is a good deal better than a rudder without a ship.

King Alfonso should visit Panama to see what fine drainage we're putting through his ancestor's tax preserves.

A New Jersey man has been sent to jail as a "common scold." New Jersey is eccentric, but sometimes deviates into a bright idea.

New York is said to rest on a vast bed of garnets. Strange, to many successful jugglers in Wall street, it seemed to be a bed of roses.

The gypsies of Granada, Spain, are unique among the race as cave dwellers, living in recesses hollowed out of a hillside not far from the city.

Richmond Pearson Hobson is going to take a hand at straightening out the naval tangle. Perhaps he can persuade everyone to kiss and make up.

The gilded rich don't breakfast on wine, says Cholly Knickerbocker, correcting some current comment on the subject. No, bromo-seltzer is the proper natutinal tippie.

Malaria disappears from the list of human diseases, and mosquito fever takes its place—the same thing under a name that truly tells its origin. Bad air has nothing to do with it.

One general and 20 men tried to seize the capital of Ecuador and failed. It is getting so now that you can't pull off a revolution in South America without at least the moral support of a half-dozen barrooms.

If Mark Twain had unbanded and consented to act as advertising agent for the food concern, instead of its president, it might have made money instead of losing it. Advertisements written by Mark ought to sell anything.

It is safe to say that the shah of Persia for once is glad he is sick. When his ministers pushed the constitution up to him he was too weak to sign it. The shah should keep an adjustable case of the grip on hand for emergencies.

George Redford, who has been the London theatrical censor for the last six or seven years, is a permanent official of the lord chamberlain's office. Mr. Redford's office is worth about \$1,250 a year. The salary itself is only \$1,600, the fees making up the balance. Mr. Redford reads from 500 to 600 plays a year.

Did any one expect the mikado to do anything else than sound a peace note in his address to the diet? Surely his most sanguine and sanguinary friends would not expect him to declare war against some friendly power or to threaten to blow the United States navy to Mars if it dared come a furlong closer.

Ambassador Reid pays a very handsome tribute to the American Rhodes scholars at Oxford. He has met them there and he gladly testifies to their admirable appearance and conduct and to the favorable opinions of them expressed by all the Oxford dons with whom he conversed. This is something official, and deserves to rank as authoritative.

Fraunce's Tavern in New York, where Washington said farewell to his officers, now the property of the Sons of the Revolution, has been restored to its original condition so far as possible. The new owners took formal possession on December 5, and marked the occasion by the dedication of two memorial tablets. This is one of the historic buildings regarding the preservation of which there cannot be two opinions.

We read that the Yale non-graduate catalogue, shortly to be published, contains the names of no less than 8,000 men still living who entered the university and failed to graduate. Various reasons account for their failure, but quite likely low marks, indicating backwardness in scholarship, account for a large fraction of them. It would be interesting to learn whether these men failed in their subsequent careers as well as in college. Sometimes early failures are followed by others, and sometimes they furnish the inspiration for future success, more frequently the latter, we fancy. It is through difficulties that we ultimately reach the stars.

Telegraphic communication is being rapidly opened up along the Soudan part of the Cape to Cairo steam route. Khartoum has direct connection with Egypt and through her with all the rest of the world. The wires have been strung from Khartoum to the Belgian Congo, and this place is now in direct communication with Entebbe, on Lake Victoria, near the source of the Nile. There are now more than 4,000 miles of telegraph working wires in the Soudan; and last year more than 230,000 private telegrams were sent over them.

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."

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SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth infantry from Fort Bethune trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis the poet trader, and his daughter, Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid. Mrs. Guffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon's. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sioux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club's ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer before she and her husband leave the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ballroom with a fan for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the lieutenant that his attentions to Naida must cease, and proclaims an authority over her that justifies the statement. Brant tells Hampton of the presence of Silent Murphy, and of the fact that Red Slavin receives government messages for him. Miss Spencer called on Bob Hampton. Tells him of a red-faced stranger mistaking her for Naida. Brant intervenes and Slavin. Finds that he is an ex-trooper in the Seventh cavalry. It was Slavin's and Murphy's testimony that more than ten years before had convicted Robert Nolan, then a captain in the Seventh, of the murder of Maj. Brant. Sr. Hampton attempts to force a confession from Slavin. Slavin insists it is Murphy who wants, and Murphy had left. In a scuffle Slavin is killed by a knife thrust. Hampton surrenders to Buck Mason, marshal. Mob attempts to capture him. Mason and his prisoner escape to a hill and defend themselves. Mob lights fire to burn them out. Brant tells Naida that he loves her. She tells him there is an insurmountable barrier between them, but that she does not fully understand it. Brant and his troop rescues Hampton and Mason from the fire set by the mob. Brant carries the unconscious gambler through the lines of fire.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"I really would enjoy accommodating you, Colton," he said, coolly, feeling much more at ease, "but I never fight personal battles with such fellows as you. And now, you other men, it is about time you woke up to the facts of this matter. A couple of hundred of you chasing after two men, one an officer of the law doing his sworn duty, and the other innocent of any crime. I should imagine you would feel proud of your job."

"Innocent? Hell!"

"That is what I said. You fellows have gone off half-cocked—a mob generally does. Both Miss Spencer and Mr. Wynkoop state positively that they saw the real murderer of Red Slavin, and it was not Bob Hampton."

The men were impressed by his evident earnestness, his unquestioned courage. Several voices spoke almost at once.

"Is that right?"

"Oh, say, I saw the fellow with his hand on the knife."

"After we git the chap, we'll give them people a chance to tell what they know."

Brant's keenly attentive ears heard the far-off chug of numerous horses' feet.

"I rather think you will," he said, confidently, his voice ringing out with sudden authority.

He stepped back, lifted a silver whistle to his lips, and sounded one sharp, clear note. There was a growing thunder of hoofs, a quick, manly cheer, a crashing through the underbrush, and a squad of eager troopers, half-dressed but with faces glowing in anticipation of trouble, came galloping up the slope, swinging out into line as they advanced, their carbines gleaming in the sunlight. It was prettily, sharply performed, and their officer's face brightened.

"Very nicely done, Watson," he said to the expectant sergeant. "Deploy your men to left and right, and clear out those shooters. Make a good job of it, but no firing unless you have to."

The troopers went at it as if they enjoyed the task, forcing their restive horses through the thickets, and roughly handling more than one who ventured to question their authority. Yet the work was over in less time than it takes to tell, the discomfited regulators driven pell-mell down the hill and back into the town, the eager cavalrymen halting only at the command of the bugle. Brant, confident of his first sergeant in such emergency, merely paused long enough to watch the men deploy, and then pressed straight up the hill, alone and on foot. That danger to the besieged was yet imminent was very evident. The black spiral of smoke had become an enveloping cloud, spreading rapidly in both directions from its original starting-point. He arrived finally where the ground was charred black and covered with wood ashes, still hot under foot and smoking, but

he pressed upward, sheltering his eyes with uplifted arm, and seeking passage where the scarcity of underbrush rendered the zone of fire less impassable. He could see scarcely three yards in advance, but to the rear the narrow lane of retreat remained open. Standing there, as though in the mouth of a furnace, the red flames scorching his face, Brant hollowed his hands for a call.

"Hampton!" The word rang out over the infernal crackling and roaring like the note of a trumpet.

"Ay! What is it?" The returning voice was plainly not Hampton's yet it came from directly in front, and not far away.

"Who are you? Is that you, Marshal?"

"That's the ticket," answered the voice, gruffly, "an' just as full o' fight as ever."

Brant lifted his jacket to protect his face from the scorching heat. There was certainly no time to lose in any exchange of compliments.

"I'm Brant, lieutenant Seventh cavalry," he cried, choking with the thickening smoke. "My troop has scattered those fellows who were hunting you. I'll protect you and your prisoner, but you'll have to get out of there at once. Can you locate me and make a dash for it? Wrap your coats around your heads, and leave your guns behind."

An instant he waited for the answer, fairly writhing in the intense heat, then Mason shouted, "Hampton's been shot, and I'm winged a little; I can't carry him."

Brant ripped off his jacket, wrapped it about his face, jammed a handkerchief into his mouth and with a prayer:



Then Together They Bore Him Slowly Down Below the First Fire Line.

in his heart, leaped forward into the seemingly narrow fringe of fire in his front. Head down, he ran blindly, stumbling forward as he struck the ore-dump, and beating out with his hands the sparks that scorched his clothing. The smoke appeared to roll higher from the ground here, and the coughing soldier crept up beneath it, breathing the hot air, and feeling as though his entire body were afire. Mason, his countenance black and unrecognizable, his shirt soaked with blood, peered into his face.

"Hell, ain't it!" he spluttered, "but you're a dandy, all right."

"Is Hampton dead?"

"I reckon not. Got hit bad, though."

Brant cast one glance into the white, unconscious face of his rival, and acted with the promptness of military training.

"Whip off your shirt, Mason, and tie it around your face," he commanded. "Lively now!"

He bound his silk neckerchief across Hampton's mouth, and lifted the limp form partially from the ground. "Help me to get him up. There, that will do. Now keep as close as you can so as to steady him if I trip. Straight ahead—run for it!"

They sprang directly into the lurid flames, bending low, Brant's hands grasping the inert form lying across his shoulder. They dashed stumbling through the black, smouldering lane beyond. Halfway down this, the ground yet hot beneath their feet, the vapor stifling, but with clearer

breaths of air blowing in their faces, Brant tripped and fell. Mason beat out the smouldering sparks in his clothing, and assisted him to stagger to his feet once more. Then together they bore him slowly down below the first fire-line.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Door Closes.

Totally exhausted, the two men dropped their heavy burden on the earth. Mason swore as the blood began dripping again from his wound, which had been torn afresh in his efforts to bear Hampton to safety. Just below them a mounted trooper caught sight of them and came forward. He failed to recognize his officer in the begrimed person before him, until called to attention by the voice of command.

"Sims. If there is any water in your canteen, hand it over. Good; here, Marshal, use this. Now, Sims, note what I say carefully, and don't waste a minute. Tell the first sergeant to send a file of men up here with some sort of a litter, on the run. Then you ride to the Herndon house—the yellow house where the roads fork, you remember—and tell Miss Naida Gillis (don't forget the name) that Mr. Hampton has been seriously wounded, and we are taking him to the hotel. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then off with you, and don't spare the horse."

He was gone instantly, and Brant began bathing the pallid, upturned face.

"You'd better lie down, Marshal," he commanded. "You're pretty weak from loss of blood, and I can do all there is to be done until those fellows get here."

In 15 minutes they appeared, and five minutes later they were toiling slowly down to the valley, Brant walking beside his still unconscious rival. Here and there down the street, but especially about the steps of the Occidental, were gathered the discomfited vigilantes, busily discussing the affair, and cursing the watchful, silent guard. As these caught sight of the little party approaching there were shouts of derision. The sight and sound angered Brant.

"Carry Hampton to his room and summon medical attendance at once," he ordered. "I have a word to say to those fellows."

Seeing Mr. Wynkoop on the hotel porch, Brant said to him: "Miss Spencer informed me that you saw a

man. Bob Hampton did not kill Red Slavin. The fellow who did kill him climbed out of the back window of the Occidental here, and got away, while you were chasing the wrong man. Mr. Wynkoop saw him, and so did your school teacher, Miss Spencer."

Then Wynkoop stepped gamely to the front. "All that is true, men. I have been trying ever since to tell you, but no one would listen. Miss Spencer and I both saw the man jump from the window; there was blood on his right arm and hand. He was a misshapen creature whom neither of us ever saw before, and he disappeared on a run up that ravine. I have no doubt he was Slavin's murderer."

"Now, you fellows, think that over," said Brant. "I intend to post a guard until I find out whether you are going to prove yourselves fools or men, but if we sail in again those of you who start the trouble can expect to get hurt, and pay for the piper. That's all."

In front of the hotel porch he met his first sergeant coming out.

"What does the doctor say about Hampton?"

"A very bad wound, sir; but not necessarily fatal; he has regained consciousness."

"Has Miss Gillis arrived?"

"I don't know, sir; there's a young woman cryin' in the parlor."

The lieutenant leaped up the steps and entered the house. But it was Miss Spencer, not Naida, who sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Lieut. Brant; can it be truly you! How perfectly awful you look! Do you know if Mr. Hampton is really going to die? I came here just to find out about him, and tell Naida. She is almost frantic, poor thing."

Though Brant doubted Miss Spencer's honesty of statement, his reply was direct and unhesitating. "I am informed that he has a good chance to live, and I have already dispatched word to Miss Gillis regarding his condition. I expect her at any moment."

"How very nice it was of you! Oh, I trembled so when you first went to face those angry men! I don't see how you ever dared do it. I did wish that either Mr. Moffat or Mr. McNeil could have been here to go with you. Before Brant could reply his attentive ear caught the sound of a light footstep in the hallway. He met Naida just without, pale and tearless. Both her hands were extended to him unreservedly.

"Tell me, will he live?"

"The doctor thinks yes."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" She pressed one hand against her heart to control its throbbing. "You cannot know what this means to me. Her eyes seemed now for the first time to mark his own deplorable condition. "And you? You have not been hurt, Lieut. Brant?"

He smiled back into her anxious eyes. "Nothing that soap and water and a few days' retirement will not wholly remedy. My wounds are entirely upon the surface. Shall I conduct you to him?"

She bowed, apparently forgetful that one of her hands yet remained imprisoned in his grasp. "If I may go, yes. I told Mrs. Herndon I should remain here if I could be of the slightest assistance."

They passed up the staircase side by side, exchanging no further speech. Once she glanced furtively at his face, but its very calmness kept the words upon her lips unuttered. At the door they encountered Mrs. Guffy, her honest eyes red from weeping.

"This is Miss Gillis, Mrs. Guffy," explained Brant. "She wishes to see Mr. Hampton if it is possible."

"Sure an' she can thet. He's been askin' after her, an' thet pretty face would kape any man in gud spirits, I'm thinkin'. Step roight in, miss."

She held the door ajar, but Naida paused, glancing back at her motionless companion, a glint of unshed tears showing for the first time in her eyes. "Are you not coming also?"

"No, Miss Naida. It is best for me to remain without, but my heart goes with you."

Then the door closed between them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Rescue of Miss Spencer.

While Hampton lingered between life and death, assiduously waited upon by both Naida and Mrs. Guffy, Brant nursed his burns, far more serious than he had at first supposed, within the sanctity of his tent. Glencaid meanwhile recovered from his mania of lynch law, and even began exhibiting some faint evidences of shame over what was so plainly a mistake. And the populace were also beginning to exhibit no small degree of interest in the weighty matters which concerned the fast-culminating love affairs of Miss Spencer.

Almost from her earliest arrival the extensive cattle and mining interests of the neighborhood became aggressively arrayed against each other; and now, as the fierce personal rivalry between Messrs. Moffat and McNeil grew more intense, the breach perceptibly widened. While the infatuation of Rev. Mr. Wynkoop for this same fascinating young lady was plainly to be seen, his chances in the race were not seriously regarded by the more active partisans upon either side.

The regular patrons of the Miners' Retreat were backing Mr. Moffat to a man, while those claiming headquarters at the Occidental were equally ardent in their support of the prospects of Mr. McNeil. It must be confessed that Miss Spencer flirted outrageously and enjoyed life as she never had done in the effete east.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many a man thinks he is conscientious, when he is only self-conscious.

HIS ONLY OPPORTUNITY.



"Does your wife talk in her sleep, major?"

"No, I talk in her sleep—it's the only chance I get."

As a man dresses so he is esteemed.—Danish.

PURE FOOD.

No Food Commissioner of Any State Has Ever Attacked the Absolute Purity of Grape-Nuts.

Every analysis undertaken shows this food to be made strictly of Wheat and Barley, treated by our processes to partially transform the starch parts into a form of Sugar, and therefore much easier to digest.

Our claim that it is a "Food for Brain and Nerve Centres" is based upon the fact that certain parts of Wheat and Barley (which we use) contain Nature's brain and nerve-building ingredients, viz.: Phosphate of Potash, and the way we prepare the food makes it easy to digest and assimilate.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey in his book on "The Biochemic System of Medicine" says:

"When the medical profession fully understands the nature and range of the phosphate of potassium, insane asylums will no longer be needed."

"The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, potassium phosphate."

"This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-fluid, or the gray matter of the brain."

"Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve-fluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency."

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated."

"Phosphate of Potash, is to my mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But what shall the harvest be when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth."

"Let the overworked business man take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or entertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'proving' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid, and that a deficiency produces well-defined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug-shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are legion.

"There's a Reason."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them."

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep."

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented."

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night."

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.

Battle Creek, Mich.