

There is no accounting for tastes. Grip bacilli love a close, ill-ventilated room.

Do not strain your eyes looking for prosperity, but get out and help it along.

Gertrude Atherton finds Edith Wharton "dull." We await Edith's cross-counter.

In the new year it is believed that a larger number than ever will try to swear off their taxes.

Now that the Japs in Vancouver have become the aggressors, what will be the international aspect of the case?

What would the naval doctor in command do if his boat were seized with a sinking spell? Inject nitroglycerine?

Leap year will have a salutary effect on the vanity of those bachelors who have been enjoying anticipatory thrills of worry.

These scientific inquiries as to why mosquitoes do not bite frogs are plainly an effort to tempt somebody to start nature faking.

A wooden pavement, when made of rectangular blocks that have been creosoted and honestly laid, approaches closely to the ideal.

Andrew Carnegie's opinion that the world is growing better indicates the complacent mood that comes when the golf is going well.

As to the proposition to pension our ex-presidents, ought not something be done for one or two of our most distinguished never-presidents?

After so much warning the average man will be terribly disappointed if he does not receive at least one proposal during the coming year.

South America is naturally inclined to regard the fleet as something that does not particularly concern its interests one way or another.

That Muskegon man who rescued a Detroit boy from drowning by holding a rope in his mouth may be said to have saved him by the skin of his teeth.

Ann, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin, is a popular name among brides. And Anny name for a bridegroom is sufficient for a receptive bride.

An Ohio judge is a private in the national guard of that state. He would be in a quandary if the troops should be called out while he is trying a case.

That this is an age of paradoxes is proved again by the fact that a famous living skeleton, formerly with Barnum, has just died from fatty degeneration.

A man who possesses the titles of earl and baron is starving in St. Louis because he cannot find a job. He does not explain why he has neglected to marry an heiress.

If any foreign nation should attack our noble fleet of battle ships on their journey, Admiral Evans will doubtless order the battery of 21 pianolas into action, and the fight will be over.

A man six feet one inch in height and weighing only 80 pounds has just died in Rhode Island. What a great tester of airships he would have been if he had made use of his talents!

A New York cafe has made its women patrons a New Year's present of permission to smoke. In making some presents it is often a wise thing to consult the tastes of the recipients.

Fifty members of the Massachusetts legislature work by the day for wages. It is to be hoped that their election to the legislature may not lead them to think working for a living is foolish or unnecessary.

One of the predictions for the new year is that it will solve the problem of practical aerial travel. So much progress has been made in this direction and interest is so enthusiastically aroused in the various experiments on the subject, that this prediction will not be received as one of visionary projects which no sane and conservative person expects to see realized.

A marriage is to be celebrated in New Haven which has a rather unusual romance. While attending a game of golf the lady in the case hit a ball which struck and stunned the gentleman. On his recovery the penitent player apologized and the romance followed. This year, however, the fair sex will not be obliged to resort to such vigorous measures to bring down their game, as, being leap year, they have the privilege of proposing, while the men have not that of refusing.

A Montreal paper has been fined for calling the members of the provincial legislature fools and ignoramuses. The paper would probably have been able to secure a verdict in its own favor if it had not indulged in such silly tautology.

A scientist has discovered that a grip germ has barbs. These, in addition to the thumb-screws, red-hot pinchers and ice tongs, give him a decided advantage over such puerile bacilli as those of malaria and small-pox.

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 Belknap trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also a soldier, a post 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 Glencoid, Mrs. Duffy, 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 and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go to his home and have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencoid to teach his first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, 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 but she is not his acquaintance of 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 to 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. Silent Murphy, and 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 interviews Red Slavin. Finds that he is an ex-convict 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 Major Brant. Hampton attempts to force a confession from Slavin. Slavin insists it is Murphy he wants, and Murphy has 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. Hampton is taken to the hotel and Naida comes to nurse him.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

The Rev. Mr. Wynkoop always felt serenely confident of an uninterrupted welcome upon Sunday evenings after service, while the other nights of the week were evenly apportioned between the two more ardent aspirants.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings the Miners' Retreat was a scene of wild hilarity. For it was then that Mr. Moffat was known to be comfortably seated in the Herndon parlor, relating gruesome tales of wild mountain adventure which paled the cheeks of his fair and entranced listener. Then on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, when Mr. McNeil rode gallantly in on his yellow bronco, bedecked in all the picturesque paraphernalia of the boundless plains, revolver swinging at thigh, his wide sombrero shadowing his dare-devil eyes, the front of the gay Occidental blazed with lights and became crowded to the doors with enthusiastic hearers drinking deep to the success of their representative.

It is no more than simple justice to the fair Phoebe to state that she was, as her aunt expressed it, "in a dreadful state of mind." Between these two picturesque and typical knights of plain and mountain she vibrated, unable to make deliberate choice. While laboring in this state of indecision late one Wednesday night Moffat tramped heavily into the Miners' Retreat and called Long Pete Lumley over into a deserted corner of the bar-room.

"Well, Jack," the latter began expectantly, "hev ye rally got the cinch on that cowboy at last, hev?"

"Dern it all, Pete, I'm blamed if I know; leas'twise, I ain't got no sure prove-up. I tell ye that girl's just about the toughest piece o' rock I ever had any special call to assay. Ye see it's this way. She's got some dern dern east notion that she's got ter be rescued, an' borne away in the arms of her hero like they do in them pesky novels the Kid's allers readin', and so I reckon I've got ter rescue her!"

"Rescue her from whut, Jack?"

"Well, ye see, Pete, maybe I'm partly to blame, I've sorter been enter-tainin' her nights with some stories regardin' road agents an' things of that sort, while, so far, as I kin larn, the blame chump of a McNeil has been fillin' her up scandalous with Injuns, until she's plum got 'em on the brain. And now, I reckon as how it's got ter be Injuns."

"Whut's got ter be Injuns?"

"Whut the outfit whut runs off with her, of course. I reckon you fellers will stand in all right ter help pull me out o' this hole?"

Long Pete nodded.

"Well, Pete, this is 'bout whut's got ter be done, es near es I kin figger it out. You pick out maybe half a dozen good fellers who kin keep their mouths shet an' make injuns out of 'em. Then you lay fer her, say 'bout next Wednesday, out in them Carter woods, when she's comin' home from school. I'll

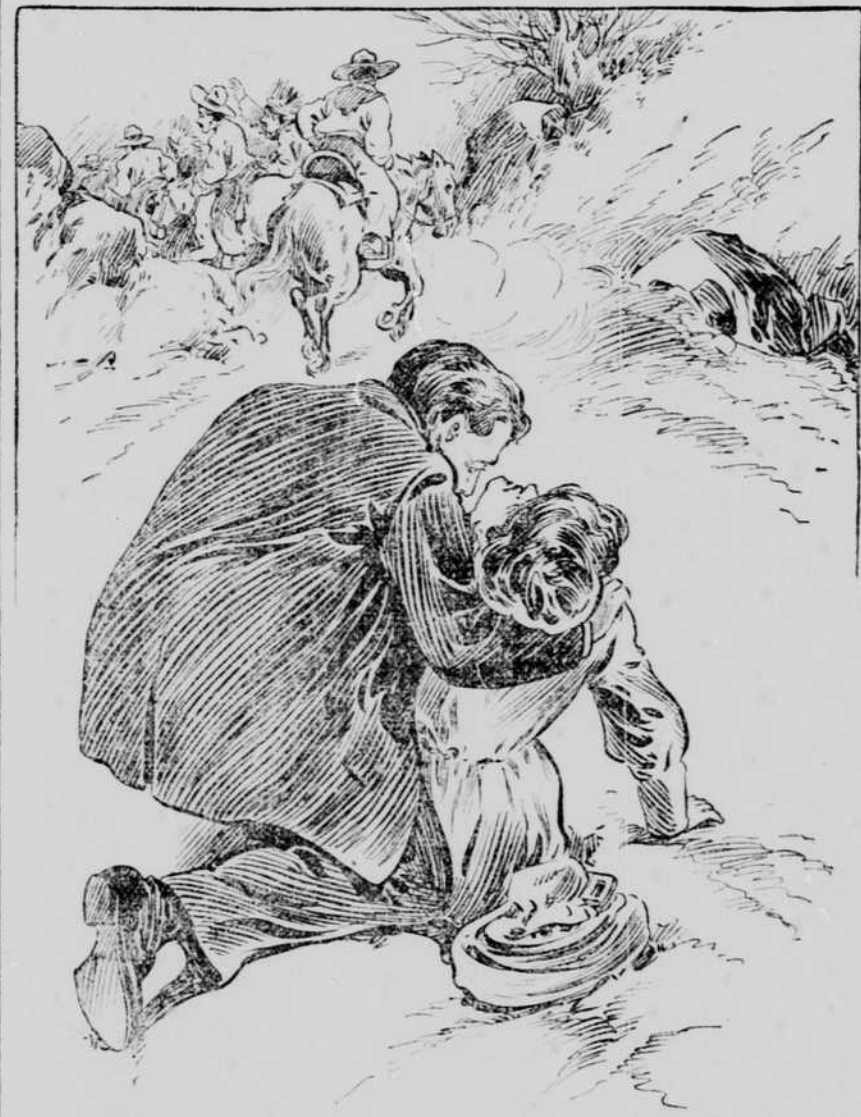
kinder naturally happen 'long by accident 'bout the head o' the gulch, an' jump in an' rescue her. Sabe?"

Lumley gazed at his companion with eyes expressive of admiration. "By thunder, if you haven't got a cocoanut on ye, Jack! Lord, but that ought to get her a flyin'. Any shootin'?"

"Sure!" Moffat's face exhibited a faint smile at these words of praise. "It wouldn't be no great shucks of a rescue without, an' this hev got ter be the real thing. Only, I reckon, ye better shoot high, so thar' won't be no hurt done."

When the two gentlemen parted a few moments later the conspiracy was fully hatched, all preliminaries perfected and the gallant rescue of Miss Spencer assured. Indeed, there is some reason now to believe that this desirable result was rendered doubly certain, for as Moffat moved slowly past the Occidental on his way home a person attired in chaps and sombrero, and greatly resembling McNeil, was in the back room, breathing some final instructions to a few bosom friends.

"Now don't—eh—any o' you fellers—eh—go an' forget the place. Jump in—eh—lively, just after she—eh—gets ter that thick bunch—eh—under-brush, whar' the trail sorter—eh—drops down inter the ravine. An' you chumps want—eh—git—yelveselves up so she can't pipe any of ye off—eh—in this yere—eh—road-agent act. I tell ye, after what thet—eh—Moffat's



"Miss Spencer—Phoebe—it is Only I, Mr. Wynkoop."

bin a-pumpin' inter her, she's just got ter be—eh—rescued, an' in blame good style, er—eh—it ain't no go."

"Oh, you rest easy 'bout all that, Bill," chimed in Sandy Winn, his black eyes dancing in anticipation of coming fun. "We'll git up the ornariest outfit whut ever hit the pike."

The long shadows of the late afternoon were already falling across the gloomy Carter woods, while the red sun sank low behind old Bull Mountain. Rev. Howard Wynkoop, who for more than an hour past had been vainly dangling a fishing line above the dancing waters of Clear creek, now reclined dreamily on the soft turf of the high bank, his eyes fixed upon the distant sky line. His thoughts were on the flossy hair and animated face of the fair Miss Spencer, who he momentarily expected would round the edge of the hill, and so deeply did he become sunk in blissful reflection as to be totally oblivious to everything but her approach.

Just above his secret resting place, where the great woods deepen, and the gloomy shadows lie darkly all through the long afternoons, a small party of hideously painted savages skulked silently in ambush. Suddenly to their strained ears was borne the sound of horses' hoofs; and then, all at once, a woman's voice rang out in a single shrill, startled cry.

"Whut is up?" questioned the leading savage, hoarsely. "Is he a-doin' this little job all by hisself?"

"Dunno," answered the fellow next him, flipping his quirt uneasily; "but I reckon as how it's her as squealed, an' we'd better be gitting in ter hev our share o' the fun."

The "chief," with an oath of disgust, dashed forward and his hand surged after. Just below them, and scarcely 50 feet away, a half-score of roughly

clad, heavily bearded men were clustered in the center of the trail, two of their number lifting the unconscious form of a fainting woman upon a horse.

"Corvera's gang, by gosh!" panted the leading savage. "How did they git yere?"

"You bet! She's up agin the real thing," ejaculated a voice beside him. "Let's ride 'em off the earth! Whoop!"

With wild yells to awaken fierce courage the whole band plunged headlong down the sharp decline, striking the surprised "road agents" with a force and suddenness which sent half of them sprawling. Revolvers flashed, oaths and shouts rang out fiercely, men clinched each other, striking savage blows. Lumley grasped the leader of the other party by the hair, and endeavored to beat him over the head with his revolver butt. Even as he lifted his hand to strike the man's beard fell off and the two fierce combatants paused as though thunder-struck.

"Hold on yere, boy!" yelled Lumley. "This yere is some blame joke. These fellers is Bill McNeil's gang."

"By thunder! if it ain't Pete Lumley," ejaculated the other. "Whut did ye hit me fer, ye long-legged minin' jackass?"

The explanation was never uttered. Out from the surrounding gloom of underbrush a hatless, disheveled individual on foot suddenly dashed into the center of that hesitating ring of horsemen. With skillful twist of hit foot he sent a dismounted road agent spinning over backward and managed to wrench a revolver from his hand. There was a blaze of red flame, a cloud of smoke, six sharp reports, and a wild stampede of frantic horsemen.

Then Rev. Howard Wynkoop flung the empty gun disdainfully down into the dirt, stepped directly across the motionless outstretched body, and knelt humbly beside a slender, white-robed figure lying close against the fringe of bushes. Tenderly he lifted the fair head to his throbbing bosom and gazed directly down into the white, unconscious face. Even as he looked her eyes unclosed, her body trembling within his arms.

"Have no fear," he implored, reading terror in the expression of her

line. Now he realized that he was to be a part of this chosen fighting force and his heart responded to the summons as to a bugle call in battle.

Instantly the little camp was astir, the men feeling the enthusiasm of their officers. With preparations well in hand, Brant's thoughts veered once again toward Naida. He rode down to the Herndon house with grave face and sober thought. He recalled long the plainly furnished room into which Mrs. Herndon ushered him to await the girl's appearance—the formal look of the old-fashioned hair-cloth furniture, the prim striped paper on the walls, the green shades at the windows, the clean rag carpet on the floor. The very stiffness chilled him, left him ill at ease. Then he heard the rustle of Naida's skirt and turned to meet her. She was pale from her weeks of nursing, and agitated for fear of what this unexpected call might portend. Yet to his thought she appeared calm, her manner restrained. Nor could anything be kinder than her first greeting, the frankly extended hand, the words expressive of welcome.

"Mr. Wynkoop informed me a few minutes ago that you had at last received your orders for the north," she said, her lips slightly trembling. "I wondered if you would leave without a word of farewell."

He bowed low. "I do not understand how you could doubt, for I have shown my deep interest in you even from the first. If I have lately seemed to avoid you, it has only been because I believed you wished it so."

There was an embarrassing pause, as though neither knew how to get through the interview.

"No doubt you are rejoiced to be sent on active service again," she said, at last.

"Yes, both as a soldier and as a man, Miss Naida. I am glad to get into the field again with my regiment, to do my duty under the flag, and I am equally rejoiced to have something occur which will tend to divert my thoughts. I had not intended to say anything of this kind, but now that I am with you I simply cannot restrain the words. This past month has been, I believe, the hardest I have ever been compelled to live through. You simply mystify me so that I alternately hope and despair. Your methods are cruel."

"Mine?" and she gazed at him with parted lips. "Lieut. Brant, what can you mean? What is it I have done?"

"It may have been only play to you and so easily forgotten," he went on, bitterly. "But that is a dangerous game, very certain to hurt some one. Miss Naida, your face, your eyes, even your lips almost continually tell me one thing; your words another. I know not which to trust. I never meet you except to go away baffled and bewildered."

"You wish to know the truth?"

"Ay, and for all time! Are you false or true? Coquette or woman? Do you simply play with hearts for idle amusement or is there some true purpose ruling your actions?"

She looked directly at him, her hands clasped, her breath almost sobbing between the parted lips. At first she could not speak. "Oh, you hurt me so," she faltered at last. "I did not suppose you could ever think that. I—I did not mean it; oh, truly I did not mean it! You forget how young I am; how very little I know of the world and its ways. Perhaps I have not even realized how deeply in earnest you were, have deceived myself into believing you were merely amusing yourself with me. Why, indeed, should I think otherwise?"

"I love you," he said, with simple honesty. "I seek you for my wife."

She started at these frankly spoken words, her hands partially concealing her face, her form trembling. "Oh, I wish you hadn't said that! It is not because I doubt you any longer; not that I fail to appreciate all you offer me. But it is so hard to appear ungrateful, to give nothing in return for so vast a gift."

"Then it is true that you do not love me?"

The blood flamed suddenly up into her face, but there was no lowering of the eyes, no shrinking back. She was too honest to play the coward before him.

"I shall not attempt to deceive you," she said, with a slow impressiveness instantly carrying conviction. "This has already progressed so far that I now owe you complete frankness. Donald Brant, now and always, living or dead, married or single, wherever life may take us, I shall love you."

Their eyes were meeting, but she held up her hand to restrain him from the one step forward.

"No, no; I have confessed the truth; I have opened freely to you the great secret of my heart. With it you must be content to leave me. There is nothing more that I can give you, absolutely nothing. I can never be your wife; I hope, for your sake and mine, that we never meet again."

Brant stood like a statue, his face grown white. He did not in the least doubt her full meaning of renunciation.

"You will, at least, tell me why?" It was all that would come to his dry lips.

She sank back upon the sofa as though the strength had suddenly deserted her body, her eyes shaded by an uplifted hand.

"I cannot tell you. I have no words, no courage. You will learn some day from others, and be thankful that I loved you well enough to resist temptation. But the reason cannot come to you from my lips."

He leaned forward, half kneeling at her feet, and she permitted him to clasp her hands within both his own. "Tell me, at least, this—is it some one else? Is it Hampton?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Where He Hung Out Most.

She was sulking over a broken resolution anent late hours, but forgetting this for one the nonce, he said:

"Do you know, darling, I never tire of looking at this snapshot of you?"

"You might have it framed and hung up in the lodge, then," she answered tartly.

VOLUMES MIGHT BE WRITTEN

Of the Success That Awaits the Farmer in Western Canada.

The story of wheat farming in Western Canada (that portion of Canada lying north of Dakota and Montana) has been frequently told, but it will stand a lot of telling, and still retain its touch of interest. During the year just closed 277,376 persons made their homes in Canada as compared with 215,912 for the year 1906, an increase of 61,464. Those from the United States numbered 56,551. A writer in "Industry" recently said: "To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a 'mighty movement of population' than ever stimulated a Biblical writer—or to pen a chapter of Scripture." The same writer says: "From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland, from the 'peasant soil of Russia; and out from the grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented and ambitious of every clime are seeking to take advantage of the 'opportunities afforded by the fertile soil and exhilarating climate of the 'Empire of the North.'"

Continuing the same writer says: "While a million-human beings throng the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in Canada come with a more well-defined purpose." The question has been asked why do these people come to Canada? The available land between the Mississippi and the Pacific has been exhausted, and the farmers within that territory find that their sons have to seek newer climes. Canada offers one hundred and sixty acres of land free to each. This land yields from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. In Southern Alberta, the winter wheat belt of Canada, as high as 60 bushels per acre have been harvested. Less yields than the one mentioned have netted the farmer as much as \$25 per acre. There are no words that tell the tale so effectively as those of the farmer himself, the man who has ploughed the fields, sowed the grain, and with folded hands rests while nature, bounteous in that country, in less than three months, placed at his disposal hundreds of acres of ripened grain, now waiting the arrival of the reaper, and therefore we reproduce the following letter.

Any agent of the Canadian government will be pleased to give information regarding the district mentioned or any of any other that may be desired.

E. T. Holmes, Esq., Canadian Government Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:—

In 1905 I located on a claim about 30 miles from the town of Wadena, on the Canadian Northern Railroad, have lived on my claim most of the time since. I consider this to be one of the best districts in the country for grain growing. In 1906 wheat averaged from 30 to 51 bushels per acre on some of my neighbors' farms, within 4 miles of my claim. Oats go from 75 to 100 bushels. It is also a good country for stock. Where I am there is plenty of fuel. Homesteads nearly all taken the settlement being largely Germans, and Americans, all well-to-do. I left Wadena in February, 1907, returning April 25, so that I missed part of the winter, which the old settlers tell me was one of the worst they ever saw, but there was no suffering, as the people are pretty well fixed, and there are no blizzards in that country, at least there never has been known to be one. Wild land sells at from \$10 to \$15; closer to town it is higher.

In the summer we have all sorts of wild fruits very plentiful, and never saw better vegetables, and game is so plentiful a man need not starve for want of something to eat. Plenty of good water too. You need not hesitate to recommend this district, but the homesteaders are nearly all taken, most of the homesteaders are living right on their claims.

(Signed), FRANK MORREY, Kelvington, Sask.

Where the Trouble Is. A Washington physician announces that grip is catching. It is worse than that. It is sticking.