

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 in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis, and a majority of the soldiers are killed by a fire from a mountain peak. Hampton, a trader, and his daughter, Gillis, during a three-day sleep, Hampton offers assistance to the girl and the soldiers.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She shook off the restraining touch of his hand as if it were contamination and sank down upon her knees beside the inert body. He could barely perceive the dim outlines of her bowed figure, yet never moved, his breath perceptibly quickening, while he watched and waited. Without word or moan she bent yet lower and pressed her lips upon the cold, white face. The man caught no more than the faintest echo of a murmured "Good-by, old dad; I wish I could take you with me." Then she stood stiffly upright, facing him. "I'm ready now," she announced calmly. "You can go on ahead."

They crept among low shrubs and around the bowlders, carefully guarding every slightest movement lest some rustle of disturbed foliage, or sound of loosened stone, might draw the fire of those keen watchers. Every inch of their progress was attained through tedious groping, yet the distance to be traversed was short, and Hampton soon found himself pressing against the uprising precipice. Against that background of dark cliff they might venture to stand erect, the faint glimmer of reflected light barely sufficient to reveal to each the shadowy outline of the other.

"Don't move an inch from this spot," he whispered. "It wouldn't be a square deal, kid, to leave those poor fellows to their death without even telling them there's a chance to get out."

She attempted no reply, as he glided noiselessly away, but her face, could he have seen it, was not devoid of expression. This was an act of generosity and deliberate courage of the very kind most apt to appeal to her nature, and within her secret heart there was rapidly developing a respect for this man, who with such calm assurance won his own way. Then, suddenly, that black curtain was rent by jagged spurts of red and yellow flame. Dazed for an instant, her heart throbbing wildly to the sharp reports of the rifles, she shrank cowering back, her fascinated gaze fixed on those imp-like figures leaping forward from rock to rock. Almost with the flash and sound Hampton sprang hastily back and gathered her in his arms.

"Catch hold, kid, anywhere; only go up, and quick!"

She retained no longer any memory of Hampton; her brain was completely terror-stricken. Inch by inch, foot by foot, clinging to a fragment of rock here, grasping a slippery branch there, occasionally helped by encountering a deeper gash in the face of the precipice, her movements concealed by the scattered cedars, she toiled feverishly up. The first time she became aware that Hampton was closely following was when her feet slipped along a naked rock, and she would have plunged headlong into unknown depths had she not come in sudden contact with his supporting shoulder. Faint and dizzy, and trembling like a leaf in an aspen, she crept forward onto a somewhat wider ledge of thin rock, and lay there quivering painfully from head to foot. A moment of suspense, and he was outstretched beside her, resting at full length along the very outer edge, his hand closing tightly over her own.

"Remain perfectly quiet," he whispered, panting heavily. "We can be no safer anywhere else."

Shots and yells, the dull crash of blows, the shouts of men engaged in a death grapple, the sharp crackling of innumerable rifles, the inarticulate moans of pain, the piercing scream of sudden torture, were borne upward to them from out the blackness. All at once the hideous uproar ceased with a final yelping of triumph, seemingly reached the entire length of the chasm, in the midst of which one single voice pleaded piteously, "only to die away in a shriek. The two agonized fugitives lay listening, their ears strained to catch the slightest sound from below. Hampton's ears could discern evidences of movement, and he heard guttural voices calling at a distance, but to the vision all was black. These uncertain sounds ceased, the strained ears of the fugitives heard the crashing of bodies through the thick shrubbery, and then even this noise died away in the distance. Yet neither ventured to stir or speak. It may be that the girl slept fitfully, worn out by long vigil and intense strain; but the man proved less fortunate, his eyes staring out continually into the black void, his thoughts upon other days. His features were drawn and haggard when the first gray dawn found ghostly reflection along the opposite rock summit, and with blurred eyes he watched the faint tinge of returning light steal downward into the canyon. At last it swept aside these lower clinging mists, as though some invisible hand had drawn back the night curtains, and he peered over the edge of his narrow resting place, gazing directly down upon the scene of massacre. With a quick gasp of unpeepable horror he shrank so sharply back as to cause the suddenly awakened girl to start and glance into his face.

"What is it?" she questioned, with quick catching of breath, reading that which she could not clearly interpret in his shocked expression.

"Nothing of consequence," and he

faintly endeavored to smile. "I suppose I must have been dreaming also, and most unpleasantly. No; please do not look down; it would only cause your head to reel, and our upward climb is not yet completed. Do you feel strong enough now to make another attempt to reach the top?"

"Can we?" she questioned helplessly. "We can, simply because we must," and his white teeth shut together firmly. "There is no possibility of retracing our steps downward, but with the help of this daylight we surely ought to be able to discover some path leading up."

He rose cautiously to his feet, pressing her more closely against the face of the cliff, thus holding her in comparative safety while preventing her from glancing back into the dizzy chasm. The most difficult portion of their journey was apparently just before them. More than once they tottered on the very brink, held to safety merely by desperate clutchings at rock or shrub, yet never once did the man loosen his guarding grasp of his companion. Pressed tightly against the smooth rock, feeling for every crevice, every slightest irregularity of surface, making use of creeping tendrils or dead branch, daring death along every inch of the way, these two creepers at last attained the opening to a little gully, and sank down, faint and trembling. The girl glanced furtively at him, the long lashes shadowing the expression of her lowered eyes. In spite of deep prejudice she felt impelled to like this man; he accomplished this, and he didn't talk.



"If I Select Your Bullet Rather Than the Rocks, What Then?"

It was nothing more serious than a hard and toilsome climb after that, a continuous struggle testing every muscle, straining every sinew, causing both to sink down again and again, panting and exhausted, no longer stimulated by imminent peril. The narrow cleft they followed led somewhere away from the exposed front of the precipice, yet arose steep and jagged before them. It was bridged finally by a cedar trunk, which Hampton wrenched from out its rocky foothold, and the two crept cautiously forward, to emerge where the sunlight rested golden at the summit. They sank face downward in the short grass, barely conscious that they had finally won their desperate passage.

Slowly Hampton succeeded in uplifting his tired body and his reeling head, until he could sit partially upright and gaze unsteadily about. The girl yet remained motionless at his feet, her thick hair, a mass of red gold in the sunshine, completely concealing her face, her slender figure quivering to sobs of utter exhaustion. Before them stretched the barren plain, brown, desolate, drear, offering in all its wide expanse no hopeful promise of rescue. With hand partially shading his aching eyes from the blinding glare, the man studied its every exposed feature, his face hardening again into lines of stern determination. The girl stirred from her position, flinging back her heavy hair with one hand, and looking up into his face with eyes that read at once his disappointment.

"Have you any water left?" she asked at last, her lips parched and burning as if from fever.

He shook the canteen dangling forgotten at his side. "There may be a few drops," he said, handing it to her, although scarcely removing his fixed gaze from off that dreary plain. "We shall be obliged to make those trees yonder; there ought to be water there in plenty, and possibly we may strike a trail."

There was nothing more said be-

tween them. Like two automatons, they started off across the parched grass, the heat waves rising and falling as they stumbled forward. Neither realized until then how thoroughly that hard climb up the rocks, the strain of continued peril, and the long abstinence from food had sapped their strength, yet to remain where they were meant certain death; all hope found its center amid those distant beckoning trees.

No one can explain later how such deeds are ever accomplished; how the tortured soul controls physical weakness, and compels strained sinews to perform the miracle of action when all ambition has died. Hampton surely must have both seen and known, for he kept his direction, yet never afterwards did he regain any clear memory of it.

CHAPTER IV. On the Naked Plain.

It was 218 miles, as the crow flies, between old Fort Bethune and the rock ford crossing the Bear Water, every foot of that dreary, treeless distance Indian-haunted, the favorite skulking place and hunting ground of the restless Sioux. Winter and summer this wide expanse had to be suspiciously patrolled by numerous military scouting parties, anxious to learn more regarding the uncertain whereabouts of wandering bands and the purposes of malcontents.

One such company, composed of a dozen mounted infantrymen, accompanied by three Cree trailers, rode slowly and wearily across the brown exposed uplands down into the longer, greener grass of the wide valley bottom, until they emerged upon a barely perceptible trail which wound away in snake-like twistings, toward those high, barren hills whose blue masses were darkly silhouetted against the western sky. The animals moved steadily forward, reluctant and weary, their heads drooping dejectedly, their distended nostrils red and quivering, the oily perspiration streaking their dust-busted sides. The tired men, half blinded by the glare, lolled heavily in their deep cavalry saddles, with enraptured eyes staring moodily ahead.

Riding alone, and slightly in advance of the main body, his mount a rangy, broad-chested roan, streaked with alkali dust, the drooping head telling plainly of wearied muscles, was the officer in command. He was a

thrust, about which had been loosely knotted a darker colored silk handkerchief, and across the back of the saddle was fastened a uniform jacket, the single shoulder strap revealed presenting the plain yellow of a second lieutenant.

Attending to the summit of a slight knoll, whence a somewhat wider vista lay outspread, he partially turned his face toward the men straggling along in the rear, while his hand swept across the dreary scene.

"If that line of trees over yonder indicates the course of the Bear Water, Carson," he questioned quietly, "where are we expected to hit the trail leading down to the ford?"

The sergeant, thus addressed, a little the stocky fellow wearing a closely clipped gray moustache, spurred his exhausted horse into a brief trot, and drew up short by the officer's side, his heavy eyes scanning the vague distance, even while his right hand was uplifted in perfunctory salute.

"There's no trail I know about along this bank, sir," he replied respectfully, "but the big cottonwood with the dead branch forking out at the top is the ford guide."

They rode down in moody silence into the next depression, and began wearily climbing the long hill opposite, apparently the last before coming directly down the banks of the stream.

As his barely moving horse topped the uneven summit, the lieutenant suddenly drew in his rein, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, bent forward, staring intently down in his immediate front. For a single instant he appeared to doubt the evidence of his own eyes; then he swung hastily from out the saddle, all weariness forgotten.

"My God!" he cried, sharply, his eyes suspiciously sweeping the bare slope. "There are two bodies lying here—white people!"

They lay all doubled up in the coarse grass, exactly as they had fallen, the man resting face downward, the slender figure of the girl clasped vice-like in his arms, with her tightly closed eyes upturned toward the glaring sun. Never once questioning but that he was confronting the closing scene of a gruesome tragedy, the thoroughly aroused lieutenant dropped upon his knees beside them, his eyes already moist with sympathy, his anxious fingers feeling for a possible heart-beat. A moment of hushed, breathless suspense followed, and then he began flinging terse, eager commands across his shoulder to where his men were clustered.

"Here! Carson, Perry, Ronk, lay hold quick, and break this fellow's clasp," he cried, briefly. "The girl retains a spark of life yet, but the man's arms fairly crush her."

With all the rigidity of actual death those clutching hands held their tenacious grip, but the aroused soldiers wrenched the interlaced fingers apart with every tenderness possible in such emergency, shocked at noting the expression of intense agony stamped upon the man's face when thus exposed to view. The whole terrible story was engraven there—how he had toiled, agonized, suffered, before finally yielding to the inevitable and plunging forward in unconsciousness, written as legibly as though by a pen. Carson, who in his long service had witnessed much of death and suffering, bent tenderly above him, seeking for some faint evidence of lingering life. The anxious lieutenant, bare-headed under the hot sun-glare, strode hastily across from beside the unconscious and breathing girl, and stood gazing doubtfully down upon them.

"Any life, sergeant?" he demanded, his voice rendered husky by sympathy. "He doesn't seem entirely gone, sir."

Carson glanced up into the officer's face, his own eyes filled with feeling. "I can distinguish just a wee bit of breathing, but it's so weak the pulse hardly stirs."

"What do you make of it?" "Starving at the bottom, sir. The only thing I see now is to get them down to water and food."

The young officer glanced swiftly about him across that dreary picture of sun-burnt, desolate prairie stretching in every direction, his eyes pausing slightly as they surveyed the tops of the distant cottonwoods.

"Sling blankets between your horses," he commanded, decisively. "Move quickly, lads, and we may save one of these lives yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Campior Trees.

Says Secretary James Wilson, of the department of agriculture: "For years the department has been distributing campior tree seed and thousands of trees are now growing throughout the south and Pacific coast states. Two years ago a serious effort was made to develop the manufacture of campior from these trees. Satisfactory results have been secured and a large manufacturing concern is now building up a campior grove of 2,000 acres in Florida, from which it hopes to make campior. This firm uses more than \$500,000 worth of campior every year."

Speech and Silence.

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.—Publius Syrus

Dressing on \$6,500 a Year.

Expenses of an English Woman of Fashion—Minor Expenditures.

London.—A very exclusive London dressmaker on being asked how much a lady should spend on dress replied: "She could dress fairly well on £1,500 a year." The analysis of a typical bill, however, shows that sum may be very easily exceeded. Thus dresses cost £238 11s.; mantles, etc., £229 18s.; millinery and hats, £207 9s.; gloves, sunshades, etc., £141 4s. 6d.; lingerie, £341 14s. 6d.; boots, riding outfit, etc., £115 18s.; motor outfit, £42 0s. 6d.; sundries, including laundry and cleaning, £41 5s. 6d. The total expenditure on clothing alone in this particular case came to £2,136 and some odd shillings and pence. When to this is added the actual expense of the gratification of minor tastes it will be realized that the fashionable Englishwoman costs the community a very useful sum.

There are saddle horses to be hired, and proceeds our instructress, "Ladies nowadays generally belong to one or

more clubs. They also smoke. The cigarette merchant is somewhat scornful as regards the lady smoker declaring that she is no connoisseur and seldom gives more than five shillings a hundred for her cigarettes. But—there are others," and these when they order the gold tipped variety are a joy to the merchant and a proportionate sorrow to those who devote the smoking habit in women. There may be bridge debts, but there is no reason to suppose that our fashionable lady will gamble, and even if she does one could not get even an approximate idea of what such debts would be."

Hunt For Vacationists.

It is not generally known, says the Hospital Review, that flies and mosquitos dislike the odor of lavender. A teaspoonful of oil of lavender to which is added enough alcohol to make a saturated solution, sprayed around the room and on the bedding will effectively keep away flies and mosquitos while the odor of lavender is perceptible.

WIDOW OF FAMOUS GENERAL



To Mrs. McClellan belongs the double distinction of being the widow of one of the generals prominent in the civil war, while she is also mother of the present mayor of Greater New York.

WILL MAKE POLAR DASH.

Ice Pack and Canvas Boats to Be Used in Trip Northward.

Gloucester, Mass.—The former fishing schooner, John R. Bradley, which took Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Brooklyn explorer, to Etah, from whence he is to make a dash for the pole, is at anchor in the harbor here.

Capt. Moses Bartlett, her commander, who was with Peary in the Roosevelt, says that Cook accompanied John R. Bradley, the owner of the schooner, ostensibly upon a hunting trip and until their arrival at Etah he had not announced his intention of trying for the pole to anyone. He took only one man from the Bradley, Rudolph Frankerson, a cook. His plan is to stay in Etah until December or until the ice pack becomes well hardened, then dash along the pack. When open water is met he will cross it in two canvas boats. Capt. Bartlett says that had Peary had these boats he would have succeeded in his attempt.

Dr. Cook will take only a few Eskimos and dogs and will relay them in stations all the way. He will take substantially the same route as Peary. It was found that the Eskimos had rifled Peary's food caches and even overturned his boats. Mr. Bradley left Dr. Cook a supply for 18 months.

Dr. Cook from Etah has about 1,000 miles to cover. He must return by the same route—across Smith sound overland 84 degrees, then over the ice pack and sea.

The attempt will not be a costly one. Dr. Cook was a guest on Mr. Bradley's trip and the expenses of the Eskimos and dogs will not be excessive.

CATCH COD; NO BAIT.

INVENTION OF FISHERMAN MAY REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY.

Old Salt at Gloucester Has a Device Called "the Jigger" Which May Mean a Great Saving to the New Englanders.

Gloucester, Mass.—Capt. Angus Hines, a weather-beaten fisherman, has invented a new method of capturing cod without bait that promises to revolutionize the fishing industry of New England. All along the coast, from Maine to Cape Cod, the baitless method of taking cod has become a topic of interest.

For nearly a score of years the cost of salted clams, squid and eels and other cod bait has been an important factor in reducing the profits of New England fishermen.

Captains of fishing schooners that sail from Boston, Cape Ann and Cape Cod have been obliged to fill their vessels' holds with bait in barrels before proceeding to the fishing grounds. The salted clams have to be shipped from Maine for this purpose. Often days are spent on the fishing grounds in capturing squid for bait.

Capt. Hines, who recently sailed into Gloucester in his vessel, the Annie M. Parker, with 375,000 pounds of cod, a record load, created a sensation among fishing concerns by catching fully half this cargo by means of his latest fangled device for luring the cod from the depths.

Capt. Hines, when he started for Sable Island in May, carried 140 barrels of salted clams for bait. Before returning he threw 50 barrels overboard and gave away 20 barrels to other fishermen.

This new device for taking fish has been named "the jigger." It consists of a molded fish-shaped piece of shiny lead, about eight inches long, from the head of which projects a pair of big hooks.

When Capt. Hines arrived on the fishing grounds at Sable Island last May he discovered that the schools of fish were slow to take the clam bait. Instead, the cod seemed to be pursuing the herring which infested the waters.

Confronted with this problem, the captain set to work to solve it. It was

impossible to obtain herring enough for bait, and the thought struck him that a device made to deceive the cod would solve his troubles.

With a piece of lead the captain fashioned a little fish over the upper ends of two large cod hooks and threw the device overboard at the end of a line as an experiment.

A cod snapped at the jigger and was hauled aboard the dory. Another and another were caught by the same method in rapid succession. Immediately the crew of 21 on Capt. Hines' vessel set to work modeling jiggers. In another day the men were busy hauling aboard scores of cod caught by the new device.

"SWEET" GIRL ROSS ORPHANAGE.

Goes Through Odd Fellows' Building on Donation Day.

Philadelphia.—A woman, described as slim, dark, of medium height, and sweet manners, has been reported to the police of the Lehigh avenue station as a persistent sneak thief. Families of that neighborhood have noticed losses after visits she made under specious pretexts, and formal complaint was lodged by a representative of the Odd Fellows' orphanage.

Donation day, with its customary reception, was observed at the orphanage, and the pleasant-mannered woman was there. Representing herself as a warm friend of the matron, Mrs. Enoch, she visited every room in the place.

Mrs. Mary Webb, who has charge of the sewing department, missed a purse containing \$5.30 after her visitor left; the laundress bewailed a purse containing four dollars, in addition to a gold cross and a gold chain, and Mrs. A. R. Graham, assistant matron, found that she was no longer possessor of 75 cents in money, a silver bracelet, and a silver manicule set she owned prior to the engaging stranger's call.

Inmates complained to Mrs. Enoch of the suspicious events following her "friend's" visits, but when the stranger was pointed out Mrs. Enoch said she never knew her. Meanwhile the woman escaped, but has since been recognized making "calls" at private residences.

Michigan Clock a Marvel.

This One is a Music-Box as Well as a Time-Keeper.

Gladstone, Mich.—Possibly the most elaborate clock in the state, probably the most unique, is that which John Novack, a jeweler of Escanaba, has installed at his home across the bay from this city at a cost of approximately \$1,000. It is a massive affair, 8 feet 10 inches in height and weighing nearly as much as a piano. The framework and all the working parts were made from special orders, and on delivery were assembled by the owner of the clock.

By an arrangement of silver tubes ranging from four to seven feet in length and installed in the interior of the timepiece the Westminster and Wettington chimes are struck every quarter hour by hammers resembling those of a piano. Each hour also is marked by the playing of the chimes,

and is followed by the requisite number of strokes given on a large tube eight feet in length and toned one note lower than the final note of the chime. The chimes have striking resemblance to those of a church's chimes in the distance, the tones being graduated to produce that effect.

The dial of the clock is a beautifully executed plate of pierced gold and silver work, with the hours marked on a raised silver plate. Above the dial is a plate which records accurately the different phases of the moon. The frame is of quartered oak, handsomely carved by hand, and the whole has been given a solid wax finish.

The orders for the different parts of the clock were placed by Mr. Novack over a year ago.

A man thinks he knows all about politics when he buys a drink for a politician.

Thought He Had Killed Farmers' Bantams and Settled for \$5.

McConnellsburg, Pa.—Henry Marks came to Fulton county grouse hunting, and, although a green sportsman, he surprised his friends and himself by his amazing run of luck.

Several hours had been spent in a vain effort to get up birds. He had never seen grouse, but imagined they were something about the size of a turkey. He also had an idea that they lived in trees.

While walking along a little mountain path he saw what he supposed to be a flock of bantam chickens dusting themselves in the sand just ahead.

"Well, if I can't get any grouse," he said to himself, "I can at least have chicken pot-pie," and he fired into the flock. Seven birds toppled over and the hunter stuffed them into his coat and fed, fearing the wrath of the owner.

His heart sank when at the edge of a clearing he met a farmer, but he put

on a bold front, told the man how sorry he was for killing his chickens, and offered to settle. When the simple mountaineer saw that Marks had made a wonderful bag of fat grouse he looked serious, and, wiping away a large tear, said:

"Them peeps was the pride of my children, but seeing that they're dead we'll call it square for a five dollar bill."

Fall Clears Girl's Mind.

Covington, Ky.—A girl's remarkable escape from death, it is believed, will result in the cure of her mental affliction. Nettie Powell, four years old, fell from a third-story window. She is one of twins and for the last two years has been considered mentally unsound, but is now attaining a normal condition very rapidly.

Madison, Wis.—The supreme court has decided that fine cut tobacco in a leaf wrapper is not a cigarette and that the sale product is not a violation of the anti-cigarette law.

SUN DIAL FOR UNIVERSITY.

Is Copy of Famous Instrument at Oxford University.

Princeton, N. J.—Princeton university is having erected a new sun dial, which will stand directly north of the new McCosh recitation hall, recently completed. It will be designed after the copy of the famous Turnbull sun dial at Corpus Christi college, Oxford, and will be finished in about two weeks, but will not be unveiled until early in November.

Sir William Mather, M. P., the donor of the sun dial, is a prominent figure in educational work. The original sun dial was given to Corpus Christi college by Charles Turnbull in 1635. It consists of a stone column 18 inches in diameter and 9 feet high, resting on a square base. This column is surmounted by a square stone, on the four sides of which are carved the armorial bearings of the University of Oxford, King Henry VIII, the founder of the college, and Hugh Aldam, who is closely associated with the beginnings of Corpus Christi.

On top of this stone is a large ball on which is placed a pelican, the emblem of Cardinal Wolsey, the Prince ten dial, which is an exact copy, will be placed on a series of bases, the lowest one being 14 feet square. When completed the dial will be over 24 feet high.

55,000 New Autos in 1923.

New York.—The automobile manufacturers of the country are now figuring on next year's output of machines. According to figures given out at the office of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' association the total American production will be about 55,000 machines, of which the association members will build 37,000. Placing the average selling price of these 55,000 automobiles at \$2,533 the manufacturers will receive \$139,135,000.

WRITER AS SERVANT GETS FACTS

Employed by Millionaires, Upton Sinclair Will Tell Experiences.

New York.—Upton Sinclair, professional socialist and author of "The Jungle," is not popular in Newport. Sinclair is engaged in novelizing his peculiar views on the distribution of wealth. Three novels from his pen will soon log the presses of a publishing house, and in order to obtain color for one of them he decided to invade Newport society. He hit upon the scheme of enlisting on Howard Gould's yacht, the Niagara, as a steward. After a few days spent aboard the yacht he resigned and took a position as servant in The Breakers, the home of a Vanderbilt. One of Sinclair's fellow servants noticed that every night before retiring the young man filled the pages of a notebook with observations made during the day. This he reported to headquarters and Sinclair was summarily ejected. He says that he was ready to leave, inasmuch as he already had absorbed the salient features of Newport culture.