

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, is rescued by a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton. Also Gillis, the post trader, and his daughter, Miss Gillis, a young girl who has been kidnapped by a party 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, led by a captain, find them. Hampton and the girl are taken to the miners' home in Placer, Mrs. Duffy, proprietress.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

There was no response, but the speaker moistened his lips and proceeded firmly. "It was that of a professional gambler, utterly devoid of mercy toward his victims; a reckless fighter, who shot to kill upon the least provocation; a man without moral character, and from whom any good action was impossible. That was what was said about you. Is the tale true?"

Hampton laughed unpleasantly, his eyes grown hard and ugly. "I presume it must be," he admitted, with a quick side glance toward the closed door, "for the girl out yonder thought about the same. A most excellent reputation to establish with only ten years of strict attendance to business."

Wynkoop's grave face expressed his disapproval.

"Well, in my present judgment that report was not altogether true," he went on clearly and with greater confidence. "I did suppose you exactly that sort of a man when I first came into this room. I have not believed so, however, for a single moment since. Nevertheless, the naked truth is certainly bad enough, without any necessity for our resorting to romance. You may deceive others by an assumption of recklessness, but I feel convinced your true nature is not evil. It has been warped through some cause which is none of my business. Let us deal alone with facts. You are a gambler, a professional gambler, with all that that implies; your life is, of necessity, passed among the most vicious and degrading elements of mining camps, and you do not hesitate even to take human life when in your judgment it seems necessary to preserve your own. Under this veneer of lawlessness you may, indeed, possess a warm heart, Mr. Hampton; you may be a good fellow, but you are certainly not a model character, even according to the liberal code of the border."

"Extremely kind of you to enter my rooms uninvited, and furnish me with this list of moral deficiencies," acknowledged the other with affected carelessness. "But thus far you have failed to tell me anything strikingly new. Am I to understand you have some particular object in this exchange of amenities?"

"Most assuredly. It is to ask if such a person as you practically confess yourself to be—homeless, associating only with the most despicable and vicious characters, and leading so uncertain and disreputable a life—can be fit to assume charge of a girl, almost a woman, and mould her future?"

For a long, breathless moment Hampton stared incredulously at his questioner, crushing his cigar between his teeth. Twice he started to speak, but literally choked back the bitter words burning his lips, while an uncontrollable admiration for the other's boldness began to overcome his first fierce anger.

"By God!" he exclaimed at last, rising to his feet and pointing toward the door. "I have shot men for less. Go, before I forget your cloth. You little impudent fool! See here—I saved that girl from death, or worse; I plucked her from the very mouth of hell; I like her; she's got sand; so far as I know there is not a single soul for her to turn to for help in all this wide world. And you, you miserable, snivelling hypocrite, you little creeping Presbyterian parson, you want me to shake her! What sort of a wild beast do you suppose I am?"

Wynkoop had taken one hasty step backward, impelled to it by the fierce anger blazing from those stern, gray eyes. But now he paused, and, for the only time on record, discovered the conventional language of polite society inadequate to express his needs.

"I think," he said, scarcely realizing his own words, "you are a damned fool."

Into Hampton's eyes there leaped a light upon which other men had looked before they died—the strange gleam which sometimes sees in fighting animals, or amid the fierce charges of war. His hand swept instinctively backward, closing upon the butt of a revolver beneath his coat, and for one second he who had dared such utterance looked on death. Then the hard lines about the man's mouth softened, the fingers clutching the weapon relaxed, and Hampton laid one opened hand upon the minister's shrinking shoulder.

"Sit down," he said, his voice unsteady from so sudden a reaction. "Perhaps—perhaps I don't exactly understand."

For a full minute they sat thus, looking at each other through the fast dimming light. The strange gleam which for the first time within the ring, and taking mental stock before beginning their physical argument, Hampton, with a touch of his old audacity of manner, was first to break the silence.

"So you think I am a damned fool. Well, we are in pretty fair accord as to that fact, although no one before has ever ventured to state it quite so clearly in my presence. Perhaps you will kindly explain."

The preacher wet his dry lips with his tongue, forgetting himself when

his thoughts began to crystallize into expression.

"I regret having spoken as I did," he began. "Such language is not my custom. I was irritated because of your haste in rejecting my advances before hearing the proposition I came to submit. I certainly respect your evident desire to be of assistance to this young woman, nor have I the slightest intention of interfering between you. Your act in preserving her life was truly a noble one, and your loyalty to her interests since is worthy of all Christian praise. But I believe I have a right to ask, what do you intend for the future? Keep her with you? Drag her about from camp to camp? Educate her among the contaminating poison of gambling holes and dance-halls? Is her home hereafter to be the saloon and the rough frontier hotel? Her ideal of manhood the quarrelsome gambler, and of womanhood a painted harlot? Mr. Hampton, you are evidently a man of education, of early refinement; you have known better things; and I have come to you seeking merely to aid you in deciding this helpless young woman's destiny. I thought, I prayed, you would be at once interested in that purpose, and would comprehend the reasonableness of my position."

Hampton sat silent, gazing out of the window, his eyes apparently on the lights now becoming dimly visible in the saloon opposite. For a considerable time he made no move, and the other straightened back in his chair watching him.

"Well," he ventured at last, "what is your proposition?" The question was quietly asked, but a slight tremor in the low voice told of repressed feeling.

"That, for the present at least, you confine this girl into the care of some worthy woman."

"Have you any such in mind?"

"I have already discussed the matter briefly with Mrs. Herndon, wife of the superintendent of the Golden Rule mines. She is a refined Christian lady, beyond doubt the most proper person to assume such a charge in this camp."

Hampton flung his sodden cigar butt out of the window. "I'll talk it over to-morrow with—Miss Gillis," he said, somewhat gruffly. "It may be said, somewhat gruffly, that this means a good deal more to me than you suppose, parson, but I'm bound to acknowledge there is considerable hard sense in what you have just said, and I'll talk it over with the girl."

Wynkoop held out his hand cordially and the firm grasp of the other closed over his fingers.

"I don't exactly know why I didn't kick you downstairs," the latter commented, as though still in wonder at himself. "Never remember being quite so considerate before, but I reckon you must have come at me in about the right way."

If Wynkoop answered, his words were indistinguishable, but Hampton remained standing in the open door watching the missionary go down the narrow stairs.

"Nervous little devil," he acknowledged slowly to himself. "And maybe, after all, that would be the best thing for the kid."

CHAPTER VI.

"To Be or Not to Be."

They were seated rather close together upon the steep hillside, gazing silently down upon small Glenoid. At such considerable distance all the dull shyness of the mining town had disappeared, and it seemed almost ideal, viewed against the natural background of brown rocks and green trees. Everywhere was loneliness, no sound telling of the labor of man reached them, and the few scattered buildings far below resembling mere doll-houses.

They had conversed only upon the constantly changing beauty of the scene, or of incidents connected with their upward climb, while moving slowly along the trail through the

fresh morning sunshine. Now they sat in silence, the young girl, with cheeks flushed and dreamy eyes aglow, gazed far off along the valley, the man watching her curiously, and wondering how best to approach his task.

Observing her now, sitting thus in total unconsciousness of his scrutiny, Hampton made no attempt to analyze the depth of his interest for this wife who had come drifting into his life.

Even to his somewhat prejudiced eyes she was not an attractive creature, for she possessed no clear conception of how to render apparent those few feminine charms she possessed. Negligence and total unconsciousness of self, coupled with lack of womanly companionship and guidance, had left her altogether in the rough. He marked now the coarse ragged shoes, the cheap patched skirt, the tousled auburn hair, the sambartan cheeks with a suggestion of freckles plainly visible beneath the eyes, and some of the fastidiousness of early days caused him to shrug his shoulders. Yet underneath the tan there was the glow of perfect young health; the eyes were frank, brave, unflinching; while the rounded chin held a world of character in its firm contour.

Hampton tucked in his hand the old-fashioned locket she held out toward him, the long chain still clasped about her throat, and pried open the "X" catch with his knife blade. She bent down to fasten her loosened shoe, and when her eyes were uplifted his gaze was riveted upon the face in the picture.

"Mighty pretty, wasn't she?" she asked, with a sudden girlish interest, bending forward to look, regardless of his strained attitude. "And she was prettier than that, even, the way I remember her best, with her hair all hanging down, coming to tuck me into bed at night. Someway that's how I always seem to see her."

The man drew a deep breath, and snapped shut the locket, yet still retained it in his hand. "Is—she dead?" he questioned, and his voice trembled in spite of his steel nerves.

"Yes, in St. Louis; dad took me there with him two years ago, and I saw her grave."

"Dad? Do you mean old Gillis?"

She nodded, beginning dimly to wonder why he should speak so fiercely and stare at her in that odd way. He seemed to choke twice before he could ask the next question.

"Did he—old Gillis, I mean—claim to be your father, or her husband?"

"No, I don't reckon he ever did, but he gave me that picture, and told me she was my mother. I always lived with him, and called him dad. I reckon he liked it, and he was mighty good to me. We were at Randolph a long time, and since then he's been post-trader at Bethune. That's all I know about it, for dad never talked very much, and he used to get mad when I asked him questions."

Hampton dropped the locket from his grasp and arose to his feet. For several minutes he stood with his back toward her, apparently gazing down the valley, his jaw set, his dimmed eyes seeing nothing. Slowly the color came creeping into his face, and his hands unclenched. Then he wheeled about, and looked down upon her, completely restored to his old nature.

"Then it seems that it is just you and I, kid, who have got to settle this little affair," he announced, firmly. "I'll have my say about it, and then you can uncork your feelings. I rather imagine I haven't very much legal right in the premises, but I've got a sort of moral grip on you by reason of having pulled you out alive from that canyon yonder, and I propose to play this game to the limit. You say your mother is dead, and the man who raised you is dead, and so far as either of us know, there isn't a soul anywhere on earth who possesses any claim over you, or any desire to have. Then, naturally, the whole pack-jot is up to me, provided I've got the cards. Now, kid, waving your prejudice aside, I ain't just exactly the best man in this world to bring up a girl like you and make a lady out of her. I thought yesterday that maybe we might manage to hitch along together for awhile, but I've got a different think coming to-day. There's no use disfiguring the truth. I'm a gambler, and folks don't say anything too pleasing about my peaceful disposition around these settlements; I haven't any home, and mighty few friends, and the few I have got are nothing to boast about. I reckon there's a cause for it all. So, considering everything, I'm about the poorest proposition ever was heard of to start a young ladies' seminary. The Lord knows, old Gillis was bad enough, but I'm a damned sight worse. Now, some woman has got to take you in hand, and I reckon I've found the right one."

"Goin' to get married, Bob?"

"Not this year, it's hardly become so serious as that; but I'm going to find you it good home here, and I'm going to put up plenty of stuff, so that they'll take care of you all right and proper."

The dark eyes never wavered as they looked steadily into the gray ones, but the chin quivered slightly.

DISH FOR TEA OR SUPPER.

Simple Refreshment Menu That is Easy to Prepare.

A ball of cream of chicken salad served with nut sandwiches and a glass of lemon squash, make a delightful tea or supper dish. Olives and salted peanuts may be passed.

To make the cream of chicken salad, chop the chicken very fine. Add to each half pint one-half pint of cream sauce and two tablespoonsful of gelatine that has been soaked in four tablespoonsful of cold water for an hour. Mix the ingredients together hot, season nicely and turn into a shallow pan to cool. When cold, put into balls the size of F—-nut walnuts. Put three of these balls on a nest of lettuce leaves, put one teaspoonful of mayonnaise in the middle and they are ready to serve.

Use slightly toasted unsalted almonds for sandwiches. After they have been chopped fine sprinkle them thickly between thin slices of bread and butter, press together and cut in any fancy shapes desired.

The lemon squash may be made the day before. Grate the yellow rind of three lemons and add two pounds of sugar to one quart of water; boil for five minutes and strain. Add the juice of 12 lemons and strain again. At serving time dilute this with Apollinaris water, making the lemon squash sufficiently cool to be palatable.—Woman's Home Companion.

BETTER THAN CAN BE BOUGHT.

Handkerchiefs Made at Home Are Dainty and Economical.

Some handkerchiefs which are pretty and dainty are fascinating to make and at the same time are economical. One yard and a quarter of 45-inch wide handkerchief linen will make nine men's handkerchiefs of the correct size. Twelve women's handkerchiefs may be made from a yard and a quarter of 32-inch wide linen at one dollar or \$1.50 a yard. After the linen is cut into squares for the handkerchiefs each corner is slightly curved to form a curved instead of a square corner. The edges are then rolled and whipped over with colored wash file thread. The stitches take in only the depth of the roll. After the handkerchief is all whipped, turn back and whip in the same way, the return stitches between those done the first time. This crosses the threads and produces a charming cross-stitch effect. A small initial should be worked in the corner in the same color thread. These handkerchiefs are odd and unique, and still are much in vogue, as all the smart handkerchiefs have a touch of color somewhere.

Baked Potato for Invalid.

For economy in the sickroom prepare baked potatoes by washing and drying them thoroughly; lay them on the asbestos bread toaster, and cover them closely with a small granite pan; turn the fire on only half way, turn the potatoes over occasionally, and in an hour, when they should be done, spread a napkin over the hand; place a potato in the center, and, holding the napkin closely around it with the potato like a ball on the top of the hand, pat it gently all over, roll it out on a plate, open the jacket, season with butter, pepper and salt, and, if liked, a tablespoonful of cream, and you have a potato mashed as fine as in the ordinary way, only a more delicious and tempting as well as a more easily digested dainty for the sick one.

Imitation Canton Ginger.

Take young carrots, scrape carefully, cut in pieces the size of the West Indian preserved ginger; parboil gently to keep from breaking, drain carefully, let lie on sieve all night. The next day weigh, put equal parts of sugar with tablespoon of essence of ginger, the yellow rind of one-half a lemon, and one-fourth pint of water to each pound of carrots; simmer gently four hours, then lift the pieces out carefully, put in small jars, removing the lemon peel; boil the sirup quickly for ten minutes, add a wine glass of brandy to a pint; when cold seal same as jelly and keep in a cool place.

Breakfast Food Variety.

When other breakfast foods tire toast slices of bread, crumble fine and eat with cream and sugar. This is delicious and nourishing. For a cold night one can make delicious hot chocolate by melting in a little hot water a cake of sweet chocolate and adding milk. This takes only a few minutes and is always of the right sweetness.

Bath Bags.

Four pounds of fine oatmeal, two quarts of clean bran, one and one-half pounds of powdered orris root, one and one-half pounds of almond meal, one pound of powdered white castile soap, three ounces of primrose sachet powder. Keep in glass jars, filling little cheesecloth bags as needed. Leaves the skin soft, clear and velvety.

Cement for Glass.

Add one pint of vinegar to one pint of milk and separate the curds from the whey. Mix the whey with the whites of five eggs. Beat it thoroughly together and sift into it a sufficient quantity of unslacked lime to convert it into a thick paste. Broken glass or china mended with this cement will not break again and will resist the action of fire and water.

Sugar Ginger Wafers.

Three-fourths cup butter, creamed with two cups white sugar, one cup milk, four cups sifted flour, three-quarters teaspoon soda dissolved in a little boiling water, one tablespoon ginger. Spread the mixture very thin on bottom of pans, well washed and greased. Use a flat knife. Bake in moderate oven till light brown. Cut while hot and slip from pan.

His Great Idea.

Gilbert, the small son of a minister, was one day trying to construct a church with his building blocks, but found he hadn't enough blocks. "Say, papa," he inquired gravely, "can't you hold up your congregation for funds to build my church?"

For the MODISH WOMAN



BROWN FELT FOR WEAR WITH TAILOR MADE GOWN 0/0

CHARMING HAT OF SOFT FELT COSTUME OF SACHET - SHIRT - SHORT

A CLOTH HAT TRIMMED IN OSTRICH PLUMES

With the coming of fall the bride has again made her appearance in all her loveliness, and there is a fresh array of new and beautiful frocks in the contemplation of which women never tire. Satin sometimes veiled with lace is at the moment the favorite wedding robe, although the robe of one fashionable bride of the east was made of a superb panne velvet trimmed with old family point lace and a large lace shawl veil added to the richness of the costume. Of course it takes either a tall or a full figure to properly carry such rich materials, and the petite or thin bride would do well to wear a chiffon or other filmy gown and a tulle veil. Such frocks can be exquisitely embroidered and be quite as beautiful and far more suitable for the thin or short girl than velvet.

No matter how simple the bridal gown itself may be, there is a large field of choice in the matter of the attendants' frocks, and a party of bridesmaids may be gowned in different colors or shades of the same color, or if a matron of honor or a maid of honor, or both, are added to bridesmaids, there is a still greater chance to display artistic taste and originality. If there is to be extreme simplicity in the wedding frocks, then a house wedding or a small church would seem the proper thing; but if a large church wedding, with a long invitation list included in the program, then let there be as novel and beautiful garments and other accessories to the pageant as is consistent with good taste—and a lot more is consistent than the hide-bound lover of the commonplace is usually willing to admit.

The French adhere strictly to the jeune fille idea in dressing their brides, the simplest frocks and usually tulle veils, but their girl brides are quite different from ours, and so is the whole social scheme. It behooves the American woman to exercise her originality in the matter of dress, if she have it, and not only to select the best of the English and continental fashions, but to add touches of her own and add originality to the scheme or to evolve new designs.

But other apparel must be considered besides the bridal outfitting and we must needs turn to the tailor-made costumes. As a general statement we would say that the skirts are shorter and the coats are longer, although with the long coat a short skirt does not look well. The skirt that just touches the ground is permissible, and long princess coats in cloth are made just above the ankles. Then on the other hand the half-length coat is equally popular.

Checks are popular, and are used extensively by leading tailors in rather somber mixtures that lend themselves admirably to the braiding which is such a marked feature of the Viennese tailor-made.

Another delightful trimming, and one that is gladly welcomed with the first touch of autumn, is velvet. Velvet collars are used even on riding habits, and some of the smartest cloth dresses are strapped with it.

The coming of autumn has brought with it a revival of satin trimmed with cloth, and very noticeable in a crowd is an evening gown of copper-colored satin trimmed with gold and shaded embroideries, with an introduction of real lace at the deco age and long lace sleeves.

I am quite certain that sleeves will change very much in evening dress, and their importance cannot be over-estimated, for upon them very often depends the success of a frock. The picture-sleeve is always pretty in the picture frock for country house wear, but the best dinner gowns show but little sleeve. I think one of the most becoming sleeves is the trelliswork of chenille, studded, perhaps, with jet, and edged with a fringe. The shape of the arm is very often ruined by an ill-fitting sleeve. The manipulation of the sleeve, therefore, should receive most careful attention. No woman looks well dressed unless she knows how to put on her clothes; the best dressmaker in the world cannot invest the wearer with the meaning of the gown.

As to hats, I should like to point out one or two important changes which have taken place in the millinery world since last season. We have completely done away with hat brims which are longer at the back than the front, and we no longer hide the back of our necks! Cloche hats—even those in mushroom form—are still very fashionable, but they are no longer exaggerated in outline and they are worn on the head. And then we are becoming very enthusiastic over the cavalier hat, turned up at one side and trimmed with handsome feathers or with immense clusters of flowers. Black taffeta hats bound with black silk braid are possessed of much charm. In this connection the braid is always wide and rather coarse in texture; it forms an important binding for the cloche brim and is the best of taste with tailor-made costumes.

Design for an Evening Gown.



No Sentiment in Business.

Some Old-Fashioned Ideas of Trading Have Passed On.

"Times have changed," said an old grocer on Kansas avenue, the West side. "Buyers get their groceries, meats and merchandise where they believe they can get the most for their money. Of course, quality as well as quantity is considered. Twenty years ago it was different. Merchants often were patronized because they were of a particular nationality or creed. Sometimes it was an account of their political belief. Then there were those who had the notion that a store they had patronized several years gave the most for the money. I remember a man who had just moved into the neighborhood, came into my place of business several years ago. He asked me about my nationality. I told him. He walked out of the store and never returned. But it's different now. Religion, nationality and politics are forgotten. Honest bargains and honest methods are sought. And it is better for the buyer and merchant—Kansas City Star.

Pay of World's Rulers.

The amount of money paid annually to the world's rulers amounts to \$80,000,000.

A MATTER OF FORM.



Then, please, where do you get your frocks made? You also...