

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "THE LADY OF THE MOUNTAIN" "HISTORICAL ILLINOIS, ETC."



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 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 Glencaid, Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the matter over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parents and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"I reckon I'd rather try it alone," she announced stubbornly. "Maybe I might have stood it with you, Bob Hampton, but a woman is the limit."

"I expect it will go rather hard at first, Kid," he admitted craftily, "but I think you might try it a while just to sort of please me."

"Who—who is she?" doubtfully.

"Mrs. Herndon, wife of the superintendent of the 'Golden Rule' mine; and he waded his hand toward the distant houses. "They tell me she's a mighty fine woman."

"Oh, they do? Then somebody's been stirring you up about me, have they? I thought that was about the way of it. Somebody wants to reform me, I reckon. Well, maybe I won't be reformed. Who was it, Bob?"

"The Presbyterian missionary," he confessed reluctantly, "a nifty little chap named Wynkoop; he came in to see me last night while you were asleep." He faced her open scorn unshrinkingly, his mind fully decided, and clinging to one thought with all the tenacity of his nature.

"A preacher!" her voice vibrant with derision, "a preacher! Well, of all things, Bob Hampton! You led around by the nose in that way! Did he want you to bring me to Sunday school? A preacher! And I suppose the fellow expects to turn me over to one of his flock for religious instruction. He'll have you studying theology inside of a year. A preacher! Oh, Lord, and you agreed? Well, I won't go; so there!"

"As I understand the affair," Hampton continued, as she paused for breath, "it was Lieut. Brant who suggested the idea of his coming to me. Brant knew Gillis, and remembered you, and realizing your unpleasant situation, thought such an arrangement would be for your benefit."

"Brant!" she burst forth in renewed anger; "he did, did he! The putty-faced dandy! I used to see him at Bethune, and you can bet he never bothered his head about me then. No, and he didn't even know me out yonder, until after the sergeant spoke up. What business has that fellow got planning what I shall do?"

Hampton made no attempt to answer. It was better to let her indignation die out naturally, and so he asked a question. "What is this Brant doing at Bethune? There is no cavalry stationed there."

She glanced up quickly, interested by the sudden change in his voice. "I heard dad say he was kept there on some special detail. His regiment is stationed at Fort Lincoln, somewhere farther north. He used to come down and talk with dad evenings, because daddy saw service in the Seventh when it was first organized after the war."

"Did you—did you ever hear either of them say anything about Maj. Alfred Brant? He must have been this lad's father."

"No, I never heard much they said. Did you know him?"

"The father, yes, but that was years ago. Come, Kid, all this is only ancient history, and just as well forgotten. Now, you are a sensible girl, when your temper don't get away with you, and I am simply going to leave this matter to your better judgment. Will you go to Mrs. Herndon's, and find out how you like it? You needn't stop there an hour if she isn't good to you, but you ought not to want to remain with me, and grow up like a rough boy."

"You—really want me to go, don't you?"

"Yes, I want you to go. It's a chance for you, Kid, and there isn't a bit of a show in the kind of a life I lead. I never have been in love with myself, and only took to it in the first place because the devil happened to drive me that way. The Lord knows I don't want to lead any one else through such a muck. So it is a try?"

The look of defiance faded slowly out of her face as she stood gravely regarding him. The man was in deadly earnest, and she felt the quiet insistence of his manner.

"You bet, if you put it that way," she consented, simply, "but I reckon that Mrs. Herndon is likely to wish I hadn't."

Together, yet scarcely exchanging another word, the two retraced their steps slowly down the steep trail leading toward the little town in the valley.

CHAPTER VII.

"We Come Here to Live."

Widely as these two companions differed in temperament and experience, it would be impossible to decide which felt the greater uneasiness at the prospect immediately before them. The girl openly rebellious, the man extremely doubtful, with reluctant steps they approached that tall, homely, yellow house—outwardly the most pretentious in Glencaid.

They were so completely opposite, these two, that more than one chance passer-by glanced curiously toward them as they picked their way onward through the red dust. Hampton, slender yet firmly knit, his body held erect

sure," she said at last. "Why is it I am to be thus honored?"

The girl backed partially off the doorstep, her hair flapping in the wind, her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, you needn't put on so much style about it," she blurted out. "You're Mrs. Herndon, ain't you? Well, then, this is the place where I was sent; but I reckon you ain't no more particular about it than I am. There's others."

"Who sent you to me?" and Mrs. Herndon came forth into the sunshine.

"The preacher."

"Oh, Mr. Wynkoop; then you must be the homeless girl whom Lieut. Brant brought in the other day. Why did you not say so at first? You may come in, my child."

There was a sympathetic tenderness apparent now in the tones of her voice, which the girl was swift to perceive and respond to, yet she held back, her independence unshaken. With the quick intuition of a woman, Mrs. Herndon bent down, placing one hand on the defiant shoulder.

"I did not understand, at first, my dear," she said, soothingly, "or I should never have spoken as I did. Some very strange callers come here. But you are truly welcome. I had a daughter once; she must have been nearly your age when God took her. Won't you come in?"

While thus speaking she never once glanced toward the man standing in silence beyond, yet as the two passed through the doorway together he plainly furnished room, and with her arm about the girl's waist, the lines about her mouth hardened. "I do not recall extending my invitation to you," she said, coldly.

He remained standing, hat in hand, his face shadowed, his eyes picturing deep perplexity.

"For the intrusion I offer my apology," he replied, humbly; "but you see I—I feel responsible for this young woman. She—sort of fell to my care when none of her own people were left to look after her. I only came to show her the way, and to say that I stand ready to pay you well to get her a bit, and show her how to get hold of the right things."

"Indeed!" and Mrs. Herndon's voice was not altogether pleasant. "I understood she was entirely alone and friendless. Are you that man who brought her out of the canyon?"

Hampton bowed as though half ashamed of acknowledging the act.

"Oh! then I know who you are," she continued, unhesitatingly. "You are a gambler and a bar-room rough. I won't touch a penny of your money. I told Mr. Wynkoop that I shouldn't, but that I would endeavor to do my Chris-

less as to the woman who had affronted him, yet somewhat hurt on seeing that the girl had not once lifted her downcast eyes to his face. Yet he had scarcely taken three steps toward the road before she was beside him, her hand upon his sleeve.

"I won't stay!" she exclaimed, fiercely. "I won't, Bob Hampton. I'd rather go with you than be good."

His sensitive face flushed with delight, but he looked gravely down into her indignant eyes. "Oh, yes, you will, Kid," and his hand touched her roughly, as he said, "she's a good, kind woman, all right, and I don't blame her for not liking my style."

"Do—do you really want me to stick it out here, Bob?"

It was no small struggle for him to say so, for he was beginning to comprehend just what this separation meant. She was more to him than he had ever supposed, more to him than she had even been an hour before, and now he understood clearly that from this moment they must ever run farther apart—her life tending upward, his down. Yet there was but one decision possible. Then he answered, "This is your best chance, little girl, and I want you to stay and fight it out."

Their eyes met, each dimly realizing, although in a totally different way, that here was a moment of important decision. Mrs. Herndon darkened the doorway and stood looking out.

"Well, Mr. Bob Hampton," she questioned, plainly, "what is this going to be?"

He glanced toward her, slightly lifting his hat, and promptly releasing the girl's clinging hand.

"Miss Gillis consents to remain," he announced shortly, and, denying himself so much as another glance at his companion, strode down the narrow path to the road. A moment the girl's eyes followed him through the dust cloud, a single tear stealing down her cheek. Only a short week ago she had utterly despised this man, now he had become truly more to her than any one else in the wide, wide world. Then Mrs. Herndon came forth quietly and led the girl, now sobbing bitterly, within the cool shadows of the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Last Revolt.

It proved a restless day, and a sufficiently unpleasant one, for Mr. Hampton. For a number of years he had been diligently training himself in the school of cynicism, endeavoring to persuade himself that he did not in the least care what others thought, nor how his own career ended; impelling himself to constant recklessness in life and thought. He had thus successfully built up a wall between the present and that past which long haunted his lonely moments, and had finally decided that it was hermetically sealed. Yet now, this odd bit of a girl, this waif whom he had plucked from the jaws of death, had overturned this carefully constructed barrier as if it had been originally built of mere cardboard, and he was compelled again to see himself, loathe himself, just as he had in those past years.

One thing he grasped clearly,—the girl should be given her chance nothing in his life must ever again soil her or lower her ideals. Mrs. Herndon was right, and he realized it; neither his presence nor his money were fit to influence her future. He swore between his clenched teeth, his face grown haggard. The sun's rays bridged the slowly darkening valley with cords of red gold, and the man pulled himself to his feet by gripping the root of a tree. He realized that he had been sitting there for hours, and that he was hungry.

Down beneath, amid the fast awakening noise and bustle of early evening, the long discipline of the gambler reasserted itself—he got back his nerve. It was Bob Hampton, cool, resourceful, sarcastic of speech, quick of temper, who greeted the loungers about the hotel, and who sat, with his back to the wall, in the little dining-room, watchful of all others present. And it was Bob Hampton who strolled carelessly out upon the darkened porch an hour later, leaving a roar of laughter behind him, and an enemy as well. Little he cared for that, however, in his present mood, and he stood there, amid the black shadows, looking contemptuously down upon the stream of countless humanity trooping past on pleasure bent, the blue smoke circling his head, his gray eyes glowing half angrily. Suddenly he leaned forward, clutching the rail in quick surprise.

"Kid," he exclaimed, harshly, "what does this mean? What are you doing alone here?"

She stopped instantly and glanced up, her face flushing in the light streaming forth from the open door of the Occidental.

"I reckon I'm alone here because I want to be," she returned, defiantly. "I ain't no slave. How do you get up there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Division of Population.

Considerably more than half the people of the world live in the countries which border on the Pacific ocean.

Various Kinds of Coinage.

Twenty-Six Different Monetary Units Are in Use.

Twenty-six different monetary units are used by the 48 principal countries of the world. Thus, Great Britain uses the sovereign or pound sterling; France and six other countries of Europe use a unit equal to the franc; and Canada and the United States use the dollar. In value these different units range from 44 to 494.33 cents of money of the United States. They are represented in their turn by coins the values of which are either multiples or fractional parts of the value of their own chief units, and there are no doubt at least 200 such different coins, not one of which seems to have a value equal to that of any commonly known unit of weight, as the gram, for example, or the ounce of gold, although 43 of these 48 countries have accepted gold as their standard measure of value. In the coinage of the world there seems, indeed, to be little that is logical or reasonable. Adoption of a single monetary unit or base, if not of an

universal system of coinage to be used in all commerce between the nations, suggests E. W. Perry in Moody's Magazine, would be a long step in that evolution through the centuries, because there has been no concerted, well planned and persistent effort to remove the evils of the existing disorder.

Mutual Recognition.

An orator and lawyer who lives at Galesburg, Ill., wrote a book which his publishers, in order to give the author an exact idea of how it would look, made up into a dummy with the regular cover, but with blank pages. The proud author went to Chicago and called on one of his friends, "George," said the author, putting the book open on the table, "so far as my acquaintance with literature goes, this book is best suited of any for your mentality." The other turned over the blank pages gravely. Finally he said: "Carr, after a somewhat careful examination of this work, I am forced to the conclusion, without looking at the title page, that you are the author."

AT THE FIRST MEAL

COME GOOD BREAKFAST TABLE SUGGESTIONS.

Coffee Tastes Better if Made at the Moment Required—Hot Water Dishes to Keep the Food in Condition.

Here are some suggestions for the breakfast table that may be of use: Coffee will be much better if it is made right on the table. There is a Viennese coffee pot which comes in copper or nickel. This is furnished with its own alcohol lamp, which boils the water as it percolates through the coffee.

The coffee can be made any desired strength. If the machine is started with boiling water coffee can be made in from ten to 15 minutes. Tea should also be made on the table; you can then be sure that the water is freshly boiled and that the tea does not stand after being made.

There are some china teapots that have a sieve-like pocket in the top to hold the tea leaves. The boiling water is poured through them as many times as is necessary. The tea when made remains the same strength, as the leaves do not steep in it.

Food should be served in a hot water dishes. These come in all sizes and at all prices.

The handsome Sheffield pieces have a covered dish on a stand, a hot water dish underneath it and an alcohol lamp that fits into the stand to keep the water hot.

These, of course, will last a lifetime and are expensive, but there are plenty of others that will answer as well and that are quite reasonable.

Food will keep hot in these covered dishes for a surprising length of time and does not dry up, as it does when put in the oven or over the stove. If you want to have a comfortable hot breakfast have several of these dishes in use.

China eggcups come with hollow bases, in which hot water is poured. A soft-boiled egg, when hot, is appetizing, but it never is by the time it is prepared in the ordinary eggcup.

If you like your dry toast crisp, it should always be served in a toast rack. Putting it on a plate and covering it up makes a steam that spoils it.

The juice of an orange squeezed into a small glass cup makes a very good fruit course. Many a hurried man will drink his orange juice to his pleasure and profit who would not stop to have an orange that he had to prepare himself.

After all, it pays to give the family a good start in the morning and a good hot breakfast is a great help.

Homemade Shoe Trees.

In making shoe trees from old stockings filled with bran, as is the habit of the economical, there should be enough of the leg of the stocking left to allow the bran to be pushed up as the form is being put in. Otherwise, especially if the shoe is at all damp, it will be almost impossible to manipulate it.

Keep a tape fastened to the seam of the stocking so it can be tied or untied at a moment's notice. When putting the form into the shoe untie this tape, refastening it after pushing the bran down to hold out the shoe.

There is but one objection to this kind of shoe tree; mice like it as well as you do, and care should be taken to keep the shoes out of their way.

Keep Clocks Clean.

Has anyone a valuable clock that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness? Does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seem to be in pain? Take a bit of cotton batting the size of a hen's egg; dip it in kerosene, and place it on the floor of the clock in the corner. Shut the door and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one. It will skip beats no more; it will strike as of old, and when you look inside you will find the cotton black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust and they fall, thus cleaning the clock.

Braised Breast of Lamb.

With a sharp-pointed knife remove the bones. Flatten the meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll up and tie. In a deep kettle put a scant half cupful each of chopped onion, carrot and turnip. Add a large spoonful of dripping or salt pork fat and cook slowly until lightly colored. Lay in the meat, pour round it a pint of boiling water, cover closely and place in a moderate oven. Allow 45 minutes to the pound; add more water if it evaporates too much. When done strain the gravy and serve with the meat. Vary this by using stewed and strained tomato instead of water.

To Sew on Hooks and Eyes.

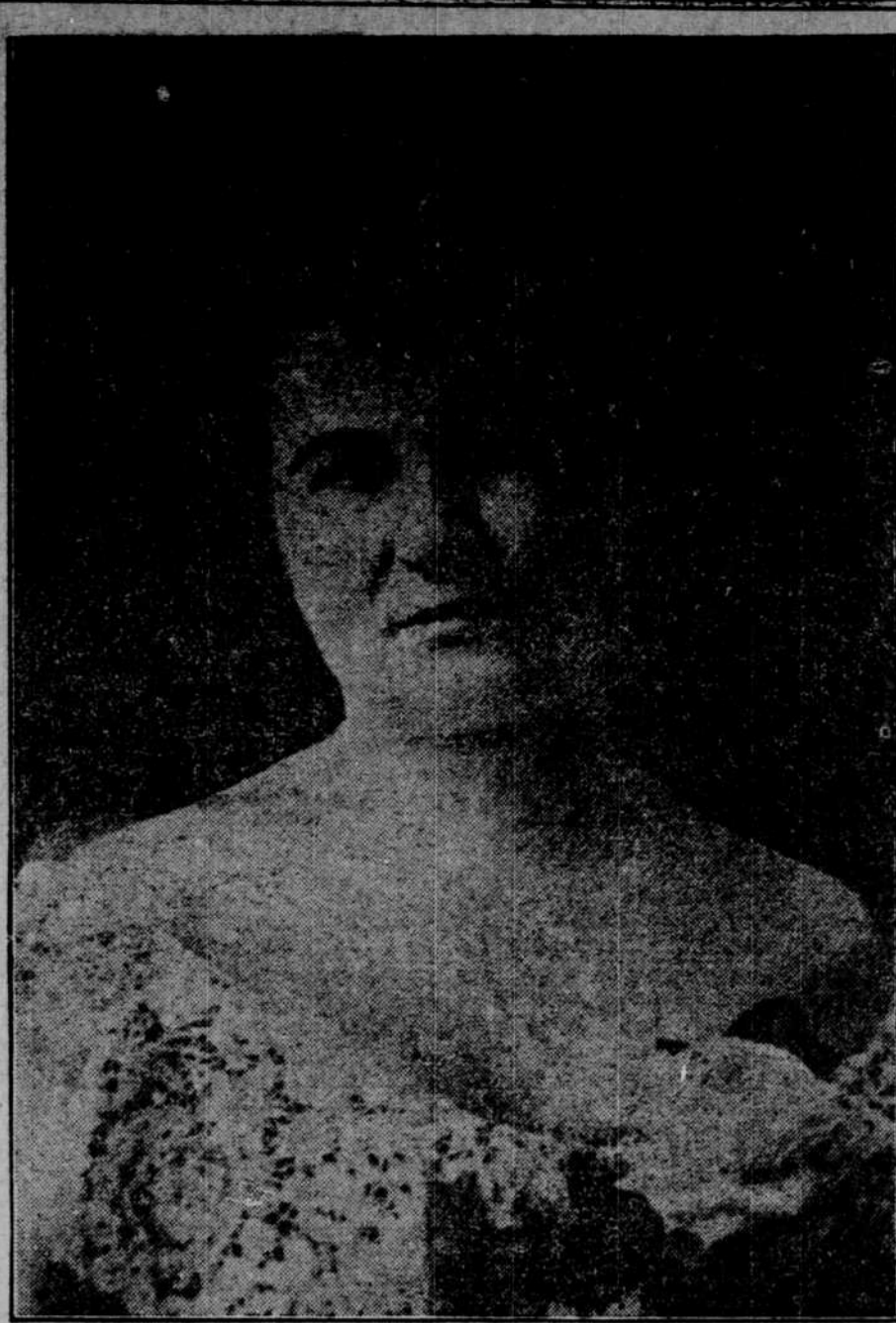
To sew on hooks and eyes to the band of a skirt place the eye on the right side of the band with the loop at the end of the band. Hold firmly and sew over and over through the little rings on the eye. The little rings may be buttonholed to the material covering the metal if one desires. On the under side of the band at the end opposite to the eye and a quarter of an inch from the edge place the hook. Sew through the rings in the same manner as the eye is sewed, and under the hook part put a few stitches to hold it down.

German Springerle.

Put one pound powdered sugar in a bowl, and into this break four eggs and beat together for 40 minutes. Then add half teaspoon anise oil and one pound flour sifted with one-quarter teaspoon soda. Mix well and roll out on well floured board about one-quarter inch thick. Cut into small squares and set away on pans overnight. In the morning place on buttered pans and bake.

Potatoes a la Maitre.

Wash and pare four medium-sized potatoes and cut them in halves. Boil in salted water until done. Have ready a quarter cup of chopped parsley. Drain the water off the potatoes and shake them dry. Pour the egg and parsley over them while you are shaking the potatoes held above the fire. The egg will cook over the potatoes in the hot kettle. Serve hot.



Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung.

Is the Woman Doctor a Success?

By Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung.

Women Doctors Who Practiced During the Middle Ages—How Sovereigns of the Past Have Endeavored to Suppress the Woman Physician—Struggles of Pioneers in America—Over 6,000 Women Doctors Now in the Country—Queen of Portugal an M. D.—Woman's Difficulty in Entering Foreign Medical Schools—Her Final Triumph.

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(Dr. Sophie A. Nordhoff-Jung was born in Germany. Desiring to study medicine, she came to the United States and took a thorough course in the science in Washington, becoming a post-graduate student in Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. Later she studied in the Pasteur Institute in Paris and was an assistant in the Banceloche hospital. From there she went to Munich and became resident assistant physician at the Royal University Hospital for Women. Returning to Washington at the end of her studies, she soon took high rank among the physicians of that city.)

The question whether a woman should be a physician finds its affirmative answer in the history of mankind. From time immemorial the care of the sick has been in the hands of women. To-day the only civilized nation which still opposes the study of medicine by women—Germany—could learn a valuable lesson by looking back into its earlier history.

Not only in the land of the midnight sun, but likewise in the extreme south of Europe, do we find the medical woman mentioned in olden times. We hear of women physicians and surgeons in the ninth and tenth centuries in the then Arabian Spain.

When in 1847 Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, commenced to study medicine she was generally looked upon as a freak. The difficulties she encountered would fill volumes. Not satisfied with the honor of pioneer in her native country this intrepid young woman went to England and succeeded, after patient struggle, in opening the doors of British schools and hospitals to women in 1850.

Another American woman was the first to enter the University of Paris, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacob in 1868.

Again it was an American woman, Dr. Klumpke-Dejarine, who held the first hospital position in Paris.

This country was the first to have a hospital for women and children, founded and managed by women. The New York Infirmary is now half a century old. For the last 20 years it has maintained a medical college.

The Woman's Medical college of Pennsylvania has been in existence over 50 years and its graduates are an honor to the medical profession. Among its founders and teachers are names which will go down to posterity.

An Arbor admits women and the Woman's Hospital Medical college of Chicago, many state universities, California, Michigan, Iowa and many other excellent schools furnish a thorough medical training to the woman of to-day.

It was a proud moment when the Johns Hopkins threw open its doors to women.

Many a blessing was poured upon the heads of our pioneers of 50 years ago. This country is called the paradise of women, and we can well understand why when we look around and see the responsible and honorable positions which women fill in every state of the union. They are physicians and surgeons to hospitals and dispensaries, obstetricians in public hospitals and private charities. There is hardly a well-regulated insane asylum without its woman physician.

Has the woman doctor been a success? Let the numbers answer this question.

In 1850 there were eight women doctors in this country. In 1900 our number had swelled to 6,000. Switzerland admits women to the study of medicine on the same footing with men since 1864, and many responsible positions are filled creditably by them, especially in hospitals



"Kid, What Does This Mean and What Are You Doing Here Alone?"

She swung off fiercely, and the man chuckled softly as he followed, watchfully, through the circling, red dust cloud created by her hasty feet. The truth is, Mr. Hampton possessed troubles and scruples of his own in connection with this contemplated call. He had never met the lady, but he retained some memory of the husband as having been associated with a strenuous poker game at Placer, in which he also held a prominent place, and it would seem scarcely possible that the wife did not know whose bullet had turned her for some weeks into a sick nurse. A cordial reception could hardly be anticipated, and Hampton mentally braced himself for the worst.

It was a cheerless looking house, painted a garish yellow, having staring windows, and devoid of a front porch, or slightest attempt at shade to render its uncomely front less unattractive. Had the matter been left at that moment to his own decision, this glimpse of the house would have turned them both back, but the girl unhesitatingly pressed forward and turned defiantly in through the gateless opening. He followed in silence along the narrow foot-path bordered by weeds, and stood back while she stepped boldly up on the rude stone slab and rapped sharply against the warped and sagging door. A moment they stood thus waiting with no response from within. Once she glanced suspiciously around at him, only to wheel back instantly and once more apply her knuckles to the wood. Before he had conjured up something worth saying the door was partially opened, and a rounded dumpling of a woman, having rosy cheeks, her hair iron-gray, her blue eyes half smiling in uncertain welcome, looked out upon them questioningly.

"I've come to live here," announced the girl, sullenly. "That is, if I like it."

The woman continued to gaze at her as if tempted to laugh outright, then the pleasant blue eyes hardened as their vision swept beyond toward Hampton.

"It is extremely kind of you, I'm