

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By **RAN. M. PARRISH** AUTHOR OF
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "THE LADY OF THE NORTH"
"HISTORIC ILLINOIS ETC."



hind protecting hills.
It burst upon them with wild yells. The gloomy ridges blazed into their startled faces, the dark ravines hurled at them skurrying horsemen, while, wherever their eyes turned, they beheld savage forms leaping forth from hill and coulee, gulch and rock shadow. Horses fell, or ran about neighing; men flung up their hands and died in that first awful minute of consternation, and the little column seemed to shrivel away as if consumed by the flame which struck it, front and flank and rear. It was as if those men had ridden into the mouth of hell.

Yet it was scarcely for more than a minute. Men trained, strong, clear of brain, were in those stricken lines before. The recoil came, swift as had been the surprise. Voice after voice rang out old familiar orders, steady, instantly the startled nerves; discipline conquered disorder, and the shattered column rolled out, as if by magic, into the semblance of a battle line.

It was magnificently done. Custer and his troop commanders brought their sorely smitten men into a position of defense, even hurled them cheering forward in short, swift charges, so as to clear the front and gain room in which to deploy. Out of confusion emerged discipline, confidence, esprit de corps.
Safe beyond the range of the troopers' light carbines, the Indians, with their heavier rifles, kept hurling a constant storm of lead, hugging the gullies, and spreading out until there was no rear toward which the harassed cavalrymen could turn for safety. One by one, continually under a heavy fire, the scattered troops were formed into something more nearly resembling a battle line—Calhoun on the left, then Keogh, Smith and Yates, with Tom Custer holding the extreme right. Thus they waited grimly for the next assault.

Nor was it long delayed. Scarcely had the troopers recovered, refilled their depleted cartridge belts from those of their dead comrades, when the onslaught came. The soldiers waited their coming. The short, brown-barreled carbines gleamed at the level in the sunlight, and then belched forth their message of flame into the very faces of those reckless horsemen. It was not in flesh and blood to bear such a blow. With screams of rage, the red braves swerved to left and right, leaving many a dark, war-bedecked figure lying dead behind them, and many a riderless pony skurrying over the prairie. Exultant over their seemingly successful repulse, the men flung themselves again upon the earth, their cheers ringing out above the thud of retreating hoofs.

"We can hold them here, boys, until Reno comes," they shouted to each other.
The skulking red rifleman crept ever closer behind the ridges, driving their deadly missiles into those ranks exposed in the open. To the command of the bugle they discharged two roaring volleys from their carbines, hopeful that the combined sound might reach the ears of the lagging Reno. They were hopeful yet, although one troop had only a sergeant left in command, and the dead bodies of their comrades strewed the plain.

It was four o'clock. For two long hours they had been engaged in ceaseless struggle, and now barely a hundred men, smoke begrimed, thirsty, bleeding, half their carbines empty, they still formed an impenetrable ring around their chief. The struggle was over, and they realized the fact. When that wave of savage horsemen swept forth again it would be to ride them down, to crush them under their horses' pounding hoofs.

Like a whirlwind those red demons came—howling wolves, now certain of their prey. On both flanks of the short, slender line struck Gall and Crazy Horse, while like a thunderbolt Crow-King and Rain-in-the-Face attacked the center. These three storms converged at the foot of the hill, crushing the little band of troopers. With ammunition gone, the helpless victims could meet that mighty rushing torrent only with clubbed guns, for one instant of desperate struggle. Shoulder to shoulder, in ever-contracting circle, officers and men stood shielding their commander to the last. Twenty or 20 made a despairing dash, in a vain endeavor to burst through the red enveloping lines, only to be tomahawked or shot; but the most remained, a thin struggling ring, with Custer in its center. Then came the inevitable end. The red waves surged completely across the crest, no white man left alive upon the field. They had fought a good fight; they had kept the faith.
Two days later, having relieved Reno from his unpleasant predicament in the valley, Terry's and Orbnob's infantry tramped up the ravine, and emerged upon the stricken field. In lines of motionless dead they read

the fearful story; and there they found that man we know. Lying upon a bed of emptied cartridge shells, his body riddled with shot and mutilated with knives, his clothing torn to rags, his hands grasped a smashed and twisted carbine, his lips smiling even in death, was that soldier whom the Seventh had disowned and cast out, but who had come back to defend its chief and to die for its honor—Robert Hampton Nolan.

CHAPTER XXXV. The Curtain Falls.

Bronzed by months of scouting on those northern plains, a graver, older look upon his face, and the bars of a captain gracing the shoulders of his new cavalry jacket, Donald Brant trotted down the stage road bordering the Bear Water, his heart alternating between hope and dread.

The familiar yellow house at the cross-roads appeared so unattractive as to suggest the thought that Naida must have been impossibly lonely during those months of waiting. He knocked at the sun-warped door. Without delay it was flung open, and a vision of flushed face and snowy drapery confronted him.
"Why, Lieut. Brant! I was never more surprised in my life. Do, pray, come right in. Yes, Naida is here, and I will have her sent for at once. Oh, Howard, this is Lieut. Brant, just back from his awful Indian fighting. How very nice that he should happen to arrive just at this time, isn't it?"
The young officer silently accepted Mr. Wynkoop's extended hand, and found a convenient chair, as Miss Spencer hastened from the room to announce his arrival.

"Why just at this time?" he questioned.
"Mr. Wynkoop cleared his throat. "Why—why, you see, we are to be married this evening—Miss Spencer and myself. We shall be so delighted to have you witness the ceremony. It is to take place at the church, and my people insist upon making quite an affair out of the occasion—Phoebe is so popular, you know."

The lady again bustled in, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "Why, I think it is perfectly delightful. Don't you, Howard? Now Lieut. Brant and Naida can stand up with us. You will, won't you, Lieutenant?"
"That must be left entirely with Naida for decision," he replied, soberly.

There was a rustle at the inner door, and Naida stood there. Their eyes met, and the color mounted swiftly to the girl's cheeks. Then he stepped resolutely forward, forgetful of all other presence, and clasped her hand in both his own. Neither spoke a word, yet each understood something of what was in the heart of the other.
"Will you walk out with me?" he asked, at last. "I have much to say which I am sure you would rather hear alone."

She bent her head, and with a brief word of explanation to the others, the young officer conducted her forth into the bright July sunshine. They walked in silence side by side along the bank of the little stream. Brant glanced furtively toward the sweet, girlish face. Then he spoke.
"Naida," he said, gravely, "I have come back, as I said I would, and surely I read welcome in your eyes?"
"Yes."

"And I have come to say that there is no longer any shadow of the dead between us."
She looked up quickly, her hands clasped, her cheeks flushing. "Are you sure? Perhaps you misunderstand; perhaps you mistake my meaning."

"I know it all," he answered, soberly. "From the lips of Hampton."
"You have seen him? Oh, Lieut. Brant, please tell me the whole truth. I have missed him so much, and since the day he rode away to Cheyenne not one word to explain his absence has come back to me. You cannot understand what this means, how much he has become to me through years of kindness."
"You have heard nothing?"
"Not a word."

Brant drew a long, deep breath. He had supposed she knew this. At last he said gravely: "Naida, the truth will prove the kindest message. I think. He died in that unbroken ring of defenders clustered about Gen. Custer on the bluffs of the Little Big Horn."

Her slight figure trembled so violently that he held her close within his arms.

"There was a smile upon his face when we found him. He performed his full duty, Naida, and died as became a soldier and a gentleman."
"But—but, this cannot be! I saw the published list; his name was not among them."
"The man who fell was Robert Nolan."

Gently he drew her down to a seat upon the grass.
"She glanced up at him quickly. "By Murphy?"
"Yes, by Murphy, who is now lying

upon the soft turf of the bank. She looked up at him helplessly, her mind seemingly dazed, her eyes yet filled with doubt.

"Robert Nolan? My father?"
He bent over toward her, pressing his lips to her hair and stroking it tenderly with his hand.

"Yes, Naida, darling; it was truly Robert Hampton Nolan who died in battle, in the ranks of his old regiment—died as he would have chosen to die, thank God! completely cleared of every stain upon his honor. Sit up, little girl, and listen while I tell you. There is in the story no word which does not reflect nobility upon the soldier's daughter."

She uplifted her white face. "Tell me," she said, simply, "all you know."
He recounted to her slowly, carefully, the details of that desperate journey northward, of their providential meeting on the Little Big Horn, of the papers left in his charge, of



He Held Her Close Within His Arms.

Hampton's riding forward with dispatches, and of his death at Custer's side. While he spoke, the girl scarcely moved; her breath came in sobs and her hands clasped his.

"These are the papers, Naida. I opened the envelope as directed, and found deeds to certain properties, including the mine in the Black Range; a will, duly signed and attested, naming you as his sole heir, together with a carefully prepared letter, addressed to you, giving a full account of the crime of which he was convicted, as well as some other matters of a personal nature. That letter you must read alone as his last message, but the truth of all he says has since been in the hospital at Bethune, slowly recovering. His sworn deposition has been forwarded to the department at Washington, and will undoubtedly result in the honorable replacing of your father's name on the army list. I will tell you briefly the man's confession, together with the few additional facts necessary to make it clear.

"Your father and mine were for many years friends and army comrades. They saw service together during the great war, and afterward upon the plains in Indian campaigning. Unfortunately a slight misunderstanding arose between them. One night they openly quarreled when heated by wine, and exchanged blows. The following evening your father chancing to be officer of the guard and on duty, my father, whose wife had then been dead a year, was thoughtless enough to accompany Mrs. Nolan home at a late hour from a post ball. It was merely an act of ordinary courtesy; but gossips magnified the tale,



"Donald, I Love You."

and bore it to Nolan. Still smarting from the former quarrel, in which I fear my father was in the wrong, he left the guard house with the openly avowed intention of seeking immediate satisfaction. In the meanwhile Slavin, Murphy, and a trooper named Flynn, who had been to town without passes, and were half-drunk, stole through the guard lines and decided to make a midnight raid on the colonel's private office. Dodging along behind the powder house, they ran suddenly upon my father, then on the way to his own quarters. Whether they were recognized by him, or whether drink made them reckless of consequences, is unknown, but one of the men instantly fired. Then they ran, and succeeded in gaining the barracks unsuspected."

She sat as if fascinated by his recital.

"Your father heard the shot, and sprang toward the sound, only to fall headlong across my father's lifeless body. As he came heavily down, his revolver was jarred out of its holster and dropped unnoticed in the grass. An instant later the guard came running up, and by morning Capt. Nolan was under arrest charged with murder. The circumstantial evidence was strong—his quarrel with the murdered man, his heated language a few moments previous, the revolver lying beside the body, having two chambers discharged, and his being found there alone with the man he had

gone forth to seek. Slavin and Flynn both strengthened the case by positive testimony. As a result, a court-martial dismissed the prisoner in disgrace from the army, and a civil court sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment."

"And my mother?" The question was a trembling whisper from quivering lips.

"Your mother," he said regretfully, "was an exceedingly proud woman, belonging to a family of social prominence in the east. She felt deeply the causeless gossip connecting her name with the case, as well as the open disgrace of her husband's conviction. She refused to receive her former friends, and even failed in loyalty to your father in his time of trial. It is impossible now to fix the fault clearly, or to account for her actions. Capt. Nolan turned over all his property to her, and the moment she could do so she disappeared from the fort, taking you with her. From that hour none of her old acquaintances could learn anything regarding her whereabouts. She did not return to her family in the east, nor correspond with anyone in the army. Probably, utterly broken-hearted, she sought seclusion in some city. How Gillis obtained possession of you remains a mystery."

"Is that all?"
"Everything."

They kept silent for a long time, the slow tears dropping from her eyes, her hands clasped in her lap. His heart, heavy with sympathy, would not permit him to break in upon her deep sorrow with words of comfort.
"Naida," he whispered at last, "this may not be the time for me to speak such words, but you are all alone now. Will you go back to Bethune with me—back to the old regiment as my wife?"

A moment she bowed her head before him; then lifted it and held out her hands. "I will."

"Say to me again what you once said."
"Donald, I love you."

Gently he drew her down to him, and their lips met.

"I wish you to be very happy, Naida, dear," he whispered, drawing her head tenderly down until it found rest upon his shoulder.
"Yes, I feel you do, and I am; but it cannot come all at once, Donald, for I have lost so much—so much. I—I hope he knows."
(The End.)

A brand new single harness for sale at a bargain. Call on Bort Ballard in the Boeck block.

Roll of Honor

Following are those who have sent in the wherewith to advance their subscription mark on the Semi-weekly Journal to 1909. We shall endeavor in this way to acknowledge the receipt of all monies paid on the weekly edition. If you fail to find your name in the list please notify us at once, and if you have not received credit it may be looked after at once. At the same time please accept our thanks for the remittance

J. W. Johnson, Plattsmouth.
Dr. J. A. Pollard, Nehawka.
August Thiele, Avoca.
L. F. Dunkak, "
Dr. J. W. Brendell, Avoca.
W. H. Betts, jr., "
Henry Manderman, "
J. I. Corley, Weeping Water.
W. H. Pool, "
F. L. Wolcott, Elmwood.
J. G. Stark, "
L. F. Langhorst, "
R. D. McDonald, Greenwood.
W. E. Hand, "
J. P. Rainey, Union.
C. W. Frans, Nehawka.
W. A. Taylor, Union.
M. C. McQuinn, Union.
Peter Campbell, Plattsmouth.
Herman Dettman, Elmwood.
Wm. Morley, Avoca.
Louie Leiner, Plattsmouth.
Jerry McHugh, South Bend.
Thos. Walling, Plattsmouth.
Louie Puls, Murray.
G. Marshall, Greenwood.
J. J. Phillips, Macdoel, Cal., ordered by Geo. Hicks.

H. F. Wenke, Wausa.
Henry Engelkemeier, Murray.
Henry Knabe, Nehawka.
Wm. Kaufman, Plattsmouth.
Gates Parker, Guide Rock.
W. J. Crosser, Bloomfield.
Geo. Cook, Alvo.
Geo. Stander, Plattsmouth.
T. F. Tidd, Fleak, N. D., paid by Geo. Stander.
Mrs. Roe Hinton, Scott's Bluff, paid by Jos. Adams.
Henry Thierolf, Star.
John A. Gutsche, Cleveland, O.
M. Waybright, Los Angeles, Cal.
John Tromble, Asherville, Kas.
Frank Rand, So. Omaha.
W. H. Wherbein, Plattsmouth.
Allen Land, Mynard.
C. C. Tucker, Mynard.
D. C. Tucker, Alva, Okla., paid by C. C. Tucker.

H. F. Gansmer, Plattsmouth.
Mike Swartzfisher, Minco, Okla.
Luke L. Wiles, Plattsmouth.
Anton Meisinger, Cedar Creek.
John Meisinger, Cedar Creek.
Jacob Kruger, Mynard.
David Foltz, Weeping Water.
W. I. Foltz, So. Omaha.
Ernest Richter, Murray.

Now if the time to sow blue grass and white clover. Get them at John Bauer's.

ANOTHER WEDDING NEAR ELMWOOD

Miss Marie Engleking and Mr. Wm. Stege Were Married on March 11, 1908

On Wednesday, March 11th, at 11 o'clock a. m., a very pretty wedding was solemnized at the farm home of Mrs. C. Engleking, a half mile south of Elmwood, her daughter, Marie, and Mr. Wm. F. Stege forming the contracting parties.

Just as the clock chimed the hour the strains of a beautiful wedding march, played by Miss Minnie Schiek, was heard through the rooms, and the unattended bridal party entered the parlor taking their place near the decorated window, where they were met by Reverend Toerne, pastor of the German Lutheran church, and performed the ceremony, which was witnessed only by the immediate relatives of the bride and groom.

The bride was dressed in a light blue silk costume. The groom wore a neat black suit and a happy smile.

The bride is the oldest daughter of Mrs. Engleking, born and raised in this community, where she has the respect of all who know her. The groom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stege, sr., and a twin brother of Otto Stege, who entered upon the joys of connubial bliss last week. He has grown to manhood in our midst and is known as a young man of good character, and is one of our successful young farmers.

The time until late evening was spent in games and social enjoyment. A number of beautiful and useful gifts will remind them of the happy occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stege will be at home to their friends on the farm a mile east and a half mile south of Elmwood. The Leader-Echo extends congratulations.—Elmwood Leader-Echo.

Can It Be Possible?

The following appeared in the Sunday Omaha World-Herald, under the head of "A Query?"

Plattsmouth, Neb., March 13.—To the editor of the World-Herald: I notice in your paper this date a report from Washington, D. C., under date of the 12th, stating that Senator Brown presented a resolution from the Omaha Clearing House association against legislation to prevent dealing in futures. Can it be possible that the leading financial organization of our state is in favor of option dealing, which has ruined so many bankers and business men?
A COUNTRY BANKER.

We also notice that Congressman Pollard has been requested to do the same in the house.

Return From the West

Mrs. S. L. Thomas departed from Sacramento, California, last Thursday, arriving at Denver Saturday, stopping over to visit with friends there until last evening, and will arrive at home this evening on number two of the Burlington. Eddie Todd and wife will also return as will Mrs. E. R. Todd and A. L. Todd, who have been visiting in Denver for the past ten days.

In the District Court

As we go to press the case of the State vs. Brandmeir is on trial, to a jury the county attorney representing the state, and Will C. Ramsey looking after the interest of the defendant.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We have just received a supply of

LIQUID VENEER

The great cleaner and renewer of Furniture, Pianos and Woodwork.

In the New Size 25c. Bottles.

ANDREW KAUFFMAN and DAUGHTER CASH STORE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Can This be True?

A young couple of this city recently purchased a baby carriage at a local store, and having the child with them, placed it in the carriage and started home. On their way they passed a number of people who looked at the carriage blandly and who appeared greatly amused. The action of friends was a matter of great annoyance to the young people and was wholly inexplicable until they reached home. As the little one was being taken from the carriage their eyes fell upon a printed card on the front of the carriage which read: "None better: our own make."



THE Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with The Bank of Cass County. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at the bank.

THE BANK OF CASS COUNTY

Thursday, March 19

Big Surplus Sale

HORSES

CATTLE!

17 Head of Good Horses! 20 Head of Yearling Steers! and 14 Head of Mules!

All will be sold at Public Auction at my place, 3 1/2 miles northeast of Union. Sale will commence at 11:00 a. m. sharp. This stock is all good, and if you need any of them it will pay you to attend this sale.

R. G. KENDALL, Owner.
ROBERT WILKINSON, Auctioneer.
W. F. TRACY, Clerk.