

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WILD WILDERNESS WALKING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS," ETC.



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap, tramped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis, the scout leader, and his daughter. Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege.

CHAPTER II.

Gillis' Girl.

Guided by the unerring instinct of an old Indian fighter, Gillis, during that first mad retreat, had discovered a temporary shelter behind one of the largest boulders. It was a trifle in advance of those later rolled into position by the soldiers, but was of a size and shape which should have afforded protection for two, and doubtless he had it not

No one could ever realize how much those words hurt him. Not until he had completely conquered his first unwise impulse to retort angrily, did he venture again to speak.

"I hope to aid you in getting back beside the others, where you will be less exposed."

"Will you take him?"

"He is dead," Hampton said, soberly. "and I can do nothing to aid him. But there remains a chance for you to escape."

"Then I won't go," she declared positively.

Hampton's gray eyes looked for a long moment fixedly into her darker ones, while the two took mental stock of each other. He realized the usefulness of any further

"Very well, my young lady," he said, easily, stretching himself out more comfortably in the rock shadow. "Then I will remain here with you; it makes small odds."

Excepting for one hasty, puzzled glance, she did not deign to look again toward him, and the man rested motionless upon his back, staring up at the sky. Finally, curiosity overmastered the actor in him, and he turned partially upon one side, so as to bring her profile within his range of vision. Her dark, glowing eyes were lowered upon the white face of the dead man, yet Hampton noted her clear, in spite of sun-tan, were those tints of health upon the rounded cheek, and how soft and glossy shone her wealth of ruffled hair. Even the tinge of color, so distasteful in the full glare of the sun, appeared to have darkened under the shadow, its shade tracing the

"I was unwilling to leave you here alone," he answered, quietly, "and hope to discover some means for getting you safely back beside the others."

"But I didn't want you," and there was a look of positive dislike in her widely opened eyes.

"Didn't want me?" He echoed these unexpected words in a tone of complete surprise. "Surely you could not desire to be left here alone? Why didn't you want me?"

"Because I know who you are!" Her voice seemed to catch in her throat. "He told me. You're the man who shot Jim Eberly."

Mr. Hampton was never of a pronounced emotional nature, nor was he a person easily disconcerted, yet he flushed at the sound of these impulsive words, and the confident smile deserted his lips. For a moment they sat thus, the dead body lying between, and looked at each other. When the man finally broke the constrained silence a deeper intonation had crept into his voice.

"My girl," he said gravely, and not without a suspicion of pleading, "this is no place for me to attempt any defense of a shooting affray in a gambling house, although I might plead with some justice that Eberly enjoyed the honor of shooting first. I was not aware of your personal feeling in the matter, or I might have permitted some one else to come here in my stead. Now it is too late. I have never spoken to you before, and do so at this time merely from a sincere desire to be of some assistance."

There was that in his manner of grave courtesy which served to steady the girl. Probably never before had she been addressed thus formally. Her closely compressed lips twitched nervously, but her questioning eyes remained unwavering.

"You may stay," she asserted, soberly. "Only don't touch me."

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

the latter because he was cruelly so. He was destined to become soon their hapless victims, twice dashed madly fired recklessly at those dancing evils, and one forward, emitting a howl of pain that caused his comrades to cover once again behind their covers. One and all these frontiersmen recognized the inevitable—before dawn the end must come. No useless words were spoken; the men merely clenched their teeth and waited.

Hampton crept closer in beside the girl while the shades deepened, and ventured to touch her hand. Perhaps the severe strain of their situation, the intense loneliness of that Indian-haunted twilight, had somewhat softened her resentment, for she made no effort now to repulse him.

"Kid," he said at last, "are you game for a try at getting out of this?"

She appeared to hesitate over her answer, and he could feel her tumultuous breathing. Some portion of her aversion had vanished.

"Come, Kid," he ventured finally, yet with new assurance vibrating in his low voice; "this is surely a poor time and place for any indulgence in tantrums, and you've got more sense. I'm going to try to climb up the face of that cliff yonder,—it's the only possible way out from here,—and I propose to take you along with me."

She snatched her hand roughly away, yet remained facing him. "Who gave you any right to decide what I should do?"

The man clasped his fingers tightly about her slender arm, advancing his face until he could look squarely into here. She read in the lines of that determined countenance a inflexible resolve which overmastered her.

"The right given by Almighty God to protect any one of your sex in peril," he replied. "Before dawn those savage fiends will be upon us. We are utterly helpless. There remains only one possible path for escape, and I believe I have discovered it. Now, my girl, you either climb those rocks with me, or I shall kill you where you are. It is that, or the Sioux torture. I have two shots left in this gun—one for you, the other for myself. The time has come for deciding which of these alternatives you prefer."

"If I select your bullet rather than the rocks, what then?"

"You will get it, but in that case you will die like a fool."

"You have believed me to be one, all this afternoon."

"Possibly," he admitted; "your words and actions certainly justified some such conclusion, but the opportunity has arrived for causing me to revise that suspicion."

"I don't care to have you revise it, Never Once Did the Man Lose His Grasping Grip of His Companion. Mr. Bob Hampton. If I go, I shall take you just the same."

Hampton's teeth clicked like those of an angry dog. "Hate and are damned," he exclaimed roughly. "All I care about now is to drag you out of here alive."

"Well, if you put it that way," she said, "I'll go."

"Come on, then," he whispered, his fingers grasping her sleeve.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

seeking to impress each faint detail upon his memory—that narrow ledge within easy reach of an upstretched arm, the sharp outcropping of rock-easily, holding out toward her as he spoke his partially filled canteen.

She started at the unexpected sound of his voice, yet uplifted the welcome water to her mouth, while Hampton, observing it all closely, could but remark the delicate shapeliness of her hand.

"If that old fellow was her father," he reflected soberly, "I should like to have seen her mother."

"Thank you," she said simply, handing back the canteen, but without lifting her eyes again to his face. "I was so thirsty." Her low tone, endeavoring to be polite enough, contained no note of encouragement.

"Was Gillis your father?" the man questioned, determined to make her recognize his presence.

"I suppose so, I don't know."

"You don't know?" Am I to understand you are actually uncertain whether this man was your father or not?"

"That is about what I said, wasn't it? Not that it is any of your business, so far as I know, Mr. Bob Hampton, but I answered you all right. He brought me up, and I called him 'dad' about as far back as I can remember, but I don't reckon as he ever told me he was my father. So you can understand just what you please."

"His name was Gillis, wasn't it?"

The girl nodded wearily.

"Post-trader at Fort Belknap?"

"Again the rumpled head silently acquiesced."

"What is your name?"

"He always called me 'Kid,'" she admitted unwillingly, "but I reckon if you have any further occasion for addressing me, you'd better say 'Miss Gillis.'"

"Heaven preserve and!" he ex-

claimed good naturedly, "but you are certainly laying it on thick, young lady." However, I believe we might become good friends if we ever have sufficient luck to get out from this hole alive. Darn—if I don't sort of cotton to you, little girl—you've got some sand."

For a brief space her truthful, angry eyes rested scornfully upon his face, her lips parted as though trembling with a sharp retort. Then she deliberately turned her back upon him without uttering a word.

For what may have been the first and only occasion in Mr. Hampton's audacious career, he realized his utter helplessness. This mere slip of a red-headed girl, this little nameless wretch of the frontier, contemned him so completely, and without waste of words, as to leave him weaponless.

Mr. Hampton was a thorough-going sportsman, and no quality was quite so apt to appeal to him as dead gamefulness. He glanced surreptitiously aside at her once more, but there was no sign of relenting in the averted face. He rested lower against the rock, his feet upturned toward the sky, and thought.

It was no spirit of bravado that gave rise to his reckless speech of an hour previous. It was simply a spontaneous outburst of his real nature, an unpremeditated expression of that supreme carelessness with which he regarded the future, the small value he set on life. He truly felt as utterly indifferent toward fate as his words signified. Deeply consumed long ago irretrievably wrecked, everything behind a chaos, everything before worthless,—for years he had been actually seeking death; a hundred times he had joyfully marked its apparent approach, a smile of welcome upon his lips. Yet it had never quite succeeded in reaching him, and nothing had been gained beyond a reputation for cool, reckless daring, which he did not in the least covet. But now, miracle of all miracles, just as the end seemed actually attained, seemed beyond any possibility of being turned aside, he began to experience a desire to live—he wanted to save this girl.

His keenly observant eyes, trained by the exigencies of his trade to take note of small things, and rendered eager by this newly awakened ambition, scanned the cliff towering above them. He perceived the extreme irregularity of its front, and numerous peculiarities of formation which had escaped him hitherto. Suddenly his puzzled face brightened to the birth of an idea. By heavens! it might be done! Surely it might be done! Inch by inch he traced the obscure passage



"I Can't Help Him, But There Remains a Chance for Your Escape."

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

CHAPTER III.
Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother, an infantryman, peering forth from his covert, had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their rovings, wolfish eyes the only visible evidences of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing—the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

ILLINOIS RIVER, ABOVE ALTON, ILL.



For a considerable distance along the Illinois river the scenery compares favorably with the famous Grand Cañon country, the rocks rising in stately grandeur for many miles along the water's edge. The route of the proposed deep waterway from the great lakes to the gulf is along this river.

INDIAN PRINCE LANDS

TAKE ROOM ON TOP FLOOR OF GOTHAM HOTEL.

Mountains for Health, Packs His Wife and Baggage on Steamship for U. S. A.

New York—Mehander Perdah Sinha, a Hindu prince from Brindindia, and his princess were passengers the other day on the St. Louis from Southampton. His highness is traveling for his health, and had been ordered by his physicians to go to the mountains. Instead of obeying orders he jumped as quickly as he could upon a steamship and started out to round the globe.

As there are no mountains in New York city except those artificial masses of steel, stone and brick, skyscrapers, the prince wanted to find a very high hotel. He was directed to the Hotel Belmont, which is a property mountain.

He found the atmosphere sufficiently rarefied in the top story. The prince also found, to his surprise, that the higher he went the cheaper were the rooms, but it would have made no difference to him if the rooms had been high-priced, for he said money to him was no object.

He is the owner of 10,000 acres of land in India, and he and his princess are traveling incog. He looks to be still in the 20s. His princess is a charming little woman, dressed according to the eternal edicts of Hindoo fashion.

He wore an American frock suit and a turban, his only concession to his native garb. The princess, although dark-skinned, has delicately molded features and an intellectual face.

She wore a sari, the Hindoo robe that envelops both head and body. The sari was pink and green, the waist of deep sea color, showing her shapely arms, adorned with blue ornaments. In one ear the princess wore six rings and seven in the other. The upper portion of her ear is pierced, instead of the lobe.

In her nose the princess wears the deal, the ornament which is like the head of a gold stick pin.

In the center of her forehead was the tiny black dot bespeaking her royal rank, and in the center of her hair a flaming ruby. On one arm was a heavy gold bracelet, with a watch set within the circlet.

"I have been a student at the Mohammedan college at Aligarh," said the prince, "but I became ill and was ordered by my physicians to go to the mountains. Instead of that I went to sea. I left Bombay on August 13 and jumped through Europe in 20 days." Princess Sinha is a Buddhist. It is against her religious principles to be

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

TAKE MATES ON TRIAL

MARRIAGE QUESTION SUCCESSFULLY SOLVED BY ESKIMO.

Explorer on Return from Far North Says Tribesmen Are Wedded Two or Three Times and Family Discord Is Unknown.

Washington.—Trial marriage among the Eskimos of Alaska and in the region of the MacKenzie river is a complete success and the life and morals of these people exceed those of any civilized country, in the opinion of V. Stefansson, ethnologist of the Lindbergh-Bjornson polar expedition, who has just returned from the far north.

According to Mr. Stefansson the entire problem of conjugal relations has been solved by these people and divorce and family troubles are unknown to them, except in some localities where missionaries have instilled ideas of Christianity and civilization into the Eskimos. Where Christianity has invaded the country there is considerable discord and family troubles.

In every instance, declares Mr. Stefansson, those farthest away from religion and civilization are exemplified by the white man have a much higher moral and physical standard than those who have been Christianized and civilized.

This conviction, he says, is borne out by the almost unanimous testimony of the traders and the Canadian

mountain peaks, who penetrate into country. Their exemplification of the he asserts is superb.

reaches the age of 15 family. "When a girl or boy is born, or 16 years he married the same age, or a year later," says Mr. Stefansson. "There is no ceremony in this union, and it is seldom a permanent one. Cases are rare where couples first united have remained together. It is sometimes the second, and generally the third union, which proves lasting."

"This last marriage usually takes place when the couple reach young manhood and womanhood, and this is rarely, if ever, broken. If a couple, upon first mating, for any reason proved unpropitious, the one wishing to do so simply marries some one else."

"There are no ill feelings and there is no complaint, as it is considered that neither party has cause for complaint."

"A peculiar feature of these matches is the fact that young couples are, as a rule, not very affectionate, which is a peculiar contrast, as when permanently settled and reaching the age of from 25 to 35, they become affectionate and loving in the extreme and never unnecessarily leave one another's side."

"Naturally one asks what becomes of the children springing from the trial marriages, but this is also easily disposed of and in a most satisfactory way."

"Children are few in this region from various physiological reasons. In some instances they remain with the mother, in others with the father, but a majority are adopted by other and settled couples."

"Their care is no burden or expense, as these people are communists in every sense of the word and even should a mother be crippled or unable to keep her own children, they would never want, as food and clothing of every need of life is held in common by the community."

"The Christianized Eskimos compare unfavorably with the so-called savage brothers, for where civilization has tamed them they are selfish and unwilling to share."

"On the other hand, if a family living in the remote regions, has food enough to keep it only one day, and starvation is staring it in the face, it would no more think of refusing to share its food with anyone who came along than a Washingtonian would have to refusing a stranger a drink of water at the public pump. This communistic idea is absent only where traders and missionaries, innocently enough, have taught them white men's methods and manners."

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.

he was unable to resist. He studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope—God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the feet and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clenched his hands. He had no fear that she might fall him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage.