

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF
"WHEN WILDNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH"
"HISTORIC ILLINOIS" ETC.



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Bethune, 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 Indiana. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

As if by some magic discipline the rude, effective litters were rapidly made ready, and the two seemingly lifeless bodies gently lifted from off the ground and deposited carefully within. Down the long, brown slope they advanced slowly, a soldier grasping the rein and walking at each horse's head, the supporting blankets, securely fastened about the saddle pommel, swaying gently to the measured tread of the trained animals. Beneath the protecting shadows of the first group of cottonwoods, almost on the banks of the muddy Bear Water, the little party let down their senseless burdens, and began once more their seemingly hopeless efforts at resuscitation. A fire was hastily kindled from dried and broken branches, and broth was made, which was forced through teeth that had to be pried open. Water was used unsparingly, the soldiers working with feverish eagerness, inspired by the constant admonitions of their officer, as well as their own curiosity to learn the facts hidden behind this tragedy.

It was the dark eyes of the girl which opened first, instantly closing again as the glaring light swept into them. Then slowly, and with wonderment, she gazed up into those strange, rough faces surrounding her, pausing in her first survey to rest her glance on the sympathetic countenance of the young lieutenant, who held her half reclining upon his arm.

"Here," he exclaimed, kindly, interpreting her glance as one of fear, "you are all right and perfectly safe now, with friends to care for you. Peters, bring another cup of that broth. Now, miss, just take a sup or two of this, and your strength will come back in a jiffy. What was the trouble? Starving?"

She did exactly as he bade her, every movement mechanical, her eyes fastened upon his face.

"I reckon that was partly it," she responded at last, her voice faint and husky. Then her glance wandered away, and finally rested upon another little kneeling group a few yards farther down stream. A look of fresh intelligence swept into her face.

"Is that him?" she questioned, tremblingly. "Is—is he dead?"

"He wasn't when we first got here, but mightily near gone, I'm afraid. I've been working over you ever since."

She shook herself free and sat weakly up, her lips tight compressed, her eyes apparently blind to all save that motionless body she could barely distinguish. "Let me tell you, that fellow's a man, just the same; the gamiest, nerviest man I ever saw. I reckon he got hit, too, though he never said nothing about it. That's his style."

The deeply interested lieutenant removed his watchful eyes from off his charge just long enough to glance inquiringly across his shoulder. "Has the man any signs of a wound, sergeant?" he asked, loudly.

"A mighty ugly slug in the shoulder, sir; has bled scandalous, but I guess it's the very luck that's goin' to save him; seems now to be comin' out all right."

The officer's brows knitted savagely. "It begins to look as if this might be some of our business. What happened? Indians?"

"Yes."

"How far away?"

"I don't know. They caught us in a canyon somewhere out yonder, maybe three or four days ago; there was a lot killed, some of them soldiers. My dad was shot, and then that night he got me out up the rocks, and he was carrying me in his arms when I fainted. I saw there was blood on his shirt, and it was dripping down on the grass as he walked. That's about all I know."

"Who is the man? What's his name?"

The girl looked squarely into the lieutenant's eyes, and, for some reason which she could never clearly explain even to herself, lied calmly. "I don't know; I never asked."

Sergeant Carson rose stiffly from his knees beside the extended figure and strode heavily across toward where they were sitting, lifting his hand in soldierly salute, his heels clicking as he brought them sharply together in military precision.

"The fellow is getting his eyes open, sir," he reported, "and is breathing more regular. 'Furty weak yet, but he'll come round in time." He stared curiously down at the girl now sitting up unsupported, while a sudden look of surprised recognition swept across his face.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed, eagerly, "but I know you. You're old man Gillis' gal from Bethune, ain't ye?"

"Yes," she acknowledged simply, "but he's dead."

"Never mind, little girl," the lieutenant said, with boyish sympathy. "I know Gillis, and now the sergeant has spoken, I remember you quite well. Thought all the time your face was familiar, but couldn't quite decide where I had seen you before. So poor old Gillis has gone, and you are left all alone in the world! Well, he was an old soldier, could not have hoped to live much longer anyway, and would rather go fighting at the end. We'll

take you back with us to Bethune, and the ladies of the garrison will look after you."

The recumbent figure lying a few yards away half lifted itself upon one elbow, and Hampton's face, white and haggard, stared uncertainly across the open space. For an instant his gaze dwelt upon the crossed sabers shielding the guided "7" on the front of the lieutenant's scouting hat, then settled upon the face of the girl. With one hand pressed against the grass he pushed himself slowly up until he sat fronting them, his teeth clinched tight, his gray eyes gleaming feverishly in their sunken sockets.

"I'll be damned if you will!" he said, hoarsely. "She's my girl now."

CHAPTER V.

A New Proposition.

To one in the least inclined toward fastidiousness, the Miners' Home at Glencald would scarcely appeal as a desirable place for long-continued residence. But such a one would have had small choice in the matter, as it chanced to be the only hotel there. The Miners' Home was unquestionably unique as regards architectural details, having been constructed by sections, in accordance with the rapid development of the camp, and enjoying the further distinction—there being only two others equally stylish in town—of being built of sawn plank, although, greatly to the regret of its unfortunate occupants, lack of seasoning had resulted in wide cracks in both walls and stairway, while strict



"Now Miss, Just Take a Sip of This."

privacy within the chambers was long ago a mere reminiscence. Without the Miners' Home put up a good front, and was in reality the most pretentious structure gracing the single cluttered street of Glencald. Directly across the street, its front a perfect blaze of glass, stood invitingly the Occidental saloon, but the Widow Guffy, who operated the Miners' Home with a strong hand, possessed an antipathy to strong liquor, which successfully kept all suspicion of intoxicating drink absent from those sacredly guarded precincts, except as her transient guests imported it internally.

Mr. Hampton during the course of his somewhat erratic career had previously passed several eventful weeks in Glencald. He was neither unknown nor unappreciated at the Miners' Home, and having on previous occasions established his reputation as a spender, experienced little difficulty now in procuring promptly the very best accommodation which the house afforded. That this arrangement was accomplished somewhat to the present discomfort of two vociferous eastern tourists did not greatly interfere with his pleasurable interest in the situation.

"Send those two fellows in here to argue it out," he said, languidly, after listening disgustedly to their loud lamentations in the hallway, and addressing his remarks to Mrs. Guffy, who had glanced into the room to be again assured regarding his comfort, and to express her deep regret over the unseemly racket. "The girl has fallen asleep, and I'm getting tired of hearing so much noise."

"No, be livings, an' ye don't do nuthin' of that sort, Bob," returned the widow, good-naturedly, busying herself with a dust-rag. "This is my own house, an' Ol' ve tended ter the folks of them sort er fellers afore. There'll be no more bother this time. Besides, it's a peaceful house Ol' m' runnin', an' Ol' know ye'r way of sittin' them things. It's too strenuous ye are, Mister Hampton. And what did ye do wid the young lady, Ol' make bound to ask?"

Hampton carelessly waved his hand toward the rear room, the door of which stood ajar, and blew a thick cloud of smoke into the air, his eyes continuing to gaze dreamily through

the open window toward the distant hills.

"Who's running the game over at the Occidental?" he asked, professionally.

"Red Slavin, had cuss to him!" and her eyes regarded her questioner with renewed anxiety. "But sure now, Bob, ye mustn't think of playin' yit awhile. Yer nerves are in no fit shape, an' won't be for a wake yit."

He made no direct reply, and she hung about, flapping the dust-rag uneasily.

"An' what did ye mane ter be doin' wid the young gyurl?" she questioned at last, in womanly curiosity.

Hampton wheeled about on the hard chair, and regarded her quizzingly. "Mrs. Guffy," he said, slowly, "you've been a mother to me, and it would certainly be unkind not to give you a straight tip. Do? Why, take care of her, of course. What else would you expect of one possessing my kindly disposition and well-known motives of philanthropy? Can it be that I have resided with you, off and on, for ten years past without your ever realizing the fond yearnings of my heart? Mrs. Guffy, I shall make her the heiress to my millions; I shall marry her off to some eastern nabob, and thus attain to that high position in society I am so well fitted to adorn—sure, and what else were you expecting, Mrs. Guffy?"

"A lolly story," with a sniff of disbelief. "They tell me she's old Gillis' daughter over to Bethune."

"They tell you, do they?" a sudden gleam of anger darkening his gray eyes. "Who tell you?"

"Sure, Bob, an' that's nuthin' ter git mad about, so fur as I kin see. The story is in everybody's mouth. It was thin sojers what brought ye in—that told most of it, but the lieutenant—Brant of the Seventh cavalry, no less—who took dinner here afore he went back after the dead bodies, give me her name."

"Brant of the Seventh?" He faced her fairly now, his face again haggard and gray, all the slight gleam of fun gone out of it. "Was that the lad's name?"

"Sure, and didn't ye know him?"

"No; I noticed the '7' on his hat, of course, but never asked any questions, for his face was strange. I didn't know the name, when you just spoke it, struck me rather queer. I—just used

to know a Brant in the Seventh, but he was much older; it was not this man."

She answered something, lingering for a moment at the door, but he made no response, and she stared out silently, leaving him starting moodily through the open window, his eyes appearing glazed and sightless.

An hour later he was still sitting on the hard chair by the window, a cigar between his teeth, thinking. The lowering sun was pouring a perfect flood of gold across the rag carpet, but he remained utterly unconscious as to aught save the gloomy trend of his own awakened memories. Some one rapped upon the outer door.

"Come in," he exclaimed, carelessly, and barely glancing up. "Well, what is it this time, Mrs. Guffy?"

The landlady had never before seen this usually happy guest in his present mood, and she watched him curiously.

"A man wants ter see ye," she announced, shortly, her hand on the knob.

"Oh, I'm in no shape for play to-night; go back and tell him so."

"Sure, an' it's aisy 'nough ter see that wid half an eye." But this isn't that kind of a man, an' he's so moighty perlit about it. Ol' jist couldn't find the folks of him away. It's Missus Guffy, me dear madam, wud ye be kind enough to convey me compliments to Mister Robert Hampton, and request him to grant me a few minutes of his toime on an important matter? Sure, an' what do ye think of that?"

"Hub! one of those fellows who had these rooms?" and Hampton rose to his feet with animation.

The landlady lowered her voice to an almost inaudible whisper.

"It's the Rev. Howard Wynkoop," she announced, impressively, dwelling upon the name. "The Rev. Howard Wynkoop, the Presbyterian missionary—wouldn't that cork ye?"

It evidently did, for Mr. Hampton stared at her for fully a minute in an amazement too profound for fit expression in words. Then he swallowed something in his throat.

"Show the gentleman up," he said, shortly, and sat down to wait.

The Rev. Howard Wynkoop was neither giant nor dwarf, but the very fortunate possessor of a countenance which at once awakened confidence in his character. He entered the room quietly, rather dreading this interview with one of Mr. Hampton's well-known proclivities, yet in this case feeling abundantly fortified in the righteousness of his cause. His brown eyes met the inquisitive gray ones frankly, and Hampton waved him silently toward a vacant chair.

"Our lines of labor in this vineyard being so entirely opposite," the latter said, coldly, but with intended politeness, "the honor of your unexpected call quite overwhelms me. I shall have to trouble you to speak somewhat softly in explanation of your present mission, so as not to disturb a young girl who chances to be sleeping in the room beyond."

"It was principally upon her account I ventured to call," Wynkoop explained in sudden confidence. "Might I see her?"

Hampton's watchful eyes swept the other's face suspiciously, and his hands clinched.

"Relative?" he asked gravely.

The preacher shook his head.

"Friend of the family, perhaps?"

"No, Mr. Hampton. My purpose in coming here is perfectly proper, yet the request was not advanced as a right, but merely as a special privilege."

A moment Hampton hesitated; then he arose and quietly crossed the room, holding open the door. Without a word being spoken the minister followed, and stood beside him. For several minutes the eyes of both men rested upon the girl's sleeping form and upturned face. Then Wynkoop drew silently back, and Hampton closed the door noiselessly.

"Well," he said, inquiringly, "what does all this mean?"

"Let us sit down again," said the minister, "and I will try to make my purpose sufficiently clear. I am not here to mince words, nor do I believe you to be the kind of a man who would respect me if I did. I may say something that will not sound pleasant, but in the cause of my Master I cannot hesitate. You are an older man than I, Mr. Hampton; your experience in life has doubtless been much broader than mine, and it may even be that in point of education you are likewise my superior. Nevertheless, as the only minister of the gospel residing in this community it is beyond question my plain duty to speak a few words to you in behalf of this young lady, and her probable future. I trust not to be offensive, yet cannot shrirk the requirements of my sacred office."

The speaker paused, somewhat disconcerted perhaps by the hardening of the lines in Hampton's face.

"Go on," commanded Hampton, tersely, "only let the preacher part slide, and say just what you have to say as man to man."

"I prefer to do so," he continued. "It will render my unpleasant task much easier, and yield us both a more direct road to travel. I have been laboring on this field for nearly three years. When I first came here you were pointed out to me as a most dangerous man, and ever since then I have constantly been regaled by the stories of your exploits. I have known you merely through such unfriendly reports, and came here strongly prejudiced against you as a representative of every evil I war against. We have never met before, because there seemed to be nothing in common between us; because I had been led to suppose you to be an entirely different man from what I now believe you are."

Hampton stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Shall I paint in exceedingly plain words the picture given me of you?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long Record of Usefulness.

After 39 years of faithful and efficient service as president of the Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston, William H. Baldwin has resigned the office on account of advanced age.

Loneliness of Great City.

No Interested Friends to Enter into Joys and Sorrows.

If you live in a large city you are lost. You are swallowed up by the ocean of people around you. You go down into the deep and that's the last of you, except perhaps an occasional bubble that may come to the surface near where you were last seen, says the Fremont (O.) Post. There are so many people who can't escape drowning. You can't make friendships as you do in a smaller place, where the individual isn't entirely effaced by the mass. Society is not what it is in the smaller place, where the human element enters in altogether. In the larger place your comings and goings are not noted by your friends even, and never by the newspapers, unless you are one of the high financiers or packing-house bunch. The births and weddings in your family are of no more interest outside your own set than are the

wreaths of smoke curling up into the empyrean; no merry crowd of interested neighbors with their warm congratulations. The deaths bring little sympathy from the rumbling, rattling world outside, no sorrowing acquaintances who have stood by you through the long sickness; there is little or none of that evidence of loving kindness that comes from neighbors and real friends in a small city or town, where the dollar mark is not written so large and so indelibly on everything. It is paradoxical law that where there are so many people there are fewer friends, and when you diminish the number to a frontier community where neighbors are miles apart your friends are ready to take their lives in their hands for you.

Had Origin in Icebergs.

The origin of the Great Banks of Newfoundland is said to have been in the boulders carried down by icebergs. The bank is 600 miles long and 120 broad.

Carrot Fritters.

Beat two small beets carrots to a pulp, add four well beaten eggs, stir in half a cup of flour, moisten with a little cream, salt to taste and fry by dropping spoonfuls into hot fat.

FOR THE DESSERT

FINISHING TOUCHES TO END THE DINNER.

German Apple Cake Can Always Be Counted On—Directions for Serving Junket—Making Pies With Sour Cream.

German apple cake makes a good dessert now. Without any sprinkling of currants it is quite as attractive. Serve best for cinnamon bun. Use either cream or hard sauce with it, or none at all. Cream cheese accords with it.

Junket may not be turned out in shape. It must be set in cups in which it is to be served, or else helped from one large dish with a spoon. It is nice plain or with cream. If desired more elaborate, bread make it in individual cups of pretty glass or china, and at the last place a little mound of whipped cream upon each, surmounted by a cherry or piece of jelly of a bright color.

Junket with ginger bread makes a good home dessert. Those who like nutmeg—and it is recommended for some invalids—use freshly grated nutmeg on it.

Sour cream may be used for pies—just sour cream, not thick clabber, is meant. The clove used for spicing it makes it unlike cheesecake pie. For a cupful of the sour cream allow the beaten yolks of four eggs, a cupful of sugar and one cupful of chopped seeded raisins and a half teaspoonful of ground cloves. Cook this like a custard over water until thickened. Have a freshly lower shell of crust baked to receive it, and make a meringue from the whites of four eggs and a little sugar. Brown in the oven very lightly as usual. Instead of trying to see how smooth the meringue can be made, leave it tossed into hills, or drawn around in swirling lines, more or less parallel with the crust edge. This crust should be indented and rather high, to support the filling and meringue.

Pumpkin Fruit Basket.

Cut a good sized pumpkin in the form of a basket, with a handle. Remove the contents and line with white tissue paper. Fill with yellow fruits—apples, oranges, bananas and grapes—letting the grapes fall gracefully over the side. Tie a huge bow of yellow tartan ribbon (the kind used by the florists) on the handle. Place on a dolly in the center of the table.

For each guest make a pumpkin blossom. Buy paper cases at the confectioners and cut petals from pumpkin colored tissue paper, crinkle with a sharp knife. Begin at the top, paste four rows around the outside and green at the bottom. Place beside each place, to be filled with salted nuts or ice cream.

Oyster Soup.

One-half gallon of water and one quart of oysters will make three quarts of soup. Put cold water in the soup kettle, season with salt and serve when the water comes to a boil. If desired rich add a pint of milk and as soon as boiling point is reached turn in the oysters. When it boils up once serve. Do not let boil after the oysters are in as it makes them tough, season with pepper. For an invalid, when but little nourishment can be taken at a time, use milk, a tiny bit of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Bring the milk quickly to boiling point, turn in the oysters, cover closely, place over a brisk fire and as soon as the oysters raise to the top serve at once with dry toast.

Blue Point Rolls.

Cut small, shapely, thin slices of cold rare beef and spread them sparingly with mixed mustard. Cover each one with a similarly shaped, transparent thin slice of bacon and finish with a plump oyster, lightly dusted with salt and pepper. Roll and fasten with a tiny skewer; dip in melted butter, arrange on a buttered broiler and grill over a slow, clear fire until the bacon and oysters are cooked. Turn the rolls often, every time dipping them in melted butter. Serve with brown butter to which lemon juice is added, one teaspoonful of juice to four of melted butter.

Sea Foam Fudge.

Two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of water, the white of one egg, flavored to taste. Boil the sugar and water until it will mold, but not until it is brittle and yet not as soft as for ordinary fudge. Have the white of an egg beaten stiff and pour in the syrup slowly, beating constantly, with a patent egg beater. Drop on pans from the point of a spoon, giving a potted appearance to the top of each of the candies.

Scotch Apple Tart.

Peel and core a half dozen tart apples and place in a crock in a slow oven, adding neither water nor sugar. When tender mix in Sultana raisins, allowing a quarter of a pound to each pound of apples. Turn into a deep baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and grated lemon; cover with a top crust, pricking well to allow for the escape of steam, and bake in a quick oven. Serve with milk.

Cleaning Brass.

To clean chased brass trays wash the tray with soap and hot water and dry it thoroughly. Cut a lemon in half and with it rub the brass till clean. Then rinse in warm water. The same polish with a wash-leather. The same treatment is right for brass bowls and other ornaments which are now so popular with artistic folk.

Onion Souffle.

Chop two large onions into fine pieces and soak one-half cup bread crumbs in one-half cup milk. Mix the two and beat well. Stir in the yolk of an egg, beaten very light, and the whites of two eggs beaten to a deep froth. Put this mixture into a deep dish, grate cheese over the top, and bake for twenty minutes.

Never Speed.

You are a man, remember, not a hen.—Epictetus.



Fashion absolutely defies economy even in matters sartorial, and just as we have grown used to short sleeves and have had our coats cut off to the elbow, the fickle jade declares that we shall revert once more to long sleeves. Many a dinner-dress, for instance, with a low décolletage shows the sleeve worn over the wrist. Taking it all round, especially in tailormade, I consider the long sleeve is a boon to the generality of womankind. To begin with, it is practical, and nothing was more incongruous for ordinary everyday use than a sleeve which left exposed half a bare arm! When a blue serge frock was finished just above the elbow and the glove was not long enough, it did not seem to me to savor of good style, to say the least of it, for traveling, or indeed for any occasion on which we wear the tailor-made.

Among the definite fashions for the fall and winter season are longer sleeves and shorter skirts, with coats tending towards greater length. In graceful garments, and especially in furs, the kimono sleeve is giving place to what is known as the "bat" sleeve, consisting of a wing-like drape which in reality is not a sleeve at all but forms a cape effect. At the same time, the kimono has by no means died out, but is produced in other forms and is relegated to the superior fabrics rather than to the cheaper ones. I must say I should like to hedge a little in the matter of sleeves. Although a great many long, tight, mitten sleeves will be worn there are some people they do not suit, and these will try to remain faithful to the puffs. But the puff cannot be said to be a future vogue. The Empire puff is seldom seen, but rather popular is a little plain, tight sleeve consisting of open-work lace and tulle-work of jet or embroidery. Further picturesqueness is attained by wing-like draperies at the top of the arm weighted by a fringe—for, by the way, fringes of every kind are a feature which many dressmakers will try to revive. There is some sense in the fringe, and tunic, polonaise, and princess effects are infinitely improved when weighted with heavy silk or chenille fringes.

Though there is no very startling change to chronicle in the general fashioning of furs this season, there are any number of distinctive details which will proclaim the wearer of the really up-to-date coat or wrap. The kimono continues to exercise on furs the all-powerful influence which it first displayed on cloths and satins, and it certainly makes for grace of outline, as well as comfort, and as a carriage or theater wrap finds practically no rival. Its wide sleeves also figure on the seacoe coats which are to be very much worn, though, once again, fashion has been most thoughtful of

her followers' varying figures and requirements, and so includes in her list for the season a smartly simple and short basque coat, which fits closely at the back and has straight, double-breasted fronts and long sleeves. And now a word about the dresses displayed in our illustrations. The tailor-made shown in our larger picture is made of reseda green cloth, and is trimmed with braid in a darker shade, tiny brass buttons being used most effectively as a final trimming. The blouse is of coarse white lace, while the hat is of white crinoline with dark green and white striped ribbon.

The modified Empire style will still be very much in evidence in evening gowns, and I have seen some charmingly pretty bodices with just that rounded fullness of effect which is so much desired by the fair wearer. One new model, in white Oriental satin, is gathered below a little chemise of chiffon and has all its soft folds encircled by crossed bands of palest green satin, set with clusters and trails of wee pink chiffon roses and green silken leaves, a border of the embroidered flowers being the only trimming for the plain, gracefully hanging skirt. The design shown is simple and yet beautiful. The waistband can be either in souple satin or silver and pink tissue, the ends crossed in front and fastening with tiny flower-like rosettes. This waistband can be lowered to the waist-line in front if one chooses and still keep the upward Empire line at the back.

The hat pictured for you this week is strikingly smart, and is of a fine quality of felt with a mushroom brim raised on a bandeau, and its attractiveness is enhanced by the fact that the crown is a very becoming large shape trimmed with full bows of silk gaiter.

The coat and skirt costume displayed in our single column illustration shows an effective style for those who cannot wear those very fashionable long coats because of lack of stature. Fashion is delightfully accommodating this season, and every one's figure can be suited if a little discretion is used. The striped material will also tend to give you the effect of an extra inch or so, and as to colors, purple or green and black or dark blue and brown would be both smart and serviceable, the color of the stripe being repeated in the velvet of collar and cuffs.

Horse as Executioner.

A farmer named Courtois, whose engagement was broken off recently, hanged himself from his horse's neck. He was working the plow, and he tied the reins of one of the horses round his neck. The horse, tossing his head, broke his master's neck.—Paris Dispatch in London Express.

Old-school Farmers.

It is astonishing what faith the old-school farmer-used to put in his almanac," said a farmer of the new school, a graduate of an agricultural college.

"My father was an old-school farmer, and in June he would consult his almanac to see if we were going to have a clear Christmas. What though the almanac usually went back on him? Sometimes its predictions were true, and one accurate prophecy counterbalanced in my father's mind, 50 miscues.

Once I crossed the ocean with the old man. We sat at the captain's table, and the first night out my father, laying down his spoon, said anxiously: "Captain, hev ye got an almanac on board?"

"No," the captain answered.

"The old man frowned and shook his head.

"Then, by goob," he said, "we'll jest hev to take the weather as she comes."

Never Speed.

You are a man, remember, not a hen.—Epictetus.

How the Rattles Are Worn.

The rattles lie edgewise. It is evident that they must do so, inasmuch as they are but continuations of the backbone. The snake carries the rattles on the ground except when he raises them to sound his warning. This will be evidenced by the fact that in every snake of any size that is killed the rattles are worn through on the under side.—Forest and Stream.