

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

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



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SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort 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, Gliss 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, led by Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencald. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gliss—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go back and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencald. Miss Phoebe Spencer, Brant's daughter, and Gliss go to the school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Oh, you ought to; he is so intensely original, and his face is full of character. He reminds me of some old paladin of the Middle Ages. You would be interested in him at once. He is the foreman of the 'Bar V' ranch, somewhere near here."

"Do you mean Billy McNeil, over on Sinsinwa creek?" broke in Herndon.

"Think quite likely, uncle; wouldn't he make a splendid addition to Mr. Wynkoop's church?"

Herndon choked, his entire body shaking with ill-suppressed enjoyment. "I should imagine yes," he admitted finally. "Billy McNeil—oh, Lord! There's certainly a fine opening for you to do some missionary work, Phoebe."

"Well, and I'm going to," announced the young lady, firmly. "I guess I can read men's characters, and I know all Mr. McNeil needs is to have some one show an interest in him. Have you a large church, Mr. Wynkoop?"

"Not large if judged from an eastern standpoint," he confessed, with some regret. "Our present membership is composed of eight women and three men, but the congregational attendance is quite good, and constantly increasing."

"Only eight women and three men!" breathlessly. "And you have been laboring upon this field for five years! How could it be so small?"

Wynkoop pushed back his chair, anxious to redeem himself in the estimation of this fair stranger.

"Miss Spencer," he explained, "my parish comprises this entire mining region, and I am upon horseback among the foothills and up in the ranges for fully a third of my time. The spirit of the mining population, as well as of the cattlemen, while not actually hostile, is one of indifference to religious thought. For three long years I worked here without even a church organization or a building; and apparently without the faintest encouragement. Now that we have a nucleus gathered, a comfortable building erected and paid for, with an increasing congregation, I begin to feel that those seemingly barren five years were not without spiritual value."

She quickly extended her hands. "Oh, it is so heroic, so self-sacrificing! I am going to help you, Mr. Wynkoop, in every way I possible can—I shall certainly speak to both Mr. Moffat and Mr. McNeil the very first opportunity. I feel almost sure that they will join."

The unavoidable exigencies of a choir practice compelled Mr. Wynkoop to retire early, nor was it yet late when the family circle also dissolved, and the two girls were themselves alone.

The light was finally extinguished; the silver moonlight streamed across the foot of the bed; and the regular breathing of the girls evidenced slumber.

CHAPTER XII.

Under Orders.

It was no pleasant assignment to duty which greeted First Lieut. Donald Brant, commanding Troop N, Seventh Cavalry, when that regiment came once more within the environs of civilization, from its summer exercises in the field. Bethune had developed into a somewhat important post, socially as well as from a strictly military standpoint, and numerous, indeed, were the attractions offered there to any young officer whose duty called him to serve the colors on those bleak Dakota prairies. Brant frowned at the innocent words, reading them over again with gloomy eyes and an exclamation of unmitigated disgust, yet there was no escaping their plain meaning. Trouble was undoubtedly brewing among the Sioux, trouble in which the Cheyennes, and probably others also, were becoming involved. Every soldier patrolling that long northern border recognized the approach of some dire development, some early coup of savagery.

Brant was not blind to all this, nor to the necessity of having in readiness selected bodies of seasoned troops, yet it was not in soldier nature to refrain from grumbling when the earliest detail chanced to fall to him. But orders were orders in that country, and although he crushed the innocent paper passionately beneath his heel, five hours later he was in saddle, riding steadily westward, his depleted troop of horsemen clattering at his heels. Up the valley of the Bear Water, slightly above Glencald, far enough beyond the saloon radius to protect his men from possible corruption, yet within easy reach of the military telegraph, they made camp in the early morning upon a wooded terrace overlooking the stage road, and settled quietly down with one of those numerous posts with which the army chiefs sought to hem in the dissatisfied red-

men, and learn early the extent of their hostile plans.

Brant was now in a humor considerably happier than when he first rode forth from Bethune. He watched the men of his troop while with quip and song they made comfortable camp, and then strolled slowly up the valley, his own affairs soon completely forgotten in the beauty of near-by hills beneath the golden glory of the morning sun. Once he paused and looked back upon ugly Glencald, dingy and forlorn even at that distance; then he crossed the narrow stream by means of a convenient log, and clambered up the somewhat steep bank. A heavy fringe of low bushes clung close along the edge of the summit, but a plainly defined path led among their intricacies. He pressed his way through, coming into a glade where sunshine flickered through the overarching branches of great trees, and the grass was green and short, like that of a well-kept lawn.

As Brant emerged from the underbrush he suddenly beheld a fair vision of young womanhood resting on the grassy bank just before him. She was partially reclining, as if startled by his unannounced approach, her face turned toward him, one hand grasping an open book, the other shading her eyes from the glare of the sun. Something in the graceful poise, the piquant, uplifted face, the dark gloss of heavy hair, and the unfrightened gaze held him speechless until the picture had been impressed forever upon his memory. He beheld a girl on the verge of womanhood, fair of skin, the red glow of health flushing her cheeks, the lips parted in surprise, the sleeve fallen

back from one white, rounded arm, the eyes honest, sincere, mysterious. She recognized him with a glance, and her lips closed as she remembered how and when they had met before. But there was no answering recollection within his eyes, only admiration—nothing clung about this Naida to remind him of a neglected waif of the garrison. She read all this in his face, and the lines about her mouth changed quickly into a slightly quizzical smile, her eyes brightening.

"You should at least have knocked, sir," she ventured, sitting up on the grassy bank, the better to confront him, "before intruding thus uninvited."

He lifted his somewhat dingy scouting hat and bowed humbly.

"I perceived no door giving warning that I approached such presence, and the first shock of surprise was perhaps as great to me as to you. Yet, now that I have blundered thus far, I beseech that I be permitted to venture upon yet another step."

She sat looking at him, a trim, soldierly figure, his face young and pleasant to gaze upon, and her dark eyes sensibly softened.

"What step?"

"To tarry for a moment beside the divinity of this wilderness."

She laughed with open frankness, her white teeth sparkling behind the red, parted lips.

"Perhaps you may, if you will first consent to be sensible," she said, with returning gravity; "and I reserve the right to turn you away whenever you begin to talk or act foolish. If you accept these conditions, you may sit down."

He seated himself upon the soft grass ledge, retaining the hat in his hands. "You must be an odd sort of a girl," he commented, soberly, "not to welcome an honest expression of admiration."

"Oh, was that it? Then I duly bow my acknowledgment. I took your words for one of those silly compliments by which men believe they honor women. I am not a baby, nor

am I so easily amused."

He glanced curiously at her book. "And yet you condescend to read love stories," he said, smiling. "I expected to discover a treatise on philosophy."

"I read whatever I chance to get my hands on, here in Glencald," she retorted. "Just as I converse with whoever comes along. I am hopeful of some day discovering a rare gem hidden in the midst of the trash. I am yet young."

"You are indeed young," he said, quietly, "and with some of life's lessons still to learn. One is that frankness is not necessarily flippancy, nor honesty harshness. However, if you will offer me a topic worthy the occasion, in either philosophy, science, or literature, I will endeavor to feed your mind."

She uplifted her innocent eyes demurely to his face. "You are so kind. I am deeply interested just now in the Japanese conception of the transmigration of souls."

"How extremely fortunate! It chances to be my favorite theme, but my mental processes are peculiar, and you must permit me to work up toward it somewhat gradually. For instance, as a question leading that way, how, in the incarnation of this world, do you manage to exist in such a hole of a place?—that is, provided you really reside here."

"Why, I consider this a most delightful nook."

"My reference was to Glencald."

"Oh! Why, I live from within, not without. Mind and heart, not environment, make life, and my time is occupied most congenially. I am being faithfully nurtured on the Presbyterian catechism, and also trained in the graces of earthly society. These alternate, thus preparing me for whatever may happen in this world or the next."

His face pictured bewilderment, but also a determination to persevere. "An interesting combination, I admit. But from your appearance this cannot always have been your home?"

"Oh, thank you. I believe not always; but I wonder at your being able to discern my superiority to these surroundings. And do you know your questioning is becoming quite personal? Does that yield me an equal privilege?"

He bowed, perhaps relieved at thus permitting her to assume the initiative, and rested lazily back upon the grass, his eyes intently studying her face.

"I suppose from your clothes you

you mistake me for an enlisted man?"

"Oh, I didn't know; you said you were a soldier, and that's what I always heard they got. I am so glad if they give you more. I was only going to say that I believed I could get you a good place in McCarthy's store if you wanted it. He pays \$65 and his clerk has just left."

Brant stared at her with open mouth, totally unable for the moment to decide whether or not that innocent, sympathetic face masked mischief. Before he succeeded in regaining confidence and speech, she had risen to her feet, holding back her skirt with one hand.

"Really, I must go," she announced calmly, drawing back toward the slight opening between the bushes. "No doubt you have done fully as well as you could, considering your position in life; but this has proved another disappointment. You have fallen far, very far, below my ideal. Good-by."

He sprang instantly erect, his cheeks flushed. "Please don't go without a further word. We seem predestined to misunderstand. I am even willing to confess myself a fool in the hope of some time being able to convince you otherwise. You have not even told me that you live here; nor do I know your name."

She shook her head positively, repressed merriment darkening her eyes and wrinkling the corners of her mouth. "It would be highly improper to introduce myself to a stranger—we Presbyterians never do that."

"But do you feel no curiosity as to who I may be?"

"Why, not in the least; the thought is ridiculous. How very conceited you must be to imagine such a thing!"

He was not a man easily daunted, nor did he recall any previous embarrassment in the presence of a young woman. But now he confronted something utterly unique; those quiet eyes seemed to look straight through him. His voice faltered sadly, yet succeeded in asking: "Are we, then, never to meet again? Am I to understand this to be your wish?"

She laughed. "Really, sir, I am not aware that I have the slightest desire in the matter. I have given it no thought, but I presume the possibility of our meeting again depends largely upon yourself, and the sort of society you keep. Surely you cannot expect that I would seek such an opportunity?"

He bowed humbly. "You mistake my purpose. I merely meant to ask if there was not some possibility of our again coming together socially—in the presence of mutual friends."

"Oh, I scarcely think so; I do not remember ever having met any soldiers at the social functions here—excepting officers. We are extremely exclusive in Glencald," she dropped him an exclusive smile, "and I have given up exclusive in Glencald, I do not promise to attend that, but I am not even certain—that is, I do not promise to attend that. However, I may do so. The Miners' Bachelor Club gives a reception and ball to-morrow evening in honor of the new schoolmistress."

"What is her name?" with responsive eagerness.

She hesitated, as if doubtful of the strict propriety of mentioning it to a stranger.

"Miss Phoebe Spencer," she said, her eyes cast demurely down.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in open triumph; "and have I, then, at last made fair capture of your secret? You are Miss Phoebe Spencer."

She drew back still farther within the recesses of the bushes, at his single victorious step forward.

"? Why certainly not. I am merely Miss Spencer's 'star' pupil, so you may easily judge something of what her superior attainments must necessarily be. But I am really going now, and I sincerely trust you will be able to secure a ticket for to-morrow night; for if you once meet this Miss Spencer, you will never yield another single thought to me, Mr.—Mr.—" her eyes dancing with laughter—"First Lieut. Donald Brant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Terms of Latin Origin.

In a legal sense an "innuendo" was originally an averment made by the plaintiff in a libel action, putting into plain words the injurious sense he detected in an insinuation published by the defendant. It is the ablativus case of a Latin gerund that has become a common English noun substantive. Another Latin ablativus with a similar modern history is "folio," which literally means "on page" so-and-so. The English language absorbs all cases in this fashion at its pleasure. These are "quorum" (genitive plural and "omnibus" (dative plural), with "ignominus" as an English noun that was once a Latin verb in the first person plural.

Palais Royal had contrived a chronometer which got over the difficulty. Flat watches were the fashion in Paris. The English when they appeared in the streets of the French capital marched in not in gala dress such as the others wore, but in the raiment which they had worn on campaign. Great was the impression which their habiliments created. But they at once adopted the smart flat watch and brought it back to England for our own manufacturers to copy.—London Standard.

The average man is really ashamed to admit that he never sowed his wild oats in his youth.

How Flat Watches Took Place of the Old-Time "Turnips."

When the neat man takes unto himself a watch as thin as parchment he little thinks that that thin watch results from army regulations. Up to the time of the Allies taking Paris the ordinary watch was convex in shape and called from its outline a "turnip." The officers of the Russian and other armies objected to this because its bulbous form made the uniform of a man on parade look untidy, whether it were carried in the coat or the fob. Here in Paris, however, they found that the watchmakers of the

NEW WAYS OF COOKING FISH.

A Change From the Universal Frying, Boiling and Baking.

There are many dainty ways of cooking fish besides frying, boiling and baking. Some of these are quite as easy of achievement and as inexpensive as the foregoing modes, moreover, nicer. Fish with a cheese sauce is very good. Almost any white fish can be cooked in this way.

Take from one pound to two pounds of fish, wash it well and dry it carefully. Then place it in a clean enameled stewpan, add three gills of milk, salt, an onion, notched in order that the juice may escape, a blade of mace and a good sized sprig of parsley. Simmer gently until the fish is cooked, but do not allow the milk to reduce. Dish it up hot and add from two ounces to four ounces, according to taste, of grated cheddar or Dutch cheese. Stir until the cheese has thoroughly melted, pour it over and around the fish and serve at once.

Here is a simpler and quicker way of cooking a small piece of white fish. Wash and dry, place in a well-greased fireproof china dish, sprinkle thickly with fried bread crumbs, minced parsley, and if possible some minced mushrooms, about two ounces. Place a bit of butter here and there and pour over the whole half a small bottle of tomato catsup; sprinkle more bread crumbs on top and bake in a moderate oven for from 20 minutes to half an hour, according to the size and kind.

FOOD FOR THE INVALID.

Dainty Fare and Attractive Serving Are Both Essential.

Feeding the invalid is an art, and in some cases a lost art. A tray with legs six or seven inches high is the most comfortable way of serving food, still the effort may be too great and a glass tube be better. Always have the nourishment attractively served, for a dainty dolly under the bowl of broth may attract the waning appetite. Do not bring a large quantity of food to a convalescent, as it often defeats its purpose.

Here are two simple recipes which are very acceptable to most patients: Moisten a teaspoonful of real Bermuda arrowroot with water, rub smooth with a spoon, pour on half a pint of boiling water and season with wine and nutmeg. In cooking arrowroot it is wise to make it thick, afterward thinning with milk.

Panada is also grateful. Put a few crackers or crusts of dry bread in a saucepan with cold water and a few raisins. After it has boiled half an hour, flavor with wine if the patient has no fever. If properly made the mixture will be quite smooth and of moderate thickness. Serve on a dainty tray covered with an immaculate clean cloth. A tiny bunch of flowers tucked on the tray does not render the arrowroot or panada any the less appetizing, and do not forget a well browned strip of toast or a rusk as an accompaniment to the repast.

Cheese Crisps.

One cupful of grated cheese, two-thirds of a cupful of cracker dust, a half teaspoonful of salt, the same of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk and a dash of paprika. Set the dish holding the above ingredients into pan of hot water and cook until the cheese is melted and the mixture becomes smooth and thick. Remove from the fire and beat in the yolks of two eggs and the well whipped white of one, turn into a buttered dish, having the mixture not quite an inch in depth, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cold, cut in thin strips, dip in beaten egg, then crumbs, and fry to a delicate crispness in olive oil or fresh butter. Serve hot.

Make Curtains Harmonize.

Now that the color scheme is all the rage, take your old curtains, cut off the torn parts, mend neatly any holes with the part you cut off. Take thin cheesecloth, bind all around the curtain, then take ochre, any color you desire. Buy it in a paint store. It is a powder and cheap. Take a large dishpan of warm water and put as much of the ochre in according as you wish it light or dark. Stir it thoroughly with a large spoon. Gather the curtains sideways in folds, then dip them in the substance, wring them as dry as possible, then shake them, starch, and iron when dry.

Cardboard Light Shade.

Take a sheet of cardboard 14 inches square, mark out a maltese cross, cutting with knife on the lines, then cut out each panel, leaving about one-half to three-quarters of an inch margin; punch holes in this, say, five on each side; mark on the top of center a two-inch square, which must be cut just slightly to allow for folding. Bend each side down, lace together with trimming cord, cut a circle in the center to fit the electric light and fill in the panels with small pieces of china silk glued to the cardboard. This makes an attractive light shade.

Sweet Potatoes, Virginia Style.

Boil the potatoes until tender, peel and mash. Add butter generously, also cream, salt, white pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Whip in eggs, beaten very lightly, allowing one for each two cupfuls of potato. Pile in the baking dish and send to the oven until a light brown.

To Smooth Broken Tumblers.

Emery paper, if tacked upon a board, is useful for smoothing slightly broken edges of thin tumblers. By carefully rubbing the glasses back and forth, a smooth surface is obtained, but not if a glass is cracked badly.

To Sugar Doughnuts.

Place a cupful or five in a paper bag. Put four or five doughnuts in the bag at one time and shake. You will find the doughnuts evenly and thoroughly coated without any waste of sugar.

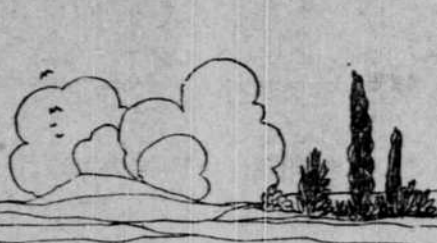
Velvet Sponge Cake.

Beat four eggs and two cupfuls of sugar well together; add two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and lemon flavoring; finish with two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water just as it is ready for the oven.

Dressing on Dimes

More Holiday Frocks for Little Girls

(Copyright, 1917, by the Delineator, N. Y.)



Ecru embroidered swiss was used for the model frock of ten-year size illustrated in figure 1. These swiss materials are really smart despite their low cost, and are practical also, since they stand laundering very well.

Handwork or lace, or motifs of linerie constructed of stary bits of lace and scraps of tuckd lawn, cut in crescent or lozenge shape may be used on the deep bertha. These motifs represent practically no outlay, and used singly, or joined in a set design, they are very effective. Equally inexpensive trimming, and quite as appropriate in frocks of this order, are motifs and narrow strips made of white or ecru mull, swiss, or brussels net, plucked in ladder effect, and used like rows of lace insertion. Brier-stitched borders along the edges where it joins the material give a dainty finish well worth the trouble of working them.

A positive gain in individuality as well as in dimes is made by substituting bits of home-made trimming (such as drawn and crochet work, darned net, etc.) for some of the lace used to trim the models reproduced here.

The skirt, as seen in the model, with its double ruffle, is particularly practical for growing girls, since it permits the placing of a "growing" tuck above the lower ruffle. There is little need to suggest to sensible mothers the value of this device. I would, however, advise them to put it in by hand, or with a single-thread machine, in order to facilitate the ripping which later will be necessary. The frock closes in the back with rust-proof hooks sewed to a fly and metal loops. Better, however, than loops, are eye-lets worked directly into the under-lapped back. Punched with a stiletto just large enough to admit the point of the hook, each hole, if firmly buttonholed all round, will serve its purpose admirably until the end of the chapter.

For dressy purposes the short puffed sleeve is prettiest, finished with lace, and tied with ribbon. The frock can, however, be made sleeveless and worn with an elbow-estimate for this little sleeved gump. The frock, as copied from our work-room accounts as follows:

8 yards of swiss at 12 1/2 cents \$1.00
3/4 yards of val. edging at 6 cents20
5 yards of val. insertion at 6 cents30
Hooks and eyes02
Sewing cotton (1/2 of a spool)04
Pattern (No. 1257)15
Total \$1.71

The estimate as given may be further reduced by substituting for the lace insertion tiny motifs and curved traceries of crochet-work of the simplest sort, consisting of rows of chain-stitched loops of thread, each loop being caught in the usual fashion into the loop below it on the preceding row.

A frock for the normally built girl of fourteen must avoid long lines as far as possible, since the little lady's figure is apt to possess these in abundance. It must convey the impression of youthfulness, and should be soft and graceful rather than crisp and fluffy, characteristics more befitting the dresses of very little girls.

If the wearer be tall the skirt should

end half-way between the knee and shoe top. Otherwise it may be a bit shorter, but under no circumstances should it be allowed to reveal the bend of the knee. The belt should occupy its natural position. The girl of fourteen is too old for the long, French-waist effect, and a bit young for the short-waisted Empire.

Seeking material in low-priced goods which should be at once soft, refined-looking, and dressy, our buyer found a lot of flowered mulls being closed out at reduced price to make room for winter goods. They were fine and sheer, printed in artistic colorings, and mercerized; indeed, one had to look closely to be sure they were not silk mousseline.

Figure 2 shows, as far as camera limitations permit, how prettily this goods made up. Its white ground was strewn with beautiful blue flowers softened by stems of a pale and tender green.

In planning the waist decorations, features likely to please the taste of the wearer are considered. At fourteen one has one's own ideas, and so long as they are simple and wholesome why not gratify them?

First of all, it was concluded, the square-necked yoke was to be transparent; but it must not have the monotonous bands of insertion used to fill in every other square neck. Lace edging was therefore used instead, sewed in perfectly flat and neatly mitered at the corners. This was, in turn, finished with the prettiest little frills, projecting from under the lace, of blue ribbon, half an inch wide and matching the flowers in the mull perfectly. It was sewed beneath the outer edge of the lace, and followed the line of the latter exactly around the neck opening, and also along the lower edge of the yoke. The graceful bertha and the sleeves were trimmed to correspond, and a shaped belt edged with the frilled ribbon completed the scheme. The cost:

9 yards of mercerized mull at 11c..... \$1.00
4 yards of lace edging at 6 cents24
15 yards of ribbon at 5 cents75
Hooks and eyes02
Pattern (No. 1257)15
Thread05
Total \$2.38

Effective Border Trimming.

The new coats show most effective trimming; the narrow bands of a contrasting material embroidered and braided alternate with the border stichery that forms really deep bands and designs with irregular edges upon the material itself. What may also be described as an imitation of the old world flat plaited ruching is formed of a zigzag pattern of narrow braid disposed closely along a hem of cloth or velvet. Bands of satin cut out in swiss embroidery style heavily worked with silk look extremely well, and so do others with appliques of a different sort.

Corded silk with applications of cloth makes a lovely trimming, and velvet is also treated in the same style. One coat has a border of true lovers' knots and looped ribbons being runing all the length, for all the world like the border or frieze of a wall paper.

plaited gauze scarfs are very prominent.

Some of the glittering evening gowns look as if my lady were about to set off to war in shining armor.

So far feathers have been most seen in boas, ostrich naturally standing first.

Big and bold are the cut out designs for the jumper waist. Silk pieces outlined with final braid compose most of the designs.

Panels of very deep tucks are inserted at the bottom of evening gowns. The plain portion between the tucks shows embroidery designs.

Two blues are combined in perhaps the most popular style of millinery. Dark blue chirked up with some lighter, brighter shade of blue is nearly the most ubiquitous hat one sees.

Black broadcloth suits with smart Louis coats finished with big side pockets and waistcoats of colored brocade are in high favor for afternoon visiting toilettes.

One of the most soothing applications for a fire burn is a raw potato scraped or grated and bound like a poultice on the injured surface.



A Fashion From War.

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