

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

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



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Bethune, trapped by Indians in a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also called the post trader, and his daughter, Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three-day siege. Hampton and the girl only escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Second 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 Gillis—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's and returns Hampton. He insists they 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 arrives in Glencald to teach in the school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Liev, Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Liev, Brant again meet with- out his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Liev, Brant meets Silent Murphy, Custer's scout. He reports trouble brewing among the Sioux. Social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club ball among the admirers of Miss Spencer. Liev, Brant meets Silent Murphy but she has no acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the bathroom when she for Miss Spencer. Brant accompanies Naida home from the dance. On the way she informs him as to who she is, and that she is to meet Hampton. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the lieutenant that his attentions to Naida must cease, and proclaims authority over her that justifies the statement. Brant tells Hampton of the presence of Silent Murphy and of the fact that Red Slavin resolves government messages for him. Miss Spencer called on Bob Hampton. Tells him of a red-faced stranger—mistaking her for Naida. Brant inter- views Red Slavin. Finds that he is an ex-scout in the Seventh Cavalry. It was Slavin's and Murphy's testimony more than ten years before had convicted Robert Nolan, then a captain in the Seventh, of the murder of Maj. Brant. Sr. Hampton attempts to force a confession from Slavin. Slavin insists it is Murphy he wants, and Murphy had left. In a scuffle Slavin is killed by a bullet. Hampton surrenders to Buck Mason, marshal. Mob attempts to capture him. Mason and his prisoner escape to a hill and defend themselves. Mob lights fire to burn them out. Brant tells Naida that he loves her. She tells him there is an insurmountable barrier between them, but that she does not fully understand it. Brant and his troop rescue Hampton and Mason from the fire set by the mob. Brant carries the unconscious gambler through the lines of fire. Hampton is taken to the hotel and Naida comes to nurse him. Miss Spencer accepts the heart and hand of Rev. Wynkoop. Brant is ordered to take the field. Before he goes Naida tells him she loves him, but cannot become his wife or offer an explanation. He insists he will return to her. Hampton goes on the trail of Silent Murphy, then at Cheyenne, as the one man who can clear Capt. Nolan of the charge of murder of Maj. Brant 15 years before. Hampton arrives at Cheyenne after Murphy had left with dispatches for Custer.

Hampton lariatd his th horses behind the bluff and returned to the summit, lying flat upon the ground, with the field-glass at his eyes. The distant figures passed slowly forward into the midst of the willows, and for half an hour the patient watcher scanned the surface of the stream beyond, but there was no sign of attempted passage. The sun sank lower and finally disappeared behind those desolate ridges to the westward. Hampton's knowledge of plainscraft rendered Murphy's actions sufficiently clear. This was the Fourche; beyond those waters lay the terrible peril of Indian raiders. Further advance must be made by swift, secret night riding, and never-ceasing vigilance. This was what Murphy had been saving himself and his horses for. Beyond conjecture, he was resting now within the shadows of those willows, studying the opposite shore and making ready for the dash northward. Hampton believed he would linger thus for some time after dark, to see if Indian fies would afford any guidance. Confident of this, he passed back to his horses, rubbed them down with grass, and then ate his lonely supper, not venturing to light a fire, certain that Murphy's eyes were scanning every inch of skyline.

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Haunting of a Crime. Murphy rested on his back in the



midst of a thicket of willows, wide awake, yet not quite ready to ford the Fourche and plunge into the dense shadows shrouding the northern shore. Crouched behind a log, he had so far yielded unto temptation as to light his pipe.

Murphy had been amid just such unpleasant environments many times before, and the experience had grown somewhat prosaic. Even Indian-scouting degenerates into a commonplace at last. So Murphy puffed contentedly at his old pipe.

But suddenly there was the faint crackle of a branch to his left, and one hand instantly closed over his pipe bowl, the other grasping the heavy revolver at his hip. There came a plain, undisturbed rustling in the grass—some prowling coyote, probably; then his tense muscles immediately relaxed, and he cursed himself for being so startled, yet he continued to grasp the "45" in his right hand, his eyes alert.

"Murphy!"

That single word, hurried thus unexpectedly out of the black night, startled him more than would a volley of rifles. He sprang half erect, then as swiftly crouched behind a willow, utterly unable to articulate. For the instant his very blood ran cold; he appeared to shrivel up.

"Oh, come, Murphy; speak up, man; I know you're in here."

That terror of the unknown instantly vanished. This was the familiar language of the world, and, however the fellow came to be there, it was assuredly a man who spoke.

"Who—the hell—are ye?" he blurted out.

"Ye are? Jist the same—I've heard—yer voice—afore."

"Likely 'nough. I saw service in the Seventh."

Murphy was still a trifle suspicious. "How'd ye git yere? How'd ye come ter know—whar I was?"

The man laughed again. "Sorter hurts yer professional feelings, don't it, old feller, to be dropped in on in this unceremonious way? But it was dead easy, old man. Ye see I happened thro' Cheyenne only a couple o' hours behind ye, with a bunch o' papers fer the Yellowstone. The trail's plain enough out this far, and I loped 'long at a pretty fair hickory, so thet I was up on the bluff yonder, and saw ye go into camp yere jist afore dark. You was a-keepin' yer eyes skinned across the Fourche, and naturally didn't expect no callers from them hills behind. The rest was nuthin', an' here I am. It's a darn sight pleasanter ter hev company travelin', ter my notion. Now kin I cum on?"

Murphy reluctantly lowered his Colt. "Every movement betraying annoyance. 'I reckon. But I'd—a damn sight—rather risk it—alone."

The stranger came forward without further hesitation. The night was far too dark to reveal features, but to Murphy's strained vision the newcomer appeared somewhat slender in build, and of good height.

"Whar'd—ye say ye—was bound?"

"Mouth o' the Powder. We kin ride together fer a night or two."

"Ye kin—do as ye—please, but—I ain't a huntin'—no company,—an' I'm a—goin' 'cross now."

He advanced a few strides toward his horses. Then suddenly he gave vent to a smothered cry, so startling as to cause the stranger to spring hastily after him.

"Oh! My God! Oh! Look there!"

"What is it, man?"

"There! there! The picture! Don't you see?"

"Naw; I don't see nuthin'. Ye ain't

The visitor laughed, the bushes rustling as he pushed toward the sound of the voice. "It's all right, old boy. Gave ye quite a scare, I reckon. Murphy could now dimly perceive the other advancing through the intervening willows, and his Colt shot up to the level. "Stop!—ye take another—step an' I'll—let drive. Ye tell me—first—who ye be."

The invader paused, but he realized the nervous finger pressing the trigger and made haste to answer. "It's all right, I tell ye. I'm one o' Terry's scouts."

"Ye are? Jist the same—I've heard—yer voice—afore."

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cious, yet holding his voice to a judicious whisper. It was he who led the way down the bank, the four horses slowly splashing through the shallow water to the northern shore. Before them stretched a broad plain, the surface rocky and uneven, the northern stars obscured by ridges of higher land. Murphy promptly gave his horse the spur, never once glancing behind, while the other imitated his example, holding his animal well in check, being apparently the better mounted.

They rode silently. The way became more broken and rough as they advanced, causing them to exercise greater caution. Flying clouds obscured the stars, yet through the rifts they caught fleeting glimpses sufficient to hold them to their course. And the encroaching hills swept in closer upon either hand, leaving them groping their way between as in a pocket, yet ever advancing north.

Finally they attained to the steep bank of a considerable stream, found the water of sufficient depth to compel swimming, and crept up the opposite shore dripping and miserable, yet with ammunition dry. Murphy stood swearing disjointedly, wiping the blood from a wound in his forehead where the jagged edge of a rock had broken the skin, but suddenly stopped with a quick intake of breath that left him panting. The other man crept toward him, leading his horse.

"What is it now?" he asked, gruffly. "Hev' ye got 'em agin'?"

The dazed old scout stared, pointing directly across the other's shoulder, his arm shaking desperately. "It's thar!—an' it's his face! Oh, God!—I know it—15 year."

The man glanced backward into the pitch darkness, but without moving his body.

"There's nuthin' out there, 'less it's a firefly," he insisted, in a tone of contempt. "You're plum crazy, Murphy; the night's got on yer nerves. What is it ye think ye see?"

"His face, I tell ye! Don't I know? It's all green and ghistly, with snaky flames playin' about it! But I know, 15 years, an' I ain't forgot."

He sank down feebly—sank until he was on his knees, his head craned forward. The man watching touched the miserable, hunched-up figure compassionately, and it shook beneath his hand, endeavoring to shrink away.

"My God! was thet you? I thought it was him a-reachin' fer me. Here, let me take yer hand. Oh, Lord! An' can't ye see? It's jist there beyond them horses—all green, crawlin', devilish—but it's him."

"Who?"

"Brant! Brant—15 year!"

"Brant? Fifteen years? Do you mean Maj. Brant, the one Nolan killed over at Bethune?"

"He—he didn't—"

The old man heaved forward, his head rocking from side to side; then suddenly he toppled over on his face, gasping for breath. His companion caught him and ripped open the heavy flannel shirt. Then he strode savagely across in front of his shivering horse, tore down the flaring picture, and hastily thrust it into his pocket, the light of the phosphorus with which it had been rubbed being reflected for a moment on his features.

"A dirty, miserable, low-down trick," he muttered. "Poor old devil! Yet I've got to do it for the little girl."

He stumbled back through the darkness, his hat filled with water, and dashed it into Murphy's face. "Come on, Murphy! There's one good thing 'bout spooks; they don't hang 'round fer long at a time. Likely es not this 'un is gone by now. Brace up, man, fer you an' I have got ter get out o' here afore mornin'."

Then Murphy grasped his arm and drew himself slowly to his feet.

"Don't see nuthin' now, do ye?"

"No. Where's my—horse?"

The other silently reached him the loose rein, marking as he did so the quick, nervous peering this way and that, the starting at the slightest sound.

"Did ye say, Murphy, as how it wasn't Nolan after all who plugged the major?"

"I'm damned—if I did. Who—else was it?"

"Why, I dunno. Sorter blamed odd though, thet ghost should be a-hauntin' ye. Darn if it ain't creep' 'nough ter make a feller believe most anythin'."

Murphy drew himself up heavily into his saddle. Then all at once he shoved the muzzle of a "45" into the other's face. "Ye say nuther word—'bout thet, an' I'll make—a ghost order ye—blame lively. Now, ye shet up—if ye ride with me."

They moved forward at a walk and reached a higher level, across which the night wind swept, bearing a touch of cold in its breath as though coming from the snow-capped mountains to the west. There was renewed life in this invigorating air and Murphy spurred forward, his companion pressing steadily after.

When the first signs of returning day appeared in the east, the two left their horses in a narrow canyon, and crept to the summit of a ridge. Below lay the broad valley of the Powder. Then Murphy turned his head and looked back into the other's face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROADS BACK PASSHOLDERS.

Union Pacific Tells Them to Stand Pat Against Nebraska Law.

Lincoln—Pass holders, receiving their transportation through the Union Pacific, will have the railroad behind them if they resist the state in its prosecutions under the anti-pass law. This is the information that has come to the railroad commission from Platte county, where the county attorney is now determined to begin criminal action under the new law at once. County Attorney Henspel delayed for a time, having received intimations that the passes would be returned. During the negotiations that took place the attitude of the railroad was made known. Where passes have been held prosecutions will at once be begun.

Attorney Edson Rich of Omaha, representing the Union Pacific, sent a letter to the railroad commissioners in which he made further explanations of the pass situation. In this he says the transportation given surgeons in Nebraska by the Union Pacific is in accordance with continuing contracts entered with them in 1906 and under which the passes are renewed each year. The contracts were made before the enactment of the anti-pass law, hence the claim the transportation is unaffected. Each contract is perpetual, depending on the pleasure of the road for termination for cause. The road, therefore, claims the right to issue its surgeons their pasteboards.

Admission to Home Denied.

The State Board of Public Lands and Buildings has rejected several applications for admission to the Soldiers' home for the reason the applicants were drawing pensions of \$20 a month or over \$12. The board has other applications on file where the old soldier receives only \$12 a month pension, and inasmuch as the district court of Hall county has enjoined the board from taking any part of the pension money of the soldiers, the board concluded to take care of the poor ones first, or those in actual need.

Hastings Puts on the Brakes.

By a vote of six to one the city council went on record demanding the closing of all of the saloons of the city at 10 o'clock in the evening. The new ordinance will become effective April 13. Several of the councilmen have already gone on record or made public statements to the effect that if it came to a show down they would vote against the granting of saloon license in the spring.

Object to Net Weight Clause.

Lincoln—The suit of the state against Swift & Co. will be appealed to the supreme court of the United States if necessary. This idea was suggested by the arguments of the attorneys in the district court. The packing concern is charged with not branding net weight on ham and bacon packages. The suit was started by Food Commissioner Johnson.

Must Pay Policy.

Lincoln—The supreme court ordered the Supreme Court of Honor, a fraternal order, to pay the heirs of John Ebesta the amount of his policy. The Court of Honor resisted payment, claiming Sebasta had forfeited his rights when he ate heads of matches, resulting in his death.

Guard Company Inspected.

Broken Bow—Company M of the First regiment of Nebraska underwent a hot inspection by Major Davidson, United States inspector. The major pronounced about \$2,000 worth of stuff as unserviceable and severely scored the state for not furnishing proper equipment.

Purses to Be Returned.

Columbus—The gentlemen about here—lawyers, editors and doctors—have agreed to turn in their pasteboards and mileage to the railroads, and so for the present there will be no prosecutions of them, if they continue faithful to the end of the race.

OPINION ON SURETIES.

Verdict of the Supreme Court on the Question.

Lincoln—"Sureties on the official bond of a county judge are not liable for money which did not come into the possession of their principal by virtue of his office."

This is the verdict of the supreme court in the appeal of William W. Stephens, administrator of the estate of one Smith of Friend, from the decision of the district court freeing the bondsmen of Hosmer H. Hendee, former county judge, from obligation to pay \$3,300 to the administrator of the estate. Hendee is said to have secured possession of a certificate of deposit for \$3,300 under color of his office and to have obtained the unwitting endorsement of Stephens, Commissioner Good in his opinion cites a former Nebraska decision as follows: "Where an officer goes outside of the limits of his official duties and without the scope of his official authority, this action, though done under color of office, is not a breach of the bond for the faithful performance of his duty."

Penitentiary Must Cut Expenses.

In his report of his investigation of the state penitentiary, which is supposed to be about self-sustaining, Mr. Fairfield said the average monthly expenditures for the next fourteen months must be reduced \$1,082.25, or there will be a deficiency of \$15,151.46. The monthly expenditures for maintenance for the last six months amounted to \$5,012.57. The balance of the appropriation for maintenance at the time the investigation was made, January 29, amounted to \$55,024.52.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after-effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Similar Result.

There are certain delicate shades of expression of which a Frenchman is, as a rule, past master. One member of that fluent nation, stranded in New York, was setting forth his troubles to a lawyer.

"I understand from what you say that you are convinced your friend Le-comte has stolen your purse," said the lawyer.

"No, no, monsieur, not so fast!" cried his client. "I only say that if Le-comte had not assisted me to hunt for it I should have found it again!"—Youth's Companion.

Champ (savagely)—Your dog has bitten a piece clean out of my dog. Sharpe (ditto)—Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and when the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give you Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

As a Substitute.

Mrs. Parkway—It must be lonesome when your husband has to make one of his long canvassing trips and be away from home for a week or more.

Mrs. Nexasok—Yes; but Harry is real thoughtful. He has taught the parrot to use just the kind of language he uses when he's about the house himself.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

We are told that a good name is more to be desired than great riches, but great riches will be more successful in keeping a man out of jail.

Chocolate Pie Is Healthful.

Chocolate is healthful and nutritious and chocolate pies are becoming very popular. They are easy to make if you use "OUR-PIE" Chocolate flavor. Directions on package. Contains all ingredients ready for instant use. At grocers, 10c. Order to-day.

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be.—Toybee.

Sudden Changes of the Weather

often cause Bronchial and Lung troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" lay throat irritation and coughs.

An average yield of ginger in Jamaica is about 2,000 pounds an acre.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E.W. Groce on box 25c

It is possible to smile and smile and be a hypocrite still.

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and hides, or tan them for robes, rugs or coats. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis.

If wishes were coal heaps we'd none of us freeze.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Sooting Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Goethe: There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

75c "Guaranteed"