

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER



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pocket for more cartridges. "Maybe they boys will be a bit more helpful if they once understood they're up agin the real thing. Well, perhaps it's better skin down, for I reckon it's liable to be risen next."



"Contentment is Better than Riches."

But man is so constituted—has still so much of the animal in him—that contentment depends not a little upon his food. To make a man thoroughly satisfied with his life and lot, give him bread made from moldy or ill prepared flour.

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and that brief word or shy glance. All the world loves a lover, and all the fairies guide him. As the officer's eyes glanced up from the dusty road, he perceived just ahead the same steep bank down which he had plunged in his effort at capturing his fleeing tormentor.

"You are very insistent; yet I should know of no good reason why I should not answer. Without at all knowing the nature of those claims to which you refer, I have no hesitancy in saying that I possess such complete confidence in Bob Hampton as to reply unreservedly yes. But really, Lieut. Brant, I should prefer talking upon some other topic."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I should say rather the opposite, for I had not even supposed it concerned me." "Indeed! That presents a vastly different view from the one given us an hour since."



NORTH OPERA HOUSE Thursday, September 19th.

The direct return question served to settle and confuse him. "It is, perhaps, not my place to say, as my future happiness does not directly depend on the permanence of his reformation. But if his word can be depended upon, your happiness to a very large extent does."

"My heart exonerates me," she said. "I cannot accept that guidance." "Then you do not love me?" she asked. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps, but I love you too well."

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some person, perhaps—standing between? She looked frankly at him. "I do mean just that. I am not heartless, and I sincerely wish we had never met; but this must be the end."

CHAPTER XXII. Plucked from the Burning. That Miss Spencer was deeply agitated was evident at a glance, while the nervous manner in which she glanced in the direction of those distant gunshots, led Brant to jump to the conclusion that they were in some way connected with her appearance.

Clearly enough these men were in no fit spirit for peace making. "You damn fool!" roared one, hoarsely, his gun poised as if in threat, "what do you mean by riding us down like that? Do you own this country?"

Brant swung himself from the saddle and strode in front of the fellow. "I mean business. You see this uniform? Strike that, my man, and you strike the United States. Who is leading this outfit?"

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brush rendered the zone of fire less impassable. He could see scarcely three yards in advance, but to the rear the narrow lane of retreat remained open. Standing there, as though in the mouth of a furnace, the red flames scorching his face, Brant hollowed his hands for a call.

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