

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 Belknap, 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, Gillie, 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, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glendale. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillie 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 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 Glendale. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glendale to teach its first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida, Rev. Wynkoop, etc. She boards at Mrs. Herndon's. Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet without his knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club ball in honor of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant meets Miss Spencer but she is not his acquaintance of the day before. She tells him of Naida, and he accidentally meets her again as he is returning to the ballroom with a fan for Miss Spencer.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"The case seems fully proved," she confessed, laughingly, "and it is surely not my duty to punish the culprit. What did you talk about? But, pshaw, I know well enough without asking—she told you how greatly she admired the romance of the west, and begged you to call upon her with a recital of your own exploits. Have I not guessed aright?"

"Partially, at least; some such expressions were used."

"Of course, they always are. I do not know whether they form merely a part of her stock in trade, or are spoken earnestly. You would laugh to hear the tales of wild and thrilling adventure which she picks up, and actually believes. That Jack Moffat possesses the most marvelous imagination for such things, and if I make fun of his impossible stories she becomes angry in an instant."

"I am afraid you do not greatly admire this Miss Spencer?"

"Oh, but I do; truly I do. You must not think me ungrateful. No one has ever helped me more, and beneath this mask of artificiality she is really a noble-hearted woman. I do not understand the necessity for people to lead false lives. Is it this way in all society—eastern society, I mean? Do men and women there continually scheme and flit, smile and stab, forever assuming parts like so many play-actors?"

"It is far too common," he admitted, touched by her naive questioning. "What is known as fashionable social life has become an almost pitiful sham, and you can scarcely conceive the relief it is to meet with one utterly uncontaminated by its miserable deceptions, its shallow make-believes. It is no wonder you shock the nerves of such people; the deed is easily accomplished."

"But I do not mean to." And she looked at him gravely, striving to make him comprehend. "I try so hard to be—be commonplace, and—and satisfied. Only there is so much that seems silly, useless, pitifully contemptible that I lose all patience. Perhaps I need proper training in what Miss Spencer calls refinement; but why should I pretend to like what I don't like, and to believe what I don't believe? Cannot one act a lie as well as speak one? And is it no longer right to search after the truth?"

"I have always felt it was our duty to discover the truth wherever possible," he said, thoughtfully; "yet, I confess, the search is not fashionable, nor the earnest seeker popular."

A little trill of laughter flowed from between her parted lips, but the sound was not altogether merry.

"Most certainly I am not. They all scold me, and repeat with manifest horror the terrible things I say, being unconscious that they are evil. Why should I suspect thoughts that come to me naturally. I want to know, to understand. It seems to me sometimes that this whole world is a mystery. I go to Mr. Wynkoop with my questions, and they only seem to shock him. Why should they? God must have put all these doubts and wonderings into my mind, and there must be an answer for them somewhere. Mr. Wynkoop is a good man, I truly respect him. I want to please him, and I admire his intellectual attainments; but how can he accept so much on faith and be content? I know I am a perfect heathen,—Miss Spencer says I am,—but do you think it is so awful for me to want to know these things?"

"You merely express clearly what thousands feel without the moral courage to utter it. The saddest part of it all is, the deeper we delve the less we are satisfied in our intellectual natures. We merely succeed in learning that we are the veriest pygmies. Men like Mr. Wynkoop are simply driven back upon faith as a last resort, also—

lutely baffled by an impenetrable wall, against which they batter mentally in vain."

"Are you a church member?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe those things you do not understand?"

He drew a deep breath, scarcely knowing at that moment how best to answer, yet sincerely anxious to lead this girl toward the light.

"The majority of men do not talk much about such matters. They hold them sacred. Yet I will speak frankly with you. I could not state in words my faith so that it would be clearly apprehended by the mind of another. I am in the church because I believe its efforts are toward righteousness, because I believe the teachings of Christ are perfect, His life the highest possible type of living, and because through Him we receive all the information regarding a future existence which we possess. That my mind rests satisfied I do not say; I simply accept what is given, preferring a little light to total darkness."

"But here they refuse to accept any one like that. They say I am not yet in a fit state of mind."

"Such a judgment would seem to me narrow. I was fortunate in coming under the influence of a broad-minded religious teacher. To my statement of doubts he simply said: 'Believe what you can; live the very best you can, and keep your mind open toward the light.' It seems to me now this is all that anyone can do whose nature will not permit of blind, unquestionable faith."

"I am so glad you have spoken in that way," she confessed. "I shall never feel quite so much alone in the world again, and I shall see these matters from a different viewpoint. Is it wrong—unwomanly, I mean—for me to question spiritual things?"

"I am unable to conceive why it should be. Surely woman ought to be

do not remember any other subjects she talks about."

"Yet it was the most natural topic imaginable—yourself."

"You were discussing me? Why, how did that happen?"

"Very simply, and I was wholly to blame. To be perfectly honest, Miss Naida, I attended the dance to-night for no other object than to meet you again. But I had argued myself into the belief that you were Miss Spencer. The discovery of my mistake merely intensified my determination to learn who you really were. With this purpose, I interviewed Miss Spencer, and during the course of our conversation the facts of my first meeting with you became known."

"You told her how very foolish I acted?"

"I told her how deeply interested I had become in your outspoken manner."

"Oh! And she exclaimed, 'How romantic!'"

"Possibly; she likewise took occasion to suggest that you were merely a child, and seemed astonished that I should have given you a second thought."

"Why, I am 18."

"I told her I believed you to be of that age, and she ignored my remark. But what truly surprised both of us was, how you happened to know my name."

The girl did not attempt to answer, and she was thankful enough that there was not sufficient light to betray the reddening of her cheeks.

"And you do not mean, even now, to make clear the mystery?" he asked.

"Not now," she answered, almost timidly. "It is nothing much, only I would rather not now."

The sudden sound of voices and laughter in the street beneath brought them both to their feet.

"Why, they are coming across to supper," she exclaimed, in surprise. "How long we have been here, and it has seemed scarcely a moment! I shall certainly be in for a scolding. Lieut. Brant; and I fear your only means of saving me from being promptly sent home in disgrace will be to escort me in to supper."

"A delightful punishment!" He drew her hand through his arm, and said: "And then you will pledge me the first dance following?"

"Oh, you mustn't ask me. Really, I have not been on the floor to-night; I am not in the mood."

"Do you yield to moods?"

"Why, of course I do. Is it not a woman's privilege? If you know me long it will be to find me all moods."

"If they only prove as attractive as the particular one swaying you to-night, I shall certainly have no cause for complaint. Come, Miss Naida."



He Drew Forth the Fan and Held It Out Toward Her.

as deeply concerned in things spiritual as man."

"How very strange it is that we should thus drift into such an intimate talk at our second meeting!" she exclaimed. "But it seems so easy, so natural, to converse frankly with some people—they appear to draw out all that is best in one's heart. Then there are others who seem to parch and wither up every germ of spiritual life."

"There are those in the world who truly belong together," he urged, darily. "They belong to each other by some divine law. They may never be privileged to meet; but if they do, the commingling of their minds and souls is natural. This talk of ours to-night has, perhaps, done me as much good as you."

"Oh, I am so glad if that has! I—I do not believe you and Miss Spencer conversed in this way?"

"Heaven forbid! And yet it might puzzle you to guess what was the main topic of our conversation."

"Did it interest you?"

"Deeply."

"Well, then, it could not be dress, or men, or western romance, or society in Boston, or the beautiful weather. I guess it was books?"

"Wrong; they were never mentioned."

"Then I shall have to give up, for I

please cultivate the mood to say yes before those others arrive."

She glanced up at him, shaking her dark hair, her lips smiling. "My present mood is certainly a good-natured one," she confessed, softly, "and consequently it is impossible to say no."

His hand pressed hers, as the thronging couples came merrily up the steps.

"Why, Naida, is this you, child? Where have you been all this time? It was Miss Spencer, clinging to Mr. Wynkoop's arm."

"Merely sitting out a dance," was the seemingly indifferent answer; then she added sweetly, "Have you ever met my friend, Lieut. Brant, of the Seventh Cavalry, Phoebe? We were just going in to supper."

Miss Spencer's glance swept over the silent young officer. "I believe I have had the honor. It was my privilege to be introduced to the gentleman by a mutual friend."

The inward rush of hungry guests swept them all forward in laughing, jostling confusion; but Naida's cheeks burned with indignation.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Reappearance of an Old Friend.

Naida danced twice together, the young girl's mood having apparently

changed to one of buoyant, careless happiness, her dark eyes smiling, her lips uttering freely whatever thought came uppermost. Outwardly she pictured the gay and merry spirit of the night, yet to Brant, already observing her with the jealousy of a lover, she appeared distrustful and restless, her affectation of abandon a mere mask to her feelings. Perhaps these things might have passed unnoticed but for their contrast with the late confidential chat.

He could not reconcile this sudden change with what he believed of her. It was not carried out with the practiced art of one accustomed to deceit. There must be something real influencing her action. These misgivings burdened his mind even as he swung lightly with her to the music, and they talked together in little snatches.

The last two waltzes ended, they walked slowly through the scattering throng, he striving vainly to arouse her to the former independence and intimacy of speech. Suddenly they came face to face with Mrs. Herndon, and Brant felt the girl's arm twitch.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Naida," Mrs. Herndon said, a slight complaint in her voice. "We were going home."

Naida's cheeks reddened painfully.

"I am so sorry if I have kept you waiting," her words spoken with a rush, "but—but, Lieut. Brant was intending to accompany me. We were just starting for the cloakroom."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Herndon's expression was noncommittal, while her eyes surveyed the lieutenant.

"With your permission, of course," he said.

"I hardly think I have any need to interfere."

They separated, the younger people walking slowly, silently toward the door. He held her arm, assisting her to descend the stairway, his lips murmuring a few commonplace, to which she scarcely returned even monosyllabic replies, although she frequently flashed shy glances at his grave face. Both realized that some explanation was forthcoming, yet neither was quite prepared to force the issue.

"I have no wraps at the hotel," she said, as he attempted to turn that way. "That was a lie also; let us walk directly down the road."

He indulged in no comment, his eyes perceiving a pathetic pleading in her upturned face. Suddenly there came to him a belief that the girl was crying; he could feel the slight tremor of her form against his own. He glanced furtively at her, only to catch the glitter of a falling tear. To her evident distress, his heart made instant and sympathetic response. With all respect influencing the action, his hand closed warmly over the smaller one on his sleeve.

"Little girl," he said, forgetting the shortness of their acquaintance in the deep feeling of the moment, "tell me what the trouble is."

"I suppose you think me an awful creature for saying that," she blurted out, without looking up. "It wasn't ladylike or nice, but—but I simply couldn't help it, Lieut. Brant."

"You mean your sudden determination to carry me home with you?" he asked, relieved to think this might prove the entire difficulty. "Don't let that worry you. Why, I am simply rejoiced at being permitted to go. Do you know, I wanted to request the privilege all the time we were dancing together. But you acted so differently from when we were beneath the vines that I actually lost my nerve."

She looked up and he caught a fleeting glimpse into her unveiled eyes.

"I did not wish you to ask me."

"What?" He stopped suddenly.

"Why, then, did you make such an announcement to Mrs. Herndon?"

"Oh, that was different," she explained, uneasily. "I had to do that; I had to trust you to help me out, but—but I really wanted to go home alone."

He swept his unbelieving eyes around over the deserted night scene, not knowing what answer to return to so strange an avowal. "Was that what caused you to appear so distant to me in the hall, so vastly different from what you had been before?"

She nodded, but with her gaze still upon the ground.

"Miss Naida," he said, "it would be cowardly for me to attempt to dodge this issue between us. Is it because you do not like me?"

She looked up quickly, the moonlight revealing her flushed face.

"Oh, no, no! I must never think that. I told you I was a girl of moods; under those vines I had one mood, in the hall another. Cannot you understand?"

"Very little," he admitted, "for I am more inclined to believe you are the possessor of a strong will than that you are swayed by moods. Listen. If I thought that a mere senseless mood had caused your peculiar treatment of me to-night, I should feel justified in yielding to a mood also. But I will not lower you to that extent in my estimation; I prefer to believe that you are the true-hearted, frankly spoken girl of the vine shadow. It is this abiding conviction as to your true nature which holds me loyal to a test. Miss Naida, is it now your desire that I leave you?"

He stepped aside, relinquishing her arm, his hat in hand, but she did not move from where he left her.

"It—it hurts me," she faltered, "for I truly desire you to think in that way of me, and I—I don't know what is best to do. If I tell you why I wished to come alone, you might misunderstand; and if I refuse, then you will suspect wrong, and go away despising me."

"I sincerely wish you might repose sufficient confidence in me as a gentleman to believe I never betray a trust never pry into a lady's secret."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORGANIZE.

Campaign Clubs a Necessity for Victory in Coming Election.

Mr. Bryan in the Commoner wisely advises Democrats to organize, and thinks the formation of campaign clubs will accomplish the purpose. There is a great need for thorough organization, for the constant defeat of the party in the northern states has seriously shattered the party organization. In some states there is nothing but a skeleton in place of an active body of voters working and acting together. Mr. Bryan is, therefore, none too soon with his plan, although it is doubtful if the formation of campaign clubs will fill the void, or that enough responsible Democratic voters can be induced at this time to undertake the work and expense of keeping such clubs alive up to the time when the active campaign begins next September. The much surer and better plan would seem to be to urge the state committees, and through them the county and township committees, to weed out and fill up the moribund organization that already exists in some states. Political organizations, like an army, must have both officers and men, and to have much effect when the real campaign begins the county and township committees must know the precinct leaders they can rely upon to do the work that a real political campaign calls for. It costs money and a great deal of work to properly organize "to get the votes into the box," for that is the ultimate end to be attained. There is a vast difference between organizing to elect a ticket and organizing to nominate some particular candidate. If, for instance, many of the Democrats in the United States join a club organization, with the purpose of nominating Gov. Johnson of Minnesota as the Democratic candidate for president, and when the national convention meets Mr. Bryan is nominated, what help would such a club organization be to the party? In that case the Johnson club would die a natural political death. On the other hand party organization knows no candidate until the official nominations are made, and then undertakes to elect them. In theory all members of the Democratic party will work and vote for the party nominee and especially those who have been selected as officials of the party organization. Practically, however, there are often members of the committees who are lukewarm, because their particular choice is not nominated for some office. A minority party always suffers from such a cause, unless the party organization is strong enough to punish those who desert in the face of the enemy, or who are discovered giving aid and comfort to the opposition.

Party organization has two ends: To perpetuate the principles of the party and to elect those to office who will enact those principles into law, or will carry out those principles through the executive powers to which they may be elected. Individual voters can do but little, but united with others they can do much. The Democratic state committees should at once complete their organization and not wait until the state conventions elect a new committee, but prepare the ground for their successors. The time is all too short, after nominations are made, to perfect a thorough organization. Now is the time for county chairmen to investigate the condition in the voting precincts, and if the precinct chairman is lacking in energy, to set some other to work. Mr. Bryan is right in his call for organization, but a beginning must be made with the regular party machinery and leave the organization of clubs until the nominations are made.

White House Silent.

The Washington Post reported a few days ago the "White House silent," but we don't believe it, and would be sorry to know it was true. With the White House silent the republic would be in peril, for who can save us but Teddy the Terrible with his fleet under way to scourge the Pacific of all enemies it may meet? The Post cannot fool us with any such canard. When the White House is silent it will be after March 4, 1909, and full high noon at that. Unless, horrible thought, that "my policies" have been repudiated by the Republican congress and Uncle Joe and Aldrich have succeeded in sitting on the lid that Taft, even in his stoutest days, could not keep down. But why dwell on such an absurdity as the White House being silent, and the Republican national convention months away? We all like to hear the Roosevelt roar and see the Republican peanut politicians tremble, however bold they may pretend to be in secret. It's all very well for Loeb to give out assurances of peace, but there can be no peace as long as Roosevelt rules the roost.

Republican Paper Sees Light.

Revision of the tariff is the one thing in which every citizen is interested at this time. In the public mind it outclasses railroad rate regulation and even currency reform. The people are tired of being robbed through the tariff manufacturers who sell their goods abroad, after paying freight across the ocean and all expenses of rehandling, cheaper than the "pauper foreign labor" from which the tariff is supposed to protect them can make similar articles. They insist that the home market shall no longer heap riches upon such men, whose foreign business shows that much of their American prices is sheer robbery.—Chicago Journal (Rep.)

JESUS AND HIS FIRST DISCIPLES

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 19, 1903

Specialy Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—John 1:35-51. Memory verses 25-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth."—John 1:45.

TIME.—The next two days after our last lesson. The last of February, A. D. 27, or early in March. Jesus was about 30 years of age.

PLACE.—Bethabara (R. V. "Bethany"), a ford of the Jordan, probably the Abrahah ford 14 miles south of the Sea of Galilee, 25 miles southeast from Nazareth. The traditional place was the ford near Jericho.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

Among the crowds Jesus walked, to all appearance a common man. The methods by which he began his work and gained his first disciples and followers are very suggestive and helpful. From such small beginnings grew the Christianity which we see to-day, and the visions yet to be realized.

V. 35. "John stood, and two of his disciples." One of these was Andrew of Capernaum (v. 40), the other, unnamed, is universally regarded as John the apostle.

V. 36. "And looking upon Jesus," "gazed at, fixed his eyes on, contemplated" (Exp. Greek Test.) with intense interest. "Jesus as he walked" by them. "Behold," see, an exclamation, "the Lamb of God" (as in v. 29), the one who, by his sacrifice, would take away the sin of the world, the taking away of which was the bringing in of the kingdom of God. This was the work of the expected Messiah, the Son of God.

"What ye seek" is the test of life.

"For what port are you steering on the ocean of life?" That will tell you the port you are likely to reach. It may be laid down as a general principle, not only that whosoever seeketh shall find, but also that they shall find what they seek, seek first, as the main purpose of their lives; not all they seek for, but of the kind they seek for. The answer each person makes to this question both tests and determines his character and his destiny.

V. 39. "Come and see." "Come and ye shall see." A welcome Jesus extends to all who wish to go to him. And a promise that they shall not come in vain. A minister once put over the bell to his study door. "Don't touch that bell." Another motto was: "The man that wants to see me is the man I want to see." "And abode with him that day." The remainder of the day. "It was about the tenth hour." Four o'clock in the afternoon, according to the Jewish and the usual Roman reckoning. There is no reason why they should not have remained into the evening, even as Nicodemus came to Jesus in the evening. Thus they could have several hours of sweet communion and conversation with Jesus.

The result, as appears from what follows, was that they were convinced that Jesus was the Messiah and were filled with the impulse to spread the good news.

Abiding with Jesus.—This interview was not the end, but only the beginning of a lifelong abiding with Jesus, which transformed their hearts and lives.

V. 40. "One of the two . . . was Andrew." A Greek name meaning "manly." The other was doubtless John the apostle, who never mentions his own name.

V. 41. "He first findeth," or better as R. V., "He findeth first." The common version implies that the first thing he did after leaving Jesus was to find his brother, which is probably true. The R. V. implies that both began immediately to seek each one his brother, and that Andrew found his first. This implies that John also found his brother James.

V. 42. "Thou shalt be called Cephas," Aramæc, the modified form of Hebrew which was the common language of Palestine, for "a stone," or "rock," which John interpreted for the Gentile hearers into Greek, "Petros," "Peter." This was a revelation to Peter and a prophecy.

"To draw out the latent gift, to discover the unexpected capacity, to believe in the pupil even when he does not believe in himself—this is the test of the teacher."

V. 43. "The day following" the interview of Jesus with Peter. It is quite possible that that interview was on the evening of the same day that Andrew and John had discovered Jesus the Messiah.

Why Did Jesus Not Remain in the Wilderness Like John?—(1) The wilderness was not the place for his work. (2) In Galilee was his home and that of his followers. (3) Here they could earn their living by their accustomed work. (4) Here they could reach their friends and acquaintances. (5) The Galileans were less prejudiced, more open to new ideas, less bound by customs; so that if he could gain a foothold there, and train a few disciples, he could more easily begin his work.

Come and See.—This is the universal Christian invitation. (1) See what Christ has done for the world. (2) Hear the experiences of others. (3) Experience for yourselves.

"What Nathaniel under the fig tree had been longing for—an open communication from heaven, a ladder reaching from the deepest abyss of an earth submerged in sin, to the highest heaven of purity, Jesus tells him is actually accomplished in his person."—Exp. Greek Test. All that one needs to know about heaven and its joys, its love, forgiveness, and peace, comes through Jesus.