

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

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"NEW KIDNAPING" "THE LADY OF THE NORTH"
"HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS ETC."



SYNOPSIS.

A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap, among them a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also killing 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 Indians. They are exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Brant in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miner's Home in Montana. Mrs. Duffy, proprietress, Hampton takes the future over with Miss Gillis. 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 girl runs away from Mrs. Herndon's and returns 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 Glenwood. Miss Phoebe Spencer arrives in Glenwood to teach its first school. Miss Spencer meets Naida. Rev. Wynkoop, Naida and Lieut. Brant again meet with- out her knowing who she is. She informs him of the coming Bachelor club hall in town of Miss Spencer. Lieut. Brant, Miss Slavin, Murphy, Custer's scout. Her-ndon's trouble brewing among the Sioux, social difficulties arise at the Bachelor club hall among the admirers 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 barracks with a fare- well to Mrs. Herndon. Brant and Hampton meet. Hampton informs the lieutenant that his attention to Naida was a mistake, and explains an authority over her that justifies the statement.

CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

But, "I wish this made perfectly clear, and for all time. I met Miss Gillis first through pure accident. She impressed me strongly then, and I confess I have since grown more deeply interested in her personality. I have reasons to suppose my presence, not altogether distasteful to her, and she has certainly shown that she reposes in my presence. Not until late last night did I ever suspect she was the same girl whom we picked up with you out on the desert. It came to me from her own lips and was a total surprise. She revealed her identity in order to justify her proposed clandestine meeting with you."

"And hence you request this pleasant conference," broke in Hampton, coolly, "to inform me, from your calm eminence of respectability, that I was to be companion for such a young and innocent person, and to warn me that you were prepared to act as her protector."

Brant slightly inclined his head. "I may have had something of that nature in my mind."

"Well, Lieut. Brant," and the older man rose to his feet, his eyes still smiling, "some might be impolite enough to say that it was the conception of a cad, but whatever it was, the tables have unexpectedly turned. Without further reference to my own personal interests in the young lady, which are, however, considerable, there remain other weighty reasons that I am not at liberty to discuss, which make it simply impossible for you to sustain any relationship to Miss Gillis other than that of ordinary social friendship."

"You—you claim the right?"

"I distinctly claim the right, for the reason that I possess the right, and to one has ever yet known me to relinquish a hold once fairly gained. Lieut. Brant, if I am any judge of faces, you are a fighting man by nature as well as profession, but there is no opportunity for your doing any fighting here. This matter is irreversibly settled—Naida Gillis is not for you."

Brant was breathing hard. "Do you mean to insinuate that there is an understanding, an engagement between you?" he faltered, scarcely knowing how best to resent such utterance.

"You may place your own construction upon what I have said," was the quiet answer. "The special relations existing between Miss Gillis and myself chance to be no business of yours. However, I will consent to say this—I do enjoy a relationship to her that gives me complete authority to say what I have said to you. I regret having been obliged by your persistence to speak with such plainness, but this knowledge should prove sufficient to control the actions of a gentleman."

For a moment the soldier did not answer, his emotions far too strong to permit of calm utterance, his lips tightly shut. He felt utterly defeated. "Your language is sufficiently explicit," he acknowledged at last. "I ask pardon for my unwarranted intrusion."

At the door he paused and glanced back toward that motionless figure still standing with one hand grasping the back of the chair.

"Before I go, permit me to ask a single question," he said, frankly. "I was a friend of old Ben Gillis, and he was a friend of my father before me. Have you any reason to suspect that he was not Naida Gillis' father?"

view. His feelings toward Hampton had been materially changed. He found it impossible to nurse a dislike which seemingly had no real cause for existence.

Yet Brant was far from being satisfied. Hampton had not even advanced a direct claim; he had dodged the real issue, leaving the soldier in the dark regarding his relationship to Naida, and erecting a barrier between the other two. It was a masterpiece of defense, puzzling, irritating, seemingly impassable. From the consideration of it all, Brant emerged with but one thought clearly defined—whoever she might prove to be, whatever was her present connection with Hampton, he loved this dark-eyed, au-burn-haired waif. He knew it now, and never again could he doubt it. He paused, half inclined to retrace his steps and have the matter out. He turned just in time to face a dazzling vision of fluffy lace and fussy hair beside him in the dimly lighted hall.

"Oh, Lieutenant Brant!" and the vision clung to his arm tenderly. "It is such a relief to find that you are unhurt. Did—did you kill him?"

Brant stared. "I—I fear I scarcely comprehend, Miss Spencer. I have certainly taken no one's life. What can you mean?"

"Oh, I am so glad, and Naida will be, too. I must go right back and tell the poor girl, for she is nearly distracted. Oh, Lieutenant, isn't it the most romantic situation that ever was? And he is such a mysterious character!"

"To whom do you refer? Really, I am quite in the dark."

"Why, Mr. Hampton, of course. Oh, I know all about it. Naida felt so badly over your meeting this morning that I just compelled her to confide her whole story to me. And didn't you fight at all?"

"Most assuredly not," and Brant's eyes began to exhibit amusement; "indeed, we parted quite friendly."

"I told Naida I thought you would. People don't take such things so seriously nowadays, do they? But Naida is such a child and so full of romantic notions, that she worried terribly about it. Isn't it perfectly delightful what he is going to do for her?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, hadn't you heard? He wants to send her east to a boarding school and give her a fine education. Do you know, Lieutenant, I am simply dying to see him? He is such a perfectly splendid western character."

"It would afford me pleasure to present you," and the soldier's downcast

face brightened with anticipation.

Miss Spencer sparkled instantly, her cheeks rosy. "I do wish you would some time tell me about your exploits. Why, Mr. Hampton, perhaps if you were to call upon me, you might see Naida, too. I wish you knew Mr. Moffat, but as you don't, perhaps you might come with Lieut. Brant."

Hampton bowed. "I would hardly venture thus to place myself under the protection of Lieut. Brant, although I must confess the former attractions of the Herndon home are now greatly increased. From my slight knowledge of Mr. Moffat's capabilities, I fear I should be found a rather indifferent entertainer; yet I sincerely hope we shall meet again at a time when I can 'take a tale unfold.'"

"How nice that will be, and I am so grateful to you for the promise. By the bye, only this very morning a man stopped me on the street, actually mistaking me for Naida."

"What sort of a looking man, Miss Spencer?"

"Large, and heavily set, with a red beard. He was exceedingly polite when informed of his mistake, and said he merely had a message to deliver to Miss Gillis. But he refused to tell it to me."

The glances of the two men met, but Brant was unable to decipher the meaning hidden within the gray eyes. Neither spoke, and Miss Spencer, never realizing what her chatter meant, rattled merrily on.

"You see there are so many who speak to me now, because of my public position here. So I thought nothing strange at first, until I discovered his mistake, and then it seemed so absurd that I nearly laughed outright. Isn't it odd what such a man could possibly want with her? But really, gentlemen, I must return with my news; Naida will be so anxious. I am glad to have met you both."

Hampton bowed politely, and Brant conducted her silently down the stairway. "I greatly regret not being able to accompany you home," he explained, "but I came down on horseback, and my duty requires that I return at once to the camp."

"Oh, indeed! how very unfortunate for me!" Even as she said so, some unexpected vision beyond flushed her cheeks prettily. "Why, Mr. Wynkoop," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you happened along, and going my way, too. I am sure. Good morning, Lieutenant; I shall feel perfectly safe with Mr. Wynkoop."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Door Opens, and Closes Again. In one sense Hampton had greatly enjoyed Miss Spencer's call. Her bright, fresh face, her impulsive speech, her unquestioned beauty, had had their effect upon him, changing for the time being the gloomy trend of his thoughts.

But gradually the slight smile of amusement faded from his eyes. Something, which he had supposed lay securely hidden behind years and distance, had all at once come back to haunt him—the unhappy ghost of an exalted crime, to do evil to this girl Naida. Two men, at least, knew sufficient of the past to cause serious trouble. This effort by Slavin to hold personal communication with the girl was evidently made for some definite purpose. Hampton decided to have a face-to-face interview with the man himself; he was accustomed to fight his battles in the open, and to a finish. A faint hope, which had been growing dimmer and dimmer with every passing year, began to flicker once again within his heart. He desired, to see this man Murphy, and to learn exactly what he knew.

He entered the almost deserted saloon opposite the hotel, across the threshold of which he had not stepped for two years, and the man behind the bar glanced up apprehensively.

"Red Slavin?" he said. "Well, now, see here, Hampton, we don't want no trouble in this shebang."

"I'm not here seeking a fight, Jim," returned the inquirer, genially. "I merely wish to ask 'Red' an unimportant question or two."

"He's there in the back room. I reckon, but he's damn liable to take a pot shot at you when you go in."

Hampton's genial smile only broadened, as he carelessly rolled an unlight cigar between his lips.

He walked to the door, flung it swiftly and silently open, and stepping within, closed it behind him with his left hand. In the other glittered the steel-blue barrel of a drawn revolver.

"Slavin, sit down!"

The terse, imperative words seemed fairly to cut the air, and the red-headed gambler, who had half risen to his feet, an oath upon his lips, sank back into his seat, staring at the apparition confronting him as if fascinated.

"Put your hands on the table, and keep 'em there!" he said. "Now, my dear friend, I have come here in peace, no war, and take these slight precautions merely because I have heard a rumor that you have indulged in a threat or two since we last parted, and I know something of your impetuous disposition. I regret the necessity, but trust you are resting comfortably."

"Oh, go to hell!"

"We will consider that proposition somewhat later," Hampton laid his hat with calm deliberation on the table. "No doubt, Mr. Slavin,—if you move that hand again I'll fill your system with lead—your experience some very natural curiosity regarding the object of my unanticipated, yet I hope no less welcome visit."

Slavin's only reply was a curse, his bloodshot eyes roaming the room restlessly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MATTERS FEMININE.

MEANT FOR STREET

WALKING COSTUME IN DARK BLUE AMAZON CLOTH.

Little Touches That Put the Seal of Fashion on Useful Garments—Hat of Blue Velvet Completes the Ensemble.

For this costume dark blue amazon cloth is employed. The skirt, which is rather long, has a plain front breadth; the back and sides are



trimmed with shaped straps of the cloth machine-stitched at the edge, and a velvet-covered button fixed in each rounded end.

The blouse jacket has an added basque cut rather full, the jacket itself is trimmed with shaped straps like the skirt, these are continued over

APRON OF BARRED DIMITY.

Odd and Original Is This Dainty Little Garment.

One cannot ever have too many aprons, and one which is delightfully odd and original is made of dainty barred dimity. Use one width of the dimity and measure it from the waist line to three inches above the knee to determine the length. Round the lower corners of this piece of goods. Now make a full two inch ruffle to sew around the three sides. Join the ruffle to the apron with a small seam to the right side and cover the seam with a narrow bias band of the material.

Divide the lower edge of the apron into thirds. On the goods which is left over measure a distance equal to one-third of the width of the apron and cut a long strip of the goods. This should have several tucks sewed across the width of it. The tucked strip is then cut in half lengthwise and pockets made of it. The pockets are sewed to the two lower corners and sides. This leaves the middle third of the apron untrimmed. Two two inch ruffles are sewed one above the other on this untrimmed portion between the pockets.

The ruffles are sewed to an edge of each of the pockets. The edge of the pockets and the top edge of the highest ruffle are then finished off with a bias band of the dimity.



Equal quantities of lemon juice, lather and glycerin make an excellent mouth wash.

To prevent hair from falling out, rub the scalp well with olive oil two or three times a week.

Never exercise when very tired or just after a meal. Also never eat directly after exercising or your digestion is bound to suffer.

Sulphur soaps are the greatest whiteners and softeners known for the hands. But it does not agree with all skins, so should be used somewhat carefully at first.

A cure for incipient cold is to snuff hot salt water up the nose. This can be repeated every little while. The solution must be quite weak, however, or the tender membrane of the nasal cavity is apt to be irritated.

The best all round softener for the skin that chaps is almond meal. A box of this should be kept on the washstand and used instead of soap. If you do not like the sensation of the raw grain of the meal it can be put into small cheese cloth bags about four inches square.

the shoulders and form a plastron down the back; the collar is faced with velvet, and the vest is of white cloth braided in blue.

Blue hat, trimmed with shaded feathers and silk.

Materials required: Seven yards 46 inches wide, five yards skirt lining, three yards silk lining for jacket, one-half yard white cloth and one-half yard velvet.

WASH BLOUSE RETAINS FAVOR.

Wise Buyer Will Lay in Stock of Shirt Waists Now.

Another summer is heralded by the shirt waist sales. Too convenient, too dainty and too becoming to lose, the wash blouse is with us to stay. Two leading styles mark the summer outlook, the man-tailored shirt and the lingerie blouse. The heavier linens, the madras and the chevrons are utilized in the former and the Paris lawns, Persian lawns, Victoria lawns, mulls and swisses in the latter. With no real winter behind and possibilities of a cold February it may seem early to lay in a stock of shirt waists, but the sales are on and it is wise to take time by the forelock and get the choice of the display. Thrifty buyers know that the first output of waists early in the season show the best designs at the best prices, and now is the time to buy. The prices are no higher than other years and designs in the lingerie waists decidedly better than last year, not quite so elaborate and more elegantly simple.

Colored Undersleeves in Paris.

It is said that Parisian style makers are concealing their original designs because Americans steal them, as if style isn't anybody's property. Word comes that the favorite sleeve in Paris just now is finished by an undersleeve, not the sheer white undersleeve with which women here have long been familiar, but an undersleeve of satin, velvet or silk, of relieving color from the loose outer sleeve. They don't seem to be worn around here as yet, but women should be on the lookout for them, as they may be attractive.

FRAME MADE FROM CARDBOARD.

Easily Fashioned Design to Hold Photographs.

This is a suggestion for a pretty home-made present. A sheet of stout cardboard is cut to the shape shown, of a size to hold a cabinet photograph. The size may be gathered from any wooden frame at hand; also the size



of the opening, which is cut rather to one side. A piece of chestnut-brown art linen is next cut the same shape, but a little larger to allow for turnings, this is embroidered with sprigs of holly and berries in their natural colors. The work may be executed in satin or outline stitch; after the work is done, stretch the linen on a wet cloth, and leave till dry. Put a thin layer of wadding over the card, then stretch the linen over it; fix the turning at the back with secotine, and fix a piece of glass at the back of the opening with gummed paper. The back is a piece of card covered with saten; join to the front by sewing at the edge, put the photograph in at the lower edge, and sew the edges together. A fine silk cord is then sewn all round the edge, and loops of ribbon from each side to suspend it by.

Velvet Coats Trimmed with Fur.

Fur is ornamenting many of the velvet costumes and coats seen in fashionable thoroughfares, and, in fact, many of the cloth gowns of dressy savor. Light colored velvet and evening gowns with mink, sable or ermine garnishments mingle with rare old laces and are the very cream of elegance. A beautiful Nattier velvet of princess style has mink edging the long pointed train, close fitting skirt and the severe square décolletage. The guimpe and long mitten sleeves are of Venetian lace with a narrow band of fur extending over the hands. The simplicity that marks the style of a robe of this character is a decided relief after the much embellished gowns that startle the fore in the realm of the sartorial world; although it requires a Juno to gracefully wear the severely plain evening gown with eel fitting skirt, like many of the recently imported models shown.