

Bob Hampton of Placer
A Western Romance of the Big Outdoors
By RANDALL PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Brant, a young officer of the Seventh Cavalry, is on a mission to the Big Horn. He meets a young woman, Naida Gillis, who is the daughter of a man who has been killed by the Indians. Brant is attracted to her and she to him. They are both in love with each other. Brant is a brave and noble man, and Naida is a beautiful and kind woman. They are both in love with each other.

CHAPTER XIV.
The Verge of Confession.
"HEY seem to be a-clostin' in," he declared, finally, starting around into the other's face, all bravado gone. "There's another lot—bucks, all o' 'em—out west yonder—over east an' smudge is—just startin'. Looks like—we was in a pocket—an' that might be some—hair-rain' for long."

"Well, Murphy, you are the older hand at this business. What do you advise doing?"
"Me? Why, push right then—while we kin keep under cover. Then, after dark, trust ter bull lick an' make—'auster dash. It's mostly luck, anyhow. That canyon just ahead—looks like it leads a long way—toward the Powder. It's midding deep down, an' if there ain't injuns in it—then fellers out yonder—never could get no sight at us. The's my notion—that t'very mile helps in this—business."

Beneath the shade of uplifted arms Murphy's eyes remained unclouded. Suddenly he sprang at Hampton, seizing him by the throat. Hampton stumbled him with a blow from his revolver butt. He knelt down beside Murphy, unbuckled the leather despatch bag and rebuckled it across his own shoulder. Securely strapping Murphy to his saddle, and packing the remains of the store of provisions upon one horse, leaving the other to follow or remain behind as it pleased, he advanced directly to the hills, uttering by the aid of the stars, his left hand ever on Murphy's bridle rein, his low voice of expostulation seeking to calm the wilder fancies and to curb his violent speech.

CHAPTER XV.
On the Little Big Horn.
TROOP, guarding, much to their unappreciatedly expressed displeasure, the more slowly moving pack train, were following Custer's advancing column of horsemen down the right bank of the Little Big Horn. The troopers, carbines at knee, sitting erect in their saddles, their faces bronzed by the hot winds of the plains, were riding steadily northward. Beside them, mounted upon a rangy chestnut, Brant kept his watchful eyes on the scattered warriors dotting the summit of the nearby bluff. Suddenly one of these waved his hand eagerly, and the lieutenant went dashing up the sharp ascent.

"What is it now, Lane?"
"Somethin' movin' jist out yonder, sir," and the trooper pointed into the southeast.
"Is that a horse in a coule?" I asked, but will be up on a ridge again in a minute. I got sight of 'em twice afore I waved in the direction indicated, and was almost immediately rewarded by the glimpse of some indistinct, dark figures dimly showing against the lighter background of sky. He brought his field glasses to a focus.

haution, his head hanging limply down, his back, with feet trapped, security beneath and hands bound to the highommel, the lips grinding ferociously, perched a misshapen creature clothed as a man. Beside him, a young officer of the Seventh Cavalry, with sympathetic horror, the other staring apathetically at his reciter.
"By God! Can this be you, Hampton?" and the startled lieutenant hurried from his shadowy perch, "Does it mean? Why are you here?"

Hampton, leaning against the trembling horse to keep erect, slowly lifted his hand in a gesture of military salute. "Despatches from Cheyenne. This is Murphy—went crazy out yonder. For God's sake—water, foot!"

"Your canteen, Lane!" exclaimed Brant. "Now hold this cup," and he dashed into it a liberal supply of brandy from a pocket flask. "Drink that all over, description. The man did mechanically as he was ordered, his hand never relaxing its grasp of the rein. Then a gleam of reawakened intelligence appeared in his eyes, he glanced up into the leering countenance of Murphy, and then back at those others. "Give me another for him."

"Not much," said Hampton. "I'm fit as a fiddle, as you see, and I've got food. Good lord, boy, I am not done up yet, by a long way! It's the cursed loneliness out yonder," he swept his hand toward the horizon, "that's the trouble. I've been here for a week, and I've been back on the Powder, and it's been a fight between us ever since. I'll be right now if you lads will only look after him. This is going to reach Custer, and I'll take it!" He flung back his ragged coat, and handed the despatch bag. "I've earned my right."

"Will you tell me the story?" The thoughtful gray eyes looked at him long and searchingly. "Brant, do you know the girl?"
"Just as unwaveringly the blue eyes returned the look. "I do. I have asked her to become my wife."

The Vacation Bluff Store
By Maurice Kettner

A multi-panel cartoon titled "The Vacation Bluff Store" by Maurice Kettner. The cartoon depicts a man in a suit and hat, likely a tourist, interacting with various items and signs in a store. The signs and items include: "HOTEL LABELS FOR VACATION BLUFFERS", "HOTEL BILLS FULL PAID CHECKS ETC. FOR SALE CHEAP", "HOTELS", "R.R.", "ARTIFICIAL SUNBURN", "CANNED FRECKLE", "WE HAVE IN STOCK ANY KIND OF TAN OR FRECKLES YOU WISH MOUNTAIN TAN - SEASHORE TAN ETC.", "I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE A STREET CAR RIDE", "O, I HAD A WONDERFUL TRIP. COME UP TO SEE ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND SOUVENIRS OF MY TRIP", "ALL KINDS OF BLUFF VACATION SOUVENIRS - PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALLEGED CONQUESTS, BLONDE OR BRUNETTE, ALL KINDS OF MOUNTED FISH TO PROVE YOUR FISH STORIES", "BARGAINS", "REDUCED SALE". The man is seen looking at these items with various expressions of interest and surprise.

man could tell, but he has gone mad." Brant endeavored to speak, but the words would not come; his brain seemed paralyzed. Hampton held his hand under better control, but he was not to be deterred. "I have confidence, Lieut. Brant, in your honesty," he began gravely, "and I believe you will strive to do whatever is best for her, if anything should happen out yonder. But do not for the possibility of my being knocked out, I wouldn't talk about this, not even to you. The affair is a long way from being straightened out so as to make a pleasant story, but I'll give you all you actually require to know in order to make it fit as a fiddle, as you see, and I've got food. Good lord, boy, I am not done up yet, by a long way! It's the cursed loneliness out yonder," he swept his hand toward the horizon, "that's the trouble. I've been here for a week, and I've been back on the Powder, and it's been a fight between us ever since. I'll be right now if you lads will only look after him. This is going to reach Custer, and I'll take it!"

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD
The Phantom Shotgun
By S. C. ARTHUR

eager to be thrown forward on the line—take it—take it—forward!"
"Attention, D Troop!" It was Weir's voice, eager and determined now. Like a summoned courier, he sprang out above the uproar, and in a moment the gallant troopers of N and D, some on foot, some in saddles, were rushing to the rear of the bluff. The various troop commanders, gaining control over their men, were prompt to act. A line of skirmishers was hastily thrown forward to the edge of the bluff, while volunteers, urged by the agonized cries of the wounded, endeavored vainly to procure a supply of water from the river. A shout again, they made at the edge of the bluff, while volunteers, urged by the agonized cries of the wounded, endeavored vainly to procure a supply of water from the river. A shout again, they made at the edge of the bluff, while volunteers, urged by the agonized cries of the wounded, endeavored vainly to procure a supply of water from the river.