

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDELL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "MICK WILDERNESS WALKING" "THE LADY OF THE NORTH" "JUSTICE IN ILLINOIS" ETC.

He advanced a few strides toward his horse. 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?"

"Now, I don't see nuthin'. Ye ain't gone cracked, hev ye? Whose picture?"

"It's there!—O Lord!—It's there! My God! can't ye see?—An' it's his face—all a-gleamin' with green flames—Holy Mary—an' I ain't seen it—afore 15—15 year!"

He seemed suddenly to collapse, and the stranger permitted him to drop limp to the earth.

"Darn if I kin see anythin', old man, but I'll scout 'round that a bit, jest fer ease yer mind, an' see what I kin skeer up."

He had hardly taken a half dozen steps before Murphy called after him: "Don't—don't go an' leave me—it's not there now—thet's queer!"

The other returned and stood gazing down upon his huddled figure. "You're a fine scout! Afere'd o' spooks. Do ye take these yer turns often? Fer if ye do, I reckon as how I'd sooner be ridin' alone."

Murphy struggled to his feet and gripped the other's arm. "Never hed nuthin' like it—afore. But—but it was that—all creepy—an' green—ain't seen that face—in 15 year."

"What face?"

"A—fellow I knew—once. He—he's dead."

The other grunted disdainfully. "Bad luck ter see them sort," he volunteered, solemnly. "Blame glad it warn't me as see it, an' I don't know as I keer much right now 'bout keepin' company with ye fer very long. However, I reckon if either of us calculates on doin' much ridin' teraught, ye better stop foolin' with ghosts, an' go ter saddlin' up."

They made rapid work of it, the newcomer proving somewhat loquacious, 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 freddy," he insisted, in a tone of contempt. "You're plum crazy, Murphy; the night's got on yer nerves. What is it ye thak ye see?"

"His face, I tell ye! Don't I know? It's all green and ghastly, 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 that 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 just 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 strove savagely across in front of his shrinking horse, and hastily thrust it into his pocket, the light of the phosphorous 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

Murphy stared at him stupidly, the cunning of incipient insanity in his eyes. "Es' when—do ye expect—me ter say—al this, pervidin' of course—I was tute 'nough—ter do it?"



"Hands Up! Not a Move, Muhpry! I Have the Drop!"

"Up yonder before Custer and the officers of the Seventh, when we get in."

"They'd nab me—likely."

"Now, see here, you say it is impossible for them to touch you, because the case is closed legally. But I've had to suffer for your crime, Murphy, suffer for 15 years, ten of them behind stone walls; and there are others who have suffered with me. It has cost me love, home, all that a man holds dear. The very least you can do in ordinary decency is to speak the truth now. It will not hurt you, but it will lift me out of hell."

"Well—maybe I might. Anyhow, I'll go on—with ye. Kin I sit up? I'm dog tired—lyin' yer."

"Unbuckle your belt, and throw that over first."

"I'm damned—if I will. Not—in no Injun-country."

"I know it's tough," retorted Hampton, with exasperating coolness, his revolver's muzzle held steady; "but just the same, it's got to be done. I know yer far too well to take chances on your gun. So unbuckle."

"Oh, I—guess not," and Murphy spat contemptuously. "Do ye think—I'm afraid o' yer—shootin'? Ye don't dare—fer I'm no good ter ye—dead."

"You are perfectly right. You are quite a philosopher in your way. You would be no good to me dead, Murphy, but you might prove fully as valuable maimed. Now I'm playing this game to the limit, and that limit is just about reached. You unbuckle before I count ten, you murderer, or I'll spoil both yer hands!"

The mocking, sardonic grin deserted Murphy's features.

"Unbuckle! It's the last call."

"With a snarl the scout unclasped his army belt, dropped it to the ground and sullenly kicked it over toward Hampton. "Now—now—you, you gray-eyed—devil, kin I—sit up?"

The other nodded. He had drawn the fangs of the wolf, and now that he no longer feared, a sudden, unexplainable feeling of sympathy took possession of him. Murphy sputtered and swore, but his victorious companion neither spoke nor moved. There were several distant smokes out to the northward now, evidently the answering signals of different bands of savages, while far away, beneath the shadow of the low bluffs bordering the stream, numerous black, moving dots began to show against the light brown background. Hampton, noticing that Murphy had stopped swearing to gaze, swung forward his field-glasses for a better view.

"They are Indians, right enough," he said, at last. "Here, take a look, Murphy; I could count about 20 in that bunch and they are traveling north."

The older man adjusted the tubes to his eyes and looked long and steadily at the party.

"They seem—to be a-closin' in," he declared, finally, staring around into the other's face, all bravado gone. "There's another lot—bucks all o' 'em—out west yonder—an' over east a smudge is—just startin'. Looks like—we was in a pocket—an' thar might be some—bar-raisin' fore long."

"Well, Murphy, you are the older hand at this business. What do you advise doin'?"

"Me? Why, push right long—while we kin keep under cover. Then—after dark—trust ter bull luck an' make—nuther dash. It's mostly luck, anyhow."

"You mean we should start now?"

"Better—let the cattle rest—first. An'—if ye ever fed prisoners—I'd like ter eat a bite—messil'."

They rested there for over two hours, the tired horses contentedly munching the succulent grass of the coulee, their two masters scarcely exchanging a word. Murphy, after satisfying his appetite, rested flat upon his back, one arm fung over his eyes to protect them from the sun.

At last they saddled up and passed down the coulee into the more precipitous depths of the narrow canyon.

Their early advance was slow and cautious, as they never felt certain what hidden enemies might lurk behind the sharp corners of the winding defile, and they kept vigilant eyes upon the serrated skyline. The savages were moving north and so were they.

It was fully three o'clock when they attained to the bank of the Powder, and crouched among the rocks to wait for the shades of night to shroud their further advance. Murphy climbed the bluff for a wider view, bearing Hampton's field-glasses slung across his shoulder, for the latter would not leave him alone with the horses. He returned finally to grunt out that there was nothing special in sight, except a shifting of those smoke signals to points farther north. Then they lay down again, Hampton smoking, Murphy either sleeping or pretending to sleep. And slowly the shadows of another black night swept down and shut them in.

(To be Continued.)

Some Lively Debates Expected

QUESTION OF HOW FAR THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD GO IN CONTROL OF PUBLIC LANDS WILL BE DISCUSSED AT NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 21.—The National Irrigation Congress, which will be held in this city September 17, next, promises to be the scene of some of the liveliest debates in recent history. The management has practically challenged both the supporters of the opponents of what is known as the Administration Policies with reference to the public land to defend their respective positions on the rostrum here.

The question of how far the National Government should go in the control of the public lands is recognized as one of the leading questions before the American people, and the Irrigation Congress management wants these discussed because it proposes that this shall be a Congress of real, live, up-to-date issues. During the last two or three weeks letters and telegrams have been sent from the headquarters in this city to men who are especially prominent and whose participation would make this a debate of National importance. Gifford Pinchot, United States forester, has responded with the assertion that he will come prepared to debate with any man, the government forest policy. Among others who have been invited to interest themselves, either by participation in person or by seeing to it that the issue is properly presented here, are U. S. Senator Burkett, of Nebraska; Governor Frantz, of Oklahoma; Senator Warren, of Wyoming; Senator LaBolle, of Wisconsin; Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin; Senator Nelson, of Minnesota; and Murdo MacKenzie, president of the American Live Stock Association of Colorado.

Among the opponents of Administration Policies who have been addressed in the matter are U. S. Senator Heyburn, of Idaho; Governor Brooks, of Wyoming; Governor Buchtel, of Colorado; Congressman Mondell, of Wyoming; Congressman Cushman, of Washington; Senator Clark, of Wyoming; Senator Fulton, of Oregon; Senator Patterson, of Colorado; Senator Carter, of Montana, and Dr. J. M. Wilson, president of American Wool Growers' Association of Wyoming.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND'S BIG ENTERTAINMENT

FORMER RESIDENTS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND HER OLD HOME WEEK.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 21.—Maryland is sending invitations to her sons and daughters scattered everywhere to come to a grand reunion, and is making extensive preparations to give them a week of right royal entertainment when they come. Old Home Week covers the dates, October 12 to 19, and there will not be a moment of that time that will not thrill the spirit of hospitality for which the Old Line State is famous.

The celebration will include a number of spectacular features in this city, such as an electrical pageant, a grand military and naval display, a gathering of patriotic societies, a parade and ball by the fraternal orders, a big concert, a night carnival, etc. There will also be a special pilgrimage to Annapolis on Peggy Stewart Day, which falls in Old Home Week.

The visitors to the capital will have an opportunity to inspect the magnificent new buildings of the United States Naval Academy and the remodeled State House of historic associations.

The New Baltimore, which has sprung from the ashes of the disastrous fire of 1904, will not be the least of the features that will afford delight and will surprise the returning sons and daughters of the State.

The Homecomers will have the benefit of special transportation rates granted by railroad and steamboat companies, and arrangements are on foot to secure for the visitors the privilege of a side trip to Jamestown without extra charge.

Every former Marylander of whom the Maryland Home Coming Association secures information will receive a special invitation to attend the homecoming. These invitations are being sent out by Governor Edwin Warfield in the name of the State. All persons who have information of whereabouts of former Marylanders are urged to promptly forward such names and addresses as are in their possession, to the Secretary of the association, 602 Fidelity building, Baltimore, Md.

Final Excursion

TO THE GREAT CHAUTAUQUA AT MT. LAKE PARK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25TH.

MT. LAKE PARK, Md., Aug. 21.—The last chance to enjoy the splendid program at Mt. Lake Park Chautauqua will be on August 24. A band will meet trains at station and will furnish music during the day. See the programme items:

11:00 a. m. lecture: "Recent National Problems," DeWitt Miller. One of the most popular effective speakers known to the platform and one of the most popular men who ever came to Mt. Lake Park.

Weber Male Quartette, of Boston, in war songs, assisted by the full strength of the Assembly talent.

1:30 p. m., an hour of thrilling experiences with Capt. Jack Crawford, the Post Scout, dressed in the garb worn when an Indian fighter in the far West. He is one of the most picturesque and unique characters known to the lecture platform. He is big of voice and big of heart and perfectly delights any crowd he faces. Do not miss this great man.

4:00 p. m., base ball game at Athletic field.

7:00 p. m., grand closing concert. Grand chorus under the direction of Dr. Johan Blose. Young, the famous Japanese juggler, unexcelled in his line. Weber Male Quartette. Mr. Karl Blose, violinist. Miss Mercedes Thompson, reader. Miss Maud Shearer, reader. Contralto solos by Miss Marie Stone Langston, of Philadelphia. The Vitagraph with its morning pictures. One of the most delightful evenings offered at Mt. Lake Park. A concert full of the best things procurable.

9:30 p. m., beautiful display of fireworks. The best ever offered.

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The Show World

A NEW THEATRICAL PUBLICATION ATTRACTING MUCH FAVORABLE NOTICE.

A new theatrical publication known as "The Show World" is attracting much favorable comment among those interested in the amusement business in Fairmont and the consensus of opinion is that it is the best amusement weekly published. Warren Patrick is editor of "The Show World" and it is published in Chicago which has been without a paper of this kind until recently.

Instead of the regular line of tatty handed out by the old line publications the new weekly publishes the amusement news and has articles on timely subjects by men of wide experience in the theatrical and circus world. The last issue had a comprehensive article on the circus by Louis E. Cooke, general agent of the Barnum show and the Buffalo Bill Wild-west.

A feature of "The Show World" which is interesting is the Philadelphia letters of Walt Makee, which are widely read in this State on account of the Nixon and Zimmerman holdings in West Virginia. Frank McCray is local representative of the new publication.

Solid Comfort

IS ASSURED WHEN YOU VISIT JOHN ROBINSON'S BIG CIRCUS.

The John Robinson Big Circus, one of the oldest and best known tented organizations in this country are announcing their date for two performances on August 27. While they have ever been in the van of caterers to show goers, their offering this season promises to outshine any of their former efforts and the bewildering array of imported and domestic talent, will contribute to a programme of rare excellence. Every comfort has been provided for the possible patron, and all can attend with the assurance of an afternoon or evening spent without the slightest discomfort. The mammoth tents have been doubly water-proofed, wide commodious seats are provided and courteous ushers will be in attendance to see that you are conducted to your coupon chair, in fact a well appointed theater can offer no more inducements, as a safe guard to your welfare than this "father of shows."

Catcher Schiel, of Cincinnati, was badly hurt in his last game at the Polo grounds and has gone back to Cincinnati. Being short of catchers, the Cincinnati club has hired a young fellow named Lamar, who has played around New York. He worked in many games at Hoboken, and is said to be a comer.

As You Are Seen By Others

THE WORLD IS FRANTICALLY BUSY AND JUDGES YOU BY YOUR LOOK AND ACTION ONLY.

The world has not time to take you except at your own valuation. If you are going to dress yourself like a beggar in the street, it is going to take you for one, says a writer in The Deelineator for September. Only those who love you are going to stop and lift the lid of your heart, to see what treasures may lie inside. And even then, those who love you must often be sorry when they find the lid itself covered over with so many things that ought not to be there.

But then—don't I think that a girl ought to make herself look just as pretty as she can—and that men are brutes not to understand? Why, of course, child; but if you had dressed just to be dainty and sweet, because it was nice to be dainty and sweet, who could say a word? But that little dark penciled rim under your eyes was an added part and so was the color on your cheeks. Those were not implements which people use who make it their business to attract attention to themselves. Why should you use them, any more than a man in his office down town should insist upon dressing like Buffalo Bill or with a belt of cartridges round his waist, and then be unhappy because he was not taken for a bank president? If you want to be accepted as a woman of refinement, accustomed to being received as an equal among them, you must dress like one.

FIDUCIARY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the following named fiduciaries are before me for settlement, viz:—

- (1) Philip Heck, administrator of the estate of Mary A. Heck, deceased.
- (2) Charles W. Smith, administrator of the estate of Nancy J. Smith, deceased.
- (3) Elin Tuttle, guardian of Indjana B. Conaway, an infant.
- (4) A. F. Peddicord, administrator of the estate of Emil Schmidt, deceased.
- (5) Camden Swisher, executor of the estate of Alpheus Swisher, deceased.
- (6) E. F. Morgan, guardian of Willie Doolittle, an infant.
- (7) James I. Michaels and W. E. Hess, administrators with the will annexed of the estate of Isaac C. Nay, deceased.
- (8) John Pethel, guardian of Florence May Conaway, an infant.

Given under my hand as one of the Commissioners of Accounts of the County Court of Marion county, West Virginia, on the 19th day of August, 1907.

MARSHALL W. OGDEN,
Commissioner of Accounts.

W. A. LeSEUR,
Architect

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