

Our Outlook

been made by the blind for eighty years, and that of these articles there have been sold \$145,000 worth during the past three years.

Col. Lynch Pardoned by King

The pardon of Col. Lynch who in 1902 was convicted of high treason for having deserted his country in time of war and fought on the side of the Boers was a fitting prelude to the recent visit of King Edward to Ireland.

In 1903 Col. Lynch was sentenced to death, his sentence being however commuted to imprisonment for life. In Jan. 1904 he was released "on license" and recently the King issued a pardon.

His case excited great public interest in England and Ireland after the close of the Boer war. Remaining in Paris for a time he was elected member of parliament for Galway City after which he determined to face his destiny. On landing in England he was arrested and trial, conviction and sentence followed.

Now he is a free man by the clemency of the King against whose country and authority he raised a brigade to fight.

The mere record of such a series of events within five years of one man's life is a striking illustration of the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

The Paris Secret Police

Have you been in Paris? At a hotel or lodging house of any sort? Then you have seen, again and again, one of the mysterious agents of the secret police. Usually he is an old little man, dressed in rusty black, red of nose and quick-eyed—so humble a little man that you might easily overlook him. A small ink-bottle hangs by a string from his waistcoat and a yellow penholder in thrust in between two of the buttons. He slips in to the hotel or lodging house and copies the names from the register. If you ask him who he is he will probably whisper, "I have come for the census." It is a tradition. Always, too, he has a box of snuff. A friendly little man—full of good counsel to the landlord or landlady—he learns all the news of the fresh arrivals; and so, prying and gossiping, all his days pass. At night, in his little flat, he copies out his list of names and writes his reports. If you come often to Paris or stay long—especially if you frequent the company of politicians or rogues—these reports make quite a little book, in time, which is filed away in the police archives. Some very interesting biographies of eminent Americans are to be found there, I assure you.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Wet and Dreary

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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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CHAPTER I.

Hampton, of Placer.

It was not an uncommon tragedy of the west. If slightest chronicle of it survive, it must be discovered among the musty and nearly forgotten records of the Eighteenth regiment of infantry.

Yet the tale is worth telling now, when such days are past and gone. There were 16 of them when, like so many hunted rabbits, they were first securely trapped among the frowning rocks, and forced relentlessly backward from off the narrow trail until the precipitous canyon walls finally halted their disorganized flight, and from sheer necessity compelled a rally in hopeless battle. Sixteen,—ten infantrymen from old Fort Bethune, under command of Syd. Wyman, a gray-headed sergeant of 30 years' continuous service in the regulars, two cow-punchers from the "XL" ranch, a stranger who had joined them uninvited at the ford over the Bear Water, together with old Gillis, the post-trader, and his silent chit of a girl.

Sixteen—but that was three days before, and in the meanwhile not a few of those speeding Sioux bullets had found softer billet than the limestone rocks. Six of the soldiers, four already dead, two dying, lay outstretched in ghastly silence where they fell.

Then the taciturn Gillis gave sudden utterance to a sobbing cry, and a burst of red spurted across his white beard as he reeled backward, knocking the girl prostrate when he fell. Eight remained, one helpless, one a mere lass of 15. It was the morning of the third day.

The beginning of the affair had burst upon them so suddenly that no two in that stricken company would have told the same tale. None among them had anticipated trouble.

In all the fancied security of unquestioned peace these chance travelers had slowly toiled along the steep trail leading toward the foothills. Gillis and the girl, as well as the two cattleherders, were on horseback; the remainder soberly trudged forward on foot, with guns slung to their shoulders. Wyman was somewhat in advance, walking beside the stranger, the latter a man of uncertain age, smoothly shaven, quietly dressed in garments bespeaking an eastern tailor, a bit grizzled of hair along the temples, and possessing a pair of cool, gray eyes. He had introduced himself by the name of Hampton, but had volunteered no further information, nor was it customary in that country to question impertinently.

Hampton, through the medium of easy conversation, early discovered in the sergeant an intelligent mind, possessing some knowledge of literature. They had been discussing books with rare enthusiasm, and the former had drawn from the concealment of an inner pocket a diminutive copy of "The Merchant of Venice," from which he was reading aloud a disputed passage, when the faint trail they followed suddenly dipped into the yawning mouth of a black canyon. It was a narrow, gloomy, contracted gorge, a mere gash between those towering hills shadowing its depths on either hand. A swift mountain stream, noisy and clear as crystal, dashed from rock to rock close beside the more northern wall, while the ill-defined pathway, strewn with bowlders and guarded by underbrush, clung to the opposite side, where low scrub trees partially obscured the view.

All was silent as death when they entered, yet they had barely advanced a short hundred paces when those apparently bare rocks in front flamed red, the narrow defile echoed to wild screeches and became instantly crowded with weird, leaping figures. It was like a plunge from heaven into hell. Blaine and Endicott sank at the first fire, while Wyman's stricken arm dripped blood. Indeed, under that sudden shock, he fell, and was barely rescued by the prompt action of the man beside him. Dropping the opened book, and firing madly to left and right with a revolver which appeared to spring into his hand as by magic, the latter coolly dragged the fainting soldier across the more exposed space, until the two found partial security among a mass of loosened rocks littering the base of the precipice. The others who survived that first scorching discharge also raced toward this same shelter, impelled thereto by the unerring instinct of border fighting, and flinging themselves flat behind protecting bowlders, began responding to the hot fire rained upon them.

Scattered and hurried as these first volleys were, they proved sufficient to check the howling demons in the open. It has never been Indian nature to face unprotected the aim of the white men, and those dark figures, which only a moment before thronged the narrow gorge, leaping crazily in the riot of apparent victory, suddenly melted from sight, slinking down into leafy coverts beside the stream or into holes among the rocks, like so many vanishing prairie dogs. Now and then a sinewy brown arm might incautiously project across the gleaming surface of a rock, or a mop of coarse, black

hair appear above the edge of a gully, either incident resulting in a quick interchange of fire. That was all; yet the experienced frontiersmen knew that eyes as keen as those of any wild animal of the jungle were watching murderously their slightest movement.

Wyman, now reclining in agony against the base of the overhanging cliff, directed the movements of his little command calmly and with sober military judgment. Little by little, under protection of the rifles of the three civilians, the uninjured infantrymen crept cautiously about, rolling loosened bowlders forward into position, until they finally succeeded in thus erecting a rude barricade between them and the enemy. The wounded who could be reached were laboriously drawn back within this improvised shelter, and when the black shadows of the night finally shut down, all remaining alive were once more clustered together, the injured lying moaning and ghastly beneath the overhanging shelf of rock, and the girl, who possessed all the patient stoicism of frontier training, resting in silence, her widely opened eyes on those far-off stars peeping above the brink of the chasm, her head pillowed on old Gillis' knee.

Twice during the long night volunteers sought vainly to pierce those



Hampton Fired Madly Right and Left.

lines of savage watchers. A long, wailing cry of agony from out the thick darkness told the fate of their first messenger, while Casey, of the "XL," crept slowly, painfully back, with an Indian bullet embedded deep in his shoulder. Just before the coming of dawn, Hampton, without uttering a word, calmly turned up the collar of his tightly buttoned coat, so as better to conceal the white collar he wore, gripped his revolver between his teeth, and crept like some wriggling snake among the black rocks and through the dense underbrush in search after water. By some miracle of divine mercy he was permitted to pass unscathed, and came crawling back, a dozen hastily filled canteens dangling across his shoulders. It was like nectar to those parched, feverish throats; but of food barely a mouthful a piece remained in the haversacks.

The second day dragged onward, its hours bringing no change for the better, no relief, no slightest ray of hope. The hot sun scorched them pitilessly, and two of the wounded died delirious. From dawn to dark there came no slackening of the savage watchfulness which held the survivors helpless be-

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