

There Was No Honey There.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in," she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; this is a bathroom!"—New York Sun.

The Perfect Lover.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the famous woman's rights leader, said of an unctuous motion at a woman's club:

"This motion, in its delicacy, reminds me of a Ripon man.

"The man got married, and after he had been married several years his wife said to him one night:

"You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, Hal. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you," growled the man. "There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the paper."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some of Jerrold's Sayings.

"In a railway carriage one day a gentleman expiated on the beauty of nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. 'Reading in the fields,' said he, 'sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignly at it.' 'With a filial smile,' rejoined Jerrold.

"Earth is so kindly there (Australia) that tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

"Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold.

The Author's Ruling Passion.

Authors, though fond of having their own works read, are not often very anxious to hear those of others. Even Dr. Johnson appears to have quarreled with a literary brother on that account, of whom he observed: "I never did the man an injury—but he would read his tragedy to me!"

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 III—(Continued)

"The right given by Almighty God to protect any one of your sex in peril," he replied. "Before dawn those savage fiends will be upon us. We are utterly helpless. There remains only one possible path for escape, and I believe I have discovered it. Now, my girl, you either climb those rocks with me, or I shall kill you where you are. It is that, or the Sioux torture. I have two shots left in this gun,—one for you, the other for myself. The time



Never Once Did the Man Loosen His Grasping Grip of His Companion.

has come for deciding which of these alternatives you prefer."

"If I select your bullet rather than the rocks, what then?"

"You will get it, but in that case you will die like a fool."

"You have believed me to be one, all this afternoon."

"Possibly," he admitted; "your words and actions certainly justified some such conclusion, but the opportunity has arrived for causing me to revise that suspicion."

"I don't care to have you revise it, Mr. Bob Hampton. If I go, I shall hate you just the same."

Hampton's teeth clicked like those of an angry dog. "Hate and be damned," he exclaimed roughly. "All I care about now is to drag you out of here alive."

"Well, if you put it that way," she said, "I'll go."

"Come on, then," he whispered, his fingers grasping her sleeve.

She shook off the restraining touch of his hand as if it were contamination

and sank down upon her knees beside the inert body. He could barely perceive the dim outlines of her bowed figure, yet never moved, his breath perceptibly quickening, while he watched and waited. Without word or moan she bent yet lower and pressed her lips upon the cold, white face. The man caught no more than the faintest echo of a murmured "Good-by, old dad; I wish I could take you with me." Then she stood stiffly upright, facing him. "I'm ready now," she announced calmly. "You can go on ahead."

They crept among low shrubs and around the boulders, carefully guarding every slightest movement lest some rustle of disturbed foliage, or sound of loosened stone, might draw the fire of those keen watchers. Every inch of their progress was attained through tedious groping, yet the distance to be traversed was short, and Hampton soon found himself pressing against the uprising precipice. Against that background of dark cliff they might venture to stand erect, the faint glimmer of reflected light barely sufficient to reveal to each the shadowy outline of the other.

"Don't move an inch from this spot," he whispered. "It wouldn't be a square deal, Kid, to leave those poor fellows to their death without even telling them there's a chance to get out."

She attempted no reply, as he glided noiselessly away, but her face, could he have seen it, was not devoid of expression. This was an act of generosity and deliberate courage of the very kind most apt to appeal to her nature, and within her secret heart there was rapidly developing a respect for this man, who with such calm assurance won his own way. Then, suddenly, that black curtain was rent by jagged spurts of red and yellow flame. Dazed for an instant, her heart throbbing wildly to the sharp reports of the rifles, she shrank cowering back, her fascinated gaze fixed on those imp-like figures leaping forward from rock to rock. Almost with the flash and sound Hampton sprang hastily back and gathered her in his arms.

"Catch hold, Kid, anywhere; only go up, and quick!"

She retained no longer any memory of Hampton; her brain was completely terrorized. Inch by inch, foot by foot, clinging to a fragment of rock here, grasping a slippery branch there, occasionally helped by encountering a deeper gash in the face of the precipice, her movements concealed by the scattered cedars, she toiled feverishly up. The first time she became aware that Hampton was closely following

was when her feet slipped along a naked root, and she would have plunged headlong into unknown depths had she not come in sudden contact with his supporting shoulder. Faint and dizzy, and trembling like a leaf of an aspen, she crept forward onto a somewhat wider ledge of thin rock, and lay there quivering painfully from head to foot. A moment of suspense, and he was outstretched beside her, resting at full length along the very outer edge, his hand closing tightly over her own.

"Remain perfectly quiet," he whispered, panting heavily. "We can be no safer anywhere else."

Shots and yells, the dull crash of blows, the shouts of men engaged in a death grapple, the sharp crackling of innumerable rifles, the inarticulate moans of pain, the piercing scream of sudden torture, were borne upward to them from out the blackness. All at once the hideous uproar ceased with a final yelping of triumph, seemingly reechoed the entire length of the chasm, in the midst of which one single voice pleaded pitifully,—only to die away in a shriek. The two agonized fugitives lay listening, their ears strained to catch the slightest sound from below. Hampton's ears could discern evidences of movement, and he heard guttural voices calling at a distance, but to the vision all was black.

These uncertain sounds ceased, the strained ears of the fugitives heard the crashing of bodies through the thick shrubbery, and then even this noise died away in the distance. Yet neither ventured to stir or speak. It may be that the girl slept fitfully, worn out by long vigil and intense strain; but the man proved less fortunate, his eyes staring out continually into the black void, his thoughts upon other days. His features were drawn and haggard when the first gray dawn found ghastly reflection along the opposite rock summit, and with blurred eyes he watched the faint tinge of returning light steal downward into the canyon. At last it swept aside these lower clinging mists, as though some invisible hand had drawn back the night curtains, and he peered over the edge of his narrow resting place, gazing directly down upon the scene of massacre. With a quick gasp of unspeakable horror he shrank so sharply back as to cause the suddenly awakened girl to start and glance into his face.

"What is it?" she questioned, with quick catching of breath, reading that which she could not clearly interpret in his shocked expression.

"Nothing of consequence," and he faintly endeavored to smile. "I suppose I must have been dreaming also, and most unpleasantly. No; please do not look down; it would only cause your head to reel, and our upward climb is not yet completed. Do you feel strong enough now to make another attempt to reach the top?"

"Can we?" she questioned helplessly.

"We can, simply because we must," and his white teeth shut together firmly. "There is no possibility of retracing our steps downward, but with the help of this daylight we surely ought to be able to discover some path leading up."

He rose cautiously to his feet, pressing her more closely against the face of the cliff, thus holding her in comparative safety while preventing her from glancing back into the dizzy chasm. The most difficult portion of

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