

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Dan Follett rose to his feet in surprise. But the chief remained calm and continued his conversation. He told him the facts of her escape, and the fraud in the scalp he had given him at the same time repeating that he and the Canadian were friends now.

"But where is she?" inquired the Canadian. A hundred things entered his mind. With Bertha Lyle in his possession, he could get revenge on Hammersley, on the Lord of the Desert, on everybody! With her under his control, he could demand a ransom. He could make terms with General Crook, he could possibly get possession of that \$10,000. Plans came on so thick and fast that they clouded his brain, and he saw a thousand advantages in the possession of Bertha Lyle as a prisoner in an Indian village.

"Where is she?" he demanded again.

"But wait!" said the chief. "You are too impatient to make a good brave for Egan's band. I told you she escaped. The trapper still has her!"

"But I have been to his home in his absence," said Follett, "and she was not there!"

"He hide her when he go away," replied the chief. "He fear someone steal her! Now, me and my men will hurry away tonight. We will go to hell trap, where soldiers never find us; and if they find us they can never get us. You take two, four, ten braves, go to trapper's home while he away and get girl and bring her with you! See! make trapper mad, you get even, and you have white squaw. Egan a good friend as well as bad enemy."

Within another hour Dan Follett and four of Egan's most stealthy braves were riding across the plains toward the trapper's abode, and Egan and a majority of the chiefs and warriors had quit the vicinity of the Stone House as silently as the desert night breeze. Only a small scouting party remained behind.

The cowboys stood at their posts, and the Lord of the Desert kept watch over all with the vigilance of a trained general, waiting to see what the early morning would bring.

"The birds have flown," was the first expression of General Crook when he arrived in the vicinity of the Stone House. "There are no Indians about the place," he said, "but they may be close at hand. We will wait until daylight before we approach Warner."

He selected his men in a grove of junipers on the mountainside, some distance from the premises, and waited developments.

As soon as the morning light began to break, the general, accompanied by Hammersley, began to reconnoiter. "The whites are vigilant," he remarked, as he pointed to the rifles in the loopholes in the wall. "They are evidently expecting the Indians, but I see no cover behind which the Redskins could conceal themselves from our view. I am of the opinion that the red rascals have 'smelt a mouse' and left during the night. We must communicate with the whites as quickly as possible and get on the trail. Can't you creep up near that guard and manage to communicate with him?"

"That will be easy," replied the trapper, and he started in a stooping posture, keeping himself well hidden behind the rusty junipers.

"Hello, there!" spoke the trapper in a low tone, at a short distance from the man at the loophole.

The astonished guard looked in a dozen different directions in an instant.

"I am the trapper, returned from the fort with aid. Tell the Lord of the Desert I wish to speak with him."

In a few moments this personage was at the loophole and Hammersley walked to the place, being well shielded from the main points of the plain.

Daylight was rapidly coming on, and the Lord of the Desert, upon consulting his men, soon concluded that the Indians had made their escape. The guards, however, were certain that some of the Indians had remained until a late hour in the morning, as they had been seen skulking about the place just before dawn.

A short reconnoitre was made and General Crook was informed of the result. His men were marched inside the stone wall surrounding the Stone House and were ordered to prepare their breakfast and to take a few hours' rest.

In the meantime, the general held an interview with the Lord of the Desert and began preparations to pursue the Indians as soon as his men were refreshed. Scouts were sent out upon their trail, under the leadership of the never-sleeping but ever-fresh Hammersley, and they soon struck the trail and sent word back to the Stone House accordingly.

When General Crook informed Martin Lyle of the episode with Dan Follett, the Lord of the Desert went to his treasury and found a large sum of his money missing. He became frantic. He wanted to go to the fort and lynch the half-breed; but General Crook informed him that they had "whole" breeds to deal with just now, and that he would

take up Follett's case later.

Hammersley, at the head of the band of cowboys, had followed the trail of the Indians all day and kept General Crook posted. The latter moved out with his command from the Stone House at sunset, intending to travel by night so as to keep the Indians off their guard. He started out on one of his determined chases, never intending to return until he had punished these bandits, the most troublesome and bloodthirsty at that time roaming the American plains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

at Hell's Trap.

Hammersley had located the Indians at "Hell's Trap." Upon being notified of this, General Crook had come in advance of his command, which was to march by night, to view the situation.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he and the trapper stealthily climbed to the top of the rimrocks overlooking this remarkable place, and lying flat on the capstone of the rimrocks, they looked into the Indian camp below. There was nothing about the place to indicate a trap or place for a harsh name. It was a beautiful natural meadow in the bend of a mountain stream, surrounded on three sides by towering rimrocks, the river forming a distinct peninsula, almost creating an island, so close did the entrance point of the stream come to the point of exit after making the circuit of the little valley.

Through this narrow neck the Indians had entered, and while their animals grazed on the luxuriant grass they had pitched their tents among the willows bordering the stream and prepared for a few days' rest after their long siege at the Stone House. Here game and fish were plentiful, and the haunches of deer and antelope, and fish fries alternating the feasts on the Lord of the Desert's fatted bullocks, made a garden of Eden for the braves, instead of a "Hell's Trap."

Here they felt safe. In this amphitheater they were isolated from the world, and there were numerous outlets through the rimrocks where they could make their escape if attacked, and they had as prisoners four cowboys, the only persons they had discovered on their trail from the Stone House, and they now felt as safe in this retreat as if among the lava beds of the Klamath country.

They regarded a casual lookout as being sufficient for their safety from surprise. In view of the fact that hunting parties were continually covering the territory in the immediate vicinity of the camp.

It was a continuous feast and holiday for the hunted bandits. "I cannot understand why they call this Hell's Trap," said General Crook, as he looked down upon the placid scene.

"There is no reason for it now, it is true," replied the trapper, "but I have seen it when the name of Hell's Trap was not too harsh for it. The river, now fordable at most any point, rises from the snowbeds of the great mountains yonder. The warm south winds at times start the snow to melting, and the water comes dashing down from every point, filling the ravines and gulches, and these flow into the river, making it a rolling sea of water as suddenly as a cloudburst. It is on these occasions that the place bears the appearance of a 'hell's trap.'"

"It has always been a great grazing place for wild animals of all kinds, and the rise often comes down upon them suddenly and fills the banks all around them and breaks across the narrow neck yonder, imprisoning them completely before they have time to escape. No living thing can ford the river during the rises."

"The Indians make it a point to take advantage of these rises. They stand guard outside, and as soon as the water is at its highest they rush through the current overflowing the neck and slaughter the animals by the wholesale. In this manner they long ago secured their winter meat food. This has given it the name of 'Hell's Trap.'"

After a few minutes in silence General Crook remarked that there seemed to be four canyons, or outlets from the place, through the walls of the rimrocks, besides the main entrance through the "strait" or neck. But the trapper showed him the fifth.

"To make a wholesale capture," remarked the general, "I will have to station me not all of those points and charge in over the neck." My men will arrive about midnight, and I will then require your assistance in stationing the men for an early morning attack," he continued.

Before the trapper had time to respond, if he had intended to reply, a sight caught the eyes of both men that riveted their attention in the same direction.

They placed their field glasses to their eyes and a groan escaped simultaneously from each. The sight that greeted them has often been seen on the American border. Human beings put to torture by savages, in full view of friends who were unable to render them aid!

The savages marched forth into an opening four white men in single file their arms bound to their sides, and

each being led by a painted warrior.

The general and the trapper immediately recognized the men as four of the cowboys who had been sent out on the trail of the Indians from the Stone House. This is the first that either had known of their fate. General Crook, as well as the trapper, had supposed that all of the men were safe. The latter had not seen these men since two days before, but he supposed that they had either lost the trail or were loitering somewhere close at hand among the rimrocks. But they had acted indiscreetly and had been entrapped by the Indians, and were now about to pay their last earthly penalty.

The mode of the American savages' torture of his prisoners is well known. It has been described often enough, with its harrowing variations. The Snake Indian was the most cruel, and in this case his incentive was great. Many of his companions had fallen before the loopholes at the Stone House. These men had fired the fatal shots in many instances. It was now the Indians' turn.

Blinding the prisoners, hands and feet, and tying them to short stakes driven deeply into the ground, their prostrated bodies were made the subject of every indignity, every cruelty and every torture that the depraved Plutes and their allies could invent.

It was well even for the iron nerves of the intrepid general and the desert trapper that the position of the men partially obscured them from view, and that they could not see all that was done.

The torture was kept up almost until sunset, when the last life succumbed, and the savages were even then desecrating their mutilated bodies when interrupted by a chorus of yells from the center of the bend in the river.

Turning their glasses in this direction, the two white men saw another sight that startled them still more.

A mounted party had just passed through an opening in the rimrocks, and was fording the stream and heading toward the Indian camp.

In front rode an Indian warrior, next came a white man bound to his horse, then came a white woman, her feet bound by a rope which encircled the horse upon which she rode; then followed two warriors mounted on one animal, and bringing up the rear was Dan Follett!

"Bertha Lyle, as sure as I live!" gasped the trapper.

"And that cursed half-breed!" exclaimed General Crook.

The trapper started to rise and rush to the rescue, but the cool-headed general restrained him. "Cool, my boy! Cool!" he advised. "Careful work requires careful action, and I see now that we have a lot of both on hand!"

The trapper had already informed General Crook of the entire situation, so far as he knew it, but both were at a loss to understand how Follett had escaped and how he had succeeded in enticing Bertha and her companion from the secret caverns of the trapper's home.

"We will solve these mysterious problems later, young man," said the general. "We have practical ones ahead of us now!"

Old Egan greeted Follett with full fellowship as a chief, and cast a vindictive glance at his fair captive. The party was soon dismounted, and while Metzker, the cowboy captive, was led away and bound to a stake where his late friends had been confined, Bertha was given a tepee all to herself among the willows, and two lithesome braves were placed as guards over her.

"This complicates matters," said General Crook. "I intended opening the campaign at daybreak tomorrow and not leaving one of the red devils to tell the tale, after witnessing the butchery of those poor fellows a while ago, but now that cannot be done, for it would hazard the girl's safety and life. It will never do to shoot into the place while she is in it."

"I'll rescue her before morning, General," said the trapper.

"It's a ticklish job, young man, but if you succeed, my men will do the rest!"

Night was now coming on, and they returned to the temporary quarters of the great Indian fighter, in a secret nook among the rimrocks, there to plan the rescue of the woman, and the early morning attack.

(To be Continued.)

No Squashes.

One woman, according to the New York Press, has rebelled against the prevailing style of millinery. She went the other day to buy a simple hat, and looked over a large variety, all decorated with cherries, grapes, strawberries, hazelnuts, apples and beans.

"No, I don't want any of these," said she, putting them aside.

"Perhaps you would prefer this cluster of currants!" suggested the milliner.

"No, nor squashes nor cucumbers. These things are very necessary on the dinner-table, but I object to them on my head."

"But they are so fashionable!"

"Never mind, I draw the line at fruit and vegetables."

Dairying in Russia.

The dairy schools of Russia have brought that country to the front as one of the foremost producers of butter, cheese and milk in the world.

When a visiting girl says to a young man to whom she is introduced, "You look just like a friend of mine," the other young man might as well get out of the race.

HE YIELDS TO FORCE.

Castro Will Make Cash Payment and Give Guarantee for Award.

CARACAS, Jan. 10.—After two stormy meetings of the cabinet, all conditions set forth in the replies of the powers to President Castro's last proposal in the matter of settling the Venezuelan dispute through arbitration have been accepted by the Venezuelan government. The government considers the conditions unjust, but declared it is obliged to yield to force. The Venezuelan answer was delivered at the United States legation here at noon today.

The conditions of the powers cover cash payments to the allies and guarantees for the payment of the balance of their claims. It can be said on good authority that the question of raising the existing blockade will not be considered.

It was learned at a late hour tonight that, by the terms of the notes of the foreign powers handed to President Castro by Minister Bowen yesterday and of the Venezuelan answer to them delivered at the American legation today, a compromise in the matter of arbitration has been reached.

Foreign business houses in Venezuela are suffering exceedingly from the effects of the continued blockade.

The revolutionary movement under General Matos is losing popularity daily, because of the assistance, it is alleged, the German blockading vessels are giving it in permitting the landing of arms for the revolutionists near Higuerote.

The leader of the revolutionists is called "Matos, the German," by the press.

VEILED BY SNOW STORM.

Trains Collide, Killing Three and Injuring Fourteen Persons.

Ada, O., Jan. 10.—Three men are dead and 14 or more other persons were injured, one fatally, as a result of a collision between two trains on the Pennsylvania system on the main street of this city at 5 o'clock this evening.

Train No. 35, westbound for Fort Wayne, started out of the station, but at the Main street crossing was compelled to stop on account of some accident to the airbrake. A flagman was sent back to notify No. 19, a fast train going in the same direction, which was several minutes late. On account of a driving snow storm the engineer of No. 19 was unable to see the signal in time to slacken his speed, and his engine crashed into the rear coach of No. 35 while running at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

No. 35 consisted of two coaches, the rear one being a combination baggage and passenger car, with another passenger car in front. Both were telescoped and barely a passenger escaped injury of some sort. The engineer and fireman of No. 19 were also slightly injured, but not enough to prevent them from rendering immediate assistance to those who were in distress. The engine of No. 19 was almost demolished, but the cars behind it were not damaged in the least and none of the passengers were bruised.

CRACK SHOT WITH BIG GUN.

Eight-Foot Object, Three Miles Distant, Hit With 12-inch Rifle.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.—Extraordinary accuracy in marksmanship cut short the heavy gun practice at the Presidio reservation today. The 12 inch guns were to be brought into play, and the target was a wooden structure, pyramidal in shape, about 12 feet long at each base line and about eight feet high. It was towed oceanward by a tug with a long towline, and, while moving at seven miles an hour, was to be fired upon. When the target was about three miles from shore and under tow it appeared to be about the size of a man's hand. It was then that Corporal Regan fired a 12 inch gun. The shot struck about eight yards astern of the moving mark. Carefully Regan aimed the second missile, and scarcely had the roar of the discharge ceased, when the target disappeared. The shot had hit "the enemy" amidships and shattered it into splinters.

Expense of Diplomatic Service.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The house committee on foreign affairs today concluded the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, which will be reported to the house. It carries approximately \$1,900,000, which is less than the estimates and less than the appropriation of last year. Bulgaria is included in the territory of the minister to Greece and a secretary is added to the legation in Switzerland at a salary of \$1,500 a year. The consulate at Canton is raised to a consulate general and the salary advanced from to \$4,000.

Huge Swindle Alleged.

Houston, Tex., Jan. 10.—A Wettermark, head of the Nacogdoches banking firm, which was forced into liquidation by alleged extensive forgeries, was today arrested on his arrival at Houston on a warrant charging him with having received deposits after he knew the bank to be insolvent. It is claimed at Nacogdoches that the forgeries will exceed \$500,000.

COAL MINERS' WAR

GENERAL GOBIN TELLS COMMISSION OF STRENUOUS TIMES.

Soldiers Were Boycotted on All Sides—Could Not Get Teams to Haul Supplies to Camp—Never Had to "Shoot to Kill," as the Famous Order Did Away With the Necessity.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12.—After occupying eight days, during which time they presented about 150 witnesses, the nonunion men have closed their case before the coal strike commission. The coal companies will open their case next, and, according to the plans of the operators, the companies will present their case in the order of the geographical location of their mines. The Delaware & Hudson company, whose collieries are further north, will first present its witnesses, and the Philadelphia Coal & Iron company, whose mines are in the southern part of the coal fields, will be heard last.

The principal witness before the commission for the nonunion men was Lieutenant General J. P. S. Gobin, senior brigadier general of the national guard of Pennsylvania. Gobin was in command of the third brigade while the troops were on duty in the hard coal fields. He was questioned 3½ hours, and during most of this time was engaged in a recital of conditions as he found them in the territory he covered.

From his observation, and from reports made to him by the officers, it was his opinion, he said, "that an excited state of lawlessness" existed in the regions; that disturbances were numerous; that the presence of the troops was absolutely necessary to preserve law and order, and that it was difficult to maintain the law, even after all the troops in the state had been placed in the disturbed territory.

He told in detail of the condition of affairs in the coal region during his stay there, and of the stoning of his troops, insults to his men, frequent cases of dynamiting, and other acts of lawlessness. He said that the sheriff of Carbon county refused to call on the governor for troops. The general said he had been asked by the coal companies to protect nonunion men, but he refused because he had not sufficient troops. He said the situation was most serious. He feared the railroad men would be intimidated and he would be unable to move troops. Threatening letters were also sent to him.

During the cross examination, General Gobin had several tilts with Charles L. Darrow, counsel for the miners, but they never reached a serious point. The witness said that when he first went into the coal region with his men, as a result of a riot at Shenandoah, he was unable for a time to get vehicles to carry his supplies, teamsters refusing to furnish them. In Shenandoah and in the Panther creek valley, he said, there was no civil authority at times. Committees of the union called upon him and assured him that the striking miners would give him all the assistance they could, but, as far as the witness could remember, they never gave him any help, nor did he ask for any. After his entire brigade had been called out, General Gobin said the situation became extremely serious in several parts of the territory, and he feared he could not cope with the situation if it grew worse. He so informed the governor.

The now famous "shoot to kill" order issued by him after his soldiers had been attacked by stones was touched upon by Mr. Darrow. The general said it meant every word it said, and that the issuance of the order had a most salutary effect upon the communities which his soldiers covered. It had such a good effect that it was not necessary to fire one shot. The order, he further said, did not include the shooting of women and children.

Murdered and Robbed.

Pittsburg, Jan. 12.—Andrew Overick, proprietor of a Polish boarding house, a broker and a money lender, was found unconscious in Mulberry alley last night, with his skull fractured. He never regained consciousness and died today at the West Penn hospital. Overick always carried a large sum of money, and as his pockets were rifled, the police are inclined to think his murderer made a rich haul. A former boarder is suspected and the police are looking for him. Overick was 32 years of age and married.

Arrested at Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 12.—John Oyle, John Murphy, William Carter and Tom Kennedy are under arrest in this city, suspected of holding up a Northern Pacific train in Western Montana October 24. Engineer O'Neill was killed and the safe in the baggage car was wrecked. Detectives claim the gang was tracked to Seattle, and here for a time disappeared from sight. Descriptions are said to tally closely.