

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 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 hand. 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 hides her when he goes away," replied the chief. "He fears someone will 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, twenty, or as many as you wish, but you get 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 quitted 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 nearer."

He secreted 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 Hammersley 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 frays 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 coming 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, 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 at 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 slight 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 had 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, 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.

Binding 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 whites and their allies could invent. But it was well even for the iron nerves of the intrepid general and the desert trapper that the position of the men was partially obscured 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 decorating their mutilated bodies when interrupted by a chorus of yells from the center of it: being 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.

ARITHMETIC BY MACHINERY.

Louisville, Ky., Man's Remarkable Invention.

The stereotyped remark about some of our modern machinery having all modern human intelligence gains new force as the result of the invention of a Louisville man. A. C. Schuman, of 500 — street, that city, has been granted patents on an adding machine that computes all four sums in arithmetic—addition, subtraction, division and multiplication.

Mr. Schuman has already gained more than local distinction by his invention in the field of applied mechanics.

The manipulation of the invention involves no mental arithmetical calculation to assist in the working. The process is as nearly a mechanical operation as possible.

The adding machines now in use are built for processes of addition alone. It is possible, however, to use them for simple subtraction. When Mr. Schuman, some time ago, turned his attention to computing machinery he invented two machines.

One of these is an adding machine and typewriter combined, suitable for making out itemized bills and the like. This machine which was the first one patented by Mr. Schuman, only computes sums in addition.

The machine which is available for all our processes of computation is limited as to typewriting facilities. The change from one form of calculation to another means only the shifting of a bar and the turning of a crank so many times.

The odd part of this uncanny machine is that it computes sums in five or six figures more quickly than the shorter ones. This is due to the mechanical construction. In division the fractional remainder is always set down with the answer.

"I applied for patents on both machines at about the same time, but the letters on the simple machine were granted first," said Mr. Schuman. "The machine which computes all sums was invented before the other."

Mr. Schuman is assisted by his son George Schuman. Between them they have done some remarkable work. For the Naazareth Academy Mr. Schuman furnished a planetarium and a telescope. The planetarium shows the position of all the inner planets for the century just closed, recording transits and eclipses. The telescope, which has an equatorial mounting, is an unusually good one.

Another of Mr. Schuman's achievements, says the Louisville-Courier Journal, was made in the line of cog and thread cutting machinery. He has built a machine which will cut any required number of cogs on a wheel of any given dimension. The threadcutter can be adjusted so as to cut from 100 threads to the inch to one thread in 12 inches, on a rod one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Only a mechanic can appreciate the importance of these machines or the difficulties surmounted in building them.

The Russian mercantile marine consists of 745 steamers and 2,283 sailing vessels.

Three thousand newspapers and one thousand letters are received by King Edward every day.

Last year sixty ocean-going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade.

Novel first-aid-to-the-injured boxes are to be scattered in the streets of Paris. Outwardly the apparatus resembles a lamp post letter box, and it contains a small medicine chest, a folding stretcher and a telephone for signaling the nearest ambulance station. Access to the box is gained by breaking a glass panel.

It was disclosed by examinations made in the Washington city postoffice, covering a period of about two and a half months, that 979,820 pieces of paid matter and 5,000,000 pieces of unpaid (or "franked") matter of all classes went through the unpaid matter on some days running as high as 135,000, 127,000, 126,000, 125,000 and 122,000 pieces, while the percentage per day would often go to about ninety, crawling up as high as ninety-three per cent on a single day, and averaging 85 1/2 per cent every day.

Of the four hundred inscribed clay slabs found in the ruins of Babylon by the expedition sent out by the German Oriental Society, but two have yet been deciphered, one explaining the Babylonian cuneiform characters and the other containing the litany chanted by the singers of the temple of Esagila on the return of the god Marduk to his sanctuary.

Each merchant is obliged by law to keep at least three books, namely, a book of inventories, day book and ledger, writes the Dallas News. No erasures are permitted. The books must be balanced annually and show all obligations. They must show exactly what money the merchant draws out for his private use. A penalty of not less than \$50 nor more than \$300 is imposed for failure to keep books in the manner prescribed.

Merchants are also required to publish, through the press, the class of business, with its essential circumstances, etc., to record in the public registry all documents which the public is interested in; to keep strict and accurate accounts, and to preserve correspondence for ten years which affects their business.

Persons who have been condemned for offenses against property, including forgery, embezzling and conspiracy, cannot engage in commerce.

Business failures are rare, not exceeding ten yearly in the last several years.

At a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch baskets sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the schoolmaster, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master; "then ye're listening w' one ear an' eating pie w' the other!"—London Tit-Bits.

In the newly issued "double part" of the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray gives two quotations under the word "omnibus" which neatly tell the birth-story of the vehicle. In a memorandum to the chairman of the Board of Stamps, dated April 3, 1829, Mr. Shillibier stated: "I am . . . engaged in building two vehicles after the manner of the recently established French Omnibus, which when completed I propose starting on the Paddington Road." Mr. Shillibier was as good as his word. In Saunders' News Letter of July 4 appeared the paragraph: "The new vehicle, called the omnibus, commenced running this morning from Paddington to the city."

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"Where is your brother Thomas?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, he's laid up with a sprained arm. We were trying to see which could lean out of the window farthest, and Tommy won."—Youth's Companion.

No Hope.

Smiggs—Why so melancholy? Jiggs—My wife got a divorce the other day.

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"If you married a title, Clorinda, would you radder be a dukess or a earless?"

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Giles—That fellow Borem reminds me of a mosquito.

Miles—How's that?

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"That," rejoined the cynical person, "explains some men's underdone condition."

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Sallie—What is an orphan asylum, Horatio?

Horatio—It's a place for kids what's shy on ancestors, see?

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Wife—That young man who calls on our daughter has me guessing? Husband—How's that?

Wife—I don't know whether he is economical or has a grudge against the gas company.

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Ada (pensively)—I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married.

Jack (boldly)—I'll invite you before I ask any one else, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding.—New York News.

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"Your husband appears to be such a thoughtful man."

"Oh, he is! He never forgets to caution me about keeping down the household expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

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Witness—Who is that handsome girl standing near the piano?

Mrs. Homer—That is my daughter. Witness—Indeed! She doesn't resemble you in the least.

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Which may have accounted for the fact that the locomotive's bell was ringing wet.—Baltimore American.

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