

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Dunder and Blixen."

It was after midnight before the troops arrived. It was also this time before the Indians had quieted down to sleep. The afternoon's war dance over their captive victims, the wild excitement of the torture and the arrival of the Follett party with the two captives had aroused the blood of the savages and many tales of former acts of bravery, and deeds of daring were told beneath the willows and the tepees in Hell's Trap, that night.

Hammersley had decided to go on his mission of rescue alone. It was decided first to station the troops at every point at which the Indians could possibly escape and then for the trapper to attempt the rescue. Should he fail or fall in the attempt it was the purpose to force the best terms possible with the savages, but should he succeed, it was the determination to wreak that merciless revenge upon the Indians that the occasion seemed to justify.

The men had all been informed of the torture and death of the four white men and of the arrival of the two new captives, and this stirred the soldiers to a revengeful spirit that caused them to forget their tired and hungry condition and loss of sleep. They now felt that they had at last compassed the enemy and they were eager to strike the blow.

Ten well armed and equipped soldiers accompanied by five cowboys were placed in each gap in the rimrocks and 100 men, including cowboys and soldiers under General Crook, guarded the neck of the peninsula.

It was half way between midnight and dawn when the trapper started on his perilous mission. Armed suitably for the occasion he entered the channel of the stream and hugged the banks with the silence of a beaver, always keeping in the shadows of the willows and never risking his weight upon his feet until he knew they were firmly placed.

While his task did not prove a difficult one, it was a tedious one. His bearings had been so well taken that he recognized the very clump of bushes in which Bertha's tepee was pitched without trouble. Farther away from the stream he saw the dismal thicket to which Oscar Metzger, the other captive, had been taken, and from which the four cowboys on the previous evening had been taken for their last walk.

Like a snake he crawled up the embankment through the dense undergrowth, moving inch by inch until he reached the rear of Bertha's tepee, and while the guards dozed near the front he ripped a hole in the rear wall of the tent and soon gave Bertha an assuring touch that told her a friend was with her.

In a few moments time they had retraced the trapper's steps to the bed of the stream, in the same manner as he had approached, and Bertha hiding in a dark nook under the willows which hung over the embankment, Hammersley went to attempt the release of the other prisoner.

He found Metzger so securely tied that even the Indians did not fear his escape. Bound hand and foot and stretched full length between two saplings, his body barely touching the ground, he was enduring a torture that would have killed an ordinary man. But his was one of those iron constitutions of the desert.

The trapper was a welcome visitor and his knife furnished immediate relief. When released from his cramped position the cowboy stood erect and exercising his limbs noiselessly for a moment he indicated that he was ready to go. The trapper handed him a revolver and a knife and the two walked silently away ready to defend themselves, even unto death.

When they reached the place where Bertha was concealed the trapper was struck with awe. He saw twigs of willows and tops of sage brush and chunks of wood floating down the stream. These increasing at every moment. Seizing the woman he drew her after him and Metzger followed at a rapid pace.

It was two hundred yards to a shallow place in the stream and when this was reached the river was already rising at a rapid rate. The trapper seized Bertha in his arms as if she were a mere child and plunged into the foaming rapids, followed by the cowboy. Against the heavy current, which almost swept their feet from under them, they made the farther shore, and as they ascended the bank, the trapper exclaimed:

"Great luck! A head rise!" Hammersley and his companions ran across the open meadow for the nearest opening in the rimrocks. The light of breaking morn made them recognizable to their friends on guard in the rimrocks who could scarcely restrain applause. But the drilling of a soldiers life prevented this outbreak.

The water came with a rush down the mountain stream. The sound changed from a murmur over the pebbles to a ripple over the rocks; and then to a roar over the boulders and against the angular banks. So loud followed the growing roar that the savages were awakened. Dan Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive and finding that she was gone, he kicked the drowsy guards in their sides and gave the alarm.

The whole camp was instantly discovering the fleeing fugitives. Follett plunged into the stream, followed by some of the most daring warriors, and gave pursuit. But when within 50 yards of the opening in the rimrocks where the fugitives had passed safely through a cloud of smoke rose, a report of a dozen rifles rang upon the morning air and a half dozen Indians sank down in the meadow. Another volley and the ranks were thinned to a remnant.

Follette remained untouched. He turned and tried to rally the men who had been following in the rear and were now panic-stricken. At least one-fourth of the entire war party had rushed across the stream unarmed in pursuit of the fugitives. When they returned they found the river in these few minutes a seething foam, made black by the earth gathered by the flood as it came. To cross the stream was a task no warrior would attempt. They turned for other openings in the rimrocks. But here they met with disappointment. When approaching these points, and safety seemed just at hand, they were met with volleys from the soldiers' rifles



Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive.

But the story is better told in the history of the country and the Indian wars. There you will find that only a few escaped, and the battle ground was made famous in history. It was made so by a German soldier in General Crook's command, whose dialect gave it the name it still bears. After the battle was over, as the German wiped the perspiration and powder stains from his face, he said:

"They call this Hell's Trap, but I name it 'Dunder and Blixen.' Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the German gave the place, and history has adopted the name as the proper one.

Among the few who escaped were Chief Egan and Dan Follett. At the last moment they plunged into the raging stream and swam with the current for a long distance, reached the distant shore and then ascended a precipice of rimrocks, and as they passed over the summit they waved their hands in defiance at their pursuers.

CHAPTER XXV.

Wages of Sin and Alcohol.

It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Blixen." General Crook has sent all of his men, except his staff, to the fort and he has stopped at the Stone House to straighten out the matters reported by the trapper.

Bertha and Hammersley are at the Stone House. James Lyle is there. Al Beach has returned. All of the cowboys who escaped the Indian arrows are there. There are many reminiscences to relate. Bertha has long ago told the story of how she and Metzger fell into the hands of Follett. He had come to the trapper's abode late in the afternoon and left a message to the effect that the trapper desired their presence at the Stone House and that the half-breed would call about dark for them. They had held a conference before the return of Follett, and while they were suspicious of him, it seemed so probable that his story was true, that they decided to accompany him. Metzger arming himself and claiming that he was a match for the Canadian. Follett came at the appointed time. Bringing two horses with him, and Bertha leaving Julian Byrd to look after her father, she and Metzger started out with the Canadian toward the Stone House. They had not gone far, however, until they were surrounded by the four braves, who had accompanied Follett, and were in their power. Follett took immediate command and hurried them away toward "Hell's Trap," at which place the reader is familiar with what followed.

It is early in the afternoon. General Crook is seated at the bedside of a very sick man in the main room of the Stone House. He is delirious for long periods and conscious for short ones. His conscious moments are moments of agony.

It is the Lord of the Desert. He had remained sober during the siege of the Stone House and had taken an oath at the time that he would never drink intoxicants again. As soon as the siege was over and the soldiers and cowboys had gone and the excitement died, he had collapsed. For more than a week he had neither eaten nor slept. The collapse of his years of dissipation had come. His bloated form was rapidly assuming its natural state. He was but a sponge, a dry decaying sponge with all of the substance gone. He was a human wreck, made so by sin and alcohol. His was not an isolated case; it was the name old story. Written and unwritten history abound with such stories.

"It is too late, general. It is too late," said the unfortunate man in a moment of consciousness. "I have taken the oath, I will never drink again, but it was taken too late. It might stimulate me now for a few hours, but it would make death the more agonizing."

"It is true, Mr. Lyle," replied the general, "its effects are always temporary, except the injury it gives. This is permanent. A man may feel good for a moment; his life may even be prolonged by it for a brief spell, but he must suffer the consequences in the end."

After a more exhausting delirium, the dying man spoke again.

"It is here that I hurt worse, general. It is here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "If you know what lies there, general, you would pity me though I'm the most wicked man living."

"It is not too late to repent and do justice," suggested the warrior.

"Not too late to repent, I know, for I am doing that as fast as a guilty soul can confess itself, but it is too late to do justice—they are dead, general, they are dead—my brother and his child are dead!"

This confession seemed to ease the man for a moment. Then he continued: "If I could give them back their lives, general, and this mockery called wealth—the half-breed only took a small portion of what I possess—death would lose many of its terrors. I do not fear it, general, but to meet my God with this load here, General, for many years I have kept my heart, my conscience, my soul, benumbed with strong drink; now, general, it all falls upon me like a mountain. Oh, that I could crush me, dissolve me like vapor, exterminate me that I should not have to meet my Maker!"

"I am able to give you some relief," said the veteran soldier, "you are not as guilty as you think."

"Oh, but they are dead, general. No power on earth can give me relief now—it is too late. I will tell you how it happened," continued Lyle, gasping. "I hired Follett to kill one and old Egan to kill the other."

"I know you think it happened," replied General Crook, "but it is not that bad. Suppose I should tell you that they both live?"

"You would mock me, general, you would mock me."

"No, I speak truthfully, when I tell you that they still live, and are here at this moment," said the general.

"Do not torture me, general, but if they are here let me see them. Let them tell me they still live."

Jim Lyle was brought in in a chair and seated by the bedside, and Bertha came and stood by her father's side.

"This is Jim, Brother Jim," said the dying man. "Speak Jim, and tell me that you live and that this is your child by your side."

The crippled spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he hurriedly related the circumstances with which the Lord of the Desert was not familiar, and then called Hammersley to his side.

"This, brother," said the cripple, "is the rightful heir to all of the property. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will. Al Beach, whom you long thought was dead, brings the instruments to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more nor less than William Lyle, sole heir to all of the wealth of the House of Lyle."

"Justice has been done," said the dying man. "Thanks to the failure of Dan Follett in carrying out our murderous plans. Thanks to the treachery of old Egan in not slaying the child. Thanks to God, who I must now acknowledge, guided it all. Death is not near so bitter, now. I believe there is hope, even for me."

And the Lord of the Desert passed into a sleep never to waken again in the mortal body.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Conclusion.

Pressing as was the military duties of General Crook he decided to remain at the Stone House another day and night. A cowboy was sent to the fort with a message to announce this fact.

The following morning was decided upon for the burial of all that remained.

"They are here at this moment," said the general.

mained of the late Martin Lyle. With military precision General Crook had designated sunrise as the hour and arrangements were made accordingly. A grave was dug in a small table land high up on the mountain side overlooking the place and promptly at sunrise the general and his staff and the relatives of the deceased and the employees about the place were assembled at the grave.

Before the body was lowered the army chaplain conducted a short service and the veteran general, contrary to his custom and experience, delivered a short address, but like all things that he did, he was practical and commonsense and spoke to the point.

"This is the last tribute," he said, "that man can pay to man—give him a decent burial in the earth. A man, ambitious for wealth and power, ruined his life and shortened his days by trying to obtain it wrongfully. It is not meet and proper to speak reproachfully of the dead, but his dying words condemned such a life and it is well that we should profit by the lesson."

"His life is now familiar to you all. It does no good to repeat it here. But there is yet one lesson to draw from it."

"He was known far and wide as the Lord of the Desert," he prided in this. This comes from the difference in classes in the European countries where lords and ladies are created by kings and monarchs and by heredity. "There is no such custom here. The title is an empty one. Every man here may be a lord according to the American idea, if he wishes. An honorable, well spent life makes a man a lord, a sovereign, a king here better than the highest sounding names of the old world. It is not the title, it is the man."

"With all of the high-sounding name of 'Lord of the Desert,' he was not nearly so great as his humble successor, the honest trapper, who has made himself a lord in death by laboring and battling for the right. The assumed lord died a death of agony from a remorseful conscience. The real lord—the true American lord—came to his inheritance honestly and through merit. Let us hope that the dead lord has made peace with

his maker and that the American lord will never disgrace the honorable title which he has won."

With a song by those present and a prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the "Lord of the Desert" was closed.

General Crook was now ready to take his departure. His friends had assembled about him in the Stone House to render him thanks for his services.

"I will send that money to you by an escort upon my arrival at the fort, friend Hammersley-Lyle," said the general.

"No, send it to some safe bank in the east and deposit it to Miss Lyle's credit, so that she may draw upon it for the use of herself and her father," replied the trapper.

"Not one cent," spoke the father and daughter together.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha, "and I will support father. Mr. Hammersley is the rightful owner of the money and the property and I would not consent to accept one cent of it."

"You shall have the money and property, too," replied the trapper. "I will return to my traps. Your father may manage the ranch and you may travel, or do as you like."

"What a pity you are cousins," said General Crook. "You should be lovers—you should be husband and wife."

"It makes no difference in Scotland," said the cripple.

"But it is against the law here," replied the general.

"He has never asked me, anyway," said Bertha embarrassed.

"I didn't think it was any use," replied the trapper with a husky voice. General Crook at once detected the real sentiment of the two for each other.

"It's a bad law," he said, "but it is best."

"I think I can relieve all of this embarrassment," said Al Beach, coming forward. "Read the will more carefully."

The will was handed to General Crook, who read:

"In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath to my adopted son, William Lyle all—." Adopted son? repeated General Crook. So this William Lyle was not the real son of the testator.

"That is true," said Leonidas Liggett, the former cook of the Lord of the Desert, who had stood by in silence. "I have long known the whole story. I learned it from William Lyle's wife in Boston, after his death. I have kept silent all of these years because I did not think an adopted son ought to inherit over the real one."

A further examination of the papers which Al Beach had secured discovered a written acknowledgment of William Lyle that he was an adopted son and that this had been kept a secret from the other children who were all born after his adoption.

"I see nothing in the way now," said General Crook, glancing at Bertha and Hammersley.

"Bertha is it any use to ask?" inquired the trapper.

"There is nothing lost by trying!" replied the girl as she took him by the hand.

"Glad you remained, chaplain," said General Crook. "You have buried one lord and now you may bind another for life before we go."

Within ten days old Egan came in with his fragment of warriors and the squaws and children of his tribe and surrendered to General Crook.

Fort Warner was abandoned and the great Indian fighter was sent to other fields. Dan Follett was never heard of again.

Bertha Lyle preferred to change her name and she and the trapper agreed that Hammersley was good enough. They lived at the Stone House and gave the cripple a home the remainder of his days.

They remained in their employ all of the former employees at the Stone House who desired to remain, and the names of the Hammersleys, the Beaches, the Byrds, the Liggetts, the Metzgers and the Liggetts are still familiar and honored ones in the great inland Empire belt of Oregon.

THE END.

("The Lord of the Desert" may be had in book form for 25 cents from the publisher of this paper, or by addressing the Metropolitan Printing Co., 162 Second street, Portland, Oregon.)

ELIZABETH, MOTHER OF KINGS.

Princess of Bohemia Known as the Queen of Hearts.

On Aug. 10, in 1598, was born a little princess, Elizabeth, whom Fate destined to be the foundress of our reigning dynasty, as her younger brother, the ill-starred Charles I., was to be the ancestor of the elder branch of Stuart, writes the London Daily News.

From either the brother or the sister every living member of every reigning family is descended. It is a little remarkable that James I., the only child of an only child of an only child, is the ancestor of every princely power in Europe, as well as of many others.

Elizabeth, who was named after on queen of "spacious times," was deeply attached to Henry, the eldest son of James I., who died in his father's lifetime. She married in 1613 the Palgrave of the Rhine, who afterward became the winter king of Bohemia, and, after much suffering, died in 1632, just as Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had been a claimant for Elizabeth's hand, was triumphing. The widowed queen lived on poor allowances from England, Holland or the Rhine states until she returned to England after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II. She then resided in Lord Craven's house in Drury lane, where she died in 1662.

We cannot now measure what the charms and wit were which gained for her the name of "Queen of Hearts" and the admiration of all who knew her. She was not clever. She was not on the best of terms with all of her numerous children, many of whom became Roman Catholics. It was owing to this fact that it was her youngest but one, Sophie of Hanover, who gave us our present reigning family, for the Due d'Orleans, now living, is the senior of our king even as descendant of Elizabeth. Her favorite child was Prince Rupert of the Rhine, the royalist cavalry leader, whose name is renewed to-day in the second heir to the throne of Bavaria, to whose house he belonged.

We are always a little suspicious of the man who wears silk mittens on his

GENERAL FREMONT'S WIDOW.

NOTED WOMAN OF HER TIME.



Mrs. Fremont, who died at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, at the age of 70, shared her husband's fame during his lifetime. She was a belle at Washington at 14, and was only 16 when she eloped with Lieutenant Fremont. "The Pathfinder" probably would never have made his most famous exploration trip—that to the Pacific coast—had not his wife, instead of sending him the recall issued from Washington through the efforts of men jealous of him, warned him to start at once and get out of reach of orders. On that expedition he reached the Pacific coast and opened the great territory intervening between it and the Mississippi Valley. Mrs. Fremont set out to join him by way of Panama in 1848. The trip was a great hardship, but she did not complain. Following her arrival, she aided her husband materially in bringing California into the Union as a free State.

Returning to Washington when her husband was made the first Senator from the new State, she renewed old friendships and made many acquaintances, who became strong friends in after life. When General Fremont had been defeated for the Presidency Mrs. Fremont accompanied him to Europe, where they were received at many of the European courts and great honor paid them.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Fremont made her home in Los Angeles, where she was presented a home by the women of California. While she always was busy she found time to write of some of her experiences. Mrs. Fremont was engaged on her biography when she died. She had enjoyed excellent health until last summer, when she fell and broke a hip. Her health then steadily began to decline.

Mrs. Fremont was a remarkable woman, to whom the territory west of the Mississippi River owes more than to any other person perhaps in the country. By withholding the dispatch ordering her husband to abandon his expedition to the Pacific coast she made the opening of that great section possible.

Literary Men in Prison.

Vanishing Newgate, besides its chronicles of crime, has other interest for newspaper readers, and, above all, for newspaper proprietors and writers. Among "the early martyrs to freedom" to quote the language of one who has written its chronicles, was Daniel Defoe, who, however, learned by the easy way in which the irony of his "Short Way With Dissenters"—hanging for preachers and banishment for congregations—deceived both high church and dissenters, the way to

The World Must Not Know.

The great Duke of Wellington, whose watchword was duty to his sovereign and the English nation, was a soldier first, last, and all the time. Such, too, he wished to appear. His jealous care of his reputation as a fighting man is amusingly disclosed in Frederick Goodall's recent book of "Reminiscences," in an anecdote of the duke's later years when, as warden of the Cinque Ports, he lived at Walmer Castle.

His grace commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Chelsea Pensioners," and agreed to pay him twelve hundred guineas. The picture finished, in due course the artist waited upon the soldier, who, to his surprise, began with great deliberation to count out the twelve hundred guineas in notes and gold.

"Your grace, it would save you much trouble if you would write me a check," said Wilkie.

The duke looked up. "What?" said he. "Let Coutts' clerk—and thus the rest of the world—know what a fool I've been to spend twelve hundred guineas on a picture?"

He shook his head and resumed his counting.

She Was Sure of Applause.

That the theatrical clique is not confined to playhouses was demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt to the teacher who was drilling the pupils for the exercises in one of the public schools.

The unresponsive bit of femininity over whom the amateur "coach" worked rejoiced in the name of Sarah.

When Sarah began to talk all her vocal organs took joyful holiday and retired in favor of her nose. In vain the teacher begged and implored. Sarah still clung to her monotone. Then the teacher threatened.

"Sarah," she said, "if you don't try to do better you will fail utterly and then how will you feel?"

"Oh, they'll applaud me, Miss Brown," returned Sarah, easily, as another is going to give my little brother Andy 10 cents, and if he don't begin clapping the minute I sit down he's going to be strapped within an inch of his life."

The Very Man.

Juggles—Military experts are rather disappointed in regard to the destructiveness of modern engines of war. "Wagles—Why don't they hire the inventor of the toy pistol to get up something on a large scale?"—New York Times.

After a woman has had her thirty-fifth birthday she worries more over getting a bank account than she does about meeting her "fate."

DENMARK'S GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Historic Sanctuary with the Remains of Rulers Is at Roskilde.

The great cathedral of Denmark is situated about eighteen miles west of Copenhagen in the little town of Roskilde, where in former days was a royal residence. Roskilde is on the main railway line running across Zealand to Korsør, the little port on the Great Belt, from whence the boats sail for Kiel and Nyborg. It is a very quiet little town of 6,000 inhabitants, the picturesque houses looking very humble beneath the towering mass of the cathedral standing on the edge of the hill which drops precipitously down to the fjord at its foot. It seems strange to see so grand a pile built entirely of red brick, but the cathedral of Roskilde is of this material within and without.

The original building, erected by King Harald Blaatand in the tenth century, was of wood. This was followed in the next century by a building consisting of a nave and two aisles, constructed of limestone. The present building is believed to have been commenced in 1210, when Peter Suneson was bishop of Roskilde.

All the Danish royal family are laid to rest in Roskilde; the word "buried" is scarcely applicable, for the royal remains merely stand in great coffins in the various chapels on the north and south sides of the cathedral.

One of the chapels is dedicated to Christian IV., one of Denmark's most famous kings, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. The chapel was built partly after the king's own design between 1615 and 1630, but the mural paintings were added later by Christian VIII. In the naval battle of Femarn the king lost an eye, and fell fainting from loss of blood.

Christian IV.'s coffin is of oak, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with silver plates on the sides, and a crucifix and the king's sword on the top. The coffin nearest his is that of Queen Anna Catherine, the first consort of Christian IV., and another belongs to the Prince Christian, who was elected successor, but died before his father.

During Queen Alexandra's recent visit to Denmark most of the members of the royal party at Bernstorff visited Roskilde Cathedral on the anniversary day of the death of the late Queen of Denmark. The coffin is covered with wreaths, and the one sent by Queen Victoria a few years ago, though withered, is still kept with the others which cover the coffin.

QUEER STORIES.

The German emperor stands twenty-fourth in the list of succession to the British crown.

In an ironclad of ten thousand tons the hull weighs 3,400 tons and the machinery 1,400 tons.

Thibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined, but has only six million people.

Divers' boots weigh twenty pounds apiece. The helmet weighs forty pounds, and the diver carries also eighty pounds of lead to enable him to keep his balance at the bottom of the sea.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaving this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes and some of them have quite a lustre.

The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash tub is not more than six inches high.

The ancients did not have lightning rods constructed as ours are, but they had lightning conductors, which shows that they knew how to protect themselves from the danger that lies in a thunderstorm. Even so long ago as the tenth century lightning was diverted from fields by planting in them long sticks or poles, on top of which were lance heads. It is said that the Celtic soldiers used to try to make themselves safe from the stroke during a storm by lying on the ground with their naked swords planted point upward beside them.

HE PAINTED "LOVE AND LIFE."

George Frederick Watts, Creator of the Much-Discussed Picture.

The picture, Love and Life, which President Roosevelt intends to keep on the walls of the White House in spite of the protests of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is a characteristic work of George Frederick Watts, the noted English painter. It represents two human figures—a young and timid girl who is struggling along the rocky uphill path of life, while love personified by a man angel tenderly bends over her hesitating figure as she places her hand in his for guidance up the rocky path. Without the protection of love she dare not venture. The picture was presented to the United States by Mr. Watts at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago. President Cleveland subsequently hung it in the White House, but took it down and sent it to the Corcoran Art Gallery, when the W. C. T. U. protested against it. President Roosevelt thinks the White House its proper place.

Watts is 82 years old. He first achieved success as a portrait and historical painter. Later he turned to representations of the great things of life which are the common things of love, death and judgment. His pictures appeal to the masses. Some of his paintings are in the House of Parliament, others in the Tate gallery in London, and four of his best in St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, the poorest district in London. He is a tireless worker, arising at 4 o'clock in the morning and working until late.

Real old-fashioned people never look at the picture of a girl taken prone without wondering if she had it taken that way because she is cross-eyed.