

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL DE LANEY

CHAPTER VI.
At the Foot of the Rimrocks.

It is the second night of Bertha's captivity, barring the night of her capture. After securing her on the horse at the time of that fearful event, the Indians kept moving at a rapid rate until about 10 o'clock the following morning, when they stopped and butchered a mule for dinner. To them the mule meat was a dainty dish of which they partook with a lavish appetite, but to the girl from Edinburg mule meat was not tempting, when in fact she had no appetite at all. The gluttonous feast of these savages added to the disgust and horror that surrounded the captive. The whole had seemed like fiction, a horrible nightmare to her.

The first night out had been spent in a small basin, surrounded by rimrocks with narrow outlets and these had been carefully guarded by the dusky sentinels. No fires were kindled during the night and a stillness and quietude pervaded the camp, with this, with the demeanor of the Indians, showed that they were not only uneasy but strictly on their guard.

A vigilant watch had been kept over Bertha the whole night long, though she had been made as comfortable as Indians' ingenuity could provide.

Early the following morning another mule was butchered, a hasty breakfast prepared, and the band moved on to the south.

The course during the day lay over a rough country. It was taken as if the Indians had intended to obscure their trail. To the right and left stood the towering rimrocks and their trail led through the lava beds.

Some of the men who had accompanied this section of country can comprehend what is meant in speaking of the lava beds. Huge boulders and smaller ones of every description, round rocks, flat rocks, standing upon edge, square rocks and diamond-shaped rocks, sinks and crevices, all so rough and ragged and uneven that it was difficult for the party to keep together without some of the members becoming lost from one another.

Up and down the steep declivities, around the high ridges of boulders and over the beds of shattered rock made the travel difficult and monotonous, but no one was left behind.

To track the red men to this vast section of the lava beds was to lose them. Here, only courses are followed, and not trails, for it is properly called, "the trailless section of the desert."

On this morning Bertha had been relieved from the cramped position on the animal which had conveyed her, by being freed from the ropes which bound her, but she had been more closely guarded. With her food for two days and nights and the hardships of a day on the desert, and a day in the lava beds, it would have told on most women, but with the slightest indication of fatigue Bertha looked as firm and defiant as ever.

She was a Lyle!
In the middle of the afternoon a halt had been made and a consultation held by the Indians. The main body with most of the animals proceeded to the southeast, while Chief Egan, with a few of the animals in charge of a dozen of his chosen warriors, took a westerly course and the wily chief took with him his fair captive.

The main hand proceeded on its way to a designated meeting point, while the chief made this detour to consummate the last object of his trip.

The chief and his small band were more guarded than ever. Realizing that his mission was a desperate one, to avoid falling into traps, he traveled through a more obscure country than ever, and was still more cautious about not leaving any trail behind.

That night he camped in the foot of a high wall of the shadow of the projecting rimrocks. No eye could see him in the immediate vicinity of the boulders that lay about him, and the smoke from his camp was allowed to drift against the Indians' standpoint, a warrior close at hand, in attending to the animals, flushed a sage hen. Bertha, although unacquainted with this bird, knew that it must be palatable. She pointed to the bird in her flight with a stare to old Egan, telling her she had one of these she would prepare herself and eat of it. No sooner than she had made her wishes known, the chief went to the quiver of his hunting arrows, drew forth the choicest ones, and in a few moments was speeding among the rocks in search of the sage hen. In a short time he returned and gallantly dropped the tender bird at her feet, and with an expression of pride pointed to a scar in his neck through which his arrow had passed.

rest of the world saw for it was in the winter time that the wild animals of the desert widened their range in search of food, owing to its scarcity at this season, and many of all kinds were tempted to partake of the fresh morsels of antelope, deer, rabbit and sage hen, so attractively prepared and placed in their trail and many of these same animals found these nice "baits" surrounded by a jagged rim circle that closed with merciless clasp about their legs or noses and held them as prisoners. The traps of the Trapper of the Rimrocks always held their prey.

The Trapper of the Desert was a young man of eight and twenty years. For ten years he had been known upon the desert. While he was a man of peace, yet his keen grey eyes and firm chin told those who saw him that he would face the most dangerous human race in any kind of an encounter as readily as he would battle alone with the fiercest animals of the desert, if the necessity arose. His hair was also light and his complexion a gleam of friendliness upon his face. But the cloud that drove this gleam of sunshine away when he became angered was an immediate warning not to approach him.

He was known simply by the name of William Hammersley, but his ancestry and place of birth were as mysterious as the man himself. When first known to the desert he was engaged in trapping, and as he had no competitors, he had no enemies. His abode, a crude affair, partly a cave and partly a house in the rimrocks, was always welcome to the weary traveler or stockman who had need to pass his way, but this did not happen often, as few people traveled that way. He was a friendly host and looked to the comfort of his guest, but he had little to say and asked but few questions. A guest who had been placed knew no more of him than when he came, and there was always a feeling on the part of the visitor that an extended conversation was desired. And the wishes of William Hammersley were usually respected.

But the reader shall know more about this trapper of the desert and his abode than the visitors of those days knew. He was not alone, and the corner of the desert he occupied was not all that was possessed and occupied by this man. The small corral made rock in front of the premises and the few traps and skins that hung about the rooms opened to visitors were only small and insignificant in interest compared with what was concealed in the background.

A subterranean passage led to a larger cave beyond that occupied as the open house of the trapper. A crevasse in the light from the side and the finest pelts supplied a bed with warm covering and a soft place to lie while others lay upon the floor as rugs and hung from the walls to keep out the cold of winter. A perfectly constructed fireplace, connected with the crevasse in the rocks which was utilized as a chimney, supplied the room with warmth in cold weather.

Upon the bed lay an invalid. Once a gigantic form with powerful physique and muscle, he was now emaciated to almost a skeleton. His limbs had been frozen and his hands and feet were mere crabs, though he still retained his intelligence and was a great comfort to the trapper. He brought him the tenderest and best prepared morsels from the table and fed him with his own hands, and attended him as carefully as a mother tends her own child.

"If sometimes fear that I worry you, and that my monotonous life may affect yours," said the invalid one day to the trapper, "in carrying out my desire to strike for vengeance and wait until I can strike the most killing blow, I fear that I impose upon your good nature, my preserver, and tax your patience."

"Oh, no, no!" replied the trapper, as he stroked the pale forehead of the invalid tenderly, "without your life would be truly monotonous to me, besides, your counsel and company are worth all the trouble, if your condition could be construed to cause me trouble, and outside of all this, your cause has become my cause from an interest in humanity and justice. You have been grossly outraged, and I look as anxiously to the day of reckoning as yourself."

On the second night after the attack of the Indians on the pack train and the capture of Bertha Lyle, the trapper brought in a large supply of prepared provisions and placed them on a table beside the invalid's bed. The latter knew what this meant.

"So you are off for a trip, my friend," said the invalid. "How long will it be before you return?" he continued. He was interested, for the difficulty of hobnobbing and waiting upon himself with his stubble hands and feet in the trapper's absence was great, and the lack of his companionship was greater.

"I will only be gone for a few days," replied the trapper. "I am going to visit the traps near the picture rocks as I am trying to catch a mountain lion that frequents the place, and have some hopes of getting a grizzly."

And it happened that at this time Chief Egan and his warriors with their captive were making for the same vicinity.

(To be continued.)

Children's Corner

To Balance a Plate.

We have seen in the circus how plates, dishes, etc., are turned around on the sharp end of a stick. Such things are generally made of wood or metal, and they lose their balance as soon as the turning movement gets so slow that they cannot overcome the force of their gravity.

We will now learn how to balance a plate on the point of a needle without the help of rotation.

Split two corks lengthwise and stick a fork in the end of each of the four parts, so that they form not less than

When Godfrey Grows, I wonder when it is I grow! It's in the night, I guess. My clothes go on so very hard. Back morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough. It's 'cause I am so slow. But then she never stops to think. That children grow and grow.

I wonder when I can't find out. Why, I watch Tommy Pitt. In school for hours and I can't see Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same. There's so much else to do. In school and play, so I must grow. At night, I think—don't you?—Youth's Companion.

It Takes Quite a Party. "Mamma," said little June, "I always thought when I was little—lots littler than I am now—that folks got married, but I've found out that they have a big party and get married, and when I get big I am going to have a big party and get married, too!"

How Awkward of Them. A small girl of three suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table one day. "Why, Ethel, what is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Oh, cried Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."—Little Chronicle.

THE PAJAMA HABIT.

Also a New Idea on the Pronunciation of a Word. "If the Spanish war didn't do anything else for the country," says a man who sells articles of wearing apparel for men, "it started a boom in pajamas. Pajamas have been in fashion for many years, but not one man in twenty wore them up to four years ago. I haven't any statistics on the subject of the pajama crop for the year of the Spanish war, but judging from the way the women's sewing societies in all the country towns went to work to make them, our army must have been supplied with at least four suits for each man in it, horse, foot and dragoon. At once we began to feel the effect of it in our business. Every man wanted to wear pajamas. We get orders now from rural districts where the pajamas was not even a name four years ago. We pronounce the word in the accent on the second syllable, but the Englishman who came in here yesterday taught me better.

"I want to see some pajamas," he said, bearing down hard on the 'paj.' At first I couldn't think what he meant. Then I said, with my penultimate accent: "Oh, yes, we have a fine line of pajamas."

"The Englishman looked at me, glass over one eye and disapproval in the other.

"Young man," said he, speaking through the unglazed eye, "I said pajamas, and I know well I am talking about it. I wore them in India before you were born, and I never heard them called anything but pajamas till I came to this beastly country. You'll show me pajamas, or you'll show me nothing at all."

"So I showed him pajamas, and now I'm willing for somebody to come in and ask for pajamas, so I can spring my new British pronunciation."—Washington Post.

Be Meanst Hain, Not Bassy. Just say "It's a great blessing" to Governor Wells when you meet him and see him smile.

It happened this way: The Governor was feeling particularly happy and sociable, when Surveyor-General Anderson came along last Saturday and started the conversation.

"Well," remarked the surveyor-general, "it's come at last!" "Yes," responded the Governor with his most expansive smile, "it's come." "It's a great blessing, isn't it?" continued Mr. Anderson, with the air of a man who knows whereof he speaks.

"Is it?" said the Governor with some perplexity; "well, I should say it is." "And it's a fine thing for the farmers, too," asserted the land man.

Then a great light dawned upon the Governor. Anderson was talking about the rainstorm; the Governor had only one subject on his mind that day. The stork had arrived with a baby boy.

You really ought to see the Governor's smile when he hears, "And it's a great blessing."—Salt Lake Herald.

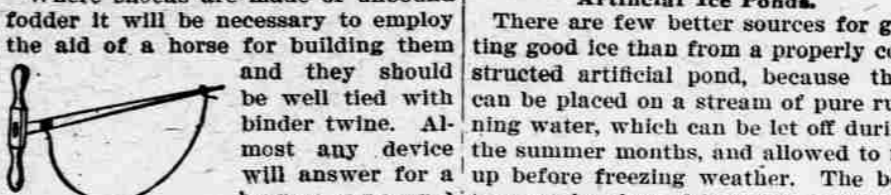
Immune. Towne—it's a shame the way these big corporations put the screws on the people.

Brown—Never mind—they'll have a hot time in the next world.

Towne—if I could believe that there'd be some consolation in that thought, but corporations, you know, have no souls.—Philadelphia Press.

AGRICULTURAL

Handling Corn Fodder. Where shocks are made of unbound fodder it will be necessary to employ the aid of a horse for building them and they should be well tied with binder twine. A most any device will answer for a horse around which to shove the corn. Herewith is shown a device sent by a contributor for tying shocks that is very necessary. After the shock is made as large as desired, the shaft of this device is thrust through the shock a little above the half way distance from the bottom to the top, the end of the rope is brought around the shock and the end



Artificial Ice Ponds. There are few better sources for getting good ice than from a properly constructed artificial pond, because they can be placed on a stream of pure running water, which can be let off during the summer months, and allowed to fill up before freezing weather. The bottom can be cleaned before the water is let in, and if there is no impurity above, the ice will be much purer than the ordinary pond. A pond containing one hundred square rods should cut about twenty thousand square feet, or five hundred tons, when the ice will average nine inches thick, and this would be enough for several families or dairies. For a single family with small dairy, even six square rods would fill an icehouse ten feet square, twelve feet deep, or about thirty tons, more than many use for a dairy. If the ice was thicker or was cut more than once in a year, the amount would be largely increased. Both these might happen in ordinary winters in this climate. The ideal pond should be about 3 1/2 feet deep, and with a gravelly or sandy bottom. Water in the shallow pond freezes more quickly than in a larger pond or a running stream, and where it is filled quickly the ice is clearer. A grass bottom is allowable, if it be cleaned by mowing and raking before the water is let in. The shallow depth prevents danger from drowning unless one goes in head foremost. For the smaller houses one needs no expensive outfit of ice tools. A straight-edged board to mark off the squares, a cross-cut saw, and an ice chisel, a few pikes, a runway, with blocks and ropes to draw the ice up the runs, are all that are absolutely necessary. Two men to cut, two to run it into the house and one to pack it inside will make a good gang for a small pond.—New England Farmer.

Cheese Press. Here is a sketch of a cheese press that we have found to be very useful; it can be made at a trifling cost. The uprights are 2x4 inch scantling, 4 or 5 feet long, with pieces of the same fastened to the bottom for bases; 30 inches from the floor stout cables are nailed firmly to the uprights, upon which rests a 2-inch plank, which serves as a table; upon this plank is a cheese hoop with a cheese inside to be pressed; above this is a stout strip (2x4) with ends resting in mortises cut in the uprights; this strip should be 5 or 6 feet in length; under it, in the center, is a block which rests upon a round follower the exact size of the cheese to be pressed. The power is furnished by the eccentric, or arms, which are merely levers with unequal circular ends; these work on a bolt which pierces the circle near the top; the ends of the arms fasten strings, which are tied to the side of the table to maintain the pressure. When the cheese is placed in the hoop, the follower and block adjusted, by pulling down on the eccentrics a pressure of any required degree is applied upon the cheese. Both the board and strip being elastic, the pressure is maintained as long as required.—Jacob Harper, in the Epitomist.

Winter Spraying of Fruit Trees. The spraying of fruit trees during the winter should not be neglected. Before the leaves start the trunk and every branch of the tree should be well sprayed with a solution of one pound of copper sulphate in twenty-five gallons of water to check scab, codling moth, bird moth, tent caterpillar, canker worm, plum curculio and San Jose scale on apple trees, to be followed up after the blossoms fall by the regular Bordeaux mixture of four pounds each of sulphate of copper and lime to fifty gallons of water. Some prefer to use six pounds sulphate of copper instead of four pounds, but we are not sure that this is any better than the other, while for peach trees that have put out their leaves the use of three pounds of sulphate of lime is thought strong enough for fifty gallons of water. But we are now speaking of a winter spray before the leaves come out. The mixture of fifty pounds each of lime, salt and flowers of sulphur is used on the Pacific coast for the San Jose scale, but in our Eastern climate it does not seem to be as effective, as the frequent rains wash it off. A mixture of pure lime made as a thin whitewash and used on peach trees two or three times in the winter has been recommended as a spray that will keep the leaves and buds from starting early enough to be killed by the spring frosts.—American Cultivator.

Feeding Figs. An experiment made by the editor of Hoard's Dairyman showed that pigs weighing one hundred pounds each, fed for eight weeks on skim milk alone, and sold at the same price paid for them, had gained enough to make the value of skim milk 22 1/2 cents a hundred pounds. Another lot fed on skim milk and cornmeal for the same length of time made ten pounds of pork, and one hundred pounds of skim milk and cornmeal mixed and fed together made eighteen pounds of pork. Combining them increased their value twenty per cent.

The Co-operative Laundry. The co-operative laundry should be just as practical as the co-operative creamery. There is no labor that is so dreaded by those who have the household duties to perform as is the work of the laundry, and it is asserted that if it were left for this one item of labor the

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