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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1902.

VOL. III. NO. 35.

LORD OF THE DESERT

CHAPTER XV.
Indian Telegraphy—A Captive.

When the sun was a little less than two hours high the smoke began to curl from the rimrocks at the point where the raiders' outlook had stood at noon. The Warm Springs warriors, headed by their chief and Dan Follett, had made a detour to the southwest of the main trail and hoped to avoid the band of warriors from the southwest by hiding among the sand dunes until they had passed. But when they discovered the smoke rising from the rimrocks they feared that they were discovered and that the Snakes were already signaling their whereabouts to the two approaching bands. The war party from the southeast, which had been joined by Old Egan himself early in the forenoon whose horse had escaped last night, upon reaching the noon camp of the Warm Springs party had sent a scout to search the plains for the escaping raiders. He had no sooner reached the summit of the rimrocks than the cloud of dust among the sand dunes showed him that the raiders and their horses were there; and the cloud of dust farther on to the southwest gave him the further knowledge that the other band of Egan's warriors had seen the early morning signal fires and were coming to aid in recapturing the stolen horses. The lookout gathered several arms full of sage brush from among the rocks and started a fire, the Indian's means of telegraphy, and soon signaled the two Plute bands of the whole situation.

With a shout of exultation Egan's braves hurried toward the common center.

The only hope before the raiders was to evade the Snakes until nightfall and then make their escape in the darkness.

It was their intention, in case they encountered the Plutes, to have 40 of the warriors under their chief and Dan Follett engage the enemy while the rest of the band would attempt to escape with the horses. But in case of defeat the raiders were each to select an extra horse, abandon the others and make their way out of the country as best they could. If night should come upon them before the arrival of the Plutes, then they had great hopes of escaping. But they were doomed to disappointment. Shortly before sundown a band of Plutes from the southwest was upon them. The raiders took shelter behind the sand dunes and with this advantage, held their enemy at bay for some time. The men with the horses proceeded at a rapid pace, while the fight continued in their rear and as the Plutes pressed the raiders they backed from sand dune to sand dune, disputing every inch of the ground. While it was a warm and determined fight, the raiders but little fatality as the men of each side sheltered themselves behind the sand dunes. But this scene was changed about the time of sunset. The other band of Plutes arrived and attacked the raiders from the other side. This attacked from front and rear the Warm Springs warriors were compelled to retreat and as they did so a great yell arose from the Plutes who gave them a warm chase. When the raiders overtook the party in charge of the stolen horses they hurriedly took possession of an extra horse each and abandoned the others, hoping to escape in the darkness.

But the Plutes were not satisfied with finding a portion of their horses. Flushed with victory a majority rushed on while a few stopped to corral the horses that had been abandoned. Dan Follett was no less daring than he was a villain. Seeing in the dusk of night a small detachment of the Plutes, he turned and drew his revolver and faced them, considering that every moment's time should be gained at this point that was possible. He was a splendid marksman and when the Indians had approached within range of his revolver he began firing, and in his madness rushed toward them, shouting and firing. He routed them for a moment, but in his zeal he made a fatal mistake. Flushed with his aim of time he had crowded them still farther when suddenly, he discovered that a detachment of well-mounted Plutes had encircled him and cut him off from the main band of his friends. He turned and attempted to ride through the Plute lines but discovered that his revolver was now empty and there was no time for reloading. They surrounded him instantly and took him a prisoner, and when the dashing marauding chief, for it was Old Egan himself who led the band, laid his hand upon Follett, he exclaimed:

"You make better Plute than Warm Springs Indian. Warm Springs Indian coward, run away and leave you Plute stay with you and now you stay with Plute." chuckled the old chief as he ordered his men to bind the captive securely and guard him closely.

The Plutes pursued the raiders for some distance and took several more horses and prisoners before they abandoned the trail.

It was late in the night before the camp was established, and the Plutes were tired and hungry, but there was one prisoner whose severity was looked after and his name was Dan Follett.

CHAPTER XVI.
A Big Hunt.

Bertha had spent several days with her father and provided for his every wish. Hammersley had rearranged things generally about the place, giving his home a better appearance. Julian Byrd, the cowboy, had also been busy and besides providing the old and other essentials a good supply of wood had also been stored away for the approaching winter. It was not known how long it would take Al-

Beach to ferrit out the whereabouts of William Lyle, or his descendants and it was decided to wait his return before action and, in the meantime, preserve silence as to the safety of Bertha and her father as well as to keep secret all of the matters agreed upon.

As the episode of Bertha's arrival and stirring events thereafter had prevented the trapper from looking after his traps for a longer period than usual, it was decided that he should now make the rounds that he had started upon in which he was accompanied by his father and administrator. She was admitted by the trapper to remain close and at no time show herself should anyone appear. He gave the place the usual appearance of his absence, after Bertha had taken her quarters in the secret chamber, and he and the cowboy left early in the morning to visit the traps, expecting to be gone several days.

The first day out was spent in taking coyotes from the traps near at hand. These cunning animals had occasionally been caught by the bait set for them, but yielded the least percentage of revenue, according to numbers, of the animals that fell victims to the trapper's strategem. The plains fairly swarmed with these animals, yet the number of marten and wild cat caught by the traps was almost as large. The trapper paid special attention to the latter class of animals, however, as their skins were much prized in the market and brought large prices.

When they had reached a point among the rimrocks and sand dunes, the trapper showed greater success in the finer fur catch as this was the abode of the marten and wild cat. After they reached the outskirts of



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the last natural meadow, and were at the edge of the great barren waste that extended to the rocky gorges surrounding Steep Mountain, they came upon the big traps. Here they found evidences of big game also.

While passing along a deep gorge the trapper's eyes brightened and he exclaimed: "Grizzly, sure as you live!" He then pointed to where he had left a huge trap and then to the trail left behind where the bear had dragged it, and the heavy weight attached to it, in the gorge. The trapper immediately looked to his rifle and followed the trail eagerly. It brought back the old times—the occupation which he had followed so long alone and the exciting events in a trapper's life.

"Let on the lookout!" cautioned the trapper to his companion, "he may show fight when we come upon him, and it will not do to get too close to him."

They followed the trail losing it occasionally among the rocks but as soon as soil and sage brush were found they found the evidences again. They had entered a sub-canyon and were passing through a point at which a late spring seep from the mountain side had moistened the ground and produced a high growth of sage brush along the banks of the channel of the gulch and the trapper again preserved unusual precaution.

Through the tall sage brush that overlapped the channel, the trapper carried his rifle ready for action, there was a swish, an unearthly cry, and a mountain lion sprang up in the sage brush to the left and tried to leap upon the two men. But Hammersley fired instantly and the charge entered the animal's heart. They approached the dead animal cautiously and found why it had reared up so straight in the air and had been unable to leap. One of Hammersley's great traps had cut its saw-tooth deep into the animal's left hind leg and held it fast.

the trip and they proceeded to skin the animal and prepare for the return. It was necessary to spend the night here, which they did, but before it was late they had the skin of the mountain lion also beside the grizzly's, and early the following morning started home, gathering up the hides of marten, wildcat and coyotes as they proceeded; and it is needless to say that when they arrived home they were loaded down. In fact, the horse which had been left hobbled on the way was pressed into service and was also loaded with all that could be conveniently packed upon him.

Bertha was greatly surprised and interested in the skins of the great wild animals, but she had news for them that she deemed of more importance to their future and the projects they had in view.

While they were absent some one had entered the front apartments of the place and had spent the night. Woman's curiosity led Bertha to break the admonition given her by the trapper. She had done so without exposing herself or the secret chamber, however, and this mitigated her crime. But the discovery that she made, she thought might be of importance to her friends.

Upon looking through an aperture into the front room she had seen a sight that dumfounded her. The face was first like a dream to her. It seemed darker and wore a more forlorn look than when she had last seen it. The man was bareheaded and he had no coat. His feet were a mass of wounds, freshly made, and she knew that he must have traveled many miles over the sharp rocks and through the sage brush, for his pants legs at the bottom were worn into shreds.

Again and again she watched him as he prepared and ate his meal. She knew that she had seen him before, but where? But when he prepared to leave in the morning she recognized him. He placed a pair of the trapper's old moccasins on his feet, after he had wrapped them well, placed a bundle of food in a bag and then took an old hat he found hanging on the wall, when he placed the hat on his head, the broad brim shaded the face and cut the profile down, making it recognizable. It was Dan, Follett!

(To be continued.)

AN ARTISTIC ROMANCE.

Discovery of Pagan Past-Relief in Convent Where Nuns Had Masked Ball.

A Paris convent would appear the most unlikely of places to shelter a masterpiece by Clodion, but a most important work by the 18th century sculptor, whose inspiration was so pronouncedly pagan, has been brought to light in a convent in the Latin quarter. Its history is rather curious. The building in which the Clodion has remained unappreciated and in which indeed its presence has been resented for over a century, was not originally intended to serve as a convent. It was constructed by Brougniart for Princess Louise of Conde and gallantly decorated by sundry of the first artists of the day. Clodion included, who executed a bas-relief of very considerable dimensions representing a number of fawns, nymphs and Cupids at play. It fell out that destiny was unkind to Mlle. de Conde. She lost her heart to M. de la Gervaisville, who was several years her junior, and of no birth to espouse a lady of her rank. They exchanged some very pretty love letters, which were published not long ago by M. Paul Viollet, but the opposition to their marriage being insurmountable, the princess renounced the world, took the vows, and became the Mother Superior of a community of Benedictine nuns who took up their quarters in the newly erected palace. The Clodion was entombed. The expression is literally accurate, for at a period which is not known with precision the master's work, condemned as a source of offense to pious eyes, was hidden from view by a plaster wall specially erected to mask it. Iconoclasm has often been drastic in its methods, so the nuns may be pardoned. Still, but for an accident the very existence of the Clodion might long have remained unsuspected.

During the bombardment of Paris by the Germans the convent was struck by a shell, which brought down the plaster wall and showed the bas-relief, happily without damaging it. The work has since been allowed to see the light of day, with the result that that most indefatigable of searchers, M. Leconte, the author of "Vieilles Maisons Vieux Papiers," got wind of its existence, and called the attention of the Society of Lovers of Old Paris to his find. All risk of the Clodion coming to harm is now at an end, but what will be its ultimate fate is uncertain, as though the City of Paris is anxious to acquire possession of it, the price demanded—\$40,000—is a difficulty. —Fall Mail Gazette.

The Mourning Veil.

The use of crepe for mourning veils is becoming less every day, and in summer the crinkly fabric is scarcely seen. Many physicians protest against women wearing crepe veils at any season of the year, and the nun's veiling, grenadine, and similar materials have to a large extent, replaced the crepe drapery that formerly was a distinctive badge of bereavement.

For widows or other women wearing crepe mourning it is the fancy of present day to wear a short veil of fine grenadine or gauze, falling in graceful folds at the back and draped on a bonnet frame of light weight, edged with a narrow band of crepe. A bow of crepe adorns the front of the bonnet.

How much should one talk in order to be interesting, and yet do no damage? It is a pity such things cannot be measured in pints and quarts, so that every one could know when he has had his share.

When a cross baby cries to go to its mother, its father is perfectly willing for once that it should have just what it wants.

CHRISTMAS



Christmas, Merry Christmas, is with us once again, With memories and greetings, With joy and with its pain, A minor in the carol.

A spray of cypress twining With the holly in the night, And the hush is never broken By the laughter light and low, And we listen in the starlight To the bells across the snow.

O, Christmas, Merry Christmas, 'Tis not so very long Since our voices blended With the carol and the song! Could we but hear them singing Of the crown on each dear brow, There were no sigh to soothe, No hidden tear to flow, As we listen in the starlight To the bells across the snow.

O, Christmas, Merry Christmas, This never more can be, We cannot bring again the days Of our unshadowed gleam, But Christmas, Happy Christmas, Sweet herald of good will, With holy songs and gladness still, Brings holy gladness still, For peace and hope may brighten, And patient love may glow, As we listen in the starlight To the bells across the snow.

—Frances R. Haverzai.

NELLIE'S PRESENTS.

BY PAUL INGELW.

NELLIE and Lucy Sherman were cousins, and attended the same boarding school. Their parents had been abroad for a year. As Christmas approached they received letters from their mothers, who told them they might arrange vacation week as they liked—they could go to Warrenville and stay with Uncle and Aunt Dallas, or they could go to Milton and put in the time with Uncle and Aunt Winston. Nellie was silent and thoughtful over the problem. Lucy was all excitement and impetuosity.

"That's easy," she proclaimed. "We'll go to Warrenville, of course." Nellie said nothing, and the voluble little miss rattled on.

"Shut up with proxy old Uncle Winston a whole week, and hum-drum Aunt Jane, and sick and ailing Eliza! Why, Nellie, Martin Dallas wrote me they had a new automobile, and were getting 'just swell!' Warrenville is so lively, and they have a big house, and servants. We'll go straight to our room and write them we're coming."

"I want to think a bit about it first," demurred Nellie.

"As if there was a choice! Oh, surely, Nellie, you are not thinking of spoiling a nice holiday by going to those old-fashioned, humdrum Winstons? Why, they live like hermits. And they're poor—they must be, to make me show and ask you'll get no presents—they aren't that kind."

"I'm not exactly thinking of presents," announced Nellie.

"What's Christmas for? What are you thinking of, this?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Lucy; mother has often told me how good Aunt Amanda was to her when she was sick once, and if we both chose Uncle Dallas, they might feel hurt. Besides, poor Eliza is a helpless invalid—so lonely, so little of gladness, or change in her life. I've quite made up my mind."

"You will go to Milton?"

"Yes, Lucy."

"You big bump!" cried her cousin, and bounced out of the room in high dudgeon.

Milton and Warrenville were only ten miles apart. Two days before Christmas Nellie and Lucy boarded the cars. The showy Dallas girl awaited Lucy, and Nellie, who had a slight pang as she glanced down the bright business street and thought of the fine Dallas mansion. She could not help but compare the dull little hamlet of Milton and the humble Winston homestead. She found but little change in the Winston. A rough box met her at the depot and blunt old Hiram Winston looked as homely as ever, but he tucked in real warmth about her with the immense buffalo robe. When she got to the home Aunt Amanda greeted her with her usual primness, and her invalid sister, Eliza, only looked paler and thinner than ever.

There was no mistaking it—the place was dreary, and the set ways of its inmates were chilling to youthful spirits. Nellie cried a little as she pictured Lucy in the gay gas-lit parlor of the sumptuous Dallas home. Then she bravely resolved to see if she could not brighten her surroundings, instead of inflicting additional moodiness. With earliest daylight she was down in the kitchen helping Aunt Amanda. She arranged a dainty table for poor, ailing Eliza. She made them all smile, telling humorous stories about school; she fed the chickens and bustled about, jolly, useful, happy, and had the satisfaction of hearing her aunt tell Eliza, "that child is a regular sunbeam."

She read to Eliza, she sang for them that evening, and, as her uncle expressed it, "made the old cottage organ just hum." In fact, it was a successful day, and the next one was just like it, and Nellie could see that every hour she was winning more and more love.

CHRISTMAS

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"And get up in time—ha! ha!" laughed Uncle Hiram, with puzzling heartiness. "Hope you have a good time—ho! ho! We'll keep time to some good old tunes to-morrow—ha! ha!"

He strangely emphasized "time," and Aunt Amanda frowned at him as if he were betraying some cherished secret.

A singular thing happened the next morning. Christmas morning it was, of course. Nellie was amazed when she woke up. The old clock down stairs was striking eight! And she had calculated on getting up at six! The house was very still. She glanced at the bedpost where she had hung her stocking. Something was in its toe. Bizarrely she investigated to bring forth the "pincushion." Aunt Amanda had so patiently made. Before she could inspect it she saw resting on the bureau a portrait, surrounded by Eliza's leather frame.

It was a picture of her mother when a girl. Often Aunt Amanda had showed it to her—treasured fondly by the sister. Nellie shed tears of tender gratefulness. Nothing could have pleased her more.

COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

We Should Enter It with Courage, Hope and Resolution.

The homely maxim about not crying over spilt milk contains one of the best suggestions as to the proper spirit with which we may enter the New Year. We cannot change the past, but we can bend all our energies toward making the future better than the past. The frame of repining and discouragement is fatal to good achievement, but the temper of courage, hope and resolution almost guarantees it. We are all of us tempted to a dismal mood when we reflect how different things would have been with us if we had not made this or that mistake, or met this or that misfortune. It seems as if only a narrow margin prevented our being to-day in much happier conditions. But there always is an illusion about such reasonings. The error we made was probably the outcome of a natural ten-

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A REWELL, Old Year, farewell to you! You've been for many a day A friend most true, And as we bid you adieu, We give our heartfelt thanks to you, And speed you on your way.

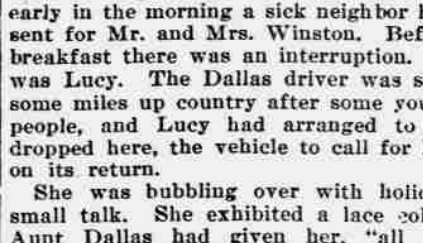
We've had full many a merry time Since first we met, Old Year, You've sung for us the Christmas rhyme, And rung for us the Christmas chime, And many a joy at Christmas time, You brought with hearty cheer.

You crowned the woodland banks with bloom Of roses red and sweet— You gave the violets their perfume, Ripened the cornfield's tasseled plume, And filled the mill-wheel's running dune, To grind the golden wheat.

You brought the yellow daffodil To blossom in the spring— Strewed cuckoo-flowers on every hill, And cat-tails by the rippling rill— And taught the lonely whiff-poor-will His vesper song to sing.

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TO SPEND CHRISTMAS AT GRANDMA'S.



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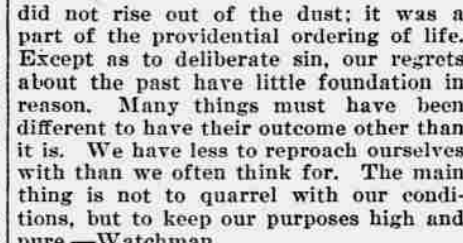
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"And get up in time—ha! ha!" laughed Uncle Hiram, with puzzling heartiness. "Hope you have a good time—ho! ho! We'll keep time to some good old tunes to-morrow—ha! ha!"

He strangely emphasized "time," and Aunt Amanda frowned at him as if he were betraying some cherished secret.

A singular thing happened the next morning. Christmas morning it was, of course. Nellie was amazed when she woke up. The old clock down stairs was striking eight! And she had calculated on getting up at six! The house was very still. She glanced at the bedpost where she had hung her stocking. Something was in its toe. Bizarrely she investigated to bring forth the "pincushion." Aunt Amanda had so patiently made. Before she could inspect it she saw resting on the bureau a portrait, surrounded by Eliza's leather frame.

It was a picture of her mother when a girl. Often Aunt Amanda had showed it to her—treasured fondly by the sister. Nellie shed tears of tender gratefulness. Nothing could have pleased her more.

COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

We Should Enter It with Courage, Hope and Resolution.

The homely maxim about not crying over spilt milk contains one of the best suggestions as to the proper spirit with which we may enter the New Year. We cannot change the past, but we can bend all our energies toward making the future better than the past. The frame of repining and discouragement is fatal to good achievement, but the temper of courage, hope and resolution almost guarantees it. We are all of us tempted to a dismal mood when we reflect how different things would have been with us if we had not made this or that mistake, or met this or that misfortune. It seems as if only a narrow margin prevented our being to-day in much happier conditions. But there always is an illusion about such reasonings. The error we made was probably the outcome of a natural ten-

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

A REWELL, Old Year, farewell to you! You've been for many a day A friend most true, And as we bid you adieu, We give our heartfelt thanks to you, And speed you on your way.

We've had full many a merry time Since first we met, Old Year, You've sung for us the Christmas rhyme, And rung for us the Christmas chime, And many a joy at Christmas time, You brought with hearty cheer.

You crowned the woodland banks with bloom Of roses red