

## LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL DE LANEY.

### CHAPTER XVII.

The Trapper's Story.

"Tell us, Mr. Hammersley, about yourself," said Bertha, the night of the trapper's return after supper was over and the evening was before them. "Father," she continued, "has told me very much about you, but he only knows your late life. We are under so many obligations to you that I—we feel interested in your early history, your childhood, your birthplace, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters—everything about you, Mr. Hammersley."

"You ask something that I know but little about, myself," replied the trapper. "I have been on these plains so long that the past all seems like a dream. In fact, it is so much like a dream that I sometimes get it confused with my dreams and scarcely know which is real and which a dream."

"I was born in New York City. At least, when I first recollect, we were living in Boston, and my mother told me that I was born in New York, and that we had lived in Chicago. My step-father was a big coarse fellow, a ship-carpenter, and as soon as I was large enough to be in the way he was very cruel to me. It seems that he and my mother were married when I was only two years old, and that my father had died when I was only one year old. I do not even know his name. It is unfortunate, too, but I was so young and knew not the importance of having my own name, so I took the name of my step-father, though I hear the given name of my father. This much I learned, but I do not remember how I learned it."

"Anyhow, my mother and I were still a mere child and then I was sent to a sort of orphanage or place for the poor, and as soon as I got old enough to leave the place I did so, and drifted into the streets—was a common street boy for several years—sold papers, shined shoes and did such things as that class of boys do until I was fifteen years old. In the meantime I had been reading cheap novels—I had picked up a smattering of education at the orphanage, and kept up reading. My soul was fired to go west and kill Indians, and be a hunter and trapper and do such other things that a frontier life might lead to."

"Well, one day I met Leonidas Liggett, an Englishman, who said he had known my mother and father and took a great interest in me on that account. He said that he was going to join an immigrant train to cross the plains and asked me if I did not want to come. It was the thing I most desired, and I had no preparations to make, as I had all that I possessed in the world on my back."

"We joined the immigrant train early in the spring and I worked my way by driving stock, helping about camp and doing whatever fell to my lot. We had many adventures, were attacked by the Indians, some of the immigrants took sick and died, and the teams gave out, provisions ran short, in fact, we had the usual mishaps of a trip across this long stretch of uninhabited country."

"When we reached the Boise City military post my friend Liggett met Martin Lyle and after a few minutes conversation he got employment with him and came on to the desert. They seemed to know each other, or something of each other, and after they met they were never separated before they left for the plains. Liggett came and bade me good bye and said he was sorry he could not get me employment, too, but I did not care to come to the desert then, did not want to work on a ranch, and remained with the immigrant train under the protection of the military post."

"An old trapper by the name of Mike Hope came into Boise one day with a fine load of furs. He was dressed in furs and was scarred and rugged, and told of his adventures on the desert. I followed him about the post every day to hear and learn of his adventures and when he had finally sold his furs at a good price and bought his supplies, among them being a number of large bear traps, I ventured to approach him and request that he take me to his place. He was up and after learning from some of the immigrants with whom I had crossed the plains that I was what he considered a true blue, he consented."

"We left all came to this very place, and while he had no great deal of the improvements here, I assisted him in making more. But he had found the secret chamber, and it was always guarded as such and kept prepared as a refuge in case we were ever attacked by the Indians, though he always treated them right and often made them presents. On account of this course we were never attacked by them, though we often met them when they were on the war path."

"The second summer after I came poor old Mike left me in charge of the place and traps and he made another trip to Boise. That is the last I ever saw of him. He got into a game of cards and then a fight and he was killed along with several others in the fight. When I finally became alarmed I made the trip to Boise and learned the facts of his death. I also learned that he did his part in the fight."

"Left in this manner there was but one thing for me to do. I had learned the trapping business and liked it. There was money in it, and I returned and took charge of the place as my own. In a short time after my return I found my father under the circumstances doubtless that he had already explained to you and since that time I have had no occasion to get lonesome or give up the plains, as I have made his cause my cause and long to see him revenged against the terrible deed of his brother and his companion, Dan Follett."

"But did you ever meet your friend Liggett, again," inquired Bertha.

"No, not to talk with him. I only saw him once, but I do not think he recognized me. I stopped at the Stone House once for water and saw him there. I do not think he would know me now," said the trapper.

"But you say he seemed to know my uncle?" replied Bertha.

"No, I did not mean that," said the trapper. "They appeared to know something in common, or to understand one another in some way. But that is also like a dream and I may have been mistaken."

"After a few moments of silence the trapper continued: 'So that is my whole story, so far as I know it, and there is nothing out of the ordinary about it. The novels I used to read led me to believe that there was romance about the desert, but it is all alike to me. The daily attention to the traps, the curing of furs, the passing band of Indians, all—except the unfortunate events connected with yourself and your father are common-place to me.'

Before the conversation was renewed there was a pounding on the outer door of the structure, for it was getting on toward midnight and the door had been closed."

The trapper rose and closing all evidence of a room behind him wended his way to the place of alarm."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

News From the Stone House.

Oscar Metzger, one of the surviving cowboys, and the one who had been trusted with returning to the Stone House on forming the compact, was found the door when the trapper responded that night. He had ridden the journey in great haste and considered that the circumstances demanded it."

All was tumult at the Stone House. Old Egan and his warriors had surrounded the place and would accept no terms of peace. It was only through an occasional gift by the Lord of the Desert to the old chief that he had kept on peaceful terms with him so long for the old chief had always considered the "White Grizzly," as he called him, a menace to the Indian's welfare and an enforcer upon his rights; besides this, the horses and cattle of the Lord of the Desert had always been considered a valuable prize and the late improved guns and revolvers about the place had more than once proven the better of the chief's arrows and now that he had been told of the trapper's return, he was determined to make a dash for it."

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tie and horses and make way with them before the arrival of his allies was his purpose, and then beseege the whites until his allies arrive, and then crush the enemy and divide the remaining spoils."

And he was not slow in action. Dan Follett reached the Stone House just after dark one night, and the following morning found Old Egan's warriors around the entire premises at a safe distance from the loop-holes of the outer walls, while a detachment of his men had driven away select bands of horses and cattle."

The first cowboy to go without the enclosure that morning received an unmistakable warning in the form of a feathered arrow which was battered against the wall near his head. Then he saw the war bonnets of the Plutes protruding above the rocks and boulders in every direction and rushed back into the enclosure, followed by a shower of arrows, and gave the alarm."

There were about 50 of the inmates all told and all owned revolvers, but there were not more than half that number of rifles. They were well prepared for defense against an ordinary Indian attack, but it was not thought safe to go into the open against the odds that appeared before them in ambush. They made a sally just before night, but in the open the Indians had an advantage from behind the rocks and fences and the cowboys returned with some loss in wounded."

It was then that the Lord of the Desert decided to send for relief. General Crook had recently arrived at old Fort Warner and, expecting that the Indians would guard the trail toward this point, Martin Lyle knew but one man that he could trust to reach the Fort, and that was William Hammersley. He called for a volunteer to carry a message to the trapper and Metzger, anxious to return to the trapper's abode was quick to volunteer and was more quickly selected to carry the message. He had slipped through the enemy's lines without mishap and made his way to the trapper's quarters bringing the trapper a request from the Lord of the Desert to go to the government fort for aid at once and promising him a liberal reward for his trouble."

(To be continued.)

### POLICEMAN'S LESSON.

One Tells How Reckless He Was With His Weapons at First.

"Experience is certainly a good teacher," observed a member of the Washington police force while discussing the order of Maj. Sylvester concerning the establishment of a school of instruction. "Some instruction to new appointees," he added, "is absolutely necessary, and with the proper start experience will do the rest."

"I remember my first tour of duty, which was many years ago, and I also remember that it not only came near being my last, but came near resulting disastrously for me. Having been sworn in and sent out to do police duty without being instructed as to my rights, I started out on the beat to which I was assigned armed with all the dangerous weapons usually carried by policemen."

"These weapons were not intended for mere playthings I thought and that I had a right to use them under any and all circumstances I did not doubt. Should I want to make an arrest for any violation of the law and was unable to take the offender I was satisfied that I had the right to stop him with a bullet."

"During the evening," the policeman continued, according to the Washington Star, "I came across a party of car shooters on the commons, and that I thought was an opportunity to distinguish myself. Being unable to overtake those who had participated in the game I proceeded to send bullets toward them, and only gave up my efforts when I had emptied my pistol. So far as I was concerned the affair was fun for me, but I nearly dropped dead when a friend informed me that I might have been given a penitentiary sentence had one of the bullets from my pistol taken effect."

"During the succeeding twenty years or more I did not find it necessary to discharge my revolver. Experience proved a good teacher for me, although proper instruction at the time of my appointment would have avoided the possibility of my being sent to prison."

### AN UP-COUNTRY SOLOMON.

He Rendered a Very Wise and Equitable Decision.

In a small town in one of the central counties of New York State lives an old German, who, because of the high esteem in which he is held in the community, was elected justice of the peace. The old gentleman was once called upon, says the New York Times, to decide a most perplexing question."

One of his fellow citizens owned a dog which, although not very vicious, had a bad habit of barking at passers-by. A neighbor vowed vengeance. His chance came when he was returning from a shooting trip, gun in hand. The dog ran out and barked savagely at him, and he fired at the animal. As his aim was bad, the dog escaped, yelping, with nothing more serious than a wounded tail."

The owner of the dog had his neighbor brought before the old justice on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the court-room was crowded with the parents of both men. The justice heard the charge, and then the defense that the dog was a dangerous animal and a menace to the neighborhood. The old German cleared his throat and delivered the dictum:

"Der man—has been guilty of cruelty to animals." And one side of the court-room applauded the justice of the decision.

"But der tog—was a vicious tog," And the other side voiced its approval. "I will fine der man five dollars." Another murmur in the court-room.

"But I will gif him anoder shot at der tog."

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

My grandma sits in a rocking chair, By the window, in the sun; She wears a soft little lace cap, And a big white apron over her lap. And there's always room for a little girl—there That's tired of frolic and fun.

My grandma has always a pocket full Of peppermint drops and cakes; And she knows such pretty songs that she sings, And stories about—oh, lots of things, And sometimes she lets me read the wool For the stockings and things she makes.

She told me a queer thing the other day, And she says it's really true—

My grandma had soft red cheeks one time, And hair that was just a black as mine; And she could run and tumble and play, And all the things I can do!

I wish I had known my grandma then; How very nice it would be If grandma were little and played with me, Dressing our dollies, and going to tea, And swinging, and watching the battle-ship, And climbing the cherry tree!

But when we were too tired out to play, And the sandman crept along, What should I do for my grandma's lap, And her songs to drowsy me into a nap?

I'm glad my grandma is old and gray, While I'm just little and young;—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

What Do They Think of Yours? "Wonder what kind of a mother that boy has."

"It is easy to guess." Two boys were playing marbles as two ladies came slowly along the walk. Just as they were passing one of the boys jumped up with an angry face.

"That isn't so, Jack Pierce, and you know it." "It is," cried Jack. "I beat you fairly. You're mad because you're beaten. You always get mad."

The angry boy struck his companion and ran away. Will and Harvey had been watching the game and heard the remarks of the ladies. Later in the day the two were talking with their mother, and told her of the little occurrence.

"They talked as if Bob had a poor sort of a mother," said Will. "That isn't so. Mrs. Spencer's a real nice woman, and ever so kind to us boys."

"And so good to Bob," chimed in Harvey. "It's a shame for folks to say such things."

"But it is a very natural thing to say," said mother. "Don't you know that most people judge of a mother by what their children are?"

"O mother," said Harvey, in grave concern. "Do you mean that people will think that of you if we are not good?"

"Certainly they will, my dear, if they think at all about it."

"I never thought of that," said their sister Elsie, coming up and laying her head on mother's shoulder.

"They shouldn't dare to think you're not the best mother in the world," said Will fiercely.

"It is for you, dears, to show what kind of a mother I am," she said, putting her arm around Elsie.

"Mrs. Spencer does try to make Jack good, I know," said Harvey. "She talks to him about his temper and his promises, and then when he gets angry he forgets and flies up again."

"So, by his not heeding her talk he leads people to misjudge her."

"We don't any of us get into passions, like Bob—" began Will.

"No, but what do people think when they see a boy in school so full of fun that he neglects his own lessons and leads others into trifling, to the great annoyance of his teacher?"

"Will gave a rueful little shake of the head."

"Or when a boy goes to school with rough hair and unblackened shoes, and keeps his desk in such disorder that his teacher writes a complaint about it?"

"That's me," said Harvey, meekly. "Or when a little girl—" "Don't say a word, mother," pleaded Elsie, hiding her face. "I know I've had bad lessons all the week, just because I've been sewing for my new doll and never went to study when you told me."

"Well, I'll tell you what." Will braced himself up, if any one, because of me, has been thinking poorly of my mother it's time I was facing about, and that's what I'm going to do."

"Me, too," declared Harvey. "And I," said Elsie.

"But don't my dears," said mother, "begin your improvement simply because of what people will think. Try to do right because it is right—to be good rather than to appear good. Then there will be no doubt of what will be thought of mother."—New York Observer.

### A Chicken Tale.

A lady living in Maryland writes to the Woman's Journal as follows: I want to tell the children a story of a little Plymouth Rock pullet that I have. She was hatched under the back porch, and has never been willing to live in the chicken-yard with the rest of the chickens, but stays around the house and is very tame.

One morning a few days ago my husband said: "How did an egg get on the staircase leading to the third story?"

Sue said: "I saw the little pullet in the front hall. I suspect she laid it." I thought that was rather improbable, but did not say so.

This morning I was out in the garden, and, happening to glance up, saw the little hen on the window sill of my bedroom in the second story! She came down as quietly as she went up. Before I leave my room in the morning I always turn the bed back to air it; and there, on the wire mattress, I found a freshly laid egg. Was it not the funniest nest you ever heard of?

### Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

### THOUGHT BLUSHES WERE PAINT.

Motherly Old Lady Was Severe on the Little Girl Artist.

It was an 8th street cross-town car and the girl boarded it weighed down with bundles. Unmistakably she was an artist, for she carried a paintbox and a stretcher and under her arm was tucked a camp stool.

It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to discover that she had been at work all day and from the tired, overheated look of her face one would think she had been working hard, too. People began to cast furtive glances at her and to speculate upon where she had been painting and one or two immaculate gentlemen craned their necks politely to see what was on the canvas.

But the girl saw only the continued staring and suddenly a sickening sense of fear came to her. What if she had got a dab of paint on her somewhere. Fancy what a sight she must be with a streak of green running zigzag down the length of her nose, or indigo blue disporting itself on her forehead. The thought alone made her flush rosy red.

A motherly looking old lady sat beside her. Ordinarily she was undoubtedly a pleasant-faced dame, but just when the girl caught her eye she glared furiously at that young offender. The girl felt her face growing redder and redder. Undoubtedly it was paint!

She could stand the suspense no longer, says the New York Times, and took out her handkerchief preparatory to rubbing off the offending blotch. Putting the corner resolutely to her mouth to moisten it, she leaned over to the old lady beside her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but is there any paint on my face?"

The old lady drew herself up in stately fury. "Yes," she said curtly. "Where?" came the tentative query.

"All over it, you little hussy," answered the enraged dame.

### A Question of Sex.

A bright little Washington girl, 4 years old, who is a descendant of Go-bright, the veteran journalist of a decade ago, shows a decided ability to think and decide for herself quite up to the standard of her brainy ancestors.

She was repeating her prayers at bedtime recently, the Lord's Prayer first, and, as is her habit, winding up with a petition for blessings on the various members of the family of both sexes. But this time, when she came to the conclusion, she hesitated a moment as a new idea struck her and then in a most devout tone added:

"Amen and a-women!"

"Why, daughter, you must not say that! What did you say 'a-women' for?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Well," replied the young philosopher, "didn't I pray for women as well as men?"—Lippincott's.

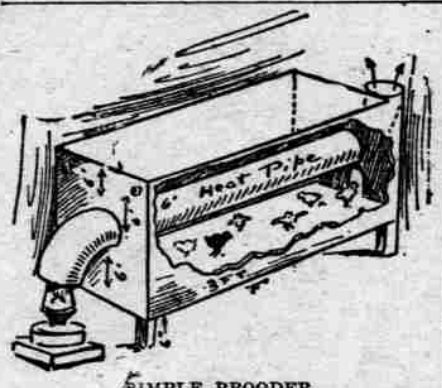
### Straw as Fuel.

Straw fuel is now being made in the great wheat-producing countries, where huge stacks of straw are annually destroyed by burning in order to get rid of them. The straw is not required there and is in the way. A machine has been invented to go from farm to farm and transform that straw into block fuel by mixing resinous substances with it and compressing it.



Simple Poultry Brooder.

E. A. McNear, of Melrose, Mass., sends plans of a brooder which is his own idea and which he claims will raise every chick put into it. It can be made any length, partitioned off, and the chicks can go in and out of the sides instead of the end. Take a box 3 feet long, 1 foot wide and 1 1/2 feet deep. Cut a round hole in each end six or eight inches in circumference, according to the size of the stove-pipe. I use eight-inch common tin pipe, the same as they use on a furnace to heat a house. The cover and bottom can be on hinges, so they can be let down or lifted up and cleaned in two minutes. The pipes should have two elbows. The one at the back should turn down, and the one at the other end should turn up, so there can be a cover to it, with two or three small holes punched in the cover so as not to waste too much heat. I use a single burner oil stove. This stove will heat a brooder ten or twelve feet long.—Poultry Keeper.

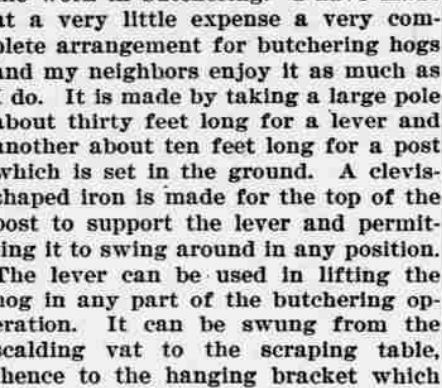


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### For Butchering Use.

A. J. Berry, of Hancock County, Indiana, writes Iowa Farmer: As the time for butchering is approaching, I have a desire to know of simple and yet handy devices for aiding the work in butchering. I have made at a very little expense a very complete arrangement for butchering hogs and my neighbors enjoy it as much as I do. It is made by taking a large pole about thirty feet long for a lever and another about ten feet long for a post which is set in the ground. A clevis-shaped iron is made for the top of the post to support the lever and permitting it to swing around in any position. The lever can be used in lifting the hog in any part of the butchering operation. It can be swung from the scalding vat to the scraping table, thence to the hanging bracket which



BUTCHERING DEVICE.

can be made for several hogs if desired. I believe this to be the simplest and most inexpensive arrangement for butchering hogs.

### Shaker Dairymen.

The Canterbury Shakers of New Hampshire have some 4,000 acres of land, and the community numbers about 100 persons. A large quantity of dairy products is consumed by a family of that size, and some years ago with an ordinary dairy and methods, some butter had to be purchased for home use. That necessity caused more attention to be given to the dairy. Poor cows were sold and more scientific methods of feeding adopted. In order to further improve the herd and increase its butter capacity, two thoroughbred Guernsey bulls were purchased about four years ago from Mr. Mixer's, of Barre, Mass. By constant care, and the raising of the best heifer calves, the dairy has steadily improved, until last season, with a dairy of forty cows, fifteen of which were two-year-old heifers, an average of 300 pounds of butter per cow was made. Instead of purchasing butter for home consumption, \$2,000 worth of butter was sold and \$1,000 worth of stock. They have now about 120 head of cattle, sixteen of which are pure-bred Guernseys. The sisters take entire care of the milk after the milking is done, run the separator, including the engine which furnishes the power, care for the cream and milk and make the butter.—New England Farmer.

### Work in Winter.

There is plenty of work to do in winter if the farm is rightly managed. It is the season of the year for all repairs and renewals. Every implement or piece of machinery should be overhauled and all repairs ordered, so as to be ready for spring work. An implement that is in good order saves labor and enables the farmer to hurry with the early work when every day is valuable. The farmer who does not place his implements under cover at this season may be forced to buy new ones much sooner than he expects.

### Milk and Hog Cholera.

During seasons when hog cholera is prevalent it has been noted that what are known as the creamery and dairy sections of the country suffer much less from the disease than those sections where the steer takes the place of the dairy cow. The reason assigned is that pigs in the dairy sections get a good ration of skim-milk, one of the best bacterial ration to be had, and are thus better fitted to resist the disease than purely corn-fed hogs.—Creamery Journal.

### Waste Apples.

As the apple season progresses we see more and more the need of some good outlet for waste apples. In some localities they go to the elder mills; but there is not much profit in that, even when a man's conscience is not involved. They can be fed to pigs and cows, and perhaps that is as good a use as any. There is a very common prejudice against feeding fresh apples to

milk cows, and it has some foundation in the fact that cows are often harmed by eating them. Such cases, however, seem to occur always from the cows getting out and filling up full at the piles of half-rotten apples under the trees. Cows will be made sick by eating good, clean corn fodder if they break into the cornfield and stuff themselves some time when they have not been used to eating green corn. Careful tests show that apples fed regularly and in moderation to cows will produce no bad effects. Their nutritive value is not very great, but they do no damage.—Country Gentleman.

### Most and Least Profitable Crops.

Out of 141 correspondents of the Board of Agriculture sixty-two called potatoes the most profitable, and twenty-seven called them the least profitable; eight called corn the most profitable and sixty-four thought it the least profitable; forty-one consider hay the most profitable; thirty-seven thought oats; seven tobacco; seven cranberries; six cabbages; six sweet corn; six strawberries; four each favored onions, tomatoes, beans and fruit; three each peaches and pears, two market garden crops and two asparagus; one each for rutabagas, forage crops, celery, milk, plums and root crops; nine thought hay the least profitable; seven tomatoes; six apples; four each said squashes, cabbages and sweet corn; three each milk, cranberries and beans; two each said onions, pears and cucumbers, and one each asparagus, grapes, cauliflowers, beets, melons, peas, small fruit and market garden crops; sixty-two considered the season to have been profitable; eleven as above the average for profit; sixteen as an average for profit; eighteen fairly profitable, and thirty-seven thought it had been an unprofitable one. Thus it will be seen that much depends upon the location, and more perhaps upon the individual as to the profit on crops. In nearly every country corn and potatoes were less than an average crop, but the loss on amount in potatoes was largely made up by the high price of hogs and pigs. Plough-

### Every Orchard and Garden Should Have a Supply of Wire Baskets of Different Sizes and Shapes. They are the

most useful and most durable articles in