

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 horses 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 ravenous appetite, but to the girl from Edinburgh 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, and 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. Only those who have attempted to pass through 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 razed and uneven that it was difficult for the party to keep together without even its own 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 trail 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 the more closely guarded. Without 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 his chosen warriors 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 band 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 secret one, and 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 at the foot of a high wall in the shadow of the projecting rimrocks. No eye could see him in the immediate vicinity for the boulders that lay about him, and the smoke from his camp was silhouetted against the rock walls and mingled with the clouds above.

At the camp the scarred-faced old warrior chief took more interest in his white captive. He had her quarters prepared some distance from the main camp and while he, himself, looked after her wants two of his most trusted warriors were placed on guard. At supper time Egan, by gestures, plead with the young woman to eat. While the terrible experience through which she had gone would have taken the appetite of most women of her age, she was too common sense and matter-of-fact to lose her permanently. She was really hungry, but had not reached that state of starvation at which she felt as if she could incidentally occur. Even while old Egan was tendering her a slice of mule prepared in the most dainty manner from 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 its flight with a sign to old Egan that if she had one of these she would prepare it 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 its neck through which his arrow had passed.

But of this gallantry Bertha took no notice. Soon a fire was kindled and with woman's culinary knowledge she soon prepared and ate a meal of which she was in much need.

Long after midnight, when all the clouds had passed away and the moon had risen above the distant rimrocks on the east and its light had fallen upon the camp beneath the rimrocks, old Egan appeared at Bertha's quar-

ters. It was such a night as lovers would walk in civilization. It was such a night as would thrill the hearts of all people. It was such a night as the Indian warrior would venture upon a deed of daring. It was such a night as aroused the deepest passions in the bosom of the marauding chief.

He motioned his warriors, who were on guard, to take their leave, and then attempted a conversation by signs and nods with Bertha. Hoping that it might mean her escape she tried to understand him. With this encouragement he grew more bold and approached her more closely. Woman's intuition told her at once of this awful meaning and she rose up in her woman's weakness to defend herself against this giant chief, who had long been the terror of the desert.

Fortunately for humanity a lithe athletic form had glided down the steep walls of the rimrocks in the darkness long before the moon rose, and had been waiting in hiding for an opportune time. Rushing forward like a wildcat he seized the wicked old warrior by the throat, and there was at once a grapple between giants.

But in spite of the silent prayers of Bertha for the success of her unknown rescuer and his determined grip on the old chief's throat, the latter gave a cry that called to their feet the entire detachment of warriors, and they came like a storm to the aid of their chief.

CHAPTER VII.

A Woman's Scalp.

It is at another point in the lava beds from that described in the last chapter. While many walls join together here from different directions, yet one point on the rimrocks commanded a view in all directions. Upon this point stands an Indian. His arrow-like form silhouetted against the horizon gave him the appearance of an inanimate rather than an animate body. The afternoon sun was not far above the distant rimrocks. It was a picture for an artist to draw. The ragged rocks along the earth's surface, the walls which converged from many directions toward the pedestal-formed center, at the top of which projected the flat rimrocks, and these crowned by the statue-like form of the Indian, whose gaudy war bonnet indicated that he was a chief, made the view a romantic one indeed.

"If they disappoint me," murmured the Indian in his own tongue, "it will take many more white scalps to pay the penalty," and at the same time he toyed with a scalp of long hair, that of a woman, tossed by the wind at his belt.

But his mind was soon relieved on this point. From the shadow of the



Hammersley.

rimrocks in the distance, a little north of west, he saw a lone horseman coming in a swift trot. He began to descend to the same side upon which the horseman was approaching, taking care to examine his bow and quiver, tomahawk, and scalping knife to see that all were intact. Seating himself upon a boulder that jettied from the wall many feet above the level plain, he waited the approach of his visitor. When the latter came within hailing distance a familiar salute from each showed the mutual recognition.

The two men on the top of the rimrocks conversed familiarly. While the reader already knows that one was Chief Egan he has also surmised that the other was Dan Follett, which is true. To look upon the countenances of these two men was an interesting study. The old Indian chief, a marauding bandit, bore scars showing the terrible episodes of his life, while the Canadian Frenchman bore marks placed there by time which showed the villainous character of the man. The one, robbed of his country, forced to the barren rocks and lava beds for existence, had become an outlaw from necessity. The other, containing a mixture of blood of the exiled criminals of a superior race mixed with that of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous of an inferior race, was a villain from choice and by nature.

There were bluffing looks and grim smiles from each, but the arrival of the band of horses caused them to rise to their feet, and with a shout from old Egan's lips his warriors appeared from a recess in the rocks below, heretofore unobserved, and took charge of the band of animals representing the prize money for the murder of Bertha Lyle.

Taking the woman's scalp, Dan Follett climbed down the rocks and joining his men they pointed the Indians and rode away. The Indians drove the horses into a deep canyon penetrating the rimrocks, and the stillness of approaching night closed the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trapper of the Rimrocks.

He was known from one end of the desert to the other, as well by the red men as the white. His life was spent in solitude. When the snows of winter began to fly and others fled to shelter he worked the more persistent. For eight months in the year his solitude was complete, so

rest of the world knew 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 iron circle that closed with a merciless clamp 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 set chin told those who saw him that he would face the worst of the 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 he wore 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 trespass against the will of this man of firmness, and his well proportioned form was able to carry out the desire of the mind. He was five feet, ten, weighed 180 pounds, and with all this he possessed well proportioned muscles, as lithe as rubber and strong as gutta percha.

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 he was on the desert 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 happened 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 after leaving his place knew no more of him than when he came, and there was always a feeling on the part of the visitor that no 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 compartments which the visitors saw were not all that were 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 lead to a larger cave beyond that occupied as the open home of the trapper. A crevasse let 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 crusts, though he still retained his intelligence and was a great comfort to the trapper who 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.

"I sometimes fear that I worry you, and that my monotonous life may effect 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



The Home of Hammersley.

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.

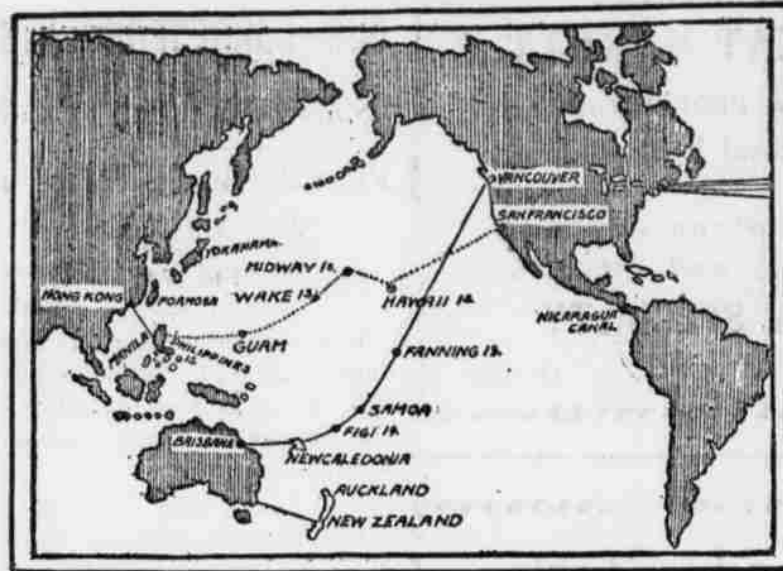
"So you are off for a trip, my friend," said the invalid. "How long will it be before you return?" he continued. He was interested, for the difficulty in hobbling about and waiting upon himself with his stubby hands and feet in the trapper's absence was great, and the lack of his companionship was greater.

"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.)

CABLES IN THE PACIFIC.



New line just completed between Vancouver, B. C., and Brisbane, Australia. Dotted line shows the projected American cable from San Francisco to the Philippines.

RICE FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

That Section on the Eve of a Great Development of the Business.

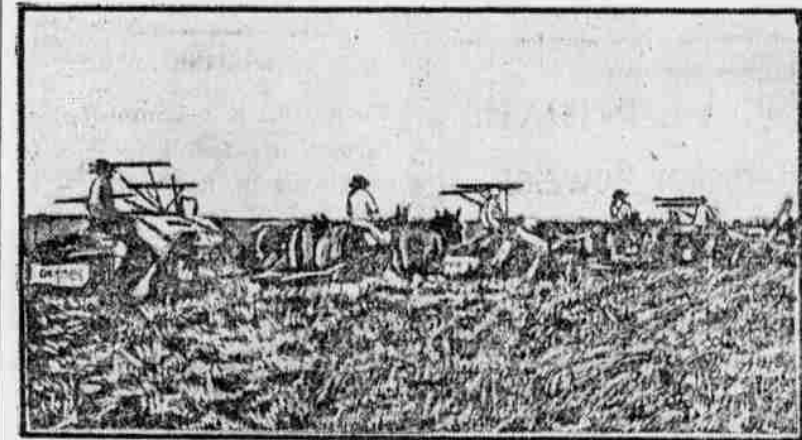
Electricity, the king of power which has revolutionized industries without end in this progressive country, is about to work a new series of wonders in the rice fields of Louisiana and Texas. The plantations are to be equip-



PLANTING RICE FIELD UNDER WATER.

ped with electric pumps, and the question of irrigation—the only one which causes any trouble to rice growers—will be solved.

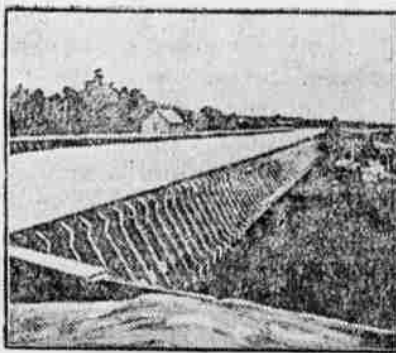
Experts say that the present rice territory of a half million acres will be doubled within a year, and the new plan, which, by the way, has passed the experimental stage, means that



HARVESTING RICE NEAR ABBEVILLE, LA.

nearly all of the 12,000 square miles in the coast rice belt will be available. A new 10,000-acre rice farm in Harris County, Texas, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is being equipped with electric pumps, and others will follow as soon as power stations can be erected.

What the success of this new industry means to the United States most northerners do not realize. No longer will the country be dependent on the



FLUME FOR RICE IRRIGATION.

crops of Japan, China, Siam and India for this important foodstuff. In ten years more American rice will force its way into the markets of Europe, side by side with American wheat from the vast farms of the northern plains.

The remarkable progress of textile manufacturers in the Orient means that their production of rice will decrease, for every acre turned to the cultivation of fiber means one less for rice. Last year the United States produced 300,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice and imported 235,000,000 pounds. To our market has been added Porto Rico, with an annual demand for 75,000,000 pounds; Cuba, for 100,000,000, and the Philippines for 135,000,000. This gives a total present and prospective market of 725,000,000 pounds. It is thought to be time that steps were taken to satisfy this market if the United States is going to remain commercially independent.

If it means all this for the country at large, it means even more for the South. The paramount demand in this region, writes a Texas correspondent, has been for some small grain crop which would furnish food for the people, a generous surplus for export, and leave the plantation with abundant and nutritious bi-products for the maintenance of stock. Cotton will not do this, the sole by-product being too valuable to keep on the farm. Cornstalks lose too much of their value before they are fit for fodder, and this is not a wheat country.

And so it is up to rice, and here is

what one can do with 100 acres. The amount one man can cultivate without assistance. It costs from \$8 to \$12 an acre to raise an average crop, which can be sold at a profit of from \$20 to \$30 an acre. There is a by-product of at least 100 tons of straw, superior to native prairie hay, and 25 tons of bran. On this 100 head of stock can be wintered comfortably.

SHOW WINDOWS WARM PLACES.

Artist Who Dresses Them Says They Heat Anything in Torridity.

"One of the hottest places I know anything about," said the dry goods clerk, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "is in the show window of a building facing toward the east, after the early morning's sun has been pouring over the tops of the buildings across the street for some time. Talk about bake ovens and other warm places. Well, they are not so warm. The engineer in the sugar refinery thinks he has a hard time of it, and the fellow who loads grain on the ship down at the elevator is inclined to quarrel because of the heat he is forced to endure. The painter on the outside of the building may grumble, too. But these fellows do not know anything

about hot places. If they want the really warm thing, let them crawl into the show window in the month of August, when the sun is heating the thermometer up to a good degree in the shade.

"In the first place, we have to close ourselves up in these places while arranging displays for the merchants. If we did not keep the windows behind us closed the place would fill up with flies, and the flies would pick the front glass. We cannot afford to let even one fly in, for one fly will do enough damage, and so far as the general effect is concerned, we might as well let in a perfect swarm. You have no idea what the effect of a dozen fly specks will be on a clean, glossy, well-polished show window. The result of it all is that the man who arranges the things in the show window on hot days must close himself in so he can't get a breath of air. The case is practically airtight, and really it is sometimes hard to breathe. In the meantime the sun is beating down on the awning and the glass is taking up the glare from the street, and there you are.

"Hot!" exclaimed the window dresser, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The man who complains of the biting chaff while loading a ship with grain no doubt suffers a great deal, but he does not really know what it is to be warm. Same way with the engineer, the painter and others. Hades may surprise these fellows, but the place will be no surprise to the man who has spent his life arranging show window displays in the summer time."

New Use for Bees.

Down on Long Island the farmers have discovered that persons suffering from rheumatism and sciatica can obtain relief by allowing honey bees to sting the affected parts. This is a very unpleasant process and entirely unnecessary. The poison of the bee sting is chiefly formic acid. This acid is also found in stinging nettles, in ants and some varieties of the caterpillars. There is no difficulty in preparing formic acid, and it would seem that physicians might find it advantageous to experiment with it as a remedy for rheumatic troubles—either in acid form or in formates. Certainly some means can be devised of introducing it into the circulation less painful than allowing bees to sting a rheumatic sufferer by wholesale.

Quite an Influential Feature. Fuddy—Money isn't the only thing. Duddy—No, but it is the only thing that will buy most of the other things. —Boston Transcript.

CO-OPERATIVE PIANO CLUBS.

A New and Popular Move by the Famous Eilers Piano House.

This house, whose progressive methods are coming to be known and recognized throughout the Northwest, has recently inaugurated a system of piano club selling which exceeds anything ever attempted in this country in the way of providing the people with standard pianos at low prices.

By this method members joining the clubs secure their pianos at strictly wholesale prices by paying down an exceedingly small sum. The piano is immediately delivered and they are given a wide limit of time in which to finish their purchase.

The principle is merely that applied to wholesale purchasers, the club standing in the light of the wholesale buyer. High grade as well as medium grade pianos are included in these clubs. The world famed Kimball, Chickering and Webber can be secured by this method at a saving of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. All the pianos included in the club are on the floors of the sales rooms at Eilers Piano House in Portland, and prospective club joiners may thoroughly inspect their instruments before making their selection. All the instruments in the clubs are standard makes and are brand new. In addition to those above mentioned, there are the famous De-cker, Doi, Hobart M. Cable, Weser, Lester and many others. Pianos are delivered to club members upon their making their first payment, and a written guarantee for five years comes with each piano, signed by its manufacturer and also by Eilers Piano House. The clubs are four and each numbers 100. Members of Club A pay but \$5.00 and finish their purchase with weekly installments of \$1.25. Club B members pay but \$7.50 upon delivery of the piano and finish paying at the rate of \$1.60 weekly. Club C make an initial payment of 12.00, and balance in \$2.00 weekly. Club D members pay \$20 down and the remainder of the purchase price in \$2.00 weekly payments. Those desiring to pay all cash will save the additional interest.

Pianos that sell regularly for \$225.00 go to club members for \$137.00; \$275.00 instruments for \$168.00; \$300.00 ones for \$187.00; and the very best medium grade pianos that cannot be sold under the regular retail conditions for less than \$350.00 will go to club members for \$218.00. The saving throughout is equally great and those contemplating the purchase of an instrument will do well to investigate this proposition.

Getting the Drop on Him. Spenser Spaser (presenting a sonnet)—You see, I drop into poetry occasionally. Editor Gadgrind (grimly)—You seem to have dropped clear through.

FITS Permanently Cured. So fit or not even after first day's use of Dr. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KELSO, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

His Florida Trip. Boggs—Jones is going to Florida for the winter. Noggs—What for? Boggs—Because he laid in eighty tons of coal last May. Noggs—Then why doesn't he stay home? Boggs—Because he has just made the price of his southern trip out of the diamond dealer across the way by selling him coal.

Good Cakes and Biscuits. The finishing touches which the good housewife gives to a cake or pie or pan of biscuits or other dish is what makes it either delicious and healthy or insipid and unhealthy. If Monopole Spices and Baking Powder are used no fear need be had about the result. Monopole Spices are stronger and more fragrant and Monopole Baking Powder better in every way than any other brand. You'll thank us for calling your attention to it after you try them. Get them from your grocer. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Mgrs., Portland, Ore.

Both Smoked Bad Ones. Hewitt—How do you like the cigar I gave you? Jewett—Oh, I have smoked worse cigars. Hewitt—You have if you ever smoked any of the kind you gave me.—Judge.

The Bright Little Boy. "What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely." J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones! The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 5c., enough for an ordinary cold; 25c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard cold, etc.; \$1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.