

# LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL DE LANEY

(Copyright, 1902.)

## CHAPTER IX. Rescued and Lost.

The trapper followed along at the foot of the rimrocks occasionally halting to rebait a trap which he would draw from its hiding place from beneath the sands or wire grass. He was not infrequently rewarded by finding an animal in the jaws of a trap, cowardly gnawing at its own imprisoned limb and attempting to skulk away at his approach. These pelts, which were usually carried to a safe hiding place, added to the luggage on his back containing fresh baits for his traps and food supplies, made his burden quite a heavy one, but it did not cause him to abandon his Winchester, revolver and knife, which were his constant companions—and they were not carried for ornament.

Toward night he decided to climb to the top of the rimrocks and take a survey of the country. Away to the west he saw the moving forms of Follett and his companions, as their horses jogged along, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. He brought his field glasses to his eyes and surveyed the men for a moment and the thought ran through his mind: "Wonder what kind of deviltry that Dan Follett is out on for his master this time?"

Hammersley had beheld the victim of these two men too long not to suspect every move they made to be a wicked one.

"If you knew how hot your trail is getting, Dan Follett, you would hunt a colder one, but I hope to see the same rope hang you and your master," said the trapper half audibly.

The trapper looked down at his Winchester and shook his head hesitatingly saying, "No, no! I'll let vengeance come in the proper manner."

As he turned in disgust his eyes fell upon another object, far away on the opposite side of the rimrocks. A great cloud of dust rose behind it and the word "Snakes" escaped his lips. Bringing his glass to play, he was no time in making out the character of his party. After surveying it carefully he remarked, "Old Egan has been at work again." Then he exclaimed, "A girl captive, as sure as I live. Ah, Egan stealing horses has become too tame for you, has it? You are not satisfied with providing your stomachs and means of locomotion, and the hazard of occasionally killing a man who resists you, but now you have gone and taken some innocent white girl."

"I am not the law, neither should I attempt to punish you for your numerous crimes, for I rather like to see you harass the Lord of the Desert occasionally—he deserves it, but I propose to look into this matter of yours." As the trapper watched the course the Indian party was taking he saw at a glance that it was making for the watering place that night, near the picture rocks. He was first to arrive at the place and secreted himself in a crevasse of the rocks near the top and watched their approach, having selected a place from which he could observe the camping grounds about the watering place.

The reader is familiar with what took place from the time of the arrival of the Indians until the interference of the trapper, for it was he who assailed Old Egan when the latter laid his wicked hands upon the person of Bertha Lyle.

Old Egan was strong and firm but the trapper was active and wiry. With the advantage, too, of having taken him from the girl and hurled him to the ground. But as the cry made by the warriors as they came to the rescue of their chief warned him that he had not the time to finish settling accounts with his antagonist, if he so desired, he seized the girl by the hand and led the way into a crevasse in the rimrocks with which he was familiar. As they passed into the recesses of the rocks, he heard exclamations from the Indians which alarmed him as to his immediate future course with the girl. They had recognized him and knew where he lived, and to approach his home with her would be difficult should the Indians attempt to guard it. He was not long in doubt on this point, for he heard Egan give directions for them to go immediately to the trapper's place and guard it until he came.

If once hidden in the home in the same room as that occupied by the invalid, he never feared for the danger of her rescue, for the passage to this room was so secret that no one had ever been able to find it, though in his absence his home had been visited by Indians and whites, and ransacked many times.

It was easy to discern from the shouting of the Indians that while a part of the band, headed by Old Egan, were on their way to the trapper's home the others were recklessly trying to follow his trail, for knowing his marksmanship the man who trifled with him knew the risk he was taking. But the Indians knew that as long as he could prevent it he would never fire a gun, while the girl was in his company; that this would endanger her life by drawing the fire to her.

After going a long distance through the crevasse made by nature's great upheaval in the long past, Hammersley led the way into a secluded place which he thought was unknown to any except himself.

As he and his companion seated themselves the shouts of the Indians came to their ears from the distance. The girl was the first to break the silence.

"Do you live in this country, my dear preserver?" she inquired. When he informed her that he did, she said: "I have an uncle somewhere on the desert; his name is Lyle, Martin Lyle. Do you know him?" The trapper nodded in the affirmative.

"Oh, if we could convey word to him," she said, "he would come im-

mediately to our rescue."

Strong as was the trapper's body and steady as was his nerve, he felt his whole frame yield, with a shudder when he learned that his companion was Bertha Lyle, and of the narrow escape she had had. When she had hurriedly told him her history and the incident of her capture by the Indians he felt relieved that she had fallen into no worse hands than Old Egan's.

To take her to his home that night through the Indian searching party would be too hazardous. He could make it alone, but he doubted the girl's ability to climb among the rimrocks and keep her footing in the crevasses, although she had shown a wonderful spirit of coolness and strength during their recent adventure. The trapper was quick to come to a conclusion. He decided to go and get his rifle and secret his luggage, and steal into his home with the girl the following day, making as much of the way that night as possible. So leaving her in the cavern he went on his mission, at the same time avoiding the savages who were skulking among the rimrocks and making a diligent search of every nook and corner.

The trapper was not gone more than two hours, though his course was a round-about one, and to his surprise and dismay on his return the girl was not to be found.

## CHAPTER X. A Surprise and a Fight.

Egan rose from the stunning blow given him by the trapper and quickly comprehended the situation. When he ascertained that his late antagonist had escaped with the captive, he knew that he had a difficult task before him. The Indians knew of Hammersley from one end of the desert to the other and his prowess struck them more forcibly than any other characteristic of the man. While they had never come in contact with him before in cunning they knew that he was familiar with every trail of the desert and with every crevasse and cavern among the rimrocks. And now that they were in the vicinity of his home they knew that he was still more familiar here than they, and that it would take quick work to rescue the captive before he reached his home among the rimrocks. If once there he could stand out against a larger band of Indians than Egan's present detachment, and Indian sagacity suggested proper tactics instantly.

Egan ordered four of his best scouts to attempt to follow the fugitives while he and seven of his warriors made straight for the trapper's quarters to get possession, intending when the trapper arrived with his prize, in case they were not apprehended by the trapper's scouts, to capture the two.

Egan had left his horses in care of a warrior, and the chief and his companions had proceeded on foot. He knew that the trapper cared nothing for the horses, and that he and his men could make better time on foot, and, besides, they had to cross the wall of rimrocks in order to reach the trapper's place of abode. They moved off in a trot, traveling in this way until a late hour in the morning.

It was almost daybreak when they ascended the rimrocks, surveyed the horizon and descended to the opposite side. They saw the rocks that overhung the trapper's home, and placed themselves as sentinels at a safe distance from the entrance and marked every path that led to the place. Indian courage was not great enough to induce them to enter this place by night. While they had made a quick trip from the scene of the previous night they knew that it was possible that the trapper had made a quicker one. They had, from a lack of knowledge of the country, been compelled to take a round-about way, while the trapper could have come a straighter course, doubtless, and arrived first. They doubted this, however, as he was burdened with his companion, provided the Indian scouts had not overtaken them, and they had great hopes of finding the place vacant on the following morning, and either take the two prisoners before or after they should enter the place. It was Egan's intention to enter the place if it proved to be unoccupied the following morning, provided the trapper did not fall into their hands before that time, and then surprise him upon his arrival. If his scouts should succeed in capturing the girl, for this was all they desired, they were to signal the chief's detachment at the earliest opportunity. Thus Egan and his men concealed themselves among the rocks in front of the trapper's cave and waited for developments.

The sun rose above the level horizon as if it had popped out of the sands, and soon peeped over the rimrocks. Old Egan and his warriors, cold and still as the rocks among which they lay, were eagerly peering through the sage brush to discover if there was any life about the trapper's home. For some moments everything was quiet and the old chief was planning for a more definite reconnoiter. It was still shadowy about the entrance of the cave and nothing could be but dimly seen. The door at the entrance was closed and the marauders were coming to the conclusion that they had out-traveled the owner. They were soon surprised, however.

The door opened suddenly and a stalwart man of the desert walked out carelessly, and uncovered, as if he had never thought of danger. A hint, passed down the line of warriors, unconsciously, but almost loud enough to be heard by the frontiersman. But not suspecting danger he strolled out into the sage brush, surveying the country about him. One common thought took possession of the Indians. Quickly every man reached to his quiver, drew an arrow

and placed it to the string of his bow. Carelessly the white man strolled on. Nearer and nearer he came.

Indians in the bitterest warfare possess some policy and some sense of reason. The first thought of all was to shoot the man down and then rush into the cave-house, secure the girl and proceed on their journey. But Old Egan reasoned. To kill the trapper, who was the friend of everybody, and had not an enemy on the desert, and who had never crossed his path before, did not seem to him exactly right. To rush upon him and capture him by force and then bind and leave him so he could not pursue them after they had retaken their captive was the plan that suggested itself to him.

But wise plans are often thwarted, when the frontiersman had approached a little nearer to the left there was a "swish," and he fell to the ground pierced through the heart by an arrow. A young warrior near whom he had approached could not resist the temptation and fired the fatal shot; and quick as he had fled the shot he rushed upon his victim with scalping knife in hand.

A loud "Ugh" rose from the Indians and they rose from behind the rocks and rushed to the scene of death, some exulting and some showing signs of disapproval, while Old Egan's face wore a sign of disappointment. But before they had reached his side the young murderer clinched his victim's hair and was already twining a scalping lock about his fingers. Before the knife had touched the scalp, however, a rifle rang out a sharp crack, and then another and another. The young warrior and a companion fell full length for their last fall, and in the midst of crackling shots the others sought refuge behind the nearest rocks.

The shots had come from the loopholes in front of the trapper's home, and the Indians could plainly see the dark muzzles of rifles still in the small openings, and every time that the slightest exposure was made on the part of the red men, a puff of smoke, a sharp crack and a whistling bullet warned them to keep under cover.

It had continued thus for more than an hour when a keen whistle was heard from the summit of the rimrocks in the rear. The dim form of a man was seen upon the topmost rock, rifle in hand. He could see the skulking forms of the Indians among the rocks beneath him, and at the same time observe the entrance to the cave. He signaled the beset to cease firing and motioned the Indians to depart. The white men withdrew their rifles and the Indians gladly accepted the armistice.

## CHAPTER XI. Two Villains and a New Plot.

All is astray at the stone house. The employes have returned from the annual round-up and the place, which had borne a deserted appearance for the past few weeks, is now all bustle, and men are seen here and there feeding the horses, mending bridles, saddles and harness, shoeing horses and doing everything that is required about a great stock ranch. Night comes on and finds them still busy, but they change their work to the finishing touches preparatory for the night and one by one they come and prepare for supper.

The Lord of the Desert is alone in his accustomed place. None enter his quarters except on business and only his foreman and superintendents have business with him, for all business is transacted through these. His glass sits upon the broad arm of the old chair, and now and then his hand goes mechanically to it, and he swallows draughts therefrom mechanically. With mechanical regularity his face grows redder and his countenance sterner, while his eyes take on a wilder glare.

A knock at the door and to the response of welcome, Dan Follett enters.

"How is it?" inquires his Lordship. "All is completed," replied the Frenchman.

"Get a glass there and fill it to the brim," exclaimed Martin Lyle.

Partially emptying the glass Follett seats himself and relates the particulars of the transaction with Old Egan, drawing forth the woman's scalp from his pocket and passing it over to the Lord of the Desert.

"Did you see the corpse?" inquired Lyle.

"No, but I deemed this evidence sufficient," replied Follett.

"Old Egan is a treacherous old scoundrel and would deceive us if he could, but the evidence seems straight enough."

"Oh, you needn't doubt that," replied Follett. "The old scoundrel would never lose an opportunity to commit murder, especially when so many ponies and mules were to be gained."

"But they will never do him much good," replied Lyle, as he placed the glass to his lips. "I have a plan, Follett, and you are the man to carry it out. My men report Egan and his men camped at the foot of Ash Butte. You are a pretty fair looking Indian anyway, and I want you to leave tomorrow morning for the camp of the Warm Springs tribe, lead the warriors on Old Egan's trail, and take every animal in his possession."

"What about the deed?" inquired Follett, "remember this is dangerous work and it has been a long time since our accounts have been adjusted."

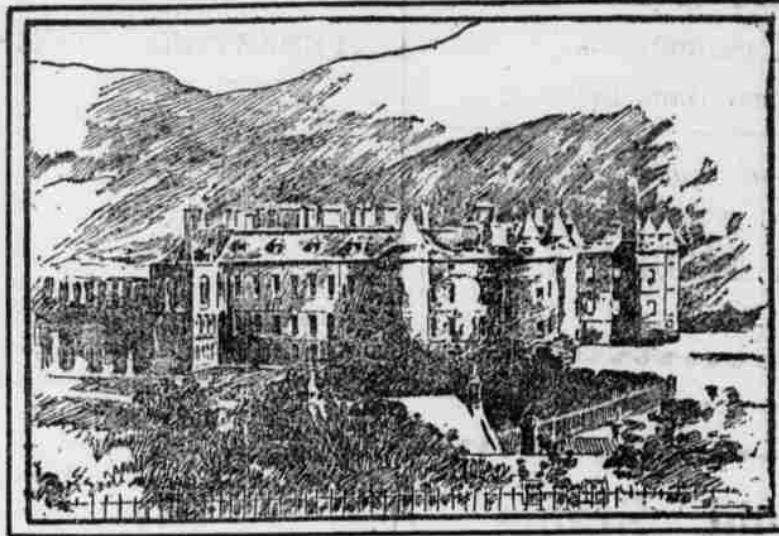
"Tut, tut, man, don't worry about that. I'll have all that arranged for you by the time you return. Take a drink, order an early breakfast and be off with the rising sun. I shall depend upon you, Dan, I shall depend upon you."

Martin Lyle sat and drank and thought. For many hours he was in deep meditation.

"With my brother and his daughter dead and out of my way, nothing can ever disturb my rights here," ran through his mind. Dan Follett left with the morning sun to perform his mission.

(To be continued.)

## HOLYROOD PALACE ONCE AGAIN TO BE USED AS A ROYAL SEAT



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, which King Edward will use for a royal residence, has not been put to that substantial use for upward of 200 years. It was built as an abbey in 1128 by King David I. of Scotland, and is so interwoven with the history of that country as to be the most interesting place in all Caledonia, next to Edinburgh Castle itself. In 1295 James Balliol held a parliament within its walls. James II. was born in it, crowned in it, married in it and buried in it. The nuptials of Princess Margaret of England were celebrated there in 1503. From that time forward the abbey, which had been reconstructed into a palace, became the principal seat of the Scottish sovereigns. Queen Mary lived there upon her return from France in 1561. There, in 1566, Rizzio was torn from her side and stabbed to death on the steps leading from the throne room. Her son, King James VI., dwelt much in the palace before his accession to the English throne in 1603. He revisited the place in 1617. It was garrisoned by Prince Charles Edward, and from 1795 to 1799 it sheltered the Count d'Artois, afterward King Charles X. of France. For years the old palace has been merely a show place, visited by pilgrims from the four ends of the earth, and reverently loved by the Scotch who see in it the glories of a great and brilliant national history. It occupies a pleasant site and has been kept in splendid repair as the years have flown by and the face of the land has changed.

## MURDERER HELD A SECRET.

He Is Pardoned that He May Exploit His Knowledge.

Considerable public interest was recently aroused by the action of Governor Shaw, of Iowa, in pardoning a murderer, S. R. Dawson, who claims to have discovered the long lost secret of making Damascus steel and also the process by which copper can be hardened and tempered. It was to prevent the knowledge of this secret from being lost to the world that induced the action of the Iowa executive.

Five years ago, when Dawson was sent to the penitentiary for murder, he was just about to exploit the secrets he had discovered, and a company with ample capital had been formed for that purpose. He was then 49 years old. The men associated with him in the company that had been formed besought him to divulge the secret of his process, but he refused to tell a soul anything about his discovery. The formula, however, he deposited in the safety vault of the Des Moines National Bank. To that vault



S. R. DAWSON.

there are three keys—one held by Dawson, one by the officers of the bank, and the third by the officers of the Damascus Steel Company. It required all three keys to open the vault and it is due to this that Dawson is now a free man. The work of manufacture is to be begun as soon as possible by the company which was organized before Dawson went to prison.

Mr. Dawson has devoted his entire life to the study of metallurgy. His taste for the science comes naturally. His ancestors for generations back have been engaged in the iron business, and one of them, Ralph Hogg, made, in the fifteenth century, the first iron cannon that England ever saw.

Mr. Dawson was sent to the penitentiary for the murder of his son-in-law, Walter Scott. Scott had become infatuated with Dawson's daughter, Clara, and had been paying attention to her for about a year and a half before the murder. At first there were no objections on the part of the girl's parents, but later they became opposed to the young man's attentions and ordered him from the house several times. Then clandestine meetings began between the young couple. Mr. Dawson learned of these meetings, and to prevent them took his daughter away traveling, but was followed from place to place by Scott. Finally Mr. Dawson and his daughter returned to Des Moines, but strangely enough, the girl then refused to marry Scott. One week later they were married clandestinely, and upon going to the house of her parents for her belongings Scott was shot by Mr. Dawson.

That Dawson has discovered the secret of making Damascus steel is not doubted. A few years ago he erected a blast furnace in Chicago for experiments. He allowed several invited friends to see all but one portion of the process. When the time came for mixing the secret ingredient with the melted metal he banished every one. The finished product he turned out

was harder than ordinary steel, more pliant, susceptible of a keener edge. He made some beautiful knife blades that would bend almost double, and also a heavy sabre. He fashioned a cold chisel and tested it beside ordinary chisels on steel girders. The Dawson chisel went through the girder in much less time than ordinary chisels. The workmen had to change tools often in order to get good edges, but when Dawson had finished the edge on his chisel it seemed as good as ever.

## MOHAVES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.

Tribe Clings Zealously to All Its Ancient Customs and Beliefs.

According to a member of the geological survey who has traveled extensively in the west, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, the Mohave Indians are the most superstitious of any tribe in the United States, and they cling as no other tribe does to their old traditions. "Their god is Mat-o-we-ha," says the scientist, "the maker of all things, the director of the sun, moon and stars, the guardian of the hunting ground, the sender of rain and sunshine and arbiter as to whether the seasons will bring forth luxuriant harvests or famine. His son, Mas-zam-ho, has charge of the white mountain (heaven), and is the guardian of departed spirits, which are supposed to ascend to paradise in smoke, and it is believed all the personal property destroyed in the flames with the deceased will go with him."

"The Mohaves who are not cremated turn into owls, and whenever a hoot of that bird is heard these Indians think it is one of their dead returned. The owl is caught if possible and cremated, that the imprisoned spirit may be set free and allowed to enter the white mountain to find everlasting peace. Through the influence of the government agents the yearly mourning festival of the Mohaves, a most picturesque ceremony, has been abandoned. At these festivals great pyres were lighted outside of the village, on a spot selected as the most pleasing to Mat-o-we-ha and Mas-zam-ho, and when the fire was hottest every member of the tribe would throw his dearest belonging into the flame, believing that it ascended in the thick smoke of the fire straight to the white mountain and into the hands of their dear departed ones, carrying messages of love and remembrance."

## Appealing to the Colored Passenger.

Alexander Southern Thwaitt tells this on his rivals and himself: "We all were working our hardest to secure a colored delegation who wished to travel to a certain point in Arkansas, and the usual exhibits were made, every passenger agent swearing his was the shortest route. I took the chairman aside and said to him: 'Look here; you don't want to take any short route. See what you miss! You don't travel every day. Take the longest route, and have a look at the country. I'll take you by way of — and — etc.'—naming half a dozen cities—give you all a good time, and land you at your destination nearly as soon as if you travel by air lines.' It caught him, and I got the delegation. The short route never catches Sambo."—New York Press.

## A Safe Petition.

A friend tells a writer in London M. A. P. that he met Mr. Arthur Balfour, the new prime minister of England, one evening at a dinner party.

The conversation turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God gie us a guld conceit o' oursel's." Mr. Balfour added quickly, "And that, sir, is the only prayer that is always answered."

## More Reserves for Germany.

Germany drills this year 63,400 reserve troops, nearly double as many as she drilled two years ago.

In cases where bronchitis has become chronic from want of proper treatment in the earlier stages, there is nothing so good as Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea, in conjunction with which is strongly advised the use of St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application along the front of the throat, from close up under the chin to well down to the top of the chest; the one remedy assists the other, and as intended, they work in complete unison. The wonderful penetrating power of St. Jacobs Oil enables it to reach the adhesion of foreign matter which lines the bronchial tubes and which makes breathing more and more difficult. As these adhesions become inflamed and enlarged, St. Jacobs Oil causes such adhesions to break away, making expectoration easier and more free. Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea, drank slowly and very hot, soothes and heals the parts, comforting and quieting, stops the cough and relieves the breathing. The manner of treatment (and there is no other two remedies that will get together so successfully) reaches the difficulty from the outside and the inside at the same time. St. Jacobs Oil reaches the roots of the adhesion, and assists Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea in clearing them; the both remedies act in unison in healing and curing. The above remarks apply with equal force in cases of asthma, croup, whooping cough, enlarged tonsils and all bronchial affections. Every family should have St. Jacobs Oil and Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea always in the house in order that they may be promptly used in the first stages. Often the maladies develop with wonderful rapidity, and complications take place with equal suddenness.

## To Get Out of It Cheap.

Mrs. Newcomb (on being asked to contribute a dollar to help make up the deficit in the minister's salary)—Really, I can't afford to give so much money; but I'll buy two chickens, a pound of coffee, a can of condensed milk, a bottle of olives, some cottage cheese, a sperber and some cut flowers for the church supper, the proceeds of which are to be turned in.—Judge.

## The Swedish Bride.

A Swedish bride, if she be prudent and superstitious, will fill her pockets with bread before she sets out for the church, and to every poor person she gives a piece, thus averting as many misfortunes from herself or her husband.

## Better Than Home Canned.

We know it is hard for you to believe that any fruits and vegetables put up in a canner are better than the ones your mother or wife puts up, but that's just what we mean to say about the brand Monopole. You won't be surprised at the statement, after you try them. Get Monopole canned goods from your grocer. Wadhams & Kern Bros., packers, Portland, Oregon.

## Before the Cards are Dealt.

She—Not very popular in the clubs, eh?  
He—I should say not! He knows when to quit in a poker game.

## Troubles of His Own.

Bachelor—I've got great news for you, old man. I'm engaged.  
Benedict—Well, you needn't come to me for sympathy. I'm married.

## A Realist.

Currie—Bighead is quite a character, is he not?  
Peterson—Yes. He is one of those fellows that are willing to make fools of themselves just to show their individuality.—Judge.

**SLICKERS?**  
WHY TOWER'S FISH BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT. Made in black or yellow of the best materials and sold with our warrant by reliable dealers everywhere.  
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1856.

**PILES**  
"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."  
C. H. KRUE, 141 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

**Candy Cathartic**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, No Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. See Sec. 1000  
... GURE CONSTIPATION ...  
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores  
JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.  
Foot of Morrison Street.  
Can give you the best bargains in Rollers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CLAPS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Do not in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION