LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

Thieves "Fall Out."

Another morning finds the Indians holding their ground. They are well intrenched and the besieged in the Stone House can only remain cooped in until relief shall arrive from the fort.

If they are even spared this privilege they will feel thankful for it requires time to communicate with the military authorities and then soldiers move with deliberation and prepare before they move.

Old Egan's messages are already sent out and his reinforcements are doubtless on the road. While soldiers are preparing "rations" and rolling their blankets and seeing to their equipments generally, Indian warriors are already in the saddle and riding night and day toward the seat of their campaign.

If the Indians should surmise that relief had been sent for they would hurry the final attack, and the besieged felt much alarmed for fear that they might discover the tracks of Metzger, who had borne the message to the trapper. There was also some fear of delay in communicating with the military post as the trapper was known to spend a great deal of his time away from home, working among his traps in the rimrocks. While it was considered best that the trapper should make the journey to the fort, yet, Metzger had received instructions to go, should he be unable to find Hammersley.

The besieged determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the Snakes, for they knew that Old Egan would show no mercy now, having caught the Lord of The Desert in his treachery, and they guarded the loopholes with close scrutiny never failing to send a bullet at the slightest exposed portion of an Indian's body.

They were well supplied with provisions, water and ammunition, and unless actually overpowered, would be able to withstand a siege indefinitely.

The Indians were likewise prepared for the siege. Besides the pure water that flowed from the mountains above the Stone House, they had the great meadows for their stock to graze upon and had the Lord's choicest bullocks to select from when they became hungry. To the starving warrior from the rimrocks and lava beds this life was truly a dream; plenty to eat and drink, only desultory guard duty—just exciting enough to stimulate their energy—Old Egan's braves were in their element. But summer cannot last always even with the savage. While his warriors were reveling in the luxury of a hazardless siege and the hope of an old time assault and a division of the rich booty, Old Egan was scanning the desert for his reinforcements. Intuition admonished him that delay would not help his cause; that the sooner he had taken his prey and vanished among the lava rocks of the far south, the better. He had never yet been overtaken by the "blue-birds" of the Great Father and had no desire to encounter these men of iron and lead under the command of General Crook. All who had met them so far had been routed or captured and Egan's sins had been too numerous for the wily chief to even think of falling into the hands of the government. He knew full well that his enemy was well equipped and that to attack him, armed and protected as he was, that he must meet with failure and a great loss, but when his horde of warriors and allies should arrive he expected by force of numbers and by a simultaneous attack from every direction to take the Stone House and its occupants and its treasures, without great loss. The known wealth of the place made it the most coveted place in the mind of the savage on the whole western border. Arms and ammunition, provisions, "fire-water," gold, valuables of all kinds, were magnified in the Indian imagination until even the great wealth of Monte Cristo would not have compared with that of the Lord of The Desert.

The same humdrum precaution was preserved by the besieged and besiegers until about two o'clock in the afternoon when the Indians took on new energy and there was general confidence and activity in their ranks. The outlook who had been placed on the peak overlooking the desert, signaled Old Egan that reinforcements were coming.

The chief could not resist climbing to the summit of an adjoining foothill and looking for himself. He was rewarded by seeing a cloud of dust far out on the desert to the south that, from its length along the plain, he knew a band of his warriors were coming in single file as rapidly as their steeds could bring them. A little later another cloud of dust from the southwest announced other reinforcements on the way, and, though the Indians preserved a silence while in view of the occupants of the Stone House, they could not resist chanting their war songs in their concealment.

It was not until the first war party arrived that the whites fully realized their danger. They had felt reasonably safe against the enemy in his former strength until reinforcements could arrive from the fort, but now that he was reinforced he might be encouraged to attack and might succeed before succor could arrive for them.

Just at nightfall another band of reinforcements arrived, and, the Indians now becoming more bold, rent the air with their warwhoops. But the new arrivals were hungry and thirsty, and as darkness came on the Lord of The Desert beheld their campfires in every direction and he saw them busily engaged in cooking and feasting upon his choicest beeves, which had been fattened for the palates of a different race. Martin Lyle was not a coward. He was a villain and a thief and a drunkard, but with all of this he was a man of courage of the true Scotch stripe. When he saw his property being sacrificed, his home surrounded by an enemy, his life and that of his companions threatened, he rose from his big arm chair, dressed and armed himself for battle and took active command of his men.

His long benumbed brain became active, his eyes flashed with the fire of excitement once more and his ponderous form, as he moved among his men, gave him the appearance of a "grizzly," in courage at least.

Dan Follett had been watching the proceedings with studious silence. He came to the conclusion that a crisis was at hand. Meeting the Lord of The Desert in the front yard he told him he would speak with him.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, "I think it high time for a settlement between us. I have performed all of my agreements with you and you have put me off from day to day, and now that I have no obligations remaining unfulfilled I demand that the deeds be signed and that you pay the balance due me."

"Tut, man, this is no time for settling business affairs, when our very scalps are quivering on our heads. There is plenty of time. Wait until we have repulsed this band of bloodthirsty savages, which your awkwardness has brought to our door, and then we will talk about settlement."

"But we must settle now!" demanded Follett. "You have thus put me off from time to time and I now must have a settlement without further delay."

"I am a man of few words, as you know, Follett," responded Lyle, "and I answer now, once and for all, wait until I am ready to settle."

"So am I a man of few words and also of quick action, your Lordship, a title for which you are indebted to me, and another moment's delay on your part will be the costliest act of your life!" said Follett in a low, determined tone.

Dan Follett was a man of action and of few words, as the reader is aware, and his conscience did not dictate moral means and ends. He was naturally inclined the other way. His

He gave her hand an assuring clasp.

spirit for revenge knew no bounds. He had already determined his course should the Lord delay settlement longer.

He had not been asleep all of these years, either, in regard to the Lord's affairs. He went straight to the hiding place of Lyle's treasury and helped himself. Ten thousand dollars in gold and bank notes he took and secured safely in a belt already prepared next to his body. Then like a coyote he skulked away, passing through the guard of exultant warriors, grown careless with confidence in superior numbers, and stealing one of their best horses rode away in the darkness. As their bloodthirsty war-whoops chimed in about the Stone House, he glanced back through the darkness and said:

"Devour them, Lord of The Desert and all, hungry pack, I will see that you are not molested in your work. Before Hammersley reaches the fort his tongue will be silenced forever, and Dan Follett, the half-breed, will be well on his way to—where he will live the remainder of his days in luxury."

CHAPTER XX.

Mountain Lion and Desert Coyote.

There was no time for hesitation on the part of the trapper. Although he bore no concern for the safety of the Lord of The Desert, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have him slain by Indians at the present time. Besides, there were those in his employ who deserved the assistance of their fellowmen.

He announced his intention at once upon the arrival of Metzger of going to the fort but thought best to take a few hours sleep before starting out on so fatiguing a journey. Before lying down, however, all preparations were made so that upon his waking he would be able to start at once on his mission. It was his purpose to start before daylight that he might get beyond the rimrocks to the south before dawn so that the scouts of Egan, should they be watching the desert might not discover him.

In the preparations for the journey he had an able assistant in the person of Bertha Lyle. Her companionship, however, was more valuable to the trapper than her assistance. He had grown accustomed to doing everything himself and did not feel safe in depending upon others. Everything done by Bertha was either superintended or inspected by him, to his satisfaction and generally to her embarrassment. Women think they know how to do things themselves, and Bertha was no exception.

But still they did not quarrel. The man of the desert knew how he wanted things arranged and the woman from Edinburg only desired to please him. While he was practically a child of the desert, yet he was intelligent and had not become one-sided in his views. He saw the value of woman's companionship, felt its influence and had often chided himself since Bertha's arrival for permitting his ambition to rise in certain directions. "Calm, my boy," he would say. "You are only a trapper—make your living in roaming the desert and climbing the rimrocks and trapping wild animals and skinning them. She is refined. She is wealthy. While she is thrown in your company under most unfortunate circumstances, she could not be otherwise that grateful, she will always be grateful—will regard you as a preserver and friend, but nothing more, my boy. Do not build up false hopes, young man. Remain within your bounds and you will not come to grief. So let the matter drop."

Thus would reason this man of the frontier when nature awakened his heart to love.

After making preparations for the trip he had given instructions to his companions concerning their action in his absence. He suspected that Indian scouts might visit his abode and impressed upon his friends the importance of not being discovered. "I think this period of isolation is drawing near to a close," he said. "I expect in the visit of General Crook and his men not only to put a stop to Egan's devilry in this country but to see the Lord of The Desert reduced to a commoner, and see the real lord and the lady installed in their proper station."

But time was limited and the discussion was cut short by the trapper bidding them a warm farewell and going to his quarters for a short sleep. His glance, however, wandered to the face of Bertha as he drew the curtain behind him and he saw a flush on her cheek that brought one to his own that was soon hidden in the dim light of his own cell-like apartments.

As was his custom the trapper wakened on time, and dressed himself noiselessly to prevent disturbing the other sleepers. He came forth quietly and was about to take up the equipments of his journey when he was astonished by finding Bertha awaiting him.

"You, up too!" he exclaimed in a low tone.

"Yes, I wished to speak with you before you left," she replied. "I had a dream—it is a foolish thing I know—but I laid down only for a few moments, and I had such a vivid dream, and it seemed so real, that I could not resist telling it to you. Of course there is nothing in dreams, but it may put you on your guard—there may be danger you know."

"Does a coyote ever attack a lion—a mountain lion?" inquired Bertha.

"No—," replied the trapper,—"not single handed; a pack might attack one under proper conditions—if they were cornered, or hungry and they thought they might benefit by it without too much risk."

"It was a foolish dream, I know," she said, "but I will be brief: I saw a mountain lion, such as you caught in your trap, on a long journey. It climbed among the rimrocks, then passed along through canyons, and then crossed stretches of the plains. It seemed to be very tired, but it was intent on its trip, and plodded on. Behind it came a coyote—just like the coyotes you capture, except its hair was dark; it was almost black It would trail along the rocks behind the lion and then cut across a near way and lie in wait for the lion; then it would skulk away on the approach of the lion, and follow again. It kept this up all through the day. But at night it grew more bold and it again hid behind the rocks on the trail. As the lion approached, tired and leg-weary, the coyote attacked it from the rear and the lion turned and a great fight ensued, and in the midst of the fight—I know it is foolish, but it was so exciting—my heart leaped into my throat and I wakened—the mountain lion changed into your own person and the desert coyote assumed the form of Dan Follett, and you and he were in desperate combat among the rocks and cliffs of the far away desert."

"Never fear little—Ber—Miss Lyle, Dan Follett is surrounded in the Stone House by Indians and I will be on my guard against all enemies to mankind that roam the desert," and buckling his revolvers about his waist, and throwing the other equipments of his journey across his shoulder, he took her hand and giving it an assuring clasp, stepped out into the darkness, taking a course to the southward.

Bertha looked forward with alarm and dread. She imagined that something terrible would happen. But under the theory of modern intelligence she would try to disabuse her mind of evil omens and imagine that all would come out right.

The trapper looked upon the matter differently. He thought more about the dreamer than the dream. As he picked his way over the plains and among the rocks, her form became more beautiful to him and her words of friendship echoed and re-echoed in his ears. And while he did not believe that there was any significance in dreams, yet he did not forget the warning of the fair friend, and kept a more guarded lookout for his safety than ever before.

His trip so far had been an uneventful one. Night and day he pushed on, only sleeping a few hours at a time and stopping a few minutes to lunch. The distance now did not divide him far from the fort. It was the last evening of his journey when he discovered fresh tracks of a horse which had preceded him on the trail. The tracks led toward the fort and he concluded that it was made by someone going to the fort. There

Hammersley discovers a fresh track.

were no shoes on the animal's feet, but the soldiers frequently pressed the plains horses into service and there was no reason to suspect anything out of the ordinary from a mere horse's track.

But, as the reader knows, Hammersley was beset by one of the most unscrupulous villains of the plains. The trapper had only used ordinary care on his trip from home, while Follett had been on the scent like a hungry wolf. Although compelled to go long distances out of his way on account of being mounted, to get around the numerous walls of rimrocks, he had gotten the trapper's course and was determined to head him off ere he should reach the fort, and kill him to prevent the Lord of The Desert from receiving aid. He had no hatred for Hammersley, but he would have sacrificed a bosom-friend to gratify his revengeful spirit.

He had already discovered the trapper's approach and had preceded him to a point near the fort where he expected to hide among the boulders and stop the trapper forever from the desert trail. Hiding his horse in a gulch in the background he secreted himself near the trail and waited the approach of the trapper.

When he was within a few paces Follett leveled his revolver and when the trapper approached within a few feet of him the scoundrel pulled the trigger. But fortunately the percussion cap did not explode. Drawing his knife hurriedly the would-be assassin rushed upon his intended victim from behind like an infuriated tiger. The noise of the hammer of the revolver had aroused the trapper from his meditation and when Follett rushed upon him he dropped the bundle from his shoulder and turning received his assailant in an unexpected manner. He seized the half-breed by the updrawn wrist with one hand and by the throat with the other and then a hand to hand struggle between two of the most determined men of the desert followed.

(To be continued.)

IT was not that Mr. Bozeman was what is vulgarly known as henpecked. He simply wanted to avoid giving Mrs. Bozeman any unnecessary mental distress concerning a matter that she could hardly be expected to comprehend. So he told Frye he would be delighted to join him on the fishing trip that gentleman had planned and he concocted the harmless fiction for Mrs. Bozeman's satisfaction that caused the trouble.

"It's a nuisance," he said to Mrs. Bozeman, "but I suppose I have to do it. We're too heavily interested in that stock to run the risk of any funny business and Williams thinks that one of us ought to go down on the quiet and see after things."

"Why doesn't Williams go himself, then?" asked Mrs. Bozeman. "They seem to want to put everything on you just because they know how simple you are."

"I guess they don't know anything of the kind," said Bozeman, rather indignantly.

"Perhaps they don't. They're not as well acquainted with you as I am."

"They're all tied up," said Bozeman. "They just can't go."

"Why didn't you tell them you just couldn't go? Are they going to pay your expenses?"

"Y-e-s—oh, yes, of course. Yes, they'll pay all expenses."

"How long will it take?" she asked presently. "Colorado seems like the other end of the earth. Won't it be hard on you?"

"Oh, no," replied Bozeman, incautiously, "it will be rather pleasant than otherwise. I'm to play tourist, you know."

"How long?"

"Probably eight or ten days."

Mrs. Bozeman thought a few moments and then said abruptly: "Ellen can come and stay with the children. I'll go with you."

"But, my dear," remonstrated Bozeman, "that would be impossible."

"Why?"

"Well—er—a trip of that sort, you know—a business trip."

"I thought you were going to play tourist."

"So I am, but—er—well, you know, if you get into a suspicious crowd of rough men and they drop to the fact that you——"

"William Bozeman," said his wife, impressively, "is there—put down that paper now and look at me—is there—any—reason—why—I—should—not—go—with—you? If there is, tell it to me now without any beating about the bush."

Bozeman does not lack presence of mind in the face of ordinary emergencies, but her eye was upon him and seemed to search his soul. He laid down his paper and involuntarily wiped his forehead with his table napkin.

"Why, no, my dear," he stammered, "there's no reason. If you would like to come I'll be glad to have you."

"Then that's settled," said Mrs. Bozeman, shortly.

Bozeman does not yet see his way out of the tangle.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHINAMAN AT A TELEPHONE.

Celestial Gets the Worth of His Money Every Time.

"A Chinaman at the telephone is a funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in the Denver News a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking it seems as if half a dozen are talking, and we often imagine the wires are out of order. To make matters worse, the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conservation is ended the Chink walks out of the booth with a self-satisfied smile on his face, and pays for a three minutes' talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably says as much during that time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."

To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transactions, as it is paid by the minute, but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in Pidgin-English; he says: "Hello. Is this Sam Ling? I bettee you don't know—yi hi ki yi he yay bo benno ne," and so on, and it sound on the wires as if several persons were at work.

An amusing incident occurred in the Denver office of the company last week. The long distance operator at Colorado Springs called Denver over one wire and informed the local office that another wire was out of order. An investigation resulted in a report being made to the effect that the wire was crossed with a dozen others, and that it would be impossible to use it until the trouble could be located. An inspector asserted that he believed the wire was crossed with one connecting with the Tower of Babel, and the "hello girls" upstairs were ready to agree with him when a Chinaman walked out of a booth, glared around the room for a minute, and then said:

"Me nottee pay when big fool monkey with me and call me names allee samee me nottee know any bettee. Me wantee talk to Sam Lee, Trinidad, not Melicans mans and gals in Denvel."

And the mystery was explained. What had been mistaken for a crossed wire was only two Chinamen, one in Denver and one in Trinidad, each one trying to get his money's worth of conversation at so much per minute. The Mongolian received an apology, and was once more allowed to enter the booth, where he talked to his friend, Sam Lee, in Trinidad. Sam Lee is agent for the Six Companies of San Francisco, and furnishes laundrymen and merchandise for Chinamen all over the United States. He averages five talks to Denver each week, and were his conversations carried on in English his business would be very profitable. Sam, however, is too wise to talk English when he has to pay, and converses in the language of the Flowery Kingdom. In this manner he saves a great deal of money.

NOT TOO BUSY TO PRAY.

Touching Incident that Was Witnessed on a Busy Street.

A touching little incident happened the other day on one of Philadelphia's busiest streets, and it caused even those who scoff at religion to show respect. A blind negro, with a singularly expressive face, had a cornet, upon which he played with great feeling some of the best known church hymns. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light," followed each other with much approval from the audience of passers-by who had stopped.

"How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," seemed to conclude the program, but before its last notes sounded a dignified-looking white clergyman, with silver hair and a gentle smile, stepped to the musician's side and whispered a question or two. He then turned to the surrounding listeners.

"Friends," the clergyman said, "we have paused in our busy walk to listen to music that brings to each of us a message from God. Surely His spirit is with us, though it be on the open street. I am going to offer just a word of prayer that all may profit from the holy thoughts this music has brought to us." And the clergyman bared his head reverently, as did the other men standing there, and offered a prayer, simple and earnest.

Then, shaking hands cordially with the musician, the old clergyman was observed to slip a bill into his hands as he started away rapidly, evidently desiring to avoid hearing the comment his unusual act of benevolence had produced. The negro, too, started away without passing his hat for any further coollection.

"Well, I am not much for churches," remarked a well-dressed man to his companion, according to the Philadelphia Record, "but if I thought that preacher had a church in Philadelphia I would go from one to another to find him. He makes me feel like when I was a little boy and my mother used to kneel down beside my bed and pray for me."

Cut Both Ways.

"I want my hair cut, and no talk," said a 16-stone man, with an I-own-the-earth air, as he walked into a Swindon barber's shop and sat down.

"The——" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the heavy man. "Just a plain hair cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away, now."

The man in the apron obeyed.

When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from his chair and surveyed himself in the glass.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's really true, then You barbers can't do your work properly unless you talk."

"I don't know," said the man in the apron quietly. "You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I'm the glazier from next door."—London Answers.

Lincoln Missed Meeting.

In Lincoln's early political career he had occasion to travel quite a distance to be in time for a convention in which he had a deep interest. He went to a livery stable and asked for the best horse possible—one that was both fast and fresh. Lincoln reached the convention too late to be of service to those he had wished to serve, and drove back to the stable, where he quietly asked the keeper:

"What do you commonly use that horse for?"

"Waal," drawled the dealer, "we find him a good horse to draw the hearse at funerals, he's so tractable."

"Too slow for funerals—too slow entirely!" commented Lincoln, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer. "Why, that horse wouldn't get the corpse around in time for the resurrection!"

New Name for the United States.

There is a new name or term coming into commercial use—Usona—as an abbreviated designation of this country—United States of North America—which is technically correct and at the same time easy to use and remember. Several concerns in various lines of business now bear that title, and its use is destined to grow.

Matter for the Union.

Slummer—Don't you know that the wages of sin is death?

Doyer Peli—I didn't, mum, but if you'll jest mention de matter ter de walkin' delegate o' de Sinners' Union I hev no doubt dey'll get better wages! —Puck.

Surplus Water for Baths.

A large factory in Jena, Germany, utilizes its surplus hot water in such a way as to afford the laborers nearly a thousand baths a week.

ODD HORSE SALE.

Valuable Animal Disposed of by Mistake for Five Dollars.

A famous race horse, for which an offer of $900 had been refused at the recent Benning meeting, was sold for $8 the other day at a well-known local auction house, and then sold by the purchaser for $5. The horse in question belonged to a well-known young society man of Baltimore, who entered the animal at the Benning races.

The horse proved valuable as a fast runner by winning several races. The owner was offered $900 for the horse, which he refused, saying that he would not take less than $1,000. He then decided to bring the animal to Baltimore and sell it at public auction at a leading auction stable. After notifying his friends who wished to buy the horse of his intentions the young man brought the racer to Baltimore and left him with his stable boy, instructing him to take the horse to the auction house.

The young man then repaired to the place of auction, where his friends were congregated. In the rain they waited for the appearance of the boy with the steed, but he did not show up until the party had had a wait of about two hours or more. When he did, he did not have the horse with him, but in its place a check for $6 and a bill of sale. It appears that the boy made a mistake in the name of the auction house and took the horse to the wrong stable, where it was offered for sale, bringing $8, with a deduction of $2 for the auctioneers, leaving $6 for the former owner of the horse. After having a heart-to-heart talk with the boy, in which he expressed himself thoroughly, the horse's first owner went to the auction house where the valuable horse had been sold at such a ridiculously low price. When he arrived he could do no more than obtain the name and address of the man to whom the horse had been sold.

This well-known young man did not succeed in finding the buyer of his horse until the next day, and when he did it was only to find that the horse had been sold by the buyer for a lower price than he had paid for it. The horse had never been in harness, and when the gentleman who bought it harnessed it it kicked up a good deal, but did not become unmanageable until the man had driven it about five miles from town; then the floor was kicked out of the runabout and the harness broken. The purchaser, of course, did not know that the horse had racing qualities, and thought that he had been bunkoed into buying a horse that looked fully 5 years old, but had not been broken.

When he found himself suddenly sitting in the road, with a broken-up runabout his company and his horse just disappearing in a cloud of dust over a distant hilltop, he can hardly be blamed for not caring whether he ever saw the brute again. However, while thus soliloquizing, a man came down the road in a wagon leading the horse that he had just caught. The purchaser was so thoroughly disgusted with the animal that he sold it to the man in the wagon for $5.

When asked if he knew the man to whom he had sold the horse he said that he had never seen him before and did not even think he would recognize him if he saw him again.

The young man has been trying to locate his horse for several days, but has not succeeded in doing so as yet.—Baltimore American.

CALIFORNIA OLIVE CULTURE.

The Friars Began It More than a Century and a Half Ago.

F. M. Bisbee, formerly chief engineer of the Tennessee Central railroad, who has just returned from an outing in the Northwest, has been made general manager of the Los Angeles Land and Water Company. This corporation owns 1,500 acres of land near Los Angeles, which seven years ago was planted in olive trees, and now the stockholders have commenced to reap a rich harvest.

"Ours is the most extensive orchard on the coast," said Mr. Bisbee, "and at that we have only begun our operations in that locality. Recently we purchased 3,000 acres additional land that adjoins the orchard from which we are now gathering fruit. Two thousand of these will be planted, and we think we have one of the best revenue-producing properties going.

"You can gain some idea of the extent of an olive yield when I tell you that this year we have shipped from those 7-year-old trees, 1,200 tons of oil and 50,000 gallons of pickles, which are now on the market. And as the trees grow older they bear more heavily. I have seen one little orchard there the trees in which were planted in 1769, almost 140 years ago, and they are today bearing magnificently.

"Few people are aware of it," continued Mr. Brisbee, according to the Nashville News, "but the producing of olives in California was introduced by the friars more than a century and a half ago. In those days, when primitive civilization was first blazing its way along the Pacific slope, the friars conceived the idea of establishing religious posts between Los Angeles and San Francisco just about a day's journey removed from each other. The object was to insure pleasant instead of laborious trips when moving up and down the coast.

"Everybody knows that the friars were good livers. They liked olives and experimented in planting with the pronounced success which is yet apparent."

In the Style.

He was a hard worker, but by effort he had secured several assistants and was having things a little easier. A friend who had not seen him lately called at his office and found him busy as ever.

"Hello, old man," greeted his visitor, "still doing seven men's work."

"No," responded the industrious one, "I have seven men doing my work."

"Oho," laughed the caller, "so you've organized a trust, too, have you?"—Comfort.

When money is tight it makes itself scarce, but it's somewhat different with men.

Science AND Invention

A white rust is an unexplained "disease" of English and German galvanized iron that has developed within a year or two.

The largest pendulum ever made is that with which Messrs. Berbet and Flammarion have been demonstrating the earth's rotation in Paris. A lead ball of fifty-six pounds is attached to a fine piano wire about 210 feet long. The oscillation lasts sixteen seconds.

The explosion motor holds the palm for lightness. The best electric motor with its storage battery is stated to weigh nearly one hundred pounds to the horse power, and the Serpollet steam engine, flashing water into steam from a coil boiler, about fourteen pounds. But the Bourdiaux gasoline engine gives a horse power with a weight of only eight pounds.

The new self-luminous mixture of a French chemist, claimed to require only very short exposure to light and to be unusually brilliant and lasting, consists of twenty parts of dehydrated sodium carbonate, five of sodium chloride, one of magnesium sulphate, five hundred of strontium carbonate and 150 of sulphur. The well-mixed materials are kept at a white heat for three hours in a muffle from which the air is carefully excluded.

In his experiments with various vehicles, M. Michelin has found that iron tires require greater motive power than either solid rubber or pneumatic. An electric automobile running at 5 per cent greater speed with pneumatic tires took 18 per cent less power than when fitted with solid rubber tires, and in stopping, the solid tires required an increase of 14 per cent in braking power.

In the singular failure of the old windows of York Cathedral, the glass has lost most of its transparency, and in places has become so perforated that it crumbles at the slightest touch. To stop the "disease" some glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries has been removed. It is known that the hardest cement is sometimes disintegrated by chemical action set up by minute organism, and it is supposed that the destruction of the glass has been due to some fungus.

Owing to the property which aluminum possesses of producing a very high temperature when burned with substances that give off oxygen, it has lately been employed in Berlin for making a new detonator, for firing explosives which do not readily respond to the action of the detonating compositions hitherto used. The aluminum is used in the shape of a powder mixed with the other substances filling the percussion caps or detonators. The sudden high temperature induced by the pulverized aluminum results in a greater mechanical energy than can be produced with compositions not containing aluminum.

The adoption of liquid in place of solid fuel has not taken place so rapidly as some experimenters anticipated. In the opinion of Edwin L. Orde of the British Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the trouble arises from the exclusive use in boiler furnaces of crude oil, which contains a considerable percentage of water, 10 per cent at least; and this destroys the conditions necessary for perfect combustion. It is averred that some of the crude oil shipped from the wells contains as much as 40 per cent of water, and when used on shipboard the constant agitation prevents the separation of this water, which consequently enters the furnaces. The experiments of Dr. Paul show that liquid fuel is capable of giving 50 per cent more efficiency than the best coal.

Quite a Patriarch.

Age is a matter which seems dependent on one's point of view. A New Yorker imprisoned in a "tonsorial studio" fell victim to the garrulousness of the "artist" executioner, and was informed that the latter, recently married, was about to set forth on a visit to the old country. "I suppose you'll take your wife along," suggested the victim, hopelessly. "No, sir, I'm not going for pleasure this time. I want to see my father before he dies." "Isn't he well?" "Oh, he's well enough; but one never can tell what may happen. He's getting along in years." "How old is he?" "Forty-nine."

"Took It" Literally.

Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked him for medical advice.

"Take a tonic, and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit $18, and answered it thus:

"Dear doctor, I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats its giver.—Medical Talk.

A Back-Handed Compliment.

Cinderella had just put on the crystal slipper. "Do you think it makes my foot look smaller?" she asked, with charming naivete.

"Perhaps," replied the prince—"I can see right through it."

Disconcerted by this back-handed compliment, the poor girl blushed, but as colonial buckles and open-work stockings had not yet arrived she had to be content with her undeceptive footgear.—Judge.

Not Well Received.

Ida—Why are you pouting, dear?

May—Why, Harry said he believed he could learn to love me.

Ida—I don't see anything awful in that.

May—Yes; the idea of him having to learn.

Some marriages are failures because the woman in the case is suspicious and some are failures because she isn't.

When a man compliments a woman she isn't satisfied unless she can induce him to repeat it at least seven times.