

# LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

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CHAPTER XXIV.  
"Dunder and Bilkon."

It was after midnight before the troops arrived. It was also this hour before the Indians had quieted down to sleep. The afternoon's excitement over their captive victims, the wild excitement of the torture and the arrival of the Follett party with the two captives had aroused the blood of the savages, and many tales of former acts of cruelty and of daring were told beneath the willows and the tepees in Hell's Trap, that night.

Hammersley had decided to go on his mission of rescue alone. It was decided first to station the troops at every point at which the Indians could possibly escape and then for the trapper to attempt the rescue. Should he fall or fail in the attempt it was the purpose to force the best terms possible with the savages, but should he succeed it was the determination to wreak that merciless revenge upon the Indians that the occasion seemed to justify.

The men had all been informed of the torture and death of the four white men and of the arrival of the two new captives, and this stirred the soldiers to a revengeful spirit that caused them to forget their tired and hungry condition and loss of sleep. They now felt that they had at last compassed the enemy and they were eager to strike the blow.

Ten well armed and equipped soldiers accompanied by five cowboys were placed in each gap in the rimrocks and men, including cowboys and soldiers under General Crook, guarded the neck of the peninsula.

It was half way between midnight and dawn when the trapper started on his perilous mission. Armed initially for the occasion he entered the channel of the stream and hugged the banks with the silence of a beaver, always keeping in the shadows of the willows and never risking his weight upon his feet until he knew they were firm.

While his task did not prove a difficult one, it was a tedious one. His bearings had been so well taken that he recognized the very clump of bushes in which Bertha's tepee was pitched without the least effort. Farther away from the stream he saw the dismal thicket to which Oscar Metzger, the other captive, had been taken, and from which the four cowboys on the previous evening had been taken for their last walk.

Like a snake he crawled up the embankment through the dense undergrowth, moving inch by inch, until he reached the rear of Bertha's tepee, and while the guards dozed near the front he entered the rear wall of the tent and soon gave Bertha an assuring touch that told her a friend was with her.

In a few moments time they had retraced the trapper's steps to the bed of the stream and the trapper, as he had approached, and Bertha hiding in a dark nook under the willows which hung over the embankment, Hammersley went to attempt the release of the other prisoner.

He found Metzger so securely tied that even the Indians did not fear his escape. Bound hand and foot and stretched full length between two saplings, his body barely touching the ground, he was enduring a torture that would have killed an ordinary man. But his was one of those iron constitutions of the desert.

The trapper was a welcome visitor and his knife furnished immediate relief. When released, Metzger's position the cowboy stood erect and exercising his limbs noiselessly for a moment he indicated that he was ready to go. The trapper handed him a revolver and a knife and the two walked eastward along the stream.

When they reached the place where Bertha was concealed the trapper was struck with awe. He saw twigs of willows and tops of sage brush and chunks of wood lying down the stream. These increasing at every moment. Seizing the woman he drew her after him and Metzger followed at a rapid pace.

It was two hundred yards to a shallow place in the stream where she reached the river was already rising at a rapid rate. The trapper seized Bertha in his arms as if she were a mere child and plunged into the foaming rapids, followed by the cowboy. Against the heavy current which almost swept their feet from under them, they made the farther shore, and as they ascended the bank, the trapper exclaimed:

"Great luck! A head rise!" Hammersley and his companions ran toward the open meadow for the nearest opening in the rimrocks. The light of breaking morn made them recognizable to their friends on guard in the rimrocks who could scarcely restrain applause. But the dawn and the soldiers' fire prevented this outbreak.

The water came with a rush down the mountain stream. The sound changed from a murmur over the pebbles to a ripple over the boulders and against the angular banks. So loud followed the growing roar that the savages were wakened. Dan Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive and finding that she was gone he kicked the drowsy guards in their sides and gave the alarm.

The whole camp was astir instantly. Discovering the fleeing fugitives, Follett plunged into the stream, followed by some of the most daring warriors and gave pursuit. But when within 50 yards of the opening in the rimrocks where the fugitives had passed safely through a cloud of smoke rose, a report of a dozen rifles rang upon the morning air and a half dozen Indians sank down in the meadow. Another volley and the ranks were thinned to a remnant.

Follett remained untouched. He turned and tried to rally the men who had been following in the rear and were now panic-stricken. At least one-fourth of the entire war party had rushed across the stream unarmed in pursuit of the fugitives. When they returned they found the river had been following in the rear and made black by the earth covered by the food as it came. To cross the stream was a task no warrior would attempt. They turned for other openings in the rimrocks. But here they met with disappointment. When approaching these points, and safety seemed just in sight, they were met with volleys from the soldiers' rifles



Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive.

But the story is better told in the history of the country and the Indian wars. There you will find that only a few escaped, and the battle ground was made famous in history. It was made so by a German soldier in General Crook's command, whose dialect gave it the name it still bears. After the battle was over, as the German wiped the perspiration and powder stains from his face, he said:

"They call it 'Dunder and Bilkon.'" Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the German gave the place, and history has adopted it as the proper one.

Among the few who escaped were Chief Egan and Dan Follett. At the last moment they plunged into the rushing stream and swam with the current for a long distance, reached the distant shore and then ascended a precipice of rimrocks, and as they passed over the summit they waved their hands in defiance at their pursuers.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Wages of Sin and Alcohol.

It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Bilkon." General Crook has sent all of his men, except his staff, to the fort and he has stopped at the Stone House to straighten out the matters reported by the trapper.

Bertha and Hammersley are at the Stone House. James Lyle is there. All Beach has returned. All of the cowboys who escaped the Indian arrows are there. There are many reminiscences to relate. Bertha has long ago told the story of how she was rescued, and she has related to Dan Follett. He had come to the trapper's side late in the afternoon and left a message to the effect that the trapper desired their presence at the Stone House, and that the half-breed would call about dark for them. They had held a conference before the return of Follett, and while they were suspicious of him, it seemed so probable that his story was true, that they decided to accompany him. Metzger, having himself claimed that he was a match for the Canadian, Follett came at the appointed time, bringing two horses with him, and the trapper leaving Julian Byrd to look after the horses, the two men and Metzger started out with the Canadian toward the Stone House. They had not gone far, however, until they were surrounded by the four braves, who had accompanied Follett, and were in their hands before they had time to draw their knives.

Follett was bound and gagged and taken to the Stone House. He is delirious for long periods and conscious for short ones. His conscious moments are moments of agony.

It is the Lord of the Desert. He has remained sober during the siege of the Stone House and had taken an oath at the time that he would never drink intoxicants again. As soon as the siege was over and the soldiers and cowboys had gone and the excitement died out, he had collapsed. For more than a week he had neither eaten nor slept. The collapse of his years of dissipation had come. His bloated form was rapidly assuming its natural state. He was but a spongy, dry decaying sponge with all of the substance gone. He was a human wreck, made so by sin and alcohol. His was not an isolated case; it was the same old story. "Written an unwritten history abound with such stories."

"It is too late, general, it is too late," said the unfortunate man in a moment of consciousness. "I have taken the oath, I will never drink again, but it was taken too late. It might stimulate me now for a few hours, but it would make death the more agonizing."

"It is true, Mr. Lyle," replied the general, "for chemicals are always temporary, except the injury it gives. This is permanent. A man may feel good for a moment; his life may even be prolonged by it for a brief spell, but he must suffer the consequences in the end."

After a more exhausting delirium, the dying man spoke again.

"It is here that I hurt worst, general. It is here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "If you know what this means, general, you would pity me though I'm the most wicked man living."

"It is not too late to repent and do justice," suggested the warrior.

"Not too late to repent, I know, for I am dying; but as fast as a guilty soul can confess itself, but it is too late to do justice—they are dead, general, they are dead—my brother and his child are dead!"

This confession seemed to ease the man's mind. "I could give them back their lives, general, and this mockery called wealth—the half-breed only took a small portion of what I possess—death would lose many of its terrors if you think it, general, but to meet my God with this load here, General, for many years I have kept my heart, my conscience, my soul, my body with strong drink; now, general, it all falls upon me like a mountain. Oh, that it would crush me, dissolve me like vapor, exterminate me that I should not have to meet my Maker!"

"I am able to give you some relief," said the veteran soldier, "you are not as guilty as you think, general, but Oh, but they are dead, general. No power on earth can give me relief now—it is too late. I will tell you how it happened," continued Lyle, gasping. "I hired Follett to kill one and old Egan to kill the other."

"I know you think it happened," replied General Crook, "but it is not that bad. Suppose I should tell you that they both live?"

"You would mock me, general, you would mock me," said Lyle.

"No, I speak truthfully, when I tell you that they still live, and are here at this moment," said the general.

"Do not torture me, general, but if they are here let me see them. Let them tell me they still live."

"Jim Lyle was brought in a chair and seated by the bedside, and Bertha came and stood by her father's side."

"This is Jim, Brother Jim," said the dying man. "Speak Jim, and tell me that you live and that this is your child by your side."

The cripple's spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he hurriedly related the circumstances with which the Lord of the Desert was not familiar, and then called Hammersley to his side.

"This, brother," said the cripple "is the rightful heir to all of the property of the late Martin Lyle. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will, and All Beach, whom you long since thought was dead, brings the instruments to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more than William Lyle, sole heir to all of the wealth of the House of Lyle."

"Justice has been done," said the dying man. "Thanks to the failure of Dan Follett in carrying out our murderous plans. Thanks to the treachery of old Egan in not slaying the child. Thanks to God, who I must now acknowledge, guided it all. Death is not near so bitter, now, I believe there is hope even for me."

And the Lord of the Desert passed into a sleep never to waken again in the mortal body.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Conclusion.

Pressing as was the military duties of General Crook he decided to remain at the Stone House another day and night. A cowboy was sent to the fort with a message to announce this fact.

The following morning was decided upon for the burial of all that remained.



"They are here at this moment," said the general.

maintained of the late Martin Lyle. With military precision General Crook had designated sunrise as the hour and arrangements were made accordingly. A grave was dug in a small table land high up on the mountain side overlooking the place and promptly at sunrise the general and his staff and the employees of the place were assembled at the grave.

Before the body was lowered the army chaplain conducted a short service and the veteran general, contrary to his custom and experience delivered a short address, but like all things that he did, he was practical and commonsense and spoke to the point.

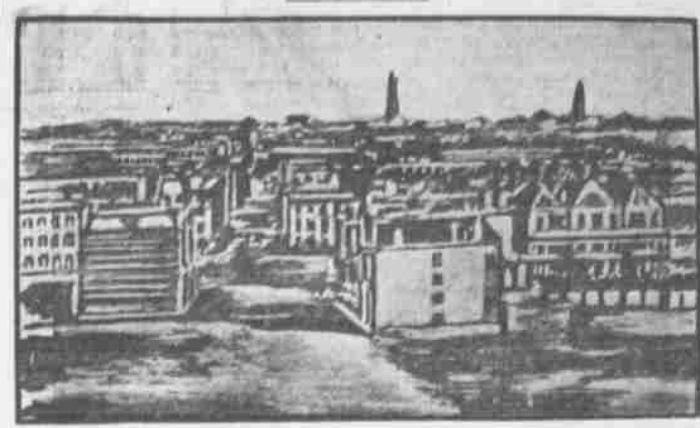
"This is the last tribute," he said, "that man can pay to man—give him a decent burial in the earth. A man ambitious for wealth and power ruined his life and shortened his days trying to obtain it wrongfully. It is not meet and proper to speak reproachfully of the dead, but his dying words condemned such a life and it well that we should profit by the lesson."

"His life is now familiar to you all, it does no good to repeat it here, but there is yet one lesson to draw from it."

"He was known far and wide as the Lord of the Desert." He prided in this. This comes from the difference in classes in the European countries where lords and ladies are created by kings and monarchs and by heredity. "There is no such custom here. My title is an empty one. Every man here may be a lord according to the American idea, if he wishes. An honorable, well spent life makes a man a lord, a sovereign, a king here. It is the highest sounding name of the old world. It is not the title, it is the man."

"With all of the high-sounding name of 'Lord of the Desert,' he was not nearly so great as his humble successor, the honest trapper, who has made himself a lord in deed by laboring and battling for the right. The assumed lord died a death of agony from a remorseful conscience. The real lord—the true American—came to his inheritance peacefully and through merit. Let us hope that the dead lord has made peace with

## ORIGIN OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.



VIEW OF THE HAGUE, WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE TRIBUNAL MEETS.

ALTHOUGH The Hague tribunal was constituted only a little more than three years ago the rapid succession of events seems to have erased from the public mind a definite recollection of the manner of its creation. Revised interest in The Hague court, by reason of the decision to refer to it the Venezuelan dispute, makes it desirable to repeat the story of its birth. The United States and Mexico have the honor of being the first nations to refer a dispute to the international court, the same being the Pious fund case, decided in favor of the United States last July. It is worth remarking in this connection that Baron d'Estournelles, once of the French delegates to the convention that created the court, declares that but for the course of the United States it would have expired of neglect.

The Hague court was the chief result of the remarkable conference of the powers at The Hague in the spring and summer of 1899, a conference brought about by the momentous proposal issued to the nations of the world by the Czar of Russia, Aug. 24, 1898. The conference agreed upon a convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes, a convention regarding the laws and customs of war by land, a convention for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the Geneva convention and three declarations regarding the use of balloons, expanding bullets and explosive projectiles carrying poisonous gases.

The conference resolved that military budgets ought to be reduced, and formulated six wishes regarding international relations. The convention's declarations were in no case signed by representatives of all the powers at The Hague, but ultimately the arbitration agreement was signed by every one of the powers represented, including the United States and Mexico.

The permanent court of arbitration consist of four representatives of each signatory power, though different nations may appoint the same persons and so stated in the arbitration agreement. A revision of the award may be demanded on the discovery of new evidence "calculated to exercise a decisive influence on the award." The arbitral procedure is laid down in the convention with great detail. Decisions of the court will be promulgated in much the same way as the decisions of ordinary courts, all of the administrative machinery, except the physical power of enforcement of decrees, being provided.

While appeal to the court is voluntary, the understanding is that each party agrees to accept the decision as binding and final, except that if it is so stated in the arbitration agreement a revision of the award may be demanded on the discovery of new evidence "calculated to exercise a decisive influence on the award." The arbitral procedure is laid down in the convention with great detail. Decisions of the court will be promulgated in much the same way as the decisions of ordinary courts, all of the administrative machinery, except the physical power of enforcement of decrees, being provided.

## GENERAL FREMONT'S WIDOW, NOTED WOMAN OF HER TIME.



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Mrs. Fremont, who died at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, at the age of 70, shared her husband's fame during his lifetime. She was a belle at Washington at 14, and was only 19 when she eloped with Lieutenant Fremont. "The Pathfinder" probably never had made his most famous exploration trip—that to the Pacific coast—had not the recall value, instead of sending him the recall issued from Washington through the efforts of men jealous of him, warned him to start at once and get out of reach of orders. On that expedition he reached the Pacific coast and opened the great territory intervening between it and the Mississippi Valley. Mrs. Fremont set out to join him by way of Panama in 1848. The trip was a great hardship, but she did not complain. Following her arrival, she aided her husband materially in bringing California into the Union as a free State.

Returning to Washington when her husband was made the first Senator from the new State, she renewed old friendships and made many acquaintances, who became strong friends in after life. When General Fremont had been defeated by the Presidency Mrs. Fremont accompanied him to Europe, where they were received at many of the European courts and great honor paid them.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Fremont made her home in Los Angeles, where she was presented a home by the women of California. While she always was busy she found time to write of some of her experiences. Mrs. Fremont was engaged on her biography when she died. She had enjoyed excellent health until last summer, when she fell and broke a hip. Her health then steadily began to decline.

Mrs. Fremont was a remarkable woman, to whom the territory west of the Mississippi River owes more than to any other person perhaps in the country. By withholding the dispatch ordering her husband to abandon his expedition to the Pacific coast she made the opening of that great section possible.

Literary Men in Prison.

Vanishing Navigators, besides its chronicles of crime, has other interest for newspaper readers, and, above all, for newspaper proprietors and writers. Among "the early martyrs to freedom," to quote the language of one who has written its chronicles, was Daniel Defoe, who, however, learned by the easy way in which the irony of his "Short Way With Dissenters"—hanging for preachers and banishment for congregations—deceived both high church and dissenters, the way to

## A PUZZLED GIRL.

Whose Paraph for Information Left Her Bill Paid.

Josephine is buying her trousseau. Consequently Josephine is threatened with nervous prostration.

Tom—the future husband—declared the other day that if he found her fretting again over her gowns and hats he would elope with her. Whereat Josephine immediately proceeded to fret all the more. She says she can't let Tom begin delivering ultimatum so early in the game. "It will be hard enough to manage him when we are married," says Josephine, "even if I keep him under complete subjection during our engagement."

The difficulty began when the would-be bride went to a friend who was married last June and asked for some suggestions about her new outfit.

"Shall I get a lot of things or just a few?" asked Josephine. "You've been married long enough to have an opinion on the subject."

"Then take my advice and buy only as few things as you'll actually need," confided the bride. "When I was married I laid in a year's supply of gowns and wraps and hats. Now, what's the result? I've been married only four months and yet I'm actually loaded down with things which are all out of style. Why, I haven't yet had some of them on, but they look as if they might have belonged to grandmothers. They're too good and expensive to throw away, but I feel like a fright in them—and my first winter, too, when a bride is so much in evidence. Everybody will say: 'Poor thing! Why, those sleeves must have come out of the ark, or Nobody wears those feathers now.'"

Josephine is a level-headed girl. Therefore, while she thanked the bride sincerely, she dropped in on her way home to see an old friend who has been married four years instead of four months, and who has a husband, a house and two babies to claim her attention.

"What! Lay in only a few things?" echoed the young matron, trotting the youngest baby across her knee while she craned her neck to see what was the cause of the struggle between the nurse and her first-born down the hall. "It will be the mistake of your life, my child, if you don't buy everything your father will pay for. I had a good many clothes, but, dear me, they didn't last half long enough. Why, I had to begin making petticoats and putting new collars on waists before I had learned to manage my cook. If I remember rightly, I haven't had a decent stock of gloves since my honeymoon. Oh, no, Henry isn't stingy. On the contrary, he's the soul of generosity. But when the bride's frills are frayed out and the husband's pot costs begin to look worn about the buttonholes and you both need shoes at the same time and the prices of meats and vegetables go up like balloons—oh, it's perfect delight to drag out some old treasure of the trousseau. Henry has as good a salary as most young men, and we spend all we feel that we may spend conscientiously, but the rents are high and servants demand more every year and the babies need so much."

"What! Going? Puzzled? I dare say you are. But take my advice; smile your prettiest at your papa to-night and ask him to make that last check just twice as large."

SPECTACULAR FUNERALS.

A Band Plays Comic Opera Selections—Other Fantastic Features.

One of the most striking things to be seen on the streets of Manila is a Filipino funeral. If the deceased was wealthy and had hosts of friends, the funeral will be headed by a band playing the Runaway Girl or selections from other comic operas. The body of the deceased follows in a hearse covered with black cloth arranged in gruesome design and drawn by six black ponies, each bedecked with headgear of long black feathers. The hearse will be followed by men on foot wearing knickerbockers and cocked hats, and after them follow innumerable vehicles of every description. If the body is to be interred, the grave diggers will precede the band, with their tools over their shoulders.

Most Filipino funerals, however, are more pathetic. The father of a few weeks' old baby will trot out to the cemetery entirely alone, with the little white coffin balanced well on his head, and if a man had not the price of a vehicle his remains will be carried out on bamboo poles by four Chinamen, and the coffin will be one that has seen service before. The natives have different ways of burial. Some bodies are put into the ground, while the larger majority are placed in niches in the wall of the cemetery. A slab, cemented into the opening of the niche, contains a brief biography of the deceased.

PRICES GO UP IN BOUNDS.

Starting Manner in Which Real Estate Values Jump on Long Island Sound.

Real estate values in some parts of Long Island have lately increased with amazing rapidity, owing to the evident desire of certain wealthy men to form large holdings. The following story is told in a New York paper in connection with the recent purchase of a 45-acre farm near Lake Success: An agent called on the owner and asked him what he would sell for.

"Five thousand dollars," he replied.

"All right," said the agent, "but first I will have to see my principal."

In a day or two he returned, saying, "Well, we will take your place."

"I am asking \$10,000 now," was the reply of the owner, who had "become wiser."

The agent demurred, but the farmer insisted, and the agent was compelled again to consult his principal. On his return the farmer had raised the price to \$20,000.

"Well," said the agent, "that is too much. We don't want your farm particularly, anyhow."

"All right," was the answer.

A week later the agent visited the place again, and on seeing the owner said, "Well, have you jumped your price again?"

"Yes, I have; I want \$45,000 now."

"I'll take it," said the agent. "Here is a deposit, for there's no telling where you will jump to next."