

If you want to see the best of Eugene, go to the tattoo at the fair.

A dealer in old iron may know nothing of prize fights, yet he's familiar with scraps.

Sir William Hingston says there is danger in the surgeon's knife. We have for some time suspected as much.

It's wonderful how easy it is for a small man to swallow his anger when the other fellow happens to be a heavyweight.

Just as the Pacific cable is being laid, Marconi has fixed things so that cables are not needed. Why couldn't he have made his plans public a little earlier?

Sitting Bull's son now stands on a western railroad embankment as the motive power of a show. In the long run the spade is mightier than the tomahawk.

Although the paragraphs are aware that the name of the new French minister to Venezuela is Weiner, none of them has yet suggested that he is probably the Wurst.

The cake walk has been exported to Paris, and, like many California wines, will doubtless be imported after a little as the genuine French article. They call it the danse du gateau.

An Ann Arbor professor has discovered seven new poisons. The old favorites, however, will still continue in demand, and answer all legitimate and illegitimate purposes of destruction.

Dr. Lorenz says he is going to work only half the time after he is 50 years old. Dr. Lorenz isn't working on a railroad. If he were he might be glad to have a chance to work even a quarter of the time after he has had his fiftieth birthday.

A man who had lived by begging, who had slept in ash barrels, and whose clothes were the cast-off garments of other people, died in Toronto the other day, leaving \$100,000 in cash. This proves conclusively that it can't be taken along.

Advertisements signed by a Shanghai Chinaman which have recently appeared in some of our American periodicals have a quaint, delightful flavor of that wisdom which is world-wide. "I want smart youth sell my Chinese curios," announces the Shanghai man. "If he catch much business, he earn many cash." This is worthy or Ben Franklin himself. To be sure, Franklin would have used different words, but he could not have stated the fact more concisely.

Ibrahim Khan Dovletli, who has recently been appointed Persian ambassador at Athens, is said to be the first ambassador sent from Persia to Greece since Darius sent heralds in 491 B. C. to demand earth and water from the Greeks as symbols of submission to him. The Athenians made arrangements to welcome the Persian this time with imposing ceremonies, as they do not intend to kill him, as their ancestors did the messenger of Darius. Although Persia has had no minister in Greece for more than twenty centuries, it has been represented in Athens by a consul in recent years.

The "affair of honor," as the duel is called in France, is, fortunately, disreputable in the United States. Nevertheless, this country has its own affairs of trust honor. A New York banker, who eight years ago was overwhelmed in a financial crash, recently paid the \$700,000 from which the bankruptcy courts had relieved him. In 1894 he was so poor that he had to borrow money for a railway fare. Today, by honorable business methods, he is again a millionaire. Some years ago another New York banker, who had once failed for a large amount, gave a dinner to all his former creditors. Under each plate, attached to the name card, was a check covering the debt and interest which, in honor, although not bound by law, he owed to each guest.

The child born in the United States a hundred years hence will live longer than the child born in 1800. That is to say, his chances of greater longevity will be assured under normal conditions of birth and living. This does not interest the youngsters born in 1900 or those born in 1800, but it is the most important fact disclosed by the vital statistics of the twelfth census. It shows that the average length of life in the United States is slowly but steadily increasing. Ten years ago the average length of life was thirty-one years, while the last census shows it to be thirty-two. This means—if the same rate of increase is maintained—that the average length of life in the year 2000 will be forty-two years, and, incidentally, of course, the number of centenarians may be found in localities that appear to present few conditions favorable to longevity. The important conclusion to be drawn from the vital statistics is that the conditions of life, including a wider observance of hygienic and sanitary laws, are growing more favorable to longevity of the American people.

After China and India the order of the more populous countries of the world is: European Russia, 100,000,000.

tion is treated in quite an alarming style by J. Weston, a writer for the Nineteenth Century, whose article is entitled "The Weak Spot in the American Republic." Mr. Weston appeals to statistics to show that in Massachusetts there are 1,763,710 persons of foreign birth and foreign parentage to a total population of 2,800,346. "The population of Illinois," he adds, "is 4,821,550. Of these 998,747 are foreign born and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage, that is the proportion of genuine Americans in this typical Western State is no greater than it is in Pennsylvania. In California it is less. The native element is stronger in the south, but it is not due to the productiveness of the American, but to the productiveness of the Negro." Taking the country as a whole, the foreign birth rate has gained on the American birth rate until it is four to one. It is the rule for families to decline as they are more and more removed from their foreign origin. "Nowhere, not even in France, is the problem so serious as it is in the United States. History may be searched in vain to find a parallel for a country dependent on foreigners for its vital strength." Mr. Weston does not go into the causes of the decline, but he quotes approvingly from a writer in the Popular Science Monthly as follows: "We have not so many people as we should have had if immigration had never come to us and the native stock had continued their old rate of increase." It is a question, however, if this old rate would have been continued, and it is doubtful if there is much force in Mr. Weston's warning that "only homogeneous peoples ever become great." Homogeneous at most is only a relative term, and the French, whom he does not rank among the great, are perhaps nearer homogeneous than the British.

CHAPTER XXIV. "Dunder and Blixen."

It was after midnight before the troops arrived. It was also this hour before the Indians had quieted down to sleep. The afternoon's war dance 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 bravery, and deeds 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 trappers to attempt the rescue. Should he fail or fall in the attempt it was the purpose to force the best terms possible with the savages, but should he succeed, it was his 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 encompassed 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 100 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 suitably for the occasion he entered the channel of the stream and hugged the banks with the silence of a beaver, always keeping in the shadow of the willows and never risking his weight upon his feet until he knew they were firmly placed.

While his task did not prove a difficult one, it was a tedious one. His progress had been slow, but when he recognized the very clump of bushes in which Bertha's tepee was pitched without trouble. Farther away from the stream he saw the dismal thicket to which Oscar Metzger, the trapper, had fled, 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 ripped a hole in the rear wall of the tent and soon gave Bertha an assuring touch that told her a friend was with her.

It was a few moments before they had retraced the trapper's steps to the bed of the stream, in the same manner as he had approached, and Bertha hiding in a dark nook under the willows which hung over the embankment, Hammett waited for the prisoner's 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 sapplings, 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, who could scarcely believe his knife furnished immediate relief. When released from his cramped 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 silently away ready to defend themselves, even unto death.

When they reached the place where Bertha was concealed the trapper was struck to go. He saw twigs of willows and tops of sage brush and chunks of wood floating 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 and when this was reached the river was already rising at a rapid rate. The trapper seized Bertha in his arms as if she were a bundle of goods, and carried her down 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! Into a head rise!" Hammersley and his companions ran across the open meadow for the near 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 drilling of a soldiers rifle prevented this outbreak.

The water came with a rush down the mountain stream. The sound of the rapids over the rocks, and then to a roar 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 the half dozen Indians sank down in the meadow. Another volley and the ranks were thinned to a remnant.

Follette 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 in flood, and the men who had been made black by the earth gathered by the flood 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.

CHAPTER XXV. "Wages of Sin and Alcohol."

It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Blixen." 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. Al. Beach has returned. All of the cowboys who escaped the Indian arrows are there. There are many rumors about the Stone House. How long ago told the story of how she and Metzger fell into the hands of Follett. He had come to the trapper's abode late in the afternoon and left a message to the effect that the trapper, if he returned, to go to 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 go. Metzger, arming himself and claiming that he was a match for the Canadian, Follett came at the appointed time, bringing two horses with him, and Bertha, leaving Julian Byrd to look after her father, she 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 power. Follett took Metzger and carried them away toward "Hell's Trap," at which place the reader is familiar with what followed.

It is early in the afternoon. General Crook is seated at the bedside of a very sick man in the small room of the Stone House. He is delicious for long periods and conscious for short ones. His conscious moments are moments of agony.

It is the Lord of the Desert. He had remained in the rear and 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 sponge, a 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 and 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 I would make death the more agonizing."

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that poked them down like grass before a scythe. Another opening and another was tried with like results until, terror-stricken, they ran about across the meadow, here and there in the tall grass soon to be spied out by the revengeful soldiers and shot like sage hens.

But the daring Follett would not give up. He saw old Egan organizing the men on the other side of the river and plunged into the mad stream to pin him, and made the other shore. Hounding their horses, the chief and half-breed led the men to the "neck," where the water was rapidly rising and the danger point. But here the real slaughter began.

General Crook led his men in person, and when the savages were in easy range he gave the command to fire. It was a deadly fire. Every shot found its mark. The savages fell from their horses like hail. Some of them tried to dash through the lines while others turned back toward the raging torrent.

"Charge," came the command from Crook. It was not technically a humane warfare, though it was conducted according to human tactics. Every shot that was fired was fired by a man mad for revenge. They charged upon the savages, sparing none and taking no prisoners. The soldiers refused to surrender and did not ask for mercy. To the brink of the stream they ran, many falling pierced with lead before they reached this point. Some plunged into the flood, never to rise again; others, who were in the hands of the guards at the openings in the rimrocks.

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 were few who 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 soldier passed the perspiration and powder stains from his face, he said: "They call this 'Hell's Trap,' but I name it 'Dunder and Blixen.'" Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the German gave the place, and the name has adopted the name as the proper one.

Among the few who escaped were Chief Egan and Dan Follett. At the last moment they plunged into the river, and, swimming, they 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 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 of the late Martin Lyle. With military precision General Crook had designated sunrise as the hour and night. A cowboy was sent to the fort with a message to announce this fact.

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 is 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 differences 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. The 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—better than the highest sounding names 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 leech of agony from a remorseful conscience. The real lord—the true American lord—came to his inheritance honestly and through merit. Let us hope that the dead lord has made peace with

CHAPTER XXVII. Elizabeth, Mother of Kings.

Princesses of Bohemia Known as the Queen of Hearts.

On Aug. 10, in 1596, was born a little princess, Elizabeth, whom Fate destined to be the foundress of our reigning dynasty, as her younger brother, the ill-starred Charles I., was to be the ancestor of the elder branch of Stuart, writes the London Daily News. From either the brother or the sister every living member of every reigning family is descended. It is a little remarkable that James I., the only child of an only child of an only child, is the ancestor of every princely personage in Europe, as well as of many others.

Elizabeth, who was named after our queen of "spacious times," was deeply attached to Henry, the eldest son of James I., who died in his father's lifetime. She married in 1613 the Palgrave of the Rhine, who afterward became the winter king of Bohemia, and, after much suffering, died in 1637, just as Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had been a claimant for Elizabeth's hand, was triumphing. The widowed queen lived on poor allowances from England, Holland and the Rhine states until she returned to England after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II. She then resided in Lord Craven's house in Drury lane, where she died in 1662.

We cannot now measure what the charms and wit were which gained for her the name of "Queen of Hearts" and the admiration of all who knew her. She was not clever. She was not on the best of terms with all of her numerous children, many of whom became Roman Catholics. It was owing to this fact that she was her youngest but one, Sophie, a king here—our present reigning family, for the Duc d'Orleans, now living, is the senior of our king even as descendant of Elizabeth. Her favorite child was Prince Rupert of the Rhine, who was Prince Rupert of the Rhine, the royalist leader, whose name is renewed to-day in the second belt to the throne of Bavaria, to whose house he belonged.

We are always a little suspicious of the man who wears silk mittens on his

maker and that the American lord never disgrace the honorable title which he has won."

"With a song by those present and prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the 'Lord of the Desert' was closed. General Crook was now ready to bid his departure. His friends had assembled about him in the Stone House to render him thanks for his services.

"I will send that money to you by an escort upon my arrival at the fort, friend Hammersley-Lyle," said the general.

"No, send it to some safe bank in the east and deposit it to Miss Lyle's credit, so that she may draw upon it for the use of herself and her father," replied the trapper.

"Not one cent," spoke the father and daughter together.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha. "I will support my father. Mr. Hammersley is the right owner of the money and the property and I would not consent to accept one cent of it."

"You shall have the money and property, too," replied the trapper. "I will return to my traps. Your father may manage the ranch and you may travel, or do as you like."

"What a pity you are cousins," said General Crook. "You should be lovers—you should be husband and wife."

"It makes no difference in Scotland," said the cripple.

"But it is against the law here," replied the general.

"He has never asked me, anyway," said Bertha embarrassed.

"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, 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 that they still live."

"Jim Lyle was brought in 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. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will, and Al. Beach, whom you long since thought was dead, brings the instruments to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more nor less 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 most devoutly 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.

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

"Jim Lyle was brought in 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. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will, and Al. Beach, whom you long since thought was dead, brings the instruments to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more nor less 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 most devoutly 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 XXVII. Elizabeth, Mother of Kings.