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LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Dan Follett rose to his feet in surprise. But the chief remained calm and continued his conversation. He told him the facts of her escape, and the fraud in the scalp he had given him, at the same time repeating that he and the Canadian were friends now.

"But where is she?" inquired the Canadian. A hundred things entered his mind. With Bertha Lytle in his possession, he could get revenge on Hammersley, on the Lord of the Desert, on everybody. He could demand a ransom. He could make terms with General Crook, he could possibly get possession of that \$10,000. Plans came on so thick and fast that they clouded his brain, and he saw a thousand advantages in the position of Bertha Lytle as a prisoner in an Indian village.

"Where is she?" he demanded again.

"But wait!" said the chief. "You are too impatient to make a good thing for Egan's hand. I told you she escaped. The trapper still has her."

"But I have been to his home in his absence," said Follett, "and she was not there!"

"He hides her when he goes away," replied the chief. "He fears someone will steal her. Now, my men will bring her away tonight. We will go to hell trap, where soldiers never find us; and if they find us, you can never get us. You take two, four, ten, twenty, to trapper's home while he is away and get her and bring her with you. See! make trapper mad, you get even, and you have white squaw. Egan a good friend as well as bad enemy."

Within another hour Dan Follett and four of Egan's men stealthily crept across the plain toward the trapper's abode, and Egan and a majority of the chiefs and warriors had quitted the vicinity of the Stone House as silently as the desert night breeze. Only a small scouting party remained behind.

The cowboys stood at their posts, and the Lord of the Desert kept watch over all with the vigilance of a trained general, waiting to see what the early morning would bring.

"The birds have flown," was the first expression of General Crook when he arrived in the vicinity of the Stone House. "There are no Indians about the place," he said, "but they may be close at hand. We will wait until daylight before we approach nearer."

He secreted his men in a grove of junipers on the mountainside, some distance from the premises, and waited developments.

As soon as the morning light began to break, the general, accompanied by Hammersley, began to reconnoiter. "The whites are vigilant," he remarked, as he pointed to the rifles in the loopholes in the wall. "They are evidently expecting the Indians, but I see no cover behind which the redskins could conceal themselves from our view. I am of the opinion that the red rascals have 'smelt a mouse' and are hiding behind the rocks."

"That will be easy," replied the trapper, and he started in a stooping posture, keeping his head well hidden behind the rocky junipers.

"Hello, there!" spoke the trapper in a low tone, at a short distance from the man at the loophole.

The astonished guard looked in a dozen different directions in an instant.

"I am the trapper, returned from the fort with aid. Tell the Lord of the Desert I wish to speak with him."

In a few moments this personage came to the loophole and looked out, shielded from the main points of the plain.

Daylight was rapidly coming on, and the Lord of the Desert, upon consulting his men, soon concluded that the Indians had made their escape. The guards, however, were certain that the Indians had remained until a late hour in the morning, as they had been seen skulking about the place just before dawn.

A short reconnoitre was made and General Crook was informed of the result. His men were marched into the Stone House and were ordered to prepare their breakfast and to take a few hours' rest.

In the meantime, the general held an interview with the Lord of the Desert and began preparations to pursue the Indians, as soon as his men were refreshed. Scouts were sent out upon their trail, under the leadership of the never-sleeping but ever-fresh Hammersley, and they soon struck the trail and sent word back to the Stone House accordingly.

When General Crook informed Dan Follett of the episode with Dan Follett, the Lord of the Desert went to his treasury and found a large sum of his money missing. He became frantic. He wanted to go to the fort and lynch the half-breed; but General Crook informed him that they had "wholly surrounded" the Stone House and that he would take up Follett's case later.

Hammersley, at the head of the band of cowboys, had followed the trail of the Indians all day and kept General Crook posted. The latter moved out with his command from the Stone House at sunset, intending to travel by night so as to keep the Indians off their guard. He started out on one of his determined chases, never intending to return until he had punished those bandits, the most troublesome and bloodthirsty at that time roaming the American plains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At Hell's Trap.

Hammersley had located the Indians at "Hell's Trap." Upon being notified of this, General Crook had come in advance of his command, which was to march by night, to view the situation.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he and the trapper stealthily climbed to the top of the rimrocks overlooking this remarkable place, and lying flat on the capstone of the rimrocks, they looked into the Indian camp below. There was nothing about the place to indicate a trap or place for a harsh name. It was a beautiful natural meadow in the bend of a mountain stream, surrounded on three sides by towering rimrocks, the river forming a distinct peninsula, almost creating an island, so close did the entrance point of the stream come to the point of exit after making the circuit of the little valley.

Through this narrow neck the Indians had entered, and while the animals grazed on the luxuriant grass they had pitched their tents among the willows bordering the stream and had made a garden of Eden for the braves, instead of a "Hell's Trap."

Here they felt safe. In this amphitheater they were isolated from the world, and there were numerous outlets through the rimrocks where they could make their escape if attacked, and they had as prisoners four cowboys, the only persons they had discovered on their trail from the Stone House, and they now felt as safe in this retreat as if among the lava beds of the Klamath country.

They regarded a casual lookout as being sufficient for their safety from surprise. In view of the fact that hunting parties were continually covering the territory in the immediate vicinity of the camp.

It was a continuous feast and holiday for the hunted bandits.

"I cannot understand why they call this Hell's Trap," said General Crook, as he looked down upon the placid scene.

"There is no reason for it now, it is true," replied the trapper, "but I have seen it when the name of Hell's Trap was not too harsh for it. The river, now fordable at most any point, rises from the snowbeds of the great mountains yonder. The warm south winds at times start the snow to melting, and the water comes dashing down from every point, filling the ravines and gulches, and these flow into the river, making it a rolling sea of water as suddenly as a cloudburst. It is on these occasions that the place bears the appearance of a 'hell's trap.'"

"It has always been a great grating place for wild animals of all kinds, and the rise often comes down upon them suddenly and fills the banks all around them and breaks across the narrow neck yonder, imprisoning them completely before they have time to escape. No living thing can ford the river during the rises."

"The Indians make it a point to take advantage of these rises. They stand guard outside, and as soon as the water is at its highest they rush through the current overflowing the neck and slaughter the animals by the wholesale. In this manner they long ago secured their winter meat food. This has given it the name of 'Hell's Trap.'"

After a few minutes in silence General Crook remarked that there seemed to be four canyons, or outlets from the place, through the walls of the rimrocks, besides the main entrance through the "strait," or neck. But the trapper showed him the fifth.

"To make a wholesale capture," remarked the general, "I will have to station me not at all of those points and charge in over the neck. My men will arrive about midnight, and I will then require your assistance in stationing the men for an early morning attack," he continued.

Before the trapper had time to reply, a light caught the eyes of both men that riveted their attention in the same direction.

They placed their field glasses to their eyes and a groan escaped simultaneously from each. The sight that greeted them had often been seen on the American border. Human beings put to torture by savages, in full view of friends who were unable to render them aid!

The savages marched forth into an opening four white men in single file their arms bound to their sides, and each being led by a painted warrior.

The general and the trapper immediately recognized the men as four of the cowboys who had been sent out on the trail of the Indians from the Stone House. This is the first that either had known of their fate. General Crook, as well as the trapper, had supposed that all of the men were safe. The latter had not seen these men since two days before, but he supposed that they had either lost the trail or were loitering somewhere close at hand among the rimrocks. But they had acted indiscreetly and had been entrapped by the Indians, and were now about to pay their last earthly penalty.

The mode of the American savages' torture of his prisoners is well known. It has been described often enough, with its harrowing variations. The Snake Indian was the most cruel, and in this case his incentive was great. Many of his companions had fallen before the loopholes at the Stone House. These men had fired the fatal shots in many instances. It was now the Indians' turn.

Binding the prisoners, hands and feet, and tying them to short stakes driven deeply into the ground, their prostrated bodies were made the subject of every indignity, every cruelty and every torture that the degraded Putes and their allies could invent.

It was well even for the iron nerves of the intrepid general and the desert trapper that the position of the men partially obscured them from view, and that they could not see all that was done.

The torture was kept up almost until sunset, when the last life succumbed, and the savages were even then desecrating their mutilated bodies when interrupted by a chorus of yells from the center of the bend in the river.

Turning their glasses in this direction, the two white men saw another sight that startled them still more.

A mounted party had just passed through an opening in the rimrocks, and was forcing the stream and heading toward the Indian camp.

In front rode an Indian warrior, next came a white man bound to his horse, then came a white woman, her feet bound by a rope which encircled the horse upon which she rode; then followed two warriors mounted on one animal, and bringing up the rear was Dan Follett!

"Bertha Lytle, as sure as I live!" gasped the trapper.

"And that cursed half-breed!" exclaimed General Crook.

The trapper started to rise and rush to the rescue, but the cool-headed general restrained him. "Cool, my boy! Cool!" he advised. "Careful work requires careful action, and I see now that we have a lot of both on hand!"

The trapper had already informed General Crook of the entire situation, so far as he knew it, but both were at a loss to understand how Follett had escaped and how he had succeeded in enticing Bertha and her companion from the secret caverns of the trapper's home.

"We will solve these mysterious problems later, young man," said the general. "We have practical ones ahead of us now!"

Old Egan greeted Follett with full fellowship as a chief, and cast a vindictive glance at his fair captives. The party was soon dismounted, and while Metekar, the cowboy captive, was led away and bound to a stake where his late friends had been confined, Bertha was given a tepee all to herself among the willows, and two lithesome braves were placed as guards over her.

"This complicates matters," said General Crook. "I intended opening the campaign at daybreak tomorrow and not leaving one of the red devils to tell the tale, after witnessing the butchery of those poor fellows—a while ago, but now that cannot be done, for it would betray the girl's safety and life. It will never do to shoot into the place while she is in it."

"I'll rescue her before morning, General," said the trapper.

"It's a ticklish job, young man, but if you succeed, my men will do the rest!"

Night was now coming on, and they returned to the temporary quarters of the great Indian fighter, in a secret nook among the rimrocks, there to plan the rescue of the woman, and the early morning attack.

(To be Continued.)

No Squashes.
One woman, according to the New York Press, has rebelled against the prevailing style of millinery. She went the other day to buy a simple hat, and looked over a large variety, all decorated with cherries, grapes, strawberries, hazelnuts, apples and beans.

"No, I don't want any of these," said she, putting them aside.

"Perhaps you would prefer this cluster of currants," suggested the milliner.

"No, no squashes nor cucumbers. These things are very necessary on the dinner-table, but I object to them on my head."

"But they are so fashionable!"

"Never mind, I draw the line at fruit and vegetables."

A Gastronomic Feast.
At a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch baskets sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the schoolmaster, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master; "then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other!"—London Tid-Bits.

ONE OMNIBUS.
In the newly issued "Double Part" of the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray gives two quotations under the word "omnibus" which neatly tell the birth-story of the vehicle. In a memorandum to the chairman of the Board of Stamps, dated April 8, 1820, Mr. Shillibeer stated: "I am . . . engaged in building two vehicles after the manner of the recently established French Omnibus, which when completed I propose starting on the Paddington Road."

Mr. Shillibeer was as good as his word. In Saunders' News Letter of July 4 appeared the paragraph: "The new vehicle, called the omnibus, commenced running this morning from Paddington to the city."

HE YIELDS TO FORCE.

Castro Will Make Cash Payment and Give Guarantees for Award.

Caracas, Jan. 10.—After two stormy meetings of the cabinet, all conditions set forth in the replies of the powers to President Castro's last proposal in the matter of settling the Venezuelan dispute through arbitration have been accepted by the Venezuelan government. The government considers the conditions unjust, but declared it is obliged to yield to force. The Venezuelan answer was delivered at the United States legation here at noon today.

The conditions of the powers cover cash payments to the allies and guarantees for the payment of the balance of their claims. It can be said on good authority that the question of raising the existing blockade will not be considered.

It was learned at a late hour tonight that, by the terms of the notes of the foreign powers handed to President Castro by Minister Bowen yesterday and of the Venezuelan answer to them delivered at the American legation today, a compromise in the matter of arbitration has been reached.

Foreign business houses in Venezuela are suffering exceedingly from the effects of the continued blockade.

The revolutionary movement under General Matos is losing popularity daily, because of the assistance it is alleged to receive from the German blockade vessels arriving in it permitting the landing of arms for the revolutionists near Margarita.

The leader of the revolutionists is called "Matos, the German," by the press.

VEILED BY SNOW STORM.

Trains Collide, Killing Three and Injuring Fourteen Persons.

Ada, O., Jan. 10.—Three men are dead and 14 or more other persons are injured, one fatally, as a result of a collision between two trains on the Pennsylvania system on the main street of this city at 5 o'clock this evening.

Train No. 35, westbound for Fort Wayne, started out of the station, but at the main street crossing was compelled to stop on account of some accident to the train. A flagman was sent back to notify No. 19, a fast train going in the same direction, which was several minutes late. On account of a driving snow storm the engineer of No. 19 was unable to see the signal in time to slacken his speed, and his engine crashed into the rear coach of No. 35 while running at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

No. 35 consisted of two coaches, the rear one being a combination baggage and passenger car, with another passenger car in front. Both were telescoped and barely a passenger escaped injury of some sort. The engineer and fireman of No. 19 were also slightly injured, but not enough to prevent them from rendering immediate assistance to those who were in distress. The engine of No. 19 was almost demolished, but the cars behind it were not damaged in the least and none of the passengers were bruised.

CRACK SHOT WITH BIG GUN.

Eight-Foot Object, Three Miles Distant, Hit With 12-Inch Rifle.

San Francisco, Jan. 10.—Extraordinary accuracy in marksmanship cut short the heavy gun practice at the Presidio reservation today. The 12-inch guns were to be brought into play, and the target was a wooden structure, pyramidal in shape, about 12 feet long at each base and about eight feet high. It was towed overboard by a tug with a long towline, and while moving at seven miles an hour, was to be fired upon. When the target was about three miles from shore and under tow it appeared to be about the size of a man's hand. It was then that Corporal Regan fired a 12-inch gun. The shot struck about eight yards astern of the moving mark. Carefully Regan aimed the second missile, and scarcely had the roar of the discharge ceased, when the target disappeared. The shot had hit "the enemy" amidships and shattered it into splinters.

Expense of Diplomatic Service.

Washington, Jan. 10.—The house committee on foreign affairs today concluded the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, which will be reported to the house. It carries approximately \$1,900,000, which is less than the estimates and less than the appropriation of last year. Bulgaria is included in the territory of the minister to Greece and a secretary is added to the legation in Switzerland at a salary of \$1,600 a year. The consulate at Canton is raised to a consulate general and the salary advanced from \$4,000 to \$5,000.

It Works Through Snow Storms.

Sydney, C. B., Jan. 10.—Marconi will leave Monday for Cape Cod, to give attention to the completion of the wireless trans-Atlantic station at that point. He took advantage of Thursday's snow storm to test the behavior of the wireless system under adverse weather conditions. Messages were sent to England successfully. There was a severe storm also on the English coast at the time, but the messages went across without a hitch.

Huge Swindle Alleged.

Houston, Tex., Jan. 10.—A. Wettermark, head of the Nacogdoches banking firm, which was forced into liquidation by alleged extensive forgeries, was today arrested on his arrival at Houston on a warrant charging him with having received deposits after he knew the bank to be insolvent. It is claimed at Nacogdoches that the forgeries will exceed \$500,000.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Timber Land Frauds Being Investigated.—Old Jailbird Caught—Exhibits for 1908 Exposition—Linn County Schools Will Have Libraries—Horse-theives Caught—Bad Man in the Pen.

A special agent of the government is at Lakeview looking into timber land frauds in that section.

Emmett Kimberley, who broke jail at Canyon City a year ago, has been arrested in a Portland lodging house.

The common council of LaGrange is at work on a new city charter. It will include a considerable extension of the city limits.

A petition is being circulated in Linn county to increase the tax levy in order that schools throughout the county may be provided with public libraries.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, of Independence, which was badly burned by swallowing carbolic acid, died from its injuries.

At a special school meeting in Fairview district 14 votes out of a total of 15 were in favor of a 20-mill tax with which to pay up interest and other indebtedness of the district.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Slavin, who live upon their farm near Hillsdale, celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Slavin arrived in Oregon in 1850, but his wife had preceded him three years.

The governors of Idaho and Montana have recommended that their states make good exhibits at the 1905 fair.

The biennial report of the state treasurer has just been issued. It shows not a single dollar of delinquent state tax against any county in the state.

John McMahon, who is serving a life sentence in the state penitentiary for murder, assaulted a guard with a brick and was finally subdued by being beaten into insensibility. McMahon is regarded as the worst man in the "pen."

Sheriff Rador, of Medford, has now in custody two members of the gang of horse-thieves who have been operating in Southern Oregon. More of the gang are under surveillance and will soon be taken in by the officers.

The total number of patients in the state insane asylum during December just past was 1,265. The superintendent reports all the recent cases of typhoid fever as completely recovered or convalescent, and no new cases appearing.

Bruce Davis, a drunkard, and an inmate of the Josephine County jail, died in his cell as the result of a rather cruel treatment at the hands of the jailer. Davis was recently confined to the county bastille to await trial at the coming term of circuit court and to answer the charge of stealing a watch and other valuables. He was a very heavy drinker and became afflicted with delirium tremens shortly after being confined, and when he could no longer have his drinks, he raved and yelled like a mad man, making the hours hideous for the other inmates of the jail. Pete Miller, the jailer, occupied a bed in the jail, and found sleep an impossibility because of the maniac's ravings. As he could not quiet him in any other way, he arose and turned the hose on him, drenching the poor prisoner until he looked like a drowned chicken. That quieted him and Pete went back to bed. When the sheriff arrived the following morning with the prisoner's breakfast he found Davis drenched and shivering in one corner and some two inches of water in his cell. The thermometer registered at the freezing point. Davis never recovered from his shock, though whether his death was entirely due to his cold-water drenching has not yet been determined.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70c; blue-stem 80c; valley, 75c to 78c.

Barley—Feed, \$3.50 per ton; brewing, \$24.00.

Flour—Best grade, 3.00 to 4.40; Graham, \$3.20 to 3.60.

Millet—Best, \$1.00 per ton; middlings, \$23.50; shorts, \$19.00; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.15 to \$1.17; gray, \$1.12 to \$1.15 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$11 to \$12; clover, \$8 to \$9; cheat, \$5 to \$9 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50c to 60c per sack; ordinary, 40c to 50c per cental; growers' prices: Merced avetes, \$2.00 to \$2.25 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10c to 11c; young, 10c; hens, 11c to 12c; turkeys, live, 15c to 16c; dressed, 18c to 20c; ducks, \$7 to \$7.50 per dozen; geese, \$8 to \$8.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15c to 17c; Young America, 17c to 18c; factory prices, 18c to 19c.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 27c to 30c per pound; extras, 30c; dairy, 20c to 22c; store, 15c to 18c.

Eggs—22c to 30c per dozen.

Hops—New crop, 25c to 30c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 12c to 15c; Eastern Oregon, 8c to 14c; mohair, 26c to 28c.

Beef—Cows, 3c to 3c 3/4c per pound; steers, 4c; dressed, 6c to 7c.

Mutton—Gross, 6c per pound; dressed, 8c.

Lamb—Gross, 3c 3/4c per pound; dressed, 6c.

Hogs—Gross, 6c to 6c 3/4c per pound; dressed, 7c to 7c 3/4c.

MANGLED AND ROASTED.

Awful Fate of Passengers in Trainwreck in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Jan. 9.—As a result of a collision between a passenger train and the rear end of a freight train on the Monongahela division of the Pennsylvania railroad tonight at Cochrane station, just above Duquesne, seven men are dead, one is dying and five others injured.

The passenger train in the wreck was the West Elizabeth accommodation train from Pittsburg. It was on time, and had a clear track, according to the signals displayed. At the siding at Cochrane it ran into the rear end of an extra freight, which had taken the switch, but had failed to clear the main line. The officials of the road attributed the disaster to the failure of Patrick Quinn, the rear brakeman of the freight, to see that his train had fully cleared. Up to a late hour Quinn had not been located.

In the collision the tender of the passenger train was forced back upon the combination baggage and smoking car with terrible force. The 13 passengers were jammed against the rear end of the car into almost a solid mass. Three of the victims were apparently killed outright, two of the other four were literally roasted to death, and the two who died on the way to the hospital were so badly burned that recognition is impossible.

Almost immediately after the impact fire from the stove in the smoker communicated to the wreckage, and the improvised victims were tortured beyond description. All of the victims were badly burned. Conductor Cook was found unconscious under the charred body of Baggageman Stroud.

Strange to say, not a truck, except those of the tender, left the track, and the only passengers injured were those in the smoker.

LUCK FOR BRITISH MINERS.

American Demand for English Coal Saves Them a Cut in Wages.

New York, Jan. 8.—The year has opened with excellent prospects for the North of England coal trade, says the Tribune's London correspondent. The conditions which applied at the close of 1902 still obtain, and are even accentuated, as it is abundantly evident that the American demand is destined to continue for some time yet. The West Indies are now under the necessity of obtaining coal from this country and positive orders are being placed for Haywards and Clen-ford in addition to those for New York, Boston and Providence, for which steamers are being regularly fixed to load in the Tyne.

The American demand for English coal has had an unlooked for effect in preventing the expected decline in the Northumberland miners' wages. The average selling prices during the past three months having been so well maintained that a conciliation board has agreed that wages shall remain unchanged for the succeeding three months.

TURKISH SULTAN WORRIED.

English Protests Against Russian Warships Entering Black Sea.

Constantinople, Jan. 8.—Great Britain has vigorously protested to the Turkish government against the permission granted in September last to the unarmed Russian torpedo-boat destroyers to pass through the Dardanelles and into the Black Sea, under the commercial flag of Russia. These vessels were about to start on the proposed trip. The British note says the passage of the Dardanelles by the torpedo-boat destroyers would be a violation of the existing international treaties, and that if Russian warships are thus allowed to start on the Dardanelles, Great Britain will reserve the right to demand similar privileges.

The protest has caused irritation in Russian circles, and concern on the part of Turkish authorities, who fear that other powers will follow the example of Great Britain.

JOY KILLED OLD MINER.

He Struck It Rich After Prospecting for 17 Years in the Black Hills.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—David Thompson, one of the best-known prospectors in the Black Hills over which country he has hunted gold for 17 years, struck a ledge of great richness, and after 10 minutes demonstrations of delight fell dead, says a dispatch to the Tribune from Roubaix, S. D. An examination made later by physicians showed a blood vessel in the brain to have been ruptured.

Richard Manzell Dead.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—Richard Manzell, astronomer, scientist and author, is dead at Rock Island, Ill., of Bright's disease, aged 74 years. He was a native of Staffordshire, England, but had resided in Rock Island since he was 20 years of age. His annual "Almanac of Planetary Meteorology" was first published in 1876, and appeared regularly until 1901. It circulated over this country and in England, and was accepted as standard everywhere.

Tortured by Thieves.

New York, Jan. 8.—Levi Elcher, aged 59 years, and his wife, residing in Springfield township, have been tortured by masked thieves, until they told where their money was hidden. The robbers held a lighted lamp to Mr. Elcher's feet and burned them until the flesh fell off before he would consent to show them the strong-box, where \$225 in bills was hidden. Then they bound the victims to the bed and left them, taking a horse and saddle from a barn. Elcher, it is said, recognized the thieves.

Arrested at Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 12.—John Doyle, John Murphy, William Carter and Tom Kennedy are under arrest in this city, suspected of holding up a Northern Pacific train in Western Montana October 24. Engineer O'Neill was killed and the safe in the baggage car was wrecked. Detectives claim the gang was tracked to Seattle, and here for a time disappeared from sight. Descriptions are said to tally closely.

COAL MINERS' WAR

GENERAL GOBIN TELLS COMMISSION OF STRENUOUS TIMES.

Soldiers Were Boycotted on All Sides—Could Not Get Terms to Haul Supplies to Camp—Never Had to "Shoot to Kill," as the Famous Order Did Away With the Necessity.

Philadelphia, Jan. 12.—After occupying eight days, during which time they presented about 150 witnesses, the commission men have closed their case before the coal strike commission.

The coal companies will open their case next, and, according to the plans