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LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

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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 trapper to attempt the rescue. Should he fail 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 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 shadows 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 bearings had been so well taken that 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 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 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.

In a few moments time 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, 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 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 with awe. 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 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 across 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 drilling of a soldiers life 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 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 a 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 these few minutes a seething foam, 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 that mowed them down like grass before a scythe. Another opening and another was tried with like results, until terror-stricken they ran about the meadow, hiding 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 join him, and made the other shore. Mounting their horses, the chief and half-breed led the men to the "neck" where the water was rapidly rising to 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

Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive.

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, for they 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 made it across to fall before the rifles in the hands of the guards at the openings in the rimrocks.

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:

"Dey call dis 'Hell's Drap,' 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 history 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 raging 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 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 reminiscences to relate. Bertha has 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 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 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 immediate command and hurried 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 main room of 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 had 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 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 it would make death the more agonizing."

"It is true, Mr. Lyle," replied the general, "its effects 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 worse, general, it is here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "If you knew what lies there, 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 doing that 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 for a moment. Then he continued: "If 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. I do not fear it, general, but to meet my God with this load here. General, for many years I have kept my heart, my conscience, my soul, benumbed 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."

"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."

"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 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

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

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 no less than William Llye, 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 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 relatives of the deceased and the employes about 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 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 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. 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 death 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 his maker and that the American lord will never disgrace the honorable title which he has won."

With a song by those present and a prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the "Lord of the Desert" was closed.

General Crook was now ready to take 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 daugnter together.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha, "and he will support father. Mr. Hammersley is the rightful 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.

"I didn't think it was any use," replied the trapper with a husky voice.

General Crook at once detected the real sentiment of the two for each other.

"It's a bad law," he said, "but it is best."

"I think I can relieve all of this embarrassment," said Al. Beach, coming forward. "Read the will more carefully."

The will was handed to General Crook, who read:

"In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath to my adopted son, William Lyle all—." "Adopted son,' repeated General Crook. "So this William Lyle was not the real son of the testator."

"That is true," said Leondidas Liggett, the former cook of the Lord of the Desert, who had stood by in silence. "I have long known the whole story. I learned it from William Lyle's wife in Boston, after his death. I have kept silent all of these years because I did not think an adopted son ought to inherit over the real ones."

A further examination of the papers which Al. Beach had secured discovered a written acknowledgment of William Lyle that he was an adopted son and that this had been kept a secret from the other children who were all born after his adoption.

"I see nothing in the way now," said General Crook, glancing at Bertha and Hammersley.

"Bertha is it any use to ask?" inquired the trapper.

"There is nothing lost by trying!" replied the girl as she took him by the hand.

"Glad you remained, chaplain," said General Crook. "You have buried one lord and now you may bind another for life before we go."

Within ten days old Egan came in with his fragment of warriors and the squaws and children of his tribe and surrendered to General Crook.

Fort Warner was abandoned and the great Indian fighter was sent to other fields. Dan Follett was never heard of again.

Bertha Lyle preferred to change her name and she and the trapper agreed that Hammersley was good enough. They lived at the Stone House and gave the cripple a home the remainder of his days.

They retained in their employ all of the former employes at the Stone House who desired to remain, and the names of the Hammersleys, the Beaches, the Byrds, the Hopes, the Metzgers and the Liggetts are still familiar and honored ones in the great Inland Empire belt of Oregon.

THE END.

("The Lord of the Desert" may be had in book form for 25 cents from the publisher of this paper, or by addressing the Metropolitan Printing Co., 162 Second street, Portland, Oregon.)

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

Citizens of Newman, a small village in Indiana, held up a train and robbed it of coal.

The 1904 session of the national livestock convention will be held in Portland.

The French government has forbidden the use of the Breton dialect by priests of Brittany.

Lieutenant Governor Tillman says he will be able to show that he had ample provocation for shooting Editor Gonzales.

Two of the public schools of Philadelphia have closed on account of lack of fuel. More will follow unless relief arrives soon.

The president is going over the list of candidates to become United States attorney for Alaska and will announce his decision soon.

A Denver Rio Grande passenger train was derailed in Colorado and 30 of the 60 passengers injured. Only four, however, are seriously hurt.

Each member of the isthmian canal commission is drawing a salary of $1,000 a month and traveling expenses added. The salaries were fixed in 1899.

Senator Mitchell has been assured that the improvement of the mouth of the Columbia will begin soon and that the work will go forward without delay.

Germany has denounced the most favored nation clause in the treaty between the United States and Cuba, saying it will shut out all other countries from trade.

W. J. Lewis, the Seventh Day Adventist, who refused to work in the postoffice department Saturdays, will have that day off without pay.

At a party given by the students of St. Francis' college, Brooklyn, 7,500 persons played euchre at one time at 1,875 tables, and 12 bands played in unison.

It is reported that Lord Rosebury will marry Mrs. Alice Carr Chauncey, formerly of Louisville, Ky., but now of Cannes, France. Her younger sister is the wife of Lord Newborough.

The dead body of an Italian with 17 cents on it was found in Jackson Park, Chicago. The man is supposed to have been murdered for revenge, as his money was not taken.

The body of a man killed in a fight with United States marshals at Spiro, Oklahoma, has been identified as that of Samuel Morley, murderer of three men in Texas. A reward of $3,000 was offered for his arrest.

The Dominion iron and steel company, of Canada, threatens to become a serious competitor of Great Britain in foreign markets.

Havmeyer will furnish $1,000,000 for a beet sugar factory at Longmont, Colo.

Owing to a constant decline in silver, City of Mexico merchants refuse to give discounts on sales.

In a collision between a passenger and freight train on the Great Northern, near Barnesville, Minn., the freight engineer and fireman and the passenger engineer were killed. The mail car, two baggage cars and both engines were demolished.

CHAMBERLAIN NOW GOVERNOR.

Formal Ceremonies at Salem in Presence of Immense Crowds.

Salem, Jan. 15.—George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, became governor of Oregon yesterday and Theodore T. Geer retired after four years of service. The ceremonies at the state capitol were attended by a crowd that packed every available nook, corner and square inch of space in the great legislative hall. By 10:30 o'clock the corridors of the capitol had taken an appearance of unusual activity, and by 11 o'clock the entrances to the legislative hall were chocked.

When the senate appeared to go into joint convention, the sergeant-at-arms and door keepers had no little trouble fighting their way through the almost immovable mass, but they finally made headway. When the senators had taken their seats and President Brownell had assumed the gavel, he read briefly from the state constitution that clause bearing upon canvass of the vote for governor, and then he caused the waiting and expectant crowd to disperse by announcing that the inaugural ceremonies would not occur till afternoon.

Speaker Harris announced the joint committee to canvass the vote for governor, impartially choosing two Democrats and two Republicans. The canvassing committee retired to one corner of the hall, procured a table and there, with Secretary of State Dunbar, began to open the sealed envelopes from the various county clerks containing a certified statement of the votes of the several counties. The returns were almost precisely the same as the unofficial record tabulated by Secretary Dunbar, except that an error of 40 votes had been made in the Furnish vote for Malheur county. The figures show that Furnish received an aggregate of 41,611 votes, and Chamberlain 41,857, a plurality of 246. Speaker Harris then performed briefly and without flourish his duty of declaring George E. Chamberlain duly elected governor of Oregon. Committees were named to notify the retiring and incoming governors that the legislature was ready to receive them, and then the joint convention took a recess till 2:15 P. M.

At 2:15 the procession of state officers filed down the aisle. It was headed by Governor Geer, followed by Governor-elect Chamerlain. Then came the legislative committee and the chief justice and others.

After all had taken their seats, Governor Geer delivered his farewell address, occupying about an hour. The oath of office was then administered to Chamberlain, and immediately after the new governor delivered his inaugural address.

Must Protect Seal Industry.

Washington, Jan. 16. — Because of threatened invasion in the Alaska seal industry by the Japanese, the state department has opened negotiations that will induce that government to make a treaty by which vessels flying the flag of that country shall be prohibited from taking seals within the 60-mile limit. The treasury department has been informed by revenue cutter officers that 16 or more Japanese vessels took seals in the prohibited area, but that no seizures were made as there was no agreement with Japan.

Fatal Explosion at Powder Works.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 16.—Through an explosion this morning in the guncotton room of the Hamilton Powder company's works at Northfield seven lives were instantly extinguished, and virtually every other employe engaged about the works more or less seriously injured. The destruction of the guncotton room was followed a few seconds later by a second and equally terriffic explosion in the gelignite building, the entire plant being wrecked.

T. H. TONGUE DEAD

OREGON REPRESENTATIVE SUCCUMBS TO HEART FAILURE.

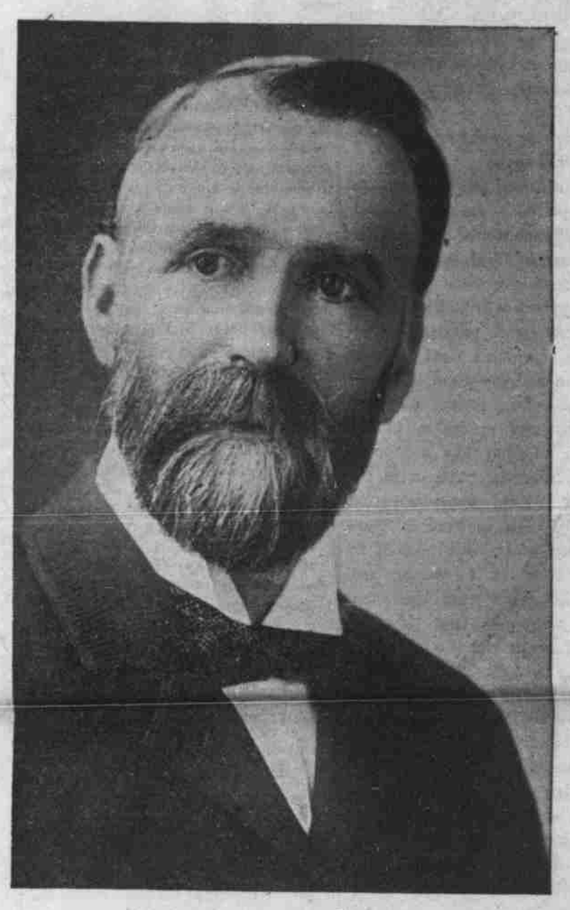
Brought On by Acute Indigestion — End Came Peacefully and Without Pain — His Daughter Bertha and His Secretary Only Persons with Him — Many Expressions of Sorrow.

Washington, Jan. 12.—Representative Thomas H. Tongue, of the First Oregon congressional district, in the presence of his daughter Bertha and his secretary, Miss Runey, died suddenly in his room at the Irvington, in this city, at 12:50 yesterday afternoon. A few minutes before he passed away he lapsed into unconsciousness, and died without a word, without any suffering. His son, Thomas H., Jr., did not reside with his father, but was notified of his approaching end, and hastened to his fathers bedside, but did not reach there until after he had passed away.

The physicians who were summoned, and the family physician, Dr. Bovee, as well as the coroner, agree that death was due to acute indigestion, which superinduced paralysis of the heart. Mr. Tongue had been in unusual health, and except for occasional attacks of dyspepsia, to which he had been subject of late years, has not complained of feeling badly this winter. He considered he was in better health than he had been in for two years past, in fact. Mr. Tongue attended a dinner Saturday evening and did not retire until a late hour. When he slept late yesterday morning, contrary to custom, nothing was thought of it.

At 10 o'clock he received a call from two Oregon friends, with whom he discussed at length matters of personal and political character. During the stay of these gentlemen he remained in bed, but rose and dressed as they left, and had a light breakfast in his room. He said at the time that his appetite was not good, and complained slightly of dyspepsia. At his request his daughter, Bertha, brought him a soda solution, which he drank, and remarked that he thought that would fix him all right He went through his morning mail, and then lay down on the couch to read the papers. His daughter joked with him slightly about being sick and too stubborn to have a doctor, but he insisted that he was not ill. A few minutes later Miss Bertha noticed that her father was breathing heavily and deeply. She became alarmed and telephoned at once for a number of physicians.

Before either the doctors or his son arrived, however, Representative Tongue had passed away, having become unconscious at the time heavy breathing set in. In his late moments of consciousness he suffered nothing beyond the natural disturbance caused by an attack of dyspepsia. He had no consciousness of his true condition as he lapsed into insensibility. His end was quiet and peaceful.



THOMAS H. TONGUE, LATE REPRESENTATIVE FROM OREGON.

Thomas H. Tongue, who had attained state prominence long before he became a national figure, was born in England on June 23, 1844. His parents were Anthony and Rebecca (Lawson) Tongue, and he was their only child. He was educated in England until his 15th year, when his parents emigrated directly to Washington county, Oregon, where they located on a farm several miles north of Hillsboro, where the parents yet reside. Young Tongue had had fairly good advantages in the English schools and as soon as he arrived in Hillsboro he worked incessantly to give himself a finished education. Attending district school on the North Tualatin plains for several years, he finally concluded to take a collegiate course He began school at Pacific university under great difficulties, graduating with high honors in 1868. Upon leaving the university he commenced the study of law under Hon W. D. Hare, and so apt a scholar was he that he was admitted to the bar in 1870

He early espoused the principles of the Republican party, by which party he was several times honored by nominations to prominent official positions, serving locally as a member of the council of Hillsboro, also as mayor of that city and as a member of the school board for six consecutive years In 1888 he was elected to the state senate and served on the judiciary and other important committees.

He was chairman of the Republican state convention held at Portland in 1890, and was a delegate to the national convention of the party at Minneapolis in 1892. In 1895 he was a candidate for United States senator, when McBride was elected. In 1896 Mr. Tongue was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress, defeating Binger Hermann for the nomination.

During the six years that he sat in congress, Mr. Tongue did great work for Oregon. He never lost an opportunity to secure appropriations for the rivers and harbors and for other purposes. When the house committee on rivers and harbors was out here a year ago, Mr. Tongue accompanied the members on their trips up and down the Columbia, and gave them the necessary information needed.

Admiral Melville Retires.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the bureau of steam engineering, has been placed on the retired list of the navy, having reached the age limit of 62 years. Special authority by congress has been invoked to allow Admiral Melville to continue his services at the head of the bureau until his commission expires, August 9, 1903. Admiral Melville was appointed to the navy from New York in July, 1861.