

LORD OF THE DESERT

BY PAUL DE LANEY

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CHAPTER I THE OREGON "DESERT."

From the north boundary line to the south boundary line of the state, there lies in Eastern Oregon a strip of territory about 400 miles long and about 200 miles wide, which was once known as the Great Oregon Desert, and through which ran the old Oregon trail.

This desert, unlike most deserts, contains many oases. There are numerous springs, both from the sides of the mountains and rise even from desert sands; and wherever this water touched the fertile soil, beautiful meadows of native grass grew, and the eye of the occasional adventurer.

But these seemed few and far between in early days; and for lack of knowledge of their location many a weary traveler lost his way between them, and his bleached bones for many years afterward marked the last place where he laid himself down to rest.

Even in these days when much of the ground accessible to water is occupied by a pioneer homesteader, one may travel a hundred miles or more without encountering a single human habitation, or living thing, except a succession of mountain plateaus. It is at a high altitude at every point. To reach it from most any direction one must climb a great mountain range, and meaner still are the rugged, snow-capped peaks and through rock-bound canyons and gulches; and to cross it one must traverse wide stretches of barren plains that never taste of water, except from the occasional snows of winter, and must also encounter lava beds and walls of rock seemingly insurmountable. These plains remind one of a huge extinct volcanic crater, although they cover thousands of acres in area, and it takes days of travel to cross many of them. They vary in size, however, from small plateaus of a few acres to the illimitable outstretched plains that they all bear the same characteristics. The traveler, whether passing through a small basin or a great plateau, is struck with some impression. A wall surrounds each of these basins or plateaus, and the latter rises one from another. These walls consist of rocks piled upon one another with masonry care, the joints being broken as perfectly and smoothly as if done by skilled masons from ten and two thousand feet into the air, and to make them the more difficult of ascent, a thick layer of flat rocks lie along the top of the wall, and are out on either side into wide eaves and sheltering them like the rim of a hat, or the eaves of a flat roof, and these are called the rimrocks.

He sat in a high-backed home-made chair.

varieties of this deadly weapon adorn the tables in the room.

In the main bedroom this same abundance of firearms exist, and in this room is in the front room, a large table stands in one corner and upon it is fastened all of the latest improved apparatus for loading and reloading cartridge shells, and an abundant supply of ammunition is at hand to withstand an ordinary siege.

The other rooms of the building are only ordinary bedrooms showing the lack of care and attention usually found in bachelor's quarters, while the dining-room and kitchen are large and spacious, and a large supply of provisions are stored away to keep a large number for an indefinite period. The front bedroom, like the kitchen and dining-room, is kept in perfect order. These and the front room are frequently visited and occupied by the owner, and they must be kept in order, for the desert may be more than a storm of words. But the other rooms of the house present a different aspect; the beds are unmade, and men's wearing apparel are scattered about the floor; broken matches, half consumed candles, and, in fact, a general miscellany of unimportant things make up the debris of the rooms. But there is a deserted appearance about the place. Save a slight noise from the cooking apartments, occasioned by the work of a stout, round-faced Englishman, who might be taken for almost any game, and who does the work of chef, cook, dishwasher, housekeeper and man-of-all-work, in performing his routine labors, no other sound is heard.

But there are two occupants of the place at this time. In the front room a man sits in a peculiarly-constructed chair in deep meditation. An anxious look occupies his countenance, and now and then a cloud seems to obscure his whole face. It lights up with a beam of pleasure for a moment, as if the way looked clear to the thinker, then the clouds again, followed by gleams of light and grimaces caused by a tortured conscience. The chair upon which he sits is a home-made affair. It has huge posts and a high back, with long, awkwardly-constructed rockers that give it the appearance of having been made for a giant. The front posts extend up almost even with the arm-pits, and support wide arms—so broad that they look like tables. In the left hand of the man occupying the chair is a book, but the thumb only marks the place to where he has read and his arm lies carelessly on the table-like arm of the chair. On the right table, or arm of the chair, sits a goblet half-filled with old Scotch whiskey, the right hand clasping it gently. Although the glass is conveyed to his lips occasionally it is never permitted to become empty, a demijohn within easy reach being drawn upon at intervals when the fluid runs low in the glass.

The chair does not only look as if it had been made for a giant, but a modern giant does occupy it. Six feet three, when standing, large limbs and spare hands, the man shows wonderful strength, though his constitution has been battling with a Scotch whisky and a remorseful conscience for many years. A broad mouth, long nose, deep set eyes, large ears and high cheek bones show as plainly as does his brogue that he is a Scotchman. Like his servant of the kitchen, he might also be taken for almost any age. His smooth-shaven face, reddish complexion and close clipped hair, give the casual observer the impression that he is not more than forty, but the wrinkles in his face and neck, the inevitable markers of time, and the solid grey that intermingles the light red hair, tell the close observer that he is at least sixty, if not more.

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missah," he muttered, with an anxious look upon his face, and then in almost inaudible tones, "What will be the result if she reaches this place in safety? But she will never do it!" and he took a quaff from the goblet to relieve the torments of his soul, which were depicted in his face.

CHAPTER III A Midnight Surprise.

"And how did you leave dear uncle?" inquired a young woman in a voice of innocence.

"Oh, in the very best of spirits," replied a rugged frontiersman, covered with the dust of the plains.

"And how long shall it be before we reach his place?" inquired the same female.

"Within about two days—that is if nothing happens to prevent it," replied the man.

"But nothing can happen to prevent it," except an extraordinary event, can inquired the girl assuringly, and continuing as if to remove all doubt, "you look fresh, your men are all fresh and your horses look as if they were anxious to start on the return journey."

"That is all true, Madam, but in this country we never count on anything until it's accomplished, and the 'extraordinary' is likely to happen any time."

"Oh, then are we to pass through a dangerous section?" inquired the maiden with some alarm.

"No, not particularly, but when the Snakes are skulking about the rocks they are likely to strike at any time," replied the frontiersman.

"What kind of snakes are they?" inquired the young woman.

"I have read of your American snakes," he said, "and know that there are many very dangerous, and that they must be dangerous but never read of their biting people on horseback."

"But these snakes bite at any time," said she, "and I am a very nervous girl."

"No, no, not that, Miss, we might make this trip a dozen times without being molested, but the snakes are on the warpath now, and while cattle stealing and horse stealing is their principle object, they are not averse to bigger prey, especially when the odds are in their favor. They go in small hands, though, and our boys are capable of holding their own with most of them. As it is getting late and we wish an early start in the morning, I would advise you to get up with me, and I'll drive myself and you a hundred miles on the back of a cayuse will prove a task for a tender young lady like you," and as the young woman walked away to her quarters, a Pollett mule driver to be plucked by the "Plutes!"

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A PRETTY POSTMISTRESS NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH

Was Given Up to Die—Eight Doctors Failed—Po-r-u-na Saved Her Life.



Thousands of women suffer from systemic catarrh. This is sure to produce such symptoms as cold feet and hands, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and heavy feelings in the stomach. Then begins a series of experiments with medicine. They take medicine for sick headache. They take medicine for nervous prostration, for palpitation of the heart, for dyspepsia. None of these medicines do any good because they do not reach the cause of the complaint.

Peruna at once mitigates all these symptoms by removing the cause. Systemic catarrh is the trouble. Systemic catarrh pervades the whole system, deranges every organ, weakens every function. No permanent cure can be expected until the systemic catarrh is removed.

This is exactly what Peruna will do. Miss Alma Cox, assistant postmistress of Orem, S. C., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from chronic disease and dyspepsia for five years. How I suffered no tongue can tell. I tried eight or ten of the best physicians without receiving much benefit, also tried lots of patent medicines, but still I suffered with sick headache, cold feet and hands, palpitation of the heart, and such a heavy feeling in my stomach and chest. At times I would be so nervous I could not bear any one around me. I had been given up to die.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, of Columbus, O., gives advice to women free during the summer months.

Oysters.

If you want to try a can of the finest, largest, plumpiest and most delicious canned oysters you ever saw, ask your grocer to send you a can of Monopole. There is only one packer in the United States who puts up as fine goods as Monopole and therefore they are not to be had under any other brand. Under the Monopole brand we also have packed a full line of canned fruits and vegetables, spices, coffee, baking powder and the like. They are packed under a beautifully embossed blue and gold label. The label is fine, but the goods are finer. Your grocer handles them or can get them for you. See that it does it. Wadhams Kerr Bros., Packers, Portland, Oregon.

Mint Drops.

"Well," remarked the scales at the mint, getting off the time worn joke, "you're worth your weight in gold, sure enough, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied the bullion king, "and yet I suppose pretty soon I'll be hard pressed for coin."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

His Favorite Kind.

Rimer—And who is your favorite poet, Mr. Kostique?

Kostique—Chatterton.

Rimer—Huh! What do you find to admire in him?

Kostique—He committed suicide.—Philadelphia Record.

The Cook Objected.

Blobbs—Why was the engagement between Hardup and Miss Gotrox broken off?

Slobbs—Her father's cook objected to any further additions to the family.—Philadelphia Record.

Rheumatism

The liniment bottle and flannel strip are familiar objects in nearly every household. They are the weapons that have been used for generations to fight old Rheumatism, and are about as effective in the battle with this giant disease as the blunderbuss of our forefathers would be in modern warfare.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid, sour condition of the blood. It is filled with acid, irritating matter that settles in the joints, muscles and nerves, and liniments and oils do nothing else applied externally can dislodge these gritty, corroding particles. They were deposited there by the blood and can be reached only through the blood. Rubbing with liniments sometimes relieve temporarily the aches and pains, but these are only symptoms which are liable to return with every change of the weather; the real disease lies deeper, the blood and system are infected. Rheumatism cannot be radically and permanently cured until the blood has been purified, and no remedy does this so thoroughly and promptly as S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and sends a stream of rich, strong blood to the affected parts, which dissolves all acid, and the sufferer obtains happy relief from the torturing pains.

S. S. S. contains no potash or other mineral, but is a perfect vegetable blood purifier and most exhilarating tonic. Our physicians will advise, without charge, all who write about their case, and we will send free our special book on Rheumatism and its treatment.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

It is pure.

It is gentle.

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It is excellent for ladies.

It is convenient for business men.

It is perfectly safe under all circumstances.

It is used by millions of families the world over.

It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians.

If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

Because

Its component parts are all wholesome. It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects. It is wholly free from objectionable substances.

It contains the laxative principles of plants. It contains the carminative principles of plants. It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste.

All are pure. All are delicately blended. All are skillfully and scientifically compounded.

Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y. Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

And the Cards are Out.

"If I only had an ambassador at the court of love!" sighed the bashful swain.

"Well," replied the demure maiden, "a minister would be good enough for me," replied the demure maiden.

"Arabella!"

"Herbert!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Vertuous Gambler.

"So you wish to marry my daughter. Do you drink or gamble?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I'm willing to take a chance in the marriage lottery."—Indianapolis Sun.

FIT'S Permanently Cures No fits or nervousness. Sufferers, send for FIT'S \$2.00 (trial bottle) and book on fits. Dr. H. H. KALSH, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Familiar with Sharks.

"Did you see any sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spinkins?"

asked Miss Purling.

"Yes, I played cards with a couple."

IN WET WEATHER A WISE MAN WEARS TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED WATERPROOF CLOTHING

WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. CATALOGUE FREE. SHOWING LINE OF GENTS' AND LADIES' A J TOWER CO. BOSTON MASS 40

Sad Thoughts.

Preacher—When you're tempted to drink, think of your wife at home.

Henpeck—I do—and that's what drives me to drink.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY, Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Beutwood*

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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