

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Weasel Captive.

"What's up there? Surrender upon your lives!"

The combat between Hammerley and Follett had reached a point at which one or the other must soon yield. The trapper, fighting on the defensive, fought desperately, having released his grasp upon the Canadian's throat and drawn his knife. But the half-breed was more desperate. With the Lord of the Desert now his enemy, his only hope was in rendering such service for Egan that the latter would accept him into his band of marauders, a life that he really coveted. When the trapper released his throat he seized the trapper's hand as it drew the knife from the sheath and each, now on equal terms, struggled desperately.

The right hand of each clasped an ugly knife, while the left of each held the other's right wrist with a vice-like grip. It was now a question of strength and physical endurance. The one who first weakened would forfeit his life! The trapper would not take life wantonly, but would take it if necessary, and now stirred to his utmost only waited the opportunity to plunge his weapon to the hilt in his antagonist's breast.

Time and again a half-triumphant smile passed over the dark face of the half-breed as he thought he saw the trapper weakening. It was a battle royal. Neither of these men had ever been defeated in single combat. One had fought with the fiercest animals of the desert, and the other had battled with the blood-thirstiest of men. Both in the prime of life and possessing unflinching courage, such an encounter would have been a prize-winner in the arena of old.

A cat-like movement of the half-breed and the trapper dropped to his knees. A sudden lurch and a smile came over the face of the Canadian as he thought the battle was about to end in his favor! But the trapper was as firm as the deep-set rocks about him. He rose like a Samson, hunched his antagonist against a boulder by the trail, and grasping the half-breed's wrist which held the murderous knife, until the bones fairly ground together, he began slowly to force the point of his knife to the Canadian's breast as the latter began to weaken and give way.

It was then that the shout: "What's up there?—surrender upon your lives!" came.

General Crook and a squad of picked scouts had been out on a reconnoitering expedition, and while on their return to the fort had come upon the combatants, who were too busily engaged to hear them approach.

There was but one thing to do and that was to obey orders. Each attempted to explain himself, but the stern old soldier ordered them "forward!" and told them they could explain at the fort.

It was after midnight when they reached the fort. General Crook and the two prisoners brought to his quarters. The half-breed succeeded in getting the general's ear first. He explained that Martin Lyle, known as the Lord of the Desert, was besieged in his home, and that he had escaped through their lines and was on his way to the fort to ask for relief when he was assailed from the roadside by the trapper.

Hammerley was non-plussed. It came his turn to explain, but being a man of veracity he did not know how to meet a liar. But he related his story in a straightforward manner without comment, and remembering the message from the Lord of the Desert, he drew it forth and handed it to the general.

"Both stories seem to be straight," said General Crook, "but No. 1 is dark enough to have Indian blood in him and this being the case the burden of proof is cast upon him. But you may put them both in safe-keeping until morning and we will take them along with us to the 'Stone House' they tell about and let this 'Lord of the Desert' identify his messenger."

Immediately upon the departure of the guard with the prisoners, General Crook gave orders for the preparation of ten days' rations for one company of soldiers, and ordered the march to begin at daybreak the next morning.

Shortly after the departure of the guard and the prisoners the shout "halt!" then a gunshot, followed by several others, was heard.

"What means this?" asked the general of a staff officer as he rushed to the door.

"In a few minutes a strong guard appeared with Dan Follett, two stalwart soldiers on either side of the Canadian holding him fast."

"What does this mean?" inquired General Crook.

"Just as we had unlocked the door of the guard-house," replied the officer with a salute, "this prisoner drew a knife like a flash, stabbed the nearest guard and made a break for liberty, and had he not run into the arms of a detachment of soldiers who were on their way to bed, he would have made good his escape."

"Search him to the skin, place him in irons and release the other prisoner!" promptly ordered the general. "I might have known that that Indian was a liar!" said the old warrior to himself.

The general was about half undressed and was hurrying to bed in order to get a little sleep before the early morning march when he was disturbed again. An officer was admitted who had long been on the general's staff and who, with a familiarity with which such association condescended, said: "We searched the prisoner and here is what we found next to his skin," at the same time producing a belt with a buckle attached to it.

General Crook opened the bag and, to his astonishment, found the \$10,000 therein.

"Well, if this don't beat me!" said the old veteran. "An Indian is the most incomprehensible being on earth. Where on earth did he get this money? What on earth was he going to do with it? If this ain't a puzzle! Send for his companion—or rather the man whom we brought here with him."

Hammerley was sent for and again told his story, not varying one point.

"Has anyone in that country great wealth?" inquired General Crook.

"The Lord of the Desert is supposed to be very rich," replied the trapper.

"You say he and the 'Lord' are friends?" queried the officer.

"Yes, in crimes and damnable deeds," replied the trapper.

"What do you know?" asked General Crook.

"I know a great deal, general," replied the trapper, "it is a long story, and some of it is unfinished," he continued, "but when we reach the Stone House I hope to enlighten you."

General Crook then informed the trapper of the finding of the money on the person of Follett.

"I think I understand it now," said Hammerley, after hearing this. "Follett—that is the half-breed's name—knew that I had been requested to come to you, and for some reason he decided to intercept me and prevent your learning of the predicament of the Lord of the Desert. He simply robbed the Lord of the Desert, and intended, after killing me, to make his escape. I can explain it in no other way. Before attacking me with his knife he must have attempted to shoot me, for I am sure I heard the snap of a revolver hammer or that of a gun."

"Here are his weapons," said one of the officers, and upon examination it was found that the hammer of one of the revolvers rested on a percussion cap that had failed to explode, though its battered condition showed that an attempt had been made to fire it.

"Guard him close and see that he is kept here until my return," commanded the general, as he dismissed those present and placed the bag of money in the iron depository of the command.

Long before the dawn of day the soldiers were astray. Everything was work and bustle about the fort, in preparation for the march at break of day. At this time the march would begin, for General Crook was an officer of the old school and his orders would not be varied to a hair's breadth in any detail.

At dawn of day the company moved out with General Crook and his staff in the lead, and Hammerley as chief guide and scout. It was the purpose to march by day for two days and then to change the march to night time, so as not to be detected by the Indians in the vicinity of the Stone House.

It was also planned to reach that point between midnight and day, and attack the Indians at dawn.

After the departure of one company from a small garrisoned fort, the place looked deserted. The post had been only recently established, and most of the men were kept busy constructing the buildings about the fort. Many of them were in the mountains throughout the day, securing timber for the buildings, while the hammers about the fort reminded one of the building of a new town.

Even the guardhouse was a crude affair, hurriedly thrown together to imprison refractory soldiers.

Follett began planning early to escape. He saw that if once freed from the irons on his legs, that he could break his way through the roof at night and get away unobserved.

When the last meal was brought that night he implored the soldier to assist him in removing the irons, but the soldier had no sympathy for him. Although the wounded guard was only slightly injured, there was not a soldier in the fort that was not prejudiced against the man who had made the knife thrust.

But there was a certain pluck that seems always to attend the wicked and the daring for a certain length of time. Loophole after loophole he offered them for escape, and opportunity after opportunity for reform. The case of Dan Follett was no exception.

Upon testing the locks of the irons which bound his ankles he discovered that one had failed to lock, and it was easy to draw forth the bolt and likewise release one limb. With one limb free he tied the loose end of the shackle to the belt at his waist, and when all was quiet in the fort he silently removed the shackle at the corner of the roof and climbed out and stole away like a cat.

Once among the rocks of the desert, he pounded the remaining lock into pieces and was soon walking as free as before he fell into the hands of the soldiers.

Fortune still favored him farther. He found his stolen Indian pony still tied fast in the gulch, where he had left it the night of his capture, and, mounting the animal, he rode away. Like the villain on the stage, he exclaimed:

"Now for a ride night and day! I will beat General Crook and his men to the Stone House and warn Egan of his danger, and we will away to the lava beds, and from that point continue to harass Uncle Sam and his subjects to the end of our lives! Hammerley, the trapper, and Lyle, the 'Lord of the Desert,' you may yet fall into the clutches of the half-breed!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Cruel Revenge.

The siege is nearing a crisis at the Stone House. Almost a week has passed since the arrival of Egan and his braves. He has been reinforced almost daily, until the plain swarms with savages. His last reinforcements arrived at nightfall, and the morning is so spent as to determine the long-drawn-out struggle.

The Lord of the Desert has truly risen to the desperate man that he is. Without sleep night or day, he has kept his enemy at bay. His best marksmen have been kept at the loopholes and a standing reward of \$50 for every fatal shot fired has been offered, with a discount of \$10 for every wasted load of ammunition.

The results have been astounding. Nearly every bullet that has been sent forth has found a victim. Once, twice, thrice, four, five times have the Indians been repulsed by the wonderful marksmanship of the cowboy. It seemed impossible to reach the stone wall, so fatal were the shots of lead.

Tunneling had been attempted, but the rocks, so numerous a few feet beneath the soil, made this impossible at every point. The impatience of Old Egan grew beyond control. At nightfall he had called a council

of the chiefs. He determined to end the siege. "Tomorrow," he said, "when the morning star begins to fade, I will lead my men over the stone wall! We will capture the 'White Grizzly' and his cubs, and my men may put them to torture! We will divide his guns and powder and shot among the bravest warriors, and his wealth shall go to the chiefs who are the first to cross the wall. Then we will drive away his cattle and his horses to our villages, and the hungry squaws and children shall feast!"

In the quiet preparation for the morning attack an unusual silence pervaded the place. The Lord of the Desert was the more watchful. He had long been taught that Indian silence was not a sign of inactivity. He cast many glances in the direction of the fort, as he had done for the past day and night. It was high time that assistance should arrive.

He sometimes doubted. Was the trapper absent from home? Could it be possible that he had refused to go on his errand? He knew that the trapper could be depended upon in all cases of humanity, but his guilty conscience told him that he did not merit aid from any human hand. What had become of Dan Follett? Oh, he was merely sulking in some safe retreat—perhaps doing him a service in some way! "Dan will show up, he'll show up! I can always count on Dan showing up!" exclaimed the Lord of the Desert, half audibly.

The Lord of the Desert had not thought of looking after the safety of his treasure for all these days, or perhaps he would not have thought so favorably of Dan, and confided so earnestly in his showing up.

But Dan Follett "showed up." Not as the friend of the besieged of the Stone House, but to warn Egan and his followers of their danger.

It was nearly midnight when he arrived, for he had been compelled to travel a long distance since nightfall to arrive ahead of General Crook and his command. He had passed them during the day, by showing them from behind the rimrocks, but after the plan was reached between the rimrocks and the Stone House he was compelled to secrete himself until night to prevent them from seeing him.

He knew that Crook's men would arrive at the Stone House between midnight and day, and he did not hesitate in his course. He rode boldly up to the warriors, who immediately surrounded him. He demanded a conference with Old Egan.

When brought before the bandit chief the latter mistrusted him, and beckoned Follett to remain. He was not long until he had positive proof. Indian scouts had been sent out hurriedly, and one of their number soon returned bringing the news that men numerous as the stars were coming, armed with long guns with long knives on the ends of the barrels.

Old Egan took in the situation at a glance. He dismissed his warriors and beckoned Follett to remain. "We have been enemies," he said to the Canadian. "Now we will be friends. We have but little time for talk, but it is important. Indian like revenge. Trapper has done me great wrong now. Trapper did you great wrong! You may go live with my people. You may be my friend. You know the 'White Grizzly's' niece; she not dead!"

(To be continued.)

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EVOLUTION AND INFLUENCE OF THE CARTOON.

By Thomas Nast, the Great Cartoonist (Written April 14, 1902.)



THOMAS NAST.

There is no telling when the art of caricature began. There are a number of grotesques that have come down to us from earliest Egyptian times. The Greeks employed pictures to emphasize their satire, and so did the Romans. All through the Middle Ages there were numerous examples of "grotesqueries," which, curiously enough, were used in enforcing the doctrines of the Church by means of satirizing the devil. But the eighteenth century was the heyday of the cartoon. Beginning in France, and overrunning into Holland, and thence across the Channel into England, the flood of caricaturists carried everything before it; and it is safe to say that we read the history of the time with clearer vision and with more accuracy of detail for the mirror which the caricaturists held up to reflect the striking peculiarities of the men and events passing before it. Gautier mentioned a Spanish caricaturist, Francisco Goya y Lucientes, a mixture of Rembrandt, Watteau and Rabelais, who preceded the two great caricaturists of the latter half of the eighteenth century; George Cruikshank, in England, and Mons. Charlet, in France.

It has been reserved for America, however, to bring forth a new race of caricaturists, which, for lack of a better title, may be called the personal cartoonists—men who seize upon the characteristics of an individual and so exaggerate them that the subjects of the cartoons are known by the most prominent features in their physical, mental or moral make-up.

Perhaps we Americans look at the droll side of life more than other people, but certain it is we have more and better cartoonists than elsewhere. The very quickness with which we see the point of a joke demands equal facility in portraying drollery in a cartoon. We sketch boldly and leave much of the unnecessary detail to our slower cousins. Then, too, our public events happen with such startling rapidity that a cartoon of yesterday's doings would be flat to-day, and we must keep very much alive and be ready for a political change over night. In other words, the alert American must have depicted in his cartoon the very traits of character that have made him what he is—the quickest and brightest of men.

HOW HUSBANDS AND WIVES DRIFT APART.



M. A. HANNA.

Despite the romantic and affectionate elements in it, much of marriage resolves itself into a common sense partnership. If people only realized this there would be fewer liquidations in love and bankruptcies in matrimony. If women were not so fond of hugging grievances and thinking themselves martyrs for nothing at all, few married folk would "drift apart." A woman thinks her husband has slighted her. Perhaps he has. Anyway, if she thinks he has, it's just as bad from her point of view as if he really had. Sometimes she says nothing. Sometimes she says too much!

A VEGETARIAN CHURCH.



THE VEGETARIAN CHURCH.

Its Essential Tenet is that Men Shall Eat No Meat. It may not be known to many that there is a Vegetarian Church, whose chief tenet is that men should eat no meat. This church has only one meeting house in America and only forty members here. In England it has only one meeting house, and only seventy-five members. And yet it is a church nearly 100 years old. Its American meeting house is in Philadelphia, and its American leader is Rev. Henry S. Clubb, an old-time friend of Horace Greeley.

In 1807 an Englishman, Rev. W. Cowherd of Manchester, founded this branch of the Bible Christians, and to-day, after the passage of nearly 100 years, they are still existent, and are still almost unknown. In their two churches—the English one, in Manchester, and the American one in Philadelphia—it is possible to see little children whose fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers never once in their lives tasted meat; little children are as ignorant of the taste of meat as ordinary persons are ignorant of the taste of human flesh. For vegetarianism is the chief article of their creed.

With their century of abstinence from meat they afford a good example of the effect of vegetarianism on mankind. Their records, which appear to have been kept carefully, cover about 300 cases, and show that:

The average longevity of a member of the sect is 61.

He is not in his old age obliged to resort to false teeth.

His eyes in seven cases out of ten do not ever require spectacles.

His weight keeps close to the normal or proper weight his frame and height demand, never approaching either to corpulence or to emaciation.

He is singularly free from rheumatism and dyspepsia.

Dr. Cowherd, founder of the church, was a Swedenborgian, and held that meat eating was at the base of the crime of the world. It made men cruel and because they slaughtered animals daily they were blind to the wrong of slaughtering their fellows by the bullet in warfare and by the noose in criminal law. It made men also thirsty for alcohol, and only through vegetarianism, he contended, could total abstinence be made universal.

The unique article of his creed re-

brood silently over a fancied wrong. She belongs to the type which says too much. Tempers on both sides are aroused, and each gives utterance to rather harsh sentiments, which neither really feels. A "misunderstanding" arises, and who can say where it will end?

Few among us quarrel with those we love over things that really matter. As a rule great crises in our lives, real troubles, and deep sorrows draw us much closer to those with whom we share them. It is the little nagging trifles, the criss-crosses, and trivialities over which estrangements and deep resentments arise.

FINANCIAL ADVERTISMENT.

By J. J. Hill, President Great Northern Railway.



JAMES J. HILL.

I am not one of those fellows who cross their bridges before they come to them, "alarmists," I think you call them. I am disposed to be cheerful about most things. But I can't see anything in the present financial situation to cause me to do any rejoicing. Things look serious. They are bad already, and what's more to the point, they are destined to grow worse. This country has reached the top of its prosperity. If the serious downward movement has not already begun, it is not far off.

There are more reasons than one for this; chief among them is the uncertain state of mind in which the New York men find themselves from day to day. Uncertainty is the worst thing on earth for the moneyed interests of a country. One does not need to look to Wall street for support of this opinion. Tight money is not felt there alone. The manufacturing districts are suffering already. Their suffering will increase as things grow worse. Good evidence can be found, too, among builders. Where they were re-erecting orders for five buildings a year ago they are lucky if they are getting one to-day.

Of course, I am not saying that my opinion is held by everybody. Probably a good many people who have positive ideas about things would flatly contradict everything I have said, but there are many people who agree with me.

CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD AGREE.

By United States Senator Hanna.



M. A. HANNA.

Organization of capital has come to stay, just as organized labor has come to stay, and for the same reason—it is necessary. You cannot separate the interests of capital and labor. If it is good for one to be organized for any purpose, it is good for the other for the same reason. They are both good and necessary as applied to our conditions to-day and our development for the future. The combination of capital has brought to our industrial institutions greater economic results; it has brought an increase in trade and higher wages to the laborer. As capital is organized and produces beneficial results, labor, which was organized many years before, will be the first to feel and recognize its effects. We must strive to bring the different factions together upon the ground that both sides want to do what is right.

GOLF IN THE PARLOR.



WATER.

GOLFERS who desire to play their favorite game in a parlor can now do so, a quick-witted inventor having fashioned the necessary apparatus. This apparatus, or game, consists of a board, a cup and obstructions which represent bunkers. The board is of flexible fabric, and has an elastic surface, and on it are marks indicating a golf course. The cup represents one of the holes, and extends above the surface of the board, and the latter, when not in use, is so constructed that it can be rolled or folded into a small compass. In a game of this kind a disk is used instead of a ball, and the aim of each player is to get it over the course and obstructions and into the cup. Croquet, cricket and even baseball have been played in parlors, and there is no reason why golf should not prove equally attractive.

MR. CORTELYOU'S START.

Only a Stenographer's Place, but That Was a Stepping Stone.

The probable appointment of Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the President, to the head of the new Department of Commerce, brings him in the public gaze more strongly than ever. Mr. Cortelyou's rise to a cabinet position has been rapid and unusual. There is a man out in Ottumwa, Ia., a quiet citizen retired from active life, who by a very small act turned Mr. Cortelyou into the path which has led him steadily up to the present remarkable career. This man was entering the office of his brother in New York one day when he narrowly missed colliding with a young man whose seemingly despondently discouraged state of mind made him careless of his direction. When the gentleman stepped into the office he questioned his brother as to what he had done to the young man to cause him to be so downhearted.

"I did nothing," was the answer, "except to tell him that I had nothing for him to do. He applied for work."

"What can he do?"

"He is a stenographer."

"Send your office boy after him immediately," which was very quickly done, and young Mr. Cortelyou (for he it was) stood before the two men. "You are a stenographer?" was asked him.

"Yes, sir."

"How soon can you go to work?"

"All right. Hurry right over to the post office department. I just left there, and while I was in the office I heard them say that they needed a stenographer badly. I think you will be in time to get the place."

It is needless to say that Mr. Cortelyou hurried. He got the place—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Generally Used.

A discussion has been started in Germany, urging that German children drop the words "mamma" and "papa" in favor of "Mutter" (mother) and "Vater" (father). "How," say they, "can anybody prefer the unmeaning 'mamma' to the deep and impressive 'mutter'? Nothing can replace for a German the word 'Mutter,' certainly not the French 'mamma.' A certain philologist, however, asks how it can be suggested that the word 'mamma' is derived from the French, seeing that it is probably to be found in all languages of the world. In the numerous dialects of Africa, and in India, the word is 'mamma,' which is given as a title of honor to every elderly dame deserving of esteem and respect. 'Mamma' and 'papa' (dada) are so generally used in all parts of the world that they probably date back some thousands of years."

A famine of silver dimes annoys the average man more than the scarcity of \$1,000 bills.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to F. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.)

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