the last object of his trip. that his mission was a secret one, and place where the old chief sat. to avoid falling into traps, he traveled about not leaving any trail behind, climbed the rimrocks together, with the clouds above.

his white captive. He had her quar- ing across the plain. ters prepared some distance from the old Egan was tendering her a slice of outlaw from necessity. manner from the Indians' standpoint, exiled criminals of a superior to the animals, flushed a sage hen. this bird knew that it must be palat- nature. She pointed to the bird in its flight with a sign to old Egan that if Egan, what would have been the re she had one of these she would prepare it herself and eat of it. No soon- in his eye. er than she had made her wishes known, the chief went to the quiver of his hunting arrows, drew forth the choicest ones, and in a few moments was speeding among the rocks in that I had killed the girl, what would search of the sage hen. In a short you have done?" inquired the chief. time he returned and gallantly dropped the tender bird at her feet, and with an expression of pride pointed to a sear in its neck through which his arrow had passed.

But of this gallantry Bertha took no notice. Soon a fire was kindled and with woman's culinary knowledge she soon prepared and ate a meal of which she was in much need.

Long after nightfall, when all the clouds had passed away and the moon had risen above the distant rimrocks on the east and its light bad fallen upon the camp beneath the rimrocks. old Egan appeared at Bertha's quarters. It was such a night as lovers would walk in civilization. It was such a night as would thrill the hearts of all people. It was such a night as the Indian warrior would venture upon a deed of daring. It was such a night as aroused the deepest passions in the bosom of the marauding chief.

He motioned his warriors, who were on guard, to take their leave, and then attempted a conversation by signs and nods with Bertha. Hoping that it might mean her escape she men as the white. His life was spent tried to understand him. With this in solitude. When the snows of winencouragement he grew more bold ter began to fly and others fled to and approached her more closely. Wo- shelter he worked the more persistman's intuition told her at once of ent. For eight months in the year his this awful meaning and she rose up solitude was complete, so far as the

had long been the terror of the desert animals of Desperate in his passion as he was in his savage cruelty the bandit chief owing to its scarcity at this season. hand and placed his right about her

Fortunately for humanity a lithe athletic form had glided down the steep walls of the rimrocks in the darkness long before the moon rose, and had been waiting in hiding for an opportune time. Rushing forward like a wildcat he seized the wicked old warrior by the throat and there was at once a grapple between giants.

But in spite of the silent prayers of Bertha for the success of her unknown rescuer and his determined grip on the old chief's throat, the latter gave a cry that called to their feet the entire detachment of warriors, and they came like a storm to the aid of their

CHAPTER VII. A Woman's Scalp.

It is at another point in the lava beds from that described in the last chapter. While many walls join to gether here from different directions, yet one point on the rimrocks com manded a view in all directions. on this point stands an Indian. His arrow-like form silhoutted against the horizon gave him the appearance of an inanimate rather than an animate The afternoon sun was not far above the distant rimrocks. It was a picture for an artist to draw. The ragged rocks along the earth's surface, the walls which converged from many directions toward the pedestalformed center, at the top of which projected the flat rimrocks, and these crowned by the statue-like form of the Indian, whose gaudy war bonnet indicated that he was a chief, made the view a romantic one indeed.

It was old Egan. He was looking to the west into the very face of the setting sun. Were it not that raised his hand occasionally to shut out the blinding rays of the sun from his eagle-like eyes, one would have easily mistaken him for a statue on a

great pedestal. "If they disappoint me," murmured the Indian in his own tongue, "it will desert, if the necessity arose. take many more white scalps to pay the penalty," and at the same time he toyed with a scalp of long hair, that of a woman, tossed by the wind at his

But his mind was soon relieved on this point. From the shadow of the rimrocks in the distance, a little north of west, he saw a lone horseman coming in a swift trot. He began to descend to the same side upon which the horseman was approaching taking care to examine his bow and quiver, tomahawk, and scalping knife to see that all were intact. Seating himself upon a boulder that jetted from the wall many feet waited the level plain, he the approach of his visitor. When the latter came within hailing distance a familiar salute from each showed the mutual recognition.

took with him his fair captive. The A few minutes later the horseman was always welcome to the weary out on for his master this time?" main band proceeded on its way to a was at the foot of the precipice and designated meeting point, while the asked the old chief if he was entitled to pass his way, but this did not hapchief made this detour to consummate to receive his reward. The chief drew pen often, as few people traveled that from his belt a woman's scalp and way. He was a friendly host and exhibited it to the horseman. The looked to the comfort of his guest, but The chief and his small band were exhibited it to the horseman. more guarded than ever. Realizing latter dismounted and climbed to the he had little to say and asked but few

After a few minutes' conversation through a more obscure country than and the visitor seemed to understand he came, and there was always a feelever, and was still more cautious the Indian language perfectly, they The That night he camped at the foot of visitor rose when they reached the a high wall in the shadow of the pro- summit of the rocks and drawing a jecting rimrocks. No eye could see thin piece of cloth from his pocket, him in the immediate vicinity for the but which was broad and wide, he boulders that lay about him, and the waved it above his head until it was his abode than the visitors of those smoke from his camp was silhouted caught in the breeze and unfurled like days knew. He was not alone, and against the rock walls and mingled a flag. Then other objects were seen to emerge from the shadows of the saw were not all that were possessed.

At the camp the scarred-faced old distant rimrocks and soon a band of and occupied by this man. The small warrior chief took more interest in horses driven by white men were com-

The two men on the top of the rimmain camp and while he, himself, rocks conversed familiarly. While looked after her wants two of his the reader already knows that one was most trusted warriors were placed on Chief Egan he has also surmised that concealed in the background. guard. At supper time Egan, by ges- the other was Dan Follett, which is tures, plead with the young woman to true. To look upon the countenances of larger cave beyond that occupied as eat. While the terrible experience these two men was an interesting the open home of the trapper. A crev-through which she had gone would study. The old Indian chief, a mahave taken the appetite of most we-randing bandit, bore scars showing the the finest pelts supplied a bed with men of her age, she was too common terrible episodes of his life, while the warm covering and a soft place to lie sense and matter-of-fact to lose her's Canadian Frenchman bore marks while others lay upon the floor as permanently. She was really hungry, placed there by time which showed but had not reached that state of the villianous character of the man. out the cold of winter. A perfectly starvation at which she felt as if she The one, robbed of his country, could partake of mule meat. But a forced to the barren rocks and lava lucky incident occurred. Even while beds for existence, had become an mule prepared in the most dainty containing a mixture of blood of the a warrior close at hand, in attending mixed with that of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous of an inferior Bertha, although unacquainted with race, was a villain from choice and by

"If I had not produced the horses sult?" inquired Follett, with a twinkle

"More pale face scalps would have been swinging here very soon. plied the chief, pointing to his belt, "And if I had not proved to you

with a look of bravado upon his face. "You know too well, chief, what we would have done. The Lord of The Desert would have swept it clean of Egan and his tribe!"

There were bluffing looks and grim smiles from each, but the arrival of the band of horses caused them to rise to their feet, and with a shout from old Egan's lips his warriors appeared from a recess in the rocks heretofore unobserved, and charge of the band of animals representing the prize money for the mur-der of Bertha Lyle.

Taking the woman's scalp, Dan Folett climbed down the rocks and joining his men they saluted the Indians and rode away. The Indians drove the horses into a deep canyon penetrating the rimrocks, and the stillness of approaching night closed the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trapper of The Rimrocks.

He was known from one end of the desert to the other, as well by the red in her woman's weakness to defend rest of the world knew for it was in that the winter time in search of food, their range seized her by the throat with his left and many of all kinds were tempted to partake of the fresh morsels of antiope, deer, rabbit and sage hen, so attractively prepared and placed in their trail and many of these same animals found these nice "baits" rounded by a jagged iron circle that closed with a merciless clasp about their legs or noses and held them as prisoners. The traps of the Trapper of the Rimrocks always held their prey.

It was only in the summer time that this man saw civilization. At this season he always appeared at the gov-



ernment trading post with a small packtrain of pelts. And the skins of the coyote and wild cat and martin and bear and cougar of this section brought a good price. The long changeless winter kept a steady growth of the furs and they were of the finest texture and quality.

The Trapper of the Desert was a young man of eight and twenty years For ten years he had been known upon the desert. While he was a man of peace, yet his keen grey eyes and firm set chin told those who saw him that he would face the worst of the human race in any kind of an encounhair was also light and he wore a oned limb and attempting to skulk gleam of friendliness upon his face, away at his approach. But the cloud that drove this gleam of which were usually carried to a safe sunshine away when he become an hiding place, added to the luggage on gered was an immediate warning not tioned form was able to carry out the not cause him to abandon his Windesire of the mind. He was five feet. ten, weighed 180 pounds, and with all this possessed well proportioned must hey were not caried for ornament. cles, as lithe as rubber and strong as

gutta percha. of William Hammersley, but his ancestry and place of birth were as lett and his companions, as their him before in cunning they knew that cover, mysterious as the man himself. When horses jogged along, leaving a cloud be was familiar with every trail of first known he was on the desert en- of dust behind them. He brought his the desert and with every crevasse gaged in trapping, and as he had no field glasses to his eyes and surveyed and cavern among the rimrocks. And heard from the summit of the rim-

traveler or stockman, who happened questions. A guest after leaving his place knew no more of him than when ing on the part of the visitor that no extended conversation was desired. And the wishes of William Hammerslev were usually respected.

But the reader shall know more about this trapper of the desert and the compartments which the visitors corral made rock in front of the premises and the few traps and skins that hung about the rooms opened to vis While iters were only small and insignificant in interest compared with what was

A subterranean passage lead to



The Home of Hammersley,

constructed fireplace, connected with the crevasse in the rocks which was utilized as a chimney, supplied the room with warmth in cold weather. Upon the bed lay an invalid. Once

gigantic form with powerful phy sique and muscle, he was now emac iated to almost a skeleton. His limbs had been frozen and his hands and feet were mere crisps, though he still retained his intelligence and was a great comfort to the trapper who brought him the tenderest and best prepared morsels from the table and d him with his own hands, and attended him as carefully as a mother tends her own child,

"I sometimes fear that I worry you and that my monotonous life may effect yours," said the invalid one day to the trapper, "in carrying out my de sire to strike for vengeance and wait until I can strike the most killing I fear that I impose upon your blow. good nature, my preserver, and tax your patience.

"Oh, no, no!" replied the trapper, as he stroked the pale forehead of the worth all the trouble, if your condi-company; that this would endanged tion could be construed to cause me her life by drawing the fire to her, cause has become my cause from an interest in humanity and justice. You have been grossly outraged, and i look as anxiously to the day of reckning as yourself."

Thus the trapper continued to live and take care of his invalid friend, and bait his traps, and cure the hides of the animals captured as he had for the past ten years. He had let the cause of another man so entwine itself about his soul that he now lived more in that cause than any other and planned and worked to carry it out to a successful finish with that coolness and persistence that knows

no failure. On the second night after the attack of the Indians on the pack train and the capture of Bertha Lyle, the trapper brought in a large supply of prepared provisions and placed them on a table beside the invalid's bed. The latter knew what this meant,

"So you are off for a trip, my friend," said the invalid. "How long will it be before you return?" he continued He was interested, for the difficulty in hobbling about and waiting upon himself with his stubby hands and feet in the trapper's absence was great, and the lack of his companionship was greater.

'I will only be gone for a few days,' replied the trapper. "I am going to visit the traps near the picture rocks as I am trying to catch a mountain lion that frequents the place, and have some hopes of getting a grizzly."

Long before daylight the following morning the trapper was on his way. The distance was a great one and he traveled on foot, his favorite way of traveling.

And it happened that at this time Chief Egan and his warriors with their captive were making for the same vicinty.

CHAPTER IX. Rescued and Lost.

The trapper followed along at the foot of the rimrocks occasionally halting to rebait a trap which he would draw from its hiding place from beneath the sands or wire grass. He ter as readily as he would battle was not infrequently rewarded by findalone with the fiercest animals of the ing an animal in the jaws of a trap, His cowardly gnawing at its own impris These pelts his back containing fresh baits for to trespass against the will of this his traps and food supplies, made his man of firmness, and his well propor- burden quite a heavy one, but it did chester, revolver and knife, which were his constant companions-and

Toward night he decided to climb to the top of the rimrocks and take a He was known simply by the name survey of the country. Away to the west he saw the moving forms of Fol-

Hammersley had beheld the victim of these two men too long not to suspect every move they made to be a

wicked one. "If you knew how hot your trail is getting, Dan Follett, you would hunt a colder one, but I hope to see the same rope hang you and your ter," said the trapper half audibly.

As he turned in disgust his eyes fell upon another object, far away on the opposite side of the rimrocks. A great cloud of dust rose behind it and the word "Snakes" escaped his lips. Bringing his glass to play he was no time in making out the character of his party. After surveying it carefully he remarked, "Old Egan has been at work again." Then he exclaimed, as he looked through his glasses. "A girl captive, as sure as I live. Ah, Egan stealing horses has become too tame for you, has it? You are not satisfied with providing your stomaches and means of locomotion. and the hazard of occasionally killing a man who resists you, but now you have gone and taken some innocent white girl."

"I am not the law, neither should I attempt to punish you for your numerous crimes, for I rather like to see you harass the Lord of The Desert oc casionally-he deserves it, but I propose to look into this caper of yours.

The reader is familiar with what took place from the time of the arrival of the Indians until the interference of the trapper, for it was he who assafled Old Egan when the latter laid his wicked hands upon the person of Bertha Lyle

Old Egan was strong and firm but the trapper was active and wiry. With the advantage, too, of having taken the Indians by surprise he soon tore him from the girl and hurled him to the ground. But as the cry made by the warriors as they came to the rescue of their chief warned him that he had not the time to finish settling accounts with his antagonist, if he so desired, he seized the girl by the hand and led the way into a crevasse in the rimrocks with which he was familiac. As they passed into the recesses of the rocks he heard exclamations from the Indians which alarmed him as to his immediate future course with the girl. They had recognized him and knew where he lived, and to pproach his home with her would be difficult should the Indians attempt to guard it. He was not long in doubt n this point, for he heard Egan give directions for them to go immediately to the trapper's place and guard it until he came.

If once hidden in the home in the ame room as that occupied by the invalid he never feared for the danger of her rescue, for the passage to this room was so secret that no one had ever been able to find it, though in his absence his home had been visited by Indians and whites, and ransacked many times.

It was easy to discern from shouting of the Indians that while a part of the band, headed by Old Egar, were on their way to the trappers home the others were recklessly try ing to follow his trail, for knowing his marksmanship the man who trifled with him knew the risk he was taking. invalid tenderly, "without you life But the Indiana knew that as long as would be truly monotonous to me, be he could prevent it he would never sides, your counsel and company are fire a gun, while the girl was in his

> the crevasse made by nature's great upheavel in the long past, Hammers ley led the way into a secluded place which he thought was unknown to any except himself.

As he and his companion seated themselves the shouts of the Indians came to their ears from the distance The girl was the first to break the silence.

"Do you live in this country, my lear preserver?" she inquired. When he informed her that he did "I have an uncle someshe said: where on the desert; his name is Lyle, Martin Lyle. Do you him?" The trapper nodded in the af-

"Oh, if we could convey word to him." she said, "he would come immediately to our rescue."

Strong as was the trapper's bod: and steady as was his nerve, he felt his whole frame yield, with a shudder when he learned that his companion was Bertha Lyle, and of the narrow escape she had had. When she had hurriedly told him her history and the incident of her capture by the Indians he felt relieved that she had fallen into no worse hands than Old Egan's

To take her to his home that night through the Indian searching party would be too hazardous. make it alone, but he doubted the itself to him. girl's ability to climb among the rimand get his rifle and secrete his lug- resist the temptation and fired much of the way that night as pos- with scalping knife in hand. sible. So leaving her in the cavern skulking among the rimrocks and making a diligent search of every nook and corner.

The trapper was not gone surprise and dismay on his return the girl was not to be found.

CHAPTER X.

A Surprise and a Fight.

Egan rose from the stunning blow given him by the trapper and quickly comprehended the situation. he ascertained that his late antagonist had escaped with the captive, he knew that he had a difficult task before bim. The Indians knew of Hammersley from one end of the desert small openings, and every time that to the other and his prowess struck the slightest exposure was made on them more forcibly than any other the part of the red men, a puff of characteristic of the man. they had never come in contact with bullet warned them to keep under competitors, he had no enemies. His the men for a moment and the thought abode, a crude affair, partly a cave ran through his mind: "Wonder what and partly a house in the rimrocks, kind of deviltry that Dan Follett is still more familiar here than they, and rock, rifle in hand. He could see

that it would take quick work to rescue the captive before he reached his home among the rimrocks. If once there he could stand out against a present detachment, and Indian sagacity suggested proper tactics in-

Egan ordered four of his best couts to attempt to follow the fugitives while he and seven of his warriors made straight for the trapper's quarters to get possession, intending when the trapper arrived with his prize, in case they were not apprehended by the trusty scouts, to cap ture the two.

Egan had left his horses in care of warrior, and the chief and his com panions had proceeded on foot. knew that the trapper cared nothing for the horses, and that he and his men could make better time on foot. besides, they had to cross the wall of rimrocks in order to reacn the trapper's place of abode. They moved off in a trot, traveling in this way until a late hour in the morning.

It was almost daybreak when they

ascended the rimrocks, surveyed the horizon and descended to the opposite side. They saw the rocks that overhung the trapper's home and placed themselves as sentinels at a safe distance from the entrance and guarded every path that led to the place. Indian courage was not great enough to induce them to enter this only his foreman and superintendents place by night. While they had made a quick trip from the scene of the previous night they knew that it was possible that the trapper had made a quicker one. They had, from a lack of knowledge of the country, been compelled to take a round-about way, swallows draughts therefrom mewhile the trapper could have come a straighter course, doubtless, and arrived first. They doubted this, how ever, as he was burdened with his companion, provided the Indian scouts had not overtaken them, and they had great hopes of finding the following place vacant on norning, and either take the two prisoners before or after they should enter the place. It was they Egan's intention to enter place if it proved to be unoccupied the following morning, provided the trapper did not fall into their hands before that time, and then surprise him upon his arrival. If his scouts should suc eed in capturing the girl, for this was all they desired, they were to signal the chief's detachment at the Lyle earliest opportunity. Thus Egan and his men concealed themselves among the rocks in front of the trapper's cave and walted for developments.

Daylight comes on the Oregon des ert almost as quickly as darkness As soon as the sun sinks behind the distant rocks night is upon the desert as if a light had been extinguished in a room; and daylight comes with a flash, as it were,

above the level The sun rose horizon as if it had popped out of the sands, and soon peeped over the rimrocks. Old Egan and his warriors, cold and still as the rocks among which they lay, were eagerly discover if there was any life about the trapper's home. For some moments everything was quiet and the old chief was planning for a more definite reconnoiter. It was still shadowy about the entrance of the cave and nothing could be but dimly seen. The door at the entrance was closed and the marauders were coming to and pounce down upon the conclusion that they had out wares." traveled the owner. They were soon surprised however.

The door opened suddenly and a out carelessly, and uncovered, as if he had never thought of danger. A a few of them, and that will appear hist, passed down the line of warenough to be heard by the frontiers-But not suspecting danger he strolled out into the sage brush, surveying the country about him. One Indians. Quickly every man reached to his quiver, drew an arrow and placed it to the string of his bow. Carelessly the white man strolled on Nearer and nearer he came

Indians in the bitterest warfare pos sess some policy and some sense of The first thought of all reason. was to shoot the man down and then rush into the cave-house, secure the girl and proceed on their journey. But Old Egan reasoned. To kill the trapper, who was the friend of every body, and had not an enemy on the desert, and who had never crossed his path before, did not seem to him exactly right. To rush upon him and capture him by force and then bind and leave him so he could not pur sue them after they had retaken their could captive was the plan that suggested

But wise plans are often thwarted. rocks and keep her footing in the when the frontlersman had apcrevasses, although she had shown a proached a little nearer to the left wonderful spirit of coolness and there was a "swish," and he fell to have disinherited Jim and myself for strength during their recent adven- the ground pierced through the heart him. ture. The trapper was quick to come by an arrow. A young warrior near vorite by the connection, and we had to a conclusion. He decided to go whom he had approached could rot the gage, and steal into his home with fatal shot; and quick as he had fired the sharp work and false swearing the girl the following day, making as the shot he rushed upon his victim

A loud "Ugh" rose from the Indians he went on his mission, at the same and they rose from behind the rocks time avoiding the savages who were and rushed to the scene of death, some exulting and some showing signs of disapproval, while old Egan's face wore a sign of disappointment But before they had reached his sile than two hours, though his course the young murderer clinched his vicwas a round-a-bout one, and to his tim's hair and was already twining scalping lock about his Before the knife had touched the scalp, however, a rifle rang out a sharp crack, and then another and then we heard no more of him. another. The young warrior and a my last fall, and in the midst of crackling to engage in business upon, willed shots the others sought refuge be-When hind the nearest rocks.

> The shots had come from the loopholes in front of the trapper's home, and the Indians could plainly see the dark muzzles of rifles still in the While smoke, a sharp crack and a whistling

It had continued thus for more than an hour when a keen whistle was to his bed.

the skulking forms of the Indians among the rocks beneath him, and at the same time observe the entrance to the cave. He signaled the larger band of Indians than Egan's beseiged to cease firing and motioned the Indians to depart. white men withdrew their rifles and the Indians gladly accepted the armistice,

Taking their two dead warriors with them and skulking away toward the south, they were soon lost from view in the lava beds, and the Trapper of the Rimrocks descended from above and entered his home,

CHAPTER XL

Two Villains and a New Plot.

All is astir at the stone house. The employes have returned from the annual round-up and the place, which had borne a deserted appearance for the past few weeks, is now all bustle, and men are seen here and there feeding the borses, mending bridles, saddles and harness, shoeing horses and doing everything that is required about a great stock ranch. comes on and finds them still busy, but they change their work to the finishing touches preparatory for the night and one by one they come and

prepare for supper.

The Lord of The Desert is alone in his accustomed place. None enter his quarters except on business and have business with him, for all business is transacted through these. His glass sits upon the broad arm of the old chair, and now and then his hand goes mechanically to it, and brings it mechanically to his lips, and he chanically. With mechanical regularity his face grows redder and his countenance sterner, while his eyes take on a wilder glare.

A knock at the door and to the response of welcome, Dan Follett entern.

"How is it?" inquires his Lordship.
"All is completed," replied the Frenchman.

"Get a glass there and fill it to the brim." exclaimed Martin Lyle, Partially emptiying the glass Folett seats himself and relates the particulars of the transaction with Old Egan, drawing forth the woman's scalp from his pocket and passing it

over to the Lord of The Desert. "Did you see the corpse?" inquired

"No, but I deemed this evidence sufficient," replied Follett, "Old Egan is a treacherous old scoundrel and would deceive us if he could, but the evidence seems straight

enough." 'Oh, you needn't doubt that," replied Follett, "the old scoundrel would never lose an opportunity to commit murder, especially when so many ponies and mules were to be

gained. "But they will never do him much good," replied Lyle, as he placed the glass to his lips. "I have a plan. Follett, and you are the man to carry it out. My men report Egan and peering through the sage brush to his men camped at the foot of Ash Butte. You are a pretty fair looking Indian anyway, and I want you to leave tomorow morning for the camp of the Warm Springs tribe, lead the warriors on Old Egan's trall, and take every animal in his possession."

"This is rather risky business," replied Follett, "Old Egan may retaliate

"Fie, man," replied The Lord, "you make us as a Warm Springs chief and when you have taken his animals stalwart man of the desert walked from him I will buy them from the Warm Springs tribe, by giving them to be a legitimate transactoin, should riors, unconsciously, but almost loud Old Egan discover them in our pospossession.

"What about the deed," inquired Follett, "remember this is dangerous work and it has been a long time common thought took possession of since our accounts have been adjusted.

"Tut, tut, man, don't worry about that. I'll have all that arranged for you by the time you return. Take a drink, order an early bearkfast and be off with the rising sun. I shall depend upon you, Dan, I shall

Dan Follett rose and left the room. but as he passed out of the door he look at the Lord of turned and cast The Desert mingled with scorn and

contempt. Martin Lyle sat and drank thought. For many hours he in deep meditation.

"With my brother and his daughter dead and out of my way, nothing can ever disturb my rights here," ran through his mind.

His lips barely quivered as the train of his thoughts continued, "But whatever became of that brother to whom the property properly belonged It is strange that the old man should He was never considered a fr done nothing at the time of his death to merit such treatment. But my litlittle and the forgery combined turned the property this way and, as they used to charge in the old world that one crime led to another, I have carried out the scheme by making way with my brother and his daughter and securing their whole fortune after using Jim as an innocent cat's paw to obtain it.

"But this elder brother, the right twining ful heir, wonder what ever became fingers, of him? He came to America when I was quite young. 'We heard he was married once and had a child; and father, after giving my brother companion fell full length for their and I barely enough to reach America the majority of his estate to this elder boy whose whereabouts are un-

known. "Well, well, I know he is dead and the others are out of the way, so why should Martin Lyle ever fear of losing his fortune or his title as Lord of The Desert?"

Thus mused the arch criminal of the Oregon desert between drinks until bis conscience became numbed with the intoxicant that he retired half-dazed, half unconscious

Dan Follett left with the morning sun to perform his mission,

(To be Continued.)