

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:

CHAPTER XXV.

Wages of Sin and Alcohol. It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Blitzen." 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.

child by your side." The cripple's spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he hurriedly related the circumstances with which the Lord of the Desert was not familiar, and then called Hammersley to his side.



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

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.

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 Leonidas 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 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 Bydes, the Hopes, the Metzgers and the Liggets 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.)

WEEDS ARE INDISPENSABLE

"The manner in which weeds are known to improve soil forms a remarkable scientific discovery. Their roots extend into the stiffer and more compact soil, where no ordinary plant can reach, and after loosening and opening it up so that air and water can have action upon it, suck up from below great quantities of potash salts and phosphoric acid. When these weeds are plowed under or die, these salts and acids are left near the surface, where they can be utilized by the cereals and root crops which live upon them. For instance, wheat and potatoes flourish well where these weeds have gone before and done the work of getting the necessary food for them from the subsoil and the air.

"Much land is of no value until these weeds come in and make it so. This is particularly true of sandy soils and reclaimed marsh lands, which are deficient in potash, a thing necessary in all farming land. On these the deeper rooted legumes, such as gorse, broom, alfalfa, lupines, sula and the perennial beans are of great value. Their roots not only reach down very deep and bring up potash from the subsoil in the manner described, but their leaves take great quantities of nitrogen from the air. Now, when a soil is rich in potash and nitrogen it is good soil, and as these plants die and leave their gathered potash and nitrogen on the surface the sandy and marshy soils become good land. All the farmer has to do is plow these rotting weeds under and he has good land on which he can raise cereals, root crops and tobacco—that hardest and most wearing plant upon soil.

"The government has induced farmers to try Florida beggar weed. One experimenter reported that by planting it in his field and plowing under the annual crops for two successive years the soil had been completely changed in texture and color. Another farmer discovered that a crop of beggar weed turned under will, when decomposed, retain near the surface in ready reach of the roots of succeeding crops not only all the nitrogen that it took out of the atmosphere, but also whatever fertilizers were subsequently applied. A third reported that all his fields produced more luxurious crops after having been given over one season to a rank growth of this weed.

"To find out how much chemical value this weed really takes from the air and the subsoil, the government planted a sandy field (bare of any of the qualities on which ordinary cereals and vegetables thrive) with beggar weed, and when the crop was at its height harvested it, root and all. The crop was then reduced to ashes and the result analyzed. It was found that every ton of beggar weed ashes contained 508 pounds of lime, 230 pounds of phosphoric acid and 482 pounds of potash. Twenty or twenty-five tons of beggar weed hay were required to make one ton of ashes, but every acre yielded four tons of beggar weed. It was figured out that a four-ton yield per acre, which is an average, one acre of beggar weed would yield 150 pounds of nitrogen, worth 15 cents a pound, or \$22.50 worth of nitrogen and potash and phosphoric acid worth \$5.25, making a total of \$27.75 worth of fertilizing chemicals taken from an acre of soil worth nothing at all.—St. Louis Star.

MORE THAN A DREAM.

Live up to the highest that's in you. Be true to the voice in your soul. Let love and your better self win you. And follow them on to the goal. Afar in the path of Endeavor. The temples of Happiness gleam. They stand as a promise forever. That heaven is more than a dream.

We fall in the moments of weakness. Borne down by the passion of sin. Acknowledge the error with meekness. And strengthen the guard from within. The lusts of the brute we inherit. Must cover and shrink from the light. That flows from the throne of the spirit. And shows us the path to the right.

I know not the kingdom immortal; Yet feel in my innermost soul. That Death's not a wall but a portal. Through which lies an infinite goal. I know not the glory supernal. Nor paths that the angels have trod; Yet something within is eternal. And grows in the sunlight of God.

I know with the wisdom of Sorrow. The lessons I've learned by the way; The fruits that we gather to-morrow. Are grown from the seeds of to-day. Life's page we have blotted and checked and erased; No power on earth can restore. We write an indelible record. To blight or to bless evermore.

With voices seraphic and tender Our loved ones are calling afar. With light that is golden in splendor Truth shines like a mystical star. The veil of the Silence is riven; The banner of Hope is unfurled; And Love, through the portals of heaven. Illumines the night of the world. —Denver News.

How Joe Paid Up.

OLD MAN BOYNE, the boss teamster, was sitting by a coal oil lamp in his best room. He had taken off his shoes and his coat, and his coarse woolen socks and his bickery shirt showed that he was not a man of airs. He was deep in his newspaper, of which it was his habit to read every word, including ads, and he had filled his old clay pipe for the third time when the rap at the door caused him to shout: "Come in!"

"Good evening, Mr. Boyne," said the stalwart, well-groomed young man who came in. "She's out," growled the old chap, resuming his reading. "I know she is, sir. That's why I called."

The old fellow put down his paper and leered over his spectacles. "At least," resumed the young man, nervously, "I came to talk to you about her, Mr. We want to get married." He sat down, looking flushed and excited, and the old man stared at him a minute before he began: "Well, suppose you do? Have you the means to keep her decent? How much have you saved? Three hundred—that'll buy the furniture. How long did it take you to save that?"

"A little over a year, I—" "A year! You must be an awful spendthrift. How much do you get?" "Thirty a week since the beginning of this year. I'll get a raise—" "What!" shrieked the father, putting his hands on his knees and peering at the lover. "Thirty dollars a week—a bachelor, all alone, and have only three



HIS FATHER-IN-LAW HOUNDED HIM AT HIS OFFICE.

hundred left! How the devil—do you drink?" "Oh, no; it isn't that, sir; I just live pretty well. You see, I wasn't figuring on getting married till I met Margy, and you see I've always been used to having everything."

"Do you own a place, a house or anything?" "No, sir." "You must be daft, then. Where was you going to live? At the Auditorium, maybe?" "Oh, we could get a neat flat for a little money, and—"

edged for father-in-law, but wisely keeping quiet, waited for Margy to come in. That was his first but not final effort to get Dad's consent. He came again on Saturday evening, while the girl was at market, and the crusty old drayman, with a coarse frankness, suggested that he had a "tidy little place" in the West Side, three rooms and a summer kitchen, that he would sell to Stewart if he really meant to marry the girl at all. The meanness of this proffer struck him like a blow, but he said he'd think about it, and he did. He talked it over with Margy, a whole-souled, winsome girl, who had been trained for a school-teacher by the canny old man, who "knew the value of money."

"Let's try it, Joe," she laughed, "it's a rusty old cottage, but we'll fix it up. Dad won't be hard on us for the payments, and perhaps by the time it's paid for we can sell it and get a nicer home."

Stewart, thoroughly despising old Boyne, bought the place on time payments and signed about sixty notes at \$25 each, listening with suppressed hatred to the miserly old man who had thus unloaded \$1,500 worth of frame shanty and cheap ground upon his own daughter's husband. For the wedding took place within a month.



"YOU MUST BE AN AWFUL SPENDTHRIFT."

When the cottage was painted and furnished and the young couple was well installed, the old man would come 'round during the day to see Margy, but Joe's hatred of him rose to the top pitch when the first note fell due and old Boyne, in person, came to the office to collect it. After that the young man quit speaking to his wife's father, and the young wife herself felt ashamed and grieved to observe the grasping eagerness with which he pursued Joe for the payments.

Month after month the efforts to pay Boyne came harder, for there were the painters and carpenters to pay, a bathroom had been built into the cottage and the plumber's bill was a caution. To make matters harder for Joe, the little Stewarts began to arrive, and when the time came to pay the young husband saw that he'd have to "stand off" either the doctor or Boyne. He paid the doctor. His father-in-law hounded him at the office, at the house, waited for him at the street corner, and then scrawled a letter in which he threatened to foreclose if the note, past due, wasn't paid. Margy almost broke her heart when she found out the truth, but when Dad called she pleaded with him to give them a little more time. She showed him her pretty baby and promised that they would now begin to economize in earnest.

Old Boyne promised an extension, but harped upon the need of economy until she felt like striking him. It was the same every time a new note came due. He was insatiate, gave them neither peace nor hope of leniency, lectured her, scolded Joe even when the hard-earned money was forthcoming. It was necessary to reduce all their expenses. Joe quit smoking and began to carry his lunch in a collar box. When he contrived to have the money ready for the recurring notes he sent it by check to avoid meeting the miserly Boyne. By mutual consent they quit mentioning his name. Sometimes when he called during the day to see Margy and her baby she wouldn't let him in, feigning to be out and thus escaping the everlasting homily about "economy." It was cruel, and she cried a good deal, but she knew Joe would fret and fume if he knew that Boyne had been hounding her. And so they came to have such a terror of his visits that Stewart bent all his efforts to forestall the impending payments and thus keep the despised old drayman from showing his grizzled face either at the office where Joe worked or at the little home where Margy toiled with no less patience and far more cheerfulness.

And when the last note was paid and old Boyne and his hateful ways were commencing to be forgotten by the estranged daughter and the unforgiving Stewart the young pair had a kind of informal celebration. Little Joe in his best blouse and baby Margaret in her high chair were sitting at table, their pretty mother a-bloom in her pink kimono, when Joe came home with the last note—and a big bouquet of roses for the tea table.

"Well, Margy, we're done with the old skinkint, eh? Excuse me, sir." For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to shake hands the old face was so radi-

ant that Joe couldn't help taking Boyne's boney hand. "He's given me back all you paid him, Joe," cried the wife, shaking a budget of bank notes at them; "he was only fooling us—fooling us into being economical."

"I tell you, Joe Stewart," began the old drayman, when they sat down to supper, "there's no use to make money if you don't save it. When I was your age—"

And then for the first time old Boyne's lecture on economy seemed interesting to them all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A VICTIM OF PRIDE.

Rooster Could Not Bear to Live When His Prestige Was Gone. It has been said that the reason of Napoleon's defeat was simply that he thought he could not be defeated. The New York Mail and Express repeats a conversation overheard on a suburban train, which tells how a Napoleon of the barn-yard was conquered.

"Pride's a terrible thing, I tell you," remarked a passenger to his seatmate. "Yes?" said the other man, good-naturedly.

"Yes. This young fellow"—pointing to a news dispatch in the evening paper—"cutting away for the other side of the world just because the girl made a fool of him reminds me of the Langshan rooster we had up at our place. He was a fine-looking bird, and he had bossed the barn-yard so long that he sort of came to think he was infallible."

"That's natural," responded the other man. "Well, the rooster grew careless, and one day when he was putting on too many airs a cross old hen pecked his left eye out, in plain view of the whole flock. You never saw such humiliation in your life. "It wasn't the loss of the eye that hurt so much as the loss of prestige. He never was himself again. Every rooster in the yard made fun of him; the hens strutted by without paying the least attention to him, and even the chickens sauced him. He pined away, his feathers drooped, and he became a regular outcast, sneaking around by himself to pick up stray grains of corn when the rest of the fowls had finished feeding. "One day I went out to get a plump hen for dinner. I laid the hatchet on the block where I usually cut off the heads of chickens, and was moving around to pick out a fat one, when my wife called to me to look. And, sir, lying flat on the block was that old rooster. He had hopped up there and put his head down close to the hatchet, and was waiting for me."

PEACEABLE RESISTANCE.

Old Quaker Did Not Believe in Violence and Bloodshed.

During the Civil War, the Friends, because of their peaceful creed, endeavored to be released from the requirements of the draft. They were always reasonable and quiet in their earnestness, and seldom failed to gain their point. Major Townsend, in "Anecdotes of the Civil War," tells this story of Isaac Newton, the Friend who was commissioner of the Department of Agriculture: "Speaking once of scruples about fighting, I asked him if he believed it necessary to carry out the exact letter of the Scripture, and under no circumstances to resist."

"Oh, no," said he. "There are other ways of resisting besides fighting." Then he told the story of having met a man in a wagon at a narrow part of the road, who, seeing that he was a Friend, refused to turn out for him, but stopped directly in the middle of the road.

Isaac asked him kindly to turn out, but the man gruffly refused. Then Isaac said, "Friend, if thou wilt not turn thy horse, I will turn him for thee." So he took the horse's head to turn him. Then the man jumped out and ran forward, as if to attack him. On this Isaac seized him by the arms above the elbow, held him as if in a vise, and quietly said, "Friend, if thou dost resist, I shall shake thee!" So he gave him a preliminary shake as a sample, and the man, seeing how powerful and resolute he was, apologized, and turned his horse as far out as he could.

Story of Roosevelt.

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

Last Resort.

Jack—Her father positively refuses to give me her hand in marriage. Tom—That's tough. What are you going to do about it? Jack—Oh, I suppose there is nothing left now but to ask the girl. Woman may never break into Congress, but she will continue to be speaker of the house just the same. Love may be blind, but chaperons seldom are.