Supplement to LAKE COUNTY EXAMINER, Lakeview, Oregon.

history of the country and the Indian child by your side." wars. There you will find that only a few escaped, and the battle ground left him. With tears in his eyes he was made famous in history. It was hurriedly related the circumstances made so by a German soldier in Gen eral Crook's command, whose dialect gave it the name it still bears. After the battle was over, as the German the German the battle was over, as the German the battle was over, as the German the battle was over, as the German

"Dey call dia 'Hell'a Drap,' but 1 name it 'Dunder and Blixen.'" Since that time the battle ground and the man gave the place, and history has adopted the name as the proper one.

last moment they plunged into the raging stream and swam with the current for a long distance, reached the distant shore and then ascended a precipice of rimrocks, and as they passed over the summit they waved their hands in defiance at their pursuers.

CHAPTER XXV.

Wages of Sin and Alcohol, It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Blixen." General Crook has sent all of his men, except his staff, to the fort and he has stopped at the Stone House to straighten out the matters reported by the trapper.

Bertha and Hammersley are at the Stone House. James Lyle is there, Al. Beach has returned: All of the cowboys who escaped the Indian arrows are there. There are many reminisences to relate. Bertha has long ago told the story of how she and Metzger fell into the hands of Follett. He had come to the trapper's abode late in the afternoon and left s measage to the effect that the trapper desired their presence at the Stone House, and that the half-breed would call about dark for them. They had held a conference before the return of Follett and while they were suspicious of him, it seemed so probable that his story was true, that they decided to accompany him. Metzger arming himself and claiming that he was a match for the Canadian. Follett came at the appointed time bringing two horses with him, and Bertha leaving Julian Byrd to look after her father, she and Metzger started out with the Canadian toward the Stone House. They had not gone far, however, until they were sur-rounded by the four braves, who had accompanied Follett, and were their power. Follett took immediate command and hurried them away to ward "Hell's Trap," at which place the render is familiar with what fol lowed.

It is early in the afternoon. Gen eral Crook is scated at the bedside of a very sick man in the main room of the Stone House. He is delirious for long periods and conscious for short ones. His conscious moments are moments of agony.

It is the Lord of the Desert. He had remained sober during the slege of the Stone House and had taken an oath at the time that he would never drink intoxicants again. As soon as the slege was over and the soldlers and cowboys had gone and the excitement died out, he had collapsed. For more than a week he had neither eaten nor slept. The collapse of his years of dissipation had come. His bloated form was rapidly assuming its natural state. He was but a sponge, a dry decaying sponge with all of the substance gone. He was a human wreck, made so by sin and alThe cripple's spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he

ceased brother, William. Here is a name it 'Dunder and Blixen.'" Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the Ger-thought was dead, brings the instru-Lyle's ments to show that William Hamlopted the name as the proper one, mersley, the trapper, is no more nor Among the few who escaped were no less than William Live, sole heir Chief Egan and Dan Follett. At the to all of the wealth of the House of Lyle

"Justice has been done," said the



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

"Thanks to the failure of lying man. Dan Follett in carrying out our mur-Thanks to the treach derous plans. ery 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. believe there is hope, even for me." And the Lord of the Desert passed

into a sleep never to waken again in the mortal body.

CHAPTER XXVI. Conclusion.

Pressing as was the military duties of General Crook he decided to remain at the Stone House another day and night. A cowboy was sent to the fort with a message to announce this act

The following morning was decideupon for the burial of all that re-mained of the late Martin Lyle. With nilitary precision General Crook had lesignated sunrise as the hour and rrangements were made accordingly. A grave was dug in a small table and high up on the mountain side verlooking the place and promptly at unrise the general and his staff and the relatives of the deceased and the employes about the place were asembled at the grave,

Before the body was lowered the rmy chaplain conducted a short serlice and the veteran gene al, con trary 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, pact subsoil, where no ordinary plant "that man can pay to man-give him 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 re-proachfully of the dead, but his dying words condemned such a life and it is Fon.

"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.

which he has won."

the general

replied the trapper.

cept one cent of it."

plied the general.

wife.

land.

You shall have the money and

Your

and

Scot

property, too," replied the trapper.

father may manage the ranch and you

"What a pity you are cousins," said General Crook. "You should be low-

will return to my traps.

may travel, or do as you like."

ers-you should be husband

"It makes no difference in

"But it is against the law here,"

"He has never asked me, anyway,"

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

said the cripple.

said Bertha embarrassed.

and daugnter together.

carefully."

The will was handed to General Crook, who read: "In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath to my adopted son, William Lyle all....." "Adopted son,' repeated General Crook, "So this William Lyle

was not the real son of the testator." "That is true," said Leondidas Lig-gett, the former cook of the Lord of the Desert, who had stood by in sl-"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 pa pers which Al, Beach had secured discovered a written acknowledgment of William Lyle that he was an adopted William Lyle that he was an adopted Net feel in my innermost soul son and that this had been kept a That Denth's not s wall but a portal, secret from the other children who were all born after his adoption. 'I see nothing in the way now,

sald General Crook, glancing at Bertha and Hammersley. "Bertha is it any use to ask?" in

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE END.

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

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 com-

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 well that we should profit by the les- 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 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 cower 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; 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-fay. Life's page we have blotted and check ered;

No power on earth can restore, We write an indelible record, To blight or to bless evermore,

With voices scraphic and tender Our loved ones are calling afar, With light that is golden in splendor Truth shines like a mystical star. The weil 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.

]++++++++++++++++++++]

LD MAN BOYNE, the boss team-0 ster, was sitting by a coal oil lamp in his best room. He had taken off his shoes and his cont, and his coarse woolen socks and his hickory 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, sir. We want to get mar-He sat down, looking flushed rled." and excited, and the old man stared at him a minute before he began:

"Well, suppose you do? Have yo 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 ments. spendthrift. How much do you get?" "Thirty a week since the beginning of this year. I'll get a raise-

noped for father in law, but wisely ant that Joe couldn't help keeping very 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.



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 pay-

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 harrying 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 distressing to me to be obliged to talk home where Margy tolled with no less to that man. I find myself constantly "Do you own a place, a house or 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 boy. I won't give her to you till you table, their pretty mother a bloom in her pink kimona, 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 skinflint, ch? Excuse me, sir." For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to dearing epithets directed against his shake hands the old face was so radi- seldom are.

tekip 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; was only fooling us-fooling us inte 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 Livo 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, goodnaturedly.

"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

"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."

"Did you kill him?" asked the other man, as the narrator paused.

"I didn't want to, but my wife begged me to put him out of his misery. He wasn't very good eating, but I made him the subject of a fine talk about pride, which, as I said before, is a terrible thing."

PEACEABLE RESISTANCE

cohol. His was not an isolated case; it was the same old story. Written and unwritten history abound with such stories.

"It is too late, general, it is too late," said the unfortunate man in a moment of consciousness. "I have taken the oath, I will never drink again, but it was taken too late. 11 might stimulate me now for a few hours, but it would make death the more agonizing."

"It is true, Mr. Lyle," replied the general, "its effects are always temporary, except the injury it gives. This is permanent. A man may feel good for a moment: his life may even be prolonged by it for a brief spell, but he must suffer the consequences in the end.

After a more exhausting delirium, the dying man spoke again.

"It is here that I hurt worse, general, it is here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "If you knew what lies there, general, you would pity me though I'm the most wicked man living."

'It is not too late to repent and co justice," suggested the warrlor.

'Not too late to repent, I know, for I am doing that as fast as a guilty soul can confess itself, but it is too late to do-justice:-they are dead. general, they are dead,---my brother and his child are dead!"

This confession seemed to ease the man for a moment. Then he con-"If I could give them back services. tinued: their lives, general, and this mockery called wealth-the half-breed only took a small portion of what I possess-death would lose many of its terrors. I do not fear it, general, but to meet my God with this load here. General, for many years I have kept my heart, my conscience, my soul, benumbed with strong drink; now, general, it all falls upon me like a mountain. Oh, that it would crush me, dissolve me like vapor, exterminate me that I should not have to meet my Maker."

"I am able to give you some relief." said the veteran soldier, "you are not as guilty as you think."

"Oh, but they are dead, general. No power on earth can give me relief now-it is too late. I will tell you how it happened," continued Lyle, "I hired Follett to kill one and old Egan to kill the other.,

"I know you think it happened," replied General Crook, "but it is not that had, Suppose I should tell you that they both live?"

'You would mock me, general, you would mock me."

"No, I speak truthfully, when I tell you that they still live, and are here at this moment." said the general.

"Do not torture me, general, but if "I didn't think it was any use," rethey are here let me see them. Let plied the trapper with a busky voice. them tell me that they still live." Jim Lyle was brought in in a chair ether.

and seated by the bedgide, and Bertha came and stood by her father's best.

"I think I can relieve all of this "This is Jim. Brother Jim." said the dying man. "Speak Jim, and tell me embarrassment," said Al, Beach, com-that you live and that this is your ing forward. "Read the will more Star.

"He was known far and wide as the necessary food for them from the sub-Lord of the Desert.' He prided in soil and the air. "Much land is of no value until these

this. This comes from the difference in classes in the European countries weeds come in and make it so. This is where lords and ladies are created by particularly true of sandy solls and rekings and monarchs and by heredity elaimed marsh lands, which are defi-"There is no such custom here, The title is an empty one. Every man clent in potash, a thing necessary in here may be a lord according to the all farming land. On these the deeper American idea, if he wishes. An rooted legumes, such as gorse, broom, honorable, well spent life makes a alfalfa, lupines, sulla and the perennial man a lord, a sovereign, a king herebeans are of great value. Their roots better than the highest sounding not only reach down very deep and names of the old world. It is not the title, it is the man.

bring up potash from the subsoil in the manner described, but their leaves take "With all of the high-sounding name of 'Lord of the Desert,' he was great quantities of nitrogen from the not nearly so great as his humble air. Now, when a soil is rich in potsuccessor, the honest trapper, who ash and nitrogen it is good soil, and as has made himself a lord in deed by these plants die and leave their gathlaboring and battling for the right. The assumed lord died a death of the sandy and marshy soils become The real lord-the true American lord good land. All the farmer has to do is -came to his inheritance honestly plow these rotting weeds under and he and through merit. Let us hope that has good land on which he can raise the dead lord has made peace with cereals, root crops and tobacco-that his maker and that the American lord hardiest and most wearing plant upon will never disgrace the honorable title noll.

"The government has induced farm-With a song by those present and ers to try Florida beggar weed. One prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the "Lord of the Desert" was closed. experimenter reported that by planting it in his field and plowing under the an-General Crook was now ready to nual crops for two successive years take his departure. His friends had the soll had been completely changed assembled about him in the Stone in texture and color. Another farm-House to render him thanks for his er discovered that a crop of beggar

weed turned under will, when decom-"I will send that money to you by posed, retain near the surface in ready an escort upon my arrival at the reach of the roots of succeeding crops fort, friend Hammersley-Lyle," said not only all the nitrogen that it took "No, send it to some safe bank in out of the atmosphere, but also whatthe east and deposit it to Miss Lyle's ever fertilizers were subsequently apcredit, so that she may draw upon it plied. A third reported that all his for the use of herself and her father," fields produced more luxurious crops after having been given over one sea-"Not one cent," spoke the father son to a rank growth of this weed.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha, "and I will support father. Mr. Hammersley is the right-"To find out how much chemical value this weed really takes from the air and the subsoil, the government plantful owner of the money and the proped a sandy field (bare of any of the erty and I would not consent to acqualities 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 little money, andout that a four-ton yield per acre, which is an average, one acre of beggar weed would yield 150 pounds of ni-General Crook at once detected the trogen, worth 15 cents a pound, or real sentiment of the two for each \$22.50 worth of nitrogen and potash her in." and phosphoric acid worth \$5.25, making a total of \$22.75 worth of fertiliz-

ing chemicals taken from an acre of soil worth nothing at all .- St. Louis

"What," shrilled 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 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."

anything?" "No, sir."

"You must be daft, then. Where was you going to live? At the Auditorlum, maybe?"

"Oh, we could get a neat fint for

"And pay rent? You're a fool, my get a house, I don't care if it's only two rooms, so it's your own, to keep

Margy's voice singing was heard then from the rear rooms. Boyne resumed his paper. Joe Stewart, muttiring "skin-flint, miser," and other en-

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 falled 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 Isnac 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.

"I did not strike him," said Isaac.

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 expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail and swing gracefully from the chandeller without interrupting the conversation."

Lust 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