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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 his life wantonly, but would make it if necessary, and now stood to his uttermost will 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 a 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 catlike movement of the half-breed and the trapper dropped to his knee. 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 deepest rocks about him. He rose like a Samson backed his antagonist against a bond of steel, 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 he shouted: "What's up there?—surrender upon your lives!"

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 had 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 by a large band of Indians 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.

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 of the Desert' 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 yet 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—has 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. They may have fallen out. 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.

It was also planned to reach that point between midnight and dawn, 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 the timbers for the buildings, while the hammerers 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. Loopholes after loopholes 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 slabs at the corner of the roof and climbed out and stole away like a cat.

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

General Crook ordered him farther west. The Indian pony still tied fast to the hitch, 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:

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 set apart 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 cowboys. It seemed impossible to reach the stone wall, so fatal were the shafts of lead.

Tunneling had been attempted, but the rocks, so numerous a few feet beneath the soil made this impossible at every point. The impotence 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 '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 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 showed up! "Dan will show up," he showed 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 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 shadowing them from behind the rimrocks, but after the plain 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, but he told the story partly in detail, and the Indian was finally convinced. But it 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 to 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 may now be the 'White Grizzly's' niece; he not dead!"

(To be continued.)

Struck to His Eyeglass.
Recently a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life-saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of lifeboat work, so, clothing themselves in bathing costume and cord jackets, they each took an oar in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boaters.

One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass, and is said even to sleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his eyeglass and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsized and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise came from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared, with the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

Rode a Giraffe.
General Sir Evelyn Wood, of the British army, rode a giraffe "for fun" when a young man. He fell off, was kicked, and rendered unconscious. He remarked that for years afterward the sight of a giraffe gave him a bad pain in the head.

MANIAC AND ROASTED.

Awful Fate of Passengers in Trainwreck in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Jan. 9.—As a result of a collision between a passenger train and the rear end of a freight train on the Monongahela division of the Pennsylvania railroad tonight at Cochrane station, just above Duquesne, seven men are dead, one is dying and five others injured.

The passenger train in the wreck was the West Elizabeth accommodation train from Pittsburg. It was on time, and had a clear track, according to the signals displayed. At the siding at Cochrane it ran into the rear end of an extra freight, which had taken the switch, but had failed to clear the main line. The officials of the road attributed the disaster to the failure of Patrick Quinn, the rear brakeman of the freight, to see that his train had fully cleared. Up to a late hour Quinn had not been located.

In the collision the tender of the passenger train was forced back upon the combination baggage and smoking car with terrible force. The 13 passengers were jammed against the rear end of the car into almost a solid mass. Three of the victims were apparently killed outright, two of the other four were literally roasted to death, and the two who died on the way to the hospital were so badly burned that recognition is impossible.

Almost immediately after the impact fire from the stove in the smoker communicated to the wreckage, and the imprisoned victims were tortured beyond description. All of the victims were badly burned. Conductor Cook was found unconscious under the charred body of Baggageman Stroud.

Strange to say, not a truck, except those of the tender, left the track, and the only passengers injured were those in the smoker.

LUCK FOR BRITISH MINERS.
American Demand for English Coal Saves Them a Cut in Wages.

New York, Jan. 8.—The year has opened with excellent prospects for the North of England coal trade, says the Tribune's London correspondent. The conditions which applied at the close of 1902 still obtain, and are even accentuated, as it is abundantly evident that the American demand is destined to continue for some time yet. The West Indies are now under the necessity of obtaining coal from this country and positive orders are in the market for Havana and Cienfuegos in addition to those for New York, Boston and Providence, for which steamers are being regularly fixed to load in the Tyne.

The American demand for English coal has had an unlooked for effect in preventing the expected decline in the Northumberland miners' wages, the average selling prices during the past three months having been so well maintained that a conciliation board has agreed that wages shall remain unchanged for the succeeding three months.

TURKISH SULTAN WORRIED.
England Protests Against Russian Warships Entering Black Sea.

Constantinople, Jan. 8.—Great Britain has vigorously protested to the Turkish government against the permission granted in September last to the unarmed Russian torpedo-boat destroyers to pass through the Dardanelles and into the Black Sea, under the commercial flag of Russia. These vessels were about to start on the proposed trip. The British note says the passage of the Dardanelles by the torpedo-boat destroyers would be a violation of the existing international treaties, and that if Russian warships are thus allowed to use the Dardanelles, Great Britain will reserve the right to demand similar privileges.

The protest has caused irritation in Russian circles, and concern on the part of Turkish authorities, who fear that other powers will follow the example of Great Britain.

JOY KILLED OLD MINER.
He Struck It Rich After Prospecting for 17 Years in the Black Hills.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—David Thompson, one of the best-known prospectors in the Black Hills over which country he has hunted gold for 17 years, struck a ledge of great richness, and after 10 minutes demonstrations of delight fell dead, says a dispatch to the Tribune from Roubaix, S. D. An examination made later by physicians showed a blood vessel in the brain to have been ruptured.

Richard Manzell Dead.
Chicago, Jan. 8.—Richard Manzell, astronomer, scientist and author, is dead at Rock Island, Ill. of Bright's disease, aged 74 years. He was a native of Staffordshire, England, but had resided in Rock Island since he was 20 years of age. His annual "Almanac of Planetary Meteorology" was first published in 1876, and appeared regularly until 1901. It circulated over this country and in England, and was accepted as standard everywhere.

Tortured by Thieves.
New York, Jan. 8.—Levi Eicher, aged 59 years, and his wife, residing in Springfield township, have been tortured by masked thieves, until they told where their money was hidden. The robbers held a lighted lamp to the flesh fell off before he would consent to show them the strong-box, where \$25 in bills was hidden. Then they bound the victims to the bed and left them, taking a horse and saddle from a barn. Eicher, it is said, recognized the thieves.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Timber Land Frauds Being Investigated—Old Jailbird Caught—Exhibits for 1905 Exposition—Linn County Schools Will Have Libraries—Horsethieves Caught—Bad Man in the Pen.

A special agent of the government is at Lakeview looking into timber land frauds in that section.

Emmett Kimberley, who broke jail at Canyon City a year ago, has been arrested in a Portland lodging house.

The common council of LaGrande is at work on a new city charter. It will include a considerable extension of the city limits.

A petition is being circulated in Linn county to increase the tax levy in order that schools throughout the county may be provided with public libraries.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, of Independence, which was badly burned by swallowing carbolic acid, died from its injuries.

At a special school meeting in Fairview district 14 votes out of a total of 15 were in favor of a 29-mill tax with which to pay up interest and other indebtedness of the district.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Slavin, who live upon their farm near Hillside, celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Slavin arrived in Oregon in 1850, but his wife had preceded him three years.

The governors of Idaho and Montana have recommended that their states make good exhibits at the 1905 fair.

The biennial report of the state treasurer has just been issued. It shows not a single dollar of delinquent state tax against any county in the state.

John McMahan, who is serving a life sentence in the state penitentiary for murder, assaulted a guard with a brick and came near killing him before he was finally subdued by being beaten into insensibility. McMahan is regarded as the worst man in the "pen."

Sheriff Rador, of Medford, has now in custody two members of the gang of horse thieves who have been operating in Southern Oregon. More of the gang are under surveillance and will soon be taken in by the officers.

The total number of patients in the state insane asylum during December just past was 1,265. The superintendent reports all the recent cases of typhoid fever as completely recovered or convalescent, and no new cases appearing.

Bruce Davie, a drunkard, and an inmate of the Josephine County jail, died in his cell as the result of a rather cool treatment at the hands of the jailer. Davie was recently confined to the county bastille to await trial at the coming term of circuit court and to answer the charge of stealing a watch and other valuables. The man was a very heavy drinker and became afflicted with delirium tremens shortly after being confined, and when he could no longer have his drinks, he raved and yelled like a mad man, making the hours hideous for the other inmates of the jail. Pete Miller, the jailer, occupied a bed in the jail, and found sleep an impossibility because of the maniac's ravings. As he could not quiet him in any other way, he arose and turned the hose on him, drenching the poor prisoner until he looked like a drowned chicken. That quieted him and Pete went back to bed. When the sheriff arrived the following morning with the prisoner's breakfast he found Davie drenched and shivering in one corner and some two inches of water in his cell. The thermometer registered at the freezing point. Davie never recovered from his shock, though whether his death was entirely due to his cold-water drenching has not yet been determined.

PORTLAND MARKETS.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 70c; blue stem 80c; valley, 75c to 76c.
Barley—Feed, \$23.50 per ton; brew, \$24.00.
Flour—Best grade, 3.90@4.40; Graham, \$3.20@3.60.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, \$23.50; shorts, \$19.50; chop, \$18.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.15@1.17½; gray, \$1.12½@1.15 per cental.
Hay—Timothy, \$11@12; clover \$8@9.00; cheat, \$8@9 per ton.
Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50¢@60¢ per sack; ordinary, 40¢@50¢ per cental; growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$2.00@2.25 per cental.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10¢@11¢; young, 10¢; hens, 11¢@11½¢; turkeys, live, 15¢@16¢; dressed, 18¢@20¢; ducks, \$7.50 per dozen; geese, \$8@8.50.
Cheese—Full cream, twins, 16¢@17½¢; Young America, 17¢@18½¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢ less.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 27¢@30¢ per pound; extras, 30¢; dairy, 20¢@22½¢; store, 15¢@18.
Eggs—22¢@20¢ per dozen.
Hops—New crop, 23¢@26¢ per pound.
Wool—Valley, 12½¢@15¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@14¢; mohair, 26¢@28¢.
Beef—Gross, cows, 3¢@3½¢ per pound; steers, 4¢; dressed, 6¢@7¢.
Veal—7½¢@8½¢.
Mutton—Gross, 3¢ per pound; dressed, 6¢.
Lamb—Gross, 3½¢ per pound; dressed, 6¢.
Hogs—Gross, 6¢@8½¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢@7½¢.

PROFITS OF STEEL TRUST.

Nearly \$34,000,000 Annually—Employees Eager to Take Stock.

New York, Jan. 8.—The United States Steel Corporation declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent on the common and 1½ per cent on the preferred stock.

A financial statement was issued showing net earnings for the calendar year, with December estimated, of \$32,652,000. The net earnings for the quarter ended December 31 were \$31,339,513, an increase of \$1,579,700, as compared with the same period of 1901.

From the net earnings for the year, deductions are made of \$24,528,183 for sinking funds, depreciation and reserve funds and for a special fund set aside for depreciation and improvements; of \$15,200,000 for interest on bonds; of \$3,040,900 in sinking funds for bonds, and of \$5,052,869 for interest on the stocks. These deductions leave undivided profits amounting to \$33,841,565 for the year, applicable to increase, depreciation and reserve fund accounts for new construction and surplus. The cash on hand is \$54,724,106.

The board approved the plan reported by the finance committee for profit-sharing and subscription to stock by the employees. It was reported to the board that the plan for stock subscription was being well received by the employees, and that within three days after the opportunity to subscribe was given, more than 16,000 shares had been subscribed for.

J. Pierpont Morgan was present at the meeting, although it is not his custom to attend meetings of corporations when they are not held in his office.

PROMOTION FOR TAFT.
Will Be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court—Wright to Succeed Him.

Washington, Jan. 8.—If existing plans carry some time next month the President will send to the Senate the nomination of Governor Taft to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to succeed Justice Shires, who is expected to retire during that month. Governor Taft will be succeeded as Civil Governor of the Philippines by General Lake E. Wright, at present vice-governor, and the latter place will be filled by the appointment of W. W. Rockhill, the present director of the Bureau of American Republics. There are already many aspirants for the place which will be vacated by Mr. Rockhill, but so far the President has made no choice.

It appears that Governor Taft was offered a place on the Supreme bench on the retirement of Justice Gray, but he felt that affairs in the Philippines were in such a state as to require his own personal attendance, and he sacrificed his chance. The President has not forgotten his usefulness, and feels that the work in the archipelago will be in shape by February, so it may well be taken over by General Wright.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.
Rode 100 Feet Under Pilot of Locomotive and Had No Bones Broken.

New York, Jan. 8.—To be jammed under the pilot of a hog locomotive, as the ones Cornelius Vanderbilt invented are called, to have his legs curled over the axle of the coney wheels under the pilot and be carried along for 100 feet and yet to escape without a broken bone has been the experience of Louis Huysler, an electrician of Mount Vernon.

Huysler was found with his legs curled around the axle of the coney wheels. His head was jammed back under the pilot itself. He was in a state of unconsciousness and was extricated him without lifting the locomotive from the rails. When he was finally removed Huysler's left knee was found to be dislocated, the right knee bruised and the leg cut. He also had some cuts on the face and body, but not a bone was broken.

SAGASTA IS DEAD.
Heart Failure Takes Away Aged Spanish Statesman and Ex-Premier.

Madrid, Jan. 7.—Ex-Premier, Praxedes Mateo Sagasta died at 11 o'clock tonight in his 76th year. At 6:30 he had an attack of heart failure and it was then thought he was dead; he rallied, however, and lived for four and a half hours.

Senator Sagasta's death was due to bronchitis and gastric trouble. His family was at the deathbed, and former Liberal members of the cabinet were near their old leader. A bishop administered the last sacrament this afternoon.

The news of the ex-Premier's death created a painful impression throughout Madrid. King Alfonso expressed profound regret.

Senator Sagasta's intellect was unimpaired until his last hours. He talked to his daughters, the presidents of the senate and of congress, and to the archbishop of Toledo.

King Alfonso has written a letter of sympathy to Senator Sagasta's family. During the ex-Premier's illness, the Queen mother and other members of the royal family frequently sent officials to inquire as to his progress.

Monterey Strikers Are Firm.
Laredo, Tex., Jan. 7.—A Monterey, Mexico, special, says: The strike situation here remains practically unchanged. The management of smelter No. 3 has offered to permit the men to return to work under old conditions, that is, the company to continue the payment of a premium for 21 days' consecutive work. The strikers, however, refuse to return to work unless granted the increase asked for.

West Indian Failure a Big One.
London, Jan. 8.—The accounts filed of the failure in May last of Park, McFadden & Park, West Indian merchants, who had a branch house in New York, represented by Park, Son & Co., show gross debts amounting to \$1,295,000, and \$665,000 assets.

ONLY TWO.

NORWEGIAN BARK GOES DOWN ON WASHINGTON SHORES.

Eighteen Lost Out of a Crew of 24—Inland Rescued the Tid tonight—Forming Human Chain by the Captain Mistook Um the name for Cape Flattery Light, northward only.

Port Townsend, Jan. 13.—Several feet out of her crew of 20 among 11 Norwegian bark, Prince of Denmark, a total wreck on the treacherous coast of Cape Flattery, were reported south of Cape Flattery, were reported.

The accident which resulted in the loss of the vessel occurred on the night of January 2, but the news of the calamity did not reach here until this afternoon.

The vessel was carrying a cargo of lumber and was bound for Seattle. The vessel was in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived. The vessel was in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived.

The impression prevails that the vessel was in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived. The vessel was in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived.

When the settlers first saw up on the beach, they were in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived. The vessel was in a total wreck, and the crew of 20 survived.

The identity of the dead could not be ascertained, and the woodmen having no means of identifying the bodies, they were buried in a common grave.

The session began at 11 o'clock. The court room was well filled, and the Commissioners filed in and took their seats. All the prominent lawyers were present, excepting C. D. Drow, leading counsel for the strikers, who was delayed in the West.

The first business brought up was the presentation by their counsel of the wage statements of several of the small independent coal companies in the Hazleton region.

John J. Williams, a mining engineer, employed by the Lehigh Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, was first witness. He told how he was upon and beaten while on his way work, but he could not swear that the strikers committed the assault.

Sheriff Schadt, of Lackawanna county, gave in detail his experience during the strike, and finally his counsel upon Governor Stone for assistance. The sheriff said that President Mitchell had several times assisted him preventing trouble.

CLARK MAY COME TOO.
Famous Commander of the Oregon Liked to Accompany Roosevelt.

Washington, Jan. 8.—It is quite probable that Admiral Clark, who commanded the Battleship Oregon a Santiago, may accompany President Roosevelt on his trip through Oregon next spring, although definite plans have not been framed.

The present intention of the President is to visit Oregon sometime in May and the suggestion has been made that during his visit to the State the award presentation to the Admiral should take place.

It is said at the White House that if Admiral Clark desires to accompany the President on this occasion, he will be gladly welcomed by Mr. Roosevelt. The possibility of an extra session, however, makes it impossible for the President to definitely arrange for this Western tour. No definite plans will be made until Congress adjourns.

Boers Will Participate.
Pretoria, Transvaal, Jan. 8.—All doubts as to whether the Boers would participate in the entertainments given in honor of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, were dispelled by the appearance of Generals Botha, Delarey, Cronje and Smuts at the garden party given by the governor yesterday. The attendance of the town Boers, however, was not large. Mrs. Chamberlain is tactfully aiding the Secretary in his pacificatory mission.

Pretender Retreating.
Madrid, Jan. 7.—Premier Silvela has presented to King Alfonso official dispatches confirming the report of the retreat of the Pretender to the Moroccan throne, thus allowing the Sultan to reorganize the army and stamp out the insurrection.