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LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"Dunder and Blixen."

It was after midnight before the troops arrived. It was also this hour before the Indians had quieted down to sleep. The afternoon's war dance over their captive victims, the wild excitement of the torture and the arrival of the Follett party with the two captives had aroused the blood of the savages and many tales of former acts of bravery, and deeds of daring were told beneath the willows and the tepees in Hell's Trap, that night.

Hammersley had decided to go on his mission of rescue alone. It was decided first to station the troops at every point at which the Indians could possibly escape and then for the trapper to attempt the rescue. Should he fail or fail in the attempt it was the purpose to force the best terms possible with the savages, but should he succeed, it was the determination to wreak that merciless revenge upon the Indians that the occasion seemed to justify.

The men had all been informed of the torture and death of the four white men and of the arrival of the two new captives, and this stirred the soldiers to a revengeful spirit that caused them to forget their tired and hungry condition and loss of sleep. They now felt that they had at last encompassed the enemy and they were eager to strike the blow.

Ten well armed and equipped soldiers accompanied by five cowboys were placed in each gap in the rimrocks and 100 men, including cowboys and soldiers under General Crook, guarded the neck of the peninsula.

It was half way between midnight and dawn when the trapper started on his perilous mission. Armed suitably for the occasion he entered the channel of the stream and hugged the banks with the silence of a beaver, always keeping in the shadows of the willows and not risking his weight upon his feet until he knew they were firmly placed.

While his task did not prove a difficult one, it was a tedious one. His bearings had been so well taken that he recognized the very clump of bushes in which Bertha's tepee was pitched without trouble. Farther away from the stream he saw the dismal thicket to which Oscar Metzger, the other captive had been taken, and from which the four cowboys on the previous evening had been taken for their last walk.

Like a snake he crawled up the embankment through the dense undergrowth, moving inch by inch, until he reached the rear of Bertha's tepee, and while the guards dozed near the front he ripped a hole in the rear wall of the tent and soon gave Bertha an assuring touch that told her a friend was with her.

In a few moments time they had retraced the trapper's steps to the bed of the stream, in the same manner as he had approached, and Bertha hiding in a dark nook under the willows which hung over the embankment, Hammersley went to attempt the release of the other prisoner.

He found Metzger so securely tied that even the Indians did not fear his escape. Bound hand and foot and stretched full length between two sapplings, his body barely touching the ground, he was enduring a torture that would have killed an ordinary man. But his was one of those iron constitutions of the desert.

The trapper was a welcome visitor and his knife furnished immediate relief. When released from his cramped position the cowboy stood erect and exercising his limbs noiselessly for a moment he indicated that he was ready to go. The trapper handed him a revolver and a knife and the two walked silently away ready to defend themselves, even unto death.

When they reached the place where Bertha was concealed the trapper was struck with awe. He saw twigs of willows and tops of sage brush and chunks of wood floating down the stream. These increasing at every moment. Seizing the woman he drew her after him and Metzger followed at a rapid pace.

It was two hundred yards to a shallow place in the stream and when this was reached the river was already rising at a rapid rate. The trapper seized Bertha in his arms as if she were a mere child and plunged into the foaming rapids, followed by the cowboy. Against the heavy current, which almost swept their feet from under them, they made the further shore, [illegible] the [illegible] bank, the trapper exclaimed:

"Great luck! A head rise!" Hammersley and his companions ran across the open meadow for the nearest opening in the rimrocks. The light of breaking morn made them recognizable to their friends on guard in the rimrocks who could scarcely restrain applause. But the drilling of a soldiers life prevented this outbreak.

The water came with a rush down the mountain stream. The sound changed from a murmur over the pebbles to a ripple over the rocks; and then to a roar over the boulders and against the angular banks. So loud followed the growing roar that the savages were wakened. Dan Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive and finding that she was gone, he kicked the drowsy guards in their sides and gave the alarm.

The whole camp was astir instantly. Discovering the fleeing fugitives, Follett plunged into the stream, followed by some of the most daring warriors, and gave pursuit. But when within 50 yards of the opening in the rimrocks where the fugitives had passed safely through, a cloud of [illegible] a report of a dozen rifles on morning air and a [illegible] money was [illegible] down in the [illegible] and the [illegible] opened, as the co[illegible] been turned. The [illegible] saloon through an op[illegible] door, and was evidently

Follett remained untouched. He turned and tried to rally the men who had been following in the rear and were now panic-stricken. At least one-fourth of the entire war party had rushed across the stream un-armed in pursuit of the fugitives. When they returned they found the river in these few minutes a seething foam, made black by the earth gathered by the flood as it came. To cross the stream was a task no warrior would attempt. They turned for other openings in the rimrocks. But here they met with disappointment. When approaching these points, and safety seemed just in sight, they were met with volleys from the soldiers' rifles that mowed them down like grass before a scythe. Another opening and another was tried with like results, until terror-stricken they ran about the meadow, hiding here and there in the tall grass soon to be spied out by the revengeful soldiers and shot like sage hens.

But the daring Follett would not give up. He saw old Egan organizing the men on the other side of the river, and plunged into the mad stream to join him, and made the other shore. Mounting their horses, the chief and half-breed led the men to the "neck" where the water was rapidly rising to the danger point. But here the real slaughter began.

General Crook led his men in person, and when the savages were in easy range he gave the command to fire. It was a deadly fire. Every shot

Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive.

found its mark. The savages fell from their horses like hail. Some of them tried to dash through the lines while others turned back toward the raging torrent.

"Charge," came the command from Crook. It was not technically a humane warfare, though it was conducted according to human tactics. Every shot that was fired was fired by a man mad for revenge. They charged upon the savages, sparing none and taking no prisoners, for they refused to surrender and did not ask for mercy. To the brink of the stream they ran, many falling pierced with lead before they reached this point. Some plunged into the flood never to rise again; others made it across to fall before the rifles in the hands of the guards at the openings in the rimrocks.

But the story is better told in the 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:

"Dey call dis 'Hell's Drap,' but I name it 'Dunder and Blixen.'" Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the German gave the place, and history has adopted the name as the proper one.

Among the few who escaped were Chief Egan and Dan Follett. At the 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 a message 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 surrounded by the four braves, who had accompanied Follett, and were in their power. Follett took immediate command and hurried them away toward "Hell's Trap," at which place the reader is familiar with what followed.

It is early in the afternoon. General Crook is seated 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 siege of the Stone House and had taken an oath at the time that he would never drink intoxicants again. As soon as the siege was over and the soldiers 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 alcohol. 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. It 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 do justice," suggested the warrior.

"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 continued: "If I could give them back 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, gasping. "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 bad. 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 they are here let me see them. Let them tell me that they still live."

Jim Lyle was brought in in a chair and seated by the bedside, and Bertha came and stood by her father's side.

"This is Jim, Brother Jim," said the dying man. "Speak Jim, and tell me that you live and that this is your child by your side."

The cripple's spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he

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

hurriedly related the circumstances with which the Lord of the Desert was not familiar, and then called Hammersley to his side.

"This, brother," said the cripple "is the rightful heir to all of the property. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will, and Al. Beach, whom you long since thought was dead, brings the instruments to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more nor no less than William Llye, sole heir to all of the wealth of the House of Lyle."

"Justice has been done," said the dying man. "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."

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 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.

"With all of the high-sounding name of 'Lord of the Desert,' he was not nearly so great as his humble successor, the honest trapper, who has made himself a lord in deed by laboring and battling for the right. The assumed lord died a death of agony from a remorseful conscience. The real lord—the true American lord—came to his inheritance honestly and through merit. Let us hope that the dead lord has made peace with his maker and that the American lord will never disgrace the honorable title which he has won."

With a song by those present and a prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the "Lord of the Desert" was closed.

General Crook was now ready to take his departure. His friends had assembled about him in the Stone House to render him thanks for his services.

"I will send that money to you by an escort upon my arrival at the fort, friend Hammersley-Lyle," said the general.

"No, send it to some safe bank in the east and deposit it to Miss Lyle's credit, so that she may draw upon it for the use of herself and her father," replied the trapper.

"Not one cent," spoke the father and daughter together.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha, "and I will support father. Mr. Hammersley is the rightful owner of the money and the property and I would not consent to accept one cent of it."

"You shall have the money and property, too," replied the trapper. "I will return to my traps. Your father may manage the ranch and you may travel, or do as you like."

"What a pity you are cousins," said General Crook. "You should be lovers—you should be husband and wife."

"It makes no difference in Scotland," said the cripple.

"But it is against the law here," replied the general.

"He has never asked me, anyway," said Bertha embarrassed.

"I didn't think it was any use," replied the trapper with a husky voice.

General Crook at once detected the real sentiment of the two for each other.

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

"I think I can relieve all of this embarrassment," said Al. Beach, coming forward. "Read the will more 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 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 covered a written acknowledgment William Lyle that he was an adopted son and that this had been kept secret from the other children who were all born after his adoption.

"I see nothing in the way," said General Crook, glancing at Bertha and Hammersley.

"Bertha is it any use to ask?" inquired the trapper.

"There is nothing lost by trying," replied the girl as she took his hand.

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

Within ten days old Egan can with his fragment of warriors and squaws and children of his tribe 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, Beaches, the Byrds, the Hopes, Metzgers and the Liggetts are 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 any newsdealer, or by addressing the publisher, Portland, Oregon.)

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Oregon Has Fine Limestone — Big Rabbit Drive—Many New Industries Coming to Oregon This Year — Improvements in Land Office — Medical Association Meets in La Grande.

The teachers of Clackamas county will hold an institute at New Era Saturday, January 31, at 10:30 o'clock.

A meeting of the fruitgrowers of Douglas county will be held at the court house in Roseburg on Saturday, January 24, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of establishing packing house and fruit growers' association.

Joseph Davenport died at his home near Silverton last Sunday. He was aged 79 years and came to this county recently from Pendleton, where he resided for about 20 years. He is survived by a wife and five children.

The United States land office at Roseburg has been changed from the Abraham building to the new Douglas county bank building. The new rooms are located on the ground floor in the east half of the building, and are four in number. Roseburg can now boast of one of the finest arranged land offices on the coast, as these rooms were especially designed for the use of the land office.

One of the largest rabbit drives held in Eastern Oregon took place several miles west of Echo last week, and as a result the rabbit population has been decreased by nearly 1,000.

The Andrews Saw manufacturing company will remove its plant from Williamsport, Pa., to Portland, provided stock to the amount of $50,000 is taken in that city. A good start has been made in this direction, several subscriptions having been handed in already.

The Eastern Oregon medical association held a session in La Grande in the parlors of the Commercial club. The attendance was small on account of sickness in so many sections, but was representative and energetic and some good papers were listened to and discussed. After voting thanks to the profession of La Grande for entertainment, the association adjourned to meet in The Dalles July 16, 1903.

The committee from the Benton county court, met with the Linn county committee and spent two hours discussing the bridge question. The meeting was not official and definite action could not be taken, yet each committee was empowered to express the views of the body which it represented. The concensus of opinion was that all public highways should be free of any toll, as far as possible removing every barrier to traffic.

The Oregon & California Marble company, which owns extensive marble and limestone deposits in Josephine county, some 12 miles south of Grants Pass, is meeting with good success in the working of its properties. The company is paying particular attention to the manufacture of lime—a new industry for this state. It has already turned out several hundred barrels and has as many more ready for the kiln. The lime put on the market has given as good satisfaction as any of the finer grades that are shipped here from the East.

If present plans materialize several large industries will be added to Portland's growing list for 1903. Among the representatives of many big concerns lately visiting that place is the one working in the interests of the H. O. Cereal flour manufactory. He has just left Portland for Fuget Sound and will study the site question from all points before making his final report. He is the Pacific coast agent of this concern, with headquarters at San Francisco, and his people will soon visit Portland and then make their selection.

IN THE LEGISLATURES.

Oregon and Washington Solons Begin to Ballot for Senator.

At Olympia.

A summary of the first ballot taken by the Washington legislature in separate session, Jan. 20, for United States senator, is as follows: Ankeny, 48; Preston, 41; Wilson, 12; Turner, 23; scattering, 12.

At Salem.

The first ballot for United States senator was taken in the Oregon legislature Tuesady, January 20, separately in each branch and the result was: Fulton, 28; Geer, 20; Wood, 18; scattering, 21; absent, 3; total, 90.

The Lewis and Clark appropriation fair bill passed the house with only five opposing votes. It calls for $500,000. The senate passed the Portland charter bill and it now will be engrossed and sent to the governor.

BIG ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED.

Distress Prevailing in London is Almost Unprecedented.

New York, Jan. 22.—There can no longer be any question as to the extent and gravity of the distress now prevailing in London, says the Tribune's correspondent in London. Many thousands of men in excess of the usual average are out of employment this winter, and the work houses cannot accommodate all the people demanding shelter. Things have reached a serious pass in the east end of the metropolis, while the tide of alien immigration is steadily rising higher and higher.

A serious state of affairs exists also in other parts of Great Britain. An endless stream of country-bred folk is pouring into the overcrowded cities, while Canadian farmers organize expeditions to search the old country for much needed labor and offer good wages for efficient men without satisfactory results.

Official statistics show that the British emigrant does not generally elect to make his home in the British colonies. Of 205,910 emigrants from this country last year, 108,501 went to the United States. This condition of things induced one newspaper to declare that the future of the British race is imperiled by the drafts made upon it from America and that the greatest and most beneficent work a British statesman could perform for the welfare of the nation would be the inauguration of some scheme for redistributing the British people in the British empire.

Seldom has legislation met more immediate success than the new licensing act. For once the law would seem to have got even with the great army of topers. Touched in their tenderest spot, these interesting individuals are forswearing drink with an alacrity which seems to show conclusively that there is after all some virtue in what was once contemptuously called by a great statesman "grandmotherly legislation."

CHINA ANSWERS THE POWERS.

Says She is Absolutely Unable to Pay Indemnity in Gold.

Pekin, Jan. 22.—China's repiy to the note signed by all the ministers of the powers here, with the exception of Minister Conger, announcing that the failure of the Chinese government to fulfill its obligations in refusing to pay the indemnity on a gold basis would entail grave consequences, was received today. It declares that China would accede to the demand if she were able to do so, but that it is impossible to make the paymetns demanded.

The Chinese note quotes the messages of the viceroys detailing the impoverished state of the country. It asks the ministers to suggest plans for relief and renews the request that the customs tariff be placed on a gold basis, suggesting that the average rate of exchange each month be made the payment rate for the following month.

The ministers are awaiting instructions from their governments.

Highwayman Robs Ticket Office.

Reno, Nev., Jan. 22.—At 10:30 this morning a highwayman entered the Southern Pacific ticket office and held up the agent at the point of a revolver, securing all the cash in the money drawer. The ticket agent had just cashed a warrant, and leaving the cash drawer on top of the safe turned and sat down at his desk. Hearing money rattle he looked up and saw a masked man standing at the safe emptying the contents of the drawer into his pockets with one hand and covering him with a revolver with the other.

Death Rate Declining.

City of Mexico, Jan. 22.—The official bulletin from Mazatlan covering the 24 hours ending at 6 P. M. gives the number of deaths from the plague as two in the city and three in the hospital. There were eight new cases during the period, and seven patients were reported to be in a dying condition. The stream of emigrants from the stricken city continues and every one who has the means and can get permission from the health authorities is leaving.

Smoot is Chosen in Utah.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 22.—Reed Smoot was this afternoon elected United States senator from Utah to succeed Senator Rawlins, Dem. The vote in separate sessions was as follows: Senate—Smoot, 10; Governor Wells,

THE LAST TRIBUTE

ENTIRE STATE ATTENDS FUNERAL OF THOMAS H. TONGUE.

Floral Offerings Completely Covered the Coffin — Many Societies to Which He Belonged Took Part in the Last Sad Rites—Hillsboro Almost Too Small to Hold All Who Attended.

Hillsboro, Jan. 19.—Thomas H. Tongue went to his grave yesterday with all the honor that his state could give him. Neraly all Oregon attended his funeral at Hillsboro, and at the last impressive services, the preacher said most fittingly: "It is Oregon that is mourning today, for it is Oregon that has lost a son." A committee from congress, made up of men who represented every part of the nation, was present, but the funeral ceremony was Oregon's own tribute to the dead.

Hillsboro was not big enough to hold in comfort all who wanted to attend Mr. Tongue's obsequies. A special train from Portland carried down a multitude, and hundreds poured into the town from all parts of the state. Nearly all the state officials were present, and so was a majority of the legislature. And from others who could not attend, came a wealth of floral offerings that were piled mountain high over the alter of the little Hillsboro Methodist church. The coffin was fairly buried in flowers, and they, too, came from all parts of Oregon.

Committees representing the various societies to which Mr. Tongue belonged, were at the depot to meet the party, and they acted as an escort when the remains were taken to the court house at Hillbsoro.

At the court house, which had been draped in mourning from lower to basement, the coffin was placed in the main corridor, and all yesterday morning a line of people with uncovered heads passed by it.

The special train from Portland reached Hillsboro at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It brought the committee of congressmen appointed by Speaker Henderson to attend the funeral. Six cars were needed to contain the others who went down from Portland on the same mission.

The guests were reecived by 50 members of the Knights of Pythias in full uniform. The Knights formed a line with drawn swords, through which the visitors passed from the street into the court house, and acted as ushers during the ceremonies there. They were in charge of Mr. Tongue's body while it lay in state, and they mounted a strict military guard which contributed much to the impressiveness of the day's services.

They surrendered the body to the Odd Fellows, who took it to the church, where Mr. Tongue and his family have worshipped for years.

The distinguished assemblage simply packed the church auditorium until it was impossible for anybody in the audience to listen to the ceremonies in comfort. The escort of Knights kept the aisles open until the Odd Fellows carried the coffin in, but after that every man struggled for the best place he could get.

The services in the church were short. The pastor introduced Dr. C. E. Kline to make the opening prayer, and there were many damp eyes in the audience when Dr. Kilne concluded. He was for a great many years the pastor of the congregation to which Representative Tongue belonged, and his prayer took a wider range than is usual for this reason. His eloquent appeal was, perhaps, the best verbal tribute paid to Mr. Tongue during the day. Then a passage of scripture was read by Rev. R. H. Kennedy, of the Hillsboro Congregational church, and Rev. Dr. L. E. Rockwell, presiding elder of the Methodist church in Northern Oregon, then preached the funeral sermon.

During the services the Portland quartet sang a number of hymns, and were heard to special advantage in the beautiful "Lead, Kindly Light." When the church ceremonies were concluded the body was turned over to the Hillsboro Masonic body, which escorted it to the cemetery and interred it with their own picturesque ritual, Worshipful Grand Master W. F. Butcher conducting the services. Over the grave Mr. Butcher paid one last eloquent tribute to Mr. Tongue's memory, and the whole cemetery was filled with those who listened to him.

The congressional delegation will return to Washington at once, and Mr. Moody left last evening, to resume his work there. For the present he will be Oregon's sole member of the national house of represetnatives.

Castro Must Pay First.

Berlin, Jan. 20.—In the negotiations which are about to begin at Washington Great Britain and Germany, as the result of further correspondence, are quite determined that the irreducible condition of arbitration is that President Castro shall pay or give collateral security for the sums already specified. The powers will not consent to raising the blockade until Venezuela complies with this unalterable condition. The allies place the responsibility for further delav upon Venezuela.

Another New Trust Bill.

Washington, Jan. 20.— A bill has been introduced by Representative Bell, of Colorado, providing that any producer, dealer, transporter, agent or other person in any territory of the United States who shall join with any other person or persons for the purpose of raising the price of any article of food or fuel, or its carriage or handling, shall be guilty of extortion. A [illegible]

[illegible] Office: Mammoot, Mr. [illegible] to all points at 10:

Travelers conve[illegible] care given to stock.

R. W. MARP

[illegible] W. F. [illegible] Anderson, [illegible] Stumpbraker, [illegible] John Snowgoose, [illegible] Gordon, Chester Wilson, P. J. McCollum, A. D. Gilman, A. Craddock, H. G. Chapman, H. F. Ringe, L. H. Doten, W. V. Teters, G. B. Chapen, Albert Otey, N. L. High, Geo. L. Chase, G. W. Ager, J. P. Lee, L. O. Stearns.

[illegible] claiming adversely the above-[illegible] lands are requested to file [illegible] in this office on or before [illegible] of April, 1903.

[illegible] H. BRATTAIN, Register.