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MONDAY, JULY 2, 1894. * * * *

A WORD FOR INDIANA COLLEGES.

The Indianapolis Journal in commenting on the CRAWFORDSVILLE JOURNAL'S article concerning the donation of \$4,000 by the Board of County Commissioners to Wabash College, says:

It is surprising that any person in Montgomery county should object to this action on the part of the Commissioners. The appropriation is a small one for such a large college during the last fifty years. Not to speak of the college plant in ground and buildings, which are estimated to be worth \$25,000, and the large amount of money annually disbursed there by students and professors, the moral influence of the institution has been beyond all estimate. An influence which has been potent enough to make itself felt throughout the State and far beyond its limits must indeed have been most beneficial in the immediate community from which it emanates. Crawfordsville was known as the seat of Wabash College before it became a town, and when it was discovered in Indiana, and though it was not in the gas belt, nor participating in the "boom" which some other cities are enjoying, it will still be known as the seat of Wabash College, long after the last factory in Indiana shall have ceased to be supplied with natural gas, and after the history of that interesting epoch in the State's history shall have been written and closed. So much more enduring are spiritual than material things, and so much more important moral than physical results.

The same might be said of other colleges and large towns throughout the State. What would Bloomington be without the State University, its castle without DePauw, Hanover without Hanover College, and other college towns without the institutions that take them out of the list of ordinary towns and make them like cities set upon a hill, radiating light and life with an energy as unceasing as that of the sun itself. Indiana has reason to exult in the wealth of her material resources, in the products of her farms and fields, her mines and factories in the commerce that traverses all parts of her surface, and the wealth that nature has given her on her surface, but she would be poor indeed without her schools, academies and colleges.

In view of what Wabash College has done for the State, it is common with other institutions of its class, has one for the State, at large and for the immediate community in which it is situated, it is surprising to learn that even a few persons in Montgomery county should be inclined to criticise the action of the Commissioners in appropriating the paltry sum of \$1,000 to eke out a subscription of \$60,000 for the college. They would much better criticise the Commissioners for not making an unconditional appropriation of the full amount permitted by the law—\$10,000.

The Review of Reviews offers its Fourth of July greeting to American citizenship in the form of a thoughtful discussion of vital political and social questions, and particularly of the so-called "new sectionalism" that is apparently arraying the West against the East. Several pages of the July number are given to letters from Western men describing Western economic conditions and movements. This publicity to Western views is given at this time with a view to promoting better understanding and mutual respect between the sections.

It took hard work and a long time last fall to repeat the silver bill but it was repealed.—Argus-News.

It is presumed that the Argus-News refers to the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. If so that paper will recall the fact that had it not been for Republican votes the act could not have been repealed. In the Senate there are more Democrats who voted against it than there were who voted for it. So whatever credit is attached, if any, to the repeal of this law, the Republicans are entitled to a full share.

The discussion of the tariff on wool, sugar and rice is a little premature just now, as no one knows exactly what will be done with those articles.—Argus-News.

Simon says, "Thumbs up." Simon says, "Thumbs down." And whether it's "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" the Argus-News will favor any bill that passes, whether it be tariffed wool or free wool, tariffed sugar or free sugar, tariffed rice or free rice. So the thing is labeled Democratic the cuckoo will sing its song.

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THE GOLDEN CAVES

By CHARLES B. LEWIS OM. QUAD.

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CHAPTER I.

"Halt!"
It is ten o'clock in the forenoon of a June day. Ten white topped wagons, drawn by as many spans of heavy horses, are strung out in line on the plains of Northern Dakota, while fifteen horsemen are distributed its length to act as guards. There is a driver to each wagon, and you can thus count twenty-five souls. Twenty-five? Ah! but sharp eyes detect the fluttering of a woman's dress on the seat of one of the wagons. Twenty-six, then, with their faces sternly set to the west, each man heavily armed and every eye scanning the country ahead and about for signs of danger.

Who are they?
The gallant Custer has made his report of gold in the Black Hills, and fifty thousand seekers after wealth are moving to the west. The country is still in the hands of the savages, and infatuated at the thought of being overrun and pushed to the wall, as was the case over and over again, every man who can bear arms is on the warpath to drive back the invaders.

This party has come out from Brule City, Dakota, it followed the White river for more than two hundred miles, and left it to strike northwest for the forks of the Big Cheyenne two days before we found them. For the last three days Indian signs have been plenty. They have entered upon the territory of the hostiles, and every mile of their progress will now be watched by keen eyes.

"Halt! Is there danger ahead?"

The wagons close up rapidly, as the drivers have been drilled to do, and in ten minutes everything is prepared for whatever may happen.
"Here, Harkins—here, Taylor!" calls the leader to two of the mounted men, and as they ride forward he continues:

"The old man is going to turn up his toes, and I've called a halt to let him die in peace. He's been asking for both of you."

Who was the old man? He had joined the party at the last moment, coming from no one cared where. He was an old hunter and trapper, and had been in the Black Hills country. He could guide the party by the best and most direct route, and he had the money to outfit himself. He gave his name as Saunders, and his queer speech and actions made the crowd look upon him as weak in the head. He had been taken as very ill the day before, and both Harkins and Taylor had shown him many acts of kindness. No one expected his death, and the announcement that his hour had come created much surprise. However, after each had spoken his mind about it, the majority of the men threw themselves down on the grass to smoke or chat, and more than one impatiently estimated the distance lost by this delay.

Harkins and Taylor dismounted and climbed into the wagon where the old man lay. A few hours had wrought a great change in him, and it was plain enough that his time had come.
"Look a-here, men," began the old man as the pair expressed their sorrow for him, "this has come a little sooner than I looked for, but I'm not going to complain. For forty years the Lord has let me live to roam these yero plains and dwell in the mountains, and my race is run. I ain't goin' word of complaint."

"So he was good to me and I wish ye luck," said the old man in a whisper, but neither of the men heard him. They were thinking and planning.

"About five miles to the right of Custer's peak," Harkins kept repeating to himself.

"About five miles to the left of Custer's peak," Taylor repeated over and over again. Two or three minutes passed away, and then the latter bent forward and cried out:

"Why, the old man is dead!"

So he was. He had made no struggle— even no sign.

"Well, that was white in him not to delay us," laughed the leader of the caravan when informed of the event. "Some men might have kept us here all day and then concluded not to die after all. Now the only thing is to plant him."

A couple of men were soon scoping out a shallow grave with their spades, and within half an hour after the flame of life had flickered out the body was covered and the wagon train moving on.

Then a couple of great vultures dropped from the sky to earth to wait.

Three or four gaunt wolves, their long hair dirty and ragged, came skulking over the broken ground.

Five painted and feathered Indians crept out of a dry ravine scarcely forty rods away, and with the vengeance of devils set to work with hands and sticks to uncover the body. There was a suppressed shout as it was rolled out and another as the scalp was held aloft.

Five minutes later the wolves and vultures had the body to themselves.

CHAPTER II.

And now, as the wagon train makes its slow way over the broken country, let us see with whom we have to do.

Two years before this story opens Harkins had come out from England to better his fortunes. He was English, bred and born, a resident of Leamington, and his wife had died the year before. Though a widower, he was not childless. The woman in the wagon train was his daughter, Bess. A two-

year-old girl of eighteen—a typical English girl of the middle class. The father had tried ranching and failed, and had put his last dollar into the outfit of the gold hunting party. Should Bess be left behind among strangers in a strange land, or taken on an expedition which had its peril for every hour?

"Are you crazy?" queried the gold hunters, when Harkins asked them to decide.

But when the train was ready to move out of Brule City, and the men saw the red cheeked English lassie seated beside young Joe Blynn, who was to drive the Harkins wagon while the owner rode horseback, they lifted their hats as they rode past. And when they saw how far one rode away to the west to bear information to the chiefs in waiting.

The gold hunters must be wiped out to the last man. Their number had been counted over and over, their weapons noted and the chances calculated. The time was not yet. The lay of the ground was not suitable and enough Indians had not come up. They dared not attack with fifty—a hundred and fifty. They would move upon the little band with two hundred or more—four or five to one. That is Indian bravery.

When the train was ready to move on after its halt the leader called all the men together for counsel. He had been a soldier, as had many of the men. He knew what to expect, and was prudently preparing for it. Each horseman and brave she tried to look up and act, and understood that she was willing to brave all perils for the affections she bore her father, they said to one another:

"There's a girl to be proud of. Let's give the Englishman a fair show."

"Yes, the Aztecs," replied one of the men.

"It was the red man's treasure house!" exclaimed Taylor.

"Waal, no. Bridger didn't reckon the Injuns had ever dislodged the place. He allowed that the gold had bin there for a good many years—way back to the time when the Mexicans kivered this country. I've heard tell that was a day and a half, and he had time to be sartin."

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"Yes, the Aztecs," replied one of the men.

"It was the red man's treasure house!" exclaimed Taylor.

"Waal, no. Bridger didn't reckon the Injuns who stored up the gold. We

allowed to go back after it some day, but the years went on, Bridger got wiped out and now I'm headed that way only to feed the wolves."

"And— and you will tell us where this cave is?" anxiously inquired Taylor.

"'I will,'" replied the dying man, as a small flint across his face. "Hain't it curious? One lays a-dyin', thinkin' of the hereafter, and the other is just a tremblin' in his anxiety to git hold of wealth and spend it? It's like poor humanity. The thought of that gold never bothered me an hour, while you will risk your lives fur a sight of it. But I'll tell ye. That's what I axed ye to cum in here fur. You're bin white with me, and I reward you fur it."

Harkins and Taylor glared at each other across the dying man. The fiend of avarice was already whispering in their ears.

"If you strike the big Cheyenne at the forks," said the hunter, "the mountains will be due north of you. The big peak in front of ye has been named after Custer. About five miles to the right of that peak is a canyon—the one up which Bridger led. He said he went about a mile and then took into a smaller one leading to the left. He hadn't gone far before he grabbed a bush to pull himself upon a ledge out of the bottom, and as he reached the ledge he was at the mouth of the cave. He reckoned it was eight or ten feet up, and he thought a path led from it up into the mountain. It was always dusky in those rifts, and you might pass up and down a lifetime and see nothing. It may take ye a month of sarcin', but you'll find a big reward."

Each man had caught his every word and sought to impress it on his memory, and each secretly hoped that the other would forget. This eagerness resulted in a curious error. Harkins understood the hunter aright when he said to the right of Custer's peak." Taylor understood him to the left.

"Halt! Is there danger ahead?"

The wagons close up rapidly, as the drivers have been drilled to do, and in ten minutes everything is prepared for whatever may happen.

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"The old man is going to turn up his toes, and I've called a halt to let him die in peace. He's been asking for both of you."

"Never!" whispered Taylor as he clenched his hands.

"Divide with him when I can get it all!" demanded Harkins of himself.

They had been friends in danger. The prospect of wealth had turned their friendship to hate. An hour ago they would have periled their lives for each other. Now they wished each other dead.

The possession of gold may bring happiness. The thirst for it may lead to murder.

"Ye've been good to me and I wish ye luck," said the old man in a whisper, but neither of the men heard him. They were thinking and planning.

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