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THE DAILY JOURNAL.

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FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1894.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

What will the tariff bill be like by the time the tinkers get through with it?

No man or body of men will get into trouble if they obey the laws of the land.

The question now is: Which is the stronger, the United States or the American Railway Union?

The present session of the Senate is the first under Democratic control for thirty-five years. How do you like it?

The Journal is in favor of that man for the vacancy in the City Council who will vote for a system of sewerage.

Let us stand still and see the salvation of the law. It will surely come, by peace, we hope, but by force if necessary. Let us hope for peace but be ready for force.

That debt statement issued by the Secretary of the Treasury and proving a deficit of \$75,000,000 for the fiscal year would seem to argue the necessity for a change.

It is a mistaken policy to stop all public improvements in the city in order to hoard up the taxes. The men who labor need the money, and it is much better that they should earn it by work than that it should be doled out in the name of charity.

The two newspaper correspondents, Shriver and Edwards, who told the truth concerning certain Senators and the sugar trust, have been indicted by the grand jury for refusing to reveal the source of their information. Haver-meyer, who is the head of the trust, declined to say how much money he contributed to the Democratic campaign fund goes so free. The offense, refusing to answer questions put by the committee, was the same in both instances. Why this discrimination?

The Anarchist Governor of Illinois has sent a long protest to President Cleveland against the United States sending troops to the sacred soil of Illinois and demands their immediate withdrawal. The President replied to the effect that Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the constitution and laws and upon the demand of the Post Office Department as well as by the United States Courts. The President said the presence of troops by his authority was not proper but necessary. The President's course is to be commended.

When Senator Davis, of Minnesota, was asked by a constituent to vote for a resolution introduced by Populist Kyle designed to discontinue Federal interference with strikes Senator Davis, with fine spirit and independence, replied that his constituents might as well ask him to vote to dissolve the government. This declaration was courageous, manly, and patriotic. It has evoked the applause of law-abiding citizens throughout the country. It should run like iron through the blood of timid, halting, demagogic members of Congress.

By the Senate tariff bill the internal tax on whisky has been increased from 90 cents to \$1.10 per gallon, but that already manufactured and in bond is not to be effected, and the holders are to have eight years, instead of three years as a present, in which to take it out and pay the tax. As there are 200,000,000 gallons in bond, or enough to supply the country for two years, this means an out-and-out present to the whisky trust of \$40,000,000, and the loss to the Government of all revenue from that source for two years. The champion of the whisky trust was Senator Daniel W. Voorhees.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean says now this Senate tariff bill, burdened with its load of infamy and bargains, and labeled a bill of sale, goes to await its fate in the House. The sugar trust has, if not all it asks, all it needs. The sugar producer loses his bounty in Louisiana and Nebraska. The Populist is denied free barbed wire. Free traders like Mills are outraged by the duty on iron ore and coal. Protectionists must be agitated at the low rates on every industry but cotton, fortunate in having a Southern home. Such industrial interests as have such a home have been protected. The rest have been slaughtered. Out of the medley of contradictory enactments the sugar

Wasted Opportunities.
The man who gets up, a guest from the banquet, and drains off his cup. Sees the last lamp extinguished, with cheerful assent, goes to bed and enjoys its repose. But he who supped at the table of kings and yet started in the sight of luxurious things. Who hath watched the wine flow by himself and half tasted. Heard the music and yet missed the tune; who hath wasted One part of life's grand possibilities—friend, That man will bear with him, be sure, to the end. A bright experience, a rancor within. You may call it a virtue—I call it a sin. —Owen Meredith.

You Know You Would!
Suppose you were reading some wonderful tome That led you way back in the past, Till with fasting and fighting in Athens or Rome You'd forest in what age you were cast. Suppose while thus "busy" you heard a wee voice And felt a small hand on your knee, Would the world of the present or past be your choice At the sound of that little "Take me?" Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do? You'd "take" Tiny Tiddler and hug him to you.

Suppose you had been in the city all day, In the trouble and turmoil of trade, Till your brain was so weary you felt the dismay Of an overtaxed surface car jade; Suppose you were smoking and taking your ease, And in should come little Boy Blue To "play hors" with papa, and "wouldn't he please" To "kick up" and such antics go through? Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do? You'd prance and "play hors" with little Boy Blue.

Suppose you were thinking of serious things, Of questions mortality asks, Till life, with the problems perplexing it brings, Seemed a round of impossible tasks; Suppose while thus puzzled, a frown on your face, And your face looking solemn and grim, Little lady insists you shall be a "bow-wow" Or sing "Hey! Diddle, diddle" to him. Oh, come now! Be honest! What would you do? You'd "hark" or recite "Mother Goose" wouldn't you? —William S. Lord.

THE GOLDEN CAVES

By CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD).

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(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

The captain rested it across the rocks. The captain was right in his suspicions. The besieging force of savages, disheartened at their bloody repulse, had quietly withdrawn behind the ridges in hopes to lure the white men from their stronghold. They would have waited until the wagons were strung out in line and pressing forward, and then a charge would have brought victory. The man who volunteered to act as scout had betrayed the plot. His willfulness would cost him his life, but it would save twenty-three others.

Two minutes after that cry of alarm had reached the men in the fort the Indians could be seen all about them. Concealment was useless, and the red demons circled about the fort on their ponies and kept up such a yelling that one would have thought they regarded sound as powder and bullet. They kept up the hubbub for an hour, and then dismounted out of rifle range to rest. "We shall hear from that renegade before long," said the captain, and he noted a crowd of Indians at a certain point. "Have any of you men got an old fashioned rifle?" "I have," replied a man named Peters. "It's not only old style, but heavy and slow to handle. I brought it along because I couldn't even give it away at Brule."

The gun was fished out of his wagon and brought forward. It was the old fashioned buffalo rifle, carrying a bullet like a cavalry carbine, and its owner had brought along a few charges for it. It had scarcely been loaded when the renegade stepped out from the crowd with a white flag and advanced to within pistol shot of the fort. Then he halted and sung out:

"Boys, you have made a brave defense, but it's no use in trying to hold out any longer. There's over two hundred of us here yet, as you kin see by countin' up, and you don't show sense by holdin' out."

"What do you want of us?" demanded the captain.

"Well, when I summoned ye the other day all we wanted was fur ye to turn back. Ye refused to, and ye've killed a couple of warriors and wounded a lot more. We can't let ye off quite so easy now."

"What are your terms?"

"Now ye begin to talk sense. If ye want to walk out and leave the wagons and horses for us I'll give ye my word ye shall go in peace. That's lettin' ye off powerful easy, being as the reds are mad all the way through."

"Shan't we also leave our guns and revolvers behind?" asked the captain in sarcasm.

"As to that," replied the renegade, taking him seriously, "it might be good like it would show yer faith in us."

"You captured one of my men over the ridge an hour ago."

"We did that, but we didn't capture him, but axed him to stop with us for a visit. He's enjoyin' himself as hearty as you please."

"Let him count your numbers and come in and give us the figures. If you are as strong as you say we may decide to surrender."

tack. A water hole in the bed of one of the gullies furnished them and their ponies with a limited supply of the liquid, and they knew that the beleaguered white men could not obtain a drop. It was only a question of time when the chumax would come. The redskins were therefore content to preserve an irregular circle around the fort and wait.

Noon came. Of a sudden each suffering horse pricked up his ears, held his head high and gazed intently toward the east.

"The soldiers!" whispered a dozen men.

"No—rain!" replied the captain, as he pointed to the sky.

All looked up to see a black cloud looming up over the ridge a mile away, and in a moment there was a flash of lightning and a heavy peal of thunder.

"Rain—rain—rain!" shouted the men as they rushed here and there, and many a hand, but under the orders of the cool headed captain the greater part of them were soon at work to prout by the heaven sent shower.

Everything which would catch or retain water was spread out on the ground, while the canvas covers of the wagons were arranged in folds and pouches.

They were scarcely ready when the storm broke. The rain poured down copiously for half an hour, and by that time all suffering had ended, and the supply on hand was enough for three days.

"Let us give three cheers," cried one of the more enthusiastic men as the storm passed away and the sun showed its face again.

"Hark!" whispered the captain. "The gal is giving thanks to God. She is right. We should pray instead of cheer!"

The downpour of rain had shattered the plans of the redskins. They could no longer be held to the siege, knowing that the climax was indefinitely postponed, nor could the bombastic talk of the chiefs bring them up to another assault. They were ready to go, but before moving off they had one last card to play. Better for the renegade he had not meddled with it.

Huntley, the man who had been taken prisoner, was now brought forward, the white man holding one arm and a stalwart warrior the other. When within speaking distance he said:

"Captain, they have got me, and they declare that if you don't surrender they'll burn me alive!"

"We are sorry for you, Jim," replied the captain, "but you know what surrender would mean. They would butcher every man of us inside of ten minutes."

"But think of me," wailed the man in sorrowful tones. "Think of the tortures they will inflict before they kill me!"

"It's bad, Jim—terrible bad. I'd give an arm to have you inside with us this minute."

"But I can't die—oh, I can't die!" shrieked the man.

The captain seemed to be thinking, and the prisoner knelt down, clasped his hands and wailed out:

"Captain, for the love of God, do something for me! Come out here and talk it over and make them an offer. They'll let you come and go safely."

"It is only a trap for you," shouted half a dozen voices at the captain.

"Aye, lads, I know it, but I'd take almost any risk for poor Jim. He's high scared to death, and seeing what's in store for him, we can't blame him."

Then raising his voice he called to Huntley:

"Keep up bravely, Jim. We can't help you just now, but the time may come within an hour. Don't give up yet."

Few white men have been known to fire on a day of trouble, no matter how treacherous the enemy who bore it. Huntley had been brought forward under one, and it was respected. Had one of the traitors gone out with a flag he would have been shot down or made prisoner, and the others ridiculed for their confidence.

When the three had returned to the lines the captain asked for Peter's heavy rifle. I had been carefully loaded for the occasion, and the captain rested it across the rocks and waited a minute until the renegade came into view.

Every man in the inclosure held his breath and watched for the result of the shot. It was a minute before the sights covered the renegade, but when the rifle cracked he was seen to throw up his arms and fall heavily to the ground.

There was a howl from the Indians and a cheer from the fort, but both were drowned in a volley of musketry, a chorus of yells and the thunder of horses' feet. The rebel party had arrived.

"Out of this, boys, and go for 'em!" shouted the captain as he caught sight of a large body of cavalry charging down the slope.

It was quick work. The Indians had been caught napping, and their only idea was to get away. In a quarter of an hour the last one of them had been chased out of sight, and those who counted up the corpses counted thirty-eight. In that struggle to wipe out the wagon train the Indians lost, as was afterward proved, a total of nine drivers, and their sole offset was one prisoner.

Joe had found the party in a grove fifteen miles from the forks. They had come on as the nature of the ground would permit, avoiding the high ridges, but too late, and their arrival had at last set the little band free. There was cheering and shouting and wild enthusiasm as the battle ended and the men rushed to shake each other's hands.

Bess had hidden herself in the wagon to give thanks to God and indulge in a little cry when some one sprang upon the seat and held out his hand. The figure was dressed as an Indian, and she screamed in terror.

"Not a redskin, but Joe!" laughed a voice she was longing to hear.

"And you did this for—us?" she stammered as she moved toward him.

"For—us, but more particularly for you," he replied as he seized her hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

What of Huntley?

In the confusion and excitement no one had thought of him, but after matters began to calm down a little his friends began to make anxious inquiry. He was last seen a moment before the renegade stepped out. The attack on the Indians had been so sudden that many of them had fled on foot, and it was hoped that those having the prisoner in charge would leave him behind in their panic.

A search was made for two miles around, but no trace of the captive could be found. Hurried as they were the savages had managed to run him off. When this fact became generally known more than one man sadly shook his head and muttered:

"Poor Jim! Better for him if he were lying here a corpse!"

The party of soldiers and hunters were anxious to get on, and an hour after the fighting had ceased the wagon train moved out of the inclosure in good shape, and with no fear of being again molested for days to come. Most of the dead warriors were stripped of their ornaments, at least, while arms and ammunition were carefully gathered up. No one thought of burying the dead. The Indians would return for that purpose, if not for lives and valuables.

There was a general howl of rage among the Indians when this news was communicated, but no movement.

Let us trace the fate of Huntley. You may be one of those who believe that the Indians have been grievously wronged. You may believe he has the sentiments attributed to him by novelists. You may have read that the feeling of mercy has a lodgment in his heart.

When the man rode out of the fort on his scout he had believed that the Indians had withdrawn. He was a brave man. None but a brave man would have periled his life to back his opinions in the face of the warnings he received. When he rode out for half a mile and turned back to find the last doubt vanished. The Indians had withdrawn. He had made assertions and proved his sagacity.

Next moment, as he disappeared over the crest of the ridge, he found himself in the midst of a world of savages lying in concealment. He uttered one loud, far-reaching shout of astonishment, and was pulled from his horse to be menaced to silence by tomahawk and knife. But there was no need to menace him.

A great terror seized him, a long time he had not slept. He had not slept, and he could not sleep. He was compelled to sit up in bed and beth gas from his stomach until he thought every minute would be his last. There was a feeling of oppression about him, and he was afraid to draw a full breath, he couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting, but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors who thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about me, and I was afraid to draw a full breath, I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting, but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors who thought every minute would be my last. 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