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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. Havermeyer, who is the head of the trust, declined to say how much money he contributed to the Democratic campaign fund goes free. The officers 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 only 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 disown the Federal interference with strikes. Senator Davis, with fine spirit and independence, replied that his constituent 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 by tax, or enough to supply the country for two years, this means an out-and-out present to the whisky trust of \$10,000,000, 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 barb wire. Free traders like Mills are outraged by the duty on iron ore and coal. Protectionists must be astir at the low rates on every industry but cotton, for instance 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

man who gets up, A gallant guest from the banquet, and drains off his cup, Sees the light extinguished, with cheerful frankness, Who sat contented to bed and enjoys its repose. But he who supped at the table of kings And the stars studded the sight of luxurious dining, Who hath watched the wine flow by himself but half tasted; Heard the strain and yet missed the tune; who then in vain waited. One part of life's grand possibilities—friend, That man will bear with him, be sure, to the end. A blighted experience, a rancor within, You may call it a virtue—I call it a sin. —Owen Meredith.

You Know What!  
Suppose you were reading some wonderful  
tome  
That you way back in the past,  
Till with feasting and nighting in Athens or Rome.  
You'd forget in what age you were cast,  
While thus "busy" you heard a wee voice  
And felt a small hand on your knee,  
Would the world of the present be past your choice?

At the sound of that little "Take me!"  
Oh, come, now! Be honest! What would you do?  
You'd "take" Tiny Toddler and hug him to you.

Suppose you had been in the city all day,  
In the trouble and tumult of trade,  
Till your brain was so weary you felt the desire  
Of an overaxed surface car jade;

Suppose you were smoking and taking your  
And in should come little Boy Blue  
To "play horsy" 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 horsy" with little Boy Blue!

Suppose you were thinking of serious things,  
Of human mortality asks  
Till life, with the problems perplexing it  
Brings.

See a round of impossible tasks;

Suppose while thus puzzled, a frown on your brow.

And your face looking sullen and grim,  
Little幼子 insist you shall be "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.

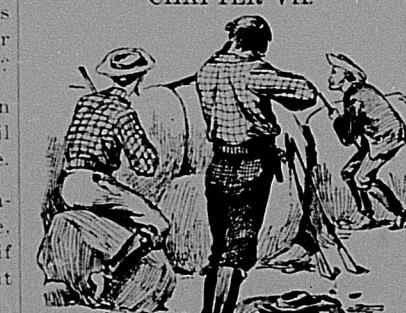
THE GOLDEN CAVES

By CHARLES E. LEWIS (M. QUAD)

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.



The captain rested it across the rocks.  
The captain was right in his suspitions.

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 hours after that cry of alarm had reached the camp, for 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, as 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 enough to use as artillery. 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. That's over two hundred of you yet, as you kin see by countin' them and you don't even sense by holdin' out."

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

"Wad, when I summoned you the other day all we wanted was fur to turn back. Ye refused to, and we'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 fur 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 a good ide. It would show yer faith in us."

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

"We did. That is, we didn't capture him, but axed him to stop with us for a visit. His injoin' 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."

"We—we couldn't do that, ye know. That's rayther agin the rules of war."

However, the minit ye march out'll set him free to jive ye."

"It's no use!" called the captain in decided tones.

"We won't talk surrender. The man comes in."

The renegade returned to his friends and held a council, after which he came forward to say:

"Boys, I can't hold 'em in much longer—no, I can't. Ye must cum to terms or take the consequences."

"Won't you release the man?"

"We can't. It would only make one more to fight us."

"Then go back to your friends and tell them we'll shoot down every horse, burn every wagon and shoot each other befor we surrender!"

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

A gallant guest from the banquet, and drains off his cup, Sees the light extinguished, with cheerful frankness, Who sat contented to bed and enjoys its repose. But he who supped at the table of kings And the stars studded the sight of luxurious dining, Who hath watched the wine flow by himself but half tasted; Heard the strain and yet missed the tune; who then in vain waited. One part of life's grand possibilities—friend, That man will bear with him, be sure, to the end. A blighted experience, a rancor within, You may call it a virtue—I call it a sin. —Owen Meredith.

Let us trace the fate of Huntley. You may be one of those who believe that he will be greatly wronged. You may believe that 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 firmly believed that the Indians had withdrawn. He was a brave man. None but a brave man would have periled his life to be at his opinion in the face of the warnings he received. When he rode out for half a mile and turned to the left the last doghouse vanished. The Indians had withdrawn. He had made assertions and proved his sagacity.

All looked to see a black cloud loom 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 like so many boys, but under the orders of the cool headed captain the greater part of them were soon at work to pronto by the heaven sent showering.

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 says—We should pray instead of cheap!"

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 renegades would mean. They would butcher every man of us inside of ten minutes."

"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 waited out.

"Captain, for the love of God, do something for me. Come out and take me and let me go and make them offer. It's only a minute for you!" shouted half a dozen voices at the captain.

"Aye, I do, I know it, but I'd take almost any risk for poor Jim. His heart's near scart 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 frage of frace, no matter how treacherous the enemy who bore it. Huntley had been brought forward under one, and it was respected. Had one of the trainmen 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, had been carefully loaded for the occasion and the captain rested it across the necks of the two hundred Indians. The Indians had already made a start forward to the southward and were beyond pursuit. After a ride of ten miles over the broken ground a halt was made at a grove of trees which appeared to be an old camping ground. As the Indians fled before the vengeance of the whites they made for this grove, and at length all who had escaped death were reunited here.

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