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Bridgers?"

er 'em.'

"Exactly."

THE GOLDEN CAVES.

drove me out of camp this morning." CHAPTER XVIL "From an old hunter named Saun-

• From the same direction taken by Taylor, but evidently coming out of a narrow valley bearing off to the left, appeared a white man with a gun on his shoulder. He was in view when half a mile from camp, and long before he reached it all the men were watching

his approach. He was one of the four renegades, and this was the visit Harkins had heard them plotting to make. The captain, Harkins and Joe knew this, but none of the others knew that the girl Lizzie was in camp, she having kept herself secret-

ed in the wagon. The man continued to advance at leisurely pace, and by and by he was near enough to the group to call out:



"Howdy, strangers! I reckon I kin come in, being as I ain't a hostile In-The captain returned his salutation.

and the renegade came to a halt in the camp, looked keenly around him and continued: "Come after gold, I reckon, and from the looks o' things you've been fooling away your time fur a hull week. In course you was green and didn't know or you wouldn't hev stopped here two

"What's the matter of this place?" queried the captain. "Nuthin, so fur's grass and water goes, but if you want gold you must go whar it is. Leastwise, the rest of us

"And where is that?" "A matter of twelve miles up the valley. Thar's plenty up thar to be had fur the digging, and only a small pa has got onto it yet. Never saw such richness afore. I believe ye kin almost load one o' them wagons in a month." There were murmurs of admiration and exclamations of astonishment from

"I belong to the party up thar," continued the stranger, "but I don't go much on digging out the stuff. Rather be moving around, you know. I kin guarantee that the boys will welcome ye if ye want to come. Thar's enough fur

"It is very generous indeed of you." replied the captain. "We came for gold, and of course we must take advantage of your offer." "Aye! that we must," shouted the

"What brought me out this morning, at least this way," observed the man as he carefully noted everything in camp, "was a calamity. One of the boys up thar brought his gal out with him. The Injuns got arter us and skeart her clean crazy. Since that time she's bin tryin to run away, imagining that the reds were arter her scalp. She got off last

"That's awful!" sighed Harkins. "Tve got a gal of my own down in the wagon there, and I'd rather see her dead than

"The wolves would be likely to pull her down last night," mused Joe. "Two or three big fellows were around camp just before daylight." "So ye've got a gal o' your own?" queried the man of Harkins in tones

which betrayed doubt. "Oh, Bess!" called the latter in reply and the girl put her head out of the wagon and asked what was wanted. "Waal, I'll nev to look further," said the renegade us he turned away. "Poor gall How I pity her! And when will ye be ready to move up the valley to the

"Today perhaps,' answered the cap-"Better not lose any time, as thar will be a rush in yere from all directions.

So long to ye.' When he had cleared the camp Harkins told his story and the man's object was made plain. Harkins did not keep back the secret of the cave, but told it just as he had received it and suggested that in case the contents could be found there should be an equal division. "They want us to move up the valley

in order to let them out," explained the captain. "Therefore our plan will be to remain where we are until we know what there is in the story. They haven't found the cave yet and there is a chance of our coming in first. We shall cer tainly do some looking for it. We'll let that chap get well out of sight and then go on a still hunt." Two hours later the captain, Harkins

and a man named Andrews set out in company under the guidance of the second to seek the canyon and the cave. While they are searching let us see what befell Taylor, who had made a Temporary camp in the small valley.

When he came to think it over he condemned himself for having acted so

rashly. He was now alone and outlaw-Should he succeed in finding the gold how was he to bring it away? He was and would be in constant danger from the Indians, and if given a team and the gold loaded up for him there was not one chance in a hundred of his driving safely back to civilization. While he coveted all he realized that he must be content with a share in order to "If I should go back and tell 'em of

the cave it would make 'em feel all right," he soliloquized as he looked up at the rugged sides of the valley.
"Fool! fool!" he exclaimed after a

moment; "hasn't Harkins already told them of it as the reason why I sought his life? All know it and all will divide and leave me out in the cold! I'm the st fool on earth "I quite agree with ye!" said a voice

not five feet away, and Taylor sprang up to find the renegade who had visited the camp below standing almost over

"Saw yer hosses' tracks leadin in yere, ye know," said the renegade in expla-nation. "Rather curus to find a white man prowling around alone in this kentry. Yer scalp must be nailed on or ye wouldn't chance it this way." "Who are you?" asked Taylor as soon as he had recovered from his surprise.

"The same question to ye, and what is it about a cave of gold and dividing

Here was help. If the man belonged to a party the gold might yet be secured. He was a hard looking customer -one who would not scruple at any-

"Sit down," said Taylor as he made himself comfortable. "I came here with a party camped two or three miles below. They came to prospect for gold, but I came to look for a cave already filled with it. They sort o' suspected

me, and because I wouldn't divide they

"Injuns till you can't rest!"

"Who used to chum with a pard named ty has just gone tearing by." "Waal, I'm yere fur the same purpose. What I got was secondhand from ing no smoke, although it had been built old Bridgers, but it looks straight 'nuff. against the wall of the canyon, in a There's four of us in the party and place where the smoke would go filtering up among the trees. Every man "That's the checker!" exclaimed Taywas ordered down to the wall, and they lor as he brought his fist down on the reached it in time to see the last of the Indian band disappear up the valley. "And ye know just whar that cave is?" "I believe I can walk to it in the

tain of Joe as they stood together. ably expected to find us at the other

"Come on. I guess the boys will take ye in under the sarcumstances. Haven't seen nuthin of a gal wanderin around yere, I suppose?" "Waal, saddle up." An hour later Taylor was in the camp of the outlaws. When the men learned that he had been driven out of the camp trail. If they don't find it they will ride below and that he had received minute on five miles farther. Then they will particulars regarding the locality of the discover that we did not go that way at

cave of gold they extended him a warm "Whar do ve make it out to be?" asked Bob, the leader. "Five miles the other side of the wagon train."

"Whar did ye hear of that cave?"

we've got ridin horses and a team.

"Suppose we should hev a row with

"I'll do my share of shooting. There's

two or three of 'em who will get a bul-

let the first time I have a chance to cov-

grass. "I want to join you."

the people camped below?"

"That's what the hunter said-five miles to the left of the peak." "And this isn't the canyon?

"It can't be. It's below that camp. I'll stake my life on it." "Then, doggone it, we've bin wrong all the time. We located this as the place. If it's below the camp then we don't keer a button whether they move or not, though they'll likely be going up the valley today. We'd better hitch up and be going.'

CHAPTER XVIIL

"So you've got gold in the wagon! The next three days were full of strange events. The party which set out from the wagon train to hunt for the canyon were certain that the one near which the renegades had encamped

was the place they were looking for. Taylor and one of the renegades prospected down the valley and found a canyon which Taylor was sure contained the cave and its treasure. Both parties were working in the dark, but the wagonmen had the advantage. They knew the renegades for what they were, and also discovered that Taylor had joined them. Some of the men were for attacking them and wiping out the whole five to revenge the murder of the emigrant and his wife, but this the captain would not approve. He would lose a man or two at least, even if he won a

great victory, and he did not forget that the Indians might make their presence known at any moment. At the second visit paid the canyon above the renegades the wagonmen penetrated far enough to be certain that this was the one described by Saunders. They would have investigated still closer but for the approach of a storm, which made them anxious to reach the shelter

of camp. Strangely enough, the other party was just as firmly convinced that the other canyon was the right one, and on the forenoon of the third day it was decided that they should move. Bob had told a big story to get the other party off up the valley, and as they had not moved the renegades did not know what to make of it. He could not see why they should question his veracity, but Taylor made the situation plain when he said: "Harkins has no doubt told them of

the cave, and they are making a still hunt for it. Depend upon it, he has given the secret away, and they'll divide up the stuff if they find it." It was decided to hitch up and move down the valley at once. It would not do for Taylor to be seen, and he was to

hide away in the wagon. Bob cooked up what he thought a very plausible garn, and about noon Joe, who happened to be looking up the valley, saw the wagon a mile away. The rescued girl was at once hidden from sight and the seven men in the camp quietly made The wagon came on, three of the renegades riding their horses and the fourth | a minute, though it seemed a quarter of driving, while the horses of the latter

and the one belonging to Taylor followed the wagon. The vehicle could have passed the camp by fifty yards, but it drove up and halted within ten, and "Hello! to all of ye again. I reckoned ye'd be up at the diggings by this

time, but ye don't seem to keer for gold. I come out to guide these boys, who hev made their pile and are now headed for Brule. Didn't see anything of the lost gal yet?" The captain being absent with a party,

Joe took it upon himself to answer. "We shall probably move this afternoon. The wagons had to be overhauled and fixed. So you've got gold in the wagon?

"Gold 'nuff to buy half of Dakota, my friend. Sorry we can't let ye see it, but it's kivered up fur the journey. Meet any luck yet? "Only so so. Where did you get that

bay horse? "I was jist goin to ask ye if ye had ever seen him afore. We met a chap named Taylor a couple of days ago, who was headed for the mines. He allowed he didn't need his hoss any longer, and I bought the beast for fifty dol-

"Yes, that is Taylor's horse, and I had said, as Harkins understood, "five was wondering how you came by him. | miles to the right of the peak." Here Was Taylor all right?" "Seemed to be as pert as a cat. So mouth of the canyon and everything ye are going away today?"
"That's what we expect."

"Waal, I'm goin on with the boys fur a mile and then turned into a smaller about twenty mile and I may see you as one running to the left. I cum back. Good luck and goodby." The little party moved off down the valley, every renegade chuckling with | wagons to the spot where the great rift satisfaction, and they were soon out of sight. Half an hour later the captain feet high. The mighty wrath had split and his party returned and dinner was the mountain thus far, but it could go quickly dispatched and the teams har- no farther. nessed for a move. By three o'clock a Three times the men traveled from new camp had been formed in the mouth | the camp to the end of the canyon, and of the canyon. The wagons were run then all were certain that Harkins had in out of sight, a wall of rock was piled been mistaken. They sat down on a up as a screen and a defense, and in a bowlder in the bed of the canyon to rest little cave were found water and grass and discuss the matter, while the single

for the horses for the time being. It was well that they had moved with them to see each other's faces. promptness and made things secure. "Well, we have no right to complain, Before sunset the rain descended in such as we have lost nothing," said the captorrents that the main valley was almost tain. "Indeed, if we had not slipped in a river. A good sized stream swept here not a man of us would now be down the bed of the canyon and out into | wearing his scalp."

the valley, and within an hour the footprints of the horses and the tracks of last hour?" asked Joe of Harkins, who the wagons had been obliterated. The storm lasted half the night, causing great discomfort in the camp, but the next day was not three hours old when everybody was made to realize that the storm was his salvation. Some of the men were still eating their breakfast when Joe, who had been down to the mouth of the canyon for a look around,

"Where? Where?" called half a dozen

"In the valley. A band of at least fif-The fire was burning clear and mak-

"What's your opinion?" asked the cap-"They are hunting for us. They've got word that we are in this valley and they are trying to locate us. They prob-

"Well, I hope they'll keep right on as they are going. "But they won't, captain. They know that we left that camp about noon yesterday. They picked up a dozen proofs of it. They believe we went straight up the valley. They'll figure that we couldn't have gone over ten c. twelve miles when the storm broke. I we miles above this they will be looking for our

"And then what?" "They will come back looking into all the hiding places, and we shall have a fight with odds of five to one."

"I'm afraid so," said the captain, "and this time we cannot look for a rescue by the soldiers. The party which passed down yesterday has no doubt been butchered

"I think the reds struck into the valley by a pass farther up," answered Joe. "There would have been fighting, and we should have heard the reports of rifles. We must get ready."

The mouth of the canyon was about one hundred feet wide. Seventy-five feet up it narrowed to fifty feet and made a bend. The wagons were in this bend and a wall had already been thrown across a portion of the fifty feet. Every man now went to work to extend this wall to a distance of thirty-five feet and to make it look like a landslide from the bank. Dirt was thrown in among the rocks, and bushes pulled up and set among them, and two or three of the men brought armfuls of vines and creepers and trailed them over the wall. It would not do to close up the entire width of the canyon, as the Indians probably knew of its existence. The

the men surveyed it from the other side they pronounced the deception perfect. The test was at hand. They were yet at work when the advance of the Indian party was seen reley they had dodged in somewhere.

wall made a strong barricade, and as

turning down the valley. They knew that if the wagon had come up the val-Every man to cover and lie low until give the word," ordered the captain, and in a moment the gloomy mouth of the canyon was as quiet as a grave-



"Great heavens, but what is that?" The Indians were in truth looking for the wagons. Both parties had a narrow escape. Their presence in the valley had been detected by scout or stroller and information carried to some point from which a war party of seventy had been dispatched to surprise and annihilate them. This party had come in by one of the narrow valleys and found the camp abandoned. The severe storm had obliterated all traces, and the Indians had gone up the valley to pick up the trail. As they returned they were riding at a slower pace, and were spread out the width of the valley. Would they look into the mouth of the canyon?

The query was answered five minutes later. Three warriors turned their ponies to the right and rode in to within ten feet of the stone wall. They rode its entire length and halted in the gap and looked up the canyon. The men were lying flat down on the

earth, each clutching his rifle, and horses and wagons were just around the bend. Could it escape the Indians that the wall was artificial? Must not their sharp eyes detect the figures hugging the earth? It did not seem that the gold hunters had one show in a thousand to escape detection, and yet they were not detected. After a halt of not more than an hour to each man, the trio of redskins passed on and the moment of peril was passed

A bit of natural philosophy stood between the gold hunters and discovery. The Indians had turned into the gloom and shadow from the bright sunshine and their vision was shortsighted and uncertain. Had they waited a little longer they must have seen something or other to arouse their suspicions, but they seemed impatient to get on. "Thank God!" whispered more than

one man as the horses were heard mov-In half an hour the gold hunters dared exult and plan. Two men were left at the wall as lookouts, three or four others were held as a reserve at the camp, and the captain, Harkins and Joe set out up the canyon to search for the cave of gold. When the darkness became so intense as to interfere with their progress they lighted torches and a thorough inspection was made of both walls. The canyon extended into the mountain for a full mile, winding and turn-

ing, and long enough before it ended the pine trees met above it and prevented a single ray of light from descending. Nothing answering the description of was the spot. He had described the here bore out the description. He said that Bridger went up the canyon about

There was no such canyon. The left bank was solid rock and earth from the stopped short at a flinty wall a thousand

torch, secured in a cleft, hardly allowed

"Wasn't the old man flighty in his talk with you.' seemed much cast down. "He gave no evidence of it; on the

contrary, his mind seemed wonderfully clear to the last." "Perhaps he said to the left instead of the right of Custer's peak," suggested

"No, I am sure he said to the right, but he may have meant the left." "It's no use crying over spilt milk," laughed the captain. "If we have lost the cave we have saved our scalps. I'm inclined to

a thorough looking over and are now in the canyon below, if there is a canyon there. If the cave is there they have got the gold ere this, and that ends it." Harkins sat with bowed head. He had felt so sure that old Saunders told the truth that he hated to give up the search. There was deep silence for a moment, broken by a whisper from Joe, "Great heavens, but what is that!" They were near the wall which formed the end of the canyon. All raised their heads and looked into the darkness and saw a faint light shining out like a star. At the same moment their ears caught the sound of many voices chanting in low tones, and a strange, weird music

believe those renegades gave this place

"Hush-sit still!" whispered the captain as Harkins seemed about to spring Then from the face of the solid rock issued forth a strange procession of strange shadows—shadows which moved in double file right past the trio down into the blackness of the canyon toward the wagons. The one who led the procession carried what looked like a banner. Behind him was one who seemed to carry an urn. Then came four shadows which bore a bier, and those

filled the heavy air.

who came after had their faces upturned and were wailing and chanting. The men saw and heard and realized, but were chilled and powerless to move. Can the dead come back to earth? Do the ghosts of those who have gone before gather in the shadows and the darkness and hold reunions?

Chant! Chant! Chant! Out from the solid wall-a wall in which the sharp eyes of the gold hunters had failed to detect a crevice large enough to conceal a squirrel-poured the strange, queer specters, and down into the darkness marched the procession.

March! March! March! Their feet kept time to the wild, weird chant, but not the sound of a footfall came to the ears of the living. Each ghostly figure stood out separate and distinct, but not a face could be seen. "We are doomed men!" groaned Harkins, as he covered his face with his

hands to shut out the sight.

"Aye! We shall never leave this spot alive!" added Joe. "Hush, men!" whispered the captain as he raised his hand. "They are dead, true enough, but they are the dead of a years ago-of the cave dwellers and the Aztecs. I have seen them twice before, and they brought no bad luck. Here they come on the other side!" The three were seated on a rock in the center of the rift. The head of the spectral procession had gone down the canyon several hundred feet and then

turned to come back on their left, passing them again within a few feet. March! March! March! Chant! Chant! Chant! Soft and low and sweet came the notes—like the murmur of the August breeze in a forest pine. The feeling of awe was crowded out of the hearts of the living, and a feeling of sadness and

reverence crept in. It was the dead burying its dead! March! March! March! Never the echo of a footfall, never the touch of skeleton foot to the flinty rock. The ear caught no sound but that of the ghostly voices chanting in unison. And of a sudden he who headed the spectral procession swerved to the left and disappeared into the solid wall and was followed by the long lines until the last had been swallowed up and lost sight of. And then, as silence and darkness reigned again, the captain said: "Men, we have a treasure here. Examine that wall and you will find an opening to a cave behind it." CHAPTER XX.

The stone fell to the earth. "Were we awake or asleep?" asked Joe, as he rubbed his eyes. "Very wide awake," answered the

hear music?" asked Harkins. "Yes. I saw and heard the same thing once in the Rocky mountains, and once again in an old ruin in Arizona. I have met several men who have also

"There is no opening in the cliff," said where they went in. We have been fooled by the darkness." "You and Harkins return to the wagon

will collect wood and build a fire to work by," answered the captain. His seeming confidence inspired them, and without waiting for a closer inspection of the cliff they headed down the canyon for the tools. Upon reaching the wagons all was quiet, and the queries of the men regarding the use the crowbars were to be put to were made

raise hopes which might be disap-

The captain had a bright fire blazing against the cliff as the men returned. and in response to their looks of inquiry he put his hands on the rocks and said: "See this line running here, and up this way, and to the right, and down and back? A great stone has been set in here and cemented in its place. The work was done so long ago that the cement is as hard as the rock and almost the color of it. One of you begin at that side, while I take a hand here." Ten ninutes work proved what he

been fitted to an opening-but the work noon came they had made a considerble impression, but fully realized that they had undertaken a laborious task. The forenoon had passed with those at camp without alarm. The sentinels thought they heard the reports of rifles down the valley, but were not certain. Not an Indian had shown himself, and it was hoped that they had been thrown off the scent and would leave the val-

From the first the two girls had been drawn to each other, and Lizzie found a deep sympathizer in Bess. When brought into camp by Harkins the poor girl was in a truly forlorn condition, as may be imagined. While she still labored with the grief which choked her every time she thought of the sad fate of her parents, she had been made very presentable in appearance, and more than one of the wagonmen felt his heart beat faster at sight of her sweet, sad face. As the trio returned to camp from their labors up the canyon, Bess beck-

oned her father aside and said:

"Our friend is worrying and wants to "Yes, I want to ask you about my

mother," added Lizzie. "I am sure I saw father lying on the ground, and have no doubt the renegades killed him as the first part of their plan. Mother and I both got away, and she was not overtaken. What would be her fate?"

"It is hard to say," replied Harkins after reflecting on the matter. "If she got through the night all right she may have found the trail of the wagons in the morning and overtaken the party. We must hope that she did. It may think the old man misspoke himself. I also be that your father was only stunned by the blow, and is ere this all right again and with his friends." "Do you think there is even the fuintest hope?" she tearfully asked.

> "I do. "Thank God for that! I shall almost cease worrying under that hope. And now what of myself?" "You are to remain with us, course. "But for how long?"

'We cannot even guess. We may head back for civilization in a weekperhaps not for three months. It de-pends on our luck as gold hunters. It is more than likely that some of the party to which you belonged will be encountered soon, and who knows what good news we may receive. You are thrice welcome to all it may be in our power to do for you." Meanwhile Bess had whisperingly in-

quired of Joe what chances the mother had of escape. "God help her-none!" he answered. "She was wild with fear when she ran from the wagon, and she would grow wilder. Before morning came she was a maniac, but I doubt if she lived to see another day."

"Indians?" gasped Bess. "No-wolves. At that distance from the mountains a man loaded down with firearms could hardly have kept them off all night. Encourage the girl all you can, but don't hope in your own heart that there is one chance in a million that she will ever see her mother

As the pair stood together apart Harkins observed them with a start and whispered to himself: "Well, well, but I do really believe that my Bess has taken a liking to that

chap! How queer!" He might more truthfully have said. "How natural," and he might have used the word "love" for "liking." And when the man looked upon the sweet face of the orphan he had so gallantly rescued at the peril of his life, and felt his heart beating faster, he might have discovered

another queer thing—that somebody else had "taken a liking." The captain had given the men to understand that he was prospecting up the canyon for gold, but had said nothing of the discoveries made. When dinner was finished and the trio were ready to return he renewed his caution about keepordered that no one was to leave camp on any pretext till his return. Then the three set out for the scene of their labors and began work immediately upon their arrival. They had no fear of their fire being seen or their blows overheard, and

men who work to solve a mystery do not After three hours of hard work the crowbars secured such a grip on the stone that it moved. One united effort would heave it out of the opening. It was then that the captain stepped back and sat down and said:

"Let us take a breathing spell now, and let us prepare ourselves to be disappointed. "What do you think is behind the stone?" asked Joe. "A cave of some sort."

"And what shall we find in the cave?" asked Harkins. "The shriveled bodies of dead Aztecs. That lost race always buried their dead in caves, and when the place would hold no more it was walled up. I have helped to open three or four." "But why go to all this trouble to open a cave of bone and dust?" petulantqueried Harkins.

"As the Indian of today places the property of the dead warrior beside him that he may have an outfit in the happy land beyond, so the Aztecs placed the wealth of their dead beside them in these caves. I have seen many ornaments of gold and silver which came from such caves." "Then let us to work!" exclaimed Joe

as he seized a bar. "We shall find a cave of dead if not a cave of gold," added Harkins. The bars were inserted on the left hand side of the stone, each man drew a long breath and at the word each threw his weight on his lever. The stone trembled, moved forward, hung a moment and then fell to the earth with a heavy thud, and an opening appeared into

which a horse could almost have walked. CHAPTER XXL And how fared the renegades? The girl Lizzie had been cut loose from the tree to which she was bound within thirty feet of them so carefully that Harkins had her a quarter of a mile away before she was missed. A rush and a search was made, and no one questioned that she had got off alone. They consoled themselves with the thought that the wild beasts would have her life before morning, and when Bob strolled down the valley it was with the

expectation of finding some evidence of her death. Well it was for the girl and the wagon-Joe as he held the torch aloft; "not a men that Taylor had been kept in igno-crevice where they came out—not a hole ronce of her rescue and arrival. Had the renegades known she was in camp they would have shed blood to recapture her. Having no suspicion that she had for crowbars, and while you are gone I been seen or heard of, they had no particular animosity against the gold hunters. When Taylor, burning for revenge, wanted to head a raid to steal the horses

or attack the camp, Bob met him with the reply: "They drove you out, and I reckon they did right, but we don't propose to burn our fingers to help you git back at 'em. We cum yere fur that gold, and light of, as it was deemed best not to the fust hard work we do will be to look for it. If we don't trouble that gang they won't trouble us."

Taylor had to be satisfied with that. His standing among them was not pleasant. His excuses and explanations did not go down. He was looked upon as a traitor who had received his just deserts, and he very soon realized that he was being endured for the sake of what he might know about the cave of gold. This knowledge imbittered him, and the hour he rode by the camp hidden in the wagon he gritted his teeth and whis-"These outlaws want me to help find

had asserted-that a large stone had the gold, but what will happen then? They won't stickle to shoot me down of drilling out the cement was like like a dog. They have no notion of didrilling into the stone itself. When viding with me. They own the team and will have all to say." And then he took an oath that if he saw the first sign of treachery in his new found friends every man of them should die by his hand. It was no idle

oath. He had a terrible weapon in store for an emergency. The outlaw party reached the canyon below the peak without incident and the wagon was pulled well out of sight of any one passing up and down the valley, and the camp was pitched with a view to defense. They were men who knew the perils of the Indian country and were both brave and cautious. On the morning after their arrival Bob and Taylor set off up the canyon on an exploring expedition, and within an hour they had discovered the cave. Indeed, Taylor scarcely hesitated in walking directly to

the ledge and pulling himself up. The opening to the cave was large enough to admit the body of an ox. To had been cut to fit the opening, but which had never been placed in position.

Saunders had said to the right of Custer's peak. He had been mistaken

Here was the cave to the left. The men hesitated to enter the opening, although provided with torches to dispel something of the inky darkness. In spite of their wicked hearts, a feeling of awe and reverence held them spell bound for a time. By and by Bob shook

it off sufficiently to say:
"This is the place. Thar can't be no doubt of it, for it's the location we both got from different men. I'm now a-wondering what's inside."

Taylor thought this a fitting oppor-tunity to decide a matter which had worried him not a little, and he said: "In case the gold is here do we five share and share alike?" "Sartinly," was Bob's prompt reply. "You go first and let's see if we hev

cum on a wild goose chase." Taylor knocked his torch against the rocks to make it burn up more brightly, and holding it ahead of him passed into the opening, slowly followed by Bob. They found themselves in a rock lined room about twelve by sixteen feet in width and length, while the incline was from six to eight feet in height. Nature had made the cave, but man had enlarged and improved it.

For a moment the men looked about them in wonder, and fearful that a grizzly or puma might be there to receive them. The place was untenanted, and Taylor moved to the right, thrust his torch into the darkness and hoarsely ex-

"We've hit it-we've hit it! Here is the gold!" Yes, the gold was there, and silver as well. It was in crude lumps and pigs, each a heavy weight for a man. And there were crosses and spearheads and anklets and bracelets, all rudely fashioned from the precious metals. Bob did not trust himself to say a word until he had lifted half a dozen of the pigs and cut away at some of the smaller articles with his knife. Then he said:

"Thar's no room fur doubt! It's treasure!" "And it is share and share alike, remember!" cautioned Taylor. "Of-of course," stammered Bob. Avarice, doubt, selfishness, thoughts

of murder were creeping in before the discovery was ten minutes old. "The fool-to expect us to divide with him!" growled Bob to himself. "Let'em lookout! I may take all!"

hissed Taylor as he held up a lump of gold. Who had placed that treasure there? Men of the race who peopled the west before Columbus landed! The ores had been reduced and metal turned out in crude form, but the wealth was there. When assayed at the Denver mint later on its purity was a source of wonder. Why should the treasure have been left? may be asked. Who can tell when and why the Atzecs went? The ruins of their cities are found all over the west, but the race disappeared off the face of the earth before the Pilgrim fathers

touched these shores. boys," said Bob, and each selected a specimen and made haste down the

The discovery was hailed with delight by the three outlaws left on guard, and plans were immediately made and discussed for loading up the stuff and getting out of the valley. In the making of these plans Taylor seemed to be entirely ignored, and when he put in his boast of finding the cave Bob took occasion to remark:

"We didn't need yer help in the least, cause we had the bearings all O. K., but it was white in you to offer yer services, an we hain't the men to for-"But I'm to have my fifth of course!"

hotly exclaimed Taylor.

The men looked at each other without replying, but presently he was ordered to stand guard at the wagon while they went up together to bring down the first "They think they have caught a fool!"

"but they are mistaken. They are play-CHAPTER XXII. "Phew! But we have struck a cave of the dead!" exclaimed Joe, who was nearest the opening as the stone fell out. A rank, musty odor issued from the cave and drove the three men down the canyon a distance of a hundred feet and kept them sneezing and coughing for a quarter of an hour. During this time the quiet street in Rawlins would bethe captain prepared a couple of torches, and by and by they advanced to find the odor no longer perceptible. The captain pushed his torch into the dark opening for a look at the interior of the

cave, and after a moment he drew back and said: "We have got a find here, but there will be some disagreeable work about it. The cave is heaped with bodies of the dead." The others looked in to find that his

words were true. It was a chamber sixteen or eighteen feet square and ten or twelve feet high, and it was solidly packed with a grayish mass. That mass was the shriveled and mummified bodies of the lost race-dead men, women and children who had been laid away for perhaps two or three centuries. "Well, we have had our labor for our pains," said Harkins as he stepped back. "And we don't want to discover any

more caves," added Joe with a tinge of "If they followed the rule in burying these dead we shall find a fortune in here," said the captain as he braced his torch against a rock. "Let's see what I can discover.' He entered the opening, thrust his

hand into the mass of dust, worked it

about for a moment, and then backed out holding in his fingers an anklet weighing at least four ounces. He rubbed the metal briskly on his sleeve, and lo! the shine of gold caught every "Worth at least seventy-five dollars," said the captain as he held it up, "and there ought to be bushels of them in there. Take it with you to camp and give 'em the news, and send up two of the men with shovels. Everything in

So will it be a century hence. The

there has got to be thrown out."

dust of those who live today will be treated as earthly clay in the search for At the end of the third day there was a council of the wagonmen. The cave town that night that had ever taken man, and he was terribly frightened had yielded an amount beyond the wildest guess. It had been cleared of the last shovel of dust, and every ornament and relic had been carried to the camp. Each member of the party would have thousands of dollars, and the council was called to determine what next step should be taken. The unanimous decision was that the party should make treat was beaten, and when resistance

possible Since the Indians passed down the valley not a redskin had been seen, and it was hoped the way out was safe and clear. It was a long and dangerous three without further ceremony. It best defense possible. It was a peril that must be encountered in any event, and there was just a chance that the train might be left unmolested. The men were feeling exultant over their good luck and the hope of a safe journey when the lookout at the mouth of the canyon, whose services had never for a moment been dispensed with, sent an alarm into camp that something was wrong.

In five minutes every man was at the barricade or wall. Opposite the mouth of the canyon, across the narrow valley. was a fine spring. A single Indian had come galloping up to dismount, but five minutes later a band of at least forty arrived and prepared to camp. The the left of it rested a large stone which | ponies were unsaddled, two or three fires kindled, and it was evident the redskins had gone into camp for the night.



"Worth at least seventy-five dollars." The captain, Joe and two or three other

lainsmen drew aside for consultation, but it was a brief one. "It's just one chance in a hundred that they may overlook us," said the captain. "The horses must be led as far up the canyon as we can get them, the fire put ont and no man must close his eyes

tonight." The horses were at once led away, the fire smothered, and a quarter of an hour after the Indians arrived the canyon was plunged in midnight darkness and seemed to contain no living thing. The white covers had been removed from the wagons and carried up the rift, and one standing twenty feet away could not distinguish the vehicles. Joe and Harkins were ordered to remain with the wagons as protection to the girls, while the others took places along the embankment, and thus the night

The Indians were on the warpath, but they seemed to have not the slightest suspicion of the presence of the train. They could plainly be heard singing, laughing and talking, and a few of them

acted as if they were hilarious with "All we've got to do is to keep quiet,"

whispered one of the men to the cap "I don't know. Those Indians are too much off their guard. They are acting a part. I think they have some plan in their heads. If some of them are not crawling this way before midnight I shall be greatly mistaken." At ten o'clock the campfires of the Indians had burned low and all was quiet on that side of the valley. The men in the mouth of the canyon crouched behind rocks and logs, and the darkness was so dense that the keenest pair of eves could not see a vard distant. One ooking over the barrier into the valley could see a hundred feet quite distinctly,

as the night was starlight and the trees cast no shadow there. Eleven o'clock found everything quiet. A quarter of an hour later, as the captain raised his head for a keen look around him, it seemed to him that the darkness of earth was blackened at a spot not over fifty feet away. A spot of black paint or an inkstand stands out in relief. A human figure dressed in black will stand out in relief against the gloom

move? Was there an object to begin with? He touched the man neares him on the shoulder and whispered his suspicions. After a steady look the man returned the whisper with: "It's an infernal redskin creeping up

to make sure that we are still here! It's a part of the same band we saw four days ago, and they suspect we are hidden away in some of the canyons! "Pars the word to every man to lie low for his life and make no move until he gets the word! That fellow will come right in among us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Miscellaneous Beading.

STORY OF A LYNCHING.

A FRONTIER SKETCH. For many years Ogalalla, on the line hissed Taylor as he looked after them, of the Union Pacific railroad, held the distinction of being considered by Western men the worst place between the oceans, until Rawlins came into prominence. I passed one night, said an old frontiersman, in Rawlins in the fall of 1878, and then I came to the conclusion that life in any other town | chanced to be in Abilene, Texas. A would be tame and without excitement | man passed me on the street one day in comparison with the pleasure that

place could afford. No one alighting from the cars lieve that the many stories of bloodshed told of it were true. On one side of the railroad track stood a big barnlike building called the United States hotel, and on the other a row of twenty or thirty one-story frame houses, almost every one of which was a barroom with a gambling house attached. Over the doors hung such signs as "The Cowboy's Retreat," "The Divan," and "The Frontiers-

man's Delight." Behind the town on the top of a hill was situated the city graveyard; an immense cross, which could be seen from a great distance, stood at the top of the hill, and served as a landmark for travelers for miles and miles across the barren prairies. That graveyard was the pride of every man that lived in Rawlins. The inhabitants watched it grow, and pointed with pleasure to the fact that there was hardly a man taking his final rest there who had not come to his death by violence. It was toward afternoon when I halted my horse in front of the United States hotel after a forty-mile 1ide. Heavily armed men stood about in groups. The looks thrown at me were far from reassuring, but I pretended a negro who was one of the cargo of not to see them, and hastened into the hotel. Hardly had I taken my seat in bring to this country a load of cap-

that I was a deputy sheriff, and frankly told me that if I had been I should have been escorted out of town, as no government officers were wanted about Rawlins that night. They further informed me that there was to be one of the prettiest lynching bees in Three men had come to Rawlins

town by storm. They had made their

headquarters at a tavern almost opposite the hotel, and had levied a tax on every one who entered. Anybody who objected to paying or standing its way back to civilization as soon as was shown pistols were used. Ten cargo of negro men and women was thumb is the characteristic feature of from these three men, and the town soon afterwards called, Lucius, was ta- which it differs from the hand of the men had received their death wounds had determined to set an example to ken to a Carolina plantation, near monkey, and of all parts of the hand all such characters by hanging the Beech Island, and put to work there. no one is so strongly individual or tell-

the besieged house, and one of our leaders fell. Every means was tried to dislodge the three men, but to no purpose. Every time the slighest advance was made their rifles rang out, and some one on our side dropped. At last a small man slipped up in the shadow of the adjacent buildings, and enormously fast. So, you see, when threw a lighted can of kerosene under an animal is bitten, these tiny bits of the building. Soon it began to burn, but still the men would not come out. At last the house was enveloped in | Dr. Mitchell has found that the nervflames, and the three men were obliged to make a rush for their lives. They were half blinded by the heat and smoke of the burning, so they were quickly captured.

Then all of Rawlins, not excepting the women and children, formed in line and marched quietly down to the cattle pens, where an old dead tree stood which had served several times as a gallows. A rope had been brought along, and it was quickly thrown over a branch, and everything was ready for the hanging. It was at first in-tended to dispose of all three at the same time, but there was not enough rope, so it was decided to hang one at

Jack Willis was the first to be strung up; his end was hastened by a dozen bullets which were fired into the body while it was still writhing. Wat Simmons was then disposed of, and then came the turn of Joseph Chambers, the leader of the gang. Just as he was led under the tree he made a sign that he had something to say. The gag was removed from his mouth, and he

"If you will take this rope from round my neck and slightly loosen these bonds, I will tell you men something that will interest you all." There seemed no danger with so many on guard, so his request was

complied with. When his fetters were loosened he rose, stretched himself, and began his speech. "You are a set of d-villains," yelled, "and you can all go to h-" He knocked down the two men nearest to him, and made a dash for the sage brush on the open prairie. All the horses were left outside the barroom when the desperadoes were captured. Some few men, however, dashed into the sage after Chambers, which made it impossible for the men under the tree to use their guns lest they hit

some of the pursuers. After an hour's useless chase, the hunt was given up for the night. At daylight the next morning ranchman rode into Rawlins and electrified the town by saying he had seen Chambers near Fort Fred Steed, sixteen miles below. He said he had just finished his breakfast, after spending the night at a small house on the banks of the Platte river, when a hatless man, whom he rcognized as Chambers, came in and demanded shelter. The ranchman suspected that something was wrong from the man's man-

ner, and at once started for Rawlins Thirty men immediately saddled their horses, and started in pursuit of the man they had vowed to hang. As they approached the hut a man appeared in the door with a Winchester rifle in his hand. Without a word he opened fire on the advancing party. Two men dropped from their saddles and as the rest of the party put spurs to their horses and dashed toward the hut, Chambers, who had done the shooting rushed down the hill and

plunged into the Platte. There had been heavy rains, and the river was a torrent, which made it seem impossible that a man could reach the other side alive. All the horsemen, however, drew up along the bank, and waited with guns in readiness to shoot Chambers, should he by any chance get across. They waited sight of him, they returned to Raw- and keep him going; but if you have for half an hour, and as there was no lins. That afternoon the other two desperadoes were buried in what is known as "Murderers' Row," and beside the graves was placed a board to the memory of "Joseph Chambers,

drowned in the Platte while escaping capture," Two years after leaving Rawlins, whose face was strangely familiar. turned to my companion, and asked

who it was. "That," said he, "is Joe Chambers, one of our respected citizens." Suddenly the scene of the lynching at Rawlins came back to me, and I knew that the last time I had seen that man he was standing under a tree with a rope around his neck. I told my friend the story, and he evidently doubted my veracity, if not my sanity. He told me that Chambers came to Abilene when the town was first started. He invested money in town lots, and made a fortune. He was a promoter of schools and churches, and was talked of for the next mayor. That night I was at my hotel when a tall man with a slouch hat wandered in. He looked round, and then came straight to me.

"Are you the man," he said, "who has been telling a yarn about Joe Chambers being lynched ?"

I acknowled that I was. "Well," he replied, "Joe told me to tell you that he'd shoot you on sight if you were in town tomorrow. Two hours later I was taking a night ride across the prairies. THE LAST SLAVE CARGO.—There is

living in the outskirts of Augusta, Ga., the Wanderer, the last slave ship to the dining-room when four men, evi- tives from Africa. Lucius Williams dently forming a delegation, ap- he was christened by one of the young proached me. They demanded my ladies of the family into which he was business, and what brought me to Rawlins, in a way which left me no rica. As Umwalla, he was born in allowed the set out names with ye labor, etc., that we will give towards building a house of alternative but to answer. My an- Guinea, according to his story, not far swers seemed satisfactory, and one of from Liberia. One day, when he was Halifax, Marlborough, Wilmington, them informed me of the reason of their curiosity. They had some idea his aunt to carry her some pinders to lent spot found for to set said meetplant. When he was going through the woods two strange black men seized him and bound his hands. He cried terribly, and they soon gagged him. They sold him to a native, who took him to Liberia. There, for the first time in his life, he saw a white at him. Umwalla was then taken to CHARACTER.-There is as much charthe Wanderer, where a large number ten weeks before, and had taken the of captives had already been stowed away in the hole. When the Wanderer approached

journey across the plains, but if attacked the little band must make the this, as they were intrenched in the of the most venomous snakes, includ-THE BITE OF A SNAKE .- The heads barroom, and refused to come out or ing the "rattlers," bulge just beyond Almost a third of the total population allow any one to enter. It had been the neck. Without exception they of the globe—a round 400,000,000 hudetermined to dislodge them that have fangs, either always erect, or man beings-speak nothing but the night, in spite of all resistance, and I raised and laid back at will. These Chinese and allied languages. One was invited to take part in the affair. fangs are long, sharp pointed teeth, hundred million more speak Hindoo The three men were named Joseph Chambers, Jack Willis, and Wat Simentire length. At the root of each The Russian language is fourth on the mons, and were desperate outlaws fang is a little bag of poison. When list, being the mother tongue of 89, with large sums upon their heads. the snake bites, the motion presses the 000,000. The German is a good fifth Just at dark the citizens at Rawlins poison-sac, and its contents flow down and is used by 57,000,000 tongues. prepared for battle. The attacking through the hollow in the tooth into France coming sixth on the list, in parties were divided into two forces. the puncture or wound. The harmless which it was once first. Spanish is One approached the point of attack little forked tongue is often spoken of used by 48,000,000 people in Europe from the rear, while the larger number by the uninformed as the snake's "stingmarched up to the front. All the citi- er." Now, there is no propriety in the

NO. 47. the first warning sound of the rattle.
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with others, has been making experiments with the venom of different serpents. He has found that, aside from its poisonous qualities, it contains living germs, which have the power of increasing life, entering with the poison, cause harmful action to begin almost at once. ous center controlling the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if he cut off a snake's head, and then pinched its tail, the stump of its neck turned back, and would have struck his hand had he been bold enough to

hold it still.

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES. Girls, we are afraid, don't like sewing quite as well as they ought to. It is so much easier to ask mother to do what is needed than to do it themselves. And many mothers, unfortunately, think it takes less time and trouble to do the work than to teach their daughters to do it. But the girls may be interested in reading about

some curious needles, if they are not obliged to use them: The king of Persia recently visited, a needle manufactory in his kingdom in order to see what machinery, with the human hand could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which, together, did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect something finner and more perfect could be created The borer, that is the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles, asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it under the boring machine, made a hole in it

with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king. The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but finely cut, and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of a

WHEELBARROW FOLKS.—There are a good many children, and some grown people, who go just like a wheelbarrow-that is, they go as far as you push them, and when you stop they stop. You tell them to do a thing and If you want a thing done again, you must tell them to do it again. If you want it done forty times, you must tell them forty times to do it. There are other people who when

you set them going, can keep on them-

smaller size, which are equally adorn-

ed with scenes in relief .- Good Cheer.

selves. They have some "go" in them. If you tell them today that you want a thing done, tomorrow you will find the same thing done without telling them. If you complain that a thing has been neglected this week, next week they will see that it has not been neglected. There is a great deal of difference in the value of these two kinds of people, because the wheelborrow kind of folks need somebody to run them, just as much as a machine needs somebody to attend it. They only go while you watch them and push them; so if you have one such person at work you must employ another one to watch him

one of the other kind at work he will watch himself, do his work, and make you no trouble about it. It is very important for all boys and girls to decide which class they will belong to, whether they will be wheelbarrow folks, that go as far as they are pushed and then stop, or whether they can be depended upon to keep in motion after they are once started. Boys or girls who must be told what they must do and watched while they do it are not worth their salt, but if a person can do a thing with one telling, and continue doing it without further

care, such a person is worth more than gold .- Little Christian. WHERE MEERSCHAUM COMES FROM. -Meerschaum is a kind of clay. It is composed of magnesia and flint, with sometimes traces of iron and other minerals. All of it comes from the providence of Eskischia, in Asiatic Turkey. It has been dug out of the ground there for centuries, and the manner of procuring it is to this day extremely primitive. The material is found in lumps of all sorts of shapes and sizes. The mines extend underground to a depth of thirty feet, and are aired and kept dry by windmills. There are ten different qualities distinguished.

The discovery of the usefulness of

the process of boiling in wax was made

by accident. Imitation meerschaum is

manufactured from chips left over from

the carving. They are ground into a

pulp, treated chemically and finally

pressed into the shapes desired. Every one knows that pipes made out of the counterfeit will not color .-- Exchange. A church subscription paper, 111 years old, was found recently in Wilmington, Vt. It reads: "Whereas, ye subscribers being desirous to have ye gospel propagated among us, and our posterity trained up in ways of Christianity, have hereunto set our was signed by nineteen persons. Most of the subscriptions were in work, some were boards and shingles, and

THE THUMB AS INDICATIVE OF acter in the thumbs of people as in their faces. A long first joint of the thumb indicates will power; a long second joint indicates strong logical or the South Carolina coast she was reasoning power; a wide, thick thumb sighted by a government boat and indicates strong individuality, while a given chase. During the night she broad knob at the end of the thumb is dropped anchor off Pocataligo, and the a sure indication of obstinacy. The debarked. Umwalla, or, as he was the human hand, a characteristic in

one was a gallon of rum! None were

CURIOSITIES ABOUT LANGUAGES .-

zens wore handkerchiefs over their name, as the poisonous snakes do not James Maydwell and wife, of Cinfaces. I was with the main body of sting, but bite, their victims. There is cinnati, have twenty-one children, all attackers, or rather behind it. We no creature, even if brought from for- but one of whom are living. Nineteen were brought to a sudden halt by a eign countries where "rattlers" do not of them reside at home. There are rifleshot from one of the windows of exist, but will halt and tremble at three pairs of twins in the lot.