

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## BLACK SHEEP.

From their folded mates they wander far,  
Their ways seem harsh and wild;  
They follow the beck of a baleful star,  
Their paths are Cream-bogued.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,  
Some loftier mountain slope,  
And little recked of the country strange  
Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call  
Summoned their feet to tread  
Midst the cruel rocks where the deep pit  
fall.

And the lurking snare are spread,  
Maybe, in spite of their tameless days  
Of outpost liberty.

They're sick at heart for the homely ways  
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark  
And the hills loom large and dim,  
For the shepherd's voice they mutely hark,  
And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we  
cry,

Safe in the inner fold;  
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,  
And marvel, out in the cold.

—Richard Burton, in Atlantic Monthly.



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## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

The rest of the party now retired, Avery and his daughter occupying one tent and the three younger men the other, while Dick Taylor loosened his revolver in his belt, made sure that each cartridge was in place, and then took up his post in the dark shadow of a huge rock where no ray of light could betray his presence to a watcher.

Soon not a sound was to be heard but the low murmur of his companions' voices as they discussed the situation, then these died out, and a chorus of snores testified to the soundness of their slumber.

Hour after hour passed until it was fully midnight. Then the miner entered the tent where his partner was sleeping and laid his hand lightly on his shoulder.

In an instant the sleeper was wide awake, and a moment later the two were outside.

"Hear anything?" asked Tarbox softly.

"No," replied the other, "but somehow I feel uncomfortable. I never had this feeling yet but what there was sure to be trouble ahead. I wish it was daylight. Keep out of sight as much as you can, Joe. I didn't say much before the rest, but I believe that scoundrel we saw at Ladue's place would think nothing of shooting a man in the back if he had any cause to do it. It's a pity this all happened. We might have all got as much as we wanted before anyone found out about it. Now there's no telling what may happen."

Five minutes later he was asleep, and Tarbox was standing sentry over the silent camp.

It was nearly daybreak when he replenished the fire, for the air grew very



"Don't you count me!" pouted Clara.

chilly. Soon a gray streak appeared in the southeast, and as Tom came out of his tent the sun was just rising over the rolling land over which they had traveled the day before.

The rest of the party were soon awake, and Taylor said at once:

"I believe we have not been seen yet, but we must get out of sight before breakfast. Joe, turn the horses loose and start them off. The rest of us will begin to pack in the stuff."

He grasped a heavy package as he spoke, and the others followed his example. When they reached the face of the cliff he paused and said, solemnly: "I am going to show you a wonderful secret. All I want is your word that you will never reveal it until I give you permission. Will you promise this?"

His three companions readily gave their promise, and looked curiously about them.

Their guide stepped up to the rocky wall and carefully pushed aside the

mass of moss and creepers, disclosing to their wondering gaze the same aperture from which he had issued the previous night. Looking inside, they could see that for several feet the rock overhead was unbroken, forming an arch like a doorway at the height of some seven or eight feet, but the light which showed beyond was apparently from above.

Taylor led the way with his burden after looping the creepers to one side to prevent them from being torn away. A few steps brought them beyond the arch of rock, and a simultaneous exclamation of astonishment broke from all the men.

They found themselves standing at the bottom of a deep chasm in the solid rock. On either side of them the walls rose perpendicularly to the height of some 50 feet as smoothly as if chiseled by human agency. Far above them a narrow strip of blue sky would like a ribbon, and in front, at a distance of a few yards, a sharp curve in the rocky way shut off all further view.

Where they stood the passage widened abruptly for a space of some ten feet, and Taylor said:

"This is the bed of some old stream which must have run here thousands of years to wear its way down through the rock to this depth. Right here where we are standing it seems to have backed up and made a sort of basin, which accounts for the rocks being worn out so much wider. When there was a freshet the water couldn't get out through the opening fast enough. But we must be getting the rest of the goods in here. Drop your loads here till we have it all out of sight."

The others obeyed and as they went back and forth he told them how he had discovered the opening.

"We came down from Selkirk," he said, "but we struck off somewhere north of where the trail divides. It was last summer. We were prospecting and headed over this way. We got all mixed up in the woods and at last we came out at the other end of the curious gully. We found gold and stayed there. One day I followed this place down from the other end and came out here."

It required some time to carry all the goods into the opening, and although Tarbox soon returned and even the young girl assisted with all her strength it was an hour later when Dick Taylor pulled the sheltering mass over the entrance and hid it from view, saying:

"There! We are safe now from all prying eyes. The next thing is to get all this stuff into camp. It'll be a tough job, but there's plenty of time and five of us to do it."

"Don't you count me?" pouted Clara Avery. "See the great, heavy bundle I just brought in here."

"O, of course," laughed Taylor. "Everyone can help, and you seem to be a plucky little one. We shall find plenty of work for you mending and cooking for us. Can you cook?"

"Can she cook?" repeated her father, proudly. "Dick, you just wait till she turns out a sample. We shan't have to live as we did in the old days."

"Good! Well, talking about eating, reminds me that we haven't had any breakfast. I couldn't wait to get this stuff out of sight till after breakfast, but now it's different. We will leave all we can't take at one load and go up to our camp now. We can come back and get the rest after we have eaten. Don't load up too heavy. It's not very smooth walking where we are going."

Throwing a package over his shoulder he led the way until the turn in the passage was reached. Beyond this the way grew narrower, until there was barely room to walk. Twenty yards farther there was a sudden rise for about ten feet, and the walls appeared to be alternate layers of rock, gravel and dirt.

Soon it was all a sharp rise, and they found it extremely difficult to carry their burdens.

"You see why we have no need for the horses," remarked Tarbox. "I have sent them racing down the trail as far as I could. We couldn't get them up here, and they wouldn't find anything to live on if we could. I hope they will stay away from this locality. They would arouse suspicion if anyone saw them."

Another five minutes' climb and they emerged on a rocky platform, and Taylor said, quietly:

"There! In front of you lies our camp, and gold enough to make you all rich, if we can only keep the place to ourselves long enough. We have food enough for a year, and all we want is to be let alone."

Tom and Green stared blankly about them, but their untrained eyes told them nothing. A huge ridge of rock ran from where they stood across the valley before them, and was lost in the dense timber half a mile away. In the foreground the heavy moss which covered the ground was cut up in places by the channels of defunct torrents and dotted with fragments of rock, some of which seemed to have pierced the bosom of the soil from below, while others had been detached from the ridge at some time and rolled into the valley.

On the left of the ridge a small stream, scarcely two feet wide, was running swiftly, and pointing to its bank Taylor added:

"See those two holes and the two heaps of dirt! Well, we've been waiting for water to wash that dirt out. We've been thawing out that ground with fires

all winter so we could dig. Those two heaps are full of gold and it'll run ten dollars to the pan."

Avery alone seemed to pay little or no attention to his friend's words. He was examining the scene before him critically, but he hardly glanced at the two heaps of dirt upon which the others gazed with intense interest. He made no comment, however, and when Taylor moved forward he followed him without a word.

"Now I'll show you where we live,"

There was no sign of a tent or hut visible, but they soon saw that he was heading for a stout bush not far from the little stream and about 100 feet from where they had emerged from the natural tunnel.

Behind this bush they saw an opening partially concealed from view by a big bowlder, while others had been added by human hands to make concealment more effectual.

"This is our house," said Taylor. "It will do nicely for your daughter, Bill, and the rest of us can use the tents. It's hot enough for the rest of the summer."

The cave was about ten feet square, and was not altogether the work of nature. The rock was very soft, and the two men had spent many hours enlarging it, until it was a very comfortable place of abode. Several skins covered the floor, and Clara Avery gave a cry of delight as she entered.

"I'll soon have breakfast ready now," she said.

While she was preparing it her father strolled off by himself, and examined the ground with a thoughtful air. He came to the cave when his daughter called that the food was ready, but his appetite seemed to be poor, and he had little to say. Even his daughter noticed his preoccupation, but whatever was troubling him he kept it to himself, and joined the others, after breakfast, in the work of bringing up the rest of the goods, which proved no easy task.

Three hours later, when the last package had been safely piled in the cave, Dick Taylor said thoughtfully:

"Why wouldn't it be a good plan to block up the passage? Those two men are too near to suit me, Joe. They've got my letter and are sure to find where we camped last night if they look long enough. The very fact that we let our horses go will let them know that we must have gone where we could not possibly take them. They are sure to see the animals. Suppose they go nosing round and find the opening under the moss? We are on American soil and they have as much right here as we have."

"But one of them tried to murder me," cried Tom, indignantly, "and he did rob me!"

"We might make him give up what he stole," was the quiet reply, "but you have no courts here and can't prove anything against him. I think I'll take a look along the trail and see if there are any signs of them."

Turning on his heel abruptly he made his way up the incline until he reached the top of the cliff, where he shaded his eyes with both hands, for the sun was glaring. A moment later he called his companions, who hastened to join him.

"Look!" he said, as they reached his side.

Following his outstretched arm the others saw a mounted man not more than a mile from the foot of the cliff and making directly for it. That it was the mate or his companion there could be no doubt. He was leading several pack horses, and Joe Tarbox at once recognized the outfit.

"It's one of them, sure enough!" he exclaimed. "They've managed to find their way here, and now they will see the ashes of our fire. They'll make one in the same place, but that's all the good it'll do them. Still, I think we'd better stop up that hole, so they can't get through if they do find it."

"Better do it at once, then," replied Taylor, and the two men started for the entrance to the gully. When they had reached it Tarbox pointed to a big bowlder lying almost on the edge of the opening and said:

"Call the rest of them and we will roll this chap down. It won't go far before it wedges, and then no living man can come through."

But it required half an hour's laborious work to accomplish this. They were obliged to fell a small tree for a lever, and even then it required their united labor to move the heavy bowlder. Inch by inch, however, they forced it along until it overbalanced. Then with a sudden crash it fell into the rocky bed and bounded down the steep way for some 30 yards until it reached a turn. Here it wedged itself fast, completely blocking the passageway.

But, mingled with the crash of its lodgment, the men distinctly heard a muffled shout from beyond it, which caused them to stare blankly at each other.

## CHAPTER XI. JUST TOO LATE.

When Joe Tarbox left the mate and his companion and started on his way to Dyea the latter watched him until he disappeared behind the first hill. Then he turned to Rider and rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"You done that fine!" he exclaimed. "We are all right now! Let's make tracks. I'm itchin' ter git my hands on some of the yaller boys. Did yer notice

how that feller choked himself off when he started ter say somethin' 'bout a nugget? I wouldn't give a cent for his chances of seein' 'em agin."

Their horses were soon ready, and once more the two adventurers took up their route. Several times they missed the trail, but after four days' travel they came to the white cliff mentioned in the letter.

"Make sure what it says," said the miner, and Rider produced the precious document at once.

"It says keep to the left," he announced.

"All right. Here goes, but I don't see no signs of any trail. We'll have to keep our eyes open for that feller's tracks, I suppose," rejoined Rider, wheeling his horse as he spoke. "It's a mighty blind sort of a route along here, but I'll find it if there's gold at the end of our trip waitin' fer us. See if I don't. I'm as good as one o' them divinin' rods any time."

He seemed to be right, for he picked his way along with marvelous accuracy until at length they reached an open spot. Here he paused and said:

"It's guesswork now, but we'd better keep as nigh the same direction as we kin. We ain't far from the end now."

But for once he was wrong. Had he diverged more to the left he would have



"What's he driving at?" muttered Bowers to himself.

soon reached the turn from which a view of the gorge was to be had. As it was they inclined to the right, and as it was nearly dark they decided to camp for the night. Hank Bowers' restless eyes were always on the alert, and as they were unsaddling their animals he suddenly gripped Rider's arm with one hand and pointed with the other.

"See that smoke!" he exclaimed. "Look!"

Rider did look, and there, plainly defined against the setting sun, was a column of black smoke curling upward far to the southwest.

"What do you suppose it is?" he inquired.

"That is a signal! No fool would try to cook with wet wood when there's plenty o' dry ter be had! You stay here and don't move till I git back!"

Without another word he strode off in the direction of the smoke, which seemed to be beyond a heavily wooded hill not more than a mile away. At the sight of the hill stood a ragged rock like a sentinel on duty, and toward this he bent his steps. He was not long reaching it and from its shelter he peered cautiously around the outer corner.

A party of men were unsaddling their horses near the foot of a high cliff, and, as he looked, he distinctly saw a woman among them. The twilight was deepening fast, and he could not distinguish any features, but he muttered aloud:

"If that don't beat all! I don't understand it now. I must know who they be, an' what they're after!"

With stealthy steps he drew near the party, sheltering himself easily behind the bowlders as he proceeded. Soon he was near enough to be certain that the men were strangers to him, and he watched the thick smoke with curiosity. He did not see Joe Tarbox, for the latter had disappeared before the watcher drew near, but as the latter crouched behind a rock he suddenly uttered a savage oath.

"Sold! Curse him! He must have been on to me!"

For there before him stood the man he had parted with on the trail, while a fifth man was shaking hands heartily with one of the party, his joyous shout of "Avery!" being plainly distinguishable.

For a few moments Hank Bowers watched the preparations for camping, then, apparently satisfied that the party was settled for the night, he stole noiselessly away, his evil face lighted up with a look of triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## An Assured Fact.

Mr. Mover—Ouch! Wow! Blankety blank the blankety blank—

Mrs. Mover (indignantly)—My father never swore in my presence in his life.

Mr. Mover (as indignant)—Then your father never burned his hand on a red-hot iron in your presence in his life.—Judge.

## Domestic Economy.

Mrs. Mulligan—The grocer charged me 30 cents a pound for this mate.

Mulligan—Bedad! an' that's too high. A man wud hov to ate half a dozen pounds in order to git his money's worth.—Judge.

## CUT OFF FROM PRETORIA.

Gen. DeWet Again Interferes with the British Line of Communication, Capturing 100 Men and Stores.

London, July 24.—Gen. DeWet has again succeeded in cutting Lord Roberts' communications, both by railway and telegraph, and captured 100 of the highlanders. The story of the federal commander's bold raid comes in the form of a telegram from Gen. Forester Walker, dated at Cape Town, Sunday, forwarding a dispatch from Gen. Knox, as follows:

Kroonstad, July 22.—Following is from Broadwood, sent by dispatch rider to Honingspruit, wired thence to Kroonstad: Have followed commando since July 15. Hard, sharp fighting at Palmfontein July 19. Prevented from pursuing laager by darkness. Eight hundred Boers found. Our casualties 5 killed and 76 wounded. Reach Vaalkrantz to-day. Enemy doubled its way back through Paardekraal in darkness. Shall march to-morrow to Roodeval station. Send supplies for 3,000 men and horses, also any news of the enemy's movements. I believe the commando consists of 2,000 men and four guns and is accompanied by President Steyn and both the DeWets. The wire and main line of the railway north of Honingspruit have been cut and also the telegraph to Pretoria via Potchefstroom. According to my information DeWet has crossed the railway and is going north. Gen. Kelly-Kenny telegraphs from Bloemfontein under date of Sunday, July 22: The railway has been cut north of Honingspruit and a supply train and 100 highlanders captured by the enemy. A report was received this morning that a large force of the enemy is moving on Honingspruit. All communication with Pretoria is cut off. The second and third cavalry brigades are following the enemy.

## OFFERS TO MEDIATE.

McKinley Listens to Appeal of Chinese Government and States Condition Upon Which He Will Act.

Washington, July 24.—The president has listened to the appeal of the Chinese government as transmitted through Minister Wu and has signified his willingness to mediate between the imperial government and the powers, but only upon conditions which first must be met by the Chinese government. The exact nature of the terms proposed by the state department cannot be stated until today, when it is expected publication will be made of the text of the Chinese appeal and of the president's message. It is known, however, that the answer is entirely consistent with the statement of principles laid down by Secretary Hay in his identical note to the powers, and, moreover, it accepts as truth the Chinese statements relative to the safety of the foreign ministers at Peking.

## GOODNOW DISCREDITS IT.

Consul at Shanghai Believes the Conger Dispatch is Forgery—All Europe Thinks Likewise.

Washington, July 24.—The state department has received a number of dispatches from foreign governments relating to the Conger dispatch and also from our officials in China, including Consul General Goodnow. Without exception they discredit the accuracy of the dispatch and advance various theories to show its lack of genuineness. The entire burden of the answers indicate a disposition not to move the relief expedition on the evidence furnished by the Conger dispatch. Notwithstanding these messages Secretary Hay personally continues to credit the Conger dispatch, although he says that there is a possibility of deception.

## Smoked the Sheriff Out.

Huntsville, Ala., July 24.—Elijah Clark, a negro who Sunday assaulted Susan Priest, a 13-year-old girl, was taken from jail in this city last night and lynched near the spot where his crime was committed. His body was riddled with bullets. Sheriff Fulgham defended his prisoner to the last, but a dense smoke from a combination of tar, feathers and oil fired by the crazed mob was too much for him and he was dragged from the jail and placed under a physician's care. The negro was identified by his victim.

## Gerónimo Stark Mad.

Vinita, I. T., July 24.—After a long period of imprisonment, which he endured more like a ferocious beast than like a human being, Gerónimo, one of the most bloodthirsty Indians that ever figured in history, has gone stark mad. He is a prisoner at Fort Sill, Ok. It cost the government \$1,000,000 and hundreds of lives before he was safely behind iron bars.

## Tammany's Big Campaign Fund.

New York, July 24.—Tammany hall will have a campaign fund this fall of about \$2,500,000. This sum will be raised by assessments upon officeholders and others who share in the patronage of the municipal government, amounting to \$80,000,000 a year. Most of this money, it is said, will be spent in New York.

## Grant and Barry to Go to China.

Washington, July 24.—Although the orders have not been issued, it is pretty generally understood in military circles that Brig. Gen. Fred Grant, U. S. V., and Gen. Thomas Barry have been selected for assignment to duty with the military division in China.