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TENTH YEAR | HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1892. | WEEKLY NO. 561. SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 554.

SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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Tuesdays and Fridays

—BY—

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ALVAH W. PATTERSON.....Bus. Manager.
OTIS PATTERSON.....Editor.

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THE GOLDEN CAVES.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS. "M. QUAD."

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There was no alarm during the night, and before sundown the next day the party reached the forks of the Cheyenne, where the soldiers were in camp. Before entering the camp Bob cautioned each man to preserve the strictest secresy regarding their adventures and the contents of the wagon, and camp was made about a quarter of a mile from the tents of the soldiers.

The outlaws kept a sharp outlook on Taylor for awhile, as if fearful that he meant to betray them, but their suspicions did him injustice. He had other plans, and they were plans to be carried out after the encampment had been left behind.

The outlaw leader was the only one who went into camp and reported, and when he returned he brought something with him which made Taylor's heart beat with delight. It was a two gallon jug of whisky which he had purchased from a gold seeker's outfit stopping on the other side of the encampment for the night.

"That perfects my plans!" he chuckled as Bob came in with the jug, "and they are doomed men!"

Each outlaw was told to help himself, but Taylor was not invited. This was another slight, deliberately intended, and was a further proof that the quartet considered him an interloper. It was a long distance yet to Fort Sully, with danger menacing every mile of it, and but for this fact Taylor would have been driven out of camp. Five rifles were better than four in a brush with the redskins.

The outlaw party moved on to the east at an early hour next morning, and as the traveling was good and nothing occurred to interrupt their progress a full thirty miles was covered before sundown came and they went into camp on the bank of the river.

While Taylor was watering the horses Bob said to his companions:

"Being as we are between the fort and that camp of soldiers, it don't stand to sense that we shall meet any hostiles. Tharfore let us git shet of that feller tonight. We'll draw lots to see who fires a bullet into him as he sleeps."

And later on, as Taylor sat by himself, he meditated:

"I believe the route will be safe from this on. I'll dose that jug within an hour, and before noon tomorrow I'll drive off and leave four corpses behind for the wolves!"

CHAPTER XXV.

He did it quickly and deftly.

It was long past dark when supper had been eaten. That the outlaws meditated some evil was clear to Taylor from their demeanor. He had been repeatedly snubbed and insulted during the day, but now that they had arranged their plan to kill him they greeted him with a hearty good will.

"They mean murder!" he said to himself as he looked from one to another, and it occurred to him that they must have planned to kill him while he slept. He, however, returned joke for joke and laugh for laugh, and to have seen the five sitting about the campfire one would have thought them the truest friends.

"I don't calkerlate we shall even see an Injun on this trip," said the outlaw leader, as he finally knocked the ashes from his pipe, "but in course we can't be sure of it. We must tharfore post a sentry, as usual. Say, Taylor, I hope ye air feelin good natured."

"Oh, yes."

"Didn't know but I riled ye back thar at the old camp. I wasn't feelin well when ye jumped on me about the gold. We sheer and sheer alike, in course. You get a fifth."

"But as you have the team, and as you are four to one in case we are attacked, I shall be satisfied with less than that," replied Taylor.

"Well, you jest sot your own figgers and it will be all right," continued Bob. "Now, then, let's get to sleep."

Taylor went to the wagon after his blankets. He had planned just what to do, and he did it quickly and deftly. Had the men been watching him he would not have been detected. He removed the cork from the jug, emptied the poison from his bottle therein, gave the jug a few shakes, and returned to the fire humming a jolly air and evidently in good spirits. The outlaw selected to stand the first watch took his station under the cottonwoods a hundred feet away, the blazing brands were scattered and in fifteen minutes the four men wrapped in their blankets appeared to be buried in slumber. Three of them perhaps were, but Taylor was never so wide awake in his life. His life never before depended on it. He noticed that the three outlaws lay down close together, leaving him alone and several feet away, and he figured it out:

"They have arranged to kill me, and it will be when the sentry is changed. When he comes in to wake the other man up he is to do the deed. I must be wide awake and prepared for him."

And now came night and solitude on the plain. Men who have not experienced it can have but a faint understanding of its weirdness—its awful solemnity—the fear that creeps into the heart of the wakeful listener and unnerves him.

Chee-wee! Chee-wee! Chee-wee!

It is only the voice of the tree toad, but it makes every nerve tingle and the breath come shorter. The notes broke in on a silence as profound as the grave; they cease and the silence which returns is appalling.

Step! Step! Step!

It is only the footfalls of a timid rabbit yards away, but they reach the strained ears with terrible distinctness and make the perspiration start from every pore.

Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

The listener almost cries out as he starts up. It is a harmless snake making his way through the dry grass, but the sound might have signaled an Indian creeping into camp to do bloody work.

He-wich! He-wich! He-wich!

It is only the note of a queer, wee bird which flits at night over those vast solitudes, but it has made hundreds of brave men shiver with alarm.

An hour has gone by in the camp on the Big Cheyenne. The sentinel does not close his eyes, but feeling quite secure from danger he leans against a tree and gives himself up to his thoughts. Taylor has a thousand wild thoughts—a score of plans—a longing to have time hurry up and bring the worst.

A wolf comes skulking over the earth to sniff and smell and growl and wonder, but the sentinel neither sees nor hears.

The wee night bird ceases its notes and alights on a branch over the sentinel's head and looks down upon him with curious eyes.

A rattlesnake which has been in hiding under a brush heap on the bank of the stream now comes forth and races swiftly past the rear end of the wagon to another hiding place.

The awful solitude affects the horses as much as the men. They have laid themselves down to sleep, but they are uneasy and wakeful. Their ears work back and forth. Their eyes are strained to pierce the gloom, and nothing keeps them down but the fear of breaking in on the solitude if they should get up. They softly scent the air. One would say they had a feeling that some awful tragedy was at hand.

Two hours passed away.

"Time must be most up," whispered the outlaw sentinel as he finally straightened up and looked about him.

"The trial must be close at hand!" whispered Taylor as he noted the action of the sentinel.

Ten minutes later the outlaw walked softly back to the sleepers. When he reached the bodies of his friends he laid his rifle on the ground, drew his knife and had made two steps toward Taylor when the latter suddenly sat up, yawned, looked about him in a sleepy way and then discovered the sentinel and said:

"Oh, it's you, eh? I dreamed that one of the horses was walking over me. Everything quiet?"

"Yes!" stammered the would be murderer, who expected to strike his victim as he slept.

"Well, I think I'll turn out and have a smoke," said Taylor, and suiting the action to the words he flung off his blanket, arose and began to fill his pipe.

In retreating from him the outlaw kicked against Bob, who sprang up in alarm with a curse, and in a minute the two others were awake. The one who was to relieve the sentinel made ready to go out, but before he left, the outlaw leader said:

"Some one deserves a clubbing for turning us out in the middle of the night. One of you bring out that jug of whisky."

All knew that Taylor was to be killed as he slept. All saw that he was alive and unharmed, and that some blunder had occurred. But there was no opportunity for explanations. One of the men quickly brought the jug and a cup, and beginning with the leader each poured down a stiff drink.

Taylor had his pipe alight, and not one of the quartet addressed him nor offered him any of the liquor.

"Now, keep yer eyes open," said Bob to the sentinel, "and we'll turn in agin and go to sleep."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The ocean has its thrilling mysteries and awful tragedies, and the plains and prairies have theirs as well.

One of the outlaws walked off in the darkness to stand sentry for the next two hours, and the other four men laid down to sleep again, each taking his place as before. In two minutes the camp was as silent as the grave, and the specter of murder which came out of the gloom and hovered over the recumbent forms was seen by no mortal eye.

At the end of five minutes a wolf's long drawn, faraway howl was heard, and a shiver passed over the listening sentinel as the lonesome sounds reached his ears. There was a warning in that howl—a menace, a wail—which whispered of tragedy.

Taylor heard it as well, and he grew pale and held his breath. He had braced himself to carry out a part, but he was fearful that his nerve might give way before the end was reached.

Ten minutes passed—twelve—fifteen—twenty.

It was time the powerful poison should begin to act.

Taylor was watching and listening. One of the men moved and groaned.

"Say! Are any of you awake?" called Taylor as he sat up. "I've got terrible pains, and I can't keep still any longer."

"So have I," replied one of the men as he sat up.

Three minutes later the others were aroused, groaning and cursing, and the sentinel came staggering in to gasp out:

"Do something for me or I'm a dead man!"

From the way he acted one would have thought Taylor the worst off of all. He groaned, gasped, writhed, twisted, but he had company. The outlaws rolled about on the earth like wounded dogs, and, curiously enough, none of them suspected the cause of their illness. The jug was brought and each drank again, hoping the fiery whisky would ease the pains of what they believed to be colic. It was only after one of the men had fallen in spasms, foaming at the mouth and tearing at the earth with his fingers, that Bob suddenly shouted:

"By heavens, men! but I believe we have all been poisoned."

"How—who by?" shrieked one of his companions.

"By—by this infernal cur, if anybody, and I'll have his life!"

Bob pointed at Taylor, who was apparently in convulsions, and then stooped for one of the rifles. As he did so he fell forward upon the earth with a terrible curse, and Taylor sprang up and ran away into the darkness. He did not dare go far, and yet it was horrible for him to linger within hearing.

Strong men who die by poison die hard. It is an awful end. The crouching, hiding, trembling murderer heard them rise and stagger and fall; they raved and wept; they prayed and cursed; in their awful agonies they attacked each other and struggled in death. The night bird was driven away by the cries and shrieks, and the wolf who sat listening and wondering was finally forced to flight by the wails and curses.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Ripans Tabules cure scrofula.

FROM MONTANA.

To the Ed. Gazette:

Not having much to do at present will send you a few lines.

The Gazette puts in its appearance pretty regularly, and is very much appreciated. It is as good as the best of news letters.

Times are not very flush here just now, so we manage to have a little spare time once in a while. We went to Malta to see the election off and came home pretty well satisfied as to how it would pan out. I went down with the intention of betting some on the result. I made up my mind that if Malta went for Cleveland I would bet on him, but when Clerk Philbrook shoved the ballots through the shute, and Judge Tucker worked the gate, and Judge Davis got a good count on, then we found that Cleveland and Harrison had 38 votes each, and Weaver 1, so I says, "Boys, this don't go. The election will be thrown into the house, and we can't be responsible for what they do"; so I shoved my little fifteen cents away down in my pocket and went up to Collins' store and bought a republican cigar on time, and went over to Trafton's store and talked about Weaver's issues, and grasshoppers in Kansas; but Mr. Trafton was a strong democrat and said he would bet his left eye on Cleveland. His left eye is a glass one, but I had decided not to bet, but told him I wanted to buy a gun; that I was going to have free meat whether Cleveland was elected or not. Mr. Trafton handed me an old needle gun of the model of '43, I guess, and asked how it suited. So I took it on examination, got some 45 30 cartridges and went out behind his barn to try it, but it was no go. The gun was so big that the cartridges went up the barrel and lodged in a wood rat's nest, so I came back, made a roar and said it was dangerous as I might keep shoving in cartridges till one happened to reach the hammer and then there would be a fusion. Fusions are all right in politics, but I don't want any fusion in a Springfield rifle in mine. I told him that I liked a magazine gun, but wanted the magazine on the outside, and that his gun was a "democrat," for it is just like them—a great big bore and the party has nothing to fill it.

We are having lovely weather here for the time of year, but there has been big snows all around us nearly, but have not had more than one-half inch yet on Frenchman's creek.

Game is quite plentiful; black and white tail deer, antelope and just "scads" of prairie chickens. We manage to keep about three deer strung up in sight at once.

Say, what has become of Dixie? Has he lost his "nip" since he left the Mts.? I got greatly interested in him. By the way, I believe our subscription has about run out, and money is out of the question; but you say wood and vegetables are legal tender. Well we have plenty of wood if you will cut it yourself, but vegetables are a little scarce. But say, how are you heeled for ice? This is one of the finest places for ice to grow in the world. (Guess we can make a dicker.—ED.)

I have heard recently that Cleveland was elected, and without a vote from the house of representatives, so I missed my guess a little. But I think some men who are thought smarter than I were fooled too. I have one consolation left, for I think I know just how it happened that way. Of course when I made my rash guess I had only heard from Malta, and nothing from the outlying precincts, such as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana and California, but thought they would follow Malta's example. My opinion is that as Cleveland had his votes all packed on his white horse and was heading him from Chicago back towards Washington, he soliloquized thus: "Now, if out of every 77 votes Weaver gets one, and Harrison and I tie, I must have Weaver's votes to get elected." Just then he looks up and just where the Kansas road comes into the Chicago road he saw a man leading a mule all packed. It struck sir. Cleveland in a minute that it was Weaver, but thought his pile looked big, but then he thought that in South Dakota, Kansas and Nevada, Weaver would run like a scared wolf, so he might have a "right smart." So Cleve comes up and says, "How many votes have you got?" Weaver says, "Just about enough to get an appointment. Says Cleve, "I will give you the keys to the labor bureau for your mule and rig." "Good," says Weaver, and Cleve says, "For the next few days I will be a Weaver man and make a fine set for you to work in and will warrant that no republican hoss flies will bother you for the next four years. "Good," says Weaver, "the mule is yours."

Yours truly,
A. E. POWELL.

MALTA, Mont., Dec. 4, '92.

To aid Digestion take one *Small* Bile Bean after eating. 25c. per bottle.

Prevent and cure Constipation and Sick-Headache, *Small* Bile Beans.

Put up in neat vest-pocket bottles, sugar coated, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

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