

# THE HERALD.

## IS IT WORTH WHILE?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jostle each other,  
In blackness of heart? That we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all when we jostle each other—  
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a brother goes down beneath his load  
on the heather.  
Pierced to the heart. Words are kinder  
than steel.  
And nightier far for woe or for weal.

Look at the roses saluting each other—  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plains.  
Man, and man only, makes war on his  
brother.  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and  
pain—  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the  
plain.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,  
That we give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding our hands to be and abide  
Forever and aye in dust at his side?  
God pity us all that we battle to humble,  
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the  
dust!  
God pardon us all! Time oft will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled indeed, down into the dust.

## AMONG MOONSHINERS.

(Concluded.)

"Coke air a cuttin' your tomb-  
stone, Kurnel, an' I 'lowed ye'd like  
to git a last look."

To the right of the wagon stood  
a giant poplar, lifting its shaggy top  
300 feet above the road. In its  
trunk were three gaping wounds,  
and a moonshiner in broad hat and  
big boots was cutting a fourth. Two  
other ill-looking men stood near,  
their guns in their hands.

"Kurnel," continued my guard,  
"do ye want ter write your eper-  
taph?" The men laughed at their  
chief. "Them other Reeves didn't  
git nary a chance to write theirs.  
Boys, air any 'f ye got a pencil?"

Too well I knew the meaning of  
that notch from which the sappy  
chips were flying. My heart quiv-  
ered as the ax ate its way into the  
soft wood. My face must have re-  
flected my thought, for the outlaw,  
giving me a gentle push, sent me  
on my back.

"Lay down, Kurnel, an' don't git  
so all-fired skeered," he said. "That  
air a mighty comf'table hole up in  
the hills—board an' lodgin' free."  
And quoting my own words, he  
fairly made the welkin ring with  
his coarse laughter.

"Surely you don't intend to mur-  
der me, Cap."

"That air jest about it, I reckon,  
Kurnel. Ye air across the dead  
line, an' your eper'taph air done  
been writ."

Before I could say more, his  
three companions climbed into the  
wagon beside me. Clucking to his  
horses he drove on at a trot through  
the pass, and as the sun rose over  
the mountains we entered the pre-  
cinct of Sleepy Cove. It must have  
been after 10 o'clock, yet into that  
lonesome spot the sun was just be-  
ginning to pour his rays. By 2 p. m.  
he would disappear behind the jag-  
ged cliff that formed the western  
boundary of the retreat, and the  
long twilight would set in with its  
spectral shadows chasing each  
other in the dark wood.

Suddenly the wagon stopped, and  
the four men threw themselves into  
attitudes of attention, grasping their  
guns and casting furtive glances at  
each other. Straining my ear I  
thought I heard the faint yelp of a  
hound. Cap Hawkins lashed his  
horses into a gallop, and we sped  
on through the woods for half a  
mile, stopping again in the shadow  
of a cliff. At their leader's order  
two of the men lifted me from the  
wagon, and half dragged me to spot  
where the earth formed a kind of  
bench against the rock wall.

Placing me on the ground they  
began prying at a boulder which  
gradually yielding to their hand  
spikes, rolled over on its side, ex-  
posing a hole in the cliff. Into this  
they dragged me for some twenty  
feet, and tossed me on a bed of  
leaves. Then one of the men  
brought in some food, and another  
water and another wood.

I turned to the outlaw leader and  
asked how long he intended to keep  
me prisoner. He laughed at the  
question, but made no reply.

I begged him to shoot me, cut  
my throat, hang me—anything but  
leave me there to starve. But he  
paid no attention to my appeals.

"Ef ye air 'live when I git back,  
Kurnel—ef I git back—" he said,  
"why me an' the boys mought put  
a little lead in your carcass. Ye  
may hev comp'ny 'fore night any-  
ways. The Reeves air after us hot-  
ter'n demmition blazes. They air  
done 'cross the dead line. Hyar  
the moose Kurnel!"

"I hope they'll give you all you  
deserve, you cold-blooded mur-  
derer," I said, wishing that I could  
throttle the villain.

"Now, Kurnel, don't git out ov

sorts. It air mighty comf'table in  
hyar—board an' lodgin' free. Boys,  
air ye ready? Them houn's air a  
pickin' us up. Light the fire, Coke.  
Kurnel, hyar air a knife ter cut ye  
loose after we leave ye. Don't git  
skeered o' the ghosts, an' 'member  
ye air mighty comf'table, mighty  
comf'able—board an' lodgin' free,  
an' your eper'taph all down on the  
big poplar. Good-bye, Kurnel."

The outlaws were already placing  
the boulder in position, and when  
Cap Hawkins had squeezed his  
way out, the rock was rolled into  
the opening. With a crunching  
sound it settled into place, and I  
was a prisoner in Smoky Hole.

I listened for the baying of the  
hounds, hoping that they had  
tracked me to the cave, but not a  
sound penetrated the door of my  
prison. The fire burned briskly,  
and Smoky Hole glowed in the  
light of the blazing pine knots. It  
was the work of a few minutes to  
cut my bonds with the knife the  
outlaw had given me, and then I  
took an inventory of the contents of  
the cavern.

The place had evidently been  
fitted up for the illicit manufacture  
of "mountain dew," "tangle-foot"  
and "red-eye," for there were the  
worn-out copper still, the worm,  
the mash tubs, and jugs and flasks and  
other apparatus of the moonshiner.  
The cave was about the size of a  
railroad box car, except that the  
roof was higher and more arched.  
I jabbed my knife into every square  
foot of the walls. They were of  
solid rock. In a vain, mad effort  
to roll the boulder from the en-  
trance I drew the blood from my  
shoulder. It was all of no use.  
Unless help came to me from with-  
out, my doom was sealed.

A dull, heavy feeling came over  
me, and I sat down near the fire.  
The confined air was getting close.  
Suddenly, upon looking up, I was  
appalled at the discovery of a new  
danger. The roof of the cavern was  
no longer visible. The dense,  
black smoke of the pitch pine, un-  
able to escape, was banked above  
me like an ominous cloud, ever  
growing denser and blacker and  
descending steadily, remorselessly,  
upon me like a veritable shadow of  
death.

Already the asphyxiating gases  
were making my brain whirl. I  
crawled to the fire and stamped  
upon the blazing knots until every  
spark was extinguished, but they  
continued to send up their volumes  
of stifling smoke. I could feel it  
ascending, hot and pitiless.

Falling flat upon the ground I  
saturated my coat-sleeve with the  
water the outlaws had left me, and  
placing it against my mouth se-  
cured a few full breaths of strained  
gas. But they gave me little res-  
pite. The high pressure of the at-  
mosphere made my veins swell out  
almost to bursting, my hands and  
feet were benumbed, and I was soon  
unable to move a muscle. Then I  
longed for death.

Suddenly there was a loud ex-  
plosion, followed by a falling of  
loose earth and rock and a rush of  
air. A faint ray of light appeared  
in the corner of the cavern over the  
still, growing broader and stronger  
as the smoke cleared away. With  
life and strength renewed I made  
my way to the opening, where I  
drank in the fresh air with a swell-  
ing heart and a lighter conscience  
than I had ever hoped to possess.

The explosion had torn away  
some rough masonry with which  
the moonshiners had stopped up a  
fissure in the rock. I had found  
the chimney and it was my deter-  
mination to use it to advantage. In  
a moment, forgetful of pains and  
bruises, I was climbing for free-  
dom.

Soon the rocky sides of the chim-  
ney gave place to wood, and the  
opening changed from flat to round.  
Still I climbed on. But the open-  
ing grew tighter and tighter, like  
an inverted funnel, and still the top  
seemed a long way off. I must  
have climbed some thirty feet in all  
when I stopped to rest, propping  
my feet against a knot-like projec-  
tion, which suddenly breaking off  
left a hole through which the day-  
light streamed. Then, for the first  
time, it flashed upon me that I was  
in a hollow tree. A glance through  
the knot-hole proved this to be  
the case, for there was the ground  
ten feet below me—the  
bench of earth I had noticed when  
the outlaws were making ready for  
my incarceration.

Escape now seemed certain. The  
wall of my prison was only two  
inches thick, and although the  
wood was dry and hard from age  
and exposure to smoke and heat,

my knife was soon at work enlarg-  
ing the knot hole. As this faced  
the cave, I could keep a lookout for  
the moonshiners, and stop cutting  
at the first suspicious noise. Night  
set in, and I hoped to turn my  
back on Smoky Hole ere the dawn  
of another day. But when the sun  
rose my task seemed not nearly  
done. The knife was dulled, and  
my strength had slowly ebbed  
away.

The baying of a hound reached  
me. It was repeated, and in a mo-  
ment the thrilling music of the  
pack awoke again the sleeping  
echoes of Sleepy Cove. Nearer and  
nearer it came, until a dozen fine  
bloodhounds burst through the un-  
derbrush and dashed up to the  
boulder at the entrance to Smoky  
Hole. Then opening again, they  
sped on the cold trail of the moon-  
shiners.

"Dan! here, Dan! Down, sir!" I  
shouted to the leader, with all my  
might. The obedient brute, recog-  
nizing my voice, dropped to the  
ground. I called him to me, and  
soon the entire pack was barking  
playfully at the roots of my novel  
prison.

Hearing a well-known signal in  
the woods I answered it, and one  
by one five of my friends crept cau-  
tiously up to the cave, carbines in  
hand. When I spoke to them from  
my porthole, there was a broad  
smile on every face. An ax was  
procured, and, while four of the  
men guarded against surprise, the  
fifth cut a window in my jail,  
through which I crawled, having  
been a prisoner for nearly twenty  
hours.

When we reached the big poplar  
that guards the entrance to Sleepy  
Cove, I fastened in the fourth  
notch a piece of paper bearing  
these words:

"Cap Hawkins, beware. The  
Colonel is on your trail. Go look  
for his bones in Smoky Hole."

## A SPEECH FROM CLEVELAND.

The democratic notification com-  
mittee waited on President Cleve-  
land, at the White House, June  
26th, and formally notified him of  
his nomination. In reply, the Pres-  
ident made the following earnest  
and manly speech:

"I cannot but be profoundly im-  
pressed, when I see about me the  
messengers of the national democ-  
racy, bearing its summons to duty  
to the political party to which I  
owe allegiance. It both honors and  
commands me. It places in my  
hands its proud standard and bids  
me bear it high at the front in the  
battle which it wages bravely, be-  
cause conscious of the right, and  
confidently, because its trust is in  
the people, and soberly, because it  
comprehends the obligations which  
success imposes.

The message which you bring  
awakens within me the liveliest  
sense of personal gratitude and  
satisfaction, and the honor you  
tender me is in itself so great that  
there might and will be no room for  
any other sentiment, and yet I can-  
not rid myself of grave, serious  
thoughts when I remember that party  
supremacy is not alone involved  
in the conflict which presses upon us,  
but that we struggle to secure the  
cherished institutions, welfare and  
happiness of a nation of freemen.

Familiarity with the great office  
which I hold has but added to my  
apprehension of its sacred character  
and the consecration demanded of  
him who assumes its immense re-  
sponsibilities. It is the repository  
of the people's will and power.  
Within its vision should be the pro-  
tection of its humblest citizens, and  
with quick ear it should catch, from  
the remotest corner of the land, the  
plea of the people, and justice and  
right for the sake of the people.

He who holds this office of theirs  
should resent every encroachment  
upon its legitimate foundations, and  
for the sake of the integrity and  
usefulness of the office, it should be  
kept near the people and be admin-  
istered in full sympathy with their  
wants and needs.

This reminds me most vividly of  
the time when, four years ago, I re-  
ceived a message from my party  
similar to that which you now de-  
liver, and of all that has passed  
since that day, I can truly say that  
the awe with which I heard the  
summons then is intensified tenfold  
when repeated now.

Four years ago, I knew our chief  
executive's office, if not carefully  
guarded, might drift little by little  
away from the people to whom it  
belongs, and become a perversion of  
all it ought to be, but I did not  
know how much its moorings had  
already been loosened.

I knew four years ago how well  
advised were the principles of true

democracy for the successful opera-  
tion of the government by the peo-  
ple and for the people, but I did not  
know how absolutely necessary  
their application then was for the  
restoration to the people of their  
safety and prosperity.

I knew then that abuses had  
crept into the management of pub-  
lic affairs, but I did not know their  
numerous forms nor the tenacity of  
their grasp. I knew then some-  
thing of the bitterness of partisan  
obstructions, but did not know how  
bitter, how reckless, how shameless  
it could be.

I knew, too, that the American  
people were patriotic and just, but  
I did not know how grandly they  
loved their country, nor how noble  
and generous they were.

I shall not dwell upon the acts  
and policy of the administration  
now drawing to a close. Its record  
is open to every citizen of the land.  
And yet, I will not be denied the  
privilege of asserting, at this time,  
that in the exercise of the functions  
of the high trust confided to me, I  
have yielded obedience only to the  
Constitution and the solemn obliga-  
tion of my oath of office. I have  
done these things which, in the  
light of the understanding God has  
given me, seemed most conducive  
to the welfare of my countrymen  
and the promotion of good govern-  
ment. I would not, if I could, for  
myself nor for you, avoid a single  
consequence of fair interpretation  
of my course.

It but remains for me to say to  
you, and through you to the dem-  
ocracy of the nation, that I accept  
the nomination with which they  
have honored me, but that I will in  
due time signify such acceptance in  
the usual formal manner."

The "booming of cannon" last  
night in honor of Harrison bore a  
striking resemblance to the bursting  
of Chinese bombs.—Vidette.

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ear.

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1. BLACK MARE with bell on; brand on left  
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square open on left side.  
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brand on left shoulder and left side. "Circle-  
band," also, on right shoulder. "DL"  
ANY one having lost any of the following de-  
scribed stock can learn of their whereabouts  
by calling at this office and paying for this ad-  
vertisement:  
1. BLACK MARE with bell on; brand on left  
shoulder. "Three sides of a square," or a  
square open on left side.  
2. BAY HORSE with collar and saddle marks;  
brand on left shoulder and left side. "Circle-  
band," also, on right shoulder. "DL"

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a Bounty Land Warrant for less than 160 acres are now entitled to receive one for the ad-  
ditional acreage.