

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Course ye might hang him up by the neck until he was dead an' he wouldn't tell. What would a man care for bein' killed himself? It's when you begin an attack on his flesh an' blood he trembles."

"Well, d'y reckon that's certain?" asked Padgett, rubbing his bullet head to get the idea through.

"Know it."

"Why didn't we light on that afore?"

"Because the youngster goes under a nickname. He's Crack-lash here an' Paul Miller in Fresno. That's the whole long and short o' it."

"Well, sail in on the capen an' see what ye kin do with him," growled Ned seating himself on a stone and twirling his stick in his hand. "I leave it all t' you; take it an' see how ye'll come out."

Then followed another long consultation among the other three.

It was not until late that night they proceeded to carry out their plan. The old hermit whom they called the captain was taken apart from his fellow prisoner and seated on a stone. Ben Allen then proceeded to interrogate him.

"You are Captain Joseph Miller of the schooner 'Eleanor,' ain't ye?" he asked.

"Those two rogues told you that. They know it, and it's no use to deny it."

"You left a wife at home—a wife and child?"

"Yes."

"Your wife was named Mollie and your boy's name Paul?"

"I don't admit or deny."

"After you sailed away so many years your wife gave you up for dead, and with her child removed to Fresno, where she lives now. She never told her son the sad, uncertain fate of his father, fearing when he grew up he would start in search of him, and she always had a superstitious dread of the forests o' Alaska."

The sea captain sat unmoved throughout the narrative. Ben went on:

"But when Paul Miller grew to be a man he heard of the fabulous riches in Alaska and came to find it. He had amassed quite a fortune, when he was robbed, followed the robbers to the woods and was captured by them. Now, the young man yonder is Paul Miller, your son."

The stern old captain was unmoved save a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, but he made no answer. Ben continued:

"Though you may have lost the walrus hide on which the map to the buried treasure is, yet you know the spot, and can take us there. You shall do it or I swear that your son shall die before your face."

Again Ben Allen was disappointed. The old man was wholly unmoved, as if he had been talking to stone. The captors waited about him with half-suppressed breathing, hoping that something would occur to break his imperturbability, but they were disappointed.

The threat of Morris had only been to intimidate the prisoner. He was willing to make any sort of threats, but not being the hardened criminal Ned Padgett was he called a bait at the line of murder.

"Boys," continued Morris, "I haven't given up all hope yet. We may be able to do somethin' with him. Let's keep up the scare."

"Agreed."

"We can even get a rope and go through pretense o' hangin' the youngster."

"That's it; go tell anything to make the old rascal tell us where it is."

With this resolution more firmly fixed in their minds they once more returned to where the old captain sat as unmoved as when they left him.

"Well, Captain Miller, have you decided to tell us where you cached the treasure?" asked Ben Allen.

"No," was the immediate answer.

"Do you want to see your son hang before your eyes?"

"I have no son."

"Don't you know that young man is your son?"

The prisoner fixed his great blue orbs on the speaker and in a firm, unmoved tone answered:

"He is not my son. I may have a son living. I once did, but he is not my son. I like the young man, but he is noble, brave and honest, but he is no relation to me."

They were wholly unprepared for this answer. The sincerity with which it was given took everyone aback and for several moments they stood aghast and silent. The ex-sea captain, after a brief silence, continued:

"Even if I had the walrus hide I would not give it to you. Even if I could now go and unearth that buried treasure I would not do it."

"Why?"

"For two reasons. First, I will not compromise with crime. Second, even if I did decide to do so and turn over the treasure to you it would be the signal for our own destruction. You would never dare let us go after what you have done."

Bob Allen and Morris and the sailors were abashed. They fell back before the piercing glance of the officer against whom they had mutined. The baffled rascals swore like troopers, and Ned Padgett made an appeal for his knotted stick, but was over-

ruled, and after some more deliberation it was decided to try the effect of the rope on the young prisoner.

"I tell you he is the son of the old man; watch him closely when we go to hang him up and see if his eyes does not grow moist."

They had a rope made of seal hide, and, cutting a pole with their hand axes, stretched it across the narrow end of the cavern and placed a rope about Paul's neck.

"Now old man, confess that you have lied, and swear that you will take us to the gold, or this young fellow will die." Paul, who had not heard the conversation between the hermit and his captors, was unable to explain their conduct to his own satisfaction. He believed his last hour had come and determined to meet his fate like a hero. When told to prepare for death, he rose, made no resistance, and his arms were tied behind his back. The noose was adjusted about his neck, and he took his position under the cross-bar, and, closing his eyes, murmured a short prayer.

All eyes were on the other captive, but he sat with face averted and said not a word. There was no change in his expression—no more indication of grief than might have been expected at the death of a stranger. When the miserable farce was over Paul had been released, and the four rascals retired again to confer with each other. Tom Ambrose said:

"Well, it's my opinion that we've lost our last chance of ever getting his buried millions."

At this Padgett again proposed his knotted stick and swore he would brain both with it, but he was prevented by Morris and Allen, who declared there should be no real violence. The two prisoners were given a meagre supper of dried beef and a little meal gruel, and driven to the far end of the cavern for the night.

When they were apart from the guard Paul asked:

"What was meant by their extraordinary course to-day?"

"They labor under the mistaken idea that we are related and both have some knowledge of the buried treasure. As they are mistaken they will succeed in getting nothing from us."

"I have been mystified at their strange conduct all along," said Paul, "and I would not be surprised at any time at their taking our lives."

His companion shook his grizzled head and answered:

"No, no; they won't harm us so long as we have the secret in our own breasts. If we should tell them and they should find the treasure, then we would be killed in short order."

Paul shuddered, was silent for a while and asked:

"Then you don't believe we have any hope of mercy at their hands?"

The sea captain answered:

"No."

"Captain, let's make our escape."

"Sh! Speak lower; you may be heard."

"I will, but I am in earnest."

"So am I, but we must be cunning as the fox to escape from those rascals."

"I am willing to trust you implicitly."

"Then say nothing."

Though night and day were the same in that dungeon, the captors had their sleeping and waking hours. Paul and his companion threw themselves on their miserable pallet of straw, but not to sleep. They lay so they could watch their captors.

At last, one after another, they began to grow drowsy. One rose and went toward the pile of straw, and stretching himself upon it, was soon snoring. A short quarrel followed on the subject of guarding the prisoners. Padgett was the man selected and he swore he had done more than his share at that business and he wouldn't do any more of it, but Morris, who seemed the person in command, declared he must take his turn of two hours, and left him on duty while the others went to bed.

The whole matter could not have been better planned for Paul, for Padgett was careless and yawned sleepily before his companions had closed their eyes. For a long time he made a fight against the wiles of Morpheus, but at last his head dropped forward on his chest.

Paul raised his own head and shoulders from his pallet of straw and surveyed the entire cavern at a sweeping glance. There was a fire burning in the center which threw out a dull, ruddy glow, dimly lighting the scene. Where the fire had been built the cavern was wide, and from the lofty ceiling ages ago great fragments of stone had been torn loose and lay in a heap on the floor, a little to one side of the fire, leaving a dark path in the shadow. Paul could also see that their captors had placed their rifles in a corner farthest from them.

The three men sleeping on the straw were between the prisoners and the rifles, which were on the right of the sleeping sentry. All the advantages and disadvantages of the position were taken into consideration at a glance. Paul's companion arose and gave their surroundings a quick survey, and then they exchanged glances. The look was sufficient. They understood each other as well as if they had spoken volumes. Paul was to look after the guard and the captain to seize the rifles. The young man nodded assent to the request expressed by the captain's eyes, and began to act. They rolled up the blankets and left them on the straw, with their caps stuck over them, giving them, in the uncertain light, the appearance of two sleeping men. Paul went first on hands and knees, creeping around the little mound of stone and earth and over the loose stones with all the caution possible. He

was closely followed by the hermit, who seemed to possess the wonderful faculty of moving without noise.

The sentry stirred in his sleep when Paul was within ten or fifteen paces of him. The determined youth seized a stone and leaped toward him. Ned Padgett suddenly started up with a yell and had half raised his rifle, when the stone, hurled with great precision and force, struck him on the shoulder. Down he went under the blow, dropping the rifle at Paul's feet.

To seize the gun and turn at bay on the others was the work of an instant. They were starting up from their sleep and Ben Allen shouted:

"The prisoners! They are making their escape!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Dog Courier.

Paul Miller drew his rifle to his shoulder and let drive two or three shots in quick succession, sending their late captors flying helter skelter to the rear of the cavern. Whether any of them were wounded by his bullets or not he did not stop to learn. He then seized the rifles, blankets and caps and the two men hastened away from the cavern, taking the precaution to secure not only the rifles, but three pistols and all the belts of cartridges they could find. Both of them had filled their capacious pockets with dried moose meat until they stuck out like stuffed turkeys.

They broke two of the rifles because they could not carry them and strapped the others on their backs. Long they traveled in a western direction, guided by the stars. They had given up all hope of finding their Metlakahlan friends, who no doubt supposing them lost, had returned to their home on the island. After wandering three or four hours into the forest and being completely exhausted, the two fugitives rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. They dared not build a fire, for it might attract the attention of their pursuers.

When day dawned they made a breakfast on some of the dried moose they had brought with them and prepared to resume their journey. They discovered that they were gradually ascending a mountain side. On all sides of them were forests of scraggy spruce, the trees seldom being over five or six inches in diameter, and ferns and other forms of plant life were occasionally noted.

At last they came to a great cleft between gigantic snow-robed mountains.

The first night after they began their ascent they camped on the mountain side near a spring and spread their blankets under the lee of a large boulder.

Hope had been revived in the breast of Paul Miller, but his companion, who had been deceived and cheated so often by outrageous fortune, evinced little or none of his spirits.

"We are a long way from civilization yet," he said to one of Paul's remarks about their being safe. "So often, my friend, have I had my hopes raised only to be blighted that I allow myself to believe nothing good can come to me. A terrible fate seems to have taken possession of my being—I seem doomed." The old gray head was bent on his hands, and he was silent, while darkness came over the scene.

The next day's travel over this unknown region was but a repetition of the experiences of the day before. Higher they climbed, up, up and up, approaching on the mountain side the line of eternal snow. A few hundred yards more of climbing brought them to the summit of the divide, where there was a pile of stones which seemed to have been placed there by human hands. No life of any kind was visible, unless that white speck on the distant ledge be a dog or a goat.

(To be continued.)

BIBLICAL TALE OF POWER.

"Jezebel," by Miss Lafayette McLaws, Has Won Favor.

Miss Lafayette McLaws' "When the Land Was Young" instantly sprang into popular favor, and for a first book was a pronounced success. The promise in her first book has been more than realized in "Jezebel," a work of singular power and insight. It is a Biblical tale of the days when Omri and Ahab were kings of Israel and Elijah was a prophet of Jehovah. Ahab, the Israelite, takes to wife Jezebel, the worshiper of Baal. When Ahab comes to the throne and Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, the prophets and believers of Israel are incensed against the queen, and Jezebel begins a fierce persecution of her enemies. This contest is the chief motive of the story.

Miss McLaws has endeavored to throw new light upon the character of Jezebel, and, while she does not depart from the Biblical account, she surely presents this strong-willed, beautiful queen in a somewhat novel and striking manner. We get glimpses of Jezebel the woman as well as Jezebel the queen, and it is as a woman with warm passions and jealous instincts that Jezebel is most and best portrayed.

The book is replete with dramatic situations, the action is rapid and stirring, and the denouement is original and startling. Altogether it is one of the books of the day and a distinct contribution to the novel literature of Biblical days.

Keeness of Elephant's Scent.

An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that the animal can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards.

TARIFF IS THE ISSUE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BELIEVED TO FAVOR REVISION.

"The Iowa Idea" Has Many Supporters in the Industrial Centers of the East—Subject is One That Cannot Be Ignored.

According to interesting and inherently probable reports, President Roosevelt will sound the keynote of tariff revision in his western speeches. His sympathies, there can be no doubt, are with the reformers—with the authors of "the Iowa idea," and the courageous and progressive minority.

Tariff revision is spoken of as a western issue, but there is considerable evidence that "the Iowa idea" is quite popular in the industrial centers of the East. Even Rhode Island and Connecticut have been infected or affected by it, and the proposition to lower the tariff on goods controlled by powerful combinations is meeting with favor among the wageworkers of the very citadel of high protection. The timid and time-serving politicians have been advising the president to taboo the tariff issue, but the comments of the press upon his trust program must have convinced him that the subject could not be ignored. How refreshing and inspiring a presidential utterance in favor of the Iowa idea, as honestly and intelligently interpreted by Gov. Cummins, would be, and what a marvelous impetus it would impart to the movement for freer trade and a modern commercial policy!

Mr. Roosevelt has been criticised in Democratic and independent papers for his silence on the tariff question, especially in its relation to the trust evils he had been so vigorously condemning. Of course, in so far as these strictures implied doubt as to Mr. Roosevelt's courage and sincerity, refutation of them would be a work of supererogation. The whole course of the administration belies and disposes of such insinuations. The president believes in determining what is right in a given case and then "going ahead" and defending the right against all opponents. The tariff question is a complex one, but the conclusions Mr. Roosevelt will finally reach may confidently be indicated in advance. He will eventually be found on the "Buffalo platform" and in full accord with the best and soundest thought of the Republican party. To a program of tariff revision there will be no such opposition as his trust proposals have provoked.—Chicago Tribune.

Plea for Tariff Reductions.

There are mossback Republicans as well as mossback Democrats, and Congressmen Hopkins and Mann showed that they belonged to that category in their recent speeches. In contrast to those purely conventional partisan harangues is the address which was made at Jamaica Plain by Eugene N. Foss, Republican candidate for Congress from the Eleventh Massachusetts district, and it is vastly more interesting and significant.

While Mr. Foss is a Republican not only by profession but by the faith that is revealed in much of his reasoning, he realizes that the idea of the inviolability of the Dingley bill or any other tariff law is absurd, and he is practical enough not only to recognize current facts but to understand their true bearing upon government policies.

His general plea is that New England needs free raw material. That may be a sectional plea, but there is no doubt that he makes it strong of its kind, and just now there will be a pretty widespread sympathy for the New England demand for untaxed coal from Nova Scotia. Though there is no tariff on anthracite and this fuel is bituminous, it is of a quality to relieve the market when the importation of anthracite is out of the question. A tariff on it is unquestionably a tax on New England's industries and a direct encouragement to American coal trusts, which do not need protection.

And Mr. Foss urges with good reason that the question of necessity is the prime question to be considered when section is pitted against section in the game of protection. "Does anyone mean to say," he asks, "that the steel trust needs the same degree of protection as when the iron and steel business of the country was an infant industry?" Manifestly the purpose now, when this concern is underbidding foreign competitors everywhere, is not to protect, but to mulct the people.

Such glaring facts cannot be ignored and the wise Republicans are those who, like Mr. Foss and Gov. Cummins, keep their heads above the sand and the rest of their anatomy in a proper relation thereto.

For Curbing the Trusts.

The bill for the control of trusts which will be introduced in congress by Representative Littlefield, and which it is said will be put forward as an administrative measure, embodies provisions which will strengthen the popular belief in the sincere purpose of the president and his advisers to secure legislation that will be effective in checking monopoly and in curbing the operations of the trusts.

It is now generally acknowledged that the cheapening of the cost of production and distribution through the formation of industrial combines may, if properly managed, redound to the benefit of the public. Whether the consumer gets a share of the benefits accruing from the combine or not depends upon the managers of the combine. If they appropriate all the benefits for themselves and use their power to raise prices, destroy

competition and create monopoly the combine becomes an evil that should be corrected or wiped out by the power of the federal government.

It is to prevent industrial combines from becoming monopolies that the Littlefield measure is proposed. Under this bill the man who sues a trust and has the facts to prove that he has suffered damage from the operations of the combine is entitled:

First—To receive three times the actual amount of damage suffered.

Second—To have all his lawyers' fees paid by the trust.

Third—To have the trust pay all other expenses of the suit, including the court costs.

If a middleman, retail dealer, manufacturer, or other person can show that he has suffered damage from the restraint of interstate trade brought about by a monopoly he may collect three times the actual damage suffered, and the trust will be required to pay all the expenses of the suit. Moreover, under this bill, if enacted into law, the presidents, managers and directors of the alleged monopolies may be compelled to appear in court and tell every detail of their business and to produce all books, papers and accounts that may be necessary to throw light on the operations of these combines.

The question of constitutionality of such a law will of course provoke wide discussion among the lawyers. If it can be made to stick it gives promise of a measure that will check monopolistic tendencies of the trusts.

The Life Saver.



The Next Congress.

When congress adjourned the senate stood: Republicans, 55; Democrats and other opposition, 33. Maryland and Kentucky have already increased the opposition to 35. Mr. Newlands (Democrat) seems likely to succeed Mr. Jones (Republican) from Nevada. The Democrats also hope to gain the North Carolina seat now held by Mr. Pritchard, though their success is by no means conceded.

On the other hand, the Republicans consider well nigh certain their chances of gaining the seats of Harris (Democrat-Populist) of Kansas and Turner (Fusionist) of Washington. In the remaining states no change sufficient to alter their representation in the senate is really expected by either party.

Balancing these hopes of gains on either side, and passing over the Delaware vacancies as an insoluble puzzle, it may safely be predicted that the senate in the fifty-eighth congress will stand about 34 opposition to about 64 Republican.

The probable division of the next house is much more difficult to estimate. The reapportionments made necessary by its increase of membership from 357 to 386 have disturbed old political affiliations in many states and compelled reconstruction of local machinery. These changes are likely to alter the representation of a number of districts, but, as they affect both parties, do not seem likely to have much effect on the general result.

When congress adjourned the house stood: Republicans, 199; Democrats and other opposition, 152; vacancies 6. Experience has shown that in "off years" the opposition has a slightly better chance to gain control of the house. The Democrats will doubtless gain districts there. So will the Republicans. The question is which will make the larger gains, and whether the Democratic gains will be enough to give a majority in the house.

There is really no reason why the Democrats should control the next house. That party has been able to find no issue and no leader that seems likely to change the opinions of any great numbers of voters or to remove public distrust of the Democracy.

The Real Reason.

"I have taken occasion to look this matter up since reading of these resolutions, and I think I can find reason for the recent price of meat other than the protective tariff. I find that there were received at the stock yards in Chicago in the one month of July, 1902, 65,000 less hogs than in the same month one year ago. That means 7,000 less animals per day. The Q. road alone during the entire month brought from the southwest, where the corn crop was a failure last year, 1,000 less fat steers per day than last year."—Secretary Shaw, at Morrisville, Vt., Aug. 19, 1902.

Oldest Legislative Bodies.

With the exception of the British Parliament, the Swedish Riksdag is the oldest of existing legislative bodies.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, OCT. 12; JOSHUA 3:9-17—CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Golden Text—"When Thou Passest Through the Waters, I Will Be With Thee, and Through the Rivers, They Shall Not Overflow Thee."—Isaiah 43:2.

I. The General Situation. The Position of Israel. The children of Israel were encamped on a broad fertile plain on the eastern or Moabite side of the Jordan, about one hundred and fifty feet above the usual level of the Jordan, with the mountains of Moab behind them and the flooded river before them, with Jericho six or seven miles distant from the river on the other side. The plain where they were encamped was from five to seven miles wide.

II. The Marching Orders.—Vs. 9-11. In the first place the officers notified the people to prepare to cross the Jordan. They were to sanctify themselves (v. 9), set themselves apart for a special divine work, devote themselves anew to God's service, cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh, and of heart and life. 9. "Hear the words of the Lord your God." Their taking possession of the land was according to the divine will.

III. On the March.—Vs. 12-14. 12. "Now therefore take ye twelve men," to bring memorial stones from the river bed, as described later on. "Out of every tribe a man," so that each tribe should be represented, and each feel a common interest in the event. No one tribe should have an advantage over the others.

13. "And it shall come to pass." This verse is the promise of what is described in v. 16, as fulfilled.

Why This Season Was Chosen for Crossing. This season of high water was wisely chosen; for (1) the miracle was the more stupendous and impressive to the Israelites; (2) it inspired their enemies with greater terror. They would see in it the marvelous power of God. (3) Those enemies, had the crossing been attempted when the water was low, would have appeared upon the opposite shores to annoy the Israelites. Why, then, did they not dispute it upon the present occasion? The answer is simple. They trusted to the swollen river, which they knew no army could cross. (4) "The crossing in harvest was also providentially ordered with reference to the food of the people; they entered the land when it yielded abundance (see Josh. 6: 11, 12)."—Rev. Dr. F. Johnson.

17. "And the priests that bare the ark." When they touched the water the ark subsided, and they bore the ark into the middle of the river bed, and there "stood firm on dry ground," with good footing and without flinching from fear of the waters rushing upon them from above. This required no little faith. The priests were about three-fifths of a mile up stream above the people, and were thus seen by all; and their faith encouraged the people to venture into the bed of the river. "And all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."

Probably at different points, over a wide space. They were not fairly standing upon the Promised Land, on the eve of conquest, and after that, of rest. "The ark stood above. The army passed below. The women and children, according to the Jewish tradition, were placed in the center, from the fear lest they should be swept away by the violence of the current. The host, at different points probably, rushed across. The priests remained motionless, their feet sunk in the deep mud of the river."—Stanley, Jewish Church. Thus the whole people crossed in safety, in a very few hours, and stood for the first time in their new home. They encamped at Gilead. Then the river returned to its usual course. There was no retreat now. It was victory or death.

"The crossing of the Jordan was a crisis in the world's history. There is only one date in history transcending this in importance,—the date when across a wider Jordan, the dividing line between heaven and earth, God came in the person of a little babe to make a conquest of a world of promise."—Richard Glover.

2. A Jordan flow of life,—new life, usefulness, education, higher spheres, enlarged lives, the redeemed earth, heaven,—our Promised Land.

3. "The crossing of the Jordan was to be the great initiative of the conquest. Such crossing over is unquestionably the great need of the majority of Christians; not to make some slight change, but to get upon new ground. The great lesson of Jordan is the power of Christ's resurrection to separate us not only from Egypt, but from all wilderness wanderings, and to secure for us an entrance into heavenly places."—Miss Smiley.

4. New eras and epochs in life are often of great value. They may lift the life to a higher level; they are doors to a larger sphere and nobler vision.

5. God still does wondrous things for his people, marvels that prove that he is with them, and which encourage them to go on in the conquest of evil,—marvels of converting power, of holy lives, of triumph over temptation, trouble, and death.

6. Every one needs to take a decided stand, a positive step that cannot be retraced, and commit himself to the side of right and of God. A decided stand is often more than half a victory.

7. Death is like the river Jordan, separating us from the blessedness of the future life. See 2 Cor. 5: 1, 8; Phil. 1: 23; Luke 23: 43. The scene in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, where Christian reaches the River of Death, and is welcomed by the shining ones on the other side. Compare the hymns, "There is a land of pure delight," and "On Jordan's rugged banks I stand."

8. We need to keep in mind what God has done for us in the past. The Christian sacraments are memorials which hold the great truths of the gospel before the mind. They are irrefragable witnesses to the great facts of Christianity. They are a public and unceasing testimony to the world about God and Christ and the gospel. Everywhere their voice is heard. They are an easy occasion and method of teaching the great truths of religion. The Sabbath, the Lord's Supper, Easter, Christmas are Christian memorials. The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, New Year's, Decoration Day are patriotic memorials. Birthdays, marriage anniversaries, commencement days, etc., are personal memorials. Rightly kept, all these are a means of education and of perpetuating great truths.

Fitted for the Task.

The writers of the Bible were all of the Jewish race. This fact sheds a flood of light on the Bible. Certain races have a peculiar fitness for certain things—the Greek for art, for instance, and the Anglo-Saxon for civilization. So the Jews had a genius for religion. The Bible in all its various parts is essentially a religious book. God is the center of all its thoughts. It represents the supreme product of that race whose genius was religion for ages.—Rev. P. F. Sutphen.