

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Have you traveled far?" asked Clarence.
"Shipmate, this old hull is about on her last cruise," said a feeble, husky voice.
"It is Ralston—Glum Ralston!" roared Gid. "Where ye been, Glum? Tell me where ye been!"
"I am sick—starving—dying!" the ex-sailor moaned.
Clarence hurried him to his house, where a warm supper was hastily prepared for him.
"Have you seen Paul Miller or heard from him since you came upon us in the pass?" was one of the first questions propounded by Clarence.
"Yes," he answered. "Last I saw of him he was on an iceberg sailing out to sea, and his only fellow passenger was a polar bear."

It will be essential at this point to return to Paul Miller, whom we left on an iceberg floating out to sea. The swelling flood and tossing cakes of ice between the drifting floe and shore made it utterly impossible for him to reach land. The sharp growl of the monster above indicated that a crisis was coming, which would determine the rights of ownership to the mountain of ice.

Through all his misfortunes Paul had managed to retain his presence of mind and his rifle. He executed a skillful flank movement, and, scaling a shelf, was several feet above the bear and not over twenty paces away, prepared for an assault. With nerves as steady as if engaging in the most ordinary sport, he leveled his rifle at the side of the monster's head. When sure of his aim he pulled the trigger. There followed a sharp report and the bear dropped on his haunches, his nose in the air.

Paul cocked his rifle and fired a second shot at the bear's head. It fell on the ice and after a few spasmodic kicks lay still. He sent a third into the back of its head, but it was wholly unnecessary, for the other bullets had done the work.

With his knife he removed the skin from the animal, and, chinking as high as he dared, hung it upon one of those spires of ice, in the hope some sealing schooner or whaling ship might see it and send a boat to his relief. When night came he lay down on the snow and ice, and, notwithstanding his perilous situation, actually slept.

He was awakened soon after dawn by the sound of voices near.

"What say ye now?" one seemed to say to another.
"I say nowt," was the answer. "If he be there find him."

"Sure, man, ye canna say as a bear will peel his own skin from his back."
"Weel, there's a stiffener," returned another voice.

Paul rose and mechanically laid his hand on the rifle at his side. Only a few hours before he was wishing he had not shot the bear, and that it had destroyed him instead of helping him. Now that his life might probably be in danger, it grew suddenly very sweet.

He raised his head a trifle higher and listened intently at the voices.
"Push alongside and let a lad go ashore," said another voice.

Then he plainly heard the splashing of paddles in the water. He crept along on hand and knees, holding his rifle in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other.

Then he raised his head just a little and saw a large canoe in which were half a score of dark-skinned Indians. Surprise and curiosity overcame any fear he might entertain of his visitors, and he arose and gazed about on the sea and shore. The glance filled him with wonder and surprise. The shore was lined with green trees, and afar off he saw a mountain towering so high its peak pierced the light blue clouds.

He saw chimneys to houses from which the pale blue smoke was issuing, mingling with the atmosphere. It was a brisk little village with men, women and children in it, but what brought peace to his troubled mind and relieved all fear was the little white church, with its spire, on the hillside.
"There he is! There he is!" cried a young man in the canoe, pointing at Paul.
"Ho, my brother, you ride on a strange boat!"

"Who are you?" asked Paul.
"The Metlakahla," was the answer.
He tried to think where he had heard the name before, but was unable to recollect it. He was asked to come down to their canoe. They tossed a rope to him, which he made fast to one of the great cakes of ice, and slid down to the boat. The tall chief stood up to catch him, and as he dropped into his arms said:

"My brother, you are safe. You have had a very dangerous ride."
"It is not so weel, that boot ye ride upon," put in another Indian, with a strong Scotch accent. The men with the paddles at once propelled the canoe away from the ice floe, and it glided out into the bay, straight for the village of Metlakahla. The island was given by the United States to a scanty tribe of British American Indians whom an old Scotch missionary had converted from utter savagery into a civilized and God-fearing people.
When the canoe touched the shore Paul saw an elderly white man in the

throng. He was dressed in the garb of civilization, and his long, white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. His face was grave and kind.
"My son, a kind Providence has wonderfully preserved you. We will go to church to return thanks for your great deliverance, and then we will hear your story."
After songs and prayers Paul was taken to the home of the patriarch, where he fared sumptuously, after which he narrated his strange adventures to the good old missionary.

"So you are another, my son, who has come to dig gold from the earth in the frozen north." Then, taking the arm of the youth, he led him from the house, and, pointing to that great old mountain, which, grim and gray, towered into the skies, and with his eyes wildly dilating, said:
"In mockery, at the grim gateway of Alaska, towers that mountain of gold upon which no white man dares lay his finger."
Paul gazed at him in amazement, and began to wonder if he had not got among a race of madmen.

"How was the gold discovered?" he asked.

"It's not discovered save by the Indians and perhaps one other than yourself. But come in and I will tell you what other white man than yourself knows of the island and the mountain of gold."
When they were seated in the cozy parsonage the old missionary proceeded to tell Paul the story, but they were interrupted by the arrival of some Indians with a prisoner. The story told by Father Duncan we have heard before from the lips of Glum Ralston. No sooner did Father Duncan see the captive than he said:
"It is one of the two sailors who did away with the poor captain."
When Paul saw the prisoner he exclaimed:
"Great Heaven! It is one of the men who captured the old hermit in the cavern!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Laura's Departure.

While the many stirring events were transpiring in Alaska, poor Laura Bush was living a life of doubt, mingled with hope and despair, at Fresno, California. Not a line had she received from Paul since the letter came that he was robbed and wounded. Was he dead or was he still alive, struggling to regain what he had lost?

It began to be whispered over the town that Laura Bush was losing her reason. Theodore Lackland was shocked and grieved at the thought for in his selfish way he loved her madly. He would have given worlds to possess this matchless beauty, who had wholly captivated his soul.

At this time a most remarkable event transpired—an event that was more a surprise to Laura than any one else. A bachelor uncle living in Wyoming died and left her twelve thousand dollars—all he possessed.

"This will enable me to procure an outfit and go in search of Paul," said Laura to Mrs. Miller. The widow unfolded her in her arms and begged her to abandon such a mad design.
In vain she wept, prayed and pleaded with her. Laura was so impressed with the conviction that she must go. She had her way. Buying her outfit and securing the service of a faithful, trusty man who had worked for her father, she prepared for the journey.

She had made her last trip to San Francisco and returned late one day, a short time before her departure. On reaching Fresno she started from the depot to walk home. It was so late the sun had set, and the shadows of evening began to creep over the landscape. She heard footsteps at her side and Lackland's voice said:
"Miss Bush, I have heard a rumor that you are going to start for Alaska."

"I shall."
He walked on in silence for a moment, while his pale face wore a pensive, sad expression, and his eyes were upon the ground. His determination to conquer made him selfish and scheming. At last he said:
"Laura, you do not understand me. I am a true friend to you; you may not believe it, but I am. That other time my passion was hot. I was wrong, perhaps, in denouncing the man you loved, but surely you will forgive me."

She answered that she was taught she must forgive in order to be forgiven. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, he grasped at something in her words, and was encouraged to add:
"Laura, if you would let me sympathize with you in this loss, I would freely mingle my tears with yours. Oh, if you would only let me be a brother—more than a brother—"

"Silence, Mr. Lackland," she quickly interrupted. "I will hear no more from you. Here I am at home; good night."

She darted into the house, quickly closing the door after her and leaving him standing out in the cold, dark street. For a moment he stood gazing upon the door which had closed upon the being he loved, and then turned slowly about, his thin, white lips compressed, and his fingers closed firmly as if he had the lockjaw.

As he boarded the midnight train for San Francisco he murmured, half audibly:
"Something desperate must be done. I shall now play my last trump card."

Meanwhile Laura was completing arrangements for an early departure. Ben Holton, her father's faithful domestic, was the only person she engaged to go with her. A party was forming at Seattle, and thither she went with all her supplies. Mrs. Miller accompanied her that far.

Here they found another brave woman—Kate Willis—ready to brave the dangers of the Klondyke. She was

forty years of age, large, strong, and had determined to go to Juneau or Dawson City to start a laundry.
The vessel pushed off, and Mrs. Miller stood on the dock waving her handkerchief at the brave girl until distance mingled her form with the others, and then burst into tears.

Theodore Lackland was a deep schemer, and when he separated from Laura Kean he had by no means abandoned hope of winning her.

While on his way to San Francisco he was continually saying:
"So she is going herself to search for her lover! Is Paul dead—really dead? May it not be only a mistake after all? He is missing, that is sure, but the young fellow has more lives than a cat. I wish to Heaven I knew that he was—"

He started, and, shuddering, began to think how degenerated he had grown.
Then he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes, while the great train, like a flying vulcan, rushed on in the darkness until the city of Oakland was reached. He went aboard the ferry, and was transferred to San Francisco, and, leaping into a carriage, was driven to a certain hotel, where he secured a room.

It was nearly daylight by this time, but notwithstanding he had slept none during the night, he summoned a messenger, wrote a note, and, sealing it, dispatched the boy.
Two hours had passed, and the sun was shining through the window, when there came a light tap at his door, and he opened it.

Before him stood a smooth-shaven man with hair that was once sandy, but so bleached with gray it was a roan. His nose and eyes were prominent, and his face narrow, cheeks red and steel-gray eyes twinkled with something deep and devilish. The newcomer was a peculiarly nervous man who had a strange habit of craning his neck and bowing his head like an eccentric burlesque comedian.
After assuring himself he was not being watched, he closed the door softly and in a voice that was softness itself asked:
"You sent for me," and craned his neck like a choked rooster trying to swallow a morsel too large for its throat.

"Yes, Capt. Fairweather, I want to talk with you. When does another ship sail for Juneau?"
The captain, who was well up in marine intelligence, said:
"There is the 'President' sails from Seattle in three weeks, and the 'Occident' leaves here a few days sooner."

"Will they both arrive about the same time?"
"Yes, the 'Occident' a little ahead of the 'President,' as she is the fastest boat."

"That is just as I want it. Now, captain, you secured men for me before to do some work in the Klondyke—"
Again the captain craned his neck, choked and bowed, then cautiously glanced about the room to see if he was observed before answering:
"They got in trouble there."
"How do you know?"
"Morris wrote that Belcher was shot and in the hands of the miners, who might lynch him," and Capt. Fairweather placed his hands about his neck, as if the very thought gave him pain.

"Has he given away anything?" asked Lackland, with some little uneasiness.
"No. He will die before he does that."
"Very well, Fairweather, have you heard of the fate of this young fellow who is causing so much trouble?"
"No."
"The girl says he lives."
"Bah!"

"Well, the impression is so strong that she has determined to set out for Alaska to find him, and sails in the 'President' for Seattle."
"It will be a fool's journey, I know full well; he can't be alive."
"Well, I have made up my mind to go to Alaska myself."
(To be continued.)

UNIQUE ACTION OF THE TIDE

Reversible Waterfall at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

We have reversible weirs, reversible windmills, and all sorts of reversibles nowadays, but St. John, in New Brunswick, Canada, has the only reversible waterfall in the world. In the morning there is a fall downstream of 15 feet, but in the afternoon the water runs upstream and falls over the other way. This phenomenon is caused by the strength of the wonderful tides of the Bay of Fundy, which meet and overcome the water from a river 450 miles long, which empties into the harbor of St. John through a narrow gorge less than 500 feet wide. There is a suspension bridge over the gorge where this daily marvel occurs, and hundreds of people go to see it. At half-tide the water is smooth over the dam and vessels go up and down in safety. The tides of the bay of Fundy are the heaviest in the world. If you are ever in New Brunswick and it's time for the tide to come in you want to make for the bluffs if you are not fond of the water.

Vessels come into St. John harbor and when the tide goes out the water runs clear out from under them and they settle down upon the gravel bottom of the slips. Wagons are then driven alongside and cargo is transferred direct. It is an odd spectacle to see schooners sitting up high and dry, with no water near them, looking as though the only way for them to get to sea would be to fly. Some writer has remarked that water makes an astonishing difference in the appearance of a river, and it certainly does make a big change in the looks of the St. John water front.

HEARTH AND BOUDOIR

SOME FASHIONABLE FANCIES AND FASHION FRILLS.

Early Fall Coat That Will Soon be a Necessary Garment—Some Hints on the Collar—A Paris Novelty—For Cool September Days.

Swagger Collar.
The collar is a paramount essential in early fall costumes. Of course, the stock, or throat dressing of any sort, is always an important matter in the treatment of a woman's temperament and her gowns, so the term "collar" is a perfectly new idea, applied to something recently sprung by fashion builders. This "something" in latest importations is an exorbitant, berthlike affair cut low in the neck and worn round the shoulders, in the front it shows a relationship with revers and fichus. You can easily



Tea and house gowns of the show-rooms are on the most elaborate order, in all manner of handsome materials from the heavy to the transparent. Most of them reflect empire styles, though there are a few models tight fitting at the waist, these usually in cashmere or henrietta cloth. Moire in black, white and delicate shades is a new material for these gowns, and whatever its shade, is beautifully trimmed. Lace, all kinds of embroidery,

brilliant dark blue color, all the edges being finished with a strap of tan broadcloth, stitched with Corticelli spool silk in self color. The coat collar is bordered by a similar strap, but

Another collar is of black silk mousseline over black taffeta. It is embroidered in white silk and spangled with tiniest cut jet. The edges are finished with black silk lace an inch and a half wide loosely ruffled at the joining.

For Cool September Days.
Miss matched effects are not very popular this season with two notable exceptions. One is the covert coat, to be worn with skirts of dark blue or black mohair or serge, and the other is the skirt of shepard's checked cheviot to be worn with close fitting body coats of dark blue or black matching the check. In this costume the coloring is black and white. The material being braid in radiating tufts, each of which shows a tiny piping of black cloth, and is situated with black Corticelli silk to within about twelve inches of the edge, where it is freed to give the flare. The little close fitting Eton coat is made of the black cloth and shows the favorite velvet faced coat collar. The revers are faced with white moire,



and ornamented with a single row of fancy braid.
A Paris Novelty.
One of the taking Paris novelties is a flat-topped pyramid braid, either in one color or in black and white. Two or three fine silk cords outline the pyramid, and many dressmakers

in Paris are putting the braid in double widths upon the material, thus forming squares. Another braid is a heavy, wide basket weave in brilliant silk, and still another is a scallop which has deep points in its upper edge and is bordered on the scallop with a cord and loop-edged braid. This comes in fourteen styles and colors, and in sizes varying from one-fourth of an inch to an inch. Scythe braid in five sizes, with corded effects, is another popular braid for fall, and button effects in braids, together with all the flat braids of irregular and pointed outlines promise to hold their own the coming season.

An Early Fall Coat.
The Directoire Eton front, arranged to be worn open or closed as the exigencies of Dame Fashion and our equally capricious climate demand, is a special feature of many of the coats of the season, whether long or short. This natty little coat is an exceptionally happy example of this design. It is made of satin finished cloth of a



cry, cording, braid, rose ruchings, chiffon, mousseline de soie and insertions appear among the trimmings. Ribbon also enters largely into their make-up, and some are alternate bands of satin ribbon and insertion, while in other gowns the ribbon is velvet.
Three different shades of chiffon are used for some tea gowns. Thus a foundation is white, a middle chiffon is delicate green and the outside one is rose pink. Fluffy ruffles trim the bottom of such a dress very prettily.



Quite Informal.
A new social fad for the fall season is the "afternoon surprise." One member of a certain set makes it her business to know when a certain other member will be at home on an afternoon. Then arrangements are made for the "surprise." This surprise is made up from six to twelve women, all friends of the prospective surprised hostess, a tea given by the guests, and a gift to the lady of the house by those who entertain her and themselves on her premises. Little "surprises" of any jolly social sort may be introduced as "varieties."

Fashionable Frills.
White mousseline is banishing the green veil from the smart hat.
In fall suitings is a sleek and silky shot stuff with a nap like velvet.
The size of the season's hat renders a parasol a mere accessory of dress.
An imported gown distinctly presages the return of short gown and petticoat.
Pique is less modish than linens and crashes.
The lace and embroidery vogue makes a yoke almost a necessity of the modish gown.

WOMEN WHO STAKE BETS.

Are Never Satisfied, and Prove To Be Remarkably Hard Losers.

A marked feature of the betting at Saratoga is that it is indulged in by practically all the women who attend the races. The commissioners write on the same pages of their notebooks the wages of a Vanderbilt and the bets of a Vanderbilt governess, while others pass from school teacher to lady's maid and dressmaker to millionaire's wife, listening respectfully and writing down the order that these fair spectators give.

The time of the commissioners' lives comes at evening, when they are settling up and trying to explain what bets and odds they played and why the sums of money that they turn over are all that the fair ones are entitled to. I have seen four men explaining to a rich woman that the \$18 given to her was all that she had won, after paying her bets and paying back money she had borrowed to bet with.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I bet on every race and I won on two out of six, and on one race alone I won \$20."

"Yes," was the reply, "but you borrowed \$13 and have paid it back, and the agent has taken his 10 per cent commission, and you are ahead \$18."

"Well," she replied, "if all you gentlemen say it is right, of course it is, but I know I won over \$30."

And that was a woman who would pay \$50 for a hat or \$500 for a gown and think far less of parting with \$1,000 than she would of winning \$30 on a horse race.

STEADY WORK IS WHAT COUNTS.

Masterpieces of the World Were Not Produced in a Hurry.

Anyone can hold out a dumbbell for a few seconds, but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end, says the Atlantic Monthly. For Hawthorne to hold the people of "The Scarlet Letter" steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to "Middlemarch" does not in itself afford any criterion of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain power and artistic instinct to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in "The Cloister and the Hearth"—"Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry."

RANG THE CHURCH BELL.

And Sent in Order From Pew Twenty-One.

A belated tourist from Florida says that it is almost impossible to understand how great was the rush of visitors at the height of the season. He says that a man came one day to one of the big hotels and was told that there was not room for him in the house, but a place to sleep would be made up for him in the memorial chapel on the hotel grounds. He said that would suit him all right. By bed time he had all that was coming to him in the way of unsold refreshments. When he woke up in the morning he looked for a push button, and finding none he wandered out into the vestibule. There he saw the bell rope and tolled the bell until a man opened the door and asked him what was the matter.

"Bring me a cocktail and a siphon of carbonic, and be quick about it," said the guest, "and charge it to Pew 21."

And Father Was Right.

At a recent meeting of the board of charities and corrections one of the members called attention to newspaper accounts of several deaths that were laid at the door of Christian Science, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Dr. John V. Shoemaker, who has present, was asked if he thought it really possible that a cure could be effected by the doctrine. In reply he told the story of a boy who encountered a Christian Scientist and was asked:
"How is your father?"
"Father's feeling bad and complains much of his health," replied the boy.
"Nonsense!" commented the C. S. "He only thinks he's ill. Tell him that the next time he complains. Tell him he only thinks he's ill."

Two or three days later they met again, and the C. S. asked:
"How is your father today?"
"Father—father thinks he's dead, sir," replied the boy hesitatingly.

Dogs Like Jellyfish.

"When I was down at Cape May, the other day," said a clergyman, "I saw a dog run up to a big jellyfish that lay on the sand and begin to eat it greedily. The dog was a collie, a valuable animal, evidently. A life guard rushed up, and, with a kick, drove it away from his horrible repast. The collie departed regretfully, morsels of the clear-colored jelly clinging to the edges of its lips. The life guard told me that dogs have a great fondness for jellyfish, and that they frequent the beach at all hours, looking for them. He makes it a point to drive the dogs away, for there are many varieties of jellyfish that are poisonous. The guard said that he knew of two good dogs that died this summer through eating jellyfish, and he thought that good dogs should not be allowed on the beach except with muzzles that will prevent them from eating."—Philadelphia Record.