

MODERN HOME AT MODERATE COST

The modern home of moderate cost is one of the most difficult problems that confront the architect of today, since he must produce for a modest expenditure a design which will embody the numberless comforts and conveniences heretofore only dreamed of by the rich. This result can only be achieved by long study and through a natural genius in construction and design.

Part of an architect's business is to make housekeeping easy and economical. Beauty is also important. Nothing attracts more than an artistic house. It costs no more money than an ugly one. But you must know how. It is the thought that is put into the construction that saves the money. It is the knowledge of design that enables the architect to form a simple, yet refined detail. A cozy ingle-nook, a dainty oriel window render a home doubly attractive, and should you wish to dispose of your property, a practical and attractive design will frequently double its value.

A few new features worked in this dainty little home makes it stand out

He declares that what was formerly Caesar's empire will be divided, between 1906 and 1917, into ten kingdoms, including France, extending to the Rhine, taking in Great Britain without Ireland, and India, Spain, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt and the Balkans. These ten kingdoms will form a Latin confederacy, which will be league against Germany and Russia. The prophet says that a lot of terrible things will happen in the ensuing ten years.

Poor America does not figure in the awful chronicle, presumably because she finds no place in Biblical history.

WHERE BALLOONS ARE MADE

Immense Numbers of Them Turned Out on a New York Farm.

"You would be inclined to think you were dreaming," says a writer in Pearson's, Mr. McGovern, "were you to walk through the farm of Carl E. Myers, nine miles from the city of Utica, state of New York. Here can be seen, on constant view, in summer time, a large variety of aerial craft—airships that actually fly, just as they

lotte, 9; at the third battle of Plevna where the Turks moved the Russian down like grain, 19.5; at Santiago, 12, at Colenso, 5.5; at Paardeberg, 3, and at Spion Kop, 19.2. In the last three only the British combatants and casualties are reckoned, the number of the Boers not being known.

Now these figures do show a smaller percentage of casualties in the later than in the earlier wars. But the change is not uniform and is not at ways marked. Gettysburg was more destructive than Waterloo and nearly twice as costly as Austerlitz. Inkerman was worse than Jena. Plevna surpassed in destructiveness most of the Napoleonic battles. Our fight at Santiago fell little short of Austerlitz. In the Boer war the British losses at Colenso and Paardeberg were light, but at Spion Kop they were heavier than those at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Inkerman, at Sadowa, and at Gravelotte, and fell just short of equaling those at Plevna. Moreover, as the writer quoted himself says, the Boer losses in these battles were probably much heavier than the British, and so, if they were taken into account,

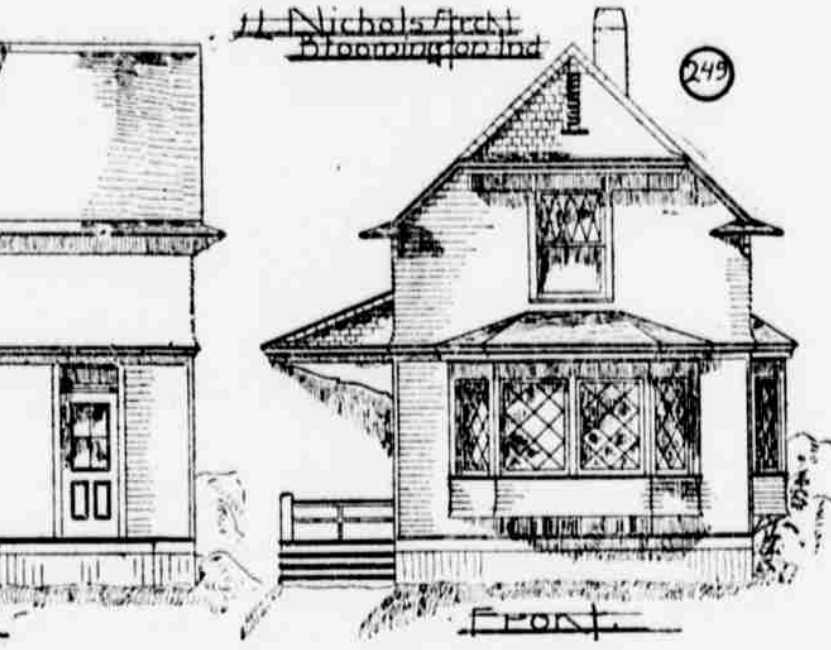
do in the story books, doing strange things that you had supposed could never happen in reality.

Besides the array of new kinds of air craft, it is a fact little known that every American-made hydrogen balloon in use in the United States—whether by the government or by private individuals—is a product of this one farm.

"Most striking among the things to be seen at the balloon farm is a flying machine that really flies; not merely a working model of an airship that flies a few feet along a track on the ground, but a fully completed flying machine that soars into the actual skies as high as any bird—a machine that ascends, that turns and dives as readily as an eagle does.

"Many other curious aerial vessels have been turned out from the Myers balloon farm, and some greater wonders are in course of construction. It is not only his own inventions that Mr. Myers constructs on his balloon farm. He makes all sorts of aerial contrivances—scientific kites, freak balloons, air vessels—for other inventors.

"The greatest number of the balloon farm products, however, are big hydrogen balloons."



quite prominent when compared with the ordinary five-room cottage. Note the beautiful bay and divans—such a cozy place for the large, easy pillows, and just the place to show them off to advantage. The large open stairway gives a roomy effect that you cannot get in any other way. In the ceiling of the first story the joists are pine, dressed and varnished, on which is nailed a double floor, the under layer forming the ceiling. The rooms are not so large, it is true, but large enough to be easily furnished in artistic effects without expensive outlay. Large rooms half furnished look bad. Why not consider quality instead of quantity even in building a home?

Cost \$900, built first class in every respect.

WAR LOSSES, OLD AND NEW.

Perfection of Modern Weapons Has Had No Marked Result.

Mr. Maurice Low's highly interesting analysis of the cost of the Boer war and other wars, recently printed in the Tribune Review, and an article in the London Chronicle elaborating other phases of the same topic, suggest to some the conclusion that modern weapons and methods of battle have greatly lessened the number of casualties. That is a welcome conclusion, and it may be in a measure justified. But it is probably not as fully justified as some suppose. One writer says that "the perfection of modern weapons leads to an extraordinary reduction of casualties." But his own statistics in the London Chronicle scarcely bear out his enthusiastic belief.

Beginning with Marengo, he gives statistics of the number of combatants and the number of casualties in twenty-two important battles, in eleven wars, down to the present time. At Marengo the casualties were 21.7 per cent of the whole number of combatants; at Austerlitz, 13.5; at Jena, 17; at Eylau, that "bloodiest picture in the book of time," 34.3; at Borodino, 32; at "that world's earthquake, Waterloo," 24.7; at Inkerman, 18.3; at Gettysburg, 26.5; at Sadowa, 6; at Gravelotte, 9; at the third battle of Plevna where the Turks moved the Russian down like grain, 19.5; at Santiago, 12, at Colenso, 5.5; at Paardeberg, 3, and at Spion Kop, 19.2. In the last three only the British combatants and casualties are reckoned, the number of the Boers not being known.

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HE WAS NOT IMPRESSED.

Old Indian Chief Turned Up His Nose at Gorgeous Trappings.

One of the civilians at the state house has a good one on the members of the gilded staff which he is telling with great glee, says the Cape Ann (Mass.) News.

Down in Old Town a few years ago, says the man who tells the story, they were entertaining the governor and his gold-encrusted staff.

The Indians were enjoying the staff as much as the staff were enjoying the Indians. One old chief of a lost tribe had been watching the gliding from a distance.

Finally he came up to one of the aids, who was standing a bit apart from the rest. He looked the colonel over. He studied him attentively from the front and rear and sides.

"Belong to the army?" he asked.

"No," said the colonel.

The Indian paused and studied the effect anew.

"Navy?"

"No."

Another long contemplation of the gold lace.

"Milesh?" queried the Indian.

There was withering contempt in the "No" of the answer.

The Indian went away back and sat down. He had run his limit, but still he wanted to know what all the trimmings stood for.

Once more he leaped up to the colonel, and catching hold of his aiguillette, put the question squarely.

"What do you belong to, heh?"

"The governor's staff," replied the aid, adding a little strain to the double row of brass buttons that chased themselves down to his gold lace belt.

"Oh, h—l!" said Lo, and he walked away with his head in the air.

Enjoys Joke on Himself.

Peter Lynch is a New York man who is philosopher enough to extract some fun out of a joke at his own expense. He suspects some one of having inserted an advertisement in the papers putting him on the matrimonial market. Mr. Lynch is handsome, passing rich, debonaire and 35. He is also a member of the exclusive Montclair Bachelor Club. He said: "There were 140 young women who wanted to marry me up to 6 o'clock last night. This morning I received twenty more proposals, all of them coming from women scattered through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. I belong to a bachelor club and would be subject to a heavy fine were I even to make the least semblance of a googoo at any member of the fair sex. Of course some of the boys think they are having a great joke on me, and have engaged other girl friends to push the same along, but I am a good healthy subject for them to practice on, and I guess I am having as much fun out of it as they are."

A Useful Barometer.

According to a French meteorologist a cup of hot coffee is an infallible barometer.

"Put a lump of sugar in the cup," he says, "and then watch the air bubbles which are formed on the surface. If they form themselves into a group in the center the weather will be fine. If they adhere to the cup, forming a circle, it is a token of rain or snow, according to the season of the year. Finally, if they separate from each other and occupy no fixed position, it is safe to predict that the weather will be changeable."

LONDON HAS A PROPHET.

Rev. M. Baxter Predicts the Second Coming of Christ in 1929.

There appears in the most expensive column of London's newspapers of the biggest circulation one of the most curious advertisements ever published. It consists of a long prophecy, occupying two and a half columns, and describing a series of momentous events which are to occur between 1906 and 1929, and which will culminate in the second coming of Christ and the beginning of the millennium.

The prophet describes himself as Rev. M. Baxter of London, and his creed is another of those elaborate deductions from figures and signs in the Book of Daniel and Revelation.

A Fairy Tale.

"And," said the good fairy, "for your noble deeds I will grant you any wish you may desire."

"I will choose," said the lucky person, "a ton of coal."

Hereupon there arose great consternation in the ranks of the fairies, which terminated in a proposition to arbitrate the matter in order, if possible, to compromise on a ton of diamonds.

These long winter days are just like the short winter days in one respect—a fellow likes to turn over for another snooze in the morning.

Antagonism Engendered Between Prussians and Poles.

Hardly a day passes but the newspapers contain striking evidence of the antagonistic spirit which is being engendered between the Poles and the Prussians. Last week it came to the ears of the publishers of a Polish paper circulating in Westphalia that one of their compositors was about to marry a German girl. They considered that this stamped him as a traitor to Poland, and although he had served them faithfully for many years they dismissed him on the spot. A large number of Poles work in the Westphalia coal mines, and in order to further the amalgamation of the races the authorities have issued regulations to the effect that no person shall be employed underground who is not proficient in the German language. The Poles obstinately refuse to know a word of German when they happen to be called up to make statements in public.

A few days ago a Polish miner had to give evidence in a Westphalia police court. He was, of course, as innocent as a newly-born babe of any knowledge of German until the magistrate threatened to report the case to his employers, who would have been compelled to dismiss him. Thereupon his German came back, and he replied fluently to all the questions put to him. His wife had been present during the hearing of the case, and was waiting for him in the passage just outside the court room door. As soon as he appeared she bitterly reproached him for having given away, and to render her arguments more forcible, soundly boxed his ears. She then kicked him with such vigor that he had to race down the corridor into the street to escape the attentions of his "patriotic" better half.—London Leader.

Novels Read by Statesmen.

The yearly bill for novels supplied to the library of the French Chamber of Deputies is usually between \$4,000 and \$4,500.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Why have you lived so long in Alaska?"

"I could not get away," was the answer. "Yours is the only face I have seen since I left my friends, the Indians, save those who held me captive."

"And you have escaped?"

"Yes."

"Then come with us to the camp on the Klondyke."

"Klondyke—I've heard of it; they often talk about it when they think me asleep, but I do not always sleep when I seem to."

Paul was filled with delight, for here was a chance to unravel the mystery in which he was involved.

Another silence fell on the group, broken by Paul asking:

"Do you know a miner named Glum?"

"Glum—Glum—no."

"Glum Ralston."

The old man again shook his head, declaring he had never known such a person. Paul was disappointed. From what Glum Ralston had told him he was confident that this mysterious hermit of the woods was the long-lost captain who had followed the Indians to the place where they said gold in great quantities was found. But when the mysterious hermit disclaimed any knowledge of him at all he was quite as far away from the solution of the problem as he had been before.

Next morning the party resumed their march guided by the sun, which shone a portion of the day. Paul and the hermit were constantly together, and hourly grew more and more friendly, until, as the noble nature of the hermit unfolded itself, Paul came to love him. He was known to the hermit by his sobriquet of Crack-lash, for he had been called by no other name since his arrival in Alaska.

Paul was hourly entreating himself about the rugged heart of the old man. One night when they had halted and the Indians were building a fire for the night the hermit said:

"Crack-lash, you impress me strangely. I don't know why, but I have grown to love you as if you were my nearest relative. When my own dear boy grows up to manhood I could only wish that he would make as noble a man."

Paul, deeply impressed with the old man's sad story, expressed a hope that he would soon be able to leave Alaska and reach his home, and that his wife and child might yet be alive to welcome him.

Their stock of provisions was running short. One day the Indians came on the trail of a moose and were anxious to start on its trail. Paul gave them permission to go, while he and the hermit kindled the fire and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night.

The prisoner, as usual, sat in sullen silence, with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on the fire. Paul and the hermit sat engaged in earnest conversation. The former was talking in a low tone, telling how he had been robbed by the prisoner and three others, and followed them into the forest. He was in the midst of his narrative when two objects suddenly appeared before them, each with a Winchester rifle and said:

"Surrender or you are dead men." Resistance was useless; they were prisoners almost before they knew it.

CHAPTER X.

Paul Learns That Laura is in Alaska.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Ned Padgett, rubbing his hands gleefully at seeing the tables turned. "You have in sight, mates, in good time. Must 'a' had fair winds."

Paul had no difficulty in making out the two men, companions of the third, whom he had met on other occasions. As these were the men who had robbed him and whom he and old Glum had chased in the forest, there was little mercy to expect from them. With thoughts of seal-skin Paul and the hermit were quickly tied hard and fast, and told they must move on before the Indians returned.

As it was dark and the snow falling rapidly, there was little danger of even the Indians following on their trail, shrewd as they were in such experiences.

The night was dark and the snow falling, so it was difficult traveling. A strip of walrus hide was tied about the arms of each above their elbows and fastened about their backs. They were heavily loaded, and threatened with the knotted stick which Ned carried in his hand when they staggered under their heavy loads.

On, on and on they staggered through the darkness and over the uneven ground. At last Paul, utterly exhausted, sank down at the root of a tree.

"Get up! Go on!" cried one of their captors.

"I cannot."

"Ye lie!" cried Padgett and raised his club.

But one of his companions quickly interposed with:

"Hold on, Ned. Don't be a fool, now, and throw away every chance we have."

"What ye goin' t' do?" asked Ned.

"We're too far away for the Metlakatians to overtake us, so we will go into camp and wait till mornin'."

A roaring fire was built against the

side of a great stone which reared its snow-capped head a hundred feet into the air.

Paul's pack was removed from his back and he laid on a blanket in front of the fire with the hermit by his side.

The rascal named Morris came to the old man's side and said:

"You said you could not give up that secret if you wished."

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

"It is lost."

Morris stared at him for a moment with wide open eyes and gasped:

"I don't understand you, Cap; you are talkin' in riddles."

"I care very little whether you understand me or not," the old man defiantly answered. "The secret is lost. It was written in cipher on a walrus hide and the walrus hide is lost."

It was some time before the idea could get through the thick skulls of the ex-sailors, but when they came to fully comprehend the loss they roared like madmen. Ned seized his knotted stick and swore he would brain them both, but his more cool companion interposed, saying:

"It may all be a trick. After all it may be only a trick to throw us off the trail. If we decide for the old case to pass in his checks, let it be done deliberately and give him time to reflect."

So Padgett decided to let them live and trust to some chance to reveal the hiding place of the money. Paul had heard the above conversation between their captors and waiting for an opportunity to speak with the hermit when he would not be overheard by them, whispered:

"Is the walrus hide you referred to the one left in the cavern where you took me?"

"Yes."

"I took it."

"You?" There was an expression on the old man's face almost fierce as he asked the question.

"Yes, I took it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to the miner who was with me before I fell from the precipice and whom I found after leaving the cavern. He said he had seen it before."

"Where?"

"The Indians who had enticed his captain away in search of gold had some such hide, only there had been painting added to it since."

The hermit turned, and fixing his great, earnest eyes on him in astonishment, asked:

"His captain—had he been a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what seas?"

"Almost all over the world, but his last voyage was in a sealing schooner to St. Paul Island, Alaska, and this coast."

"What was this sailor's name?"

"He is called old Glum."

"No other name?"

"I believe Glum Ralston is his name, but after all his real name, I don't think, is known. In this country nearly everybody goes by some nickname, and I fancy that Glum Ralston was only a nickname."

"Might have been Jack Ralston."

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I once heard him say his real name was Jack Ralston; however, I will not be sure."

The hermit was very calm. Paul waited a long time for him to answer, but the old man was silent as the grave. Then two of their captors came near where they were sitting, and they dared not talk anymore.

Their journey was very painful and difficult. Grown desperate, Paul had determined to escape from their captors even if he had to kill them.

One day they reached a great, gloomy cavern which extended to an unfathomable depth in the earth. Their captors had pine knots on the wall about the cavern, and lighting two of these went back to where there were piles of dead grass and a table of stone on which lay a pack of greasy cards. Here they took up their abode.

Several days passed, and then Morris and Padgett left the cavern in charge of Tom Ambrose, who tied the prisoners every night, established a deadline in the cavern in daytime, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to cross it.

Two or three weeks had elapsed, for in that dungeon night and day were one, when the two men came back and with them another whom Morris seemed to have known. He introduced the newcomer to Tom Ambrose as a friend fresh from San Francisco.

Padgett took Paul to where the stranger sat on a musk ox hide and the latter asked:

"Is your name Paul Miller?"

"It is."

"Are you from Fresno, California?"

"I am."

"Do you know Laura Kean?"

"I do; what of her? His whole frame was trembling with anxiety and emotion."

"She is in Alaska. Just landed a few days ago at Juneau in company with Mr. Theodore Lackland."

"It is a lie—a lie!" roared Paul, beside himself with rage and mortification. "It's a lie and I will crowd it down your throat!"

Before anyone knew what he intended he had his informant by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

The guards came to the relief of their companion. Paul was quickly torn away from him and his hands bound. He lay upon the dead grass piled in the cavern. His mind was in a whirl and he kept saying to himself:

"Can it be possible? No, no, it is not possible. The whole world may be false, but Laura is not. Come to Alaska in company with that man—no, it is not true."

A thousand tumultuous emotions were stirring his breast as he lay

on the dried grass, striving to persuade himself that after all this was some horrible dream. The man whom he had assaulted in company with Padgett and Morris approached him. Morris handed Paul a letter in the well-known handwriting of Laura Kean. It was dated at Juneau and addressed to Paul's mother in Fresno. The letter was brief, saying she had just arrived, and would rest a day or two before proceeding farther.

"Isn't that evidence?" asked Morris.

"Yes; but she did not come with him."

"Oh no; he came on another ship."

"Then he lied when he said they came together."

Morris laughed a cold, sardonic laugh, and in a voice that seemed to have all the evil of a demon in it, answered:

"Though they came on different ships from America, there is but one train going to the Klondyke and both will be in that train. The chances are she knows no one but him, and you know Lackland's feelings towards the girl. When he starts to win he wins; he's got millions to work with, and it's necessary to buy the entire pack train off he can do it."

Paul Miller groaned aloud, but made no answer. He realized how great her danger and how utterly hopeless he was to aid her.

"Now you can save her," said Morris.

"Save her? My Heaven, how? What other infernal scheme have you on hand?"

"You were overheard talking with the old man about a walrus hide. From what you said it was understood you knew something about it. If you will give us information that will lead to finding it, you shall be given your liberty and be taken to this young lady, Laura Kean."

"I cannot," groaned Paul.

"Why?"

"I don't know where it is."

"What did you do with it?" asked Morris, his face expressing the deepest concern.

"I gave it to another. Where he is or what he has done with it: I do not know."

A look of disappointment swept over the faces of the captors at this announcement. They retired to near the entrance of the cavern and there held a consultation.

"It's all a pack of lies," cried Padgett. "We've been twenty years in these woods waitin' t' grab that pile, an' no nearer to it now than before. Knock out their brains an' go away is what I say."

Tom Ambrose, though equally as much a villain as his companion, urged moderation. During all the years the unprincipled rascals had struggled to get possession of their captive's secret, Tom had acted as a brake to fiery Ned's temper.

"We have a hold on the old man, one of the plotters at last, declared. 'He can be made to tell where the gold is cached.'

"But he don't know."

"He does know. He must know."

"Well, what good'll that do? Hain't we been the last eighteen or twenty years tryin' to open the hatches o' the old capen, who's as close-mouthed as a clam? We've threatened t' hang him—done everything any one kin, but it's all no use."

"We got a stronger pull now than ever."

"What is it?"

"Come here."

His companions gathered about him and he spread his arms around their shoulders and began to reveal the plan which emanated from his wonderful brain—a plan that was diabolical, but promised success.

(To be continued.)

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Morris laughed a cold, sardonic laugh, and in a voice that seemed to have all the evil of a demon in it, answered:

"Though they came on different ships from America, there is but one train going to the Klondyke and both will be in that train. The chances are she knows no one but him, and you know Lackland's feelings towards the girl. When he starts to win he wins; he's got millions to work with, and it's necessary to buy the entire pack train off he can do it."

Paul Miller groaned aloud, but made no answer. He realized how great her danger and how utterly hopeless he was to aid her.

"Now you can save her," said Morris.

"Save her? My Heaven, how? What other infernal scheme have you on hand?"

"You were overheard talking with the old man about a walrus hide. From what you said it was understood you knew something about it. If you will give us information that will lead to finding it, you shall be given your liberty and be taken to this young lady, Laura Kean."

"I cannot," groaned Paul.

"Why?"

"I don't know where it is."

"What did you do with it?" asked Morris, his face expressing the deepest concern.

"I gave it to another. Where he is or what he has done with it: I do not know."

A look of disappointment swept over the faces of the captors at this announcement. They retired to near the entrance of the cavern and there held a consultation.

"It's all a pack of lies," cried Padgett. "We've been twenty years in these woods waitin' t' grab that pile, an' no nearer to it now than before. Knock out their brains an' go away is what I say."

Tom Ambrose, though equally as much a villain as his companion, urged moderation. During all the years the unprincipled rascals had struggled to get possession of their captive's secret, Tom had acted as a brake to fiery Ned's temper.

"We have a hold on the old man, one of the plotters at last, declared. 'He can be made to tell where the gold is cached.'

"But he don't know."

"He does know. He must know."

"Well, what good'll that do? Hain't we been the last eighteen or twenty years tryin' to open the hatches o' the old capen, who's as close-mouthed as a clam? We've threatened t' hang him—done everything any one kin, but it's all no use."

"We got a stronger pull now than ever."

"What is it?"

"Come here."

His companions gathered about him and he spread his arms around their shoulders and began to reveal the plan which emanated from his wonderful brain—a plan that was diabolical, but promised success.

(To be continued.)

side of a great stone which reared its snow-capped head a hundred feet into the air.

Paul's pack was removed from his back and he laid on a blanket in front of the fire with the hermit by his side.

The rascal named Morris came to the old man's side and said:

"You said you could not give up that secret if you wished."

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

"It is lost."

Morris stared at him for a moment with wide open eyes and gasped:

"I don't understand you, Cap; you are talkin' in riddles."

"I care very little whether you understand me or not," the old man defiantly answered. "The secret is lost. It was written in cipher on a walrus hide and the walrus hide is lost."

It was some time before the idea could get through the thick skulls of the ex-sailors, but when they came to fully comprehend the loss they roared like madmen. Ned seized his knotted stick and swore he would brain them both, but his more cool companion interposed, saying:

"It may all be a trick. After all it may be only a trick to throw us off the trail. If we decide for the old case to pass in his checks, let it be done deliberately and give him time to reflect."

So Padgett decided to let them live and trust to some chance to reveal the hiding place of the money. Paul had heard the above conversation between their captors and waiting for an opportunity to speak with the hermit when he would not be overheard by them, whispered:

"Is the walrus hide you referred to the one left in the cavern where you took me?"

"Yes."

"I took it."

"You?" There was an expression on the old man's face almost fierce as he asked the question.

"Yes, I took it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to the miner who was with me before I fell from the precipice and whom I found after leaving the cavern. He said he had seen it before."

"Where?"

"The Indians who had enticed his captain away in search of gold had some such hide, only there had been painting added to it since."

The hermit turned, and fixing his great, earnest eyes on him in astonishment, asked:

"His captain—had he been a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what seas?"

"Almost all over the world, but his last voyage was in a sealing schooner to St. Paul Island, Alaska, and this coast."

"What was this sailor's name?"

"He is called old Glum."

"No other name?"

"I believe Glum Ralston is his name, but after all his real name, I don't think, is known. In this country nearly everybody goes by some nickname, and I fancy that Glum Ralston was only a nickname."

"Might have been Jack Ralston."

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I once heard him say his real name was Jack Ralston; however, I will not be sure."

The hermit was very calm. Paul waited a long time for him to answer, but the old man was silent as the grave. Then two of their captors came near where they were sitting, and they dared not talk anymore.

Their journey was very painful and difficult. Grown desperate, Paul had determined to escape from their captors even if he had to kill them.

One day they reached a great, gloomy cavern which extended to an unfathomable depth in the earth. Their captors had pine knots on the wall about the cavern, and lighting two of these went back to where there were piles of dead grass and a table of stone on which lay a pack of greasy cards. Here they took up their abode.

Several days passed, and then Morris and Padgett left the cavern in charge of Tom Ambrose, who tied the prisoners every night, established a deadline in the cavern in daytime, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to cross it.

Two or three weeks had elapsed, for in that dungeon night and day were one, when the two men came back and with them another whom Morris seemed to have known. He introduced the newcomer to Tom Ambrose as a friend fresh from San Francisco.

Padgett took Paul to where the stranger sat on a musk ox hide and the latter asked:

"Is your name Paul Miller?"

"It is."

"Are you from Fresno, California?"

"I am."

"Do you know Laura Kean?"

"I do; what of her? His whole frame was trembling with anxiety and emotion."

"She is in Alaska. Just landed a few days ago at Juneau in company with Mr. Theodore Lackland."

"It is a lie—a lie!" roared Paul, beside himself