

FAME.

A man in the crowded city Who longed for a deathless name...

A man in a lonely cabin Found a task to do one day—

A path was worn to the cabin And men in hundreds came...



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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Bowers' face showed his approval of the mate's efforts and Tarbox was apparently convinced...

"It's a lucky thing I met you. Dick told me he had written to both the Averys..."

"That's what I have. Here they are, all shipshape and above board..."

"That's Dick Taylor's fist the world over," assented Tarbox as he examined the letter...

"It's all right, of course, but a man has to be careful. Once let the mob know where we are..."

"As luck would have it Hank Bowers chose this instant, when Tarbox was examining the papers..."

"He cast a keen look at Bowers, and as if his scrutiny had been satisfactory, he dropped his eyes again..."

"It's a pity you didn't pick up the other Avery at Dyea..."

"Do just as the letter says," replied Tarbox. "Build a fire and he'll see the smoke and come..."

"How long afore you'll be back with the grub? We've got a good lot here, but you can't hev too much..."

"I'll take me three days to get in and two or three more to get what I want..."

"After finishing his pipe, Tarbox pleaded fatigue, and rolled himself up in his blanket..."

"That was a close shave! There is something wrong about that sailor, if his company is anything to go by..."

"At the first sign of daylight he was astray. A hasty meal was soon eaten, and, shaking hands cordially with both men, he said:

"Tell Dick I'll be back as soon as I can. You can't miss the trail."

Then he struck out manfully on the back track to Dyea, leaving the plotters standing in front of their tent, exulting.

CHAPTER IX. JOINING FORCES.

Tom and his party camped the first night about 30 miles from Dyea. The next morning they were early astir and continued their journey.

girl was too full of life and spirits to ride quietly at her father's side, and Tom had several long chats with her...

In return Tom described his life at home, and the young girl listened with breathless interest to the story of the voyage and his adventure at San Francisco.

"See! There's a man coming this way!" She had scarcely spoken when the second mate announced the same fact.

"How are you! Bound for Dyea?" "That's just it," was the response as the man ran his eyes rapidly over the liberal outfit...

"We're going toward Fort Selkirk," said Tom. "Going down the river to Dawson?" "It's hard to tell where we'll fetch up," replied the young man evasively.

"Well, yes, I did meet two men yesterday. Friends of yours?" "What were they like?" asked Tom. "One was a tall chap that I think I've seen at the river stations..."

"The exclamations broke simultaneously from Tom and Green, while the stranger looked at them in surprise, and added:

"That wasn't the name he gave me. He said his name was Tom Scott." "By thunder! We're on the right course," shouted Green, while Tom could only gasp:

"Tom Scott! That's my name!" The man looked at them a moment in blank astonishment, and then a light evidently seemed to break on his mind...

"Will you tell me your name?" "Certainly. My name is William Avery."

The other man stepped up to him at once and extended one of his hands, palm downward, on the middle finger of which was a heavy gold ring with a curious device in the back.

"If that is your name, you can tell me the history of this ring," he said, looking Avery full in the face.

"I surely ought to be able to," was the reply, while the others looked on in surprise at the little scene being enacted so unexpectedly before them.

"I gave it to Dick Taylor in California a good many years ago. You must be the man he mentioned in his letter to me. You are Joe Tarbox, or you wouldn't have that ring."

"Right you are," was the hearty response, "and I'm mighty glad to see you. Can you vouch for these two men? Is this really the Scott your brother mentioned in his will?"

"What do you know about his will?" demanded Tom, blankly. "Because I've seen it."

"Seen it! I was robbed of it in Frisco!" "The mate must have shown it to him!" broke in Green. "I knew I was right all the time!"

The questions now flew thick and fast and soon Tarbox was made aware of the true state of affairs. Tom showed him the identification he had brought from San Francisco, which removed the last lingering doubt...

At length Avery said, abruptly: "But you are not going to Dyea now? We have supplies enough here to feed our party and you two besides for the next year. You must come back with us..."

"They won't find him. You'll understand better when you get there. Dick will know the tallest galoot the moment he sets his eyes on him. We've both seen him before. The sailor picked out just the man to queer him with Dick. If it wasn't for that I might feel a little bit uneasy, but it's all right, I tell you. Dick Taylor is no tenderfoot."

We might as well camp for the night. It'll soon be dark. If all this stuff is grub there's enough to feed the whole Klondike country."

He was firm in his refusal to proceed further that day, and, in fact, by the time the loads had been removed from the horses and the animals cared for the sun had disappeared. The tents were soon pitched and after supper and a friendly chat the entire party stretched themselves on their rude couches and were soon asleep.

"There is where the trail branches off to our place. It's only about 25 or 30 miles then. We'd better push ahead and see if we can't make it before dark."

An hour later they reached the landmark. Tom could not see any sign of a trail in the direction in which Tarbox turned his horse's head, but after a moment the marks of hoofs were plainly to be seen and said coolly:

"Our two friends managed to find their way, I see." He had not uttered a threat against the men who had tried to deceive him, but Tom felt certain there would be a day of reckoning in the near future.

"Push the horses along," said Tarbox. "We shan't want all of them after today. Mebbe we shan't want them at all. We can't keep them where we are going."

"But there's plenty of meat on their bones," said Tom. "We won't need it."

Tarbox was apparently determined not to explain himself and the subject was dropped. Mile after mile was rapidly traversed, for the country was comparatively open, and even the pack horses could trot at times. Still the guide showed no sign of pausing, and at last the sun was dipping behind the horizon. Then he suddenly turned to the left around a huge boulder toward which they had been traveling for some time, and the rest saw directly in front of them the summits of two lofty hills, the gorge between them being densely wooded about half way up on either side.

The tops were still crowned with snow, upon which the setting sun shone

its crimson rays until they seemed bathed in blood.

For some distance on the left of the travelers extended a perpendicular cliff fully a hundred feet high and accessible only to the birds. On the right the ascent was more gradual, but the trees were very dense until the snow line was reached.

Tarbox led the way among the boulders at the foot of the cliff until he came to an open spot. Then he dismounted and said:

"We are here. Now for a fire." Tom was about to go for fuel, when he saw Tarbox reach behind a rock and bring out a handful of dry twigs and moss, which he soon ignited. When the blaze shot up he covered it with damp moss, and the result was a dense column of smoke which went curling up the face of the cliff until it showed distinctly against the sky above.

The other men busied themselves with the usual routine work of camping, but Tarbox stood by the fire in silence for fully ten minutes. An anxious look began to appear on his face, but suddenly he gave a little exclamation of relief as a pebble struck him on the shoulder and rebounded to the ground.

"I'll be back in a minute," he called to Avery's daughter, who was nearest to him. Then he disappeared behind one of the rocks.

Like a shadow he glided along in the gathering darkness, twisting and turning without hesitation until he stopped at a spot where the base of the cliff was covered with scrub moss. With a hasty glance about him, as if to be certain no one was watching him, he stooped and pulled aside a mass of clinging creepers from the rock, revealing a narrow opening some three feet wide and extending upwards to an unknown height.

"All right, Dick," he whispered, softly, and then came a rustling noise as a man appeared from the dark cavity and grasped his hand warmly.

"See, there's a man coming this way!"

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CHAPTER X.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.

"What brought you back so quick?" said the newcomer, in a low tone. "I wasn't looking for any signal, and was just going to turn in when I happened to see the smoke. Who have you brought with you?"

"One of the Averys is with me," was the reply. "It's a long story, Dick. I met him on the way. Come and take a peep at him, and make sure. I haven't told him anything that'll hurt us, but there is no doubt he is the right party. Come on, but keep out of sight till you are sure."

As he spoke he retraced his steps to the fire, the other following close behind him, until he was able to peer cautiously around a rock and obtain a good look at the party. Then, with a shout, he sprang forward and seized Avery's hand, exclaiming:

"Bill, old man! Shake! Where's John?" Avery clasped his hand warmly, but did not reply for a moment, and the two old friends silently noted the changes which the years had made in each other. Many had passed since they met, and as they stood there, looking into each other's eyes, with the light from the fire flickering upon their rugged features, to each it seemed that they were back in the old days, when their blood was hotter than now, and their hair innocent of the gray with which both heads were liberally sprinkled.

Taylor was first to recover himself, and he repeated: "Where is John? Didn't he—"

"Poor John is dead," interrupted the other, sadly. "He died on the ship he was coming on from Boston and was buried at sea. This young man saved him from drowning, but he was hurt internally when he fell overboard and never got over it."

"John dead!" That was all, but the hands of the two men gripped harder for a moment, and both understood. No words of sympathy could have conveyed more meaning.

Tarbox now stepped forward and made his partner acquainted with the other members of the party. Then he said: "It's too dark to try to get up to the camp to-night. We shall have to stay here till morning, Dick. There's a long story to tell, and I wish we were safe out of sight now. Have you seen any smoke before?"

"Smoke? What do you mean? Who would be doing that? All the people who know our signal are here now."

"Not by a long sight, they ain't," was the reply, as Tarbox tried to pierce the darkness about them, which was intense by this time.

"What do you mean?" "Well, it's a long story, Dick. In the first place, we might as well get a bite of supper, and then Scott here will tell you all about his trip on the vessel and what happened to him. I'll finish the yarn, and then you'll understand just how the thing stands."

This was sound advice, and his partner made no objection, but he was burning with impatience, and could hardly wait till the frugal repast was swallowed. Then he exclaimed:

"Now, let's have the story. There's a good deal depending on it. Come, Scott, fire away."

Tom at once began a detailed account of his acquaintance with the old miner, and when he had concluded the story Tarbox added his meeting with the two men who had showed him the papers, adding:

"If I'd ever suspected the truth, Dick, I'd put a spoke in their wheel somehow. One of them is that tall scamp we saw hustled out of Ladue's. I didn't recognize him at first, but when I saw him tipping the wink to the sailor on the sly, I began to smell a rat."

"But where are they?" burst out Taylor, excitedly. "You say they were ahead of us. Where are they now?" "That's what makes me uneasy," replied his partner. "We saw their tracks back by the white cliff and they turned off all right. We were too busy hurrying to look for them any more. I suppose they have got off the track somehow, but if they should see our fire there might be trouble. We must stand a watch to-night. If we can get everything out of sight before they get here they'll never be the wiser. They can't find us in a hundred years."

His partner evidently shared his uneasiness, for he responded quickly: "Perhaps they won't, but we mustn't take any chances. I'll take the first watch and you the second. We are more used to this sort of thing, you know. We'll keep the fire down low. It isn't very cold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What He Really Said.

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "That's what he meant."

"But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a clump as I am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Strange Indeed.

Yeast—Wasn't that a strange lady I saw you with to-day? Crimsonbeak—Yes; a very strange lady. That was my wife. —Yonkers Statesman.

JOHN H. GEAR DEAD.

Junior Senator from Iowa Dies Suddenly in Washington of Heart Disease—Brief Story of His Career.

Washington, July 16.—United States Senator John H. Gear, of Iowa, died at his apartments in the Portland at 4:28 Saturday morning of heart failure. He was in his usual health



J. H. GEAR.

up to 2:30 a. m., when he was attacked. Doctors were immediately summoned, but their efforts were unavailing.

The Story of His Life.

John Henry Gear, of Burlington, Ia., was born at Ithaca, N. Y., April 7, 1825, where he received a common school education. He removed to Galena, Ill., in 1838 and thence to Fort Snelling, Iowa territory, in 1838, and to Burlington in 1843, where he engaged in merchandising. He was elected mayor of Burlington in 1863 and was a member of the Iowa house of representatives of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth general assemblies of the state, serving as speaker for the last two terms. He was elected governor of Iowa in 1878-79, and again in 1880-81. He was elected to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second congresses, but was defeated for the Fifty-second. During the administration of President Harrison he was assistant secretary of the treasury. He was elected to the Fifty-third congress as a republican. On January 23, 1894, he was elected a senator in congress from the state of Iowa for six years, beginning March 4, 1895. He was re-elected last spring for a term of six years.

MORE TROOPS NEEDED.

Military Men Tell the Associated Press That Lawton's Estimate of 100,000 Was None Too High.

Manila, July 12.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—"More soldiers" is the demand which is coming to Gen. MacArthur from every department of the islands. Recent events have worked to vindicate Gen. Lawton's judgment that 100,000 troops would be needed to establish American sovereignty over the Philippines. Until they attempted to hold provinces of 200,000 or 300,000 hostiles with a regiment or two the American commanders hardly realized the size of the Philippine islands. The present force is not large enough to garrison more than half the important towns and in some of the most important islands, among them Cebu, Panay, Samar, Leyte and the great Mohammedan empire of Mindanao, only the commercial ports are occupied. The Moros are a cloud on the horizon. The officers best acquainted with conditions in Mindanao and the Sulu islands tell the Associated press correspondent that they consider serious fighting there inevitable. If it comes the two regiments which are scattered in small garrisons, some of them hundreds of miles apart, along the coast of Mindanao, an island nearly as large as Luzon, may have serious work. The Moros are fighters by nature, do not fear death, have many guns, though of antiquated makes, but do the best execution by lying in the thick jungles and cutting down soldiers who pass through with their terrible knives and spears.

THINKS TOWNE WILL RUN.

J. Hamilton Lewis Says He Must Remain on the Ticket to Help Bryan in the Western States.

Washington, July 16.—Congressman J. Hamilton Lewis, of Washington, has arrived here from Lincoln, Neb. He said that it was now practically decided that Towne will not withdraw in favor of Stevenson. "The reason for this," said Lewis, "is that if Towne withdrew the populist vote would be divided, the larger part of it going to the middle-of-the-road faction. If Towne remains in the field until the presidential electors convene his electors can vote for Stevenson."

Populist Headquarters at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 16.—Indianapolis has been selected as headquarters for the middle-of-the-road populist national committee. Chicago had been selected as the national headquarters, but the national committee decided that Indianapolis will be a better vantage point from which to manage the populist forces which are situated chiefly in the southern states.

May Send Grant to China.

Washington, July 16.—Brig. Gen. Fred D. Grant's name is being considered by the secretary of war with a view to ordering him to report to Brig. Gen. Chaffee for duty in China. Army officers approved the selection, not alone because of Gen. Grant's soldierly qualities, but because of the weight his name is expected to have with the Chinese.