

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 mighty task that pleased him...

A path was worn to the cabin And men in hundreds came, And they praised the humble toiler...



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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 and what we've found..."

"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 was too old a hand, however, to make any outward sign of alarm, and said, coolly..."

"It's a pity you didn't pick up the other Avery at Dyea. He ought to be there by this time..."

"And how can we find your pardner?" asked Bowers.

"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. If I can't find horses I shall have to go to Skaguay..."

After finishing his pipe, Tarbox pleaded fatigue, and rolled himself up in his blanket. But there was no sleep for him that night...

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

At the first sign of daylight he was astir. 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...

She was riding by his side late in the afternoon when suddenly she pointed to the summit of a hill not far ahead, and exclaimed:

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

Five minutes later Joe Tarbox had met them, and Tom accosted him at once with: "How are you! Bound for Dyea?"

"That's just it," was the response as the man ran his eyes rapidly over the liberal outfit with an appreciative glance...

"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. "Did you meet anyone on this trail lately?"

"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, and the other was a sailor..."

"Obed Rider!" "It's the mate!" The exclamations broke simultaneously from Tom and Green...

"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...

"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."

"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...

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..."

"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..."

"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.

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...

An early start was made the following morning, and, three days later, as they reached the top of a long hill, Tarbox pointed to a white cliff a few miles to the north and said:

"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...

"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...

"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...

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...

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

"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.

CHAPTER X. RUN DOWN AT LAST. "What brought you back so quick?" said the newcomer, in a low tone...

"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..."

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...

"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...

"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..."

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..."

"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.

"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..."

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..."

"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.

CHAPTER X.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.

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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...

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.