

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"You?" cried Captain Fairweather sharply.

"Yes. If she sails for Juneau from Seattle in the 'President,' I will sail from San Francisco in the 'Occident.'"

"Would not your presence awaken her suspicion?"

"Why should it? Everybody is going to the Klondyke now, and why not I as well?"

"That's so," with a craning swallow which ended in a bow. "Seems all right. Plan is a good one, but it will be very uncomfortable to you."

"I am willing to undergo all the discomforts when it is a matter of such importance," said Lackland. "I want two more faithful, trusty men. Men who will go wherever I send them, obey every order I give, and keep still tongues in their heads. Money is no object."

"Well, well!" said the captain, winking and rubbing his hands gleefully; "that's talking to the mark; that is talking just as I like to hear a gentleman—"

"What is your price?" asked Lackland, his pale, white face almost quivering in his intensity.

"Well, they come high."

"I expect to pay high for them. How much do you want for finding two such men for me in the next twelve hours?"

With a wink and another craning neck and swallowing bow, he gasped: "One thousand dollars."

"I take you up; go bring them at once."

"Meet 'em at my boat at midnight to-night."

"I will do it and the money is yours as soon as they are secured."

CHAPTER IX.

Paul's Departure From Metlakahla.

Paul Miller's discovery that the white man prospecting on the island was one of the men who had captured the hermit, and beyond doubt one of the four who had robbed him, for a moment deprived him of speech. He had his own reasons for not wishing to be recognized by the man who had robbed him and attempted his life. He also had strong reasons for wishing to have him held a prisoner. He believed the man could unfold the whole story of the robbery and mystery of the hermit, and determined to make him do so before leaving the island.

After a few moments the babel of voices without ceased, and the crowd gathered near the house began to disperse. The thought then occurred to his mind that the prisoner, having been arrested for trespassing, might be released on his solemn promise never to return. With this new danger in his mind he started toward the door, when he was met by Father Duncan.

"What have they done with the prisoner?" he asked anxiously.

"He has been sent to the prison to be detained for a while until certain mysteries with which he is connected are cleared up," said the old man.

"Father Duncan, do you think the fellow is secure? Do you think there is no danger of his escape?"

"None whatever. My Indians are very watchful and careful. They will obey me to the letter."

"Then let us sit here and compare notes for a few moments."

He seated himself by the old missionary and told him of his rescue by the mysterious old man of the mountains whom he had called the hermit. Then he told of the capture of the hermit, and concluded with:

"This man was one of the three who seized the good old man and took him away from the cavern."

The interest of good Father Duncan increased, and he shook his head, saying:

"This is certainly very, very strange."

"There is a mystery in it all which I am unable to solve. I cannot comprehend who this strange hermit can be, unless he is the captain to whom you refer."

"It looks very much as if the unfortunate man was the beloved captain whose mysterious disappearance has occasioned so much distress."

Paul remembered the story which the ex-sailor, Glum Ralston, had told him of his captain, and also recalled to his recollection the mysterious war-rus hide.

His anxiety to escape from the island and return to the Klondyke, where his friends were, was more than over-balanced by a desire to learn something of the motives of the trespasser.

"Mr. Duncan, will your friends see that he does not escape?"

"There is little danger of his doing so," Father Duncan answered. "My friends are kind and Christian men, yet they have by no means lost their native watchfulness."

Paul had ample proof, in time, of the danger of over-confidence. The third night after his visit to the jail he was awakened by a loud noise in the direction of the little wharf. There came the report of a gun, something rarely heard at Metlakahla, and he leaped from his bed hurriedly dressed and ran out upon the street. At last he met Father Duncan, whom he found as calm and firm as usual.

"What has happened, Father Duncan?" he asked.

"Alas! my son, you were all too

good a prophet. The prisoner has escaped. The wicked are ever cunning and watchful, and Satan sleeps not."

Paul gave utterance to a groan, sank upon a large stone at the side of the road and bowed his head in his hands. One more hope, and, in fact, about the last hope he had, was gone.

Paul remained two weeks longer with the Metlakahlas, and then decided to leave his dusky friends and start for the Klondyke.

Father Duncan selected four stout young Indians to accompany him. The Indians were well supplied with provisions suitable for crossing the mountains, and he and his escort were provided with dried meat and compressed bread and hardtack.

The four Indians selected for Paul's party were stout young fellows, inured to hardship and danger. They were strong, brave and faithful. The instructions given them by the old missionary were carefully listened to and they promised to carry them out to the letter.

There is always something enchanting in a great, deep forest, with its tall trees clothed in moss and solemn depths which seem to speak of divinity. At night in the forest adds to the gloom, the solemnity and awfulness of the scene. A camp fire in the great northern woods, with its rocks and cliffs, its moss-covered trees, has something grand in it.

Gathered about a camp fire built at the base of the mountain range were five persons—Paul Miller and his four Christian Indians.

It had been a long, hard day's travel, and the poor fellows were almost exhausted. It was only Paul's indomitable will driving him on to more than super-human energies that kept him on his feet. He had abandoned all hope of finding the men who had robbed him, and now he longed to get back to the Klondyke, take another fortune from the frozen earth, and return to Laura and his mother.

The faces which ever seemed to smile at him from the smoke and darkness gave him courage and hope.

"It has been a long time since I wrote to them," he thought. "They have no doubt given me up for dead. How sad to cause them grief, and all through a mischievous yet truthful message written in a fit of delirium!"

He was suddenly roused from his painful reverie by the falling and rolling of a great stone down upon and across the camp fire, scattering the burning brands in every direction. The great, round boulder passed within a few inches of where Paul sat and between two of the Indians, but fortunately did not touch any one. The stone was heavy enough to crush out life or break bones had it struck one.

Paul leaped to his feet and the Indians started up with exclamations of fear.

"From whence came that stone?" cried an Indian.

Paul's first suspicion that some convulsion of the earth had shaken the stone loose from the mountain side and sent it thundering down the cliff upon them, but there had been no perceptible quaking.

While he was still trying to discover the cause, there came another object rolling down the steep descent mingled with dirt, fine stones and snow. It seemed a great dark ball, from which there issued a human cry. It rolled to Paul's feet and stopped.

He seized one of the burning brands and held it so the flame threw the light upon the face of the stunned and half-insensible man, who sat stupidly gazing about him. The sudden and unexpected advent of this stranger was enough to startle the campers and disturb their wits. The Indians, starting to their feet, stared at him in amazement. Paul was first to recover his speech.

He cried:

"Throw the wood on the fire!"

They obeyed, and the light flashed up, throwing out a broad red glare on the scene which illumined the dirt-be-grimmed face of the man who had tumbled down the cliff. Paul, starting back, said:

"It is the escaped prisoner, the abductor—the robber—and perhaps murderer." He seized one of the Indian's muskets and raised it to brain the scoundrel, but two stout Metlakahlas seized him and said:

"Nay, brother, Thou shalt not kill!"

The man who had so suddenly fallen into their midst was rapidly regaining his faculties and by this time able to speak. He growled an oath and rubbed the side of his head.

"Where did you come from?" asked Paul.

"From aloft on the cliff," he answered.

"What were you doing up there?"

"Tryin' to cross. Was any harm in that?"

"I recognize you as one of the men who robbed me."

"Mate, yer off yer course when ye accuse me o' doin' that."

"You are one of the two men who seized your captain a few years since and have made away with him."

"Yer on the wrong tack again, mate. I hain't done nothin' o' the kind, I tell ye."

"Where is your captain?"

"Don't know."

Paul determined to keep a close watch on the rascal and conduct him across the mountains to the camp on the Klondyke, where punishment would be meted out to him according to frontier ideas of justice.

Paul bound his arms behind his back and told him to sit in front of the fire.

The night passed guarding the prisoner by turns, and when the day dawned he was still among them.

Breakfast over and they began to prepare to ascend the mountain.

It had snowed considerably during the night, but toward morning it changed to a rain and later in the day a sleet.

The ascent became every moment more and more difficult. About every one hundred paces they came to mountain torrents, fed by the glaciers, and augmented by recent rainfalls, which they had to wade, the cold water often coming above their knees.

After struggling up a steep ascent of twenty-five or thirty feet they were often forced from sheer exhaustion to rest for a moment, but when they stopped ever so short a time the piercing wind cut them to the marrow, chilled them to the bone and they were compelled to continue their course to keep from chilling to death.

When evening came they were on the other side of the mountain in a valley wet, shivering and benumbed with cold. They had no tent nor shelter, save the lowering heavens from above. Some dry pine and scrub oak wood was collected and a fire kindled. They all gathered about it to dry their bedraggled garments and warm their shivering bodies.

They had just made a supper on dried salmon, moose meat and hardtack, when they were startled to see an old man with long white hair and beard standing on a slight elevation not far away, gazing at them. He wore a seal-skin cap, which shaded his face, but not too much for him to be recognized by all the camp.

"The captain!" cried the Metlakahlas.

"The hermit!" exclaimed Paul.

The prisoner gave utterance to a curse and was bounding away when a blow from the hermit's staff sent him staggering to the earth.

Paul Miller started quickly toward the hermit, saying:

"Where are you from?"

The old man gave him a piercing look and answered:

"I am from everywhere, which means nowhere. This is precious fine company you keep!" He clutched his stout staff as Paul approached and warned him not to come too close. "I will strike you as I did your companion if you come too near me," he added, in a voice made ferocious by long years of suffering and disappointment.

Paul halted and gazed at him in amazement.

The old man at last said: "I have been cheated, deceived, betrayed and lied to until I have about lost faith in all men. Can I trust you now?"

"Do you know those men?" asked Paul, pointing to the Metlakahlas. "If you know them, you must know they can be trusted."

"Yes, they are brothers, but they have been deceived as often as I."

One of the Indians approached the hermit and addressed him in his native tongue. The old man answered in the same language and grasped his hand. Though Paul could not understand a word of what was said, he knew from their manner and gestures that it had some relation to the man on the ground.

After a long conversation with the Metlakahla the hermit approached the fire. His face was very grave, and his brow lowered when he gazed upon the prisoner. The mien of the prisoner had been defiant until he met the glance of the hermit, then his countenance fell, and his eyes were upon the ground.

"Ned Padgett," said the hermit, "you will some day receive the reward you so much merit; you will die a dog's death yet."

The ruffian gave a sneering chuckle, but made no answer.

"Have you lived long in Alaska?" asked Paul, trying to draw the old man into conversation.

"Yes."

"How many years?"

"A great many."

(To be continued.)

FREAK DINNERS A FAD.

Entertainments Where Guests Cook for Themselves.

Freak dinners are a fad. An ordinary dinner has lost its charm for some people who go out much during the season, and now that Paris has set its seal of approval on the Corinthian dinner at which everyone is obliged to cook something, New Yorkers and Chicagoans will select this form of entertainment as a diversion.

In a studio a few weeks ago the wife of an artist gave one of these cooking parties to a dozen guests who knew nothing of the fun in store for them when they arrived at the house.

The studio was arranged with a long table holding a chafing dish for each person, with some particular viand before it ready to be cooked. Each guest received a chef's cap and apron, and in a short time the dishes were bubbling and simmering in a promising fashion.

When the meal was cooked it was served by the men, who acted as the waiters. Strangely enough, the dinner in every particular was a success.

But cooking has become such a fad of late that it is considered quite smart to know how to cook some particular dish in a chafing. The bachelor apartment feasts, at which the host acts as cook, have increased the desire for culinary knowledge, as these occasions prove very enjoyable to those used to more formal entertaining.

Miller's House to Come Down.

The Paris mansion of Millet, the creator of "The Angelus," is being torn down to make room for modern flats. It was one of the landmarks of the French capital.

THE PARTY'S POLICY

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE IOWA REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Position Taken by President Roosevelt Upheld—Chicago Inter Ocean Points Out Meaning of Several Planks adopted by Convention.

The platform unanimously adopted by the Iowa Republican state convention contains several clauses of profound interest to those Republicans whose attitude toward Theodore Roosevelt is critical, not to say hostile, and who labor under the delusion that they are making him unpopular by trying to thwart his policies and by decrying his efforts to enforce the laws. Here are some of these clauses:

"We indorse his recommendation as to the reciprocity with Cuba and believe this policy necessary to preserve and complete the beneficent work we have done in that island, and that it will be mutually beneficial."

Here is a hint upon which those members of congress, including some from Iowa, who listened to the voice of Oxnard and the sugar trust instead of to the voice of Roosevelt and the people, would do well to ponder:

"We indorse the policy of reciprocity as the natural complement of protection and urge its development as necessary to the realization of our highest commercial possibilities."

Here is a statement which those who think they can stay in the Republican party and still give aid and comfort to its enemies and the nation's welfare would do well to consider.

"We assert the sovereignty of the people over all corporations and aggregations of capital. We cordially indorse the position of President Roosevelt in appealing to the courts to secure regulations that will control great combinations. We approve the determination of President Roosevelt to enforce the laws wherever violated without prejudice or favor."

Here is an indorsement upon which the Hanna-Elkins group in the senate, which began to conspire against the president as soon as he began to inquire into the legality of the Northern Securities company, may chew seriously and with profit.

All these groups of critical Republicans may well ponder and digest the fact that all these things for which they blame the president are by the representatives of over 300,000 voters of the great state of Iowa set forth as his shining merits, and lead them to this conclusion:

"We declare our confidence in the leadership of President Roosevelt and our fealty to his administration. We look forward to his election in 1904 as a foreshadowed event demanded by the popular will and one that will maintain the national prosperity and conserve every national interest."

The voice of Iowa is the voice of Illinois, of Indiana, of Michigan, of Wisconsin, of Minnesota, of Kansas, of Nebraska, of New York, of Ohio, of Pennsylvania, and of all the great states that make Republican presidents. It is the voice of the American people, and the critical Republicans would do well to hear and heed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Searching for an Issue.

Ex-Secretary Vilas urges that the tariff issue shall be revived and put to the front. This was Mr. Cleveland's counsel in his New York speech. It is the last resort of those who can see nothing else to suggest. It is based partly upon the old denunciation of protection as the creator of monopolies and combinations, and partly upon the claim that, whatever may have been true in the past, the existing tariff rates on various articles are no longer necessary. But the trouble with this issue is that under the existing tariff we have had the highest domestic prosperity and the largest foreign trade we have ever had. Industry has far-outstripped all previous development, and commerce is stretching out its arms in every direction. With business thus active and labor well employed it is impossible to make any popular outcry on this subject. The people have too vivid a recollection of the disastrous consequences of the last Democratic tinkering with the tariff to invite its repetition. Turn which way they will, the Democratic leaders find no issue on which they can hopefully fight.—Philadelphia Press.

Matters of Pressing Moment.

Mr. Shaw says that the reciprocity speech of Mr. McKinley at Buffalo has been misrepresented. In what way, and by whom? Is it the secretary's opinion that Mr. McKinley on that occasion laid down merely an academic proposition? The speech is very far from encouraging that interpretation. Mr. McKinley not only declared for reciprocity, but gave it as his opinion that the time had arrived for the inauguration of the policy by the United States. There seems to be the fullest warrant for the belief, indeed, that had he lived he would have embodied in his annual message to Congress a recommendation that an immediate start be made in that direction. Does Mr. Shaw hold differently? If so, his

views at some length on that point would be read with very great interest by the country. Reciprocity and a limited tariff revision are matters of pressing moment, and the Iowa Republicans enjoy the credit of being leaders in the movement.—Washington Star.

General Prosperity.

The man was fortunate in his language who spoke of "McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity." The expression has been made the sport of Democratic and Populist orators who by long custom have come naturally to look upon the dismal side of things. Republicans have their view of the business situation and believe that principles preached and practiced by the party have helped and not obstructed the nation in its forward march to an increased business. They have been in power and their party is not one to evade responsibilities either for success or defeats. The prosperity over all the country is so splendid that Republicans are proud of the share they have had in it.

In the financial world during the past week there was a healthy growth. The increase in the bank clearings was nearly three per cent. The grand total of the bank clearings reached \$2,029,796,712. These figures indicate no stringency in the financial world. The increase in the clearings was large in the cities located in the Middle West. None of them report a decrease.

The railroads are doing a heavy business. Their carrying capacity is taxed to the fullest extent. In not a few instances freights have to be delayed for want of cars, and this, too, before the great grain crops of the west have fairly begun to move.

The farmers' business is in good shape throughout the nation. R. G. Dun & Co. say: "Bright prospects in agricultural sections far outweigh the adverse influences which are still retarding trade and manufactures."

All of the great factories are running on full time to meet the demands, and in many cases orders are not filled at once, but are filed to await their turn. There never has been a time when the great factories were so pressed with work as they are now.

The slight cessation of business for the summer has about passed and people are getting ready for the fall rush. The volume of business in this country for the next four months promises to be unprecedented. For that time prosperity will be a record breaker.—Terre Haute Tribune.

The Farmer Finds This a Good Fence

PROTECTION

Not a Trust Panacea.

The instances in which tariff revision aimed at trusts would find another target might be multiplied. It is not as a trust panacea that tariff revision appeals to the more enlightened students of economic questions. The question for present statesmen is to abandon tariff schedules that are not necessary to preserve the life of home industries and to utilize this tariff reduction in the securing of similar reductions on the part of other countries which will benefit the American export trade. The word used to define this measure of statesmanship is reciprocity, and the men who have given it indorsement include Blaine, McKinley, Roosevelt and many others.—Baltimore Herald.

Trusts Can Be Regulated.

Trusts and combinations can be regulated by a federal law and federal supervision, as suggested by President Roosevelt. They can be made to show their accounts, their real monetary standing and responsibility, but they cannot be destroyed if we remember that change of name or even in some degree of method will not change the thing itself. If half the time given by speakers and writers to advocacy of destroying the trusts were devoted to formulating a practicable scheme of regulating them, there would be an appreciable gain for the country in increased public realization that the trust question can be dealt with effectively only by dealing with it temperately.—Boston Transcript.

Old and Won.

Our Democratic contemporaries would have us repose in the sweet belief that they are valiantly fighting the trusts, but when we read their editorials we are forced to the conclusion that they have simply dusted off some of their old free trade arguments and are now attempting to foist them upon the country in a new guise.—Waverly (Ohio) News.

Too Much Prosperity.

"You complain of being half starved on account of the high prices! Why man, you are making a fortune off your truck farm."

"That's jest it. I can't afford to eat any of my vegetables when they're wuth so much in the market, b-gosh!"—Chicago Tribune.



Where Labors Are Legion.

On the farm where mixed farming is followed, the labors are indeed legion. This is the one objection against this kind of farming. Yet it is the safest kind of farming for the farmer that has small capital. The farm devoted to the raising of one kind of produce is indeed easy to manage, but it is too much of a lottery to be safely conducted by a man of small means. The farmer that follows mixed farming can spread his labors over a whole year rather than compress them into a few brief months. He can thus employ all of his time and eliminate the factor of idleness. This item of idle labor is indeed a great one and is frequently the cause of failure. The man that devotes his efforts to the raising of one kind of crop can indeed rest for months at a time, but the idleness does not benefit him and he frequently pays for it heavily in the lack of success. We have heard of farmers that declared that wheat raising was the only thing that suited them, as it left them much of the year in which to loaf. The man that figures in that way stands little chance of making a success of farming. The man that follows mixed farming is always finding some crop that pays him well each year. Though one crop may be poor in quality and low in price another is certain to be the reverse. The diversified farm is the one on which we build most of our hopes.

Weeds.

One of our most distinguished agricultural professors says that weeds are friends of the farmers. They cover the barren land and keep it open and moist. They catch the fertility with their roots and thus save it from leaching away. Some time ago Professor Bailey of Cornell purchased a 200-acre farm that was overrun with weeds. He got it cheap on that account. The weeds grew rank and tall and the professor regarded himself as having a great bargain. He plowed the weeds under and thus began to bring the land back to its original state of fertility. The weeds made just so much green manuring. Among the weeds are many of great value to the land, such as the vetches. They add nitrogen to the soil. In a state of nature the soil is kept supplied with nitrogen largely by the many varieties of leguminosae that are found in all localities. The weeds purify the air by taking in carbonic acid gas and by throwing off oxygen. This is true till they begin to decay, when they take in oxygen and throw off the carbonic acid gas. In that condition they are supposed to be a menace to health, though it may well be doubted if the carbonic acid gas is large enough in volume to affect health. The best way to get rid of weeds is to sow blue grass seed wherever the weeds are grown.

Killing Brome-Grass Sod.

A government bulletin says: On lands where frequent rotation is desired smooth brome-grass should not be sown. Its creeping rootstocks resemble to some extent those of the common touch, or quitch-grass, and for this reason it is not so easily killed by turning under as the more common grasses used in rotation. Up to the present time the seed has been so scarce and expensive that few farmers who have secured a good field of the smooth brome have felt inclined to destroy the sod, so that our knowledge on this subject is limited. The results of investigations carried on along this line at the Minnesota Experiment Station and the Manitoba Experiment Station at Brandon, prove that the sod could be thoroughly and successfully killed. It was found by these stations that a crop of hay can be harvested and taken from the land, and if the sod was plowed over immediately afterwards and backset in September, that at the latter date the grass would be all dead. When the grass was allowed to ripen seed, however, it was found that the new shoots at the base had gained such a foothold that when the sod was plowed under at this stage it was not killed at the time of backsetting in the fall.

A Newly Imported Weed.

Professor Moore of the Wisconsin Experiment Station sends out the following warning relative to a newly-imported weed of the mustard family: "I find growing in the newly seeded Turkistan alfalfa plats at the station a plant which belongs to the mustard family and may become an obnoxious weed. It is not a native of this country, but was undoubtedly brought from abroad with some of the imported Turkistan alfalfa seed. The blossom of the plant is of a lighter shade than the native mustard, and the leaves are not so rough and hairy. A strong, disagreeable odor is given off, which is very perceptible. All farmers growing alfalfa for the first time should examine their fields at once, and if the above described weed is noticeable, pull or cut in order to prevent going to seed. If the alfalfa was sown with a nurse crop, cut the crop for hay; if sown without a nurse crop, pull all plants and destroy. Where the acreage is too large to pull conveniently, cut with mower. The alfalfa will come on readily after cutting, and no detrimental effects will be noticeable."

The lesser things of life are the ones we can least afford to lose.