

# The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Course ye might hang him up by the neck until he was dead an' he wouldn't tell. What would a man care for bein' killed himself? It's when you begin an attack on his flesh an' blood he trembles."

"Well, d'ye reckon that's certain?" asked Padgett, rubbing his bullet head to get the idea through.

"Know it."

"Why didn't we light on that afore?"

"Because the youngster goes under a nickname. He's Crack-lash here an' Paul Miller in Fresno. That's the whole long and short o' it."

"Well, sail in on the capen an' see what ye kin do with him," growled Ned seating himself on a stone and twirling his stick in his hand. "I leave it all t' you; take it an' see how ye'll come out."

Then followed another long consultation among the other three.

It was not until late that night they proceeded to carry out their plan. The old hermit whom they called the captain was taken apart from his fellow prisoner and seated on a stone. Ben Allen then proceeded to interrogate him.

"You are Captain Joseph Miller of the schooner 'Eleanor,' ain't ye?" he asked.

"Those two rogues told you that. They know it, and it's no use to deny it."

"You left a wife at home—a wife and child?"

"Yes."

"Your wife was named Mollie and your boy baby's name Paul?"

"I don't admit or deny."

"After you sailed away so many years your wife gave you up for dead, and with her child removed to Fresno, where she lives now. She never told her son the sad, uncertain fate of his father, fearing when he grew up he would start in search of him, and she always had a superstitious dread o' the forests o' Alaska."

The sea captain sat unmoved throughout the narrative. Ben went on:

"But when Paul Miller grew to be a man he heard of the fabulous riches in Alaska and came to find it. He had amassed quite a fortune, when he was robbed, followed the robbers to the woods and was captured by them. Now, the young man yonder is Paul Miller, your son."

The stern old captain was unmoved save a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, but he made no answer. Ben continued:

"Though you may have lost the walrus hide on which the map to the buried treasure is, yet you know the spot, and can take us there. You shall do it or I swear that your son shall die before your face."

Again Ben Allen was disappointed. The old man was wholly unmoved, as if he had been talking to stone. The captors waited about him with half-suppressed breathing, hoping that something would occur to break his imperturbability, but they were disappointed.

The threat of Morris had only been to intimidate the prisoner. He was willing to make any sort of threats, but not being the hardened criminal Ned Padgett was he called a halt at the line of murder.

"Boys," continued Morris, "I haven't given up all hope yet. We may be able to do somethin' with him. Let's keep up the scare."

"Agreed."

"We can even get a rope and go through pretense o' hangin' the youngster."

"That's it; go through anything to make the old rascal tell us where it is."

With this resolution more firmly fixed in their minds they once more returned to where the old captain sat as unmoved as when they left him.

"Well, Captain Miller, have you decided to tell us where you cached the treasure?" asked Ben Allen.

"No," was the immediate answer.

"Do you want to see your son hang before your eyes?"

"I have no son."

"Don't you know that young man is your son?"

The prisoner fixed his great blue orbs on the speaker and in a firm, unmoved tone answered:

"He is not my son. I may have a son living. I once did, but he is not my son. I like the young man, for he is noble, brave and honest, but he is no relation to me."

ruled, and after some more deliberation it was decided to try the effect of the rope on the young prisoner.

"I tell you he is the son of the old man; watch him closely when we go to hang him up and see if his eye does not grow moist."

They had a rope made of seal hide, and, cutting a pole with their hand axes, stretched it across the narrow end of the cavern and placed a rope about Paul's neck.

"Now old man, confess that you have lied, and swear that you will take us to the gold, or this young fellow will die." Paul, who had not heard the conversation between the hermit and his captors, was unable to explain their conduct to his own satisfaction. He believed his last hour had come and determined to meet his fate like a hero. When told to prepare for death, he rose, made no resistance, and his arms were tied behind his back. The noose was adjusted about his neck, and he took his position under the cross-bar, and, closing his eyes, murmured a short prayer.

All eyes were on the other captive, but he sat with face averted and said not a word. There was no change in his expression—no more indication of grief than might have been expected at the death of a stranger. When the miserable farce was over Paul had been released, and the four rascals retired again to confer with each other. Tom Ambrose said:

"Well, it's my opinion that we've lost our last chance of ever getting his buried millions."

At this Padgett again proposed his knotted stick and swore he would brain both with it, but he was prevented by Morris and Allen, who declared there should be no real violence. The two prisoners were given a meagre supper of dried beef and a little meal gruel, and driven to the far end of the cavern for the night.

When they were apart from the guard Paul asked:

"What was meant by their extraordinary course to-day?"

"They labor under the mistaken idea that we are related and both have some knowledge of the buried treasure. As they are mistaken they will succeed in getting nothing from us."

"I have been mystified at their strange conduct all along," said Paul, "and I would not be surprised at any time at their taking our lives."

His companion shook his grizzled head and answered:

"No, no; they won't harm us so long as we have the secret in our own breasts. If we should tell them and they should find the treasure, then we would be killed in short order."

Paul shuddered, was silent for a while and asked:

"Then you don't believe we have any hope of mercy at their hands?"

The sea captain answered:

"No."

"Captain, let's make our escape."

"Sh! Speak lower; you may be heard."

"I will, but I am in earnest."

"So am I, but we must be cunning as the fox to escape from those rascals."

"I am willing to trust you implicitly."

"Then say nothing."

Though night and day were the same in that dungeon, the captors had their sleeping and waking hours. Paul and his companion threw themselves on their miserable pallet of straw, but not to sleep. They lay so they could watch their captors.

At last, one after another, they began to grow drowsy. One rose and went toward the pile of straw, and stretching himself upon it, was soon snoring. A short quarrel followed on the subject of guarding the prisoners. Padgett was the man selected and he swore he had done more than his share at that business and he wouldn't do any more of it, but Morris, who seemed the person in command, declared he must take his turn of two hours, and left him on duty while the others went to bed.

The whole matter could not have been better planned for Paul, for Padgett was careless and yawned sleepily before his companions had closed their eyes. For a long time he made a fight against the wiles of Morpheus, but at last his head dropped forward on his chest.

Paul raised his own head and shoulders from his pallet of straw and surveyed the entire cavern at a sweeping glance. There was a fire burning in the center which threw out a dull, ruddy glow, dimly lighting the scene. Where the fire had been built the cavern was wide, and from the lofty ceiling ages ago great fragments of stone had been torn loose and lay in a heap on the floor, a little to one side of the fire, leaving a dark path in the shadow. Paul could also see that their captors had placed their rifles in a corner farthest from them.

The three men sleeping on the straw were between the prisoners and the rifles, which were on the right of the sleeping sentry. All the advantages and disadvantages of the position were taken into consideration at a glance. Paul's companion arose and gave their surroundings a quick survey, and then they exchanged glances. The look was sufficient. They understood each other as well as if they had spoken volumes. Paul was to look after the guard and the captain to seize the rifles. The young man nodded assent to the request expressed by the captain's eyes, and began to act. They rolled up the blankets and left them on the straw, with their caps stuck over them, giving them, in the uncertain light, the appearance of two sleeping men. Paul went first on hands and knees, creeping around the little mound of stone and earth and over the loose stones with all the caution possible. He

was closely followed by the hermit, who seemed to possess the wonderful faculty of moving without noise.

The sentry stirred in his sleep when Paul was within ten or fifteen paces of him. The determined youth seized a stone and leaped toward him. Ned Padgett suddenly started up with a yell and had half raised his rifle, when the stone, hurled with great precision and force, struck him on the shoulder. Down he went under the blow, dropping the rifle at Paul's feet.

To seize the gun and turn at bay on the others was the work of an instant. They were starting up from their sleep and Ben Allen shouted:

"The prisoners! They are making their escape!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Dog Courier.

Paul Miller drew his rifle to his shoulder and let drive two or three shots in quick succession, sending their late captors flying helter skelter to the rear of the cavern. Whether any of them were wounded by his bullets or not he did not stop to learn. He then seized the rifles, blankets and caps and the two men hastened away from the cavern, taking the precaution to secure not only the rifles, but three pistols and all the belts of cartridges they could find. Both of them had filled their capacious pockets with dried moose meat until they stuck out like stuffed turkeys.

They broke two of the rifles because they could not carry them and strapped the others on their backs. Long they traveled in a western direction, guided by the stars. They had given up all hope of finding their Metlakahlan friends, who no doubt supposing them lost, had returned to their home on the island. After wandering three or four hours into the forest and being completely exhausted, the two fugitives rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. They dared not build a fire, for it might attract the attention of their pursuers.

When day dawned they made a breakfast on some of the dried moose they had brought with them and prepared to resume their journey. They discovered that they were gradually ascending a mountain side. On all sides of them were forests of scraggy spruce, the trees seldom being over five or six inches in diameter, and ferns and other forms of plant life were occasionally noted.

At last they came to a great cleft between gigantic snow-robed mountains.

The first night after they began their ascent they camped on the mountain side near a spring and spread their blankets under the lee of a large boulder.

Hope had been revived in the breast of Paul Miller, but his companion, who had been deceived and cheated so often by outrageous fortune, evinced little or none of his spirits.

"We are a long way from civilization yet," he said to one of Paul's remarks about their being safe. "So often, my friend, have I had my hopes raised only to be blighted that I allow myself to believe nothing good can come to me. A terrible fate seems to have taken possession of my being—I seem doomed." The old gray head was bent on his hands, and he was silent, while darkness came over the scene.

The next day's travel over this unknown region was but a repetition of the experiences of the day before. Higher they climbed, up, and up, approaching on the mountain side the line of eternal snow. A few hundred yards more of climbing brought them to the summit of the divide, where there was a pile of stones which seemed to have been placed there by human hands. No life of any kind was visible, unless that white speck on the distant ledge be a dog or a goat.

(To be continued.)

## BIBLICAL TALE OF POWER.

"Jezebel," by Miss Lafayette McLaws, Has Won Favor.

Miss Lafayette McLaws' "When the Land Was Young" instantly sprang into popular favor, and for a first book was a pronounced success. The promise in her first book has been more than realized in "Jezebel," a work of singular power and insight. It is a Biblical tale of the days when Omri and Ahab were kings of Israel and Elijah was a prophet of Jehovah. Ahab, the Israelite, takes to wife Jezebel, the worshiper of Baal. When Ahab comes to the throne and Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, the prophets and believers of Israel are incensed against the queen, and Jezebel begins a fierce persecution of her enemies. This contest is the chief motive of the story.

Miss McLaws has endeavored to throw new light upon the character of Jezebel, and, while she does not depart from the Biblical account, she surely presents this strong-willed, beautiful queen in a somewhat novel and striking manner. We get glimpses of Jezebel the woman as well as Jezebel the queen, and it is as a woman with warm passions and jealous instincts that Jezebel is most and best portrayed.

The book is replete with dramatic situations, the action is rapid and stirring, and the denouement is original and startling. Altogether it is one of the books of the day and a distinct contribution to the novel literature of Biblical days.

Keeness of Elephant's Scent.

An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that the animal can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards.

## TARIFF IS THE ISSUE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BELIEVED TO FAVOR REVISION.

"The Iowa Idea" Has Many Supporters in the Industrial Centers of the East—Subject Is One That Cannot Be Ignored.

According to interesting and inherently probable reports, President Roosevelt will sound the keynote of tariff revision in his western speeches. His sympathies, there can be no doubt, are with the reformers—with the authors of "the Iowa idea," and the courageous and progressive minority.

Tariff revision is spoken of as a western issue, but there is considerable evidence that "the Iowa idea" is quite popular in the industrial centers of the East. Even Rhode Island and Connecticut have been infected or affected by it, and the proposition to lower the tariff on goods controlled by powerful combinations is meeting with favor among the wage-workers of the very citadel of high protection. The timid and time-serving politicians have been advising the president to taboo the tariff issue, but the comments of the press upon his trust program must have convinced him that the subject could not be ignored. How refreshing and inspiring a presidential utterance in favor of the Iowa idea, as honestly and intelligently interpreted by Gov. Cummins, would be, and what a marvelous impetus it would impart to the movement for freer trade and a modern commercial policy!

Mr. Roosevelt has been criticized in Democratic and independent papers for his silence on the tariff question, especially in its relation to the trust evils he had been so vigorously condemning. Of course, in so far as these strictures implied doubt as to Mr. Roosevelt's courage and sincerity, refutation of them would be a work of supererogation. The whole course of the administration belies and disposes of such insinuations. The president believes in determining what is right in a given case and then "going ahead" and defending the right against all opponents. The tariff question is a complex one, but the conclusions Mr. Roosevelt will finally reach may confidently be indicated in advance. He will eventually be found on the "Buffalo platform" and in full accord with the best and soundest thought of the Republican party. To a program of tariff revision there will be no such opposition as his trust proposals have provoked.—Chicago Tribune.

Plea for Tariff Reductions.

There are mossback Republicans as well as mossback Democrats, and Congressmen Hopkins and Mann showed that they belonged to that category in their recent speeches. In contrast to those purely conventional partisan harangues is the address which was made at Jamaica Plain by Eugene N. Foss, Republican candidate for Congress from the Eleventh Massachusetts district, and it is vastly more interesting and significant.

While Mr. Foss is a Republican not only by profession but by the faith that is revealed in much of his reasoning, he realizes that the idea of the inviolability of the Dingley bill or any other tariff law is absurd, and he is practical enough not only to recognize current facts but to understand their true bearing upon government policies.

His general plea is that New England needs free raw material. That may be a sectional plea, but there is no doubt that he makes it strong of its kind, and just now there will be a pretty widespread sympathy for the New England demand for untaxed coal from Nova Scotia. Though there is no tariff on anthracite and this fuel is bituminous, it is of a quality to relieve the market when the importation of anthracite is out of the question. A tariff on it is unquestionably a tax on New England's industries and a direct encouragement to American coal trusts, which do not need protection.

And Mr. Foss urges with good reason that the question of necessity is the prime question to be considered when section is pitted against section in the game of protection. "Does anyone mean to say," he asks, "that the steel trust needs the same degree of protection as when the iron and steel business of the country was an infant industry?" Manifestly the purpose now, when this concern is urdu-bidding foreign competitors everywhere, is not to protect, but to mulct the people.

Such glaring facts cannot be ignored and the wise Republicans are those who, like Mr. Foss and Gov. Cummins, keep their heads above the sand and the rest of their anatomy in a proper relation thereto.

For Curbing the Trusts.

The bill for the control of trusts which will be introduced in congress by Representative Littlefield, and which it is said will be put forward as an administrative measure, embodies provisions which will strengthen the popular belief in the sincere purpose of the president and his advisers to secure legislation that will be effective in checking monopoly and in curbing the operations of the trusts.

It is now generally acknowledged that the cheapening of the cost of production and distribution through the formation of industrial combines may, if properly managed, redound to the benefit of the public. Whether the consumer gets a share of the benefits accruing from the combine or not depends upon the managers of the combine. If they appropriate all the benefits for themselves and use their power to raise prices, destroy

competition and create monopoly the combine becomes an evil that should be corrected or wiped out by the power of the federal government.

It is to prevent industrial combines from becoming monopolies that the Littlefield measure is proposed. Under this bill the man who sues a trust and has the facts to prove that he has suffered damage from the operations of the combine is entitled:

First—To receive three times the actual amount of damage suffered.

Second—To have all his lawyers' fees paid by the trust.

Third—To have the trust pay all other expenses of the suit, including the court costs.

If a middleman, retail dealer, manufacturer, or other person can show that he has suffered damage from the restraint of interstate trade brought about by a monopoly he may collect three times the actual damage suffered, and the trust will be required to pay all the expenses of the suit. Moreover, under this bill, if enacted into law, the presidents, managers and directors of the alleged monopolies may be compelled to appear in court and tell every detail of their business and to produce all books, papers and accounts that may be necessary to throw light on the operations of these combines.

The question of constitutionality of such a law will of course provoke wide discussion among the lawyers. If it can be made to stick it gives promise of a measure that will check monopolistic tendencies of the trusts.

## The Life Saver.



When congress adjourned the senate stood: Republicans, 55; Democrats and other opposition, 33. Maryland and Kentucky have already increased the opposition to 35. Mr. Newlands (Democrat) seems likely to succeed Mr. Jones (Republican) from Nevada. The Democrats also hope to gain the North Carolina seat now held by Mr. Pritchard, though their success is by no means conceded.

On the other hand, the Republicans consider well nigh certain their chances of gaining the seats of Harris (Democrat-Populist) of Kansas and of Turner (Fusionist) of Washington. In the remaining states no change sufficient to alter their representation in the senate is really expected by either party.

Balancing these hopes of gains on either side, and passing over the Delaware vacancies as an insoluble puzzle, it may safely be predicted that the senate in the fifty-eighth congress will stand about 34 opposition to about 54 Republican.

The probable division of the next house is much more difficult to estimate. The reapportionments made necessary by its increase of membership from 357 to 386 have disturbed old political affiliations in many states and compelled reconstruction of local machinery. These changes are likely to alter the representation of a number of districts, but, as they affect both parties, do not seem likely to have much effect on the general result.

When congress adjourned the house stood: Republicans, 199; Democrats and other opposition, 152; vacancies 6. Experience has shown that in "off years" the opposition has a slightly better chance to gain control of the house. The Democrats will doubtless gain districts there. So will the Republicans. The question is which will make the larger gains, and whether the Democratic gains will be enough to give a majority in the house.

There is really no reason why the Democrats should control the next house. That party has been able to find no issue and no leader that seems likely to change the opinions of any great numbers of voters or to remove public distrust of the Democracy.

The Real Reason.

"I have taken occasion to look this matter up since reading of these resolutions, and I think I can find reason for the recent price of meat other than the protective tariff. I find that there were received at the stock yards in Chicago in the one month of July, 1902, 65,000 less hogs and 170,000 less hogs than in the same month one year ago. That means 7,000 less animals per day. The Q. road alone during the entire month brought from the southwest, where the corn crop was a failure last year, 1,000 less fat steers per day this year than last."—Secretary Shaw, at Morrisville, Vt., Aug. 19, 1902.

Oldest Legislative Bodies.

With the exception of the British Parliament, the Swedish Riksdag is the oldest of existing legislative bodies.

## AGRICULTURE



Cultivated Catalpas.

Prof. A. S. Hitchcock, of the Kansas Experiment Station, says: The Experiment Station of the Kansas Agricultural College having received numerous inquiries in regard to Catalpas and the characters by which the different species can be distinguished, this opportunity is taken to give descriptions of the forms commonly cultivated. Catalpas are well known and easily distinguished from other trees by their large heart-shaped, opposite or whorled leaves; showy, irregularly bell-shaped, white or yellowish flowers, more or less dark-spotted; and the long slender seed-pods which contain numerous flat, winged seeds. The wood is very durable and much used for fence-posts and railway ties. Catalpas are propagated by seeds sown in the spring or by cuttings from the ripe wood. There are three species in common cultivation.

C. bignonioides, alt. (C. syringae-folia, Sims). A rather small tree, native of Southern states as far north as Tennessee, and planted farther north. Leaves downy beneath. Flowers about two inches in diameter, white, with two yellow stripes within, and spotted purplish-brown. Pods about two-fifths of an inch wide when flattened out and a foot or more long, with thin walls. There are some garden varieties, such as, aurea, with yellow leaves; nana (sometimes improperly called C. Buangii), a bushy form; and purpurea, with young leaves purple.

C. speciosa, Warder. Grows to be a larger tree and is more hardy in the north. This seems to be the commonest species cultivated in Kansas. It can be distinguished from the preceding chiefly by the flowers and fruit. The flowers are larger, two and one-half inches in diameter, much less spotted within, and fewer in a cluster. The pods are thicker, and three to four-fifths of an inch wide, and with considerably thicker walls and somewhat larger seeds. Its natural range is from southern Illinois and Indiana to Mississippi and Louisiana.

C. ovata, Don. (C. Kaempferi, S. & Z.) A low tree about twenty feet high, native of China. Hardier than the two preceding. Flowers smaller, only about an inch in diameter, yellow with orange stripes inside and dark violet spots. The leaves are usually more or less angled at the sides and are nearly or quite smooth at maturity. The pods are very long and slender, only about one-fifth inch in diameter. The species all flower in June. In addition to the above there is a hybrid between C. bignonioides and C. ovata, called Teas' Japan Hybrid (also called C. hybrida). It is a profusely flowering and hardy tree.

Obstacles to Plum Growing.

Arthur Bryant, before the Illinois fruit growers, said: The most formidable obstacles to the successful growing of plums in this state are the curculio and the rot. The destructiveness of these vary somewhat with seasons, though the curculio is almost always present in sufficient numbers to ruin a crop if measures are not taken to destroy it. This is done by spraying and spreading sheets under the trees and jarring the insects off. This course is followed by most of the successful Eastern plum growers. For the last three years the destruction of this fruit by rot has been very great in Northern Illinois. Theoretically, spraying with Bordeaux should remedy this trouble, but so far I have not seemed to effect a great deal, especially if the trees were very heavily loaded with fruit. Perhaps I did not apply it at the right time or of the right consistency. I, however, think that with thorough and continued spraying and proper thinning of the fruit at an early date much of this trouble can be overcome, as I have found that the rot was usually worst on trees that were overloaded with fruit, and when a cluster began to be affected all those that were near were sure to go. There is another advantage in severe thinning when your trees first begin to bear. When so heavily loaded the tree is much weakened, sometimes nearly ruined. If the crop is reduced I think there will be likely to be a moderate annual crop instead of an attempt to overload alternate years, and also a more desirable quality of fruit. Prof. Goff, in the Wisconsin report, thinks that the American varieties of plums need more pruning than the European or Japanese; they are liable to get too dense in the head. I have thought of and intend to try that method of thinning the crop of fruit to a certain extent. This I think would have to be done with care as they would not bear as severe cutting back as the peach.

Pigeons.

From the Farmers' Review: Do any of the readers of the Farmers' Review keep pigeons? If so, what do they find to be the best varieties to keep? What are the profits? Does it pay to raise them for squabs to be used on the farmer's table? Does it pay to raise the squabs for sale? If so, where are the pigeons sold? Is it much trouble to keep pigeons? How are they taken care of in winter and how often do they have to be fed in winter? Anyone that can give me an answer to these questions will greatly oblige a reader of the Farmers' Review.—James Thrall.

The passions have the voice and the voracity of the sirens.