

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What do you think it is, captain?" Paul asked his companion.

"It is not a stone, Crack-lash."

"No! I can see it move."

"That is why I know that it is an animated object."

"Perhaps it is a horse."

The old man shook his head, saying:

"No horse could climb these steep."

"Then it may be a polar bear."

"More likely that than a horse, and yet I think it is neither, as a polar bear is white, and this object has some black spots on it."

They journeyed on until nightfall, and went into camp in a spot somewhat screened by rocks. Next day they resumed their weary march through the most desolate country. The skies became overcast, and the snow began to fall in great white flakes, which rapidly covered the ground.

When night came they halted under the shelter of some rocks and thick, bushy top spruce pine. A blanket was stretched over them, forming a partial shelter.

"We are almost out of food," the captain said as they ate a small portion of the dried moose meat.

"How are we to replenish our stock?"

"I don't know."

It was a painful subject to discuss. Their chances of ever reaching a civilized camp were gloomy indeed. Paul's fortitude was tried to its utmost when, weak and faint, he was continually spurred on by the remembrance that Laura was in the wilds of Alaska.

About the middle of the afternoon the snow ceased falling, and the two men trudged on, sinking into the white covering almost to their knees.

Suddenly the hermit stopped and said:

"Do you see that?"

He was pointing to a trail made in the snow by some animal, and Paul answered:

"Yes; what made it—a bear?"

"No; it is either a dog or wolf."

The thought of a supper on either was repulsive, and the two trudged on in silence. A mile farther they saw a white dog with black spots on the side of his head drinking at one of the lakes. Paul reached for his rifle, but the captain said:

"No, don't shoot him; he may prove our friend."

Paul began to call and whistle to the dog, using terms like the Esquimaux. The animal gave them a look of surprise, and then bounded toward them, yelping in his joy at meeting a human companion.

"He has a collar about his neck," said Paul.

"I say, captain, if we release him he will go back to his master, will he not?"

"Certainly."

"Then we may make a courier of him. Let us write a message, tie it to his collar and send him away."

"An excellent idea."

Paul had a small strip of seal skin, and under the embankment he dug out a bit of red chalk, or ochre, usually called kool, and, dressing one end to a pencil point, wrote:

"We are in the forest, out of food and starving. Follow on the trail at once and find us."

"PAUL MILLER AND COMPANION."

When this had been fastened about the dog's neck, he was released and sent bounding away through the forest.

When the dog courier had been dispatched with his message, the two men trudged on a mile or two farther and halted. Evening was approaching, and they were on the banks of a lake in a marshy ground covered with a thicket of bushes. Here they built a small fire and made a supper on a part of their slender stock of food.

Suddenly they were startled by a crashing in the bushes, accompanied by a snort half of terror and half of defiance. Paul seized his rifle and both leaped to their feet.

"A moose."

"It is our only chance for life."

Again the captain nodded. Paul gave him an inquiring glance, and the captain made a sweeping motion with his left hand at the same time disappearing on the right.

Slowly and carefully through the melting snow and tangled thickets Paul groped his way, holding his rifle in one hand and parting the bushes with the other. Hour after hour he trudged on, pausing occasionally to listen. At last he was about to give up and return to the camp, when the crashing of the bushes not far off again aroused his hopes.

Suddenly a dark object loomed up through the night. He only caught a glimpse of it, and before he could raise his rifle to his shoulder it was gone.

Wet to the waist, tired out and despairing, he sank down upon a stone to rest. A dense fog had settled over the low ground, and Paul felt damp and chilly. He was stunned and confused, and only half conscious when there came on his ears the sound of splashing feet.

Next he was conscious of a large, dark object coming through the woods. A large animal was drinking

at the lake. He roused himself in a moment, raised his gun, brought it to his shoulder, and without hardly taking aim, fired.

There was a wild, spasmodic leap, a splashing and plunging. He fired again and again at the struggling beast. With a snort of agony it made a few plunges blindly into the thick- et and fell.

Paul roused himself in a moment and rushed to its side. Despair quickly gave way to joy, for here was food. The moose was a giant in size, and would furnish them with food for days. He cut its throat with his knife and then for the first time thought of his companion. He called aloud, and fired a shot in the air, but only the echoes answered him.

"He will get on my trail and follow me," thought Paul, and began to skin the dead moose without feeling in the least uneasy. Having at last completed his task, he built a fire, and cutting off some of the choicest steaks began to broil them over it. Paul had been on short rations a long time, and never steak tasted better.

Paul wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down by the fire to warm himself and dry his clothing. The night passed in troubled dreams. When he awoke it was broad daylight.

When it was noon and Paul's companion did not come he began to feel uneasy. Could it be they were lost? To become separated he thought would be fatal to both. He roasted and packed away all the moose meat he could carry, and after another, restless night, started out to return to the spot where he had last seen his companion.

The lowering skies portended another storm, and before he had gone five miles the snow was falling in blinding fury, completely obliterating the trail. For hours and hours Paul staggered on until he came upon a great, high wall of stone, which barred his farther progress and partially sheltered him from the driving storm.

He spread his blanket above him, and, finding some dry pine sticks, kindled a little fire, over which he stretched his half-frozen fingers. His suffering throughout that night was intense, and it is a wonder that he did not perish.

But morning came, and, cold and hungry and in despair, he crept away from the great cliff under shelter of which he had passed such a miserable night.

He reached a deep ravine in which was a great deal of dry pine wood, and he proceeded to make a fire. The fire blazed and roared and gave out a generous heat. He was soon warmed, and, wrapping his blanket about him, slept throughout the day. Night came and he awoke, and, building another fire, slept throughout the night.

Next day the sky was clear, and he started on his wandering, going in the direction of the Yukon. He slept that night in the shelter of a rock, and the next morning started again on his journey.

About the middle of the forenoon he saw a party of men coming toward him, and shouted and danced for joy. He ran to meet them yelling like a madman.

At last he came up with them. The leader was a tall man about his own age. He gazed on the being whom hardship, exposure and toil had so completely metamorphosed that he was unrecognizable, and asked:

"Who are you, and what are you?"

Paul started back with an exclamation of horror, and well he might. He was face to face with his most bitter enemy, Theodore Lackland.

It is necessary at this point in our story that we take leave of Paul for the time being and return to the brave girl whom we left hastening to the dangers and wilds of the polar world for the man she loved.

Laura kept up bravely so long as she could discern the form of Mrs. Miller on the dock, but when it faded from view she fell upon a steamer chair and burst into tears. A hand hardened by toil and softened by love was laid upon her shoulder and a low, gentle voice whispered in her ear:

"Don't cry, pretty one. It's a hard lot ye've chosen, but there's a rich promise in the future for ye."

Looking up she saw the kind face of the woman called Kate Willis bending over her.

"I know, child, it's tough on ye 't' go away from friends and relations, perhaps, but ye'll find friends where yer goin' that'll be true to ye."

"I don't doubt you, my good woman. I don't doubt you," Laura declared.

"Pardon this weakness and let me assure you that it will not last long. The knowledge that I shall perhaps never see the face of that dear friend has quite overwhelmed me for the time being."

"Oh, it's nothin', my dear, after ye git used to it; but gittin' used 't' it's the trouble. I tell ye, Laura, I'll look after ye when we git to Alaska. Ye shan't work. I'll do it for ye. Them pretty little hands shan't do anythin' to spoil 'em."

"I am not going to the Klondyke to work," answered Laura.

"Not goin' there 't' work?"

"That is, I am not going to dig gold from the mines."

"Well, what are ye goin' for?"

It was a long, sad story, but Laura was a confiding creature and told her.

When she had finished tears were trickling down the furrowed cheeks of her companion.

"Ah, child, yer story is so like my own I can but believe yer livin' your own sad life. When I was young like you, and some said pretty, I had a lover, a gallant young sailor lad. He always told me how he loved me and wouldn't never marry another. We were goin' 't' be married when Jack came back from the next cruise.

He was tired o' the sea, and I was tired o' havin' him go away so much, so we decided that it was to be the last voyage. He sailed 't' the north in the Arctic seas somewhere an' never came back." She sobbed a moment in silence and resumed:

"A long time I couldn't give him up. I didn't believe that he was dead, but at last I had to give in that he was. Two years after a sailor came into port who had been in Jack's crew and he told how Jack and his captain had been led out into the forest by savages on promises o' findin' a great amount o' gold, and both killed."

Laura, who was very much interested in her sad story, asked:

"Why are you going to the Klondyke?"

"I am goin' where I kin make money; where I kin git rich, and help young people, so they won't suffer as I have."

From that time on they became the best of friends. They were together most of the time and exchanged hopes and fears, and both knelt at night to ask God for guidance in their course in the future.

Their long voyage was at last ended. The great engine was slowly puffing as the vessel was driven slowly into the bay.

The vessel ran to within three-fourths of a mile of the shore and dropped anchor.

They had been discovered by the people on shore, who were waving handkerchiefs and hats, firing guns and pistols in the air. The boats were lowered and men climbed into them.

"Don't be in a hurry to go, child," whispered Kate, who exercised a sort of motherly control over the girl.

"There's another ship in."

"Where did it come from?" Laura asked.

"San Francisco, I'm thinkin'. Fact, I know it's from San Francisco."

Poor Laura little dreamed who had come on that vessel, starting after she did, but beating her to the land of gold. Even had she known whom the vessel brought she would not have been able to guess his object in coming to this country.

They went out on deck again to find it cleared of passengers. Another boat was lowered, and they were asked if they wished to go ashore.

"Certainly," said Laura. They descended to the rocking boat, and were pulled ashore by eight sturdy oarsmen. A porter came from the boat with her pretty, white bag, which seemed in harmony with the spotless purity which surrounded them.

She thanked him and gave him a silver dollar for his trouble. Then she turned to go with Kate to the hotel, when she suddenly stopped, started back, and, with a cry of alarm, fell into the arms of Kate Willis. Before her stood Theodore Lackland, a smile on his contemptible features.

Kate Willis was dumbfounded at the conduct of her charge. She knew the girl had unexpectedly met some one, and the meeting was highly disagreeable, but could not, of course, understand the true cause. Kate knew the man before her was the cause of the trouble, and at once began to berate him.

"You unprincipled scoundrel," she cried. "What do you mean by comin' here to frighten this poor child to death?"

In a moment Laura had recovered her self-possession, while Kate continued:

"You ugly, hatchet-faced, spider-legged kangaroo! You flannel-mouthed red-headed dude with brute's milk eyes! You three-card monte, faro bank shark, with a tongue as black as your heart! You—"

"That will do, Kate," interrupted Laura, regaining her speech. "This man's sudden appearance startled me."

(To be continued.)

As to Two Evils.

Theodore Hallam, one of the most celebrated of legal practitioners, once defended a burglar; and the case gave him a story that he never tired of telling. The prosecuting attorney was fighting vigorously, and had the defendant's wife on the stand.

"You are the wife of the prisoner?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you know his mode of life when you married him?"

"I did, sir."

"Will you tell us, then," went on the prosecutor, surprised by this admission, "how you came to contract an alliance with one of his kind?"

"Well," she answered, ingenuously, "I was getting on, the other girls had all been married, and I at last had no choice but between him and a lawyer who was courting me."

Look Out for Your Pate.

So "pate" is slang for head, eh? Wherefore? Surely the word is used in a trivial or derogatory sense, as noodle, noggin, cranium, brain-pan, etc., but its origin is eminently respectable. Shakespeare says "the learned pate ducks" to the golden fool." Pope's epigram is good—

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;

Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

We have "bald pate" and "shave pate." Why, the word is used once in the Bible, and by David, in Psalm vii, 16: "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Accurately, pate does not mean the head, but the crown of the head.

Preventing Lead Poisoning.

Improvements in the arrangements of two large factories in England reduced the number of cases of lead poisoning in one year from 173 to 74.

TWO WAYS TO DO IT

THE PROPOSED FOREIGN CURE FOR TRUST EVILS.

Tariff Reduction Would Make Our Country Dumping Ground for the Surplus Production of Cheap Labor in Other Countries.

A common charge against the "trusts" is that they deliberately dump their surplus products upon foreign countries at any price attainable while keeping up prices at home. That is probably true of the trusts, for it is true of every manufacturing concern, big or little, which ever produced a surplus in this or any country. It is true of our farmers who secure from all railroad companies lower freights on grain and meat destined for export than on that to be consumed at home, with the avowed intent to dump our surplus on other countries. Where no tariff exists freight rates are made to answer the purpose. The Pacific coast is and always has been a dumping ground for every manufacturer in America. A St. Louis manufacturer, if he has a surplus, will sell it to be shipped to this coast, or for export, cheaper than he would sell it into the territory on which he relies for his main support. So we may assume that the trusts, in this respect, adhere to the practice which has obtained in all countries since international trade existed—or any other trade, for that matter. The main object of producing a surplus is to keep labor employed during periods of depression. In this employers are influenced partly by the desire to keep a trained force together and to keep their machinery going, and also, very largely by feelings of humanity. At any rate, the production of surpluses in America does give employment to a vast number of Americans who would otherwise be idle. All nations compete with each other in the disposal of surpluses—nearly always at less than home rates. It is not in any sense peculiar to the "trusts."

Now there are two ways of dealing with surpluses entering from foreign countries. One way is to encourage them to come in, which speedily shuts up the home industries—and the smaller first of all—because no industry can compete with goods sold at cost or less, and nearly all international trade has come to be in surpluses. That is the method which free trade Democrats desire us to adopt, and they are seeking to direct the popular prejudice against trusts, against a trade practice which existed before trusts were heard of and will continue to exist after they are under control, and would exist just the same if they were blotted out of existence. The other way is that proposed by German statesmen, and likely to be adopted by all Europe—to keep surpluses out by a stiff tariff. That, in the case of sugar, was proposed by the Brussels sugar conference. It is likely to be applied to all products. Just now the American copper trust has a surplus which it is dumping on any foreign market which will receive it. But German statesmen won't have it. Although Germany produces but about one-third the copper which she uses, her people are determined that German mines shall not be closed down by American copper sold in those markets at less than cost of production. A committee of the Reichstag has accordingly proposed a duty on raw copper, which will apparently be adopted. Germany thinks it more profitable to keep her own people employed than to buy cheap American copper at the cost of the idleness of a portion of her own people. It is to our interest that she should do so. If our trust surpluses are kept out of foreign countries they must be sold at home, which will reduce the price of all copper in this country. The Republican policy is like that of Germany—protect our industries—trusts and all—against the influx of the surpluses of foreign trusts sold here at less than cost. The Democratic policy is to invite these surpluses and close down our own works. It is for the American people to choose between them.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ONE PER CENT.

The Proportion of Goods Sold Cheaper Abroad Than at Home.

Full weight has been given to the few manufacturers who make a lower price for export on certain goods at certain times. We have given all the testimony available from the Industrial commission's report. The showing proved to be insignificant and ridiculous, amounting as it did to less than one per cent of our exports of manufactures.

On the other hand it would be impossible to give the testimony of manufacturers who sell at the same or a higher price abroad. Eighty per cent of the replies to the Industrial commission made this assertion and showed how absolutely unworthy of weight is the contention of the Democratic Congressional committee on this question. A few extracts will suffice to prove the instability of the free trader's position. Establishment No. 59, which manufactures about 40 per cent of the locomotives in the United States and exports over \$5,000,000 worth, says:

"The average prices received from abroad are higher than average prices received from the United States."

The manufacturers of agricultural implements report, with only one exception, that prices to foreign purchasers are either higher or no lower than for domestic purchasers. One says:

"Foreign prices are made sufficient higher than domestic prices to pay freight to New York and boxing for ocean shipment."

Another says:

"The foreigner pays ocean insurance and duties, which add from 50 to 100 per cent to these net prices, making higher prices to them."

In leather and leather products the only establishments which report lower prices from export trade than for domestic purchasers are those which produce sole leather and cut soles. They give as a reason the rebate of the tariff duty on foreign hides.

In textiles, establishment No. 15, exporting nearly a million dollars' worth of drills and sheetings, equal to 60 per cent of its total product, states that:

"They usually get better prices for export than home trade goods."

Establishment No. 16, exporting more than three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of drills and sheetings, equal to 75 per cent of their total product, says:

"Prices in those markets are sometimes better than at home."

Establishment No. 89, which sells over \$300,000 worth of sewing machines yearly in foreign countries, states that:

"Export prices are generally about the same as prices in the United States."

Establishment No. 32, manufacturing lamp chimneys, etc., answers:

"We have made it a part of our policy to sell domestic trade at as low if not lower prices than to the foreign trade."

Five typewriter manufacturers say:

"No lower." "Foreign machines net as much as domestic." "About the same." "Slightly higher." "Slightly higher."

The wire and wire rope manufacturers say:

"No lower."

The manufacturers of stoves say:

"Five per cent higher abroad; no lower."

Not a single textile manufacturer reports lower prices abroad. In short, over 350 out of 416 replies report the same prices or higher prices abroad, and these manufacturers represent our great exporters in every line of foreign trade. It is just as well to carry these figures along with us during the campaign.

Annual business in U.

S. \$40,000,000,000

Manufactures 15,000,000,000

Exports of manufactures 400,000,000

Goods sold less abroad (perhaps) 4,000,000

Not a Door Knob, a Real Live Egg.

Watterson Would Scuttle.

Henry Watterson is now a "scuttler." Next to Edward Atkinson and Brother Bryan, he is at the head of the procession of those who would get out of the Philippines. Not long since he was whooping it up to stay. He would have American ideas and civilization go hand in hand to redeem the natives from the bondage of barbarism. He endorsed the McKinley policy, and went even further than McKinley in urging that the flag be kept flying. He was characteristically eloquent in his patriotism and enthusiasm, and the attitude he struck was admirably suited to his figure and record. But now he thinks we ought to get out, and not be particular as to the method either. He would have us find a small hole somewhere and crawl through it. Mr. Watterson is apparently trying to get in line for what Democratic national convention will declare for. It is not principle with him this time nearly as much as it is expediency.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Better Never Than Now.

The difference between curing a tariff law and digging a grave for it is great. When the people of the United States can do without protection out of sight they will call on the Democratic party, but not before. They have found protection very useful in the business of the nation and will have further use for it. "Reform of the tariff by its friends" may mean reform "the day after never," but even that is better than reform by its enemies, which means reform out of existence, with all that implies.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Does Not Vote As He Thinks.

Southern Democrats understand well enough that Republican policies are prosperity policies. But they are expected to vote their prejudices, not their convictions. Many of them will continue to vote their prejudices, too, but some won't. A Democrat told the editor of this paper a few days ago that he never had voted a Republican ticket and had no intention of ever voting one, but that he hoped the next Republican candidate for President would be elected.—Valley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

Are They Getting Tired?

Politicians who are now talking free trade must imagine that the people are getting tired of prosperity.—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, OCT. 13; JOSHUA 6:12-20—THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Golden Text—"By Faith The Walls of Jericho Fell Down"—Hebrews 11:30—True Inwardness of the Workings of a Miracle.

I. Preparation for taking Possession of the Land.—The Renewal of the Covenant.—Josh. 5:1-9. The Israelites were now actually in the Promised Land, without the possibility of retreat. It was "victory or death." And victory could come only through divine help, and even if they could gain possession, it would be of little value to them unless, and only so far as, they worshipped sincerely the true God, and were his peculiar people in training to understand and promulgate the true religion. Hence they began their new life in their new home by observing their religious duties, in honor and obedience to God, by whose power alone they could have a prosperous national existence. Religion lay at the foundation of the nation. Besides, it made all their welfare and work religious. It was not for themselves chiefly, but for the Cause, the cause of God for all time, that they fought and suffered.

The remembrance of what God has done for us in the past, especially his love in sending his Son, is a source of hope and assurance in all days to come. It is the dawn after darkness, promising a bright to-morrow. The fact of God's goodness and power shines like a star through all the clouds that surround us. We trust in promises that have been tried and proved.

The New Form of Dependence on God.—Josh. 5:11, 12. At the close of the Passover the miraculous manna ceased, and henceforth the people lived on the fruits which the land itself supplied. The special gift was withheld when their wants could be supplied through the ordinary laws of nature. God gives special helps for special needs, but it is better that our daily support should come through the ordinary channels. Nature's fruits are as really God's gift as miraculous manna.

The Strange Attack.—Vs. 1-6, 20. The plan of the attack was for the people to march around the city once a day for six days, and on the seventh day to march around it seven times the last time with a long blast of the trumpets and a great shout from all the people, when the walls were to fall flat.

At first sight there is a seeming contradiction between vs. 4, 8, 9, requiring the trumpets to blow each time the people went around, and vs. 10, 18, 23, requiring the people to be silent till they heard the trumpets blow, and then to shout. Some critics regard this as showing that different and contradictory accounts were woven together by an editor. But an editor would not be likely to put plain contradiction in his completed account. And a closer study shows there is no contradiction. For according to v. 5 it was when the priests blew a long blast, distinctly different from the marching music, that the people, hitherto silent, were to send up the great shout.

At the seventh time, while the people were surrounding the city, "when the priests blew with the trumpets" the long blast announced in v. 5 to be the signal. "Joshua said unto the people, hitherto silent, were to send up the great shout."

"For the Lord hath given you the city." The result is given in v. 20. "The wall fell down flat." Of course the shouting and the blast of the trumpets had no power to overthrow the broad walls of the city; but it connected the people with the miracle in outward form to show that only as they were really connected with it by faith would the work be done for them. The secondary means, some think, to have been an earthquake, but even then it must have been miraculous in its timing and in its limitation to the city, while the surrounding Israelites were untouched.

Practical Suggestions. 1. This plan of capture impressed upon the people the two elements by which all their victories and prosperity could be obtained—the divine power leading them to obey and trust God; and the human instrumentality through which that power worked.

2. It well illustrates the victories which the gospel was to obtain over all the principalities and powers of earth and hell. No human power was to be used. Nothing but the simple announcement of the truth, and that by the instrumentality of weak and sinful men, was the means chosen for the destruction of idolatry and the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom over the earth. We should never be dismayed at any obstacle or hindrance in the way of God's kingdom; nor at the seeming feebleness of the means to be used.

3. All the people shall shout in order that all may have part in the victory. So when all Christians utter with all their might the words of Jesus, the kingdom of Satan will soon fall. By the weak things of earth God confounds the mighty (1 Cor. 1:27-28).

IV. The Destruction of Jericho.—Vs. 17-20, 17. "And the city shall be accursed," "devoted," Hebrew, herem, "That is herem which is devoted to God beyond redemption or exchange." "If destructible, that which is herem is to be utterly destroyed, thus putting it beyond the reach of every being but God. If not destructible, it is to be put to permanent religious use. The Canaanites and Amalekites were to be made herem, that is, utterly destroyed, as a religious act." "The people and animals of Jericho are to be made herem by slaughtering them; and the houses and clothing by burning them; and the metals (Josh. 6:19, 24; 7:1, 11, 21) by putting them into the treasury of the house of Jehovah."—Prof. Willis F. Beecher.

19. "All the silver, and gold," that could not be destroyed, but could be purified, was used for religious purposes.

This massacre seems terrible. But several things are to be remembered in addition to the suggestions in the last lesson.

1. It was in an untrained, semi-civilized age, and not the best thing absolutely, but the best thing possible under the circumstances.

2. It was a