

Loup City Northwestern

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LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

Another eye has been put out by a golf ball. To golf players: Mind your eye.

The sultan of Turkey has written a book, they say, on hypocrisy. Expert testimony.

There are any number of young men who start out to get rich by buying lottery tickets.

A volcano has broken out in the Mexican state of Tabasco. A hot time is anticipated.

A lady of 40 has asked \$75,000 for damaged affections. What would she have demanded at 20?

The scent of the moth ball betrays the man who pretends his fall overcoat is just from the tailor.

Nearly every country town now has its carnival queen, and she is generally all right if her picture tells the truth.

The proposed United States of Europe might be the means of driving William Waldorf Astor into exile again.

Dr. Newell Dwight Holbrook advocates devoting 30 minutes each day to laughter. We'll try it after we secure some hard coal.

A Kirkville, Mo., farmer owns a mule that is 34 years old. How did he happen to let the British remount agents get past?

The cable reports that the sultan has resolved to reduce his harem expenses. Suppose the inmates form a union and strike?

Over in Australia sheep are selling for a shilling a head. The Australians had better watch or the meat trust will be getting after them.

As betwixt a blushing bride chewing spruce gum and a blushing bride chewing tobacco, give us the sweet boon of single blessedness.

Nearly all of the new plays are first tried in Washington. It is figured that whatever a department clerk will stand for is good for a long run elsewhere.

It appears that certain members of the South Omaha school board have been selling their votes for \$8 apiece. That's almost as slow as working for a living.

The king of Siam has a very small standing army, less than 12,000 men. When he wants to attract attention to something numerous he points to the royal harem.

Prof. Howarth of Chicago, says no woman should allow a man to call her "his." He has reference to the custom existing before he entered his professional den.

The National Household Economics convention should take note of the fact that a Chicago woman has just vanquished a thief by using a feather duster as a weapon.

It is still pretty hard to get grouchy old men who don't like the boys their daughters have selected as future husbands to agree that arbitration is a good thing in all cases.

Complaint is entered against the rector of an Episcopal church in New York that he sleeps too much. That is trenching upon the privileges of the parishioners in the pews.

Austria is trying to legislate a settlement of the language question, but to a non-linguist it would seem that peace and the Polish tongue were pretty nearly incompatible.

The Castellanes are having more trouble over their debts. Ah, why will these tradesmen who belong to the canaille insist on vulgarly trying to get what is coming to them?

One of Hayti's revolutions has been taken aboard the United States cruiser Cincinnati and will be landed on some other island. This may be good for Hayti, but what about the other islands?

A herd of from 40 to 50 buffaloes is ranging in one of the most inaccessible regions of Colorado. We had missed some of the members of the order of late and didn't know where they were.

This is the royal month for diseases that the patent medicines can cure and the cereal foods prevent. It is also the season when the doctors can devote their energies to the collection of old accounts.

Mrs. Callaway of Ohio has discovered a new way to get a new stove. She soaked a brick in gasoline instead of oil, and applied the match. After that her husband couldn't question the necessity of partly refurbishing the kitchen.

Application has been made by 150 Swiss bicyclists for permission to bring their wheels into the United States from Canada free of duty. Why not? Numerous individuals with wheels are admitted to this country annually without charge.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Atlandale's Doubts," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lost Found.

While the stirring events just narrated were transpiring in the grotto two men but a few miles below the valley were making their way along the trail made in the snow by old Ben Holton and the Indians.

"Can you follow it, Glum?" asked the young man, who was Clarence Berry.

"Yes, I kin follow it," he answered.

The two travelers followed the trail until they came to where a portion of the tracks led up the stream, and some went across the river. Here Glum Ralston called a halt. He stood looking at the foot-prints in the snow and shook his great shaggy old head like one in doubt.

"Wall, I want t' tell ye I'm a mite wool-gatherer" the old man growled, as he gazed at the foot-prints. "It's my opinion that we'll find the camp on the other side."

"I see a light!" exclaimed Clarence. Glum Ralston turned his eyes in the direction indicated and said:

"Yes; now I see it—now I don't."

"It seems moving about."

"There is some one in the valley."

They could not only see a light, but figures moving about, and Clarence added:

"Glum, let us go over there first."

"Well," come on," the old ex-sailor grunted, and they started over the frozen river. When nearly across they discovered people running about in great excitement and loud cries, mingled with which was the shriek of a female voice. Then came the report of a gun, followed by two or three more in quick succession.

"Ho! Clarence, git a move on ye—there's a fight over there!" cried Glum Ralston, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

Paul led the party, with Kate close behind. The first object he recognized was his faithful old friend, who had long mourned him as dead—Glum Ralston. The meeting can be better imagined than described. He was told that Laura was inside with Clarence and the long-lost captain, who was making desperate efforts to explain something which had befuddled everybody, and Paul tumbled head first into the tent, the worse befuddled of any one, and embraced Laura and Clarence, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

It was fully an hour before everybody inside and everybody outside were at all themselves. Paul afterward had a dim recollection of hearing a voice very much like Glum Ralston's roar:

"Ain't you Kate Willis, my Kate?" and then he heard a voice which sounded very much like Kate crying:

"Ain't you Jack Ralston, my sailor boy?"

Then there was a collision, explosion, and the hub-bub increased.

At last, when all had time to recover, Kate and Jack, as she still called him, entered the tent, she declaring she would never permit him to leave her again. Jack explaining that he was staying in Alaska in compliance with an order from his captain to the effect that he was to never leave him unless he returned.

There was a wedding—of course there was. No story would be complete without a wedding, and in this there were two, for Jack Ralston would insist on being married to his faithful Kate on the same day Laura and Paul were wedded.

Clarence and Ethel Berry, who contributed so much to bring about the happiness of their friends, were present, and declared they never enjoyed but one other event more—that was their own wedding, of course. As these young people are wealthy beyond their fondest dreams, as they have tasted the bitter cup of poverty, and take delight in making others happy, it is safe to predict that their millions will not be squandered in frivolity, but the world will be better by their having lived, toiled and suffered.

"My friends, this is the happiest day I ever knew. But one person more is necessary to make the reunion complete, and my cup of happiness run over. I want to ask some questions, and then make some explanations. First, is your name Paul Miller?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered.

"Who was your father, and where he?"

"My father was Captain Joseph Miller, who was lost before I can remember in Alaska or some of the islands of the Bering Sea."

"Do you know the name of the ship he last sailed in, and from what port?"

"Mother told me he sailed from San Francisco in a sealing schooner called the Eleanor."

"Jack—Jack! Have you been with him all these months and not known this?"

Glum Ralston leaped to his feet with a startled yell and cried:

"Crack-lash! A Miller—son of my captain! Why, by the name of Neptune, didn't ye tell me ye had some other name'n Crack-lash?"

Paul was dumbfounded. He had heard a hint that the hermit was his father, but the old man had so stubbornly denied it, that he had concluded it must be false.

"Why did you deny I was your son when those men threatened to hang me?" Paul asked.

"My boy, I knew it then as well as now, but to acknowledge you to be my son was to be your own doom. They'd a hung ye then for sure, or tortured us both."

"What was they goin' to hang Crack-lash for?" asked Jack Ralston.

"Because I wouldn't tell where I'd cached a fortune in gold I got from the Alaskan mines. So long as they didn't know he was my son they could not force the secret from me that way."

"Well, cap'n, you played your part very fine, an' now that we have outwitted 'em, an' all goin' home soon, can you find the place where the gold is cached?"

"If I had a certain walrus hide I could. It is the one my son took from the cave."

"I gave it to you, Glum."

"And I've got it safe at camp."

In the midst of their rejoicing Paul did not forget the poor wretch who was lying in the cavern mangled and torn by the dog. Clarence and Tom Ambrose went and brought Morris to the camp, where Kate carefully

panions, who beat a hasty retreat toward the river. They were nearly to the river bank when two men, leaping from the ice, ran toward them, crying:

"Hold! What does this mean? Lackland, you here?"

"Clarence Berry! I'm undone!"

Then, followed by his men, he ran up the stream, instead of across it.

"Let us follow them," said Clarence.

"No, let's go to the tent. There's been bloodshed there!"

They ran to the camp now deserted by the Indians and Esquimaux. Two men lay where they had fallen, the snow crimson with their blood. An old man came from the tent holding a pale, trembling girl by the hand.

Clarence snatched up a burning brand that had fallen from the hand of some fugitive, and at a glance cried:

"Laura—Laura Kean!"

His shout was drowned by a roar from Glum Ralston.

"My captain, oh, my captain, found at last!" and in a moment those grizzled men, lost to each other a score of years, were clasped in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XIX.

Conclusion.

The reunion of the sea captain and the faithful sailor was mild compared to a reunion that quickly followed. Another party was coming across the ice. The long, Arctic night was spent and the opening door of dawn was filling all the eastern Heavens with glory, when Paul, Kate, old Ben and their faithful canine friend sprang from the ice and hurried up the hill to the narrow valley, where the camp was.

Paul led the party, with Kate close behind. The first object he recognized was his faithful old friend, who had long mourned him as dead—Glum Ralston. The meeting can be better imagined than described. He was told that Laura was inside with Clarence and the long-lost captain, who was making desperate efforts to explain something which had befuddled everybody, and Paul tumbled head first into the tent, the worse befuddled of any one, and embraced Laura and Clarence, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

It was fully an hour before the real fate of Lackland and his companions was known. After their failure to abduct Laura Kean the three men dared not return to the land of civilization, but went to Sheep Camp.

One morning, while the camp was still buried in sleep, there came a peculiar rumbling sound from the southwest side of the mountain, and, like an avalanche, the great glacier came rumbling, thundering down, bursting tents and shanties and men beneath it. Some fled and a few escaped, but when the debris had cleared away several were missing. Buried deep under the landslide were Lackland, Cummins, Allen, Morris and Belcher.

Some one had gone on to Fresno and broke the news to Mrs. Miller by degrees. She could at first hardly believe her son alive, and it was still more difficult to believe the husband, whom she had for twenty years thought dead alive. When she was told that she would see them that very day, she swooned for joy.

She was at the depot when the train came in and Captain Miller, shaven and shorn, and dressed in the garb of civilization, looking twenty years younger than when a wanderer in the Klondyke, stepped from the train to receive his fainting wife in his strong arms.

There was a wedding—of course there was. No story would be complete without a wedding, and in this there were two, for Jack Ralston would insist on being married to his faithful Kate on the same day Laura and Paul were wedded.

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"We will be gone, my dear child, before that man returns," he said, in a kind, fatherly way, that won the heart of the girl.

"What do you propose?" she asked eagerly.

"Across this frozen river, the ice of which will bear your weight, as I have tested it myself, we will find a deep, dark cavern. Now, we will cross the river and I leave you there."

"Why leave me there? Why not take me on to Paul?" she asked.

"Because you would be a hindrance to my rescuing him. No, no! You must consent to stay in the cavern or we will have to abandon him there."

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