

# The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He closed his eyes and in a few moments was unconscious. When he awoke he found the strange hermit at his side bending over him and gazing eagerly into his face. He turned slowly away and went back to the fire.

A moment later he brought him some meat and said: "You had better eat; you are weak." This was quite a long sentence for the hermit, and he paused after speaking to rest. Paul took the broiled steak and ate sparingly. It was very juicy and nutritious, and he began to feel stronger in a few moments after he had finished. The hermit meanwhile had resumed his seat on a large stone in front of the fire.

There was now another expression on his face. It was an expression of sadness. The more Paul studied the features of this strange man the more mysterious they seemed. He lay for a long time looking at him and asking himself a thousand questions. Then he grew weary of gazing and thinking and closed his eyes. Consciousness had almost slipped away when a movement in the cavern caused him to again open his eyes. The hermit was preparing to leave.

He took up the rude lamp, in which burned some kind of oil, and went to the opposite side of the cavern. He set the lamp on a flat stone, and putting his hand into a sort of crevice in the rocky wall pulled forth something. It was in a roll. He unrolled it and gazed at it intently.

From where he lay Paul saw that the object when unrolled was part of a tanned hide of some sort of an animal.

"I hope he will leave it," thought Paul. "If he does I will examine it. There is writing on it, and it may contain some clue to this Klondyke mystery that so nearly drives me mad."

All the movements of the hermit were slow and deliberate. He went carefully toward the entrance of the cavern. Long Paul lay on the couch listening for the slight tread of the moccasined feet, but he came not back.

"He has gone!" said Paul. He rose to a sitting position and gazed about the cavern.

After a few moments he rose to his feet. With a wildly beating heart he began his tour of exploration. The oil lamp had been left burning on a square stone, and he picked it up and went along the great natural corridor for some distance until he came upon a great chamber with lofty ceilings.

He began to search for the crevice in the rock where he had seen the man place the skin on which was the writing. Paul found the roll and drew it out.

It proved to be a piece of walrus hide covered all over with strange pictures and hieroglyphics such as the Indian picture writers use. It was almost round, and he could find no beginning nor end to it.

The report of a gun near the mouth of the cavern caused him to thrust the walrus hide into the crack and hasten into the deeper recesses of the cavern.

## CHAPTER IV.

Meeting a Friend With Bad News.

It is necessary at this point in our story to return to Clarence Berry's party, which we left on the top of the Chilkoot Pass in a raging storm. All through that terrible night Clarence Berry lay thinking of his young wife, whom he had packed away as comfortable as possible in that terrible height in the frigid zone. Day dawned bright and clear and he arose early and called to his wife:

"Ethel, Ethel, are you alive?" There came no answer until he had pulled away some of the packages that formed her apartment; then he heard her voice answering:

"I am all right, Clarence." "Thank God!" ejaculated the husband. "I feared you had perished during that terrible storm."

"Dick and 'Hemstitch,' the Esquimaux, were self-constituted cooks, and prepared a breakfast of a pot of boiled beans and a little coffee, which froze on the slightest provocation.

When breakfast was over two sleds were loaded with supplies, and without dogs or any one to draw them, started down the mountain. Two weeks were consumed in reaching Lake Linderman. Here they were detained another week, completing a boat with which they could make their way down the river.

One night, after a day of arduous toil, they camped at the foot of a mountain protected from the north wind by a steep precipice. The dogs had been unharnessed, fed and lay sleeping about the sleds. The tired Indians, having had supper, were stretched before the fire. Ethel, attired in furs, sat on a sled which had been drawn up before the blazing logs. Her present husband declared she looked like an angelic Esquimaux queen.

Dick remained on the skin of a musk-ox telling a story in which there was blended Bowery slang and western dialect. Suddenly one of the dogs started up and gave vent to a low growl, cutting the story short. The guide gave a sharp whistle and seized his rifle. The others at once laid their hands on their guns and stood on the defensive.

A few moments later a large object could be seen in the distance slowly advancing toward them. Owing to the dim, uncertain light all at first were of the opinion it was a bear, and one or two cocked their guns and stepped out a short distance from the light to get a better shot at the animal. The guide suddenly called:

"Hold! It's a man!" "Con sé it is," growled a voice in the distance. "What did ye think it was—a walrus?"

A man clothed in furs, holding a rifle in his hand, came forward and advanced toward the fire.

Ethel rose trembling with fright at the appearance of this strange apparition, and clung to the arm of her husband.

"Who is he?" she whispered. "Where did that terrible man come from?"

Though the question was not intended for the ears of this strange man, he heard them, and in a voice like the deep tones of far-off thunder he answered:

"I am from the Klondyke, where you seem to be going; a place where gold can be raked up by the handful."

"Who are you? What is your name?" Berry asked, advancing toward the Klondyker and extending his hand toward him.

"I am called Glum Ralston," he answered.

"What are you doing here?" "Hunting for a friend."

By this time Clarence Berry had clasped his hand and brought him near the camp fire, where he bade him be seated and tell his troubles.

"I hain't much at spinning yarns," the ex-sailor answered. "My friend was robbed on the Klondyke a few months ago, an' at the same time laid up for repairs."

Ethel grasped her husband's hand and mentally ejaculated, "It was Paul."

She listened with the keenest interest to the story of Glum Ralston, and tears gathered in her eyes. She knew the missing companion was none other than Paul Miller, whose fate would perhaps never be known.

"Oh, heaven, poor Laura! how shall we break this terrible news to her, Clarence?" she sobbed.

The young husband made no answer, and Glum Ralston, lighting his pipe, proceeded to smoke in silence.

## CHAPTER V.

THE WALRUS HIDE.

Paul Miller ran two or three hundred paces into the cavern until it grew so dark he had to grope his way and he came to a halt.

From around a projecting stone he turned his gaze back to the chamber which was lighted by the lamp.

He saw the hermit come at a run toward the inner chamber, three men pursuing him. They were so close on him that he halted by the side of the couch and turned at bay. A third man at this moment appeared on the scene and seized his arms from behind and hurled him to the cavern floor.

Paul Miller had all along watched the exciting contest. He started toward the chamber, where they were tying the hermit's hands with strips of walrus skin, and was almost near enough to call out when he suddenly halted and gave them a stare.

"They are the robbers themselves!" he gasped in a whisper. "What in heaven does this mean?" He quickly slunk away behind some masses of rock, broken from the side of the cavern.

Completely concealed from the actors in this singular drama, Paul was enabled to observe all that went on. There seemed to be only violence enough on the part of the captors to effect the capture of the hermit. When this was effected they began pleading with him to do something, or make some revelation. After a few words, the captive became silent and sullen. His captors plied him with many questions and he refused to answer any of them. At last, leaving him in charge of one man, the other two began to search the cavern. When they came near Paul he crouched in the smallest possible space and scarce dared to breathe.

One of the two searchers was the very man whom he had chased up the mountain side.

As they passed one of them mentioned a name which caused him to start so violently as to almost discover himself to them. It was Lackland.

Lackland was the wealthy banker and speculator of his own town, who had been a rival for the heart and hand of Laura Bush. What did these mysterious men of the Klondyke know about him, or what had he to do with them?

Almost maddened by despair Paul fell upon his knees and furiously beat his breast with his hands while the captors led the prisoner away.

They had taken up the oil lamp and carried it with them, and Paul was soon in total darkness. In his fit of desperation he rose and followed them. At the entrance of the cavern he halted and gazed off after the captors and prisoner. A thousand tumultuous emotions swayed his heart, and again in despair he beat his breast with his hands.

"Oh, cruel, cruel fate! Why did I not know he was my friend and defend him!"

He gazed helplessly at the little party until they had disappeared from his view and then threw himself upon the floor of the cavern in despair. But his better judgment came to his relief and starting up he seized the lamp and started back toward the fire to light it. It seemed an age before the faint glow from the dying embers told him where the fire was. He at last reached the spot, and with a pipe

stick raked the living coals together. Laying on two or three smaller sticks he blew them into a blaze and lighted the lamp.

After a short rest he was prepared to travel, but he remembered the walrus hide, with its mysterious hieroglyphics, and determined to take it with him. He was unable to make out anything from the hide, and rolling it up thrust it in one of his capacious pockets, and taking some of the provisions left in the cavern, went out and buckled on his snow shoes to leave the place forever. He tramped until night and then spreading a blanket on the snow slept soundly. A snow fell during the night, and when he awoke he shook off the white gown of nature and ate some of the roasted moose meat he had brought with him.

For over a week he wandered about in the wilderness, subsisting on fish he caught in the river and a deer which he shot, but not seeing a human being. Paul had no compass to steer his course, and was often lost among the mountains.

One day he came upon a fresh trail in the snow as if a party with Indian porters, dogs and sledges had made their way over the snow toward Forty Mile Camp.

He sat down at the side of the path to rest and think. A slight crunching of snow but a short distance from him caused him to look up, and he saw a man coming on snow shoes, a rifle on his shoulder. A single glance at those familiar features, and he cried:

"Glum—Glum Ralston!"

The solitary traveler paused, started back in surprise, clutching his gun for an instant as if he would use it; then dropping it on the snow, gave vent to a whoop that would have done credit to a wild Indian, and bounding forward had Paul about the neck, crying:

"Crack-lash alive, by th' trident o' Neptune."

"Where have you been?" asked Paul.

"Cruisin' about lookin' for you," he answered. "Where you been?"

Paul told the story of his adventures, concluding with his escape from the cave.

"I have found the mystery about me thickening all the time, and this walrus hide covered with strange pictures and hieroglyphics is the chief of all mysteries."

Glum Ralston took the walrus hide, unrolled it, and gazing at it with wildly dilating eyes which indicated his strange interest, demanded:

"Where did you get it?" "From the hermit."

"Th' hermit—the hermit—the man that owns this hide—the man who saved you, is my old captain!" cried the excited prospector with a shout.

"Where is he? where is he? It's my old captain—I'll go home to Kate yet. Where is he? where is he? where is he?" he shouted almost fiercely, while Paul was too much dumfounded to utter a word.

"Be calm, Glum, and explain what you mean!" cried Paul.

Holding up the piece of walrus hide, Glum said:

"I've seen this before."

"Where?" "On board the 'Eleanor.'"

"Who had it there?" "The red-skin as had the stran' o' gold nuggets about his neck."

Paul's interest in the walrus hide increased. The old man continued in a gleeful tone:

"Oh, he lives, he lives! I will find him, tell him I've been true to him all these years and take 'im home."

Suddenly he became more composed, and, turning his eyes on Paul, asked: "Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"What! you have seen him and let him escape?"

"I could not help myself; they came and dragged him away."

(To be continued.)

**Biggest Cigar in the World.** Paymaster General Bates of the army possesses the largest cigar in the world. It is sixty-three inches long, and as large around as a man's arm at the thickest section.

Its composition includes twenty-two classes of Philippine tobacco. The huge cigar is the gift of Major W. H. Comegys, of the pay department, who sent it to the paymaster general with this note:

"I send you the largest cigar you have ever seen—at least, the largest I have ever seen. It is made of a number of the finest brands of tobacco grown on the islands. This was manufactured at San Fernando do Union, in Union Province, P. I. The case is also a curiosity. It may be called a family cigar, as all smoke it, and the grandmother is supposed to finish it or the cigar to finish the grandmother."

—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

**Beautiful Mummy Blue.** Hamlet reflected curiously upon the fact that the body of a great ruler might yet come to be used to "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but modern ingenuity has discovered more useful, if not more honorable, uses for the bodies of departed emperors. Manufacturers of artists' colors now often use mummies in making their colors, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colors used by various R. A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy. Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen or the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue. The export of mummies is now forbidden, but one will last a manufacturer for years. The colors so made are principally used by portrait painters.—London Tatler.

# Waiting

Scene: I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I have to more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delay;  
For what awaits this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark away,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter is I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And gather up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs from yonder height,  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high  
Can keep my own away from me.

## A Green Room Romance.

BY HAROLD DEAN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
When Herbert Hollister wrote the exceedingly clever interview with the reigning queen of the stage, Grace de Montfort, the latter did not dream what a lot of trouble it was destined to cost her. It was a good interview and pregnant with that subtle quality known in the newspaper and magazine world as "atmosphere" and it one David Schlossberg—but had accorded so strongly with the great actress's notion of the eternal fitness of things that she had thanked Herbert warmly—effusively, indeed—and had admitted him into the circle of her close personal friends.

All of which was very bad for "Bert," as his friends knew him. He was not a keen, experienced and wary old dramatic critic, but an enthusiastic and ridiculous young reporter loaded with much information regarding "the drama" and redolent with much enthusiasm and idealism regarding the stage. It was a sort of mistake that he caught the assignment, but Gregory, the dramatic critic, was sick and his understudy, Chester Howard, was away on his vacation, and the managing editor, admitting in a grumbling fashion that something must be done for the dramatic column, "drat it," had felt around among the staff until he had found Hollister with some sort of a vague reputation for knowledge and taste in that direction. And it was necessary to put some one on the department, for the appearance of Grace de Montfort was supposed to be something of an event in the dramatic world. And so it happened that Bert got his chance and how well he did it was attested by the furor his interview created. The managing editor quite plumed himself upon it and admitted that he had discovered a "new one." Hollister quite overtopped Howard and for a few weeks filled even Gregory with anxiety and chagrin.

He was a high card with the management at the Academy and all doors opened before him at will. And he persistently haunted the dressing room of Grace de Montfort. At first she invited it, not only because his story had pleased her so much, but also because she liked the handsome care-free audacious young journalist, who paid her such sincere compliments in so naive a way and failed altogether to pay her the conventional tributes which she had learned to expect.

"No, Madam," he remarked gravely. "I cannot, in honor, say that you are the most beautiful woman in the world—in fact I do not know if you are beautiful at all. But you are more than beautiful—you are talented and interesting and attractive. A sculptor can create a face and figure endowed with beauty and symmetry, but nobody but the Almighty can endow matter with the charm and grace and in-

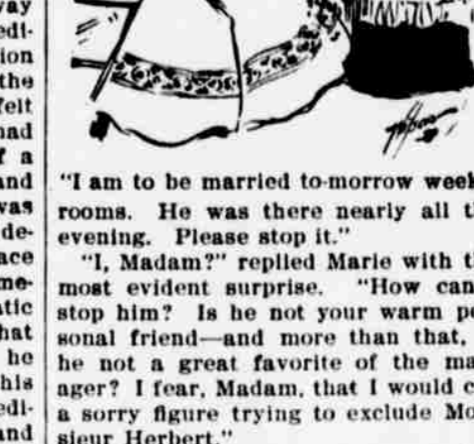
terest you have," and he bowed low and kissed her hand with all the deference of a knight of the Chivalric age. And Grace did not quite know whether to be vexed at him for his exceeding frankness regarding her personal attraction or to thank him for his compliment, which, truth to tell, she did not quite understand. And so he continued to haunt that



"In fact I do not know if you are beautiful at all."

mystic region behind the scenes and particularly Grace de Montfort's dressing rooms night after night and to pass to her upon all occasions the most honest and sincere and discriminating compliments. He really had no business there, as his assignment to dramatic work had ceased long since, but there he was every night and Grace began to be annoyed.

"Marie," she exclaimed sharply one night after they had reached the seclusion of their apartments at the hotel, "I don't want that big overgrown boy of a journalist haunting my dressing



rooms. He was there nearly all the evening. Please stop it."

"I, Madam?" replied Marie with the most evident surprise. "How can I stop him? Is he not your warm personal friend—and more than that, is he not a great favorite of the manager? I fear, Madam, that I would cut a sorry figure trying to exclude Monsieur Herbert."

"Well, well, then I will have to dismiss him," replied the star.

But she did not, and as the days and nights passed she came more and more to look for him and to listen more and more to the sharp and discriminating criticism upon the performance passed from night to night by the keen young fellow who was not afraid. And there were delightful little Bohemian lunches after the play at which only Herbert and she and Marie were present. And so she came to tolerate him. But finally she came to pity him. The season was drawing to a close and she was planning to go away—a very long way—to rest. It was really too bad to lead the boy on and then drop him like an old shoe.

Then a sharp pang came to her as she thought it all over. It came to her that it would cost her something to exclude this bright and buoyant atmosphere from her life. Really he was the most original and entertaining man who had come into her life—yes, and the freshest and most honest. She would miss him—yes, she would miss him sorely. The arguments over the midnight rarebits and chop sueys, the fascination of that frank and laughing face, the tonic of that honest criticism, the honey of that perfect and sincere admiration—or was it adoration? All these things she would miss, and Grace had not been trained in the school of going without. Why miss all these good things that she liked? He was by far the best man, all things considered, she had ever met. Why not marry him and have him always with her. The idea was ridiculous of course—he was a mere boy and she had had proposals from the richest and the most distinguished—but she liked him and she didn't need money or position—that she had acquired and could acquire, and she liked the boy and wanted him to be with her. Besides she had encouraged him to a certain extent and she felt it would be brutal to break his heart. Yes, she would yield to one humane and kindly impulse—she could well afford it now that she was on the top wave and managers bidding for her. She would give the boy an opportunity to propose and she would accept him and then—her thoughts went out along a rosy highway of day-dreams, which left her cheeks flushed and her eyes soft and moist.

"Madam," repeated Marie for the fifth time clearing her throat loudly as she had done several times before, "Madam!"

"Don't you see I want to be alone. Marie you are losing all your tact. I will have to be getting another girl."

"Yes, Madam, that's just what I was thinking," responded Marie courteously blushing. "I was afraid that I was not satisfying Madam and I came in to tell Madam that I had decided to leave her service."

"Leave my service," cried the actress, "leave my service; Marie you are crazy. Of course you will not. I am not angry with you, Marie. I only wanted to correct you. You will stay right along, of course—and I will raise your wages—because I will need you more than ever presently—I am going to be married presently, Marie, and then I will need you more than ever."

"If Madam pleases," replied Marie blushing and courtesying, "I cannot remain in Madam's service for I am to be married to-morrow week."

"You married," cried Grace sharply. "You are a fool. Better keep your position. You will need it all the more when you have a husband to support."

"But he will not permit it, Madam," replied Marie, blushing and courtesying again.

"Who is he?" asked the actress. "Monsieur Herbert, Madam," replied the girl blushing more furiously than ever and courtesying again.

"Herbert Hollister?" demanded Madam rising with blazing eyes. "Yes, if it pleases Madam," replied the girl with downcast eyes. "He has been tormenting me all the season and I promised him yesterday. We are to be married to-morrow week at the Deaneery and I wanted to give Madam a week's notice, so I spoke to you tonight. I would like to give Madam a longer notice, but Bert—I beg pardon—Monsieur Herbert is so impatient that he will not wait more than a week. And Oh Madam, we have the loveliest little flat picked out and being fixed up. I wish you could come and see it—you will, won't you, Madam? And Mr. Herbert is to be dramatic critic with ever so much more salary—and—and—and oh, Madam I am so happy, and the girl sank on her knees and buried her face in the trailing gown of the actress.

Madam, white and rigid looked down on the girl, gently disengaged her gown and silently passed into her chamber.

**DRINK CAUSED HIS DEATH.**  
Too Much Water Blamed For Demise of Eben Waters.

A dispatch from Salem, Mass., conveys the information that Eben Waters (prophetic name), 99 years old, died last week from excessive water drinking. He did not indulge in alcoholic drinks of any kind, and he is said to have been temperate in all things except his appetite for water. It was his habit to drink three quarts of water every day, and this, his doctors say, resulted in "complications that proved fatal." At any rate, he died. It is a sad case to contemplate. Here was a man cut off in the prime of life, at the perihelion of his usefulness, so to speak, and all because of the lack of a little wholesome restraint. It is charitable to believe that he was not wholly responsible. It may have been that he was an only son, and that his doting parents spoiled him, allowed him to have his own way too often, and did not point out strongly enough that self-indulgence is the shortest path to the grave. Of course, they see their error now that it is too late, which is the cause of fully one-third of the tragedies of life. Scientists aver that the average of life is greater now than at any other period in the history of man, and that more interest is taken in the subject of longevity. If this be so, there is a moral in the untimely demise of Mr. Waters. It is, "Don't go to the pump too often."—Rochester Post-Express.

**Not a Chinese Word.**  
"It's a mistake to suppose that 'joss' is a Chinese word," says a retired ship's carpenter. "I've traveled a good bit in the Orient in my time, and among the odds and ends of interesting information I picked up was a knock-out of the genuineness of 'joss' as a Chinese word. Chinamen only know 'joss' when they come in contact with Europeans. A Chinese priest that I became chummy with in Hankow told me that there was no such word in Chinese. He explained that the word was a corruption of the Spanish word 'Dios' and had come into use through the missionaries. Many early missionaries, he said, were Spanish priests, and their pronunciation of 'Dios' was speedily corrupted into 'joss' by native tongues and applied to the Chinese deities. It's only on the Chinese seaboard that the word is understood by Chinamen. In the interior, the priest told me, the celestials had no knowledge of it."

**Jumped Into Engine Stack.**  
A dispatch from Joplin, Mo., says: Owen Greelish, of Leavenworth, Kas., was killed between Lebanon and Springfield by jumping into the funnel of the locomotive smoke stack on the west bound St. Louis and San Francisco passenger train. The dispatch says the young man committed suicide. He climbed to the top of the water tank and when the train stopped jumped into the smoke stack whooping as he leaped. He was pulled out by the train crew horribly burned and died in a few moments. His body was taken to Lebanon. Greelish's brother, in this city, knows nothing of the details, but denies that the death was suicidal. He says that he received a postal the day before and that his brother did not seem dejected or liable to kill himself.

The smartest man is often a was dummy in the hands of a clever woman.