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 clew 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 maccasined 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 proud husband declared she looked like an angelic Esquimaux queen.

Dick reclined 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!"

"'Course 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 hermits'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 pine 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 dumbfounded 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.

REPUBLICANS READY

WILL ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Unlike the Democratic Party the Republicans are Practically United on All Great Questions and Have a Record to be Proud of.

Senator Vest is not the only Democrat who sees more of party danger than advantage in the election of a Democratic House next fall. Mr. Vest argues that the Democratic majority in the House, with other branches of the government in Republican hands, could do nothing more than block the wheels, and merely obstructive tactics usually bring upon a party a serious weight of public odium. The judgment of Senator Vest on this point, based on long experience in Congress, will not be disputed. The Philadelphia Ledger, whose political position is that of the Cleveland Democrats, remarks on the same subject: "Far-seeing Democrats will be very well pleased if the Republicans should remain in control of the House by a reduced majority, as they will then be wholly responsible for whatever may happen in the two years that will elapse before the next Presidential election.

Republicans are not afraid of that responsibility. They court it. They have shaped national policies for forty years, except during a brief period in Cleveland's second administration, when both branches of Congress were Democratic. The Wilson-Gorman tariff law was passed at that time, but both Cleveland and Wilson regarded it as a misshapen thing, and the country knows that it was a disastrous failure. At all other periods since 1861, when one party held the reins, it was a Republican era, and to them must be credited the legislative achievements of more than a third of a century. From present appearances the Republican majority will be increased in the next House and the obstructive tendencies of the Democratic party will be displayed by the minority, though without avail. The people do not see the wisdom of halting national legislation for two years by electing a Democratic House next November.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Agricultural Values.

The American Economist almost alone among the press of the country has persistently maintained that our agricultural values have been estimated far too low. We are pleased, therefore, to see that our stand is being vindicated, and that the official statisticians seem inclined to give the farmer a more approximate approach to the true figures. The value of farm products as given by the census have been as follows:

1850	$1,326,961,326
1860	1,600,000,000
1870	2,447,538,658
1880	2,212,540,927
1890	2,460,107,454

For 1850 and 1860 the amount is estimated, while the figures for 1870 are in currency and should be reduced one-fifth.

Now the recently issued bulletin for 1900 gives the value for 1899 as $4,739,118,752, and if the census had been taken last year it would no doubt have conceded that the value of our agricultural products was fully $6,000,000,000. That is more like it, but still far from the truth. The census takes little or no account of what the farmer himself consumes. He returns his cash product only, while in many cases he consumes more than he sells. The meat and vegetables that go on to his table, the winter's supply of potatoes and apples and cider and ham and bacon, the grass and hay and fodder that are fed to the live stock summer and winter, the eggs and butter and milk, the peas and beans and tomatoes, the cherries and strawberries and blackberries, the wood for the fire, the straw for bedding, the manure for fertilizing—in short, things innumerable that contribute to the living, comfort and happiness of the farmer and his family should all be included in the total value of his products; $10,000,000,000 would not seem an extravagant estimate; $9,000,000,000 would seem very conservative. We therefore insist on this latter sum as the minimum value that should be given to our products of agriculture. It shows what protection does for the farmers.

Divided Democrats.

Even if there were some virtue in a tariff issue how would the Democrats reap the benefit. How do they stand upon it? What do they advocate? They spent the entire session of Congress in fighting over the Philippine question, but they formulated no policy. Every one knows how the Republicans stand, for they have enacted their tariff views in the Dingley bill. But who knows where the Democracy stands? Their only concrete promulgation is the Wilson-Gorman bill, a bill characterized by President Cleveland as a measure of perfidy and dishonor. Do they want to go before the country with that? Among their leaders are Messrs. Teller, Patterson, Dubois and Gorman, who are all outright Protectionists. Will they follow them? On the other hand are Henry Watterson, Mr. Bryan and most of the Southern Senators, who are outright free-traders. Will the Democracy follow them? And again there are many trimmers like Senator Jones of Arkansas, D. B. Hill of New York, and their following, who are trimmers. Will the Democracy follow them? And if it follows any one of these three divisions will the other divisions follow it?

The situation of the National Democratic party is most desperate. And it will not be improved by adopting the tariff issue.—Sioux Falls Leader.

The Issue Is Hunting Them!

Where is there a better campaign document for the summer and autumn of 1902, the marvelous year in the history of America's material progress, than the speech on prosperity which Senator Gallinger delivered about a week before Congress adjourned?

Therein are the figures, therein are the statistics of production, consumption and wealth which prompt Dr. Gallinger to say:

"Every man, woman and child in the United States is equal to ten persons outside of the United States, particularly as consumers of our own and the world's products of agriculture, mining and manufacture. The farm laborers of Europe do nine times the work and get double the result of the farm laborers of the United States. That is, it takes four and one-half Europeans to equal one American. Extend the comparison to Asia and Africa and we find that the average United States producer is equal to ten the world over, outside of our country. The comparison is emphasized by our coal consumption and steam power, and finally by our products of manufacture. We are to-day practically independent of the rest of the earth. In a few years we shall raise our own sugar and fibers, manufacture our own silk, and, in faet, we shall produce almost everything used by mankind. The conclusion, then, is warranted that in another generation, if the present system of protection is continued, the people of the United States will equal or surpass in production, consumption and wealth the peoples of the rest of the world combined."

Here is Dr. Gallinger's diagnosis of the political situation:

"Our friends on the other side are looking for an issue. They need not worry, the issue is looking for them. Prosperity is the issue, and all other questions are secondary."

Whether they find an issue or not, this issue is sure to find them not later than the fourth day of November.—New York Sun.

The Hunt for an Issue.

The Democrats are afraid to tackle the tariff question outright again. The memory of the dark days from 1893 to 1897, and of the mongrel measure which President Cleveland refused to sign and was afraid to veto, is still too fresh in the people's minds. The statement issued after the caucus of house Democrats in Washington last Friday night, although designed to confuse voters on leading questions, makes tolerably clear the policy they have decided on. They intend to attack the tariff from behind the trust and Cuban reciprocity breastworks. They know the people remember the Wilson-Gorman law, but they hope they have forgotten that the Democrats were denouncing the tariff as the "mother of trusts" before they enacted this measure. The scheme will not work. The country has not yet exculpated the Democracy for its disastrous anti-tariff work of the past. The discredited party is in a crystal maize and it will think it has found a way out many times yet before it finally gets out.—Kansas City Journal.

Immigration Laws.

Eighty thousand immigrants were dumped into this country in the month of May. They were mostly from Southern Europe and of a class the United States can get along without.—Shell Rock (Iowa) News.

On the foregoing the Ackley (Iowa) World comments without a blush:

"The Republican party rejected the immigration law proposed by the Democrats."

A few years ago Senator Lodge of Massachusetts introduced a far stricter immigration law, but the Democrats raised such a howl against it that they induced just enough Republicans to oppose it to defeat the excellent measure. Moreover, at the last session of Congress the Republicans strenuously endeavored to enact more stringent immigration laws, and especially to prohibit the immigration of anarchists, but such was the opposition by Democrats that they would not allow the bill to pass.

Promises Redeemed.

The deposits in American savings banks have increased from $1,810,597,023 in 1895, to $2,845,691,300 in 1902. This is only one of the many forms of saving in vogue in the United States, and represents a comparatively small part of the surplus earnings of the people. The figures, however, speak eloquently of the redemption of the promise made in the first named year by the Republican party to restore prosperity.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Strong Position.

The only objection Republicans would have to the bringing forward of the tariff as the grand issue of the next campaign would be that it would make the fight too easy for them. The object lesson of the past six years, as compared with those of the preceding four, would render very little of the customary debate necessary. The tariff is an issue whereon the Republican party is too well fortified to make the discussion interesting.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Jekyll-Hyde.

When out of office Democrats do much talking about the offensiveness of trusts, but when in power the party does nothing to curb trusts. Talking and acting are two different things.—Terre Haute Tribune.

GRAVES OF ANCIENT RACE.

Prehistoric Remains Exposed by the Freshets in Tennessee.

Floods that prevailed in Tennessee recently washed up what had been called an old Indian graveyard. Scientists, however, who have given their critical attention to the find are now inclined to the opinion that it was the resting place of prehistoric men, the mound builders.

The graves were very deep. The green knoll under which they rested gave no evidence of covering such grewsome relics. There has been no indication of a graveyard in the locality within the memory of the present inhabitants and no record of it in history. Before the flood the field was worth $60 an acre and produced fourteen bales of cotton.

But this year the creek spread over the bottoms as never before, causing much destruction. The soil was swept away in the torrent, and when the water finally receded there were left exposed twelve graves. Some evidently were the graves of adults and some the graves of children.

Now, these graves were evidently not the remains of Indians. They gave evidence that the dead had been buried there with much care, while the Indians were wont simply to wrap a blanket about the body and lay it in a shallow grave.

HE FILLED THE BILL.

How the Athlete Won the Educated Woman.

"Why," he asked, when they had seated themselves alone at one end of the porch, "do you suppose is it that educated women do not marry?"

"But educated women do marry," she replied. "I know of three or four educated women who have been married within the past month or two."

"Oh, yes, of course, some of them marry. But why do many of them remain single?"

"Perhaps it is because the educated woman's horizon is broader than that of the uneducated; because she demands more."

"Then it is not because she looks upon marriage itself as a bad thing?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"And you have declined proposals because you have demanded much?"

She tied and untied her dainty handkerchief and looked down and blushed and faintly answered:

"Yes. One of them was five feet and three inches and the other couldn't have weighed more than ninety pounds."

Being six feet tall in his socks, he then spoke out and got her.

JOKE BY PIERPONT MORGAN.

What Great Financier Thought of the Coal Outlook.

One morning several weeks after the coal strike began, Russell Sage and J. Pierpont Morgan were riding down to business on an elevated train, says the New York Times. The conversation naturally turned to the coal strike, chances of the output, prices coal would bring, etc.

Mr. Sage was telling of their good luck in procuring a lot at a moderate cost per ton. Mr. Morgan bantered him about the quality, claiming he did not get the real article at the price he mentioned.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sage, "that coal is all right; the real article. I know it, for each piece is stamped 'Lehigh:'"

"That's a good one," answered the arbiter of finance; "but I'm a thinking, Uncle Russell," as he slapped the sage of Lawrence Beach good naturedly on the shoulder, "I'm a thinking that the next lot you or any one else will get, instead of being stamped 'Lehigh,' the chances are that each piece will be stamped 'D— high.'"

Two Golf Stories.

A capital golf story going the rounds just now is told of a well known London music publisher and a popular actor. They had to play over a hill, but one "sliced" and the other "pulled." Lost to sight of each other for half an hour, they eventually met near the green. "How many are you, old chap?" gasped the perspiring publisher. "Oh, like as we lie," replied the actor. "Lie as we like," murmured the publisher as he "chucked" the game, and made a bee line for the clubhouse—and the bar.

The bogey of the Acton Golf Club is 76. A well known dramatic author, playing over the course recently, returned to the clubhouse flushed with victory. "Well, how have you done?" asked a Thespian "senior" of the author. "I've done a 77," mildly remarked the author, who had never before been known to complete the 18 holes, and who was a limit handicap man. "You've done a what!" roared the incredulous senior. "Seventy-seven," softly repeated the scribe, "and if I had time to do the second half it would have been my record."—London M. A. P.

Curious French Heirloom.

A woman's hand is the curious heirloom of the De Fleydeau family, one of the most famous houses in the French aristocracy and now headed by the Comte de Fleydeau. On legendary evidence it is said that in 1393 the family castle surrundered to the King after a siege of three years, and in order that the inmates should have their lives spared the countess—the most beautiful woman in France—submitted to having her right hand cut off. The gruesome relic in a mummified condition is still preserved in a gold casket at the family mansion on the Gironde, and, needless to add, is kept proof against thieves, since the fortunes of the owners are fully believed to depend upon it.