

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Who?"
"The very men who robbed me."
The reaction which came over the old man was terrible to witness. He realized that after all he might lose his beloved captain, whose life was still in danger, for he was once more a prisoner.
"Well, well, all may yet be lost!" he sighed. "Crack-lash, let's go and hunt him. Now that we know he is alive, we got something to hunt for, and we'll hunt him. Come, Crack-lash!"

After considerable persuasion Paul induced him to wait until next morning; so they built a camp fire and prepared to pass the night.

Next morning they were early. They had packed their knapsacks and were about ready to start, when Paul suggested:

"Perhaps the walrus hide will tell something about this mystery. Let us take a look at it."

He unrolled the walrus hide, and the ex-sailor, who had long studied the picture writing of the Alaskan Indians, bent over it and began to slowly and carefully decipher the pictures.

The old man had to put all his knowledge of picture writing to the severest test to read. He made out that the captain had discovered rich gold diggings, but the walrus hide could give them no hint as to the whereabouts of the three men and their prisoner.

Paul suddenly rolled up the walrus hide and stuffing it in his knapsack, said:

"That piece of hide is a key to millions, I have no doubt, and in all probability the scoundrels were trying to make him give it to them."

"Let's go, Crack-lash. Let's go, fur I itch to git my fingers about the throats of the cusses."

They hastily packed up, broke camp and were soon on their way up the mountain, engaged in a dangerous search, the result of which they knew to be doubtful.

CHAPTER VI.

Berry's Success.

We will for the present take leave of Paul Ralston and return to Berry's party on their way to the Klondyke. They arrived first at Forty-Mile camp, but here found nothing to do.

Clarence staked out a claim and went to digging. It was a slow process and the reward was poor. He took out a little gold, but not nearly enough to pay him for the hardships. Then came reports of the wonderful finds in the Klondyke district.

"Now is your time, Clarence," said Ethel. "Go at once and make all you can, while there are so few in the country."

"What shall I do with you?" he asked.

"Leave me behind."

"Ethel, I cannot think of doing that," he declared.

"You must, Clarence. I will follow as soon as possible, but hasten on now and stake out a claim for us. Stake out two, one for you and one for me. I feel that this is the turning point in our careers."

And so it proved.

It was the saddest day of his life when Clarence Berry bade adieu to his young wife and started alone for the distant mining camp. The parting of the husband and wife, as the reader may imagine, was affectionate, but there were no tears. Ethel restrained them and smiled cheerfully as long as she was in sight, to run into her shanty and have a little cry the moment she could see him no more.

The river, which must be crossed before she could reach the Klondyke, was already beginning to show signs of floating ice, and she knew it would only be a short time before it would be completely frozen over. So she worked with a will and got everything packed and started on the little steamer "Arctic" for the new land of gold. Her husband and his party joined her on the way up the river.

It was late in the season when this devoted, daring couple struck gold of any consequence. Then it came in a torrent. All through the winter Clarence Berry was piling up wealth. His wife was at the mines every day, and as the great chunks of frozen earth were dumped on the ground her fair fingers were busily at work picking out the nuggets. During the season she picked out ten thousand dollars' worth of golden pebbles with her fingers.

Though absorbed in gold digging, she never forgot Paul, who with Glum Ralston had not been heard from since those two persons left in search for the bold men who had robbed the youth.

One night as they sat about their cheerful fire, there came a rap at the door of their shanty, and they found Dick Ronold asking admission.

"Come in, Dick. What brings you out such a night and in such a storm?" asked Clarence.

"Didn't I hear ye say somethin' once about knowin' the feller called Cracklash Paul, who used to live back there in Fresno?"

"Yes, Paul Miller," cried Ethel eagerly. "We know him. What of him?"

"You know they've got one of the fellows tight an' fast who tried to help do up Paul. Well, the feller's cocoa since that night's been a little rancid. I was set to guard him last night, and his mental train for a minute or two seemed on the track. Then I remembered seein' him in Frisco. His name is Belcher and he's one of the men that the feller from Fresno called Lackland hired the room in Frisco to talk with."

At the sound of Lackland's name Ethel was on her feet, gasping:
"Lackland! Lackland! Clarence, he is Paul's rival and enemy! I am determined to see this prisoner called Belcher."

"When do you intend to call on him?"

"To-morrow."

"I will go with you," said Clarence. Ethel Berry, with her husband, entered the prison and gazed at the pale yet fierce face of the prisoner, and cried:

"I know him, Clarence; I know him! I saw him in Fresno in consultation with Theodore Lackland. They have planned the murder of poor Paul."

With a fierce oath the prisoner leaped at his fair accuser, but the strong young husband seized him by the throat and hurled him to the opposite side of the room.

Two men, worn, tired and haggard, surrounded by mountains of ice and great sleeping glaciers, had halted in a valley where a few stunted pines reared their heads above the eternal snow.

"Let us rest, Crack-lash," said the older of the two travelers. "I give in, shipmate. Your wind's better'n mine, for you see my old hulk is gittin' waterlogged o' late years, an' can't make as good headway as it used to, you know."

The travelers were Paul Miller and his quondam sailor companion, Glum Ralston.

Paul Miller gathered some dry pines and made a fire on the mossy banks of a stream which ran close under the cliff. The dry wood sparkled and snapped, and the blaze threw out a ruddy light. The pot boiled and he put on beans to cook with a little meat, and soon had an excellent supper.

"Ah, mate, that is good," said the ex-sailor, as he tasted the coffee. "We're running rather short of feed, though, and if we don't come upon a moose or reindeer soon I'm afraid we'll suffer."

"Never fear, Glum, some kind of game will come our way."

Wrapped in his blanket, he sat at the foot of a tree still talking to Paul, who was half asleep, when they were startled by a snort. In an instant both laid their hands on their rifles. A pair of fiery eyes gleamed at them and Paul, whose vision was keener than his older companion, saw a small animal about four and a half feet in height, which in the dim, uncertain light appeared to be a connecting link between the ox and sheep.

Glum Ralston lifted his gun to his face and fired. There instantly followed a bellowing roar and a rush of feet. The fire was scattered in every direction and the old sailor, who was rising to his feet, was struck a blow which sent him sprawling on the ground.

Paul dropped his gun, and snatching a pistol, fired a shot into the thick hide of the furious beast, just behind the shoulder blade. It made one spasmodic leap forward and fell dead, the bullet having penetrated its heart.

The old sailor was staggering to his feet, shaking himself to see if he had any broken bones.

"Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" cried Paul, anxiously.

"N-no, I think not. It was a fall besides though, and how the horns missed ripping me from stem to stern is a mystery."

Paul threw on some fresh sticks of pine and the fire blazed up, revealing the beast he had slain lying but a few paces away. Its long brown and black hair gave it the appearance of a bear. The old sailor walked up to it and said, philosophically:

"Its flesh is good for food, and will keep us alive a good long time."

Two days after they had killed the musk-ox they came again upon a dim trail, and again began to take heart. The trail led them through an unknown pass toward the seashore.

"Crack-lash, they're goin' seaward," said the ex-sailor. "I can smell salt water already, and I feel better for it."

Three days later, as they were climbing over a hilltop, they saw two men several hundred rods in advance and gave chase.

They were within long rifle range when the two fugitives discovered them and began to run.

The two men darted into a ravine and they saw them no more. Glum Ralston was of the opinion the men they chased were two seal hunters, who had wandered into the woods in search of moose or deer.

They continued toward the coast, following a faint trail. At last they came upon one of those bays that extend inland, and saw great, floating icebergs glistening in the light of the sun. Suddenly the old man stopped and pointing to some tracks in the snow cried:

"Look, Crack-lash. There's big game."

"What do you make it out to be, Glum?" Paul asked.

"Nothin' more nor less than a polar bear."

Paul had heard much of those fierce beasts, but never seen one. The near proximity of this one roused his sporting blood, and in an excited manner he asked:

"Can't we find him? He seems to be a monster, Glum, and I must have a shot at him."

Paul hurried in the trail of the bear, and dreamed not of danger.

Suddenly there came from beneath his feet a loud cracking sound like the report of a battery of artillery fired in unison, and the great ice floe on which he stood began to tremble and rock.

Dumb with amazement he stood and trembled with some unknown dread. It was several seconds before Paul comprehended his danger, and then it was too late. The ice floe with its glittering spires had parted from the shore and was drifting out to sea. Already it was too far for him to reach the land on which his companion stood wringing his hands in despair.

A terrible death seemed staring him in the face, when a new danger arose. On his ears there burst a fierce growl, and looking up on an elevated portion of the ice floe rapid drifting with him toward the sea, he beheld a monster polar bear glaring at him with the fiery eyes of rage and hate.

"God have mercy on my soul!" the youth groaned, and prepared to meet his fate with the courage of a hero.

CHAPTER VII.

Glum Ralston's Return.

After the frantic effort on the part of Belcher to seize Ethel Berry for discovering him to have been in Lackland's employ, the wounded man grew sullen. The miners were anxious to hang him and to have it over with, but cooler heads prevailed. "It will never do," said Clarence Berry, "to destroy the only hope we have of recovering Paul's gold and solving this mystery, which deepens with every new development. Besides, we have had no lynching yet in the Klondyke, and let us not have any if we can avoid it."

One evening after the simple repast was over, Clarence and Ethel sat discussing the probable fate of Paul, who was never out of Ethel's mind.

"Poor Paul, he must be dead," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "I must write to Laura; I must tell her his awful fate."

After a few moments' silence he heaved a sigh and said:

"It will be very bad news."
"She must know it some time, Clarence."

"That is true, and perhaps the knowledge of his fate, awful as it is, will not equal the suspense."

"I will write to-morrow. When can the letter get through?"

"Not before spring—you need not hurry," he answered, with a sad smile.

Suddenly the door was caused to quake by the thump from a giant fist, and, opening it, they found their nightly visitor, Dick, but he was not alone this time, Gid Myers was at his side. The faces of the two men wore looks of anxiety.

"What is the matter?" asked Clarence.

"We want yer gun, Clarence," said Long Dick, as soon as he could regain his breath. "I want to tell ye on the dead that there's either some man, a bear or old Nick up on the hill."

Fearing their excited imagination had conjured up a monster from a wandering polar bear, though those animals were seldom seen in that part of the country, Clarence took down his Winchester rifle and accompanied his companions to the foot of the hill, where the mysterious creature had been seen. A tall, gaunt object with a warm bearskin coat hanging loosely about his shoulders was coming slowly down the hill. The approaching stranger had his gun strapped on his back. A hatchet was in the belt at his side with his pistols, and he was leaning heavily on a long, stout stick. He came slowly, as if very weary.

Curiosity gave way to pity, and they hurried up to meet him.

(To be continued.)

KITTEN BLOCKED SIDEWALK.

Everybody Dodged the Dirty Feline Until a Banker Appeared.

At noon to-day, when Park Row, Manhattan, was crowded with hungry mortals, looking for their favorite eating place, a half-starved black and white kitten made its appearance on the sidewalk. It might have wandered out of some cellar or some tattered newsboy dropped it, hoping to see some fun. The ball of dirty fur landed directly in front of a clerk. He made a frantic effort to avoid stepping on the kitten and was successful. A young woman following stepped to one side. The crowd followed her lead. Then, at the rate of a hundred or so a minute, the people were turning aside lest they injure the kitten. Any one of the number could easily have raised the little mass of bones on his or her toe and tossed it into the gutter. The kitten held full possession of the sidewalk for fully five minutes. Then a banker, whose time is worth several dollars a minute, caught up the little feline, worthless from almost everybody's point of view, and carried it a distance of twenty feet and tenderly deposited it in an alley. And yet somebody the other day accused New Yorkers of lacking tenderness of heart.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Potatoes the Greatest Crop.

Potatoes form the world's greatest single crop, 4,000,000 bushels being produced annually, equal in bulk to the entire wheat and corn crops.

American Girl Painters.

The American girls whose paintings are exhibited in the Paris salon this year have interested the art centers of the world.



G. W. MARSH,
For Secretary of State.



CHARLES WESTON,
For State Auditor.



PETER MORTENSEN,
For State Treasurer.



JOHN H. MICKEY,
For Governor.



E. G. MCGILTON,
For Lieutenant Governor.



G. D. FOLLMER,
For Com. Public Lands and Bldgs.



F. N. PROUT,
For Attorney General.



W. K. FOWLER,
For Supt. Public Instruction.

REPUBLICAN STATE CANDIDATES.

Good Country for Sauerkraut.

In Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruits, horticultural and greenhouse plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

Journalists and Newspaper Men.

Frank Munsey, the publisher, met an acquaintance who asked him to explain the difference between the men who call themselves "journalists" and the men who insist on being known simply as "newspaper men." "The difference is this," replied Mr. Munsey, "a newspaper man spends most of his time in getting things printed about people and news and a journalist spends most of his time in getting things printed about himself."

An Eye For Business.

A story is told of a colored butler in one of New York's most fashionable suburbs, who, being given one hundred or more invitations to a social function for delivery, could not resist the temptation to slip into each a message circular of his wife who was seeking patients. The surprise and consternation of the invited guests at receiving the two documents may easily be imagined.

The Carping Critic.

One of those callous Parisian critics says of Bernhard, as Ophelia: "Mme. Sarah did wrong to put so much vermilion on her face. In the drowning scene she seemed quite to color the water. Besides, no woman while wearing such a beautiful flowing dress of India silk, would, under any circumstances sane or insane, come within a quarter of a mile of a watery grave."

Indian Divorce.

The first Indian divorce granted in Oklahoma has been granted Spah-Pah-Bear in Pawnee county by Judge T. B. Hainer. Spah-Pah-Bear, who is nearly 80 and partially blind, accused his squaw of infidelity, abandonment and neglect of duty. The suit was conducted in the Pawnee language, Jas. R. Murie, a Carlisle Indian, acting as interpreter for the court.

Women Work a Sawmill.

The four daughters of Benjamin Gottschalk of Jersey Shore, Pa., have recently announced that they intend to work the sawmill of their father at Youngdale until it attains an average output of 30,000 feet of lumber each working day. The girls are hard at work and are striving to break the record they established last season.

Chinese Minister's Banquet.

Since Minister Wu attended a farewell dinner at which he ate bok du quatch, sai foo, edible bird's nest, shark's fins, yellow fish brains, sui shen, yan man and crab omelet no one will blame him if he shows a desire to hasten back to China before any more entertainments can be given in his honor.

Davis' Offer to France.

Major Scheibert of the Prussian army served as unofficial—for Germany never recognized the Confederacy—attaché to Gen. Lee and saw personally the campaigns of 1862-3 in Virginia and Pennsylvania. In his recollections he records a conversation with Jefferson Davis, in which the president of the Confederacy declared that if Napoleon III. would break the blockade the south would give him a free hand in Mexico and provide troops for his conquest.

Craze of Opium Smoking.

Opium smoking is increasing in Eastern Siberia and causing the authorities much anxiety, owing to the frequent deaths therefrom. The police recently discovered 32 opium dens in Vladivostok, 18 in Nihilok, 13 in Noviesk, and 4 in Irkutsk. There are twice as many undiscovered dens. The craze has not touched the working classes as yet, but seems to be confined to the officials and their wives.

Advance in Formosa.

People of Formosa, who have been wearing the pigtail for 300 years, are beginning to cut their hair. This shows that the island is becoming more Japanese in its ways, as it has become Japanese in its government. It means the final abandonment of the outlaw wife. The change has been brought about since the extensive and successful operations against the rebels last April.

Manchester Would Be Governor.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland, for which the duke of Manchester was an applicant, has been given to another, and he is now seeking the appointment of governor general of the commonwealth of Australia, a post that is going begging because of the low salary attached and the enormous expense involved in the discharge of its social requirements.

The Different Races.

A Chinaman who acted as secretary to a former Chinese minister to England has published a book in which he says: "There is nothing which an American won't say, there is nothing which an Englishman won't eat, there is nothing an Italian won't sing, there is no measure to which a Frenchman won't dance and nothing Russians won't covet."

Forgers Working in Portugal.

Great excitement has been caused in Portugal by the discovery of a manufactory of Portuguese bank notes in Madrid, with distributing branches all over Portugal. A base coin factory has also been discovered in the Villa Nova, and large sums of false money have been seized. The principal forgers have been arrested.

Search for Mines in Scotland.

The duke of Argyll, in the hope of locating minerals, is having the Inveraray estate surveyed by a mining expert, who has unearthed numerous specimens of an ore composed of nickel, copper and lead. The late duke of Argyll once "wrought" nickel silver mines without being out of pocket.

Reunion of Alden Family.

At the reunion of the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, held at Ross Park, near Binghamton, N. Y., last week, there was present a representative of the sixth generation from John Alden, who was born in the town of Windsor, Broome county, on March 28, 1815. The oldest living descendant is Timothy P. Alden of Binghamton and the youngest Florence Alden, 20 months old. Members of the family attended the reunion from all parts of the country.

Market for Our Sweet Potatoes.

James J. Davidson of Swedesboro, N. J., recently shipped three barrels of sweet potatoes to London. One barrel was packed in fine sawdust, another in coarse sawdust, and the third in tissue paper, the same as oranges are packed. All in good condition, but those packed in coarse sawdust were in prime shape. Englishmen will eventually have Gloucester county "sweets" as a regular side dish with American beef and mutton.

Her Future Provided For.

The little daughter of Beerbohm Tree, the famous English actor, is the subject of a pleasing story. Once when some visitors were talking of theatrical matters, a lady took the child on her knee and said: "And you, my dear, I suppose you intend to be a great actress when you grow up?" "Oh, no, not at all," was the self-possessed response, "Mamma intends me to marry."

Extensive Advertising.

No street in the world can boast of so many advertisements as Broadway, New York. The combined length of the two sides of Broadway is 52,800 feet. The amount of advertising on the buildings and in shop windows is such that it would take a man between eight and ten days of eight hours each to read his way up one side and down the other.

The Thrifty Bride.

"She's one of the most economical women I ever saw," her neighbor was saying. "Why, do you know what she did? She got married three weeks before she was ready, just to make it possible for her husband to take advantage of the summer excursion rates on their wedding trip, and they were only going about eighty miles, anyway."

Skittles and Customs Authorities.

Some time ago the customs authorities seized a box of skittles that arrived in Constantinople on the plea that the balls were hard and heavy and might be used as cannon balls, which would be exceedingly dangerous. It was not till one of the embassies had taken a lot of trouble that the balls were given up.

King Alfonso Observant.

The young king of Spain may be troublesome to those nearest him, but he is evidently not lacking in keenness. One hundred years ago, he says, news was carried across Spain in one day; now, with the telegraph, it takes two days. A king who observes defects can most likely find a way to remedy them.