

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 IX.—(Continued.)

"Why have you lived so long in Alaska?"

"I could not get away," was the answer. "Yours is the only face I have seen since I left my friends, the Indians, save those who held me captive."

"And you have escaped?"

"Yes."

"Then come with us to the camp on the Klondyke."

"Klondyke—I've heard of it; they often talk about it when they think me asleep, but I do not always sleep when I seem to."

Paul was filled with delight, for here was a chance to unravel the mystery in which he was involved.

Another silence fell on the group, broken by Paul asking:

"Do you know a miner named Glum?"

"Glum—Glum—no."

"Glum Ralston."

The old man again shook his head, declaring he had never known such a person. Paul was disappointed. From what Glum Ralston had told him he was confident that this mysterious hermit of the woods was the long-lost captain who had followed the Indians to the place where they said gold in great quantities was found.

But when the mysterious hermit disclaimed any knowledge of him at all he was quite as far away from the solution of the problem as he had been before.

Next morning the party resumed their march guided by the sun, which shone a portion of the day. Paul and the hermit were constantly together, and hourly grew more and more friendly, until, as the noble nature of the hermit unfolded itself, Paul came to love him. He was known to the hermit by his sobriquet of Crack-lash, for he had been called by no other name since his arrival in Alaska.

Paul was hourly entwining himself about the rugged heart of the old man. One night when they had halted and the Indians were building a fire for the night the hermit said:

"Crack-lash, you impress me strangely. I don't know why, but I have grown to love you as if you were my nearest relative. When my own dear boy grows up to manhood I could only wish that he would make as noble a man."

Paul, deeply impressed with the old man's sad story, expressed a hope that he would soon be able to leave Alaska and reach his home, and that his wife and child might yet be alive to welcome him.

Their stock of provisions were running short. One day the Indians came on the trail of a moose and were anxious to start on its trail. Paul gave them permission to go, while he and the hermit kindled the fire and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night.

The prisoner as usual sat in sullen silence, with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on the fire. Paul and the hermit sat engaged in earnest conversation. The former was talking in a low tone, telling how he had been robbed by the prisoner and three others, and followed them into the forest. He was in the midst of his narrative when two objects suddenly appeared before them, each with a Winchester rifle and said:

"Surrender or you are dead men." Resistance was useless; they were prisoners almost before they knew it.

CHAPTER X.

Paul Learns That Laura Is in Alaska. "He, he, he!" chuckled Ned Padgett, rubbing his hands gleefully at seeing the tables turned. "You have in sight, mates, in good time. Must 'a' had fair winds."

Paul had no difficulty in making out the two men, companions of the third, whom he had met on other occasions. As these were the men who had robbed him and whom he and old Glum had chased in the forest, there was little mercy to expect from them. With thongs of seal-skin Paul and the hermit were quickly tied hand and fast, and told they must move on before the Indians returned.

As it was dark and the snow falling rapidly, there was little danger of even the Indians following on their trail, shrewd as they were in such experiences.

The night was dark and the snow falling, so it was difficult traveling. A strip of walrus hide was tied about the arms of each above their elbows and fastened about their backs. They were heavily loaded, and threatened with the knotted stick which Ned carried in his hand when they staggered under their heavy loads.

On, on and on they staggered through the darkness and over the uneven ground. At last Paul, utterly exhausted, sank down at the root of a tree.

"Get up! Go on!" cried one of their captors.

"I cannot."

"Ye lie!" cried Padgett and raised his club.

But one of his companions quickly interposed with:

"Hold on, Ned. Don't be a fool, now, and throw away every chance we have."

"What ye goin' t' do?" asked Ned. "We're too far away for the Metlakhtians to overtake us, so we will go into camp and wait till mornin'."

A roaring fire was built against the

side of a great stone which reared its snow-capped head a hundred feet into the air.

Paul's pack was removed from his back and he laid on a blanket in front of the fire with the hermit by his side.

The rascal named Morris came to the old man's side and said:

"You said you could not give up that secret if you wished."

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

"It is lost."

Morris stared at him for a moment with wide open eyes and gasped:

"I don't understand you, Cap; you are talkin' in riddles."

"I care very little whether you understand me or not," the old man defiantly answered. "The secret is lost. It was written in cipher on a walrus hide and the walrus hide is lost."

It was some time before the idea could get through the thick skulls of the ex-sailors, but when they came to fully comprehend the loss they roared like madmen. Ned seized his knotted stick and swore he would brain them both, but his more cool companion interposed, saying:

"It may all be a trick. After all it may be only a trick to throw us off the trail. If we decide for the old cuss to pass in his checks, let it be done deliberately and give him time to reflect."

So Padgett decided to let them live and trust to some chance to reveal the hiding place of the money. Paul had heard the above conversation between their captors and waiting for an opportunity to speak with the hermit when he would not be overheard by them, whispered:

"Is the walrus hide you referred to the one left in the cavern where you took me?"

"Yes."

"I took it."

"You?" There was an expression on the old man's face almost fierce as he asked the question.

"Yes, I took it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to the miner who was with me before I fell from the precipice and whom I found after leaving the cavern. He said he had seen it before."

"Where?"

"The Indians who had enticed his captain away in search of gold had some such hide, only there had been painting added to it since."

The hermit turned, and fixing his great, earnest eyes on him in astonishment, asked:

"His captain—had he been a sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what seas?"

"Almost all over the world, but his last voyage was in a sealing schooner to St. Paul Island, Alaska, and this coast."

"What was this sailor's name?"

"He is called old Glum."

"No other name?"

"I believe Glum Ralston is his name, but after all his real name, I don't think, is known. In this country nearly everybody goes by some nickname, and I fancy that Glum Ralston was only a nickname."

"Might have been Jack Ralston."

"Well, since you mention it, I believe I once heard him say his real name was Jack Ralston; however, I will not be sure."

The hermit was very calm. Paul waited a long time for him to answer, but the old man was silent as the grave. Then two of their captors came near where they were sitting, and they dared not talk anymore.

Their journey was very painful and difficult. Grown desperate, Paul had determined to escape from their captors even if he had to kill them.

One day they reached a great, gloomy cavern which extended to an unfathomable depth in the earth. Their captors had pine knots on the wall about the cavern, and lighting two of these went back to where there were piles of dead grass and a table of stone on which lay a pack of greasy cards. Here they took up their abode.

Several days passed, and then Morris and Padgett left the cavern in charge of Tom Ambrose, who tied the prisoners every night, established a deadline in the cavern in daytime, and swore he would shoot the first one who attempted to cross it.

Two or three weeks had elapsed, for in that dungeon night and day were one, when the two men came back and with them another whom Morris seemed to have known. He introduced the newcomer to Tom Ambrose as a friend fresh from San Francisco.

Padgett took Paul to where the stranger sat on a musk ox hide and the latter asked:

"Is your name Paul Miller?"

"It is."

"Are you from Fresno, California?"

"I am."

"Do you know Laura Kean?"

"I do; what of her? His whole frame was trembling with anxiety and emotion."

"She is in Alaska. Just landed a few days ago at Juneau in company with Mr. Theodore Lackland."

"It is a lie—a lie!" roared Paul, beside himself with rage and mortification. "It's a lie and I will crowd it down your throat!"

Before anyone knew what he intended he had his informant by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

The guards came to the relief of their companion. Paul was quickly torn away from him and his hands bound. He lay upon the dead grass piled in the cavern. His mind was in a whirl and he kept saying to himself:

"Can it be possible? No, no, it is not possible. The whole world may be false, but Laura is not. Come to Alaska in company with that man—no, it is not true."

A thousand tumultuous emotions were stirring his breast as he lay

on the dried grass, striving to persuade himself that after all this was some horrible dream. The man whom he had assaulted in company with Padgett and Morris approached him. Morris handed Paul a letter in the well-known handwriting of Laura Kean. It was dated at Juneau and addressed to Paul's mother in Fresno. The letter was brief, saying she had just arrived, and would rest a day or two before proceeding farther.

"Isn't that evidence?" asked Morris. "Yes; but she did not come with him."

"Oh no; he came on another ship." Then he lied when he said they came together.

Morris laughed a cold, sardonic laugh, and in a voice that seemed to have all the evil of a demon in it, answered:

"Though they came on different ships from America, there is but one train going to the Klondyke and both will be in that train. The chances are she knows no one but him, and you know Lackland's feelings towards the girl. When he starts to win he wins; he's got millions to work with, and if it's necessary to buy the entire pack train off he can do it."

Paul Miller groaned aloud, but made no answer. He realized how great her danger and how utterly hopeless he was to aid her.

"Now you can save her," said Morris. "Save her? My Heaven, how? What other infernal scheme have you on hand?"

"You were overheard talking with the old man about a walrus hide. From what you said it was understood you knew something about it. If you will give us information that will lead to finding it, you shall be given your liberty and be taken to this young lady, Laura Kean."

"I cannot," groaned Paul.

"Why?"

"I don't know where it is."

"What did you do with it?" asked Morris, his face expressing the deepest concern.

"I gave it to another. Where he is or what he has done with it I do not know."

A look of disappointment swept over the faces of the captors at this announcement. They retired to near the entrance of the cavern and there held a consultation.

"It's all a pack of lies," cried Padgett. "We've been twenty years in these woods waitin' t' grab that pile, an' no nearer to it now than before. Knock out their brains an' go away is what I say."

Tom Ambrose, though equally as much a villain as his companion, urged moderation. During all the years the unprincipled rascals had struggled to get possession of their captives' secret, Tom had acted as a brake to fiery Ned's temper.

"We have a hold on the old man," one of the plotters at last declared. "He can be made to tell where the gold is cached."

"But he don't know."

"He does know. He must know."

"Well, what good'll that do? Hain't we been the last eighteen or twenty years tryin' to open the hatches of the old capen, who's as close-mouthed as a clam? We've threatened t' hang him—done everything any one kin, but it's all no use."

"We got a stronger pull now than ever."

"What is it?"

"Come here."

His companions gathered about him and he spread his arms around their shoulders and began to reveal the plan which emanated from his wonderful brain—a plan that was diabolical, but promised success.

(To be continued.)

RACIAL FEUDS IN EUROPE.

Antagonism Engendered Between Prussians and Poles.

Hardly a day passes but the newspapers contain striking evidence of the antagonistic spirit which is being engendered between the Poles and the Prussians. Last week it came to the ears of the publishers of a Polish paper circulating in Westphalia that one of their compositors was about to marry a German girl. They considered that this stamped him as a traitor to Poland, and although he had served them faithfully for many years they dismissed him on the spot.

A large number of Poles work in the Westphalia coal mines, and in order to further the amalgamation of the races the authorities have issued regulations to the effect that no person shall be employed underground who is not proficient in the German language. The Poles obstinately refuse to know a word of German when they happen to be called up to make statements in public.

A few days ago a Polish miner had to give evidence in a Westphalia police court. He was, of course, as innocent as a newly-born babe of any knowledge of German until the magistrate threatened to report the case to his employers, who would have been compelled to dismiss him. Thereupon his German came back, and he replied fluently to all the questions put to him. His wife had been present during the hearing of the case, and was waiting for him in the passage just outside the court room door. As soon as he appeared she bitterly reproached him for having given way, and to render her arguments more forcible, soundly boxed his ears. She then kicked him with such vigor that he had to race down the corridor into the street to escape the attentions of his "patriotic" better half.—London Leader.

Novels Read by Statesmen.

The yearly bill for novels supplied to the library of the French Chamber of Deputies is usually between \$4,000 and \$4,500.

TASK IS A HARD ONE

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS A DIFFICULT MATTER.

President Roosevelt Realizes the Gravity of the Situation—Amendment to the Constitution Necessary to Effect Desired Results.

The president says: "I believe firmly that in the end there will have to be an amendment to the constitution of the nation conferring additional power upon the federal government to deal with corporations. To get that will be a matter of difficulty and a matter of time."

The last sentence shows that the president is aware of the fact that to amend the constitution, even to reach an end desired by a considerable majority of the people, is no light task. It will be necessary for the advocates of the amendment to overcome the resistance of corporate interests which prefer state to federal rule; to overcome the state pride which will bid the states retain jurisdiction over the corporations which are their own creatures; and to reconcile conservative slow moving elements in the community to a new departure—to a greater centralization of the powers of government. John Adams said of the national constitution that it was extorted from "the grinding necessities of a reluctant people." It may require a similar pressure to extort an amendment giving to the general government the control over corporations it is proposed to bestow upon it.

If congress were this year, through a sudden impulse, to submit to the states an amendment transferring from them to the federal government the jurisdiction over corporations the amendment would fall far short of the necessary three-fourths vote. There are states where no trust has a home and where trusts are most unpopular which, influenced by the habits of thought of a century, would refuse to give additional power to the general government. There are states whose legislatures are so far subject to corporate influences that they would refuse ratification peremptorily. It would take something in the nature of a revolution to get the assent of states like New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The general reason assigned for nonconcurrence in the amendment at this moment would be that the remedies which congress can administer with the constitution as it is have not been given a sufficient trial. This is a reason which will appeal strongly to many. In all human probability no amendment can be adopted until all other measures have been tried faithfully and their failure is beyond dispute.

The president does not exaggerate when he says it will be "a matter of difficulty and a matter of time" to get the constitutional amendment he desires. Many difficulties will be encountered and much time will be needed. Federal control of corporations is not a thing of the immediate future. Probably that is the view President Roosevelt takes of the matter.—Chicago Tribune.

The West and the Tariff.

Frank M. Eddy, a Republican congressman for the seventh Minnesota district, confirms what the Record-Herald has said as to the sentiment of western Republicans on the tariff. He testifies that in his section of the country there is a very strong feeling in favor of revision, and he describes the western idea of a protective tariff as follows:

"It should not afford protection to monopoly, that is, to an industry absolutely controlled by an individual, a partnership, a corporation, or a trust, nor to those industries that reduce their employees to the conditions they are protected against, but all independent industries should receive sufficient protection to enable them to compete on more than even terms with similar ones in foreign countries. Where our present tariff law fails in any of these particulars, and it does in many, it should be altered or amended."

The idea, it will be observed, is in no sense destructive of the protective system, and the congressman adds that what the western Republicans want is not a general revision but a readjustment of those schedules which give a premium over and above a reasonable protection. This, we believe, is commonly desired among them, and the desire has found expression, as Mr. Eddy notes, in the declaration of their state conventions.

Constructing his just analysis of the tariff situation with his very sanguine predictions of Republican success next fall, there is to be said: Success if it is attained will be due in no small degree to the platform utterances to which he refers. They have been the only effective answer to the Democratic demand for revision, and they are everywhere treated as a party pledge that the tariff will actually be revised by its friends for the correction of its abuses, while the principle of protection is kept inviolate.

The Republican congressmen who are elected on this pledge will take their seats a year from next December. It would be excellent policy for the present congress to anticipate revision, but if it does not a year of grace is pretty certain to be the limit of indulgence which the Republican party will enjoy. For the promises now made are seriously interrupted, and the revision sentiment is growing so steadily that the people are likely to become thoroughly impatient and to revolt if they are disappointed.

To prevent a secession to the enemies of protection its friends must give the one convincing proof of their sincerity that is required by changing the now unreasonable schedules of the Dingley law.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foreign and Domestic Prices.

Volume XIII of the report of the Industrial commission tabulates 416 replies received by the commission bearing on the question of foreign and domestic prices. The report says: "The great majority of the answers indicated that prices are no lower abroad than they are for domestic consumers, and a considerable number indicate that foreign prices are higher." A few, however, state that they sell a portion of their goods abroad lower than at home and the reasons are as follows:

"Cash payments and large purchases in the foreign trade, whereas the domestic trade is based on credits and small purchases.

"The drawback or rebate of the tariff on imported raw material of goods manufactured for export.

"To overcome the tariff of other countries.

"To secure new markets.

"To hold a market against new competitors.

"To clear out surplus stock or to prevent a shut down and increased cost of production, by keeping mills running and men employed.

"To get rid of samples and out-of-date goods.

"Because the expense of selling and advertising is less abroad than at home."

These are the reasons attributed by manufacturers of all countries for sometimes selling a part of their stock at a lower price abroad than at home. It causes no injury to the domestic consumers and gives added employment and wages to laborers, besides keeping the home market firm and stable and preventing ruinous competition in cutting prices.

There is another reason why some American manufacturers sometimes sell a portion of their goods at a lower price abroad, and perhaps the chief reason. Most of our machinery or articles produced by machinery are covered by patents which are exclusively controlled and operated in this country. For example, take agricultural implements. It can be shown that where such articles are sold more cheaply abroad than at home it is because of patents. If not covered by foreign patents it is obviously the policy to sell in foreign countries at a price that will discourage production in those countries.

And yet of the manufacturers of agricultural implements reporting to the industrial commission, all, with only one exception, stated that prices to foreign purchasers are either higher or no lower than those for domestic purchasers. Not one per cent of our output is sold at a lower price abroad and only for some special reason connected with that particular consignment.

The Butchers and the Tariff.

A few days ago the butchers, in convention assembled, declared in favor of abolishing the tariff on cattle and meat to the end that this supposed shelter for the alleged meat trust might be removed; but I am disposed to think the good farmers of my state would vote unanimously against such an experiment. By the trend of the speeches made at the butchers' convention I discover a sentiment well high universally expressed there that meat is being monopolized by the great packers. But I happen to have a tenant out in Iowa who has a fine bunch of cattle, on which no packer holds a lien of any kind, and he writes me that he is willing to sell them to butchers if they will pay as much as the packers offer. I am quite sure the people would as soon buy this meat of the butchers as of the packers. Thus there is afforded a splendid opportunity for any one to make all kinds of money if he will but give the farmer as much money for his beefs and give the people as much beef for their money.—Secretary Shaw, at Morrisville, Vt., Aug. 19, 1922.

Trouble with the Democrats.

On the 29th of July, talking at Bar Harbor to a New York World man, William C. Whitney, for many years one of the most conspicuous members of the Democratic party, declared his intention of staying out of politics forever, and added:

"The trouble is that the Democrats have no issue and no man."

That is the exact situation of the Democratic party to-day, simply and solely because of the five years of unequalled prosperity that have followed the restoration of the Republican party to the control of national affairs. No man knows this better than does President Cleveland's secretary of the navy.

Few men have better reason for knowing it, for few indeed have profited more sumptuously than William C. Whitney has in these five years of protection prosperity. It is because of the splendid issue—Prosperity—upon which the Republicans stand before the country that Mr. Whitney says "the Democrats have no issue."

A Better Reason Needed.

There ought to be some more tangible reason for such a dangerous expedient than the existence of a sentiment in certain localities, now as always, that demands a reduction of the tariff on articles there consumed and not produced, while it stands ready to fight to a finish any reduction on the things there produced.—Secretary Shaw at Morrisville, Vt., Aug. 19, 1922.

SAFE FOR HIM TO APPEAR.

Mark Twain Escaped the Bible Reading and Family Prayers.

When Mark Twain was in the West many years ago his humor was as droll as it is to-day. While there he made the acquaintance of Senator Stewart of Nevada, who tells this story of the humorist, vouching for its truth:

"The incident occurred in Carson City: 'At that time,' said Senator Stewart, 'the humorist had not attained to the philosophic calm which comes with college degrees. He was a journalist and an untried one. In Carson City he boarded at the home of his brother, who was a model citizen and a Christian.'

"One morning I was a guest of this brother at breakfast. We had just seated ourselves at the table when a voice drawled from the stairway above:

"Have you read the scripture lesson this mornin'?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Had family prayers?" continued the voice from above.

"Yes, Sam," said the host, smiling at me.

There was a pause, and then in the now well-known drawl came the further question:

"Said grace?"

"Yes," responded the patient head of the household.

"All right, then," came the cheerful comment from the stairway, 'I'll be right down.' And presently the irreverent youth who in a few years was to promote the gaiety of nations joined us at the breakfast table."

WHAT CHICKEN WAS LIKE.

Effect of Prenatal Influences On a Young Rooster.

The following story was published recently. It was attributed to Representative Flanagan of New Jersey, a millionaire from Morristown. He told the story at a picnic of Patrons of Husbandry at Tuttle's Grove, near Morristown.

"I was riding from Baltimore to Washington on a fast train one day," said Mr. Flanagan. "The car window was open. As we passed another express train going in the opposite direction a hen caught in the vortex between the two trains was lifted in the air and slammed against the side of our car. As it struck, an egg was cast in at the open window and fell in my lap."

"Of course it didn't break," said a cynic among the listeners.

"It did not break," went on the representative. "Because of its premature appearance the shell was not hard, but tough and leathery instead. I took it home and put it in an incubator and in time hatched out a fine chicken."

"Did you observe in the egg's offspring any evidence of prenatal influences?" asked the schoolmaster, showing his glasses up on his forehead.

"Only this," said the representative, "the chicken was a rooster, and whenever it tried to crow it whistled like a locomotive."—New York World.

Horrors in Haiti.

F. J. Raskin, who recently visited Haiti, says in the Washington Post: "Haiti is the degenerate of the West Indies. It has had independence for nearly 90 years, and yet is still groping in the darkness of barbaric night. African savagery is as rife as if it were on the Congo. Everything bends to the power of brute force. The lives of men are taken as coolly as if they were so many flies. When the voodoo drum beats Haiti bends the knee. Voodooism lifts its hideous head and there is none powerful enough to strike it down. There are occurrences in Haiti which are horrible enough to disgust the devil. In the sacrifice of the 'goat without horns,' a voodoo priest, surrounded by worshippers, dances to the low throbbing of a drum and a crooning chant, until, in the height of fanatic frenzy, with eyes upturned and lips frothing, a child is seized and stabbed, its blood sucked, and its body afterwards boiled and eaten. The government is powerless to prevent."

Makes a Living by Clapping.

There is a blind man in the west end of London who earns his living in a very novel manner. An American was passing down a street quite recently and heard a curious sound, suggesting rhythmic applause. Half a dozen people stood between him and the place whence the sound came, but he was curious enough to pass them, and he saw an old blind man, with his hands close to his mouth, producing some faint suggestion of a popular air by clapping his hands together. Some little attention was required to find out the tune he meant to express, but as everything chosen was very popular, the effort was easy to follow. The blind man's companion explained the work and collected tribute, and from what could be seen there is a living in the business.

A Disastrous "Joke."

Thinking to play a practical joke on his father, a Berlin schoolboy filled a table peppermill with gunpowder. His father, who was very near-sighted, looked closely into his plate as he turned the handle. There was an explosion, and the poor man was temporarily blinded, while the tip of his nose was blown off.

The delinquent, who was sitting close by, received some of the gunpowder in his eyes, and was so agitated at the result of his trick that he fainted, and is now dangerously ill with high fever.

The father will lose the sight of one eye, but the piece blown from his nose has been put on again by