

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lost Found.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes; now I see it—now I don't."

"It seems moving about."

"There is some one in the valley."

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

"Glum, let us go over there first."

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

"Ho! Clarence, git a move on ye—there's a fight over there!" cried Glum Ralston, and the two increased their speed to a run.

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

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

"Clarence Berry! I'm undone!"

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

"Let us follow them," said Clarence.

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

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

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

"Laura—Laura Kean!"

His shout was drowned by a roar from Glum Ralston.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Conclusion.

The reunion of the sea captain and the faithful sailor was mild compared to a reunion that quickly followed.

Another party was coming across the ice. The long, Arctic night was spent and the opening door of dawn was filling all the eastern heavens with glory, when Paul, Kate, old Ben and their faithful canine friend sprang from the ice and hurried up the hill to the narrow valley, where the camp was.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And he has returned," said Jack. "He has come back and is here now; and Kate, I am ready to go."

The man whom we have known as the hermit captain said:

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

"Yes, sir," Paul answered.

"Who was your father, and where is he?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I gave it to you, Glum."

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

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

dressed his wounds. He was the only man living save Belcher, who had robbed Paul, and told them where the treasure could be found, also making a full confession of his crime, admitting that Lackland had hired them to detain Paul in Alaska until he, Lackland, should win a certain lady's hand and heart.

The second day after the startling incidents narrated above the little camp was broken, all the dog sleds secured and porters, packers and Esquimaux set out for the Klondyke. Providence favored them, for there was no snow fall during their march.

At the Klondyke Ethel Berry gave them a reception in her shanty. Her amazement was unbounded to learn that Laura was in Alaska, and still, strangest of all, Paul had found a father who had been dead twenty years.

Kate went to Dawson City and established her laundry, though Jack tried hard to dissuade her. She said until she was Jack's wife she would support herself, and as there was no priest or parson on the Klondyke she saw no chance to marry until they left. Kate did a big business that winter, and as soon as the spring of 1897 came and the pass was open our friends went to Juneau and took a ship for San Francisco.

Paul had not only recovered his gold, but much more, which he took out that winter, while his father recovered his gold. Jack Ralston was worth seventy-five thousand dollars, while Clarence Berry and his sweet, brave little wife were rich several times over.

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

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

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

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

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

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

May they live long to enjoy the golden riches taken from the treasure house of the Ice King on the Klondyke.

The End.

THOUGHT IT WAS PIGS.

Young Girl's Apt Description of Champion Snorer's Efforts.

Mr. J. has a great and growing reputation for snoring—his intimate friends say he is in a class all by himself and cannot be matched.

A few summers ago, while J. and his wife were on a driving trip, they stopped overnight at a hotel in Sullivan county, says the New York Tribune. The hotel was a frame building, the bedrooms were divided by thin board partitions, and the acoustic properties were so good that any sound much louder than a whisper in one room could be distinctly heard in the room adjoining.

Shortly after J. and his wife were shown to their room another party, consisting of a mother and two young daughters, arrived and were put in the room adjoining that of the Js.

That night, J., being very tired, slept soundly and—his wife says—sounded his reputation as a snoring producer.

The next morning, while they were seated at breakfast, the new arrivals of the night before were ushered into the dining room and were given seats at the same table, opposite J. and his wife.

The younger daughter was of a very talkative disposition, and after giving her views on things in general suddenly broke out with:

"Oh mamma! this place is just like the real country—every time I woke up last night I could hear the pigs."

J. and his wife resumed their driving trip immediately after breakfast.

In His Father's Place.

Benham—I believe our boy is going to be the fool of the family.

Mrs. Benham—It's quite probable; it's very likely that he will outlive you.

TARIFF AND POLITICS

NO PROSPECT THAT THEY WILL BE SEPARATED.

So Long as the Democrats Keep Up Their Fight Against the Protection Policy the Two Parties Must Continue to Divide on That Line.

In the notable speech which he delivered upon the subject at Logansport, Ind., the President expressed the opinion that the tariff ought to be taken out of politics and treated on business principles simply as a business proposition. This is a suggestion whose theoretical soundness does not admit of intelligent dispute. All competent and disinterested students of the question are agreed that the tariff, constituting, as it does, the basis upon which the trade, commerce and manufacture of the country are conducted, as a matter which ought not to be exposed to the uncertainties of politics or subordinated to the interests of contending political organizations. There is nothing so harmful to business, nothing which so certainly and promptly blocks the wheels of progress, paralyzes the energy of the enterprising, alarms the timidity of capital, changes activity to stagnation and prosperity to distress, as that feeling of uncertainty and suspense which is inevitably aroused by the demonstration of a serious danger that the schedules of the tariff may be disturbed in manner antagonistic to the maintenance of the protective principle.

This has been shown by experience time and again. It has been shown upon every occasion when the described demonstration has been made. Business men, if they are allowed sufficient time, can at the cost of a less or greater sacrifice adjust their transactions to almost any conditions which include the element of permanency, but they cannot do business except in a hand to mouth kind of way when they do not know from one day to another what to expect; when they are without any assurance upon which to rest their calculations. Mr. Roosevelt recognizes the truth of this as others have recognized it before him. He perceives that nothing is more harmful to the national prosperity than to unsettle the public mind upon this question of the tariff, and it is in order to avoid doing so that he wishes the divorce of the tariff from politics to be proclaimed. He did not in his speech at Logansport exactly define the means whereby in his judgment this result, as to whose desirability there will hardly be any serious difference of instructed opinion, could be attained. That lay beyond the scope of the occasion. But he said enough to indicate that he favored the creation of an expert body to which should be intrusted the responsibility of determining in what cases and to what extent changes in the tariff should be made. In other words, the President is inclined to think that the result he has in view could be attained through the instrumentality of a tariff commission.

It might, if congress would abdicate its powers and prerogatives in the premises and consent to be bound by such a commission's recommendations. It might if the Democratic party would agree that the tariff is not rightfully and should not be made a political issue, if it would admit that protection has been definitely and irrevocably adopted as the national policy of the United States, and that from among the possible planks included in its heterogeneous collection the useful old plank of "tariff for revenue only" should be conclusively eliminated. Unfortunately or otherwise neither of these things is in the least likely to happen. There was a tariff commission under the Presidency of Chester A. Arthur, and how much attention does any one suppose that Congress paid to its recommendation? No attention at all. Congress will never submit to surrender any of its powers in this or any other connection, while the possibility of the Democrats agreeing that the tariff should be taken out of politics is simply unthinkable.

It follows that the President's vision of a time when the tariff will be treated by a body of experts as a business proposition is what the late Senator Ingalls might have called "an iridescent dream." The only safeguard against the evil of tariff tinkering is still and is likely to remain the election of a stalwart Republican Congress.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Large Sized "If."

"If the tariff were taken out of politics, as it ought to be," says the Boston Journal. It is a large sized "if" that qualifies this proposition. The tariff cannot be taken out of politics so long as there is organized party resistance to the principle and policy of protection. "If" free-traders were to abandon their hostility to the American system once and for all time, then could the tariff be removed from politics, but not until then. And so long as the tariff remains in politics the tariff commission idea will not be realized. Non-partisanship on the tariff question does not exist. Bi-partisanship would be an irrepressible conflict between the protectionists and the free-traders of the commission and its findings would win respect from nobody. The country will have to wait a long while before a tariff commission becomes anything more than a toy balloon for tariff tinkering theorists to play with.

The McKinley Idea.

"I favor such reciprocity as will not take from one single American workman his job."—William McKinley.

PROSPERITY AS AN ISSUE.

With Men Who Are Making Money It Carries Great Weight.

It is not astonishing that the Democratic leaders have been unable to interest the country in the so-called issues upon which they are trying to make the coming campaign. They found out, as the last session of Congress came to a close, that the "syndicate of vituperation" and the Boston junta had failed to create any popular dissatisfaction with the sane and humane Philippine policy of the administration. Their signal failure to come to the assistance of the senators who were trying to secure reciprocity with Cuba made any criticism of the party in power on that issue out of the question, and they turned in despair to the trust and tariff questions. The fact that they did not do so before shows that they realized the difficulty of attacking the fiscal policy of the party under which the present era of prosperity began. There is a world of truth in the bald assertion that the issue of the day is prosperity. The country looks for better regulation of the trusts; there is a growing sentiment in favor of a reduction of certain duties, but there is no inclination to jeopardize prosperity.

The bank deposits of the country show, in some measure, what this prosperity had been. In 1893 they amounted to \$4,630,490,156, and in 1897 to \$5,196,847,530, a gain of \$566,357,374. In 1901 they amounted to \$8,535,053,136, a gain of \$3,338,205,600. The difference in the bank deposits of the country, at the beginning and end of four years' Republican administration was five times as great as it was at the beginning and end of the preceding Democratic administration. Astute Democratic politicians must have seen that they could not hope to reduce, much less overcome, the Republican Congressional majority in the face of such figures. This accounts for the way in which they have taken to the woods. They were looking for cover long before Congress adjourned, leaving the callow orators from Tennessee and Colorado to wrestle with defeat. Until the Republican party is guilty of some astounding blunder, or the Democratic party undergoes regeneration, the people will be willing to heed the advice to "let well enough alone." It is not an inspiring campaign slogan, but with men who are making money it carries great weight.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Now.

This paper is very glad to be contented among those that favor tariff revision. The tariff schedules ought to be revised from time to time. They always have been and always will be, unless the party that believes in the tariff goes to sleep and dies in his own tracks. Progress means changes—changes in the tariff among others. There is nothing in which this paper believes more sincerely. But the question of the time and the manner are important enough to be the essence of the whole matter. In times like these, of industrial prosperity on the one hand and industrial uncertainty as to the future on the other, it is better to conserve than to tear up things through agitations. Too many people have become excited on this question to permit calm action to be taken. The tariff is too partisan and too factional a question now to permit business action to be taken. This strikes us as a good time to wait and watch and study.

We should not be surprised but what a whole revision of the tariff, after the manner of the Dingley revision, ought to be made following 1904. The present tariff was not made for all time, but the principle underlying the tariff is still sound.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

Hypnotic Power.



To Statesmen Out of a Job.

Well, gentlemen, what do you want? A change? Nominate your poison. State the remedy for a general condition of prosperity probably unexampled in this or any other country. How to introduce paralysis in the commercial world, how to stop the hum of machinery, how to reduce the demand for products of all sorts, how to increase wants and diminish the means of satisfying them, how to kill industry, to grow paupers, to fill charitable institutions and empty workshops—these are some of the questions to which the massive minds of "statesmen out of a job" are now exclusively devoted.

The leap in the dark has been tried before. The man who tries it knows when he strikes the solid earth. In proportion to the distance he has to fall is the jar when he stops going down. Prudent men don't leap in the dark. They don't leap at all after they have reached a certain age. Old bones are brittle. It is easy to jump down. It is terribly hard to jump up.—Chicago Tribune.

SCHEME DIDN'T WORK

CLEVER IDEA THE CAUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

Possibility That Mrs. Titus Might Be Wiser Than Her Mother Had Been Overlooked by the Conspirators—Story With a Moral.

Mr. Titus has it in for his father-in-law. The old gentleman is in no wise to blame, but Titus has to fight it out with somebody, so he vents his spleen on the leader of the opposition.

It all came about through Titus' close management. Titus owns a furniture store. He is not a stingy man, by any means, but when he married and got ready to furnish a flat of his own he concluded that it would be a neat stroke of economy to rid his stock of a few pieces of old-fashioned furniture that had been marked down 20 per cent, by utilizing them in his own housekeeping.

Until the advent of the sideboard his wife bore without complaining the importation of these antiquated models. Then she revolted.

"I won't have it," she said decisively. "I didn't think that of you, George Titus, I really didn't. I never dreamed that you cared less for me than for the customers that came into your store. If I had dreamed of such a thing I wouldn't have married you."

Titus was dumfounded. "Why, Laura," he said, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"There is nothing the matter with me," she retorted. "It's the sideboard. It is old-fashioned and of a horribly ugly pattern, and I won't give it house room. I want you to take it right back to the store. If you don't I'll see father about it."

Titus meekly promised to think the matter over, and later in the evening he saw "father" himself.

"Oh, you mustn't worry about a little thing like that," said his newly acquired relation, consolingly. "Laura's like her mother. She's a little touchy, that's all. It's easy enough to manage her when you know how. Just give her rope enough and she'll soon hang herself."

Titus hastened to explain that he was not anxious to precipitate any such tragedy thus early in his married life, and reverted to the sideboard.

"Yes, yes," said the old gentleman. "That's all right. I saw the sideboard, and a very nice one it is, too—the nicest one you had in the store, in my opinion. If Laura had seen it in the salesroom first she would probably have thought so, too. You'll have to cure her as I cured her mother. Pretty soon after we were married she found fault with a sofa I had bought and declared she wouldn't have it in the house. I moved the thing away and put it in a roomful of other sofas. The next day I took her down to the store and told her to take her choice, whereupon she picked out the very identical sofa she had rejected the day before. I'd advise you to play the same trick on Laura. The plan will be sure to work."

Titus thanked his father-in-law fervently.

"I will," said he. "I'll do it to-morrow."

Early the next morning he had the sideboard carted back to the store, and in the afternoon he invited his wife to come down and select another one. He led the way into a large room on the second floor where sideboards of all shapes, sizes and prices reflected the anxious faces of Mr. and Mrs. Titus as they passed to and fro in review of the shining wares. Presently Titus adroitly directed her into the aisle where the discarded sideboard stood in all its last year's humility. Mrs. Titus spotted it ten feet away.

"Good gracious, George," she said. "What did you put that thing in here for? Nobody will buy it. You'll never get ride of it unless you give it away. It is too prehistoric for any use."

Then she went on a few steps further and chose the most expensive sideboard in the lot. That is why Titus is mad at his father-in-law. The old gentleman maintains that it is not his fault if Mrs. Titus is smarter than her mother was at the same age, but Titus hints "conspiracy" and storms most unreasonably.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHY HE WAS EXEMPT.

Witness Could Not See How Order Applied to Him.

Recently, during the hearing of a charge of felony, a young man was called to give evidence on behalf of the accused, and was about to be sworn, when the inspector informed their lordships that the witness had disobeyed the order for witnesses to leave the court.

The bench were almost inclined to refuse his evidence in consequence, but the witness, in the most innocent manner, caused a burst of laughter which even the dignity of a whole row of judges was not proof against, and the position was saved.

The inspector, addressing the bench, said: "In order that there should be no mistake, I distinctly said: 'All witnesses on both sides must leave the court until they are called,' and then, turning to the witness, he said: 'You must have heard the order.'"

"Yes," at once responded the witness, according to the Detroit News-Tribune, "I did; but I am not a witness on both sides!"