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 III.—(Continued.)

"We've got one on 'em wounded, an' let's make most out o' him we kin afore we let him go. Let's not go an act like a hull passel o' fools as don't know what we're a-doin' nohow. Save him an' we'll git Crack Lash's dust back an' we'll hang all four together; you all know that's much better'n hangin' one at a time."

The life of the captive was spared for the time being, and the miners proceeded at once to organize themselves into a vigilance committee, preparatory to stopping crime at the very beginning in their new settlement.

Lying on a low couch in one of the shanties was the leader of this story, known on the Klondike as Crack Lash Paul. His wounds were severe, and he was in a feverish condition. One of the miners who had some knowledge of medicine and surgery had extracted the ball and bandaged the wounds. The name of the doctor will perhaps never be known. In the Klondike he was only called "Sawbones."

The patient's face was flushed and his eyes closed. His quick breathing and nervous movements indicated that he suffered mentally as well as physically.

"Be quiet," whispered "Sawbones" in the ear of his patient. "Here, take this." He raised the head of the wounded youth and gave him a spoonful of nerve-quieting medicine. He drank it off, and then lay back on his bed and slept. The doctor arose from the low stool at the side of the couch and went out.

He quickly turned his gaze toward every projecting branch within range of his vision. A look of disappointment came over his face as his eyes searched in vain for some object.

"What have you done with him?" he asked of a miner who was going by.

"Nothin'," was the answer.

"What, hain't you hung him yet?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Glum Ralston said not."

"What's the matter with Glum? Has he got hals in his belfry?" roared the infuriated doctor.

"Hold on, Sawbones; don't get off your trolley until somethin's on the track. I tell ye Glum's all right." He then proceeded to explain matters to the irate doctor, assuring him that he would yet have the satisfaction of seeing the robber lifted high enough to get a bird-eye view of the new Jerusalem, but explained that in order to get the others they must keep the powers of speech in the one they had.

"Well, with that explanation I cave in," growled Sawbones. "But I don't want any feelin' or sentimentality roaming around this camp. We don't come of a forgivin' stock, we don't."

The patient slept for several hours, and when he awoke as evening began to draw near he was much improved.

But he recovered slowly, and so did the prisoner. The latter's wound, however, was more severe than Paul's, and for a time his case seemed doubtful. The doctor impressed with the hope that some information would be obtained from the wounded man, used his skill to the utmost to bring about a speedy recovery.

When Paul was able to walk about he insisted on going to his shanty to investigate it, though he was so weak he had to sit down on a sluice box to rest before he approached the door.

When he had rested sufficiently he arose and, unlocking the door, entered the shanty. He searched the room carefully for some clue that might have been dropped by one of the attacking party after they entered the room, but for a long time found none.

At last he discovered in a narrow crack between the logs and chinking what seemed to be a bit of paper wadded up and thrust into the hole. He went to it, pulled it out, and it proved to be an envelope stained with blood.

The envelope was stuck in the crack near the corner where the wounded outlaw had fallen and Paul at once surmised he put it there. He took the paper out of the envelope and gazed at the handwriting in amazement. It ran as follows:

"San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1895.

"Inclosed find transportation and money sufficient to pay your way to Juneau. Whatever you do, remember that Paul Miller is not to return to Fresno. Do him no harm if you can accomplish your ends without violence, but at all hazards keep him two years longer in the Klondike.

"L. T."

He read the mysterious paper again. He turned it over and looked on the back. Who was "L. T." and why should he wish to keep him in Alaska? There seemed to be something slightly familiar about the chirography, but he was not certain. Having a clue to the mystery, he sat down to study the puzzle.

The more he read the note the more he was puzzled and the farther he seemed to get from the solution.

"There has been a carefully laid plot to ruin me," he said to himself, as he sat upon the stool trying to study the missive. "Who is 'L. T.,' and why should he wish me to remain in the Klondike?"

He left the shanty, carefully locking the door after him, and was making his way to the cabin at which he had stayed since the attack, when he met Glum Ralston.

"Hello, Crack Lash, gettin' under way agin?"

"I am able to be out, Glum," he answered.

"Glad on it, boy—glad on it."

The ex-sailor was about to pass on when the young man said:

"I want to talk some with you, Glum. There was a deep-laid plot to rob and murder me. I have an enemy or enemies—I know not how many—who have designs on my happiness."

Ralston was not a man to be moved by emotion or jump at a conclusion. He sat a long time listening to the unquestionable evidence of the youth. When he had finished there was no longer a doubt that here was a conspiracy to injury Crack Lash, and perhaps take his life. A new light was breaking in on him and he became more interested in the youth than he had been.

"M-well, Crack Lash, I think we'd better run 'em down. Wonder how many we kin git to go with us?"

"I want no one but you, Glum," said the youth. "You and I are enough, for I can trust you, which is more than I care to do with all. I believe that if I can capture those men they will not only tell me where to find my lost treasure, but also inform me who this enemy 'L. T.' is."

"Then by the trident o' Neptune we'll go an' never stop until we find them."

After consulting the matter, they decided to keep their departure a secret from their companions, and decided to start before they were awake next morning. During the night a snowstorm raged. Next morning long before the miners were astir our two friends were attired in furs, with several dogs, provisions, blankets and rifles, and set off on snow-shoes in search of the three men who had robbed and so nearly killed Paul several weeks before.

Glum Ralston had received reliable information that the men he wished to find were in a valley up the Yukon, and they acted on that information.

They found the snow still falling, though it was not very cold. For several miles they trudged along on the snowshoes in silence. At last Glum said:

"Stop!"

"Why?" asked Paul.

"We'll rest."

"I am not tired."

"Ye don't think ye are, mate, but you'll have all the wind out o' yer sails afore ye know it. Let's down."

There was a log lying near, and both sat upon it.

"I am sufficiently rested, so let's go on," said the youth, after a short rest, starting to his feet.

"Don't be too certain ye know ye kin stand it, lad. I tell ye it's a long voyage in you think an' there's rough sailin' between this an' the Chilkoot."

They reached Dawson City next day at noon. As Paul was still weak, he secured a room in the hotel and went to bed to rest. Being overcome by weariness and the journey, he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He was awakened by some one shaking him by the shoulder and whispering.

"Tumble up, Crack Lash."

"What is it, Glum?" he asked, starting up and rubbing his eyes.

"They're here."

"Who?"

"The rascals that robbed ye. I saw th' face o' one o' them fellers we'd seen a hangin' around our diggin's before we were robbed, an' I'd bet my wolf-skin cap th' others ain't far off."

Paul Miller hastily donned his clothes. The pale youth drew on his fur boots and buckled his revolvers about his waist. He realized how dangerous an encounter would be and he knew he would be a corpse in twenty minutes. He breathed a silent prayer for Laura, mother, and lastly himself, and whispered:

"I'm ready."

They went down to the room below, where they found a wild crowd carousing, but no sign of the man who was suspected of being an accomplice in the robbery.

"Wait at the door, Crack Lash," Glum whispered.

The ex-sailor left him and hurried away. He was gone but a few minutes when he hurried to his side, saying:

"They're gone."

"Where?"

"Up the ukon; we'll find 'em in the valley."

"Let's go at once," said Paul. They set out for the upper valley. An Esquimeaux was engaged to take them several miles on his dog sleds, and from there they traveled on foot, sleeping on the snow securely wrapped in their blankets.

On the morning of the third day they came upon the trail of those men and followed it until nightfall. The morning they were early on their trail again, and after four hours' hard travel Glum Ralston said:

"There they are, Crack Lash!"

He pointed down a narrow valley which divided the main valley, and three specks could be seen upon a slight elevation.

Glum Ralston was an experienced scout, and began at once to put in play his woodcraft. They crept forward to some trees and advanced rapidly, keeping themselves screened from the observation of the men they were trying to overhaul.

Night fell again without coming up with them, but a glimmer far up the mountain-side told them they had camped there. The pursuers slept and rested a few hours and then again started on the trail.

At last they came in sight of the three men not over two hundred paces away. Raising their rifles, they shouted to them to halt. The fugitives cast quick glances behind, and then, with defiant yells, fled.

Two darted around one side of a huge, projecting cliff that formed the extreme spur of the mountain, and one went the other way. Two rifle shots rang out on the mountain, and two bullets whizzed through the air.

"Ye winged yer man, Crack Lash," cried Glum. "Follow him and I'll give chase to the others."

Paul needed no second command, but darted after the man at whom he had fired. The fugitive threw away his gun and fled for life, and for an hour Paul was in doubt whether he was gaining on him or not. At the end of that time, to his great chagrin, he saw him cash into a thick forest of pines and firs.

When next he saw him he was creeping along a ledge five hundred feet above him. With no other thought than the capture of the fugitive and recovery of his treasure, Paul threw off his snowshoes and clambered up the steep precipice with great labor and no little danger. Up he went, heedless of everything but the solution of the mystery which threatened his life and happiness of himself and Laura. He reached the fork and began to climb the great dead limb of a tree which touched the coveted ledge. At that moment he heard a crackling at the root of the tree and became conscious of a descending motion in the limbs to which he clung.

He knew he was falling, and that with the vast mass he must descend into the valley beneath. He left himself rushing downward through the air; he closed his eyes; then came a sound crash on his ears, and he knew no more.

When Paul regained consciousness he was lying on a pile of skins and furs in a cavern.

A man clothed wholly in bear and seal skins stood over him, gazing at him with a pair of strange gray eyes. His hair was long, falling to his shoulders, and his beard, which was a most white, came to his waist. He had a half-savage and half-civilized appearance.

Paul gazed into the strange, wild face and asked:

"Who are you?"

The stranger, without taking his eyes off him, asked:

"Who are you?"

"A prisoner from the Klondike who was robbed. I was in pursuit of the robbers when the accident befell me. You found me?"

"Yes."

Paul at first supposed that some of his limbs were broken or dislocated, and dared not move, but after a few moments he discovered that he had suffered no greater injury than a severe shock. He had fallen into a deep snowdrift, which had broken the fall and no doubt saved his life.

"Won't you tell me who you are?" asked Paul after a few minutes' gazing into the face of the mysterious stranger. The man turned away for a moment as if he wished to avoid the answer and then slowly turning back answered:

"I am a hermit; will that suffice?"

"Do you live here?" Paul asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you lived in this mountain?"

Then came a longer silence than usual, when the hermit of the cave answered:

"What difference can that make to you? I found you in a perishing condition and brought you here and saved your life. Is that not enough without telling all the secrets of my life?" He turned slowly about and went to a small fire that smoldered on the stones some distance away, and began to toast some slices of moose steak. Paul closed his eyes and tried to reason that he could be in no immediate danger. If the man had intended to kill him, he would no doubt have done so while he was unconscious. He also reasoned he might have some design in saving his life.

(To be continued.)

HE LOVED HIS HORSES.

Owner Wept When Compelled to Part With Them.

An incident which illustrates the strong attachment that forms between a man and a good team occurred at a public sale four miles south of Town Hill Monday. It was noticed that the owner immediately withdrew from the crowd upon the bringing forth of a fine span of blacks, but returned later when called upon to describe the team. Among other things, their age, etc., he stated that he had raised them from colthood; that they were true, kind and faithful. Here he could say no more, and crossing his arms on the one nearest him, he sobbed like a child. The intelligent animal, evidently realizing that something was wrong, turned his head and gently pushed his nose against his old master's face. Such scenes are not witnessed every day in this hard old world, and a glance at the crowd of farmers disclosed scores of moist eyes and the auctioneer's voice grew husky as he proceeded with the sale of the old friends. No man need be ashamed of such weakness, if such it may be termed. It is one of the finest qualities attributable to mankind.—Jefferson Bee.

A Successful Angler.

"He was a beauty, plump three pounds, and as handsome a fish as ever came out of Long Island."

"Where did you find him."

"In my own brook."

I thought as much. In these days one does not catch three-pound trout in Long Island waters unless he owns a stream or knows somebody else who does, and will let him in for an hour or two. It is a condition of things which has made an entirely new definition of the successful angler."

"Yes? What do you call a successful angler?"

"A successful angler is one who successfully fishes for an invitation to go fishing in a preserved stream."

"Do you call yourself successful?"

"That is for you to say."

"Well, come down next Wednesday. I guess there is another three-pounder where I got that one."—Forest and Stream.

Maintained His Dignity.

Woe be to the English sheriff who fails to maintain a proper state. Once, in the west of England, a young sheriff met a certain judge at the station. The sheriff, a county squire, was dressed in a neat shooting suit, with gaiters and a cloth cap. "Mr. Justice Dash, I believe," said he politely. "Yes, sir; and who are you?" "I am the sheriff of Blankshire." The little judge eyed him from top to toe, from cap to gaiters. Then he rasped out: "Do you think I am a rabbit?" The squire stood astounded. He was still more astounded when the irate representative of the law observed: "You are fined £100. Escort me to my carriage. Then go, clothe yourself in proper attire. How dare you, sir!"—New Penny Magazine.

Sowing Wild Oats.

"Sence them city boarders got to comin' here our Johnny has been goin' to the bad," said Mrs. Hayseede to Mrs. Clovertopp.

"You don't say!"

"Yes, indeed! He's got to stayin' out late at night. Why, last Sat'day night he went off down town and never came home until half after 9. I've got a mind to ask the preacher to talk to him on the error o' his way."

PAWNING A $1,000 BILL

Of a man with a thousand-dollar bill in his pocket and no smaller amount of money, a story has been written that traced him through many experiences and took him to the verge of starvation. But, as a matter of fact, one man who had nothing smaller than a one-thousand-dollar bill got through the difficulty very easily in this city a few nights ago.

Ten of these coveted promissory notes of the United States had been paid to him in the afternoon. In the pursuit of business and a modicum of pleasure he had, after the receipt of his $10,000, spent the last dime he possessed other than the big bills. He was with some friends, any one of whom could and would have accommodated him with sufficient money for his needs, but a discussion arose about what he would do if he were a stranger in the city and had no money other than that which was in his pocket.

"I wouldn't care if I were dressed as a beggar," he said. "I can get all I want so long as I have a one-thousand-dollar bill in my pocket."

"You would be arrested or turned down if you tried to use it," said one. "There are not many places where $1,000 in change is kept handy. Besides, most people would be shy of taking such a bill from any of us. We don't look as though we carried one-thousand-dollar bills around in our pockets."

"Well," said the man with the $10,000, "I'll bet a basket of champagne with the bunch that I can spend my money as freely as though these were five-dollar bills instead of what they are, and I won't have any trouble about it, either. I'll get change the first time I try it, too, or lose the bet. And I won't go to any man who knows me."

The wager was accepted, and the man with $10,000, taking one friend with him, walked out to a pawn shop. He said to the clerk only this:

"I have received $10,000 in ten bills. They are mine and were come by honestly. It is difficult for me, a stranger, to get a one-thousand-dollar bill changed. Here are the ten bills. Look at them. I need some money, and I want to pawn one of these bills for $25. If you are afraid of me, call up police headquarters and I will satisfy the people there by papers that I can show that I am honest. Or, if you like, call up Mr. ——, who has the money to me, and he will tell you if I am all right."

The pawnbroker looked at him keenly for a second and then said:

"I never took money as a pledge, but you are sober and seem all right, and you can have the $25. Give me the one-thousand-dollar bill."

The pawnbroker examined the bill carefully and then, to the astonishment of the others, took another one-thousand-dollar bill out of his safe and compared them. Then, just as he would make out a ticket for a ring or a watch, he issued a ticket for a "one-thousand-dollar bill," turned over the $25 and closed the transaction.—New York Tribune.

CANNON OF GEORGE III.

From deadly implements of war turned by the enemy against the sons of the land in which they have for more than a century reposed to instruments useful in the furtherance of peaceful industrial pursuits in that same country, is the remarkable transition through which two large cannon now in the works of the Keystone Bridge Company have passed. Captured, it is supposed, by Gen. Gates at the battle of Saratoga, one of the most important engagements of the revolution, the cannon were placed in the Pittsburg arsenal early in the last century and remained there as souvenirs until 1893, when they were bought by the old Shiffler Bridge Company and placed in the mill to be used as compressors. There for almost 33 years the old guns have done service, and no better tools of their kind could be found.

In a dark corner of the dingy plant, hidden from sight, the greater part of the time by the great weights surrounding them, and smeared with grease and grime, the old cannon still retain their usefulness, and beneath the three-crease the royal coat of arms of the proud King George III. stand out, the sole reminders of the days in which they boomed in the service of the king. The royal crest is close to the old touchholes of the guns. Instead of powder there is now inserted in the touchholes of both pieces a pro saic water pipe that in no way seems to belong there. Before they enlisted in the industrial service of the Keystone Bridge company the heads of both cannon were removed, so that they are now open at both ends. Through the great sixteen-inch bore water is pumped and is forced out by long cylinders that are burdened by 60,000 pounds of steel. This tremendous weight is released and, settling the cylinders, forces them through the bore of the cannon. Before them goes the water that is thrown through the pipes against a machine known as an "upsetter." At the other end of this machine the "T" bars used in bridge construction are placed and the ends, heated to a white heat, are locked into the "upsetter." The force of the water from the cannon pushes the machine against the end of the bar and starts the head, that is later finished in the big five-ton hammer. Day after day these huge guns have performed this humble work, and when one looks at the proud crest of the King of England he wonders if were they possessed of the souls they would not feel humiliated at this sad fall from their former calling—that of battling for glory and victory and empire.—Pittsburg Leader.

A MILLIONAIRE'S REPAST

Jones and Smith happened to meet at the same table in a restaurant.

"Do you dine at this place often?" asked Jones.

"Quite often," said Smith. "It is moderate in price, at least for the common dishes; the cooking is excellent, the service good and everything is clean."

"It is pretty well patronized, too," observed Jones. "A good many merchants and stock exchange men come here for their meals."

"Yes. What are you going to order?"

"I think I'll take a steak, a glass of claret and a pudding, or something of that kind. A man on a small salary can't afford a swell dinner."

"That's a fact. We've got to curb our appetites. I'm going to try veal cutlets, breaded, a few vegetables, an omelet souffle, and a pint of porter. I can't spend more than three or four shillings for a mere lunch."

"That's about the figure for me. Now, if I could afford such a meal as Tubbles over there at that table in the corner is about to order, I'd have something worth talking about."

"You bet. What do you suppose Tubbles is worth?"

"He's worth $1,000,000."

Jones and Smith looked enviously at the table in the corner, where the rich man, with the bill of fare before him, was knitting his brows and pursing up his mouth in the effort to decide what he wanted. After studying the printed slip from top to bottom several times he seemed to have come to a conclusion.

"Waiter," he said to the official standing respectfully by, "bring me a roll and butter and a cup of coffee."

THREE STORIES IN ALL.

How Witty Guide Described Mr. Cleveland's Boathouse.

During Cleveland's first term as president Dr. Parker himself a handsome boathouse on the shore of Upper Saranac Lake, near the Saranac Inn. It was a long, low affair, with a deep excavation beneath for the storing of boats and fishing tackle. Dave Cronk, a famous guide of the region, never tired of describing the glories of the president's boathouse, which he regarded as the real wonder of the neighborhood. On one occasion Richard Harding Davis, then a reporter in Philadelphia, visited the president socially, and was met at the station by Cronk, who said he had been sent with his wagon to drive the guest to the inn.

"There's Mr. Cleveland's new three-story boathouse," he said, passing the structure.

"Three-story?" asked Mr. Davis. "I see but one."

"Well," said the native, "there's the story you see, the story underneath, and the story Dave Cronk's allus tellin' about it."

High Prices Paid Singers.

The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of $48,000, paid to Mme. Adelina Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances. Mme. Patti has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she has obtained, as she did at New Orleans, as much as $6,000 a night.

M. Jean de Reszke holds the record for male singers, his contract for sixteen appearances being $36,000, while the famous Polish tenor never fails to stipulate for free hotel expenses and a certain sum for carriage and horses.

The famous Lasalle has always drawn his $2,000 a performance, and during the Golden Jubilee of 1887 he appeared with the two De Reszkes at one time on the stage, the aggregate of their nightly salaries amounting to over $5,000.

One Way to Spend a Holiday.

Last year a young English barrister published a fascinating account of the four months' holiday he had spent among the gypsies as one of themselves, leading the caravan horses, sleeping in the open, helping to cook the primitive meals, and exploring, under the most delightfully unconventional conditions, some of the prettiest byways of the southern counties. "I returned from this holiday," he says, "with a store of health and energy and a fund of happy memories which no other conceivable holiday could have given me, and if my readers wish to have an ideally enjoyable time, every bit of which is crowded with novel and delightful experiences, let them do as I did, and go 'a-gypsying.'"

A Futile Mercy.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals means well by its distribution of a couple of thousands of bonnets for horses. But there will be no real diminution of the aggregate suffering of the world as long as the society contents itself with giving bonnets to horses. A horse cannot talk at night or go through a man's pockets when he sleeps of exhaustion in the gray dawn. Nor can a horse obtain credit at a milliner's, to the despondency of the man who has acquired the right to pay some one's bills. What is needed is a Society for Distributing Bonnets to Indignant Females. A mere horse has not soul enough to know if its hat is on straight.

"I SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH FEMALE WEAKNESS;"

SAYS MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

"I Had the Headache Continually---Could Not Do My Work---Pe-ru-na Cured."

Mrs. Esther M. Milner, DeGraff, Ohio; writes:

"I was a terrible sufferer from female weakness and had the headache continually. I was not able to do my housework for my husband and myself. I wrote you and described my condition as near as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with best results." ---Mrs. E. M. Milner.

Miss Mamie Groth, Platteville, Wis., writes: "Accept a grateful girl's thanks for the wonderful help I have received through the use of Peruna. Although I looked well and strong I have for several years suffered with frequent backache and would for several days have splitting headaches. I did not wish to fill my system with poisonous drugs, and so when several of my friends advised me to take Peruna, I asked my physician what he thought of it. He recommended it and so I took it and am entirely without pain of any kind now." —Miss Mamie Groth.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, has had over fifty years experience in the treatment of female catarrhal diseases. He advises women free of charge. If you are suffering from any female derangement write him a description of your symptoms and he will give you the benefit of his experience in the treatment of women's diseases.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Would Dispense With Locks.

Charles De Lesseps is quoted by Figaro as saying that he believes that the Americans will decide to complete the Panama canal without locks and that it may be opened in six years' time. To dispense with locks would add greatly to the cost, but it would be a vast saving in time and trouble after the canal is opened

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

It may be that the woman who gave the two miles never had very much to say in the church.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late all the same.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A school of specialists holds that the white cells of the blood are traps to catch microbes.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

The average cost of a fully equipped lifeboat, with transportation carriage, etc., is $3,500.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Romaine, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1900.

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