The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He closed his eyes and in a few moments was unconscious. When he awoke he found the strange hermit at his side bending over him and gazing eagerly into his face. He turned slowly away and went back to the fire.

A moment later he brought him some meat and said:

"You had better eat; you are weak."

This was quite a long sentence for the hermit, and he paused after speaking to rest. Paul took the broiled steak and ate sparingly. It was very juicy and nutritious, and he began to feel stronger in a few moments after he had finished. The hermit meanwhile had resumed his seat on a large stone in front of the fire.

There was now another expression on his face. It was an expression of sadness. The more Paul studied the features of this strange man the more mysterious they seemed. He lay for a long time looking at him and asking himself a thousand questions. Then he grew weary of gazing and thinking and closed his eyes. Consciousness had almost slipped away when a movement in the cavern caused him to again open his eyes. The hermit was preparing to leave.

He took up the rude lamp, in which burned some kind of oil, and went to the opposite side of the cavern. He set the lamp on a flat stone, and putting his hand into a sort of crevice in the rocky wall pulled forth something. It was in a roll. He unrolled it and gazed at it intently.

From where he lay Paul saw that the object when unrolled was part of a tanned hide of some sort of an animal.

"I hope he will leave it," thought Paul. "If he does I will examine it. There is writing on it, and it may contain some clew to this Klondyke mystery that so nearly drives me mad."

All the movements of the hermit were slow and deliberate. He went carefully toward the entrance of the cavern. Long Paul lay on the couch listening for the slight tread of the maccasined feet, but he came not back.

"He has gone!" said Paul.

He rose to a sitting position and gazed about the cavern.

After a few moments he rose to his feet. With a wildly beating heart he began his tour of exploration. The oil lamp had been left burning on a square stone, and he picked it up and went along the great natural corridor for some distance until he came upon a great chamber with lofty ceilings.

He began to search for the crevice in the rock where he had seen the man place the skin on which was the writing. Paul found the roll and drew it out.

It proved to be a piece of walrus hide covered all over with strange pictures and hieroglyphics such as the Indian picture writers use. It was almost round, and he could find no beginning nor end to it.

The report of a gun near the mouth of the cavern caused him to thrust the walrus hide into the crack and hasten into the deeper recesses of the cavern.

CHAPTER IV.

Meeting a Friend With Bad News.

It is necessary at this point in our story to return to Clarence Berry's party, which we left on the top of the Chilkoot Pass in a raging storm. All through that terrible night Clarence Berry lay thinking of his young wife, whom he had packed away as comfortable as possible in that terrible height in the frigid zone. Day dawned bright and clear and he arose early and called to his wife:

"Ethel, Ethel, are you alive?"

There came no answer until he had pulled away some of the packages that formed her apartment; then he heard her voice answering:

"I am all right, Clarence."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the husband. "I feared you had perished during that terrible storm."

Dick and "Hemstitch," the Esquimaux, were self-constituted cooks, and prepared a breakfast of a pot of boiled beans and a little coffee, which froze on the slightest provocation.

When breakfast was over two sleds were loaded with supplies, and without dogs or any one to draw them, started down the mountain. Two weeks were consumed in reaching Lake Linderman. Here they were detained another week, completing a boat with which they could make their way down the river.

One night, after a day of arduous toil, they camped at the foot of a mountain protected from the north wind by a steep precipice. The dogs had been unharnessed, fed and left sleeping about the sleds. The tired Indians, having had supper, were stretched before the fire. Ethel, attired in furs, sat on a sled which had been drawn up before the blazing logs. Her proud husband declared she looked like an angelic Esquimaux queen.

Dick reclined on the skin of a musk-ox telling a story in which there was blended Bowery slang and western dialect. Suddenly one of the dogs started up and gave vent to a low growl, cutting the story short. The guide gave a sharp whistle and seized his rifle. The others at once laid their hands on their guns and stood on the defensive.

A few moments later a large object could be seen in the distance slowly advancing toward them. Owing to the dim, uncertain light all at first were of the opinion it was a bear, and one or two cocked their guns and stepped out a short distance from the light to get a better shot at the animal. The guide suddenly called:

"Hold! It's a man!"

"'Course it is," growled a voice in the distance. "What did ye think it was—a walrus?"

A man clothed in furs, holding a rifle in his hand, came forward and advanced toward the fire.

Ethel rose trembling with fright at the appearance of this strange apparition, and clung to the arm of her husband.

"Who is he?" she whispered. "Where did that terrible man come from?"

Though the question was not intended for the ears of this strange man, he heard them, and in a voice like the deep tones of far-off thunder he answered:

"I am from the Klondyke, where you seem to be going; a place where gold can be raked up by the handful."

"Who are you? What is your name?" Berry asked, advancing toward the Klondyker and extending his hand toward him.

"I am called Glum Ralston," he answered.

"What are you doing here?"

"Hunting for a friend."

By this time Clarence Berry had clasped his hand and brought him near the camp fire, where he bade him be seated and tell his troubles.

"I hain't much at spinning yarns," the ex-sailor answered. "My friend was robbed on the Klondyke a few months ago, an' at the same time laid up for repairs——"

Ethel grasped her husband's hand and mentally ejaculated, "It was Paul."

She listened with the keenest interest to the story of Glum Ralston, and tears gathered in her eyes. She knew the missing companion was none other than Paul Miller, whose fate would perhaps never be known.

"Oh, heaven, poor Laura! how shall we break this terrible news to her, Clarence?" she sobbed.

The young husband made no answer, and Glum Ralston, lighting his pipe, proceeded to smoke in silence.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALRUS HIDE.

Paul Miller ran two or three hundred paces into the cavern until it grew so dark he had to grope his way and he came to a halt.

From around a projecting stone he turned his gaze back to the chamber which was lighted by the lamp.

He saw the hermit come at a run toward the inner chamber, three men pursuing him. They were so close on him that he halted by the side of the couch and turned at bay. A third man at this moment appeared on the scene and seized his arms from behind and hurled him to the cavern floor.

Paul Miller had all along watched the exciting contest. He started toward the chamber, where they were tying the hermit's hands with strips of walrus skin, and was almost near enough to call out when he suddenly halted and gave them a stare.

"They are the robbers themselves!" he gasped in a whisper. "What in heaven does this mean!" He quickly slunk away behind some masses of rock, broken from the side of the cavern.

Completely concealed from the actors in this singular drama, Paul was enabled to observe all that went on. There seemed to be only violence enough on the part of the captors to effect the capture of the hermit. When this was effected they began pleading with him to do something, to make some revelation. After a few words, the captive became silent and sullen. His captors plied him with many questions and he refused to answer any of them. At last, Iwalin, him in charge of one man, the other two began to search the cavern. When they came near Paul he crouched in the smallest possible space and scarce dared to breathe.

One of the two searchers was the very man whom he had chased up the mountain side.

As they passed one of them mentioned a name which caused him to start so violently as to almost discover himself to them. It was Lackland.

Lackland was the wealthy banker and speculator of his own town, who had been a rival for the heart and hand of Laura Bush. What did these mysterious men of the Klondyke know about him, or what had he to do with them?

Almost maddened by despair Paul fell upon his knees and furiously beat his breast with his hands while the captors led the prisoner away.

They had taken up the oil lamp and carried it with them, and Paul was soon in total darkness. In his fit of desperation he rose and followed them. At the entrance of the cavern he halted and gazed off after the captors and prisoner. A thousand tumultuous emotions swayed his heart, and again in despair he beat his breast with his hands.

"Oh, cruel, cruel fate! Why did I not know he was my friend and defend him!"

He gazed helplessly at the little party until they had disappeared from his view and then threw himself upon the floor of the cavern in despair. But his better judgment came to his relief and starting up he seized the lamp and started back toward the fire to light it. It seemed an age before the faint glow from the dying embers told him where the fire was. He at last reached the spot, and with a pine stick raked the living coals together. Laying on two or three smaller sticks he blew them into a blaze and lighted the lamp.

After a short rest he was prepared to travel, but he remembered the walrus hide, with its mysterious hieroglyphics, and determined to take it with him. He was unable to make out anything from the hide, and rolling it up thrust it in one of his capacious pockets, and taking some of the provisions left in the cavern, went out and buckled on his snow shoes to leave the place forever. He tramped until night and then spreading a blanket on the snow slept soundly. A snow fell during the night, and when he awoke he shook off the white gown of nature and ate some of the roasted moose meat he had brought with him.

For over a week he wandered about in the wilderness, subsisting on fish he caught in the river and a deer which he shot, but not seeing a human being. Paul had no compass to steer his course, and was often lost among the mountains.

One day he came upon a fresh trail in the snow as if a party with Indian porters, dogs and sledges had made their way over the snow toward Forty Mile Camp.

He sat down at the side of the path to rest and think. A slight crunching of snow but a short distance from him caused him to look up, and he saw a man coming on snow shoes, a rifle on his shoulder. A single glance at those familiar features, and he cried:

"Glum—Glum Ralston!"

The solitary traveler paused, started back in surprise, clutching his gun for an instant as if he would use it; then dropping it on the snow, gave vent to a whoop that would have done credit to a wild Indian, and bounding forward had Paul about the neck, crying:

"Crack-lash alive, by th' trident o' Neptune."

"Where have you been?" asked Paul.

"Cruisin' about lookin' for you," he answered. "Where you been?"

Paul told the story of his adventures, concluding with his escape from the cave.

"I have found the mystery about me thickening all the time, and this walrus hide covered with strange pictures and hieroglyphics is the chief of all mysteries."

Glum Ralston took the walrus hide, unrolled it, and gazing at it with wildly dilating eyes which indicated his strange interest, demanded:

"Where did you get it?"

"From the hermit."

"Th' hermit—the hermit—the man, that owns this hide—the man who saved you, is my old captain!" cried the excited prospector with a shout. "Where is he? where is he! It's my old captain—I'll go home to Kate yet. Where is he? where is he? where is he?" he shouted almost fiercely, while Paul was too much dumbfounded to utter a word.

"Be calm, Glum, and explain what you mean!" cried Paul.

Holding up the piece of walrus hide, Glum said:

"I've seen this before."

"Where?"

"On board the 'Eleanor.'"

"Who had it there?"

"The red-skin as had the strap o' old nuggets about his neck."

Paul's interest in the walrus hide increased. The old man continued in a gleeful tone:

"Oh, he lives, he lives! I will find him, tell him I've been true to him in all those years and take 'im home."

Suddenly he became more composed, and, turning his eyes on Paul, asked: "Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"What! you have seen him and let him escape?"

"I could not help myself; they came and dragged him away."

(To be continued.)

OBJECT LESSON FOR WIFE.

Cincinnati Man's Device to Show Her Value of Money.

The following story is told of a certain wealthy financier of Cincinnati reputed to be penurious. His wife intended going to a fashionable summer resort, and desired to equip herself with proper wearing apparel. When he told her husband that she needed about $1,000 he nearly fainted. She pleaded for the money and said that she needed every cent of it in order to make a respectable showing against other rich women. He at first could not see it that way. His wife admitted that it would be no treat to her to write out a check for the $1,000 at he demurred and finally told her he would think it over.

The next morning shortly before noon a man knocked at the front door of the banker's residence and asked for the wife. She appeared, when upon the man said: "Mr. —— sent me up here with the $1,000 you wanted." It is needless to say that her face straightened up, and she was so glad that she almost hugged the man who bore this good news.

"Well," he said, "where is the money? Give it to me."

"You'll have to get someone to help me. I brought it up on a dray," he answered.

It turned out that the banker had sent up 1,000 silver dollars carefully packed in a box. He afterward claimed that he did this to impress his wife with an idea as to how much $1,000 is. Had he sent a check it would in a few hours have looked like thirty cents to her.

Biggest Cigar in the World.

Paymaster General Bates of the army possesses the largest cigar in the world. It is sixty-three inches long, and as large around as a man's arm at the thickest section.

Its composition includes twenty-two classes of Philippine tobacco. The huge cigar is the gift of Major W. H. Comegys, of the pay department, who sent it to the paymaster general with this note:

"I send you the largest cigar you have ever seen—at least, the largest I have ever seen. It is made of a number of the finest brands of tobacco grown on the islands. This was manufactured at San Fernando do Union, in Union Province, P. I. The case is also a curiosity. It may be called a family cigar, as all smoke it, and the grandmother is supposed to finish it or the cigar to finish the grandmother."—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

Beautiful Mummy Blue.

Hamlet reflected curiously upon the fact that the body of a great ruler might yet come to be used to "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but modern ingenuity has discovered more useful, if not more honorable, uses for the bodies of departed emperors. Manufacturers of artists' colors now often use mummies in making their colors, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colors used by various R. A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy. Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen of the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue. The export of mummies is now forbidden, but one will last a manufacturer for years. The colors so made are principally used by portrait painters.—London Tatler.

If a man is able to make a bluff at crying a woman will forgive him anything.

VICTIMS OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair, the former a son of the late Senator Fair of California, were almost instantly killed by the smash-up of their automobile on the road from Trouville to Paris, France, a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fair had been living

Charles L. Fair.

at the Hotel Ritz in Paris, but had been spending most of their time touring the continent in a huge new automobile of forty-five horse power named "Mercedes," one of the fastest machines ever built, and which is said to have a speed of eighty-five miles an hour.

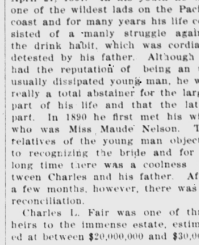
They had been down at Trouville for five days attending the races, and intended to go to Paris for the night and return to Trouville in the morning.

They started from Trouville and reached Evreaux in safety. Here the wife of M. Berton's lodgekeeper saw the great red machine coming and stood at the gate to watch it pass.

Fast automobiles are no rarity there, but Mr. Fair's machine was so much more rapid than most of them that she stood and gazed at it. It was going sixty-two miles an hour.

When almost immediately opposite the lodge gates, it suddenly swerved, rushed up a bank at the side of the road, spun around, recrossed the road like a mad thing, and dashed into an elm tree with a great crash.

Mr. and Mrs. Fair shot high in the air and fell among the debris of the wrecked automobile. Chauffeur Broley was thrown into a ditch, where he lay writhing in agony.



Mrs. Charles Fair.

000. The other two are his two sisters.

At the death of his mother Charles Fair received $1,000,000 as his share of the estate. He owned $12,000,000 at the time of his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Fair were still breathing when lifted from the wreckage, but were terribly mangled, and death came quickly.

Charles Fair's head was covered with bruises, his head was smashed and one eye had been destroyed. Mrs. Fair's skull was also broken.

Charles L. Fair was the third of the four children of the late Senator James G. Fair. Theresa who is now the wife of Herman Oelrichs, is the oldest of the Fairs. Then came James G., who died about ten years ago. Charles was the third, and the youngest was Virginia, who is now the wife of W. K. Vanderbilt.

He was born in Virginia City, Nev., April 21, 1867. In his youth he was one of the wildest lads on the Pacific coast and for many years his life consisted of a manly struggle against the drink habit, which was cordially detested by his father. Although he had the reputation of being an unusually dissipated young man, he was really a total abstainer for the larger part of his life and that the latter part. In 1890 he first met his wife, who was Miss Maude Nelson. The relatives of the young man objected to recognizing the bride and for a long time there was a coolness between Charles and his father. After a few months, however, there was a reconciliation.

Charles L. Fair was one of three heirs to the immense estate, estimated at between $20,000,000 and $30,000,

Count that day lost, whose flow, descending sun views from thine hand no worthy action done.—Tobart.

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SUICIDE HAS SHOCKED NEWPORT.

Robert B. Remington of New York committed suicide at one of the Newport fashionable clubs last week, and has given Newport and New York society the most distinct shock it has felt in years. He is supposed to have shot himself because of the breaking off of his engagement to marry Miss May Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen and granddaughter of Mrs. Astor. Financial troubles are also given as a reason, and the Van Alen family declare Remington has been mentally unbalanced for some time, and that this was the real reason for ending the engagement.

Remington was a son of Edward Remington of social fame in Philadelphia. He was admitted to the bar in 1885, but practiced law only a short time. He entered the advertising business with his brother, and under the firm name of Remington Bros. acquired considerable business standing. Two years ago he met Miss Van Alen for the first time while returning from Europe. She is reported to have keenly felt the shock of his death.

DEATH OF REV. N. H. DOWNING.

Life Work of Benefactor of Southern Freedmen Is Ended.

The Rev. Nathan H. Downing, who died a few days ago at Lake Harbor,

Rev. N. H. Downing.

Mich., was for twelve years at the head of the work of the Presbyterian church among the freedmen of the South. After the close of the civil war Mr. Downing and his wife were sent by the board of home missions of that church to assume charge of establishing schools. With a large corps of teachers at his disposal, Mr. Downing traveled, organizing schools and placing them in the hands of instructors. His field was chiefly in North and South Carolina, his headquarters being for several years in Sumter, S. C. When his health failed from overwork he left the South and accepted the pastorate of several small churches in Iowa, his last charge being at Clarence, Ia.

A Patriotic Sentiment.

Mr. Palmer who is fifer of the drum corps at Joplin, Mo., plays on a fife which was used by his grandfather throughout the war of 1812. Mr. Palmer himself was a soldier in the civil war. He expresses the devout hope that his grandson may live to play it in a country still united and expanded amid scenes attesting the grandest achievements the human race has ever seen or dreamed."

Cigarette Smoking in Siam.

The cigarette and the betel nut are universally used not only by men, but by women and children, says the Great Round World. However, the tobacco is quite mild and is smoked very slowly. My carrier in the jungle would take two or three puffs and then thrust their cigarettes into holes in the lobes of the ears. There the cigarettes would remain for an hour or two when one would be relighted, puffed a few times more and returned again to the ear. Sometimes my men would carry three half-consumed cigarettes at once, one in each ear and one on the top of the ear, as an American clerk carries a pen.

Proud of Revolutionary Ancestor.

J. C. Pelton, the first public school teacher of California, is still living at Los Angeles at the age of 76. He is a great-grandson of Joel Pelton, who fired the first shot at Bunker Hill and was killed by the first British cannon shot. His father used to tell with pleasure how Cornwallis bowed his head as he passed under his extended bayonet at the Yorktown surrender.

Too Ready to Give Information.

A Scotch clergyman was on one occasion busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl whose father kept a public house. "What is your name?" The question having been repeated the girl replied: "Nane o' your fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale?'" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

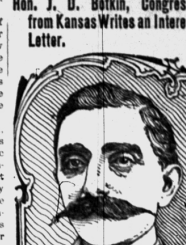
Will Study American Clubs.

Charles M. Hodgson, who has come from London to examine into the management of New York clubs with a view to putting the new Anglo-American club over there on the same lines, was formerly manager of the Carlton in London. In nearly all the London clubs a manager or secretary who is a member of the club is employed to be the head of the working department and he receives in some cases a salary therefor.

AN ITALIAN CAPTAIN

Cured by Pe-ru-na of Catarrh of the Stomach After Doctors Failed.

Hon. J. D. Botkin, Congressman from Kansas Writes an Interesting Letter.



CAPTAIN O. BERTOLETTO.

Captain O. Bertoletto of the Italian Barque "Lincelles," in a recent letter from the chief officer of the Italian Barque Lincelles, Pensacola, Fla., writes:

"I have suffered for several years with chronic catarrh of the stomach. The doctors prescribed for me without my receiving the least benefit. Through one of your pamphlets I began the use of Peruna, and two bottles have entirely cured me. I recommend Peruna to all my friends."—*O. Bertoletto.*

In catarrh of the stomach, as well as catarrh of any part of the body, Peruna is the remedy. As has been often said if Peruna will cure catarrh of one part, it will cure catarrh of any other part of the body.

Catarrh is catarrh wherever located, and the remedy that will cure it anywhere will cure it everywhere.

The following letter from Congressman Botkin speaks for itself:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.:

My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have

given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure. Peruna is surely a wonderful remedy for catarrhal affections.—J. D. Botkin.

This is a case of catarrh of the stomach which had run for twenty-five years, according to his statement, and Peruna has at once come to his relief, promptly accomplishing for him more benefit than he had been able to find in all other remedies during a quarter of a century.

It stands to reason that a man of wealth and influence, like a Congressman of the great United States, has left no ordinary means untried and no stone unturned to find a cure.

If such cures as these do not verify the claim not only that dyspepsia is due to catarrh of the stomach, but also that Peruna will cure catarrh of the stomach, it is impossible to imagine how any evidence could do so.

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.

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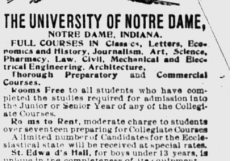

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