The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Who,"

"The very men who robbed me."

The reaction which came over the old man was terrible to witness. He realized that after all he might lose his beloved captain, whose life was still in danger, for he was once more a prisoner.

"Well, well, all may yet be lost!" he sighed. "Crack-lash, let's go and hunt him. Now that we know he is alive, we got something to hunt for, and we'll hunt him. Come, Crack-lash!"

After considerable persuasion Paul induced him to wait until next morn- that ash they built a camp fire and prepared to pass the night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

Berry's Success.

We will for the present take leave of Paul Ralston and return to Berry's party on their way to the Klondyke.

They arrived first at Forty-Mile camp, but here found nothing to do.

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

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

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

"Leave me behind."

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

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

And so it proved.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the sound of Lackland's name Ethel was on her feet, gasping:

"Lackland! Lackland! Clarence, he is Paul's rival and enemy! I am determined to see this prisoner called Belcher."

"When do you intend to call on him?"

"Tomorrow."

"I will go with you," said Clarence.

Ethel Berry, with her husband, entered the prison and gazed at the pale yet fierce face of the prisoner, and cried:

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

Glum Ralston's Return.

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

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

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

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

"It will be very bad news."

"She must know it some time, Clarence."

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

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

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

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

"What is the matter?" asked Clarence.

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

CREED MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

Somnambulist Had to Stay in the Hoosgow Just the Same.

One night not long since, a watchman at Kittanering, N. Y., found one of the most respectable citizens of the town roaming the streets in his night robe. The officer very promptly placed the man under arrest and directed his steps toward the city bastile. A rather rude jolt at a street crossing woke the citizen up. He at once became aware that he was being piloted by the policeman and a few moments of observation convinced him he was not going toward home. Then he spoke.

"What are you doing with me, Tom?" inquired the man.

"Oh, I've got you for walking around the streets in your chemise," said the officer. "That's against the law, you know."

"You're not going to lock me up," said the citizen in astonishment. "Why, don't you know I am a somnambulist?"

"I don't care what church you belong to," retorted Tom, "you're out on the street in clothes not fit to be seen, it's my duty to arrest you, and in you go."

And in he went until friends brought street clothing and got him out in the morning.

KITTEN BLOCKED SIDEWALK.

Everybody Dodged the Dirty Feline Until a Banker Appeared.

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

Boer With a Charmed Life.

Commandant Moller, lately of the Boer army, was not born to be shot. During the conflict with Great Britain he had twenty-one horses shot under him, but never received a scratch.

Potatoes the Greatest Crop.

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

American Girl Painters.

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

Sum folks is like grasshoppers—they jump intew things not cari' a dern how they are a-goin' tew light.

POULTRY

Caponizing.

The author of "Capons for Profit" says: There are people whom I would not advise to undertake the operation of caponizing. The person to do it should have above all things faith in his undertaking and in himself. He must be convinced that his work is right and then go ahead. This is no place to make a trial for fun or in a half-hearted way. It is a little of the genuine enthusiasm that is needed, and that is bound to overcome difficulties should any be encountered. Then there should be an average amount of mechanical skill and the same amount of nerve. Clumsy fingers have no business in operating on a live fowl. If you are a little nervous at first it will do no hurt. Your nervousness will wear off after you operate on two or three fowls and see how easy the job is and apparently how little pain it causes the bird. You must have full confidence in your ability to do it just right, and then go ahead without fear or trembling. And when you are once at it, it is far better to operate on all the birds ready for the operation in one day than fuss along with two or three every few days. The beginner is apt to be a little nervous when he goes for the first bird, but after he gets his hand in once everything moves off smoothly and nicely. His hand becomes steady and the work passes off rapidly. Of course it is an advantage if you can see some one perform the operation, even on a single bird. No more is needed to teach you the whole operation. We ourselves had to learn it from books and printed instructions—not very plain ones either—and succeeded beyond expectations. After a few days practical experience I thought nothing of caponizing twenty birds before breakfast. The operation indeed after you have once under taken it and succeeded is an easy enough thing and causes but little pain and inconvenience to the bird if you do it right and with proper tools. A good set of tools of course is utterly indispensable, and the person unwilling to expend $2 or $3 for them is not included in the list of persons who can safely undertake the operation.

Keeping Eggs for Hatching.

Eggs for hatching need not be turned every day, as some believe to be necessary. Eggs to produce chicks should not be kept so long that they would need treatment of this kind. If eggs are to be kept longer than a week, they should be put in a dry place and kept at a temperature not to exceed 50 degrees if possible. Of course the temperature should not be low enough to permit the eggs to freeze. It is advised by some poultrymen not to use for hatching eggs that are more than ten days old, as some of the chicks from older eggs will prove weak in constitution, in nature of course it is different. A hen lays a clutch of eggs in perhaps three weeks and then begins to sit. Of course some of the eggs are then three weeks old. But nature makes allowance for enormous waste of material. Out of those eggs many of the chicks that are born soon perish. Man tries to do away with the natural waste and even to turn it into profit.

Eggs for Fall Hatching.

From the Farmers' Review: I have purchased a new incubator—in fact, the only incubator I ever owned. I want to fill it with eggs some time in November. As I have no hens of my own, where shall I obtain eggs with which to fill it? Can I depend on some eggs for this purpose? I once tried some store eggs and found them of little value, as only one or two out of every dozen hatched. That was when I was using hens. As a general rule can we depend on the stores' eggs at this season, when those eggs are to go into the incubator? What do other people do that have this situation to face? An answer will greatly oblige a novice.—H. H.

Sulphur Will Not Keep Eggs.

The twenty Leghorn eggs, laid during five days May 12th to 16th, were, on May 18, 1899, packed smallends down, carefully separated, in finely powdered sulphur (flowers of sulphur). Result: Good, 0 per cent; bad, 100 per cent. On examination May 31, 1900, the shells of these eggs appeared discolored or darkened. The air cells were doubled in size and were muddy within. In most cases the albumen was intact. The yolks were thickened. These eggs had not kept well, but were not rotten. The flavor was stale.—R. I. Station.

Time to Start Incubators.

From Farmers' Review: How early in the fall should the incubator be started? Will some reader of the Farmers' Review that makes a practice of running his incubator in the fall please answer? I know a good many start their incubators late in the fall, but I presume there is a great difference in practices. The question is what is the best time and why.—M. L. D.

When Pasturing Rape.

There is some danger from bloat in turning animals on rape pasture, especially if they are not accustomed to it and eat it greedily at first. It is best to have prairie or tame grass connected with the rape field, or at first to have a feed rack with hay or straw accessible. It is also safer at first to have the stock full of other feed, either pasture or grain, so they will not be hungry and eat too rapidly. Some farmers practice turning their stock on the rape from other pastures and leaving them there only an hour or so each day, until they become used to it. I have generally found little difficulty with animals put on rape for the first time, as they prefer other foods until they learn to eat the rape plant and seldom overfill.—Prof. E. A. Burnett.

The pontine marshes are to be drained by a German syndicate, the Italian government paying $1,000,000.

A BENEFIT TO FARMERS.

The benefits that will undoubtedly result to farmers from the recent incorporation of the International Harvester Company which took over the business of the five leading harvester manufacturers have probably not been considered by a large portion of the farming community.

The economical necessity of a consolidation of the interests of manufacturers and those of their farmer customers must be apparent to any one who understands the present situation.

The increased and increasing cost of material, manufacturing and selling—the latter in consequence of extreme and bitter competition between manufacturers and their several selling agents—has made the business unprofitable.

The two alternatives left for the manufacturers were either the increasing of the prices of machines or the reduction of the cost of manufacture and sales. The latter could only be accomplished by concentrating the business in one company.

As can readily be seen, the forming of the new company was not a stock jobbing operation but a centering of mutual interests. There is no watered stock; the capitalization is conservative and represented by actual and tangible assets. There is no stock offered to the public, it having all been subscribed and paid for by the manufacturers and their associates.

The management of the International Harvester Company is in the hands of well known, experienced men.

The officers are: President, Cyrus H. McCormick; Chairman Executive Committee, Charles Deering; Chairman Finance Committee, George W. Perkins; Vice-Presidents, Harold F. McCormick, James Deering, Wm. H. Jones and John J. Glessner; Secretary and Treasurer, Richard F. Howe. The members of the Board of Directors are as follows: Cyrus Bentley, William Deering, Charles Deering, James Deering, Eldridge M. Fowler, C. H. Gary, John J. Glessner, Richard F. Howe, Abram M. Hyatt, William H. Jones, Cyrus H. McCormick, Harold F. McCormick, George W. Perkins, Norman B. Ream, Leslie N. Ward, Paul D. Cravath.

The International Harvester Company owns five of the largest harvester plants in existence. The Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee and Plano plants that have been producing nearly or quite 50 per cent of the harvesting machines of the world.

It also owns timber and coal lands, blast furnaces and a steel plant; it has a new factory in the process of construction in Canada.

It is believed that the cost of producing grain, grass and corn harvesting machines, will be so reduced that the present low prices can be continued, and that consequently the results cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the farmer. To maintain the present prices of these machines means to extend and increase the development of the agriculture of the world, for no one cause has contributed or can contribute more to this development than the cheapness of machines for harvesting grains.

Mr. Henry A. Salzer, the well-known La Crosse, Wis., seedsman, accompanied by his family left for Europe last week and will return in November. During his absence Mr. Salzer will look up some new seed novelties in Russia.

So remarkably perverse is the nature of man that he despises those that court him, and admires whoever will not bend before him.—Thoreau.

No need to fear sudden attacks of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhœa, summer complaint, if any sort if you have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the medicine chest.

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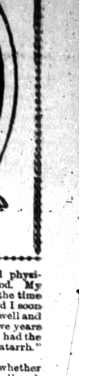
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Cured by Pe-ru-na of Systemic Catarrh.

An Interesting Letter From Mrs. M. K. Bousch, of Richmond, and Her Little Daughter, Pearl.



Mrs. M. K. Bousch, Richmond, Va., writes:

"I had catarrh all through my system for two years and could get no relief. I was advised to try Peruna, and I have taken five bottles of it and am well and better now than I have been for years. I can advise any one who has catarrh of any part of the body to take Peruna. My little girl, who is eleven years old had catarrh, but was cured by Peruna. Before I began to take Peruna I was sick all the time, but now I am entirely cured and all praise is due Peruna.—Mrs. M. K. Bousch.

Miss Pearl Bousch writes: "When I was a baby I contracted catarrh, and was doctored by several good physicians, but none did me any good. My mother was taking Peruna at the time and gave some of it to me, and I soon began to improve, and am now well and fat as a little pig. I am twelve years old. The doctors told mother I had the consumption, but it was only catarrh."—Miss Pearl Bousch.

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