

SLAIN BY A WOMAN IN THE FROZEN YUKON

THOMAS HERNDON

DICK BEALS

On a frozen trail of the north Dick Beals was shot to death by Mrs. Thomas Herndon while her husband stood by and prayed that her woman's hand would not fall at the trigger.

The tragic tale has just come out of the ice-clad Yukon basin. It is the story of a husband who for three years tirelessly searched the highways and byways of the continent, looking for the man who had robbed him of his wife. A chance clue led him over the ice and snow into the Klondike.

There at last Herndon ran down the couple and discovered the extent of Dick Beals' duplicity. He found his broken-hearted wife in the cabin of friends, and from her own lips the forgiving husband heard that it was only after Beals had by false proof convinced her that her absent husband was dead that she had consented to marry him and travel with him to a promised new home in the west.

It was not the kind of meeting, nor the end that Herndon had planned. For years he had persistently searched for the couple, grimly determined that they should pay the penalty of their deceit and his dishonor. The discovery that his wife was guiltless only turned his thoughts with redoubled fury to the man who had wrecked both their lives.

From all sides Herndon heard stories of Beals' brutality and shameless profligacy, that fired his wrath. Long before Beals brought her to the Klondike he had tired of the woman whom he had schemed so hard to possess. In that far country, away from all restraining influences, Beals flaunted his bold acts flagrantly and resorted to all sorts of fiendish devices to torture her. She stood it all until the drink-crazed man told her that Herndon was not dead, and that his own marriage to her was merely a mock ceremony.

Hal, stunned she had staggered to the Peterson cabin near by and there Herndon found her and together they determined to make Beals suffer a double need of vengeance.

After confessing his deceit to Mrs. Herndon Beals had gone to the cabin of his partner, Jeff Alexander, and demanded his share of the clean-up from their claim. Alexander tried to argue with the liquor-rezzed man, and refused to give him anything until he was sober. In the heat of the dispute, Beals drew his revolver and shot his partner. Without stopping to see how badly Alexander was hurt, he seized their whole store of dust from the cache under one corner of the cabin, jammed it into the wallet about his waist and started for town. He had a vague idea that he must flee the country in order to escape the penalty for the murder and robbery. This idea took definite shape when, passing up one of the streets, he saw Joe Andrews' dog team drawn up before the North Star saloon. The sled was loaded with provisions; evidently Andrews had come down town to replenish his cabin stock, and was inside "pegging up" before he started on his homeward trip. Beals knew the merits of the team; he

had hired it more than once. He coolly swung the leader into the traces, got the "barkies" moving and was soon making his way with them through the outskirts of the town. Several men saw him handling the team, but concluded that he had rented it from Andrews.

Andrews ran upon one of these men when, some two hours later, he stumbled out of the North Star, whip in hand, ready to journey home. An active search through the Beals' haunts revealed that he had robbed and only slightly wounded his partner. It didn't take those hard-headed miners long to put two and two together. But Beals had now five hours' start, and one of the best dog teams in the country to boot. They reasoned that he was striking for either St. Michael or Nome. Andrews started in pursuit.

Matters were in this condition when the Herndons were ready for the man hunt. A few hours later after Andrews left they too were headed over the snow and ice to reach Beals. At Anvil they overtook Andrews, who had broken his leg. Before the accident, however, Andrews had followed Beals far enough on the St. Michael trail to discover the point where Beals swung off in the direction of the "eighty mile cut off" to save 300 miles on the trail up the coast to Nome.

Beals had used every article at his command to hide his tracks, and leave the impression that he had crossed the ice on the river and continued down stream, but hawk-eyed Andrews was too crafty a snow-tracker to be caught by

such tricks, and he hurried back to Anvil to outfit for swifter pursuit. Here the Herndons found him, chafing under delay, and he joyfully turned over his fresh team and outfit to these new pursuers. Herndon and Andrews both tried to make Mrs. Herndon give up the chase, but she was obdurate and nerved with the strength of outraged womanhood.

So the Herndons set out again, and in order to avoid carrying too heavy a pack, they took only enough provisions to carry them to the cabin of Charley McKeon, where they could outfit again for Stuart's place on the coast. Seventeen miles out of Anvil they came to the "eighty mile cut off" trail. There were no turn offs on that lonely trail; to turn off meant to get lost, to court death. There were only two ways to travel it: to go forward or to turn back. If his enemy's heart failed him, and he turned back, Herndon was there to confront him and take his revenge. If he pressed forward Herndon knew he could overtake him, for his team was the fresher. The Herndons made rapid headway over the snowfields. Their first setback

was when they came to the giant boulder, which Anderson warned them ran up sheer 200 feet, just off the trail, and for miles around was the landmark of McKeon's cabin. But search as they might they could discover no cabin.

Their provisions were almost gone, and with no chance to replenish their store they could not continue the pursuit. Without provisions, it was almost hopeless for them to try to return to Anvil. In vain Herndon's eyes roved over the surrounding leagues of snow, eagerly hoping for some sign of the cabin. It was Mrs. Herndon who finally suggested that the cabin might be buried in one of the giant hummocks of snow.

Herndon started to dig on the spot where Andrews had described the location of the cabin. Presently his heart gave a thump. He had struck a log, and a little later he had broken into the door of the cabin.

and had finally entombed him in the snow-buried cabin.

Herndon could do nothing but leave a note for chance travelers in the spring who could bury the bones when the ground was thawed. He hurriedly made up his provision pack and with redoubled energy he and his wife started again in pursuit.

The next afternoon his roving eyes discovered the signs where Beals had swung off the trail to the northeast, evidently aiming to strike the coast above Stuart's. The crafty man was taking no chances of being caught at Stuart's, or of leaving any tidings to pursuers that he had been there and was on his way up the coast.

A little later they came upon Beals' camp of the day before. There they found that the rations for his dogs were evidently short, for the hungry animals had eaten most of their walrus-hide harness during the night. Bits of blanket and canvas were strewn about showing how Beals had contrived to mend it.

They knew that Beals was being driven hard, and they realized that he would find no succor in the desolate, lonely country he had elected to cross rather

than face the danger of being stopped at Stuart's.

Now that their quarry was almost at hand, they pushed on with a reckless impatience that was almost their undoing. In crossing a small stream Herndon slipped and fell through a hole in the ice into the water. Without thinking of the consequences, he removed his mittens in order to wring the water from his clothing. His left hand was frozen stiff in the cold air and the right one was almost useless. But he gritted his teeth and bent to the pursuit more resolutely than ever.

Next morning far over a long stretch of snow they caught sight of some moving black objects. Presently the objects dropped out of sight behind a ridge of hummocks. Another dip in the snow and they loomed into sight again. The man ahead was having trouble with his badly haddessed dog team.

On the next rise the man stopped to mend the weak harness and casually looking back he saw the figures of pursuers, black on the white field. He whipped out his revolver and prepared to make his last stand.

They came closer—so close that they were within fifty paces. Each knew there must be no mistake in that first pistol fire.

Then Dick Beals recognized the Herndons—the man and the woman against whom he had sinned the deadliest sin. He shook like the craven thing he was at heart, and his bullet flew wild. Herndon's did not ring much truer, for the half-frozen hand was unsteady. The bullet ploughed through Beals' leg. He swung half around, then caught himself unsteadily, and blazed away, the bullets singing wildly through the air.

There were three quick, sharp reports, Beals toppled over, then Mrs. Herndon dropped a smoking revolver.

Her woman's hand had fired the fatal shot. She had audited their account with the brute. Somewhere on the steps far above the "eighty mile cut off" they left the body.

The Herndons managed to get the stolen dog team to Nome, where some miners agreed to return it to Andrews at Anvil. They told them how Beals had paid for his crimes with his unworthy life. Since the Herndon's left, no word from them had reached the sympathetic Klondikers, who hold that they were justified in killing Beals. The wronged husband and wife have disappeared. They have probably gone to some distant land where they can patch together their broken lives.

THREE QUICK REPORTS, AND BEALS TOPPLED OVER

MRS. HERNDON

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT BOOKS AND BOOK LOVERS.

Some one has collected for the St. James Gazette, London, a number of literary records that are worth while repeating.

"The Rev. S. Baring Gould," writes the contributor, "is the most voluminous of living English writers." Though we are not proud of the fact, an American holds the record of living writers anywhere in the world for voluminousity. Col. Prentiss Ingraham wrote over 500 novels of the Beadle variety during his active career.

S. Baring Gould, according to the catalogue of the British museum, has 146 items following his name. Andrew Lang follows with 130, and Dr. Furnival is third with 120.

The largest circulation of any work in copyright has been attained by "Enquire Within for Everything," of which 1,250,000 copies has been sold. The largest circulation of any English novel in copyright is that of "East Lynne," of which the public have bought nearly 500,000. The earliest published work still in copyright is Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," which dates from 1837. The largest amount ever given for serial rights in England is 7,000 pounds, paid by Cornhill for George Eliot's "Romola." The largest check ever given to an English author is 20,000 pounds, received by Lord Macaulay for his history. The most expensive single volume lately issued is Morris' "Chaucer," published at 20 pounds. The thickest single volume in print is the "Catalogue of Current Literature," which measures 10 1/2 inches across the back. The highest price given for a first edition is 545 guineas for an uncut copy of the Kilmarock "Burns."

The author who has lived longest after the publication of his masterpiece is Philip James Bailey, who wrote "Festus" over sixty years ago. The largest number of volumes in any single series is the Bohn library of 775 books. The longest life in any dictionary of biography is Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," which fills fifty pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The most expensive English scientific work is the story of the Challenger voyage, told in fifty volumes, costing over

100,000 pounds. The most voluminous living novelist is Miss Braddon, who has published over fifty novels and innumerable stories, and whose pen is said to have been worth to her more than 100,000 pounds.

Now let us make some American comparisons. "Ben Hur" has exceeded 500,000 copies some time ago, and "David Harum" is now in its 505th thousand. The largest sum ever paid by an American publisher for a serial story was 5,000 pounds, the price of Kipling's last story, "Kim." The largest volume published in this country is the last volume of the "Publishers' Annual Trade List," which is 9 inches across the back. The smallest volume has recently been issued by a Cleveland publisher. The book is three-eighths of an inch by five-eighths of an inch in size and about one-fourth of an inch thick. The print can not be read without the use of a powerful magnifying glass. During the

year 1899-1900 there were printed and sold 2,500,000 copies of but ten different books, an average of 250,000 for each book. It was an American who not long ago paid \$50,000 for a single volume, the highest price ever paid for one book.

SHALL CHURCH LAW OR CIVIL LAW PREVAIL?

The supreme court of Queens county, New York, in the suit brought by Josephine Breuer, of Bay Side, for the annulment of her marriage to Charles Breuer of Great Neck, L. I., must decide whether a violation of the canonical law of the Catholic church which is not a violation of the civil law of the land shall be accepted as a valid reason for dissolving the marriage tie.

Mrs. Breuer's maiden name was Milang. Her home in Bayside and her family is well-to-do and eminently respectable. She is a devout Catholic. When

wealthy Mr. Breuer came a-courting her she objected to him on the ground that he was a divorced man whose former wife was still living.

Mr. Breuer did not accept his rejection as final. He became more ardent and attractive than ever, and after a time proposed again, alleging, so Mrs. Breuer now states in the complaint in her suit, that the insuperable obstacle had been removed by the death of his first wife.

Miss Milang, accepting this statement as true, yielded to the persuasions of her family, and consented to marry the rich suitor. She stipulated, however, that there should be a civil as well as a religious ceremony, and that each should be conducted quietly and without display.

On June 25, 1900, the couple accompanied by a few friends, went to New York, and the civil marriage was performed by Alderman Bothman in the city hall.

On their way to Great Neck, where the



"There, there, my dear, be calm! I know you do the best you can, but really making biscuits is too heavy work for you, so I'll hire a cook tomorrow!"

Fainting Spells

"When I was 17 years old I was nearly six feet tall, and I evidently outgrew my strength. My health began to fail, and in spite of the best medical attendance I continued to grow worse. Finally I became so weak that I could not stand up alone. My blood was thin, I had no color and no appetite. I was subject to fainting spells which came on nearly every day, and was as miserable as it was possible to be. When it was seen that the physician's treatment was doing me no good my parents bought many kinds of medicines for me, but I continued to fail."

"One day a gentleman told my father of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I consented to try them. I was surprised and greatly pleased to find that good results followed the use of the first box, and I continued taking the pills. My appetite improved at once and my strength returned. I took five boxes of the pills and they cured me. My health is now excellent. I have a good color, and feel active and strong."

"Both my mother and I have recommended the pills to others, and some of my friends have been greatly benefited by them. I would recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are sick and in need of a good medicine."

EUNICE BOOTH, 235 Cayuga Street, Syracuse, New York.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are sold by all druggists or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk at the 100's). Address Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.