

No man's ignorance ever prevented him from giving advice.

Happy the man who has a boy who wants to be taken to the circus.

At some period of his career every man carries something in his pocket for luck.

Chamney Depew is living evidence that matrimony is not a cure for rheumatism.

Great Britain will have to send its young men to take a few lessons in yacht-building.

At no time does a man have a greater respect for womankind than when his daughter gives him points on the way to hold her baby.

Vice Consul Magelssen probably never expected to get headlines that were half as big or black.

If money ceased to bring one the applause of one's fellows it would lose one of its chiefest attractions.

Recent portraits of Pitcher Rube Waddell seem to justify the action of the Philadelphia club in releasing him.

If he could borrow a Yankee crew and a Yankee yacht builder Sir Thomas might be tempted to try again.

The genius that devised the wireless telegraph will find a way to keep the messages from being "piled" while in the air.

Newport society is now going to employ minstrels to amuse it. Even monkeys, tigers and donkeys begin to pall after awhile.

How time does fly! The young jockey who rode the winner of the great Futurity race at Sheepshead bay is named Grover Cleveland Fuller.

Sir Thomas Lipton's pursuit of the cup is proof that the race for dollars is not the only incentive of life. One may race to lose 'em and have lots of fun.

The price of coal is not likely to go any higher because it is now satisfactory to the producers. Of course the consumers have nothing to say about it.

The zebra is to replace the army mule because it is immune to the bite of the tsetse fly. But has the zebra entered the ring yet with the Jersey mosquito?

The two-minute trotting horse is here, and yet whenever the average man wants to express record-breaking speeds he says, for instance, "He was going it 2:40."

In the course of instruction at the projected college of journalism the functions of that useful animal, the office cat, should be clearly and accurately defined.

When a rich old man marries a young wife and expects her to keep his memory green later on he is the victim of a home-made green goods game.—Chicago News.

The runaway marriage of Lillian Russell's daughter has served among other things to recall the inquiry once made by a perplexed philosopher: "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?"

Kerosene oil has risen again. The consumers might lay even by going back to tallow candles were it not for the melancholy fact that the packing-house combine has the tallow cornered.

Manager Robert Grau certainly has courage of two kinds to offer to Mme. Mary Anderson de Navarro \$225,000 for a series of 150 readings in the United States, from Shakespeare and other poets.

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving and he can walk through the streets to his new house wearing a chair of his head. That's the only way most boys can sit on a chair.

Two more American heiresses, Miss May Goelet and Miss Gladys Deacon, are to become the wives of English dukes in the near future. It's simply wonderful how the supply of English dukes holds out.

The Berlin royal academy is astonished at the mental force of Prof. Mommsen, the historian, who recently read a paper on the inscriptions found among the ruins of Babylon, Syria—and yet he is only 76 years old.

Stock in the company that is to publish the new women's paper in New York is now offered to the public. Have you any money that it would not inconvenience you to lose?

We note the headline, "Cop Went on a Tear," in the New York Sun—which used to be noted for its correct, though always vigorous, English.

Ever remark, asks the Atchison Globe, that those who become noted in the world are hard-working people? Well, there's Harry Lehr.

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 VIII.—(Continued.)

"You?" cried Captain Fairweather sharply.

"Yes. If she sails for Juneau from Seattle in the 'President,' I will sail from San Francisco in the 'Occident.'"

"Would not your presence awaken her suspicion?"

"Why should it? Everybody is going to the Klondyke now, and why not I as well?"

"That's so," with a craning swallow which ended in a bow. "Seems all right. Plan is a good one, but it will be very uncomfortable to you."

"I am willing to undergo all the discomforts when it is a matter of such importance," said Lackland. "I want two more faithful, trusty men. Men who will go wherever I send them, obey every order I give, and keep still tongues in their heads. Money is no object."

"Well, well!" said the captain, winking and rubbing his hands gleefully; "that's talking to the mark; that is talking just as I like to hear a gentleman—"

"What is your price?" asked Lackland, his pale, white face almost quivering in his intensity.

"Well, they come high."

"I expect to pay high for them. How much do you want for finding two such men for me in the next twelve hours?"

With a wink and another craning neck and swallowing bow, he gasped: "One thousand dollars."

"I take you up; go bring them at once."

"Meet 'em at my boat at midnight to-night."

"I will do it and the money is yours as soon as they are secured."

CHAPTER IX.

Paul's Departure From Metlakahla.

Paul Miller's discovery that the white man prospecting on the island was one of the men who had captured the hermit, and beyond doubt one of the four who had robbed him, for a moment deprived him of speech.

He had his own reasons for not wishing to be recognized by the man who had robbed him and attempted his life. He also had strong reasons for wishing to have him held a prisoner. He believed the man could unfold the whole story of the robbery and mystery of the hermit, and determined to make him do so before leaving the island.

After a few moments the babel of voices without ceased, and the crowd gathered near the house began to disperse. The thought then occurred to his mind that the prisoner, having been arrested for trespassing, might be released on his solemn promise never to return. With this new danger in his mind he started toward the door, when he was met by Father Duncan.

"What have you done with the prisoner?" he asked anxiously.

"He has been sent to the prison to be detained for a while until certain mysteries with which he is connected are cleared up," said the old man.

"Father Duncan, do you think the fellow is secure? Do you think there is no danger of his escape?"

"None whatever. My Indians are very watchful and careful. They will obey me to the letter."

"Then let us sit here and compare notes for a few moments."

He seated himself by the old missionary and told him of his rescue by the mysterious old man of the mountains whom he had called the hermit. Then he told of the capture of the hermit, and concluded with:

"This man was one of the three who seized the good old man and took him away from the cavern."

The interest of good Father Duncan increased, and he shook his head, saying:

"This is certainly very, very strange."

"There is a mystery in it all which I am unable to solve. I cannot comprehend who this strange hermit can be, unless he is the captain to whom you refer."

"It looks very much as if the unfortunate man was the beloved captain whose mysterious disappearance has occasioned so much distress."

Paul remembered the story which the ex-sailor, Glum Ralston, had told him of his captain, and also recalled to his recollection the mysterious war-rus hide.

His anxiety to escape from the island and return to the Klondyke, where his friends were, was more than over-balanced by a desire to learn something of the motives of the trespasser.

"Mr. Duncan, will your friends see that he does not escape?"

"There is little danger of his doing so," Father Duncan answered. "My friends are kind and Christian men, yet they have by no means lost their native watchfulness."

Paul had ample proof, in time, of the danger of over-confidence. The third night after his visit to the jail he was awakened by a loud noise in the direction of the little wharf. There came the report of a gun, something rarely heard at Metlakahla, and he leaped from his bed hurriedly dressed and ran out upon the street. At last he met Father Duncan, whom he found as calm and firm as usual.

"What has happened, Father Duncan?" he asked.

"Alas! my son, you were all too

good a prophet. The prisoner has escaped. The wicked are ever cunning and watchful, and Satan sleeps not."

Paul gave utterance to a groan, sank upon a large stone at the side of the road and bowed his head in his hands. One more hope, and, in fact, about the last hope he had, was gone.

Paul remained two weeks longer with the Metlakahlas, and then decided to leave his dusky friends and start for the Klondyke.

Father Duncan selected four stout young Indians to accompany him. The Indians were well supplied with provisions suitable for crossing the mountains, and he and his escort were provided with dried meat and compressed bread and hardtack.

The four Indians selected for Paul's party were stout young fellows, figured to hardihood and danger. They were strong, brave and faithful. The instructions given them by the old missionary were carefully listened to and they promised to carry them out to the letter.

There is always something enchanting in a great, deep forest, with its tall trees clothed in moss and solemn depths which seem to speak of divinity. At night in the forest adds to the gloom, the solemnity and awfulness of the scene. A camp fire in the great northern woods, with its rocks and cliffs, its moss-covered trees, has something grand in it.

Gathered about a camp fire built at the base of the mountain range were five persons—Paul Miller and his four Christian Indians.

It had been a long, hard day's travel, and the poor fellows were almost exhausted. It was only Paul's indomitable will driving him on to more than super-human energies that kept him on his feet. He had abandoned all hope of finding the men who had robbed him, and now he longed to get back to the Klondyke, take another fortune from the frozen earth, and return to Laura and his mother.

The faces which ever seemed to smile at him from the smoke and darkness gave him courage and hope. "It has been a long time since I wrote to them," he thought. "They have no doubt given me up for dead. How sad to cause them grief, and all through a mischievous yet truthful message written in a fit of delirium!"

He was suddenly roused from his painful reverie by the falling and rolling of a great stone down upon and across the burning brands in every direction. The great, round boulder passed within a few inches of where Paul sat and between two of the Indians, but fortunately did not touch any one. The stone was heavy enough to crush out life or break bones had it struck one.

Paul leaped to his feet and the Indians started up with exclamations of fear.

"From whence came that stone?" cried an Indian.

Paul's first suspicion that some convulsion of the earth had shaken the stone loose, from the mountain side and sent it thundering down the cliff upon them, but there had been no perceptible quaking.

While he was still trying to discover the cause, there came another object rolling down the steep descent mingled with dirt, fine stones and snow. It seemed a great dark ball, from which there issued a human cry. It rolled to Paul's feet and stopped. He seized one of the burning brands and held it so the flame threw the light upon the face of the stunned and half-insensible man, who sat stupidly gazing about him. The sudden and unexpected advent of this stranger was enough to startle the campers and disturb their wits. The Indians, starting to their feet, stared at him in amazement. Paul was first to recover his speech.

He cried:

"Throw the wood on the fire!"

They obeyed, and the light flashed up, throwing out a broad red glare on the scene which illumined the dirt-be-grimmed face of the man who had tumbled down the cliff. Paul, starting back, said:

"It is the escaped prisoner, the abductor—the robber—and perhaps murderer." He seized one of the Indian's muskets and raised it to brain the scoundrel, but two stout Metlakahlas seized him and said:

"Nay, brother, Thou shalt not kill!"

The man who had so suddenly fallen into their midst was rapidly regaining his faculties and by this time able to speak. He growled an oath and rubbed the side of his head.

"Where did you come from?" asked Paul.

"From aloft on the cliff," he answered.

"What were you doing up there?"

"Tryin' to cross. Was any harm in that?"

"I recognize you as one of the men who robbed me."

"Mate, yer off yer course when ye accuse me o' doin' that."

"You are one of the two men who seized your captain a few years since and have made away with him."

"Yer on the wrong tack again, mate. I hain't done nothin' o' the kind, I tell ye."

"Where is your captain?"

"Don't know."

Paul determined to keep a close watch on the rascal and conduct him across the mountains to the camp on the Klondyke, where punishment would be meted out to him according to frontier ideas of justice.

Paul bound his arms behind his back and told him to sit in front of the fire.

The night passed guarding the prisoner by turns, and when the day dawned he was still among them.

Breakfast over and they began to prepare to ascend the mountain. It had snowed considerably during the night, but toward morning it changed to a rain and later in the day a sleet.

The ascent became every moment more and more difficult. About every one hundred paces they came to mountain torrents, fed by the glaciers, and augmented by recent rain-falls, which they had to wade, the cold water often coming above their knees.

After struggling up a steep ascent of twenty-five or thirty feet they were often forced from sheer exhaustion to rest for a moment, but when they stopped ever so short a time the piercing wind cut them to the marrow, chilled them to the bone and they were compelled to continue their course to keep from chilling to death.

When evening came they were on the other side of the mountain in a valley wet, shivering and numbed with cold. They had no tent nor shelter, save the lowering heavens from above. Some dry pine and scrub oak wood was collected and a fire kindled. They all gathered about it to dry their bedraggled garments and warm their shivering bodies.

They had just made a supper of dried salmon, moose meat and hardtack, when they were startled to see an old man with long white hair and beard standing on a slight elevation not far away, gazing at them. He wore a seal-skin cap, which shaded his face, but not too much for him to be recognized by all the camp.

"The captain!" cried the Metlakahlas.

"The hermit!" exclaimed Paul.

The prisoner gave utterance to a curse and was bounding away when a blow from the hermit's staff sent him staggering to the earth.

Paul Miller started quickly toward the hermit, saying:

"Where are you from?"

The old man gave him a piercing look and answered:

"I am from everywhere, which means nowhere. This is precious fine company you keep!" He clutched his stout staff as Paul approached and warned him not to come too close. "I will strike you as I did your companion if you come too near me," he added, in a voice made ferocious by long years of suffering and disappointment.

Paul halted and gazed at him in amazement.

The old man at last said: "I have been cheated, deceived, betrayed and lied to until I have about lost faith in all men. Can I trust you now?"

"Do you know those men?" asked Paul, pointing to the Metlakahlas. "If you know them, you must know they can be trusted."

"Yes, they are brothers, but they have been deceived as often as I."

One of the Indians approached the hermit and addressed him in his native tongue. The old man answered in the same language and grasped his hand. Though Paul could not understand a word of what was said, he knew from their manner and gestures that it had some relation to the man on the ground.

After a long conversation with the Metlakahla the hermit approached the fire. His face was very grave, and his brow lowered when he gazed upon the prisoner. The men of the prisoner had been defiant until he met the glance of the hermit, then his countenance fell, and his eyes were upon the ground.

"Ned Padgett," said the hermit, "you will some day receive the reward you so much merit; you will die a dog's death yet."

The ruffian gave a sneering chuckle, but made no answer.

"Have you lived long in Alaska?" asked Paul, trying to draw the old man into conversation.

"Yes."

"How many years?"

"A great many."

(To be continued.)

FREAK DINNERS A FAD.

Entertainments Where Guests Cook for Themselves.

Freak dinners are a fad. An ordinary dinner has lost its charm for some people who go out much during the season, and now that Paris has set its seal of approval on the Corinthian dinner at which everyone is obliged to cook something, New Yorkers and Chicagoans will select this form of entertainment as a diversion.

In a studio a few weeks ago the wife of an artist gave one of these cooking parties to a dozen guests who knew nothing of the fun in store for them when they arrived at the house. The studio was arranged with a long table holding a chafing dish for each person, with some particular viand before it ready to be cooked. Each guest received a chef's cap and apron, and in a short time the dishes were bubbling and simmering in a promising fashion.

When the meal was cooked it was served by the men, who acted as the waiters. Strangely enough, the dinner in every particular was a success. But cooking has become such a fad of late that it is considered quite smart to know how to cook some particular dish in a chafin.

The bachelor apartment feasts, at which the host acts as cook, have increased the desire for culinary knowledge, as these occasions prove very enjoyable to those used to more formal entertaining.

Millet's House to Come Down.

The Paris mansion of Millet, the creator of "The Angelus," is being torn down to make room for modern flats. It was one of the landmarks of the French capital.



The Two Sons. Two sons were born of noble birth. As twins they opened their eyes to earth. To man's estate they grew apace. Two stalwart princes of their race. One chose the sword and went to war; His deeds were brave, his conquests far. By day, by night, on land or sea. His flag was crowned with victory! The other 'took to books and pen; He wrote of brooks, and fields and men. He wrought with human, honest art To write the stories of the mart. He told in glowing words of pride Of home, and peace, and love beside! His characters were brave and true. His women fair, his skies were blue. Of every feeling of the heart His pen portrayed a subtle part! Meanwhile the world her homage gave The writer and the soldier brave— They crowned the conquering warrior— But LOVE was what the other won!

How to Get Married.

Making love and getting married in this country is fun for the girls, but it's different in the Arctic region. If Young Fishblubber is "spoons" on the second daughter of Old Spearface, he proceeds forthwith to the abode where she is sheltered, grabs her by the hair, or by one ear, and yanks her along homeward where she has to fish and cut bait "until death do them part."

The Japanese love and proposal customs are dainty and pretty. The young man there who is becoming so rattled he cannot get along without some kind of a settling, pro or con, throws a bunch of plum-flower buds into the girl's rickshaw as she is carried past to the wedding of a friend. If she wears them, she is "all his'n." If she doesn't, he can go away and drown himself or his sorrows, according to his own predilection.

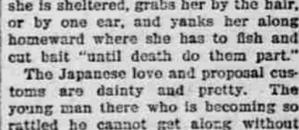
In Hungary, the gypsies bake cakes containing coins. The lover tosses the loved one a cake. If she eats the cake and retains the coin, it is a sign that he can keep right on supplying her needs in both directions. If she eats the cake and returns the silver he is out of pocket only the dough and a few wet tears.

In Arabia the girl minds her socks. The lover arrives and attacks her. She replies with stone and sticks, used as fatirons may be later in life. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his honeysuckle. If he is repulsed, disgrace goes with him. In Arabia it is always well, therefore, to avoid the virago and tackle the sylphlike innamorata.

The Mexican lover plods all night in the street before the house of his fair entrancer. If she approves, she sits at the window and watches him. Bon voyage!

And this reminds us that when we got ready to get married, we went out into the road and stood there, all dressed up and smiling. Pretty soon we saw a woman coming up the pike hunting for us. We stood right still, made believe we weren't looking, and were caught red-handed. Then we went to a preacher and got the knot tied. For simplicity and naturalness our system takes the bun from all the foreigners in the country, and if our wife doesn't see this, the plan will go ringing down the ages as the most romantically sweet on record.

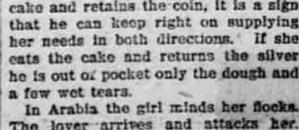
But, remember, fellows, you must stand perfectly still when you see 'em coming!



HE TOSSES HER A CAKE. In the street before the house of his fair entrancer. If she approves, she sits at the window and watches him. Bon voyage!

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My Love I Long. The goldenrod is blooming by the road. The brown-eyed-suzanna dip upon the breeze; The katydids are "diddling" Their everlasting "kidding," And sighing winds sigh softly in the trees. The melancholy season, It is quite skin to reason. Will soon be here in flush of autumn hue; It is coming, coming, coming, And I long my love, for you!

The busy days are shortening hour by hour; The dried vines rustle softly in the sun; The river ripples, dimpling, Are continuously whimpering. And frothing by the Frost King has begun. The spider-web is weaving And the reddened leaves are leaving. To rustle, rustle, rustle, To rustle, rustle, rustle, And I long, my love, for you!

The wintry months are coming swift and sure, The Wind King soon will send his draughts of cold; The chaff, air will be chilling, But I know you will be willing To build the morning fires when you are told. 'Tis nice to hear them burning When sleepily I'm turning— I'll love you just as once I used to do If you'll build 'em, build 'em, build 'em! And I long my love, for you!

Eye Openers. In the trip to the San Francisco campment some of the Grand Army men must have got a new and adequate idea of the greatness of the country they fought for, while the elaborateness of the San Francisco reception and entertainment must be giving them a new insight into the popular affection for them.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Sight of Frogs. An Austrian naturalist named Werner has ascertained by numerous experiments that frogs can see no objects at a distance of over twenty times the length of their bodies. Crocodiles can distinguish objects ten times the length of their bodies and boa constrictors only one-quarter of their own length.

Writes it now," is one of the mottoes on the walls of the Nagasaki Home for Seamen—a motto that, it is asserted, has restrained more men from going wrong than almost any other influence of the place.

It is said in England that the bicycle trade this year has been the most disastrous that has been experienced since 1897. The weather has been most unfortunate.

Texas Finds a Remedy. Fate, Tex., Sept. 21st.—Texas has seldom, if ever, had such a profound sensation, as that caused by the introduction recently of a new remedy for Kidney diseases. This remedy has already been tried in thousands of cases, and in almost every case the results have been wonderful.

Henry Vaughan, of Rural Route, No. 3, Fate, says of it:

"I suffered with Kidney Trouble for over 18 months. I was very bad and could get nothing to help me till I heard of the new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. I began to use these pills, and very soon found myself improving. I kept on and now I can say I am absolutely cured and free from any symptom of my old trouble."

"I am very glad I heard of this wonderful remedy and I would strongly advise anyone suffering with Kidney trouble to try it, for I know it will cure."

Women News Venders. Scattered along Park Row, New York, there are about a half-dozen women who sell papers. In the procession of a half-million which passes daily during business hours there are thousands who prefer to buy their papers from them. A sentimental consideration makes many steady customers.

Tourists in Hard Luck. A rumor got abroad in Rotterdam, Holland, recently, that two people were going about distributing poisoned chocolate to children, and two Scotch tourists had rather a warm time, being assaulted by the populace as the supposed miscreants. They had to take refuge in the police station.

London is the birthplace of the Young Men's Christian Association, and although it celebrated some eight years ago its semi-centennial it has not become languid.

M. Ivanoff, a rich landed proprietor of Moscow, lost all his money at play. Having nothing else to lose, he suggested staking his wife. The other player agreed, placing \$100,000 against the lady, and won. M. Ivanoff then blew out his brains.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of (catch that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHESNEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Chesney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & TARZ, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALTERS, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Beware of cheap imitations. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The sugar beet belt extends from the valley of the Hudson westward through Southern Michigan and Northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, and Utah to the Pacific slope in California.

When racked with Rheumatic pains, so walking is an effort, and running an impossibility, just try Hunt's Lightning Oil. The result will please and astonish you. Price 25 and 50 cents.

In 1902 the world consumed 72,799,800 pounds of silk. The largest consumer was China, with over 14,000,000 pounds, followed next by America, with 10,780,000 pounds.

Why it is the Best is because made by an entirely different process. DeLancey Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Kentucky is sending 20,000 barrels of whiskey to Europe to mature. It would not seem necessary to send it so far—and yet it has to go a long way from Kentucky if it ever hopes to reach old age.

Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

Sir John Cockburn, an eminent English authority on matters medical and surgical, says that women are less nervous than men in surgical cases and are altogether better fitted than men to become doctors.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Wonderful Remedy. "I have tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and find it to be a certain cure, and gives comfort to one suffering with sore, tender and swollen feet. I will recommend ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to my friends, as it is certainly a wonderful remedy."—Mrs. N. H. Guilford, New Orleans, La."

Canada has spent nearly \$100,000,000 on its waterways and is well satisfied with the bargain. A proportionate expenditure in the United States would be \$1,500,000,000.