

GOLD BOUND

A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

"Say, what you giving us?" he demanded, in a voice sufficiently loud to attract general attention. "We've got a regular guest here named Rupert Duane, and he wouldn't look like you if he gone through a winter on a single sack of flour. You'd better beat it before the path grows thorns."

The alleged Duane had a moment of hesitation. The furtive glance of his shifty eyes swept the room. Two or three men had left their chairs about the stove, and were approaching the desk to see what was the trouble. With a muttered imprecation, he pulled his slouch hat down over his eyes, and swung to the door.

The clerk turned to Yukona, his face beaming with self-approval, for he was young, and had not been long in the North.

"Hello, Miss Grey! What do you think of that for panhandling?" he cried. "Coming into this palatial hostelry and trying to grab off a regular guest's mail! I'll bet he steal pennies from a blind man's cup of the fellow wasn't looking. What can I do for you?"

But by this time Yukona was half-way to the door. She smiled back at him over her shoulder. "I've forgotten something," she said. "I'll be back a little later."

She was out of the door in time to notice the way the bearded man turned, and readily picked him out ahead of her when she reached the

street. Although slouching, his walk was nevertheless rapid, but she gained upon him until she had reached what she considered a safe following distance.

No longer was she tired. The thrill of hearing Duane's unusual name claimed by another, especially by one so unaccountably different, had supplied her with a new battery of energy. What did it all mean? She felt that she must know more about the bearded man.

At the head of the street he crossed abruptly, and stride out upon the wharf. Yukona was just behind.

The weather was still rough, and the breakers ran high. The derrick and cage were being used to put passengers aboard a barge on which they would be towed out to one of the several steamers at anchor in the roadstead, which one she had no means of knowing.

Her quarry hastened his pace, and stepped into the cage. The gate was closed. The next moment the great arm of the derrick would reach down and swing it out over the boiling water. He was going to escape her, and she had learned nothing. What was it Rupert had said on the trail about the possibility of another string to the bow of Keating and his mate? Perhaps—

Yukona Grey's life had made her essentially a creature of instinct and action.

A compelling impulse seized her, and she sprang forward with a shout.

"One more passenger!" she cried.

"Well, you're positively the last one this voyage," grumbled the wharfman as he urged her through the gate. "Let her go, Bill!" he called to the engineer.

As the cage lifted she was conscious that the beady eyes of the bearded man were upon her. They were glowering.

—STORY

CHAPTER VII AT CIRCLE FORD.

The long night tramp of Hector Young's posse was approaching the end. Certainly the shelter of the shack at Circle Ford would be most welcome, for a driving snow had been falling since midnight. None of them knew exactly how much of the snowfield remained to be covered until the leader of Komkoff's team suddenly slackened on his rope, and raised his white throat in a lugubrious, shivering howl.

"Dog smells them shack," remarked the breed as the entire party halted in the dim half light of dawn.

"Yes," agreed Young, "but what's the matter with him now?"

The husky had raised his ruff in anger, and was whining apprehensively. The other dogs of the team were behaving in like manner.

"They no like him smell," returned Komkoff, shaking his head within the hood of his parka.

"It means that there's some one in the shack," decided the officer. "I will go ahead and reconnoiter, as is my sworn duty."

He noted with pleasure the approving nod of Timmons, and the worshipful pride in Masters' eyes, then moved ahead cautiously through the snow.

Ten minutes later he slipped back, his face strained with wonderment, his eyes wide with excitement.

"There is some one in the shack. He's got a fire, which is natural enough, but the queer part of it is he's singing something or other, which

ain't according to Hoyle at this hour of the morning."

"Spooks sing of early morning," grumbled the half-breed.

"Do you suppose it's that terrible Duane?" asked Timmons. "I heard him humming in his room the day he came. What's this fellow singing?"

"I couldn't make out the tune," Young fugged nervously at his scraggly mustache.

"Well, it ain't likely Duane, not if he's already pulled off the job," declared Reilly Masters, with the authority of his life before the marshal had reformed him. "He wouldn't have a fire, either, with the smoke a-carrying tales."

"If he hasn't done it yet, what can we do?" asked the hotel man anxiously.

"We can yank him in for conspiracy to commit the crimes of murder and grand larceny," returned the marshal officially. "I hope he hasn't done it, though it don't make such an astonishing case out of it. I'd sure hate to see old Ned Forster get his Masters suggested that they were wasting valuable time, with which Young agreed.

"We'll swoop down on the shack and take whoever it is by surprise," said the marshal. "You stay here with the dogs, Komkoff. But if you hear shooting, sprint to the front as if the devil was behind you."

The Circle was one of the sluggish streams that cut through the tundra of the peninsula in places. The ford was not a ford at all, but rather a ferry, consisting of a flat-bottomed boat, which operated on the endless-rope plan. There was no ferryman, it being possible to pull the boat to either bank as desired. The shack toward which the posse was headed was a miserable shelter without windows, and with one door, which stood on the bank nearest Nome. This door faced the river.

With the noise of their feet dead-

ened by the snow, the three crept around the hut, and stood for a moment at its door, which was closed. The singing, if one could so call the mournful drone from within, continued.

Suddenly Hector Young put his shoulder to the door, and burst into the shack, the other two piling after him.

"Don't move; I've got you covered!" cried the marshal to the single figure wrapped in blankets which his eyes at once discerned in the dim light lying near a broken sheet-iron stove.

"Don't shoot," came the answer in a weak voice. "I've got no gun."

"Is it you, Ned Forster?" demanded the marshal, who thought he recognized his friend's voice.

"Sure it's Forster—what's left of him."

"This is Hee' Young, Ned, and the boys are with me. We heard this was coming off, and tried to get here in time. So they've got you at last, old man!" The sympathy in the officer's voice was rough, but genuine.

"He got me—double," muttered Forster, thickly.

"Who—who done the deed, Ned?"

"It was Duane who shot me, the sneaking Apache sealawag! He wouldn't fight in the open like a man."

"I thought so," said Marshal Young. "But don't say any more, Ned, until I have a look to see how bad he got you."

With a sigh of relief for the help that was at hand, the wounded man sank back on his blankets, while the marshal proceeded to prove his competency. He issued a sharp order to Masters to call up the breed with the dogs and sled. Timmons was told to go out and hustle some wood, the driest he could find. Young himself began to build up the fire with the few sticks which remained by the stove.

The pack on the sled was soon thrown open. Komkoff was sent to the stream for water, and Masters commanded to hold a candle while Young examined Forster's wounds.

One bullet had seared the old man's forehead, cutting through both eyebrows. Young speedily determined that this was not dangerous, though it had temporarily blinded the miner.

The second leaden pellet had passed through the muscles of the arm and into the chest, to a final resting place just under the skin. This was the dangerous wound, and one quite beyond the marshal's primitive surgery. He was unable to tell whether or not it had touched Forster's lung. The old man's extreme weakness suggested that it had, although that might be due to his loss of blood, which had been considerable.

While this examination was under way, Komkoff had heated a kettle of water. Young got his medicine case and bandages from the pack, and proceeded to first-aid operations. First he washed and bandaged the wound across the forehead. Then he turned to the more serious one.

"This blamed pellet is right in sight here, Ned," he announced to the victim. "It ought to come out, but I haven't got any sleep stuff. Think you can stand the pain if I'm quick with the knife?"

"Go to it, Hector," returned the old Trojan. "I'm in your hands."

Young took out his pocketknife, opened the longest blade, and tested its sharpness upon his finger. Then he plunged the steel momentarily into the boiling water for purpose of sterilization.

"Hold tight, Ned," he said, and with a deftness for which a professional surgeon need not have blushed, he cut out the bullet. Then he stopped the wound with cotton, and used up the rest of his bandage store upon the chest and arm. The pain must have been excruciating to the old man, but there was never so much as a whimper from him.

"Thanks Hee," he whispered, when the ordeal was ended. "I'd have done as much for you."

"It's the best I could do," said the marshal modestly, "but I reckon it'll hold until we get you to the hospital."

He picked up the bullet he had extracted, and held it close to the candle flame. "It's from a thirty-thirty repeater, or I'm no judge," he declared, after a critical examination. "It'll be an exhibit in the case, so you fellows give it a memory mark." He offered it for the inspection of Timmons and Masters. Then he put it in his pocket, and declared that all hands would be better off for something to eat.

Although Forster begged for coffee, Young asserted his authority as temporary surgeon, and would give him nothing but a strong broth, made from beef tablets which were part of the outfit. After drinking this the wounded man seemed so much stronger that the marshal took out his official notebook, and asked him to tell of the attack.

"We'll want it for evidence," he said.

A sad, far-away look came into Forster's eyes, and he stroked his

white beard meditatively.

"And you think I won't be there to tell it," he said slowly, as though contemplating a death sentence.

"Nothing of the sort, Ned," Young broke in gruffly. "I wasn't thinking that at all. Of course you're going to get well! I just want to get it down in black and white for the preliminary examination after we catch Duane and the others."

"The others?" Forster raised himself despite the pain. "What others, Hee?"

"Don't mind about that now," continued the marshal. "Perhaps there are no others. How did this all happen?"

The old man seemed not to have the strength to press the point. "I was in the flatboat, crossing the stream," he began, between troubled breaths. "I never dreamed there was a soul within miles. Suddenly there came a shot, and the bullet slashed across my forehead just above my eyes. The shot came from behind the shack here, where he was hiding."

A spell of coughing interrupted. Young handed him a tin cup of water.

"And then?" he prodded officially.

"Then I dropped the rope and jumped for my rifle, which was in the stern with my blankets. I was just raising up with it when he got me again, the one through the arm and the chest. It crumpled me up in the bottom of the boat, and the rifle went over the side."

"Somehow I had sense enough to lie still, though I could still see a little, and was some conscious. He fired a third time, but caught the side of the boat instead of me. The next thing I knew he was pulling the boat to his side of the shore. Again I had a bunch—played the spider. He prodded me once or twice with his gun. Must have looked good and dead to him, for he gave the boat a shove back into the circle and started up the bank."

"You saw his face?" asked the marshal. "You recognized—"

"Rup-rt Duane," said the old man firmly. "I could not be mistaken."

"You hear that, Timmons?" demanded Young, impressively. "And you, Reilly?"

They nodded. Komkoff was outside feeding the dogs, but, being a breed, he didn't count.

"Before the cold got me, I managed to pull the boat ashore, and drag my blankets up here to the shack," continued Forster. "After resting I got a fire built, and lay down, hoping some one would beat death to me."

"But, friend," began Timmons, who had sat wide-eyed through the recital, "you were singing when we came up like you are?"

Forster had a pitying glance for this lack of perception. "If I went to sleep, the fire would have gone out, wouldn't it? And without fire the cold would have got me, wouldn't it? I was singing to keep awake, stranger."

"Course you were," soothed Young, "and a good job you've made of it. Now we'll get you back to Nome and round up this precious Duane."

He stepped to the door of the shack and called:

"Komkoff, here's a chance for you to show what stuff you and your dogs are made of. Timmons and Reilly, here, thinks you're not game to 'bout face and tote Forster down to the hospital at Nome before you've had the big sleep. I say you're the gamest breed north of sixty-two degrees, and that you'll turn the trick without even a cat wink. Am I right?"

Komkoff Jones looked exceedingly dubious. He had been counting on that "big sleep." He smiled appealingly at Timmons and Reilly Masters, not knowing that they had been falsely quoted.

"Come, Komkoff, show your white Jones blood," Young continued. "I'd do it myself if it wasn't that I have to hit trail to Paint Creek and get this Duane. Besides, there's fifty in it if you land Forster in the hospital before night."

(Continued in next issue.)

Heaviest Train Chew.

Conductor Levi Berry, of the Rockland division of the Maine Central Railroad, asserts he has the heaviest engine crew on the road. Engineer Harris T. Rodick tips the beam at 265 pounds, and Fireman C. W. Hersey at 335. Conductor Berry is probably the lightest conductor on the road, weighing about 125 pounds.

Three More off Blacklist.

London—The British Foreign Trade Department announced recently that the names of three American firms and one individual had been removed from the trade blacklist, as follows:—Electro Bleaching Gas Co., of Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Graeherst and Company, of New York; and Richard Neuhaus, Neuhaus is connected with the Electric Bleaching Gas Company.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

WAR LOAN

DOMINION OF CANADA

Issue of \$100,000,000 5% Bonds Maturing 1st October, 1931.

PAYABLE AT PAR AT

OTTAWA, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, CHARLOTTETOWN, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, REGINA, CALGARY, VICTORIA.

INTEREST PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY, 1st APRIL, 1st OCTOBER.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.

ISSUE PRICE 97½

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST WILL BE PAID ON 1st APRIL, 1917.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE LOAN WILL BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES ONLY.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers herewith, on behalf of the Government, the above named Bonds for subscription at 97½, payable as follows:—

10 per cent on application;	
30 " " 16th October, 1916;	
30 " " 15th November, 1916;	
27½ " " 15th December, 1916.	

The total allotment of bonds of this issue will be limited to one hundred million dollars exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds as the equivalent of cash under the terms of the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915.

The instalments may be paid in full on the 16th day of October, 1916, or on any instalment due date thereafter, under discount at the rate of four per cent per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Subscriptions, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. Any branch in Canada of any chartered bank will receive subscriptions and issue provisional receipts.

This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any chartered bank and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the October instalment.

Scrip certificates, non-negotiable or payable to bearer in accordance with the choice of the applicant for registered or bearer bonds, will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts.

When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds, when prepared, with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as

to principal, or for fully registered bonds, when prepared, without coupons, in accordance with the application.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, or Victoria.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons will be payable free of exchange at any branch in Canada of any chartered bank.

Subject to the payment of twenty-five cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 with coupons, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds of authorized denominations without coupons at any time on application to the Minister of Finance.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.

Subscription Lists will close on or before 23rd September, 1916.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, September 12th, 1916.