

GOLD BOUND

A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

"If I'd known you were so chicken-hearted, Nels," he objected, as they prepared to leave the cabin, "I'd never have put this deal up to you as a means."

"It is no good business," said Jensen, shaking his huge head, the hair of which was palest yellow almost to an effect of white. "I have not like it."

"The girl has other claims. She's not going to miss what we sift out of this bench."

"I be not think of the gold," returned the other. "We come to that by rights when we work off our fingers for it. But it been what happens to Forster. He has not any more life, if Duane won't let him."

"Well, you didn't have to dirty your hands with that end of the job," asserted Keating. "Duane won't lose any sleep over it."

"Then why does he not come back here as he say?"

Although the wiry little Keating was the brains of the conspiracy, he had no answer ready for his pertinent inquiry. The whereabouts of Rupert Duane was troubling him more than he cared to admit to his usually stolid partner, who had not seemed himself since Forster's departure for Nome. He got down his rifle, and at the door gestured that he was ready for the tramp which Jensen had proposed. They slipped through a crack in the door and shut it quickly behind them by way of conserving the warmth within.

"Why?" mouthed Nels through his heavy beard.

"He wasn't coming back if he saw a chance to get the last boat out after turning the trick," said Keating when they were a few rods down the creek. "The get-away would free him and us of all suspicion. It's possible that he couldn't get Forster at the Ford on the down trip. In that case, he'd have to wait until the old man started back."

"I hope he have miss him," declared Jensen. "I like much to be out of this bad business."

"You'll think it good enough business when we split the clean-up three ways," promised Keating, with a laugh that crackled the frost. "We won't know anything one way or another until this cold lets up; so quit worrying, you old pirate!"

A strangely assorted pair were Keating and Jensen. No one in Nome understood what bond had brought them together. Some unsavory trick of their seal-hunting days, most people guessed. Their natures seemed as different as their appearance, at they had cleaved together through thick and thin, mostly the latter. They had divided their last sack of flour and rind of bacon in one winter of distress. And when Jensen, working alone had stumbled on a pocket of gold in the beach sand, he had promptly handed half of it over to Keating, without the other's even asking for it. They were nearer disagreement over this Forster conspiracy than they had been at any time since the Bering tide had cast them upon the beach.

(Continued in next issue.)

Admiral Von Spee's Story of the Coronel Naval Battle

"IF ENGLISH HAD KEPT THEIR FORCES TOGETHER, WE SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE GOT THE WORST OF IT" SAID THE ADMIRAL A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH NEAR FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The London Daily Mail publishes the following description by Admiral Von Spee, the German commander of the battle of Coronel, fought off the Chilean coast on November 1st, 1914, when the British cruisers Good Hope and Monmouth were sunk with all their men and the British commander, Rear-Admiral Sir C. Cradock, was killed. This document is of extreme interest, as Von Spee perished a few weeks after his victory in the Battle of the Falkland Islands. It is a letter from him, which was sent to Europe in a neutral ship before he met with disaster and which is now published in English for the first time. It has appeared in Admiral Kirehoff's recent book "Der Seekrieg, 1914-15."

November 2, 1914.—Yesterday was All Saints' Day and a lucky day for us. I was cruising with the squadron southwards along the coast when I received intelligence that an English cruiser had put in to Coronel, a small coaling harbor near Concepcion.

As a warship cannot stay longer than twenty-four hours in a neutral port I determined to intercept her. I placed my ships so that the Nurnberg should run up before the harbor to see if the enemy ship was still in there, while my remaining ships waited somewhat farther out. At 4.25 my squadron was somewhat spread out when it was reported that two ships had been sighted in the west-south-west.

Ordering the other ships to join as I held in that direction, for it was evident that they must be enemy ships—in fact, the Monmouth and Glasgow. Soon afterwards the auxiliary cruiser Otranto appeared and then a little later the armored cruiser Good Hope. The enemy attempted some manoeuvres with the object, I believe, of getting nearer to the coast, which would have been very harmful to me.

"ENEMY WAS SO OBLIGING." I immediately ordered Scharnhorst and Gneisenau to get all their boilers to work, and in fifteen minutes I was running at twenty knots against a heavy sea and got parallel to the enemy, but had to await the other ships. The enemy was so obliging as not to disturb me in his undertaking. The distance between us was about 18,000 yards.

When my ships—except the Nurnberg, which was nowhere in sight—had come up at ten minutes past six, I began to diminish the distance, and when we were about 10,000 yards off I ordered the firing to commence. The battle had begun, and with a few changes, of course, I led the line quite calmly.

SUN DID NOT DISTURB. I had manoeuvred so that the sun in the west could not disturb me. The moon in the east was not yet full, but promised a bright night, there were seeds of rain in various directions.

My ships fired rapidly and with success against the big ships. Scharnhorst engaged Good Hope (Admiral Cradock's flagship); Gneisenau fired on the Monmouth, Leipzig against Glasgow, and the Dresden against Otranto. The last-named ship left the line after a time and I believe escaped.

BATTLESHIPS ON FIRE. Fires broke out in the Good Hope and Monmouth. There was a tremendous explosion in the former which looked like a splendid fireworks display against the dark sky. The glowing white flames mingled with bright green stars, shot up to a great height. I felt sure that the ship would sink; but no, she was still afloat, and the fight went on uninterruptedly.

Meanwhile it had become dark. I had diminished the distance between us to 5,000 yards, then I turned so far that it gradually increased. The enemy's ships could only be made out by the fires, but the cannonade was kept up against them and only ceased when the gunners could no longer aim. The enemy fire had ceased, and I ordered the small cruisers to take up the pursuit. But as it seemed that he had succeeded in extinguishing the fires on board, no trace of him could be found, and steaming round the enemy's line, in order to get it into a favorable light, brought no further result. The artillery battle had lasted 52 minutes.

END OF THE MONMOUTH. At 8.40 p.m. I was on a N.W. course and heard artillery fire ahead at a very great distance (estimated at 10 to 11 miles). I made towards it to help if necessary. It came from

the Nurnberg, which had failed to get into touch with us and had accidentally fallen in with the Monmouth in flight. The latter listed heavily to the starboard side. Nurnberg went close in (ging dieht heran) and finished her off with gunfire. Monmouth turned over and went down.

Unfortunately the heavy seas rendered rescue work impossible, added to which the Nurnberg thought she had seen Good Hope in the vicinity—an assumption which was doubtless incorrect.

MADE A MISTAKE.

Probably in the moonlight at a great distance she mistook one of our cruisers for the Good Hope. I do not know what became of the latter. Lieutenant G., who had opportunity to observe, believed that she too, had a heavy list, and when I recall the incidents I am inclined to think he was right, although during the battle I believed it to have been an appearance caused by the movements of the ship in a heavy sea. It is quite possible that she sank; if so, she was completely disabled. The Glasgow could hardly be seen; it is supposed that she got hit too, but in my opinion she made good her escape.

THANKFUL FOR VICTORY.

Thus we are victorious along the whole line, and I thank God for the victory. We have been protected in an absolutely marvellous manner; we have no losses to mourn. There were a few cases of slightly wounded on Gneisenau; the small cruisers did not receive a single hit, while the hits scored on Scharnhorst and Gneisenau have inflicted hardly any damage at all. I found one 6-inch shell in steerman's cabin in the Scharnhorst; it had bored through an unarmored spot, broken a lot of things, but fortunately had not exploded, and lay there as a kind of greeting. One funnel was hit, but not so badly as to prevent its performing its functions. Similar trivialities occurred in Gneisenau.

GERMAN ENTHUSIASM.

I do not know what unfortunate circumstances could have prevailed with the opponent which deprived him of any and every success. The enthusiasm among our men is enormous. I was especially pleased that the Nurnberg, which, through no fault of her own, took no part in the battle itself, was still able at the end to contribute to our success.

If Good Hope has escaped, then in my opinion she will be compelled by her injuries to put into the Chilean harbor. In order to find out I am going to-morrow with Gneisenau and Nurnberg into Valparaiso. Should the Good Hope have sought refuge there I shall endeavor to have her disarmed and interned by the Chilean authorities, and shall then be rid of two strong opponents.

STRENGTH WAS IN UNITY.

Good Hope is bigger than Scharnhorst, but her artillery is not so powerful. It is true she has heavy guns, but only two of them. Monmouth, on the other hand, is inferior to the Scharnhorst, as she had only 6-inch guns. The English have another ship out here like the Monmouth, and, I believe further, a ship of the line (Queen's class), with 12-inch guns. Against the latter we could hardly do anything at all. If the English had kept their forces together then we should certainly have got the worst of it.

You can hardly imagine the joy which prevails among us. At least we have been able to add to the glory of our arms.

Nov. 3, 1914.


We have arrived at Valparaiso this morning. Legation Secretary Von Ereker and Consul Gumprecht came on board. The news of our naval victory had not preceded us, but it very soon spread. On landing to visit the chief of the station there was a huge crowd round the landing-stage, while groups here and there shouted "Hurrah!"

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Lieut. W. F. Battersby, former shift boss at the Dome Mines, and son of Mrs. A. Lina C. Battersby, Brantford, who enlisted with the Borden Machine Gun Battery, has in recent despatches been highly commended and awarded the Military Cross for valor at the battle of Courelette, when this battery distinguished itself in covering the infantry.

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