

Clive Forrester's Gold

'My word!' I cried. 'If this report will bear investigation I'm off to Klondike.'

'I should not have shown it to you if I were not in possession of confirmatory evidence of its truth from an independent and reliable source,' said the baronet, rising from his seat and taking a letter from the mantelshelf. 'This is from my son Louis,' he went on, unfolding a sheet of closely-written note-paper which he had abstracted from the envelope while reseating himself in his comfortable chair.

'What, my old college chum, Lou?' I interrupted. 'Do you mean to say that he has gone to Klondike?'

'No, not exactly that, Clive—at least, I hope not,' he corrected himself, the slightest shade of anxiety manifesting itself in his voice for a moment. 'You know he just failed, as you have done, in his final examination—only of course he was trying for a berth as a navy surgeon, while you were for the army.'

'Yes, he told me all that last Christmas,' I replied, 'but I've heard nothing from him since except that he was thinking of taking a voyage round the world in one of your fleet of merchant steamers.'

'Well, he elected to sail as surgeon with Captain Watson in the Dolphin some months