

that Anderson, the clerk, was afflicted with homicidal mania, and filled with a fiendish desire to assassinate his companions. "I think," concluded the mad factor, "that it would be strategic to slit Anderson's throat right now, and spoil his little game." Boal acquiesced cheerfully, but as soon as he could, he stole away and told Anderson. Twenty minutes later, Boal, Anderson, and two powerful half-breeds had the "rough-house" of their lives overpowering Cameron and tying him up.

The next morning Anderson and one of the half-breeds harnessed the factor's long-haired little ponies to a light waggon, and started for Dawson with Cameron. Three days later they reached the town and delivered the lunatic to the North-West Mounted Police.

On their way to Dawson they met the line-men of the telegraph company, who had started from Dawson down the line, to find the place where the wire was grounded. Anderson told the line-men about the connection Cameron had made, the line-men drove on to Missabe House, and twenty minutes after they reached the post, the Edmonton representative of the U. P. was asking the operator at Dawson to send him details of the Woman River Eldorado, the richest gold-field ever found.

The Dawson operator was puzzled, and sending a boy to summon Conway, asked the Edmonton correspondent what he meant. The Edmonton man answered: "Why, Conway sent us the story last week, just before the wire was grounded."

Conway entered the Dawson office within a few minutes, and was filled with surprise, then with suspicion. He denied having sent any story about any new Eldorado.

The Edmonton correspondent flashed Cameron's story, condensed, to Conway.

"Good God!" exclaimed Conway, "some one has been trying to ruin my reputation. I admire the magnificent nerve of the man who sent that story."

Two days later the first of the steamers carrying the stampede arrived at the mouth of the Yukon River, and a Yukon steamer from Dawson reached Juneau at the same time. So the stampede found out that the story on the strength of which they had come so far was a lie.

Landing the few of her passengers who wished to go on to Dawson, the steamer turned her black bows toward the south and raced homeward with the many who had decided to return to their homes.

The next day, at sea, the steamer met a great fleet of north-bound ships ploughing swiftly through the water, led by a British cruiser and an American battleship, and slowing her engines, she told them the bitter truth by arrangements of fluttering code-flags. In every steamer the leaping engines were slowed, and skippers and mates, reading the code-flags through their glasses, shouted the ill news from the bridges to the gold-seekers, who crowded the decks.

Dismay took the place of cheerful anticipation in the minds of the adventurers. The majority of them decided to turn back, but many there were who wanted to continue their journey to the Yukon country. So, at length, six ships rushed on toward Juneau with these, and the rest of the fleet swung around and swept toward the south on the backward track through the gathering darkness. And for a week afterwards the two war-ships prowled along the sea roads of north-bound ships, intercepting and signalling the humiliating truth to the many other steamers and sailing ships driving north laden with argonauts.

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