

"No wonder," answered Anderson, cheerfully, "I'm nearly bug-house myself."

One day Cameron, sitting in his office, heard a message from the manager of the United Press Syndicate, who sat at a desk in New York City, four thousand miles away, to Conway, the United Press correspondent in Dawson.

"Conway, U. P., Dawson," the message ran, "Why don't you send us a story? Isn't there anything doing up there? Gibbs, U. P., New York."

Within half an hour the sounder clicked Conway's reply.

"Gibbs, U. P., New York. Nothing doing of news value. Conway, U. P., Dawson."

Cameron sprang to his feet, grounded the wire north, and opened the key.

"He wants news, does he?" growled Cameron. "Well, I'll send him a story, damn him."

Then he sat down and called Gibbs, and began to send his story. His sending was "rocky" and "pretty bum." This is his story:

"Gibbs, U. P., New York. Prospectors just arrived in Dawson from Woman River country with an astonishing tale of treasure trove. They report having found a fabulously rich deposit of gold. Never before in the Yukon District, Australia, California, Colorado, or any other part of the world has gold been found in such amazing abundance. The lucky prospectors state that the whole of the Woman River Valley, which is forty miles long, and from ten to twenty in width, is fully one-half rich, red gold from the grass-roots down to bed-rock. Four pans of this enormously rich dirt were washed out and yielded one hundred and fifty ounces of coarse gold. Also, the prospectors say that the surface of the whole valley is strewn thickly with nuggets of dark gold, which lie uncovered on the ground, and which are almost pure. They packed into the city on their backs, and on their pack-horses, nuggets weighing five thousand ounces, and valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. These favorites of fortune, whose names are Jake Gunn, Curly Pratt, and Shorty Simpson, are Canadians from British Columbia, and are

expert prospectors, trained in Canadian mining schools. They went over the entire area of the valley, filled with wonder and amazement at the extraordinary richness of this new Eldorado. Then hastily staking their claims, they hurried into Dawson to tell their story of treasure beyond the dreams of avarice, the absolute truth of which no one doubts. I would try to describe the wild excitement which prevails in Dawson, but I am joining in the stampede for the new Eldorado. Conway, U. P., Dawson."

When he had sent his story Cameron closed the key, lit his pipe and left the office. From where he sat in the next room he could hear the United Press calling Dawson impatiently, but he only smiled.

"They've got a fine story," he said to himself. "They've got a beautiful story, but they're not satisfied. They want details, details, details! But they won't get them."

He kept the Dawson wire grounded, and at length Edmonton told the U. P.: "No communication with Dawson. Wire grounded north somewhere." And the sounder was silent.

The next morning Cameron's "fake" story was printed under five line heads in a thousand morning papers in the United States and Canada. A great wave of excitement swept over the United States and the parts of Canada where the papers fed by the U. P. are distributed. Although the papers said editorially that the value of gold would certainly depreciate on account of the plentiude of the metal in the new Eldorado, one hundred thousand men started for Dawson that day. Within two days two hundred thousand adventurers were on their long road to the far-way Treasure-House of the North. Hundreds of crowded trains rushed over the transcontinental railways from the east. From San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver and Victoria hundreds of steamers and sailing vessels started northward packed with impatient passengers and loaded with provisions, clothing and miners' tools.

Meanwhile the shadow on Cameron's mind grew blacker, and two days after he had sent his "fake" story to the U. P. he confided to Boal, the trader, his conviction