

The Story of the Follower

Two men, John and David, walked side by side along a dusty road. They were returning from the great town in the valley to their homes in the hamlet hanging high above them against the mountain.

As they walked they chatted of the sights in the town, of the good wives and little ones to whom they were coming after three days' absence, joking, joyous, happy in remembrance of their town jollity and in the anticipation of their welcome home. Occasionally they stopped under the overhanging branches of an orchard and ate apples, or they knelt by a spring, making a cup of their hands to drink from, then passed on again.

The sun struck down fiercely upon their backs and shimmered on the dust of the road.

"Ah, the heat! Let us go more slowly, John."

"No," replied the other; "it will be cooler higher up. Let us make haste and reach the shade of the woods, and beyond there will be a breeze blowing."

Suddenly as they walked David felt that they were not alone and, turning his head, saw a third person following a few paces behind them; an extremely tall man, wrapped in a black cloak. As David turned the man's eyes looked into his with a steady, unflinching gaze. The black-robed figure was only a short distance behind him, walking with a long, even stride, without sound, his cloak drawn up to his ears, covering his mouth and chin.

As David looked, he shivered; then, turning his head quickly, he walked rapidly on, urging his companion to hasten.

"But just now you were calling to me to go slower, and now you want to hurry."

"Yes, let us hurry—the heat!" And they passed on, the ardent sun beating on their backs.

As they went forward David turned over in his thoughts the strange sight he had seen behind them, that was behind them now, he felt certain, though not daring to look again, a shiver coursing the length of his spine at the thought of the muffled figure in that fierce heat. And John—had he also seen it? Did he know what came swiftly, without sound, at their heels? He looked cautiously from the corner of his eye at his friend without turning his head even slightly. John plodded on, his eyes on the ground and his big shoes white with the dust, grumbling at the heat, his face dull and expressionless.

At length they reached the cooler air where the road climbed between the arching trees of the forest, and John halted to rest in the shadow. He was older than his friend and tired more easily.

"Now," thought David, "he will look back and see." And he watched the other's face narrowly.

They sat on the edge of the road, their legs hanging down the bank. John's gaze wandered back down the long stretch over which they had come, and David waited.

But the old man only looked out from the shadow with a half smile of satisfaction that so much of the long journey was over, his simple countenance placid with the thought.

"How white the road is!" he said.

"And not many travelers on it," said David in half question, still looking earnestly at his comrade's face.

"Not a creature in sight," answered John quietly. "We have the road to ourselves. Others are not such fools to come out in this sun!"

David, reassured by this, turned slowly and looked back. Just below, by the first tree, in full view, silent, motionless, stood the tall figure, a little nearer than before.

David leaped to his feet and ran along the steep road, stumbling, terrified. John saw nothing, and this creature so close, in plain view.

"Hurry, hurry!" he called back and ran on.

"What has come to you? Are you crazy?" cried the old man. "One can't pause to rest but you jump and run!"

"I—I am not—well. I want to get home," panted Dick. "We have yet far to go. We must not waste time resting."

"You are sick. Yes, you are pale. Your teeth chatter. We will stop at old Andrew's and get you something. It is this scorching day."

"Yes, yes, we will stop at old Andrew's. He will cure me. It is not far; only beyond the next turn where the trees end."

"And we can take the short way home from there, the path from the back of his house up 'The Rocks'."

Again they walked rapidly onward, the old man full of concern for his

friend, the young man looking straight ahead.

At the border of the forest the small brown house stood on the edge of old Andrew's scanty farmland, the poor, half barren land of these mountain farms. Beyond the new fields that stretched up gradually from the back of the house rose abruptly "The Rocks," a high cliff, reaching far along the side of the mountain, sheer, forbidding, its bald face crossed by a rough, narrow pathway. By using this steep way the journey to the cluster of houses above the cliff was much shorter than by following the gradual, winding ascent of the road.

The two friends turned in at old Andrew's little gate. At the door they were met by the farmer's wife, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

"Ah, John Martin and Dave! Back from the fair? Come in."

"Yes, Mary, on the way home. Where is Andrew? David here had a turn on the road coming along below and we want Andrew to mix him something. The sun was too strong for him, I think."

"Yes, yes. Andrew! Andrew!" She raised her voice and called into the house over her shoulder. "Come in, both of you! He is somewhere about. It is cool in the house at the shady side, and Dave can lie down there."

David cast one brief glance backward as he followed the others into the house. In the road just beyond the gate and looking over it stood the one that followed.

Old Andrew was held in high esteem among the mountain people as a half doctor, half wizard, with his knowledge of the use of roots and herbs. He brewed a muddy, pungent tea, which David drank, and Mary, the wife, placed extra plates at the table and insisted on the travelers taking supper.

"Let David rest," she said, "and if he is better after supper you can go home in the evening by a short cut. There will be a moon, or he may stay the night if not strong enough to go home."

So it was arranged. Old Andrew and John talked together of the simple, worn subjects of their rude lives—the poverty of the soil, the long season without rain, the many hardships that befall the farmer.

The wife plied David with questions about the town. "Was there a big crowd at the fair? And the weather—was it fine every day? Did you see the cows from the Duncan farm?" and so on. David answered absently, thinking of the waiting stranger outside the gate.

When the twilight fell, the young man felt able to go on and was anxious to reach his family, so the two men set out along the path through the rocky fields. As they reached the base of "The Rocks" and began the steep ascent the moon rose.

John led the way, stepping cautiously, calling back to the other to avoid the uncertain footholds.

But David, climbing after, thought of nothing but the somber shape that had waited outside and had followed close across the fields after them and which he felt climbed up and up behind him, step by step.

There was no sound except when at intervals a loose stone rolled down, dislodged by their feet. The night was beautiful. The broad surface of the cliff shore in the moonlight. Here and there along the edge of the path, where there was danger, rude railings had been placed to protect the traveler. These were silvered by the moon. At some places a rock jutting out cast below it a dense shadow amid the surrounding whiteness.

As they climbed David tried to force himself to turn and face the man in the black cloak and question him, his name, his mission, why he followed, gaining steadily step by step, but he lacked courage. Once he had met that cold, steady gaze. He could not brave it again. He watched his comrade climb above him slowly. Slowly he climbed after and, glancing down, saw the edge of the black cloak blown upward against his legs.

He stopped and put his hands over his eyes. "Who are you?" he said in a low, broken voice. "Why do you follow, pressing nearer and nearer?"

And a voice answered at his ear, while the folds of the cloak, blown upward, flapped about him, "You shall know my name when you are at the end of your journey."

"No, now!" whispered David hoarsely. "Now, your name!"

"Farther on!" came the voice. "When you reach the next railing."

And they climbed on again in the moonlight. John had gone round a turn of the path out of sight. David advanced feebly, rising laboriously from step to step, pausing often. He

could feel the other pressing up behind him, ever nearer.

When they reached the railing above David stopped, with his hand upon it. "Now, your name?"

"Do you not know?"

The moonlight fell with tender beauty over the broad valley below, upon the white road, upon the forest trees, upon the small brown house at the foot of the cliff. The black cloak floated about his head, before his eyes, coming between them and the fair picture. A hand fell upon his

grasping the railing.

"Your name! Your name!"

David's hand closed firmly on the wooden rail, and he leaned heavily against it for support. An arm closed round him.

"I am so near—so near. Do you not know?"

There was a sharp sound of breaking wood as the rotten timber parted in two, and David fell outward, his struggling feet scraping along the rock. As he fell the folds of black swept round him, the arm embraced him more closely, and they went down together. And David knew that the one that followed was death.

Escaped Prisoners

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Easton, N.D., March 4.—Six prisoners broke jail Saturday night and in attempting their re-arrest deputy sheriff Thos. J. Thompson was shot dead. Louis Green, awaiting trial on the charge of murdering his mistress, fired the shot.

Opposition to Trusts

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, March 4.—A permanent organization has been affected of an \$80,000,000 glucose starch combination. The former competitive policy will be done away with and the probability is that the trade is placed on a firm basis.

Brothers Drowned

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Montgomery, Ala., March 4.—Captain Chas. A. Allen and brother, Thomas Allen, two prominent citizens, were drowned today.

Hi-Yu Blaze

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Lafayette, Ind., March 2.—Fire destroyed a quarter of a million dollar's worth of property here today.

STAMPEDE MYSTERY

Vivid Imagination the Cause of It

Enlund Followed Butler's Tracks to a Quartz Ledge the Latter Was Prospecting.

The mystery surrounding the stampede to Selkirk last week and the resumed strike on the south fork of the White river, has been cleared up and proves to have originated only in the fertile imagination of John Enlund. John Bonnifield, who was one of the first to leave after the receipt of Enlund's telegram by George Butler, he getting away with a fast dog team Sunday evening a week ago, returned last Sunday evening. He and his party went up the river only as far as Selwyn, where Enlund was met on his return to Dawson, who informed them there was nothing in the supposed strike. At that time there was only one person ahead of Mr. Bonnifield and he was mounted on a bike. On discovering the stampede to be a fake Mr. Bonnifield sent his dogs ahead to notify the bike man there was no use going any further, he having broken his wheel and was proceeding on foot and was only about two hours in advance. The dogs failed to catch him, however, until he had arrived at the end of his journey and the primary cause of the stampede. It seems that Dick Butler has had some men prospecting a quartz ledge for some time, located back some distance from the river and about 20 miles below Selkirk.

Butler had gone there to see how things were going and when met by Enlund he was in Selkirk buying some grub for his men. As he was about to leave with his cutter Enlund asked him if he could ride down the river with him. Butler replied that he had no room for him and besides he intended leaving the river a short distance below Selkirk. En-

lund fancied he saw an air of mystery about Butler's movements, imagined his men had made a big strike which he was endeavoring to keep secret and accordingly sent the wire to Dawson which precipitated the stampede here. As soon as he had done so he started out to follow Butler's tracks, which finally brought him up at the quartz ledge referred to and the stampede was off.

On his return from Selwyn Mr. Bonnifield met fully fifty persons who were headed for the big strike and they upon having matters explained to them sorrowfully turned back to town.

Demis Report

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Ottawa, March 4.—Prof. Prince of the fisheries department denies a statement attributed to him by the Victoria Colonist, that there has not been a satisfactory or energetic minister of fisheries since Sir Hibbert Tupper.

He Went Back

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, March 3.—Gerhardt Teerlinden has been returned from this place under extradition proceedings to Germany, to stand trial for the theft of 200,000 marks.

His Last Game

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Mount Ayer, Ind., March 3.—For the murder of Henry Holland over a game of crap last June Matt Hunter has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Police Chief Shot.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Maitoon, Ill., March 4.—Chief of Police Lyons was shot last night while endeavoring to arrest a burglar.

Not So, Mooshides

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Dillon, Mont., March 4.—Red Buck, a noted chief of the Bannack Indians, committed suicide rather than go to jail ten days for drunkenness.

Cleveland Hunting Party.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 17.—Chas. Keidel, of Washington, secretary of the Back Bay Gunning Club, of which ex-President Cleveland is a guest, passed through Norfolk today on his way to Washington from the marshes. He said the Cleveland party killed 2,700 ducks and thirty geese last Friday, and that Mr. Cleveland did more than his share of the slaughter.

Referee Stopped Bout.

Buffalo, N.Y., Feb. 17.—The referee stopped the bout between Tom Conhig, of Dunkirk, and Curly Supple, of Buffalo, before the International Athletic Club, at Port Erie, tonight after thirty seconds of fighting in the eighteenth round, and gave a decision in favor of Conhig.

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Fun Office.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

Alaska, Washington

California,

Oregon and Mexico.

Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators.

Exceptional Service the Rule.

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers.

TRAVELERS

TO KOYUKUK

TAKE NOTICE

That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a full stock of goods for outfitting at reasonable prices. Any shortages arising will be reported to their Circle City station.

INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best invest-

ment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp, LEW CRADEN.

LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.