

The IRON TRAIL



BY REX BEACH

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CHAPTER II.

A Girl Out of the Night.

O'NEIL climbed to the bridge. "Is this Halibut bay?" he asked Captain Johnny.

"It is. But we're piled up on the reef outside. She may hold fast. I hope so, for there's deep water astern, and if she slips off she's gone."

"I'd like to save my horses," said the younger man wistfully. "Through all the strain of the past half hour or more his uppermost thought had been for them. But Brennan had no sympathy for such sentiments.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk of horses while we've got women and children aboard." He hastened away to assist in transferring his passengers.

Instead of following, O'Neil turned and went below. His appearance, the sound of his voice, were the signals for a chorus of eager whistles and a great stamping of hoofs. Heads were turned toward him from the stalls, alert ears were pricked forward, satin muzzles rubbed against him as he calmed their terror. This blind trust made the man's throat tighten achingly. He loved animals as he loved children, and above all he cared for horses.

He cursed aloud and made his way down the sloping deck to the square iron door or port through which he had landed them. But he found that it was jammed, or held fast by the pressure outside, and after a few moments' work in water above his knees he climbed to the starboard side. Here the entrance was obstructed by a huge pile of baled hay and grain in sacks. It would be no easy task to clear it away, and he fell to work with desperate energy, for the ship was slowly changing her level. He was perspiring furiously; the commotion around him was horrible. Then abruptly the lights went out, leaving him in utter blackness; the last fading yellow gleam was photographed briefly upon his retina.

After scrambling to the cabin deck O'Neil felt for the little bracket lamp on the wall of his stateroom and lit it. He dragged a life preserver from the rack overhead and slipped the tapes about his shoulders, reflecting that Alaskan waters are disagreeably cold. Then he opened his traveling bags and dumped their contents upon the white counterpane of his berth, selecting out of the confusion certain documents and trinkets. The latter he thrust into his pockets as he found them, the former he wrapped in handkerchiefs before stowing them away.

All at once he whirled and faced the door with an exclamation of astonishment, for a voice had addressed him.

There, clinging to the casing, stood a woman—a girl—evidently drawn out of the darkness by the light which streamed down across the sloping deck from his stateroom. Plainly she had but just awakened, for she was clothed in a silken nightgown which failed to conceal the outline of her body. She had flung a quilted dressing gown of some sort over her shoulders and with one bare arm and hand strove to hold it in place. He saw that her pink feet were thrust into soft, heelless slippers, that her hair, black in this light, cascaded down to her waist, and that her eyes, which were very dark and very large, were fixed upon him with a stare like that of a sleep-walker.

"It is so dark—so strange—so still!" she murmured. "What has happened?"

"God! Didn't they awaken you?" he cried in sharp surprise.

"Is the ship—sinking?" Her odd bewilderment of voice and gaze puzzled him.

He nodded. "We struck a rock. The passengers have been taken off. We're the only ones left. In heaven's name, where have you been?"

"I was asleep."

He shook his head in astonishment. "How you failed to hear that hubbub?"

"I heard something, but I was ill. My head—I took something to ease the pain."

"Ah! Medicine! It hasn't worn off yet, I see. You shouldn't have taken it. Drugs are nothing but poison to young people. Now, at my age, there might be some excuse for resorting to them, but you—" He was talking to cover the panic of his thoughts, for his own predicament had been serious enough, and her presence rendered it doubly embarrassing. What in the world to do with her he scarcely knew. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were grave as they roved over the cabin and out into the blackness of the night.

"Are we going to drown?" she asked dully.

"Nonsense!" He laughed in apparent amusement, showing his large, strong teeth.

"I'm wretchedly afraid," she whis-

pered through white lips.

"None of that!" he said brusquely. "I'll see that nothing happens to you." He slipped out of his life preserver and adjusted it over her shoulders, first drawing her arms through the sleeves of her dressing gown and knotting the cord snugly around her waist. "Just as a matter of precaution," he assured her. "We may get wet. Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Never mind; I can." He found another life belt, fitted it to his own form and led her out upon the deck. The scuppers were awash now, and she gasped as the sea lapped her bare feet.

Slipping his arm about her, he bore her to the door of the main cabin and entered. She had clasped his neck so tightly that he could scarcely breathe; but, lowering her until her feet were on the dry carpet, he gently loosened her arms.

"Now, my dear child," he told her, "you must do exactly as I tell you. Come! Calm yourself or I won't take you any farther." He held her off by her shoulders. "I may have to swim with you; you mustn't cling to me."

O'Neil judged that the ship was at least a quarter of a mile from the beach, and his heart sank, for he doubted that either he or his companion could last long in these waters. It occurred to him that Brennan might be close by, waiting for the Nebraska to sink—it would be unlike the little captain to forsake his trust until the last possible moment—but he reasoned that the cargo of lives in the skipper's boat would induce him to stand well off to avoid accident. He called lustily time after time, but no answer came.

Meanwhile the girl stood quietly beside him.

There followed a wait which seemed long, but was in reality of but a few minutes, for the ship was sliding backward and the sea was creeping up.

As soon as he was able to speak he inquired for the safety of the girl he had helped to rescue. Johnny promptly reassured him.

"Man, dear, she's doing fine. A jigger of brandy brought her to, gasping like a blessed mermaid."

As dawn broke the cannery tender from the station near by nosed her way up to the gravelly shore where the castaways were gathered and blew a cheering foot on her whistle. She was a flat bottomed, wet stemmed craft, and the passengers of the Nebraska trooped to her deck over a gangplank. As Captain Brennan had predicted, not one of them had wet a foot, with the exception of the two who had been left aboard through their own carelessness.

The reaction following a sleepless night of anxiety had replaced the first feeling of thankfulness at deliverance, and it was not a happy cargo of humanity which the rescuing boat bore with her as the sun peeped over the hills.

Many of the ship's passengers were but half dressed, all were exhausted and hungry, each one had lost something in the catastrophe. The men were silent, the women hysterical, the children fretful.

It was O'Neil's turn to comfort Captain Johnny Brennan, who had yielded to the blackest despair once his responsibility was over.

"It's kind of you to cheer me up," said Brennan, "especially after the way I abandoned you to drown, but the missus won't allow me in the house at all when she hears I left you in pickle. Thank God the girl didn't die anyway! I've got that to be thankful for. Curtis Gordon would have broken me!"

"Gordon?"

"Sure! Man dear, don't you know who you went bathing with? She's the daughter of that widow Gerard and the most prominent passenger aboard, outside of your blessed self. Ain't that luck? If I was a Jap I'd split myself open with a broad knife."

"But fortunately you're a sensible 'harp' of old Ireland. I'll see that the papers get the right story, so buck up."

A south bound steamer was due the next afternoon, it was learned, and plans were made for her to pick up the castaways and return them to Seattle.

At the same time O'Neil discovered that a freighter for the "westward" was expected some time that night, and as she did not call at this port he arranged for a launch to take him out to the channel where he could intercept her. The loss of his horses had been a serious blow. It was all the more imperative now that he should go on, since he would have to hire men to do horses' work.

During the afternoon Miss Gerard sent for him, and he went to the house of the cannery superintendent, where she had been received. The superintendent's wife had clothed her, and she seemed to have recovered her poise of body and mind. O'Neil was surprised to find her quite a different person from the frightened and disheveled girl he had seen in the yellow lamplight of

his stateroom on the night before. She was attractive, certainly, despite the disadvantage of the borrowed garments, and though she struck him as being possibly a little proud and cold, there was no lack of warmth in her greeting.

For her part she beheld a man of perhaps forty, of commanding height and heavy build. He was gray about the temples; his eyes were gray too. She was vaguely disappointed, having pictured him as being in the first flush of vigorous youth, but the feeling soon disappeared under the charm of his manner. The ideal figure she had imagined began to seem silly and schoolgirlish, unworthy of the man himself. She was pleased, too, by his faint though manifest embarrassment at her thanks, for she had feared a lack of tact.

"I was terribly frightened," she confessed, "but I felt that I could rely upon you. That's what every one does, isn't it? You see, you have a reputation. They told me how you refused to be taken into the boat for fear of capsizing it. That was fine."

"Oh, there was nothing brave about that. I wanted to get in badly enough, but there wasn't room. Jove! It was cold, wasn't it?" His ready smile played whimsically about his lips, and the girl felt herself curiously drawn to him.

Since he chose to make light of himself, she determined to allow nothing of the sort.

"They have told me how you bought out this whole funny little place," she said, "and turned it over to us. Is it because you have such a royal way of dispensing favors that they call you the Irish prince?"

"That's only a silly nickname."

"I don't think so. You give people food and clothes with a careless wave of the hand; you give me my life with a shrug and a smile; you offer to give up your own to a boatful of strangers without a moment's hesitation. I—I think you are a remarkable person."

(To Be Continued.)

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN

Capacity never lacks opportunity and the man who is successful is the man who is useful. In order to be successful one has to be in good health. Sickly people and those neglecting their health cannot make a success. One who expects to be successful keeps his body in a healthy condition and pays the proper attention to every little indisposition, which may be only sudden loss of appetite, distress after meals, pain in the stomach, constipation, headache or interrupted sleep and at the least sign of any indisposition, to prevent more serious sickness, he takes at once Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine. This excellent remedy will quickly clean out the bowels without weakening the body, will restore the appetite, produce refreshing sleep and stimulate new strength. Price \$1. Jos. Triner, Manufacturing Chemist, 1333-1339 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago. At drug stores.

A tired body should receive a good rub-down with Triner's Liniment. Good in rheumatism. Price 25c and 50c, at drug stores; by mail 35c and 60c.

THRESHING OUTFITS FOR SALE

Two J. I. Case complete rigs, engine and steel separators. One Peerless engine and Nickles & Shepherd separator. Trade or sale. Good terms. One ten horse portable gas engine. One John Deere, six hole, corn sheller complete. Frank E. Vallery, Murray, Neb.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulatives, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

B. F. Wiles was among the visitors in Omaha today for a few hours returning home this afternoon on No. 24.

Abe Grindle of Tabor, Ia., is in the city for a short visit here at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Sivey and family.

Frank E. Vallery of Murray motored up this afternoon from his home to spend a few hours here looking after some business matters.

Allie Meisinger, Miss Helen Hennings, Albert and Herman Hennings came in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove precinct and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha where they will spend the day at the Presbyterian hospital with Lawrence Meisinger.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1916. G. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

-AIRDOME!-

Tuesday, July 4th



This is the Girl Whose Sweet Influence Reaches Across the Seas to Save Her Lover From the Evil in His Heart.

She is Molly King in "A Woman's Power!"

The New World-Film Feature.

A Drama of Love and Hate, with Love Triumphant!

Matinee Gem—5 and 10c
Night Airdome—10 and 15c

GREAT QUESTION IN "A WOMAN'S POWER"

A question of eternal significance is set forth in "A Woman's Power," the latest World Film corporation feature starring Mollie King, the charming and sympathetic young actress. Miss King's art has never risen to greater heights than in "A Woman's Power," which deals in a far reaching through a good woman's influence over him.

"A Woman's Power" is real, vivid drama of the tenses character, gripping its spectators in a powerful vice-like hold. "A Woman's Power" belongs to the class of drama that appeals to everyone and is unforgettable. It touches the big things of life and strips the souls of modern men and women. At the same time, so appealing is it to the most primitive of emotions that even a child can grasp its mighty lessons.

While this picture teaches a great lesson it is in no way to be classed as dull or preachy. On the contrary, with its delightful and sympathetic young star and powerful supporting company "A Woman's Power" deals in a large way with the really big things in the lives of the men and women of today.

Its action ranges from exciting scenes in the mountains where red hate blazes hotly, to the far-off Philippines where, under scorching skies and in the miasmic jungle "A Woman's Power" is felt across thousands of miles of ocean, exercising its influence for good. The parts depicting life in the Philippines with its "white man's burden" and the savage warfare of the jungle trails are portrayed with graphic vividness, a large company having been sent to the far east to get this "atmosphere" and whole troops of native warriors being engaged in the big battled scenes.

No less absorbing is the action of the drama when its characters are involved in the meshes of love and hate in America. A man's "blood vow" and his iron determination to wreak his vengeance on another he thinks has wronged him, form the main-spring of the plot of the drama, with a good woman's pure love ennobling, regenerating and finally saving her lover from the stain of human blood upon his hands.

This splendid picture filled with its thrilling situations will be shown at the Airdome on next Tuesday evening as the weekly special attraction, and will be well worth seeing and those who appreciate a really high class picture will not fail to enjoy it. Manager Peterson feels well pleased in being able to secure this picture as it is new and interesting in every way.

GOOD AUTO ROADS TO OMAHA

The cost of Bridge Tolls for Round Trip using our Commutation Books

Auto and Driver, round Trip..... 50c
Extra Passengers, each..... 5c
\$10.00 Book..... \$5.00
\$5.00 Book..... \$2.50

Commutation Books Good any time and Transferable.

PLATTSMOUTH Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.

LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Cattle Market Steady to Lower; Receipts Rather Large

10-15c DECLINE IN HOGS

Old Sheep Steady; Lambs Still Lower. Springers Around 15c Lower, \$10.80 High Price of the Day. Most of the Offerings Sell Around \$10.85. Very Liberal Supply.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Neb., June 29, 1916—As on Monday and Tuesday, the dressed beef men were all looking for the desirable, light and handyweight cattle on Wednesday's market, paying about steady prices, except in a few cases where prices were stronger. Strictly prime heavy beefs selling around \$10.00@10.50, while strictly choice yearlings are bringing \$9.75@10.25. The bulk of the fair to good beefs, averaging around 1,000 to 1,300 pounds, are selling around \$9.35@10.00. Supplies of the stock was of limited proportions, and it took strictly good to choice grass cows and heifers to bring \$7.25@8.00.

Quotations on cattle: Good to choice beefs, \$10.00@10.50; fair to good beefs, \$9.25@10.00; common to fair beefs, \$8.25@9.25; good to choice yearlings, \$9.50@10.25; fair to good yearlings, \$8.60@9.40; common to fair yearlings, \$7.25@8.50; good to choice heifers, \$7.50@8.50; good to choice cows, \$7.25@8.00; fair to good cows, \$6.00@7.00; canners and cutters, \$4.00@5.00; veal calves, \$9.00@11.50; grass but's, \$5.50@6.50; beef but's, \$6.75@7.75.

Hog receipts for Wednesday were very large, some 224 cars, or about 15,600 head. Shippers did not have such large orders for Wednesday as on Monday and Tuesday. They bought at prices that were about 15c lower, some loads being only a dime lower. Packers also made their bids 15c, in some instances lower, and finally bought their hogs at a full 10@15c decline. A good share of the sales were made at \$9.40@9.50, while the fair to plain stuff went at \$9.35, and the good to choice kinds at \$9.55@9.70, the latter price being the day's top.

The bulk of the offerings on Wednesday's market were spring lambs. The general market being a repetition of the two previous days, most of the range stuff going at 10@15c lower basis. A good share of the lambs sold around \$10.65, many going at this price being mates of those selling for \$10.80@10.85 yesterday. Supplies of aged sheep were very light, and prices were about steady, the best here selling at \$6.75@6.90, while a few range yearlings touched \$7.75.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Lambs, spring, fair to choice, \$11.00@10.80; lambs, spring, culls, \$8.50@9.00; lambs, fair to choice, heavy, \$9.00@9.50; lambs, fair to choice, heavy, \$8.50@9.25; yearlings, fair to choice, heavy, \$7.25@7.75; yearlings, fair to choice, heavy, \$7.00@7.25; ewes, good to choice, \$6.40@7.00; ewes, fair to good, \$5.50@6.40.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In County Court, State of Nebraska, Cass County, ss. In the matter of the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, county judge of Cass county, Nebraska, at the county court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 20th day of July, 1916, and on the 21st day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing. Witness my hand and seal of said county court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 20th day of June, 1916. (Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 6-22-4wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Frank W. Sivey, Plaintiff.

The Plattsmouth Ferry Company, a Corporation, et al., Defendants.

Notice. To the Defendants: The Plattsmouth Ferry Company, a Corporation. The unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sam'l H. Moor, also known as S. H. Moor, deceased. Alfred Thomson, Mrs. Alfred Thomson, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Alfred Thomson, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph P. Crosswait, also known as J. P. Crosswait, deceased; Wilkins Warwick, administrator of the estate of Joseph P. Crosswait, deceased; J. P. Worley, whose first real name is Jesse P. Worley; Mrs. Jesse P. Worley, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. Jesse P. Worley, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward J. Weckbach, Gertrude H. Weckbach, Eugene H. Weckbach, Louis G. Weckbach, Marie E. Weckbach, Joseph V. Weckbach, Frances Weckbach, Mathilda L. Costelloe, Martin P. Costelloe, and Marie Costelloe, Nebraska, the known owners and unknown claimants of that part of lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, in block one hundred and sixty-nine (169), in the city of Plattsmouth, lying north of Lincoln avenue in Cass county, Nebraska, in Plaintiff's petition against you and to exclude and enjoin you and each of you from ever asserting or claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest therein adverse to Plaintiff, by reason of plaintiff's adverse possession of said premises by himself and his grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of said suit, and for other and further relief as equity may require.

This notice is given pursuant to the order of the court.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, August 7th, 1916, or default will be taken against you thereon.

FRANK W. SIVEY, Plaintiff.

JOHN M. LEYDA, Attorney.

NOTICE

In the county court of the County of Cass, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Sarah E. Van Doren, deceased.

All persons interested in the above entitled estate will take notice that on the 11th day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the office of the county judge in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, a hearing will be had upon the petition of Ray A. Van Doren, that administration of the estate of Sarah E. Van Doren be granted to Frank H. Van Doren, and that the court enter its order fixing who are the heirs of said deceased.

All objections to said petition must be on file on or before said date or the prayer of said petition will be granted.

Dated this 15th day of June, A. D. 1916. By the Court,

ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

C. A. RAWLS, Attorney. 6-19-3w

ED PARRIOTT VISITS PLATTSMOUTH FRIENDS

From Tuesday's Daily. Ed Parriott came up from his home at Peru Sunday and will enjoy a few days' visit here with his son, Glen, and other relatives and friends. Mr. Parriott is looking much better than on his last trip here and it certainly was a pleasure to his many old friends to meet him. While here Ed called at the Journal and his visit was very much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kruger and son will depart for Tampa, Fla., tomorrow where they will make an extended visit and look after some land interests located near that city.