

The SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH.

Author of 'The Spoilers' and 'The Barrier'

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CHAPTER V.

ALL three knew the desperate chance they were taking, and they spoke little as they made their way out into the straits. Their craft was strange to them, and the positions they were forced to occupy soon brought on cramped muscles. The bidarka is a frail, narrow framework over which is stretched walrus skin, and it is so fashioned that the crew sits, one behind the other, in circular openings with legs straight out in front.

Gradually, imperceptibly, the mountain shores behind them sank down upon the gray horizon. It seemed that for once the weather was going to be kind to them, and their spirits rose in consequence. They ate frequently, food being the great fuel of the north, and midway found them well out upon the heaving bosom of the straits with the Kadiak shores plainly visible. Then, as if tired of toying with them, the wind rose. Had it sprung from the north it would have wasted them on their way, but it drew in from the Pacific, straight into their teeth, forcing them to redouble their exertions. In the hope that it would die down with the darkness the boatmen closed over their course, and night closed over them still paddling silently.

It was nearly noon of the following day when the watchman at the Uyak cannery beheld a native canoe creeping slowly up the bay and was astonished to find it manned by three white men in the last stages of exhaustion. One of them, in fact, was unconscious and had to be carried to the house. He did marvel, however, that another of the travelers should begin to cry weakly when told that the mail boat had sailed for Kadiak the previous evening.

"Too bad you didn't get in last night," said the caretaker sympathetically. "She won't be back now for a month or more."

"How long will she lie in Kadiak?" Big George asked.

"The captain told me he was going to spend Christmas there. Let's see—

plete the second stage of their journey in less than the expected time.

"I suppose a feller has got to dress pretty swell back there in Chicago," George ventured. "Full dress suits of clothes, eh?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever wear one?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll be— The fisherman checked himself and gazed at his companion as if he saw him suddenly in a new light. "Right along?" he questioned incredulously.

"Why, yes; pretty steadily."

"All day at a time?"

Boyd laughed. "I haven't worn one in the daytime since I left college. They are used only at night."

"A feller told me a funny thing once," went on George. "He said them rich men back east had women come around and clean their finger nails and shine 'em up. Is that right?"

"Quite right."

"Well, I don't suppose—you ever had 'em—shine your finger nails, did you?"

"Yes."

The big man opened his mouth to speak, then, evidently changing his mind, observed, "Seems to me I'd better stay here on the coast and wait for you."

"No, indeed!" the other answered quickly. "I will need you in raising that money. You know the practical side of the fishing business, and I don't."

Finally the steamer docked, and the three men put up at a hotel.

"You better train me up to wearing a dress suit before we get east," George warned, "or I'll make your swell friends sore and spoil the deal. I could wear it on the cars and get easy in it."

"My dear fellow, it takes more than a week to 'get easy' in a dress suit," Boyd smiled, amused at his earnestness, for the big fellow was merely a boy out on a wonderful vacation.

"Well, if there is a down east manure woman in Seattle show her to me, and I'll practice on her," he insisted. "She can halter break me at least."

It was the labor of several hours to fit Big George's bulky frame, and when the two returned to the hotel Emerson found the representative of an afternoon newspaper anxiously awaiting him at the desk.

"Mr. Athens sent me down to get a story."

"Athens—Billy Athens?"

"Yes. He is the editor. I believe you two were college mates. He wanted to know if you are the Boyd Emerson of the Michigan football team."

"Well, well," Boyd mused. "Billy Athens was a good tackle."

"He thought you might have something interesting to tell about Alaska. Your partner has been telling me all about you and your trip and your great success."

"My partner?"

"Yes. Mr. Frobisher volunteered an interview in your name."

"Frobisher?" said Emerson.

"Sure. That's him over yonder." The reporter indicated "Fingerless" Fraser, who, having watched the interview from a distance, now solemnly closed one eye and stuck his tongue into his cheek.

"Oh, yes, yes—Frobisher!" Boyd stammered. "Certainly!"

"He is a character, isn't he? He told me how you rescued that girl when she broke through the ice at Kalvik."

"He did?"

"Quite a romance, isn't it? It's a good newspaper story, and I'll play it up. He is going to let me in on that hydraulic proposition of yours too. Of course I haven't much money, but it sounds great, and—"

"How far along did you get with your negotiations about this hydraulic proposition?" Boyd asked curiously.

"Just far enough so I'm all on edge for it. I'll make up a little pool among the boys at the office and have the money down here before you leave tonight."

"I am sorry, but Mr. Frobisher and I will have to talk it over first," said Emerson grimly. "I think we will keep that 'hydraulic proposition' in the family, so to speak."

"Then you won't let me in?"

"Not just at present."

"I'm sorry. I should like to take a chance with somebody who is really successful at mining. When a fellow drops along on a saldry month after month it makes him envious to see you Klondikers hit town with satchels full of coin. Perhaps you will give me a chance later on?"

"Perhaps," acceded Boyd, but when the young man had gone he strode quickly over to Fraser.

"Look here, Mr. 'Frobisher,'" he said in a low tone, "what do you mean by mixing me up in your petty larceny frays?"

"Yes, sir; she is expecting you. This way, please."

Boyd followed, thankful for the subdued light which might conceal his agitation. He knew where they were going; she had always awaited him in the library, so it seemed.

Hawkins held the portieres aside, and Boyd heard their velvet swish at his back, yet for the briefest instant he did not see her, so motionless did she stand. Then he cried softly:

"My lady!" and strode forward.

"Boyd! Boyd!" she answered, and came to meet him, yielding herself to his arms. She felt his heart pounding against hers like the heart of a runner who has spent himself at the tape, felt his arms quivering as if from great fatigue. For a long time neither spoke.

"Well, I am sorry you didn't make a fortune, my boy. But, rich or poor, your friends are delighted to see you, and we shall certainly keep you for dinner. I am interested in that northwestern country myself, and I want to ask some questions about it."

It was well on toward midnight when

Emerson reached his hotel, and, being too full of his visit with Mildred to sleep, he strolled through the lobby and into the Pompeian room.

"Boyd Emerson? By Jove, I'm glad to see you!" He turned to face an anemic youth whose colorless, gaunt bleached face was wrinkled into an expansive grin.

"Hello, Alton!"

They shook hands like old friends, while Alton Clyde continued to express his delight.

"So you've been roughing it out in Nebraska, eh?"

"Alaska."

"So it was. I always get those places mixed. Come over and have a drink. I want to talk to you. Funny thing, I just met a Klondiker myself this evening. Great chap too! I want you to know him; he's immense. His name is Froelich, but he isn't a Dutchman. Come on, you'll like him."

Clyde led his companion toward a table.

Mr. Froelich shoved back his chair and turned, exposing the face of "Fingerless" Fraser, quite expressionless save for the left eyelid, which drooped meaningly.

"Froelich!" said Boyd angrily: "good heavens, Fraser, have you picked another? I thought you were going to stick to 'Frobisher.'" Turning to Clyde, he observed: "This man's name is Fraser. One of his peculiarities is a dislike of proper names. He has never found one that suited him."

"I like 'Froelich' pretty well," observed the imperturbable Fraser. "It sounds distinguished and—"

"Don't believe anything he tells you," Boyd broke in, seating himself. "He is the most circumstantial liar in the northwest, and if you don't watch him every minute he will sell you a hydraulic mine or a rubber plantation or a sponge fishery. Underneath his eccentricities, however, he is really a pretty decent fellow, and I am indebted to him for my presence here tonight."

Alton Clyde made his astonishment evident by inquiring incredulously of Fraser, "Then that scheme of yours to establish a gas plant at Nome was all—"

"Certainly!" Emerson laughed. "The incandescent lamp travels about as fast as the prospector. Nome is lighted by electricity and has been for years."

"Is it?" demanded Fraser, with an assumption of the supremest surprise. "You know as well as I do."

"H'm! I'd forgotten. Just the same, my plan was a good one. Gas is cheaper." He reached for his glass, at which Clyde's eye fell upon his missing fingers, and the young clubman exploded:

"Well, if that's the kind of pill you are, maybe you didn't lose your mitt in the Boer war either."

Emerson answered for the adventurer: "Hardly! He got blood poisoning from a bangtail."

Clyde began to laugh uncontrollably. "Really, that's great! Oh, that's lovely!"

Clyde said he was in poor health and wanted a chance to regain lost appetite and lost money.

"I'll give you a chance to recoup," said Boyd. "I am here to raise some money on a good proposition."

The younger man leaned forward eagerly. "If you say it's good that's all I want to know. I'll take a chance. I'm in for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

"I'll tell you what it is and you can use your own judgment."

"I haven't a particle," Clyde confessed. "If I had I wouldn't need to invest. Go ahead, however; I'm all ears." The other outlined the plan. To Clyde, Boyd Emerson had ever represented the ultimate type of all that was most desirable, and time had not lessened his admiration.

"It looks as if there might be a jolly rumpus, doesn't it?" he questioned.

"It does."

"Then I've got to see it. I'll put in my share if you'll let me go along."

"You go! Why, you wouldn't like that sort of thing," said Emerson, considerably nonplussed.

"Oh, wouldn't I? I'd eat it! It's just what I need. I'd revel in that outdoor life." He threw back his narrow shoulders. "I'm a regular scout when it comes to roughing it. Why, I camped in the Thousand Islands all one summer, and I've been deer hunting in the Adirondacks. We didn't get any—they were too far from the hotel. But I know all about mountain life."

"This is totally different," Boyd objected, but Clyde ran on, his enthusiasm growing as he tinted the mental picture to suit himself.

Clyde was lost in an exposition of his fitness as a fisherman when Fraser burst out:

"Hello! There's George."

Now, see here, Fraser, I want you to leave me out of your machinations absolutely. You've been very decent to me in many ways, but if I hear of anything more like this I shall hand you over to the police."

"Don't be a sucker all your life," admonished the rogue. "You stick to me and I'll make you a lot of money. I like you!"

Emerson, now seriously angry, wheeled and left him, realizing that the fellow was morally atrophied. He could not forget, however, that except for this impossible creature he himself would be lying at Petellina's store at Katmai with no faintest hope of completing his mission, wherefore he did his best to swallow his indignation.

Boyd hurried to a telegraph office and despatched two messages to Chicago, one addressed to his own father, the other to a number on Lake Shore drive. Over the latter he pondered long, tearing up several drafts which

did not suit him, finally giving up the operator with an odd mingling of timidity and defiance. This done, he hastened to one of the leading banks, and two hours later returned to the hotel, jubilant.

He found Big George in the lobby, staring with fascinated eyes at his finger nails, which were strangely purified and glossy.

"Look at 'em," the fisherman broke out admiringly. "They're as clean as a hound's tooth. They shine so I darsent take hold of anything."

"I have made my deal with the bank," Boyd exulted. "All I need to raise now is \$100,000. The bank will advance the rest. That \$100,000 makes all the difference in the world. The task is easy now. We will make it go sure. These bankers know what that salmon business is. Why, I had no trouble at all. They say we can't lose if we have a good site on the Kalvik river."

That evening Boyd and George started away, but could not locate Fraser. When the train pulled out a familiar voice greeted them:

"Hello, you"—and there was Fraser, grinning.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm on my way east."

"Whereabouts east?"

"Chicago, ain't it? I thought that was what you said." He seated himself and lighted another long cigar.

"Are you going to Chicago?" George asked.

"Sure, we've got to put this cannery deal over," the crook sighed luxuriously and began to blow smoke rings.

"Pretty nice train, ain't it?"

"Yes," ejaculated Emerson, undecided whether to be pleased or angered at the fellow's presence. "Which is your car?"

"This one—same as yours. I've got the drawing room."

"What are you going to do in Chicago?"

"Oh, I ain't fully decided yet, but I might do a little promoting. Seattle is too full of Alaskan snares."

The younger man shook his head. "You are impossible," said he, "and yet I can't help liking you."

In Chicago, as in Seattle, Fraser accompanied his fellow travelers to their hotel and would have registered himself under some high sounding alias except for a whispered threat from Boyd.

Promptly at 4 o'clock Emerson called a cab and was driven toward the north side. As the vehicle rolled up Lake Shore drive the excitement under which he had been laboring for days increased until he tapped his feet nervously, clinched his gloved fingers and patted the cushions as if to accelerate the horse's footfalls. Would he never arrive?

The vehicle drew up at last before one of the most pretentious residences, a massive pile of stone and brick fronting the lake with what seemed to him a singularly proud and chilling aspect. During the moments that he waited he found his body pulsating to the slow, heavy thumping of his heart; then a familiar face greeted him.

"How do you do, Hawkins!" he heard himself saying as a liveried old man ushered him in. "Is Miss Wayland in?"

Continued in next issue

BENT KINKEAD WRITES FROM HIS WASHINGTON HOME

From Tuesday's Daily

Charles Martin, the Main street barber, has just received a letter from Bent Kinkead, who went to Seattle, Washington, to make his home a few weeks ago. Bent says the first thing to attract his attention when entering the city was to see all of the fruit trees loaded with fruit, pears, plums, apples, peaches, all breaking down with their loads. The home of Mr. Kinkead and family is on Denmore avenue and near some fine lakes on which steam launches ply.

The smoke from the forest fires has obscured the view of the mountain peaks so that only one or two views of Mount Ramier has been had and the Olympics have been seen in the west once or twice. The weather has been delightful, not too warm for comfort during the day, and cool enough at night to require two or three heavy quilts, and the tenderfoot can not get enough sleep when he first lands there. Bent says: "I notice our old 'four flush' T. R., has taken a big scare and is out tickling poor fools with all sorts of rot about conditions, giving every man a square deal, equal opportunities, etc., etc. I have seen horses which were unwilling to be bridled and worked, and have seen their masters take an ear of corn in one hand, a bridle in the other, holding the corn in front and the bridle behind out of sight, so when the short sighted animal came within reach the corn was thrown to the four winds, the harness clapped on them, and was worked harder because he was hard to catch. T. R.'s antics remind me of such a performance. There are many men in Seattle of almost all nationalities who will be hard to bridle so I am informed."

J. C. Brandon was a passenger to the metropolis on the morning train today where he was called on business. Mr. Brandon returned recently from the Alberta country, Canada. He was not pleased with that country.



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are all expressed in our "QUALITY CLOTHES" for Fall 1910. The people of this community have come to recognize in this line of high-grade-ready-for-service clothes, the best things to be had in men's apparel. Surely this season the most beautiful models and most attractive styles are here shown. We invite you to see them. You owe it to yourself to do so before making any purchases. All of the new browns, grays and blues are here. Prices as always \$20 to \$35.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!—Boy's school shirts dark colors—3 for \$1.00; sizes 6 to 12 years. Men's blue denim overalls, double sewed 45c. A few pair boy's overalls 25c—slightly soiled, regular 50c quality. Bring this ad.

C. E. Wescott's Sons
THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

FUNERAL OF THE LATE PETER MUMM HELD THIS MORNING

From Tuesday's Daily

At St. Paul's church this afternoon occurred the funeral of the late Peter Mumm, one of the old settlers of this city. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Steger, pastor of the church which Mr. Mumm attended. The church was filled with sorrowing relatives and old time friends who came to show the respect they felt for the high character of the deceased. The procession which followed the hearse to the cemetery was a large one. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful, indicating the high esteem in which the deceased was held in the community in which he dwelt. The pall bearers which bore the remains to the grave were: Conrad Melsinger, Jacob Tritsch, William Hassler, John Bauer, Sr., William Weber and Hans Tams.

A. M. Nofstger Here.

From Tuesday's Daily

A. M. Nofstger and wife of Lamoni, Ia., visited over night with Mr. Nofstger's sister, Mrs. J. C. Cummins, en route to Longmont, Colorado, to visit Mr. Nofstger's brother.

Mr. Nofstger had not been in this city for forty-six years and he finds many changes here in that time. Mr. Nofstger formerly freighted across the plains, loading some times at Plattsmouth, some times at St. Joseph, Mo., and at other times at Kansas City.

He is a farmer and the crops in his locality will average about two-thirds the usual yield. Mr. Nofstger says the seed corn fraud has cost Iowa several hundred thousand dollars, some concerns sold to the farmers poor quality of seed, thus causing them to get a poor stand this year. Prosecutions have been started against some of the houses and it is expected others will be sued. From Longmont, Mr. Nofstger and wife will go to south-western Kansas to visit his sister for a short time and later they will go to Oklahoma and Arkansas to visit a son and daughter before returning to their home in Iowa.

Funeral of Julius Doehring.

From Tuesday's Daily

The funeral service of Julius Doehring occurred this morning at 10 o'clock at St. Paul's church in this city conducted by Rev. Steger, pastor. The A. O. U. W. lodge of which deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body and acted as escort to the cemetery. The service at the church was simple and impressive, the choir rendered some of the favorite hymns of the deceased. The floral tributes were very beautiful and were silent mementoes of the pure and upright life of the deceased.

The pallbearers were chosen from among the neighbors and old time acquaintances of the deceased, and were Mr. Joseph Titel, Mr. Joseph Droege, Mr. Frank Neuman, Mr. William Otterstein, Mr. August Roenser and Mr. William Budig.

A PECULIAR DISEASE ATTACKS THE MILK COW

From Tuesday's Daily

A strange and peculiar disease has made its appearance among cattle in this part of the state, affecting the mouths of animals. Several deaths have been reported. It is noticeable among the milk cows for the most part, as their mouths become so sore that they eat but little and the supply of milk is materially reduced.

Competent veterinarians diagnose the trouble as caused by a fungus that some times forms on vegetation after a period of drouth, such as this section experienced during the last summer.

One peculiarity noticeable is that cattle on good pastures with plenty of feed seem to be as subject as those kept on short pastures.

It is declared that only mature milk cows are affected, the young stock and male animals for the most part being immune.

The fungus is similar to what is commonly called "smut" on oats and other small grain. It affects especially the tongue, lips and gums of the animals, causing a spongy or morbid condition similar to proud flesh in a wound. In some cases a large part of the cow's tongue seems literally to rot off and the front portion slough away.

So sore and sensitive does the mouth become that the brute will touch neither food nor water, and can be kept alive only by giving water by "drenching" and by putting the food well back in the mouth.

A cow that refuses to touch food will, it is said, eat ear corn when once inserted and placed far back in the mouth where she can grind it without hurting the frontal and sore parts.

In some cases there is a swelling of the throat, dark spots and sore lumps on the udder and teats. Some also have sore places about the hoofs, making it difficult to move about or to get up when lying down.

The disease usually runs its course in from two to five or six weeks. Careful nursing is necessary, and a lotion of peroxide of hydrogen occasionally applied to the affected parts is said by those who have tried it to be efficacious when administered in time.—Glenwood Tribune.

Commonwealth Company.

From Tuesday's Daily

The stockholders of the Commonwealth Life Insurance company are to be congratulated upon the election of their new board of directors. Since the new men have taken charge of affairs the company has been placed upon a good business basis, the state auditor has issued the necessary license and the first month's operation shows \$200,000 insurance in force over 60 policies written and new business being done daily.

Card of Thanks.

To the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during our recent sad bereavement, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.

Mrs. Peter Mumm and family.



THEY COULD NOT WALK, BUT CREEP.

today is the 22d. She'll pull out for Juneau on the morning of the 26th; that's three days."

"We must catch her," cried Emerson quickly. "If you'll land us in Kadiak on time I'll pay you anything you ask."

"I'd like to, but I can't," the man replied. "You see, I'm here all alone, except for Johnson. He's the watchman for the other plant."

Emerson turned his eyes upon the haggard man who sprawled weakly in a chair. And Fraser, noting the appeal, answered gamely with a forced smile on his lips, though they were drawn and bloodless:

"Sure! I'll be ready to leave in the morning, pal!"

The old Russian village of Kadiak lies on the opposite side of the island from the canneries, a bleak, wind swept relic of the country's first occupation, and, although peopled largely by natives and breeds, there is also a considerable white population, to whom Christmas is a season of thanksgiving and celebration, and it caused much comment when late on Christmas afternoon an ice-burdened canoe, bearing three strange white men, landed on the beach beside the dock—or were they white men, after all? Their faces were so blackened and split from the frost they seemed to be raw bleeding masks, and their hands were cracked and stiff beneath their mittens. They were hollow eyed and gaunt, their cheeks sunken away as if from a wasting illness, and they could not walk, but crept across the snow covered shingle on hands and knees, then, reaching the street, hobbled painfully, while their limbs gave way as if paralyzed.

A week later Boyd and George were watching the lights of Port Townsend blink out in the gloom astern. A quick change of boats at Juneau had raised their spirits, enabling them to com-