

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER VIII

MARSH directed a sharp glance at Boyd before answering. "I presume you refer to Constantine's sister. I was speaking generally. Of course there are exceptions. As a matter of fact I wasn't exactly right when I said we had no white women whatever at Kalvik. Mr. Emerson doubtless has met Cherry Malotte?"

"I have," acknowledged Boyd. "She was very kind to us."
"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Mildred. "First a beautiful Indian girl, now a mysterious white woman! Why, Kalvik is decidedly interesting."

"There is nothing mysterious about the white woman," said Marsh. "She is quite typical—just a plain mining camp hanger-on who drifted down our way."

"Not at all," Boyd disclaimed angrily. "Miss Malotte is a fine woman," then at Marsh's short laugh, "And her conduct bears favorable comparison



MEYER

"PARTNERS! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

with that of the other white people at Kalvik."

Marsh allowed his eyes to waver at this, but to Mildred he apologized. "She is not the sort one cares to discuss."

"How do you know?" demanded Cherry's champion. "Do you know anything against her character?"

"I know she is a disturbing element in Kalvik and has caused us a great deal of trouble."

It was Boyd's turn to laugh. "But surely that has nothing to do with her character."

"My dear fellow"—Marsh shrugged his shoulders apologetically—"if I had dreamed she was a friend of yours I never would have spoken."

The dinner was finished, and Mr. Wayland had asked for his favorite cigars, so Mildred rose, and Boyd accompanied her, leaving the others to smoke. But, strangely enough, Marsh remained in such a state of preoccupation, even after their departure, that Mr. Wayland's attempts at conversation elicited only the vaguest and shortest of answers.

In the music room Mildred turned upon Boyd. "Why didn't you tell me about this woman before?"

"I didn't think of her."

"And yet she is young, beautiful, refined, lives a romantic sort of existence and entertained you?" She tossed her head, seated herself at the piano and struck a few idle notes, inquiring casually, "Kalvik is the name of the place you are going, isn't it?"

"It is."

"I suppose you will see a great deal of this—Cherry Malotte?"

"Undoubtedly, inasmuch as we are partners."

"Partners!" Mildred ceased playing and swung about. "What do you mean?"

"She is interested in this enterprise. The cannery site is hers."

"I see!" After a moment, "Does this new affair of father's have any particular effect on your plans?"

"Yes and no," he answered, feeling again the weight of this last complication, forgotten for the moment.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing, only for the present please don't mention my scheme either to him or to Mr. Marsh. I am a bit uncertain as to my course. You see, it means so much to me that I can't bear to give it up, and yet it may lead to great-unpleasantness."

She nodded comprehendingly.

On that very night, in a little snow smothered cabin crouching close against the Kalvik bluffs, another girl was seated at a piano. Her slim, white fingers had strayed upon the notes of a song which Boyd Emerson had sung. In her dream filled eyes was the picture of a rough garbed, silent man at her shoulder, and in her ears was the sound of his voice. Clear to the last melting note she played the air, and then a pitiful sob shook her. She bowed her golden head and hid her face in her arms, for a memory was upon her, a forgotten kiss was hot upon her lips, and she was very lonely.

At the hotel Emerson found Clyde and Fraser in Balt's room awaiting him. They were noisy and excited at the success of the enterprise and at the prospect of immediate action.

Boyd told them little of the news that had startled him earlier in the evening beyond the bare fact that Marsh had floated a packers' trust and that secrecy for the present was now doubly necessary to the success of their undertaking. The full significance of the merger, therefore, did not strike his associates, even when on the train the next day they read the announcement of its formation in the newspapers. Balt alone took notice of it and fell into a furious rage at his enemy's success.

No sooner were they fairly under way for the west than Emerson began the definite shaping of his plans. He and George carefully went over the many details of their coming work and sent many messages, with the result that outfitters in a dozen lines were awaiting them when they arrived in Seattle. Without loss of time Boyd installed himself and his friends at a hotel, secured a competent and close mouthed stenographer, and then sought out the banker with whom he had made a tentative agreement before going to Chicago. Mr. Hilliard greeted him cordially.

"I see you have carried out your part of the program," said he, "but before we definitely commit ourselves we should like to know what effect this new trust is going to have on the cannery business."

"You mean the N. A. P. A.?"
"Precisely. Our Chicago correspondent can't tell us any more than we have learned from the press—namely, that a combination has been formed. We are naturally somewhat cautious about financing a competitive plant until we know what policy the trust will pursue."

Here was exactly the complication Boyd had feared; therefore it was with some trepidation that he argued:

"The trust is in business for the money, and its very formation ought to be conclusive evidence of your good judgment. However, you have backed so many plants such as mine that you know as well as I do the big profits to be taken."

"That isn't the point. Ordinarily we would not waver an instant, but the Wayland-Marsh outfit is apt to upset conditions. If we only knew!"

"I know," boldly declared Boyd. "Mr. Wayland outlined his policy to me before the public knew anything about the trust."

"Indeed? Are you acquainted with Wayne Wayland?" asked Mr. Hilliard, with a new light of curiosity in his eyes.

"I know him well."

"Ah, I congratulate you. Perhaps this is—er—Wayland money behind you?"

"That I am not at liberty to discuss," the younger man replied evasively. "I have taken steps to sell my season's output in advance. The commission men will be in town shortly, and I shall contract for the entire catch at a stipulated price. Is that satisfactory?"

"Entirely so," declared Mr. Hilliard heartily. "Go ahead and order your machinery and supplies. By the way, what do you know about the mineral possibilities of the region back of Kalvik?"

"Not much; the country is new. There is a woman at Kalvik who has some men out prospecting."

"Cherry Malotte?"

"Do you know her?" asked Boyd with astonishment.

"Very well indeed." Then, noting Boyd's evident curiosity, he went on:

"You see, I have made a number of mining investments in the north. My operations have turned out so well that

I keep several men just to follow new strikes."

"Has Miss Malotte made a strike?"

"Not exactly, but she has uncovered some promising copper prospects."

"H'm! That is news to me."

Three weeks passed quickly in strenuous effort, and then one morning the partners awoke to the realization that there was little more for them to do.

Through it all Clyde had lent them enthusiastic if feeble assistance, and now that the strain was off he gave fitting expression to his delight by getting drunk. Being temperamental to a degree, he craved company, and, knowing full well the opposition he would encounter from his friends, he annexed a bibulous following of loafers whose time hung heavy and who were at all times eager to applaud a loose tongue so long as it was accompanied by a loose purse. Toward midnight "Fingerless" Fraser, cruising in a nocturnal search for adventure and profit, found him in a semimad state, descending vapidly upon his train, and upon catching mention of the Kalvik fisheries snatched him homeward and put him to bed, after which he locked him into his room, threw the key over the transom and stood guard outside until assured that he slept.

At an early hour the adventurer was perceptibly roused to find Emerson

hammering at his door in a fine fury. "What is this?" demanded Boyd through white lips, thrusting a morning paper before Fraser's sleepy eyes.

"It's a newspaper," yawned the other—"a regular newspaper."

"Where did this story come from?" With menacing finger Boyd indicated a front column, headed:

NEW ENEMY OF THE SALMON TRUST!

FIRST GUN FIRED IN BATTLE FOR FISHERIES!

N. A. P. A. Promised Bitter Fight For Supremacy of Alaskan Waters!

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No; I never read anything but the 'past performances' and the funny page. What does it say?"

"It is the whole story of our enterprise, but ridiculously garbled and exaggerated. It says I have headed a new cannery company to buck the trust. It tells about George's feud with Marsh and says we have both been secretly preparing to down him with the bank and upset the deal."

"I didn't give it out."

"It is all done in your particularly picturesque style," declared Emerson angrily. "Alton swears he knows nothing about it, so you must have done it. It is too nerally correct to have come from a stranger."

"Well?" inquired Fraser quietly.

"The harm is done, but I want to know who is to blame." When the other made no answer except to stare at him curiously he flamed up, "Why don't you confess?"

For the first time during their acquaintance "Fingerless" Fraser seemed at a loss for words, but whether for shame or some other motive his companion was unable to tell. His nature was so warped that his emotions expressed themselves in ways not always easy to follow, and now he merely remarked, with apparent sullenness:

"I'm certainly a hot favorite with you." He clambered stiffly back into bed and turned his defiant face to the wall, nor would he meet his accuser's

eyes or open his lips, even when Boyd lunged out of the room, convinced that he was the culprit.

A telephone message summoned him to the bank at 11 o'clock the following morning.

"That means trouble," he told George. "Maybe not," the big fisherman replied. "If Hilliard took any stock in the story it seems like he'd have jumped you the next day."

"Our machinery is ordered. You realize what it will mean if he backs water now?"

"Sure! We'll have to go to some other bank."

"Humph! I'll wring Fraser's neck," muttered Emerson. "We have troubles enough without any new ones."

It was with no little anxiety that he asked for the banker at the appointed hour and was shown into an anteroom with the announcement:

"Mr. Hilliard is busy. He wishes you to wait."

Inside the glass partition Boyd heard a woman's voice and Hilliard's laughter. He took some comfort in the thought that the banker was in good humor at least; but, being too nervous to sit still, he stood at the window, gazing with vacant eyes at the busy street crowds. Facing him across the way was a bulletin in front of a news-

paper office, and after a time he noted

it among its various items of information the announcement that the mail steamer Queen had arrived at midnight from Skagway. He wondered why Cherry had not written. Surely she must be anxious to know his progress. He should have advised her of his whereabouts.

The door to Hilliard's office opened, and he heard the rustle of a woman's dress, then his own name spoken, "Come in, Mr. Emerson."

His attention centered on the approaching interview, he did not glance toward the departing visitor until she stopped suddenly at the outer door and came straight toward him with outstretched hands.

"Boyd!"

He checked himself and turned to face Cherry Malotte.

"Why, Cherry," he ejaculated, "what in the world?" He took her two hands in his, and she laughed up into his face. "In the name of heaven, where did you come from?"

"I arrived last night on the Queen," she said. "Oh, I'm glad to see you!"

"But what brings you to the States? I thought you were in Kal—"

"Sh-h!" She laid a finger on her lips, with a glance over her shoulder to the inner office. "I'll tell you about it later."

"Mr. Hilliard will see you now, sir,"

the attendant announced to Emerson. "I must talk to you right away?"

Boyd exclaimed hurriedly. "I won't be long. Can you wait?"

"Certainly; I'll wait right here, only hurry, hurry."

The pleasure of seeing her was so genuine that he squeezed her hands heartily and entered Hilliard's sanctum with a smile on his lips.

Soon he returned. The smile was gone from his face. Hilliard had now refused to make the loan of \$100,000 required for the enterprise. He told Cherry. "We must have the money or we are ruined," said the girl.

"Yes," answered Boyd wearily. He made an engagement to meet Cherry later and went to visit three other bankers, but they all turned his proposition down.

Continued in next issue

A VERY NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

At Elegant Home of the Misses Gering Saturday Evening.

Last Saturday evening occurred one of the pleasantest functions of the season, and was given by Misses Mia and Barbara Gering in honor of St. Luke's choir. The choir was most splendidly entertained by these most hospitable young ladies. Some of the novel features of the entertainment were brought out in the games. First on the list was called "musical manuscript" and consisted of five hymns being copied on manuscript, then cut in pieces and distributed to the members of the choir, who were to rearrange the hymns and music and sing the hymn.

Next the company was invited into the library where there was arranged articles of common use which were to indicate twelve musical terms. The choir was to look them over and then write the term on a card furnished for the occasion. A knife and fork represented a sharp, a smoothing iron a flat, a can a staff, a bar of soap, a bar or line, a neck tie a tie, and so throughout the list.

Then the members of the choir were invited into the music room and asked to listen to a musical love story. The story was told by Miss Gering, who presided at the piano and while the choir intently listened Miss Gering played a measure of popular airs and the members were to guess the names of the lovers, place of the wooing and where the lovers met, what he said, when they parted, and what the soldier said to his sweetheart at parting. The lovers were "Sweet Marie and Robin Adair," who met on the banks of the Swanee river "In the Gloaming" where Robin said "Won't You be my Sweetheart?" They parted "After the Ball," at which time Marie's ears were charmed with "Soldier's Farewell."

Several members of the choir struck the chord when it came to deciding the contests, and the prizes were awarded by chance. Mrs. Austin succeeded in capturing both firsts, which consisted of a box of Lowring chocolates and a beautifully bound copy of "Cheer Up."

Some fine vocal solos were rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Austin. And during the evening a lovely luncheon was served to the group of singers. At a very late hour the company dispersed, voting the Misses Gering the most royal entertainers in the city, and every one declared that he or she would come often.

On Sunday morning the choir had with them Mr. Bert Johnson of St. Mattias choir of Omaha who is a tenor, having a voice of rare range and sweetness.

Domestic Infidelity.

From Tuesday's Daily

J. J. Babcock whom we mentioned about a week ago as coming here as he claimed in search of his run away wife, went away at the time saying that he would move to this city and begin the journey of life all over again. He went away but failed to return until the first of the week and then in a state of mind that made his young wife fear to live with him. The county attorney and the chief of police took the matter up and the head of the family was lodged in jail and negotiations commenced looking toward an amicable adjustment of the differences. Mrs. Babcock was unable to reconcile herself to the belief that J. J. Babcock would not do her great bodily harm. Accordingly she was sent to her sister in Minnesota, departing on the fast mail today while Mr. Babcock was detained in the jail an hour to give his wife a good start. Sheriff Quinton was at the station and saw the youthful bride get on the right train. Babcock was released later and allowed to depart.

Will Richardson and little daughter, Emma, were Omaha passengers on the afternoon train yesterday. Will declared that he did not know until he arrived in Plattsmouth that the big show was really on at Omaha that day.

THE NEBRASKA CITY AND PLATTS-MOUTH COMPANIES FILE MOTION

Asking That Attorney General Thompson to Make the Independent Telephone System of Nebraska a Party Defendant.

The Nebraska City and Plattsmouth Independent Telephone companies have filed a motion in the supreme court asking that Attorney General Thompson be required to amend his petition in the Bell telephone injunction suit by making the independent telephone system of Nebraska, a party defendant. The motion suggests to the court that if it be necessary for the attorney general to appoint additional counsel to prosecute the injunction suit that he be required to appoint some attorney who has no client directly interested in the result of the litigation. The State Journal adds:

"During the recent discussion of a motion of the Bell company to modify the temporary restraining order so as to permit the Bell company to connect with the Plattsmouth and Nebraska City companies Judge Sedgwick from the bench asked the attorney general if they could not amend his petition so as to make the independent telephone corporation of Nebraska a defendant in the injunction suit which charges that the Bell company is conspiring in restraint of trade. On that occasion the attorney general said he would not hesitate to prosecute the independent organization if it were shown to him that it was violating the anti-trust laws of the state, but he said he proposed to try one case at a time and he did not believe counter charges against the independent had any place in the suit against the Bell company. It was at this point that Judge Sedgwick mentioned a possible amendment of the attorney general's petition.

"The reasons given by the Nebraska City and Plattsmouth Independent companies for an amendment to the attorney general's petition are as follows:

"First: The face of the record shows that the state of Nebraska is only a nominal party hereto and the real party in interest is the independent telephone system of Nebraska.

"Second: The face of the record shows that the independent telephone system of Nebraska and the companies belonging thereto are attempting to restrain trade and commerce and are now, as shown by the statement of its president, Frank H. Woods, made in open court, operating under contracts which are in violation of the so-called Junkin anti-trust law, and said contracts, if enforced, will require the severance of toll line connections with the Plattsmouth and Nebraska City companies by the members of said system.

"Third: That complete justice cannot be done to the parties hereto, nor to the public at large, unless said additional parties mentioned are made parties to this litigation and that a multiplicity of suits will thereby be avoided.

"Fourth: That said independent telephone system of Nebraska and companies belonging thereto are threatening and attempting to divert the toll line business from lines and wires of defendant companies.

"A further reason given for making the motion is to the end that no connections existing between the defendant companies and the independent telephone companies and the independent telephone system of Nebraska be severed or discontinued.

"C. E. Yost of the Bell company and George E. MacFarland have both filed answers to the attorney general's original petition for an injunction. The answers merely deny every allegation in the petition.

PLEASANTLY ENTERTAINED AT THE GARTLEMAN HOME

From Tuesday's Daily

The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gartleman in the south part of town was the scene of merriment and feasting Sunday when they entertained a number of relatives for the day.

At the noon hour an elegant four course luncheon was served by the hostess to which the guests did ample justice. The luncheon was one which the hostess only knows best how to prepare. Fried chicken in abundance and many other dainty dishes were most temptingly served and likewise enjoyed. The afternoon was spent in social conversation and various amusements. Late in the evening delicious ice cream and cake were served out on the lawn. It may be said to the credit of the host and hostess that the entertainment offered on this occasion was all that most hospitable minds and expert culinary ability could devise.

Those who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Gartleman were: Mrs. Lovica Kinnamon, W. M. Kinnamon, Charlie Peterson, wife and son, Frank, Philip Kinnamon, wife and children, Stella, Charles, Joseph and Frank.

Mrs. M. S. Briggs received a message this morning informing her of the serious illness of her aged father, Joseph Ozburn, at Salem, Ia. Mr. Ozburn is past seventy years of age and has been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time. Mrs. Briggs departed on the evening train for her father's bedside.

Miss Mougey Improving.

J. H. Doughty and wife from near Union were in the city yesterday evening en route to their home after spending the day in Omaha, arriving in Plattsmouth on No. 2 and went to Union on the midnight M. P. train. They paid the Journal office a short call. While they were in the city they visited the Clarkson hospital, where Miss Blanche Mougey from near Union has been receiving treatment for the past three weeks for nervous prostration. They report the young lady getting along nicely and will be able to return home in about one week. This will be good news for the many friends of Miss Mougey both in Plattsmouth and at her home near Union.

Reception to Cradle Row.

A cradle row reception was the unique feature of an afternoon session held by Miss Alice Tudy at the Methodist church last Sunday. There were about twenty babes ranging from a few months to three years of age present. A program was given consisting of recitations and solos and songs. The little people participating in the program were: Alice Louise Wescott, Clara Mae Morgan, Miss Ellen Windham, reading; solos were rendered by Mrs. Hilt Wescott and Miss Zelma Tudy, and the little ones sang "Precious Jewels." The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. A class was promoted from the cradle row to the junior department of the Sunday school.

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D. P. JACKSON,

South Side Main Street, Plattsmouth, Nebraska