

The Silver Horde

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CHAPTER IX.

CHERRY the next day demonstrated her power over all sorts and conditions of men by reducing the blasé young clubman to a state of grinning admiration. "Fingerless" Fraser alone had been missing from the coterie. He had discovered them from a distance, to be sure, and came over to exchange greetings with Cherry, but the disastrous result of the fellow's garrulity was still so fresh in Boyd's mind that he could not invite him to join them, and Fraser, with singular modesty, had quickly withdrawn, to wander lonesomely for awhile till sheer ennui drove him to bed. His dejection awakened little sympathy in Boyd, who felt happier for the removal of his irritating presence.

In the morning Boyd was brought sharply back to a realization of his difficult position by a letter from Mildred Wayland.

"Father and I had another scene over you," wrote Mildred. "It was the first quarrel we ever had, and I'm half sick as a result. I simply can't bear that sort of thing, and we have agreed to drop the subject. What roused him to such a sudden fury I'm sure I don't know."

Boyd knew, however, and the knowledge did not add to his comfort.

It seemed, indeed, as if the trust's enmity had marked him in the eyes of the whole financial world. He was again denied assistance at the banks, and this time in a manner to show him the futility of further effort.

In his perplexity he turned naturally to Cherry, who listened to his tale of repeated failure with furrowed brows, pondering the matter as seriously as if the responsibility had been her own.

"The battle has begun sooner than I expected," she said at length. "I never dreamed they could fix the banks so quickly."

"Somehow I can't believe this is the work of the trust people. I don't see how they could accomplish so much in so short a time. Why, it came like a thunderclap."

"I hope I am wrong," she answered, "but something unexpected must have happened to change Mr. Hilliard's attitude. What could it be except pressure from higher sources?"

"Has he dropped any hint before you?"

"Not a hint. He wouldn't let go of anything. Why, he is too close fistled to drop his 'rs.'"

"Will you take dinner with me this evening so that we can talk over any further developments?"

"I am to dine with Mr. Hilliard," said the girl.

"Oh!" Boyd's tone of disappointment seemed disproportionate to the occasion. He endeavored to disguise his feeling by saying lightly: "You are breaking into exclusive circles. He lives in quite a palace, I am told."

"I'm not dining at his home," Cherry hesitated, and Boyd flashed a sharp glance at her. A faint color flushed her cheeks as she explained, "He could not see me at the office today, so he arranged for me to take dinner with him."

"I see," Boyd detected a note hither to strange in his own voice. "I am going to try the Tacoma banks tomorrow. Would you like to run over with me in the morning? The sound trip is beautiful."

"I would love to," she exclaimed. "I may have something to report if I can make Mr. Hilliard talk."

"Out of curiosity, I should like to know what influenced him. I'll call for you in time for the 9 o'clock boat," he added as he arose to go. "Meanwhile if you get a hint from Hilliard it may be useful."

Cherry had finished her breakfast next morning when he called and was waiting him, clad in a brown velvet suit which set off her trim figure with all the effectiveness of skillful tailoring. She was as perfect to the eye as the morning itself.

"Well, did Hilliard expose the hidden mysteries of the banking system?" he questioned as they walked down toward the water front.

"He did. It is no mystery at all now."

"Then it was that newspaper story that frightened him?"

"Indirectly perhaps. He didn't mention it."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Then how?"

"He informed me that you are engaged to marry Miss Wayland."

in Chicago. Then, too, I remember the story you told me at Kalvik, your mental attitude—many things, in fact. Oh, it was very simple."

"Well, what of it? What has all that got to do with my present difficulty?"

"Listen! You want to marry the daughter of the greatest trust builder in the country, and he doesn't want you for a son-in-law. You undertake an enterprise which seriously threatens his financial interests, and if successful in that you could defy his opposition in the other matter. Now, all goes well until he learns of your plans, then he strikes with his own weapons. A word here and there, a hint to the banks, and your fine castle comes tumbling down about your ears. I thought you had more perception."

"We haven't figured Marsh in at all," he said tentatively.

"He figures nevertheless, as I intend to show you today. To begin with, please notice that unobtrusive man in the gray suit. Not now! Don't look around for a minute. You will see him on the opposite side of the street."

Boyd turned, to observe a rat faced fellow across the way, evidently bound for the Tacoma boat.

"Is he following us?"

"I see him everywhere I go."

Boyd's face clouded angrily, at which Cherry exclaimed, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't mimic Big George or we'll never learn anything."

"I won't stand for a spy," he growled.

Finally the girl said, "You really do care a great deal for Miss Wayland, don't you?"

His only answer was a deep breath and a slow turning of the head, but once she had seen the look in his eyes she needed no other. She could only say: "I hope she is worthy of all she is causing you to suffer, Boyd. So few of us are."

She did not speak again, but in her heart was a great heaviness. They reached the dock and lost sight of the spy, only to have him reappear soon after the boat cleared, and, while neither spoke of it, they felt his presence during the whole trip.

At Tacoma Boyd left her to go about his business, but joined her later at lunch, with the joyful announcement: "I've had better luck this time. They said there would be no difficulty whatever in handling the matter, and they are to let me know definitely tomorrow."

"Did Hawkshaw bound you to the bank?" she inquired.

"I rather think so."

"Then tomorrow will tell the tale."

"You mean the bank will turn me down?"

"Yes, if I've sized up the situation correctly. I dare say these banks are as cautious as those in Seattle, and a few words over the telephone would do the trick."

"I'm inclined to give that shadow a little personal attention," the young man mused, but when she questioned him he only smiled and assured her of his caution.

Again on the return trip they discovered the fellow among the passengers. Cherry noticed as they reached the dock that while Emerson maintained a flow of conversation his eyes were constantly upon the fellow's back and that he kept a position close to his shoulder, regardless of jostling from the others. She could not tell what this foreboded, nor did she gain a hint of Boyd's purpose until the gangplank was in place and they were out upon it. A narrow space separated the boat from the dock. As they crossed this Boyd slipped and half fell on the slanting planks. He lunged violently against the man in gray, who was next him. It occurred with the suddenness of pure accident, and the next she saw was the stranger plunging downward along the piling, clutching wildly at the vessel's side, while Boyd clung to the guard rope as if about to lose his balance.

The man's cry as he struck the water alarmed the crowd and caused a momentary stampede, in which Cherry and Boyd were thrust shoreward, but the confusion quickly subsided as an officer flung a hearing line to the gasping creature beneath. A moment later the hapless spy was dragged to the dock, indignant and sputtering.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Boyd apologized profusely. "It was all my fault. The plank was steep, and I was forced off my feet. Whenever I'm followed too closely I lose my head. It's a weakness I have."

The man was still too unmannish by his cold immersion to do more than chatter angrily. In the hubbub Emerson led his companion out into the street, where she beheld him shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Boyd," she cried in a shocked voice, "then it was you—you might have killed him! Suppose his head had struck a timber!"

"Yes, that would have been too bad," he declared. Then, at the sight of her face, his chuckle changed to a wolfish snarl. "He'll know enough to keep away from me hereafter."

"Don't! Don't! I never saw you



"I'M VERY SORRY, SIR."

look so. Why, it might have been murder!"

"Well?" He stared at her curiously. "I—I didn't think it of you." She shuddered weakly, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said, with a finality that cut off further discussion: "He's a spy. I won't be spied upon."

When Boyd entered his room at the hotel, whither he had gone after leaving Cherry at Hilliard's bank, Big George greeted him excitedly.

"Here's the dickens to pay. We can't get that barkentine."

"The Margaret? Why not? The charter was all arranged."

"The agent telephoned that we could not have her."

"What reasons did he offer?"

"None. We can't have her, that's all."

"She's the only available ship on the sound. Our stuff will be here in a fortnight."

"Some of it will."

"What do you?"

"Boilers held up."

"Boilers?"

"Yes. Read that," Balt tossed him a telegram.

"Shipment delayed," read Boyd. "Well, this is growing interesting. Thank heaven, other people handle machinery." He reached for a blank and hurriedly wrote a message canceling his order. "I guess Cherry was right. Marsh is fighting to delay us." He began a recital of the morning's occurrence, but before he had finished he was called to the telephone.

"More bad news," he exclaimed as he re-entered the room. "The Jackson-Nebur company say they can't make delivery of their order. I wonder what next."

"We don't need anything more to cripple us," George declared blankly. "Any one of these blows is a knockout."

It was perhaps an hour later that Cherry entered unannounced.

"I just ran in for a minute to tell you something new. When I came up from the bank the elevator boy at the hotel made a mistake and carried me past my door. Without noticing the difference, I went down the hall, and whom should I run right in to, coming out of a room, but our detective! As he opened the door I heard him say, 'Very well, sir, I'll report tomorrow.'"

"To whom was he reporting?"

"I don't know. A few minutes later I called you up to tell you about it, but while I was waiting for my number the operator evidently got the wires crossed or left a switch open, for I heard this much of a conversation: 'Our contract covers 50,000 cases at \$5. We thought that was at least 20 cents under the market.'"

"I was about to ring off when I remembered that you had sold your output of 50,000 cases to Bloc & Co. for \$5 a case, so I listened on a chance and heard another voice reply—"

"Whose voice?"

"I don't know. It said, 'We'll undersell that by \$1.'"

"Good Lord!" said the first speaker. "That means a loss of— And then I was cut off. I thought I'd better come over in person instead of trusting to the wire."

"And you didn't recognize either speaker?"

"No. But I discovered at the office that rooms 610 and 612—the suit I saw that detective coming out of—are occupied by a Mr. Jones of New York, who arrived three days ago. I'll bet anything you please that you'll hear from Bloc & Co. within twenty-four hours and that the occupant of those rooms at the Hotel Buller is Willis Marsh."

Big George began to mutter profanely. "It looks like they had us, and all because Fraser's tongue is hung in the middle."

"All the same, we'll fight it out," said Emerson grimly. "If I can raise that money in Tacoma— Again the telephone bell buzzed noisily.

"Marsh up from there."

"That means it won't do any good to try further in Tacoma. The other banks have undoubtedly been fixed, or they soon will be. If I can slip away undiscovered I'll try Vancouver next, but I haven't much hope."

"It looks bad, doesn't it?" said Cherry.

"As we stand at present," Boyd acknowledged, "we are the owners of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of useless machinery and unsalable supplies."

"And all," mused the girl, "because of a loose tongue and a little type."

Continued in next issue

COWNIE ALL DAY ON STAND

Former Head of Control Board Tries to Tell Whole Story.

SYMPATHY FOR UNFORTUNATES

Declared That This is What Created the Whole Trouble That Ensued With Governor Carroll—Defense Endeavors to Uncover Irregularities in Purchase of Wagons.

Des Moines, Sept. 23.—In the trial of Governor Carroll the state practically disposed of one of the two questions at issue in the case by the admission from the secretary of the state board of control that he had all the correspondence in regard to the purchase of certain supplies and that Chairman Cownie practically had nothing to do with it. This related to the buying of woolen goods for the prison. The governor had accused Cownie of making purchases without observing the formalities required by law. Secretary Treat admitted that in the matter of making the purchases all was regular save that the blanks for estimates were not filled out until afterwards, and he had this done.

Cownie denied the charge that he had been guilty of improper conduct with girls at the state reformatory at Mitchellville, denied that he promised the governor immunity from responsibility if he gave the fullest publicity to the charges, and said before his letter of May 23, denying Governor Carroll's charges, was published, he read it to Robert Fleming and others at the Garst headquarters in the Fleming block.

Questioned as to Contracts. Attorney Parsons asked Cownie if he had not been chairman of the control board, and if he had not, while so acting, purchased wagons for the state institutions at Mitchellville and Glenwood.

The state objected to this question as not belonging to the cross-examination. The defense replied with the claim that in the direct examination of Mr. Cownie the counsel for the state asked him if he ever let contracts without receiving estimates, and he answered that he had not.

The purpose of the examination as to the wagons, Attorney Parsons said, was to disprove the assertion made by Mr. Cownie. Judge Howe was inclined to hold the examination to charges made in the indictment. The defense claimed the wagons were supplies, and the court upheld the contention, ordering the examination to proceed.

Attorney Parsons then inquired if the wagons had been secured after regular requests had been made and estimates secured. Mr. Cownie answered that the superintendents had been asking for wagons for a year. He also said that it had been the custom to buy many articles needed at once to make out required estimates later.

Attorney Dowell objected for the state, but his protest was overruled.

"Then you made these purchases without the estimates required by the law?" Mr. Parsons asked.

"Every member of the board was cognizant of that action, and it has been a custom of the board to make such purchases ever since its creation, immediate need of many articles making it impossible to wait for estimates," replied Mr. Cownie.

During the day Mr. Cownie was on the stand nearly all of the time and was subjected to severe cross-examination. He was asked as to the conversation with the governor and the whole matter was gone into in detail again. He said that in the conversation he had told the governor of his years' service on the board, of his efforts to help the unfortunates, his sympathy with them, and he told the governor that the latter was what seemed to hurt so many people. It was with difficulty the court could prevent the witness from telling a great deal more than was asked of him and repeatedly he insisted on his right to tell the details of the case.

Wholesale Raids in New York. New York, Sept. 23.—A police descent on the tenderloin was featured by several of the most spectacular raids in years on alleged illegal resorts. Plain clothes men swarmed through the district and arrests were made right and left. Two police stations were crowded with prisoners taken in the raid and as the result of a roundup of women of the district found on the streets during the night

RECORD RACE AGAINST TIME

Railroads Making Fast Time With Special of Chinese Prince.

WANTS TO SEE NIAGARA FALLS

Every Effort is Being Made to Reach the Scenic Spot Before the Sun Goes Down This Evening—Will Inspect Steel Works at Bethlehem—Schwab in Charge of Trip.

Chicago, Sept. 23.—Every effort is being made by the various railroads conveying Prince Tsai Hsun of China across the continent to cut down the time so that the prince may reach the great falls of the Niagara river by daylight this evening. Ever since the prince has reached American soil he has hoped to be able to view the great waterfall of a world's reputation and if possible the special train carrying him will reach there on time.

A time of sixty-two and a half hours, instead of the usual Overland time of seventy hours, was made by the prince's special in the trip from



Photo by American Press Association. PRINCE TSAI HSUN.

San Francisco to Chicago. The train left that city twenty minutes behind the Overland Limited for the east and reached Chicago seven hours ahead, the 2,392 miles being covered in almost incredible time for so big a train. From Cheyenne to Omaha a scheduled time of fifty miles an hour was run.

On its arrival in Chicago this morning over the Northwestern line the special was placed on the tracks of the Lake Shore, where the New York Central took it. The special is scheduled to reach Buffalo at 4 p. m.

The route of the party from Chicago is Niagara Falls, Bethlehem and Philadelphia. The prince will remain in the east some time, returning to San Francisco some time in the middle of October.

Charles M. Schwab is in charge of the trip to Bethlehem, where the prince is to inspect the steel works controlled by the Schwab interests. From there on Lieutenant Commander Gillis of the United States navy will escort the prince personally, although he has been with him all across the continent.

IRELAND HAS NOTHING TO SAY

Archbishop Will Not Discuss Bellamy Storer Letters.

Omaha, Sept. 23.—Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who is accompanying Cardinal Vannutelli, refused to receive newspaper reporters at the residence of Bishop Scannell until assured that they did not wish him to talk on the Roosevelt-Storer dispute, which was revived by the publication of certain letters given out by Mrs. Bellamy Storer.

"I have nothing to say on that subject," said he when approached with a request for a statement on the case while on his way to Bishop Scannell's home.

Later he sent excuses to a delegation of newspaper men, but when a note was sent him that the Roosevelt-Storer incident would not be mentioned the reporters were promptly admitted.

Infantile Paralysis at Pierre. Pierre, S. D., Sept. 23.—What appears to be a case of infantile paralysis has appeared in this city in the home of Wallace Salhoon, his four-year-old son suffering with symptoms which are believed by the physicians in charge to be the new disease.

Priest Commits Suicide. Madrid, Sept. 23.—Father Novedo, a professor in a Capuchin college, blew out his brains when overtaken at Lorca by the uncle of a woman with whom the priest was said to have eloped.

MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Six Thousand Troops Will Parade in Omaha, Oct. 6.

Omaha, Sept. 23.—General F. A. Smith, commander of the Department of the Missouri, has announced through his aide, Captain Christie, that 6,000 United States troops will give the grand parade in Omaha, Thursday, Oct. 6, during the military tournament, which opens Oct. 4 in this city.

Five days' program is also announced by the captain, beginning Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 4, at Fort Omaha. Every afternoon the barbecue cavalry squad will give an exhibition; the musical calisthenic drill, according to Butt's manual, is also announced on each afternoon's program.

Some of the features of the program include mounted wrestling, bridge building and demolition by the engineering corps, shelter tent drills and wall scaling, artillery drill and exhibitions by the signal corps.

Captain Christie further announces that no charge whatever will be made for seeing the military exhibition. An order has been issued for two squadrons of the Seventh cavalry to join the other troops at Omaha, thus making more than 2,000 horses which will participate in the tournament.

The grand parade is to be through all the main streets of Omaha, making it unnecessary to go to the fort to witness the sight of 6,000 United States troops in line.

MAN ABOUT TO WED ENDS LIFE WITH GUN

Leaves Note That Gives No Reason, Save He Thought it Best.

Leigh, Neb., Sept. 23.—Ed Gross, a farmhand in the employ of Fred Herman, who lives three miles east of Leigh, committed suicide by placing the muzzle of a shotgun in his mouth and pulling the trigger. A note was found on the dead man's person reading: "Notice to my father—You may think I am a fool for doing this, but I think it is best. I did not do it on account of anyone."

Gross was engaged to be married soon to Mrs. Emma Vasek and there is no apparent reason for his act. His parents reside on a farm near Clarkson.

OMAHA PASTOR LOSES PURSE

Rev. Snyder Robbed of Pocketbook at Beatrice Attending Synod.

Beatrice, Neb., Sept. 23.—Rev. G. W. Snyder, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church of Omaha, was robbed of his pocketbook at the station when he arrived in the city to attend the synodical convention. The purse contained about \$25. There is no clue to the thief.

The session of the Nebraska synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church consisted of the reading of the various reports and addresses by Rev. R. A. White of York and Rev. L. Groh of Omaha. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. John E. Hummon of Omaha; secretary, Rev. Ray M. Badger of Beatrice; treasurer, Dr. Joseph Miller of Surprise; statistical secretary, Rev. C. J. Ringer of Wayne; historian, Rev. M. L. Mellick of Omaha.

TWO MEN KILLED BY BOLT

Homesteaders Meet Death When Haystack is Struck by Lightning.

Kimball, Neb., Sept. 23.—Peter Larson was killed by lightning and George Jorgenson burned to death in hay set fire by the same stroke, twenty miles southeast of here. Mr. Larson was on the stack when it was struck and was killed instantly. The hay caught fire and frightened the team, which wedged the wagon between the barn and stack. Jorgenson was stunned and burned to death, along with the horses. The wagon and barn were also consumed. Larson's daughters dragged his body away, but were unable to reach that of Jorgenson, and it was cremated. Jorgenson was a bachelor. Both were homesteaders.

Lightning Strikes Greeley Fair Barn.

Greeley Center, Neb., Sept. 23.—The annual Greeley county fair open with a splendid display in all departments. Lightning struck the horse barn, killing six valuable horses, three stallions and three mares, all prize winners, and valued at from \$300 to \$2,500 each, with no insurance. The owners of the stallions are P. J. Murphy, J. J. Dewhurst and Judge Brown; two roadsters, T. Ryan; heavy draft horse, William Stark.

ROOSEVELT CLAIMS VICTORY

Colonel Predicts Utter Rout of Old Guard at Convention.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The utter rout of the "old guard" by Theodore Roosevelt at the Republican state convention in Saratoga was predicted by Colonel Roosevelt himself. At the conclusion of a long conference with half a dozen of his lieutenants, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"I think I may be reasonably safe in saying that we shall have 100 majority."

Persian Regent is Dead.

Teheran, Sept. 23.—The regent of Persia, Azad Ul Mullk, died here.