

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER XVII.

As the sun slanted up between the southward hills out from the gossamer haze that lay like filmy forest smoke above the ocean came a snow white yacht.

To Boyd Emerson she seemed like an angel of mercy, and he stood forth upon the deck of his launch searching her hungrily for the sight of a woman's figure. When he had first seen the ship rounding the point he had uttered a cry, then fallen silent watching her as she drew near, heedless of his surroundings. His heart was leaping; his breath was choking him. It seemed as if he must about Mildred's name aloud and stretch his arms out to her. Of course she would see him as the Grande Dame passed. She would be looking for him, he knew. She would be standing there, wet with the dew, searching with all her eyes. Doubtless she had waited patiently at her post from the instant land came into sight. Seized by a sudden panic lest she pass him unnoticed, he ordered his launch near the yacht's course. His eyes roved over the craft, but all he saw were a uniformed officer upon the bridge and the bronzed faces of the watch staring over the rail. He saw close drawn curtains over the cabin windows, indicating that the passengers were still asleep. Then as he stood there heavy hearted, drooping with fatigue, his wet body chilled by the morning's breath, the Grande Dame glided past, and he found the shell beneath his feet rocking in her wake.

George Balt hailed him and brought his own launch alongside.

"What craft is that?" he inquired.
"She is the company's yacht with the N. A. P. A. officers aboard."
"Some of our boys is hurt pretty bad," he observed. "I've told them to take in their nets and go back to the plant."

"We all need breakfast."
"I don't want nothing. I'm going over to the trap."

Emerson shrugged his shoulders listlessly; he was very tired. "What is the use? It won't pay us to lift it."

"I've watched that point of land for five years, and I never seen fish catch this way before." Balt growled stubbornly. "If they don't strike in today we better close down. Marsh's men cut half our nets and crippled more than half our crew last night." He began to rumble curses. "Say, we made a mistake the other day, didn't we? We'd ought to have put that feller away. It ain't too late yet."

"Wait. Wayne Wayland is aboard that yacht. I know him. He's a hard man, and I've heard strange stories about him, but I don't believe he knows all that Marsh has been doing. I'm going to see him and tell him everything."

"Spouse he turns you down?"
"Then there will be time enough to consider what you suggest. I don't like to think about it."
"You don't have to," said Balt, lowering his voice so that the helmsmen could not hear. "I've been thinking it over all night, and it looks like I'd ought to do it myself. Marsh is coming to me anyhow, and I'm older than you be. It ain't right for a young feller like you to take a chance. If they get me you can run the business alone."

Boyd laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"No," he said. "Perhaps I wouldn't stick at murder—I don't know. But I won't profit by another man's crime, and if it comes to that I'll take my share of the risk and the guilt. Whatever you do, I stand with you. But we'll hope for better things. It's no easy thing for me to go to Mr. Wayland asking a favor. You see, his daughter is—Well, I—I want to see her very badly."

Balt eyed him shrewdly.

"I see! And that makes it dead wrong for you to take a hand. If it's necessary to get Marsh I'll do it alone. With him out of the way I think you can make a go of it. He's like a rattle—somebody's got to stomp on him. Now I'm off for the trap. Let me know what the old man says."

Boyd returned to the cannery with the old mood of self disgust and bitterness heavy upon him. He realized that George's offer to commit murder had not shocked him as much as upon its first mention. He knew that he had thought of shedding human blood with as little compunction as if the intended victim had been some noxious animal. He felt, indeed, that if his love for Mildred made him a criminal she, too, would be soiled by his dishonor, and for her sake he shrank from the idea of violence, yet he lacked the energy at that time to put it from him. Well, he would go to her father, humble himself and beg for protection. If he failed then Marsh must look out for himself. He could not find it in his heart to spare his enemy.

At the plant he found Alton Clyde tremendously excited at the arrival of the yacht and eager to launch his friends. He sent him to the launch and after a hasty breakfast joined him.

On their way out Boyd felt a return of that misgiving which had mastered him on his first meeting with Mildred in Chicago. For the second time he was bringing her failure instead of the promised victory.

Willis Marsh was ahead of him, standing with Mr. Wayland at the rail. Some one else was with them. Boyd's heart leaped wildly as he recognized her. He would have known that slim figure anywhere. And Mildred saw him, too, pointing him out to her companions.

With knees shaking under him he came stumbling up the landing ladder, a tall, gaunt figure of a man in rough clothing and boots stained with the sea salt. He looked older by five years than when the girl had last seen him. His cheeks were hollowed and his lips cracked by the wind, but his eyes were aflame with the old light. His smile was for her alone.

He never remembered the spoken greetings nor the looks the others gave him, for her soft, cool hands lay in his hand, feverish palms, and she was smiling up at him.

Alton Clyde was at his heels, and he felt Mildred disengage her hand. He tore his eyes away from her face long enough to nod at Marsh, who gave him a menacing look, then turned to Wayne Wayland. The old man was saying something, and Boyd answered him unintelligibly, after which he took Mildred's hands once more with such an air of unconscious proprietorship that Willis Marsh grew pale to the lips and turned his back. Other people whom Boyd had not noticed until now came down the deck—men and women with fieldglasses and cameras swung over their shoulders. He found that he was being introduced to them by Mildred, whose voice betrayed no tremor and whose manners were as collected as if this were her own drawing room and the man at her side a casual acquaintance. The strangers mingled with the little group, leveled their glasses and made senseless remarks after the manner of tourists the world over. Boyd gathered somehow that they were officers of the trust or heavy stockholders and their wives. He led Mildred to a deck chair and seated himself beside her.

"At last!" he breathed. "You are here, Mildred. You really came, after all?"

"Yes, Boyd."

"And are you glad?"

"Indeed I am. The trip has been wonderful."

"It doesn't seem possible. I can't believe that this is really you—that I am not dreaming, as usual."

"And you? How have you been?"

"I've been well—I guess I have. I haven't had time to think of myself. Oh, my lady!" His voice broke with tenderness, and he laid his hand gently upon hers.

She withdrew it quickly.

"Not here! Remember where we are. You are not looking well, Boyd. I don't know that I ever saw you look so bad. Perhaps it is your clothes."

"I am tired," he confessed, feeling anew the weariness of the past twenty-four hours. He covertly stroked a fold of her dress, murmuring: "You are here, after all. And you love me, Mildred? You haven't changed, have you?"

"Not at all. Have you?"

His deep breath and the light that flamed into his face was her answer. "I want to be alone with you," he cried huskily. "My arms ache for you. Come away from here; this is torture. I'm like a man dying of thirst."

No woman could have beheld his burning eagerness without an answering thrill, and although Mildred sat motionless, her lids drooped slightly and a faint color tinged her cheeks.

Her idle hands clasped themselves rigidly.

"You are always the same," she smiled. "You sweep me away from myself and from everything. I have never seen any one like you. There are people everywhere. Father is somewhere close by."

"I don't care!"

"I do."

"My launch is alongside. Let me take you ashore and show you what I have done. I want you to see."

"I can't. I promised to go ashore with the Berrys and Mr. Marsh."

"Marsh?"

"Now don't get tragic! We are all going to look over his plant and have lunch there. They are expecting me. Oh, dear!" she cried plaintively. "I have seen and heard nothing but canneries ever since we left Vancouver. The men talk nothing but fish and packs and markets and dividends. It's all deadly stupid, and I'm wretchedly tired of it. Father is the worst of the lot, of course."

Emerson's eyes shifted to his own cannery. "You haven't seen mine—ours," said he.

"Oh, yes. I have. Mr. Marsh pointed it out to father and me. It looks just like all the others." There was an instant's pause before she ran on. "Do you know, there is only one interesting feature about them, to my notion, and that is the way the Chinamen smoke. Those funny crooked pipes and those

little wads of tobacco are too ridiculous." The lightness of her words damped his ardor and brought back the sense of failure.

"I was down with the fishing boat at the mouth of the bay this morning when you came in. I thought I might see you," he said.

"At that hour? Heavens! I was sound asleep. It was hard enough to get up when we were called. Father might have instructed the captain not to steam so fast."

Boyd stared at her in hurt surprise, but she was smiling at Alton Clyde in the distance and did not observe his look.

"Don't you care even to hear what I have done?" he inquired.

"Of course," said Mildred, bringing her eyes back to him.

Hesitatingly he told her of his disappointments, the obstacles he had met and overcome, avoiding Marsh's name and refraining from placing the blame where it belonged. When he had concluded she shook her head.

"It is too bad. But Mr. Marsh told us all about it before you came. Boyd, I never thought well of this enterprise. Of course I didn't say anything against it, you were so enthusiastic, but you really ought to try something big. I am sure you have the ability. Why, the successful men I know at home have no more intelligence than you, and they haven't half your force. As for this—well, I think you can accomplish more important things than catching fish."

"Important?" he cried. "Why, the salmon industry is one of the most important on the coast. It employs 10,000 men in Alaska alone, and they produce \$10,000,000 every year."

"Oh, let's not go into statistics," said Mildred lightly; "they make my head ache. What I mean is that a fisherman is nothing like an attorney or a broker or an architect, for instance; he is more like a miner. Pardon me, Boyd, but look at your clothes." She began to laugh. "Why, you look like a common laborer!"

"I might have slipped up a bit," he acknowledged lamely, "but when you came I forgot everything else."

"I was dreadfully embarrassed when I introduced you to the Berrys and the rest. I dressey you thought you were one of Mr. Marsh's foremen."

Never before had Boyd known the least constraint in Mildred's presence, but now he felt the rebuke behind her careless manner, and it wounded him.

He did not speak, and after a moment she went on with an abrupt change of subject:

"So that funny little house over there against the hill is where the mysterious woman lives?"

"Who?"

"Cherry Malotte."

"Yes. How did you learn that?"

"Mr. Marsh pointed it out. He said she came up on the same ship with you."

"That is true."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you not write me that she was with you in Seattle?"

"I don't know; I didn't think of it." She regarded him coolly.

"Has anybody discovered who or what she is?"

"Why are you so curious about her?" Mildred shrugged her shoulders.

"Your discussion with Willis Marsh that night at our house interested me very much. I thought I would ask Mr. Marsh to bring her around when we went ashore. It would be rather amusing. She wouldn't come out to the yacht and return my call, would she?" Boyd smiled at her frank concern at this possibility.

"You don't know the kind of girl she is," he said. "She isn't at all what you think. I don't believe you would be able to meet her in the way you suggest."

"Indeed!" Mildred arched her brows. "Why?"

"She wouldn't fancy being 'brought around,' particularly by Marsh."

From her look of surprise he knew that he had touched on dangerous ground, and he made haste to lead the conversation back to its former channel. He wished to impress Mildred with the fact that if he had not quite succeeded he had by no means failed, but she listened indifferently, with the air of humoring an insistent child.

"I wish you would give it up and try something else," she said at last. "This is no place for you. Why, you are losing all your old wit and buoyancy; you are actually growing serious, and serious people are not at all amusing."

Just then Alton Clyde and a group of people, among whom was Willis Marsh, emerged from the cabin, talking and laughing. Mildred arose, saying:

"I will see you again?" he inquired quickly.

"You may come out this evening." His eyes blazed as he answered. "I shall come."

As the others came up she said: "Mr. Emerson can't accompany us. He wishes to see father."

"I just left him in the cabin," said Marsh. He helped the ladies to the ladder, and a moment later Emerson waved the party adieu, then turned to the saloon in search of Wayne Wayland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEHAWKA.

(News.)
Mrs. C. D. St. John visited from Friday until Monday at Peru with her daughter, Miss Violet, who is attending school there.

Miss Louise Stange, of Eagle, was down last week for a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Francis Stange. Mrs. Stange is keeping house for her brother, R. Kettlehut.

J. W. Magney went to Plattsmouth Sunday, after his wife and daughter, who had been spending several days with Judge Newell and family.

Uncle Ben Hoback batched several days last week while his wife visited the children out on the farm.

A bunch of citizens from near Murray, stopped here for dinner Saturday, on their way home from Syacuse, where they had been for apples. There were nine teams in the outfit.

Rev. Roy Warthen, of Plattsmouth, substitute preacher for the U. B. church, who had a tentative appointment here, resigned at the quarterly conference held here Monday and was appointed to a charge at the town of Pleasant Hill. Rev. Warthen, however, will preach here both morning and evening, a week from Sunday.

Frank Sheldon and party, who left here last Thursday morning for a few days in the western part of the state, returned Sunday night. They had a delightful trip, traveling something over five hundred miles without auncture or a minute's delay on account of the car, and at an average of over twenty-five miles per hour during the trip. One stretch of twenty miles into Kearney, was made in thirty minutes, after night. They speak very enthusiastically of the roads out in the central western part of the state.

UNION.

(Ledger.)
James A. Talkington, of Plattsmouth transacted business in this village Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Clarence Crissman arrived home last week from Alliance, where she was called by the death of her mother.

John Woods and wife, residing southeast of this village, are the proud parents of a 10-lb daughter, born September 21.

W. H. Rainey, of Plattsmouth, was down last Friday to visit his brother, James P., and look after some business matters.

Our friend J. W. Pittman, brought a "bumper" pumpkin to this office yesterday morning, the big yellow fruit weighing 33 pounds, big enough to make our winter supply of pies.

The many friends of J. W. Taylor will regret to hear that he is very sick, having been confined to his bed the past several days. We trust that we may see "Uncle James" out in a few days.

F. W. Young went to Omaha Wednesday morning for the purpose of meeting Mrs. Young, who returned from a two months' visit with relatives at Placerville, California. This accounts for the big smile our good friend is wearing, as Fred says he was tired of "batching."

Clarence Crissman and family, who were residents of this village for some time past, Mr. Crissman being employed as a Missouri Pacific brakeman, packed their household goods last Friday and moved to Nebraska City, where they will make their future home.

Business Good in Northwestern Iowa. From Tuesday's Daily

Mr. J. L. Pitzer and wife, of Spencer, Iowa, are in the city, guests of their son, J. A. Pitzer, and family. Mr. Pitzer says business is flourishing in his section, that the corn crop will be a bumper, wheat in some neighborhoods made a yield of from 25 to 50 bushels per acre, and hay and every kind of farm products are heavy, except potatoes, which will be about a quarter of the usual crop. His home town of Spencer is a live place with cement shingle factory, cement block and tile factory and other manufacturing industries. In his town strict sanitary measures are observed, and a man is arrested for spitting on the sidewalk, or for throwing cigar stubs or scraps of paper on the walk or street, and receptacles are kept at the crossings for all such rubbish and the citizens are required to observe the ordinance and deposit their rubbish in the receptacles. The population of the town is not quite as large as Plattsmouth, but there are several miles of cement walks.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It strengthens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous effects.

It makes a woman Strong. It makes Sick Women Well. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.



THE STATEMENT IS UTTERLY FALSE

Congressman Hitchcock's Record is an Open Book, and He Defies Edgar Howard to Cut Loose.

"Yes," said Gilbert M. Hitchcock in reply to a question, "I have read Edgar Howard's insinuations that I had borrowed state funds fifteen or twenty years ago and that I still owe money to the state."

"I have also read his statement that the insinuation he makes will force me to retire from the ticket."

"Both statements are false."

"I never borrowed state funds and do not owe the state treasury any money."

"Howard may, or may not, be sincere when he gives utterance to this false insinuation."

"When, however, he says that I will retire from the ticket, he utters what he knows to be false."

"Six weeks ago, after the primaries, he wrote me complaining that I had branded him as a liar and insinuating that if I would withdraw the statement he would support and defend me from the very charges he now publishes. His offer of defense was in these words:

"Do you not now realize that, by advertising me as a falsifier, you have done much to detract from the power of my appeals which I shall ask the people to believe not at all the wicked charges which may be laid at your door during the campaign?"

"Knowing Howard as I do, I rejected his proposal of support in the following letter:

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 23, 1910.
Mr. Edgar Howard, The Telegram—Columbus, Neb., Dear Sir:—Your letter has been received. Your support is not wanted and your attack is not feared. You have posed as a purist, but there are enough people who know your real life to appreciate your hypocrisy. Start the attack if you want to. My life, private as well as public, is an open book.

Yours truly,
G. M. Hitchcock, M. C.

"He, therefore, knew six weeks ago that I did not fear his false charges. He knew I would make no terms with him. He knew I would continue my campaign whatever he did or said. He, therefore, lies when he expresses confidence that I will retire from the ticket."

"His attack on me is personal, just as his attack on Judge Holcomb, Congressman Latta and others in times past have been, and his assertion of devotion to public duty is a pretense. He has been a hypocrite so many years, in both public and private life, that he can not escape from the habit. He is one of the breed of sanctimonious reformers who open a poker game with prayer and wind up by failing to pay their poker debts.—Omaha World-Herald.

Here From Nehawka.

From Tuesday's Daily

An automobile loaded with a number of the best citizens in and near Nehawka were in the city today looking after some business matters, coming up from that flourishing little south Cass city in just one hour, driven by Otto Carroll, the up-to-date liveryman of Nehawka. The party was composed of Henry Behrns, Henry Heebner, Chas. Ralls, C. D. Keltner and Otto Carroll. While here Mr. Behrns, who is one of the Journal's staunchest friends, called at the office and renewed for his paper, also, for J. F. Behrns and Mrs. Sophia Fleishman, of Avoca. Mr. Behrns is one of the finest old gentlemen in the county, and we are indeed pleased to number him as one of the large Journal family.

Doan's Regulents cure constipation, tone the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote digestion and appetite and easy passages of the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

LOUISVILLE.

(Courier.)
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Hans Schroeder, Wednesday, October 5, a girl.

Philip Schaefer went to Benkelman last Saturday to look after his land, which is near that place.

Rev. George M. Jones loaded his household goods and departed for Elk Creek, Thursday, to enter upon his new charge.

John Eller has bought the old livery barn on Main street of Ben Dunn. He says he will erect a building on the lot next spring.

The new steel bridge across the Cedar creek, near Joe Smaderer's farm, was completed Tuesday and work on a bridge out near John Spangler's will commence at once.

Jake Relchert went to Plattsmouth Tuesday morning to begin work on a new garage for T. E. Parmele. It is to be built of Louisville sandstone and will be 24x60 feet in size.

C. E. Metzger, democratic candidate for representative, J. R. Noyes and Eugene Rose, live stock commission merchant of South Omaha, left this week for Metzger Bros.' ranch in Cherry county to hunt ducks. They will be absent about a week.

Local milk dealers have raised the price of milk to 7 cents a quart and may increase the price to 8 cents. With hay at \$14 per ton and prospects of it going still higher, and other feed stuff in proportion, it takes a good cow to pay her way even at the increase in the price of milk.

Miss Sylvia Sulter, of this city, and Mr. Clarence Ackles, of Elgin, Nebraska, were married in Omaha Wednesday. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Sulter and a most excellent young lady. The groom is a former Louisville young man, bright and industrious and takes his bride to a good farm near Elgin, where the many Louisville friends of the happy couple wish them happiness and a long, useful life.

WEEPING WATER.

(Republican.)
Wm. Dunn says he cheated his new son out of four pounds in our write-up last week. Instead of a ten-pound boy he was a 14-pounder.

Forty-three years ago last Friday, Steve W. Orton came to Weeping Water and ate his first dinner at the little store of K. D. Clark's. It was crackers and cheese for Steve that day. No, he did not carry the same lantern.

The official train caller and lunch vender at Weeping Water is certainly alive to business. How is this. "Incoming train for Wabash, Elmwood, Eagle and Lincoln, get your lunch now, you don't know when you will get there."

Ray Spencer is able to get around now since his injury. While working at the quarry, he was riding a horse in from work and in jumping off one foot caught in the harness. The horse dragged him nearly 100 yards when the strap broke releasing him, and the horse kicked him on the knee.

Last Monday the body of Henry Ossenkop was transferred from the Lincoln to the Omaha train and taken to Louisville for burial. Mr. Ossenkop died at his home at Alvo. A large number of the relatives of the deceased accompanied the remains. Mr. Ossenkop was well advanced in years, a highly respected citizen and well known in the county.

A detective from Lincoln was down here Tuesday and gathered in an Italian whom he said was a forger. In a short time he picked up another one accused of the same crime, and landed one of them in the lockup, while a third man was gathered in, searched and then released. The prisoners were taken to Lincoln on the evening train.

Our friend, Postmaster Aaron Jenkins, of Manley, is improving rapidly after quite a serious sick spell. About one week ago he was not feeling well and was taking some tablets to get relief. He took them a little too frequently and in going down stairs at his home, fell. He lay unconscious and was thought for a time to be dead, but prompt medical relief has brought him around, although a very close call.