

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN Mr. Wayland's stiff greeting there was no hint that the two men had ever been friendly, but Emerson was prepared for coolness and seated himself without waiting for an invitation, glad of the chance to rest his tired limbs.

"I have a great deal to say to you, sir," Emerson began, "and I would like you to hear me through."

"Go ahead."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Marsh that I dare say you will disbelieve, but I can verify my statements. I think you are a just man, and I don't believe you know or would approve the methods he has used against me."

"If this is to be an arraignment of Mr. Marsh I suggest that you wait until he can be present. He has gone ashore with the women folks."

"I prefer to talk to you first. We can call him in later if you wish."

"Before we begin may I inquire what you expect of me?"

"I expect relief."

"You remember our agreement?"

"I don't want assistance; I want relief."

"Whatever the distinction in the words, I understand that you are asking a favor?"

"I don't consider it so."

"Very well. Proceed."

"When you sent me out three years ago to make a fortune for Mildred it was understood that there should be fair play on both sides."

"Have you played fair?" quickly interposed the old man.

"I have. When I came to Chicago I had no idea that you were interested in the Pacific coast fisheries. I had raised the money before I discovered that you even knew Willis Marsh. Then it was too late to retreat. When I reached Seattle all sorts of unexpected obstacles came up. I lost the ship I had chartered; machinery houses refused deliveries; shipments went astray; my bank finally refused its loan, and every other bank in the northwest followed suit. I was harassed in every possible way. And it wasn't chance that caused it; it was Willis Marsh. He set spies upon me; he incited a dock strike that resulted in a riot and the death of at least one man; moreover, he tried to have me killed."

"How do you know he did that?"

"I have no legal proof, but I know it just the same."

Mr. Wayland smiled. "That is not a very definite charge. You surely don't hold him responsible for the death of that striker?"

"I do, and for the action of the police in trying to fix the crime upon me. You know, perhaps, how I got away from Seattle. When Marsh arrived at Kalvik he first tried to sink my boilers; failing in that, he ruined my iron chinks; then he 'corked' my fish trap, not because he needed more fish, but purely to spoil my catch. The day the run started he bribed my fishermen to break their contracts, leaving me short handed. He didn't need more men, but did that simply to cripple me. I got Indians to replace the white men, but he won them away by a miserable trick and by threats that I have no doubt he would make good if the poor devils dared to stand out."

"His men won't allow my fellows to work. We have had our nets cut and our fish thrown out. Last night we had a bad time on the banks, and a number of people were hurt. The situation is growing worse every hour, and there will be bloodshed unless this persecution stops. All I want is a fair chance. There are fish enough for us all in the Kalvik, but that man has used the power of your organization to ruin me not for business reasons, but for personal spite. I have played the game squarely, Mr. Wayland, but unless this ceases I'm through."

"You are through?"

"Yes. The run is nearly a week old, and I haven't begun to pack my salmon. I have less than half a boat crew, and of those half are laid up."

The president of the trust stirred for the first time since Boyd had begun his recital. The grim lines about his mouth set themselves deeper, and, staring with cold gray eyes at the speaker, he said:

"Well, sir, what you have told me confirms my judgment that Willis Marsh is the right man in the right place."

Completely taken back by this unexpected reply, Boyd exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say that you approve of what he has done?"

"Yes, of what I know he has done. Mr. Marsh is pursuing a definite policy laid down by his board of directors. You have shown me that he has done his work well. You knew before you left the east that we intended to crush all opposition."

Emerson's voice was sharp as he cried, "I understand all that, but am I to understand also that the directors of the N. A. P. A. instructed him to kill me?"

"Tut, tut! Don't talk nonsense. You admit that you have no proof of Willis' connection with the attempt upon your life. You put yourself in the way of danger when you hired scab labor to break that strike. I think you got off very easily."

"If Marsh was instructed to crush the independents, why has he centered all his efforts on me alone? Why has he spent this summer in Kalvik and not among the other stations to the south?"

"That is our business. Different methods are required in different localities."

"Then you have no criticism to make—you uphold him?" Boyd's indignation was getting beyond control.

"None whatever. Your complaints do not appeal to me. Even granting your absurd assumption that Marsh tried to put you out of the way, it seems to me that you have more than evened the score."

"How?"

"He is still wearing bandages over that knife thrust you gave him."

Emerson leaped to his feet.

"He knows I didn't do that—everybody knows it!" he cried. "He lied to you."

"We won't discuss that," said Wayne Wayland curtly. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to end this persecution. I want you to call him off."

"In other words, you want me to save you."

Emerson swallowed. "I suppose it amounts to that. I want to be let alone. I want a square deal."

"Well, I won't." Wayland's voice hardened suddenly; his sound, white teeth snapped together. "You are getting exactly what you deserve. You betrayed me by spying upon me while you broke bread in my house. I see nothing reprehensible in Mr. Marsh's conduct, but even if I did I would not censure him. Any measures are justifiable against a traitor."

Boyd Emerson's face went gray beneath its coating of tan, and his voice threatened to break as he said:

"I am no traitor, and you know it. I thought you a man of honor, and I came to you not for help, but for justice. But I see I was mistaken. I am beginning to believe that Marsh acted under your instructions from the first."

"Believe what you choose."

"You think you've got me, but you haven't. I'll beat you yet."

"You can't beat me at anything." Mr. Wayland's jaws were set like iron.

"Not this year perhaps, but next. You and Marsh have whipped me this time, but the salmon will come again, and I'll run my plant in spite of hell!"

Wayne Wayland made as if to speak, but Boyd went on unheeding:

"You've taken a dislike to me, but your conduct shows that you fear me. You are afraid I'll succeed, and I will."

"Grave talk," said the older man.

"But you owe \$100,000, and your stockholders will learn of your mismanagement."

"Your persecution, you mean?" cried the other. "I can explain. They will wait another year. I will raise more money, and they will stand by me."

"Perhaps I know more about that than you do."

Emerson strode toward the desk menacingly, crying in a quivering voice:

"I warn you to keep your hands off them. Don't try any of your financial trickery with me, or I'll—"

Wayne Wayland leaped from his chair, his face purple and his eyes flashing savagely.

"Leave this yacht!" he thundered. "I won't allow you to insult me. I won't stand your threats. I've got you where I want you, and when the time comes you'll know it. Now, get out!"

He stretched forth a great square hand and closed it so fiercely that the fingers cracked. "I'll crush you—like that!"

Boyd turned and strode from the cabin.

Half blinded with anger, he stumbled down the ladder to his launch.

"Back to the plant!" he ordered, then gazed with lowering brows and defiant eyes at the Grande Dame as she rested swanlike and serene at her moorings. His anger against Mildred's father destroyed for the time all thought of his disappointment at her own lack of understanding and her cool acceptance of his failure. He saw only that his affairs had reached a final climax

where he must bow to the inevitable—or Big George's parting words came to him—strike one last blow in reprisal.

It was the hour of his darkest despair—the real crisis in his life. There are times when it rests with fate to make a strong man stronger or turn him altogether to evil. Such a man will not accept misfortune tamely. He is the reverse of those who are good through weakness. It is his nature to sin strongly.

But the unexpected happened, and Boyd's black mood vanished in amazement at the sight which met his eyes.

Moored to the fish dock was a lighter awash with a cargo that made him stare and doubt his vision. He had



"WE'VE WON, MY BOY! WE'VE WON!"

seen his scanty crew of gill netters return empty handed with the rising sun, exhausted, disheartened, depleted in numbers, yet there before him were thousands of salmon. They were strewn in a great mass upon the dock and inside the shed, while from the scow beneath they came in showers as the handlers tossed them upward from their "pues." Through the wide doors he saw the backs of the butchers busily at work over their tables and heard the uproar of his cannery running full for the first time.

Before the launch had touched he had leaped to the ladder and swung himself upon the dock. He stumbled into the arms of Big George.

"Where—did those—fish come from?" he cried breathlessly.

"From the trap," George smiled as he had not smiled in many weeks.

"They've struck in like I knew they would, and they're running now by the thousands. I've fished these waters for years, but I never seen the likes of it. They'll eat that trap to pieces. They're smothering in the pot, tons and tons of 'em, with millions more milling below the leads because they can't get in. It's a sight you'll not see once in a lifetime."

"That means that we can run the plant—that we'll get all we can use?"

"Say, we've got fish enough to run two canneries. They've struck their gait, I tell you, and they'll never stop now, night or day, till they're through. We don't need no gill netters. What we need is butchers and silmers and handlers. There never was a trap site in the north till this one. I told Willis Marsh that years ago." He flung out a long, hairy arm, bared half to the shoulder, and waved it exultantly.

"We built this plant to cook 40,000 salmon a day, but I'll bring you 2,000 every hour, and you've got to cook 'em. Do you hear?"

"And they couldn't cork us after all!" Emerson leaned unsteadily against a pile, for his head was whirling.

"No! We'll show that gang what a cannery can do. Marsh's traps will rot where they stand." Big George shook his tight clinched fist again. "We've won, my boy! We've won!"

"Then don't let us stand here talking!" cried Emerson sharply. "Hurry! Hurry!" He turned and sped up the dock.

He had come into his own at last, and he vowed with tight shut teeth that no wheel should stop, no belt should slacken, no man should leave his duty, till the run had passed. At the entrance to the throbbing, clanging building he paused an instant and with a smile looked toward the yacht floating lazily in the distance. Then, with knees sagging beneath him from weariness, he entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUTH'S QUICK WIT SAVES HIS LIFE

Though Clothing Is A Blaze, He Rolls Himself in Blanket.

York, Neb., Oct. 14.—Enveloped in flames, saturated with gasoline, Dwight Tilden, son of N. F. Tilden, manufacturer of wagons and buggies, jumped from the roof of a building through a window in the second story onto a bed, where he rolled himself into heavy comforters and blankets, smothering the fire, and by his quick wit and great presence of mind saved his life.

Mr. Tilden at the time of the accident was engaged in burning paint of the side of his parents' house, preparatory to giving the house a coat of paint. He was using a painter's gasoline lamp that had just been filled, but in some unaccountable way exploded, throwing the burning gasoline all over Tilden, who was instantly a mass of flames.

Chief Asked to Resign.

Cincinnati, Oct. 14.—Because of conditions in the police department revealed by Safety Director Small's investigation of graft, Paul M. Millikin was asked to resign from the office of chief by Mayor Schwab.

Fishing Steamer Sinks Swedish Bark. Cuxhaven, Germany, Oct. 14.—The fishing steamer Senator Holtshufen collided with and sank the Swedish bark Diana. Seven of the Dana's crew were drowned.

Mlle. Paz Ferrer. Republicans in Spain Hope She Will Lead Their Attacks.



DAY OF ANXIETY IN SPAIN

Anniversary of Execution of Ferrer Passes Without Incident.

Madrid, Oct. 14.—The first anniversary of the execution of Professor Francisco Ferrer, founder of the modern school at Barcelona, who was convicted of having conspired against the government and brought about the rebellion in the summer of 1909, had been dreaded by the authorities, as the free thinkers, socialists and republicans had planned Ferrer demonstrations that might easily lead to bloodshed. No untoward incident occurred.

TAFT WILL MAKE TRIP TO PANAMA

Problems on Isthmus Require His Presence There.

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 14.—President Taft will sail for Panama on Nov. 10 from Charleston, S. C., on the cruiser North Carolina, conveyed by the sister ship Montana. The president will be gone about twelve days.

The president had practically given up all idea of visiting the canal this year, until Colonel Goethals, chief engineer of the canal, visited him. At the end of the visit Mr. Taft had been convinced that the problems confronting the officials at Panama require his presence on the isthmus. Some of the problems to be dealt with are:

The extent of the fortifications, the fixing of tolls, a proposed increase in wages, the future management of the railroad and the regulation of the sale of coal.

The question of tolls was explained by Colonel Goethals to be one of the most pressing for congress to meet.

\$1,000,000 CUSTOMS FRAUD

Art Dealers Cheat Government Out of Duties For Years.

New York, Oct. 14.—The entire Fifth avenue establishment of the four Duveen brothers, art dealers, was seized by federal officers and Benjamin Duveen arrested and placed under \$50,000 bonds. Henry Duveen, an uncle, was arrested on the Lusitania when it reached quarantine. Bail was fixed at \$75,000. They are charged with conspiracy to defraud the government out of customs duties. The district attorney said he had evidence that the frauds would reach \$1,000,000.

The charge is based on the entry of three vases, of which the stated value is \$1,107 and the actual value \$28,000.

CORNHUSKERS OFF TO NORTH

University Football Squad Given Parting Rally at Lincoln.

Lincoln, Oct. 14.—Coach Cole, Manager Eager, Trainer Best, Assistant Coach Harry Ewing, Dr. H. M. Everett, Professor C. R. Richards and twenty members of the varsity football squad left for Minneapolis, where the Cornhuskers meet the Gophers to-morrow on Northrup field.

Five hundred rooters, including seven cadet companies and the military band, accompanied the team to the station and gave them an enthusiastic send-off.

Defects Among Kansas City Pupils.

Kansas City, Oct. 14.—According to the report of Dr. Wheeler, health commissioner of this city, 9,504, or 56 per cent, of the pupils in the Kansas City public schools have been recommended for treatment because of mental and physical defects found.

Strychnine In the Whisky.

Solomon, Kan., Oct. 14.—Harvey Bannon, a merchant here, died at his home soon after he had taken a drink of whisky for stomach trouble. It is said that he died of strychnine poisoning. It is not known how the poison got into the whisky.

FIRM ACTION ON RAIL STRIKE

Government Adopts a Vigorous Policy to Restore Traffic.

STRIKE LEADERS ARRESTED.

Chances for Success Rests Largely With Sympathetic Tieup—Stand of Government Has Prevented Further Spread of Strike, but Service is Still Badly Crippled.

Paris, Oct. 14.—The French government is meeting the situation resulting from the general strike of railroad employees with a firmness that challenges the admiration of those who sympathize with the men in their demands for a minimum wage of \$1 a day. Five of the strike leaders were placed under arrest.

This action was in fulfillment of Premier Briand's promise to punish the agitators, who, he has declared, precipitated an insurrectionary movement at the very hour that the premier and M. Millerand, the minister of public works, were conducting negotiations looking to the peaceful adjustment of the differences between the railroad managers and their employees.

The National Railroad union has succeeded in thoroughly demoralizing the service on the northern and western systems, but it had less success in the eastern and southern lines. The situation shows little change.

Men Nearly All Out.

The men of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean road are nominally on strike and the eastern system is badly hampered, but many trains are being operated as usual on the former system. The employees of the Paris-Orleans road and the Paris subway voted to go out, but the subway lines are being operated as usual.

The hope of the strikers rests largely in the prospect of sympathetic strikes. The bricklayers and pavers have voted a general strike. The unions of other trades are meeting and are expressing similar intentions.

The five strike leaders arrested at tempted a dramatic scene by assembling in the office of the Humanite, a socialist newspaper, where they passed the night in the company of virtually the complete socialist delegation of the chamber of deputies, expecting the arrival of the police. When the officials arrived and the deputies began to make inflammatory speeches, the prefect of police cut the proceedings short and hustled the leaders off in cabs.

Thousands of suburbanites were further inconvenienced by a deluge of rain, which made many of the roads leading into the city impassable to pedestrians. As a consequence many failed to report at their offices and the business of the city is upset.

A number of acts of violence against the rolling stock is reported from the provinces. The strikers disclaim responsibility for these, saying the damage has been done by persons not connected with the railroads.

SLACK DEMAND FOR WHEAT

Big Flour Mills Preparing to Shut Down Tomorrow.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—With Minneapolis and Milwaukee flour mills preparing to shut down at the end of the week and with much cash wheat carried over unsold in St. Louis and Kansas City, all cereals suffered in price here today. There was a net loss of 1/4c on wheat, 1/2c on corn and 1/2c to 3/4c against oats. In provisions latest figures were unchanged to 7/8c up. Closing prices:

Wheat—Dec., 94 3/4@94 3/8c; May, \$1.06 3/4; July, 96 3/4c.
Corn—Dec., 47 3/4@47 3/8c; May, 50 3/4@50 3/8c; July, 51c.
Oats—Dec., 31c; May, 34 3/4c.
Pork—Jan., \$17.30; May, \$16.60.
Lard—Jan., \$10.52 1/2; May, \$10.02 1/2.
Ribs—Jan., \$9.25; May, \$9.20.

Omaha Cash Prices.

Omaha, Oct. 13.—Wheat—1c lower; No. 2 hard, 92 1/2@92 3/8c; No. 3 hard, 91@91 1/2c. Corn—No. 2 white, 46 3/4@47 1/4c; No. 3 white, 46 1/2@47c; No. 2 yellow, 59 1/2@47c; No. 3 yellow, 46 1/2@47c. Oats—1c lower; No. 3 white, 30@30 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 29 1/2@30 1/2c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; steady to strong; heaves, \$4.75@7.85; western steers, \$4.15@6.15; stockers and feeders, \$3.40@5.75; cows and heifers, \$2.25@6.50; calves, \$7.50@10.00. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; slow; light, \$8.60@9.25; heavy, \$8.30@9.25; rough, \$8.20@8.40; good to choice heavy, \$8.40@9.00; pigs, \$3.25@9.00; bulk of sales, \$8.50@8.90. Sheep—Receipts, 30,000; steady; natives, \$2.50@4.25; westerns, \$2.75@4.25; yearlings, \$4.30@5.40; lambs, \$4.40@7.00.

South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, Oct. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,800; steady; native steers, \$4.25@4.75; cows and heifers, \$3.00@5.50; western steers, \$3.75@6.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@5.75; calves, \$3.25@7.00; bulls and stags, \$3.00@4.75. Hogs—Receipts, 4,400; steady to easier; heavy, \$8.20@8.45; mixed, \$8.35@8.60; light, \$8.50@8.80; bulk of sales, \$8.30@8.50. Sheep—Receipts, 74,000; steady; yearlings, \$4.50@5.25; wethers, \$3.40@4.15; ewes, \$3.25@3.65; lambs, \$6.15@6.60.

JOHN A. DIX.

The Democratic Nominee For Governor of New York.

Although John A. Dix, Democratic nominee for governor of New York, has long been known in the business world as a successful lumberer and banker, he is comparatively a newcomer in the political world. It is only six years ago that he was asked to go as a delegate to the national Democratic convention at St. Louis, and he was forced to confess that he did not know how to accomplish it. Since then, however, he has shown himself possessed of real political force.

The nominee is fifty years of age and a native of Glens Falls, N. Y.



JOHN A. DIX.

where he was born on Christmas day, 1850. His father was James Lawton Dix, son of Samuel Dix of Vermont, and his mother was a Miss Laura Stevens.

Mr. Dix first studied at the Glens Falls academy and then took his degree at Cornell. He was graduated in 1883 and entered on practical life at once by working first as a farm hand and then in the machine shops of his native town.

He became associated with Lemon Thomson of Albany in the lumber business and married Mr. Thomson's daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomson, in 1880. He gradually built up one of the most efficient wall paper plants in the country. About ten years ago Mr. Dix became interested in banking. He assisted in the union of the First National and the Exchange bank of Albany and is now first vice president of the present First National bank. He is also a director.

Above everything else Mr. Dix loves his home, and he and his wife are great "pals." It was Mrs. Dix, by the way, who delayed the nomination of her husband. She thought that he had worked enough on his hands already, and he refused to run for the office without her consent. This she finally gave, but only after a lot of pleading by his friends.

THAT HOBBLE SKIRT.

Much Talked of Garment Becoming Most Popular in America.

Possibly you have already heard of the race in Paris in which the contestants were women dressed in hobble skirts. When the news was cables over, however, many people doubted that such a contest had been held, declaring that no woman could walk, let alone run, in such a garment. But now have come photographs of the affair to prove that it actually took place and that millinery can get over the ground



READY FOR THE START—FINISH OF THE HOBBLE SKIRT RACE.

at a pretty good gait even thus handicapped. In fact, this was the main object of the race.

This contest proved so attractive that many others have been held in other European cities, and no doubt these novel races will shortly be seen in America. Apropos of the hobble skirt, there is no sign of its disappearance. If the fashions in the theater are any criterion it will be in greater demand this fall and winter than ever. The newest things in dress invariably are seen in musical comedies, and all the shows this year are conspicuous by reason of the hobble skirt.