

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XIX.

"I've heard the news!" cried Cherry later that afternoon, shrieking to make herself heard above the rattle and jar of the machinery.

"There seems to be a Providence that watches over fishermen," said Boyd.

"I am happy, for your sake, and I want to apologize for my display of temper. Come away where I won't have to scream so. I want to talk to you."

"It is music to my ears," he answered as he led her past the rows of Chinamen bowed before their soldering torches as if bused with some heathen rites. "But I'm glad to sit down just the same. I've been on my feet for thirty-six hours."

"It's too much for one man," she declared.

"Oh, I'll sleep tomorrow."

"Did you see—her?" questioned Cherry.

"Yes."

"She must be very proud of you," she said wistfully.

"I—I—don't think she understands what I am trying to do or what it means. Our talk was not very satisfactory."

"She surely must have understood what Marsh is doing."

"I didn't tell her that."

"Why not?"

"What good would it have done?"

"Why—Cherry seemed bewildered—she could put a stop to it; she could use her influence with her father against Marsh. I expected to see your old crew back at work again. Oh, I wish I had her power!"

"She wouldn't take a hand under any circumstances—it wouldn't occur to her—and naturally I couldn't ask her." Boyd flushed uncomfortably. "Thanks to George's trap, there is no need." He went on to tell Cherry of the scene with Mr. Wayland and its stormy ending.

"They have used all their resources to down you," she said, "but luck is with you, and you mustn't let them succeed. Now is the time to show them what is in you. Go in and win her now against all of them."

He was grateful for her sympathy, yet somehow it made him uncomfortable.

"What was it you wished to see me about?" he asked.

"Oh! Have you seen Chakawana?"

"No."

"She disappeared early this morning soon after the yacht came in. I can't find her anywhere. She took the baby with her, and—I'm worried."

"Doesn't Constantine know where she is?"

"Why, Constantine is down here. Isn't he?"

"He hasn't been here since yesterday."

Cherry rose nervously. "There is something wrong, Boyd. They have been acting queerly for a long time." Just then Constantine came snuffing round the corner of the building.

"Thank heaven!" cried Cherry. "He will know where the others are."

But when his mistress questioned him Constantine merely replied: "I don't know. I no see Chakawana."

"There is something queer about this," said Emerson. "Where have you been all day?"

"I go sleep. I tired from fighting last night. I come back now and go work. Blimey! Chakawana come back, too, I guess."

"Well, I don't need you tonight, so you'd better go back to Cherry's house and stay there till I send for you."

As she passed Marsh's cannery Cherry saw a tender moored to the dock and noticed strangers among the buildings. They stared at her curiously, as if the sight of a white girl attended by a copper hued giant were part of the picturesque they expected. As she drew near her own house she saw a woman approaching, and while yet a stone's throw distant she recognized her. A jealous tightening of her throat and a flutter at her breast told her that this was Mildred Wayland.

Cherry would have passed on silently, but Miss Wayland checked her.

"Pardon me," she said. "Will you tell me what that odd looking building is used for?" She pointed to the village church.

"That is the Greek church."

"How interesting! Are there many Greeks here?"

"No. It is a relic of the Russian days. The natives worship there."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes. In the log house yonder."

"Indeed! I tried to find some one there, but—you were out, of course. You have it arranged very cozily, I see." Mildred's manner was faintly patronizing. She was vexed at the beauty and evident refinement of this woman whom she had thought to find so different.

"If you will go back I will show it to you from the inside, Miss Wayland." Cherry enjoyed her start at the name and the look of cold hostility that followed.

"You have the advantage of me."

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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said Mildred. "I did not think we had met. You are"—She raised her brows inquiringly.

"Cherry Malotte, of course."

"I remember. Mr. Marsh spoke of you."

"I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say I am sorry Mr. Marsh ever spoke of me."

Mildred smiled frigidly. "Evidently you do not like him."

"Nobody in Alaska likes him. Do you?"

"You see, I am not an Alaskan."

"Do you know that Mr. Marsh is to blame for all of Boyd's misfortunes?"

"Boyd's?"

"Yes, Boyd's, of course. Oh, let us not pretend. I call him by his first name. I think you ought to know the truth about this business, even if Boyd is too chivalrous to tell you."

"If Mr. Emerson blames any one but himself for his failure I am sure he would have told me."

"Then you don't know him."

"I never knew him to ask another to defend him."

"He never asked me to defend him. I merely thought that if you knew the truth you might help him."

"I? How?"

"It is for you to find a way. He has met with opposition and treachery at every step. I think it is time some one came to his aid."

"He has had your assistance at all times, has he not?"

"I have tried to help wherever I could, but—I haven't your power."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "You even went to Seattle to help him, did you not?"

"I went there on my own business."

"Why do you take such an interest in Mr. Emerson's affairs, may I ask?"

"It was I who induced him to take up this venture," said Cherry proudly. "I found him discouraged, ready to give up. I helped to put new heart into him. I have something at stake in the enterprise, too—but that's nothing. I hate to see a good man driven to the wall by a scoundrel like Marsh."

"Wait! There is something to be said on both sides. Mr. Marsh was magnanimous enough to overlook that attempt upon his life."

"What attempt?"

"You must have heard. He was wounded in the shoulder."

"Didn't Boyd tell you the truth about that?"

"He told me everything," said Mildred coldly. "This woman's attitude was unbearable. It would seem that



"NOBODY IN ALASKA LIKES HIM. DO YOU?"

she even dared to criticize her, Mildred Wayland, for her treatment of Boyd.

"I shall ask him about it again this evening," she continued. "If there has really been persecution, as you suggest, I shall tell my father."

"You won't see Boyd this evening," said Cherry.

"Oh, yes, I shall."

"He is very busy, and—I don't think he can see you."

"You don't understand. I told him to come out to the yacht!" Mildred's temper rose at the light she saw in the other woman's face.

"But if he should disappoint you?" Cherry insisted. "Remember that the fish are running, and you have no time to lose if you are going to help."

Mildred tossed her head. "To be frank with you, I never liked this enterprise of Boyd's. Now that I have seen the place and the people—well, I can't say that I like it better."

"The country is a bit different, but the people are much the same in Kaviak and in Chicago. You will find unscrupulous men and unselfish women everywhere."

Mildred gave her a cool glance that took her in from head to foot.

"And vice versa, I dare say. You speak from a wider experience than I." With a careless nod she picked her way toward the launch, where her friends were already assembling. She was angry and suspicious. Her pride was hurt because she had not been able to find another to do as she woman. Instead she had

to the weak resource of innuendo, while Cherry had been simple and direct. She had expected to recognize instantly the type of person with whom she had to deal, but she found herself baffled. Who was this woman? What was she doing here? Why had Boyd never told her of this extraordinary ally? Boyd must either give up Cherry or—

During the talk between the two young women Constantine had kept at a respectful distance, but when Mildred had gone he came up to Cherry with the question:

"Who is that?"

"That is Miss Wayland. That is the richest girl in the world, Constantine."

"Humph!"

"And the pity of it is she doesn't understand how very rich she is. Her father owns all these canneries and many more besides and lots of railroads. But you don't know what a railroad is, do you?"

"Mebbe him rich as Mr. Marsh, eh?"

"A thousand times richer. Mr. Marsh works for him the way you work for me."

"She more handsome than you be," he added with reluctant candor. "Mebbe that's 'bout Mr. Marsh, eh? White men all work for Mr. Marsh. He no work for nobody."

"No; it is true. Mr. Marsh knows how rich she is, and that is why he wants to marry her."

The broad wheeled swiftly, his soft soles crunching the gravel.

"Mr. Marsh want marry her?" he repeated, as if doubting his ears.

"Yes. That is why he has fought Mr. Emerson. They both want to marry her. That is why Marsh broke Mr. Emerson's machinery and hired his men away from him and cut his nets. They hate each other. Do you understand?"

"Me savvy!" said Constantine shortly, then strode on beside the girl. "Me think all the time Mr. Emerson goin' marry you."

Cherry gasped. "No, no! Why, he is in love with Miss Wayland."

"Spouse he don't marry her?"

"Then Mr. Marsh will get her. I dare say."

After a moment Constantine announced with conviction. "I guess Mr. Marsh is bad man."

"I'm glad you have discovered that. He has even tried to kill Mr. Emerson. That shows the sort of man he is."

"It's good thing—get marry!" said Constantine vaguely. "The father say if woman don't marry she go to hell."

"I'd hate to think that," laughed the girl.

"That's true," the other affirmed stoutly. "The pries' he say so, and pries' don't lie. He say man takes a woman and don't get marry they both go to hell and burn forever. Bimeby little baby come, and he go to hell too."

"Oh, I understand! The father wants to make sure of his people, and he do it right. You natives haven't no sense of the law, you see!"

"That's right," said Cherry. "The father want to make sure of his people, and he do it right. You natives haven't no sense of the law, you see!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

FUNERAL OF MRS. MARIETTA HOLMES TOMORROW

From Tuesday's Daily

Mrs. Marietta Holmes, wife of Charles M. Holmes, of Havelock, died at her home in that city yesterday afternoon.

Marietta Kauble was born March 15, 1842, and grew to womanhood and emigrated to Nebraska, coming to Cass county in 1857, was married to Charles Holmes, of this county, at Rock Bluffs in 1860. Mr. Holmes was engaged in business in this city for a number of years, at one time was proprietor of the checker board livery barn in this city. Prior to living in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes resided in Rock Bluffs for a long time. Her husband died in 1890. In 1892, Mrs. Holmes went to Havelock to reside with her children. The children surviving are: Pearl, wife of Mayor Samuel Hinkle; Walter, deputy register of deeds of Lancaster county; Iven and Bert, both Burlington engineers.

The deceased also leaves two sisters and two brothers to mourn her loss, as follows: Mrs. Reuben Hlatt, of Sidney, Iowa, and Mrs. M. C. Hlatt, of this city; Jacob Kauble, of South Michigan, Idaho, and Frank Kauble, of this city. Mrs. Holmes was a consistent member of the First Presbyterian church of Plattsmouth, and she will be buried from this church Wednesday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock.

The remains will arrive on No. 92, and go direct to the church. Interment will be in the family lot in Oak Hill cemetery.

J. K. Roddy, while plowing on his far mear Union a few days ago, unearthed the skeletons of four or five persons. It was not known there was a burial place on the farm. It is thought they were the skeletons of Indians.—Nebraska City News.

Miss Marie Kaufman, postmistress at Cedar Creek, was a business caller in Plattsmouth today.

TRIAL OF GRANT BLUNT NOW ON

Young Man Charged With Car Robbery on Trial.

From Tuesday's Daily

A jury was secured yesterday afternoon and the trial of Grant Blunt, charged with burglary of a Missouri Pacific freight car last May, was commenced. About all of the testimony for the state was placed before the jury before the court took a recess until 9 o'clock this morning. The evidence of Sheriff Quinton, Deputy Sheriff Manspeaker, Oliver Osburn and a young man named Carnes was given and from the substance of this, it seemed that the defendant had stated to Carnes a few days before the goods were stolen that there was an easier way of making a living than by work, and that he later told Carnes that he had made a raise, and took Carnes to the home of defendant's brother, where he showed him dry goods which were offered in evidence, and at the time Carnes looked at them there were some of them in a trunk and some of them covered over with bedclothes in the house occupied by Jesse Blunt in this city. Prior to this, however, he went with the defendant to the place where the goods were secreted near the Kunsman & Ramage slaughter house, and defendant showed witness where he threw the box by the side of the track. Blunt later informed the officers that he had found the goods covered up with leaves near the Missouri Pacific tracks, and that he had brought a part of them to town and told the sheriff where he could find the rest, the officer went out and got the goods, and afterwards arrested Blunt and placed him in jail. The evidence disclosed that Blunt broke jail two times and was brought back each time after some search.

The jury was composed of Elmer Hutchins, H. P. Dehning, Chris. Iske, John Albert, Joe Allen, C. A. Harvey, Henry Goos Oregon Douge, John Bramblet, F. H. Goodfellow, John Fowler and Oscar Miller.

BURLINGTON CLAIMS TWO HUNDRED FEET RIGHT-OF-WAY

In answers which have just been filed in district court in the injunction case of John Tiger and Patrick H. Sudduth vs. the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway company, the latter asserts that by act of the federal government it was in 1864 granted a right-of-way 200 feet wide along its main line from Plattsmouth to Kearney and that landowners along such right-of-way have occupied fifty feet on each side of the track since that time merely by sufferance, says the Lincoln News.

Recently the railroad company began fencing in the extra fifty feet along each side of the right-of-way between this city and Waverly, it having heretofore claimed but 100 feet. Sudduth and Tiger brought injunction proceedings, alleging that the road owned but 100 feet or fifty feet on each side of the center of the track and that it had never claimed more.

In its answers in this case the company alleges that it has owned the 200 foot strip ever since its grant from the government and that it was through error that it accepted a deed for 100 feet from the settlers in the early '70s. By accepting such deeds the railroad company asserts it was not estopped from claiming the 200 feet which it in reality owned at that time.

By the act of congress of July 2, 1864, authorizing it to extend its main line from Plattsmouth to Kearney, the company alleges it was given a right-of-way 200 feet wide through the public domain, none of the land now in controversy having at that time been settled or filed upon. The company filed with the secretary of the interior its written acceptance of the grant and within one year of that time the line was definitely located and a map filed with the secretary of the interior. The title was then fully vested in the predecessors of the defendant in these actions. Later, by a joint resolution of congress the grantees of the 200 foot right-of-way were given permission to convey the same.

The company asserts that its exterior fences have never been constructed along the exterior bounds of its holdings, but that it has allowed the adjoining landowners to farm the extra fifty feet on each side. The court is asked to quiet the title to the land in the railroad company.

Upon the outcome of these cases probably depends the ultimate ownership of a strip of valuable land fifty feet wide on each side of the Burlington main line all the way from Plattsmouth to Kearney and the litigation will be watched with interest by people in many counties.

TOM FERGUSON GOES TO ASYLUM

Became a Raving Maniac and Attempted to Hang Himself

The meeting of the board of insanity, which expected to meet at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, did not meet until 7 last night. The unfortunate man had become a raving maniac before the hour of meeting of the board and had to be strapped down to his bed to prevent him from suiciding. Sheriff Quinton arrived on the scene just in time to save his life, as the unfortunate man had made a noose of his handkerchief and had suspended himself from the iron cage, and life was almost choked out of him when the sheriff cut him down. Ferguson, when sufficiently revived, then became violent, making it necessary to strap him. Dr. Martin was summoned and gave him a hyperdemic injection in the arm, which quieted him after some time, during which he suffered a great deal. At the hearing before the board Mrs. I. B. Green and Mrs. Hetherington testified that the man had boarded with them, and had been Mrs. Green's boarder for five weeks, during which time he acted queerly, and was off on the subject of money. Ferguson had been in this country about a year, and in Plattsmouth since last April, and the only relative he had in this country is a brother at Douglas, Nebraska. The man has been a Unitarian in religion. The board found that Ferguson was a fit person to be restrained at the hospital for the insane at Lincoln. This morning the unfortunate man had become quieted, and was able to walk to the train with a guard, his hands were strapped at his side. He recognized the sheriff at the station and informed him that he felt some better this morning. Deputy Sheriff Manspeaker accompanied him to Lincoln.

Died of Pneumonia.

Alfred W. Edwards, father of Mrs. Frank Jeffreys, living two miles east and three miles north of Weeping Water, died last Thursday, October 6. Mr. Edwards came here from Missouri, was in apparent good health a week previous to his death. He was born Jan. 12, 1840, and married Sept. 30, 1866, to Mary Shanks. He was 70 years, 8 months and 24 day old. The funeral was held from the Christian church, Saturday at 1 o'clock. Elder G. W. Mayfield officiating.—Louisville Courier.

Lands Forty-pound Cat Fish.

William Grebe yesterday succeeded in hooking a 40-pound yellow cat fish. The day before he caught one weighing 25 pounds. Bill knows just how to bait his hook so as to entice the big ones to take the hook.

Born—Yesterday evening, October 18th, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Goodrich, a baby girl. Mother and little one are getting along nicely. This accounts for that pleasant smile that has been on the face of Mr. Goodrich today. He has cause to be happy and wear "the smile that won't come off."

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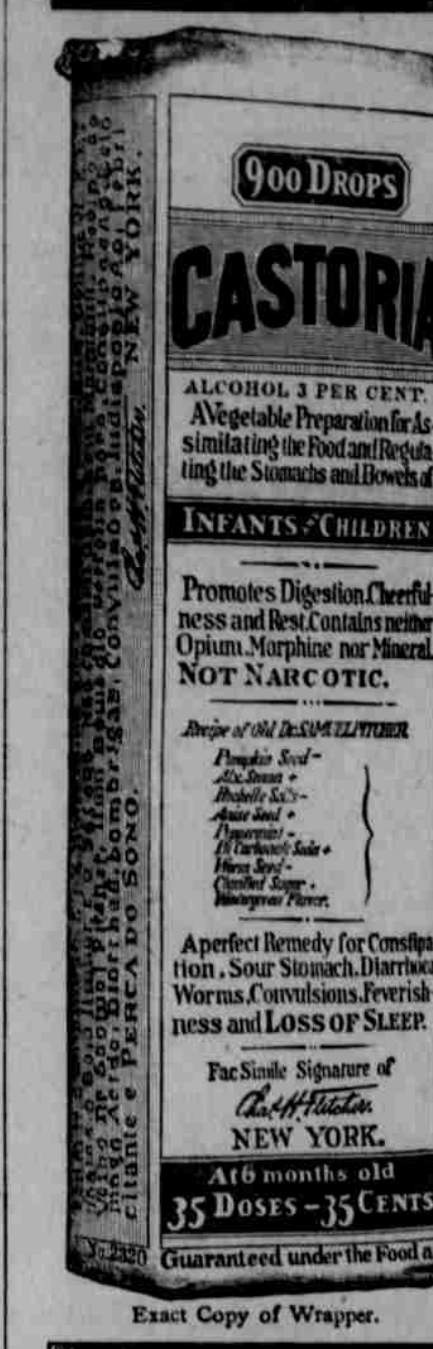
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