

# 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. Bluey 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."

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

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 did.

Just as she was about to enter the launch she saw a woman standing in the doorway.

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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. Bimoby 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 heard of the new way, eh?"

"I no see no new way."

"That's right. The new way is to get marry. If you get marry you no go to hell, and you no burn forever. You see, that's the new way."

"I see," said Cherry. "That's good. That's good. That's good."

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## 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.

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