

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER XXI.

"Why not?" the girl asked. "It is nothing to you. You have lived, and so have I. I made mistakes—what girl doesn't who has to fight her way alone? But my past is my own. It concerns nobody but me." She saw the change in his face, and her reckless spirit rose. "Oh, I've shocked you! You think all women should be like Miss Wayland. Have you ever stopped to think that even you are not the same man you were when you came fresh from college? You know the world now; you have tasted its wickedness. Would you change your knowledge for your earlier innocence? You know you would not, and you have no right to judge me by a separate code. What difference does it make who I am or what I have done? I didn't ask your record when I gave you the chance to win Miss Wayland, and neither you nor she have any right to challenge mine."

"I agree with you in that." "I came away from the mining camps because of wagging tongues, because I was forever misjudged. Whatever I may have been, I have at least played fair with that girl. It hurts me now to be accused by her. I saw your love for her, and I never tried to rob her. Oh, don't look as if I couldn't have done differently if I had tried. I could have injured her very easily if I had been the sort she thinks me. But I helped you in every way I could. I made sacrifices, I did things she would never have done."

She stopped on the verge of tears. "Why did you do all this?" he asked. "Don't you know?" Cherry gazed at him with a faint smile.

Then, for the first time, the whole truth burst upon him. The surprise of it almost deprived him of speech, and he stammered: "No, I—I— Then he fell silent. "What little I did I did because I love you," said the girl in a tired voice. "You may as well know, for it makes no difference now."

"I—I am sorry," he said, gripped by a strong emotion that made him go hot and cold. "I have been a fool." "No; you were merely wrapped up in your own affairs. You see, I had been living my own life and was fairly contented till you came. Then everything changed. For a long time I hoped you

might grow to love me as I loved you but I found it was no use. When I saw you so honest and unselfish in your devotion to that other girl I thought it was my chance to do something unselfish in my turn. It was hard, but I did my best. I think I must love you in the same way you love her, Boyd, for there is nothing in all the world I would not do to make you happy."

The girl stood for a moment with her eyes turned toward the river. Then she said: "I must think. I—I want to go away. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," he returned and stood watching her as she hurried away half suspecting the tears that were trembling amid her lashes.

It was not until supper time that Boyd saw "Fingerless" Fraser and questioned him about his quest for an heiress.

"Nothing doing in the heiress business," replied the adventurer. "I couldn't stand the exposure." "They were cold, eh?" "Yep! They weathered me out."

"Did you really meet any of those people?" "Sure! I met 'em all, but I didn't catch their names. I made one before I'd gone a mile—tall, slim party with cracked ice in her voice."

"You'd better hurry. She sails at high tide." "Sails?" "Alton told me so and said that he was going along."

"Thank heaven for that, anyhow, but I don't understand the other." Boyd voiced the question that was foremost in his mind. "Did you know Cherry in the upper country?"

"Nope." "She said you did." "She said that?" "Yes. She thought you had told me who she was."

"She might have known I'd never crack. It's her own business, and I've got troubles enough with this cannery on my hands."

"I wish you had told me," said Emerson. Wayne Wayland was by no means sure that Boyd would not make good his threat to visit the yacht that evening, and in any case he wished to be prepared. A scene before the other passengers of the Grande Dame was not to be thought of. Besides, if the young man were roughly handled it would make him a martyr in Mildred's eyes. He talked over the matter with Marsh, who suggested that the sight-seers should dine ashore and spend the evening with him at the plant. With only Mildred and her father left on the yacht there would be no possibility of scandal, even if Emerson were mad enough to force an interview.

"And what is more," declared Mr. Wayland, "I shall give orders to clear on the high tide. That fellow is a menace, and the sooner Mildred is away from him the better. You shall go with us, my boy."

But when he went to Mildred to explain the nature of his arrangements he found her in a furious temper. "Why did you announce my engagement to Mr. Marsh?" she demanded angrily. "The whole ship is talking about it. By what right did you do that?"

"I did it for your own sake," said the old man. "This whelp Emerson has made a fool of you and of me long enough. There must be an end to it."

"But I don't love Willis Marsh!" she cried. "You forget I am of age." "Nonsense! Willis is a fine fellow. He loves you, and he is the best business man for his years I have ever known. If it were not for this foolish boy and girl affair you would return his love. He suits me, and well, I have put my foot down, so there's an end of it."

"Do you intend to force me to marry him?" Mr. Wayland recognized the danger signal. "Absurd! Take all the time you wish. You'll come around all right. That reprobate you were engaged to defiled me and defied that woman."

He told of his stormy interview with Boyd, concluding: "It is fortunate we found him out. Mildred, I have guarded you all my life. I have lavished everything money could buy upon you. I have built up the greatest fortune in

all the west for you. I have kept you pure and sweet and good—and to think that such a fellow should dare!" Mr. Wayland choked with anger. "The one thing I cannot stand in a man or a woman is immorality. I have lived clean myself, and my son shall be as clean as I."

"Did you say that Boyd threatened to come aboard this evening?" questioned the girl. "Yes. But I swore that he should not."

Miss Wayland chilled him with a look and waved the mate away, then sank back into her chair. "I have talked with her already. I assure you she is not dangerous."

Willis Marsh squirmed uncomfortably in his seat. He fixed his eyes upon the knot of men at the starboard rail. Then, with a sharp indrawing of his breath, he leaped up and darted down the deck.

Over the side had come Cherry Malotte, accompanied by an Indian girl in shawl and moccasins—a slim, shrinking creature who stood as if bewildered, twisting her hands and staring about with frightened eyes. Behind them, head and shoulders above the sailors, towered a giant copper hued breed with a child in his arms.

They saw that Marsh was speaking to the newcomers, but could not distinguish his words. The Indian girl fell back as if terrified. She cried out something in her own tongue, shook her head violently and pointed to her white companion. Marsh's face was livid; he shook a quivering hand in Cherry Malotte's face. It seemed as if he would strike her, but Constantine strode between them, scowling silently down into the smaller man's face, his own visage saturnine and menacing. Marsh retreated a step, chattering excitedly. Then Cherry's voice came clearly to the listeners:

"It is too late now, Mr. Marsh. You may as well face the music." Followed by the stares of the sailors, she came up the deck toward the old man and his daughter, who had arisen, the Indian girl clinging to her sleeve, the tall breed striding noiselessly behind. Willis Marsh came with them, his white lips writhing, his face like putty. He made futile detaining gestures at Constantine, and in the silence that suddenly descended upon the ship they heard him whispering:

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Wayland. "I heard you were about to sail, so I came out to see you before—" Marsh broke in hoarsely: "She's a bad woman! She has come here for blackmail!"

"Blackmail!" cried Wayne Wayland. "I thought as much." "That's her game. She wants money!" Cherry shrugged her shoulders and showed her white teeth in a smile.

"Mr. Marsh anticipates slightly. You may judge if he is right." Marsh started to speak, but Mildred Wayland, who had been watching him intently, was before him. "Who sent you here, Miss?"

"No one sent me, if Mr. Marsh will stop his chatter I can make myself understood." "Don't listen to her." Cherry turned upon him swiftly. "You've got to face it, so you may as well keep still."

He fell silent. "We heard that Mr. Marsh was going away with you, and I came to ask him for enough money to support his child while he is gone."

"His child?" Wayne Wayland turned upon his daughter's fiancée with a face of stern surprise. "Willis, tell her she is lying!" "She's lying!" Marsh repeated obediently, but they saw the truth in his face.

Cherry spoke directly to Miss Wayland now. "I have supported this little fellow and his mother for a year." She indicated the red haired youngster in Constantine's arms. "That is all I care to do when you arrived Mr. Marsh induced Chakawana to take the baby up river to a fishing camp and stay there until you had gone. But Constantine heard that he intended to marry you, and hearing also that he intended leaving tonight, Constantine

brought his sister back in the hope that Mr. Marsh would do what is right. You see, he promised to marry Chakawana long before he met you."

Mildred could have done murder at the expression she saw in Cherry's face. The woman she had scorned had humbled her in earnest. With flashing eyes she turned upon her father. "Since you were so prompt in announcing my engagement, perhaps you can deny it with equal promptness."

"God God! What a scandal! If this is true!" Wayne Wayland wiped his forehead. "Oh, it's true," said Cherry. In the silence that followed the child struggled out of Constantine's arms and stood beside his mother, the better to inspect these strangers. His little face was grimy; his clothes, cut in the native fashion, were poor and not very clean. Yet he was more white than Aleut, and no one seeing him could doubt his parentage. The seamen had left their posts and were watching with such absorption that they failed to see a skiff with a single oarsman swing past the stern of the Grande Dame and make fast to the landing. Still unobserved, the man mounted the companionway swiftly.

For once in his life Wayne Wayland was too confused for definite speech. Willis Marsh stood helpless. "Don't believe her!" he broke out. "She is lying to protect her own lover!"

He pointed to Chakawana. "That girl is the child's mother, but its father is Boyd Emerson!" "Boyd Emerson was never in Kalvik until last December," said Cherry. "The child is three years old."

"It seems I am being discussed," said a voice behind them. Emerson clove his way through the sailors, striding directly to Marsh. "What is the meaning of this?"

Mildred Wayland laid a fluttering hand upon her breast. "I knew he would come," she breathed. Constantine broke his silence for the first time, addressing Mildred directly: "This baby belongs Mr. Marsh. He

say he goin' marry Chakawana, but he lie. He goin' marry you because you are rich girl." He turned to Marsh. "What for you lie, eh?" He leaned forward with a frightful scowl. "I tell you long time ago I kill you if you don't marry my sister."

"Now I understand," exclaimed Boyd. "It was you who stabbed him that night in the cannery." "Yes. Chakawana tell him what the priest's say 'bout woman what don't marry. My sister say she go to hell herself and don't care much, but it ain't right for little baby to go to hell too."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Wayland. "The Father say if white man take Indian woman and don't marry her she go to hell for thousand year—maybe two, three thousand year. Anyhow, she don't never see Jesus' house. That's bad thing!" The breed shook his head seriously. "Chakawana she's good girl, and she go to church. I give money to the priest, too—plenty money every time—but he says that's no good, she's got to be marry or she'll burn for always with little baby. And so that's make her scare, because little baby ain't do nothing to burn that way. Mr. Marsh he say it's all one lie, and he don't care if little baby do go to hell. You hear that? He don't care for little baby."

Constantine's eyes were full of tears as he strove laboriously to voice his religious teachings. He went on with growing agitation. "Chakawana she's mighty scare" of that bad place, and she ask Mr. Marsh again to marry her, but he beat her. That's when I try to kill him. Mebbe Mr. Emerson ain't come so quick Mr. Marsh go to hell himself."

Wayne Wayland turned upon Marsh. "Why don't you say something?" "I told you the brat isn't mine," he cried. "If it isn't Emerson's it's Cherry Malotte's. They want money, but I won't be bled."

"You marry my sister?" asked Constantine. "No!" snarled Willis Marsh. "You can all go to h— and take the child with you."

Without a single warning cry the breed lunged swiftly. The others saw something gleam in his hand. Emerson jumped for him, and the three men went to the deck in a writhing tangle, sending the furniture spinning before them. Mildred heard Boyd Emerson cry to the sailors:

"Get out of the way! I've got him!" Then saw him locked in the Indian's arms. They had gained their feet now and spun backward, bringing up against the yacht's cabin with a crash of shivering glass. A knife, wrenched from the breed's grasp, went whirling over the side into the sea.

Wayne Wayland loosed his daughter's hold and thrust his way in among the sailors kneeling beside the man he had chosen for his son-in-law. Emerson joined him, then rose quickly, crying: "Is there a doctor among your party?"

"Dr. Berry! Send for Berry! He's gone ashore!" exclaimed Mr. Wayland. "Quick! Somebody fetch Dr. Berry." Boyd directed. As the sailors drew apart Mildred Wayne saw a slight that made her grow deathly faint and close her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Only Wanted Their Money.

Three horny-handed sons of Ham laid down their tools this morning and inquired the way to Judge Archer's office. From their story, it appeared that the three colored men had been working on the Ford job, and this being their pay day, had struck for more wages, but failed to make their employer see that there was justice in their demand. The custom of the company is to pay up on Wednesday for the work done the previous week, holding pay for two days. The colored men waited all of their money, as they intended to quit and go where their services would be more highly appreciated, also better paid. But the employer declined to make good the two days, hence their visit to the judge. The judge declined to pay them, as he was a little short this morning, and the laborers departed to make another effort with the boss.

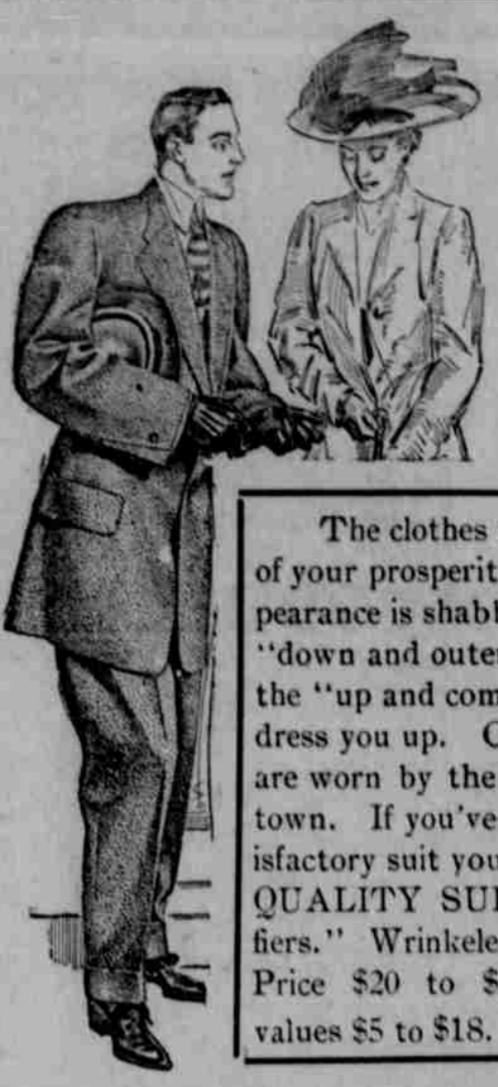
P. M. Meisinger was called to Benson this afternoon to look after a business proposition.

MR. FARMER



I will on Thursday of every week deliver Ice Cream, Fruit and Fresh Oysters at your very door.

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DEMISE OF A FORMER CITIZEN

Brief Sketch of Mr. R. K. Leyda Who Passed Away at Falls City, Last Sunday.

R. K. Leyda, who for more than twenty years was a resident of Mt. Pleasant precinct in this county, died at his home in Falls City, Nebraska, last Sunday rather suddenly, and his son, John M. Leyda and family, went to Falls City early Monday morning. Reuben K. Leyda was born March 6th, 1834, in Clinton township, Wayne county, Ohio. He received his early education in the rural schools of his county, and afterward attended what was then called a select school, where more advanced branches were taught than in the district schools of the time. Mr. Leyda engaged in teaching for a short time in his native state, then became a farmer.

He was married to Miss Catherine Shoup in Holmes county, Ohio, March 25th, 1858. To this union five sons were born, one of whom, Albert, died in infancy. The surviving sons are James E., of Falls City; John M., of Plattsmouth; Wilbur S., of Falls City, and Otis T., of Chase county.

Mr. Leyda came to Nebraska and to Cass county, in 1881, and settled on section 29, in Mt. Pleasant precinct, where he bought a fine farm of one hundred and sixty acres, residing on the same farm for more than twenty years, or until his sons had all married and made homes of their own. He was a man of great integrity and stood high in the estimation of his neighbors, of unimpeachable character and a man whose word was as good as his bond. Mr. Leyda impressed his high sense of honor upon his children and the four sons reared and surviving, are all of them most excellent citizens.

James E. is engaged in practicing law at Falls City, where he has recently completed his second term as prosecuting attorney for his county; Wilbur is engaged in the manufacturing business in Falls City; John M. is in the abstract business in this city, and Otis T. is engaged in farming in Chase county, Nebraska, each of them prosperous, highly respected citizens.

On leaving the farm Mr. Leyda removed to Falls City, where he resided at the time of his death.

The immediate cause of Mr. Leyda's death is not known at this time, but is presumed to be ailments incident to old age.

Operated on Yesterday.

Mrs. Jesse Blunt was operated on yesterday for appendicitis and stood the operation very well. She was accompanied to the hospital by her sister, Mrs. R. B. Stokes and husband, and her brother, Allen Renner and wife. Mrs. Blunt was permitted to see her friends for a few minutes before they left for Plattsmouth. Her condition last evening was quite favorable and her friends are quite confident that she will recover rapidly.

Mrs. A. W. Smith spent the day with friends at Malvern, Iowa, going on No. 4 this morning.

Long Lost Trunk Arrives.

When Mr. R. B. Hayes and wife returned from their wedding tour about two months ago, their luggage appeared to be intact except one trunk, which had been checked to Los Angeles. From some cause the trunk could not keep pace with the wedding party, and for some weeks after Mr. and Mrs. Hayes' return nothing could be heard from it. About the first clue was received when the likeness of the trunk was reproduced by a skilled artist at a reception of the choir of the M. E. church to its newly married members some weeks ago. This morning the original package arrived, plastered with stickers from every city on the coast. Mr. Hayes was pleased to receive the lost trunk as it contained some valuable property.

ONLY ONE "BEST"

Plattsmouth People Give Credit Where Credit is Due.

People of Plattsmouth who suffer with sick kidneys and bad backs want a kidney remedy that can be depended upon. The best is Doan's Kidney Pills, a medicine for the kidneys only, made from pure roots and herbs, and the only one that is backed by cures in Plattsmouth. Here's Plattsmouth testimony:

J. S. Hall, S. Sixth street, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, says: "In 1896 I regained my back and soon after that I began to suffer from kidney trouble. I had severe pains across the small of my back and on this account it was difficult for me to stoop or arise from a chair. I tried several remedies, but to no avail and finally, when I had the good fortune to hear about Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box at Gering & Co's Drug Store. Within forty-eight hours after I took the first dose, I felt better. Since then I have always kept a supply of Doan's Kidney Pills in the house, finding that they bring the best of results. (Statement given June 6, 1906.)"

On December 30, 1908, Mr. Hall said: "I cheerfully verify my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I know that this remedy is a reliable one for kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Reaching the Top

In any calling of life, demands a vigorous body and a keen brain. Without health there is no success. But Electric Bitters is the greatest Health Builder the world has ever known. It compels perfect action of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, purifies and enriches the blood, tones and invigorates the whole system and enables you to stand the wear and tear of your daily work. "After months of suffering from Kidney Trouble," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., "three bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." 50c at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

Mr. M. A. Mart, of Hay Springs, Nebraska, who has been visiting Hans Kemp for a short time, departed for his home this afternoon.