



# The IRON TRAIL

BY REX BEACH

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### CHAPTER XIII. Dan Shocks Natalie.

DAN found himself beset by a half dozen of the enemy, who, having singled him out of the general confusion as the cause of the disaster, came at him headlong. But by this time O'Neil's men were pouring out of the darkness and overrunning the grade so rapidly that there was little opportunity for concerted action. Appleton had intended, as soon as he had cut the cable, to beat a hasty retreat into the marsh, but now, with the firm gravel road under his feet and the battle breaking before his eyes, he changed his mind. He carried a light heart, and the love of trouble romped through his veins. He lowered his head, therefore, and ran toward his assailants.

The engineer dearly loved a fair fight, even against odds, but this was entirely different. He was trampled, stamped upon, kicked. He felt himself being



He Felt Himself Being Reduced to a Pulp.

reduced to a pulp beneath the overpowering numbers of those savage heels.

They were groveling there in a tangle of legs and arms when Happy Tom came down the grade, leading a charge which swept the embankment clean.

The boss packer had equipped his command with pick handles and now set a brilliant example in the use of this, his favorite weapon. For once the apathetic Slater was fully roused. He was tremendous, irresistible. In his capable grasp the oaken cudgel became both armor and flail. In attack it was as active as a fencing master's foil, in defense as deadly as the kick of a mule. Beneath his formless bulk were the muscles of a gladiator.

He was sobbing as much from anxiety as from the violence of his exertions when he tore Appleton from the clutch of a black man and set him on his feet.

"Are you hurt, son?" he gasped.

"Sure! I'm—hurt quite some!" Dan spat out a mouthful of blood and sand. "Gimme a club."

"Go back yonder," Tom directed swiftly. "Nail Denny before he gets 'em to shooting. Kill him if you have to. I'll take care of these fellers."

The younger man saw that the engagement at this end of the line was no longer general, but had become a series of individual combats, so he made what haste he could toward the scene of the more serious encounter to the right of the crossing. He judged that the issue was still in doubt there, although he could make out little in the confusion on account of the glaring headlight, which dazzled him.

As he ran, however, he discovered that the S. R. and N. forces were in possession of the middle ground, having divided the enemy's ranks like a wedge, and this encouraged him. Out of the darkness to right and left came shouts, curses, the sounds of men valding about in the knee deep tundra. They were Gordon's helpers who had been routed from their positions.

Now that Appleton had time to collect himself, he, too, grew sick with suspense, for he knew that arms had been cracked inside the barricades. Any instant might bring them into play. He began to wonder why Denny withheld the word to fire.

As a matter of fact, the explanation

was simple, although it did not appear until later. Mr. Denny at that moment was in no condition to issue orders of any kind, the reason being as follows: When preparations for the advance were made Dr. Gray, who understood perhaps more fully than any one else except O'Neil the gravity of the issue and the slender pivot upon which the outcome balanced, had taken his place in the vanguard of the attacking party instead of in the background, as befitted his calling. The first rush had carried him well into the fray, but once there he had shown his good judgment by refusing to participate in it.

Instead he had selected Denny out of the opposing ranks and bored through the crowd in his direction, heedless of all efforts to stop him. His great strength had lured him to gain ground. He had lured his assailants aside, upsetting them, bursting through the press as a football player penetrates a line, and when the retreat had begun he was close at the heels of his victim. He had overtaken Denny beside one of the barricades just as Denny seized a rifle and raised it. With one wrench he possessed himself of the weapon, and the next instant he had bent the barrel over its owner's head.

Then as the fight surged onward he had gathered the limp figure in his arms and borne it into the light of a gasoline torch, where he could administer first aid. He was kneeling over the fellow when Appleton found him as he came stumbling along the grade. But the decisive moment had come and gone now, and without a leader to command them Gordon's men seemed loath to adopt a more bloody reprisal. They gave way therefore in a half-hearted hesitation that spelled ruin to their cause. They were forced back to their encampment.

Dan Appleton, very dirty, very tired, but happy, found Natalie and Eliza awaiting him when he limped up to their tent in the early morning light. One of his eyes was black and nearly closed, his lips were cut and swollen, but he grinned cheerfully as he exclaimed:

"Say! It was a great night, wasn't it?"

Eliza cried out in alarm at his appearance.

"You poor kid! You're a sight." She ran for hot water and soap, while Natalie said warmly:

"You were perfectly splendid, Dan. I knew you'd do it."

"Did you?" He tried to smile his appreciation, but the effort resulted in a leer so repulsive that the girl looked dismayed. "You ought to have seen the shindy."

"Seen it! Maybe we didn't!"

"Honestly?"

"Did you think we could stay behind? We sneaked along with the cookhouse gang, and one of them helped us up on the gravel cars. He smelted of dishwater, but he was a hero. We screamed and cried and Eliza threw stones until Mr. O'Neil discovered us and made us get down. He was awfully mean."

"He isn't! He was jumping around on one leg like a crippled grasshopper."

"I made a thousand dollars," said Dan.

"Guess what I'm going to do with it?"

"How can I guess?"

"I'm going to buy an engagement ring." Once more he leered repulsively.

"How nice!" said Natalie coolly.

"Congratulations!"

"Guess who it's for?"

"I couldn't, really."

"It's for you."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Natalie's voice was freezing. "You have made a mistake, a very great mistake, Dan. I like you, but we won't even mention such things, if you please."

Eliza's entrance saved her further embarrassment and she quickly made her escape. Dan groaned so deeply as his sister bathed his injuries that she was really concerned.

"Goodness, Danny," she said. "Are you as badly hurt as all that?"

"I'm worse," he confessed. "I've just been shot through the heart. Slow music and flowers for me! Arrange for the services and put a rose in my hand, sis."

"Nonsense! I'll put a beefsteak on your eye," she told him unfeelingly.

Under Dr. Gray's attention O'Neil's ankle began to mend, and by the time the track had been laid far enough beyond the crossing to insure against further interference from Gordon he declared himself ready to complete the journey to Kyak, which he and the girls had begun three weeks before.

During the interval Eliza had occupied herself in buying out her magazine stores, and now she was eager to complete her investigations so as to begin the final writing. Her experience in the north thus far had given



"I'm worse," he confessed, "I've just been shot through the heart."

her an altered outlook upon the railroad situation, but as yet she knew little of the coal problem. That, after all, was the more important subject, and she expected it to afford her the basis for a sensational exposure. She had come to Alaska sharing her newspaper's views upon questions of public policy, looking upon Murray O'Neil as a daring promoter bent upon selling the means of transportation of a nighty realm for his own individual profit, upon Gordon as an unscrupulous adventurer and upon the copper trust as a greedy corporation reaching out to strangle competition and absorb the riches of the northland. But she had found O'Neil an honorably ambitious man, basted, like others, in the struggle for success and backing his judgment with his last dollar. She had learned, moreover, to sympathize with his aims, and his splendid determination awoke her admiration. Her idea of the trust had changed, likewise, for it seemed to be a fair and dignified competitor. She had seen no signs of that conscienceless, grasping policy usually imputed to big business. In regard to Gordon alone her first conviction had remained unchanged. He was as evil as he had been reputed.

The readjustment of her ideas had been disappointing in a way, since it robbed her of a large part of her ammunition, but she consoled herself with the thought that she had not yet reached the big, vital story which most deeply concerned the welfare of the north.

The village of Kyak lay near the mouth of the most easterly outlet of the Salmon, and it was similar in most respects to Hope and to Omar, save that it looked out across a shallow, unprotected bay to the open reaches of the north Pacific. The shores were low; a pair of rocky islets afforded the only shelter to its shipping, and it was from these as a starting point that the copper trust had built its breakwater. A trestle across the tide flats connected the work with the mainland, and along this rock train crawled, adding their burdens to the strength of the barrier. Protected by this arm of steel and stone and timber lay the terminal buildings of the Alaska Northern, as the Heidemann line was called, and there also lay the terminals of the old McDermott enterprise into which Curtis Gordon had infused new life. Both places showed plenty of activity when O'Neil and his two companions arrived late one afternoon.

Kyak they found was inferior to Omar in its public accommodations, and Murray was at a loss to find shelter for the girls until his arrival was made known to the agents of the Alaska Northern. Then Mr. Trevor, the engineer in charge, looked him up and insisted upon sharing his quarters with the visitors. In Trevor's hearing was no suggestion of an enmity like Gordon's. He welcomed his rival warmly.

After dinner O'Neil took Natalie to see the sights, while Eliza profited by the opportunity to interview Trevor. In her numerous tilts with O'Neil she had not been unsuccessful from the point of view of her magazine articles, but here at her hand was the representative of the power best known and best hated for its activities in the northland, and he seemed perfectly willing to talk. Surely from him she would get information that would count.

"Understand, I'm on the side of your enemies," she warned him.

"So is everybody else," Mr. Trevor laughed, "but that's because we're misunderstood."

"The intentions of any trust warrant suspicion."

He shrugged. "The Heidemanns are just ordinary business men, like O'Neil, looking for investment. They heard of a great big copper field hidden away back yonder in the mountains, and they bought what they considered to be the best group of claims. They knew the region was difficult of access, but they figured that a railroad from tidewater would open up not only their own properties, but the rest of the copper belt and the whole interior country. They began to build a road from Cortez, when some 'shoe stringer' raised the cry that they had monopolized the world's greatest copper supply and had doubled cinched it by monopolizing transportation also. That started the fuss. They needed cheap coal, of course, just as everybody else

## FARMS FOR SALE

No. 1—280 acres known as the Dave Foltz farm, 4 1/2 miles northeast of Weeping Water. This is one of the good up-to-date farms. Fine improvements. No better land anywhere. If sold before August 5, can give possession March 1. If not sold by August 15, it will be rented and sold subject to rent. This farm can be bought by paying \$3,000 cash when sale is made and \$7,000 or more March 1, 1917; balance long time. Price \$175 per acre.

No. 2—240 acres, 7 miles northeast of Weeping Water, 5 miles from Muncie. Known as the Fred Ronne farm. This is a farm, all good land and well improved. Go look at this and get the price from myself or Mr. Ronne.

No. 3—160 acres, one mile north of Weeping Water. A fine farm right up to town, fine large house. This is the E. F. Marshall farm. See about this. Price \$195 per acre.

No. 4—160 acres, 1 mile north of Wabash, known as the Colbert farm. Well improved, in fine state of cultivation. Only 3 miles to Murdock. See me for price.

No. 5—160 acres, 4 miles southwest of Weeping Water. All good land, no waste land, fair improvements. This is the A. Jorgensen farm. Price \$140 per acre. Good terms.

No. 6—160 acres, 1 mile south and 3 1/2 miles west of Avoca. Well improved, lays good and is a good all around farm. Selling to settle an estate. Perfect title guaranteed. Price \$140 per acre.

No. 7—160 acres, 4 miles southeast of Weeping Water, well improved, known as the John Heebner farm. Price \$140 per acre.

No. 8—160 acres, 11 1/2 miles east of Weeping Water. The A. Olsen farm. A good producer. Price \$125 per acre. Terms.

I also have a 120 acre farm near Wabash for \$150 per acre. A few 80 acre tracts. A 113 acre farm 3 miles west of Weeping Water. See me for prices.

My being out of town for some three weeks need not stop anyone from looking at these farms. If any of these interests you and you wish to contract for them you may see Thomas Murtey in the First National bank. He will put you in touch with the owners. See me for farms always. John Colbert Weeping Water, Neb.

needs it, but somebody discovered the danger of a monopoly of that and set up another shout. Ever since then the yellow press has been screaming. The government withdrew all coal lands from entry, and it now refuses to grant patents to that which had been properly located. We don't own a foot of Alaskan coal land, Miss Appleton. On the contrary, we had our fuel from British Columbia, just like O'Neil and Gordon. Those who would like to sell local coal to us are prevented from doing so.

"It sounds well to hear you tell it," said Eliza. "But the minute the coal patents are issued you will buy what you want, then freeze out the other people. You expect to control the mines, the railroads and the steamship lines, but public necessities like coal and oil and timber and water power should belong to the people. There has been an awakening of the public conscience, and the day of monopolized necessities is passing."

"As long as men own coal mines they will sell them. Here we are faced not by a question of what may happen, but of what has happened. If you agreed to buy a city lot from a real estate dealer and after you paid him his price he refused to give you a deed, you'd at least expect your money back, wouldn't you? Well, that's the case of Uncle Sam and the Alaskan mines. He not only refuses to deliver the lot, but keeps the money and forces them to pay more every year. I represent a body of rich men who, because of their power, are regarded with suspicion, but if they did anything so dishonest as what our government has done to its own people they would be jailed."

When O'Neil and Natalie returned they found the two still arguing. "Haven't you finished your tiresome discussions?" asked Natalie.

"Mr. Trevor has almost convinced me that the octopus is a noble creature, filled with high ideals and writhing at the thrusters of the muckrakers," Eliza told them.

(To Be Continued.)

## Duroc Bred Sows for Sale!

I am offering 9 head of pedigreed Duroc Sows; 3 daughters of King, the Col; 1 daughter of Burke's Goodenut, bred to Jumbo Critic 10th, for August and September litters. Others bred to a son of King, the Col. Prices \$35.00 and up.

W. B. PORTER, Mynard, Neb.

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Seven Buildings, City and Country Advantage, Campus view a distinct feature. Health, Thought, Skill, Bellevue (Omaha) Neb. Est. 1872. David R. Kerr.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss.  
IN CHANCERY COURT.  
In the matter of the estate of Sarah E. Van Doren, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon the claims filed against said estate, before the County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 17th day of August, 1916, and on the 14th day of February, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, for examination, adjustment and allowance of claims. All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last day of February. If there is any land and any part of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 14th day of July, 1916.  
ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

**IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.**  
In the matter of the Estate of Edward G. Dancy, deceased.  
To all Persons Interested in the Estate of Edward G. Dancy, Deceased:  
You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the final report of George E. Dancy, as administrator of the estate of Edward G. Dancy, deceased, and also a petition for the appointment of a special administrator of the estate of Edward G. Dancy, deceased.

You are further notified that on the 23rd day of August, 1916, at the office of the County Judge, in the Court House, in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., a hearing will be had upon said report, said exceptions and said petition, for affirming and surcharging said report, such order and decrees will be entered therein as to the court may seem proper from said hearing, including the distribution of the residue of said estate, if any there be found, to such persons as are lawfully entitled thereto. To all of which you will take due notice.  
By the Court.  
ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.  
Dated July 25, 1916.

**IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.**  
In Re-Estate of David L. Amick, Deceased.

**NOTICE**  
To Ruth M. Amick, Theodore L. Amick, and to all other persons interested:

You are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in the above court alleging the death intestate of David L. Amick, a resident and inhabitant of Cass County, Nebraska, on May 17th, 1916; that he left his surviving as his sole and only heirs at law, the above named persons, and praying for the appointment of Theodore L. Amick as administrator; that a hearing will be had upon said petition at the office of the County Judge, Court House, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, on August 15th, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., before which hour, all objections thereto, must be filed and at which time orders will be entered in accordance with finding of the Court thereon.  
By the Court this 20th day of July, A. D., 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.  
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney.

## TO STUDY NEW STYLES

From Saturday's Daily.  
Miss Violet Dodge departed this morning for Chicago where she will enter one of the large wholesale millinery houses in that city to take up the designing of some of the fall styles in preparation for the fall millinery season in Omaha where Miss Dodge has been engaged in trimming for the past two seasons. Miss Dodge has been very successful in this line of work and her friends have watched with interest the progress of her advancement, in this, her chosen vocation.

## GOOD AUTO ROADS TO OMAHA

The cost of Bridge Tolls for Round Trip using our Commutation Books

Auto and Driver, round Trip..... 50c  
Extra Passengers, each,..... 5c  
\$10.00 Book,..... \$5.00  
\$5.00 Book,..... \$2.50

Commutation Books Good any time and Transferable.

PLATTSMOUTH Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.

## CO-OPERATION IS PRESENT ATTITUDE TO LOCAL DEALERS

The Merchant Who in the Past Extended Credit Should Be First Considered.

Here is what a government pamphlet recently issued says of the attitude that should be assumed by farmers and others who buy co-operatively toward the local dealer:

"The co-operative plan of buying farm supplies should not disregard the local dealer. The merchant who in the past has extended credit and rendered other valuable services should be the first considered when there is cash to be expended. The co-operative committee should go to such local firms and explain that their members are now in condition to perform certain service which formerly has been rendered by the dealers, and in view of their less exacting requirements, they expect to save to themselves the price formerly charged for that work. In several cases the merchants have welcomed such an arrangement, and it resulted in the creating of an excellent local spirit. The local dealer furnished the goods at a very small profit, because he was not obliged to render the usual service. In many cases the local dealer has the exclusive agency of the most desirable lines of goods, and this plan makes it possible to save on the exact class of good wanted, but in such a transaction the local dealer should be willing to act as the agent of the buying association so as to work for the interests of its members.

"The possible saving to be accomplished through co-operative buying is illustrated by the fact that in one case 1 State co-operative association assembled so many orders for spraying chemicals that they were able to buy very much cheaper than were regular dealers. As a result a large number of retail dealers in that State joined the association, so as to buy their

supplies of these chemicals through this association." That section is to be found on page 77 of a bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and received at the office of Trade Exhibit Tuesday of this week. It is entitled "The Co-operative Purchase of Farm Supplies" and is by C. E. Bassett, specialist in co-operative organization, office of Markets and Rural Organization. (From the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1915.)

The government has been so seriously criticized for its efforts to promote the co-operative buying of farm supplies as being a movement against the interests of the local dealer that it is only fair to publish the section quoted.

Even at that, however, it is rather a doubtful activity on the part of a government department, as viewed from the standpoint of the local retailer, and it would seem that the government agents in this work should make as great an effort to include the local merchant in their plans as to exclude him.

## MISS TERESA HEMPLE ENTERTAINS PAST CHIEFS

From Saturday's Daily.  
The Past Chiefs of the Degree of Honor were entertained in a most charming manner yesterday afternoon at the home of Miss Teresa Hemple and the occasion was one of rarest enjoyment to the members of the jolly party. The Hemple home was very prettily decorated for the event and the dining room was most attractive with a liberal display of golden glow in bouquets and which also formed the centerpiece for the dining table. Here a most tempting and delicious three-course luncheon was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Louise Klein of Omaha. The ladies spent the afternoon in visiting and with their fancy work on the cool and shady lawn of the Hemple home and the occasion throughout was most pleasant and the ladies on departing homeward felt very grateful for the hospitality that had been afforded them during the afternoon.

## Let Us Assist You in Planning Your New Residence!

—You are no doubt in the same position that a great many others of this city and community are in. You want a new home, and if you had a little assistance in the way of plans, cost of material and a partial estimate on the cost of your new home you might build now.

—We have just received a most complete line of plans, specifications, estimate of lumber bills for each and every structure in this great volume, all of which will be of great aid to you in planning a new home, all free to you by calling at our lumber office. This volume also contains the plans of combination barns and silos, garages, outbuildings of numerous kinds, which we will be glad to show prospective building of these sort of structures.

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