



BY
REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Fruit of the Tempest.

N EITHER O'Neil nor his host was in sight when the girls came to breakfast. The men had risen early, it seemed, and were somewhere out in the storm. A wilder day would be hard to imagine; a hurricane was raging, the rain was whirled ahead of it like charges of shot. The mountains behind Kyak were invisible and to seaward was nothing but a dimly discernible smother of foam and spray, for the crests of the breakers were snatched up and carried by the wind. The town was sodden; the streets were running mud. Stovepipes were down, tents lay flattened in the mire, and the board houses were shaking as if they might fly to pieces at any moment. The darkness was uncanny, and the tempest seemed to be steadily growing in violence.

When an hour or two had passed with no word from the men Eliza announced her intention of looking them up. She had spent the time at a window, straining her eyes through the welter, while Natalie had curled up cozily with a book in one of Trevor's armchairs.

"But, dearie, you'll be drenched," Natalie looked up in surprise. "Mr. O'Neil is all right."

"Of course he is. I'm not going out to scold him and bring him in. I want to look at the storm."

"So do I, but it won't do any good. I can't make it blow any harder by getting my feet wet."

"You read your novel and talk to Mr. Trevor when he comes back. He knows we're to blame for this storm, so you must be nice to him. I can't. She clad herself in raincoat, sou'wester and boots and hurried out. Walking was difficult enough, even in the shelter of the village, but not until she had emerged upon the beach did she meet the full strength of the gale. Here it wrapped her garments about her limbs until she could scarcely move. The rain came horizontally and blinded her. The wind fairly snatched her breath away and oppressed her lungs like a heavy weight. She shielded herself as best she could, and by clinging to stationary objects and watching her chance she managed to work her way onward. At last she caught sight of O'Neil standing high above the surf, facing the wind defiantly, as if daring it to unfoot him. He saw her and came in answer to her signal. But to breast that wind was like stemming a rushing torrent, and when he reached her side he was panting.

"Child, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I couldn't wait any longer!" she shouted back. "You've been out since daylight. You must be wet through."

He nodded. "I lay awake all night listening. So did Trevor. He's beginning to worry already."

"Already? If the breakwater stands this—"

"The storm hasn't half started. Come! We'll watch it together." He took her hand, and they lunged into the gale, battling their way back to his point of vantage. He paused at length and, with his arm about her, pointed to the milk white chaos which marked Trevor's handiwork. The rain pelted against their faces and streamed down their slickers.

After a long time he spoke. "See! It's coming up!" he said.

She felt no increase in the wind, but she noted that particles of sand and tiny pebbles from the beach were flying with the salt raindrops. Her muscles began to tremble from the constant effort at resistance, and she was relieved when Murray looked about for a place of refuge. She pointed to a pile of bridge timbers, but he shook his head.

"They'll go flying if this keeps up." He dragged her into the shelter of a little knoll. Here the blasts struck them with diminished force, the roaring in their ears grew less, and the labor of breathing was easier.

High up beyond reach of the surf a dory had been dragged and left bottom up. Under this the wind found a finger hold and sent it flying. Even where the man and the woman crouched the wind harried them like a hound pack, but by clinging to the branches of a gnarled juniper bush they held their position and let the spray whine over their heads.

"Farther west I've seen houses chained to the earth with ships' cables," he shouted in her ear. "To think of building a harbor in a place like this!"

"I prayed for you last night. I prayed for the wind to come," said the girl after a time.

O'Neil looked at her, curiously startled; then he looked out at the sea once more. All in a moment he realized that Eliza was beautiful and that she had a heart. It seemed wonderful that she should be interested in

his fortunes. He was a lonely man. Beneath his open friendliness lay a deep reserve. A curiously warm feeling of gratitude flamed through him now, and he silently blessed her for bearing him company in the deciding hour of his life.

Noon came, and still the two crouched in their half shelter, drenched, chilled, stiff with exposure, watching Kyak bay lash itself into a boiling smother. The light grew dim; night was settling. The air seemed full of screaming furies. Then O'Neil noticed bits of driftwood racing in upon the billows, and he rose with a loud cry.

"It's breaking up!" he shouted. "It's breaking up!"

Eliza lifted herself and clung to him, but she could see nothing except a misty confusion. In a few moments the darkness came thicker. Splintered piling, huge square hewn timbers with fragments of twisted iron or broken bolts came floating into sight. A confusion of wreckage began to clutter the shore, and into it the sea churned.

The spindrift tore asunder at length, and the watchers caught a brief glimpse of the tumbling ocean. The breakwater was gone. Over the place where it had stood the billows raced unhindered.

"Poor Trevor!" said O'Neil. "Poor Trevor! He did his best, but he didn't know." He looked down to find Eliza crying. "What's this? I've kept you here too long!"

"No, no! I'm just glad—so glad! Don't you understand?"

"I'll take you back. I must get ready to leave."

"Leave? Where?"

"For New York! I've made my fight, and I've won." His eyes kindled feverishly. "I've won in spite of them all. I hold the key to a kingdom. It's mine—mine! I hold the gateway to an empire, and those who pass through must pay." The girl had never seen such fierce triumph in a face. "I saw it in a dream, only it was more than a dream." The wind snatched O'Neil's words from his lips, but he ran on: "I saw a deserted fishing village become a thriving city. I saw the glaciers part to let pass a great traffic in men and merchandise. I saw the unpeopled north grow into a land of homes, of farms, of mining camps, where people lived and bred children. I heard the mountain passes echo to steam whistles and the whirl of flying wheels. It was a wonderful vision that I saw, but my eyes were true. They called me a fool, and it took the sea and the hurricane to show them I was right." He paused.



"It's breaking up," he shouted. "It's breaking up!"

ed, ashamed of his outburst, and, taking the girl's hand in his, went stumbling ahead of the storm. Their limbs were cramped, their teeth chattered, they wallowed through mire, and more than once they fell. Nearing Trevor's house, they saw what the storm had done. Kyak was nearly razed. Roofs had been ripped off, chimneys were down, glass was out. None but the most substantial log cabins had withstood the assault, and men were busied in various quarters trying to repair the damage.

They found Natalie beside herself with anxiety for their safety, and an hour later Trevor came in, soaked to the skin. He was very tired, and his face was haggard.

"Well, she went out!" he said. "I

saw a million dollars swallowed up in that sea."

They tried to comfort him, but the collapse of his work had left him dazed.

"Heavens! I didn't think it could blow like this, and it isn't over yet. The town is flat."

"I'm sorry. You understand I sympathize?" said Murray, and the engineer nodded.

"You told me it blew here, and I thought I knew what you meant, but nothing could withstand those rollers."

"Nothing."

"You'll go east and see our people. I suppose?"

"At once."

"Tell them what you saw. They'll never understand from my reports. They're good people. If there's anything I can do—"

O'Neil took his hand warmly.

Two days later Murray bade the girls goodbye and left, traveling light. They remained in Kyak so that Eliza might complete her investigations.

Of all those who suffered by the storm Curtis Gordon took his misfortune hardest. This had been a black season for him indeed. Beginning with O'Neil's rivalry, everything had gone against him. He had dropped his coal interests at Kyak in favor of the copper mine because they failed to yield quick profits. Then he had learned that the mine was valueless and realized that it could not serve him much longer as a means of raising funds. Still, he had trusted that by taking a vigorous part in the railroad struggle he would be able either to recoup his fortunes or at least to effect a compromise in the shadow of which his fiasco at Hope would be forgotten. As yet the truth about Hope Consolidated was not generally known to his stockholders, but a certain restlessness among them had become troublesome. The stream of money had diminished alarmingly, and it was largely because of this that he had bought the McDermott right of way and moved to Kyak. And now just as he had his affairs in shape for another and a greater campaign of stock flotation the storm had come to ruin him.

The bitterest element in his defeat was the realization that O'Neil, who had bested him at every turn, was destined to profit by the very blow which crushed him. Defeat at the hands of the copper trust he would have accepted with a fairly good grace, but the mere thought that Murray O'Neil, whom he considered in every way his inferior, had gained the upper hand was intolerable. It was in keeping with Gordon's character that instead of blaming his own judgment he became furiously angry at the trust for the mistake of its engineers and held them responsible for his desperate situation. That was truly desperate he very soon realized, since disaster to his railroad project meant that his stockholders would be around his ears like a swarm of hornets, and once they understood the true state of affairs at Hope the complete collapse of his fortunes would surely follow.

During the days succeeding the storm he scarcely knew where to turn, so harassed was he; yet he never for a moment wavered in his resolve to make O'Neil pay for his interference and to exact a reckoning from Gloria Gerard.

Natalie's presence in Kyak confirmed his belief that O'Neil was interested in her, and he began to plan a stroke by which he could take revenge upon all three. It did not promise in any way to help him out of his financial straits, but at least it would give him a certain satisfaction.

He sent word to the girl that he would like to see her. Gordon found his erstwhile ward greatly improved by her recent life. She was brown, vigorous, healthy; her physical charms quickened his pulses. "You must have a very good reason for coming to see me," she began. "I don't flatter myself that it is from affection."

"There you wrong me," he assured her, with the warm earnestness he so easily assumed. "I have always regarded you as a daughter."

"I have no faith in you."

"Exactly, and the knowledge distresses me. You and Gloria were a large part of my life. I can't bear to lose you. I hope, and I believe, that her regard for me has changed no more than mine for her. It remains for me to regain yours."

"That is impossible. You had the chance."

"My dear, you can't know my reasons for acting as I did at Omar. But those reasons no longer exist."

"Just what—do you mean by that?" stammered Natalie.

"I mean what I say. I'm ready to marry your mother."

"When?"

"At once. You shall plead my cause for me."

"That isn't necessary. You know mother is only waiting for you. It means so much to her that she couldn't refuse."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you?" Natalie nodded. "It means more to me than to any one else, perhaps. I have been carrying a great burden, almost more than I can bear. Sometimes I've wished I were a man—for just long enough to make you pay. Oh, yes," she continued as he started to protest. "Don't let us begin this new life with any false conceptions. You may as well know that I shall always hate you. We shall see very little of each other."

"Nonsense! I can't let you feel like that. I shan't rest until I win back your love and confidence."

She eyed him searchingly for a moment, then opened her lips to speak, but closed them.

"Well?" he prompted her. "Let us be frank with each other."

(To Be Continued.)

FARMS FOR SALE

No. 1—280 acres known as the Dave Foltz farm, 41-2 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 Manley. 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, 1-1-2 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 Mulvey in the First National bank. He will put you in touch with the owners. See me for farms always.

John Colbert

Weeping Water, Neb.

"I'm merely wondering how greatly your decision has been influenced by the storm and the fight at the railroad crossing. I understand how you feel toward Mr. O'Neil, and I know that he means to crush you."

"Oh! Gordon's face lighted.

"Yes! He has never said so, but I can feel it. I wonder if you have snatched us up in your extrepity as a defense."

"Ridiculous! Your suspicions are insulting. I have nothing to fear from him, for he is broken, his credit is gone, and he is in desperate straits."

"Are you in any better condition? How long can you fool your people with that pretense of a mine?"

Gordon flushed, but affected scorn.

"So! Have you and Gloria begun to balance my wealth against my love? If so—"

"You know she would marry you if you were penniless."

"I hope so, and, indeed, I can't believe her mercenary. Well, I shall say goodbye to Kyak without idle regret, and we three shall return to Hope, where I can attack my problems with fresh courage. I can well afford my loss here if by doing so I gain the woman of my desires."

"You want me to go with you?"

"Of course. You can't stay in Omar, knowing what you do about O'Neil. Remember, I shall be in the position of a father to you."

"Very well. It is the least I can do. Miss Appleton and I are returning to Omar in a few days. Will you go with us?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear." He smiled upon her in his most fatherly fashion, but she was far from feeling the assurance he meant to convey.

When Murray arrived in New York he met with a terrible setback. Herman Heidehman, while admitting that O'Neil's project might be feasible, said that his company could not afford to put any more money into Alaska until something besides plans were available. Mr. Heidehman was adamant.

(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.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

Geo. Ballance, locomotive engineer, returns to Plattsmouth to live, and says his wife and baby are going to have a home after this, railroading or no railroading.

Henry Bons is the happy father of a 12 pound Bon(d) that he is duly and truly married in lawful and legal shape. This Bon(d) was issued on Henry's birthday and is a legal tender for cigars at Henry's place, *ad lib* until further orders.

Mr. Fred Elster, a long time resident of this place, died on Monday morning after a long illness. An attack of palsy disabled him from following his business some time ago, and at last has carried him to his long home. He was a soldier in the Union army; one by one the heroes of that great war are passing away.

J. L. Hutchins, living near Weeping Water has been making cheese, now, for some years, commencing in '70. He milks 45 cows, and finds no difficulty in selling the cheese. It averages 11 cents a pound at Nebraska City (that is as good as they do in Wisconsin on land, that cost \$60 to \$70 per acre—Ed.). At first they would not touch Nebraska cheese, but now, he has no difficulty in selling his product. He speaks very encouragingly of the cheese prospect in this state. There is another cheese factory about to be started a short distance from him of which our friend S. A. Beardsley will have charge. We're a waking up, boys.

Last Monday evening in company with a couple of friends the Herald visited the high school building and heard the profound and eloquent remarks of the assembled wisdom of young Plattsmouth.

The exercises opened with music by Messrs. Pettee, Morrison and others. Then a reading by Miss Sutton; an oration by Mr. Wooley, (principle vs. policy) very good too. After that the debate. The question was: "Resolved, that the Pulpit has done more to advance civilization than the Press." Prof. Simons opened the debate. He overhauled the heathens, the Romans, and several other folks. Mr. Drummond followed and gave the press a lift. J. E. Morrison followed him, paid the press a compliment and then told us that the pulpit did more to refine and civilize man than all other influences combined but admitted that without the press the pulpit could not sustain itself. (We must laugh 'at friend Morrison a little—when he states there were 20,000 people in one small church—now we never saw one small church that would hold 20,000 people; nor did he, we opine.) Mr. Waterman made the most humorous speech of the evening—said there were only 63 out to church in Plattsmouth—not long since—while hundreds were no doubt reading the papers. Mr. Waterman made some good points. Frank Morrison hit out like a house afire, talked machinery, quoted Webster to 'em and put the pressed down second best under the pulpit. Mr. Windham followed in a well considered and logical argument on the negative, saying the press had made the civilization of the pulpit available. Mr. Simons closed the affirmative. A vote of the house decided that the negative had the best of the argument, and the Herald came home to reflect. Next Sunday we're going to church to get civilized.

Rev. Geo. C. Betts, formerly of Plattsmouth, now of St. Louis, made his sister, Mrs. Walter White, a flying visit on Monday last.

We regret to hear that Dr. Noah Hobbs came very near ending his days by the accidental inhalation of some arsenic which he was using and which threw him into severe convulsions; we are glad to state, however, that he is recovering.

Little Sister Palmer, daughter of Capt. H. E. Palmer narrowly escaped severe injury on Sunday last, by falling from the banisters a distance of ten feet and striking a hat rack in her descent breaking one of the arms, some slight contusions were the only apparent permanent results, although she was senseless and delirious for some time.

Jas. E. Morrison, a brother of Frank Morrison's has located here and will practice law, so they say, good looking young man, too. He brings first rate recommendations and we hope he may find Plattsmouth an agreeable and profitable place to hang out his shingle.

Court opened Monday afternoon, Judge Pound presiding. A number of attorneys from abroad attended court this term. Mr. Covell from Nebraska City is up; Mr. Marquett of course, several new young men the Herald has not made the acquaintance of yet, and all the old legal war horses of Cass county are on hand. There is a pretty full docket and there will be some profound legal snorting as usual.

We paid the Teft farm at Avoca a

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.

visit a few days since. Found the old gentleman and his son looking after some fine steers they had just got in to feed the coming winter. Their arrangements for the purpose are complete. Large stock yards with a fine spring creek running through them with stone bottom that can be crossed at any point. They have in addition to about forty head of steers which they will fat, upwards of 100 head of cows, calves, young stock and hogs in quantity. Among the rest was a thorough bred short horn bull, one year old in July, that we saw weighed, turning the scales at 912 pounds. Mr. Teft brought him from the celebrated herd of Hon. John Wentworth, of Illinois, the finest calf we have seen in the state. Mr. Teft also brought a thoroughbred cow with him that weighed 1,500 pounds on grass. The teft home farm of four hundred and eighty acres is complete in many respects—splendidly watered in various places with fine springs, good body of timber and a quantity of land that is unequalled in this portion of the state. They have a fine young orchard of many hundred trees, looking splendidly. Large and convenient dwelling house and grounds. The former can be seen many miles in all directions. They also have another farm of 480 acres two miles west, on which is a large orchard, from which over 1,000 bushels of apples were taken last year. We spent a day at their farm and take this opportunity to express our warmest thanks for the kind hospitality of Mr. Teft and his good body who exerted themselves to make our stay pleasant with complete success.

Doan's Regulates are recommended by many who say they operate easily, without griping and without bad after effects. 25c at all drug stores.

Allen J. Beeson, County Judge.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss.

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 me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 14th 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.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing. Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 14th day of July, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

(SEAL) 7-17-16.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.

In the matter of the Estate of Edward G. Dovey, deceased.

To all Persons Interested in the Estate of Edward G. Dovey, 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. Dovey, as administrator of the estate of Edward G. Dovey, deceased, and also, exceptions thereto, and statement falsifying and surcharging said report filed by Frank E. Schlatter as special administrator of the estate of Jane A. Dovey, deceased.

You are further notified that on the 23d 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 statement falsifying and surcharging said report, said orders 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,