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F. S. WILLIAMS ST. MARYS

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

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(CONTINUED.)

"I'm going out into society."
"Clyde is taking you to the yacht, eh?"

"No. He's afraid of my work, so I'm going out on my own. He told me all about the swell quilts at Marsh's place, so I thought I'd lam up there and look them over. I may cop an heirless." He winked wisely. "If I see one that looks gentle I'm liable to grab me some bride. He says there ain't one that's got less than a couple of millions in her kick."

Boyd was too weary to do more than wish him success, but it seemed that fortune favored Fraser, for before he had gone far he saw a young woman seated in a patch of wild flowers, plucking the blooms with careless hand while she drank in the beauty of the bright arctic morning. She was simply dressed, yet looked so prosperous that Fraser instantly decided:

"That's her! I'll spread my cheeks with this one. Good morning," he began.

The girl gave him an indifferent glance from two fearless eyes and nodded slightly.

"If you don't mind, I'll rest a minute. I'm out for my morning walk. It's a nice day, isn't it?" As she did not answer he ran on glibly: "My name is De Benville. I'm one of the New Orleans branch. That's my canny down yonder." He pointed in the direction from which he had just come.

"I thought that was Mr. Emerson's canny," she said.

"Oh, the idea! He only runs it for me. I put up the money. You know him, eh?"

The girl nodded. "Yes. I know Mr. Clyde also."

"Who—Alton?" he queried with reassuring warmth. "Why, you and I have got mutual friends. Alton and me is pals." He shook his head solemnly. "Ain't he a scourge?"

"I beg your pardon."

"I say, ain't he an awful thing? He ain't anything like Emerson. There's a ring tailed swallow all right, all right! I like him."

"Are you very intimate with him?"

"Am I? I'm closer to him than a porous plaster. When Boyd ain't around I'm him, that's all. Is that your yacht?"

"No. My father and I are merely passengers."

"So you trailed the old skeezicks along with you? Well, that's right. Make the most of your father while you've got him. If I'd paid more attention to mine I'd have been better off now. But I was wild."

Fraser winked in a manner to inform his listener that all worldly wisdom was his. "I wanted to be a jockey, and the old party cut me off. What I've got now, made all by myself, but if I'd stayed in Bloomington I might have been president of the bank by this time."

"Bloomington! I understood you to say New Orleans."

"My old man had a whole string of banks," Fraser averred hastily.

"Tell me—is Mr. Emerson ill?" asked the girl.

"Ill enough to lick a den of wildcats."

"He intended coming out to the yacht last night, but he disappointed us."

"He's as busy as an ant hill. I met him turning in just as I came out for my constitutional."

"Where had he been all night?" Her voice betrayed an interest that Fraser was quick to detect. He answered cannily:

"You can search me! I don't keep cases on him. As long as he does his work I don't care where he goes at quitting time." He resolved that this girl should learn nothing from him.

"There seem to be very few white women in this place," she said after a pause.

"Only one, till you people came. Maybe you've crossed her trail?"

"Mr. Emerson told me about her. He seems quite fond of her."

"I've always said they'd make a swell fishing pair."

"One can hardly blame her for trying to catch him."

"Oh, you can make book that she didn't start no lovmaking. She ain't the kind to curl up in a man's ear and whisper. She don't have to. All she needs to do is look natural. The men will fall like ripe persimmons."

"They have been together a great deal, I suppose."

"Every hour of the day, and the days are long," said Fraser cheerfully. "But he ain't crippled. He could have walked away if he'd wanted to. It's a good thing he didn't, though, because she's done more to win this bet for us than we've done ourselves."

"She's unusually pretty," the girl remarked coldly.

"Yes, and she's just as bright as she is good looking. But I don't care for blonds." Fraser gazed admiringly at the brown hair before him and rolled his eyes eloquently. "I'm strong for brunettes, I am. It's the creole blood in me."

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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She gathered up her wild flowers and rose, saying:
"I must be going."
"I'll go with you." He jumped to his feet with alacrity.

"Thank you. I prefer to walk alone."
"Declined with thanks?" he murmured. "I'd need ear muffs and mittens to handle her. I think I'll build me some bonfire and thaw out. She must own the mint."

At the upper cannery Mildred found Alton Clyde with the younger Berry girl. She called him aside and talked earnestly with him for several minutes.

"All right," he said at length. "I'm glad to get out, of course. The rest is up to you."

Mildred's lips were white and her voice hard as she cried:

"I am thoroughly sick of it all! I have played the fool long enough!"

"Now, look here," Clyde objected weakly, "you may be mistaken, and it doesn't look like quite the square thing to do." But she silenced him with an angry gesture.

"Leave that to me. I'm through with him."

"All right. Let's hunt up the governor." Together they went to the office in search of Wayne Wayland.

A half hour later when Clyde rejoined Miss Berry she noticed that he seemed ill at ease, gazing down the bay with a worried, speculative look in his colorless eyes.

Boyd Emerson roused from his death-like slumber late in the afternoon, still worn from his long strain and aching in every muscle. He was in wretched plight physically, but his heart was aglow with gladness. Big George was still at the trap, and the unceasing rumble from across the way told him that the fish were still coming in. As he was finishing his breakfast a watchman appeared in the doorway.

"There's a launch at the dock with some people from above," he announced. "I stopped them, according to orders, but they want to see you."

"Show them to the office," Boyd rose and went into the other building, where a moment later he was confronted by Wayne Wayland and Willis Marsh.

The old man nodded to him shortly. Marsh began:

"We heard about your good fortune Mr. Wayland has come to look over your plant."

"It is not for sale."

"How many fish are you getting?"

"That is my business." He turned to Mr. Wayland. "I hardly expected to see you here. Haven't you insulted me enough?"

"Just a moment before you order me out, I'm a stockholder in this company, and I am within my rights."

"You a stockholder? How much stock do you own? Where did you get it?"

"I own 35,000 shares outright." Mr. Wayland tossed a packet of certificates upon the table. "And I have options on all the stock you placed in Chicago. I said you would hear from me when the time came."

"So you think the time has come to crush me, eh?" said Emerson. "Well, you've been swindled. Only one-third of the capital stock has been sold, and Alton Clyde holds 35,000 shares of that."

The old man smiled grimly. "I have not been swindled."

"Then Clyde sold out!" exploded Boyd.

"Yes. I paid him back the \$10,000 he put in, and I took over the 25,000 shares you got Mildred to take."

"Mildred!" Emerson started as if he had been struck. "Are you insane? Mildred doesn't own— Why, Alton never told me who put up that money!"

"Don't tell me you didn't know!" cried Wayne Wayland. "You knew all the time. You worked your friends out and then sent that whipper snapper to my daughter when you saw you were about to fail. You managed well. You knew she couldn't refuse."

"How did you find out that she held the stock?"

"She told me, of course."

"Don't ask me to believe that. If she hadn't told you before she wouldn't tell you now. All I can say is that she acted of her own free will. I never dreamed she put up that \$25,000. What do you intend to do now that you have taken over these holdings?"

"What do you think? I would spend ten times the money to save my daughter." The old man was quivering.

"You are only a minority stockholder. The control of this enterprise still rests with me and my friends."

"Your friends!" cried Mr. Wayland. "That's what brings me here—you and your friends! I'll break you and your friends if it takes my fortune."

"I can understand your dislike of me, but my associates have never harmed you."

"Your associates! And who are they? A lawless ruffian, who openly threatened Willis Marsh's murder, and a loose woman from the dance halls."

"Take care!" cried Emerson in a

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ALL DRUGGISTS

11-49



WAS ONCE WEALTHY DIED A POOR MAN

Chicago, April 27.—Dr. Daniel Kimball Pearsons, 82 years old, who in recent years gave more than \$5,000,000 to small colleges, chiefly in the middle west, died early today, in a sanitarium, comparatively a poor man. Pneumonia was the cause. For several days he has been sinking, a patient in an institution where he maintained himself on an income of \$5,000 a year, paid him by a college to which he had contributed \$250,000 on the condition that he would be given two per cent. of that amount for the remainder of his life.

It was Dr. Pearsons who declared that "giving away money is a greater sport than baseball and more fun than any other form of entertainment."

His death defeated his often expressed expectation that he would live 100 years.

Other events on the Republican calendar for the week will include the State Convention in Tennessee and the State Convention in West Virginia. Tennessee is claimed by the Taft managers, while Roosevelt is believed to have the lead in West Virginia.

Both Taft and Roosevelt are fighting for the New Hampshire delegates, who are to be selected by the Republican State Convention which will meet Tuesday in Concord.

Henry V. Savage contemplates sending a musical organization on to Havana to present such musical plays as "The Merry Widow," "The Prince of Pilsen" and "Little Boy Blue."

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(To Be Continued.)