

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER VI.

AND so all your privations and hardships went for nothing," said Mildred Wayland when Boyd had recounted the history of his pilgrimage into the north. "Yes," he replied; "as a miner I am a very wretched failure."

She shrugged her shoulders in disapproval. "Don't use that term!" she cried. "There is no word so hateful to me as 'failure'—I suppose because father has never failed in anything. Let us say that your success has been delayed."

"Very well. That suits me better also, but you see I've forgotten how to choose nice words."

They were seated in the library, where for two hours they had remained undisturbed, Emerson talking rapidly, almost incoherently.

"And you did all that for me," she mused. "I wonder if any other man I know would take those risks just for me."

"Of course. Why, the risk, I mean the physical peril and hardship and discomfort, don't amount to that. He snapped his fingers. "It was only the unending desolation that hurt; it was the separation from you that punished me—the thought that some luckier fellow might—"

"Nonsense!" Mildred was really indignant. "I told you to fix your own time, and I promised to wait. Even if I had not—care for you I would have kept my word. That is a Wayland principle. As it is, it was—comparatively easy."

"Then you do love me, my lady?" He leaned eagerly toward her.

"Do you need to ask?" she whispered from the shelter of his arms. "It is the same old fascination of our girl and boy days. Do you remember how completely I lost my head about you?" She laughed softly. "I used to think you wore a football suit better than anybody in the world! Sometimes I suspect that it is merely that same girlish hero worship and can't last. But it has lasted—so far. Three years is a long time for a girl like me to wait, isn't it?"

"I know, I know," he returned jealously.

"But legions of men are courting you, Oh, I know. Haven't I devoured society columns by the yard? The papers were six months old, to be sure, when I got them, but every mention of you was just like a knife stab to me. I used to torture my lonely soul with pictures of you. You were never out of mind for an hour. My days were given to you, and I used to pray that my dreams might hold nothing but you. You have been my fetish from the first day I met you, and my worship has grown blinder every hour, Mildred. Oh, my lady, how beautiful you are!"

And indeed she was, for her face, ordinarily so imperious, was now softly alight; her eyes, which other men found cold, were kindled with a rare warmth of understanding; her smile was almost wistfully sweet.

He recalled how excited he had been in that faraway time when he had first learned her identity, for the name of Wayland was spoken soundly in the middle west. In the early stages of their acquaintance he had looked upon her aloofness as an affectation, but a close intimacy had compelled a recognition of it as something wholly natural. He found her as truly a patrician as Wayne Wayland, her father, could wish. The old man's domain was greater than that of many princes, and his power more absolute. His only daughter he spoiled as thoroughly as he ruled his part of the financial world, and willful Mildred, once she had taken an interest in the young college man so evidently ready to be numbered among her lovers, did not pause half way, but made her preference patent to all and opened to him a realm of dazzling possibilities.

And when he had graduated how proud of her he had been! How little he had realized the gulf that separated them, and how quick had been his awakening!

It was Wayne Wayland who had shown him his folly. He had talked to the young engineer kindly, if firmly, being too shrewd an old diplomat to fan the flame of a headstrong love with vigorous opposition.

"Mildred is a rich girl," the old financier had told Boyd, "a very rich girl, one of the richest girls in this part of the world, while you, my boy—what have you to offer?"

"Nothing! But you were not always what you are now," Emerson had replied. "Every man has to make a start. When you married you were as poor as I am."

"Granted! But I married a poor girl from my own station in life. Fortunately she had the latent power to develop with me as I grew, so that we kept even and I never outdistanced her. But Mildred is supposed to begin with. I spoiled her purposely to prevent just this sort of thing. She is bred to luxury, her friends are rich, and she doesn't know any other kind of life."

And so it was that Boyd Emerson had gone to Alaska, to the Klondike, to win a fortune and thus to win the girl he loved. He fixed his own time for returning, and so it was that Mildred Wayland had awaited him.

If today, after three years of deprivation, she seemed to him more beautiful than ever—the interval having served merely to enhance her charm and strengthen the yearning of his heart—she seemed in the same view still further removed from his sphere.

His story finished, Boyd went on to tell her vaguely of his future plans, and at last he asked her, with something less than an accepted lover's confidence:

"Will you wait another year?" She laughed lightly. "You dear boy, I am not up for auction. This is not the 'third and last call.' I am not sure I could induce anybody to take me even if I desired."

"I read the rumor of your engagement in a San Francisco paper." She mentioned a number of names, counting them off on her finger tips. "Then, of course, there are the old standbys, Mr. Macklin, Tommy Turner, the Lawton boys—"

"And Alton Clyde!" "To be sure; little Alton, like the brook, runs on forever. He still worships you, Boyd, by the way."

"Is there any one in particular?" Boyd demanded.

Miss Wayland's hesitation was so brief as almost to escape his notice. "Nobody who counts. Of course father has his predilections and insists upon engineering my affairs in the same way he would float a railroad enterprise, but you can imagine how romantic the result is."

"Who is the favored party?" the young man asked daskily.

"Really it isn't worth discussing. Do you remember when I offered to give it all up and go with you, Boyd?" "I have never forgotten for an instant."

"You refused to allow it." "Certainly! I had seen too much of your life, and my pride figured a bit also. But I am going to have you." He drew her to him tenderly. "You are going to be my wife." He repeated the words softly, reverently. "My wife!"

She gazed up at him with a puzzled little frown. "What bothers me is that you understand me and my life so well, while I scarcely understand you or yours at all. That seems to tell me that I am unsuited to you in some way. Why, when you told me that story of your hardships and all that I listened as if it were a play or a book, but really it didn't mean anything to me or stir me as it should. I can't understand my own failure to understand. Do you see what I am trying to convey?"

"Perfectly," he answered, releasing her with a little unadmitted sense of disappointment at his heart. "I suppose it is only natural."

"I do hope you succeed this time," she continued. "I am growing dreadfully tired of things. Not tired of waiting for you, but I am getting to be old; I am, indeed. Why, at times I actually have an inclination to do fancy work—the un-fancying symptom. Do you realize that I am twenty-five years old!"

The portieres parted, and Wayne Wayland stood in the opening.

He advanced to shake the young man's hand, his demeanor gracious and hearty.

"Welcome home. You have been having quite a vacation, haven't you? Let's see, it's two years, isn't it?"

"Three years!" Emerson replied. "Impossible! Dear, dear, how time flies when one is busy!"

"Boyd has been telling me of his adventures," said Mildred. "He is going to dine with us."

"Have you come home to stay?" asked the father.

"No, sir. I shall return in a few weeks."

Mr. Wayland's cordiality seemed to increase in some subtle manner.

"Well, I am sorry you didn't make a fortune, my boy. But, rich or poor, your friends are delighted to see you, and we shall certainly keep you for dinner. I am interested in that northwestern country myself, and I want to ask some questions about it."

It was well on toward midnight when Emerson reached his hotel, and, being too full of his visit with Mildred to sleep, he strolled through the lobby and into the Pompeian room.

"Boyd Emerson! By Jove, I'm glad to see you!" He turned to face an anaemic youth whose colorless, gas bleached face was wrinkled into an expansive grin.

"Hello, Alton!" They shook hands like old friends, while Alton Clyde continued to express his delight.

"So you've been roughing it out in Nebraska, eh?"

"Anaska." "So it was I always get those places mixed. Come over and have a drink. I want to talk to you. Funny thing, I just met a Klondiker myself this evening. Great chap too! I want you to know him; he's immense. His name is Froelich, but he isn't a Dutchman. Come on, you'll like him."

Clyde led his companion toward a table. Mr. Froelich shoved back his chair and turned, exposing the face of "Fingerless" Fraser, quite expressionless save for the left eye, which drooped meaningly.

"Froelich!" said Boyd angrily; "good heavens, Fraser, have you picked another? I thought you were going to stick to 'Froelich.'" Turning to Clyde, he observed: "This man's name is Fraser. One of his peculiarities is a dislike of proper names. He has never found one that suited him."

"I like 'Froelich' pretty well," observed the imperturbable Fraser. "It sounds distinguished and—"

"Don't believe anything he tells you," Boyd broke in, seating himself. "He is the most circumstantial liar in the northwest, and if you don't watch him every minute he will sell you a by-draule mine or a rubber plantation or a sponge fishery. Underneath his eccentricities, however, he is really a pretty decent fellow, and I am indebted to him for my presence here tonight."

Alton Clyde made his astonishment evident by inquiring incredulously of Fraser, "Then that scheme of yours to establish a gas plant at Nome was all—"

"Certainly!" Emerson laughed. "The incandescent lamp travels about as fast as the prospector. Nome is lighted by electricity and has been for years."

"Is it?" demanded Fraser, with an assumption of the supremest surprise. "You know as well as I do."

"H'm! I'd forgotten. Just the same, my plan was a good one. Gas is cheaper." He reached for his glass, at which Clyde's eye fell upon his missing fingers, and the young clubman exploded:

"Well, if that's the kind of pill you are, maybe you didn't lose your mitt in the Boer war either."

Emerson answered for the adventurer: "Hardly! He got blood poisoning from a bangnail."

Clyde began to laugh uncontrollably. "Really, that's great! Oh, that's lovely!"

Clyde said he was in poor health and wanted a chance to regain lost appetite and lost money.

"I'll give you a chance to recoup," said Boyd. "I am here to raise some money on a good proposition."

The younger man leaned forward eagerly. "If you say it's good, that's all I want to know. I'll take a chance, I'm in for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

"I'll tell you what it is and you can use your own judgment." "I haven't a particle," Clyde confessed. "If I had I wouldn't need to invest. Go ahead, however; I'm all ears."

The other outlined the plan. To Clyde, Boyd Emerson had ever represented the ultimate type of all that was most desirable, and time had not lessened his admiration.

"It looks as if there might be a jolly rumpus, doesn't it?" he questioned. "It does."

"Then I've got to see it. I'll put in my share if you'll let me go along."

"You go! Why, you wouldn't like that sort of thing," said Emerson, considerably nonplussed.

"Oh, wouldn't I? I'd eat it! It's just what I need. I'd revel in that outdoor life." He threw back his narrow shoulders. "I'm a regular scout when it comes to roughing it. Why, I camped in the Thousand Islands all one summer, and I've been deer hunting in the Adirondacks. We didn't get any—they were too far from the hotel. But I know all about mountain life."

"This is totally different," Boyd objected, but Clyde ran on, his enthusiasm growing as he tinted the mental picture to suit himself.

Clyde was lost in an exposition of his business as a fisherman when Fraser burst out:

"Hello! There's George." (To Be Continued.)

His Sure Fate. The man who goes to the doctor too often is operated on at last—Life.

BICYCLE ON RAILS

INGENIOUS INVENTION TO BE CREDITED TO FRANCE.

Seemingly Every Contingency is Provided for in Machine That Surely Should Be Capable of Making Fast Time.

A set of attachments, by which the ordinary bicycle can be made to run on a railroad track, has been brought out in France and is said to be meeting with perfect success.

Two distinct attachments are used, one to insure the straight running of the bicycle and the other to maintain the equilibrium. The first mentioned consists of a set of forks attached to the regular fork of the bicycle. The lower ends of these forks bear ball rollers and these, coming in contact with each side of the rail, resist derailment without resulting in enough friction to impede the speed of the rider.

The second attachment is a light bicycle-tube framework, bearing a roller at its outer end. This frame is made fast to the bicycle under the saddle and at the hub of the rear wheel, and extends to the second track of the railway. The roller it carries runs on the top of this rail and maintains the equilibrium of the machine.

The possibility of one track being higher than the other, as at curves in the road, is provided for by means of the light bar that runs along the top of the framework supporting the out-riding roller. This, operated by a handle within reach of the rider, engages with a mechanism which allows

the roller to be vertically extended or drawn closer to the end of the framework, thus making possible the proper pitch of the machine, so that it will always be slightly leaning towards the second rail.

When the bicycle is in ordinary use, the out-riding roller and its framework are attached to the upper bar of the frame and the set of forks is raised clear of the ground.—Popular Mechanics.

Growth of English Engines. Although British locomotives, limited as they are by the narrower clearances of tunnels, bridges, etc., have never reached the size of locomotives in America, there has been a steady growth in dimensions, and some of the latest engines are extremely powerful. Thus ten of the Atlantic type, built for the East Coast Scottish express use, have a total heating surface of 3,456 square feet, and a grate area of 27 square feet. The barrel of the boiler is 5 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 15 feet 10½ inches in length. The tank has a capacity of

4,125 gallons of water, and five tons of coal. The total weight of the engine alone is nearly 90 tons.—Scientific American.

Largest Switch Tower. The largest electrically-controlled switch tower in the world has just been put into service at Providence, R. I., on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. The tower is equipped with 77 switch levers, providing 268 combinations. Elaborate precautions are furnished to prevent the giving of a wrong signal. The power used is taken from the feed wires of the railway, but as a precaution two other sources of power are provided, which may be drawn upon in case of emergency.—Scientific American.

Cows' Overcoats. One day little Margie saw a dray loaded with hides passing the house. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there goes a man with a whole stock of cows' overcoats."

With Due Care. Dignity is a very proper sort of thing, but don't put on too much of it, or you may be taken for a butler.—Lippincott's.

Cork Known in Ancient Times. Cork was known to the Greeks and Romans, and was put to almost as many uses as at present, although there is no mention in Roman annals of linoleum, notwithstanding its Roman sound. Glass bottles with cork stoppers did not come into use until the middle of the fourteenth century.

There is little danger from a cold or from an attack of the grip except when followed by pneumonia, and this never happens when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. This remedy has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds and grip and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. For sale by all dealers.

Kind Word Never Misplaced. Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—Arthur Helps.

To Dissolve the Union of stomach, liver and kidney troubles and cure biliousness and malaria, take Electric Bitters. Guaranteed. 50 cents. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Great Gift to Humanity. Of all the good gifts that ever came out of the wallet of the Fairy Godmother, the gift of natural goodness is the greatest and the best. It is to the soul what health is to the body, what sanity is to the mind, the best of normality.—Bilas Carman.

A Shooting Scrape with both parties wounded, demands Tuckler's Arnica Salve. Heals wounds, sores, burns or injuries. 25c. McBride & Will Drug company.

The Patriot. If the man who comes to a Fourth of July celebration goes home and so conducts himself that his wife and his children wish beyond anything else that he never did come home, you can guarantee that that man is a poor citizen.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Child's Queer Answer. A little girl fell out of bed during the night. After her mother had picked her up and pacified her she asked her how she happened to fall out. The child replied: "I want to sleep too near the place where I went in."

Great Range of Vision. The Peruvian Indians are credited with having the greatest range of vision of all races, cases having been recorded of their distinguishing human being 13 miles away.

To Preserve Brass Bedsteads. Rub them every now and then with a little sweet oil on a cloth; afterward polish with a dry leather.

How Attachments Are Carried. The roller at its outer end. This frame is made fast to the bicycle under the saddle and at the hub of the rear wheel, and extends to the second track of the railway. The roller it carries runs on the top of this rail and maintains the equilibrium of the machine.

Bicycle in Position on Rail.

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The following are some extracts from letters Dr. Caldwell has received:

"I wish to thank you for the sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. My little grandson, Philip Lloyd, had suffered from stomach trouble; when I sent for the bottle of Syrup Pepsin he was suffering all the time and had an acute attack of gastritis. I gave him the medicine, which he said was 'nice.' He is six years old and by the time the bottle was empty, he was cured. I was so pleased that I want to tell you what a valuable remedy you have made."—A Dr. W. W. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Jones, 418 Ferry St., Chicago, Ill.

There are literally thousands of women in this country who gratefully acknowledge that they owe the present good health of their children to the timely use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The crying baby usually is constipated or suffers from intestinal trouble due to some error in diet. It needs no heroic measures—just a gentle laxative like Syrup Pepsin. A small dose of it will right the baby. It is a great laxative and digestant, pleasant-tasting and non-gripping. No baby or child refuses it. Many mothers never give their children anything else, and they have robust children and no doctor's bills. It is a great money saver as well as a great life-saver. If space permitted, thousands of women's addresses could be given who write they will never be without Syrup Pepsin in the house. It is for all the family—for anyone who realizes that salts and strong cathartics are only temporary expedients. You can buy a bottle of your favorite druggist at fifty cents and one dollar, or if you wish to make a trial of it first, you can obtain a free sample bottle from Dr. Caldwell by sending him your name and address.



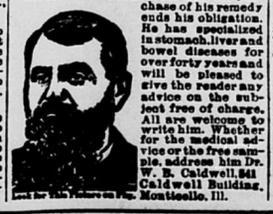
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The following are some extracts from letters Dr. Caldwell has received:

"I attribute much of my own present good health, and surely that of my baby, to the use of Syrup Pepsin. I always have it in the house, as it is so often needed, and I could not exaggerate its value to me."—Mrs. J. E. Kennedy, Good Will, Okla.

"I liked the sample of Syrup Pepsin so much that I sent at once to my druggist for two 50c bottles, so I have it in the house regularly. My children like to take it, which pleased me very much, as sometimes we have trouble in getting them to take other laxatives."—Chas. H. Eschert, 1101 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.

"We have received your sample bottle which you sent upon request. I have never had anything in a medicine form that has accomplished anything like yours has. It is simply grand. I have already used two bottles of the 50c size with the arrival and using of your medicine."—Mrs. Katherine Haberstroh, McKees Rocks, Pa.



Dr. Caldwell does not feel that the purchase of his remedy ends his obligation. He has specialized in stomach, liver and kidney diseases for over forty years and will be pleased to give the reader any advice on the subject free of charge. All are welcome to write him. Write for the medical advice or the free sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 641 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.