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PRESIDENT TAPP'S LETTER.
 President Tapp's letter to Chairman McKinley of the republican congressional committee is one that every republican can subscribe to. The president reviews the legislation enacted by the present congress and declares that never in its history has the republican party asked and become responsible for as much useful and progressive legislation. Not only has the present congress filled many campaign pledges, says the president, but he states that it has, by its course, set higher the standard of party responsibility for such pledges than ever before in the history of American parties.

The president reiterates his declaration that the tariff bill marks a great step forward and states, as he has stated before, that it is not a perfect law. He points out, however, that the section enabling the executive to appoint a tariff commission will correct every error that time shows in the law.

"When the commission completes its work, either on the entire tariff or on any part of the schedules in respect to which issue has arisen, and the work of the commission shows that the present tariff is wise and should be changed, I expect," says the president, "to bring the matter to the attention of congress with a view to its amendment of the tariff in that particular. Of course, this will be impracticable unless congress itself shall adopt the parliamentary rule, as I hope it will, that a bill to amend one schedule of the tariff may not be subject to a motion to amend by adding changes in other schedules."

The president shows that no help for the tariff board may be expected from the democrats, as that party voted solidly against this section of the bill in congress, even though it provided a plan for a scientific revision of the tariff, whenever need for revision was shown.

As to the differences in the party, the president declares that they should be buried after the primary. The question, he says, is not what "complexion" of republicanism one prefers, but whether it is better for the country to have the republican party control the legislation for the next two years and further redeem its promises or to enable a democratic majority in the house either to interpose a veto to republican measures or to formulate and pass bills and to carry out democratic principles.

The only alternative is a democratic majority and the president believes we may reasonably assume that a democratic majority in the house "would reject the republican doctrine of protection, and halt business by a threatened revision of the whole tariff on a revenue basis, or if prevented by the senate or the executive would merely do nothing."

LO, THE POOR CITY MAN.
 What has become of the Roosevelt commission on country life?
 If it is still extant, it ought to go to Kansas, and find out why the farmers want to put \$7,000,000 more into automobiles.
 Also to count the farms that are run by electricity.
 The Roosevelt commission was going to ameliorate country life, but the present era of high prices shows that the life is rapidly ameliorating itself. It wants no sympathy.
 The hardscrabble farmer with a shack, a wife in calico, five children, seven dogs and a mortgage is vanishing. He belonged to the pioneer age and the holdover period, and to the communities which practiced the stingsiness which Benjamin Franklin preached.
 As cities grow and population increases, food prices rise and the farmer, if he knows what he is about, gets most of the benefit from them.
 Among other things, he got a buggy for the boys and a piano for the girls, and gave the youngsters good schooling; and as things kept looking up he furnished the old homestead, built out some verandas, put electrical power in the barns and then bought an automobile. Now nothing distinguishes him from the gentleman farmer except that he works and makes money.
 If the Roosevelt commission wants something to do, let it reorganize and try to ameliorate city life.
 Let it see if there isn't some practicable way for city people to hit the middleman on the other side and get their share of the profits he is extorting from them.
 The farmer is all right. If he is a good one and has productive land, he is the most independent man in the state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

OFF YEAR UNCERTAINTIES.
 We have frequently ventured the prediction, says the Des Moines Capital, that under the extremely mixed political situation which is confined to no particular state or section, but which seem to characterize our entire national field, the next national house would probably have a democratic majority. In proof that such an occurrence would be in nowise unprecedented, the Capital calls attention to

the following table compiled by the New York Times, showing how the party in power lost, with one exception, the house of representatives, in several "off years":
 1874—Republican majority of 102 changed to democratic majority of 61.
 1876—Presidential election disputed.
 1882—Republican majority of eight changed to democratic majority of 74.
 1884—Cleveland, democrat, elected.
 1886—Democratic majority of 84 reduced to 13.
 1888—Harrison, republican, elected.
 1890—Republican majority of seven changed to democratic majority of 148.
 1892—Cleveland, democrat, elected.
 1894—Democratic majority of 94 was changed to republican majority of 142.
 1896—McKinley, republican, elected.
 1910—If the republicans lose the house of representatives?
 If the student of our current politics will make a few comparisons between the campaign of the past and the one upon which we are now entering, the Capital adds, it will not take long to determine whether there is a reasonable basis for the prophecy in which we have been moved to indulge.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY.
 Senator Cummins' proposal of a presidential and vice-presidential primary law has aroused some comment. Former Congressman Hepburn early stated his objections to such a plan and the press has raised objections. The Chicago Record-Herald, which has lent its aid to the progressives on most issues, takes exceptions to the Cummins plan as follows:
 Senator Cummins announces the starting of a campaign in behalf of a national direct primary law for the nomination of presidential and vice-presidential candidates. He argues that such national primaries constitute the natural and logical extension of state-wide and senatorial primaries.

Perhaps, perhaps. But will not the militant leaders of the insurgents give us a rest, a breathing spell, a chance to assimilate and digest radical reforms just established? In politics we do not act at the dictates of "logic." We do the things for which opinion is ripe, which necessity calls for. State primary laws are still "on trial," and in very important states they are still bitterly opposed or fought over. Really, the Cummins proposal is "too sudden" and premature.
 Equitable representation of voters in national conventions is a thing to be dealt with on its own merits. It is inexpedient to mix larger political and constitutional questions with it.
 As for the regular republicans, they go further than the Record-Herald's position that the primary is still "on trial" and hold that it has been tried and found wanting. The national primary plan meets with their united support.

We are getting to be a restless people. Things as they are never seem to please us, but must be made over. Things have been turned upside down all over the country in the name of reform. Just as an evidence of this may be cited an ordinance just passed in New York, which holds that no barber pole shall be more than five feet in height. New York got its idea no doubt from Boston, which decided long ago that barber poles must not be painted in red, white and blue, but must be striped or cross barred in black and white. No one cared when they ruled out the wooden Indian, for he was a fearsome sight and enough, to give man or beast a scare when encountered unexpectedly. But what sin can be charged to the inoffensive barber pole?
 The Chicago school girls will be taught something about plumbing after they go back to school. Mrs. Ella Flag Young, the superintendent of the Chicago schools, believes that girls taught how water and gas are distributed through mains to houses, how connections are made, how waste water is carried away and other things they will be shown from the sanitary viewpoint, will be better equipped some day to rule over kitchen help.

Some women are absolutely helpless when plumbing goes wrong with the plumbing. A burst-pipe may be flooding the house, but they do not know the water can be shut off. The Chicago children, whose mothers are in this class, will be in a position to teach something to their mothers, and their fathers, too, if they enroll in the sanitary science class. And they need not fear, as one of the Chicago papers assures them, that they will have "to don plumbers' garments, and go poking about horrid cellars, wielding wrenches and soldering irons, while busy dodging spiders and figuring out the bills."
 Senator Dolliver is quoted as saying: "There is not the slightest feeling against President Tapp anywhere in the country that I know of. On the contrary, we all admire and respect him. The republicans will win this fall all along the line."

FARMINGTON.
 Miss Kipple Cleave is visiting relatives in Hillsboro.
 Mrs. M. E. Reynolds and daughter Beth and Lenore of Oklahoma, are visiting Mrs. Reynolds' parents Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sherrick.
 Mrs. Sam Clifford and son of Tacoma, Wash., were recent guests of Mrs. N. J. Reesman and Mrs. E. A. Garver.
 Misses Jessie Ford of Leavenworth, Kansas is visiting Farmington friends.
 Gus Freed and family who have been living in Oklahoma for several months returned to Farmington Tuesday.
 Born, on Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Benson, a son.
 Miss Caroline Corns, after two months' visit at the home of her parents returned Tuesday to Seattle to resume her duties as teacher in the schools of that city.
 Miss Audenia Van Druff of Kansas City is the guest of her grandfather Henry Knott.
 Mrs. George Musgrove of Clarence, Mo. is visiting at the home of Dr. C. L. Paisley and family.
 Misses Neva Potts and Nellie Cahill visited over Sunday with friends in Fort Madison.

The...
SILVER HORDE
 By REX BEACH,
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(CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.)
 "Gee; This is fierce, isn't it?" the club-man began, flinging himself into the nearest chair. "They tell me it's all off, finally. What are you going to do?"
 "Put up what fish I can with a short crew," said Boyd.
 "Well, lose a lot of money."
 "Probably."
 Clyde's tone was querulous as he continued:
 "I'm sorry I ever went into this thing. You bet if I had known as much in Chicago as I know now, I would have hung onto my money and stayed at home."

"You knew as much as we did," Boyd declared curtly.
 "Oh, it's all right for you to talk. You haven't risked any coin in the deal, but I'm a rotten business man, and I'll never make my ante back if I lose it."
 "Don't whine about it," said Boyd, stiffly. "You can at least be game and lose like a man."
 "Then we are going to lose, eh?" queried Clyde, in a scared voice. "I thought maybe you had a plan. Look here," he began an instant later, "Cherry pulled us out once before, why don't you let her see what she can do with Marsh?"

Boyd scanned the speaker's face sharply before speaking.
 "What do you mean by that?"
 "I mean she can work him if she tries, the same way she worked Hillard."
 "Marsh isn't in the mood to listen to arguments. I have tried that."
 "Who said anything about arguments? You know what I mean."
 "I don't care to listen to that sort of talk."
 "Why not? I'm entitled to have my say in things." Clyde was growing indignant. "I put in ten thousand of my own money and twenty-five thousand besides, on your assurances. That's thirty-five thousand more than you put up."
 "Nevertheless, it doesn't give you the right to insult the girl."
 "Insult her? Bah! You're no fool, Boyd. Why did Hillard advance that loan?"

"Because he wanted to, I dare say."
 "What's the use of keeping that up? You know as well as I do that she worked him, and worked him well. She'd do anything for you." Boyd broke out roughly: "I tell you, I've heard enough of that talk, Alton. Anybody but an idiot would know that Cherry is far too good for what you suggest. And when you insult her, you insult me."
 "Oh, she's good enough," said Clyde. "They're all good, but not perhaps in the way you mean."
 "How do you know?"
 "I don't know, but Fraser does. He's known her for years. Haven't you, Fraser?" But the adventurer's face was like wood as they turned toward him.

"I don't know nothing," replied "Fingerless" Fraser, with an admirable show of ignorance.
 "Well, judge for yourself." Clyde turned again to Emerson. "Who is she? Where did she come from? What is she doing here alone?" Answer that, now, she is interested in this deal just as much as any of us, and if you don't say up to her myself."
 "You'll do nothing of the sort!" Boyd cried, savagely.
 Clyde rose hastily, and his voice was shaking with excitement as he stammered:
 "See here, Boyd, you're to blame for all this trouble, and now you either get us out of it or buy my stock."
 "You know that I can't buy your stock."
 "Then I'll sell wherever I can. I've been stung, and I want my money. Only remember, I offered the stock to you first."
 "You've got a swell chance to make a turn in Kalvik," said Fraser. "Why don't you take it to Marsh?"
 "I will!" declared Alton.
 "You wouldn't do a trick like that?" Emerson questioned, quickly.
 "Why not? You won't listen to my advice. You're playing with other people's money, and it doesn't matter to you whether you win or lose. If this enterprise fails, I suppose you can promote another."
 "Get out!" Boyd ordered, in such a tone that the speaker obeyed with ludicrous haste.
 "Fingerless" Fraser broke the silence that fell upon the young man's exit.

"He's a nice little fellow! I never knew one of those narrow-chested, five-o'clock-shed-drinkers that was on the level. He's got eighteen fancy vests and wears a handkerchief up his sleeve. That put him in the end book with me to start with."
 "Did you know Cherry before you came to Kalvik?" Boyd asked, searching his companion's face with a look the man could not evade.
 "Only casual."
 "Where?"
 "None—the year of the big rush."
 "During the mining troubles, eh?"
 "Sure."
 "What was she doing?"
 "Minding her business. She's good at that." Fraser's eyes had become green and fishy, as usual.
 "What do you know about her?"
 "Well, I know that a lot of fellows would 'go through' for her at the drop of a hat. She could have most anything they've got, I guess. Most any of them miners at Nome would give his right eye, or his only child, or any little thing like that if she asked it."
 "What else?"
 "Well, she was always considered a right good-looking party—"
 "Yes, yes, of course. But what do

you know about the girl herself? Who is she. What is her history?"
 "Now, sir, I'm an awful poor detective," confessed "Fingerless" Fraser. "I've often noticed that about myself. If I was the kind that goes snooping around into other people's business, listening to all the gossip I'm told, I'd make a good witness. But I ain't, no, sir! I'm rotten witness."
 Despite this indirect rebuke, Boyd might have continued his questioning had not George Balt's heavy step sounded outside. A moment later the big fellow entered.
 "What did you find at the traps?" asked Emerson, eagerly.
 "Nothing," George spoke shortly. "The fish struck in this morning, but our trap is corked." He wrenched off his rubber boots and flung them savagely under a bench.
 "What luck with the boats?"
 "Not much. Marsh's men are trying to surround our gill-nets, and we ain't got enough boats to protect ourselves." He looked up meaningfully from under his heavy brows, and inquired: "How much longer are we going to stand for this?"
 "What do you mean? I've got men out hunting for new hands."
 "You know what I mean," the giant rumbled, his red eyes flaming. "You and I can get Willis Marsh."
 Emerson shot a quick glance at Fraser, who was staring fixedly at Big George.
 "He's got us right enough, and it's bound to come to a killing some day, so the sooner the better," the fisherman ran on. "We can get him tonight if you say so. Are you in on it?"
 Boyd faced the window slowly, while the others followed him with anxious eyes. Inside the room a death-like silence settled. In the distance machinery, a sough that was now a mockery. To Balt this last disaster was the culmination of a persecution so pitiless and unflagging that its very memory filled his simple mind with the fury of a goaded animal. To his companion it meant, almost certainly, the loss of Mildred Wayland—the girl who stood for his pride in himself and all that he held most desirable. He thought bitterly of all the suffering and hardship, the hunger of body and soul, that he had endured for her sake. Again he saw his hopes crumbling and his dreams about to fade; once more he felt his foothold giving way beneath him, as it had done so often in the past, and he was filled with sullen hate. Something told him that he would never have the heart to try again, and the thought left him cold with rage.

Ever since those fishermen had walked out on the evening before, he had clung to the feeble hope that once the run began in earnest, George's trap would fill and save the situation; but now that the salmon had struck in and the trap was useless, his discouragement was complete; for there were no idle men in Kalvik, and there was no way of getting help. Moreover, Mildred Wayland was soon to arrive—the yacht was expected daily—and she would find him a failure. What was worse, she would find that Marsh had vanished from him. She had kept her faith in him, he reflected, but a woman's faith could hardly survive humiliation, and it was not in human nature to lean forever upon a broken reed. She would turn elsewhere—perhaps to the very man who had contrived his undoing. At thought of this, a sort of desperation seemed to master him; he began to mutter aloud.
 "What did you say?" queried Balt.
 "I said that you were right. The time is close at hand for some sort of a reckoning," answered Boyd, in a harsh, strained voice.
 "Good!"
 Emerson was upon the point of turning when his eyes fell upon a picture that made him start, then gaze more intently. Out upon the placid waters, abreast of the plant, the launch in which Cherry had departed was approaching, and it was loaded down with men. Not only were they crowded upon the craft itself, but trailing behind it, like the tail of a kite, was a long line of canoes, and these also were peopled.
 "Look yonder!" cried Boyd.
 "Cherry has got—a crew!" His voice broke, and he bolted toward the door as Big George leaped to the window.
 "Injuns, by God!" shouted the giant, and without stopping to stamp his feet into his boots, he rushed out barefoot after Boyd and Fraser, together, the three men reached the dock in time to help Cherry up the ladder.
 "What does this mean?" Boyd asked her, breathlessly. "Will these fellows work?"
 "That's what they're here for," said the girl. After her swarmed a crowd of slant-eyed, copper-hued Aleuts; those in the kayaks astern cast off and paddled toward the beach.
 "I've got fifty men, the best on the river. I tried to get more, but—there aren't any more."
 "Fingerless" Fraser slapped himself resoundingly upon the thigh and exploded profanely. Boyd seized the girl's hands in his and wrung them.
 "Cherry, you're a treasure!" The memory of his desperate resolution of a moment before swept over him suddenly, and his voice trembled with a great thankfulness.
 "Don't thank me!" Cherry exclaimed. "It was more Constantine's work than mine."
 "But I don't understand. These are Marsh's men."
 "To be sure, but I was good to them when they were hungry last winter, and I prevailed upon them to come. They aren't very good fishermen; they're awfully lazy, and they won't work half as hard as white men, but

it's the best I could do." She laughed gladly, more than repaid by the look in her companion's face. "Now, give me some lunch. I'm fairly starved."
 Big George, when he had fully grasped the situation, became the boss fisherman on the instant; before the others had reached the cook-house he was bustled in laying out his crews and distributing his gear. The impossible had happened; victory was in sight; the fish were running—he cared to know no more.
 That night the floors of the fish-dock groaned beneath a weight of silver-sided salmon piled waist-high to a tall man. All through the cool, dim-lit hours the ranks of Chinese butchers hacked and slit and slashed with swift, sure, tireless strokes, while the great building echoed hollowly to the clank of machines and the hissing sighs of the soldering-furnaces.

CHAPTER XXIII.
 In *More Plans are Laid.*
 It seemed to Boyd that he had never felt such elation as during the days that followed. He trod upon air, his head was in the clouds. He joked with his men, inspiring them with his own good-humor and untiring energy. He was never idle save during the odd hours that he snatched for sleep. He covered the plant from top to bottom, and no wheel stopped turning, no mechanical device gave way, without his instant attention. So intent was he that George Balt became desperate; for the Indians were not like white men, and proved a sad trial to the big fellow, who was accustomed to drive his crews with the cruelty of a convict foreman. Despite his utmost endeavors, he could not keep the plant running to capacity, and in his zeal he took the blame wholly upon himself.

While his daily output was disappointing, Emerson drew consolation from the prospect that his pack would be large enough at least to avert utter ruin, and he argued that once he had won through this first season no power that Marsh could bring to bear would serve to crush him. He saw a moderate success ahead, if not the overwhelming victory upon which he had counted.
 The Trust's headquarters Willis Marsh was in a fine fury. As far as possible, subordinates avoided him. His superintendents, summoned from their work, emerged from the red-painted office on the hill with dampened brows and frightened glances over their shoulders. Many of them held their places through services that did not show upon the company's books, but now they shook their heads and swore that some things were beyond them.

Except for one step on Emerson's part, Marsh would have rested secure and let time work out his enemy's downfall; but Boyd's precaution in contracting to sell his output in advance threatened to defeat him. Otherwise, Marsh would simply have cut down his rival's catch to the lowest point, and then broken the market in the fall. With the Trust's tremendous resources back of him, he could have afforded to hammer down the price of fish to a point where Emerson would either have been ruined or forced to carry his pack for a year, and in this course he would have been upheld by Wayne Wayland. But as matters stood, such tactics could only result in a serious loss to the brokers who had agreed to take Boyd's catch, and to the Trust itself. It was therefore necessary to win the young man's undoing here and now.

Marsh knew that he had already wasted too much time in Kalvik, for he was needed at other points far to the southward; but he could not bear to leave this fight to other hands. Moreover, he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of The Grande Dame, with Mildred and her father. One square of the calendar over his desk was marked in red, and the sight of it gave him fresh determination.
 On the third day after Boyd's deliverance, Constantine sought him out, in company with several of the native fishermen, translating their demand to be paid for the fish they had caught.
 "Can't they wait until the end of the week?" Emerson inquired.
 "No! They got no money—they got no grub. They say little baby is hungry, and they like money now. So soon they buy grub, they work some more."
 "What are you saying as order on the bookkeeper?"
 Boyd tore a leaf from his note-book and wrote a few words on it, telling the men to present it at the office. As Constantine was about to leave, he called to him:
 "Wait! I want to talk with you."
 The breed halted.
 "How long have you known Mr. Marsh?"
 "Do know him long time."
 "A ficker ran over the fellow's company face as he replied:
 "Yes, him good man."
 "You used to work for him, did you not?"
 "Yes."
 "Why did you quit?"
 Constantine hesitated slightly before answering: "Me go work for Cherry."
 "Why?"
 "She good to my little broder. You savvy little chile—no big?"
 "Yes, I've seen him. He's a fine little fellow. By the way, do you remember that night about two weeks ago when I was at Cherry's house? The night you and your sister went out?"
 "I member."
 "Where did you go?"
 Constantine shifted his walrus-soled boots. "What for you ask?"
 "Never mind! Where did you go when you left the house?"
 "Me go Indian village. What for you ask?"

"Nothing. Only—if you ever have any trouble with Mr. Marsh, I may be able to help you. I like you—and I don't like him."
 The breed granted unintelligibly and was about to leave when Boyd reached forth suddenly and plucked the fellow's sheath-knife from its scabbard. With a startled cry, Constantine whirled, his face convulsed, his nostrils dilated like those of a frightened horse; but Emerson merely fingered the weapon carelessly, remarking:
 "That is a curious knife you have, I have noticed it several times." He eyed him shrewdly for a moment, then handed the blade back with a smile.

Constantine slipped it into its place, and strode away without a word.
 It was considerably later in the day when Boyd discovered the Indians to whom he had given the note talking excitedly on the dock. Seeing Constantine in argument with them, he approached to demand an explanation, whereupon the quarter-breed held out a silver dollar in his palm with the words:
 "These men say this money no good."
 "What do you mean?"
 "It no good. No can buy grub at Company store."
 Boyd saw that the group was eying him suspiciously.
 "Nonsense! What's the matter with it?"
 "Storekeeper laugh and say it come from you. He say, take it back. He no sell my people any flour."
 It was evident that even Constantine was vague; distrustful.
 Another native extended a coin, saying:
 "We want money like this."
 Boyd took the piece and examined it, whereupon a light broke upon him. The coin was stamped with the initials of one of the old fishing companies, and he instantly recognized a ruse practiced in the north during the days of the first trading concerns. It had been the custom of these companies to pay their Indians in coins bearing their own impress and to refuse all other specie at their posts, thus compelling the natives to trade at company stores. By carefully building up this system they had obtained a monopoly of Indian labor, and it was evident that Marsh and his associates had robbed the Aleuts in the same manner during the days before the consolidation. Boyd saw at once the cause of the difficulty and undertook to explain it, but he had small success, for the Indians had learned a hard lesson and were loath to put confidence in the white man's promises. Seeing that his words carried no conviction, Emerson gave up at last, saying:
 "If the company store won't take this money, I'll sell you whatever you need from the commissary. We are not going to have any trouble over a little thing like this."
 He marched the natives in a body to the storehouse, where he saw to it that they received what provisions they needed and assisted them in loading their canoes.
 But his amusement at the episode gave way to uneasiness on the following morning when the Aleuts failed to report for work, and by noon his anxiety resolved itself into strong suspicion.

Boyd had returned from the banks earlier in the morning with news of a struggle between his white crew and Marsh's men. George's boats had been surrounded during the night, nets had been cut, and several encounters had occurred, resulting in serious injury to his men. The giant, in no amiable mood, had returned for reinforcements, stating that the situation was becoming more serious every hour. Hearing of the desertion of the natives, he burst into profanity, then armed himself and returned to the banks, while Boyd, now thoroughly alarmed, took a launch and sped up the river to Cherry's house, in the hope that she could prevail upon her own recruits to return.
 He found the girl ready to accompany him, and they were about to embark when Chakawana came running from the house as if in sudden fright.
 "Where you go?" she asked her mistress.
 "I am going to the Indian village. You stay here."
 "No, no! I no stop here alone. I go long, too." She cast a glance over her shoulder.
 "But Chakawana, what is the matter. Are you afraid?"
 "Yes," Chakawana nodded her pretty head vigorously.
 "What are you afraid of?" Boyd asked, but she merely stared at him with eyes as black and round as oxheart cherries, then renewed her entreaty. When she had received permission and had hurried back to the house, her mistress remarked, with a puzzled frown:
 "I don't know what to make of her. She and Constantine have been acting very strangely of late. She used to be the happiest sort of creature, always laughing and singing, but she has changed entirely during the last few weeks. Both she and Constantine are forever whispering to each other, and skulking about, until I am getting nervous myself." Then as the Indian girl came flying back with her tiny brother in her arms, Cherry added: "She's pretty, isn't she. I can't bear ugly people around me."
 At the native village, in spite of every effort she and Boyd could make, the Indians refused to go back to work. Many of them, so they learned, had already reported to the other canneries, evidently still doubtful of Emerson's assurances, and afraid to run the risk of offending their old employers. Those who were left were lazy fellows who did not care to work under any circumstances; these merely listened, then shrugged their shoulders and walked away.
 "Since they can't use your money at the store, they don't seem to care whether it is good or not," Cherry announced, after a time.
 "I'll give them enough provisions to last them all winter," Boyd offered, irritated beyond measure at such stupidity. "Tell them to move the whole blimed village down to my place, women and all. I'll take care of them." But after an hour of futile cajolery, he was forced to give up, realizing that Marsh had been at work again, frightening these simple people by threats of vengeance and starvation.
 "You can't blame the poor things. They have learned to fear the hand of the companies, and to know that they are absolutely dependent upon the cannery stores during the winter. But it's maddening!" She stamped her foot angrily. "And I was so proud of my work. I thought I had really done something to help at last. But I don't know what more we can do. I've reached the end of my rope."
 "So have I," he confessed. "Even though these fifty Aleuts we weren't running at more than half capacity, but were making a showing at least. Now!" He flung up his hands with a gesture of despair. "George is in trouble, as usual. Marsh's men have cut their nets, and the yacht

may arrive at any time."
 "The yacht! What yacht?"
 "Mr. Wayland's yacht. He is making a tour of this coast with the other officers of the Trust and—Mildred."
 "Is—she coming here?" demanded Cherry, in a strained voice.
 "Yes."
 "Why didn't you tell me?"
 "I don't know. I didn't think you would be interested."
 "So she can't wait? She is so eager that she follows you from Chicago clear up to this wilderness. Then you won't need my assistance any more, will you?" Her lids drooped, half hiding her eyes, and her face hardened.
 "Of course I shall need your help. Her coming won't make any difference."
 "It strikes me that you have allowed me to make a fool of myself long enough," said Cherry angrily. "Here I have been breaking my heart over this enterprise, while you have known all the time that she was coming. Why, you have merely used me—and George and all the rest of us, for that matter—"
 She laughed harshly.
 "You don't understand," said Boyd. "Miss Wayland—"
 "Oh yes, I do. I dare say it will gratify her to straighten out your troubles. A word from her lips and your worries will vanish like mist. Let us acknowledge ourselves beaten and beg her to save us."
 Boyd shook his head in negation, but she gave him no time for speech.
 "It seems that you wanted to pose as a hero before her, and employed us to build up your glumps. Well, I am glad we failed. I'm glad Willis Marsh showed you how very helpless you are. Let her come to your rescue now. I'm through. Do you understand? I'm through!"

Emerson gazed at her in astonishment, the outburst had been so unexpected, but he realized that he owed her too much to take offense.
 "Miss Wayland will take no hand in my affairs. I doubt if she will even realize what this trouble is all about," he said, a trifle stiffly. "I suppose I did want to play the hero, and I dare say I did use you and the others, but you know that all the time."
 "Why won't she help you?" queried Cherry. "Doesn't she care enough to understand your plight?"
 "Yes, but this is my fight, and I've got to make good without her assistance. She isn't the sort to marry a failure, and she has left me to make my own way. Besides, she would not dare go contrary to her father's wishes even if she desired that. As for her education, Oh, Wayne Wayland's opposition isn't all I have had to overcome. I have had to show his daughter that I am one of her own kind, for she hates weakness."
 "And you think that woman loves you? Why, she isn't a woman at all—she doesn't know what love means. When a woman loves, do you imagine she cares for her father's fame or success? If I cared for a man, do you think I'd stop to ask my father, if I might marry him or wait for my father to prove himself worthy of me? Do you think I'd send him through the mill you have suffered to try his metal?" She laughed outright. "Why, I'd become what he was and I'd fight with him. I'd give him all I had—money, position, friends, influence; if my people objected, I'd tell them to go hang. I'd give them up and join him. I'd use every dollar, every wife and feminine device that I possessed in his service. When a woman loves, she doesn't care what the world says; the man may be a weakling, or worse, but he is still her lover, and she will go to him."
 The words had come tumbling forth until Cherry was forced to pause for breath.

"You don't understand," said Boyd. "You are primitive; you have lived in the open; she is exactly your opposite. Conservatism is bred in her and she can't help her nature. It was hard even for me to understand at first; but when I saw her life, when I saw how she had been reared from childhood, I understood perfectly. I would not have her other than she is; it is enough for me to know that in her own way she cares for me."
 Cherry looked at her in desperation. "For my part, I prefer red blood to sap, and when I love I want to know it—I don't want to have it proved to me like a problem in geometry. I want to love and hate, and do wild, impulsive things against my own judgment."
 "Have you ever loved in that way?" he inquired, abruptly.
 "Yes," she answered, without hesitation, looking him squarely in the eye with an expression he could not fathom. "Thank Heaven! I'm not the artificial kind! As you say, I'm primitive. I have lived! Her crimson lips curled scornfully.
 "I didn't expect you to understand her," he said. "But she loves me. And I—well, she is my religion. A man must have some God; he can't worship his own image."
 Cherry Malotte turned slowly to the landing place and made her way into the launch. All the way back she kept silence, and Boyd, confused by her attack upon the citadel of his faith and strangely sore at heart, made no effort at speech.
 "Fingerless" Fraser met him at the water's edge.
 "Where in the devil have you been?" he cried, breathlessly.
 "At the Indian village after help. Why?"
 "Big George is in more trouble; he sent for help, two hours ago. I was just going to 'beat it' down there."
 "What's up?"
 "There's six of our men in the bunk-house all beat up; they don't look like they fish any more for a while. Marsh's men threw their salmon overboard and they had another fight. Things are getting warm."
 "We can't allow ourselves to be driven from the banks," said Boyd quickly. "I'll get the shoremen together right away. Find Alton and bring him along; we'll need every man we can get."
 "Nothing doing with that party; he's quit like a house cat, and gone to bed."
 "Very well; he's no good, anyhow; he's better out of the way."
 He hurried through the building, now silent and half deserted, gathering a crew; then, leaving only the Orientals and the watchman to guard the plant he loaded his men into the boats and set out.

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