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ANOTHER "HOLY ROLLER" STARVES IN LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 26.—Alice Griffin, the 16 year old girl member of the Holy Roller band of religious fanatics who voluntarily starved themselves recently, died Thursday in the county hospital.

Rev. John Irving O'Neil, former pastor of the Bisbee Baptist church, the leader of the band, succumbed last Saturday.

J. E. Butler, an aged man, and Mrs. Nellie Boyle, wife of O'Neil and mother of the girl, the remaining members of the party, are expected to recover.

By Rex Beach — The Silver Horde

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Boyd Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malotte, who shelters them.

Cherry describes the salmon fisheries and Marsh, the unscrupulous head of the Kalvik canneries.

Cherry owns a cannery site. Emerson, George Balt and she go into partnership. Emerison describes his failure to "make good" in Alaska.

Emerson kisses Cherry goodbye. Balt, Fraser and Emerson nearly lose their lives in Katmai pass and miss the steamer at Katmai on their way out to get capital.

After dreadful privations they catch the boat at Kadiak and are soon en route for Chicago. Emerson seeks Miss Mildred Wayland.

(Cintinued From Yesterday.)

"Are you going to Chicago?" George asked.

"Sure, we've got to put this cannery deal over," the crook sighed luxuriously and began to blow smoke rings. "Pretty nice train, ain't it?"

"Yes," ejaculated Emerson, undecided whether to be pleased or angered at the fellow's presence. "Which is your car?"

"This one—same as yours. I've got the drawing room."

"What are you going to do in Chicago?"

"Oh, I ain't fully decided yet, but I might do a little promoting. Seattle is too full of Alaskan snares."

The younger man shook his head. "You are impossible," said he, "and yet I can't help liking you."

In Chicago, as in Seattle, Fraser accompanied his fellow travelers to their hotel and would have registered himself under some high sounding alias except for a whispered threat from Boyd.

Promptly at 4 o'clock Emerson called a cab and was driven toward the north side. As the vehicle rolled up Lake Shore drive the excitement under which he had been laboring for days increased until he tapped his feet nervously, clinched his gloved fingers and patted the cushions as if to accelerate the horse's footfalls. Would he never arrive?

The vehicle drew up at last before one of the most pretentious residences, a massive pile of stone and brick fronting the lake with what seemed to him a singularly proud and chilling aspect. During the moments that he waited he found his body pulsating to the slow, heavy thumping of his heart; then a familar face greeted him.

"How do you do, Hawkins!" he heard himself saying as a liveried old man ushered him in. "Is Miss Wayland in?"

"Yes, sir; she is expecting you. This way, please."

Boyd followed, thankful for the subdued light which might conceal his agitation. He knew where they were going; she had always awaited him in the library, so it seemed.

Hawkins held the portieres aside, and Boyd heard their velvet swish at his back, yet for the briefest instant he did not see her, so motionless did she stand. Then he cried softly:

"My lady!" and strode forward.

"Boyd! Boyd!" she answered, and came to meet him, yielding herself to his arms. She felt his heart pounding against hers like the heart of a runner who has spent himself at the tape, felt his arms quivering as if from great fatigue. For a long time neither spoke.

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 hart; 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—cared 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 soundingly 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 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 spoiled 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 darkly.

"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!"

(To Be Continued.)

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GAYNOR MAY LEAVE HOSPITAL SUNDAY

New York, Aug. 26.—Mayor Gaynor's recovery has advanced to the stage where he is beginning to make plans for picking up municipal business where he left it 16 days ago when he was shot.

No date for the mayor's discharge from St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, has been fixed, but Sunday is now spoken of. It seems probable that from the hospital the mayor will go to his country home on Long Island.

C. F. Z. Caracristi, the well known mining engineer, left Thursday night over the Mexican National Railways for the central part of the state of Chihuahua, where he is to examine mining properties for New York parties.

Money saved is money made, is Ardoin's motto. Another big special sale tomorrow.

Miss Florence Sues, of Dallas, has been called home from El Paso by the death of her father.

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