

**More Satisfied Customers**

Every day brings us more satisfied customers for our

**White Pine Tar**

Cough Remedy. Sold on a positive guarantee to help all kinds of coughs and colds, hoarseness, tickling and sore throat.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.

Money back if not satisfied at

**BEAUCHAMP'S DRUG STORE**

**We Have Moved**

and are now located at the corner of Third and Water Streets, opposite the Brewer Drug Company's Store. Everything in the line of bread, cakes, pies, cookies and good things to eat. We are now installing a lunch counter and will serve all kinds of lunches at reasonable prices. Everything clean and neat and carefully prepared.

**The U. & I. Bakery and Lunch Counter**

**Billy Goats**

- Registered -

**For Sale**

Inquire of

**J. H. PORTER,**  
Aumsville.

**FOR SALE**

at

**Bankrupt Price**

105 pairs roller skates in good repair, and all extras for same.

1 electric or power band organ.

12 rolls of music, basket ball and baskets, floor sweepers and fixtures necessary to run a first-class skating rink.

ADDRESS

**F. K. Hubbard**

FALLS CITY OREGON

**Miss LENA ROLLINGER**

FIRST-CLASS DRESSMAKER

Phone No. 553 Aumsville Central

**Compare Our Prices**

With those you have seen in the habit of paying, and you will see that we offer you a substantial saving on all work and you cannot get better business work anywhere, so neither how much you pay.

We finish, plate and bridge work for out-of-town patrons in one day if desired.	Best method
Painless extraction of teeth, pain or swelling work is understood. Consultation free.	
Plates	5.00
Best Red Rubber Plates	7.50
DR. W. E. WILF, Formerly on Main Street, Falls City, Oreg.	
1111 Main Street, Falls City, Oreg.	
All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.	

**Wise Dental Co., Inc.**

Painless Dentists

Falling Building, Third and Washington, PORTLAND, ORE.

Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 11

**The SILVER HORDE**

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

Copyright, 1909, by Harper & Brothers

SYNOPSIS.

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. Emerson describes his failure to "make good" in Alaska.

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

(Continued from last week)

"You've played your string out, eh?"

"Absolutely. I've done everything except burglary, but I can't raise that \$100,000. Times are hard, and I've bled my friends of every dollar they can spare."

"It's an awful big piece of money," Balt admitted, with a sigh.

"I never fully realized before how very large," Boyd said. "And yet without that amount the Seattle bank won't back us for the remainder."

"Oh, it's no use to tackle the business on a small scale." Big George pondered. "We'd ought to be on the coast now. We're shy \$25,000, eh?"

"Yes."

But the clouds were blown away a few days after when Alton Clyde threw down twenty-five \$1,000 bills before Boyd—got from a mysterious source which he refused to name.

Emerson later met the leading suitor (aside from himself) for Mildred Wayland's hand, a personage whose existence he felt as a continued menace. He was visiting Mildred at her home.

Hearing voices outside the library, the young man asked hurriedly: "Give me some time alone with you, my lady. I must leave early."

There was time for no more, for Wayne Wayland entered, followed by another gentleman at the first sight of whom Emerson started, while his mind raced off into a dizzy whirl of incredulity. It could not be! It was too grotesque—too ridiculous! What prank of malicious fate was this? He turned his eyes to the door again to see if by any chance there were a third visitor, but there was not, and he was forced to respond to Mr. Wayland's greeting. The other man had meanwhile stepped directly to Mildred, as if he had eyes for no one else, and was bowing over her hand when her father spoke.

"Mr. Emerson, let me present you to Mr. Marsh. I believe you have never happened to meet here." Marsh turned as if reluctant to release the girl's hand, and not until his own was outstretched did he recognize the other.

The two mumbled the customary salutations.

"You two will get along famously," said Mr. Wayland. "Mr. Marsh is acquainted with your country, Boyd."

"Ah!" Marsh exclaimed quickly. "Are you an Alaskan, Mr. Emerson?"

"Indeed, he is so wedded to the country that he is going back tomorrow," Mildred offered.

Marsh's first look of challenge now changed to one of the liveliest interest, and Boyd imagined the fellow endeavoring to link him, through the affair at the restaurant, with the presence of Big George in Chicago.

"Yes," Boyd answered cautiously, "I am a typical Alaskan—disappointed, but not discouraged."

"What business?"

"Mining."

"Oh!" indifferently.

"Boyd has something far better than mining now," began Mildred. "He was telling me about it as—"

"You interrupted us," interjected Emerson, panic stricken. "I didn't have time to explain the nature of my enterprise."

The girl was about to put in a disclaimer when he flashed a look at her which she could not help but heed. "I am very stupid about such things," she offered easily. "I would not have understood it, I am sure." To her father she continued, leaving what she felt to be dangerous ground, "I didn't look for you so early."

"We finished sooner than I expected," Mr. Wayland answered. "So I drove Willis to his hotel and waited for him to dress. I was afraid he might disappoint us if I let him out of my sight. My dear, I have effected a wonderful deal today," went on her father. "With the help of Mr. Marsh I closed the last details of a consolidation which has occupied me for many months."

"Another trust, I suppose."

"Certain people might call it that," chuckled the old man. "Willis was the inspiring genius and did most of the work; the credit is his."

"May I inquire the nature of this merger?" Emerson ventured.

"Certainly," replied Wayne Wayland. "There is no longer any secret about it. I have combined the packing industries of the Pacific coast under the name of the North American Packers' association."

Boyd felt himself growing numb.

"What do you mean by 'packing industries?'" asked Mildred.

"Canneries—salmon, fisheries! We

own 60 per cent of the plants of the entire coast, including Alaska. That's why I've been so keen about that north country, Boyd. You never guessed it, eh?"

"No, sir," Boyd stammered.

"Well, we control the supply, and we will regulate the market. We will allow only what competition we desire. It was a beautiful transaction."

Was he dreaming? Boyd wondered. His mouth was dry, but he managed to inquire:

"What about the independent canneries?"

Marsh laughed. "There is no sentiment in business! There are about 40 per cent too many plants to suit us. I believe I am capable of attending to them."

"Mr. Marsh is the general manager," Wayland explained. "With the market in our own hands and sufficient capital to operate at a loss for a year or two years, if necessary, I don't think the independent plants will cost us much."

Now for the first time Emerson realized the impropriety of his own present position. He was here in the Wayland home under false pretenses; they had bared to him secrets not rightly his with which he might arm himself. When this, too, became known to the financier he would regard him not only as a presumptuous enemy, but as a traitor. Boyd knew the old tyrant too well to doubt his course of action; therefore there would be war to the hilt.

The announcement of dinner interrupted his dismayed reflections, and he walked out in company with Mr. Wayland, who linked arms with him as if to afford Willis Marsh every advantage, fleeing though it might prove.

"He is a wonderful fellow," the old gentleman observed sotto voce, indicating Marsh—"one of the keenest business men I ever met."

"Yes?"

"Indeed he is. He is a money maker, too; his associates swear by him. If I were you, my boy, I would study him; he is a good man to imitate."

At the dinner table the talk at first was general and of a character appropriate for the hour, but Miss Wayland, oddly enough, displayed such an unusual thirst for information regarding the North American Packers' association that her father was moved to remark upon it.

"What in the world has come over you, Mildred?" he said. "You never cared to hear about my doings before."

"Please don't discourage me," she urged. "I am really in earnest. I should like to know all about this new trust of yours. Perhaps my little universe is growing a bit tiresome to me."

"So far it has been all hard work," Wayne Wayland at length announced, "but in the future I propose to derive some pleasure from this affair. I am tired out. For a long time I have been planning a trip somewhere, and now I think I shall make a tour of inspection in the spring and visit the various holdings of the North American Packers' association. In that way I can combine recreation and business."

"How far will you go?" questioned Boyd.

"Clear up to Mr. Marsh's station," "Kalvik?"

"Yes; that is the plan," Marsh chimed in. "You see, I am selfish in urging it, Miss Wayland. I expect you to join the party."

"I am sure you would like it, Mildred," the magnate added.

Boyd could scarcely believe his ears. Would they come to Kalvik? Would they all assemble there in that unmapped nook? And, supposing they should, had he the courage to continue his mad enterprise? It was all so unreal! He was torn between the desire to have Mildred agree and fear of the influence Marsh might gain during such a trip. But Miss Wayland evidently had an eye to her own comfort, for she replied:

"No, indeed! The one thing I abhor above land travel is a sea voyage; I am a wretched sailor."

"But this trip on a yacht would be worth while," urged her father. "Why, it will be a regular voyage of discovery. I am as excited over it as a country boy on circus day."

Marsh seconded him with all his powers of persuasion, but the girl, greatly to Emerson's surprise, merely reaffirmed her determination.

"Are there any women in Alaska?" questioned the girl.

"In the mining camps, yes; but we fishermen live lonely lives."

"But the coy, shrinking Indian maidens? I have read about them."

"They are terrible affairs," Marsh declared.

"Not always!" Boyd gave voice to his general annoyance. "I have seen some very attractive squaws, particularly breeds."

"Where?" demanded the other.

"Well, at Kalvik, for instance—your home. You must know Chakawana, the girl they call 'the snowbird?'"

"No."

"Come, come! She knows you well."

"Ah, a mystery! He is concealing something!" cried Miss Wayland.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARSH directed a sharp glance at Boyd before answering. "I presume you refer to Constantine's sister. I was speaking generally. Of course there are exceptions. As a matter of fact I wasn't exactly right when I said we had no white women whatever at Kalvik. Mr. Emerson doubtless has met Cherry Malotte."

"I have," acknowledged Boyd. "She was very kind to us."

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Mildred. "First a beautiful Indian girl, now a mysterious white woman! Why, Kalvik is decidedly interesting."

"There is nothing mysterious about the white woman," said Marsh. "She is quite typical—just a plain mining camp hanger-on who drifted down our way."

"Not at all," Boyd disclaimed angrily. "Miss Malotte is a fine woman," then at Marsh's short laugh. "And her conduct bears favorable comparison



"PARTNERS! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

with that of the other white people at Kalvik."

Marsh allowed his eyes to waver at this, but to Mildred he apologized. "She is not the sort one cares to discuss."

"How do you know?" demanded Cherry's champion. "Do you know anything against her character?"

"I know she is a disturbing element in Kalvik and has caused us a great deal of trouble."

It was Boyd's turn to laugh. "But surely that has nothing to do with her character."

"My dear fellow"—Marsh shrugged his shoulders apologetically—"If I had dreamed she was a friend of yours I never would have spoken."

The dinner was finished, and Mr. Wayland had asked for his favorite cigars, so Mildred rose, and Boyd accompanied her, leaving the others to smoke. But, strangely enough, Marsh remained in such a state of preoccupation, even after their departure, that Mr. Wayland's attempts at conversation elicited only the vaguest and shortest of answers.

In the music room Mildred turned upon Boyd. "Why didn't you tell me about this woman before?"

"I didn't think of her."

"And yet she is young, beautiful, refined, lives a romantic sort of existence and entertained you"—She tossed her head, sent herself at the piano and struck a few idle notes, inquiring casually, "Kalvik is the name of the place you are going, isn't it?"

"It is."

"I suppose you will see a great deal of this—Cherry Malotte?"

"Undoubtedly, inasmuch as we are partners."

"Partners!" Mildred ceased playing and swung about. "What do you mean?"

"She is interested in this enterprise. The cannery site is hers."

"I see?" After a moment. "Does this new affair of father's have any particular effect on your plans?"

"Yes and no," he answered, feeling again the weight of this last complication, forgotten for the moment.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing, only for the present please don't mention my scheme either to him or to Mr. Marsh. I am a bit uncertain as to my course. You see, it means so much to me that I can't bear to give it up, and yet it may lead to great—unpleasantness."

She nodded comprehendingly.

On that very night, in a little snow smothered cabin crouching close against the Kalvik bluffs, another girl was seated at a piano. Her slim white fingers had strayed upon the notes of a song which Boyd Emerson had sung. In her dream filled eyes was the picture of a rough garbed, silent man at her shoulder, and in her ears was the sound of his voice. Clear to the fast melting note she played the air, and then a pitiful sob shook her. She bowed her golden head and hid her face in her arms, for a memory was upon her, a forgotten kiss was not upon her lips, and she was very lonely.

At the hotel Emerson found Clyde and Fraser in Balt's room awaiting him. They were noisy and excited at the success of the enterprise and at the prospect of immediate action.

Boyd told them little of the news that had startled him earlier in the evening beyond the bare fact that Marsh had floated a packers' trust and that secrecy for the present was doubly necessary to the success of their undertaking. The full significance of the merger, therefore, did not strike his associates, even when on the train the next day they read the announcement of its formation in the newspapers. Balt alone took notice of it and fell into a furious rage at his enemy's success.

No sooner were they fairly under way for the west than Emerson began the definite shaping of his plans. He and George carefully went over the many details of their coming work and sent many messages, with the result that outfitters in a dozen lines were awaiting them when they arrived in Seattle. Without loss of time Boyd installed himself and his friends at a hotel, secured a competent and close mouthed stenographer, and then sought out the banker with whom he had made a tentative agreement before going to Chicago. Mr. Hilliard greeted him cordially.

**Prescriptions and Patents**

No better prescription department in this neck of the woods than Brewer's. Pure drugs, carefully compounded, will go a long way toward making the sick well, if they are not past hope. And then there is our patent medicine department. Lots of folks use patents and we have nearly everything in this line. We can please you.

**Brewer Drug Co.**

Corner Water and Third. Stayton, Ore.

**Sloppy Weather**

Wet feet—bad cold—doctor bills. Avoid complications by attention to your footwear. An ounce of prevention is worth 1000 grains of quinine. We have the prevention in the form of water proof shoes and rubbers for men, women and children. Fall dry goods for the whole family. Full line of groceries. We pay all the market will stand for butter and eggs.

**C. Gehlen**

Second Street.

"The glad hand grasps the jackpot."

Arguments are not necessary to prove the superiority of the electric light; our light and motor service is unexcelled

**STAYTON ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY**

**BUSTER BROWN BLUE SHOES**

**PROUD LITTLE SCAMPS!**

Every last boy and girl in the land who ever has worn or ever will wear

**BUSTER BROWN BLUE SHOES**

is proud of them.

And for good reasons.—They look good and feel better, and they wear well enough to keep the parent from frowning at the shoe expense.

The are built to meet these very requirements. "Double wear in every pair."

**FISHER & RICHARDSON**

**Candy**

in moderate quantities is beneficial to the health, sweetens the disposition and is a joy forever. This is especially true of the candies we handle. They are the best known to the candy-makers art and once tasted are never deserted. All kinds of postcards, fruits, cigars, tobaccos, stationery, magazines, novelties. Long distance Bell phone office.

**GEM CONFECTIONERY**

Next Door to Postoffice

**City Meat Market**

Jos. Sestak & Sons, Props.

Dealers in

**Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS**

Highest Market Price Paid for Stock and Hides.

**STAYTON, OREGON**

Get your job printing done at the Mail office. New type, new machinery, fine line of paper stock. Prompt work, fair prices.

307