HE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

The

River

When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley g^e California

Bu

EDNAH AIKEN

CHAPTER I-K. C. Rickard, an engi

CHAPTER VI-Rickard attends a meeting of the directors and asserts his authority. Hardin rages. Estrada tells Rickard of his foreboding that his work will fail. "I can't see it finished."

CHAPTER VIII—A family luncheon

CHAPTER IX Hardin discovers tha Rickard is planning a levee to protect Calexico and puts him down as incompetent. Gerty thinks her lord jealous.

that the river has broken out again saves a big row and forces united action by all.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Visit to Maldonado.

Mrs. Hardin's descent on the office

ager brief to curtness. She was given

o excuse to linger. She traced Rick-

"For the Lord's sake," he grouned

o MacLean as she approached. MacLean's grin covered relief. He had

ever heard Rickard express himself

n the subject before. "The dead-set on the subject better. The dead-set Hardin's wife was making at Casey," was the choice gossip and speculation of the young engineers on the Delta.

MacLean had a bet up on the outcome

"I am not going to spare any more

carpenters," growled Rickard. It was

an inausolcious day for Mrs. Hardin's

din that morning, a telegram from

Marshall; he was feeling sore. Des-peraiely they needed labor. Wooster had just reported, venomously, it ap-peared to Rickard's spleen, increasing

Gerty's ruffles swept in. Her dress, the blue mull with the lace medallions, accented the hue of her eyes, and

ooked deliciously cool that glaring

desert day. Her parasol, of pongee, was lined with the same baby hue. Her dainty fairness and childish af-

fability should have made an oasis in

that strenuous day, but Rickard's dis-integration of temper was too com-plete. He rose stiffly to meet her, and

unkenness among the Indians.

ner should recommend her!

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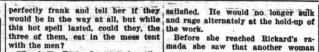
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to do but go. Her retreat was grace-ful, without haste, dignified. She smiled a farewell at MacLean, who was watching the approach of Innes Hardin and Estrada. Rickard did not see the aborted entrance of Hardin's sister and the young Mexican. He was itching to be at his work.

me?" Rickard's patience was coursister and first. He would hear her errand first. Gerty, remembering the He let out a growl when Mrs. Har-

din was out of earshot.
"Shucks! What in Halifax do wom-

they all eat with the men?" His secretary subdued a chuckle. He was visualizing a procession of oxes of choice Havanas—from Bode feldt, Hamlin and the rest of the gang. He need not buy a smoke for

chair. "Take this letter, MacLean. To Marshall." Then his worry diverted him. "Who in thunder is selling liquor

get the horses up, MacLean, and we'll ride down to Maidonado's. It's his place to stop this liquor business,

A few hours later they were approaching the adobe walls of Maldonado. They found the gate locked. A woman, whose beauty had faded into



tragic whisper, a ghastly twilight of trangers. Mystery hung over the in-closure like a pall.

Rickard told his errand. Maldonado

petent. Gerty timits ner lord jeasous.

CHAPTER XII—San Francisco is destroyed by earthquake and fire, and dredge machinery, which Rickard had ordered Hardin to have shipped, is burned through Hardin's neglect. Rickard secretly equips the big water tower as a signal station.

CHAPTER XIII—Gerty Hardin decides that Rickard still loves her and plans a campaign that promises trouble.

CHAPTER XIV—The progressive ride is begun under adverse conditions—wind and dust, with the guest of honor absent. Then MacLean, Rickard's secretary, brings word that the river is raging and sputtered and swore. By the mother of Mary the Virgin, that thing would be stopped. He showed to the senors, with pride, his badge. He was a ruale; he was there to uphold the law He had caught some of those drunker ndians on the road. He had brough

locked shed, deep in drunken stupor. He thought the liquor was obtained somewhere back in the sandhills. He would find the place. But the senor must be patient; his hands were so CHAPTER XVI.—Gerty Hardin begins to get really interested in Rickard. The wind blows a gale and the leve is in danger again.
CHAPTER XVII.—Women as well as men work on the levee the second night. Innee finds Rickard and Gerty together and begins to suspect her sister-in-law. Her brother's wrongheadedness and Rickard. Her brother's wrongheadedness and Rickard. The second results of the second r

Both men were glad to get away from the place and Maldonado. Ob-Mously he was a brute; undoubtedly he was a liar.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A White Woman and a Brown.

For a few weeks Mrs. Hardin found the mess tent diverting. Before the Delta had expanded the capacity of taxed, her hospitality strained. The men of the reclamation service, thrown mother. Falling that other, her zeal had flagged. Events were moving quickly at the break; Rickard was aborised. Mrs. Hardin told herself the it was the heat she wished to escape; not to her own ear did she whisper that she was following Rickard, nor that the percolator and chafing dish. er shelves and toy kitchen wasted effort. She kept on good terms with herself by ignoring self-confi-

ard's manner to the presence of Mac-Lean, and snatched at her cue. She, too, could be businesslike and brief. Her errand was of business; her man-Rickard, the discovery unfolded Rickard had seen her making straight toward the ramada. It was slowly, took his meals irregularly. His brenkfast was gulped down before the women appeared; his dinners where he found them. "No wonder!" reflected Gerty Har not the first time; her efforts to line her nest had involved them all and often. But today, he was in a bad

din. "Ling's cooking is so bad." wonger the manager foraged for his neals

lay across her bed that hot afternoon Her duty became so clear that she could no longer lie still. Immediately she must retrieve her weeks of idle-ness; what must Rickard think of her? She buttoned herself thoughtfully into a frock of pale colored muslin, cream slipping toward canary. White was too glaring on a red-hot day like this. Pink was too hot, blue too definite: A parasol of pastel green, and she looked

parasol of pastel green, and she looked like a sprig of fragrant mignonette. She found the open space of the trapezium swarming with strange dark faces. So silent their coming she had not heard the arrival of the tribes. She isolated the Cocopahs, stately as bronze statues, their long hair streaming, or wound mud-caked under the brilliant headcloths. Foregathering with them were men of other tribes; these must be the Yumas and Deguinos, the men needed on the river. nos, the men needed on the river These were the men who were to work on the rafts, weave the great mat-tresses. A squad of short-haired Pi-mas with their squaws and babies and their gaudy bundles, gaped at the integration of temper was too complete. He rose stiffly to meet her, and his manner demanded her errand.

She told it to him, plaintively. Her eyes were appealing, infantile. Would it be too much to ask, would Mr. This, they, meant the beginning of Rickard mind in the least, he must be real activity. Tom would at last

this hot spell lasted, could they, the three of them, eat in the mess tent with the men?

"Surely!" Rickard met it heartily, she would find it rough, but if she could stand it, yes, he thought it a good idea.

And then there was nothing for her to do but go. Her retreat was graceful, without haste, dignified. She sumled a forewell at McGen who did not want to be hurried. She told did not want to be hurried. She told did not want to be hurried. She told Rickard that sire had plenty of time

"There is something you want to tell me?" Rickard's patience was courrand first. Gerty, remembering the imploring attitude of the stranger, de-termined that she would not be sent

"Will you excuse me, senora? It Rickard Makes a New Enemy and a New Friend. "Will you excuse me, senora? It will be only a minute."

She was to tell her errand, and briefly! Gerty swept past the intruder.
"Sit down, Mrs. Hardin."

Resenting the inflection, she said she would stand. Her voice was a little hand have recovered.

she would stand. Her voice was a little hard, her eyes were veiled, as she told her mission. Her usual flu-ency dragged; she felt a lack of syn-pathy. In short, she proposed a com-nissary department, herself in charge. "I'd like to feel I was of some use," urged Gerty. "My heart is bound up in this undertaking; if I'm allowed to stay, I'd like to help along. This is the only way I can, the woman's way." "Aren't you taking a good deal on yourself, Mrs. Hardin?"

Then she forgave his hesitation quite, as it was of her he was thinking. "Not if it helps." Her voice was low and soft, as if this were a secret between them.

"Why, of course, anything you want Mrs. Hardin." And, remembering her former position, he added, "The camp's yours as much as mine.'

yours as much as mine."
A glad smile rewarded him. She went out, reluctantly. There was a new significance in MacLean's absence from the ramada. What could that woman have to say that MacLean must not hear? For the first time the weak tenure on her old lover came to her. Not a sign had he yet given of their understanding, of the pluuant situation. Themselves old sweethearts, thrown together in this wilderness. What had she built her hopes on? A word here, a translated phrase, or magnified glance. She would not harbor the new worry. Why, it would be all right. In the meantime she would show them all what a woman with executive ability could do.

executive ability could do.

"Sit down, senora," said Rickard to
the brown woman, Maldonado's wife.
"Don't be frightened. We won't let
him hurt you." Rickard vulgarized
his Castilian to the reach of her rude
dialect. Familiar as was Rickard with
the peons' speech in their own country, he could not keep up with her
story. Lutid words ran past his cars story. Lurid words ran past his ears. Out of the jumble of abuse, of shame and misery he caught a new note. "You say Maldonado himself sells

liquor to the Indians?" "Ssh, senor!" Someone might hear him! She looked over a terrified shoulder. That had slipped out, the selling of the liquor. She could have told her story without that; she wanted to deny it. Relentlessly Rickard made her repeat it, acknowledging the truth.

"What makes you tell me now?"

Rickard hunted for the ulcer. He knew there was a personal wrong. "What has Maldonado been doing to

The veil of fear was torn from her eyes. The trembling woman was gone, a vengeful wildcat in her place. "Left me, Maldonado? Left his home, where he traps the Indian with one coin in his pockets? No, senor. He brought her to our home, there; Lupe, the wife of Felipe, the Deguino. I told him not to fool with Felipe; the Indian was dangerous; he had hot blood. Maldonado struck me—he blood. Maldonado struck me—he kicked me—he said I was jealous—

and hit me again. meal. I teld him that it was for Fe When I said I would not cook for that treachery he cursed me, he kicked me again." She threw off the reboso, dragging her dress loose, "Don't," frowned Rickard. He had seen a welt across her shoulder—a screaming line of pain.

red shoulder. dinner! There was a lot of liquor-

Felipe was drunk; the tequila made him used, quite mad. He seemed to know something was wrong; he fought as Maldonado dragged him to the cell, the senor remembers the cell? The next day Maldonado sent for two remembers the cell. The next day Maldonado sent for two remembers the cell of the ce rales. They started the next day for Ensenada, taking Felipe; that day Maldonado brought Lupe home. I said she could not stay and he laughed in my face, senor. He put me outside the walls. I beat that



"You Will Help Me, Senor?"

gate until my fingers bled. I remen bered the kind face of the se then I came here. You will help

Rickard shook his head, "I shall have to look into this thing. If this is true it's prison for your husband. You won't have to fear Lupe."

"When he gets out he will kill me,

Before she could begin her pleading he called to MacLean. "Ask Ling to find a tent for Senor Ialdonado. Tell him to give her

He must trap the rogue. That in-fernal place must be closed. The woman had come in the nick of time. Those tribes were to be guarded as restless children.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The coming of the Indians gave the impetus the work had lacked. Under Jenks of the railroad company a large force was put on the river; these, the weavers of the brush mattresses that were to line the river bed. On the banks were the brush cutters; tons of willows were to be cut to weave into the forty miles of woven wire cable waiting for the cross strands. Day by day the piles of willow branches grew higher, the brush cutters work-ing ahead of the mattress workers in the stream. In the dense undergrowth the stolid Indians, Pimas and Maricopas and Papagoes, struggled with the flerce thorn of the mesquit and the overpowering smell of the arrow weed. As tough as the hickory handles they wielded, they fought a clearing through dense thickets in the intense transle here.

Down stream the Brobdingnagian arm of the dredge fell into the mud of the by-pass, dropping its slimy burden on the far bank. Down the long stretch of levee the "skinners" drove their mules and scrapers; two pile drivers were setting in the treacherous stream the piles which were to anchor the steel-cabled mattresses to the draw bod. It was a real learner to the draw the stream of the str the river bed. It was a well-organized active scene. Rickard, in his office, dictating letters and telegrams to Mac-Lean, Jr., felt his first satisfaction. rushing in from north and east; every quarry between Los Angeles and Tuc-son requisitioned for their undertak-

A shadow fell on the pine desk.
Ling, in blue ticking shirt and white
butcher apron, waited for the "boss"
to look up. He stood wiping the perspiration from his head, hairless except for the long silk-tapered queue.
"Well, Ling?"
"I go tamale." His veice was soft
as silk. "I no stay."
It was a thunderclap. There was
no one to replace Ling, who was
drawing down the salary of a private
secretary. Lose Ling? It would be
more demoralizing to the camp than A shadow fell on the pine desk

more demoralizing to the camp than to lose an engineer. "Money all lite. Bossee all lite. No

likee woman. Woman she stay, Ling "She all time makee trouble. Sh clazy. She think woman vellee fine clazy. She think woman vellee fine cook. She show Ling cookee plunes! I no stay that woman." Unutterable finality in the leathern face. Rickard and MaoLean, Jr., exchanged glances which deepened from concern into perplexity. They could not afford to lose Ling. And offend Mrs. Hardin, the corne eleved wirelesses.

Rickard grew placating. He spent a half hour wheedling. They met at the starting place. "Ling go tamale "Oh, Lord," groaned the manager, capitulating. "All right, Ling."
With the dignity of an oriental prince, Ling pattered out of the tent,

Rickard was puckering his lips at his "I'd rather take casto

A half hour later, MacLean saw his chief leave his tent. He was in fresh

"I wouldn't swap places with him this minute! She'll be as mad as a

Mrs. Hardin, from her bed by her screen window, saw him coming. slipped into a seminegine of alternate wound the reboso around the ed for such possible emergencies. Sh did not make the mistake of sm ing her hair; her instinct told her

> Despite his protests she started water boiling in her chaing dish. He had not time for tea, he declared, but she insisted on making this call of a social nature. She opened a box of sugar wafers, her zeal that of a child with a toy kitchen; she was playing

Rickard made several openings for his errand, but her wits sped like a gopher from his labored digging. She met his mood with womanly dig nity; she tutored her coquetries, with-

diplomacy, blurt out his message; use ludgeons for this scampering agility. "My mission is a little awkward Mrs. Hardin. I hope you will take it all right, that you will not be of-"Offended?" Her face showed

"It's about Ling. He's a queer fellow; they all are, you know." He was blundering like a schoolboy under the growing shadow in Gerty's blue eyes. "They resent authority that is, from women. He is a tyrant, Ling is.

"Yes?" Ah, she would not help him. Let him flounder!
"He wants to be let alone; he doesn't appreciate your kind help, Mrs. Hardin."

"Oh!" Her eyes were hot with tears—angry tears. She could not speak or would not. She sat in her coiled doll's house, all her pleasure in her toy dishes, her pretty finery ruined. He could not care if he could humiliate her so. It was the most vivid moment of her life. Not even when Rickard had left her, with his kisses still warm on her lips, had she felt so outraged. He was treating her as though she were a servant—dis-

wife of Hardin. Her eyes grew black with anger; she hated them both; be-tween them, their jealousy, their ri-valry, what had they made of her life? remembered the woman she had in his ramada; she had heard seen in his ramada; she had heard that the Mexican was in camp, em-ployed by Rickard. Her thoughts were ike swarming hornets.

"He's an ungrateful beast, Mrs. Hardin. I told him I would not let you waste your kindness one instant

Oh, she understood! A bitter pleas Oh, she understood! A bitter pleas-were to see him so confused. Rickard, before whose superior appraisement she had so often witted! She would not help him out, never! She rose when he paused. He thanked her for meeting him half way, and her smile "So I'm discharged?"
"You can't be discharged if you've

rou can't be discharged if you've never been employed, can you? Thank you once again, and for your tea. It was delicious. I wish Ling would give us tea like that."

Boorish, all of it, and blundering!

Why wouldn't he go? When he had hurt her so!

If he did not go quickly something would happen; he would see her crying. The angels that guard blunder got Rickard out of the tent without a suspicion of threatening tears. She threw off her negligee and the pale olue slip; the tears must wait for that. Then she flung herself on her bed and shook it with the grief of wounded vanity.

That evening the chief had a visithe fear pressed out of her eyes, brought in his laundered khakis, socks, darned and matched; all the nissing buttons replaced.

"I haven't worn a matched sock," he told her, "for months. That's great,

He wanted to get to bed, but she lingered. She wanted to talk to him about her troubles; he had cautioned her against talking about them in camp, so she overflowed to him whenever she found a chance—about Maldonado, the children, Lupe. It was getting wearying, but he could not shove the poor thing out.

Senora Maldonado gave a sharp in-take of breath, an aborted scream. Rickard, too, saw a man's figure outside the screen door. The Mexican woman pressed a frightened hand to her heart. Of course it was the venge-ful Maldonado—he would kill her— "If I am intruding," It was the voice of Hardin.

"Come right in," welcomed Rickard. "Get along, senora." The Maldonado slipped out into the night, her hand still against her heart.

Hardin, a roll of maps under his arm, entered with a rough sneer on his face. A dramatic scene, that, he had interrupted! And Rickard, who did not like to have women in camp

Rickard, still sleepy, asked him to

"I wanted to speak to you about those concrete aprons. They tell me you've given an order not to have them."

Rickard resigned himself to a long

argument. It was three o'clock when Hardin let him turn in.

scene Hardin had entered upon. He

stared comprehendingly at the screen door—seeing with understanding Har-din's coarse sneer—the Maldonado, breathing fast, her hand over her heart. "Of course he'll think—good lord, these people will make me into an old woman! I don't care what the whole caboodle of them think!"

Five minutes after blowing out his candle he was deeply sleeping.

ing a letter that lagged somehow, In-nes Hardin had seen Rickard go to her sister's tent. She did not need to watched the dancing step acknowl ss, for Tom. At a time when he most needed gentleness and sympathy rasped as he was by his humiliations and disappointments—how could any woman be so cruel? As for Rickard he was beneath contempt—if it were true, Gerty's story, told in shrugs and dashes. She had jilted him for Tom; and this his revenge? She had not known that she had such feeling as the thought roused in her. It prove what the blood tie is, this tigeris passion sweeping through her, as her eves watched that closed tent-it was for love for Tom, pity for Tom. Sen honor—why, Gerty did not know the meaning of the words!

How long would it be before Tom would see what every one else was seeing? What would he do when he knew? Hating Rickard already, bitter as he was-

She was not so biased as he. She organize. Estrada had shown her; and MacLean. Her sense of justice had done the rest. Rickard had proved his efficiency; the levee, the camp, the military discipline all showed the gen-eral. Whether he were anything of an engineer, time would tell that. It was a long call he was making! Sup-pose Tom were to come back? She must watch for him-make some ex-cuse to pull him in if he should come back before that other went- Hate ful such eavesdropping! A prisone

For an instant she did not recognize the figure outside Gerty's tent. Her fears saw Tom. She reached the screen door in time to see Rickard lift his hat to a disappearing flurry of ruffles. Angry eyes watched Rickard's step swing him away.

From the levee that day, she had a glimpse of the Mexican woman on her knees by the river, rubbing clothes against a smooth stone. A pile of tight-wrung socks lay on the bank. Ines stood and watched her.

ably does not know that there is a washerwoman in camp.

It was a week later before she re Estrada and Rickard looked furtively



membered to speak of the Mexican woman "who could wash." The two women were on their way to their tents from the mess breakfast, Senoral Maldonado was leaving MacLean's tent with a large bundle of used clothes under her arm.

"She washes for the men. I'm going to ask her to do my khakis for me Perhaps this woman would be willing to do all our laundry?"

Gerty had been wondering what she

would say to Innes. The speech which needed only an introduction was stirred into the open. "You must not," her voice trembled

with anger, "you must not ask that woman. She is not to be spoken to." meant. "
"You must not give her your wash-

ing—must not speak to her. I've not mentioned it before. I—I hoped it would not be necessary. Tom told me not to speak of it." "Tom told you not to speak of iti Not to speak of what?"

"You must have observed-Mr. Rick-

short pause. "Observed Mr. Rickard?"
"The coolness between us. I scarcely speak to him. I don't wish to speak
to him.'
When had all this happened, Innes demanded of herself? Had she bee

demanded of nersell? Into she been askeep, throwing pity from outdated dreams?
"I won't countenance a common affort like that." Her eyes, sparkling the anger, raggested jealous wrath a fines, who had her first hint of the

ttory. She had learned never to take the face value of her sister's verbal coin; it was only a symbol of value; it stood for something else. The yellow eyes were on the dredge

nucket as it swung across the channel but they did not register. She was angry, outraged; she did not know with whom. With Gerty for telling her, with Rickard, with life that lets such things be. She jumped up. "Oh, stop it!" She rushed out of the tent, followed by a strange bitter smile that brought age to the face of Gerty Har-

In her own tent, Innes found excuse for her lack of self-control. She did not like the color of scandal; she hated smudge. Gerty had said the whole camp knew it; knew why the Mexican woman was in camp! She did not trust Gerty in anything else; why should she trust her in that? She would forget Gerty's gossip.

But she remembered it vividly that week as she washed her own khakis; as she bent over the ironing board in Gerty's sweltering "kitchenette." She thought of it as she returned Rick ard's bow in the mess tent the next morning; each time they met she thought of it. And it was in her mind when she met Senora Maldonado by the river one day, and made a sud edge its intention. It meant wretch- wide curve to avoid having to speak

CHAPTER XXVI.

Time the Umpire. The river was low; its yellow waters bore the look of oriental duplicity Each day was now showing its progress. The two ends of the trestle were creeping across the stream from their brush aprons. A few weeks of work, at the present rate, and the gap would be closed, Hardin's big gate in it; the by-pass ready; the trap set for the Colorade. The tensity of a last spurt

It was inspiring activity, this pitting of man's cumulative skill against an elemental force. No Caucasian mind which did not tingle, feel the privileged thrill of it. To the stolld hative this day of well-paid toil was his mil-lennium, the fulfillment of the lennium, the fulfillment of the prophecy. His gods had so spoken. Food for his stomach, liquor for his stupefaction: the white man's money laid in a brown hand each Sunday morning was what the great gods fore-spoke. The completion of the work, the white man's victory, would be an end of the fat time. Hasten? Why should they, and shorten their day of with himself down the levee.

Between the two camps oscillated Coronel, silently squatting near the whites, jabbering his primitive Esperanto to the tribes. His friendship with the white chiefs, his age and natural leadership gave him a unique po sition in both camps. Assiduously Rickard cultivated the old Indian wh crouched days through by the bank of the river.

he river. ϕ The engineers felt the whip of ex citement. Never a man left the cam in the morning who did not look to ward that span crawling across th treacherous stream, measure the gate, but looked each morning to see if it were still there. The Reclama tion Service men and the engineers of the railroad were openly skeptical; Sisyphus outdone at his own game

at the gate, with doubt at each ot at the gate, with doubt at each other.
Hardin, himself, was repressed, at eager live wire. His days he spent of the river; his nights, long hours of them, open-eyed, on his back, watchin the slow-wheeling, star-pricked dom of desert sky. His was the suspens of the man on trial; this was hirlal; Gerty, Rickard, the valley, hijudge and jury. The gate grew to be a symbol with him of restored hono an obsession of desire. It must be a in obsession of desire. It must be al

Rickard was all over the place "Watching every piece of rock that' dumped in the river," complained Wooster. "Believe he marks them as

They were preparing for the fit They were preparing for the final rush. In a week or two, the work would be continuous, night shifts to begin when the rock-pouring commenced. Large lamps were being suspended across the channel, acetylene whose candelpower was that of an arclight. Soon there would be no night at the break. When the time for the quick coup would come, the dam must be closed without break or silp. One mat was down, dropped on the floot that had already swallowed two such gigantic mouthfuls; covered with rock; ninned down to the silpners between gigantic mouthfuls; covered with rock; pinned down to the slippery bot tom with piles. Another mat was ready to drop; rock was waiting to be poured over it; the deepest place in the channel was reduced from fifteen to seven feet. Each day the overpour, anxiously measured, increased. A third steam shovel had been added; the rail road sent in several work trains fully equipped for service; attracted by the

It was a battle of big nun It was a battle of big numbers, a duel of great force where time was the umpire. Any minute hot weather might fall on those snowy peaks up yonder, and the released waters, rush-ing down, would tear out the defenses passeut was in force that the inrushing cars might drop their burden of roc-and gravel and be off after more. The Dragon was being fed rude meals, in appetite whetted by the glut of pour-tion socie.

ing rock.

Tod Marshall came down from Tueson in his car. The coming of the Palmyra and Claudia rippled the so-lal waters at the front for days

ahead. Gerty Hardin, too proud to tell her astonished family that she wanted to desert the mess tent, shook wanted to desert the mess tent, shook herself from her injury, and "did up" all her lingerie gowns. Mrs. was not going to patronize if her husband had snubbed was hot, ironing in her tent, the do was not, ironing in her tent, the doors closed. Everything carried a sting those indoor hours. She was affame with hot vanity. Twice, she had openly encouraged Rickard; twice, he had flouted her. That was his kind! Men who prefer Mexicans—1 She would never forgive him, never!

She followed devious channels to involve Tom's responsibility. There was a cabal against the wife of Hardin. Working like a servant she called it necessity. Everything, every one punished her for that one act of folly. Life had caught her. She saw no way, as she ironed her mull ruffles, no way out of her cage. Her spirit beat wild wings against her bars. If she could see a way out! Nothing to do but to stay with Tom!

Maddening, too, that at the mess table, she caught Rickard's eyes turning toward, resting on, Innes Hardin. The girl herself did not seem to notice-artful, subterranean, such stalking! That was why she had come running back to the Heading! That the reason She followed devious channels to in-

back to the Heading! That the reason of her anger when she had hinted of the Maldonado. She learned to hate Innes. Bitterly she hated Rickard.

Innes. Bitterly she hated Rickard,
"Tom" she said one day. He
turned with a swift thrill of expectation, for her voice sounded kind; like
the Gerty of old. "I have always
heard that Mr. Marshall has terribly
strict ideas. I think he ought to hear
of that Mexican woman. It is demoralizing in a camp like this."
"I tell Marshall anything against his

"I tell Marshall anything against his oct clerk?" The Hardin lip shot 'He'd throw me out of the comp

The pretty scene was spoiled. To his dismay, she burst into a storm of tears, tears of self-pity. Her life lay, in tatters at her feet, the pretty fabric rent, torn between the rude ha of those two men. She could not have reasoned out her injury, made it con-vincing, built out of dreams as it was, beartless, scheming dreams. Because she could not tell it, her sobbing was the more violent, her complaints inco-herent. Tom gathered enough frag-ments to piece the old story. "Ashamed of him. He had dragged the more violent, her complaints her down into his humiliation." sweet moment had passed. He spent a few futile moments try-

ing to comfort her. "Don't come near me." It burst from her; a cry of revulsion. He stared at her, the woman meeting his eyes in flushed defiance. The hatred which he saw, her bitterness, corroded his pride, scorched his self-love. Noth

ments. He would never forget that That night, the cot under the stars had no tenant. Hardin had it

That valley might fulfill Estrada's vision and his labor; might yield the harvest of happy homes; but his was not there. He had been the sacrifice.

To be continued.

HEARTBURN or heaviness after meals are most annoying manifestations of acid-dyspepsia. KI-MOIDS

pleasant to take, neutralize acidity and help restore normal digestion. MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMILISE