

"I know," broke in Mrs. Cortlandt. "But times have changed. Panama has seen her last revolution, and she needs a business man at her head. Panama is a healthy country, with no national debt. She is growing, developing. She holds the gateway to the western world, and her finances must be administered wisely. There is no one who can direct her so well as you."

"It is impossible!" repeated Garavel, his agitation growing more pronounced. "General Alvarez is my friend. His son will be my son."

"Ramon! Is Ramon engaged to your daughter?"

"Yes," explained the banker, shortly. "He began to pace the room."

"What difference would that make if the young people love each other?"

"Certainly," Cortlandt agreed. "They are not children."

"As for love, Ramon loves, and my daughter will love also, once she is married, for she is a Garavel."

"If Ramon isn't satisfactory to her, might you to force her inclination?" Mrs. Cortlandt offered, eagerly. But the banker threw his arms aloft in a gesture of half-humorous despair.

"Oh-h! These young ladies," he cried. "They do not know what they want." He passed abruptly. "This comes upon me like a flood, my friends. I am swept away, and yet I—I will need to think seriously."

"Certainly."

"To an honorable man the salary will mean nothing. I have many affairs; I fear I cannot afford this sacrifice."

"Would you retire in favor of some one who could afford it?"

"Alvarez is honest."

"Alvarez cannot be president."

"It would require a great deal of money. I am considered a rich man, but I have discounted the future, and my enterprises— He hung out his arms. "I have spread out. I must be careful. It is not alone my money that I have invested."

"That will require very little money," said Cortlandt. "I have been from David to Darden, from Boca to Colon and I know the public sentiment."

It was midnight before Senor Andres Garavel, the banker, bade his friends goodby. When he descended the hotel steps to his carriage he held his white head proudly erect, and there was new dignity in his bearing.

The winter season was at its height now. Every ship from the north came



"Oh-h! These young ladies!" he cried, laden with tourists, and the social life of the city grew brilliant and gay. Now that nature stilled, the work upon the canal went forward with ever growing eagerness. Records were broken in every department, the railroad groaned beneath its burden, the giant human machine was strained to its fullest efficiency.

Young Anthony mastered the details of his work very rapidly. Being intensely interested in his work, he avoided all social entanglements, despite repeated invitations from Mrs. Cortlandt. But when the grand opera season began he made an exception and joined her box party on the opening night.

It seemed quite like old times to don the evening suit; the stiff white linen awakened a pang of regret. There was a somewhat formal dinner in the Cortlandt new home, at which there were a dozen guests, so Kirk had no opportunity of speaking with his business until they had reached the theater.

"I've scarcely seen you lately," she said at the first opportunity. "You're a very neglectful young man. I began to think you were avoiding us."

"You must know better than that."

She regarded him shrewdly over her shoulder. "You're not still thinking of that night at Tahaga?"

He blushed and nodded feebly.

couldn't help thinking about it. You were mighty nice to overlook a break like that, but"— Unconsciously his eyes shifted to Cortlandt, who was conversing politely with a giggly old lady. She tapped his cheek lightly with her fan. "Just to show you how forgiving



There Was the Girl of His Dreams.

I am, I am going to ask you to go riding with me. The late afternoons are lovely now, and I've found a good horse for you. I suppose you ride?"

"I love it."

"Wednesday at 5, then." She turned to another guest, and Kirk leaned back to take in the scene about him.

CHAPTER XV.
Gertrude Garavel.

LIKE most Latin-American cities, Panama prides herself upon her government theater. Although it remains dark most of the year, its brief period of opera is celebrated by a notable outpouring of Americans and Panamanians. It was an exceedingly well dressed audience, for although the pit was plentifully sprinkled with men in white, the two lower galleries were in solid full dress. In the center box of the first tier, ornately hung with flags and a coat of arms, Anthony beheld a giant black man of majestic appearance, flanked by a half dozen aids in uniform.

"That is President Galileo," Edith told him.

As the curtain fell on the first act Kirk rose with the others and, accompanied by Mrs. Cortlandt, made his way down the long passageway and out into a brightly lighted, highly decorated foyer, filling now with voluble people. It was a splendid room, but he had no eyes for it. His gaze was fixed upon the welcome open air promenade outside, and his fingers fumbled with his cigarette case.

"Oh, wait, please," he heard Edith say. "I want you to meet some one."

There, not a yard away, was the girl of his dreams demurely bowing to Edith Cortlandt, her hand upon the arm of a swarthy man, whom Kirk knew at once as her father. He felt the blood rush blindingly to his head, felt it drumming at his ears, knew that he must be staring like a man bereft. Mrs. Cortlandt was speaking, and he caught the name "Garavel" like a bugle call.

She was the same dainty, demure maid he had met in the forest, but now splendidly radiant and perfect beyond his imagining. She was no longer the simple wood sprite, but a tiny princess in shiny white, molded by some master craftsman. As on that earlier meeting, she was thrilling with some subtle mirth which flickered on her lips or danced in the depths of her great, dark eyes.

How he ever got through that wild introductory moment without making a show of himself Anthony never knew. The general confusion perhaps helped to hide his emotion, for around them eddied a constant human tide, through which at last came Mr. Cortlandt and the other members of his party. Then by some glorious miracle Kirk found himself moving toward the open air at her side, with Mrs. Cortlandt and the thinker in advance of them.

"Oh, Chiquita," he said softly, "I thought I'd never see you. I've hunted everywhere."

At the immediate intimacy of his tone she flashed him a startled glance. "Chiquita is not my name," she said, reprovingly.

"Yes, it is; it must be. I can't think of you by any other. Haven't it been whispering at my ear ever since you said it? It has nearly driven me mad. Why didn't you come back as you promised?"

"It was Stephanie who is such a atrocious person! I was brought to

the city that day—but no, senior I did not promise. I said only 'perhaps.'"

"Have you done your penance?"

"It was finished yesterday. This is the first time I have been out. Oh, it is delightful. The music—the people!"

"And I can come to see you now?"

"Very well do you know that you cannot. Have you not learned our customs? Do not be foolish, or I shall be forced to walk with my father."

"Don't do that. Can't you see we must make haste while the curtain is down?"

"I do not see. I am strolling in search of the cool air." She bowed and smiled at some passing friends. She seemed very careless, very flippant. She was not at all the impetuous, intemperate Chiquita he had met in the woods.

"See here!" he said, sobriety. "I can't go this way. Now that I've met your father, I'm going to explain my intentions to him, and ask his permission to visit you."

"My father is a wise man. In his house he is entirely a Spaniard, and if he learned how—we met, for instance—even under the electric light he saw her flash—" He would create a terrible scene."

"Trust me! I shan't tell him."

"There are so many reasons why it is useless."

"Name one."

Continue on Page 7

The Women's Relief Corps
Meets each 1st and 3rd Saturday at 2 p. m. in their hall on D street, west of 3rd street. Visiting members always welcome.
Mrs. E. A. Morgan, Pres.
Minnie M. Fetzer, Secy.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF SALE
Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of sale made and entered by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, on the 28th day of February, 1914, in the matter of the estate of Susan L. Richardson, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator

of the said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, lawful money of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said County Court, from and after April 3rd, 1914, at the law office of B. F. Swope in Independence, Polk county, Oregon, all the right, title, and interest and estate of the said Susan L. Richardson, at the time of her death, and all the right, title, and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than in addition to that of the said Susan L. Richardson at the time of her death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in Polk county, Oregon, to-wit: Commencing at the S. E. corner of a certain 12 acre

tract of land heretofore deeded by E. A. Patterson and wife to W. F. Middleham on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1884; thence west 21 rods; thence north 15 5-21 rods; thence east 21 rods; thence south 15 5-21 rods to the place of beginning, containing 2 acres, more or less, and all situate in section 29, Township 8 South, Range 4 West in Polk County, Oregon. Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in hand, lawful money of the U. S. of America, deed to issue upon confirmation as aforesaid of said sale.
John W. Richardson, Jr.
Administrator of the estate of
Susan L. Richardson, deceased.
H. F. Swope, Attorney.
P. p. 3-6, 1, p. 4-8.

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