A QUESTION of HONOR

by Ruth Cross

Chapter 34

A TRAITOR IN CAMP

At four o'clock that afternoon, Glenn was still working side by side with the men in the tunnel—he and all the foremen save the one who stood on guard. They were all dog tired, at the breaking point physically and nervously—the men threateningly sullen and hostile.

"Another half-hour and it's done," Glenn said encouragingly, as they started shoveling away the debris from the last explosion but one that would be necessary. The next fuse lighted would let the water in from the other side.

The men only muttered sullenly. Glenn, tired to the dropping point himself, turned his back for an instant. One of the men leaped, bearing him to the ground. The others rushed up.

A brief, but desperate struggle ensued. The foreman arrived with a revolver but Glenn, regaining his feet, signed to him not to fire. The insurrection was over as abruptly as it had begun. The men went back to work—still sullen, but with no hope now save that of finishing the work.

A half hour later, Glenn threw down his shovel and turned to the rebellious workmen. "Get your pay at the office," he said. "The bookkeeper will give you double time—then get out. Don't ever show your faces around here again!"

They went, muttering threateningly, but he knew that they were whipped to a standstill. After they had gone Glenn lighted the final fuse. Something less than a minute after he had gained the bank of the reservoir outside, a great explosion shook the earth. A moment more, and the river, which had been pressing hard from the other side against the thin wall of rock and dirt, came pounding, tumbling, rushing through.

Glenn and the foreman swung open the control gates and the water came pouring into the great reservoir, surging and swelling, beating with mighty hands at the wall of cement and stone which alone held it in check.

Glenn stood for some moments motionless, watching the inspiring spectacle.

Presently he gave the necessary instructions to the foremen, then with a sigh of relief went off in the direction of his office. Here he wrote a few hurried lines to Morse advising him to warn the settlers the water had been turned into the reservoir.

He handed the letter to one of the foremen to deliver, then strode towards the cabin.

Anne was sitting near the table in the living room, half-way through with the huge pile of mending, when she heard Glenn's step on the porch. She put down her work and ran quickly to open the door.

"Don't dare come near me until I've changed and washed," he said, indicating his mud-covered clothes and hands.

Laughing, she tiptoed to kiss him anyway. "Is it finished?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded and went to the bedroom. "We turned the water in 20 minutes ago, and I dispatched a note to Morse to warn Burkhalter and the ranch owners."

When Glenn came back into the room a little later, he was clean and freshly shaven, but he still looked tired. He threw himself across the couch with a heartfelt sigh of joy. "No, dearest, I don't want anything to eat—yet." This to Anne, who perched solicitously on the edge of the couch. "Be sure to wake me at 7 sharp, will you?" as he stretched out for a nap. "By that time I'll be ready to eat everything you and Delphine can concoct in the interim—"

"You're not going back tonight—tired as you are," Anne protested.

He nodded, his eyes already half closed. "Yes, I can't take any chances—Never you mind," he went on drowsily, "once this confounded rumpus is over." In a minute he was sleeping.

At 6:30 Anne, who had spent the time sewing, slipped out to the kitchen to see how Delphine was coming on with dinner. The snippy Frenchwoman had taken over the cooking and dishwashing for the entire establishment without a word—simply as a matter of course!

Soon it was time to rouse Glenn. Anne paused to powder her nose and pat her hair carefully into place before the crazy little mirror over the "washstand" in the corner, and then went in to awaken her husband.

To her surprise, she found him already awake and sitting on the edge of the couch—bending over a sheet of paper in his hand.

"Why, you look as if you had had a bad dream," she said lightly, stooping to look at the paper, too. The room was growing dark, and she could not make out any of the words.

He laughed briefly—a harsh, unpleasant laugh which fell gratingly on Anne's ears. "I have," he said, "but I'm awake now—thanks to this." He crushed the paper in his fist and let it drop on the floor. "Where did you get—this other?" he added dully, indicating a bit of jagged, discolored stone in the palm of his hand.

"What—that little old piece of rock?" she asked doubtfully. She bent closer to examine as Glenn explained. "When I lifted your sweater there, it rolled out of the pocket—along with the letter."

He let the fragment of rock fall too inertly from his open palm. His head sank forward. Anne was frightened; he looked really ill. "Of course, I had no right to read it," he went on; his face buried between his hands, "but—after I caught the first words—"

Anne sank down on the couch beside him, her arms about his shoulders. She understood only that there was something desperately wrong. "What is it, dear, I don't—understand—" Her voice sounded faint and chill even in her own ears.

Glenn pushed her away, got to his feet, steadying himself against a chair. "It's all plain enough," he muttered dazedly to himself, "the gold, your coming—your aunt. He little dreamed, poor old fool, that he was babbling of our find to one who could spend all the gold that ever was in these mountains. It seems from this," he ground the paper deliberately into the floor with his heel, "that Morse wants you after all!"

He straightened himself and moved towards the door. With a painful effort, Anne roused herself, followed him, caught his hand in both her's. "What is it?" Her words came in difficult, uneven gasps. "Sit down here and try to tell me."

He drew his hand away and took down his hat and coat. "You with all your cant about honor—I might have known—" he had turned and was looking straight into her eyes with bitter scorn, "if you had had any honor, you would have stayed by your own kind in the first place instead of betraying them to me! Well, you can go back to them now—back to Leon Morse. Don't let me find you here when I come

(Continued on Page 7)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Sacrifice

By Harold Gray

REG'LAR FELLERS

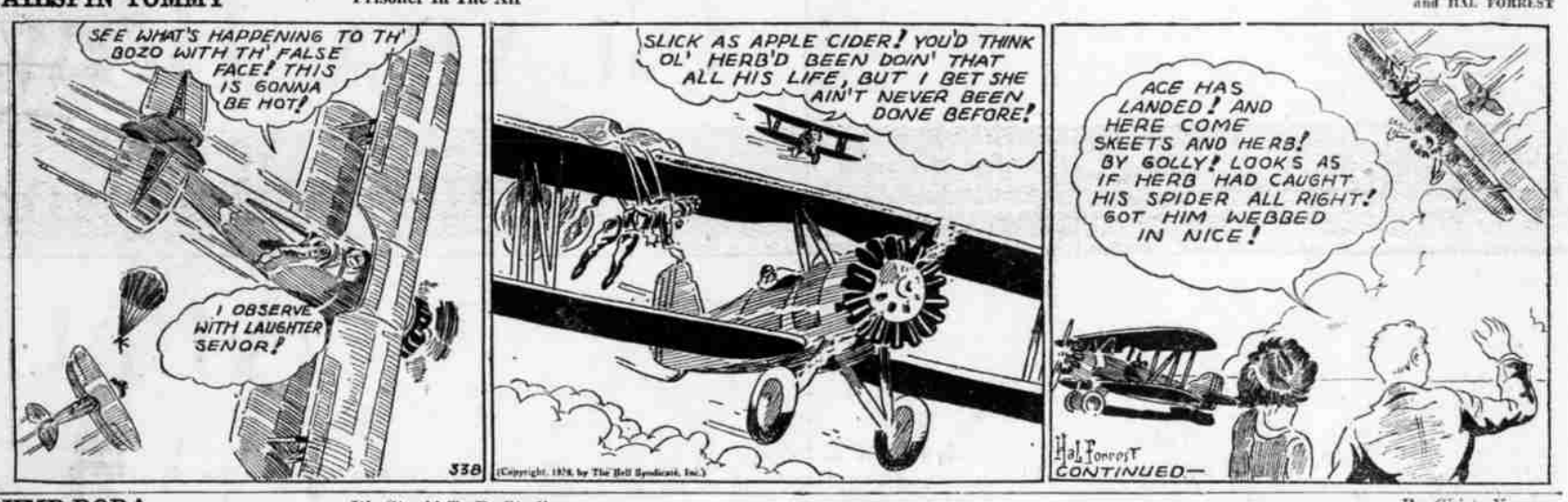
A Calamity

By Gene Byrnes

TAILSPIN TOMMY

Prisoner In The Air

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

It's Stupid To Be Studious

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

MUTT AND JEFF

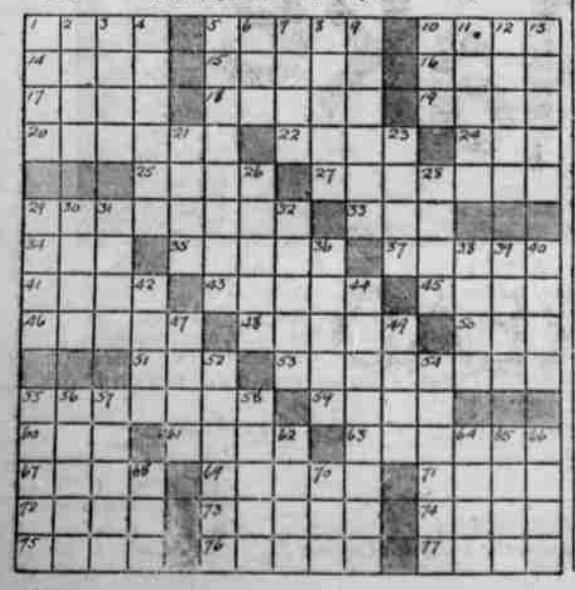
The Defense Rests Its Witness

By Bud Fisher

ACROSS

1. The thing referred to
5. Fall flower
10. Animal food
14. Ceremony
15. Coax
16. Feminine name
17. Heated chamber
19. Portable shelters
19. Expensive
20. Transfer of sovereignty to a successor
22. Look for
24. Fingerless glove
25. Solitary
27. Dried grapes
28. System of reckoning time
32. The lion
34. Southern constellation
35. Writer of nature stories
37. Andean beast of burden
41. Entangles
42. Evil spirit
45. Ancient Greek coin
46. Excuses
48. Parts of churches
49. Greek letter
51. Bird's beak
52. Ancient potion giving forgetfulness of sorrow
53. Legislative bodies
55. Hatt
56. Half way between east and northeast
61. Metric land measures
63. Jumped
67. Baths
69. Speedily
71. Genus of the common frog
72. Sun disk in Egyptian mythology
73. Edible tubers
74. English college
75. Pronoun
76. Cut off
77. Writing table

DOWN

1. Walked
2. Bee's home
3. Individual entity
4. Pertaining to old age
5. Was present at
6. Bishop's jurisdiction
7. Browns
8. Compound ether
9. Close again
10. Rabid
11. Fragrant resin
12. With full force
13. Small pies
21. Male descendants
22. European ship canal
26. Devoured
28. Played or sang alone
29. Assemblage of tents
30. Russian inland sea
31. Tardy
32. Subject of an ancient empire
34. Book of fables
36. Encourage
38. Insect
40. Wings
42. East Indian fibre plant var.
44. Native of Nepal
47. Bristle
50. Ornamentation consisting of separate objects
52. Scold
54. Approached
55. Biblical word of unknown meaning
58. Related through the mother
57. At no time
58. Leaf of a calyx
62. Hindu woman's garment
64. Bead
65. Son of Seth
66. Unwholesomely moist
68. Half rms
70. Massachusetts cape

Location of Yesterday's Puzzle