

Tve been expecting you. My wife, Mr. Rickard, and my sister."

"Why, what are you thinking of, Tom? To introduce Mr. Rickard! I introduced you to each other, years ago!" Gerty's cheeks were red. Her bright eyes were darting from one to the other. "You knew he was coming, and did not tell me?"

"You were at the Improvement club when the telegram came," put in Innes Hardin, without looking at Rickard, No. trace of the Tucson cordiality in that proud little face! No acknowledgment that they had met at the Marshall's! "Oh, you telegraphed to us?" The

blond arch smile had not aged. "That was friendly and nice." Rickard had not been self-conscious for many a year. He did not know what to say. He turned from her upturned face to the others. Innes Hardin was staring out of the window, over the heads of several crowded tables; Hardin was gazing at his plate. Rickard decided that he would get out of this before Gerty discovered that it

was neither "friendly nor nice." "If I had known that you were here, I would have insisted on your dining with us, in our tent. For it's terrible, here, isn't it?" She flashed at him the look he remembered so vividly, the childish coquettish appeal. "We dine at home, till it becomes tiresome, and then we come foraging for variety. But you must come to us, say Thursday. Is that right for you? We should love it."

Still those two averted faces, Rickard said Thursday, as he was bidden, and got back to his table, wondering why in thunder he had let Marshall persunde him to take this job.

Hardin waited a scant minute to protest: "What possessed you to ask him "Why shouldn't I? He is an old

friend." Gerty caught a glance of appeal, from sister to brother, "Jenious?" she pouted charmingly at her lord.

Jealous, no!" bluffed Hardin. He thought then that she knew, that with Tom Hardin! The woman who Innes had told her. The Lawrence episode held no sting to hlm. Once, it had enchanted him that he had carried off the boarding-house belle, whom even that bookman had found desirablebookman! A superior dude! He had always had those grand airs. As if it were not more to a man's credit to offices with morning-glories! Was it struggle for his education, even if he the gracious quiet influence of a wife, were older than his class, or his teacher, than to accept it off silver plates, handed by lackeys? Rickard had aiways acted as if it had been something walked on, smiling. to be ashamed of. It made him sick. "They've done it this time. It's a

fool choice." nes. Gerty had a shiver of intuition. "Fool choice?" Her voice was omi-

Hardin shook off Innes' eyes. Better be done with it! "He's the new gen-

eral manager." "Ho's the general manager!"

"I'm to take orders from him." Gerty's silence was of the stunned variety. The Hardins watched her crumbling bread on the tablecloth, thinking, fearfully, that she was going

"Didn't I tell you?" Her voice, repressed, carried the threat of tears. 'Didn't I tell you how it would be? Didn't I say that you'd be sorry if you called the railroad in?"

"Must we go over this again?" asked

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me make a goose of myself?" She was remembering that there had been no protest, no surprise from Innes. She knew! A family secret! She shrugged, "I'm glad, on the whole, that you planned it as a surprise. For I carried it off as if we'd not been in-

"Gerty!" expostulated Hardin, "Gerty !" implored innes.

"And we are in for a nice friendly dinner!"

"Are you quite finished?" Hardin

As the three passed out of the dining pressions; Hardin's stiff, indifferent; Gerty's brilliant but hard, as she

room, Rickard caught their several exflashed a finished, brave little smile in his direction. The sister's bow was

In the hall, Gerty's laugh rippled cut. It was the laugh Rickard rememlight frivolous endence which recalled the flamboyant pattern of the Holmes' parlor carpet, the long, crowded dining table where Gerty had reigned. It told him that she was inout to his coming, as she meant ould. And it turned him back to dark corner in the honeysuckleaped porch where he had spent so gs with her, where once he had held her hand, where he told her that he loved her. For he had ectant eyes. A cad, was he, because a had brought that waiting look into



"I'll Take You Around."

Should a man ask a woman to give her life into his keeping until he is quite sure that he wants it? He was revamping his worn defense. Should he live up to a minute of surrender, of tenderness, if the next instant brings sanity, and disillusionment? He could of a careful nome and rigid scaled disoury now forever self-reproach. He cipline. could laugh at his own vanity. Gerty Hardin, it was easy to see, had forgot-

friends. That ghost was laid.

CHAPTER V.

A Game of Checkers.

The uneasy mood of the desert, the

wind-blown sand, drove people indoors

a substantial, indifferently cooked

breakfast in the dining room of the

Later he wandered through the

company. He discovered it to be the

clambered over the supports of the

veranda, and on over the roof. Rick-

What school of experience had so

he was a rival, but that he was a boor.

she had turned to welcome, to coquet

was to be his wife must be steadler

than that! It had cooled his fever.

a Gerty Hardin? The festive build-

ing he was approaching was as unex-

Every one looked up at the noisy inter-

clean-faced youths, college graduates,

of stuff in his class at Lawrence. Three

of the seasoned, road-coached type

were leaning their chairs against the

cool thick walls. One was puffing at

was drawing clouds of comfort from a

one into a remote and isolated re-

into the air. Rickard might not have

One of the checker players looked

been there.

each rough breeze that blew!

the next morning, Rickard was served

ten what he had whispered to Gerty Holmes. They met as sober old both. "The stenographer's room," an

"Whose stenographer"

Desert hotel, whose limitations were He made a mental register. "When did Hardin go out?" He

they were nonexistent to the other knew the date himself. He expected men. They were finding it a soft conthe answer would trail wisps of other trast to sand-blown tents, to life in the information. He had a very active cu riosity about Hardin. The man's failures had been spectacular. group of staring idlers in the office, The young fellow was thinking past the popular soda stand and the

few chair-tilters on the sidewalk, go- 20th. Hardin was given a decent inaloud. ing on, as if without purpose, to the railroad sheds, and then on, down to the offices of the Desert Reclamation one engaging spot in the hastily ard did not question him. He made thrown-together town. There were oleanders, rose and white, blooming in or why did it appear so? In perspecthe patch of purple blooming alfalfa tive, from the Mexican barranca that stood for a lawn. Morning-glories where he had been at the time, the fallure of that dam had been another bar sinister against Hardin.

sity of California?" Rickard said, and nodded at the pin of gold and blue enamel.

"Out for a year," glowed the lad. Dad wanted me to get some real stuff His kisses still warm on her lips, and in my head. He said the Colorado would give me more lessons-more real knowledge in a year than I'd get in six at college. I kicked up an awful Not for him the aspen who could row-

The older man smiled. "Of course You don't want to go back now" The boy made a wry face. "He exkeep a foothold, do not garland their pects me to go back in August. Says

> "You did not tell me your name," was suggested.

was a good deal to live up to. He al- mered Oglivie. He was fairly blown into the outer ways felt the appraisement which fol-Lean, elder, was known among the the long room, Among them two alert, one of the strongest of the heads of geles office." the Overland Pacific system. He was or students out on furlough, the kind | not the sort of man a son could speak lightly of discheying.

"Of course everyone calls me Jun-

"Oh, but what a rotten trick it would be!" exclaimed the son of the pipe. There was a telegraph operator man of Iron. "To throw me out of at work in one end of the room, her instrument rapidly clicking. In an op- college-I was daffy to finish with my class, and to get me here, to get me inosite corner was a telephone exchange. A girl with a metal band terested-and then after I've lost my around her forehead was punching place to pull me back. Why, there are connections between the valley towns. things happening every day that are a liberal education. They are only just Rickard lost the feeling of having beginning to understand what they are The twin towns were on the bucking up against. The Colorado's an unknown quantity; even old engi-One of the older men returned his neers are right up against it. There nod. The young men returned their are new problems coming up every hastily withdrawn attention to their day. The Indians call her a yellow dragon, but she's a tricky woman, game of checkers. The other smoker she's an eel; she's giving us sums to was watching with cross-eyed absorp-

tion the rings his cigar was sending break our teeth on." "Who has the next room?"

"Anything I can do for you? Do you want to see anyone in particular?" "You can go in. He's not here. "No," it was admitted. "No one in particular. I was just looking round." "It's the show place of Calexico, I'll take you around. It is the only place in town that is comfortable when it's hot, or when the wind blows, and came down to stny."

"Whose say-so?" that's the program all summer. Take "I don't know. The accounts were my place. Pete." Pete, the young glant, with the face

of his infancy enlarged rather than matured, slipped into the vacant chair. He had been the first to discover the stranger, but he had evaded the reonsibility. The game immediately hearbed him.

"It's nice here," repeated the young fellow, leading the way. They were

followed by a few idle glances. Rickard looked with approval at the tun slim figure which was assu the courtesy of the towns. The fine handsome face was almost too girlish, loved her, or at least he thought he the muscles of the mouth too sensitive had! And had run away from her ex- yet for manly beauty, but he liked the lype. Lithe as a young desert-reared place! He went back to Los Angeles, Indian, his manner and carriage told

comething, so they let him bring the "Did anyone know that he was comooks down here. He is supposed to ing?" Silent, the tanned giant, spoke. the way. er; it sticks out all over him." "What's the derivation of woozle?"

He was ushered into a large cool room. The furnishings he inventoried:

a few stiff chairs, a long table and a typewriter desk, closed for the Sab- his felt sombrero and putting it on a door opened to admit Hardin. Who

nounced the lad superfluously.

"General property now, Everyone has a right to use her time. She used entrance. to be Hardin's, the general manager's. She is his still, in a way. But Ogilvle keeps her busy most of the time." Rickard had not heard of Ogilvie,

as conspicuous to the newcomer as

"The dam went November terval to resign. Of course he was fired. It was an outrage-" He remembered that he was speaking to a stranger and broke off suddenly. Rickanother note. Why was it an outrage

ard's deductions led him to the Har-"I see that you are from the Univerchanged the awkward country fellow? He had resented his rivalry, not that

shake and bend her pretty boughs to Men tossed into a desert, fighting to I must."

"I guess you'll go back if he wants a cigar. The other, a big, shy giant, you to," smiled Rickard.

> "Used to be the general manager's. Ogilvie uses it now."

"And who did you say was Ogil-They turned back into the

is the new auditor, an expert accountant from Los Angeles. Put in by the O. P. when it assumed control last year. He used to come down once a month. After Hardin went out he

rotten, that's no office secret. world knows that. Hardin is blamed for it. It isn't fair. Look at Sather's stone palace in Los Angeles. Look at Hardin's tent, his shabby clothes." "I'd like to meet Ogilvie," observed the general manager.

"Oh, he's not much to meet. A pale, white-livered vegetarian, a theosois full of 'em. He was here when Hardin was fired. You could see him see opportunity. His chest swelled He looked as if he had tasted meat for the first time. He thought that he could woozle into the empty this with deep gravity.

"Wait till you see Oglivie!" laughed his entertainer. Then as an after-

He's fair game." The door opened behind them, and reclamation work was. Rickard saw the man whose descrip-tion had been so deftly knocked off. infantile Hercules at the checkerboard. the pale, damaged exile whose chance Bodefeldt. of reprieve is conditioned by stern "Taking Ogilvle's measure"—this rules of diet and sobriety. It was the from MacLean. temperament which must perforce "Then he's doing something else by religious dogma.

"This gentleman's just-is looking around," stammered MacLean, does a snake. blundering, confused.

chair with care.

no one save Hardin knew of his com- thought flashed from MacLean to Siing. He was ahead of Marshall's let- lent, to the telegraph operator. ,Bodeters. He did not like the flavor of his feldt doubled over the checkerboard.

"What provision is being made for the new general manager?" The question, aimed carelessly, hit

the auditor. "They are not talking of filling the

position just yet," he responded. There is no need at present. The



work is going along nicely, better, I might say, adjusted as it now is, than it did before.

"I heard that they had sent a man as suggested.
"MacLean, George MacLean," said Mr. Marshall,"

pected—as Captain Brandon! Rickard the young man rather consciously. It "Did you hear his name?" stam-

"Rickard." room, the door banging behind him, lowed that admission. George Mac- The auditor recovered himself. "I would have heard of it were it true. Again, that look of pleading from In- ruption. There were several men in railroad circles to be a man of iron, I am in close touch with the Los Au-

"It is true." "How do you know?" Ogilvle's dismay was too sudden; the flabby factal nuscles betrayed him

"I'm Rickard." The new general manager took the swivel chair behind to have a talk with you."

"If you will excuse me,"-Ogilvie's bluff was as anemic as his crushed ap- all his force was daily expecting his penrance. "I-I am busy this morning. Might I-trouble you-for a was another stab to their chief. few minutes? My papers are in this desk.

Rickard new knew his man to the shallow depths of his white-corpuscled soul. "If I won't be in your way I'll hang around here. I've the day to kill." *

His sareasm was lost in transit. Ogilvie said that Mr. Rickard would not be in his way. He would move his papers into the next room tomor-

The engineer moved to the French windows that opened on the alfalfa lawn. A vigorous growth of willows marked the course of New river, which had cut so perilously near the towns. A letter "b," picked out in quick river vegetation, told the story of the flood. The old channel-there It was, the curved arm of the "b," one was speaking. "Mr. Hardin, will you could tell that by the tall willows-had been too tortuous, too slow for those sweeping waters. The flow had divided, cutting the stem of the letter. carrying the flood waters swifter de. The flow had dividedhm! divided perhaps the danger too! An idea in that! He would see that better from the water tower he'd spled at entering. Another flood, and gamble whether Mexicali or Calexico would get the worst of it. Unless one was ready. A levee-west of the American town!

"Excuse me, sir-do you need me?" He turned back into the room. . He could see that MacLean was aching to get out of the room. Ogilvie had visibly withered. A blight seemed to fall on him as his white, blue-veined fingers made a bluff among his papers.
"Thank you." Rickard nodded at MacLean, who burst into the outer of-

Tucson-Rickard's his name." His of Mexico where Marshall had "found" whisper ran around the walls of the

be ferreting. But he's 'woozling.' He "That's Marshall all over," said ised to be in the outer office. Said Wooster, bright-eyed and wiry, rehe noise made his head ache, so he moving his pipe. "He likes to move in face. "With Babcock." moved in here. All the committee a mysterious way his wonders to permeetings are held here, and occasion- form. (Used to sing that when I was ally the directors' meetings. Water a kid!) No announcement. Simply, the sense of a goat I'd sell out, my stock to MacLean and quit. Wi

Hardin. Enter Ogilvie. Enter Rickard."

Wooster. No one asked him what he to go! But how can I? I've got hold thought, "This is all public gossip, meant. Every man in the room was of the tail of the bear and I can't let thinking of Hardin, whose shadow this go!"

He recognized the type seen so fre- The force called him Pete, which was quently in southern California towns, a short cut to Frederick Augustus

translate a personal necessity into a this time. That wouldn't take him five minutes unless he's a gull," snapped just Wooster, who hated Ogilvie as a rat

The door opened and Rickard came The vegetarian nodded, taking off in. Almost simultaneously the outer would introduce the new general man-By this time it was apparent that ager to the dismissed one? The pretending not to see them. Confusion, embarrassment was on every face. Nobody spoke. Hardin was coming closer.

"Hello, Hardin." "Hello, Rickard."

It appeared friendly enough to the surprised office. Both men were glad that it was over.

"Nice offices," remarked Hardin, his legs outspread, his hands in his pock-

"Ogilvie is satisfied with them." The men rather overdid the laugh. "Finding the dust pretty tough?" inquired Hardin.

"I spent a month in San Francisco last summer!" was the rejoinder. "This is a haven, though, from the street. Thought I'd loaf for today." Was Hardin game to do the right thing, introduce him as the new chief players. to his subordinates? Nothing, it developed, was further from his inten-Hardin, his legs outstretched, kept before his face the bland, impenetrable smile of the oriental. It was clearly not Rickard's move. The lng?" checker players fidgeted. Rickard's silence was interrogative. Hardin still smiled.

The outer door opened.

The newcomer, evidently a favorite, walked into a noisy welcome, the "boys'" embarrassment overdoing it. He was of middle height, slender-a Mexican with Castillan ancestry written in his high-bred features, his grace and his straight, dark hair."

"Good morning, Estrada," said Hardin with the same meaningless smile. "Good morning, gentlemen." The Mexican's greeting paused at Rickard. "Mr. Estrada, Mr. Rickard."

Everyone in the office saw Hardin snub his other opportunity. He had betrayed to everyone his deep hurt, his raw wound. When he had stepped down, under cover of a resigreorganized company, had made it mpossible for them to serve together, and that Maitland's wealth and importance to the company demanded his

been discovered dead in his bath in a the flat-top desk. "Sit down. I'd like Los Angeles hotel. Though no one of the river and the gate. They may and been witless enough to speak of their hope to Hardin, he knew that Rickard's entrance reinstatement.

"The son of the general?" The new unnager held out his hand. "General Estrada, friend of Mexican liberty, founder of steamship companies and father of the Imperial valley?" "That makes me a brother of the

valley"-Estrada's smile was sensitive Estrada looked at Hardin, hesitated, then passed on to the checker players

and addressed MacLean:

"I saw your father in Los Angeles. He has been chosen to fill the vacancy made by Maltland's death." MacLean's eyes wavered toward' Hardin, whose nonchalance had not

faltered. Had he not heard, or he know, already? "I'd like to have a meeting, a conference, tomorrow morning." Rickard

set the hour at your convenience?" Because it was so kindly done, Hardin showed his first resentment. "It will not be possible for me to be there. I'm going to Los Angeles in the morning. He turned and left the office, Estrada following him.

"Oh, Mr. Hardin, you mustn't take it that way," he expostulated, concern in each sensitive feature.

"I'll take orders from him, but he gave me none," growled Hardin, "It's not what you think. I'm not sore. But I don't like him. He's a fancy dude. He's not the man for this job. "Then you knew him before?" It

was a surprise to Estrada. "At college. He was my-er-instructor. Marshall found him in the classroom. A theory slinger."

Estrada's thoughtful glance rested on the angry face. Was this genuine, or did not Hardin know of the years Rickard had served on the road; of the job in the hent-baked barrancas

convinced them that the auditor room, where other arrivals were tilt- him? But he would not try again to should be here, protect the company's ing their chairs. "The new general persuade Hardin to give up his trip interests. It sounded mysterious, manager! Ogilvie woozled for noth to Los Angeles. It might be better, sleuthlike, as if he had discovered ing. You should have seen his face!" after all, for the new manager to take charge with his predecessor out of

"MacLean's coming down tonight," he threw out, still watching Hardin's

"I won't be missed." outh was bitter. "Estrada, if I had my stock to MacLean and quit. What's wants to be the next general mana. "More like this," said Silent. "Exit in all this for me? Does anyone doubt my reason for staying? It would be like leaving a sinking ship, like de-"And exit Oglivie," cried MacLean. serting the passengers and crew one "It's a-d-I shame," burst out had brought on board. God! I'd like

"No one doubts you-" began Estrada. Hardin turned away, with an



Hardin Turned Away With an Ugly Oath.

ugly oath. The Mexican stood watching his stumbling anger. "Poor Hardin!"

In the office Rickard was speaking to MacLean, whom he had drawn to one side, out of earshot of the checker

"I want you to do something for me, not at all agreeable!" His tone implied that the boy was not given the chance to beg off. "What time does the train pull out in the morn-

"Six-fifteen." "I'll have a letter for you at the hotel at six. Be on time. I want to catch Hardin before he leaves for Los Angeles. If he's really going. I'll give him today to think it over. But he can't disregard an order as he did my invitation. I didn't want to rub it in

before the men." MacLean stared, then said that he

thought he was not likely to! Rickard left the office in time to see Hardin shutting the outer gate behind him. His exit released a chorus of indignant voices.

"An outrage!" "A d-d shame!" This from

"Hardin's luck!" On the other side of the door Rick- the tangled affairs of the water comard deliberated. The hotel and its curi- panies before the directors. Richard ation, he had saved his face by tell- our loungers, or his new office, where ing everyone that a rupture with Ogilvle was making a great show of Maitland, one of the directors of the occupation. He had not seen Estrada. He was making a sudden dive for his hotel when the gentle voice of the

Mexican hailed him. "Will you come to my car? It's on own sacrifice. Two months before the siding right here. We can have a Rickard's appearance Maitland had little lunch and then look over some maps together. I have some pictures

> be new to you. Rickard spent the afternoon in car. The twin towns did not seem so hostile. He thought he might like the Mexican.

Estrada was earning his father's mantle. He was the superintendent of the road which the Overland Pacific was building between the twin towns and the Crossing; a director of the Desert Reclamation company, and the head of a small subsidiary company which had been created to protect rights and keep harmonious relation-with the sister country. Rickard found him full of meat, and heard, for the first time consecutively, the story of the rakish river. Particularly interesting to him was the relation of Hardin to the company.

"He has the bad luck, that man!" xclaimed Estrada's soft, musical rolce, "Everything is in his hands, capital is promised, and he goes to New York to have the papers drawn up. The day he gets there the Maine is destroyed. Of course capital is shy. He's had the devil's own luck with men: Gifford, honest but mulish; Sather, mulish and not honest-oh, there's a string of them. Once he went to Hermosillo to get an option on my father's lands. They were already covered by an option held by some men in Scotland. Another man have waited for the three months to pass. Not Hardin. He went to Scotland, thought he'd interest those men with his maps and papers. He owned all the data then. He'd made the sur-

Estrada repeated the story Brandon and Marshall had told, with little discrepancy. A friendly refrain followed the narrative. "He has the bad luck, planned?"

that man!" "And the Scotched option?" reminded Rickard, smiling at his own poor

"It was just that. A case of Hardin luck again. He stopped off in London to interest some capital there; follow-

er. He was never a man to neglect a chance. Nothing came of it, though, and when he reached Glasgow he found his man had died two days before-or been killed. I've forgotten which. Three times Hardin's crossed the ocean trying to corner the oppor-tunity he thought he had found. It isn't laziness, is his trouble. It's just

infernal luck." "Or over-astuteness, or procrastina« tion," criticized his listener to himself. He knew now what it was that had so changed Hardin. A man cannot travel, even though he be hounding down a quick scent, without meeting strong influences. He had been thrown with hard men, strong men. It was

an inevitable chiseling, not a miracle. "I want to hear more of this some day. But this map. I don't understand what you told me of this by-

pass, Mr. Estrada. Their heads were still bending over Estrada's rough work bench when the Japanese cook announced that dinner was waiting in the adjoining car. MacLean and Bodefeldt and several

oung engineers joined them. It had been outwardly a wasted day. Rickard had lounged, socially and physically. But before he turned in that night he had learned the names and dispositions of his force, and some of their prejudices. Nothing, he summed up, could be guessed from the gentleness of the Mexican's manner; Wooster's antagonism was open and snappish. Silent was to be watched, and Hardin had already shown his

The river, as he thought of it, appeared the least formidable of his opponents. He was imaging it as a highspirited horse, maddened by the fumbling of its would-be captors. His task it was to lasso the proud stallion, lead it in bridled to the sterile land. No wonder Hardin was sore; his noose had slipped off one time too many! Hardin's luck!

CHAPTER VI.

Red Tape.

At ten o'clock the next morning Hardin, entering the office, again the general manager's, found there before him George MacLean, the new director, and Percy Babcock, the treasurer, who had been put in by the Overland Pacific when the old company was reorganized. They had just come in from Los Angeles, the trip made in MacLean's private car, to attend a director's meet-

Rickard entered a few minutes later, Estrada behind him. Ogilvie followed

Rickard to his desk. "Well?" inquired the new manager. Ogilvie explained lengthly that he had the minutes of the last meeting. "Leave them here." Rickard waved him toward Estrada, who held out his

hand for the papers, Reluctantly the accountant relinquished the papers. His retreating coattails looked ludicrously whipped but no one laughed. Hardin's scowl

deepened. "Showing his power," he thought, "He's going to call for a new pack." Estrada pushed the minutes through with but a few unimportant interruptions. He was sitting at the same desk with Rickard. Hardin, sensitive and sullen, thought he saw the meeting

managed between them. Several times he attempted to bring

nies. "Because he's not posted! He's be ginning to see what he's up against," ran Hardin's stormy thoughts.

He was on his feet the next minute

with a motion to complete the Hardin

headgate. Violently he declaimed to Babcock and MacLean his wrongs, the injustice that had been done him. Marshall had let that fellow Mattland convince him that the gate was not practicable; had it not been for him the gate would be in place now; all this time and money saved. And the Maitland dam, built instead! Where was it? Where was the money, the time, put in that little toy? Sickening! His face purpled over the memory. Why

child's play, that's what it is. And when I am in it again up to my neck he pulls me off!" This was the real Hardin, the uncouth, overaged Lawrence student! The new manner was just a veneer.

was he allowed to begin again with

the gate? "Answer me that. Why

was I allowed to begin again? It's all

Rickard had been expecting it to wear "I think," Interjected Rickard, "that we all agree with Mr. Marshall, Mr. Hardin, that a wooden headgate on silt foundation could never be more than makeshift. I understood that the first day he visited the river with you he had the idea to put the ultima gate, the gate which would control the water supply of the valley, up at the Crossing on rock foundation, Mr. Marshall does not expect to finish that in time to be of first use. He hopes the wooden gate will solve the immediate problem. It was a case of any port in a storm. He has asked me to report

my opinion." "Why doesn't he give me a chance to go ahead then?" growled the deposed manager. "Instead of letting the intake widen until it will be an impossibility to confine the river there

"So you do think that it will be an impossibility to complete the gate as

Hardin had run too fast. "I didn't mean that," he stammered. "I mean it will be difficult if we are delayed much longer."

"Have you the force to re-begin work at once?" demanded Rickard.

"I had it," evaded Hardin. "I had ing un a lead developed on the steameverything ready to go on-men, material - when we stopped the last time," attinued next Saturday)