When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

## The RIVER Ednah Aiken

shall.

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CHAPTER XXXII. ---13-

The White Night. "Lord, I'm tired." grouned Rickard,

He was to be minded to the last manthreat including the engineers, Silent, But they would see-Irish, Wooster, Hardin himself, This was no time for factions, for leader

In bed, the day with its irritations came to him.

her, weary from the pricks of the day. won. The way he would come home to her, please God, some day. Not bearing him. He fell asleep.

Rickard wakened as to a call. What had startled him? He listened, rais- not have him sure of her. tng himself by his elbow. From a distance, a sweet high voice, unreal in its her. She found that he as no longer pitch and thrilling quality, came to staring at her; his eyes sere fixed on him. It was Godfrey, somewhere on the trembling structure over which a the levee, singing by the river. It "battleship," laden with rock, was brought him again to Innes Hardin, creeping. He pulled aside his curtain which hung over the screening of his tent and looked out into a moon-flooded to see them all working like niggers world. Rickard's eyes fell on a little tent over yonder, a white shrine. "White as that fine sweet soul of

Wandering into the night, Godfrey passed down the river, singing. His voice, the footlights, the listening great audiences were calling to him. To him, the moon-flooded levee, the glistening water, made a star-set scene. He was treading the boards, the rushing waters by the bank gave Donna e Mobile." He began it to Gerty Mardin; she would hear it in her tent; she would take it as the tender reproach he had teased her with that afternoon in the ramada.

He gave for encore a ballad long forgotten; he had pulled it back from the cobwebs of two decades; he had made it his own,

"But, my darling, you will be, Ever young and fair to me."

It came, the soaring voice, to Tom Hardin, outside Gerty's tent on his lonely cot. He knew that song. Dis-Tained by his wife, a pretty figure a man cuts! If his wife can't stand him, who can? He wasn't good enough for her. He was rough. His life had kept him from fitting himself to her taste. She needed people who could talk like Rickard, sing like Godfrey. People, other people, might miscontrue her preferences. He knew they were not flirtations; she needed her tind. She would always keep straight; the was straight as a whip. Life was as hard for her as it was for him; he could feel sorry for her; his pity was divided between the two of them, the husband, the wife, both lonely in their swn way.

On the other side of the canvas walls, Gerty Hardin lay listening to the message meant for her. The fickle sex, he had called hers; no constancy in woman, he had declared, fondling der hair. He had tried to coax her into pledges, pledges which were also disavowals to the man outside.

Silver threads! Age shuddered at her threshold. She hated that song. Cruel, life had been to her; none of its promises had been kept. To be happy, why, that was a human's birthright; grab it, that was her creed! There was a chance yet; youth had not gone. He was singing it to her, her escape-"Darling, you will be,

Ever young and fair to me." Godfrey, singing to Gerty Hardin, and awakened the camp. Innes, in her tent, too, was listening.

"Darling, you will be, Ever young and fair to me!" So that is the miracle, that wild gush of certain feeling! Yesterday, Aoubting, tomorrow, more doubts-but conight, the song, the night isolated them, herself and Rickard, into a world of their own. Life with him on any terms she wanted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Battle in the Night,

Gathering on the bank were the of the river against the rock bombard- of puny men. ment. Molly Silent had crept down

She sat on the bank by Innes and Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Hardin, floated by in her crisp stumbling into camp, wet to the skin, muslins. A few feet behind stalked "Don't you say letters to me, Mar, Godfrey, his eyes on the pretty figure I'm going to bed. Tell Ling I den't by his side. Innes turned from his want any dinner. He'll want to fuss look, abashed as though she had been up something. I don't want to see peering through a locked door, Gayly, with a fluttering of ruffles,

The day, confused and jumbled, Gerty established herself on the bank, burned across his eyebalis; a turmoil a trifle out of hearing distance. A of bustle and hurry of insurrection. He hard little smile played on the lips achad made a swift stand against that, cented with Parisian rouge. The childish expression was gone; her look acjack of them, or anyone would go, his cused life of having trifled with her.

> "Don't look so unhappy, dearest," whispered the man at her side. "I'm coing to make you happy, dear!"

She flushed a brilliant, finished smile fell away. He could see now the step at him. Yes, she was proud of him. ahead that had been taken; the last He satisfied her sense of romance, or trestle was done; the rock-pouring would, later, when she was away from well on; he called that going some! here, a dull pain pricking at her delib-He felt pleasantly languid, but not yet erate planning. Godfrey found her sleepy. His thought wandered over the young, young and distracting. His resting camp. And then Innes Hardin life had been hungry, too; the wife, up there in Canada somewhere, had Not herself, but as a soft little never understood him. Godfrey was thought which came creeping around ambitious, ambitious as she was. She the corner of his dreams. She had would be his wife; she would see the been there, of course, all day, tucked cities of the world with him, the welaway in his mind, as though in his comed wife of Godfrey; she would home waiting for him to come back to share the plaudits his wonderful voice

His eyes were on her now, she knew, questioning, not quite sure of her. She his burdens to her, he did not believe had worried him yesterday because in that, but asking her diversions. Con- she would not pledge herself to marry tentment spread her soft wings over him if he sued for his divorce,' She had told him to ask her that after the courts had set him free. She could

An exclamation from him recalled

"I want to stay with you, you know that dearest. But it doesn't feel right and me loating here. You don't mind?" Oh, no, Gerty did not mind! She was tired, anyway! She was going back to her tent!

He thrust a yellow paper into her hands. "I sent that off today. Perhaps you will be glad?"

She flung another of her inscrutable smiles at him, and went up the bank, the paper unread in her hands,

The long afternoon wore away. They were now dynamiting the largest rocks For several hushed seconds the structhe orchestration for his melody-"La on the cars before unloading them, ture could not be seen. When the once, Any grounds possible, Back look in his, The heavy loads could not be emptied quickly enough. Not driffbied, the rock, but dumped simultaneously, else the gravel and rock might be washed down stream faster than they could be put together. Many cars must be unloaded at once; the din on Silent's train was terrific.. His crew looked like devils, drenched from the spray which rose from the river each time the rock-pour began; blackened by the smoke from the belching engine. The river was ugly in its wrath. It was humping itself for its final stand against the absurdity of human intention; its yellow tail swished through the bents of the trestle.

The order came for more speed. Rickard moved from bank to raft; knee deep in water, screaming orders through the din; directing the gangs; speeding the rock trains. Hardin oscillated between the levee and dams, taking orders, giving orders. His energy was superb. It had grown dark, but dam. no one yet had thought of the lights, the great Wells' burners stretched across the channel. Suddenly, the lights flared out brightly.

Not one of those who labored or watched would ever forget that night. Men were thick about it with crow-The spirit of recklessness entered even into the stolid native. The men effort, drawing back as the rock topof the Reclamation forgot this was not pled over the edge. One man was too their enterprise; the Hardin faction slow, or too tired. He slipped. The jumped to Rickard's orders. The watchers on the bank saw a flash of watchers on the bank sat tense, thrilled out of recognition of aching glimpse of a blackered face as the muscles, or the midnight creeping chill. foam caught it. The waters closed

No one would go home. To Innes, the struggle was vested in two men, Rickard running down yonder with that light foot of his, and Hardin with the fighting mouth tense. And somewhere, she remembered, working with the rest, was Estrada, Those three were fighting for the justification of a vision-an idea was at

stake, a hope for the future. Rickard passed and repassed her. And had not seen her! Not during those hours would he think of her, not until the idea failed, or was triumphant, would be turn to look for her.

Visibly, the drama moved toward Its climax. Before many hours passed the river would be captured or the idea forever mocked. Each time a belching engine pulled across that hazardous track it flung a credit to the man-side. Each time the waters, slowly rising, hurled their weight against the creaking trestles where the rock was thin, a point was gained by the militant river. Its roar sounded like the last cry of a wounded animal in Innes' ear; see it finished." the Dragon was a reality that night as camp groups to watch the last stand it spent its rage against the shackles

Molly Silent had seen her husband's from the Crossing, full of fears. Out train pull in. She watched for it to orders that Eduardo was closer to Mar-

one of those rock cars, was her Jim. | Something was wrong. She left her | he'll ever have." He turned a minute | cano's edge; and the swift eruption | love red or blue, that's a fact; Ibsen place in time to see Silent, his face shining ghastly pale under the soot. pull himself up from the "battleship where he had been leaning. Estrada sent by Rickard to find out why the train did not pull out, saw him the same instant as did Molly. Silen swayed, waving them back unseeingly like a man who is drunk.

"God, man, you can't go like that cried Estrada

"Who's going?" demanded Silent, his tongue thick with thirst and exhaution. The whistle blew again.

"I will!" The train moved out on the trestle, as the whistle blew angrily twice. Only Molly and Silent saw E-



'God, Man, You Can't Go Like That! trada go. Silent staggered unseeingly up the bank toward the camp, Molly

The river was humping out yonder; the rolling mass came roaring, flankon, against the dam.

following.

"Quick, for God's sake, quick!" yelled Rickard. His signals sounded by her angry passions. short and sharp. "Dump it on, throw the cars in!" Marshall was dancing, his mouth full of oaths, on the bank edge. Breathlessly all watched the foam fell a cheer went up. The dam was standing. Silent, it was supposed, was bringing in his train.

Above the distant jagged line of mountain of water came rolling damward.

Three trains ran steaming on the ralls.

ones. Pour 'em on!" ordered Rickard. | the morning. There was a long wait before any rock fell. Marshall and Rickard waited for the pour. The whistles blew again. Then they saw what was wrong. The morning light showed a rock weighing several tons which was resisting the efforts of the pressing crew. Out of the gloom sprang other tered, fell. The river tossed it as though it were a tennis ball, sent it hurtling down the lower face of the

Things began to go wild. The men were growing reckless. They were sagging toward exhaustion; mlstakes were made. Another rock, as heavy as the last, was worked toward the edge. bars. They burried. One concerted waving arms, heard a cry; they had a over him.

There was a hush of horror; a halt. "God himself couldn't save that poor devil," cried Marshall. "Have the

work go on!" Pour rocks on that wretch down there? Pin him down? Never had it seemed more like war! "A man down? Ride over him! to victory!" Soberly Rickard signaled for the work,

The rock-pour stuttered as if in horror. The women turned sick with fear. No one knew who it was. Some poor Mexican, probably.

"Who was it?" demanded Rickard, running down to the track. "The young Mexican, Hestrada. 'E tried to 'elp. 'E wasn't fit."

"Who was it?" Marshall had run down to see why the work paused. Rickard turned shocked eyes on his "Estrada!" chief. The beautiful mournful eyes of Eduardo were on him, not Marshall's, horrified. New he knew why Estrada had said, "I can't

"Rickard!" The engineer did not recognize the quenched voice. "The work has got to go on."

It came to Rickard as he gave the there somewhere on the trestles, on go out again. The whistle blew twice. shall than to him. "As near a son as

later to see his chief standing bareheaded. His own cap came off. "We're burying the lad," said Mar-

The minute of funeral had to be pushed aside. The river would not to the trestles; wave after wave hit them. But perceptibly the dam was steadying. The rapid fire of rock was telling.

Another ridge of yellow waters rose. The roll of water came slowly, dwinfling as it came; it broke against the restle weakly. For the first time the trestle never shuddered. Workers and watchers breathed as a unit the first deep breath that night. There was a change. Every eye was on the river where it touched the rim of the dam. Suddenly a chorused cry rose. The river had stopped rising. The whistles screamed themselves hoarse.

And then a girl, sitting on the bank, hand. She was too far away to hear their voices, but the sun, rising red through the banks of smoke, fell on the blackened faces of her brother and Rickard. She did not care who saw her crying.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Desertion.

When the afternoon waned and Godfrey did not call on her Gerty was roused to uneasiness. Had she angered him by refusing to make the definite promise? Could It be love, the sort of love she wanted, if he could stay away like this when they could have the camp to themselves, every one down at the break, no Hardins running in every minute? Their first chance and Godfrey slighting it!

He would surely come that evening, knowing that she would be alone! The little watch Tom had given her for an almost forgotten birthday set the pace for her resentment. Nine, ten, eleven! How dared he treat her so? She blew out the lamps when she found that she was shaking with anger and undressed in the dark. She could not see him, if he came now, her self-control all gone! But she could not go to bed. She stood in her darkened tent, shaken

Suppose that' he were only trifling with her? What was that paper he had thrust in her hand? With a candle she found the yellow paper. It was rushing water fling itself over the dam. a copy of a telegram to Godfrey's lawyer. "Start divorce proceedings at soon. Godfrey."

The frightened blood resumed its normal flow. If he had done this for you were going. You were running her then she had not lost him. An apmountains rose a red ball. A new day parent elopement, why had she never began. And again the Dragon rose; a thought of that before? That would cement their bond. Her scruples could grow on the road. Oh, she could manage Godfrey! She would go with him. "Don't step now to blast the big bed if she were to have any looks in

When Godfrey came to her next afternoon, penitent, refreshed after a long morning's sleep, he found a charming hostess. She was shy about his telegram. Enchantingly distant her hands in his,

when he tried to reach her hand! "I can't go without you." he cried. He had discovered her interpretation of figures with crowbars. The rock tot- his telegram and it delighted him; he began to believe in his own intention. "I know. You shrink from it all. You dread the steps that will free you. You need me beside you to help you. Let's cut the knot. Tonight!"

"Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow," whispered Gerty, and then she managed a few tears and he was allowed to kiss her. It was all arranged before he left the ramada. They were to leave together the next day. Her object would be accomplished by their leaving together. He would feel that he owed her his name.

Of course Gerty must do it in the conventional way! She would have used rope ladders had they been needed. The conventional note was pinned to her bureau scarf.

Innes was with Tom when he found it. They came in together from the river. Neither had noticed the odd looks from the men as they passed through the encampment. A dozen men had seen Hardin's wife leave for

the North with Godfrey. Gerty's letter told Tom that it was all over. She had tried to stand it, to be true even through his cruelty, but a feeling stronger than she was made her true to herself, and so true at last to him!

Innes' revulsion lacked speech. The common blatter sickened her. She could offer no comfort. His eyes told her it was worse than death.

He struck off her hand when It first, touched his shoulder. Gerty's hand had coerced him that way. He was done with softness.

sister was an intruder-but she was afraid to leave him alone. She took a station by her own tent door. She would not go down to dinner. For hours She found him where she had left him. her!

scorched her. It was the pitiable wreck of dignity, of pride. His words were matter? I know you!" incoherent; his wrath involved his sister, crouching in tears. Innes shrank from him, the man she did not know, The coarse streak was uncovered in all wait. Train after train was rushed on its repulsiveness. He turned on Innes suddenly. She was crying, a huddled heap on the couch.

"I've had enough crying-between you and Gerty. Will you get out? I've got to have some sleep."

Through her sobs he could make out that she was afraid to leave him. "Well, then, I'll go. I'm used to having to leave my own tent. A dog's life." He flung out into the night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Corner of His Heart. The second evening after the closure

Rickard was dining with the Marshalls in their car. The Palmyra was aw two men grab each other by the to pull out the next day. Hardin's did not belong to him. name was brought up by Tod Marshall. "She was light potatoes," he dismissed the woman. "But she's she was foolish! It was not that, in broken the man's spirit."

nothing to say on the subject of the He-he had made a mistake once beelopement.

"I'm sorry his sister is not here tonight," began Marshall mischievously, self was not like the real Gerty any "I did ask her, Tod" Claudia hastened to interrupt her lord. "But she woman that did not exist. He would would not leave her brother her last evening."

"Her last evening?" exclaimed Rickard. "Is she going away?"

Marshall subdued his twinkle. "We are carrying her off. She is to visit Mrs. Marshall while I am on the road.

Rickard gulped down his coffee, boiling. "Mrs. Marshall, will you let me run away early?". Why should he give any excuse? They knew what he was running away for!

He made his way to the little white tent on the far side of the trapezium. Innes, by the door, was bidding goodby to Senora Maldonado.

He forgot to greet the Mexican. She stood waiting; her eyes full of him. Surely, the kind senor had something to say to her? He had taken the white girl's hand. He was staring into the white girl's eyes. Something came to her, a memory like forgotten music. Silently, she slipped away into the night.

Rickard would not release Innes'

"Come out and have a walk with me! You were not going to tell me

away from me?' "You know that I love you! I have been waiting for this minute, this woman, all these lonely years."

Her head she kept turned from him. He could not see the little maternal She remembered that she must go to smile that ran around the curves of her mouth. Those years, filled to the brim with stern work, had not been lonely. Lonely moments he had had. I that was all.

> "Nothing for me?" He stopped, and made her face him, by taking both of

She would not look at him yet, vould not meet the look which always



She Would Not Look at Him Yet.

compelled her will, stultified her speech. She had something to say

"We don't know each other; that is, you don't know me!" "Is that all?" There was relief in

His silence oppressed her. This was his voice, "I don't know you? Haven't a man she did not know; inarticulate, I seen you day by day? Haven't I smitten. She told herself that even a seen your self-control tried, provedhaven't I seen your justice, when you could not understand- Look at me!" She shook her head, her eyes on the sand at her feet. He could scarceshe watched his tent. When it grew ly catch her words. They did not dark she could no longer endure it. know each other. He did not know

She forced herself toward the vol- "Dear! I don't know whether you

or Rostand; heat or cold. Does that

An upward glance had caught him smiling. Her speech was routed. "I'm -the-only girl here!"

"Do you think that's why I love

"Ah, but you loved Gerty!" That slipped from her. She had not meant

to say that! "Does that hurt?" Abashed by her own daring, yet she was glad she had dared. She wanted him to deny it. For he would deny it? She wondered if he were angry, but she could not

look at him. The minutes, dragging like weighted hours, told her that he was not going to answer her. It came to her then that she would never know whether Gerty's story were wholly false, or partly true. She knew, then, that no wheedling, wife's or sweetheart's, would tease that story from him. It

His silence frightened her into articulateness. He must not think that itself, she meant. The words jostled Rickard, it was discovered, had one another in their soft swift rush. fore. He had liked the sort of woman he had thought Gerty was. She hermore than she was like the other, the find that they did not think alike, believe alike, that there were differ-

> ences-"Aren't you making something out

> of 'nothing, Innes?" That voice could always chide her into silence! Her speech lay cluttered in ruins, her words like useless broken bricks falling from the wall she was building.

He took her hand and led her to a pile of rock the river had not eaten. He pulled her down beside him.

"Isn't it true, with us?" "It is, with me," breathed Innes.

Their voices were low as though they were in church. "And you think is isn't, with me!" Rickard stood before her. "Is it because I trust you, I wonder? That I, loving you, love to have the others ove you, too? Don't you suppose I know how it is with the rest, Mac-Lean; how it was with Estrada? Should I be jealous? Why, I'm not. I'm proud! Isn't that because I know you, know the fine steady heart of hand; her eyes could not meet the you? You hated me at first-and I am proud of that. I don't love you enough?" He knelt at her feet, not listening to her pleading. He bent down and kissed one foot; then the other. "I love them!" The face he raised to her Innes had never seen before. He pressed a kiss against her knee. "That, too! It's mine. I've not said my prayers since I was a boy, I shall say them again, here, you teaching me." His kisses ran up her arm,

> mouth, close to hers, stopped there. He whispered: "You-kiss me, my girl!"

Slowly, unseeingly, as though drawn by an external will, her face raised to his; slowly, their lips met. His arms were around her; the world was blot ted out. Innes, minutes later, put her mouth.

from the tips of her limp fingers. His

against his ear. It was the Innes he dld not know, that he had seen with others, mischievous, whimsical, romping as a young boy. "I love-red," she whispered, "And heat and sunshine. But I love blue,

on you; and cold, if it were with you and the rest of the differences-He caught her to him. "There are

not going to be any differences!" (THE END.)

Biblical Town of Gaza.

Al-Mintar, or the watchtower, still exists to the east of the town of Gaza. It is where Samson is said to have carried the gates of the city. On the road from Gaza to Jaffa are ancient olive trees, many of them more than one thousand years old, with gnaried bark and immense trunks. There is an old legend which credits Gaza with the invention of the first mechanical clocks. These were perhaps the sand clocks which are still used in some mosques.

Little Things Cause Sunshine. The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something, when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly, rather than resent or return it-these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured .- Aikin.

Beginning of Pittsburgh. November 25 is the anniversary of the raising of the English flag over the ruins of Fort Duquesne in 1754. The place was then named Pittsburgh, in honor of Britain's famous prime minister. It owes its great growth to its proximity to coal and iron fields of

vast magnitude. Daily Thought He who begs timidly courts a re