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CHAPTER XXII.
Final Preparations.

On the following day Happy Tom arrived with fifty men. "I got the last mother's son I could find," he explained as he warmed himself at O'Neil's stove. "Did you go to Hope?" "I did, and I saw the splavvus himself."

"Gordon?" "He's worse than we thought," Tom tapped his shining forehead significantly. "Loft to let?" "What—insane?" "Nothing but echoes in his dome. The town's as empty as his bonnet, too, and the streets are full of snow. It's a sight!"

"Tell me about Mrs. Gordon." "She's quite a person," said Slater slowly. "She surprised me. She's there, alone with him and a watchman. She does all the work, even to lugging in the wood and coal—he's too busy to help, but she won't leave him. She told me that Dan and Natalie wanted her to come over here, but she couldn't bring herself to do it or let them assist in any way. Gordon spends all his time at his desk, promoting, writing ads, and prospectuses. He's got a grand scheme. He's found that 'Hope Consolidated' is full of rich ore, but the trouble is in getting it out, so he's working on a new process of extraction. It's a wonderful process—you'd never guess what it is. He smokes it. He says all he needs is plenty of smoke. That bothered him until he hit on the idea of burning feathers. Now he's planning to raise ducks, because they've got so much down. Isn't that the limit? She'll have to fit him into a padded cell sooner or later."

"Poor devil," said O'Neil. "I'm sorry. He had an unusual mind."

Slater sniffed. "I think it's pretty soft for him myself. He's made better than a stand-off—he lost his memory, but he saved his skin. It's funny how some men can't fall. If they slip on a banana peel somebody shoves a cushion under 'em before they light. I never got the best of anything. If I dropped asleep in church my wife would divorce me and I'd go to the electric chair. Gordon robs widows and orphans right and left, then ends up with a loving woman to take care of him in his old age. Why, if I even robbed a blind puppy of a biscuit I'd leave a thumb print on his ear or the dog's mother would turn out to be a bloodhound. Anyhow, I'd spend my declining years nestled up to a rock pile with a mallet in my mitt and a low-browed gentleman scowling at me from the top of a wall. He'd lean on his shotgun and say: 'Harry up, Pat. It's getting late, and there's a ton of cakin' to pick.' It just goes to show that some of us are born behind the game and never get even, while others, like Gordon, quit winner, no matter how much they lose." Having relieved himself of this fervid homily, Happy Tom unrolled a package of gum and thrust three sticks into his mouth. "Speaking of bad luck," he continued, "when are you going to get married, Murray?"

O'Neil started. "Why—never! It isn't the same kind of proposition as building a bridge, you know. There's a little matter of youth and good looks that counts considerably in the marriage business. No woman would have an old chap like me."

Slater took a mournful inventory of his chief's person, then said doubtfully: "You might put it over, Murray. I ain't strictly handsome myself, but I did."

As O'Neil slipped into his fur coat, after the fat man had slouched out, he caught sight of himself in the glass of his bureau and paused. He leaned forward and studied the careworn countenance that peered forth at him, then shook his head. He saw that the hair was growing grayer, that the face was very plain, and—yes, unquestionably it was no longer youthful. Of course he didn't feel old, but the evidence that he was so admitted of no dispute, and it was evidence of a sort which no woman could disregard.

For a week the ice rose slowly, a foot a day, and in spite of the greatest watchfulness it took the false work with it here and there. But concentrated effort at the critical points saved the structure from serious injury. Then the jam in front of Jackson glacier went out, at least in part, and the ice began to fall. Down it settled, smoothly, swiftly, until it rested once more upon the shores. It was still as firm as in midwinter and showed no sign of breaking; nor had it moved downstream a hair's breadth. O'Neil gathered his forces for the final onslaught.

On April 5 the last of the steel for span No. 1 reached the front, and erection was begun. The men fell to with

a vim and an enthusiasm impossible to describe. With incredible rapidity the river sections were laid in place. The riveters began their metallic song. The towering three bent traveler ran smoothly on its track, and under it grew a webwork of metal, braced and reinforced to withstand, in addition to ordinary strains, the pressure of a hundred mile an hour wind. To those who looked on the structure appeared to build itself, like some dream edifice. It seemed a miracle that human hands could work that stubborn metal so swiftly and with so little effort. But every piece had been cut and fitted carefully, then checked and placed where it was accessible.

Now that winter had broken spring came with a rush. The snows began to shrink and the drifts to settle. The air grew balmy with every day; the drip from eaves was answered by the gurgling laughter of hidden waters. Here and there the boldest mountain sides began to show, and the tops of alder thickets thrust themselves into sight. Where wood or metal caught the sun rays the snow retreated. Pools of ice water began to form at noon.

The days were long, too, and no frozen winds charged out of the north. As the daylight lengthened so did the working hours of the rollers. On April 18 the span was completed. In thirteen days Mellen's crew had laid 400 feet of the heaviest steel ever used in a bridge of this type. But there was no halt. The material for the second section had been assembled meanwhile, and the traveler began to swing it into place.

The din was unceasing. The clash of riveters, the creak and rattle of hoists, the shouts of men, mingled in a persistent ear-splitting clamor, and foot by foot the girders reached out toward the river level. The well adjusted human machine was running smoothly. Every man knew his place and the duties that went with it; the hands of each worker were capable and skilled. But now the hillsides were growing bare, rills kashed the sloping snow fields, the upper gullies began to rumble to avalanches—fore-runners of the process that would strip the earth of snow and ice and free the river in all its fury. In six days 300 feet more of steel had been bolted fast to the complete section, and span No. 2 was in place. But the surface of the Salmon was no longer white and pure; it was dirty and discolored now, for the debris which had collected during the past winter was exposing itself. The icy covering was partially inundated also. Shallow ponds formed upon it and were rippled by the south breeze. Running waters on every side sang a menace to the workers.

Then progress ceased abruptly. It became known that a part of the material for the third span had gone astray in its long journey across the continent. There had been a delay at the Pittsburgh mills, then a blockade in the Sierras; O'Neil was in Omar at the end of the cable straining every nerve to have the shipment rushed through. Mellen brooded over his uncompleted work; Parker studied the dripping hills and measured the melting snows. He still smiled, but he showed his anxiety in a constant nervous unrest, and he could not sleep.

At length news came that Johnny Brennan had the steel aboard his ship and had sailed. A record run was predicted, but meanwhile the south wind brought havoc on its breath. The sun shone hotly into the valley of the Salmon, and instead of warmth it brought a chill to the hearts of those who watched and waited.

Twelve endless, idle days crawled by. Winter no longer gave battle; she was routed and in her mad retreat she threatened to overwhelm O'Neil's fortunes. On May 6 the needed bridge members were assembled, and the erection of span 3 began. The original plan had been to build this section on the cantilever principle, so as to gain independence of the river ice, but to do so would have meant slow work and much delay—an expenditure of time which the terms of the option made impossible. Arrangements had been made, therefore, to lay it on false work, as the other spans had been laid, risking everything upon the weather.

As a matter of precaution the southern half of the span was connected to the completed portion, but before the connection could be fully made the remainder of the jam in front of Jackson glacier, which had caused so much trouble heretofore, went out suddenly, and the river ice moved downstream about a foot, carrying with it the whole intricate system of supporting timbers beneath the uncompleted span. Hasty measurements showed that the north end of the steel then on the false work was thirteen inches out of

line. It was Mr. Blaine who brought the tidings of this last calamity to Eliza Appleton. From his evident anxiety she gathered that the matter was of graver consequence than she could well understand.

"Thirteen inches in 1,500 feet can't amount to much," she said vaguely.

Blaine smiled in spite of himself. "You don't understand. It's as bad as thirteen feet, for the work can't go on until everything is in perfect alignment. That whole forest of piles must be straightened."

"Impossible!" she gasped. "Why, there are thousands of them."

He shook his head, still smiling faintly. "Nothing is impossible to Mellen and Parker. They've begun clearing away the ice on the upstream side and driving new anchor piles above. They're going to fit tackle to them and yank the whole thing upstream. I never heard of such a thing, but there's no time to do anything else." He cast a worried look at the smiling sky. "I wonder what will happen next. This is getting on my nerves."

Out on the river swift work was going on. Steam from every available boiler was carried across the ice in lead pipes, the night shift had been roused from sleep, and every available man was busied in relieving the pressure. Pile drivers hammered long timbers into the river bed above the threatened point, hydraulic jacks were put in place, and steel cables were run to drum and pulley. The men worked sometimes knee deep in ice water, but they did not walk; they ran. In an incredibly short time the preparations were completed; a strain was put upon the tackle, and when night came the massive false work had been pulled back into line and the traveler was once more swinging steel into place. It was a hazardous feat, yet not one of those concerned in it could feel confident that the work had not been done in vain, for the time was growing terribly short, and, although the ice seemed solid, it was rotting fast.

After the southern half of the span had been completed the warmth increased rapidly. Therefore the steel crew lengthened its hours. The men worked from 7 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night. On the 13th, without warning of any sort, Garfield glacier began moving forward. It had lain inactive even during the midwinter thaw which had started its smaller brother, but that warm spell had evidently had its effect upon the giant, for now he shook off his lethargy and awoke. He stirred, gradually at first and without sound, as if bent upon surprising the interlopers; then his speed increased. As the glacier advanced it thrust the nine foot blanket of lake ice ahead of it, and this in turn crowded the river ice down upon the bridge. The movement at the camp site on the first day was only two inches, but that was sufficiently serious.

The onset of Garfield at this time was, of course, unexpected, for no forward motion had ever been reported prior to the spring breakup. The action of the ice heretofore had been alarming, but now consternation spread. A panic swept the ranks of the builders, for this was no short lived phenomenon. This was the annual march of the glacier itself, which promised to continue indefinitely. A tremendous cutting edge, nine feet in thickness, like the blade of a carpenter's plane, was being driven against the bridge by an irresistible force.

Once again the endless thawing and chopping and gouging of ice began, but the more rapidly the encroaching edge was cut away the more swiftly did it bear down. The huge mass began to rumble; it "raveled," it split, it detonated, and having finally loosened itself from its bed, it acquired increased momentum. As the men with clubs and steam-pumps became exhausted others took their places, but the structural gang clung to its perch above, augmenting the din of riveters and banging of blocks and tackle. Among the alighted men sleep now was out of the question, for the ice gained in spite of every effort. It was too late to remove the steel in the uncompleted span to a place of safety, for that would have required more time than to bridge the remaining gap.

Piling began to buckle and bend before that irresistible push. The whole nicely balanced mass of metal was in danger of being unseated. Mellen cursed the heavens in a black fury; Parker smiled through white lips; O'Neil ground his teeth and spurred his men on.

This feverish haste brought its penalty. On the evening of the 14th, when the span was more than three-quarters finished, a lower chord section fouled as it was lifted, and two leading beams at the top of the traveler snapped.

On that day victory had been in sight. The driving of the last bolt had been but a question of hours, a race with the sliding ice. But with the hoisting apparatus out of use work halted. Swiftly, desperately, without loss of a moment's time, repairs began. No regrets were voiced, no effort was made to place the blame, for that would have caused delay, and every minute counted. Eleven hours later the broken beams were replaced and erection had recommenced.

But now for those above there was danger to life and limb. During the erection the ice had gained, and no effort could relieve the false work of its strain. All knew that if it gave way the workmen would be caught in a chaos of collapsing wood and steel.

From the morning of May 14 until midnight of the 16th the ironworkers clung to their tasks. They dropped their tools and ran to their meals; they gulped their food and fed back to their posts. The weaker ones gave out and staggered away, cursed and taunted by their companions. They were rough fellows and in their deep-throated profanity was a prayer. At midnight of the 16th the last rivet was driven, but the ice had gained to such an extent that the lower chord was tacked down stream about eight inches, and the distance was growing steadily. Quickly the traveler was shifted to the false work beyond the pier, and the men under Mellen's direction fell to spitting out the blocking. As the supports were chopped away the mass began to crush the last few wedges; there was a great snapping and bending of wood, and some one, strained to the breaking point, shouted: "Look out! There she goes!" A cry of terror arose. The men fled, trampling one another in their panic. But Mellen charged them like a wild man, firing curses and orders at them until they rallied. The remaining supports were removed; the 1,500 tons of metal settled into place and rested securely on its foundations.

O'Neil was the last man ashore. As he walked the completed span from pier 3 the barricade of piling beneath him was bending and tearing, but he issued no orders to remove it, for the river was doing that. In the general haste pile drivers, hoists, boilers and various odds and ends of machinery and material had been left where they stood. They were being inundated now. Many of them were all but submerged. There was no possibility of saving them at present, for the men were half dead from exhaustion.

As he lurched up the muddy, uneven street to his quarters Murray felt his fatigue like a heavy burden, for he had been sixty hours without sleep.

That Tanlac has surpassed even the greatest expectation is proven a hundred, yes, a million times, by the statements from people who have taken it for indigestion, dizzy spells, sleeplessness, rheumatism, backache, neuralgia, stomach, kidney and liver ailments.

These statements contain overwhelming evidence in favor of Tanlac. They prove beyond a question of a doubt the reconstructive powers of Tanlac. They show facts to minds that are in the least skeptical. They leave no room for anything but the truth; that Tanlac is a wonderful builder.

Tanlac is being specially introduced in Plattsmouth at the Mauzey Drug Company. Tanlac may also be obtained in Springfield, at H. Fiegenbaum's store, and in Weeping Water at the Meier Drug Co.

EAGLE
Beacon

Louis Peterson of Iowa is visiting his son, John Peterson, this week. James Story of Lincoln, is visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. B. Thorp and family.

Mrs. Wm. Christopherson, who has been taking treatment at a Lincoln hospital, returned home Friday afternoon.

Dewey Headley arrived here from Oklahoma the first of the week for an extended visit with relatives.

The Misses Marjorie and Lola Carr returned home Saturday of last week from a three weeks' trip in Colorado. Mrs. Mamie Hudson and daughters returned home Thursday afternoon from a month's visit with relatives at University Place and Walton.

Jesse Wall returned home the latter part of last week from Franklin county, where he has been running a threshing outfit for the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carr and Marvin and Meryl, returned home Wednesday from an auto trip through Missouri. They report good roads and a pleasant trip.

Mrs. Ed Hamilton and daughter of Plymouth, Neb., arrived here Saturday of last week for a few days' visit with her mother, Mrs. Louise Wachter and other relatives.

C. S. Trumble returned home Monday morning from a visit with relatives in California. Charley reports a very pleasant trip. He also reports that the condition of his brother is not much improved.

FOR SALE—My well improved forty acres, 1 mile west of court house. Inquire of A. W. Smith. 9-7-1mowly

Sales bills done quickly at the Journal.

Advance Sale Notice
Pedigreed Duric Jersey Swine at Public Auction!

On Monday, October 16, 1916 I will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder about 100 head of Pure bred Durocs—Breeding foards, Gilts, Bred sows, some open sows, sows with litters, some weanlings, some June and July-pigs that will make nice breeding animals by January 1st.

Every thing will be sold as I will discontinue breeding Durocs for the present.

Call and see my animals.
W. B. PORTER,
Mynard, Neb.

DISTANT PARTS OF EARTH HAVE BEEN SEARCHED

Products of Every Country in the World Have Been Tested for Tanlac Ingredients.

With the epidemic of stomach trouble, catarrh, kidney and liver ailments that sweep o'er the country from time to time, there was plainly shown the necessity for a great reconstructive tonic.

As this need became more and more apparent, learned minds set to work to gather the ingredients for this tonic—one that would answer the purpose of a general reconstructive tissue builder and blood maker.

The yield of the earth was carefully tested; the mineral, the animal and the vegetable products, and, after careful analysis it was admitted that the vegetable kingdom possessed the much-sought-for elements, because it contained more life-giving properties.

To this end even the most remote parts of the world were searched for vegetable ingredients to make the greatest reconstructive tonic known to man; such was the birth of Tanlac.

That Tanlac has surpassed even the greatest expectation is proven a hundred, yes, a million times, by the statements from people who have taken it for indigestion, dizzy spells, sleeplessness, rheumatism, backache, neuralgia, stomach, kidney and liver ailments.

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Local information may be secured from C. A. Rawls, State Committeeman or E. H. Wescott, Corres. Member.

NOTICE.
IN THE COUNTY COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Joanna Baxter, Plaintiff, vs. Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, ad. l. Heirs. **Notice of Suit to Quiet Title.** To the defendants Clara E. Young also known as Clara Ellen Young; John Doe Young, first real name unknown; husband or widower of Clara E. Young; also known as Clara Ellen Young; Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown; John Doe, first and real name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Young, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe, first real name unknown, deceased; Samuel H. Jones, also known as H. Jones, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel H. Jones, deceased; James G. Miller, also known as J. G. Miller, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Spencer Packard, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Elicta Packard, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan Drake, deceased; Louis F. Cole, also known as Lewis F. Cole; Clara Cole; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Louis F. Cole, also known as Lewis F. Cole, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Cole, deceased; L. Gray Moore, Mary E. Moore, Etta Moore, Isabelle Moore and the unknown owners and the unknown claimants of fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (NW-1) of the northwest quarter (NW-1) of township twenty-four (24), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M. in the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet plaintiff's title to the above described lands, to-wit: fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (NW-1) of the northwest quarter (NW-1) of section twenty-four (24), township twenty-four (24), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M. in the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet plaintiff's title to the above described lands, to-wit: fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (NW-1) of the northwest quarter (NW-1) of section twenty-four (24), township twenty-four (24), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M. in the County of Cass, Nebraska, because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of this suit and to enjoy the same as her own, and to quiet said lands or any part thereof; to require you to set forth your right, title, claim, lien or interest therein, if any, either legal or equitable, and to have the same adjudged inferior to the title of plaintiff and for general equitable relief. This notice is made pursuant to the order of the Court. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, October 2, A. D. 1916, or your default will be duly entered thereon.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.
Seven-room house, two big lots, well located. About five and one-half blocks from main part of city. Cement cellar, electric lights, city water. For sale cheap. McKnight & Haney, Glenwood, Ia.

329 ACRES FOR SALE.
Twenty-three miles east of North Platte, Neb., on Lincoln highway. Three miles to good town, all in the bottom, the best of black loam and every foot of it fine alfalfa land. Plenty of fine prairie hay and alfalfa on it now. Must be sold quick, \$35 per acre, only for thirty days. Terms. C. B. Schleicher, 3146 South 16 st., Omaha, Neb., Telephone Tyler 905. 2t a week in d t f; it w.

William Starkjohn and S. H. Shoemaker departed on the special this morning for Lincoln, to take in the state fair and enjoy the sights of the capital city.

W. H. Seybert and wife were in the city yesterday, from the vicinity of Culom, to attend to some trading with the merchants.

We have added school supplies in our big cut price sale. It will pay you to see them before buying. Crescent Pharmacy.

Mrs. A. B. Taylor and Mrs. Mary Sullivan were among those going to Lincoln this morning, where they will spend the day visiting with friends and attending the state fair.

Have you looked at the bargains offered at the Crescent Pharmacy? No? Then you are missing something. Please be fair to yourself, and to us. Look these over.

A. F. Seybert and wife and daughter, Miss Ethel, and John McNurlin motored to Omaha yesterday, where they visited for a few hours in that city enjoying the sights.

W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE.
State of Nebraska, ss. In county court, County of Cass.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin F. Horning, Deceased. To all persons interested

Your are hereby notified that there has been filed in this court the report of the Executrix of said estate, together with her petition for final settlement and her discharge as such Executrix.

That a hearing will be had upon said report and petition before this court on the 18th day of September, 1916, at ten o'clock a. m. in the County Court Room at Plattsmouth, in said county.

That all objections thereto, if any, must be filed with said Court on or before said day and hour of hearing. Witness my hand and the seal of County Court of said County this 7th day of September, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

(Seal.) 1 wk.

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