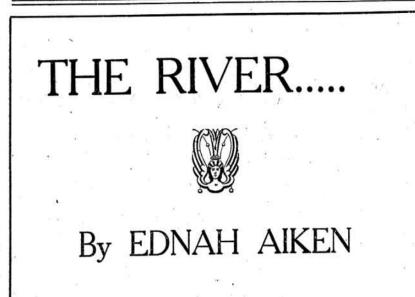
THE PRESS AND BANNER, ABBEVILLE, S. C.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919.

spent Sunday with Mr. Sanders,



(Continued From Tuesday) CHAPTER XXII.

TWO

A Visit to Maldonado. Mrs. Hardin's descent on the office that afternoon was successful, but not satisfactory. She had found the manager brief to curtness. She was given no excuse to linger. She traced Rickard's manner to the presence of Mac-Lean, and snatched at her cue. She, too, could be businesslike and brief. Her errand was of business; her manner should recommend her!

Rickard had seen her making straight toward the 'ramada. It was not the first time; her efforts to line her nest had involved them all and often. But today, he was in a bad humor.

"For the Lord's sake," he groaned to MacLean as she approached.

MacLean's grin covered relief. He had never heard Rickard express himself on the subject before. "The dead-set Hardin's wife was making at Casey," was the choice gossip and speculation of the young engineers on the Delta.' MacLean had a bet up on the outcome. He grinned more securely.

"I am not going to spare any more carpenters," growled Rickard. It was an inauspicious day for Mrs. Hardin's visit. Things had gone wrong. Vexations were piling up. A tilt with Har-

din that morning, a telegram from Marshall; he was feeling sore. Des perately they needed labor. Wooste had just reported, venomously, it ap peared to Rickard's spleen, increasing drunkenness among the Indians.

Gerty's ruffles swept in. Her dress the blue mull with the lace medallions accented the hue of her eyes, and parasol of pastel green, and she looked looked deliciously cool that glaring like a sprig of fragrant mignonette. desert day. Her parasol, of pongee She found the open space of the was lined with the same baby hue Her dainty fairness and childish af fability should have made an oasis it that strenuous day, but Rickard's dis She isolated the Cocopahs, stately as plete. He rose stiffly to meet her, and ing, or wound mud-caked under the his manner demanded her et and.

She told it to him, plaintia dy. Her eyes were appealing, infantile. Would these must be the Yumas and Deguiit he too much to ask, wou'd Mr nos, the men needed on the river. Rickard mind in the least, he m st bi These were the men who were to work with the men?

CHAPTER XXIII. A White Woman and a Brown. For a few weeks Mrs. Hardin found

he mess tent diverting. Before the Delta had expanded the capacity of the camp her soft nook had been overtaxed, her hospitality strained. The men of the reclamation service, thrown into temporary inactivity, were eager to accept the opportunity created for another. Failing that other, her zeal had flagged. Events were moving quickly at the break; Rickard was absorbed. Mrs. Hardin told herself that it was the heat she wished to 'escape; not to her own ear did she whisper that she was following Rickard, nor that the percolator and chafing dish. her shelves and toy kitchen were a wasted effort. She kept on good terms with herself by ignoring self-confidences.

Rickard, the discovery unfolded slowly, took his meals irregularly. His breakfast was gulped down before the women appeared; his dinners where he found them.

"No wonder !" reflected Gerty Hardin. "Ling's cooking is so bad." Small

wonder the manager foraged for bi meals.

She worked out a mission as she lay across her bed that hot afternoon Her duty became so clear that she could no longer lie still. Immediately she must retrieve her weeks of idle ness; what must Rickard think of her She buttoned herself thoughtfully into a frock of pale colored muslin, crean slipping toward canary. White was too glaripg on a red-hot day like this. Pink was too hot, blue too definite. A

trapezium swarming with strange dark faces. So silent their coming she had not heard the arrival of the tribes. integration of temper was too com bronze statues, their long hair streambrilliant headcloths. Foregathering with them were men of other tribes perfectly frank and tell her if they on the rafts, weave the great matwould be in the way at all, but while tresses. A squad of short-haired Pithis hot spell lasted, could they, the mas with their squaws and bables three of them, eat in the mess teni and their gaudy bundles, gaped at the fair-haired woman as she passed. The "Surely!" Rickard met it heartily central space was filling up with Pishort hair. These were brush cutters. And then there was nothing for her This, then, meant the beginning of to do but go. Her retreat was grace. real activity. Tom would at last be ful, without haste, dignified. She satisfied. He would no longer sulk smiled a farewell at MacLean, who and rage alternately at the hold-up of Before she reached Rickard's rasee the aborted entrance of Hardin's mada she saw that another woman sister and the young Mexican. He was there. She caught an impassioned gesture. Her only surmise rested on He let out a growl when Mrs. Har. Innes. Gerty saw that she was dark; woman drew back as the white woman "Shucks! What in Halifax do wom | entered. Gerty smiled an airy reasen come to a place like this for? surance. She herself would wait. She There's Hardin-brings in two women did not want to be hurried. She told to cook for him, and now, please may Rickard that she had plenty of time. "There is something you want to tell me?" Rickard's patience was cour-He was visualizing a procession of teous but firm. He would hear her erboxes of choice Havanas-from Bode- rand first. Gerty, remembering the feldt, Hamlin and the rest of the imploring attitude of the stranger, degang. He need not buy a smoke for termined that she would not be sent "Will you excuse me, senora? It She was to tell her errand, and

word here, a translated phrase, or magnified glance. She would not harbor the new worry. Why, it would be all right. In the meantime she would show them all what a woman with executive ability could do.

"Sit down, senora," said Rickard to the brown woman, Maldonado's wife. "Don't be frightened. We won't let him hurt you." Rickard vulgarized his Castilian to the reach of her rude dialect. Familiar as was Rickard with the peons' speech in their own country, he could not keep up with her story. Lurid words ran past his ears. Out of the jumble of abuse, of shame and misery he caught a new note. "You say Maldonado himself sells

liquer to the Indians?"

"Ssh, senor !" Someone might hear him! She looked over a terrified shoulder. That had slipped out, the selling of the liquor. She could have butcher aproutold her story without that; she wanted to deny it. Relentlessly Rickard made her repeat it, acknowledging the truth.

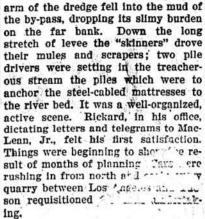
"What makes you tell me now?" Rickard hunted for the ulcer. He, knew there was a personal wrong. "What has Maldonado been doing to you? Has he left you?"

The veil of fear was torn from her eyes. The trembling woman was gene, a vengeful wildcat in her place. "Left me. Maldonado? Left his home, where he traps the Indian with one coin in his pockets? No, senor. He brought her to our home, there; Lupe. the wife of Felipe, the Deguino. I told him not to fool with Felipe; the Indian was dangerous; he had hot blood. Maldonado struck me—he Teachee Ling cookee plunes! I no kicked me—he said I was jealous— stay that woman." Unutterable finaland hit me again.

"Maldonado told me to get a big meal. I told him that it was for Felipe. When I said I would not cook for that treachery he cursed me, he kicked me again." She threw off the reboso, dragging her dress loose. "Don't," frowned Rickard. He had seen a welt across her shoulder-a screaming line of pain.

She wound the reboso around the dishonored shoulder. "I cooked his dinner! There was a lot of liquor-

Felipe was drunk; the tequila made him mad, quite mad. He seemed to know something was wrong; he fought as Maldonado dragged him to the cell the senor remembers the cell? The next day Maldonado sent for two ru rales. They started the next day for Ensenada, taking Felipe; that day Maldonado brought Lupe home. said she could not stay and he laughed in my face, senor. He put me outside the walls. I beat that



Down stream the Brobdingnagian

Cochran.

A shadow THE OR CONTRACT Ling, in blu whith and " ...ite sited for the "boss" to look up. He wood w.phr., the perspiration from h. head mairless except for the long . . r .apered queue. "Well, Ling?"

"I go tamale." His voice was soft as silk. "I no stay."

It was a thunderclap. There was no one to replace Ling, who was drawing down the salary of a private secretary. Lose Ling? It would be more demoralizing to the camp than to lose an engineer.

"Money all lite. Bossee all lite. No likee woman. Woman she stay, Ling go."

"Mrs. Hardin !" Rickard woke up. "She all time makee trouble. She She think woman vellee fine clazy. cook. She show Ling cookee plunes. stay that woman." Unutterable finality in the leathern face. Rickard and MacLean, Jr., exchanged glances which deepened from concern into perplexity. They could not afford to lose Ling. And offend Mrs. Hardin, the camp already Hardinesque?

Rickard grew placating. He spent a half hour wheedling. They met at the starfing place. "Ling go tamale." "Oh, Lord," groaned the manager,

capitulating. "All right, Ling." With the dignity of an oriental prince, Ling pattered out of the tent. Rickard was puckering his lips at .48 secretary. "I'd rather take ca w

(To Be Continued Tuesday'.

NOTICE TEACHERS' EXAMINA'. ON The Regular Spring Teachers' Ex-

amination will be held in the County Court House at Abbeville, on Saturday, May 3rd, between the hours of

W. J. EVANS, Co. Supt. of Education.

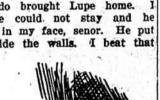
COLD SPRING NEWS.

Cold Springs, April 22 .- Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hagen spent Sunday at T. F. Uldrick's.

Misses Lillian and Elliott Coleman pent Saturday with Miss Ruby Mc-Cord.

Mr. Fred Uldrick spent Saturday





9 a. m., and 4 p. m. 4-1-8t.

She would find, it rough, but if she mas and Maricopas, Papagoes, too: could stand it, yes, he thought it s she knew them collectively by their good idea.

was watching the approach of Innes the work. Hardin and Estrada. Rickard did not was itching ' be at his work.

din was out of earshot.

they all eat with the men?"

His secretary subdued a chuckle. a year.

Rickard threw himself back in his chair. "Take this letter, MacLean. To will be only a minute." Marshall." Then his worry diverted him. "Who in thunder is selling liquor briefly! Gerty swept past the intruder. to my Indians?"

"Hold on; that letter can wait. You get the horses up, MacLean, and we'll she would stand. Her voice was a ride down to Maldonado's. It's his little hard, her eyes were velled, as place to stop this liquor business, not she told her mission. Her usual flumine."

proaching the adobe walls of Maldo- missary department, herself in charge. nado. They found the gate locked. A woman, whose beauty had faded into urged Gerty. "My heart is bound up

a tragic whitper, a ghastly twilight of suggestion, came to their knock, and unbarred the gate for the white strangers. Mystery hung over the inclosure like a pall.

Rickard told his errand. Maldonado souttered and swore. By the mother of Mary the Virgin, that thing would be stopped. He showed to the senors, with pride, his badge. He was a rurale; he was there to uphold the law. He had caught some of those drunken Indians on the road. He had brought them here.

Maldonado showed three men in a locked shed, deep in drunken stupor. He thought the liquor was obtained somewhere back in the sandhills. He would find the place. But the senor must be patient; his hands were so fall.

Both men were glad to get away from the place and Maldonado. Obiously he was a brute; undoubtedly Was a Man

"Sit down, Mrs. Hardin."

Resenting the inflection, she said ency dragged; she felt a lack of sym-A few hours later they were ap- pathy. In short, she proposed a com-

> "I'd like to feel I was of some use," in this undertaking; if I'm allowed to stay, I'd like to help along. This is the only way I can, the woman's way."

> "Aren't you taking a good deal on yourself, Mrs. Hardin?"

> Then she forgave his hesitation quite, as it was of her he was thinking. "Not if it helps." Her voice was low and soft, as if this were a secret between them.

> "Why, of course, anything you want, Mrs. Hardin." And, remembering her former position, he added, "The camp's yours as much as mine."

A glad stuile rewarded him. She went out, reluctantly. There was a new significance in MacLean's absence from the ramada. What could that woman have to say that MacLean must not hear? For the first time the weak tenure on her old lover came to her. Not a sign had he yet given of their understanding, of the piquant situation. Themselves old sweethearts, thrown together in this wilderness. What had she hallt her hopes on? A

You Will Help Me.

gate until my fingers bled. I remembered the kind face of the senor, and then I came here. You will help me, senor?"

Rickard shook his head. "I shall have to look into this thing. If this is true it's prison for your husband. You won't have to fear Lupe."

"When he gets out he will kill me, senor."

The terror was seizing her again. Before she could begin her pleading he called to MacLean.

"Ask Ling to find a tent for Senora Maldonado. Tell him to give her a good meal."

He must trap the rogue. That infernal place must be closed. The woman had come in the nick of time. Those tribes were to be guarded as restless children.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rickard Makes a New Enemy and a New Friend.

The coming of the Indian's gave the impetus the work had lacked. Under Jenks of the railroad company a large force was put on the river; these, the weavers of the brush mattresses that were to line the river bed. , On the banks were the brush cutters; tons of willows were to be cut to weave into the forty miles of woven wire cable waiting for the cross strands. Day by day the piles of willow branches grew higher, the brush cutters working ahead of the mattress workers in the stream. In the dense undergrowth the stolid Indians, Pimas and Maricopas and Papagoes, struggled with the fierce thorn of the mesquit and the overpowering smell of the arrow weed. As tough as the bickory handles they wielded, they fought a clearing through dense thickets in the intense tropic heat.

light with R. S. Uldrick and family. Mr. Allen King has been spending few days with home people. Miss Eunice Uldrick spent the week-end with home people.

Miss Ola Winn spent Thursday night with her eister, Mrs. T. M.



REAL ESTATE I offer for immediate sale the following country and city property. These are good investments --- Ask About Them

100 ACRE TRACT-Six and " one-half miles from Abbeville in Sharon neighborhood; close to school and church. Three-room house and barn.

82 ACRE TRACT OF LAND-

4 miles south of Abbeville. Tenant house, barn, 8 or 10 acres of fine branch bottoms, 35 acres in cultivation, balance in woods both pine and ash. Rented for this year. Near school house.

Price per acre _____\$20.00

LOT-on South side of town, 150x150 feet. Price, \$150.00

156 ACRE TRACT-Located 4 miles Southeast of Abbeville S. C. Six room dwelling, 3room tenant house, barn. About 2-horse farm rented for this year. Good bottom land, pienty ashe wood and timber. Price _____\$4,400.

TWO GOOD RESIDENCESon North Main Street, for sale. Ask for prices.

ACRE LOT-In Fort Pickens. Good location. Price __\$600.

231 1-2 ACRES-7 miles South of Abbeville, two tenant houses, barn, well: 15 acres bottoms, 150,000 feet sawtimber. Two horse farm already rented for 1919. Price per acre _____\$25.00 SOLD

6-ROOM RESIDENCE-On S. Main St., containing 4 acres, more or less. Good barn, 1 tenant house, rat proof crib, with branch running through property. Cheap at \$2,100.00 SOLD TWO STORY DWELLING-6-

room, hall, electric lights and sewerage, 5 minutes walk from square. Bargain at \$1,250.00 120 ACRES-Four miles South East of Abbeville, dwelling,

tenant house, well, 500 cords wood, some saw timber.

Cheap at ____\$17.50 per acre.

166 ACRES-6 miles from Abbeville. Good dwelling, barn tenant house, located in Lebanon section, close to school and church.

Price per acre _____\$30.00

FOR QUICK SALE-120 Acre Tract of Land with 6 Room dwelling, barn, good pasture, enough to pasture 40 head of cattle. Rents for 5 bales cotton. Price \$60.00 Per Acre

5-ROOM DWELLING- On South Main Street, at Cotton Mill. Price, \$1,125.00.

5-ROOM COTTAGE- Right at High School, on Parker St. Lot 80x198. \$1,600.00. Price,

List Your Property With Me for Sale, Rent or Exchange.

