

J. Wesley Croesus

and strenuous enough to keep me busy. Aside from that, I fancy the department heads would take it rather hard if we fellows in the field went plum picking."

"Let them!" retorted the potential backer of profitable side issues. "What's the odds if you go to it and bring back the money? I tell you, Mr. Brouillard, money—bunched money—is what talks. A good, healthy bank balance makes so much noise that you can't hear the knockers. If the Washington crowd had your chance—but never mind, that's your business and none of mine, and you'll take it as it's meant, as a good-natured hint to your father's son. How far is it up to where you are going to build your dam?"

Brouillard gave the distance, and Mr. Cortwright measured the visible trail grades with a deprecatory eye.

"Do you think my daughter could walk it?" he asked.

Miss Genevieve answered for herself: "Of course I can walk it; can't I, Mr. Brouillard?"

"I'll be glad to show you the way if you care to try," Brouillard offered; and the tentative invitation was promptly accepted.

The transfer of view-points from the lower end of the canyon to the upper was effected without