

stood. None could understand this sort of thing better. All his life had been spent in the midst of such conditions. The thing had been bound to come, and he was frankly glad that those who had served him so well were already in possession of all they required in the new Eldorado.

How the "rush" ultimately fared he neither knew nor seriously cared. It had no concern for him. The lust of gold had completely passed from him. All he cared was that it had left Fort Mowbray untouched. The overland route had suited the needs of these folk best. It was shorter, and therein lay its claim. The waterways which would have brought pandemonium to the doors of the folk he loved were circuitous, and the double burden of water and land transport would have been a hindrance in the crazy haste of the reckless souls seeking fortune in a whirlwind of desire.

So the girl he loved was saved the contamination from which he desired to shield her. So the pristine calm of the Mission of St. Agatha was left unbroken. Father José was left to his snuff-box and his mission of mercy. And Kars was glad.

His work was done. And now, on this day of days, as he watched its splendid birth, he thanked his God that the contamination of the gold world which had so long overshadowed would no longer threaten the life of the girl who was to be given into his keeping before its close.

The sun cleared the sky-line, a molten, magnificent spectacle. And as it rose the multi-hued escort of cloud fell away. Its duty was done. It had launched