

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

**T**HE colony from the East had been established, and the harnessed water was doing the will of man. At the head of the valley, where the cultivated fields began to widen into a green expanse of gardens and small farms, Steve Harkness stopped his buggy in the trail and awaited the coming of another buggy he had seen issue from the town. With Harkness sat Pearl and Helen, the latter a slender, awkward girl now, but in the eyes of her father beautiful beyond the power of words to express. The three were dressed in their best—they had been attending church. Harkness shook out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring face—church services always made him perspire freely—and the scent of cinnamon drops thickened the air.

"It's Justin and Lucy coming," said Pearl.

"Yes, I knowed it was; that's why I pulled in. I do 't reckon a handsomer couple rides this valley trail, present company always accepted. Davison was with 'em at church, but I s'pose he stopped in town to take dinner with some one."

Harkness tucked his handkerchief into his pocket and looked down the valley, where the fruitful fields were smiling. In the midst of the fields and the