

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I CALL YOU."

IT had been a great day for Blue Lick Cove. The Honorable Jeems Pendergast, who had represented the county in the legislature, had been the orator of the day. When the elder Garrett as president of the corporation had formally received the little branch railroad from Jim Stevens of the construction company, and with his own hands had driven the last spike, the Honorable Jeems had made the great speech of the day, and, as he afterwards modestly said, the effort of his life. Gilbert remembered little of it, save that the orator had referred to Jim Stevens, the contractor, as the mighty magician, spinning his iron spell over the mountains; to himself as the Fairy Prince who had come to awaken the Genius of Industry from her sleep of ages in the Cove; and to his father as the modern Midas whose touch turned all to gold, and for whom Blue Lick Creek would prove a new Pactolus to pour a golden stream into his coffers. With prophetic ear the orator had heard the busy hum of industry already coming from the saw mills, the coal and iron mines, and had seen the night lit up by the lurid fires from the coke-ovens and smelters that only awaited the completion of the railroad to pour their products into the lap of commerce. It was the regular stock-in-trade industrial speech that was probably first spoken in England, and gradually transplanted farther and farther westward with terms transposed to suit the environment.