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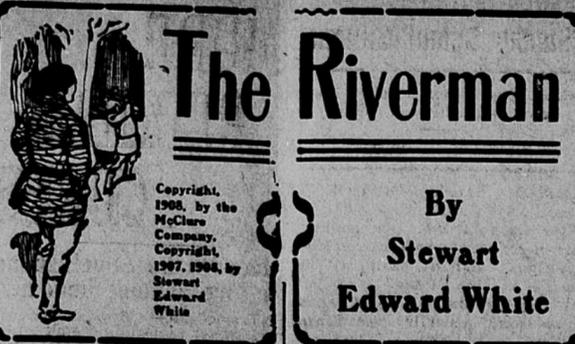
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Review for fine Job Work



The Riverman

By
**Stewart
Edward White**

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The engineer hoisted his long figure through the doorway.

"Harvey," said Captain Marsh briskly, "we're going to try to get a fine aboard those vessels. It's dangerous. Will you go?"

"You all goin', sub?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I reckon I'll done half to go, too," said Harvey simply. He swung lightly back to the uneasy craft below him.

"I want a man with me at the wheel, two to handle the lines and one to fire for Harvey," said Captain Marsh.

"That's our job," announced the life saving captain.

"Well, come on, then."

Captain Marsh shook the hand which Orde, stooping, offered him.

"I'll try to bring her back all right, sir," said he.

"To h— with the tug!" cried Orde.

"Bring yourself back!"

Marsh entered the pilot-house.

"Cast off!" he cried. The "jangler" called for full speed ahead.

"Brave chaps! Brave chaps!" said Dr. McMullen to Carroll. "But, do you know, to my mind, the bravest of them all are that bigger and his fireman 'nalled down in the hold where they can't see nor know what's going on."

The tug had rounded the end of the pier. The first of her thousand enemies, sweeping in from the open, had struck her fair.

"She can stand that, all right," said one of the life saving crew. "But wait till she drops down to the vessels."

The Sprite was now so distant that the loom of the great seas swallowed her from view save when she rose on the crest of some mighty billow.

"There, she's turned now!" cried some one.

Beneath the trail of black smoke she had shifted direction. With startling swiftness the Sprite darted out of the horizon into full view. For the first time the spectators realized the size and weight of the seas. One moment the whole of her deck was visible, the next her bow alone showed high as the back suction caught her and dragged her into the hollow. A sea rose behind. Nothing of the tug was to be seen. It seemed that no power could prevent her being overwhelmed. Yet somehow always she staggered out of the gulf until she was again cast forward like a chip.

"Maybe they ain't n't particular h— at that when you hold her from yawing!" muttered the tug captain.

The Sprite rushed at the outer line of breakers. The combers crested and fell with a roar, just as in milder weather the surf breaks on the beach. A woman in the crowd screamed. But at the edge of destruction the Sprite came to a shuddering stop. Her powerful propellers had been set to the reverse. Thus she hovered on the edge of the breakers, awaiting her chance. If one of the waves should happen to crest and break, the water, catching the tug on her flat stern deck, would indubitably bury her. The situation was awful in its extreme simplicity. Would Captain Marsh see his opportunity before the law of chances would bring along the wave that would overwhelm him?

Two or three of the townsmen walked up and down. One woman prayed aloud in short hysterical sentences.

"O God, save them! O Lord, O Lord!"

Orde stood on top of a half buried log, his entire being concentrated on the maneuver being executed. Only Newmark apparently remained as calm as ever.

Suddenly, without warning, occurred one of those inexplicable lulls that interpose often amid the wildest up-rows. Between two waves the Sprite darted forward directly for the nearest of the wrecks.

"She'll collide!" some one shrieked.

But the tug swerved and turned on a long diagonal across the end of the bar.

Marsh had chosen his moment with exactitude. He had taken advantage of the brief lull of jumbled seas after the "three largest waves" had swept by. Yet in shallow water and with the strong inshore set, even that lull was all too short. The Sprite was staggered by the breakers; her speed was checked; her stern was dragged around. She tore herself from the grasp of the current. Enveloped in a blinding hail of spray, she struggled desperately to extricate herself before the resumption of the larger seas should roll her over to destruction. Already these larger seas were racing in from the open.

Far out in the lake against the tumbling horizon Carroll saw heave up for a second the shoulder of a mighty wave. And instinctively she perceived this wave as a deadly enemy of the little tug and saw it bending all its great energies to hurrying in on time to catch the victim before it could escape. Her whole being was concentrated in a continually shifting calculation of the respective distances between the tug and the pier, the tug and the relentlessly advancing wave.

"Oh, go!" she exhorted the Sprite under her breath.

Huge and towering, the wave came on now calmly and deliberately. The

Sprite was off the end of the pier when the wave lifted her, just in the position her enemy would have selected to crush her life out against the crib. Slowly the tug rose against its shoulder, was lifted onward, poised, and then with a swift forward thrust the wave broke, smothering the pier and lighthouse beneath tons of water.

A low, agonized wail broke from the crowd. And then—and then—over beyond the pier they saw gilding a battered black stack from which still poured defiantly clouds of gray smoke.

The Sprite was safe.

"I wonder if she got the line aboard," speculated the tugboat captain at last.

The crowd surged over to the piers again. Below them rose and fell the Sprite. All the fancy scrollwork of her upper works, the cornice of her deck house, the light rigging of her cabin, had disappeared. The tall smokestack was bent awry.

At sight of Marsh the crowd set up a yell. He paid no attention. One of the life saving men tossed a mooring line ashore. It was seized by a dozen men. Then for the first time somebody noticed that, although the tug had come to a standstill, her crew was still turning slowly over and over, holding her against the erratic strong jerk-

ened. He was a faxen haired Norwegian. The crew and its volunteers worked quickly. Carroll and Mina stayed until dusk and after, watching the long heavy labor of rescue. The women making the hot coffee found their services becoming valuable. Big fires of driftwood were ignited. They were useful for light as well as warmth.

Orde discovered the two girls and drew Carroll one side.

"You'd better go home now, sweetheart," said he. "Bobby'll be waiting for you."

"I suppose so," she assented. "But hasn't it been exciting? Whose vessels were they, do you know?"

Orde glanced at her strangely.

"They were ours," said he.

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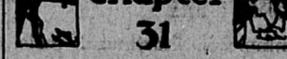
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Chapter 31

ORDE mounted the office stairs next day with a very heavy step. The loss of the North Star and of the two schooners meant a great deal to him at that time.

"I can't understand why Floyd started," said Orde. "He ought to know better than to face sure prospects of a fall blow. I'll tan his soul for that, all right."

"I'm partly responsible," said Newmark.

"You?" cried Orde.

"Yes. You see that Smith & Mabley shipment was important enough to strain a point for—and it's only twenty-four hours or so—and it certainly didn't look as if it were going to blow. Poor Floyd feels bad enough."

Orde began to appreciate his circumstances. The loss on the cargo of "uppers" represented \$20,000 in money. As for the North Star and her consort, save for the insurance, they were simply eliminated. The loss of \$80,000 or so on them, however, did not mean a diminution of the company's present cash resources to that amount and so did not immediately affect Orde's calculations as to the payment of the notes which were now soon to come due.

Orde disappeared for a week, his organizing abilities claimed for the distribution of the road crews. When he returned to the office Newmark showed him contracts for the construction of three new vessels.

"I get them for \$55,000," said he, "with \$30,000 of it on long time."

"Without consulting me?" cried Orde.

Newmark explained that he had really been taking advantage of a lucky opportunity.

"Otherwise," he finished, "we shouldn't have been able to get the job done for another year. If that big Cronin contract goes through—well, you know what that would mean in the shipyards—nobody would get even a look in. And McLeod is willing to give us a price to keep his men busy, so, you see, I had to close at once."

"It's a good chance, all right," admitted Orde, "but it never occurred to me we'd build any more vessels until we'd recovered a little."

"Recovered," Newmark repeated coldly. "I don't see what 'recovered' has to do with it. If the mill burned down we'd rebuild, wouldn't we? And we're making \$15,000 a year out of our freighting it seems to me too good a business to let slip into other hands."

"I suppose so," agreed Orde.

"Therefore I had to act without you," Newmark finished.

"Of course," agreed Orde drarily.

"Joe," replied Orde, "I—I don't think I'll stay downtown this morning. I—"

Newmark glanced up keenly.

"You don't look well," said he; "kind of pale around the gills; bilious."

Orde closed his desk and went out. Newmark turned back to his papers. From an inner pocket he produced a cigar. The corners of his mouth slowly curved in a grim smile.

Orde immediately set into motion the machinery of banking to borrow on the California timber. Taylor took charge of this, as the only man in Monrovia who had Orde's confidence. At the end of a necessary delay Orde received notice that the west had been heard from. He stepped across the hall to the lawyer's office.

"Well, Frank," said he, "glad we managed to push it through with so little trouble."

Taylor arose, shut carefully the door into his outer office, walked to the window, looked contemplatively out upon the hotel back yard and returned to his desk.

"But there is trouble," said he curtly.

"What's the matter?" asked Orde.

"The banks refuse the loan."

Orde stared at him in blank astonishment.

"What grounds can they possibly have for that?"

"It's about the title."

"But I thought you went over the title."

"I did," stated Taylor emphatically, "and I'll stake my reputation as a lawyer that everything is straight and clear from the land office itself. I've wired for an explanation, and we ought surely to know something definite by tomorrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN GOING EAST.

No. 2. Overland Limited	5:35 a.m.
No. 3. Los Angeles Limited	11:25 p.m.
No. 10. Eastern Express	5:24 p.m.
No. 22. Chicago Special	3:16 p.m.
No. 14. Denver Express	7:25 p.m.
No. 4. Atlantic Express	5:40 p.m.
No. 12. Chicago Special	5:50 a.m.
No. 5. Oregon and Wash. Lim.	9:25 a.m.
No. 15. Local Passenger	6:52 p.m.
No. 44. Freight to Boone	12:50 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 1. Overland Limited	5:08 a.m.
No. 21. Omaha and Sioux City Lim.	4:43 a.m.
No. 3. Fast Mail (Don't Stop)	7:01 a.m.
No. 17. Local Pass.	7:34 a.m.
No. 7. Los Angeles Limited	10:55 a.m.
No. 2. Chicago and Wash. Express	12:45 p.m.
No. 15. Fast Mail	1:06 p.m.
No. 11. Colorado Special	9:13 p.m.
No. 5. Oregon and Wash. Lim.	11:40 p.m.
No. 47. Way Freight	10:40 a.m.

* Don't Stop

Beaver Valley Railway Daily Except Sunday.

GOING NORTH.

No. 54. Accommodation	5:35 a.m.
No. 55. Accommodation	2:45 p.m.

ARRIVE DENISON.

No. 53. Passenger	1:30 p.m.
No. 55. Accommodation	4:15 p.m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL GOING EAST.

No. 4. Chicago Express (daily)	9:00 a.m.
No. 3. Chicago Daily	7:25 p.m.
No. 2. Way Freight (except Sunday)	12:45 p.m.
No. 25. Freight	6:30 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 1. Omaha Limited (daily)	5:08 a.m.
No. 5. Chicago-Minneapolis-St. Paul Express (daily)	1:53 p.m.
No. 11. Way Freight	9:06 a.m.
No. 10. Way Freight (except Sunday)	1:30 p.m.

Note: 1 and 2 stop only at Logan, Denison, Wall Lake, Rockwell City and Tara except on the signals.



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