

# The Riverman

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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(CONTINUED.)

"It's a floating jam, and it gets a push from underneath," he pointed out. "It's probably safe, but another flood might send it out."

"The floods are going down," said North.

"Good Lord, I hope so!" said Orde. Newmark sent word that a sudden fit of sickness had confined him to the house.

Now Orde decided to break out a channel through the jam itself. This was a necessary preliminary to getting the logs in shape for distribution. An opening was made in the piles, and the rivermen, with pike poles and peavies, began cautiously to dig their way through the tangled timbers. The government pile driver, which had finally been sent up from below, began placing five extra booms at intervals downstream to capture the drift as fast as it was turned loose. The troubles appeared to be quite over when word came from Redding that the waters were again rising. Ten minutes later Leopold Lincoln Bunn, the local reporter, came flapping in on Randall's old white horse, like a second Paul Revere, crying that the iron bridge had gone and the logs were racing down river toward the booms.

"It just went out!" he answered the eager exclamations of the men who crowded around him. "That's all I know. It went out! And the other bridges! Sure! All but the Lake Shore! Don't know why that didn't go out. No; the logs didn't jam there—just slid right under!"

"That settles it," said Welton. "You won't quit?" cried Orde.

"Certainly. You're crazy!" said Welton, with some asperity. "If they can't stop a little jam with iron, what are your wooden defenses going to amount to against the whole accumulation? When those logs hit the tail of this jam she'll go out before you can wink. It's sure death, and I'm not going to sacrifice my men."

Already the news was spreading among the workers on the jams. Orde saw the government driver below casting loose from her moorings. A moment later her tug towed her away to a side bayou of safety out of the expected rush to the lake.

"But we can hold her!" cried Orde in desperation.

"It's no use, boy," said old Carlin; "it's sure death."

"Sure death!" Orde laughed bitterly. "All right; sure death, then. Isn't there a man in this crowd that will tackle this sort of sure death with me?"

"I'm with you." "And me," said North and the Rough Red in a breath. "Good!" cried Orde. "You, too, Johnny Sims and Purdy and Jimmy Powers? Bully boys!"

"I reckon you'll need the tug," said Marsh.

A dozen more of Orde's personal following volunteered.

"We've got to close that opening first thing," said he. "Marsh, tow the pile driver up there."

The opening was to be closed by piles driven in groups of sixteen bound together by chains. The clumps were connected one to the other by a system of boom logs and ropes to interpose a continuous barrier. The pile driver placed the clumps, while the tug attended to the connecting defenses.

"Now, boys," said Orde as his last word, "if she starts to go save yourselves the best way you can. Never mind the driver. Stay on top."

Slowly the tug and her consort nosed up through the boiling water.

"Work fast!" Orde called to the men on the pile driver. "If we can close the opening before those Redding logs hit us we may be able to turn them into our new channel."

He did not add that if the opening were not closed before the jam broke, as break it would in a very few moments, the probabilities were that both pile driver and tug would be destroyed. Every man knew that already.

Tom North ordered a pile placed in the carriage. The hammer descended. The work went forward as rapidly as possible. Four times the jam shrugged and settled, but four times it paused on the brink of discharge. Three of the clumps had been placed and bound, and fifteen piles of the last clump had been driven.

"One more pile!" breathed Orde. The hammer ran smoothly to the top and fell. A half dozen times more it ripped. Then heavy chains were thrown around the winch, and the steam power began to draw the clumps together.

"Done!" cried Tom North. North unmoored, and the driver dropped back with the current. The tug churned forward to accomplish the last duty of binding the defenses together by means of chains and cables. Two men leaped to the floating booms. Orde and the Rough Red set about the task. They worked from either end toward the middle. When they met Orde ordered Red aboard the tug.

"I'll tie this one, Jimmy," said he. Aboard the tug all was tense preparation. In the engine room Harvey, his hand on the throttle, stood ready to throw her wide open at the signal. Armed with sharp axes, two men prepared to cut the mooring lines on a

sign from the Rough Red. They watched his upraised hand. When it should descend their axes must fall.

Orde folded a knot. Upstream the jam settled deliberately forward, cutting a clump of piles like straw.

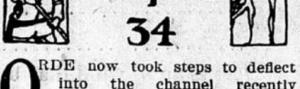
"She's coming!" cried the Rough Red. "Give me every second you can," said Orde, making the last turns.

The mass toppled slowly, fell into the swift current and leaped with a roar.

"Jump!" the Rough Red cried, and his arm descended.

Orde leaped blindly for the rail, where he was seized and dragged aboard by the Rough Red. The axes fell; Marsh whirled over the wheel; Harvey threw open his throttle. The tug sprang from its leash like a hound.

And behind the barrier the logs, tossing and tumbling, the white spray flying before their onslaught, beat in vain against the barrier, like raging wild beasts whose prey has escaped.



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ORDE now took steps to deflect into the channel recently dredged to Stearn's bayou the mass of the logs racing downstream from Redding. He estimated that he had still two hours or so in which to do the work.

This at first he succeeded in doing, and very successfully as affecting the pressure on the jam below. To the crew working in the channel dredged through to Stearn's bayou the affair was that of driving a rather narrow and swift stream, only exaggerated.

A large proportion of the timbers found their way into the bayou. Those that continued on down the river could hardly have much effect on the jam. As yet only the advance of the big jam had arrived at the dredged channel.

"We can't keep this up when the main body hits us!" Orde panted to Jim Denning. "We'll have to do more pile driver work."

He made a rapid excursion to the Boom camp, whence he returned with thirty or forty men.

"Here, boys," said he, "you can keep these logs moving in this channel for a couple of hours."

Orde now returned to the jam, where, on the pile driver, the tugs and the booms he set methodically to strengthening the defenses.

But shortly the water began to rise again, this time fairly by leaps. For the hundredth time the frail wooden defenses opposed to millions of pounds were tested to the very extreme of their endurance.

The network of chains and cables tightened, drawing ever nearer the snapping point. Suddenly, almost without warning, the situation had become desperate.

And for the first time Orde completely lost his poise and became fluently profane.

He shook his fist against the menacing logs; he apostrophized the river, the high water, the jam, the deserters, Newmark and his illness, ending in a general anathema against any and all streams, logs and floods.

"Well," said Tom North, "he's good and mad this time."

At the dredged channel Orde saw the rivermen standing idle, and half blind with anger, he burst upon them. Then he stopped short and stared.

Square across the dredged channel and completely blocking it lay a single span of an iron bridge. Behind it the logs had, of course, piled up in a jam, which dammed back the water.

"Where in h— did that drop from?" cried Orde.

"Come down on top the jam," explained a riverman.

Orde, suddenly fallen into a cold rage, stared at the obstruction, both fists clinched at his side.

"That about settles it," said Welton. "Settle!" cried Orde. "I should think not!"

Welton smiled quaintly. "Don't you know when you're licked?"

"Licked, h—!" said Orde. "We've just begun to fight!"

"What can you do?"

"I'll blow her up with powder."

"Ever try to blow up iron?"

"There must be some way."

"Oh, there is," replied Welton, "of course—take her apart bolt by bolt and nut by nut."

"Send for the wrenches, then!" snapped Orde.

"But it would take days. It would be too late. It would do no good."

"Perhaps not," interrupted Orde, "but it will be doing something, anyway. Look here, Welton, are you game? If you'll get that bridge out in two days I'll hold the jam."

"You can't hold that jam two hours."

"That's my business. Will you send for lanterns and wrenches and keep this crew working?"

"I will," said Welton.

During the next two days the old scenes were all relived, with back of them the weight of the struggle that had gone before. Pines belonging to divers and protesting owners were felled and sharpened. Even the inviolate government supply was commandeered.

Then all at once, as though a faucet had been turned off, the floods slackened.

"They've opened the channel," said Orde dully. His voice sounded to himself very far away. He felt himself moving in strange and distorted surroundings. He heard himself repeating to each of a number of wavering, gigantic figures the talismanic words that had accomplished the dissolution of the earth for himself. "They've opened the channel." At last he felt hard planks beneath his feet, and, shaking his head with an effort, he made out the pilothouse of the Sprite and a hollow-eyed man leaning against it.

"They've opened the channel, Marsh," he repeated. "I guess that'll be all." Then quite slowly he sank to the deck, sound asleep.

When Newmark left in the early stages of the jam, he gave scant thought to the errand on which he had ostensibly departed. Whether or not Orde got a supply of piles was to him a matter of indifference. His hope, or, rather, preference, was that the jam should go out, but he saw clearly that Orde, blinded by the swift action of the struggle, was as yet unable to perceive. Even should the riverman succeed in stopping the jam the extraordinary expenses incidental to the defense and to the subsequent salvaging, untangling and sorting would more than eat up the profits of the drive. Orde would then be forced to ask for an extension of time on his notes.

On arriving in Monrovia he drove to his own house. To Mallock he issued orders.

"Go to the office and tell them I am ill," said he, "and then hunt up Mr. Heinzman. I want to see him immediately."

The German entered rather red and breathless, surprised to find Newmark at home.

"Heinzman," said he, "in three weeks at the latest Orde will come to the skin of our teeth." He arose and walked over to Newmark's desk, on the edge of which he perched. "It's cost us considerable, I'll have to get an extension on those notes."

"What's that?" asked Newmark quickly.

"I don't believe I'll be able to meet those notes. So many things have happened!"

"But," broke in Newmark, "the firm certainly cannot do so. I've been relying on your assurance that you would take them up personally. Our resources are all tied up."

"Can't we raise anything more on the northern peninsula timber?" asked Orde.

"You ought to know we can't!" cried Newmark, with an appearance of growing excitement. "The last seventy-five thousand we borrowed for me finishes that."

"Can't you take up part of your note?"

"My note comes due in 1885," rejoined Newmark, with cold disgust. "I expect to take it up then. But I can't until then. I hadn't expected anything like this."

"Well, don't get hot," said Orde vaguely. "I only thought that northern peninsula stuff might be worth saving any way we could figure it."

"Worth saving!" snorted Newmark. "Well, keep your hair on," said Orde, on whom Newmark's manner was beginning to have its effect, as Newmark intended it should. "You have my Boom company stock as security."

"Pretty security for the loss of a tract like the upper peninsula timber! I thought you'd surely be able to pay it," retorted Newmark, now secure in the position of putting Orde entirely in the wrong.

"Well, I expected to pay it, and I'll pay it yet," rejoined Orde. "I think Heinzman will renew the notes."

He seized his hat and departed. Once in the street, however, his irritation passed. As was the habit of the man, he began more clearly to see Newmark's side and so more emphatically to blame himself. After all, when he got right down to the essentials, he could not but acknowledge that Newmark's anger was justified.

"Mr. Heinzman?" he asked briefly of the first clerk.

"He is at home ill."

"Already?" said Orde. He drummed on the rail thoughtfully. The notes came due in ten days.

"Well, who's in charge?"

"Mr. Lambert."

Orde passed through the grill into the inner room.

"Hello, Lambert," he addressed the individual seated at Heinzman's desk. "So you're the boss, eh?"

"Yes, I'm the boss," said he non-committally.

"Heinzman holds some notes due against our people in ten days," said Orde. "I came in to see about their renewal."

Lambert struck a bell, and to the bookkeeper who answered he said, "John, bring me those Newmark & Orde papers."

The clerk returned and handed to Lambert a long manila envelope. Lambert spread its contents on his knee.

"Note for \$75,000 with interest at 10 per cent. Interest paid to Jan. 10. Mortgage deed on certain lands described herein."

"I want to renew the note for another year," Orde explained.

"Can't do it," replied Lambert. "Mr. Heinzman gave me especial instructions in regard to this matter just before his daughter was taken sick."

"Where was she exposed?"

"Down at Heinzman's. You know—or perhaps you don't—that old Heinzman is the worst sort of anti-vaccination crank. Well, he reaped the reward."

"Has he smallpox?" asked Orde.

"No; his daughter Mina. Lord knows where she got it. Mrs. Orde happened to be with her when she was taken with the symptoms that begin the disease. As a neighborly deed she remained with the girl. Of course no one could tell it was smallpox at that time. Next day, however, the characteristic rash appeared on the thighs and armpits. I telegraphed to Redding for a nurse. Until she came Mrs. Orde stayed by like a brick. Don't know what I should have done without her."

"When was this?" asked Orde.

"Seven days ago."

"How is Mina getting on?"

"She'll get well. I suppose I'll have old Heinzman on my hands, though. Emotional old fool. Rushed right in when he heard his daughter was sick. Couldn't keep him out. And he's been with her or near her ever since."

"I'm going to step up to your house and see Mrs. Orde."

"You can telephone her," said the doctor.

He called up Dr. McMullen's house on the telephone.

"You're a dear, brave girl, and I'm proud of you," said Orde.

"Nonsense! There was no danger at all. I'd been vaccinated recently. And somebody had to take care of poor Mina until we could get help. How's Bobby?"

After lunch Orde went downtown to his office. Newmark came in. "Hello, Joe!" said Orde, with a slight constraint. "Too bad you got sick just at that time. We needed you."

"You know I'd have been there if possible."

"Well, we had a lively time, you bet, all right, and got through about by the skin of our teeth." He arose and walked over to Newmark's desk, on the edge of which he perched. "It's cost us considerable, I'll have to get an extension on those notes."

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"He is at home ill."

"Already?" said Orde. He drummed on the rail thoughtfully. The notes came due in ten days.

"Well, who's in charge?"

"But I'll give him 12 per cent for another year."

"He said not to renew even if you offered higher interest."

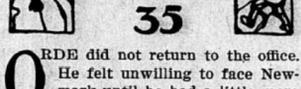
"What does he intend about this mortgage?"

"To foreclose."

"Where's your telephone?" Orde asked.

He tried in vain to get Heinzman at his house. The bell had been removed. Orde left the office at a loss how to proceed next.

"There's the year of redemption on that mortgage," he reminded himself. "We may be able to do something in that time. I don't know just what," he added whimsically, with a laugh at himself. He became grave. "Poor Joe," he said. "This is pretty tough on him. I'll have to make it up to him somehow. I can let him in on that California deal when the titles are straightened out."



## Chapter 35

ORDE did not return to the office. He felt unwilling to face Newmark until he had a little more thoroughly digested the situation. He spent the rest of the afternoon about the place playing with Bobby. Three or four times he called up Carroll by telephone. After dinner they sat on the porch until Bobby's bedtime. Orde put his small son to bed and sat talking with the youngster as long as his conscience would permit. Then he retired to the library.

Suddenly Orde leaned forward, his senses at the keenest attention. After a moment he arose and quietly walked toward the open window. Just as he reached the casement and looked out a man looked in. The two stared at each other for two feet apart.

"Good Lord, Heinzman!" cried Orde. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Duke me somewheres," he whispered hoarsely. "I haf broke quarantine, and dey will be after me."

"What do you mean by coming here and exposing my house to infection?"

Heinzman began to blubber and cried aloud in greatest agony.

"I haf somedings to say to you." He grasped Orde by the arm. "Dey are dere mit shotguns to kill me if I broke quarantine. And I haf left my daughter, my daughter Mina, all alone to come and tell you. And now you don't listen."

"Come with me," said Orde briefly. He led the way around the house to the tool shed and lit a lantern.

Heinzman sat down on a nail keg. Orde looked at him curiously. He was half dressed, without a collar, his thin hair unkempt. His eyes burned bright as though from some internal fire.

"What is it?" asked Orde.

"Ach, Orde," cried the German, "I am tortured mit hollenqualle—what you call?—hell's fire. You, whose wife comes in and saves my Mina when the others runs away—you, my best friends! It is schrecklich! She was the noblest, the best! She might take the disease; she might die. It was noble!" He shuddered. "My Mina left to die all alone!"

Orde rose to his feet.

"That is all right," said he. "Now let me get you home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## HUGE RAILWAY TERMINAL.

New Grand Central Station at Manhattan to Have Four Train Levels.

The tearing down of the Grand Central station at New York will begin within the next few weeks. In its place will rise the vast new Grand Central, which when all its appurtenances are complete will have cost over \$100,000,000.

The new station, the train shed and network of trackage and switching leading into it will make this the biggest in the United States of the sort, according to New York Central officials, covering, as it will, over seventy-five acres.

One of its most interesting features will be the separation of its different services. Beneath the vast central train shed will be four different levels, on which trains will come in and go out above and below each other at the same time.

The top one will be a little above the street. Here baggage will be handled exclusively. On the level immediately below will be the express trains with forty-two tracks. The suburban train level will be about thirty feet below this, with twenty-five tracks. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the new station is the deeply sunk fourth level, which is forty-seven feet below the street.

A Bullet From Roosevelt.

Charles Burnham, representing the Actors' Fund fair in New York city, wrote to Colonel Roosevelt recently asking him to send a trophy of the chase to be placed on exhibition at the fair. He received a bullet in reply, accompanied by the following letter:

Dear Mr. Burnham—I haven't any trophies—the skins are for the National museum—but I inclose a bullet I used in killing a bull elephant. It may be of no use to you. If not, throw it away. Wishing your fair all success, I am sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## WESTERN CANADA

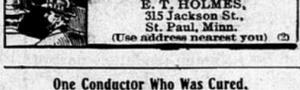
What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. The climate is cheaper and climate better for the purpose. Your market will improve faster than your farmers will produce the supplies. Wheat can be grown up to the 50th parallel 1800 miles north of the International boundary. Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. We have enough people in the United States alone who want homes to take up this land." Neary

70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1908 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item. Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held in trust for the Indians, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railroads.

For settlers' rates, descriptive literature, "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, E. T. HOLMES, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. (Use address nearest you.)



## One Conductor Who Was Cured.

Mr. Wilford Adams is his name, and he writes about it.—"Some time ago I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism. I used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington, Ky. Street Railway. It gave me more relief than any medicine I had ever used, and it will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. O. M. Olsen, druggist.



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Good results always follow the use of Foley's Kidney Pills. They give prompt relief in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders, are healing, strengthening and anti-septic. Try them. O. M. Olsen, druggist.

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## Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

## Shall We Tan Your Hide?