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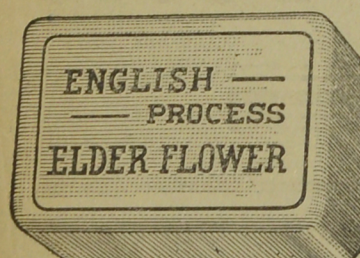
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WEST END DAIRY



The Riverman

By
Stewart
Edward White

"This is a bad time or year," ex-
plained Captain Floyd, "and the storm
signal's up. All the signs are right for a
blow."

Newmark whirled in his chair.
"Are you afraid?" he sneered.
Captain Floyd's countenance burned
a dark red.

"I only want your orders," was all
he said. "I thought we might wait to
see."

"Then go," snapped Newmark. "You
heard Mr. Orde's orders to sail as soon
as you were loaded."

Captain Floyd went out.

Newmark arose and looked out of
the window. From the government's
flagpole he caught the flash of red
from the lazily floating signal. He
was little weatherwise, and he shook
his head skeptically. Nevertheless it
was a chance, and he took it, as he had
taken a great many others.



Chapter 30

TO Carroll's delight, Orde returned
unexpectedly from the woods
late that night. He was so
busy these days that she wel-
comed any chance to see him.

After breakfast Carroll accompanied
her husband to the front door. When
they opened it a blast of air rushed
in, whirling some dead leaves with it.
"I guess the fine weather's over,"
said Orde, looking up at the sky.

A dull lead color had succeeded the
soft gray. The heavens seemed to
have settled down closer to the earth.
Whirlwinds scurried among the dead
leaves on the lawns, chasing them
madly around in circles.

"Winter's coming," shivered Carroll.
Carroll resolved to take a drive, as
she enjoyed blustery weather. She
stopped for Mina Heinzman, and the
two walked around to the stable, where
the men harnessed old Prince into the
phaeton.

They entered Main street, where
there was a great banging and clang-
ing of swinging signs and a few loose
shutters. All the sidewalk displays of
vegetables and other goods had been
taken in, and the doors, customarily
wide open, were now shut fast.

"I wonder where all the farmers'
wagons are?" marveled the practical
Mina. "Surely they would not stay
home Saturday afternoon just for this
wind!"

Opposite Randall's hardware store
her curiosity quite mastered her.

"Do stop!" she urged Carroll. "I
want to run in and see what's the mat-
ter."

She was gone but a moment and re-
turned, her eyes shining with excite-
ment.

"Oh, Carroll," she cried, "there are
three vessels gone ashore off the piers!
Everybody's gone to see."

"Jump in," said Carroll. "We'll
drive out. Perhaps they'll get out the
life saving crew."

Carroll drove straight ahead until
Prince stood at the top of the plank
road that led down to the bathhouses.
Here she pulled up.

Carroll saw the lake, slate blue and
angry, with whitecapped billows to
the limit of vision. Along the shore
were rows and rows of breakers, leap-
ing, breaking and gathering again.

These did not look to be very large
until she noticed the twin piers reach-
ing out from the river's mouth. Each
billow as it came in rose suddenly above
them, broke tempestuously to over-
whelm the entire structure of their
ends and ripped inshore along their
lengths, the crest submerging as it ran
every foot of the massive structures.

"Look there—out farther!" pointed
Mina.

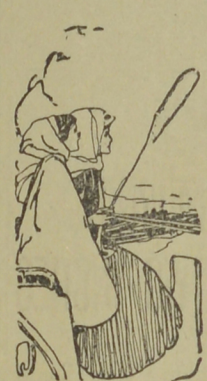
Three little toy ships—or so they
seemed compared to the mountains of
water—lay broadside to just inside the
farthest line of breakers. Two were
sailing schooners. These had been
thrown on their beam ends, their
masts pointing at an angle toward the
beach. Each wave broke in a deluge
of water that covered their hulls com-
pletely from sight. With a mighty
suction the billow drained away, carry-
ing with it wreckage. The third ves-
sel was a steam barge. The shore-
ward side of her upper works had
given away first, so now the interior of
her staterooms and saloons was ex-
posed to view as in the cross section
of a model ship. Over her, too, the
great waves hurled themselves, each
carrying away its spoil.

"Poor fellows!" cried Mina.

"What?" asked Carroll.

"Don't you see them?" queried the
other.

Carroll looked, and in the rigging of



"Are those men up the
masts?"

the schooner she
made out a num-
ber of black ob-
jects.

"Are those
men up the
masts?" she
cried.

She set Prince
in motion toward
the beach.

At the foot of
the bluff the
plank road ran
out into the deep
sand. Through
this the phaeton
made its way
heavily. Already
the beach was
strewn with pieces of wreckage. The
crowd gathered at the pier comprised
fully half the population of Monrovia.
It centered about the life saving crew,
whose mortar was being loaded. A
stove-in lifeboat mutely attested the
failure of other efforts. When the
preparations were finished their chief
aimed the mortar and pulled the
string. The dart with its trailer of
line rose on a long, graceful curve.
The reel sang. But the resistance of
the wind and the line early made itself
felt. Slower and slower hummed the
reel. By a good 300 yards the shot
failed to carry over the vessels.

"There's Mr. Bradford," said Car-
roll, waving her hand. "Couldn't they
get the lifeboats out to them?" she
asked as he approached.

"No."

"But surely they will never get a life-
boat over with the mortar!" said Car-
roll.

"That last shot fell so far short!"

"They know it. They've shot a doz-
en times."

At this moment from the river a
trail of black smoke became visible
over the point of sand hill that ran
down to the pier. A smokestack darted
into view, slowed down and came to
rest well inside the river channel.
There it rose and fell on the swell.
The crowd uttered a cheer.

"Come and see what's up," suggested
Bradford.

He hitched Prince to a log and led
the way to the pier.

The Sprite was lying close under the
pier. Harvey, the negro engineer, lean-
ed against the sill of his little square
door, smoking his pipe.

"I wouldn't go out there for a mil-
lion dollars!" cried a man excitedly.
"Nothing on earth could live in that
sea!"

"What are they going to do?" asked
Carroll.

"Haven't you heard?" cried the oth-
er. "This is one of Orde's tugs, and
she's going to try to get a line to them
vessels."

Bradford turned abruptly and brush-
ed toward the tug, followed by Carroll
and Mina. At the edge of the pier
was the tug's captain, Marsh, listening
to earnest expostulation by a half
dozen of the leading men of the town,
among whom were both Newmark and
Orde.

"Gentlemen," said he crisply. "I'm
entirely willing to take all personal
risks. The thing is hazardous, and it's
Mr. Orde's tug. It's for him to say
whether he wants to risk her."

"Good Lord, man, what's the tug in
a case like this!" cried Orde.

"I thought so," replied Captain
Marsh. "I'll take her out if I can get a
crew. Harvey, step up here."

The engineer hoisted his long figure
through the doorway.

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