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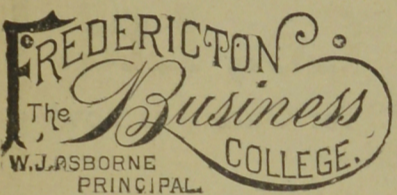
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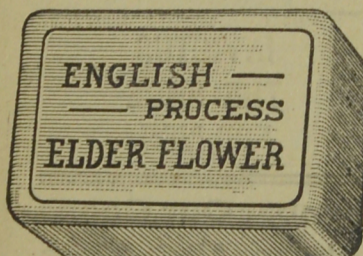
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The Riverman

By
**Stewart
Edward White**

"Yes, sometimes," said Orde. "Why?"
"Then they might obstruct the
river?"

"Certainly."

"I thought so!" cried Newmark, with
as near an approach to exultation as
he ever permitted himself. "Now, just
one other thing. Aren't Heinzman's
rollways below most of the others?"

"Yes, I believe they are," said Orde.

"And, of course, it was agreed, as
usual, that Heinzman was to break
out his own rollways?"

"I see," said Orde slowly. "You
think he intends to delay things enough
so we can't deliver on the date agreed
on."

"I know it," stated Newmark posi-
tively.

"But if he refuses to deliver the logs
no court of law will!"

"Law!" cried Newmark. "Refuse to
deliver! You don't know that kind.
He won't refuse to deliver. There'll
just be a lot of inevitable delays, and
his foreman will misunderstand, and
all that."

Orde nodded, his eye abstracted.



Chapter 12

SUNDAY afternoon Orde, leaving

Newmark to devices of his own,
walked slowly up the main
street, turned to the right

down one of the shaded side residence
streets that ended finally in a beau-
tiful glistening sand hill. Orde seated
himself on the smooth, clean sand and
removed his hat. He saw these things
and in imagination the far upper
stretches of the river, with the mills
and yards and booms extending for
miles, and still above them the marshes
and the flats where the river widened
below the Big Bend. That would be
the location for the booms of the new
company—a cheap property on which
the partners had already secured a
valuation. To right and left stretched
the long Michigan coast, with hills
topped with the green of twisted pines,
firs and beeches, with always its beach
of sand, deep and dry to the very edge.

After he had cooled he arose and
made his way back to a pleasant hard-
wood forest of maple and beech. Orde
walked slowly farther and farther into
the forest.

A fresh breeze darkened the blue
velvet surface of the water, tumbled
the white foam pissing up the beach,
blew forward over the dunes a fine
hurry of wist of sand and bore to
Orde at last the refreshment of the
wide spaces. A woman, walking slow-
ly, bent her head against the force of
this wind.

Orde watched her idly. He caught
himself admiring the grace of her deft
and sudden movements and the sway
of her willowy figure.

As though directed by some unseen
guide, her course veered more and
more until it led directly to the spot
where Orde stood.

When she was
within ten feet of
him she at last
raised her head
so the young man
could see some-
thing besides the
top of her hat.

Orde looked
plump into her
eyes.

"Hello!" she
said cheerfully
and unsurprised
and sank down
crosslegged at his
feet.

Orde stood quite
motionless, over-
come by astonish-
ment. Her face,
its long oval
framed in the
bands of the
gray veil and the
down turned brim of the hat, looked
up smiling into his.

"Why, Miss Bishop!" cried Orde, find-
ing his voice. "What are you doing
here?"

A faint shade of annoyance crossed
her brow.

"Oh, I could ask the same of you,
and then we'd talk about how sur-
prised we are, world without end," said
she. "The important thing is that here
is sand to play in, and there is the lake,
and here are we, and the day is charm-
ing, and it's good to be alive. Sit down
and dig a hole! We've all the common
days to explain things in."

Orde laughed and seated himself to
face her. Without further talk and
quite gravely they commenced to scoop
out an excavation between them, pil-
ing the sand over themselves and on
either side as was most convenient.
As the noise grew deeper they had to

lean over more and more. Their heads
sometimes brushed ever so lightly;
their hands perforce touched. She
looked up happily at Orde, thrusting
the loose hair from in front of her eyes.

She arose to her feet, shaking the
sand free from her skirts. "Now let's
go somewhere else," she said. "I
think through these woods. Can we
get back to town this way?"

"Yes," replied Orde. "The lumber-
jacks say that the woods are the poor
man's overcoat."

Orde followed her in silence. She
seemed to be quite without responsi-
bility in regard to him, and yet an oc-
casional random remark thrown in his
direction proved that he was not for-
gotten. Finally they emerged from
the beech woods.

She turned and waved her hat at the
beech woods falling somber against
the lowering sun.

"Goodby," she said gravely, "and
pleasant dreams to you. I hope those
very saucy little birds won't keep you
awake." She looked up at Orde. "He
was rather nice to us this afternoon,"
she explained, "and it's always well to
be polite to them anyway." She gazed
steadily at Orde for signs of amuse-
ment. He resolutely held his face
sympathetic.

"Now I think we'll go home," said
she.

They made their way to the edge of
the sand hill. The low slanting sun
cast across the vista a sleepy light of
evening.

"How would you like to live in a
place like that all your life?" asked
Orde.

"I don't know." She weighed her
words carefully. "It would depend."

"Good night."

The place isn't of so much importance,
it seems to me. It's the life one is
called to. It's whether one finds her
soul's realm or not that a place is liv-
able or not."

Orde looked out over the raw little
village with a new interest.

Her whole aspect seemed to have
changed with the descent into the con-
ventional of the village street. The
old, gentle, though self contained re-
serve had returned.

To be Continued

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