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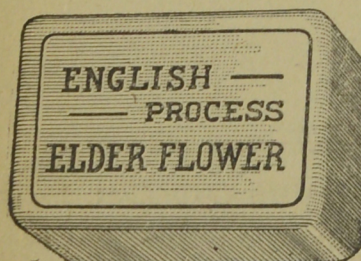
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## The Riverman

By STEWART  
EDWARD WHITE

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[CONTINUED.]

"This driver is requisitioned!" cried  
Orde. "Get out! I've got to save my  
logs!"

Tom North and some others of the  
crew came running across the jam.

"Get a cable to the winch!" Orde  
shouted at these as soon as they were  
within hearing. "And get Marsh up  
here with the Sprite. We've got to  
get afloat."

He paid no more attention to the  
ejected crew.

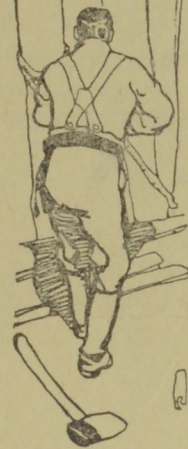
A few minutes' hard work put the  
driver afloat. Fortunately its raft  
of piles had not become detached in  
the upheaval.

"Tom," said Orde briskly to North,  
"you know the pile driving business.  
Pick out your crew and take charge."

Orde took charge of the situation in  
its entirety, as a general might. He  
set North immediately to driving  
clumps each of sixteen piles, bound  
to solidity by chains, and so arranged  
in angles and slants as to direct the  
enormous pressure toward either  
bank, thus splitting the enemy's pow-  
er. The small driver owned by the  
Boom company drove similar clumps  
here, there and everywhere that need  
arose or weakness developed. Seventy-  
five men opposed to the weight of  
20,000,000 tons of logs and a river of  
water the expedients invented by de-  
termination and desperation.

Orde gave over formal defenses and  
threw his energies to saving the weak  
places which rapidly developed. By  
the most tremendous exertions he seemed  
but just able to keep even. Piles  
quivered, bent slowly outward. Im-  
mediately, before the logs  
could stir, the pile driver must  
do its work. Back and forth darted  
the Sprite and her sister tug, the  
Spray, towing the pile driv-  
ers or the strings of  
piles. Under the frowning de-  
struction the crews had to do  
their work. And if ever a break  
should come  
there would be no escape. Crushed  
and buried, the men would be borne  
to an unknown grave in the lake. Ev-  
ery man knew it. Darkness came. No  
one stopped for food.

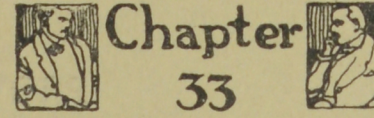
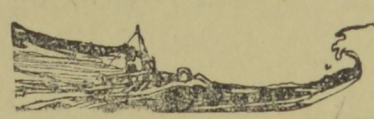
Morning found no change in the situ-  
ation. The water rose steadily. The  
logs grew more and more restive; the  
defenses weaker and more inadequate.



He seemed but just  
able to keep even.

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and buried, the men would be borne  
to an unknown grave in the lake. Ev-  
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Morning found no change in the situ-  
ation. The water rose steadily. The  
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defenses weaker and more inadequate.



ALL that day and the next night  
the fight was hand to hand  
without the opportunity of a  
breathing space. Then Orde  
bareheaded and disheveled, strung to  
a high excitement, began to be harass-  
ed by annoyances. The piles gave out.  
Newmark left, ostensibly to purchase  
more. He did not return. Tom North  
and Jim Denning, their eyes burning  
deep in their heads for lack of sleep,  
came to Orde, holding to him sym-  
bolically their empty hands.

"No more piles," they said briefly.  
"Get 'em," said Orde with equal  
brevity. "Newmark will have enough  
here shortly. In the meantime get  
them."

North and his friend disappeared,  
taking with them the crews of the  
drivers and the two tugs. After an  
interval they returned towing small  
rafts of the long timbers. Orde did  
not make any inquiries, nor until days  
later did he see a copy of the newspa-  
per telling how a lawless gang of riv-  
ermen had driven away the railroad  
men and stolen the railroad's property.

Orde was everywhere. Miles and  
miles he traveled, running along the  
tops of the booms, over the surface of  
the jam, spying the weakening places  
and hurrying to them a rescue.

Toward noon the piles gave out  
again.

"Where in h— is Newmark?" ex-  
ploded Orde. He sent North and a  
crew of men to cut piles from stand-  
ing timber in farm wood lots near the  
river.

"If the owners object stand them off  
with your peavies!"

Down river the various mill owners  
were busy with what men they had  
left in stringing defenses across the  
river in case Orde's works should go  
out. When Orde heard this he swore  
vigorously.

"Crazy fools!" he spat out. "They'd  
be a lot better off helping here. If  
this goes out their little booms won't  
amount to a whiff of wind."

He sent word to that effect; but,

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snuffling. Ease your throbbing head—nothing  
else in the world gives such prompt relief as  
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cents at any drug store.

lacking the enforcement of his person-  
al presence, his messages did not carry  
conviction, and the panic stricken  
owners continued to labor, each ac-  
cording to his ideas. However, Welton  
answered the summons. Orde hailed  
his coming with a shout.

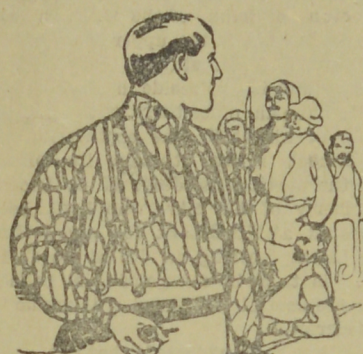
"I want a dredge!" he yelled as soon  
as the lumberman was within distance.  
"I believe we can relieve the pressure  
somewhat by a channel into Stearn's  
bayou. Get that government dredge  
up and through the bayou as soon as  
you can."

"All right," said Welton briefly.

"Can you hold her?"

"I've got to hold her," replied Orde  
between clinched teeth. "Where in  
h— is Newmark? I need him for fifty  
things, and he's disappeared off the  
face of the earth! Purdy, that second  
cable! She's snapped a strand! Get a  
re-enforcing line on her!" He ran  
without another thought of Welton.

But flesh and blood has its limit of  
endurance, and that limit was almost  
reached. Orde heard the first premoni-

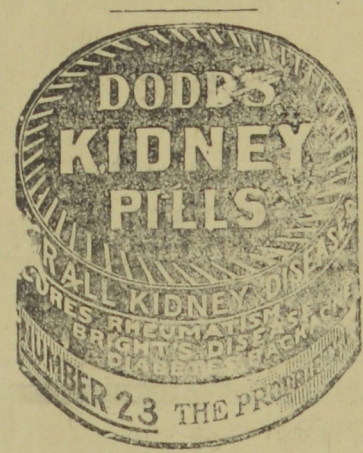


"Come on and let's get something done,"  
Orde said to the men who were  
tired of reaction in the mild grum-  
blings that arose. Although the need  
for struggle against the tireless dy-  
namics of the river was as insistent as  
ever, although it seemed certain that  
a moment's cessation of effort would  
permit the enemy an irretrievable  
gain, he called a halt on the whole  
work.

"Boys," said he irreverently, "let's  
have a smoke."

He threw himself full length against  
a slanting pile, leisurely filling his  
pipe. The men stared a moment and  
then followed his example. The hori-  
zon lay low and black against the  
afterglow. Beneath it the river shone  
like silver. Over beyond the rise of  
land that lay between the river and  
Stearn's bayou could be seen the cloud  
of mingled smoke and steam that  
marked the activity of the dredge.  
Orde was apparently more at ease  
than any of the rest, but each instant  
he expected to hear the premonitory  
crack that would sound the end of  
everything. Finally he yawned and  
got to his feet.

To be Continued



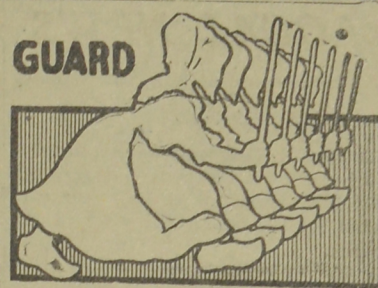
### THE BLONDE ESKIMOS

Northern Trapper Claims to Have  
Seen Them Before Stefannsson

A far northern trapper, G. L. De-  
schanbeault, returning from Fort Simp-  
son to Edmonton, challenged the claim  
of Explorer Stefannsson that he was  
the first discoverer of the blonde Es-  
kimos.

Some two and a half years ago  
Deschanbeault on a hunting expedition  
accompanied by Joseph and William  
Hudson camped on the Copper Mine  
River, seven hundred miles north of  
Fort Simpson. While in camp the  
Eskimo interpreter informed Deschan-  
beault that strange stories were being  
told among his companions about an-  
other tribe of "Huskies" who, al-  
though they resembled the ordinary  
Eskimos in their habits, had the pale  
faces of the white man.

Fired by curiosity, Deschanbeault de-  
cided to follow the Copper Mine River  
to its juncture with the Great Bear  
Lake. On arriving at the shores of  
the Great Lake, the little party came  
upon the encampment of the strange  
tribe. The Eskimos were dressed  
after the customary fashion of natives  
of the north, but instead of being squat  
of stature and dark were fair haired  
and of light complexion.



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