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The Riverman
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Edward
White

When a rough, sturdy, man-
mastering lumber driver, boss of
the lawless "river jacks," starts
out to win the heart and hand of
an aristocratic young woman of
eastern wealth and fashion, in-
teresting things are apt to hap-
pen. They do happen, as read-
ers of this story will agree. Jack
Orde is the type of man who has
gone into the American wilder-
nesses and reclaimed them from
themselves, from lawbreaking
and debauchery. The brilliant au-
thor's descriptions of the battles
between man and nature and
between man and man in the lum-
ber fastnesses of the great north-
west set one's blood a-tingle.
They show that man is superman
when courage swells his heart.
And the wooing and winning of
Carroll Bishop by Jack Orde
supply captivating romance that
cannot fail to charm.

Newmark plucked his sleeve.
"You're \$20 ahead," he muttered.
"Quit it."
"What limit do you put on this game
anyway?" asked Orde.
"How much do you want to bet?"
"Would you stand for \$500?" asked
Orde.
The gambler pretended to deliberate,
his cool, shifty eyes running over the
group before him. A small door im-
mediately behind him swung slowly
ajar an inch or so.
"Got the money?" he asked.
"Have you?" countered Orde.
The man nodded. "I'll go you, bub,"
said he. "Lay out your money."
Orde counted out nine fifty-dollar
bills and five tens.
"All right," said the gambler, taking
up the cards.
"Hold on!" cried Orde. "Where's
yours?"
"Oh, that's all right," the gambler
reassured him. "I'm with the house.
McNeill's credit is good."
"I'm putting up my good money, and
I expect to see good money put up in
return," said Orde.
Finally the gamblers yielded and put
up the money.
The audience now consisted of the
dozen of Orde's friends, nearly twice
as many rivermen, eight hangers-on
of the joint, probably fighters and
"bouncers," half a dozen professional
gamblers and several waitresses. The
four barkeepers still held their posi-
tions. The rivermen were scattered
back of Orde, although Orde's own
friends had gathered at his shoulder.
The mercenaries and gamblers had di-
vided and flanked the table at either
side. Newmark, a growing wonder
and disgust creeping into his usually
unexpressive face, recognized the strat-
egic advantage of this arrangement.
A determined push would separate
the rivermen from the gamblers long
enough for the latter to disappear
through the small door at the back.
A gasp of anticipation went up as
coolly the gambler made his passes.
Orde planted his great red fist on one
of the cards.
"That is the jack!" he cried.
"Oh, is it?" sneered the dealer.
"Well, turn it over and let's see."
"No!" roared Orde. "You turn over
the other two!"
A low oath broke from the gambler,
and his face contorted in a spasm.
For a moment the situation was tense
and threatening. The dealer, with a
sweeping glance, again searched the
faces of those before him. In that
moment probably he made up his
mind that an open scandal must be
avoided. Force and broken bones,
even murder, might be all right enough
under color of right. If Orde had
turned up for a jack the card on
which he now held his fist and then
had attempted to prove cheating a cry
of robbery and a lively fight would
have given opportunity for making
way with the stakes. But McNeill's
could not afford to be shown up be-
fore thirty interested rivermen as run-
ning an open and shut brace game.
"That isn't the way this game is
played," said the gambler. "Show up
your jack."
"It's the way I play it," replied
Orde sternly. "These gentlemen heard
the bet." He reached over and dex-
terously flipped over the other two
cards. "You see, neither of these is
the jack. This must be."
"You win," assented the gambler
after a pause.
Orde, his fist still on the third card,
began pocketing the stakes with the
other hand. The gambler reached
across the table.
"Give me the other card," said he.
Orde picked it up, laughing. For a
moment he seemed to hesitate, hold-
ing the bit of pasteboard tantalizingly
outstretched, as though he was going
to turn also this one face up. Then
quite deliberately he handed the card
to the gambler.

The Riverman
By
**Stewart
Edward White**

"All to the bar!" yelled Orde.
Orde poured his drink on the floor
and took the glass belonging to the
man next him.
"Get them to give you another,
Tim," said he. "No knockout drops if
I can help it."
"Tim," said Orde, low voiced, "get
the crowd together and we'll pull out.
I've a thousand dollars on me, and
they'll sandbag me sure if I go alone.
And let's get out right off."



Chapter 8

JACK ORDE was the youngest and
most energetic of a large family
that had long since scattered to
diverse cities and industries. He
and Grandpa and Grandma Orde dwelt
now in the big, echoing, old fashioned
house alone save for one maid. Grand-
pa Orde, now above sixty, was tall,
straight, slender. His hair was quite
white and worn a little long. His fea-
tures were finely chiseled. Grandpa
Orde had been a mighty breaker of the
wilderness, but his time had passed,
and he had fallen upon somewhat
straitened ways. Grandma Orde, on
the other hand, was a very small,
spry old lady, with a small face, a
small figure, small hands and feet.
She dressed in the then usual cap and
black silk of old ladies. Half her
time she spent at her housekeeping,
which she loved, jingling about from
cellar to attic storeroom, seeing that
Amanda, the maid, had everything in
order.
To these people Orde came direct
from the greatness of the wilderness
and the ferocity of Hell's Half Mile.
Such contrasts were possible even ten
or fifteen years ago. The untamed
country lay at the doors of the most
modern civilization.
Newmark, reappearing one Sunday
afternoon at the end of the two weeks,
was apparently bothered. He exam-
ined the Orde place for some moments,
walked on beyond it. Finding nothing
there, he returned and after some hesi-
tation turned in up the tar sidewalk
and pulled at the old fashioned wire
bell pull. Grandma Orde herself an-
swered the door.
Newmark took off his gray felt hat.
"Will you kindly tell me where Mr.
Orde lives?"
"This is Mr. Orde's," replied the lit-
tle old lady.
"Pardon me," persisted Newmark.
"I am looking for Mr. Jack Orde. I
am sorry to have troubled you."
"Mr. Jack Orde lives here," returned
Grandma Orde. "He is my son. Would
you like to see him?"
"If you please," assented Newmark
gravely, his thin, shrewd face masking
itself with its usual expression of
mischievous calculation.

To be Continued.
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