

# The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

and threw it in the wastebasket. "Get out of here!" he cried.

Orde's hands twitched nervously. "Orde to refuse our offer?"

"Refuse! Yes—you and your whole capoodle!" yelled Heinzman.

Once in the open street Orde drew a deep breath of relief.

"Whew!" said he. "That was a terrific job. We've gone off the wrong foot that time."

Newmark was amused.

"You don't mean to say that fooled you?" he marveled.

"What?" asked Orde.

"It was all rubbish. He saw we had spotted his little scheme, and he had to retreat. It was as plain as the nose on your face. We've got an enemy on our hands in any case and one we'll have to look out for. He'll try to make trouble on the river. Perhaps he'll try to block the stream by not breaking his rollways."

The partners hunted out the little frame building in which Johnson conducted his business.

"I see no use in it," said Johnson. "I can run me own widout help from any man."

"Which seems to settle that!" said Newmark to Orde after they had left.

"Now," said Newmark as they trudged back to their hotel, "this proposition of Heinzman's has given me an idea. I'm not going to try to sell this stock outside, but to the men who own timber along the river. Then they won't be objecting to the tolls, for if the company makes any profits part will go to them. I'll take these contracts to show we can do the business, and I'll see about incorporation and get a proper office and equipments. Of course we'll have to make this our headquarters."

"I suppose so," said Orde a little blankly. After an instant he laughed. "Do you know, I hadn't thought of that!"

"Also," went on Newmark calmly, "I'll buy the supplies to the best advantage I can."

"And I?" inquired Orde.

"Get the booms built and improve the river. Begin to get your crew. You can start right off. We have my money to begin on."

Orde laughed.

"My! She's a nice big job, isn't she?" he cried joyously.

surrounding space and dark and the stars.

The next time he saw her was at the house of the friend she visited. Orde was not far enough to find the girls had gone home. Jane made an excuse and went out. They talked with a certain amount of intimacy. Not until half past five did Orde stumble upon the final point of the evening. He was saying something about a plan for the week following.

"But you forget that I shall be gone," said she.

"Gone!" he echoed blankly.

"Home," said she. "I remember I am to go Sunday."

"I thought you were going a month."

"I was, but I—certain things came up that made it necessary for me to leave sooner."

"Will you write me occasionally?" he begged.

"As to that"—she began—"I'm a very poor correspondent. I do not make it a custom to write to young men."

"Oh!" he cried, believing himself enlightened. "Will you answer if I write you?"

She began gently to laugh, quite to herself, as though enjoying a joke entirely within her own personal privilege.

"What is your address in New York?" demanded Orde.

She sank into a chair near by with a pretty uplifted gesture of despair.

"I surrender!" she cried, and then she laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, you are delicious!" she said at last. "Well, listen. I live at 12 West Ninth street. Can you remember that?" Orde nodded.

Two days later Orde saw the train carry her away.

"Who, mother?" asked Orde.

"Your crowd—the Smiths, Collinsses, Jane Hubbard and Her," said Grandma Orde.

The young people struggled in at an early hour after supper. Orde stepped into the hall to help them with their wraps. He was surprised as he approached Carroll Bishop to lift her cloak from her shoulders to find that the top of her daintily poised head, with its soft, fine hair, came well below the level of his eyes. Somehow her poise, her slender grace of movement and of attitude, had lent her the impression of a stature she did not possess.

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canthooks rolled them down the slope to a flat below the falls. After the trees had been cut in sufficient number Orde led the way back upstream a half mile to a shallows, where he commanded the construction of a number of exaggerated sawhorses with very widespread slanting legs. When the sawhorses were completed Orde directed the picks and shovels to be brought up.

Orde set his men to digging a channel through the bank. It was no slight job, as the slope down into a swamp began only at a point forty or fifty feet inland; but, on the other hand, the earth was soft and free from rocks. When completed the channel gave passage to a rather feeble streamlet from the outer fringe of the river.

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Downstream eight miles, below the mills, and just beyond where the drawbridge crossed over to Monrovia, Duncan McLeod's shipyards steamed and bent and bolted away at two tugboats.

The spring burst into leaf and settled into summer. Orde was constantly on the move. As soon as low water came with midsummer he departed to Redding. Here he joined a crew which Tom North had collected and went to the head of the river. Far back on the headwaters he built a dam. The gate operated simply and could be raised to let loose an entire flood. And, indeed, this was the whole purpose of the dam. It created a reservoir from which could be freed new supplies of water to eke out the dropping spring freshets.

The crew next moved down ten miles to where the river dropped over a rapids full of bowlders. Here were built a row of stone filled log cribs in a double row downstream to define the channel and to hold the drive in it and away from the shallows. At the falls twenty-five miles below Orde purchased his most elaborate bit of rough engineering. The falls, only about fifteen feet high, fell straight to a bed of sheer rock. This had been eaten by the eddies into potholes and crannies until a jagged irregular scoop hollow had formed immediately underneath the fall.

In flood time the water roared through this obstruction in a torrent. The logs plunged end on into the scoop hollow, hit with a crash and were spewed out below more or less battered. Sometimes, when the drive brought down a hundred logs together, they failed to shoot over the barrier of the ledge. Then followed a jam, a bad jam, difficult and dangerous to break.

This condition of affairs Orde had determined, if possible, to obviate.

"If," said he to North, "we could carry an apron on a slant from just under the crest and over the potholes it would shoot both the water and the logs off a better angle."

"Sure," agreed North, "but you'll have fun placing your apron with all that water running through. Why, it would drown us!"

"I've got a notion on that," said Orde.

Into the forest went the axmen. The straightest trees they felled, trimmed and dragged down travoy trails they constructed, on sleds they built for the purpose, to the banks of the river. Here they bored the two holes through either end to receive the bolts when later they should be locked together side by side in their places. As fast as they were prepared men

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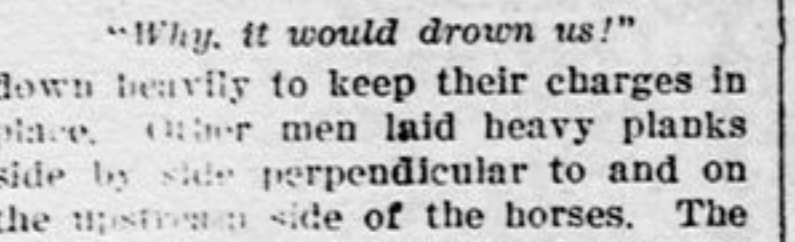
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drown heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Logs and gravel shoveled on in quantity prevented the lower ends from sliding. The wide slant of the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the horses were prevented from being away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced that work became possible.

"Now, boys!" cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!"

The twenty-six foot logs were placed side by side, slanting from a point two feet below the rim of the fall to the ledge below. They were bolted together top and bottom through the four holes bored for that purpose. The task finished, they prised the flash boards from the improvised dam, piled them neatly beyond reach of high water, rescued the sawhorses and piled them also for a possible future use and blocked the temporary channel. The river, restored to its immemorial channel by these men who had so nonchalantly turned it aside, roared on. Orde and his crew tramped back to the falls and gazed on their handiwork with satisfaction. Instead of plunging over an edge into a turmoil of foam and eddies, now the water flowed smoothly, almost without a break, over an incline of thirty degrees.

"Logs 'll slip over that slick as a gun barrel," said Tom North.

Quite cheerfully they took up their long, painstaking journey back down the river.

The trail led the crew through many minor labors, all of which consumed time. At Reed's mill Orde entered into diplomatic negotiations with old man Reed, whom he found singularly amenable. The skirmish in the spring seemed to have taken all the fight out of him, or perhaps, more simply, Orde's attitude toward him at that time had won him over to the young man's side. Orde's crew built a new sluiceway and gate far enough down to assure a good head in the pond above.

In September the crew had worked down as far as Redding, leaving behind them a river harnessed for their uses. Remained still the forty miles between Redding and the lake. Orde here paid off his men. A few days' work with a pile driver would fence the principal shoals from the channel.

He stayed overnight with his parents and took the train for Monrovia to meet Newmark.

"Hello, Joe!" greeted Orde, his teeth flashing in contrast to the tan of his face. "I'm done. Anything new since you wrote last?"

Newmark had acquired his articles of incorporation and sold his stock. Perhaps his task had in it as much of difficulty as Orde's taming of the river. Certainly he carried it to as successful a conclusion. The bulk of the stock he sold to log owners. Some blocks even went to Chicago. His own little fortune of twenty thousand he paid in for the shares that represented his half and Orde. The latter gave a note at 10 per cent for his proportion of the stock. Newmark then borrowed fifteen thousand more, giving as security

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**—Creditors and others having claims against the estate of Annie Mary Whitlock, late of the City of Cleveland, in the County of Cuyahoga, in the state of Ohio, one of the United States of America, Married woman, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of June, 1910, are hereby notified, pursuant to R. S. O. 1897, Chapt. 129, to send in their claims duly verified to the undersigned Solicitors on or before Tuesday, the 13th day of December, 1910, after which date the administrator will distribute the estate, having regard only to the claims of which he shall have notice. Dated at Lindsay this 24th day of November, A. D. 1910. STEWART & O'CONNOR, Solicitors for John A. White, Administrator.

**Live Stock Insurance**

I am agent for the General Live Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, and can take risks on all kinds of live animals. Dr. Broad, office 44 Peel-st.

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FOR SALE—Lady's long fur coat, medium size, only worn a short time. Reasons for selling, too small. Apply at this office.—w1d1s.

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FARM FOR SALE—Containing 14 acres, more or less, being part of lot 14 and 15 in 8 con. Mariposa. Brick house, frame barn, 40 by 104 with stone wall and first class stabling. Water in front of horses and cattle with taps. Good hog pen. Driving house. Hen house, cement floors in them all. A never-failing well, well fenced, adjoining the thriving village of Oakwood. Known as the W. A. Silverwood farm. Would like to sell at once. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate agent, Lindsay.

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WANTED—A Catholic Professional teacher for S. S. No. 12, Emily duties to commence on 3rd of January. Apply, stating salary and experience, to GEORGE CONNELL, secretary, Downeyville, Ont.—d1w3

**WANTED**—A good general servant good wages, laundry given out. Apply MRS. WM. FLAVELLE, Lindsay.—w2.

**SALE REGISTERS**

TUESDAY, DEC. 13th.—By Geo. Jackson, auctioneer, credit sale of valuable farm stock and implements, the property of G. N. Barker, north half of lot 10 in the 7th con. Mariposa. Sale at one o'clock and without reserve. w2.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Lot 15, con. 2 Fenelon, containing 93 1/2 acres more or less, adjoining the village of Islay. 90 acres cleared and about 4 acres hardwood bush. New frame barn 50x65 on stone wall with first-class stabling complete, cement floor. Log house, well finished inside, partly plastered and partly boarded. School post office and blacksmith shop with in a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wtf.

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**FOR SALE**—50 acres of choice farm land for sale, all under state of good cultivation and ready for crop next year, being composed of N hf of W hf of Lot 1 in the 6th con. Emily. For further particulars apply to Chas. Cornell, Omamee, Box 131.—wtf.