

# THE RIVERMAN

By Stewart Edward White

A mortgage on the company's newly acquired property—the tugs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the financing determined. It left the company with obligations of \$1,500 a year in interest, expenses which would run heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock work at par exactly \$49,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these liabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to deliver about 100,000,000 feet of logs. After some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary.

"The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newmark, "is that we have only one season contract. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fail to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's a-bust."

Orde's bank account, in spite of his laughing assertion to Newmark, contained some \$1,100. After a brief but comprehensive tour of inspection over all the works then forward he drew a hundred of this and announced to Newmark that business would take him away for about two weeks.

At Redding, whither he went to pack his little sole leather trunk, he told Grandma Orde the same thing. She came and stood by the man leaning over the trunk.

"Speak to her, Jack," said she quietly. "She cares for you."

Orde looked up in astonishment, but he did not pretend to deny the implied accusation as to his destination.

"Why, mother," he cried, "she's only seen me three or four times! It's absurd—yet."

"I know," nodded Grandma Orde wisely. "I know. But you mark my words—she cares for you."

She placed her hand for an instant on his shoulder and went away. The Ordes were not a demonstrative people. The journey to New York was at that time very long and disagreeable, but Orde bore it with his accustomed stoicism. He had visited the metropolis before, so it was not unfamiliar to him. He made his way to a small hotel just off Broadway.

Orde ate, dressed and set out afoot in search of Miss Bishop's address. He arrived in front of the house a little past 8 o'clock and after a moment's hesitation mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Occasionally he shifted his position, but cautiously, as though he feared to awaken some one. Three oil portraits stared at him with all the reserved aloofness of their painted eyes. He began to doubt whether the man had announced him at all.

Then, breaking the stillness with almost startling abruptness, he heard a clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhythmic swish of skirts, punctuated by the light pat-pat of a girl tripping downstairs, brought him to his feet. A moment later the curtains parted, and she entered, holding out her hand.

He stood holding her hand, suddenly unable to say a word, looking at her hungrily. A flood of emotion, of which he had had no prevision, swelled up within him to fill his throat.

"It was good of you to come so promptly," said she. "I'm so anxious to hear all about the dear people at Redding."

The sounds in the next room increased in volume, as though several people must have entered that apartment. In a moment or so the curtains to the hall parted to frame the servant.

"Mrs. Bishop wishes to know, miss," said that functionary, "if you're not coming to breakfast."

Orde sprang to his feet.

"Haven't you had your breakfast yet?" he cried, conscience stricken. "Didn't you gather the fact that I'm just up?" she mocked him. "I assure you it doesn't matter. The family has just come down."

"He was a most distinguished officer." "What command had he in the civil war? I fooled around that a little myself."

"My father resigned from the army in '54," replied Gerald.

"That was too bad; just before the chance for more service," said Orde. "Army life was incompatible with my mother's temperament," stated Gerald. "You are from Redding, of course. My sister is very enthusiastic about the place. You are in business there?"

Orde gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he was interested.

"And you," he said at last—"I suppose you're either a broker or lawyer."

"I am neither," stated Gerald. "I have sufficient income to make business unnecessary. There is plenty to occupy one's time. I have my clubs, my gymnasium, my horse and my friends. That is my gymnasium," pointing to a building on a side street. "Won't you come in with me? I am due now for my practice."

Orde was for taking his leave, but this she would not have.

"You must meet my family," she negatived. "For if you're here for so short a time we want to see something of you. Come right out now."

Orde thereupon followed her down a narrow, dark hall to a door that opened slantwise into the dining room. With her back to the bow window sat a woman well beyond middle age, but with evidently some pretensions to youth. She was tall, quick in movement. Dark rings below her eyes attested either a nervous disease, a hysterical temperament or both. Immediately at her left sat a boy of about fourteen years of age, his face a curious contradiction between a naturally frank and open expression and a growing sullenness. Next him stood a vacant chair, evidently for Miss Bishop. Opposite lolled a young man, holding a newspaper in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. He was very handsome, with a drooping black mustache, dark eyes, underlashes almost too luxuriant and a long, oval face, dark in complexion and a trifle sardonic in expression. The general Bishop, Carroll's father. Miss Bishop performed the necessary introductions. General Bishop arose and grasped his hand.

"Sure!" said the handler. "Them kind's always as slow as dray horses. They gets muscle bound."

"Give it to him," said Gerald, "but don't kill him. He's a friend of mine." Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters a high banker or a cowboy as he watches the tenderfoot about to climb the broncho.

The first round was sharp. Orde had stood like a rock, his feet planted to the floor, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will. Orde hit back, but without landing. Nevertheless Murphy when questioned apart did not seem satisfied.

"The man's pig iron," said he. "I punched him plenty hard enough, and it didn't seem to jar him."

The gallery at one end of the running track had by now half filled with interested spectators.

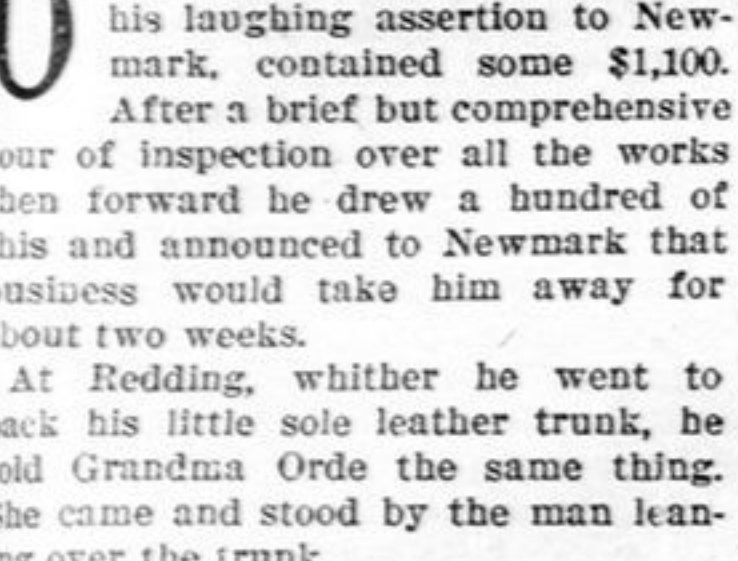
"Time!" called Gerald for round 2. Murphy went in more viciously, aiming and measuring his blows accurately. Orde stood as before, hitting back at the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring.

The handler landed almost at will, but without apparent damage. He grew ugly—finally lost his head.

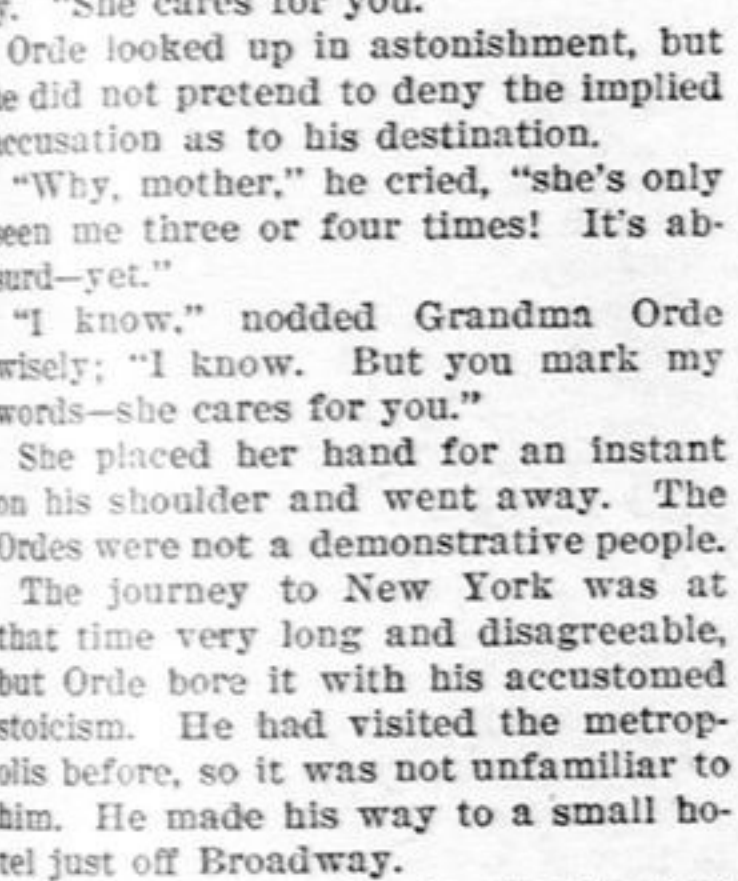
"Well, if ye will have it!" he muttered and aimed what was intended as a knockout blow. Gerald uttered a half cry of warning. Orde's head snapped back; but, to the surprise of every one, the punch had no other effect, and a quick exchange of infighting sent Murphy staggering back from the encounter.



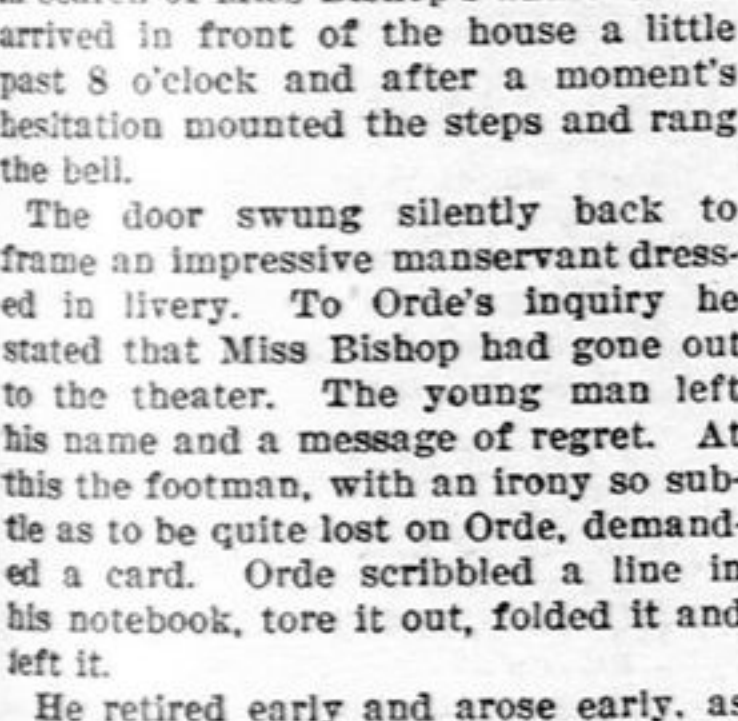
Chapter 16



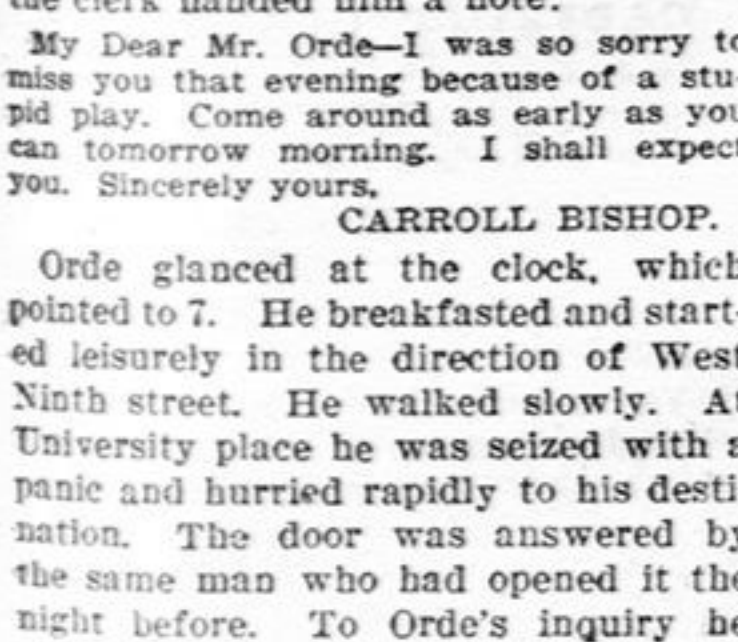
Chapter 17



Chapter 18



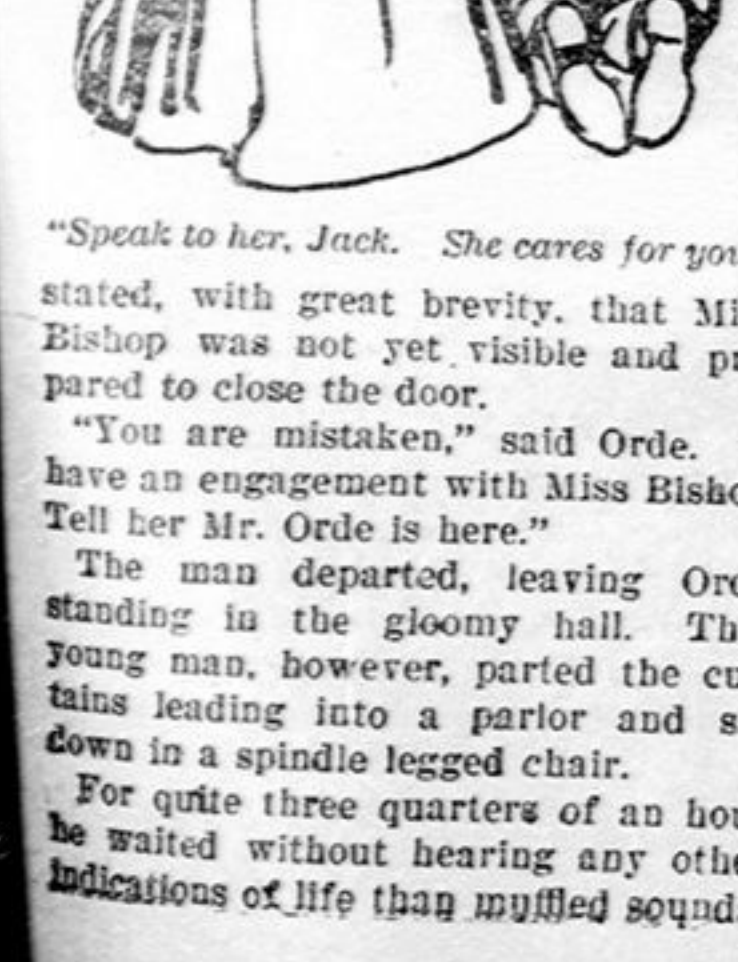
Chapter 19



Chapter 20



Chapter 21



Chapter 22

## SAVE THIS LIST

IT WILL ASSIST YOU IN YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS REGARDING A GIFT FOR A FRIEND.

**If It Is a Lady Friend---**

Why not give something like one of these beautiful gifts

Fancy Back Comb, Set of Coffee Spoons in case, Gold Jewel Box, Fancy China Cup and Saucer, Card Receiver, Bon Bon Dish in china or silver, Chatelaine Watch, Gold, Sterling Silver or Enamelled Buckle, Gold Bracelet, Gold Locket, Chain Hand Bag, Pearl Brooch, Pearl Ring, Silver Purse, Silk Umbrella.

**If It Is a Gentleman Friend---**

Silk Umbrella, Gold Headed Cane, Stick Pin, Locket, Watch Chain, Fob, Cuff Links, Shaving Mug and Brush in neat box, Emblem Ring Fountain Pen.

**ENGRAVING DONE FREE OF CHARGE**

THE POPULAR JEWELRY STORE

Wedding Rings | **W. F. McCARTY** | Marriage Licenses

## Brightest Cleanest Largest

**GROCERY STORE  
IN VICTORIA  
COUNTY**

## Quality Always Uppermost. Our Goods Our Reputation

WE INVITE A TRIAL ORDER

# A. L. CAMPBELL

Kent St.,  
LINDSAY

**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.

**FARM FOR SALE**

**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 house 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.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Lot 15, con. 8 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 within a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wt.

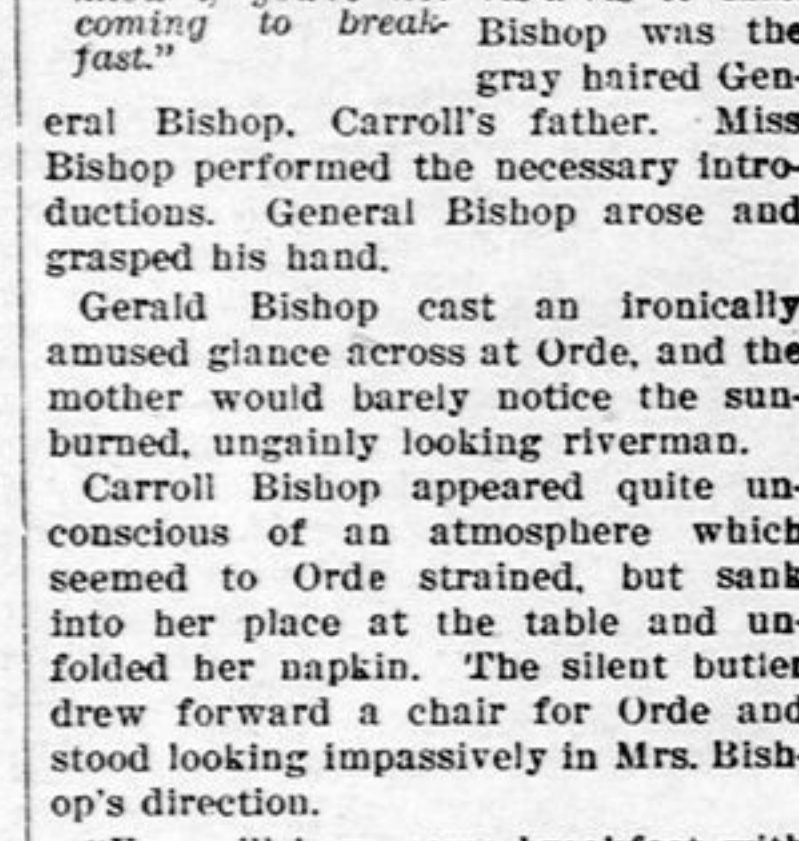
**FOR SALE**—Corner Bond and Adelaide-sts., a handsome residence comprising orchard and lawn, granolithic walks, and dwelling with every modern convenience. Also a grain warehouse, stock yards, scales and about one acre of ground at Cameron. Also grain warehouse at Lorneville 30 x 90, and an elevator, store stockyards and scales at Grass Hill. Also an excellent safe, suitable for any business, and one single cutter. Suitable terms of payment to reliable purchasers. Apply to Jos. G. Eyles, Leigh R. Knight, F. H. Kidd, Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agents.—wt.

**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 Nth of Wth of Lot 1 in the 6th con. Emilly. For further particulars apply to Chas. Corneil, Omema, Box 131.—wt.

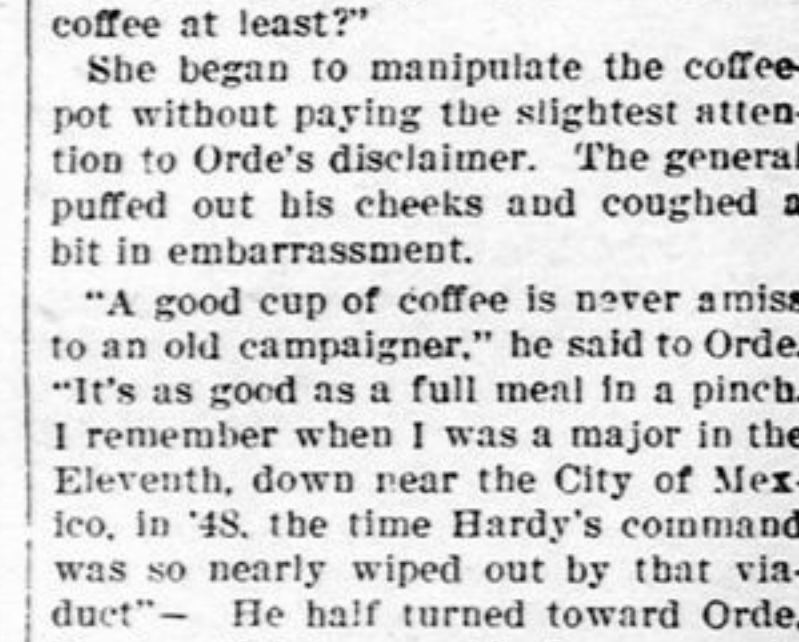
**FOR SALE**—One Clydesdale mare six years old, in foal, price \$270; one three-year-old Clydesdale colt, \$160. These animals are first-class in every particular, but owner does not wish to winter. Apply to F. F. SHATZ, Oakwood, Ont.—w3.



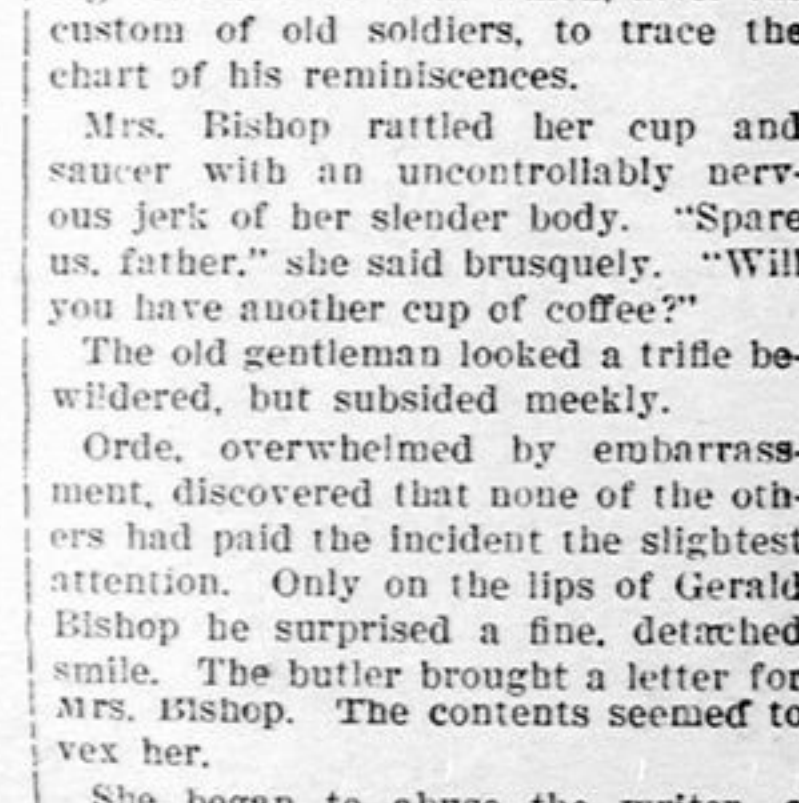
Chapter 16



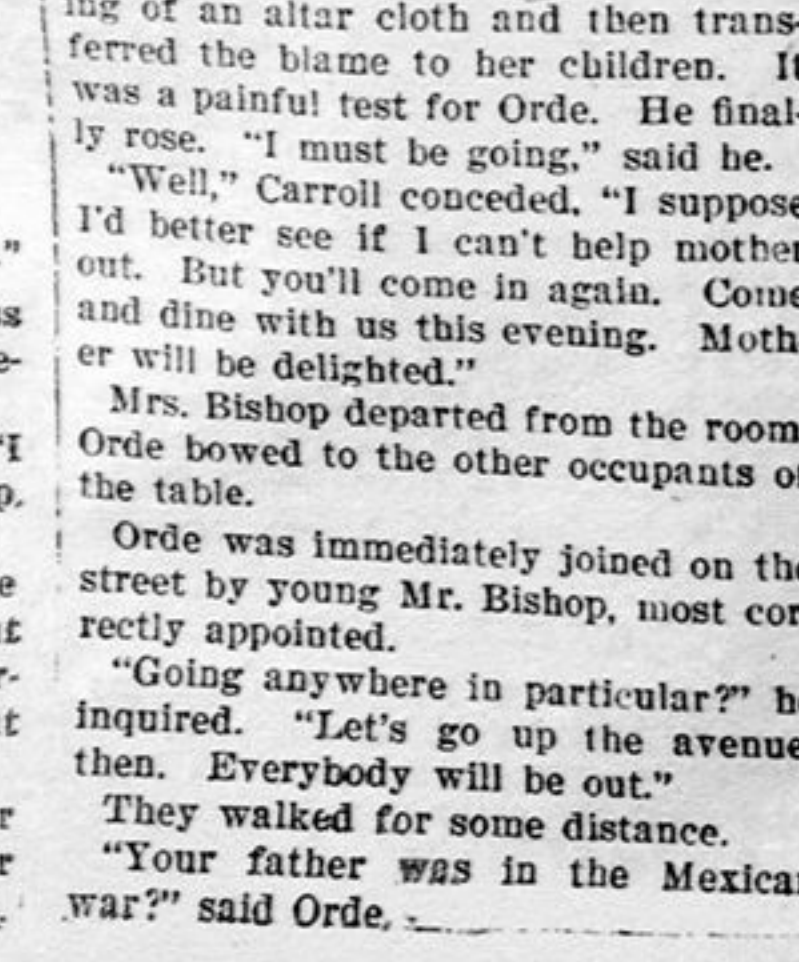
Chapter 17



Chapter 18



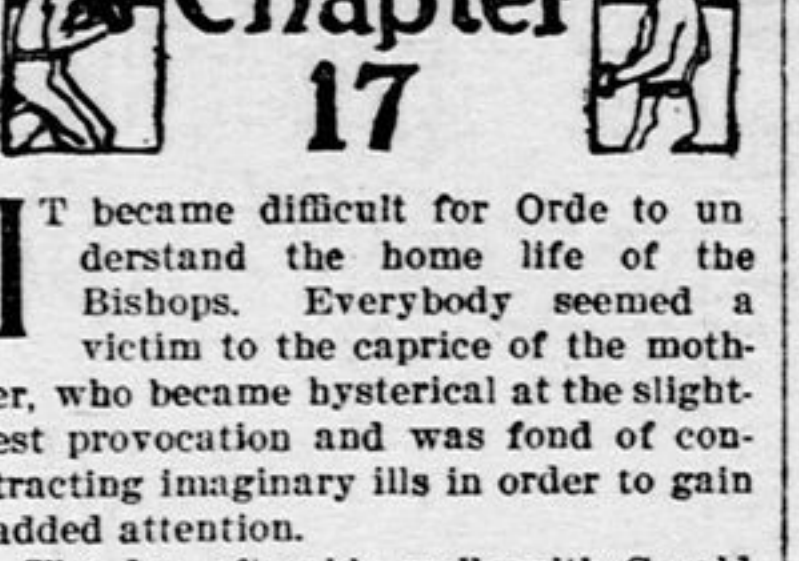
Chapter 19



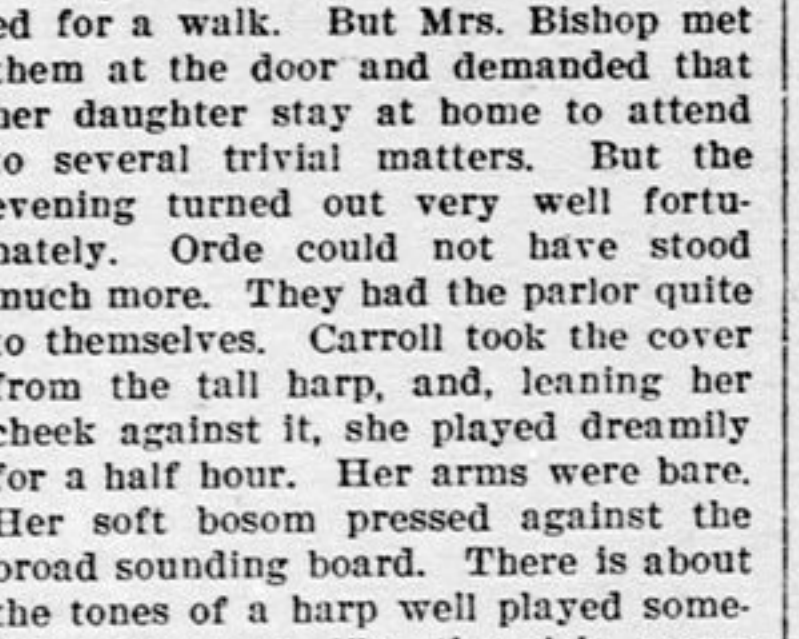
Chapter 20



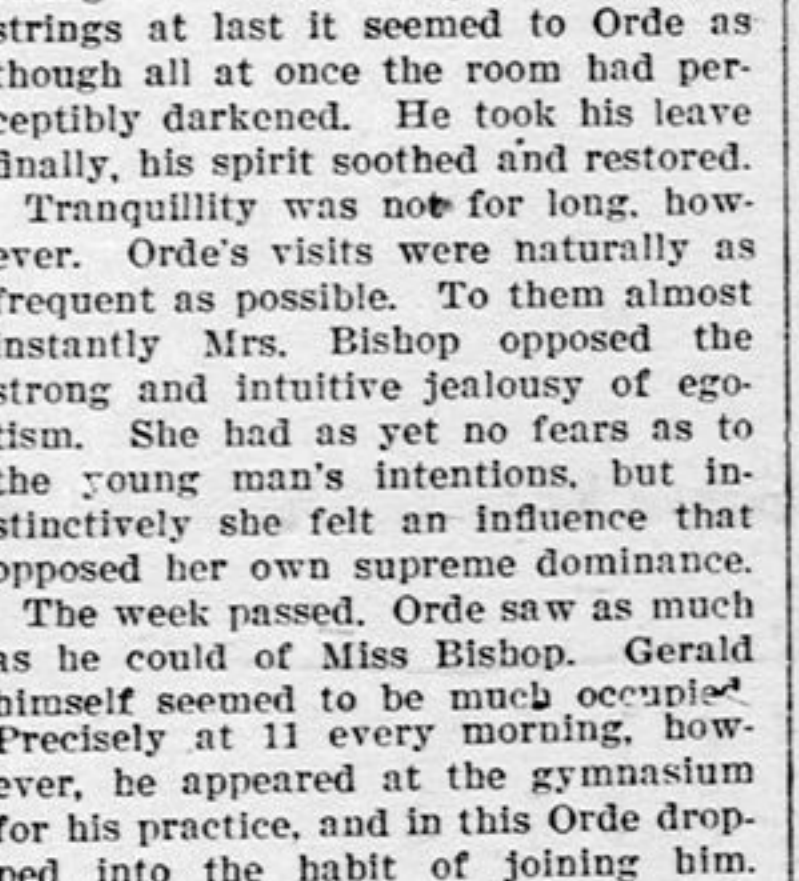
Chapter 17



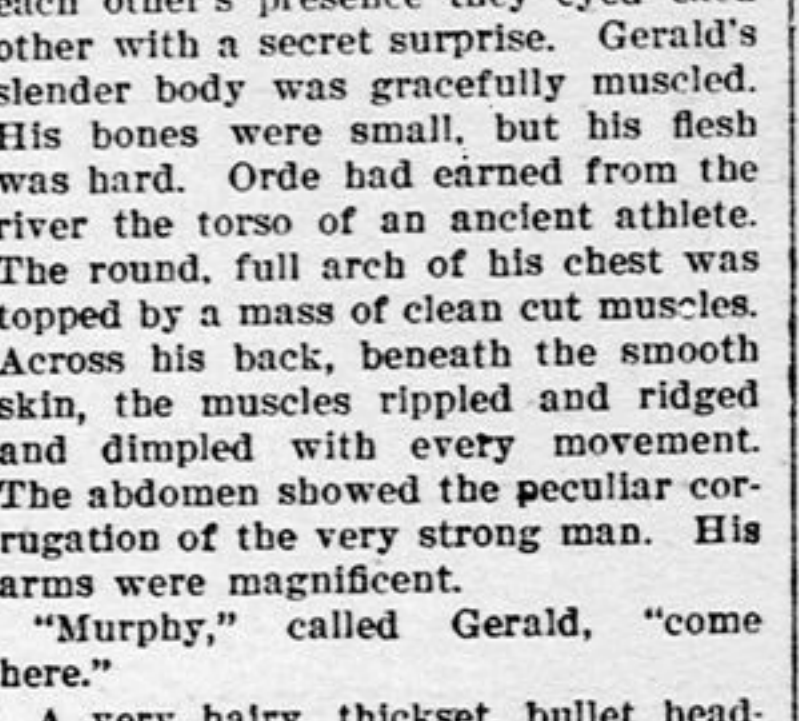
Chapter 18



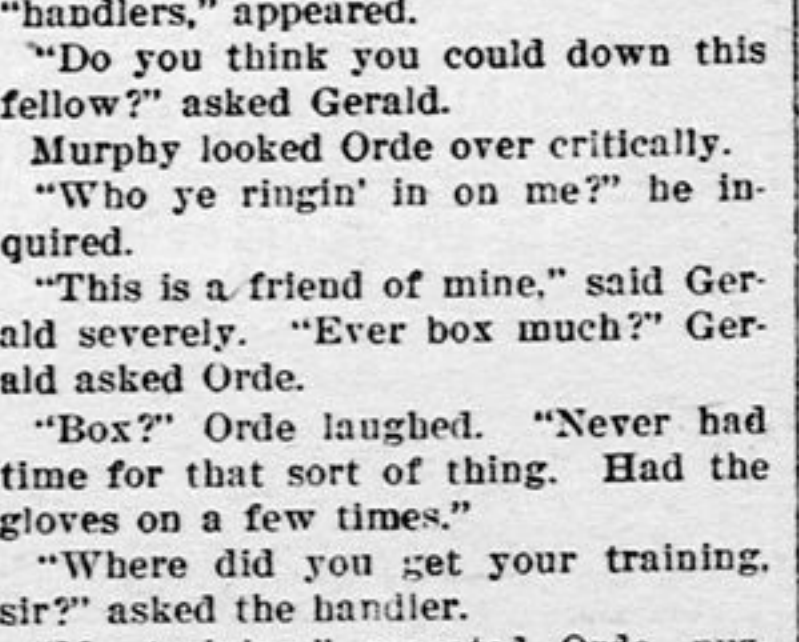
Chapter 19



Chapter 20



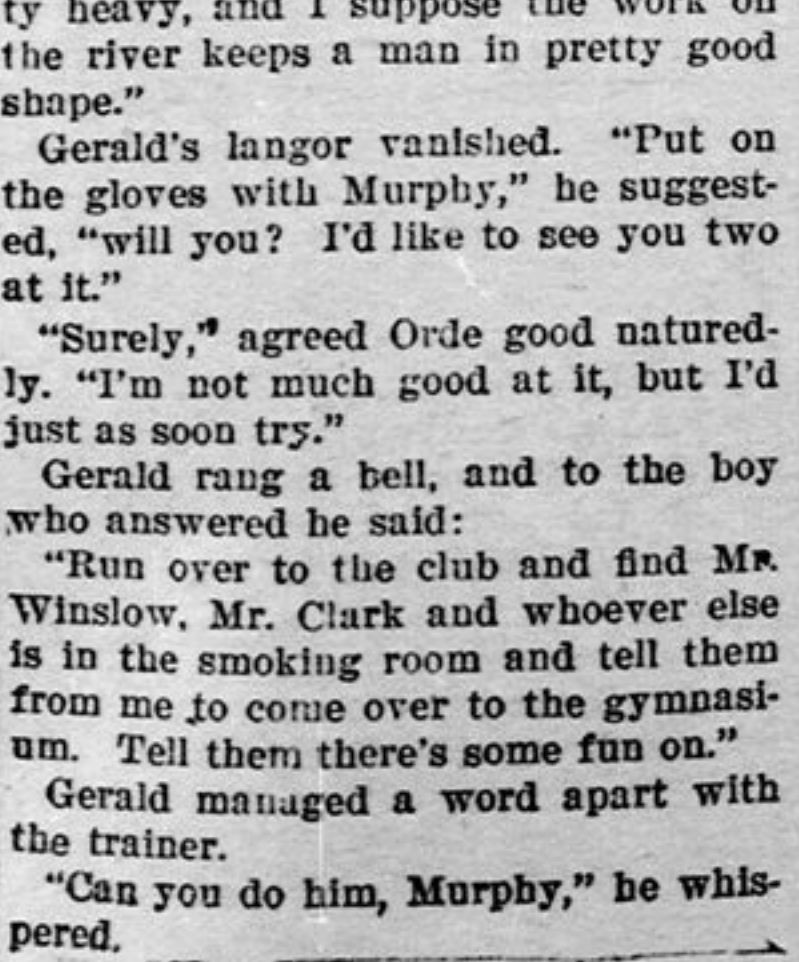
Chapter 21



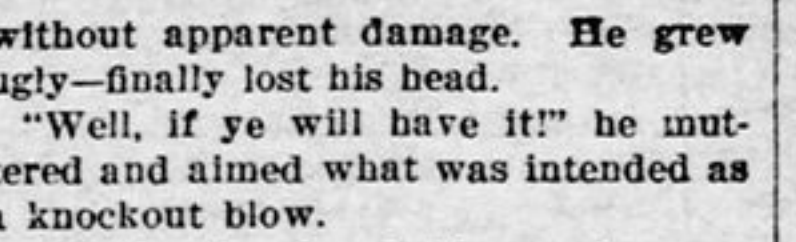
Chapter 22



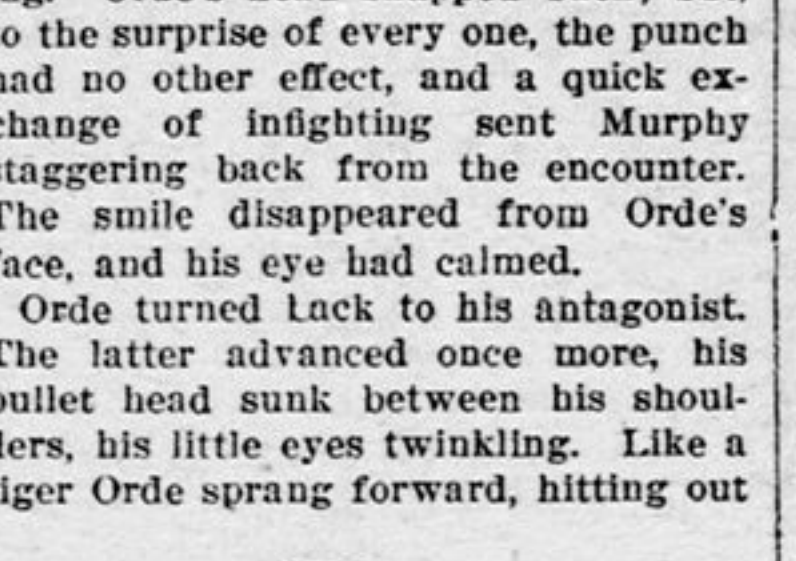
Chapter 23



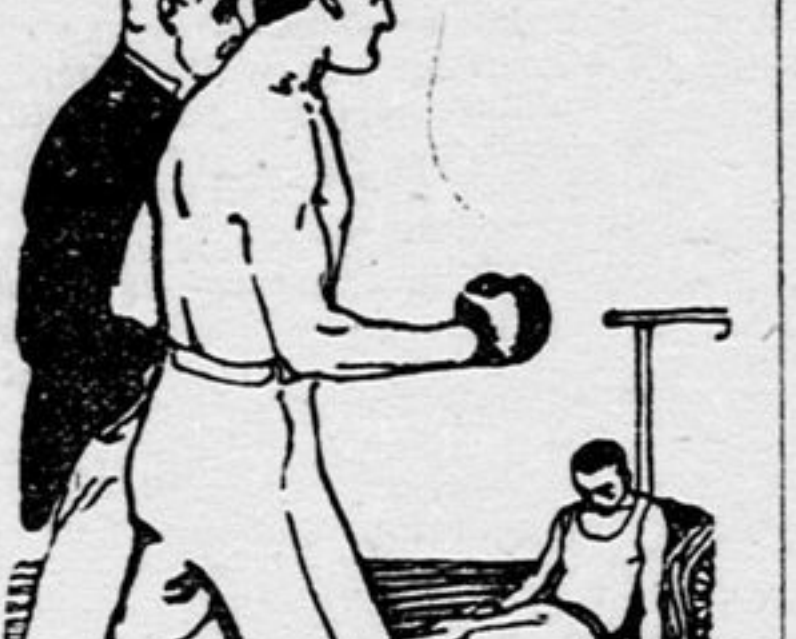
Chapter 24



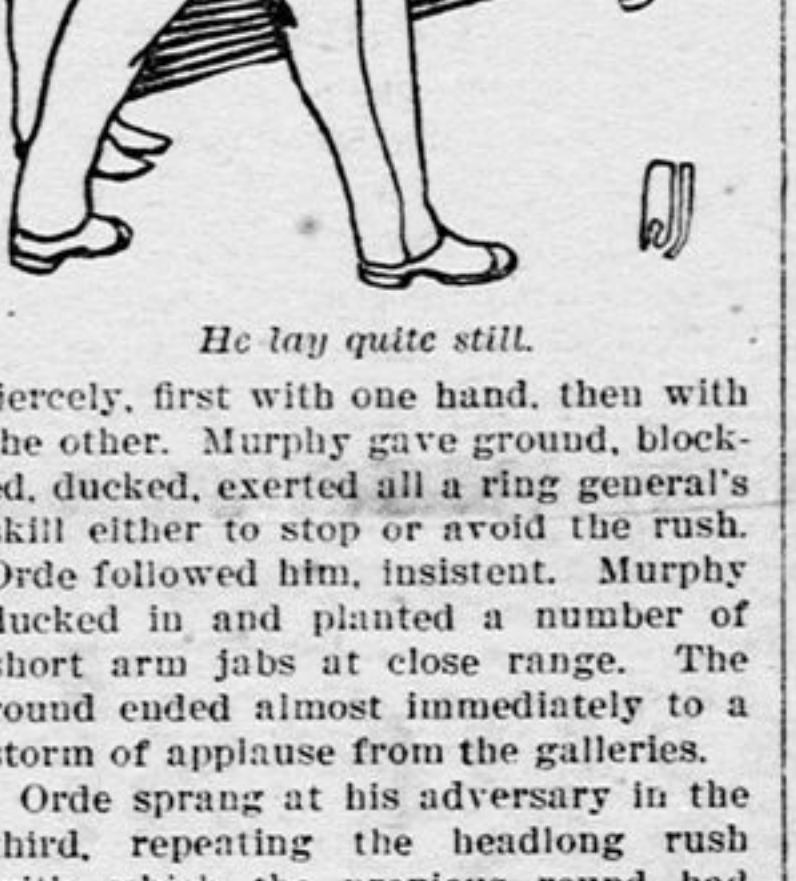
Chapter 17



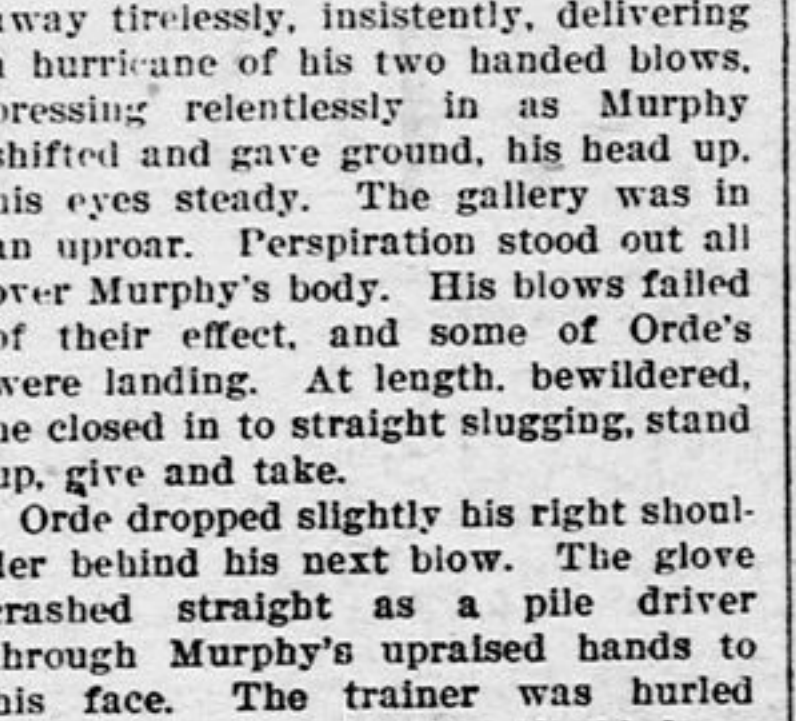
Chapter 18



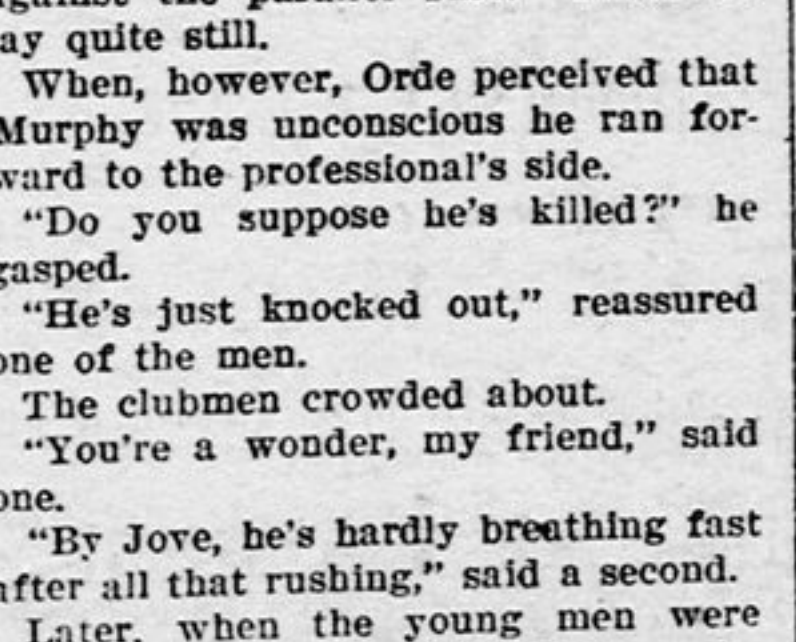
Chapter 19



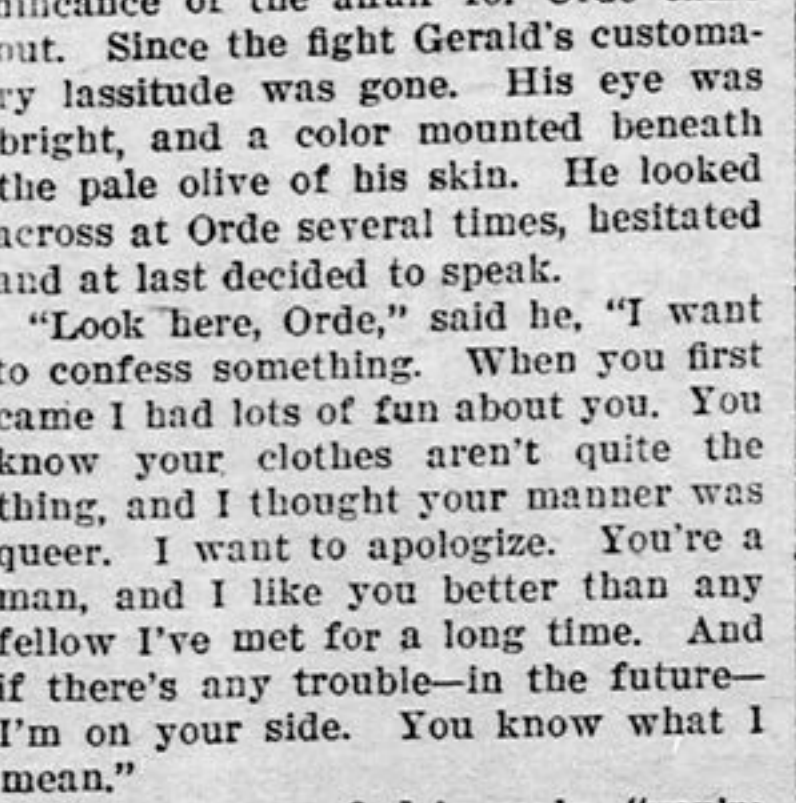
Chapter 20



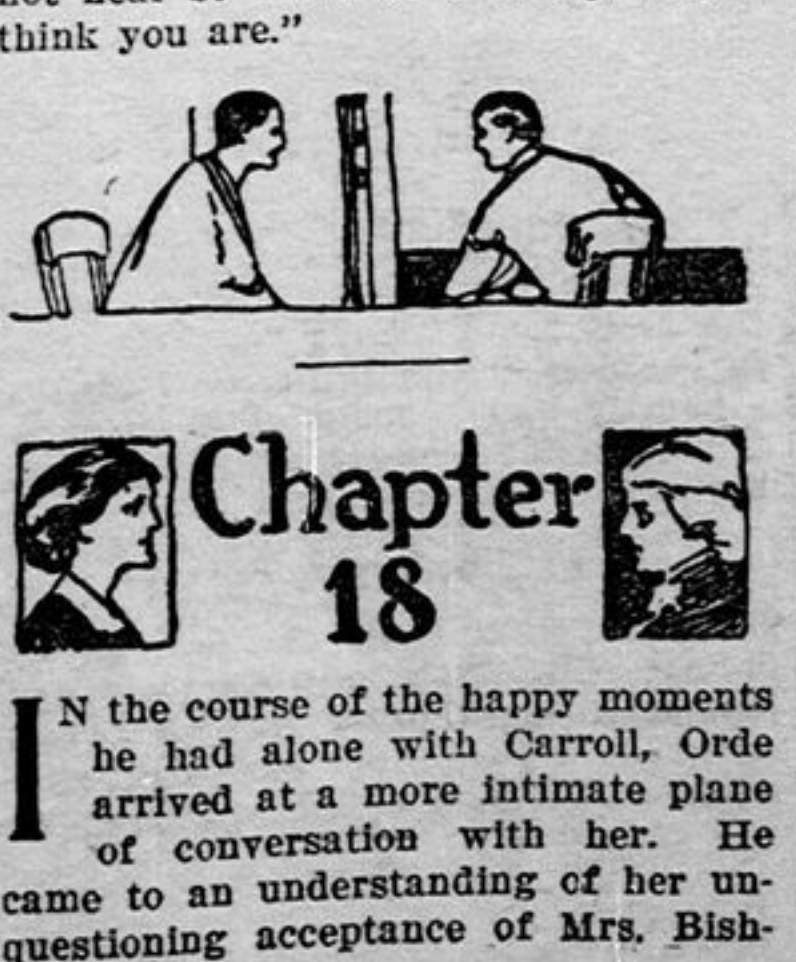
Chapter 21



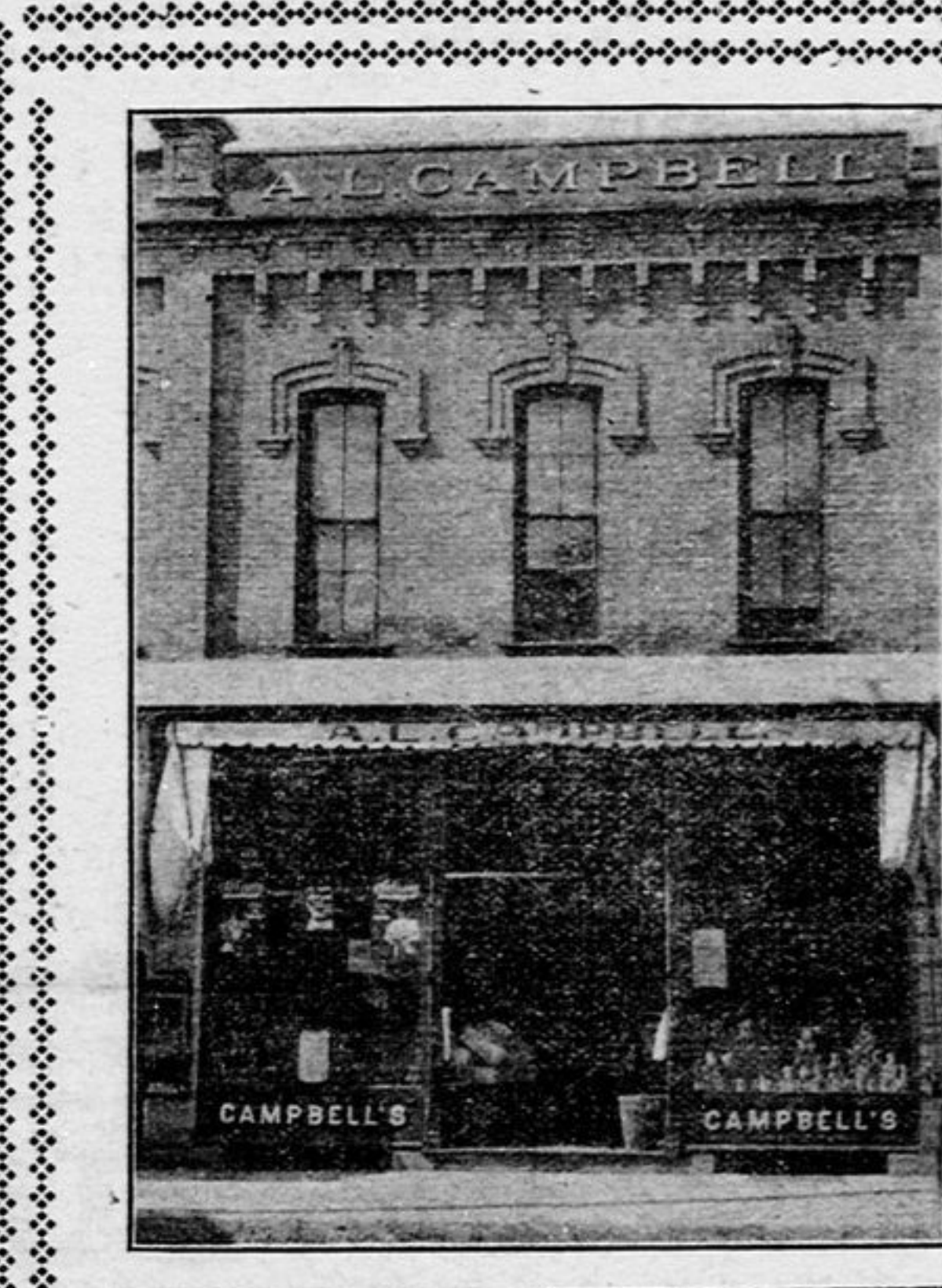
Chapter 22



Chapter 23



Chapter 24



**Brightest  
Cleanest  
Largest**

**GROCERY STORE  
IN VICTORIA  
COUNTY**

**Quality Always Uppermost.  
Our Goods Our Reputation**

WE INVITE A TRIAL ORDER

# A. L. CAMPBELL

Kent St.,  
LINDSAY

**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.

**FARM FOR SALE**

**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 house 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.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Lot 15, con. 8 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 within a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wt.

**FOR SALE**—Corner Bond and Adelaide-sts., a handsome residence comprising orchard and lawn, granolithic walks, and dwelling with every modern convenience. Also a grain warehouse, stock yards, scales and about one acre of ground at Cameron. Also grain warehouse at Lorneville 30 x 90, and an elevator, store stockyards and scales at Grass Hill. Also an excellent safe, suitable for any business, and one single cutter. Suitable terms of payment to reliable purchasers. Apply to Jos. G. Eyles, Leigh R. Knight, F. H. Kidd, Elias Bowes, Real Estate Agents.—wt.

**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 Nth of Wth of Lot 1 in the 6th con. Emilly. For further particulars apply to Chas. Corneil, Omema, Box 131.—wt.

**FOR SALE**—One Clydesdale mare six years old, in foal, price \$270; one three-year-old Clydesdale colt, \$160. These animals are first-class in every particular, but owner does not wish to winter. Apply to F. F. SHATZ, Oakwood, Ont.—w3.

"Speak to her, Jack. She cares for you," stated, with great brevity, that Miss Bishop was not yet visible and prepared to close the door.

"You are mistaken," said Orde. "I have an engagement with Miss Bishop. Tell her Mr. Orde is here."

"Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow, Mr. Clark and whoever else is in the smoking room and tell them from me to come over to the gymnasium. Tell them there's some fun on."

"Can you do him, Murphy," he whispered.

Orde bowed to the other occupants of the table.

Orde was immediately joined on the street by young Mr. Bishop, most correctly appointed.