

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

bothered about. It was plain sailing now. That day and the next the channel was brown with logs. Kent's foremen and Wismer & Holden's cullers checked them as they came. Joe and Jack stood out on an anchor pier and watched the booms fill. More logs came down and still more.

Far away on the morning of the thirtieth they heard the bellowing whistles of the *Sophie Green* and *Ada Bell*, and the deep-throated blast of the tug telling them that the last of the big drive was down. At six o'clock that night the booms closed behind the last log.

Joe drew a long breath. "Thank heaven," said he. "Now, girly, we'll have the best meal they can put up in this little town."

"We will — but we'll have it in camp," she informed him. "I've arranged with Jimmy Bowes. This is my treat to the men."

They occupied the head of an impromptu table of pine boards. Down its length and along similar tables were ranged the rivermen. Huge roasts, fowls, vegetables, and stacks of pies were piled before them, for Jimmy Bowes, having