

## THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

their success in getting out the logs depended the marriage of Kent and Miss Jack. Every man straightway felt a personal responsibility, and the way they sailed into the job made Kent's crew hustle to keep pace.

Bill Crooks threw off thirty years, put on a pair of spiked boots, and tramped up and down the shore bellowing encouragement to the rivermen. Most of it took the form of virulent curses directed at the men who had persistently tried to hang Kent's drive.

"But they can't do it, boys!" the old logger would roar. "They may blow dams and saw booms, but we'll do them yet. Birl into her, bullies! All the blasted high-bankers between this and the booms of hell can't hang us up." Then the men would bark fierce assent, and whirl into the logs with fury.

And so, by unremitting work by day and night, the big drive was swept up from open water, shoal, point, and bay. On the twenty-eighth of June, at midnight, the last logs were boomed. Half an hour afterward the *Sophie Green*, the *Ada Bell*, and the big tug started down the lake