

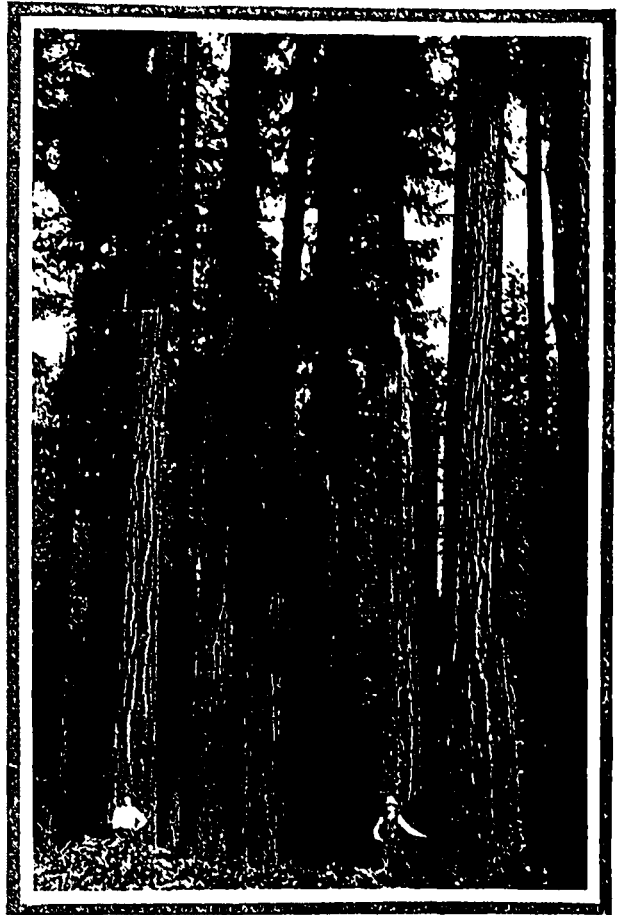
being able to bar their progress. The cables strain like the strings of a violin keyed to concert pitch, the "donkey" "chugs" and rumbles, and black smoke puffs from its short smoke-stack as though some hidden demon was imprecating the sullen resistance of the forest.

Presently the log reaches the edge of the platform, a short halt is made, the log is again set in motion, drawn up, the cable unhitched, and preparations made to roll it on the car. A horse on the platform furnishes most of the motor power at this stage, and the skilful hands of one of the loggers, armed with a cant-hook, complete the job. The log is skidded, yanked and guided by cable, horse-power and "man-handling" until it slides on to the car and settles down for its journey "saw-ward" to the mill.

There is always danger lurking near in the manipulation of these great timbers. In the woods, if a cable snaps it flings out like the coils of a maddened python, and woe to the luckless logger who happens to be in the line of its flight. He is cut in two almost, or smashed to a jelly, the force of the flying strand being simply terrific. Or a falling tree may strike another tree and fling it on to a logger, or cast a dead limb far out and away, reaching someone standing in fancied security. On the platform the treacherous logs may tip suddenly and catch the handler, and the least that means is the loss of a limb; the result is likely death.

The fact of so few accidents is a tribute to the care and sobriety of the logging crews and the fact that they know by experience what perils are enveloping them. A rigid scrutiny of cables and machinery, a military obedience to signals and rules make the process one in which eternal vigilance is of necessity practised to meet the demands of the situation. Men have been suddenly drawn against huge trees by advancing logs when a shrill signal has saved them from instant death. The engineer at the "donkey" has much responsibility, and is almost invariably a cool-headed and splendidly capable man in every respect.

As the cars are loaded and a train formed the little logging engine, squat but important, steams in and fastens to the cars and rolls away. Like a serpent wind-



THESE FOREST TITANS SEEM TO DISAPPEAR FOREVER

ing in and out of the woods, the heavily-loaded train disappears in the distance and the piling-up of logs for the next load goes bravely on.

At the mill the logs are dumped in long wind-rows, often scores of straight trunks aligned together, a hundred feet or more in length each, and from four to six feet or more in diameter. These huge timbers are hoisted to the platforms, where the saws run in to meet them; they are then slid over to the embrace of the steel, the saws spring to meet them, the belts hum, the refuse timber falls away, the log moves slowly down the chute, the singing, swirling last act has begun, and the squared timber, fit to hold a kingdom up, slides out at the further end of the mill ready to take its place in the worldwide drama of events.

There is nothing more picturesque nor dominant in the industrial world than this squaring of the big timbers for the market. And whether for the old world or the new—for Liverpool, Glasgow, the Clyde, or Peru, Brazil or further ports, there is always the sense of something huge and portentous in their very size, like bridges spanning mile-wide torrents or later Armadas, frowning from cannon-