

## THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

moonlight, gazing at the fields of brown timber covering the surface of the river, safe down at last at the cost of a winter's toil, a spring's heart-breaking endeavour, and a toll of human life.

Joe put his arm around the girl's waist and drew her to him. Strong and full-throated, mellowed by distance, came the last refrain of old Bill Crooks's favourite river-song as the crew shouted it on their way to town.

When the drive comes down, when the jam comes down,  
What makes yeez lads so wishful-eyed as we draw near to town?

Other eyes is soft an' bright, like the stars of a June night —  
Wives an' sweethearts — prayin', waitin' — as we drive the river  
down.

(Oh, ye divils!)

God bless the eyes that shine for us when we boil into town.

“God bless *your* eyes, Jack, dear!” said Joe softly, and kissed her. The future lay clear and fair before them, a-flush with the rosy lights of youth and hope.