

covered a man standing by the logs trying to speak loud enough to be understood. Failing in this he gave the sign.

"I turned to the pilot and told him to stop the boat."

"What for?" said he. "I want you to go to that raft. I want to save that man."

"But," continued the pilot, "it is madness to do such a thing. We run the risk of having a hole knocked in us."

"I'll take the chance. Go at once to the raft. He did so, and I took the brother aboard, heard his 'tale of woe,' how his raft had parted and he was alone on this part of it; that all the money he had on earth was tied up in the logs, etc. After hearing him through I made fast to the raft, towed it to a place of safety and fastened it to the trees with the hawsers of my boat. I gave him the best we had in the larder, carried him with me up the river until we met the other part of the raft, and turned him over to his friends, who were mourning him as lost."

"Good for you, and you slept better that night," we said.

"Indeed I did, and visions of happiness filled my dreams. I had done my duty; I had saved my fellow-man and I was happy. But the most eventful action of my life, the one in which I took more risks, the one that gave me more happiness of mind and fully demonstrated the influence of Masonry, occurred during our last high water.

"I was then running in the lower river trade. The river was out of its banks at every point and so near the top of the levee that a strong wind would carry it over. The levee was guarded almost from one end to the other by men armed with Winchesters, to keep some unprincipled wretch from cutting it in order to float out their stolen timber. Boats were not permitted to land against it, and even when passing near the same were compelled to do so on a 'slow bell,' to prevent the swells from the boat going over."

Again the big whistle blew and a landing was made, and after we had backed out in the stream and the boat had resumed her course, we both lighted a fresh cigar and the old captain continued:

"We were on our up trip. The gong had just sounded for breakfast and I was about leaving my seat on the star-board side of hurricane when the pilot sung out to me:

"I say captain, look at that man out there on the larboard side. He is acting like a crazy man."

"I at once walked to the other side of the boat and there, sure enough, was a man on the levee going through some sort of motions which I could not plainly discern, but I had my suspicions. I rushed into my room, got my large field glass and trained it on him. I at once recognized the sign, and turning to the pilot I said, 'go to that man as easily as possible—go in your slowest bell.'

"'Why, captain what are you thinking of?' It may be death to us both to attempt such a thing," answered the pilot.

"I can't help that. I want that man, and if you haven't got the nerve to carry the boat there, say so and I'll do it myself."

"Well, here goes. I have been boating with you for over twenty years and I'm not going to disobey your order at this late day. They can't cheat me out of much if they do get me, was the pilot's reply, and he immediately headed the boat for the levee."

"Slowly, gently," I said to the pilot, as he neared the levee, and just then the crack of a rifle rang out on the still air and a ball went whistling through the pilot house, fired at long range.

"'What did I tell you, Captain? I knew they'd get us,' sung out the pilot in a tremulous voice.

"'Stand by your wheel,' I answered 'and I'll be out of here in a minute.' By this time we were near enough to reach the top of the levee with our plank.

"'Lower the stage Mr. Mate, and