

A MAN'S MAN FOR A' THAT

IS there for honest poverty That hings his head, an' a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by— We dare be poor for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddens grey, an' a' that? Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine— A man's a man for a' that.

Ye see you birkie ca'd "a lord," Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that, Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a cuif for a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight, A marquis, duke, an' a' that! But an honest man's aboon his might— Guidfaith he maunna fa' that!

Then let us pray that come it may (As come it will for a' that) That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth Shall bear the greave an' a' that!

That man to man the world o'er Shall brithers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS. (Born January 25, 1759; died July 21, 1796.)

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat laughs at yoh funny stories even if dey ain't so good; an' smpa thizes wif yoh misfortunes even if dey ain't so bad."

Willis—"What are you doing with all those charts and time-tables?" Gillis—"Those charts are lists of the various meatless, wheatless, and butterless days in the various States. I'm trying to figure out a trip whereby I can get a ham sandwich once a month."

"Ma," roared Mr. Jagsky, "where in the demition bow-wows is my hat? I can't keep a thing about this house. It's a shame the way things disappear without any apparent reason. I would just like to know where that hat is." "So would I," replied Mrs. Jagsky, coldly. "You didn't have it on when you came home last night."

THE RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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Chapter 24

THUS Orde, by the sheer good luck that sometimes favors men engaged in large enterprises, not only frustrated a plan likely to bring failure to his interests, but filed up his crews. It may be remarked here, as well as later, that the "errors of the Saginaw" stayed with the drive to its finish and proved reliable and tractable in every particular.

The Rough Red's enormous strength, daredevil spirit and nimbleness of body made him invaluable at this dangerous work. The crews on the various boats now had their hands full to keep the logs running. The slightest check at any one point meant a jam, for there was no way of stopping the unending procession.

James on the river, contrary to general belief, are of some common sense. Throughout the length of the drive there were probably three or four hangups a day. Each of these had to be broken, and in the breaking was danger.

Orde after the rear was well started patrolled the length of the drive in his light buckboard. At times he remained at one camp for several days watching the trend of the work. The improvements made during the preceding summer gave him the greatest satisfaction, especially the apron at the falls.

No trouble was experienced until Heinzman's railways were reached. Here Orde had boomed a free channel to prevent Heinzman from filling up the entire river bed with his railways. When the jam of the drive had succeeded the river as far as Heinzman had not yet begun to break out. Hardly had Orde's first crew passed, however, when Heinzman's men began to break down the logs into the drive. Long before the rear caught up Heinzman's drive was in the water, mingled with the sixty or eighty million feet Orde had in charge.

The situation was plain. All Heinzman now had to do was to retain a small crew, which should follow after the rear in order to sack what logs the latter should leave stranded. As it was impossible in so great a mass of timber and in the haste of a pressing labor to distinguish or discriminate against any brand, Heinzman

was in a fair way to get his logs sent downstream with practically no expense.

"Well, my boy," remarked the German quite frankly to Orde as they met on the road one day, "looks like I got you dis time, eh?"

Orde laughed. "If you mean your logs are going down with ours, why, I guess you have. But you paste this in your hat—you're going to keep awful busy, and it's going to cost you something to get 'em down."

Orde's drivers kept a sharp lookout for "H" logs and wherever possible thrust them aside into eddies and backwaters. This, of course, merely made work for the sakers Heinzman had left above the rear. Soon they were in charge of a very fair little drive of their own. Their lot was not enviable.

One day when Orde's buckboard drew into camp he sent Bourke away to repair damages while he called the cookee to help unpack several heavy boxes of hardware. They proved to contain about thirty small hatchets, well sharpened and each with a leather guard. When the rear crew had come in that night Orde distributed the hatchets.

"Boys," said he, "while you're on the work I want you all to keep a watch out for these 'H' logs, and whenever you strike one I want you to blaze it plainly so there won't be any mistake about it."

"What for?" asked a Saginaw man. A riverman nudged him. "Just do what you're told to on this river and you'll see t'is sure."

Three days later the rear crew ran into the head of the pond above Reed's dam. To every one's surprise, Orde called a halt on the work and announced a holiday.

Now, holidays are unknown on drive. Barely is time allowed for eating and sleeping. Nevertheless all that day the men lay about in complete idleness. The pond filled with logs. From above the current, aided by a fall wind, was driven down still other logs—the forerunners of the little drive astern. At sight of these some of the men grumbled. "We're losin' what we made," said they. "We left them logs and sorted 'em out once already."

Orde sent a couple of axmen to blaze the newcomers. A little before sundown he ordered the sluice gates of the dam opened.

"Night work," said the men to one another. Sure enough, after supper Orde suddenly appeared among them.

"Get organized, boys," said he briskly. "We've got to get this pond all sluiced before morning." The men took their places. "Sluice through everything but the 'H' logs," Orde commanded. "Work them off to the left and leave them."

The sluicing, under the impetus of a big crew, went rapidly. "There's near a million an hour going through there," speculated Orde, watching the burdened waters of the chute. And in this work the men distinguished easily the new white blaze marks on Heinzman's logs, so they were able to shunt them one side into the smoother water, as Orde had commanded.

As the last log shot through Orde cried, "Tear out the booms!" The chute to the dam was approached, as has been earlier explained, by two rows of booms arranged in a V, or funnel, the apex of which emptied into the sluiceway and the wide, projecting arms of which embraced the width of the stream. The logs, floating down the pond, were thus concentrated toward the sluice; also the rivermen, walking back and forth the length of the booms, were able easily to keep the drive moving.

Now, however, Orde unchained these boom logs. The men pushed them ashore, clamped in their peavies and, using these implements as handles, carried the booms back into the woods. Then everybody tramped back and forth, round and about, to confuse the trail. Orde was like a mischievous boy at a school prank.

The blazing logs belonging to Heinzman, drifting slowly, had sucked down into the corner toward the power canal, where, caught against the grating, they had jammed. These logs would have to be floated singly and pushed one by one against the current across the pond and into the influence of the sluice gate. Some of them would be hard to come at.

"I guess that will keep them busy for a day or two," commented Orde. This, as Orde has said, would be sufficiently annoying to Heinzman, but would have little real effect on the main issue, which was that the German was getting down his logs with a crew of less than a dozen men. Nevertheless Orde in a vast spirit of fun took delight in inventing and executing practical jokes of the general sort just described. One day the chore boy, who had been over to Spruce Rapids after mail, reported that an additional crew of twenty had been sent in to Heinzman's drive. This was gratifying.

"We're making him scratch gravel, boys, anyway," said Orde. The men entered into the spirit of the thing. In fact, their enthusiasm was almost too exuberant. Orde had constantly to negative new and ingenious schemes.

"No, boys," said he, "I want to keep on the right side of the law. We may need it later." Logs rarely jam on rising water, for the simple reason that constantly the



Thrust them aside into eddies.

surface area of the river is increasing, thus tending to separate the logs. On the other hand, falling water, tending to crowd the drive closer together, is especially prolific of trouble. Therefore, on level water the watchers scatter and divide the stretches of the river and strive to do—save strand Heinzman's logs for him.

Up to a certain point this was all very well. Orde took pains not to countenance it officially and caused word to be passed about that, while he did not expect his men to help drive Heinzman's logs, they must not go out of their way to strand them.

"If things get too bad, he'll have spies down here to collect evidence on us," said Orde, "and he'll jug some of us for interference with his property. We don't own the river."

On the side of two weeks Orde had the great satisfaction of learning that Heinzman was working—and working hard—a crew of fifty men. "A pretty fair crew, even if he was taking out his whole drive," commented Orde.

The gods of luck seemed to be with the new enterprise. The water held out to carry the last stick of timber over the shallowest rapids. Weather conditions were phenomenal—and perfect. All up and down the river the work went with vim and dash.

After this happy fashion the drive went until at last it entered the broad, deep and navigable stretches of the river from Redding to the lake. Here, barring the accident of an extraordinary flood, the troubles were over. On the broad, placid bosom of the stream the logs would float. As Orde sat in his buckboard, ready to go into town for a first glimpse of Carroll in more than two months, he gazed with immense satisfaction over the broad river moving brown and glacierlike, as though the logs that covered it were viscid and composed all its substance. The enterprise was practically assured of success.

For awhile now Orde was to have a breathing spell. A large number of men were here laid off. The remainder, under the direction of Jim Denning, would require little or no actual supervision. Until the jam should have reached the distributing booms above Monrovia the affair was very simple. Before he left, however, he called Denning to him.

"Jim," said he, "I'll be down to see you through the sluiceways at Redding, of course. But now that you have a good, still stretch of river I want you to include in our drive all Heinzman logs from above you possibly can. If you can fix it, let their drive drift down into ours."

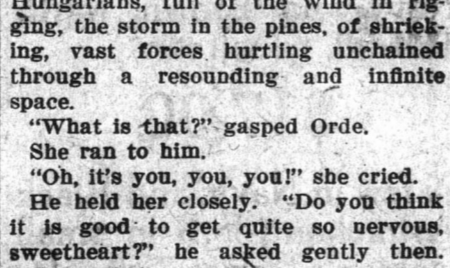
"Then we'll have to drive their logs for them," objected Denning. "Sure," rejoined Orde, "but it's easy driving, and if that crew of his hasn't much to do perhaps he'll lay most of them off here at Redding."

Denning looked at his principal for a moment, then a slow grin overspread his face. Without comment he turned back to camp, and Orde took up his reins.

"Oh, I'm so glad to get you back!" cried Carroll over and over again as she clung to him. "I don't live while you're away. And every drop of rain that patters on the roof chills my heart, because I think of it as chilling you. Dear heart, don't leave me again."

She shook her head at him slowly, a mysterious smile on her lips. Without explaining her thought she slipped from his knee and glided across to the tall golden harp, which had been brought from Monrovia. The light and diaphanous silk of her loose peloniot floated about her, defining the maturing grace of her figure. Abruptly she struck a great crashing chord.

Then, with an abandon of ecstasy, she plunged into one of those wild and sea blown, saga-like rhapsodies of the



"Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried.

Hungarians, full of the wind in rigging, the storm in the pines, of shrieking, vast forces hurtling unchained through a resounding and infinite space.

"What is that?" gasped Orde. She ran to him. "Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried. He held her closely. "Do you think it is good to get quite so nervous, sweetheart?" he asked gently then. "Remember—"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she broke in earnestly. "Every moment of my waking and sleeping hours I remember him. Always I keep his little soul before me as a light on a shrine. But tonight—oh, tonight, I could laugh and shout aloud like the people in the Bible, with clapping of hands!" She snuggled herself close to Orde with a little murmur of happiness. "I think of all the beautiful things," she whispered, "and of the noble things and of the great things. He is going to be sturdier, like his father—a wonderful boy, a boy all of fire!"

Chapter 25

IT was a day or two after the jam of the drive reached the dam at Redding. After the rear had dropped down river from Redding Carroll and Orde returned to their deserted little box of a house at Monrovia.

Orde breathed deep of a new satisfaction in walking again the streets of this little sandy, sawdust-paved, shantytown town, with its yellow hills and its wide blue river and its glimpse of the lake far in the offing.

"I hanged if I know what's struck me," he mused. "Never experienced any remarkable joy before in getting back to this sort of truck."

Then, with a warm glow at the heart, the realization was brought to him. This was home, and over yonder under the shadow of the heaven-pointing spire a slip of a girl was waiting for him.

The rest of the week Orde was absent up the river, superintending in a general way the latter progress of the drive.

At the booms everything was in readiness to receive the jam. The long swim arm slanting across the river channel was attached to its winch, which would operate it. When shut it would close the main channel and shunt into the booms the logs floating in the river. There, penned at last together at the top by bolted timbers, they would lie quiet. Men armed with pike poles would then take up the work of distribution according to the brands stamped on the ends. Each brand had its own separate "sorting pens," the lower end leading again into the open river. From these each owner's property was rafted and towed to his private booms at his mill below.

Orde spent the day before the jam appeared in constructing what he called a "boomerang."

"Secret invention just yet," he explained to Newmark. "I'm going to hold up the drive in the main river until we have things bunched; then I'm going to throw a big crew down here by the swing. Heinzman antipates, of course, that I'll run the drive into the booms and do all my sorting there. Naturally if I turn his logs loose into the river as fast as I run across them he will be able to pick them up one at a time, for he'll only get them occasionally. If I keep them until everything else is sorted only Heinzman's logs will remain, and as we have no right to hold logs we'll have to turn them loose through the lower sorting booms, where he can be ready to raft them. In that way he gets them all right without paying us a cent. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Newmark. "Well," said Orde, with a laugh, "here is where I fool him. I'm going to rush the drive into the booms all at once, but I'm going to sort out Heinzman's logs at these openings near the entrance and turn them into the main channel."

"What good will that do?" asked Newmark skeptically. "He gets them sorted just the same, doesn't he?" "The current's fairly strong," Orde pointed out, "and the river's almighty wide. When you spring seven or eight million feet on a man all at once and unexpected and he with no crew to handle them, he's going to keep almost busy. And if he don't stop them this side his mill he'll have to raft and tow them back, and if he doesn't stop 'em this side the lake he may as well kiss them all goodbye."

The boomerang worked like a charm. Orde, in personal charge, watched that through the different openings in his boomerang the "H" logs were shunted into the river. Shortly the channel was full of logs floating merrily away.

"I've got to go down and see how the Dutchman is making it," announced Orde. He drove to Heinzman's mill. There he found evidences of the wildest excitement. Boats piled in all directions. A tug darted back and forth. Constantly the number of floating logs augmented, however. Many had already gone by.

"If you think you're busy now," said Orde to himself, with a chuckle. "Just wait until you begin to get logs. What's he doing with that tug?" thought he. "Oh, ho! He's stringing booms across the river to hold the whole outfit."

He laughed aloud and drove frantically back to the booms, shouting Orde, "and he's got all that gang of highlanders out and every odd rum blossom in Monrovia, and I bet if you say 'logs' to him he'd chase his tail in circles. I'm going to take Marsh and the Sprite and go to town. Old Heinzman," he added as an afterthought, "is stringing booms across the river—obstructing navigation."

"Marsh," he called, "got up steam?" There appeared a short, square man, eyes blue as the sky. "Up in two minutes," he answered. "Harvey, fire her up!"

Captain Marsh guided his energetic charge among the logs floating in the stream with the marvelous second instinct of the expert tugboat man. Orde noted with satisfaction that many of the logs had found lodgment among the reefs and in the bays and inlets. One at a time, and painfully, these would have to be salvaged. Shortly Orde, standing by the wheel in the pilot-house, could see down the stretches of the river a crowd of men working, antlike.

The tug headed straight for the slender line of booms stretching quite across the river. Orde looked at his watch. "We'll be late for the mail unless we hurry," said he. Marsh rang the engine room bell. The water churned white behind.

"You're obstructing navigation!" yelled Orde. "I've got to go to town to buy a postage stamp."

The prow of the tug, accurately aimed by Marsh, hit square in the junction of two of the booms. There ensued a moment of strain; then the links snapped, and the Sprite plunged joyously through the opening. The booms, swept aside by the current, floated to either shore. The river was open.

"Slow down, Marsh," said Orde. "Let's see the show."

Up river all the small boats gathered in a line, connected one to the other by a rope. The tug passed over to them the cable attached to the boom. Evidently the combined efforts of the rowboats were counted on to hold the half boom across the current while the tug brought out the other half. When the tug dropped the cable Orde laughed.

"Nobody but a Dutchman would have thought of that!" he cried. "Now for the fun!"

Immediately the weight fell on the small boats they were dashed irresistibly backward. Marsh lowered his telescope, the tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"They'll have to have two tugs before they can close the break that way," commented Orde. "Sure thing," replied Captain Marsh. But at that moment a black smoke rolled up over the marshes and shortly around the bend from above came the Lucy Belle.

The Lucy Belle was the main excuse for calling the river navigable. In appearance she was two storied, with twin smokestacks, an iron Indian on her top and a "splutter behind" paddle wheel.

"There comes his help," said Orde. Sure enough, the Lucy Belle stopped. After a short conference she steamed clumsily over to get hold of one end of the booms. The tug took the other. In time and by dint of much plashing, some collisions and several attempts the ends of the booms were united.

By this time, however, nearly all the logs had escaped. The tug, towing a string of rowboats, set out in pursuit. The Lucy Belle turned in toward the tug.

"She's going to speak us," marveled Orde. "Tug ahoy!" bellowed a red faced individual from the upper deck. He was dressed in blue and brass buttons and was liberally festooned with gold braid and embroidered anchors.

"Hello there, commodore! What is it?" replied Marsh. "They want a tug up there at Heinzman's. Can you go?" "Sure," cried Marsh, choking. The Lucy Belle sheered off magnificently.

"What do you think of that?" Marsh asked Orde. "Head upstream again." Heinzman saw the Sprite coming and rowed out frantically, splashing at every stroke and yelling with every breath.

"Don't you go through there! Wait a minute! Stop, I tell you!" "Hold up!" said Orde to Marsh. Heinzman roved alongside. "What you do?" he demanded. "I forgot the money to buy my stamp with," said Orde sweetly. "I'm going back to get it."

"Not through my pooms!" "Mr. Heinzman," said Orde severely, "you are obstructing a navigable stream. I am doing business, and I cannot be interfered with."

"But my logs!" "I have nothing to do with your logs. You are driving your own logs," Orde reminded him. Heinzman vituperated. "Go ahead, Marsh!" said Orde. For a second time the chains were snapped. The severed ends of the booms swung back toward either shore. Between them floated a rowboat. In the rowboat gesticulated a shaggy man. The river was well sprinkled with logs. Evidently the sorting was going on well.

as much as you agree to drive and deliver my whole outfit!" "Precisely," said Newmark. "Put I haf all the eggspence of driving the logs myself. Why shout I pay you for doing what I haf already paid to haf done?" Orde chuckled.

"Heinzman," said he, "we aren't forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half of it outright, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And, what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile driver. I'll sort right and day," he bluffed, "and by tomorrow morning you won't have a stick of timber above my booms." He laughed again. "You want to get down to business almighty sudden."

When finally Heinzman had driven sadly away and the whole drive, "H" logs included, was pouring into the main boom Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfaction.

"That just about settles that campaign," he said to Newmark. "Oh, no, it doesn't!" replied the latter decidedly.

"Why?" asked Orde, surprised. "You don't imagine he'll do anything more?" "No, but I will," said Newmark.

Early in the fall the baby was born! It proved to be a boy. Orde, nervous as a cat after the ordeal of doing nothing, tiptoed into the darkened room. He found his wife weak and pale, her dark hair framing her face, a new look of rapt inner contemplation rendering even more mysterious her always faithless eyes. She held her lips to him. He kissed them.

Grandma Orde brought the newcomer in for Orde's inspection. He looked gravely down on the puckered, discolored bit of humanity with a faint uneasiness.

"Is do you think—that is— He hesitated. "Does the doctor say he's going to be all right?" "All right!" cried Grandma Orde indignantly. "I'd like to know if he isn't all right now! What in the world do you expect of a newborn baby?"

But Carroll was laughing softly to herself on the bed. She held out her arms for the baby and cuddled it close to her breast.

"He's a little darling," she crooned, "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sideways at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. "When they first showed him to me I thought he looked like a peanut a thousand years old."

"More wonderful nowadays" In these days of the high cost of living the following story has a decided point: The teacher of a primary class was trying to show the children the difference between the natural and man-made wonders, and finding it hard.

"What," she asked, "do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?" A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means, replied as solemnly as the proverbial judge: "A living for a family."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



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