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## By Stewart Edward White

Chapter Five Continued,

Whack, bump, bang, and the scow stopped so suddenly that its four men plunged forward in a miscellaneous heap. The water, backed up behind the stern, began to overflow into the boat. Newmark saw that the scow had run her bow on an obstruction and had been brought to a standstill square beneath the sluice gate. The water was beginning to flow the entire length of the boat. Various lighter articles shot past him and disappeared over the side.

Newmark had an inspiration. The more important matters, such as the men's clothes bags, the rolls of bedding and the heavier supplies of provisions, had not yet cut loose from their moorings. He seized one of the long oars, thrust the blade under the edge of a thwart astern, laid the shaft of the oar across the cargo and by resting his weight on the handle attempted to bring it down to bind the contents of the wanigan to their places. The cookees came to his asdistance. Together they succeeded in bending the long hickory sweep far enough to catch its handle end under another forward thwart. The second oar was quickly locked alongside the first, and not a moment too soon. A rush of water forced them all to cling for their lives.

Two or three rivermen appeared at the edge of the chute. A moment later old man Reed ran up. carrying a rope. This, after some difficulty, was made fast to the bow of the wanigan. A short rope from the top of the dam allowed the boat to be lifted free of the obstruction; a cable astern prevented the current from throwing her broadside to the rush of waters; another cable from the bow led her in the way she should go. Ten minutes later she was pulled ashore out of the eddy below, very much waterlogged and manned by a drenched and disgruntled crew.

"'Bout two ton of water in them bed rolls and turkeys," grumbled Charlie.

In a couple of hours' run the wanigan had overtaken and left far behind the rear of the drive. "Well," said Charlie at last, "we

better make it." camp. We'll be down in the jam | pretty soon."

"Well," said Orde to New- the discussion. around the campfire, "how does river driving strike you?" "It is extreme-

interesting." replied Newmark. "Like to join the wanigan crew

"How does river driv- permanently?"
ing strike you?"
"No. thanks "No, thanks," eturned Newmark dryly. "Well, stay with us as long as you're

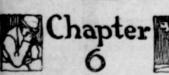
having a good time," invited Orde "Thank you," Newmark acknowl-

dged this, "I believe I will." "That old mossback Reed was right

on deck with his rope," remarked Johnny Simms. "That was pretty decent of him." "Old skunk!" growled North. "He

lost us two days with his nonsense." "Oh, he's a poor old devil," replied Orde ensily. "That's the way the Lord made him. He can't help how be's made."





EWMARK followed the thirtythree days' work of the log drive with great interest. Gradually the men got used to him and ceased to treat him as an outsider.

The drive went down as far as Redding in thirty-three days. The men worked fourteen and sixteen hours at times. Several bad jams relieved the monotony. Problems of mechanics arose to be solved on the spot. Orde solved them by a rough and ready rule of thumb. He built structures which would have furnished a winter's dission to some committees, just as the loggers had built through a rough country hundreds of miles of road better than railroad grade and smooth as a turupike, the quarter of which would have occupied the average coun-

ty board of supervisors for five years. The drive was to be delivered at the booms of Morrison and Daly above the city of Redding, a thriving place of about 20,000 inhabitants situated on a ong rapids forty miles from Lab

town, tramped down the road, to return early in the morning more or less drunk. One or two did not return. Among the revelers was the cook, Charlie, commonly called "the doctor,"

and he moped about disconsolately. In the evening he looked so much like a chicken with the pip that Orde's attention was attracted.

"Got that dark brown taste, Charlie?" he inquired, with mock solicitude. "I tell you I only had two glasses of beer!" cried Charlie, goaded.

"Then why this joyless demeanor?" begged Orde. Charlie grumbled fiercely inarticu late, but Johnny Challan interposed

with a chuckle of enjoyment. "He got 'bunked.' " "Tell us!" cried Orde delightedly.

"It was down at McNeill's place." explained Johnny Challan. "They was couple of sports there who throwed out three cards back up on the table and bet you couldn't pick the jack.



Held up the Jack of hearts. They showed you where the jack was before they throwed, and it surely looked like a picnic, but it wasn't."

"Three card monte," said Newmark. "How much?" asked Simms. "About \$50," replied the boy.

Orde turned on the disgruntled cook "And you had fifty in your turkey camping with this outfit of bard citizens!" he cried. "You ought to lose

Johnny Challan was explaining to

his companions exactly how the game was played. At this point Newmark broke into

mark later. "Have you a pack of cards?" he ask-

An old deck was produced. Newmark cleared a cracker box of

drying socks and drew it to him. "These three are the cards," he said.

speaking rapidly. "There is the jack of hearts. I pass my hands-so. Pick the jack, one of you," he challenged. "Any of you," he urged. "You, North." The foreman leaned forward and rather hesitatingly laid a blunt forefinger on one of the cards. It was the ten of spades. "Let me try," interposed Tim Nolan. "I bet I can pick

her.' "Oh, yes, you bet!" shrugged Newmark. "And that's where the card sharps get you fellows every time." He deftly flipped the cards.

Nolan, who had watched keenly, indicated one without hesitation. Again

it proved to be the ten of spades. Everybody was ambitious, and the young man, with inexhaustible patience, threw out the cards, the corners of his mouth twitching sardonic- as their antagonists could, but they ally at each wrong guess. At length always lasted plenty long enough. he called a halt. "By this time I'd Sand bags and brass knuckles helped have had all your money." he pointed "Now I'll pick the jack." He out. made his swift passes and distributed the cards. Then, quite calmly, without definite aim. The river boss wandered disturbing the three on the cracker box, he held up the jack of hearts.

An exclamation broke from the group. Nolan leaned forward and turned over the three on the board. They were the eight of diamonds and two direction. tens of spades.

"That's how the thing is worked." announced Newmark. "Once in a while this?" asked the dealer. you'll run against a straight game, but

"But you showed us the jack every time before you throwed them!" puzzled Johnny Simms.

"Sleight of hand," explained New mark, "the simplest kind of paiming." "Where'd you get on to doing all that, Newmark?' inquired North. "You

ain't a tin horn yourself?" Newmark laughed briefly. "Not I." said he. "I learned a lot of those tricks from a traveling magician in by the idlers, had drawn close.

Orde had sat well in the background, watching intently all that was going on. After the exclamations following the exposure had subsided, he

"Boys," said he, "how game are you to get Charlie's money back-and then

some? "Try us," returned big Tim. "This game's at McNeill's, and Mc-Neill's is a tough hole," warned Orde.

"Maybe everything will go peaceful,

I say so, and I'm not taking any con- ajar an inch or so. tract to handle a let of drunken river hogs as well as go against a game." The thirty men of the rear crew signified their intention to stay by the

procession. "You can't make those sharps disgorge," counseled Newmark, "At the first look of trouble they will light out. They have it all fixed. Force won't do you much good and may re some of you shot."

"I'm not going to use force," denies Orde. "I'm just going to play their game. But I bet I can make it go."



REOUT a dozen of the crew appeared in the evening to go up the cards. with Orde. They set out up the long reach of Water street, their | yours?" steel calks biting deep into the pirted

board walks. For nearly a mile the street was flanked solely by lumber yards, small mills and factories. Then came a strip of unimproved land, followed immediately by the wooden, ramshackle structures of Hell's Half Mile.

As yet the season was too early for much joy along Hell's Half Mile. Orde's little crew and the forty or fifty men of the drive that had preceded him constituted the rank and file at that moment in town. A little later, when all the drives on the river should be in and those of its tributaries and the men still lingering at the woods camps, at least 500 woods weary men would be turned loose. Then Hell's Half Mile would awaken in earnest from its hibernation. The lights would blaze from day to day. From its open windows would blare the music. the cries of men and women, the shuffle of feet, the noise of fighting, the shrieks of wild laughter, curses deep and frank and unashamed, songs broken and interrupted. Crews of men. arms locked, would surge up and down the narrow sidewalks, their little felt hats cocked one side, their heads back, their fearless eyes challenging the devil and all his works-and getting the challenge accepted. Girls would flit across the lit windows like shadows before flames or stand in the doorways hailing the men jovially by name.

Tonight, however, the street was omparatively quiet. The saloons were of modified illumination. The barkeepers were listlessly wiping the bars. The "pretty waiter girls" gossiped with each other and yawned behind their hands

In the middle of the third block Orde wheeled sharp to the left down a dark and dangerous looking alley. Another turn to the right brought him into a very narrow street where stood a three story wooden structure into which led a high arched entrance. This was McNeill's.

A figure detached itself from the shadow. Orde uttered an exclamation.

"You here, Newmark?" he cried. "Yes," replied that young man.

want to see this through."

"With those clothes?" marveled Orde, "It's a wonder some of these thugs haven't held you up long ago. It's dangerous. You're likely to get slugged."

"I can stand it if you can," returned Newmark.

McNeill's lower story was given over entirely to drinking. The second floor was a theater and the third a dance hall. Beneath the building were still viler depths. From this basement the riverman and the shanty boy generally graduated penniless and perhaps unconscious to the street. Now, your lumberjack did not customarily arrive at this stage without lively doings en route: therefore McNeill's maintained a force of fighters. They were burly, sodden men, but strong in their experience and their discipline. To be sure, they might not last quite as long some and team work finished the job. Orde and his men entered the lower hall as though sauntering in without about with the rest, a wide, good natured smile on his face.

Presently he found himself at the table of the three card monte men. The rest of his party gravitated in his

"Do you think you could pick out the jack when I throw these out like

"Sure! She's that one." exclaimed the gambler. "danged if you didn't! I bet you \$5 you can't do it again."

Again Orde was pormitted to pick up the jack.

"You've got the best eye that's been in this place since I got here," exclaimed the dealer. "Here, Dennis," said he to his partner. "You try him." Dennis obligingly took the cards and

lost. By this time the men, augmented Whether it was that the gamblers sensed the fact that Orde might be led to plunge or whether they were using him to draw the crowd into their game it would be difficult to say, but twice more they permitted him to win.

Newmark plucked his sleeve. "You're \$20 ahead," he muttered.

"What limit do you put on this game anyway?" asked Orde. "How much do you want to bet?"

"Would you stand for \$500" asked The cambler pretended to deliberate

go with me have got to keep sober. group before him. A small door im- She dressed in the then usual cap and There isn't going to be any row unless | mediately behind him swung slowly | black silk of old ladies. Half her



"Sure! She's that one."

"Got the money?" he asked. "Have you?" countered Orde. The man nodded. "I'll go you, bub," said he. "Lay out your money."

Orde counted out nine fifty-dollar bills and five tens, "All right," sald the gambler, taking the old lady.

"Hold on!" eried Orde. "Where's "Oh, that's all right," the gambler

reassured him. "I'm with the house. McNeill's credit is good." "I'm putting up rey good money, and I expect to see good money put up in

return," said Orde. Finally the gamblers yielded and put up the money.

The audience now consisted of the dozen of Orde's friends, nearly twice dim, long room. He perched on a maas many rivermen, eight hangers-on of the joint, probably fighters and bookcase with a while owl atop, an old "bouncers;" half a dozen professional gamblers and several waitresses. The four barkeepers still held their positions. The rivermen were scattered back of Orde, although Orde's own friends had gathered at his shoulder. The mercenaries and gamblers had divided and flanked the table at either side. Newmark, a growing wonder and disgust creeping into his usually unexpressive face, recognized the strategic advantage of this arrangement. A determined push would separate the rivermen from the gamblers long enough for the latter to disappear through the small door at the back.

A gasp of anticipation went up as coolly the gambler made his passes. Orde planted his great red fist on one of the cards.

"That is the jack!" he cried.
"Oh, is it?" sneered the dealer. 'Well, turn it over and let's see." "No!" roared Orde. "You turn over

the other two!" A low oath broke from the gambler, and his face contorted in a spasm. For a moment the situation was tense and threatening. The dealer, with a sweeping glance, again searched the faces of those before him. In that moment probably he made up his mind that an open scandal must be avoided. Force and broken bones, even murder, might be all right enough under color of right. If Orde had turned up for a jack the card on which he now held his fist and then had attempted to prove cheating a cry of robbery and a lively fight would fore thirty interested rivermen as run-

ning an open and shut brace game. "That isn't the way this game is played," said the gambler. "Show up

your jack." "It's the way I play it." replied Orde sternly. "These gentlemen heard the bet." He reached over and dexterously flipped over the other two cards. "You see, neither of these is the jack. This must be."

"You win," assented the gambler after a pause. Orde, his fist still on the third card,

began pocketing the stakes with the other hand. The gambler reached across the table. "Give me the other card." said he.

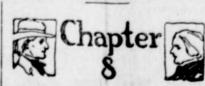
Orde picked it up, laughing. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, holding the bit of pasteboard tantalizingly outstretched, as though he was going to turn also this one face up. Then quite deliberately be handed the card to the gambler. "All to the bar!" yelled Orde.

Orde poured his drink on the floor and took the glass belonging to the man next him.

"Get them to give you another Tim," said he. "No knockout drops if

I can help it. "Tim," said Orde, low voiced, "get the crowd together and we'll pull out. I've a thousand dollars on me, and they'll sandbag me sure if I go alone.

And let's get out right off."



ACK ORDE was the youngest and most energetic of a large family that had long since scattered to diverse cities and industries. He aground?" and Grandpa and Grandma Orde dwelt "I do." now in the big, echoing, old fashioned house alone save for one maid. Grandpa Orde, now above sixty, was tall, straight, slender. His hair was quite white and worn a little long. His fea-

tures were finely chiseled. Grandpa Orde had been a mighty breaker of the wilderness, but his time had passed. and he had fallen upon somewhat straitened ways. Grandma Orde, on the other hand, was a very small, which spry old lady, with a small face, a

and maybe not. And you boys that mis voor surrey eyes running over the small figure, small hands and feet. which she loved, jingling about from cellar to attic storeroom, seeing that Amanda, the maid, had everything in

To these people Orde came direct from the greatness of the wilderness and the ferocity of Hell's Half Mile. Such contrasts were possible even ten or fifteen years ago. The untamed ountry lay at the doors of the most nodern civilization.

Newmark, reappearing one Sunday ed the Orde place for some moments, walked on beyond it. Finding nothing there, he returned and after some besitation turned in up the tar sidewalk and pulled at the old fashloned wire bell pull. Grandma Orde berself answered the door.

Newmark took off his gra; felt hat. "Will you kindly tell me where Mr. Orde lives?

"This is Mr. Orde's," replied the lit-"Pardon me." persisted Newmark.

"I am looking for Mr. Jack Orde. i am sorry to have troubled you." "Mr. Jack Orde lives here," returned Grandma Orde: "He is my son. Would

you like to see him?" "If you please," assented Newmark gravely, his thin, shrewd face masking itself with its usual expression of quizzient expicism.

Newmark entered the cool, dusky interior and was shown to the left into a hogany chair and had time to notice a piano with the yellowing keys, baircloth sofa and chairs, steel engravings and two oil portraits when Orde ap-

Newmark had known Orde only as riverman. Like most easterners, he was unable to imagine a man in rough clothes as being anything but a rough man. The figure he saw before him then the proper Sunday costume.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Newmark!" cried brighter room, in which Grandma head. "Mother," said Orde, "this is Mr.

Newmark, who was with us on the drive this spring." "Mr. Newmark and I spoke at the



'I'd like to see you get any three men to

agree to anything on this river." have given opportunity for making hand with dignity. "If you were on way with the stakes. But McNeill's the drive, Mr. Newmark, you must could not afford to be shown up be- have been one of the high privates in | Engineer Southern Pacific this dreadful war we all read about. Newmark laughed. At Orde's suggestion the two passed back into the

remains of the old orchard. "Where have you been for the last

couple of weeks?" asked Orde. on down river with him to the lake. I struction of the Natron extension, voracious, insatiable insects. do not like the life at all, but the drive died suddenly yesterday afternoon. Four sizes, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.25. interested me. It interested me so or last night, and that his remains much that I've come back to talk to you about it. I'm going to ask you a few questions about yourself."

"Oh, I'm not bashful about my career!" laughed Orde. "How old are you?" inquired New

mark abruptly. "Thirty." "How long have you been log driving?"

"About six years." "Why did you go into it?" "Because there's nothing ahead of shoveling but dirt," Orde replied, with

a quaint grin. "I see," said Newmark after a pause. "Then you think there's more future to that sort of thing than the sort of thing the rest of your friends go in for-law and wholesale groceries and banking and the rest of it?"

"There is for me," replied Orde sim-"Yet you're merely river driving on a salary at thirty."

Orde flushed slowly and shifted his position. "I'm not asking all this out of idle curiosity. I've got a scheme in my

head that I think may work out big for us both." that case-I'm foreman on this drive announced later. because my outfit went kerplunk two years ago, and I'm making a fresh go

at It." "Failed?" inquired Newmark. "Partner skedaddled," replied Orde. Now, suppose you tell me what the

devil you're driving at." "Look here," said Newmark, abruptly changing the subject, "you know that rapids up river flanked by shallows, where the logs are always going

"Well, why wouldn't it help to put a string of piers down both sides, with booms between them to hold the logs in the deeper water?"

Continued Next Week,

A Newburg man picked 12 prunes from a French tree in his garden placed in a row measuered 24 1/2 inches, and their added dlameter was 18 inches, while their weight was 19 ounces.

## INCUBATOR SHOW WORTH BABIES ARE DEAD

Louisville Ky., Sept. 17.—The Baby Incubator show at the state fair was ordered closed by the police afternoon at the end of the two weeks. last night. This action followed the was apparently bothered. He examin- death of two infants who were brought to this city by a Chicago physician. Death was alleged to be ue to lack of nourishment. physician in charge states that it may be due to the long railroad trip and consequent exhaustion. A third infant may die.

Third Baby Dies, Louisville, Sept. 17.—The third baby died today. The bables it is understood were taken from the asdum in St. Paul. It develops that the electric current which supplies heat for the babies was shut off on two nights but was kept on last night.

COMMERCIAL CLUB HOLDS COUNTY FAIR BOOST MEETING

Last Night Was Enjoyable and Successful Affair The smoker at the Commercial Club last night was very well at-

Smoker Given in Club Rooms

attractions in different parts of the city were very alluring. From the standpoint of the stranger, it was an evening that impressed him with the fact that each and every member stood shoulder to shoulder in an effort to make every was correctly dressed in what was visitor feel good and right at home, in fact, one of the first things that was said to every arrival, be he a Orde. "I'm glad to see you." He led member of the club or otherwise, in Eugene for the past year, having

> not overly interested in such a thing she will live. in that irrigation seemed unnecessary here, but noticing the others going, we followed. All in all, a very enjoyable evening was spent. There were speeches and music, all of which was edifying and enjoyable. Miss Blanche Hughes played the plano and Roscoe

Buford Roach seemed to be master Moris J. Duryea called the meeting to order and made a few happy and timely remarks. Judge Thomp son, Jack Rodman, W. B. Dillard and F. M. Wilkins all spoke on the coming county fair and urged every

Lyans manipulated the cello while

one to boost it. The meeting was one long to be emembered and resulted, doubtless, in much good.

SUDDEN DEATH OF RAILROAD MAN

Is Dead Word was received by Coroner Gordon this morning from the railroad camps above Lowell that John

were being brought to Eugene. ex- HOYT CHEMICAL CO. Portland, Oregon pecting to arrive late this afternoon. There are no particulars of the death. Mr. Hoey was a brother of the chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Co., who has charge of the work of building the Natron extension. He was well and hearty only a few days ago, when a number of Eugene people, who knew him, were in the camp where he was staying.

He died at Camp No. 3. He was a member of the Ashland, Lr. lodge of Elks. A committee from the Eugene lodge will escort the remains to the train tonight for shipment to California.

## · DIED

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* At the General hospital in Eugene, Sept. 16, 1910, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Auld of Mohawk, aged 16 years. The funeral will be held Saturday, Rev. H. N. Mount to conduct the services.

At the home of his son, Wood, at 613 West Eighth street Eugene, Sept. 15, 1910, at 6:20 a. "Well," assented Orde reservedly, "in The funeral arrangements will be m., Alexander Wood, aged 80 years,

## MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. - "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness andother annoying symptoms, and can truly say that LydiaE. Pinkham's P 80 Vegetable Com. pound has proved orth mountain of gold to me, as it never forget to tell my friends what

LydiaE Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for ma laring this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffer. ing women I am willing to make my rouble public so you may publish his letter." - Mrs. Chas. Barchay, F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's illa has received such wide-spread and un-qualified endorsement. No other medcipe we know of has such a record of cures of female tils as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 50 years it has been curing female complaints such inflammation, ulceration, local weak-nesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, tended considering the fact that the periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalied for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barelaysays, it is "worth moun-tains of gold" to suffering women.

Miss Mae Horney, who has lived the way into the hall and to another was to be sure and see the "irriga- been employed at the Eugene Combrighter room, in which Grandma tion exhibit" on display in one of mercial club, and who leaves a host the rooms. Naturally most of us of friends, left today for her home in this section of the woods were in Canyon City, Colorado, and where



Drives away Plies, Mosquitoes and Gnats, It protects horses and cattle from attacks of insects, enabling then, to feed and John Hoey, Brother of Chief sleep in peace. It prevents loss of weight and strength from worry caused by attacks of insects, and from the irritation of their bites and stings. There is a satisfaction in the relief it affords of their bites and stings. domestic animals from the scourge of maddening parasites and flies, besides the profit in returns. Horses do more work road camps above Lowell that John on less feed and cows yield more and Hoey, inspector of the tunnels for better milk when relieved from the frenzy "I caught Johnson's drive and went the Southern Pacific Co., in the con- incited by constantly fighting a swarm of

single application gives relief and proves its worth. Do not be bald. Save your hair before too late. Micro is a delightful dressing for the hair, free from grease and sticky oils. Booklet free.

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