



The Riverman

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Stewart
Edward White

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(Chapter Fifteen, Continued.)

After the trees had been cut in sufficient number Orde led the way back upstream a half mile to a shallow, where he commanded the construction of a number of sawpits and sawmills with very widespread flanking logs. When the sawpits were completed Orde directed the picks and shovels to be brought up.

Orde set his men to digging a channel through the bank. It was no slight job, as the slope down into a swamp began only at a point forty or fifty feet inland; but, on the other hand, the earth was soft and free from rocks. When completed the channel gave passage to a rather feeble streamlet from the outer fringe of the river.

Next Orde assigned two men to each of the queer shaped sawpits and instructed them to place the horses in a row across the shallowest part of the river and broadside to the stream. This was done. The men, halfway to their knees in the swift water, bore



"Why, it would drown us!"

down heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Big rocks and gravel shoveled in in quantity prevented the lower ends from rising. The wide slant of the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the horses were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced that work became possible.

"Now, boys," cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!"

The twenty-six foot logs were placed side by side, slanting from a point two feet below the rim of the fall to the ledge below. They were bolted together top and bottom through the four holes bored for that purpose. The task finished, they piled the flash boards from the improvised dam, piled them neatly beyond reach of high water, rescued the sawhorses and piled them also for a possible future use and blocked the temporary channel. The river, restored to its immemorial channel by these men who had so nonchalantly turned it aside, roared on. Orde and his crew tramped back to the falls and gazed on their handiwork with satisfaction. Instead of plunging over an edge into a turmoil of foam and eddies, now the water flowed smoothly, almost without a break, over an incline of thirty degrees.

"Logs! 'll slip over that slick as a gun barrel," said Tom North.

Quite cheerfully they took up their long, painstaking journey back down the river.

The trail led the crew through many minor labors, all of which consumed time. At Reed's mill Orde entered into diplomatic negotiations with old man Reed, whom he found singularly amenable. The skirmish in the spring seemed to have taken all the fight out of him, or perhaps, more simply, Orde's attitude toward him at that time had won him over to the young man's side. Orde's crew built a new sluiceway and gate far enough down to assure a good head in the pond above.

In September the crew had worked down as far as Redding, leaving behind them a river harnessed for their uses. Remained still the forty miles between Redding and the lake. Orde here paid off his men. A few days' work with a pile driver would fence the principal shoals from the channel.

He stayed overnight with his parents and took the train for Monrovia to meet Newman.

"Hello, Joe," greeted Orde, his teeth flashing in contrast to the tan of his face. "I'm done. Anything new since you wrote last?"

Newman had acquired his articles of incorporation and sold his stock. Perhaps his task had in it as much of difficulty as Orde's running of the river. Certainly he carried it to as successful a conclusion. The bulk of the stock he sold to log owners. Some blocks even went to Chicago. His own little fortune of twenty thousand he paid in for the shares that represented his half of the majority retained by himself and Orde. The latter gave a note at 10 per cent for his proportion of the stock. Newman then lowered af-

teen thousand more, giving as security a mortgage on the company's newly acquired property—the logs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the financing determined. It left the company with obligations of \$1,300 a year in interest, expenses which would run heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock worth at par exactly \$49,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these liabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to deliver about 100,000,000 feet of logs. After some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary.

"The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newman, "is that we have only one season contracts. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fail to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's bust-bust."



Chapter 16

ORDE'S bank account, in spite of his laughing assertion to Newman, contained some \$1,100. After a brief but comprehensive tour of inspection over all the works then forward he drew a hundred of this and announced to Newman that business would take him away for about two weeks.

At Redding, whither he went to pack his little sole leather trunk, he told Grandma Orde the same thing. She came and stood by the man leaning over the trunk.

"Speak to her, Jack," said she quietly. "She cares for you."

Orde looked up in astonishment, but he did not pretend to deny the implied accusation as to his destination.

"Why, mother," he cried, "she's only seen me three or four times! It's absurd—yet."

"I know," nodded Grandma Orde wisely. "I know. But you mark my words—she cares for you."

She placed her hand for an instant on his shoulder and went away. The Ordes were not a demonstrative people. The journey to New York was at that time very long and disagreeable, but Orde bore it with his accustomed stoicism. He had visited the metropolis before, so it was not unfamiliar to him. He made his way to a small hotel just off Broadway.

Orde ate, dressed and set out afoot in search of Miss Bishop's address. He arrived in front of the house a little past 8 o'clock and after a moment's hesitation mounted the steps and rang the bell.

The door swung silently back to frame an impressive manservant dressed in livery. To Orde's inquiry he stated that Miss Bishop had gone out to the theater. The young man left his name and a message of regret. At this the footman, with an irony so subtle as to be quite lost on Orde, demanded a card. Orde scribbled a line in his notebook, tore it out, folded it and left it.

He retired early and arose early, as had become his habit. At the office the clerk handed him a note:

My Dear Mr. Orde—I was so sorry to miss you that evening because of a stupid play. Come around as early as you can tomorrow morning. I shall expect you. Sincerely yours,

CARROLL BISHOP.

Orde glanced at the clock, which pointed to 7. He breakfasted and started leisurely in the direction of West Ninth street. He walked slowly. At University place he was seized with a panic and hurried rapidly to his destination. The door was answered by the same man who had opened it the night before. To Orde's inquiry he

"Speak to her, Jack. She cares for you," stated, with great brevity, that Miss Bishop was not yet visible and prepared to close the door.

"You are mistaken," said Orde. "I have an engagement with Miss Bishop. Tell her Mr. Orde is here."

The man departed, leaving Orde standing in the gloomy hall. That young man, however, parted the curtains leading into a parlor and sat down in a spindle legged chair.

For quite three quarters of an hour he waited without hearing any other indications of life than muffled sounds. Occasionally he shifted his position, but cautiously, as though he feared to awaken some one. Three oil portraits stared at him with all the reserved aloofness of their painted eyes. He began to doubt whether the man had announced him at all.

Then, breaking the stillness with almost startling abruptness, he heard a clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhyth-

mical swish of skirts, punctuated by the light pat-pat of a girl tripping downstairs, brought him to his feet. A moment later the curtains parted, and she entered, holding out her hand. He stood holding her hand, suddenly unable to say a word, looking at her hungrily. A flood of emotion, of which he had had no prevision, swelled up within him to fill his throat.

"It was good of you to come so promptly," said she. "I'm so anxious to hear all about the dear people at Redding."

The sounds in the next room increased in volume, as though several people must have entered that apartment. Is a moment or so the curtains to the hall parted to frame the servant.

"Mrs. Bishop wishes to know, miss," said that functionary, "if you're not coming to breakfast."

Orde sprang to his feet.

"Haven't you had your breakfast yet?" he cried, conscience stricken.

"Didn't you gather the fact that I'm just up?" she mocked him. "I assure you it doesn't matter. The family has just come down."



"But," cried Orde, "I wasn't here until 9 o'clock. I thought, of course, you'd be around. I'm mighty sorry—"

"Oh, la, la!" she cried, cutting him short.

Orde was for taking his leave, but this she would not have.

"You must meet my family," she negated, "for if you're here for so short a time we want to see something of you. Come right out now."

Orde thereupon followed her down a narrow, dark hall to a door that opened slantwise into the dining room. With her back to the bow window sat a woman well beyond middle age, but with evidently some pretensions to youth. She was tall, quick in movement. Dark rings below her eyes attested either a nervous disease, a hysterical temperament or both. Immediately at her left sat a boy of about fourteen years of age, his face a curious contradiction between a naturally frank and open expression and a growing sullenness. Next him stood a vacant chair, evidently for Miss Bishop. Opposite lolled a young man, holding a newspaper in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. He was very handsome, with a drooping black mustache, dark eyes, underlashes almost too luxuriant and a long, oval face, dark in complexion and a trifle sardonic in expression. The vis-a-vis to Mrs. Bishop was the gray haired General Bishop, Carroll's father. Miss Bishop performed the necessary introductions. General Bishop arose and grasped his hand.

Gerald Bishop cast an ironically amused glance across at Orde, and the mother would barely notice the sunburned, ungainly looking riverman.

Carroll Bishop appeared quite unconscious of an atmosphere which seemed to Orde strained, but sank into her place at the table and unfolded her napkin. The silent butler drew forward a chair for Orde and stood looking impassively in Mrs. Bishop's direction.

"You will have some breakfast with us?" she inquired. "No? A cup of coffee at least?"

She began to manipulate the coffee-pot without paying the slightest attention to Orde's disclaimer. The general puffed out his cheeks and coughed a bit in embarrassment.

"A good cup of coffee is never amiss to an old campaigner," he said to Orde. "It's as good as a full meal in a pinch. I remember when I was a major in the Eleventh, down near the City of Mexico, in '48, the time Hardy's command was so nearly wiped out by that villain—"

He half turned toward Orde, his face lighting up, his fingers reaching for the fork with which, after the custom of old soldiers, to trace the chart of his reminiscences.

Mrs. Bishop rattled her cup and saucer with an uncontrollably nervous jerk of her slender body. "Spas, father," she said brusquely. "Why you have another cup of coffee?"

The old gentleman looked a trifle bewildered, but subsided meekly.

Orde, overwhelmed by embarrassment, discovered that none of the others had paid the incident the slightest attention. Only on the lips of Gerald Bishop he surprised a fine, detached smile. The butler brought a letter for Mrs. Bishop. The contents seemed to vex her.

She began to abuse the writer, a seamstress, for a delay in the finishing of an altar cloth and then transferred the blame to her children.

It was a painful test for Orde. He finally rose. "I must be going," said he. "Well," Carroll conceded, "I suppose I'd better see if I can't help mother out. But you'll come in again. Come and dine with us this evening. Mother will be delighted."

Mrs. Bishop departed from the room. Orde bowed to the other occupants of the table.

Orde was immediately joined on the street by young Mr. Bishop, most correctly appointed.

"Going anywhere in particular?" he inquired. "Let's go up the avenue, then. Everybody will be out."

They walked for some distance. "Your father was in the Mexican war?" said Orde.

"He was a most distinguished officer," said Orde.

"What command had he in the civil war? I fooled around that a little myself."

"My father resigned from the army in '64," replied Gerald.

"That was too bad; just before the chance for more service," said Orde. "Army life was incompatible with my mother's temperament," stated Gerald. "You are from Redding, of course. My sister is very enthusiastic about the place. You are in business there?"

Orde gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he was interested.

"And you," he said at last—"I suppose you're either a broker or lawyer."

"I am neither," stated Gerald. "I have sufficient income to make business unnecessary. There is plenty to occupy one's time. I have my clubs, my gymnasium, my horse and my friends. That is my gymnasium," pointing to a building on a side street.

"Won't you come in with me? I am due now for my practice."

"But," cried Orde, "I wasn't here until 9 o'clock. I thought, of course, you'd be around. I'm mighty sorry—"

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who answered he said: "Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow. Mr. Clark and whoever else is in the smoking room and tell them from me to come over to the gymnasium. Tell them there's some fun on."

Gerald unguessed a word apart with the trainer.

"Can you do him, Murphy," he whispered.

"Sure!" said the handler. "Them kind's always as slow as dry haws. They get muscle bound."

"Give it to him," said Gerald. "but don't kill him. He's a friend of mine."

Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters a high banker or a cowboy as he watches the tenderfoot about to climb the broncho.

The first round was sharp. Orde had stood like a rock, his feet planted to the floor, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will. Orde hit back, but without landing. Nevertheless Murphy when questioned apart did not seem satisfied.

"The man's pig iron," said he. "I punched him plenty hard enough, and it didn't seem to jar him."

The gallery at one end of the running track had by now half filled with interested spectators.

"Time!" called Gerald for round 2. Murphy went in more viciously, aiming and measuring his blows accurately. Orde stood as before, hitting back at the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring. The handler landed almost at will, but

without apparent damage. He growled—finally lost his head.

"Well, if he will have it!" he muttered and aimed what was intended as a knockout blow.

Gerald uttered a half cry of warning. Orde's head snapped back; but, to the surprise of every one, the punch had no other effect, and a quick exchange of lightning sent Murphy staggering back from the encounter.

The smile disappeared from Orde's face, and his eye had calmed.

Orde turned back to his antagonist. The latter advanced once more, his bullet head sunk between his shoulders, his little eyes twinkling. Like a tiger Orde sprang forward, hitting out

fiercely, first with one hand, then with the other. Murphy gave ground, blocked, ducked, exerted all a ring general's skill either to stop or avoid the rush. Orde followed him, insistent. Murphy ducked in and planted a number of short arm jabs at close range. The round ended almost immediately to a storm of applause from the galleries.

(Continued next week.)

How Much Will You Pay to have your eyes cured? Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve only costs 25c and will cure. Good for nothing but the eyes. Dillon Drug Co.

ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD OR COLD HEADACHE. ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD OR COLD HEADACHE. ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR COLD OR COLD HEADACHE.

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RAILROAD SUBCONTRACTOR STATE SENATOR BROWNE

FILES ANOTHER SUIT
IN CIRCUIT COURT
Geo. Perry & Co. Seek to Recover Money from O. E. Co. and U. C. Co.

George Perry & Co., subcontractors on the Naiton extension, seem to have a hard time getting their money for some reason or other. They have already been mixed up in several law suits lately, and yesterday afternoon filed another complaint against the Oregon Eastern railway, the name under which the S. P. company is building the road, the Utah Construction Co., which has the general contract, and W. B. Hunt & Son, subcontractors, to recover \$4651.62, alleged due on a contract.

The members of the plaintiff company are as follows: George Perry, N. D. Crosta, R. Leocenti, Louis Piccirilli, G. Albergio, L. Locenti, T. Enrico, G. Siciliani, O. Albergio, G. Buffo, and A. M. McDonald.

The plaintiffs allege that on Nov. 1909, the defendants entered into a contract with the plaintiff to play plaintiffs 55 cents per cubic yard for grading trap rock and 12 cents per cubic yard for overhaul, and pursuant to contract plaintiff did grading work between Nov. 1, 1909, and Aug. 25, 1910, amounting to 27,000 cubic yards of trap rock, 3,000 cubic yards of common soil or earth, and 15,000 yards of overhaul, amounting in the aggregate to \$15,600. It is alleged that the defendants have refused and neglected to pay the amount except \$10,948.36, leaving a balance due of \$4651.62. A judgment for that amount, together with interest from August 20, 1910, and \$325 attorney's fees, is asked.

A separate suit is filed by George Perry & Co. against W. B. Hunt & Son, to recover \$561.20. The plaintiff alleges that between November 1, 1909, and October 1, 1901, that defendants disposed unlawfully and converted to cash goods and tools, valued at \$561.20. Thompson & Hardy are attorneys for the plaintiff in both cases.

CITY GETS ITS NEW WATER PIPE FOR A VERY LOW FIGURE

Order Placed Through Griffin Hardware Co. for a Large Amount of Pipe

Fourteen thousand five hundred feet of four-inch iron pipe, 3700 feet of six-inch iron pipe and a smaller quantity of wood stove pipe has been ordered by the city council for proposed water main extensions. The order has been placed through the Griffin Hardware company, who obtained the pipe at a discount over what the city could secure it for by ordering direct from the manufacturer.

The committee, consisting of Mayor J. D. Macleod, Councilman R. B. Henderson and Water Superintendent S. W. Taylor, was in Portland yesterday, as was also G. W. Griffin, whose bid was the lowest, outfitting several Portland firms. It will take several weeks to obtain the iron pipe, but the wood pipe will be shipped from Portland at once.

A centrifugal pump with a capacity of 3000 gallons per minute was also ordered for filling the settling tanks of the filtering plant.

A. W. Gilbert, of this city, who has been in Northwood, Iowa, for several months for his health and who was operated upon by the famous surgeons at Rochester, Minn., writes that he expected to start for home on the 4th of October and that he was feeling fine.

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