

WITH PIKE AND PEAVEY.

Perils and Hardships of the Log Driver's Vocation.

ASSUMING HERO OF THE FOREST

Pushing Down Swollen Streams on Whirling, Bounding Timbers, He Takes His Life in His Hand When He Breaks a Log Jam.

Just about this time of year the log driving season begins. Perhaps you don't notice it. That is not at all strange, for it is only in a few sections of the country where the log driver is in evidence. He does his work mainly in the solitudes of the backwoods, far from towns and civilization. Perhaps it is just as well, for the log driver does not shine brightly in society.

But away up on the little streams that feed the Manistee in Michigan, the Kennebec and the Kennebec in Maine, the roaring Restigouche in Canada and the big rivers of Minnesota and Wisconsin the log driver now holds the center of the stage.

When the first warm days of April have begun to honeycomb the ice, which has locked the streams for months, when the melting snows swell them into twice and three times their usual size, then it is that the lumber contractor makes ready for the spring drive. The logs which have been cut during the winter months and hauled to the bank of a convenient stream must be floated down toward the sawmills where the gang saws are waiting grimly for them. The high water cannot be depended upon to last for more than five or six weeks, and prompt work is necessary.

The first thing to be done is to get the logs which are piled up on the bank into the water. This is easily accomplished, for all that is necessary is to start them, and they roll with a great splash

ning to widen out. They know what that means well enough.

"Tell the boss there's a jam ahead." The word is passed on until it reaches the captain of the drive. He at once gathers up a picked crew of his best men and starts off down stream as fast as possible, the men jumping from log to log and running over the moving surface as handily as newsboys dodging cable cars in a crowded street.

A log jam is a sight worth seeing, but one which the river driver does not care to witness. It happens when two or more logs get tangled up with the shore and, each other in such a way as to block the stream. Then there is trouble. Like so many sheep the logs come tumbling on, each one adding to the strength of the dam. Those that cannot plunge over the barrier plow their way under as far as they can get, and in a short time the stream is completely filled up, making in a few moments a dam as effective as a dozen men could construct in a week.

When the captain of the drive and his crew arrive, they take a hasty view of the situation and at once get to work, for the logs are piling up higher and higher every moment. The practiced eye of the captain soon picks out the logs which have done all the mischief, although to the uninitiated there is nothing but a confused mass of timber. The "key log" is generally located in the center of the pile. To get that log out or to chop it to pieces is all that is required to break the jam.

Then comes the call for a volunteer. This is a thrilling moment. A veritable hero is wanted. Perhaps you smile. You wouldn't if you had once witnessed such a scene and looked at the serious faces of the men who are seemingly careless of their lives. They know what is the risk that the man must take who goes out on the front of that jam and releases the mighty forces that are behind it.

There is a moment's hesitation, and then a broad shouldered logger steps forward with a look of grim determination on his face. He has coolly decided to risk his life. There is no inducement

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A line of novelty goods from 10 to 50 cents a yard; dress goods in all colors and at all prices; plaids from 8 to 75 cts a yard; Shepherd plaid from 12½ to 75 cts; cashmeres in all colors and at prices to suit the times; forty-five inch Henrietta in black, blue, green and rose at 48 cts a yard; former price \$1.00.

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Large line of embroideries from 2 cts up to 75 cts a yard.
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You will save money by buying your clothing at Hanau's. Men's all wool cheviot suits at 6.50, worth 10.00; men's all wool cheviot suits at 5.00; men's clay suits from 6.50 to \$14; youth's suits in cheviots, worsteds and clay, all colors, at all prices.

Boys' and children's suits from 75c up to 5.00.
A large line of laundried shirts, white and colored, from 50c to 1.25.

A fine line in neckwear, hats and caps.

Please call in before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

N. Hanau.

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Our Men's, Boys and Children's Clothing Department is brimming over with the largest and choicest assortment of Clothing for men, boys and children ever shown outside of the city. This is no blow, but the verdict we have from city people who happen to call at our store.

We lead in three points,

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Cold type cannot do justice to many of the styles for this spring. We might as well try to describe pictures as many of the stylish suits for men, boys and children we are showing for spring. Call and convince yourself that what we advertise we back up with the goods. We never advertise something we have not got or able to back up.



Men's Suits for Spring,

In cutaways, double breasted sacks, square cut sacks and round cornered sacks, for \$3.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00 and \$15.00 we give you a guarantee with every suit and we ask your inspection on these suits. They are the finest line we have ever shown the public.

NOVELTY SUITS.

New and handsome styles in Juniors, Eatons, Middys, Reefers and many other new designs, beyond a question the finest collection ever you looked at. We have them for \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and \$5.00. Some have two pairs Pants and Cap to match. Watch our show windows.

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We have 300 styles in Double Breasted Suits for your boys. Every suit in stock is made up with a view to service no matter how cheap. The Prices run for 98c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and \$5.00. Mothers, call and see them.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS.

Everybody says when you want a new, stylish-made suit go to Bell's. Our young men's suits this season are the finest that the market could show. They run in price from \$3.50, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00 and \$10.00. For style and fit they are the suits you want.

100 Styles in Boys' Wash Suits.

We guarantee every Wash Suit we sell to be fast color. We have them for 50c., 75c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and \$2.50. Mothers it will pay you to call and look them over.

Boys' Knee Pants.

The finest line you ever saw for 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, 1.25 and \$1.50. Every pair double suited and double knees and warranted not to rip.



Men's Pants.

Remember we are agents for the world renowned Sweet, Orr and Co. pants every pair guaranteed. We can sell you a working pant for 65c., 75c., \$1.00, 1.25 and \$1.50. See them.

Men's Spring Shirts.

Our line of mens spring shirts show more different styles to select from than all others put together. We can give you a good working shirt for 25c., 50c., 75c. Dress shirts for 75c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and \$2.00.

Trunks and Valises.

We can sell you a good Trunk, full size, for \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and up to \$15.00, a good Telescope for 25c.

Men's Spring Derbies.

The greatest line you ever have seen for \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and 4.00. We have all the Leading Styles such as Dunlap, Miller, Knox, Youman and Stetson, in Black, Brown and Slate.

Men's Underwear.

A good suit of Balbriggan for 50c. the very best French Balbriggan for \$1.00 a suit they come in long or short sleeves.

Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps.

We have the largest line in the county to select from. We can give you a straw hat from 5c. to \$1.50. All the latest styles in headgear.

Men's Sweaters of Every Description.

A good White Sweater for 20c., 25c., 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. We also have sweaters as high as \$4.50, all colors.

Bicycle Outfits,

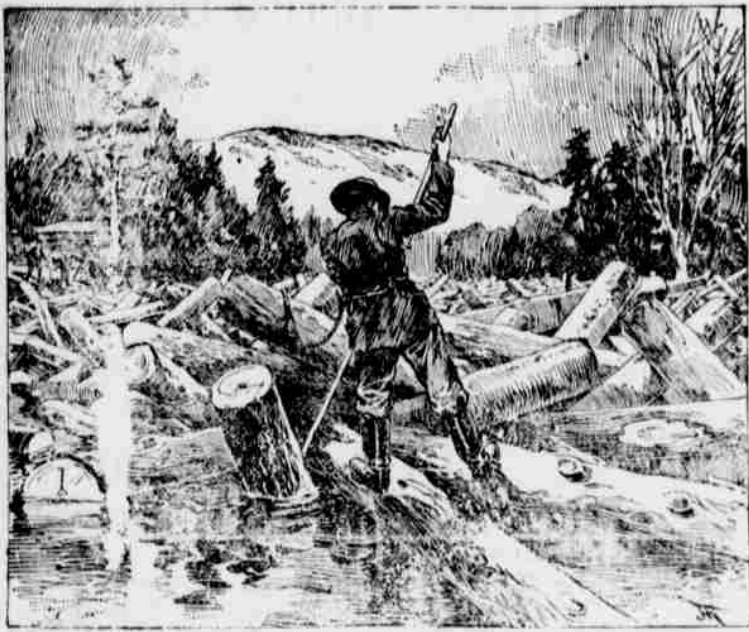
In Bicycle Pants, Golf Hose and Belts, a good Pair Bicycle Pants, Blue or Gray, for \$1.50. See them.

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REPRESENTING A LOG JAM.

and crashing of ice into the stream. By the time this is done there comes a big rain or a thaw, and away the logs rush down stream with the mad waters.

Then comes the river driver.

A picturesque figure he is in his long, stout boots, his heavy flannel shirt sleeves rolled up on his brawny arms, and grasping his formidable peavey or his 16 foot pike pole. He brings to his work not only muscle and brawn, but the courage of a crusader, the skill of a tight rope walker and a perfect indifference to cold, hunger and hardships of every kind.

From the headwaters of the stream where the logs begin their journey down to some large body of water where they are collected into booms the log driver must follow them, guiding them along with skillful jabs from his pike, shoving them from sand bars where they have stranded and breaking them loose when they have become entangled in a jam.

Perhaps it is 100 miles from the banking ground where they start to the lake or river where wait the tugs and booms of the booming company which is to take charge of them for the remainder of their journey to the mill. The driver travels the whole of this distance in the very midst of the foaming waters with no more substantial craft under him than a green log. It may well be called a perilous business. A man unskilled in the knack of log driving would keep out of the log water just about a minute. Nothing more unstable than a small floating log can be imagined. Every turn of the current gives it an additional rotary motion, and every time it is struck by another log the motion changes.

But the river driver is just as much at home and at his ease in the midst of a moving mass of plunging, whirling logs as he would be on a city pavement. In the thick soles of his big boots are stuck dozens of sharp brads—corks, he calls them—which stick into the log and keep his feet from slipping. His long, slender pike he uses as a balancing pole in ticklish places, but he would scorn to acknowledge that it served him any other purpose than to shove the logs about. I have seen two river drivers get on one small log and try to roll each other off, and that when the water was only just above freezing point.

But there is little time for this sort of fun while the drive is on. The logs seem to be about as stubborn to drive as a drove of pigs. They are always getting hung up on snags, rocks and bars, and where one sticks a dozen more are sure to follow. The strugglers have to be shoved off and made to take their place in the procession that moves rapidly along with the current.

Sometimes the drivers notice that the movement is becoming more and more sluggish and that the stream is begin-

offered, not even that of promotion, which sometimes spurs the soldier on to valorous deeds. The respect and admiration of his comrades, often unexpressed, is the only possible reward if he succeeds.

A rope is tied around the waist of the volunteer, and grabbing an ax or a peavey he climbs out on the face of the pile, which groans and creaks ominously as the logs thunder down on the barricade that stops their progress. Singling out the mischievous key log, he attacks it. First he tries to wrench it from its place with the peavey, a stout ash lever with an iron cant dog on the end.

But the peavey fails. Then he tries the ax. With quick, firm, but cautious strokes he cuts away the very foundation on which his feet rest. The crew on the shore watch the work narrowly.

"Look out! There she comes!"

The jam has broken! With a nailing roar the imprisoned waters break through the gap and hurl the great logs before them as if they were chips. Throwing away his ax, the daring logger makes a desperate dash for the shore. Now a mass of logs topple over, and it seems as if he must be buried beneath their weight. But, no; he dodges out from under them just in time.

Now look! The jam has given way in front. His escape is cut off. No; there is still one chance. By a wonderful lunge he slings on a big log that is plunging and diving in the foam. He rides it for a moment, and just as it is about to plunge again into the stream he jumps to another. A few more leaps and he is safe. A hearty shout goes up from the men who drag him ashore.

The jam is broken, and the man who did the work will figure as the hero for months after. Such are some of the perils of a log driver's life.

SEWELL FORD.

Camel's Flesh For Paris.

The Algerian butchers, says La Petite République of Paris, have made a contract with two Paris houses to supply a large quantity of camel's meat, which will be sold in the capital during the carnival time. According to the official report of the Algerian sanitary inspector, the meat resembles that of the ox, but is not so fine in its fiber. It is as tender and as nutritious as veal. The camel's hump is said to be an especially dainty morsel.

Rugs of Peat.

Irish peat rugs, which made their first appearance in London quite recently, are gaining approval in many quarters. Not only rugs, but dresses and men's suits can be made out of this peat, which is nothing more or less than Irish bog mixed with a little jute.