

## THE RIVER-DRIVER.

Told by T. J. Davis and Set Down by Ralph Stock.

One hears a great deal of the dangers of sports such as mountain climbing and big game shooting, and of trades such as that of the steeple-jack, but very few Wide World readers, I imagine, have any knowledge of what is, perhaps, the hardest and most hazardous occupation on earth—"river-driving."

Mr. T. J. Davis, who now resides in the Northwest Territories of Canada, knows, perhaps, as much as any man living of the dangers and fascinations of this trade, which should more properly be called log-driving.

Born as he was on the shores of one of those vast inland seas that so belie their insignificant title of "lakes," and that, joined by rivers, form a chain across Eastern Canada, he early acquired a love of the water only known to those that have to depend upon it for a living.

Gigantic floating islands of logs, sometimes half a mile in length, lay moored to the shore almost at the door of his home, awaiting the floating village of "river-drivers" to steer them to the mills, where they are sawn into timber. Here is the story of Mr. Davis' evolution as a driver, told to me by himself.

It is a life that seems to get hold of one after a year or two. You are generally wet through for twelve hours out of the twenty-four; ten of you sleep in a twelve by fifteen foot shanty, you live on fried everything, "black strap," treacle, and stewed tea; you go to bed at 10 and get up at 3; you are everlastingly cursed and never praised by the foreman, your life is in danger more or less all day long, and you never get more than \$35 a month for work that is worth \$100. "Then why stick at it?" you say, and all I can answer is, "Just give it a fair trial for a year and then you'll know."

As children we used to run out across the booms of logs, which is a good deal harder to do than you might suppose. One of us, perhaps, would fall through, but such an accident never aroused any comment from our companions. They would rush on heedlessly, hopping from log to log like a lot of monkeys, and leaving the unfortunate one to sink a couple of feet below the surface of the water, bob up, hit his head against an unresisting log, and generally scratch and bruise himself thoroughly before scrambling like a half-drowned kitten to the surface once more. That is how we learned not to mind a ducking, and also to shift for ourselves when we did get on.

Have you ever tried to stand upright on a log perhaps a foot across the butt, out in an open lake, keeping your balance to every roll and dip of the log? Well, if you had you would realize better the marvellous balance of the man who not only has to do this, but also manœuvre other logs down the current with a long pike pole, chain booms together with nimbled fingers, and, in fact, do the whole of his day's work while balancing on a twirling, twisting, half-submerged tree trunk.

At the age of thirteen I had to get out and earn my own living. Times were hard, and every one who has a sound pair of arms and legs has to work for the right to occupy the earth down on those Eastern lake shores.

One morning along came an "alligator boat," to wit a floating colony of river-drivers to work the boom of logs that lay moored out in the lake. Here was my chance. My brothers and sisters had been packed off to school, and I was left to chop wood. Why should I chop wood for love when I could drive logs for \$35 a month? I was off across that boom of logs like a jack rabbit, and soon found myself surrounded by a good natured ring of grizzled faces.

"How's chances of a job?" I asked, with as much dignity as I could assume.

A roar of laughter floated over the lake and echoed through the maples far up the banks, but it didn't abash me in the least.

"You all think you're awful smart," I remarked, scathingly, "but I'll stand on a log with any one of you for the job. If I'm put off I'll go back home and sit down, but if you can't put me off I want work at \$12 a month for a start."

There was a twinkle in the foreman's eye as he said, "Done! Jack, try him a twirl."

The next minute I found myself standing on one end of a small pine log, and my adversary, a hulking "driver" with spikes half an inch in length on the bottom of his boots, on the other.

Slowly at first the log began to turn in the water, in answer to the pressure of my adversary's spikes, then quicker and quicker, till it fairly spun round, with my naked feet pattering away on the hard back like a woodpecker's bill. Then, suddenly, my wily foe would stop it almost dead, and I had to wave my arms like a windmill to keep my balance, but I kept it.

All the time shouts were going up from the camp raft, "Go it, kid! Stick to him! He can't get you!" First this way, then that, the log twirled; next, by way of variation, the lumberman would take a playful jump and send me and my end of the log clean out of the water. And then—well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but there was a frantic waving of long arms, and six feet of river-driver splashed into the

lake, to reappear more in the balance of a playful hippopotamus!

Roar upon roar of laughter went up from the raft, and half an hour later I found myself installed in a very smelly shack as "cook's devil" at \$12 a month and board.

I stayed with this outfit for three years, log-driving in the spring and summer and bush-working in the winter.

At the age of sixteen an opportunity happened my way that helped me out of the beaten track of river-driving. Every dog has his day, and this particular one was mine.

You must know that, to get the logs over rapids, the big lumbering companies have to build large dams at the edge of the fall to hold back the water, leaving a narrow passage way in the middle, through which the water rushes like a mill race, carrying the logs swirling and tumbling over the rapids to the next lake. The greatest care has to be taken in sending the logs through this channel, and as many as fifteen to twenty men are required to keep them from "jamming." With all our care on this particular day a "jam" occurred. A log became wedged with one or two others right across the "chute," as the passage is called. The result was the same as invariably is. Hundreds of logs came floating slowly but irresistibly toward the chute with the current and found a resting place behind each other, with the dam as their foundation.

Hundreds more came sweeping on, and, finding the current too strong to allow them to rest behind their forerunners, piled themselves in a muddled heap on the top. The water began to rise, and more and yet more logs piled themselves up, till a solid wall of timber at least twelve feet high stretched across the chute behind the dam.

Meanwhile the river-drivers bounded from log to log, risking their lives every second in the vain attempt to disengage the jammed logs, for if the jam had given way it would have carried every man to almost certain death.

"Somebody'll have to find those jammed logs and cut them," said the foreman, quietly, knowing full well that he was asking some one to tempt death.

"Of course," he continued, "I can't make any of you do it; unless some one offers I'll have to do it myself, but I'm kind of heavy for the job. There's \$10 in it and drinks for the crowd."

Six of us stepped forward simultaneously.

"You're all wool, boys," said the foreman admiringly, "but I'm glad the kid offered, 'cause he's the lightest of the crowd."

A thick rope was promptly tied securely round my body under the arms, by way of a belt, two longer ones fixed to it on either side, and I was ready for work.

Sixteen of the heaviest men were picked from the gang, and eight climbed up on to the dam each side of the jam. An axe was then handed to me, and hand over hand I was let out on one side and drawn in on the other till I hung suspended in mid-air half way across the current.

Then, in answer to a sharp order from the foreman, the two sides simultaneously commenced to pull on the rope, and I began to sink lower and lower toward the jammed logs, which creaked and rasped ominously under the strain of the water behind them.

I cannot remember any other excitement than that of suppressed excitement as I reached the level of the water and finally stood on the trembling, groaning mass of logs—a mass that might sink from beneath my feet at any moment. I was only sixteen, and \$10 was a lot of money to me, apart from the glory of the achievement.

Carefully I crept to the edge of the mass of logs; then I slowly slid from log to log down to the seething water below. Where were the jammed logs? That was the question.

Above me rose the butts and tops of innumerable logs. What if they gave way now? I should be hurled to my death at once. Hastily putting the thought from me, I felt beneath the surface of the water with the axe handle. Yes, there they were, firmly wedged a foot down.

Then I set to with a will, the water splashing all over me. With each stroke of the axe a tremor went through the pile on which I stood.

It seemed as if I had been chopping an hour. My heart was thumping against my ribs with the exertion, and I gasped for air between the douches of cold water that splashed me from head to foot. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, there was a report like a muffled revolver shot, a stream of water shot into my face, a hoarse cry came from somewhere above, and I felt myself jerked from my feet high into the air, sinking, rising, and again sinking like a bouncing ball. Then, with a roar and a mighty splash, the whole structure of piled up logs on which I had been standing three seconds before collapsed like a house of cards, and log after log went sweeping and eddying through the chute and over the rapids to the lake below. Either the jammed log had broken or I had chopped it through; no one ever knew which.

I don't quite know how they got me back on to the dam, for the first thing I remember after that was seeing a green piece of paper in my left hand that I knew to be the promised \$10 bill, and a ring of perspiring, grizzled faces close to mine, breathing groff congratulations.—The Wide World Magazine.

## AN OLD TIMER'S STORY OF A SAVAGE INDIAN BATTLE.

In my thirty-four years of territorial life I have seen many things to be remembered as well as things to be forgotten. First it was the naked frontier with its Indian troubles, then the brawling mining camps and later that peace and safety of life and property incident to the westward march of law and order. It is not of these things I care to write. Cabio Blanco has exploited his frontier experiences most enterprisingly. Many others have furrowed the same field. Largely this has been of white man against Indian and Indian against white man, but the following little story is of a scrap between the reds. It was fought somewhere near the west end of the Pima-Maricopa villages, about 175 miles, in a direct line, east of here, and much further if following the various windings of the Gila along which the attacking party marched.

In 1854, when the California gold fever was at white heat, the Government established Fort Yuma, the first post of its kind in the Southwest. It was located on an ingenious bluff overlooking the Colorado River. It was built for the suppression of lawlessness at that particular place. It was at this point the old Yuma trail crossed the river. Robbery and murder were of common occurrence. In this work the hostile Indians had but little advantage over some of his white brethren, who infested the crossing of the Colorado. Life was held lightly in those days by the men who rough-hewed the way civilization was to follow in the Southwest.

Shortly after the location of the post an effort was made to chastise the Indians, and thus put an end to their continuous deviltry. The post is on the California side of the river and the Indians to be punished were in Arizona—then New Mexico. The troops crossed the river and made a campaign of five days without seeing so much as a hostile Indian, but no sooner had they returned to quarters than the Indians showed up on the opposite side of the river and went into camp in full view of their would-be pursuers. It was later learned that the hostiles had fallen in behind the troops, marched when they camped, camped when they were aware of it. The principal rancheria of the Yuma Indians, then, as now, was on the Arizona side of the river, about 100 miles to the north of the post. As depredations continued to go on it became necessary to teach them a salutary lesson in good manners. This was done at the upper rancheria in the way of burned villages, wasted crops and dead Indians. It was hitting them where they lived and was too much for paint and feathers. A peace with the white man was made and never broken.

At the time when the post was established the Yuma Indians—sometimes known as Cuchans—were under the command of a noted war chief known as Caballo y Pelo (Horse and Hair). He is said to have been one of the greatest war chiefs the Yumas ever had. He died in 1858 and was succeeded by Pasqual.

Then, as now, the Indians on the Colorado burned their dead, and with the body all personal belongings of the dead and such articles in the way of weapons, food and finery as friends and relatives contributed to comfort the departed one in his fateful journey to the spirit land. Horses were stolen from the whites, sacrificed over the ashes of the dead chief, and then roasted and eaten. With much feasting, loud lamentations and wild outbursts of wild barbaric grief the assembled people recalled his parting admonition to the head men of his tribe to "never make peace with the Maricopas."

The upper river men were their friends, but the men of the desert were their enemies, and among them the Maricopas were never to be trusted. The dead chief had been a man of much authority in his day, and his parting injunction sank deep into the hearts of the fighting men of his tribe. Councils of war were held, and it was decided to destroy the Maricopas. To this end assistance was asked of the Chimehuevas, Mojave and Yavanas, friendly tribes living to the north and northeast of the Yumas. The two former were river Indians, but the Yavanas were one of the hill tribes that did much to make the name of Arizona a synonym for blood and murder. The most noted fighting men of these tribes offered themselves for the occasion, and to this force of several hundred men, the pick and pride of these several peoples, was assigned the destruction of the Maricopas. They rendezvoused at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, within the limits of the present town of Yuma. From that point they began their fateful march against the Maricopas.

The Pima and Maricopa Indians lived in scattered villages along the Gila River, the nearest village being distant about 175 miles east of the place of rendezvous. To the south and southeast of them lived the Papagos, a tribe of desert Indians to whom they were closely allied by blood and marriage. Collectively the three tribes could gather together a fighting force of about 1000 men, but the Yumas and their allies had no thought of meeting such a combination. The Pima-Maricopas were to be surprised and slaughtered in full settlement of centuries of accumulated grievances. Big with ex-

pectation of easy victory the allies left the Colorado and followed the Gila till they reached the first Maricopa village. This they believed to have been near where the Phoenix & Maricopa Railroad now crosses the river.

In the gray dawn of early morning they struck the west end of the village with terrible shock. To their surprise they found only a few old squaws, whom they ruthlessly butchered, and still a few others a little further in, an additional whet to their thirst for blood. Suddenly in front and on both sides the allies were attacked by an overwhelming force. With terrific yells they closed in on the invaders and then began one of the most desperate and bloody battles ever fought by Indians in the Southwest. Finding themselves trapped, the allies faced about and heroically struggled to extricate themselves. The overlapping flanks of the Maricopas and their allies, the Pimas and Papagos, darkened the way with flights of arrows, spears and stones, but in the agony of desperation the Colorado Indians succeeded in breaking through only to be clubbed, speared or shot in the running fight that followed. This is known to have continued for forty miles. Of all that left the Colorado River with such high hopes, but few lived to return, and those to die of exhaustion and wounds. They had put up a hard fight, but went down under the weight of numbers. The fatal trap had been barbarously baited with a few old squaws. The invaders unsuspectingly entered it and their doom was sealed. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and the brains of the wounded and exhausted were beaten out by the savage women that followed in the line of pursuit.

Never in the lives of the allied tribes had they lost so many of their best men. In anticipation of easy victory and consequent plunder many of their squaws had gone far to meet them. They were frenzied with grief over the unexpected results. It is said that their wailings and lamentations could be heard for miles. Among the noted Yumas killed was Francisco, a chief well known to the few whites then living in the country. It was through his influence that the famous Olive Oatman had been given her liberty by the Mojaves, she having been purchased by them from the Apaches.

For a time it was feared that the Maricopas, emboldened by their successes, would attack the Yumas on the Colorado, and all available warriors were held in readiness to meet them. The women and children were sent to the rancheria on the California side of the river, and numerous rafts were prepared for the crossing of the warriors in case they were again beaten; but the victors were satisfied to let well enough alone. Beyond an occasional meeting of a few bold spirits, this battle ended hostilities between the two tribes, and animosities have so far been forgotten that intermarriages have taken place between them. This has been due mostly to the schools at which the young people of the different tribes are in attendance.

The Maricopas had been advised of the proposed raid of the Yumas by the Cocopahs. These were also river Indians, but residents of Lower California. From "all time," they say, they have been at enmity with the Yumas. A strip of land twenty-five miles along the river, between the two tribes, was considered neutral ground, but between the Cocopahs and Maricopas friendly intercourse had long been kept. Cocopahs were employed on the steamers that occasionally found their way up the river with Government freight. These the Yumas invariably killed if they were indiscreet enough to leave the protection of the white man's boat. It was while so employed that the Cocopahs learned of the intentions of the Yumas to raid and massacre the Maricopas. Certain it is that Maricopa scouts kept their people informed of every move made by the invaders, for at least two days before they reached the villages, where they were impatiently awaited in overpowering numbers.—Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

### Jique Wood Ties.

Mahogany is often used for ties by the railroads in Cuba, as well as in other tropical countries, but Sir William Van Horne has forbidden it on his road. He considers it a crime to cut small mahogany trees, as there is plenty of other timber in the forests suitable for construction purposes.

Jique (pronounced hiecky), acana, jucaro negro, all hard woods which do not grow large and cannot be utilized for cabinet work, are just as good as mahogany for ties and will outlast steel rails in this climate, because they won't rust. On the railroad between Nevitas and Camaguey, the oldest in Cuba, which was built in 1838, are jique ties which have been taken out and used for fence posts after fifty years. Some of them have been taken out and used for fence posts after thirty years in the railroad bed. There is a tramway at Camaguey with rails of jique wood, over which the cars have been running for more than a quarter of a century and they do not show wear any more than steel after the same service. Much of the wood is so hard and heavy that it will sink in water.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Canary Islands many buildings are constructed of pumice stone, and in Ceylon a stone called "cabook," a species of pumice, is employed for the same purpose.



New York City.—Here is one of the latest and prettiest of the over waists designed for young girls. It is eminently youthful in effect, it is eminently graceful in line and it is available for every reasonable material. In this instance light blue veiling is trimmed with braid and

For the Dressy Woman.  
Heavy cluny or fllet or Irish lace trims many of the handsomer linen frocks, and, by the way, the dyers who cater to the smart trade now advertise the redyeing or dipping of colored linen frocks which have faded or changed color in wearing or laundering.

### Over Blouse or Jumper.

The over blouse that can be closed at the front is a novelty and a welcome one, for no matter how charming the bodice may be that closes at the back it involves more or less difficulty to the wearer, whereas this one is simple in the extreme. In the illustration it is made of one of the novelty pongees showing lines of green on a natural colored ground, and is trimmed with green velvet and tiny ribbon pleating, but it can be utilized for almost every seasonable material. It is very charming in pongees of all sorts and the material is eminently fashionable, but it also is well suited to the light weight wools and to all the so-called "summer silks," while in addition it would make up most charmingly in the summer materials of warm weather wear such as embroidered Swiss muslin, flowered batiste voile, plain and figured, and the like.

The waist is made with front, back and sleeves. It is cut out at the shoulders to form open V-shaped portions, while it is laid in pleats at the shoulders that provide becoming fullness. The sleeves are separate and seamed to the arms' eyes and the closing can be made either invisibly or with buttons and button-holes. The quantity of material required



suitable material. The over blouse is sufficiently full to be extremely becoming to girlish figures and will be found available both for the entire frock and the separate blouse. It would be very charming in pongee or any one of the lovely cotton veilings that are shown in such pretty checked designs, while it also can be made available for the still thinner materials of the summer such as the flowered mousselines, spider silks, the embroidered batistes, Swiss muslins and the like.

The over blouse is made in one piece and is laid in pleats over the shoulders. The right front is lapped over the left and attached to position, the closing being made invisibly at the back. The fullness at the waist line can be regulated by means of a tape inserted in a casing, or the waist can be gathered and stitched to a narrow belt. The V-shaped portions are optional and can be used or omitted as liked.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is two and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-seven, one and one-quarter yards thirty-two or forty-four inches wide and three and one-half yards of banding and one-quarter yard any width for the V-shaped portions when these are made of contrasting material.

### New Gloves.

A new idea in long gloves is to have the hand of kid and arm of silk or lace or vice versa. The effect is rather quaint, especially if the lace on the arm be fine meshed, but when the hand is of silk or lace and the arm of suede or glace kid the ensemble is good and tends to make the hand appear smaller. The demand for black gloves is on the increase. Black for gown or hat is increasing all the time. Not to say,

for the medium size is two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven, two yards thirty-six or one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide



with six and one-quarter yards of pleating and six and one-quarter yards of banding.

of course, that 'ol madame's or mademoiselle's best frocks will be in black, but a large portion of them will be, or else colored ones generously touched with black.

### Wane of Tan Hose.

Fashionables are predicting an approaching decrease in the sale of brown stockings. They say that gun metal, a peculiar shade of dark gray, is already usurping their place.