

**BLAZED TRAIL
STORIES: AND STORIES
OF THE WILD LIFE**

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Blazed Trail Stories: And Stories of the Wild Life by Stewart Edward White

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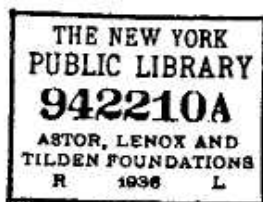


THOMAS FERRIS.

“FOR A MOMENT HE POISED ERECT IN THE GREAT CALM OF
THE PUBLIC PERFORMER.”

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BLAZED TRAIL STORIES



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Johnson 23 Nov 1936



I

THE RIVERMAN

I first met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woollen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "staggered" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or