TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA



By Paul De Laney

"Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories

CHAPTER III-Continued.

Left master of the situation. old Seadog pursued his investigations. The ship had filled with sand in the neighborhood of the captain's quarters. It was this very point that attracted the crafty fisherman's attention.

Shovels were secured and the boys were ordered to delve their way into the captain's room. It was easy to find the door since the sand only extended about half way to the ceiling of the

While the boys were shoveling back the dripping sand, old Seadog was alternately on the lookout inside and out. He let nothing on the stranded vessel escape his observation and kept a constant vigilance out over the bay to see that no one was approaching.

"If I can make sure that they were aboard my future is no longer an uncertainty," said the old man as he mused to himself. "It was impossible for any one to survive," he continued. "The whole crew and all aboard went to the bottom of the sea and the crabs will have disfigured their bodies beyond recognition before they rise to the surface. And even should they escape these busy scavengers they may drift back to the ocean where they will furnish food for the larger fish.'

The fishermen were already suspicious of old Seadog and when driven from the wreck at the muzzle of his gun they immediately returned to the village

and spread the news. "The officers ought to take the mai-

ter in hand," said one. "Yes, he is up to stealing the ship

and cargo," said another.

The justice of the peace was appeared to as well as the village constable, but these two functionaries declared that they had only jurisdiction on the land and not on the sea.

"But the pillaging should be stop-

ped," insisted the honest fishermen. When the justice of the peace saw that his neighbors were bent on some kind of legal action, he informed them that the higher courts had jurisdiction on the waters; that the government itself would act if it were informed; that the vessel was a foreign one and that the consul of the country from which the vessel came would protect it from the hands of the land pirates.

Astoria then had her customs officials and she had a United States commissioner. Cape Dissappointment had her lighthouse, but it was before the days of telephone and telegraph service at that point and there was no way to communicate with the government authorities at Astoria, sixteen miles away on the south bank of the river, except by crossing the stream in a small boat.

But those men of the river were not slow in arranging for the trip. A small sail boat was launched and three of the most intelligent went aboard and were soon cutting their way across north of Sand Island as fast as the wind could carry them.

through before the storm blows back."

Old Seadog did not mean to disturb vine in its upward climb. the property left on the vessel. He had a personal motive in view. His old, the infant posse sed more vitality mission was not in quest of gold; than did its aged protector. neither would he have carried away stretched forth its little hands and legs the smallest thing of intrinsic value, with surprising strength and cried pitibut would have risked his life and that fully, though in a voice that showed

While delving their way into the healthy. cabin they came upon many valuables. These were cast aside as so much rub- He opened his dull eyes for a moment bish. Gold and silver trinkets were they were of no value.

struck the sea captain's iron chest.

rocking, tossing vessel had shaken this would have been pronounced dead by heavy receptacle from its usual place those around him. and had hurled it about the room like a ping pong ball. But like a wedge it busy as only women can be when they had been driven into a heap of fur- are doing some great art of charity, niture and baggage jammed together in and their devotion was increased by one corner of the room and backed by the fact that some dead mother's chi d these and the heavy bank of sand piled had fallen into their hands, and each upon the top of the whole, it seemed a felt a double responsibility on this acthing as solid and immovable as the count. hull of the vessel itself.

discovered a revenue cutter approach- dren, others were warming row's milk ing from the south, at whose helm in a small basin on the stove, while a floated the stars and stripes.

said the old man.

Then they all put to and gave their energy to securing the iron chest. The old man abandoned his lookout and joined the boys in the work. The firm lips were set as if in his last contimbers were interlocked about it and at the same time deeply imbedded in the sand.

"Get the capstan lever, boys; get the capstan. We must have her now or it will be too late!" exclaimed the But his skin was smooth and his musexcited old Seadog.

Some crowbars had been unearthed from the ship's tool room and with the addition of the capstan lever they set to work with renewed vigor.

"Pry down to the left, boys, pry down to the left!" shouted the father. Already the exhaust of the government launch could be heard as it slowed dinary being. His intellectual foreup to weigh anchor at a safe distance from the sandbar.

It would only require the lowering of a boat and a few strokes of the oars to land the officers upon the fishermen. dog and it favored him again. With a heavy lurch they brought the chest

the iron receptacle had been turned round it was found that the keys still remained in the lock. The captain had possibly attempted to open it at father, the fearful storm at sea, the the last moment and had been driven hours in the water, the terrible night out by the waves.

I will do the rest!" commanded the by the officers immediately upon climb ing to the deck.

"In the name of the government, men, we proclaim you our prisoners,' calmly spoke one of the officers.

The boys looked bewildered but spoke not in the absence of their fath- had accomplished but little. er, to whom they had always looked

for advice and guidance. But the old man was busily engaged. With a surprising quickness he had opened the chest and tore from it the register roll. Then he closed the

the water at the lower end of the hole. Then he climbed out through a porthole at the rear, hurriedly secreted and joined his boys who were prison- districts. ers on deck. But before he had hidden "They think the old man is dying," Life. the parchment upon which the ship's said one of the women in a whisper register was made he had turned who had been watching the men work through it quickly. His eyes had with the aged sufferer. rested upon two names. This brought from him the ejaculation:

"Old Seadog rejoices at last; old Seadog rejoices at last; old Seadog has name or anything about the late of its Press. cause to rejoice! In the language of the convict who swam to the Diamond Isles, 'the world belongs to old Seadog

CHAPTER IV. Odd Companions.

After releasing the old man and the Old Seadog's watchful eye did not child from their entanglement they let them escape unnoticed, and he were carried to the nearest fisherman's knew that ordinary matters did not cabin. The man, though lashed to the prompt his neighbors on such a jour- spar and pinioned to the earth by the "Dig for your lives, boys; lift out the babe. His arms held it like a driftwood was held no closer than was that sand! We may have trouble be- vise. They had been so long about it fore our job is done. Some of those that they had formed like clasps halfbreeds have gone to Astoria to around the body and, benumbed by raise trouble and we must get well and the cold, they were as difficult to pry apart as are the creepers which hold a

Young as it was, only a few weeks of his boys for that which he sought. that its lungs were still strong and

But the old man scarcely breathed. and stared blankly into the faces of thrown upon the heaps of sand as if those directly in the line of his vis- You ion, and then closed them. He was It was several hours after they had unconscious of all that was going on begun work and old Seadog was already about him. His long gray hair hung casting uneasy glances toward the in strands about his face and neck. south side of the river when the boys His silken gray beard was matted with the sand and trash of the beach. But While battling with the storm the for the slow pulsation of his heart he

The women were running about as

Some were bringing dry clothing It was at this crisis that old Seadog from the wardrobe of their own chil- Any more thoughtful mother was sharing "Exert yourselves, boys, exert your- the breast of her own babe with the selves for your lives, or all is for little waif. And those good women naught! those fools have informed the officers and they will soon be upon us," little stranger tugged greedily at its —Success.

new found mother's breast. "Oh, it will get along all right,"

said one. "Yes, so long as it eats, the s gns are

good," said another. "Just so you don't give it too much," remarked an elderly woman who was

watching the proceedings. "But I fear it is all over with the old gent," whispered one of the women who had just returned from the adjoining room where the men were working with the child's elderly companion.

The men were rubbing his arms and place at his feet. Some brandy had been forced through his lips, but it The directory.-Chicago News, was slow in showing encouraging

His eyes were fixed in his head, his features were as pale as death. His scious moment he had fixed his determination upon some given object.

He was a little more than five feet as he lay upon the bed. Still he was rather plump and well-kept for his age. cles soft, which indicated that he had not been a man of toil.

When the hair was pushed back Life. from his face a broad intelligent ferehead was exposed. Had those fishermen been able to read phrenological signs they would have discovered that the aged man before them was no orhead, small feet and hands, dress and general appearance indicated that he had followed one of the professions.

cian arrived and aided in resuscitating water?-New Yorker. Fortune had always favored old Sea- the old man. The child gradually passed away to sleep after its wants from under the timbers that held it if its own mother still hovered over it. hours the patient would have recovered It was a soft sweet sleep such only as Fortune doubly favored him. When is seen in the repose of the innocent before the trials and tribulations of life have come to their knowledge.

It knew not of its lost mother and among the driftwood on the beach. It "Rush outside, boys; rush outside; slept in a repose akin to perfect bliss.

stern old parent. The boys were the woman who had shared her own do in the winter? Native-We don't barely in time. They were confronted child's clothing with the little sleeper. ash .- Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. "What pretty blue eyes she has," remarked she who had warmed the

> "Such dainty little limbs," said the woman who had run about the place nervously trying to do everything and

> "But look what pretty features and

nursed the child to sleep, with an air can't pay." "Nonsense! That's nothof superiority.

in age. It was probably younger. Its phia Ledger.

"Oh, such a pity," remarked the women in a subdued chorus.

"We will never learn the child's mother or father."

age," said one, "for they say the ship it seemed to please the gentlemen was a Finnish vessel and has been very much. Artist-What did they many weeks at sea.'

"Old Seadog's action in the matter is a mystery to everybody. Why he made such quick haste to board the ship is beyond all understanding. And he actually pointed firearms at the men when they attempted to go aboard the vessel," said a woman who had just been talking with her husband on the outside. "But the officers will ravel the matter out," she continued as she remembered the details of the episode as given her by her husband.

Then there was a commotion outfrom the sand spit. He had brought scene of the wreck.

"Old Seadog and his boys are all un-It der arrest!" was whispered from lip Home Companion. to lip.

(To be continued)

The Other Fellow's Job. There's a craze among us mortals that is cruel hard to name, Wheresoe'er you find a human you will

find the case the same; may seek among the worst of men or

seek among the best, you'll find that every person is procisely like the rest. Each believes that his real calling

along some other line Than the one at which he's working-

the leader of the mob, There's a universal craving for "the other feilow's job."

There are millions of positions in the busy world to-day, Each a drudge to him who holds it, but

to him who doesn't, play; Every farmer's broken-hearted that in youth he missed his call, While that same unhappy farmer is the

envy of us all. task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot Than the one especial something which

you happen to have got. 's but one sure way to smother Envy's heartache and her sob;

too busy, at your own, to want "the other fellow's job."



Guest-I want a good porterhouse steak. Walter-Gents what order porterbouse steak are required to make a deposit, sir.-Chicago Tribune.

Swatter-I see you are mentioned in legs, and irons were being heated to one of the books just published. Primly-Indeed! What book? Swatter-

> Gabber-You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody. Miss Duncan (wearily)-I wish he was here now.-Tit-bits.

> Stringem-Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast? Nibbles-Sure I do. Stringem-Glue it to the floor .- Chicago News. At the Art Exhibition: First Judge

> -Daubleigh is a prolific painter, isn't he? How would you estimate his work? Second Judge-By the quart .-

Roosevelt and Parker outdistanced: Stella-Men are so stupid. Bella-Yes, indeed; do you suppose it would take me weeks to write a letter of acceptance?-Exchange.

Customer-The last fish I had from you didn't seem very fresh. Fish Dealer-Well, mum, 'ow can you ex-In the meantime the village physi- pect fresh fish to come out o' salt

First Physician-So the operation was just in the nick of time? Second were satisfied and slept as soundly as Physician-Yes, in another twenty-four without it.—Harper's Bazar.

At the seaside: She-Oh! George, what lovely waves! He-Very nice; but, poor things, they're just like mewe both arrive at the shore in splendid style-and go back broke.-Judy.

Visitor (at Putin Bay)-What do you do in here all summer? Native-Loaf "She's a darling little girl," said and fish. Visitor-And what do you

"I suppose," said the drummer, "you labor on the Sabbath, and rest the remainder of the week." "No," replied the viilage parson: "I try to collect my salary on week days."-Chicago

News. More Troublesome: "It's pretty hard sweet lips," said the one who had to be worrled by a lot of debts you ing to being worried by a lot of debts The child did not exceed one month you simply have to pay."-Philadel-

chest, locked it and cast the keys into light hair, fair skin and pretty blue Diagnosis: Patient-Do you coneyes even at so young an age showed sider this trouble fatal, doctor? You noise that goes with summer resort that it was a born beauty. Still its know my means are limited, andfeatures were much like those of the Doctor-Well, as a rule, the patient the roll in the sand at a safe distance Finlanders, so many of whom had set- succumbs to it after about two thou- ed him, says the New York Times, it from the vessel, climbed back through tled along the Columbia in the fishing sand dollars' worth of treatment found him not only ready, but willing.

Sure enough: "Of course, I don't want to criticise, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.' "Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."-Philadelphia st druggists.

Artist-Have you taken my picture "It must have been born on the voy- to the exhibition? Porter-Yes, sir; say? Porter-Oh, they didn't say Ohio Railroad. It was not long before nothing, but they laughed 'earty.-Glasgow Evening Times.

hundred and seventy-five dollars there again promoted, this time to the posi-

meaning of the word "imbibes," Fan- night; when nightfall came, freight side. A fisherman had just arrived ny? Fanny-Yes, ma'am. Teacher-Well, what does it mean? Fanny-To "tied up," their journeys to be resumed news of the arrival of officers at the take in. Teacher-Yes. Now give a only when daylight came. Davis held aunt imbibes boarders .- Woman's should not be run by night as well as

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church, provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount." "Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife, "Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute \$100 in cash."-Brooklyn Life.

Jones-It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return. Brown-Why, I never have any trouble. Sec. take, for instance, yours and mine. I've got a whole vest-pocketful of pen-From the meanest "me-too" creature to cils. Jones-Doesn't that prove just what I said?-Boston Transcript.

> The Elder Miss Spinster (appearing at the back door)-Tell me, my good man, are you the person who called here last week? Knight of the Road -You dont' mean the bloke wot you give the 'omade ple to? No, mum, I ain't 'im. 'E left me his ole togs when 'e pegged out, that's all.-Judge,

"There's mighty few people," said Farmer Corntossel, "that knows what to do with a farm after they get one." "I have noticed that," answered the girl with frizzes; "they always insist on filling the whole place up with corn and oats and things, when they might have such lovely tennis courts and go.f links."-Washington Star.



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He Needed Assistance.

They had been pressing bim hard the whole week. The house was full of widows and pretty girls and all the other men but himself had flown because they could not stand the pace. He refused to be distrubed in his summer arrangements and so he stayed on. Sunday night they had him in the corner and the time began to wane when some one started the game of "what you'd rather be if you had your choice." There were a lot of answers and a chorus of laughter and the usual pastimes, and they saved the lone man for the climax. When it finally reach-

"What would you rather be if you could have the power of changing yourself?"

"A syndicate," was his reply.

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Davis First Ran Night Trains.

Henry Gassaway Davis found his first advancement when he secured the coveted position of brakeman on a freight train on the Baltimore and he was advanced to the more responsible position of freight conductor, re-"Did you ever make any money on sponsible in these days, but far more the board of trade?" "Yes, I made one so, relatively, in those. At 24 he was one day in less than twenty minutes." tion of superintendent in charge of the Whew! What did you do with it?" running of all the trains. He intro-"Oh, they got it back before I had a duced an innovation which marked a chance to see it."-Chicago Record- decided advance step in railroading. Up to that time, it had not been con-Teacher-Have you looked up the sidered practicable to run trains at trains and passenger trains alike were sentence using the word. Fanny-My there was no good reason why they by day, and proved it. His first night train from Cumberland to Baltimore marked an important epoch in railroading .- Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

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