

Toilers of the Columbia

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

The clash finally came. The boats came together like so many battering rams. Curses arose loud over the calm waters. The boats surged back and forth like living animals. The grim dark forms of the fishermen writhed and contended with each other like serpents of the sea.

"Back you gillnetters! You destroyers of the fish!" shouted the northsiders.

"Away with you, you trappers! You cause our families to starve!" replied the men from the southside, with bitter oaths.

The resistance on the part of the northsiders was short lived. The overwhelming numbers against them soon began to tell. By sheer force they were driven toward their traps. The prows of the southsiders' boats were against theirs, and they were swept along like driftwood before a huge raft.

The red in the east was making things more visible on the water. It was easy to see that the northsiders were losing ground at every point. But suddenly a volley of shots rang out down the river. Another followed. The curses of the fishermen rose above these.

"The soldiers!" shouted the northsiders.

"Curse upon the head of Gabe Jarvi!" shouted the southsiders.

Then the steamer carrying the militia appeared dividing the contending fishermen like chaff. They fired volleys occasionally above the heads of the retreating belligerents in order to hasten their departure.

"Bang!" rang out a rifle shot from a retreating party to the south.

"Take that!" exclaimed a murderous looking southsider as the smoke cleared from the muzzle of his gun.

Old Seadog fell back into the arms of his sons. The bullet had found its mark.

"Take this!" said another southsider as he raised his rifle to his shoulder. "You have betrayed us, Gobe Jarvi, and you shall pay the penalty!"

"Don't shoot, fool, it is a woman!" exclaimed a man as he seized the muzzle of the would-be assassin's gun.

It was Dan Lapham. He had been overpowered and taken a prisoner. As he grabbed the southsider's gun it discharged. Lapham looked in the direction the bullet had gone and saw in the pilot house of the steamboat which had come to their rescue the form of Sankala!

The girl was pale as death, but she clung to the wheel in a spirit of desperation, and the boat continued upon its course, plunging through the craft of the contending fishermen, the southsiders retreating with all possible speed.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hazel Snubs Sankala.

"It is simply a shame—it is a burning shame!"

"That it is, but it is the way of the Seadogs. They were always hard-hearted wretches. The girl takes after her father and is not to blame so much after all."

"But she ought to have enough woman about her to show that she has a heart. The idea of going to the ball and her poor old father lying at the point of death."

"But she is in love, you know, and all people are fools who are in love. Since that militia captain set foot on shore she lost her head and has thought of nothing else since. I don't see anything in a state militiaman to lose one's head over. Why my husband was a United States regular. If I had a daughter I would teach her a lesson she would remember. A regular wouldn't wipe his foot on a militiaman."

"Still Captain Budlong is a nice fellow and was kind to us. He did his duty and made the southsiders go home. He is not a bad looking fellow either, and you know that counts, too. It would be a feather in Hazel's cap if she could capture the captain of the militia."

"The average state militiaman is no more than a dude, a rich man's son kept in idleness and is not worth any woman's while. He thinks all of the women are crazy over him and struts around with uniform on like a peacock and more fit to look at than to use. I have no patience with militiamen. My husband was a regular."

"They say, though, this young Captain Budlong is poor. The most of his men are rich but he is only a clerk in a store and was chosen by his men because of his honesty and bravery. I think Hazel would be a good catch for him. He could take charge of her father's business, and if all accounts are true some one may be needed, for

the old man is threatened with blood-poisoning from that wound the southsiders gave him."

"Yes, and to think that Hazel would go to the ball when her father is expected to die! It is simply a shame—a burning shame!"

The above conversation took place between two matrons of the fishing village on the northside of the Columbia.

Ten days of peace had reigned on the river. Since the arrival of the militia and dispersion of the fishermen there had been no further trouble. The boat carrying the command of Captain Budlong had kept up a constant patrol of the river day and night and no attempt had been made on the part of the southsiders to renew hostilities.

In fact committees had been appointed consisting of fishermen from each side of the river to arrange duplicate bills governing the fishing industry of the river which were to be passed by the respective legislatures of the two states. Dan Lapham was a committeeman from the north side.

It was the night of the day upon which the agreement had been reached. Peace was at last declared between the toilers of the Columbia. The northsiders were not to extend their trap-building any farther south and the southsiders agreed not to cross a certain line with their nets which was settled upon as the center of the stream through the fishing waters.

The active and exciting life of the fishermen had its influence upon their manner of obtaining pleasure and recreation. They did not cultivate the intellect as a whole. In fact only a few turned their attention to books. Athletes by nature the men devoted much time to athletics. They had their ball grounds, tennis courts and club rooms. Indoor sports were as much in favor as their outdoor sports. As hand-ball players the village team stood ready to challenge any of the cities. Foot-ball and baseball playing, in their respective seasons, found these fishermen in the field opposing the best teams in the country.

Aside from athletics, dancing was the magic means of amusing both young and old. No week ever passed during the season that the fishermen did not engage in this pastime. It was an occasion in which all took a part and the large hall provided for the purpose was always crowded. A fisherman is never too young or too old to dance.

Dancing was the means of celebrating all important events. No higher tribute could be paid an individual or event than by giving a ball. It was the zenith point in bestowing honors.

The settlement of the dispute between the northsiders and southsiders occasioned the greatest ball in the history of the northside village. They were weaker in numbers but had won out in a measure and were determined to celebrate the occasion in a fit and proper manner.

There were honors due to many and the fishermen were not slow to bestow these upon the deserving ones. The occasion of peace came on for its share. In fact, it was called the great peace ball. While there were individuals who shared the honors, Captain Budlong and his men were the honored guests. Dan Lapham had distinguished himself on the water and as a commissioner in settling the trouble and Sankala was the heroine of the hour. To Captain Budlong and his men she was the most conspicuous personage at the mouth of the Columbia. The fishermen so accustomed to the excitement of river life, the act of the girl in saving the boatload of soldiers was not looked upon as a much out of the ordinary, though they all recognized in Sankala a remarkable young woman.

The hall was decorated as it had never been decorated before. The floor was waxed with greater care, and musicians had been employed from the nearest town. The rude fisher-folk were decked out in their best garments. The women took unusual care with their toilets. When the ball room was filled at an early hour, the people of the fishing village presented a very good appearance. The soldiers, many of them from the city, were surprised to see the presto change from the rugged men of the fish-traps, and the careless girls of the beach to the gallant and gay figures of the ball-room.

Human nature is much the same among all classes, and it was not materially different among the fisher-folk. Many of them had gathered early. The women were seated in groups, and commenting on those who entered later. Young girls and boys were skipping across the hall in a frolicsome, aimless manner. Old men sat in the corners and looked on in silence.

A faint cheer rose over the room. Captain Budlong entered accompanied by Hazel Seadog. The applause was

for the captain.

"Is Sankala coming?" asked one of the women of another.

"She promised after long persuasion to come. But she only agreed to remain a short time. Ringwold is about exhausted from his work with the wounded and Sankala does not think it right anyway, to celebrate while the wounded are so low. She thought it wrong to give the ball while Old Seadog is lying at the point of death."

"It doesn't seem to worry Hazel, his daughter," remarked another woman who was watching the rich fisherman's child, wreathed in smiles, while she entertained the captain of the militia.

The crowd had gathered and the grand march and quadrille that followed were over. All were seated again when a slight sensation near the door caused the pleasure seekers to look in the direction. The soldiers commenced to applaud, and continued until the house fairly shook. Dan Lapham and Sankala had just entered.

Sankala was very pale. She was dressed very plainly but neatly, and carried her left arm in a strip of white silk which pended from her neck. The soldiers flocked about her and were profuse with congratulations.

"Excuse me, there is Sankala, our brave little heroine!" said Captain Budlong and left Hazel and rushed to grasp the hand of the orphan.

The men broke away at the approach of the commander. Captain Budlong was full of praise for the girl, inquired about her wounded arm and was very attentive.

"May I have the next waltz after this one—pardon me Mr. Lapham!" said the captain turning to Sankala's escort after making the request of her. "Dan doesn't waltz," replied Sankala.

"Then may I have this one—I will be careful with the arm?" said the captain for the music was just starting up and the dancers were beginning.

"Certainly," replied Sankala as Dan nodded his approval.

When the waltz was over Captain Budlong escorted Sankala to a seat near Hazel Seadog. Sankala spoke to Hazel but the latter took no notice of her. Captain Budlong saw it but thought Hazel did not hear Sankala speak.

"I have just had a nice dance with our little heroine," remarked the captain. "Don't you think she is pretty and good?"

"She is only one of our employes and I do not recognize her as a social equal," replied Hazel with all the Seadog venom expressed in her voice and eyes.

Captain Budlong looked sharply at his companion. His first lieutenant relieved Sankala's embarrassment by leading her to another portion of the room. Dan Lapham was engaging a number of fishermen at another portion of the house by telling them of the result of the peace commission's labors.

The dance continued until nearly midnight without farther incident when a messenger rushed in, almost out of breath, and announced that Old Seadog was dying.

"Ringwold, too, has collapsed and is at the house of Seadog," said the bearer of bad news.

Captain Budlong hurried away with Hazel and Dan and Sankala followed.

(To be continued)

Chilian Miners Powerful.

Perhaps the greatest weights borne for any distance on men's backs are the loads of ore brought up from the mines of the Andes by the miners of Chilli. Darwin visited a copper mine in a ravine leading from the main range of the Cordilleras, where the work was carried on by such primitive means that, though the mines had been worked in the mountains for at least two centuries, the water was removed in some by carrying it up snafis in leather bags on men's backs.

Sir Francis Head, when visiting a similar mine, found that all the ore was carried up to the surface, a vertical climb of 450 feet, by the miners, and that the average weight carried was 250 pounds. This load was not carried up a winding stair, but up notched trunks of trees, set almost upright, one touching another.

The food of the Chilian miner, according to Darwin, consisted of rations of sixteen figs and two small loaves of bread for breakfast; for dinner bolted beans, for supper wheat crushed and roasted. They scarcely ever tasted meat.

Pose as Dressmakers.

Such are the impositions practiced on department stores by women claiming dressmakers' discounts that a leading metropolitan house finds it necessary to employ three detectives whose exclusive task it is to verify statements of this character. Those entitled to discounts receive credentials, while the others are tabulated under the classification "fraudulent." Many stores provide separate cashier's desks for dressmaker patrons, who repair hither for their authorized rebates, averaging 10 per cent. This privilege is usually confined to merchandise pertaining to dressmaking, and is unavailable for other goods. Cut rate and special sales are also exempt from dressmakers' discounts.

The best theology—a pure and beneficial life.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Last night they had a Christmas-tree down at the new church; and a lot of things they did, somehow, I couldn't understand—

A lot of things new-fangled that we never used to know

Way back among those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

The preacher rode to meetin' in a new steam wagon which made such a racket that it nigh scared Dobbin in the ditch;

The sermon fairly reeked with words nobody e'er heard flow

From good old Brother Dan'l Wiggins, fifty years ago.

The organ was most wonderful; but then it seemed to me

It didn't sound as rev'rent as it somehow ought to be;

But when they sang "Joy to the World,"—ah, then I felt the glow

That thrilled my soul those Christmas times of fifty years ago.

And through that good old anthem I seemed taken back once more

To where my soul could see across, clear to the golden shore.

I joined and sang, "The Lord is Come! Let Earth Receive Her King!

Let Every Heart Prepare Him Room, and Heaven and Nature Sing!"

Ah, 'twas a song to swell the heart! The organ thundered loud

And carried grandly heavenward the voices of the crowd;

My soul looked out beyond the earth and glow across the walls of Jasper where the living waters flow.

And over all I heard a voice rise high, and ever higher

A girl's sweet voice angelic floating downward from the choir;

Its melody swift tangled in my tender heart-strings so

There came to me a vision from that Christmas long ago.

Ah, they were blue as summer skies—those tender eyes I knew;

And ever from their depths I saw love's bright sun shining through—

Love's sun that shone for me alone straight out of paradise—

The paradise that lay within my little sweetheart's eyes.

And as the sweet-voiced singer sang, again there came to me

A vision of the old log church, the little Christmas-tree

Ablaze with tiny lights; I heard a voice I used to know

And love in those old Christmas times of fifty years ago.

I felt her hand upon my arm; I heard the sleigh-bells ring;

And through my mind the echoes ran, "Let Heaven and Nature Sing!"

I saw again the cedars bend beneath the chaste'ning snow;

Again I felt my sweetheart's kiss of fifty years ago.

Sing on for aye, O triumph song! My spirit soars above

And joins an anthem all-divine, a song of purest love.

I've cast away the thralls of age, sung off the yoke of time;

The mistletoe and holly boughs above us wreaths and climb.

The song was done. The lights were out.

The echoes all were still—

The blue eyes once more sleeping on the long-forgotten hill;

And I am old—ah, very old! and yet my dimming eyes I know,

Have caught a gleam prophetic from the gates of paradise.

"Joy to the World!" I quaver o'er the haunting old refrain

And smile on through the lonely tears that fall like summer rain;

For every year that bows my head but nears my end, I know,

My love of those old Christmas times of fifty years ago.

—Lowell Otus Reese, in Leslie's Weekly.

CHRISTMAS IN SERBIA.

Santa Claus Receives Presents Instead of Giving Them.

In Serbia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect he can find. He brings it in, saying, "Good evening and a happy Christmas," to which those present say, "May God grant both to thee, and mayest thou have riches and honor!" Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Serbia is pork. The poorest family in Serbia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs, after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.

Good Thing, Too.

The Christmas Tree—it is strange that children are so green as to believe in the existence of a Santa Claus.

The Christmas Candle (sputtering)—But they are not evergreen.—Woman's Home Companion.

Inherited Mistrust.

"Bessie, have you written your letter to Santa Claus?"

"Yes, ma; but don't you go an' give it to pa to mail."

Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.



Pat—Why is th' owd year loike a whet towel, Nora, darlint?

Nora—Why?

Pat—Because they always ring it out.

HOPE FOR THE SICK



A VICTIM OF LA GRIPE.

Mrs. Henrietta A. S. Marsh, 769 W. 16th St., Los Angeles, Cal., President Woman's Benevolent Ass'n, writes:

"I suffered with la grippe for seven weeks, and nothing I could do or take helped me until I tried Peruna.

"I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and I kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored, and I am glad that I gave that truly great remedy a trial. I will never be without it again."

In a letter dated August 31, 1904, Mrs. Marsh says: "I have never yet heard the efficacy of Peruna questioned. We still use it. I traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee three years ago, where I found Peruna doing its good work. Much of it is being used here also."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Clerical Jolt.

She was wealthy and consequently a target for much flattery.

"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"

"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Reasonable Inquiry.

"Allow me, Mr. Bifkins," said the hostess to a late arrival, "to introduce Captain de Jones, a man who has faced death in a score of battles."

"Pleased to meet you, captain," said Bifkins. "By the way, are you a military or football captain?"



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—Mrs. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMAN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.