

# Columbia Southern Railway Co.

## TIME TABLE NO. 10

Effective July 2, 1904.

South Bound No. 2	STATIONS	North Bound No. 1	DAILY PASSENGER	
			Leave	Arrive
2:15 p.m.	Shaniko	11:30 a.m.	2:15 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	Gibsons	11:15 a.m.	2:30 p.m.	11:15 a.m.
2:45 p.m.	Sinks	11:00 a.m.	2:45 p.m.	11:00 a.m.
3:00 p.m.	Wasco	10:45 a.m.	3:00 p.m.	10:45 a.m.
3:15 p.m.	Kim's Ferry	10:30 a.m.	3:15 p.m.	10:30 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	Summit	10:15 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	10:15 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	Hay C. Je.	10:00 a.m.	3:45 p.m.	10:00 a.m.
4:00 p.m.	McBride	9:45 a.m.	4:00 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
4:15 p.m.	DeMoss	9:30 a.m.	4:15 p.m.	9:30 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	Moro	9:15 a.m.	4:30 p.m.	9:15 a.m.
4:45 p.m.	Stratton	9:00 a.m.	4:45 p.m.	9:00 a.m.
5:00 p.m.	G's V'y	8:45 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	8:45 a.m.
5:15 p.m.	Bourbon	8:30 a.m.	5:15 p.m.	8:30 a.m.
5:30 p.m.	Keut	8:15 a.m.	5:30 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
5:45 p.m.	Wilcox	8:00 a.m.	5:45 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
6:00 p.m.	Shaniko	7:45 a.m.	6:00 p.m.	7:45 a.m.

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## Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

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



### CHAPTER VII.

#### Toilers of the Columbia.

"How is the storm?"  
"Pretty high, father, but not so high  
as it was a week ago."  
"I do not believe I can go today, my  
child."  
"Well, father, I will try it alone.  
Dan Lapham fishes a trap alone, and I  
believe I can do so, too."  
"Oh, no, my child. Dan is a strong  
young man. He has not an equal on  
the bay, and you are my frail little  
girl. I know you are willing and your  
strength at times seems to be super-  
natural, but you could not fish a trap  
alone. It is out of the question."  
"But Dan's trap is near ours. You  
know he often helps me when you are  
tired and I would help him this morn-  
ing in return for his services. You  
are not able to go, my father."  
"But I will go," said the old man  
as he drew himself feebly from the  
bed.

"My child, this work is getting too  
severe for you. For more than a year  
you have had to pull at the oars and  
your task has grown greater until your  
strength is over-taxed. Day by day I  
grow more feeble and day by day the  
burden is increased upon your shoulders.  
If I could only complete the link  
that still is missing I would place you  
where you could continue your studies  
and the old man that I am would spend  
his few remaining days in comfort as  
your ward. I know, Sankala, that you  
would not begrudge me so small an  
amount if it were yours."  
"No, father, it should all be yours.  
I have only one desire, and that is to  
place you where you shall have rest.  
You need rest, father, you need rest.  
No one nearly so old as you toils on the  
Columbia, and yet you go day after  
day, and often when you are too feeble  
even to stir. Listen, the storm rages  
this morning! You should not go at  
all."

Thus spoke Sankala to Ringwold.  
Another year had passed in their lives.  
The price of fish had gone down under  
the hard times and close competition  
and Ringwold had for many months  
been unable to make a support for the  
two alone. In fact, he had struggled  
beyond his strength to keep Sankala in  
school and the crash was close at hand.  
He was now giving out his last strength.  
Often he would become completely ex-  
hausted and lie for a time in the bow  
of the fishing boat while the girl worked  
on alone. It was on these occasions  
that good-hearted Dan Lapham had  
come to their rescue and assisted poor  
Sankala to do her work.

She had become hardened to the  
work, however, and frail as she was  
she could handle a boat and draw in  
the web of the fish trap with the skill  
of the average man. It was not her  
strength that did it, however. It was  
her will power and a nimble, quick  
motion of an expert nature that women  
possess over men.

Twice this morning had Ringwold  
fainted while Sankala was assisting him  
to dress and she had revived him and  
carried on the work. The child was  
accustomed to this and did not realize  
how serious was the condition of the  
old man.

When the fishermen reached the  
beach the waves were coming in with a  
rush. They threw the drift wood fur-  
ther back with each pulsation. Out in  
the darkness through the mist and the  
rain the white caps could be seen leap-  
ing about like the salmon they were  
pursuing. The strongest fisherman  
paused this morning. They were often  
compelled to remain ashore until late  
and even over-day. But this was  
always a disappointment. The fish  
ran better when there was a storm and  
the hard times now urged the toilers  
on their duty.

While the men were thus pausing  
from indecision Ringwold and Sankala  
appeared. Without seeming to notice  
the disturbed condition of the bay they  
shoved their boat into the water and  
while Ringwold steered Sankala threw  
her oars against the seething current.  
They gradually mingled with the dark  
phantoms which danced upon the sea  
until they were lost from view.

The fishermen had become so ac-  
customed to the dangers of their life that  
they thought but little about it. What  
to the stranger would have appeared  
foolhardy was to them duty and choice.  
But the storm this morning was un-  
usually high and that intuition akin to  
the instinct that protects animals from  
destruction, warned the fishermen to be  
cautious.

But when Sankala braved the waters  
with her aged companion the most dar-  
ing of the fishermen followed. Dan  
Lapham, smarting under his former  
timidity, was first seen to shoot out in  
his boat in pursuit of the two who  
worked a trap near his own. Then one  
by one the others followed.

The fish traps were constructed along  
the entire north shore of the river,  
which is Baker's bay, from Cape Dis-  
appointment to McGowan's Point, a  
distance of a dozen miles or more.  
The middle of the river was the divid-  
ing line. The river is the dividing line  
between the two states and the fisher-  
men from the two states claim their  
rights, even to a hair's breadth.

The fishermen on the north had traps  
while those on the south had nets.  
The cannerymen on the south side of  
the river owned most of the nets and  
old Seadog owned most of the traps on

the north. The fishermen were em-  
ployed by the day on the nets and given  
so much for each fish captured. The  
trappers were employed by the day or  
worked the traps on shares. All the  
fishermen used row boats peculiar for  
their work. Save with rare excep-  
tions the boats were manned by two,  
both at the nets and the traps. One  
was called the puller and the other the  
fisherman. While the latter tended  
his nets or traps the puller guided the  
boat to suit the work.

The nets were known as gill nets.  
These were stretched out their full  
length in the water, which was many  
feet and even yards. Floaters were  
placed along the top of the net at  
proper distances to hold it in position  
while sinkers carried the bottom of  
the net deep into the water. The mesh-  
es of the net were of such size as would  
permit the entrance of the average fishes  
head. When once it entered the mesh-  
es the gills were fastened and the fish  
held prisoner until removed by the  
fishermen.

The traps, one of which Ringwold  
and Sankala tended, were constructed dif-  
ferently. A large figure was formed in  
the shallow water by the driving of  
poles. It represented a heart and on  
either side extended long wings. The  
wings enclosed a semi-circle facing the  
ocean and immediately in the rear of  
where they come together was the large  
heart. A netting, called web, was  
stretched along the poles from the sur-  
face of the water to the bottom of the  
bay. By this means a perfect heart  
with wings was perfected.

The valve of the heart opened im-  
mediately at the conjunction of the  
wings. This was at the sharp point of  
the "V" which is formed at the top  
of the heart.

As a trap for fish it is a success.  
The salmon come up from the ocean  
and enter the mouth of the river fresh  
and strong. They run in great schools  
and follow the shallow channels laying  
their spawn as they go farther up the  
stream.

When the noses of the fish strike the  
web forming the wings of the heart, they  
follow the wings to the center.  
Here they find their way through the  
opening into the heart. When once  
into the heart their capture is com-  
plete. They circle about the place  
passing the same apex of the heart  
through which they entered without  
ever discovering it as a means of escape,  
and are thus held as captives until the  
fishermen take them into their boats.

They sometimes enter these traps by  
the hundreds within 24 hours. They  
range in weight from five to 20 pounds  
and larger.

It was such a trap as this that San-  
kala and Ringwold tended for old Sea-  
dog at wages barely sufficient to sus-  
tain them at best.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A Morning of Disaster.

"Hello, Captain!"  
"Hello, lookout!"  
"The sea is high and the fishermen  
are venturing out."

"All right, I will send out the men."  
Cape Disappointment life saving  
station nestled beneath the rocks of the  
cliffs that extended far out over the sea.  
Many a mariner had met disappoint-  
ment here. For from the sea the spot  
looked like a place of refuge from the  
storm. But he who dared to trust it  
had often been dashed to death against  
its walls.

Shaken and addled, as it were, while  
crossing the river bar, the mightiest  
rovers of the deep had been broken up  
here like glass upon the rocks.  
It was the treachery of its appearance  
that gave name to the place. It was  
the great loss of life that had caused  
the government to establish a life sav-  
ing station at the foot of the cliffs.

But the life savers had a double duty  
to perform. The purpose for which they  
were originally placed there was  
insignificant to the duty that later de-  
veloped. They were provided by the  
government to watch incoming vessels  
and save the lives of ship wrecked sea-  
men and travelers on the deep, but  
later it was found that a hundred calls  
came from those whose lives were spent  
on the river to where one came from  
those who lived on the sea.

Like guardians of children the life  
savers stood upon watch and as the  
fishermen came and so were they on  
duty.  
From the early hours of morning un-  
til nearly noon, and from early after-  
noon until late in the evening the fish-  
ermen dotted the river in their tiny  
boats and struggled with their nets  
verging on the very danger line where  
ocean and river met. Once across this  
line and the frail craft of the fisher-  
man was at the mercy of the undertow  
and many a toiler was dragged to his death  
ere the government protectors of life  
could reach the spot in boats prepared  
for the purpose.

The lighthouse stood upon the high-  
est point of the cape overlooking the  
sea. Beneath its shadow stood a small  
structure barely large enough inside  
for one man to stand, turn about and  
sit down. It was built of glass save  
that its framework and roof was made  
of iron. The glass was thick and al-  
most as strong as iron for it required  
strength to withstand the terrible  
storms that beat upon it from the sea.  
Its furnishings were a small stove, a  
stool, a pair of strong glasses and a

telephone. It was occupied night and  
day by one man at a time. One was  
on watch from noon until midnight  
and the other from midnight until  
noon. Not even a light was allowed  
for it was not needed by day and by  
night it would blind the watch so that  
he could not look out upon the ocean  
and river.

Throughout the day he peered out  
through his glasses over the sea and  
river and bay. At night he followed  
the great revolving light in the light-  
house above his head and watched for  
objects on the water while he looked  
farther out for the smaller lights of  
vessels.

It was on the morning that Sankala  
and Ringwold had put forth into the  
storm that the conversation took place  
over the telephone between the look-  
out and the captain of the life saving  
crew recorded at the beginning of this  
chapter.

The lookout had seen the small  
craft battling with the surf on the  
bosom of the bay in the dim light  
shot out from overhead. He could  
feel the storm blowing against the  
structure which enclosed him; be-  
sides the register showed a high ve-  
locity of wind.

It foreboded a day of hard work.  
Fishermen would venture forth in  
dangerous storms and this compelled  
the life savers to stand on constant  
guard. They would enter their boats  
and beat along the danger line like  
sentinels to keep the fishermen from  
rowing to their death. And in spite  
of this precaution scores find watery  
graves at the mouth of the Columbia  
every year.

As the fishermen fought their way  
cut on this stormy morning the life  
savers shot out from under the cliffs  
toward the bar. Here bordering on  
the danger line themselves they pat-  
rolled the river to rescue those less  
capable than themselves to withstand  
the receding tide.

"Hello, captain!"  
"Hello, lookout!"  
"Signal distress off west end of Jetty  
Sand Spit. A boat is heading for the  
breakers!"

"Bing, bing, bing!" went three  
guns.  
"Hello, captain!"  
"Hello, lookout!"  
"Signal distress off Pacific rocks.  
Boat seems to be capsized and men  
clinging to upturned hull!"

"Bing, bing!" went two guns.  
After a few minutes pause the cap-  
tain's phone rang again  
"Hello, captain!"  
"Hello, lookout!"  
"Signal distress off Disappointment  
rocks! Boat shoving for breakers  
like a rocket! Girl at the oars; is  
powerless—think it is Sankala, the  
old chemist's daughter."

"Bing, bing, bing, bing, bing!"  
rang out five shots from the cliffs  
below. This was the most dangerous  
point at the mouth of the river and  
was called the hell gap, for it was here  
that so many fishermen had lost their  
lives.

The swift receding current forced a  
sort of maelstrom at the point of the  
rocks and when once fairly in its  
clutches boats were swept like chaff  
into the breakers and disappeared like  
shot thrown into the water.

The life savers knew the signals as  
well as their alphabet and rushed to  
the rescue like firemen to the call of  
fire. And when the signal came for  
Disappointment rocks the sturdy boys  
lying off that point bent to their oars  
with all their might.

The life savers were divided up into  
crews and each of these divisions cov-  
ered given points. The men selected  
for the most dangerous places were the  
most experienced and dared the ele-  
ments as veteran soldiers face the death  
line in battle.

While the rescuers were hurrying to  
the calls of distress the captain had  
ascended to the lookout's station. Day  
was already dawning and while signals  
were given at night by the discharge of  
firearms, they were given in day time  
with flags from lookout point.

With the advancing day the river  
and bay presented a busy appearance.  
A speck here to the natural eye was  
revealed through the strong glasses to be  
a fisherman's boat struggling with the  
nets or waves. Some were going, some  
were coming. Each was oblivious of  
the other. One was dashing to its  
ruin at another point and life savers  
were going to its rescue, while the men  
in danger were often unconscious of the  
fact.

But in the work which was so com-  
mon as to bring no excitement to the  
veteran captain of the crew he sur-  
veyed the waters as a general does his  
battlefield.

This morning, however, a change  
came over his face. He saw a frail  
fisherman's boat being swept toward  
Disappointment rocks. Standing up  
working her useless oars with all her  
strength was Sankala. The glasses re-  
vealed her firm features and while she  
looked into the jaws of death she was  
as calm as the rocks which awaited her  
approach. Ringwold lay motionless  
in the boat. Whether dead or asleep  
the glasses did not disclose. It was  
evident that they had never reached  
the fish trap for the boat was as empty  
as it had been when they had first  
started out.

The captain raised the signal flag  
high above his head and waved it five  
times in succession. But here the life  
boat which was giving Sankala's boat a  
stern chase, passed behind some rocks  
that had just hidden her and several  
seconds must pass before they would  
appear again.

(To be continued)

An Angry Landlady.  
Boarder No. 1—What's that loud  
thumping noise in the kitchen?  
Boarder No. 2—It's the landlady ham-  
mering the steak and wishing it was the  
best trout.—Chicago Tribune.

Mayor McClellan asserts that he would  
prefer to be Mayor of Greater New York  
than Governor of the Empire State.

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