

At High Water Mark

BY C. B. LEWIS, Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.

The two center piers of the great railroad bridge over the Goomtree river had been finished, and there was much rejoicing. They had been sunk in the muddy bed of the stream a distance of sixty feet, and they towered almost as high above the surface. It had taken thousands of tons of stone and thousands of bags of cement and hundreds of days' work to complete these piers. They had had the labor of a thousand men and fifty elephants. When they were finished a holiday was given to all the workmen, and the chief engineer gazed proudly at his work and said:

"They are done at last. Floods may roll down—earthquakes may topple down forests—come what may, and my piers will stand here when a thousand years have passed away."

"It is so, sahib—it is so," answered the voice of a thousand natives, and then they cheered him and his work.

When a thousand native Indian workmen are employed together on one job there are three or four castes. There are masons, carpenters, elephant drivers, shovelers, boatmen and what not. There is enmity between the castes, there is jealousy between the different trades; there is chance every hour in the day for a general riot, and the men must be under a strict discipline. The superintendent's word must be law from which there is no appeal. A culprit is not told to go hence, because he has bound himself and the company has bound itself. He is punished by fine, imprisonment or the lash. Because of this custom this news ran through camp one morning:

"At the hour of high noon today the flag of punishment will be raised on the staff, and Kim Nassik will be tied to the post and flogged. Three times has his overseer warned him, and three times has he muttered and cursed below his breath and failed to amend his conduct. Kim Nassik is lazy, and he has made Bundara, his elephant, the same. When both driver and elephant are lazy, the work flags. One man and his beast can hinder a hundred others. It is right that Kim Nassik should be well flogged."

When the elephant driver, after several warnings, had been sentenced to punishment, he replied to the superintendent:

"Your words are true, sahib, and I would not have you take them back. I have been lacking in diligence, and Bundara has agreed with me, but we have a reason. A few Sundays ago he got loose and ran away to the jungle. We hunted for him for hours. When we finally came upon him he was talking with a wild elephant. He came to me at my bidding, but that night, when all the camp was asleep, he whispered in my ear that we were fretting the river; that the waters were growling and complaining; that some evil would surely fall upon us if we dammed them back. For a million years the Goomtree has had free flow to the sea. Could it be otherwise than that she should be angry and that some disaster should befall us?"

"How is it with the trees—with the grass—with all else that man uses?" asked the official. "If the river is a million years old men have used her for a million years. Thousands of boats and rafts have floated down her current and she has not complained. Men must travel, and they must have bridges on which to cross streams. We have not dammed the current back. There is plenty of room for it to flow onward. Bundara is a big, strong beast, but he is lazy. He has told you this story that he may have less work to do. You shall have twenty lashes at the post before all men, and Bundara shall also look on as a warning to tell no more lies."

"As you will, sahib."

At noon the whipping took place, but the punishment was not severe. It was because of the moral effect that it was inflicted. Kim Nassik's elephant was there, and he dropped his head and tears ran from his eyes. They said he felt pity for his master and that his conscience troubled him. To spare the feelings of man and beast, the superintendent gave them half a day of the works—half a day in which to repent and decide to do better in the future.

At sundown all labor ceased, and it was reported that Nassik and his beast had gone to the jungles. That was a serious offense. The elephant was government property and was hired to the railroad company at so much per day. Nassik had been his mahout for ten years, but he was no more. He had incurred a serious penalty by fleeing, and a party was made to bring him back, but they hunted in vain. In four weeks the incident was almost forgotten.

In time the great iron beams were stretched from pier to pier, and cross-beams and girders were put in place, and from sunup to sundown the hot air quivered under the strokes of the scores of hammers. The approaches were filled in and spans laid to the piers, and the chief engineer looked over his work with a smile of satisfaction.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "In another sixty days the iron horse will be snorting across this structure. The Goomtree is on the rise, and a flood will come, but we need not fear it. We cleared its banks of driftwood for fifty miles last year. Nothing here can dam its waters back and imperil the bridge."

ashed he had clasped his arms around the trunk of his elephant and said:

"Bundara, I have been disgraced before a thousand men because you told me what the wild elephant said. I do not believe you lied, but let us go to the jungles and be by ourselves. If the Goomtree is fretted and harassed, then she will take revenge. We should not be punished for what the sahibs are doing."

The pair fled afar. Sometimes they were alone and sometimes in the company of wild elephants. The untamed beasts had no fear of Nassik. For weeks they hid in the jungle or roamed through the forests.

"Light of my soul," began Nassik one day, "the time for the flood in the Goomtree draws near. Whisper it to all your friends, that we may seek its banks and be ready for work. Whisper it to twenty—thirty—fifty. We cannot have too much help. I will rest here for three days, and do you go among your kind and spread the news."

At the end of the third day Bundara returned, and with him were seventy elephants. He had told his story well. Three days later all were at work on the banks of the river, fifty miles above the bridge. The waters were rising, but Nassik knew to an inch how high they would come before standing still for a day and then beginning to recede. Under his directions the elephants began work. Such trees as they could uproot and such logs as they could roll, together with thousands of cartloads of smaller stuff, were deposited just below high water mark. They piled banks high for five miles. For half a mile back the forest was stripped of limbs and vines and logs, and the labor was finished two days in advance.

"It is well, my children," said Nassik. "The waters will take everything at their flood, and then down at the bridge they will see what they will see. Let us now rest from our labors."

Down at the bridge there was no fear as the flood crept up. The Goomtree was not bringing down enough driftwood to tear a raft from its moorings. So it was for a week.

One morning when high water mark was reached the chief engineer enquired at the turgid flood. Two hours later there was a wild alarm. The face of the waters was hidden by drift. Never had man seen so much of it. It came rushing down like a wall. Some passed between the piers at first and went crashing along, but presently there was a swirling about and a wedging of mighty trees, and five minutes later there was a block. In half an hour it extended back a mile, and the force of a million horses was pressing against it. For a quarter of an hour the handiwork of man withstood the strain of the elements. Then there was a crash and a roar, and the current of the Goomtree flowed on as if man had never been.

Kim Nassik had been whipped, and he had revenged himself.

of had recruits sent to him and from them off according to their looks. What childishness! There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox. This Paulovski regiment did one thing which amused me. Just before the cortege came up they all blew their noses with their fingers at the word of command, and this was in order that none of them might sneeze when the emperor passed, as their doing so would bring him bad luck!"

Habit of Observation As Practiced by Willie

"BE observing, my son," said Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing and you will be a successful man."

"Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through the world blindly. Learn to use your eyes."

"Little boys who are observing know a great deal more than those who are not," Willie's aunt put in.

Willie took their advice to heart. A day passed, and once more he stood before the family council.

"Well, Willie," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?"

The boy nodded.

"Tell us what you've learned."

"Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whiskey hid behind his trunk," said Willie.

"Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary."

"The little sneak!" exclaimed the family.—Newark News.



On His Hands.

"He's got a good deal on his hands."

"I thought he devoted all of his time to his automobile."

"So he does, and you ought to see his hands since he's been taking care of it."

A Sure Cure.

Baity Moore—What's the matter, old man? You look as if you had the blues.

Calvert, Jr.—I have. Think how many years I've been working and saving and trying to complete a home and then look at my scantily furnished apartments.

Baity Moore—Now, old man, I know a sure cure for that feeling. Rent a house somewhere and start to move and you'll find that you've succeeded in accumulating more household goods than anybody else in town. And next day when the bill for the moving comes you'll be surer than ever of it.—Baltimore American.

Lost Forever.

Smith—Poor Brown! We shall never enjoy the pleasure of his company again.

Jones—What! He isn't dead, is he?

Smith—Oh, no.

Jones—Married?

Smith—No.

Jones—What then?

Smith—He bought a dog yesterday.—Detroit Tribune.

He Was Proud.

Magistrate—You are accused of having beaten your wife.

Accused—I did, your honor, and I'm proud to say it.

Magistrate—How is that, you brute?

Accused—Because, your honor, she weighs seventy-five pounds more than I do.—New York World.

And Go Ahead Slowly.

Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance.

Student—What is that?

Philosopher—When you are sure you are right, you should suspect that you are wrong.—Life.

A Marvel.

Reuben—I came to see that wonderful giant you're advertisin'.

Manager—Here he is.

Reuben—What, him? Why he ain't more'n six foot tall.

Manager—That's where the wonderful part comes in.—Cleveland Leader.

Sure to Meet Them.

Mrs. Stubb—I would like to meet some of my acquaintances today without going to the trouble of visiting their houses.

Mr. Stubb—That is easy. Just go out on the street in your oldest gown and hat.—Chicago News.

Father (looking at school report)—Who is the best writer in your class, Bobby?

Bobby—Willie Jones. All the boys in the class get him to write their excuses.

BONUSES WANTED

Canadian Tariff Commission Listens to Requests.

FARMING MACHINERY WANTED

Vancouver Island Farmers Declare They Can Buy American Farming Machinery at One Third Less Cost Than at Home—Object to California Crude Oil.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 7.—The tariff commission consisting of the Canadian finance minister, Honorable Mr. Fielding, and Honorable Messrs. Patterson and Brodeur, finished its sitting here today. A large number of witnesses were examined and various requests heard, including that of ship builders for a bonus of \$10 a ton, and iron workers for a bonus manufacturers for rebates of crude material used in the various branches, etc. Today Mr. Stockett, manager of the Western Fuel company, asked that a duty be placed on crude oil as the importation interfered with the coal trade. He said the California coal trade had fallen off fifty per cent because of the increasing use of oil.

Joseph Shaw, representing Vancouver island farmers, asked that agricultural machinery be admitted from the United States duty free as he said agricultural machinery could be purchased for one third less cost in the United States.

Full of Tragic Meaning.

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Chas. Rogers' druggist; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Weinhard's Lager Beer.

Are You Interested In Advertising?

The third quarterly convention of the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's association will convene at Seattle, October 23 and 24.

The association is made up of advertisers, advertising writers and agents and advertising solicitors—and every one who is interested in advertising.

Papers on advertising salmon, shingles, retail stores, export trade, etc., will be read and discussed.

You Are Invited

Whether or not you are at the present time a member of the association, the meetings are open to the public and will be immensely helpful to any one who uses or expects to use advertising space.

This is the place where new ideas are sprung—make it a point to be there.

For further information write to

C. V. WHITE,
WASHINGTON VICE-PRESIDENT P. C. A. M. A.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

SUMMER RHEUMATISM

Every season has its own diseases, but Rheumatism belongs to all, for when it gets well entrenched in the system, and joints and muscles are saturated with the poison, the aches and pains are coming and going all the time, and it becomes an all-the-year-round disease; an attack coming as quickly from sudden chilling of the body when overheated, a fit of indigestion or exposure to the damp, Easterly winds of Summer as from the keen, cutting winds, freezing atmosphere and bitter cold of Winter.

Rheumatism never comes by accident. It is in the blood and system before a pain is felt. Some inherit a strong predisposition or tendency; it is born in them; but whether heredity is back of it or it comes from imprudent and careless ways of living, it is the same always and at all seasons. The real cause of Rheumatism is a polluted, sour and acid condition of the blood, and as it flows through the body deposits a gritty, irritating substance or sediment in the muscles, joints and nerves, and it is these that produce the terrible pains, inflammation and swelling and the misery and torture of Rheumatism. No other disease causes such pain, such wide-spread suffering. It deforms and cripples its thousands, leaving them helpless invalids and nervous wrecks.

When neglected or improperly treated, Rheumatism becomes chronic, the pains are wandering or shifting from one place to another, sometimes sharp and cutting, again dull and aggravating. The muscles of the neck, shoulders and back, the joints of the knees, ankles and wrists, are most often the seat of pain. Countless liniments and plasters are applied to get relief, but such things do not reach the poisoned blood; their effect is only temporary; they are neither curative nor preventive. The blood must be purified, and all irritating matter removed from the circulation before permanent relief and a thorough cure is effected, and no remedy does this so certainly and so quickly as S. S. S. It contains not only purifying and tonic properties, but solvent qualities as well, all these being necessary in eradicating the poison and making a complete and lasting cure of Rheumatism. S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all irritating matter and the acid particles are dissolved and filtered out of the system, thus relieving the muscles and joints and removing all danger of future attacks. Under its tonic effect the nervous system regains its normal tone and the appetite and digestion improve, resulting in the upbuilding of the general health. S. S. S. contains no Potash or minerals of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Old people will find it not only the best blood purifier, but a most invigorating tonic—just such a remedy as they need to enrich the blood and quicken the circulation.

Whether you have Rheumatism in the acute or chronic stage, the treatment must be internal, deep and thorough in order to be lasting. Never be satisfied with anything less than an absolutely perfect cure. This you can get by the use of S. S. S., the oldest and best purifier and greatest of all tonics.

Write us fully and freely about your case, and medical advice will be given without charge, and our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to all desiring it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.



HIS WIFE A GREAT SUFFERER.

My wife had been troubled with Rheumatism for some time when she heard of S. S. S., which she tried and which cured her completely, as she has not suffered since. I recommend S. S. S. as a good medicine.

Okolona, Miss. J. E. REEDER.