

JOCK

By GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

Copyright, 1906, by George Ethelberg Walsh.

THIS isn't a dog story, but, come to think of it, a little brindle mongrel cur figures pretty prominently in it. Jock never posed as a hero, and I guess he isn't one. I've seen him run from a bigger dog, yelping for dear life and curling that tail between his legs like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

Jock simply came to me, and I tolerated him because he showed so much affection for a forlorn, homesick engineer doing duty in a distant land.

Jock and I went everywhere, slept together, ate together and tramped the country like two old outcasts. But he wasn't good for much else than a companion. He was too lazy to keep awake at night to watch out for danger and too big a coward to stand between me and another man or animal.

When I was commissioned to inspect the new docks and piers that the government was having built in Manila bay Jock and I prepared for sundry little excursions along as pretty a coast as any man laid eyes on.

On the fifth day out from Manila we reached the new government dock, where heavy supplies for the army were to be landed for shipment to the interior. This was a large wooden affair running 500 feet into the bay. The contractors had just finished their work, and the government was waiting for my final report before accepting it.

The dock was firmly built of huge piles driven into the soft mud and sand and boarded up on both sides to keep the floating debris from collecting under it. There was an entrance under the dock at the extreme end, but one could enter it only at low tide.

It was a very hot day, and after making a close examination of the dock I decided at noon to eat lunch under the cool shade of the mammoth wooden floor and then take a nap.

Jock made no objection to this unspoken proposition, but wagged his tail with intuitive appreciation of my plans. I pushed the small, flat bottomed boat which carried our day's supplies under the dock and proceeded to enjoy myself.

The tide was very low, and I pushed the boat halfway up the shelving shore and left it with anchor thrown over the bow. Jock ate all the dinner I could not swallow and then patiently snuggled up to my side and blinked his eyes sleepily.

The place was very conducive to slumber, and I was soon fast asleep, and Jock was no better off. We must have slept for hours. I woke with a start and found darkness around us.

For a few moments I was too puzzled to make out my position. I could not believe that night was upon us, for it had been high noon when I lay down to rest. This impression was confirmed by a few stray beams of light filtering through the roof over my head.

Jock at first sleepily wagged his tail. Then, scenting danger, he whined and sniffed the air. I, too, was beginning to feel the presence of some evil.

When fully awake and mental faculties alert, I comprehended the danger of our situation at a glance. The tide had risen rapidly, and the entrance under the dock had been closed to us. The light which had hooded the place when we went asleep was thus shut out, and we were dependent upon a few feeble rays that made their way

between cracks in the hourly overhead. "Hello, Jock! We're in a pickle!" I exclaimed.

Jock wagged his tail and tried to bark, but it only ended in a mournful whine.

"You little coward," I added in disgust. "You're a brave one to give a man moral courage!"

But I had little time to devote to moralizing or lecturing. I knew that the tide frequently rose to an extreme level, and I remembered that a series of unusually high tides had been running into the bay. If the water rose up to a level with the lower floor of the dock the situation would become very serious for both of us.

Now, I'm a fresh water man, hailing from one of the inland states where a

soft and farry. It was Jock, and had I not heard his constant and persistent bark I should have concluded he was strangling to death under the boat.

The thought of such an end sent the cold shivers down my spine. It was difficult to sit there and wait for the end. I lit my pipe and tried to smoke, but my courage oozed out slowly, and twice the pipe went out. Then I put it away and took another measurement.

I turned pale with apprehension. The tide had gained a foot and a half. By aid of the dim light I looked at my watch. The time for high tide was still half an hour off.

I realized then that my fate was sealed. The water would reach to a level with the floor of the dock, and I would drown. I tried to picture the scene of the final struggle. In fancy I experienced all the sensations of death.

Jock must have been thinking of the same thing, for he suddenly grew nervous and excited. He whined and whimpered and chased up and down the boat. I tried to grab him to stifle his cries, but he evaded me and finally leaped overboard.

That splash in the water brought more alarm to me than anything else. Jock was deserting me, and, like a drowning man clinging to his support of straw, I grabbed for the dog to haul him back.

I must have leaned heavily on the side of the boat, for it suddenly tipped and rolled straight over, turning turtle so quickly that I was in the water before I could think. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough to grasp the sides. I clung to this support and gasped for breath.

I tried in vain to turn the boat over. It would have been a stupendous job in that narrow space for an expert swimmer; for me it was absolutely impossible.

The top of the boat was within a few inches of the dock overhead, and I could not climb upon it. I simply clung to it and shivered. Jock swam around and around the overturned craft, whining and begging me to leave it, but there was no alternative, and I clung desperately to the slippery bottom.

The water rose inch by inch. First the bottom of the boat bumped against the boards overhead; then it was held firmly in position, and the tide climbed higher, marking the rise on the sides.

When there was only six inches of space in which to breathe I began to lose all hope. At five inches the lapping waves frequently slapped the briny water in my mouth. I craned my head backward, forcing my mouth and nose as near the boards of the roof as possible. Jock was by my side doing the same.

But he took it less silently and calmly. He spluttered and whined and made frantic efforts to bore his nose through the obdurate boards. I was



I PUSHED THE SMALL, FLAT BOTTOMED BOAT UNDER THE DOCK.

puddle of water up to the ankles is considered a lake and a stream three feet deep a river of mighty volume. Therefore, I confess with shame, I hadn't learned the gentle art of swimming.

I pushed the boat toward the end of the pier, bumping my head repeatedly against the boards overhead. There, ten feet below the surface, I could see a path of light which showed me where the entrance to our prison was located. A good diver and swimmer could easily reach it and come up on the other side.

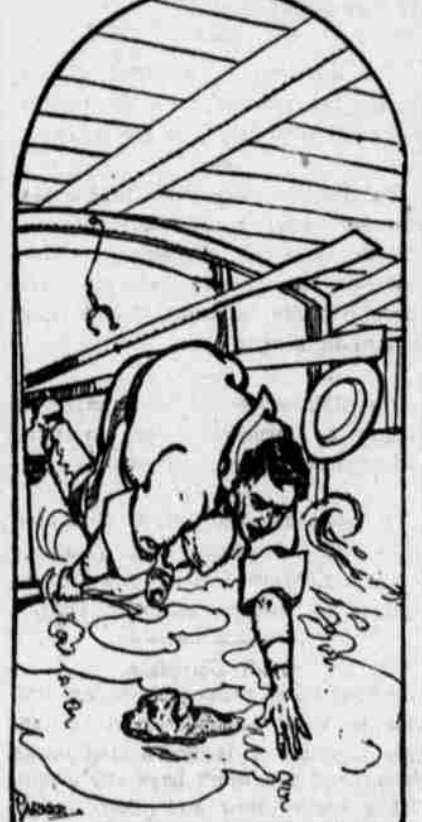
Jock looked down and wagged his tail, inviting me to dive. It was dog talk just as plain as day. I smiled with chagrin and shook my head.

I was not a kind to die easily, and while I had a few minutes of respite

I exhausted every possible study of the situation. I pushed around the piles and shook the boards, hoping to find one loose, but the contractors had performed their work well.

There was no use calling for help, for there was no possibility of any one being within five miles of the place. So I didn't waste much strength in that way.

There was only three feet of space between the boat and the boards overhead. At the rate the tide was rising I should have nearly an hour before the climax could be reached. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was safe. The water would force the boat up toward the roof, but by lying down in it we could wait for the turn of the tide. I took measurements and found that with six inches of space we could escape if we took care not to rock the boat.



THE BOAT SUDDENLY TIPPED AND ROLLED STRAIGHT OVER.

fast losing control of my muscles, for horrible fear was paralyzing my will. The frantic terror of the drowning man was taking possession of me.

The water was now filling my mouth and nostrils with every gentle undulation of the surface. I spluttered and gasped and made more frantic struggles than Jock.

My senses were deserting me when Jock suddenly slipped from my side and disappeared. My first thought was that the poor dog had succumbed and was dead. Then I concluded that he had made a strike for life and liberty at the final moment.

This impression was apparently verified a moment later. I heard Jock's bark in the distance. The sound was far away and muffled, but it seemed to come from overhead. He had escaped!

Then the impossibility of it dawned upon my mind. There had been no time for him to dive under the dock and reach the top of it. But, if not, the dog had found a place of security. His natural instinct had led him to some safe nook which I had overlooked.

This thought possessed me and brought renewed hope to my falling spirit. I would follow Jock's lead and then yield to the inevitable without a murmur.

But where was Jock? That puzzled me. I tried to locate his muffled cry. It sounded so near and yet so distant! Something impelled me to strike out under the boat with one arm, and my hand came in contact with something

soft and farry. It was Jock, and had I not heard his constant and persistent bark I should have concluded he was strangling to death under the boat.

"A man's wit acts quickly in moments of great danger, or at least they do sometimes. Mine worked with lightning-like rapidity then. I reasoned that I could live where Jock could, and I plunged my head under the boat and grasped upward for support.

I found myself a moment later clinging to the seat of the overturned boat, with my head bumping against the bottom, but with more space for breathing than I had enjoyed for some time. It was total darkness there, but the air was fresh and invigorating. Jock was fawning by my side and whimpering with delight.

I reasoned out the explanation of it in a flash. In turning over so sudden-



I REACHED UNDER THE BOAT.

ly the boat had imprisoned a lot of air, and the rising water had held it. The bottom and sides of the boat were both air and water tight. Jock had found the place of escape either accidentally or by instinct.

I breathed easier and found my position more comfortable. There was a good six inch space for the head, and I could rest my elbows under the seat of the boat. It was all a question now of whether there was sufficient air to support the two of us for half an hour or less. By that time, I judged, the tide would turn, and we could crawl out.

The water could not rise up higher under the boat on account of the imprisoned air, but our breathing steadily exhausted the oxygen of the latter and added to our discomfort.

My nerves grew tense and snappy, and my senses began to reel. Jock, too, ceased to bark and whine. A great slumber appeared to possess us. How long we had been there I had no way to judge, but when my head seemed ready to split I could stand it no longer. I must have fresh air!

I ducked my head under the gunwales of the boat and crawled out. There was a moment of spluttering and gasping and then a deep breath of fresh air that sent the blood tingling through my whole body.

The tide had turned, and there was space enough under the dock to live and breathe in comfort. I filled my lungs until they ceased their panting. Then, remembering Jock, I reached under the boat and hauled his nearly lifeless body up to the fresh air.

When the tide fell low enough for us to crawl upon the bottom of the boat I flung myself at full length on it and rested. Jock spread himself out by my side ready as ever to rest and sleep.

Later I examined the high level of the tide under the dock and found that the water had come up to within half an inch of the boards. No man could have lived there, and had not Jock found the fresh air under the boat neither of us would be here to testify to the truthfulness of this tale.

But Jock doesn't pose as a hero, and I'm not saying that he is one, but you must admit I owe my life to him.

Given Up to Die.

B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured." Why not let it help you? T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

SAVED HER SON'S LIFE.

The happiest mother in the town of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Ruppee. She writes: "One year ago my son was down with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him; when by our druggist's advice I began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at carpenter work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by Chas. Rogers, Druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

BIG REDUCTIONS

ON

Wall Paper

30 PER CENT OFF

On account of the large new spring stock coming and to make room in our store we offer 30 per cent off for the next few days. Buy your wall paper now while it is cheap.

Eastern Painting & Decorating Company.

Commercial Street, near Eighth.

Nine Hundred Pieces of New Sheet Music

Received last Friday from all the leading music publishers of the United States. We are going to make this an important part of our business and have bought accordingly. Both show windows full and display inside as well as stock on shelves. All the latest, both instrumental and vocal. Come early and get your choice.

E. A. HIGGINS CO.,

MUSIC BOOKS STATIONERY

APPEARANCES

Often a person is sized up by his appearance; by the tone that surrounds him. And more often a business house is sized up by the stationary it uses. A cheap letter head or a poor bill head gives a mighty poor first impression and makes business harder to transact. Good printing costs no more than poor printing. The first impression is half the battle in business. You wouldn't employ a "sloppy" salesman; why put up with "sloppy" stationery, that gives a wrong impression of the importance of your business. Let us do your printing and help you to make that ten strike.

The J. S. Dellinger Co.

ASTORIA, OREGON

STEEL & EWART

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

In Business for Business and Your Satisfaction.

We make it our aim to do first class work at reasonable prices.

222 Twelfth Street. Next to the Astoria Theatre.

H. B. PARKER, Proprietor. E. P. PARKER, Manager.

PARKER HOUSE

EUROPEAN PLAN.

First Class in Every Respect. Free Coach to the House. Bar and Billiard Room.

Good Check Restaurant.

Good Sample Rooms on Ground Floor for Commercial Men.

Astoria, Oregon

TIDE TABLE, MARCH

MARCH, 1907.				MARCH, 1907.					
High Water.	A. M.	P. M.		Low Water.	A. M.	P. M.			
Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.		
Friday	1:50	8.4	1:47	8.7	Friday	7:59	1.6	8:10	0.1
Saturday	2:24	8.7	2:23	8.4	Saturday	8:30	1.2	8:45	0.6
SUNDAY	3:09	8.9	3:14	8.1	SUNDAY	9:12	1.0	9:20	1.1
Monday	4:38	8.7	4:05	7.4	Monday	10:00	0.8	10:06	1.7
Tuesday	6:13	8.6	5:03	6.7	Tuesday	10:56	0.8	10:51	2.4
Wednesday	7:58	8.4	6:18	6.1	Wednesday	11:52	0.7	11:45	3.0
Thursday	9:48	8.3	7:45	6.0	Thursday	12:50	0.6	12:37	3.6
Friday	11:43	8.1	9:12	6.2	Friday	1:50	0.5	2:37	4.0
Saturday	13:43	8.2	10:22	6.6	Saturday	2:50	0.4	3:49	4.2
SUNDAY	15:41	8.4	11:15	7.2	SUNDAY	3:52	0.3	4:50	4.2
Monday	17:38	8.7	12:05	7.7	Monday	4:59	0.2	5:40	4.0
Tuesday	19:37	8.9	12:55	8.0	Tuesday	6:02	0.2	6:23	3.6
Wednesday	21:36	9.0	1:45	8.0	Wednesday	7:08	0.2	7:02	3.0
Thursday	23:35	8.5	2:35	8.3	Thursday	8:15	0.2	7:40	2.1
Friday	25:34	8.7	3:25	8.6	Friday	9:22	0.2	8:12	0.4
Saturday	27:33	8.8	4:15	8.3	Saturday	10:29	0.2	8:45	0.9
SUNDAY	29:32	8.6	5:05	7.7	SUNDAY	11:36	0.2	9:20	1.6
Monday	31:31	8.4	5:55	7.0	Monday	12:43	0.2	9:55	2.2
Tuesday	33:30	8.2	6:45	6.4	Tuesday	1:50	0.2	1:10:31	2.8
Wednesday	35:29	8.0	7:35	5.9	Wednesday	2:57	0.2	1:31:13	3.3
Thursday	37:28	7.8	8:25	5.5	Thursday	4:04	0.2	1:52:29	3.5
Friday	39:27	7.6	9:15	5.1	Friday	5:11	0.2	2:13:15	3.5
Saturday	41:26	7.4	10:05	4.8	Saturday	6:18	0.2	2:34:01	3.3
SUNDAY	43:25	7.2	10:55	4.6	SUNDAY	7:25	0.2	2:54:47	2.8
Monday	45:24	7.0	11:45	4.4	Monday	8:32	0.2	3:15:33	2.2
Tuesday	47:23	6.8	12:35	4.2	Tuesday	9:39	0.2	3:36:19	1.1
Wednesday	49:22	6.6	1:25	4.1	Wednesday	10:46	0.2	3:57:05	0.8
Thursday	51:21	6.4	2:15	4.0	Thursday	11:53	0.2	4:17:51	0.5
Friday	53:20	6.2	3:05	3.9	Friday	13:00	0.2	4:38:37	0.4
Saturday	55:19	6.0	3:55	3.8	Saturday	14:07	0.2	4:59:23	0.4
SUNDAY	57:18	5.8	4:45	3.7	SUNDAY	15:14	0.2	5:20:09	0.4
Monday	59:17	5.6	5:35	3.6	Monday	16:21	0.2	5:40:55	0.4
Tuesday	61:16	5.4	6:25	3.5	Tuesday	17:28	0.2	6:01:41	0.4
Wednesday	63:15	5.2	7:15	3.4	Wednesday	18:35	0.2	6:22:27	0.4
Thursday	65:14	5.0	8:05	3.3	Thursday	19:42	0.2	6:43:13	0.4
Friday	67:13	4.8	8:55	3.2	Friday	20:49	0.2	7:04:00	0.4
Saturday	69:12	4.6	9:45	3.1	Saturday	21:56	0.2	7:24:46	0.4
SUNDAY	71:11	4.4	10:35	3.0	SUNDAY	23:03	0.2	7:45:32	0.4
Monday	73:10	4.2	11:25	2.9	Monday	24:10	0.2	8:06:18	0.4
Tuesday	75:09	4.0	12:15	2.8	Tuesday	25:17	0.2	8:27:04	0.4
Wednesday	77:08	3.8	1:05	2.7	Wednesday	26:24	0.2	8:47:50	0.4
Thursday	79:07	3.6	1:55	2.6	Thursday	27:31	0.2	9:08:36	0.4
Friday	81:06	3.4	2:45	2.5	Friday	28:38	0.2	9:29:22	0.4
Saturday	83:05	3.2	3:35	2.4	Saturday	29:45	0.2	9:50:08	0.4
SUNDAY	85:04	3.0	4:25	2.3	SUNDAY	30:52	0.2	10:10:54	0.4
Monday	87:03	2.8	5:15	2.2	Monday	31:59	0.2	10:31:40	0.4
Tuesday	89:02	2.6	6:05	2.1	Tuesday	33:06	0.2	10:52:26	0.4
Wednesday	91:01	2.4	6:55	2.0	Wednesday	34:13	0.2	11:13:12	0.4
Thursday	93:00	2.2	7:45	1.9	Thursday	35:20	0.2	11:33:58	0.4
Friday	95:00	2.0	8:35	1.8	Friday	36:27	0.2	11:54:44	0.4
Saturday	97:00	1.8	9:25	1.7	Saturday	37:34	0.2	12:15:30	0.4
SUNDAY	99:00	1.6	10:15	1.6	SUNDAY	38:41	0.2	12:36:16	0.4

Astoria & Columbia R. River R. Co

Effective Sunday, September 9, 1906—Pacific Time.

8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:
------	------	------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	-------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	----