

NAMES OF THE WINNERS

In Labor Contests at Multnomah Field.

BASEBALL GAMES ARE POOR

Big Attendance and Much Interest Shown in All the Events.

Several thousand people witnessed the Labor Day sports at Multnomah Field yesterday afternoon. The seats were all occupied and various groups were scattered about and there in every part of the grounds. Every last good nature prevailed among the several contestants for the prizes.

The first event of interest was a baseball game between the Federated Trades and the Building Trades, resulting in a score of 16 to 10 in favor of the former. It was a poorly played game from start to finish, the most glaring errors being made in every inning. Easy flies were missed and the shortstops and many of the basemen showed that they had not done much practicing of late. But some of the players did remarkably well, and if they had had proper support would have put up a very interesting game. Considerable complaint was made against some of the decisions of Umpire Monish, but that gentleman stood his ground firmly and all had to abide by what he said. The two teams were composed of the following players:

Federated Trades—Parrot, first base; Patterson, shortstop; Foley, third base; Jagger, left fielder; Ed Lillis, center fielder; Charles Lillis, right fielder; Thompson, pitcher; Stark, second base; Buck, catcher.

Building Trades—Freeman, shortstop; Coffey, first base; Stinner, third base; Jagger, left fielder; Ed Lillis, center fielder; Charles Lillis, right fielder; Thompson, pitcher; Stark, second base; Buck, catcher.

The fat men's race came next, and there were three entries—J. W. Clark, F. H. Curtis and David Notter. The latter won the prize. Mr. Notter weighs 250 pounds and is a member of the Ship Carriers Union.

A tug-of-war contest followed between the Longshoremen and Teamdrivers. The battle was to continue 20 minutes and the union having drawn the rope by a certain spot marked in the center was to be declared the winner. The Teamdrivers won by about four inches.

W. G. Smith, H. Holmes and a Newberry entered for the two-mile bicycle race. The latter carried off the prize with ease.

The ladies race, 50 yards, for wives of union men, was contested for by Mrs. J. N. Joyce, Mrs. C. D. Wilson, Mrs. E. A. Garret, Mrs. Charles Mickley, Mrs. T. Collier and Mrs. L. W. Tope. Mrs. Joyce was the winner.

Those who entered the race for lady members of unions were: Miss N. O'Brien, a book-maker; Miss Mary Westphal, laundry worker; Miss Martha Westphal, laundry worker; and Mrs. C. Mickley, tailors' union. Mrs. Mickley won.

Bicycle race for apprentices—V. Walker, a painter, and H. Jordan, a carpenter, were pitted against each other, Jordan winning.

The 100-yard dash closed the field events. In this contest were C. D. Wilson, pressman; O. J. Reidel, steel metal worker; L. A. Bowman, retail clerk; C. W. Bush, retail clerk; M. V. Parker, Federal Labor Union, Albany; E. Arnold, Street Railway Employees' Union; J. W. Long, teamdriver; W. J. Robinson, shingle, Harry Wright, bridge and structural iron worker, and Jake Groff, sand and fuel teamster. O. J. Reidel won.

BALL AT NIGHT.
Over 2000 couples attended the ball last night at the Exposition building. There were 11 numbers on the program, and in addition to these many other dances were indulged in, the festivities lasting until a late hour. The ball proved very enjoyable and came to a close only too soon for those who attended.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

L. Patterson and family of Salem arrived this morning for the carnival.

Among Imperial arrivals this morning were Mrs. E. F. Lechna of Fort Walla Walla and Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gusten of Lexington, Ky.

J. C. Dibb, of the Tacoma Grain Company, which has just installed a large mill plant at Tacoma, is in the city.

B. J. Hirsch of Frisco is at the Imperial.

Another well-known Kentuckian in the city is C. A. Johns of Lexington, at the Perkins.

R. C. Judson, industrial agent of the O. R. & N., leaves this evening for a short trip East.

D. W. Bass of Seattle is at the Portland, taking in the carnival.

Jas. Bell, with Lipman, Wolf & Co., is back from a very pleasant vacation.

Hon. Fred White, ex-Mayor of Seattle, is at the Hotel Perkins, here on business connected with his large Northern interests. He has long been connected with Alaska operations, and established a large telephone system there last season, which has been sold out to English investors.

Miss Minnie Reed, timekeeper of Olds Wortman & King, has returned from a week's vacation and is at her old position again. Her outing was spent in rural Seattle.

Trailer Jumped Track.

One of the trailers attached to a Vancouver car of the Portland Railway Company jumped the track while crossing the Burnside-street bridge last evening about 1 o'clock and ran into one of the large iron supports of the bridge. A number of passengers who were on board were badly shaken up. A boy named Briggs was thrown out into the roadway and received several bruises.

AROUND THE COURT HOUSE

News of the Litigants, the Probate Court and Other Items.

Articles of Incorporation of the Dead Willow Duck Club have been filed in the office of the County Clerk with R. D. Inman, George Ray and W. J. Riley as incorporators.

Judge Webster this morning in the Probate Court, rendered a decision revoking the letters of administration of Andrew McCall, administrator of the estate of James McCall, deceased.

Judge Webster has appointed Sadie J. Johnson guardian ad litem of Harland Johnson and George N. Johnson, minor heirs of A. H. Johnson, deceased.

Julia F. McDaniel, his widow and administratrix of the estate of Wm. J. McDaniel, deceased, has filed a petition asking the County Court to set apart to her own use all the property of the estate that is not subject to execution.

An order was made in the County Court this morning confirming the sale of certain real property of the estate of W. B. Crowell, deceased. Frank E. Grant, the administrator, was ordered to make a deed to the purchaser.

Mary Jane Dixon, widow of Arthur Dixon, deceased, was this morning appointed administratrix of his estate. The personal property of the estate is of the value of \$275. There are three heirs, Francis, Mary and Thomas.

A. F. Fiegl has filed his final account as guardian of Rebecca Fiegl, "he shows receipts of \$123.81 and disbursements of \$17.50, and has a balance of \$106.31 on hand. He says all matters have been closed and asks authority to pay over the balance of the money and to be discharged.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT

A Seattle Man on the Wealth of Central Oregon.

William Hakes, of Seattle, was in Portland last evening, returning from an extended trip into the timber regions of Central Oregon, and was willing to confess to the remarkable development in progress in this state, from views he has had recently, especially of the Columbia Valley, and east of the Cascades.

"I could not have believed," said he, "what has been done in improvement, nor the riches of the region I have just come from, in Central Oregon. We have all been understanding it was a comparatively poor and undeveloped region. Why I found in the Prineville country a man who used to live in Portland, formerly in Seattle, who said he was farming. I asked him what he had. He said that he had some years ago secured a quarter section of that land, and somebody told him he could make money by farming it, and he went out to try. The first season he got 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, which brought a cent a pound there, and the next season he had 200 hogs to turn in on his wheat stubble, which he fattened with a little additional feed, and sold them for \$15 each, and the following crop gave him 30 bushels to the acre on the same stubble. His neighboring farmer had two sections of that kind of land. Fruit, other crops, stock, and the fact that there is fine timber not far from the region, for cheap lumber, goes to embellish the picture as the Seattle man saw it. He thinks that Oregon is just beginning a tremendous development. Land out there is now selling for \$20 to \$25 per acre, and is, he thinks, more likely to double, very soon, than anything else.

Speaking of Portland and Columbia River extensions, Superintendent Law said that speculation as to a line down the river direct to Portland was of course premature, but that there was no probability of a cut off across fields, as suggested by the new Lytle road, but that when it built, it would be from Wallula, or crossing the Columbia at Kennewick. "It is, however, a long way in the future," said Mr. Law.

Big Brush Fire.
A telephone call was sent into the East Side Fire Department yesterday afternoon for a large brush fire in the vicinity of the Arbor Lodge Station of the City & Suburban Company. District Engineer Holden responded and with the aid of a number of residents of the neighborhood succeeded in checking the swiftly enlarging flames.

Dying From Neglect.
An old man residing in the old Chicago hotel, East Washington street between East Water and East First streets, is in a dying condition. The old man formerly worked in a sawmill at Hood River, but came to this city about a month ago. About 10 days ago he became ill and the authorities were notified. His condition has gradually grown worse until he has become so weak that it is not expected that he will survive the day. The authorities have not responded.

Need More Police.
Just why the east side of the river should not be given more police protection is causing a lot of talk among East Siders. During the day time there are only two officers on duty to cover the entire eastern section of the city. One officer, best extends from Sullivan's Gulch north as far as the city limits and the other's goes to the south. In the evening there are four officers to patrol the East Side. Some parts of the city are never visited by the officers as they say that they cannot cover the territory.

Night Fishers in Court.
Quite a bit of interest was manifested at the East Side Justice Court this morning when the nine defendants, Edward Delmes, Roy Kahn, Edward Brown, Henry Post, Jacob Schraubauer, George and John Swint, Dan Flint and John Greening, were brought into court. The boys were charged by Deputy Game Warden Prettyman with violating the law in relation to the fishing of trout after night. The boys were arrested early Sunday morning and have been confined in the county jail since that time. The case was set for this afternoon but the boys were not ready to plead. The trial was set for Saturday, September 15, and meanwhile the boys will be allowed to go on their own recognizance.

Slashing for Railroad.
Slashing and clearing for the right of way for the new portion of the St. Johns electric line from Northern Hill to St. Johns is going on. The clearing has been completed for about half the distance. The new route will be a saving of about a mile in the running distance to St. Johns. When the slashing is completed a force of men will be put to work on the grading. The company has completed the setting of the trolley poles as far as Point View. It will likely be two months before the road is ready for the operation of the electric cars.

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SURVEYORS WORKING

On a Line to Connect With Great Central.

ARE CROSSING THE CASCADES

N. P. Buys the W. & O.—Other Railroad News.

Advice is received from Eugene tending to show that the Goulds are behind the movements of the Great Central railroad in its project to build a road from Salt Lake City to Coos Bay. Surveyors are now at work going over proposed railroad routes over the Cascade Mountains. Some of these are said to be surveys from the Missouri Pacific, who have run over two routes across the mountains, one from the head of the Middle Fork of the Willamette, also the other from the head of the McKenzie. The Great Central engineers who are now going through Coos Bay have reconnoitered the country west of those passes, with the indications that the Middle Fork Pass will be selected for the road.

The Great Central railroad officials here say that they have engineers at work in that section, but will not say anything in regard to the project. Something is going to be done soon. Manager Wright said this morning: "We are working in that country and intend to do something, but it is not advisable to talk too much so our neighbors will find out what we are up to."

NORTHERN PACIFIC THE W. & O.
The Washington & Oregon railroad has passed into the hands of the Northern Pacific. News from Vancouver, Wash., confirms the rumor that the Northern Pacific has been trying to get possession of the local road. Edmund Rice was succeeded by Newman Kline, of Tacoma, superintendent of the Pacific division of the Northern Pacific, and W. D. Darling, of St. Paul, will succeed A. C. Nell as chief of the engineer corps. Other changes will be made soon. The change will be effective down through the line of employees. The construction of the road from Kalama to Vancouver is completed, and the transfer is practically a change from construction to the operation by the Northern Pacific.

ANOTHER OFFICE FOR PORTLAND.
Notice has been received by the local railroad officials that the Leigh Valley road has removed its Tacoma office to Portland, with headquarters at 512 Chamber of Commerce. The Seattle office will have charge of the business in Washington, British Columbia, Montana and Alaska, while the Portland office will have control of the Oregon, California and Idaho business. The office here will be known as the Pacific Coast freight and passenger agent.

OIL TESTS SATISFACTORY.
The Columbia Southern has been making extensive tests in burning oil in the engine of the road. The tests began on August 1st, and while the company has not yet prepared a statement in regard to the comparative cost of oil and coal, they are thoroughly satisfied with the test made and the running power of the engines using oil as fuel.

There is a saving in the use of oil, it is considered, but just what it is, no one has yet been able to exactly state. The company will soon be able to give an exact statement of the comparative costs. They now have four engines burning oil and are so satisfied with the result that they shall continue in its use.

RAILROAD NOTES.
A. D. Charlton, of the Northern Pacific, is in Spokane for a few days on business.

C. C. Seachest, of the New York Central, leaves tonight for a week's business trip to Seattle.

Oren Thomas and V. L. Maeson, of Passenger Agent Craig's office, left Saturday on a bicycle trip to Government Camp, Mt. Hood. They found the roads in a very poor condition and the campers all departed. They returned home yesterday afternoon.

W. W. Harder, traveling passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific, has resigned to accept a position with the Southern Mutual Investment Company. He will be succeeded by L. A. Brown, agent of the road at Nelson, B. C.

B. R. Ingersoll, freight and passenger agent of the Wisconsin Central at Seattle, has resigned to accept the position of North Pacific Coast agent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad in that city. His successor will probably not be appointed until Agent Clock returns to the office.

John A. Gill, Pacific Coast freight agent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, was in the city yesterday on business. He went last night to Seattle, where he will attend the inauguration of an office for his road in that city.

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WILL CHANGE MANAGERS

Hotel Perkins—Restaurant, Not the Hotel.

Rumors that have been flying around of a change in the management of the Hotel Perkins resolved themselves into definite shape this morning. The real change is one in the management of the hotel restaurant. That has been of two years past in the hands of D. M. Brown, his lease expiring at the end of August. Recently the hotel-owner, by Agent McIlraith, who is leased and manager of the Perkins, has made a lease of the restaurant by which the management is to go into the hands of Colonel B. B. Tuttle, the well-known Portlander, and D. M. Watson. These expected to get possession for the commencement of the new month, but some complications arose at the last moment and the management of the restaurant refused to give possession, claiming a right to hold on for an indefinite time. As matters stood there was the best kind of prospect of trouble Monday morning when the new management asserted its right to take hold. However, the matter went over during Monday, guests and others all unconscious of trouble, and at a final meeting this morning of all concerned it was arranged that Lessee Brown should hold on until October 1, at which time the agreement is that possession will be surrendered to Colonel Tuttle. Both parties agreed in the statement that all had been amicably arranged, which was also stated by Manager McIlraith, of the Perkins.

TREASURER BUSY
Rush of Foot Peddlers to Pay Their City License.

While there were no very large payments made into the city treasury this forenoon, Mr. Werlein was kept very busy issuing licenses. Some foot-peddlers took out licenses at \$20 per day. These men, who are peddling cameras, etc., during the carnival. The following professional men paid their income tax: C. C. Newcombe, dentist; Dr. Emma J. Welty, Dr. H. A. Nichols, Spride & Young, attorneys; John Van Zant, attorney; Johnson & Van Zant, lawyers; L. M. Thornton, dentist; H. C. White, doctor; R. J. O'Neil, attorney; Sanderson Reed, attorney; C. A. Bell, attorney; Ryan & Galloway, attorneys; M. C. Holbrook, dentist; S. E. Skiff, dentist; C. E. Kendt, attorney; Graham & Clinton, attorneys; T. H. Ward, attorney; W. I. Northrop, dentist; W. T. Vaughn, attorney; Covert & Stanleton, attorneys; S. S. Gillespie, attorney; Geo. T. Holman, attorney; Emmett Drake, dentist.

License Inspector McEachern said this morning that he was preparing another list of delinquent lawyers for whom warrants will be issued this afternoon.

TROUBLE AT THE CARNIVAL
District Attorney, Detective Merchant and Fakir Come Together.

As Isaac Fleischer and his wife were walking through the carnival grounds last evening a man dashed a handful of confetti paper in the face of Mrs. Fleischer. A request on the part of her husband that he discontinue the same was met by a renewed assault, whereupon Mr. Fleischer struck the man over the head with a cane.

The men then clinched and rolled in the sawdust, when Detective Jo Day undertook to separate them. He was promptly knocked down for his pains by some outsider, but springing quickly to his feet he again undertook to part the combatants, when he received another blow from a bystander which nearly knocked him out.

At this juncture District Attorney Chamoerlain, together with several other citizens, came onto the scene and succeeded in restoring peace. No arrests were made, the confetti man disappearing in the crowd.

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The Journal Short Story

Jake, the guide, was putting off the start for another day, but I was eager to go, and besides I didn't quite confide in his system of weather forecasting.

"Hear them tree-frogs a-sing! so high up!" he asked. "Well that's a sure sign of rain. The higher and harder they sing the wetter the storm."

But I went on loading the boat just the same, and at last, when the darkness fell thick and the stillness of a moonless summer night settled upon the arching forests, we lighted the basket torch and pushed the skiff into the current, the glare of the flaming pitch making monstrous, shifting

halves of shadow fit and stark and loom along the shores. The world was so still that the ripples were loud along the boat's sides and far below, where a black snag thrust its ragged end above the surface, we could hear the current eddying and churning as if mad with the interruption.

The sky, dusted with stars, was purple-blue like a phosphorescent river between the black walls of the overhanging timber and the skiff, and Jake and I seemed to be floating in space, so unobscured were the waters, so motionless the little vessel, so pulseless the air. I spured a sturgeon as we swept round Elkhorn Bend, but there in the vista which opened toward the West I could see, low down and flicked at intervals with rose-red lightning, a bank of coming clouds. Now the night birds and the insects of the wood-lined shores seemed hushed. Sometimes we could hear a nut or berry drop into the water, and then, far off, murmuring like a wakening city, a dull, low hum—the mutterings of the coming storm.

"She's a hummer, sir," said Jake, "shall I put 'er in?"

But the fish were rising gamely, and I said no. Then we swung with the current into a narrower, swifter channel, and the storm-clouds covered us like a black wing. The murmur swelled into a clatter like applauding hands, and we felt a cold breath, the presence of the tempest, gently at first then sharp and bitter and chilling. The purple-blue of the zenith was quickly blacker than the trembling trees, swarms of moths, flies and winged insects, fleeing from the storm, swam through the air at our spluttering torch; the breeze, hesitant, began to whip among the tree tops and then the giant timbers, struck by the waxing fury of the wind, began to sway and bend. Low, overhanging branches reached down across the water, lashing up fountains that drenched us even before the rain began to pour sprays of ice-cold water into our faces.

"Where are we, Jake?" I shouted, as he topped at his oars and brought the skiff headway with the current.

"Wait till she lightnings!" he bellowed, and I could tell by the gasp of his voice that he was frightened. The boat was now sweeping almost within arm's length of the willows that crowded the steep bank. Our torch, crackling and lurid at the prow, seemed like a bale-light leading us pell-mell through mid-air. We heard timbers snapping in the forests, and once a giant limb, torn from its trunk by the wind, came smashing down into the water just as we skimmed beneath it. The lightning, coming now at quick intervals, made our torch dim yellow. We could smell the sulphuric fumes, and our ears ached with the detonations.

"I see Hawley's bathhouse!" shouted Jake, puffing like a porpoise and grunting again as he swung for a gray shape in the dark. The force of our steering was sent the skiff half its length upon the sand, and by the light of our torch I could see that we were aground on the edge of a low shelving beach. We set the light by the margin of the river and ran for shelter to the nearest house, one of two closed-like dressing rooms that stood there for bathers.

Inside we took off our wet outer garments, wringing them and peering out into the night. Jake sat down on the

rude bench within and lit his pipe. He began to boast about his weather wisdom and the fishing he had done, and proposed that as soon as the weather "let up," we should go up to Hawley's place on the hill and warm up. He was saying something about the kind of whiskey Hawley "most allus kept," when he suddenly stopped, and pointing out at the other dressing room, which lay up the bar about 100 yards, said:

"By Gimmie, there's someb'd yander, sir. I kin see 'em by the torch."

I came to the door and watched till I saw the face and limbs of a rather looming white and weird by the wavering light.

"It's a woman, Jake," I whispered, watching her go mincingly across the storm-swept beach toward the water. "What the devil do you suppose?"

"There she goes," he laughed. And sure enough in she walked into the whirling river, striking boldly out into the current as fearless swimmers do. We wondered and stared, but her white face was soon beyond the torch's ring of light.

We heard her laughing once or twice when the waning winds blew toward us, but though we watched for quite an hour, and then, both scared, ran to the shore and began to call, "Where are you?" and "Are you all right?" we heard no more. Then we reshaped the torch and struck out into the river, holding back against the current and staring at theinky water for a flash of her white body. Sometimes the boat ran swiftly past sunken trees, and the rattle of submerged rocks seemed to take on the form and outline of a face or an arm, but we found no sign of the bather. For two hours we rowed and drifted and searched. Then, beaten and exhausted, we went back in the slack water of the opposite shore and landed once more by the beach. I took the torch and searched the little dressing room whence the reckless bather had come, but within there was no sign of her garments.

Jake didn't say a word as we hurried up the steep hill at Hawley's, and I was too puzzled to ask any questions. Nor when we got there and routed Hawley out of his bed, would the surly fellow join in the conversation. It was long past midnight and our yawning host had led us into his kitchen and opened his back bottle before I could make his drowsy ears hearken to my startling story. He insisted that it couldn't have been any of "his people" and said that no summer boarders had come.

"Besides," he added, taking his third, "I don't allow nobody to go in swimming off my back after dark."

When I insisted that we should all go back and try again to find the drowned or drowning woman, he made a few awkward attempts to joke the matter off, until I lost patience with him and marched off. Jake hung back until I was well out into the yard, and as I called back from the gate, he cried, "Just a minute." He came at last, and the storm having ceased and the late moon risen, we walked back to our boat and bailed it dry on the shore.

"Are you game for another try?" I asked him.

"For sturgeon?" he growled.

"No, you fool! She might have gone ashore on the bar at Gilleys. We ought to—"

"You mean the woman?" I could see a foolish grin on his broad face.

"It was a woman. I saw her hair, long and black, against her shoulder."

"That's her, sir. By the way," resumed Jake, taking the oars and laying the skiff afloat. "Master Hawley says you please, no say anything about that woman a-bathing tonight."

"And why not?"

"'Cause, at least he thinks so, it might give his place a bad name. They was a woman drowned out there pnt two years ago. She went swimmin' at night. But she was picked up at Bow Junction and nobody knowed where she come from, 'cause Hawley he burned her clothes, and, fact is, sir, nob'dy knowed her 'cuz she was just a summer boarder."

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