



TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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CHAPTER III—Continued.
Left master of the situation, old Seadog pursued his investigations. The ship had filled with sand in the neighborhood of the captain's quarters. It was this very point that attracted the crafty fisherman's attention.

Shovels were secured and the boys were ordered to delve their way into the captain's room. It was easy to find the door since the sand only extended about half way to the ceiling of the cabin.

While the boys were shoveling back the dripping sand, old Seadog was alternately on the lookout inside and out. He let nothing on the stranded vessel escape his observation and kept a constant vigilance out over the bay to see that no one was approaching.

"If I can make sure that they were aboard my future is no longer an uncertainty," said the old man as he mused to himself. "It was impossible for any one to survive," he continued. "The whole crew and all aboard went to the bottom of the sea and the crabs will have disfigured their bodies beyond recognition before they rise to the surface. And even should they escape these busy scavengers they may drift back to the ocean where they will furnish food for the larger fish."

The fishermen were already suspicious of old Seadog and when driven from the wreck at the muzzle of his gun they immediately returned to the village and spread the news.

"The officers ought to take the matter in hand," said one.

"Yes, he is up to stealing the ship and cargo," said another.

The justice of the peace was appealed to as well as the village constable, but these two functionaries declared that they had only jurisdiction on the land and not on the sea.

"But the pillaging should be stopped," insisted the honest fishermen.

When the justice of the peace saw that his neighbors were bent on some kind of legal action, he informed them that the higher courts had jurisdiction on the waters; that the government itself would act if it were informed; that the vessel was a foreign one and that the consul of the country from which the vessel came would protect it from the hands of the land pirates.

Astoria then had her customs officials and she had a United States commissioner. Cape Disappointment had her lighthouse, but it was before the days of telephone and telegraph service at that point and there was no way to communicate with the government authorities at Astoria, sixteen miles away on the south bank of the river, except by crossing the stream in a small boat.

But those men of the river were not slow in arranging for the trip. A small sail boat was launched and three of the most intelligent went aboard and were soon cutting their way across north of Sand Island as fast as the wind could carry them.

Old Seadog's watchful eye did not let them escape unnoticed, and he knew that ordinary matters did not prompt his neighbors on such a journey.

"Dig for your lives, boys; lift out that sand! We may have trouble before our job is done. Some of those halfbreeds have gone to Astoria to raise trouble and we must get well and through before the storm blows back." Old Seadog did not mean to disturb the property left on the vessel. He had a personal motive in view. His mission was not in quest of gold; neither would he have carried away the smallest thing of intrinsic value, but would have risked his life and that of his boys for that which he sought.

While delving their way into the cabin they came upon many valuables. These were cast aside as so much rubbish. Gold and silver trinkets were thrown upon the heaps of sand as if they were of no value.

It was several hours after they had begun work and old Seadog was already casting uneasy glances toward the south side of the river when the boys struck the sea captain's iron chest.

While battling with the storm the rocking, tossing vessel had shaken this heavy receptacle from its usual place and had hurled it about the room like a ping pong ball. But like a wedge it had been driven into a heap of furniture and baggage jammed together in one corner of the room and backed by these and the heavy bank of sand piled upon the top of the whole, it seemed a thing as solid and immovable as the hull of the vessel itself.

It was at this crisis that old Seadog discovered a revenue cutter approaching from the south, at whose helm floated the stars and stripes.

"Exert yourselves, boys, exert yourselves for your lives, or all is for naught! Those fools have informed the officers and they will soon be upon us," said the old man.

Then they all put to and gave their energy to securing the iron chest. The old man abandoned his lookout and joined the boys in the work. The timbers were interlocked about it and at the same time deeply imbedded in the sand.

"Get the capstan lever, boys; get the capstan. We must have her now or it will be too late!" exclaimed the excited old Seadog.

Some crowsbars had been unearthed from the ship's tool room and with the addition of the capstan lever they set

to work with renewed vigor.
"Pry down to the left, boys, pry down to the left!" shouted the father. Already the exhaust of the government launch could be heard as it slowed up to weigh anchor at a safe distance from the sandbar.

It would only require the lowering of a boat and a few strokes of the oars to land the officers upon the fishermen. Fortune had always favored old Seadog and it favored him again. With a heavy lurch they brought the chest from under the timbers that held it down.

Fortune doubly favored him. When the iron receptacle had been turned round it was found that the keys still remained in the lock. The captain had possibly attempted to open it at the last moment and had been driven out by the waves.

"Rush outside, boys; rush outside; I will do the rest!" commanded the stern old parent. The boys were barely in time. They were confronted by the officers immediately upon climbing to the deck.

"In the name of the government, men, we proclaim you our prisoners," calmly spoke one of the officers.

The boys looked bewildered but spoke not in the absence of their father, to whom they had always looked for advice and guidance.

But the old man was busily engaged. With a surprising quickness he had opened the chest and tore from it the register roll. Then he closed the chest, locked it and cast the keys into the water at the lower end of the hole.

Then he climbed out through a port-hole at the rear, hurriedly secreted the roll in the sand at a safe distance from the vessel, climbed back through and joined his boys who were prisoners on deck. But before he had hidden the parchment upon which the ship's register was made he had turned through it quickly. His eyes had rested upon two names. This brought from him the ejaculation:
"Old Seadog rejoices at last; old Seadog rejoices at last; old Seadog has cause to rejoice! In the language of the convict who swam to the Diamond Isles, 'the world belongs to old Seadog now!'"

CHAPTER IV. Odd Companions.

After releasing the old man and the child from their entanglement they were carried to the nearest fisherman's cabin. The man, though lashed to the spar and pinioned to the earth by the driftwood was held no closer than was the babe. His arms held it like a vise. They had been so long about it that they had formed like clasps around the body and, numbed by the cold, they were as difficult to pry apart as are the creepers which hold a vine in its upward climb.

Young as it was, only a few weeks old, the infant possessed more vitality than did its aged protector. It stretched forth its little hands and legs with surprising strength and cried pitifully, though in a voice that showed that its lungs were still strong and healthy.

But the old man scarcely breathed. He opened his dull eyes for a moment and stared blankly into the faces of those directly in the line of his vision, and then closed them. He was unconscious of all that was going on about him. His long gray hair hung in strands about his face and neck. His silken gray beard was matted with the sand and trash of the beach. But for the slow pulsation of his heart he would have been pronounced dead by those around him.

The women were running about as busy as only women can be when they are doing some great act of charity, and their devotion was increased by the fact that some dead mother's child had fallen into their hands, and each felt a double responsibility on this account.

Some were bringing dry clothing from the wardrobe of their own children, others were warming row's milk in a small basin on the stove, while a more thoughtful mother was sharing the breast of her own babe with the little waif. And those good women smiled with tears in their eyes as the little stranger tugged greedily at its new found mother's breast.

"Oh, it will get along all right," said one.

"Yes, so long as it eats, the signs are good," said another.

"Just so you don't give it too much," remarked an elderly woman who was watching the proceedings.

"But I fear it is all over with the old gent," whispered one of the women who had just returned from the adjoining room where the men were working with the child's elderly companion.

The men were rubbing his arms and legs, and irons were being heated to place at his feet. Some brandy had been forced through his lips, but it was slow in showing encouraging effects.

His eyes were fixed in his head, his features were as pale as death. His firm lips were set as if in his last conscious moment he had fixed his determination upon some given object.

He was a little more than five feet as he lay upon the bed. Still he was rather plump and well-kept for his age. But his skin was smooth and his muscle soft, which indicated that he had

not been a man of toil.

When the hair was pushed back from his face a broad intelligent forehead was exposed. Had those fishermen been able to read phenological signs they would have discovered that the aged man before them was no ordinary being. His intellectual forehead, small feet and hands, dress and general appearance indicated that he had followed one of the professions.

In the meantime the village physician arrived and aided in resuscitating the old man. The child gradually passed away to sleep after its wants were satisfied and slept as soundly as if its own mother still hovered over it. It was a soft sweet sleep such only as is seen in the repose of the innocent before the trials and tribulations of life have come to their knowledge.

It knew not of its lost mother and father, the fearful storm at sea, the hours in the water, the terrible night among the driftwood on the beach. It slept in a repose akin to perfect bliss.

"She's a darling little girl," said the woman who had shared her own child's clothing with the little sleeper. "What pretty blue eyes she has," remarked she who had warmed the milk.

"Such dainty little limbs," said the woman who had run about the place nervously trying to do everything and had accomplished but little.

"But look what pretty features and sweet lips," said the one who had nursed the child to sleep, with an air of superiority.

The child did not exceed one month in age. It was probably younger. Its light hair, fair skin and pretty blue eyes even at so young an age showed that it was a born beauty. Still its features were much like those of the Finlanders, so many of whom had settled along the Columbia in the fishing districts.

"They think the old man is dying," said one of the women in a whisper who had been watching the men work with the aged sufferer.

"Oh, such a pity," remarked the women in a subdued chorus.

"We will never learn the child's name or anything about the fate of its mother or father."

"It must have been born on the voyage," said one, "for they say the ship was a Finnish vessel and has been many weeks at sea."

"Old Seadog's action in the matter is a mystery to everybody. Why he made such quick haste to board the ship is beyond all understanding. And he actually pointed firearms at the men when they attempted to go aboard the vessel," said a woman who had just been talking with her husband on the outside.

"But the officers will ravel the matter out," she continued as she remembered the details of the episode as given her by her husband.

Then there was a commotion outside. A fisherman had just arrived from the sand spit. He had brought news of the arrival of officers at the scene of the wreck.

"Old Seadog and his boys are all under arrest!" was whispered from lip to lip.

(To be continued)

The Other Fellow's Job.

There's a craze among us mortals that is cruel hard to name.

Whoso'er you find a human you will find the case the same;

You may seek among the worst of men or seek among the best,

And you'll find that every person is precisely like the rest.

Each believes that his real calling is along some other line

Than the one at which he's working—take, for instance, yours and mine.

From the meekest "me-too" creature to the leader of the mob,

There's a universal craving for "the other fellow's job."

There are millions of positions in the busy world to-day,

Each a drudge to him who holds it, but to him who doesn't play;

Every farmer's broken-hearted that in youth he missed his call,

While that same unhappy farmer is the envy of his all.

Any task you care to mention seems a vastly better lot

Than the one especial something which you happen to have got.

There's but one sure way to smother Envy's heartache and her sob:

Keep too busy, at your own, to want "the other fellow's job."

—Success.

The Word Picnic.

The derivation of the word picnic is uncertain. In London Notes and Queries of 1853 attempts were made to trace its origin.

One correspondent says: "Under a French form the word appears in a speech of Robespierre, 'C'est ici qu'il doit m'accuser, et non dans les piquettes.'" An earlier instance occurs in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters, dated October, 1748.

Another writer of the same date tries to trace the word from France into Italy. Starting with the assumption that piquette in French implies a party at which each guest provides some particular dish or performs some special duty, he finds the Italian expressions *nicchia* (duty) and *piccola* (a trifling service), and from these he coins *piccola nicchia* (picnic).

A French encyclopedia, 1843, has it that the word is compounded of the simple English pick (to choose) and nick (in the nick of time, on the spur of the moment). In France the term is also used for indoor picnics.

A Domestic Chef.

Mrs. De Style (after giving her order for dinner)—Can you remember all that?

New Girl—Sure, it's a French chef you think of, am I not?

"It is our ordinary company dinner. Guests are expected, you know."

"Well, mum. O'll just make yez an Oirish stew, an' this yez can sort the things out to suit yezselves, an' call them as many nose-cracking French names as yez like!"

A SONG.

When pallid Dawn comes up the sky,
And Day and Night for moments brief
Touch hands and lips, the waking Sea
Bethinks her of some ancient grief.

Haggard and wrinkled, gray and grim,
She moans the burden of her care,
The ghost of that wild thing that leapt
By day the wind's wild sport to share.

Belike the voices of the dead,
Tossed in her boundless charnel caves
Since man's first ship was drawn to
death,
Haunt her above her beating waves.

Or else there presses on her heart
The weight of immemorial age,
Before the sun brings back to mind
Her youth's eternal heritage.
—New York Tribune.

Her Second Self.

MRS. ST. GEORGE sat alone before her low fire, in her own cozy sitting-room.

To-night, for the first time in her two years of widowhood, Mrs. St. George laid down the widow's cap which had for so long served to conceal the thick auburn braids so artfully coiled about the small head.

Eighteen years had passed since she and Leonard Grover had met. They had been lovers in that far-off time; but he was poor then, with no whisper in the air of the rich inheritance to which he afterward fell heir, just too late for it to bring happiness to either.

She had married very young. She was but 35 now. Would Leonard find her changed, she wondered—be whose coming she waited here to-night.

Simultaneously with the thought came the sound of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs on the graveled path.

She started to her feet, pressing both hands upon her fast-beating heart.

She was glad—oh, so glad!—that the room was dark, when she heard the quick, firm tread; so glad that he could not see the quick blush, which put her matronhood to shame, when the door was thrown hastily open, and three or four swift strides brought him to her side.

"Florence!"

Oh, how his voice thrilled her—half with pleasure, half with pain!

"Are you glad to see me?" he questioned.

She strove to answer; but her lips quivered, and no words came.

"Florence," he then said again, and he bowed his handsome head lower, as if too soon to speak?

"Oh, Leonard," she answered, "can I yet alone?"

And then the bridge of years was swept away, and she sobbed out her happiness upon his shoulder.

"Let me see you," he said at last. "I have not yet seen the face for which I have hungered all these years."

He struck a light, then turned and looked at her.

"My darling!" he said. "It is still my beautiful Florence. What have I done to deserve this hour?"

"Mamma, where are you?" called out a fresh, girlish voice at this instant.

The next moment a girl of scarcely seventeen summers sprang into the room.

"This is my daughter, Leonard—my only child. Maude, let me present you to one of your mother's oldest friends."

The gentleman indicated looked from one to the other—from the mother to the daughter—then back again. Now he could realize the lapse of time—now he could appreciate the changes years had wrought.

The daughter was a fair counterpart of the mother's beauty.

An uncomfortable sensation rose up in his breast—a dumb warring against the inevitable—an unacknowledged desire to retrace life's pathway and conquer time.

Meanwhile the girl pouted the full red lips, as she thought her mother's friend strangely absent; and when he at last forced himself into a few words of greeting, they fell upon dull, unheeding ears.

Then she had gone. The lovers were alone again; but he no longer opened wide his arms, but instead drew a chair to her side, that they might discuss more rationally.

"You must teach Maude to love you," she said to him next morning. "I want first to reconcile her to my second marriage before startling her with its probability. Tell me—do you think her like me?"

"Your second self?"

"Ah, I am so glad! You will love her, then, for my sake?"

To love, and to be loved! O'er easy task set by frail woman in her blindness. It was Mr. Grover who must be Maude's companion in her daily rides—Mr. Grover who must teach her to manage the boat—in these first early spring days.

Maude looked upon her guest as her property. She had long ago laughingly told him how unceremonious had been his welcome to her, and he had wooed and won absolution.

Sometimes Florence sighed as she watched them together, while she sat alone; but she gave to the sigh no name, and thought the tribute to be vanished years.

One day came her awakening. Maude and Mr. Grover had gone for

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



—Indianapolis Sun.

their afternoon ride, but it had extended beyond its wont, and she had grown anxious and ventured forth to meet them, striking into the forest path which was her favorite way.

A half-mile from her home she met Maude's horse, riderless. Pale with terror, she hastened on, when suddenly she stopped, rooted to the spot.

Almost at her feet knelt the man her heart had loved always, and in his arms he held Maude's unconscious form.

"My love! my life!" he said, each word being borne distinctly to her. "Speak to me once—just once! Oh, Maude, are you hurt? My darling! my darling! Would that I might have given my life for yours!"

Then he stopped and pressed his lips to hers. A long, fluttering sigh escaped them.

"Leonard!" she whispered. "Leonard!"

"I am here, dear," he said.

And then he laid her down out of his arms, as though, with returning life, he remembered the duty it brought with it.

The mother sprang forward. "Do not be alarmed," Mr. Grover said, gently, on seeing her. "Her horse threw her. I think there is no serious injury."

When a few hours later they knew that there was no need for anxiety on Maude's account, Florence shut herself up within her own room to fight her battle.

"I cannot give him up," she moaned. "He does not know his own mind. He will forget this child, and she—she cannot love him."

And, for the first time in her life, there came a feeling of bitter resentment, even against her daughter.

They were sitting together in the library as she entered.

"Leonard," she said, "I think it is time we told Maude the truth."

The man's face paled.

She could almost see him gird his soul for the conflict, and crush out his heart behind his honor.

Even Maude looked up, with a suspicion of coming trouble.

"It is only this, dear," she said, turning to her daughter. "Has not Mr. Grover told you that he is an engaged man?"

Then she saw that the steel had struck home. The girl answered nothing as she turned two wet, reproachful eyes to him, who dare not meet their gaze.

"I must congratulate Mr. Grover," she said, calling up all her woman's pride to her aid.

Then she hastened from the room to hide the burst of tears.

The two were left alone.

"Does she suspect, do you think?" Florence asked, gloating over his torture.

"She must know," he answered. "I am ready, Florence, to fulfill my bond."

"Release me, Leonard. I find I cannot marry you."

Five minutes ago she would have thought herself incapable of the sacrifice; yet there she stood quiet and calm, giving no outward sign of the inward whirlpool, nor the torture that wrung her as she watched the weight lift from his soul at her words.

A little later he came to her, Maude blushing, radiant with happiness, by his side.

"Will you give her to me?" he asked.

"I loved her, Florence, because she was your second self!"—New York Daily News.

RUSSIA AT CLOSE RANGE.

Canonization of St. Seraphim Called Together Over 100,000.

The act of canonization of St. Seraphim on Aug. 1, 1903, was treated by the Russian authorities as a purely domestic concern. Diplomatic representatives were not invited. Few foreigners knew of the matter beforehand, and those who asked for permission to attend were informed that all the accom-

modations of the monastery had been assigned. Even the leading British advocate of union between the Anglican and Orthodox churches fared no better. An Englishman and myself were, as far as I know, the only foreigners that went, and we were made to feel that our presence was undesired. Notwithstanding this, and the discomforts we shared with peasants wearing sheepskin coats and birch bark footgear, we were richly repaid by the opportunity to study Russia at close range, and to witness a marvelous manifestation of the faith that expects and creates miracles.

The function of canonization called together a camp meeting of more than one hundred thousand people, a veritable nation assembled in faith, a theocratic witenagemot. Besides at least ten myriads of peasants, artisans and small tradesmen—Russian accounts say 350,000—the ceremonies demanded the presence of the imperial family, mobilized an army corps and no inconsiderable number of police, and attracted a host of civil and military dignitaries and clergymen of all grades. The complicated action and interaction of the autocratic, bureaucratic and hierarchic machinery of church and state were laid bare to an unusual extent. The Emperor and the court visited the haunts of the hermit, and drank and laved themselves with water from the miraculous spring beside which his hut was built. His uncorrupted remains were placed in a costly casket beneath a massive silver canopy of monumental proportions, both the gifts of his Majesty, and the monastery was proclaimed a seat of miracles, a Russian Lourdes—Century.

LINCOLN AND LONDON.

The Tower Dedicated to Our President in One of England's Churches.

"With charity for all and malice toward none"—these well-known words of the great, brave, sagacious Lincoln—appear in large lettering in the creed of Christ Church, Westminster road.

It is fitting, then, that the imposing tower of this superb structure, costing over \$62,000 (\$310,000), should be dedicated to the liberator of a race. Rowland Hill, whose name is linked with the world's great preachers, founded Surrey Chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century.

Newman Hall was one of his successors, and under his leadership the church secured this splendid temple and center of Christian service. When the building was still in the hands of the architects, Dr. Hall conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States; and to-day within the tower you may read the following inscription:

LINCOLN TOWER.

Inaugurated 4th July, A. D. 1876, by Sir Thomas Powell Burton Bart. The memorial stone was laid 9th July, 1874.

By the American Minister to this country.

The cost (£7,000) was defrayed equally by English and American contributions obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

It was built in commemoration of the abolition of slavery effected in 1865 by PRESIDENT LINCOLN; And as a token of international brotherhood.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.—St. Nicholas.

Suspicion Not Yet Confirmed.

"Miss Chellus married Mr. Gayman, I understand."

"Oh, yes—some time ago."

"So she caught him at last, eh?"

"No, she hasn't caught him yet, but she has her suspicions."—Illustrated Bits.

A Snob's Grievance.

"Young man," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had to work for my money."

"Well, father," was the chilly reply, "enough people in our set are throwing that up to me without your talking about it."—Washington Star.