

# Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

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



## CHAPTER V.

Ringwood and Sankala.

"How did you make it at school today, my child?"

"Just fine, except that Hazel Seadog was more rude than ever. My father, I am kind to Hazel. I do not antagonize her intentionally, and yet she seems to despise me. She flaunts the fact in my face that her father owns many fishtraps and has a cannery and that they are rich, while my father is a common fisherman, is old and poor and lives in a cabin, and they live in a big house with glass windows, and have a piano."

"Father, I don't care for this. I am happy with you. I don't envy Hazel, and why should she despise me above all others?"

"My child, there is an intuition sometimes that tells us more than we know. There is often a guilty conscience that is handed down to posterity and while the posterity knows not what it is, it feels it keenly. In the case between you and Hazel her intuition tells her that something is wrong; that your existence is dangerous to her welfare and yet she does not know why. If you knew the facts, child, you would understand, you would understand!"

"Tell me, father. Why does Hazel feel this way toward me?"

"I will not tell you all now, but I can tell you much. I have a long time contemplated telling you about yourself, but you are yet young—too young to grasp the meaning of the things of a wicked world."

"But you are old enough now to know who you are, who I am and what the future may be to you."

"Why, father, I know who I am. I am Sankala, you are Father Ringwood and my future shall be devoted to my dear father. You know you are getting too old to pull the boat, father, and they say it does not look so well for girls to mingle with the fishermen, but I shall help you at the oars and nets until I have completed my education and then I will teach school, or keep books or do something that girls should be respected for doing and take care of my dear old father."

"There was a long pause. The grizzled old man sat in one corner of the cabin gazing into an open fireplace fed by pieces of driftwood of various sizes and lengths. These had been gathered from the beach by the girl upon her arrival from school."

"As the child busied herself with the dishes and light housekeeping the old man sat deeply absorbed. He was thinking of the past. An inky darkness prevailed outside. A stiff wind hurled sheets of mist upon the roof which fell from the eaves in heavy drops."

"As the wind arose and whistled around the corners of the cabin the old man started as if awakened from terrible experiences of the past. It was a small structure nestling in the tall timbers near the beach, scantily furnished. A few cooking utensils on the open fireplace were used for preparing the meals. A large bed and a small couch furnished the sleeping quarters in the same room. Though the place was much crowded, everything was kept as neat as a pin."

"The man was wearing his four score and ten. The girl was a few days past fifteen. She bore a refined air in spite of her surroundings. Her clothing was of the cheapest kind, yet it was clean. Her garments were not made in the latest style, still they were neat. Her hands and feet were small though the former showed the marks of toil. Her eyes were older than those of most girls of fifteen, but they were no less beautiful. They looked deep into things with an intelligence and innocence that commanded respect."

"Yes, Sankala, I told you I would tell you some but not all. The Seadogs do not like us. They do not know why, but there is an intuition that tells them we are dangerous to their welfare. Those letters you have brought me from the postoffice all these years are bringing to a consummation the plans which have so long occupied my time. It has been a long and tedious duty but it shall be performed ere the last spark shall leave me."

"Sankala, you have been told the story of the shipwreck by the old women time and again. I have seldom spoken of it. It is a link in the story of your life that is of the greatest importance to you."

"I am the only person living that knows you. I am the only person living that knows the facts which shall some day make you free from poverty. Which shall enable you to live the life that you deserve—will enable you to complete your education and to outshine Hazel Seadog and all of the Seadog family."

"They are sailing under false plumes, Sankala, they are sailing under false plumes. They are wearing that which of right belongs to others."

"Sankala, I have always passed as your father. I love you better than a father ever loved his child. The idea prevails among the fishermen that only your mother was drowned and that I, your aged father, who had taken a young wife at the age of three score and ten had clutched you in my arms at the last moment and that fate had cast

us ashore.

"We were cast ashore together, it is true, you a five-weeks old babe in my arms, but your mother and father both went down to a watery grave."

"But you are my father now," broke in Sankala. "I love you as my father and shall always love you as such."

"That is true, my child, that is true, but your real father is dead. It is this that places a heavy responsibility upon you and me. Your father was much wronged and it is left to you and me to right the wrong. Should I continue to live, Sankala, I will right the wrong, but should I die the duty falls upon you. You are young, I know, but you already possess a woman's intelligence and with the data before you, you will be able to complete the plans which I have inaugurated, should the worst come. I am failing rapidly, Sankala, I am failing rapidly."

"But you will live, father, you will live," sobbed the girl.

"I intend to, my child, but should I fail you must finish the work. Under the hearth there is concealed a small box. It is a small metal affair, but contains much of interest to you. It contains evidence, Sankala, that shall some day make you the queen of the fishing village. It will do more Sankala, it will enable you to travel and to see the great world."

"I shall never forget your mother's dying request. It was on that fearful night fifteen years ago when the old ship made such a gallant fight on the bar and finally went aground on Sand Island."

"Your father was assisting the sailors and had been swept from the deck. You were born aboard the ship after we had left the old country. The ship's surgeon had given a certificate of your birth. Your mother knew how important that certificate was, Sankala, and when all were lost but the captain and you and I; she came to me and threw you into my arms. She had imbedded the certificate of your birth in wax and thrust this deep into the inside pocket of my vest." She said, calling me by my right name:

"I have a presentiment. You will live and rescue the child. I will be lost. Upon the very eve of reaching the place we so long sought, my poor husband went down in sight of his own wealth. I must surely follow. Take her, my dear friend, take the child and see that she gets what belongs to her. In the name of Him who will reward you, I beg you to be brave and do that for which you are now intended."

"In a few minutes all was lost. God spared me the sight of seeing your mother go. I lashed myself to a spar, clutched you in my arms with the grip of death and became unconscious, as the sea cut the remaining timbers from the vessel."

## CHAPTER VI.

Disturbed Peace of the Seadogs.

"I do not know why it is, husband, but our Hazel, young as she is, is worrying a great deal. That girl, Sankala, disturbs her peace of mind. She does not like her. The poor girl is kind to our Hazel and all of that but our child seems to have a most natural antipathy for her."

"Sankala is the most popular girl at school. The teachers love her, the girls run after her and the boys worship her. They look upon her as some superior being and yet she is only a poor little waif that you remember was cast ashore here many years ago."

"Old Ringwood, her father, is drinking more and more whenever he can get it, and the child, poor thing, much as she disturbs our Hazel, seems more devoted to the old man every day."

"It would be better for her if he should die, but then it would almost kill her, for the poor thing worships the old fellow. But it would be bad for the village if Ringwood should die. There would be no one to fill the difficult prescriptions at the drug store and I do not know what poor Goenel would do without him."

"Do you know, husband," spoke the woman more cautiously, "I do not like that girl Sankala. She is all kindness and deserving, but I do not like the child. Her name disturbs me and when I see her a peculiar feeling comes over me which I cannot explain. I do not wish the girl bad luck, but I do wish that something would take her away from the village where I could not see her and where she would not disturb our Hazel."

Thus spoke Mrs. Seadog, the wife of old Seadog, the ruling power in the great fisheries on the north side of the Columbia river near its mouth.

"I do not like the kid either, wife," said the rugged old capitalist, who had made his wealth in various ways. He had pulled oars through the storm-driven waves. He had sold goods over the counters of his great store at enormous profit. He had dispensed whisky over his bar that was said to have been of his own make and was warranted to contain snakes to the quart; he had thrown Chinamen from his cannery into the bay because they did not earn ten times their wages; he had robbed the fish traps of his neighbors, stolen their property rights by night, and was charged with having sent gillnetters to the bottom of the river. Upon all of this, old Seadog had built up an immense fortune, but it was whispered about that he had come to the wealth

which constituted the foundation of his fortune through some foul means the details of which were shrouded in mystery.

"No, I do not like the kid, either," he continued. "And much less do I like the old bunch of mystery who is known as her father."

"Do you know that when I learned that they had drifted ashore from that vessel, he more than half dead and she but little more than spawn, I felt annoyed by it. In spite of the fact that there could be no harm in them I would rather that all on board should have been lost at the time. And it is remarkable that the oldest and youngest should have survived—the very ones that under the laws of nature should have been lost. The weakest are accounted lost on such occasions under the law, yet that old duck and the young minnow broke the record."

"I don't like to think of those times, and yet I do. My trial for boarding that wreck gave me a close call. In spite of the fact that it was shown that I did not attempt to carry away any of the valuables, and I made the plea that the boys and I were only trying to save life, there was a strong suspicion that we had some wicked motive in boarding the wreck and the jury hung out on the case until things looked shaky."

"Then it has its pleasant side. Upon that wreck I found the evidence that put my mind to rest forever on one point—that is, it should have done so. I found the evidence of the death of the only person living who could disturb me here. He went to the bottom of the sea. I knew he was on the vessel beyond all reasonable doubt and when I found his name on the ship's register then all questions were settled."

"When I found a woman's name on the register identical with that of his own I did not understand. But upon investigation I found that he was married a year before sailing and this cleared all matters on this point. She went to the bottom of the sea with him."

"I first had fears that this Sankala might have been of their issue, but I find from the ship's register that one Ringwood and his wife and child were aboard and since old Ringwood claims her that set all doubts straight on this point."

"Ringwood was very old at the time, but he appears to have had a younger wife. Besides the old fellow is half crazy and does not know what he is doing half the time."

"But if this Sankala should have been the child of the son of my only brother, she could never prove it. All records not in my possession are destroyed. But, still I am like you. I do not like either the old man or his daughter. She gives me that same feeling of uneasiness—or rather unpleasantness and he, well, he reminds me of a rival of the olden time."

"That rival was about his height, but he was slender and stood high in life. He was even a druggist to the czar. But I, a mere commoner, won out over him and it cost me my country. I had to escape by flight and come to America. He swore vengeance on me and I should tremble in my shoes were I sure he is living today."

"This Ringold has eyes like the fellow and I do not like him for this reason. But he is a different kind of man. He was quick motioned, had a springy step, wore no beard and kept his hair cut short."

"But Ringold is like him in another characteristic, though a mere imitator. While Ringold is considered an expert prescriptionist for this fishing village my rival was the best chemist of all the Russians. The czar prized him above all others. No other could fill a prescription for his family. His position was that of royalty."

"What rivalry existed between you and this man, my husband?" inquired the interested wife.

"Oh, it is a long story, my dear. There was not a woman in it. Never goes woman's curiosity. But, never mind, I will tell you the story another time."

"But this Sankala and the old fellow! He is getting old and cannot last much longer. When he is dead the girl will have nothing to keep her here. She can do us no harm; but still, I would like to see them away. They seem to be a menace to the peace of the Seadog family."

(To be continued)

### Nothing White There.

Albert, the young man of the family, was undeniably ill. The doctor was sent for. He pronounced it a case of jaundice, as indeed the parents had suspected, from the patient's yellowish appearance.

Albert's little sister was explaining to a caller.

"He's got the yaller janders," she said. "The doctor says so."

"But how could the doctor tell, Bessie?" asked the caller.

"Easy enough," replied Bessie. "Anybody could tell it by jes' lookin' into the—the yelks of his eyes."

### The Lesser of Two Evils.

Nervous Passenger (as the train stops)—I say, conductor, are those two men taking a straw vote?

Conductor—No; they are taking up a collection. Train robbers, you know.

Nervous Passenger—Oh, then it isn't as bad as I suspected.

### All Bets Off.

Miss Lakeside (of Cleveland)—You can just bet your sweet life that I'll be wearing an engagement ring before the end of the season.

Miss Browning (of Boston)—Excuse me, but I do not care to wager my saccharine vitality.

### How He Got It.

Binks—Queer that Charley Mohter could acquire such an automobile face. He never drives his machine over eight miles an hour.

Jinks—I know, but he got it when his first month's bill for the repairs came in.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## TO MY MOTHER.

Deal gently with her, Time; these many years  
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears,  
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her new,  
But trace decline so slowly on her brow  
That like the sunset of the Northern clime,  
Where the twilight lingers in the summer time,  
And fades at last into the silent night,  
Ere one may note the passing of the light).  
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—  
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.  
—John Allan Weyth in the Century.

## The Intercession of the Child.

NY Luck, Duke?"  
She looked up with a forced smile as her husband entered their studio, they termed it, but as a matter of fact it was their garret and the only room they had.

He shook his head wearily as he placed the canvases on the table.

"The dealers are full up, and I haven't sold one."

"Never mind," she answered, tenderly—"luck must change soon."

"Heaven only knows that ours has been black enough since we married."

"Dearest," she said, reproachfully, and she gathered closer to her breast the sleeping child, whose face was so dear to her, with the blue eyes of her husband and his halo of fair, curling locks, "there is little Ruth."

Marmaduke Sefton gazed moodily into the fire. His thoughts were far from pleasant ones. Until four years ago he had never known that dread feeling of want. His father, Sir Marmaduke Sefton, a very wealthy man, had completely spoiled him. Not a wish remained unsatisfied, and his allowance was a princely one.

This bringing up had the usual result. Duke made up his mind that he was an artist and nothing would shake him in this connection.

Not even the threat of his father's dire displeasure would persuade him to throw down his brush.

There is no doubt that in time Sir Marmaduke would have relented and have countenanced his son in his artistic ambition, but as luck would have it, Duke went into the country to paint landscapes. There he met Ruth, his wife, the daughter of the vicar, and at once proceeded to make love. A few weeks afterward he proposed to her and was accepted.

Sir Marmaduke did not rage when the engagement was announced to him. He wrote a few lines.

"Marry this girl and I have done with you. Not a sou will you have. The choice remains with you."

Duke did make his choice and married. The inevitable occurred and little Ruth was the crowning blessing to a happy marriage. Not for two years did they begin to feel the pinch of poverty. The ready money which he had and the realization of his jewelry kept them going for that length of time. But the last six months had been a weary fight with starvation.

Their "studio" cost them four shillings a week—an attic off the Gray's Inn road—and their food cost them often less. Their thin faces and wearied smiles were speaking evidence of their life. But little Ruth's bonny face bore signs of a mother's love and care.

"There is plenty of lard and potatoes, let us fry them," Ruth said, cheerfully, as she placed the child on her bed.

The next morning they were awakened by the child's chatter. The sun was shining brilliantly through the windows of the roof.

"I will go the rounds again," he said, as he took up his canvases. "I will be back soon with your breakfast, I hope, darling. Good-bye, little one."

There were tears in his eyes as he leaned to kiss his little girl.

His wife stood looking at the open doorway, through which her husband had disappeared. Then, with a sigh, she started cleaning their room.

The little one looked on for a while. In a few moments she grew tired and wandered to the landing head. She walked down a few steps.

Her mother went on with her work, now and then stopping for a moment to dash the streaming tears from her eyes.

Little Ruth reached the street.

"Which way did dad go?" she lisped to herself.

After a moment's hesitation she turned to the left. A hundred yards ahead she reached Theobald's road and toddled along in the direction of Oxford street.

"I find him soon—dad, dear dad. He is crying, poor dad," she murmured.

A sudden run to cross the street, a shriek, the pulling up of horses, and the little one lay motionless in the arms of a kindly policeman. A quarter of an hour afterward she was being attended to by the house surgeon of a neighboring hospital.

"A simple fracture of the arm," he remarked to the nurse. "It was a providential escape."

"What's your name, little one?" he asked.

"Ruth Sefton," she answered, obediently.

"Where do you live?" was his next question.

"Far away, up high," she replied, pointing with her hand to the ceiling.

"What is the name of the street?"

"Ruth doesn't know," she answered decidedly.

"What is your father's name?"

asked the nurse at a hazard.

## END OF THE STRAW HAT SEASON.



Peregrination Pete—These will come in handy when I go South for the winter.—Cincinnati Post.

"Marmaduke Sefton," she replied, proudly, and then cried and moaned with the pain.

A few minutes later Sir Marmaduke Sefton was called to the telephone.

"Halloa?"

"What?"

"A child injured? Why do you telephone me? \* \* \* Father's name Marmaduke Sefton? Am I the only one in the world? \* \* \* The name is certainly an uncommon one, as you say."

His stern face softened for a moment.

"Yes, I'll come round," he said, at last.

A quarter of an hour afterward he entered the children's ward. His face turned white as he gazed into the child's blue eyes.

"Private ward, please," he said, curtly, and at the millionaire's word the little one was taken into another room.

While little Ruth slept Sir Marmaduke stayed by her side looking meditatively at her face.

Duke Sefton returned in about an hour to his house. There was a smile on his face as he entered.

"One sovereign. We shall have a bust, darling."

But his wife was lying in a faint on the floor. Quickly he brought water for her, but when she came round she began to shriek wildly.

"Little Ruth has gone," was all she could say.

Then ensued twenty-four hours of agony to the distracted parents. In the morning a policeman came and told them where the child was.

They rushed round to the hospital, but when they were received with the utmost respect and taken to a private ward they wondered exceedingly.

With a tearful cry Ruth ran to her child and crooned over her. Duke knelt by the other side of the bed.

"Look!" cried little Ruth. "He says that he is your dad. Why don't you kiss him?"

A tall figure stepped from the corner of the room.

"Duke, forgive me," Sir Marmaduke broke in, eagerly, and there was a tone in his voice that made his son wonder.

For a moment there was silence.

"Kiss him, dad," the child cried.

And the two men's hands met in a hearty grasp, while the mother's tears fell over the child's pillow.—Illustrated Bits.

## JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Details of His Experience from Rabbinical Legends.

When Jonah went to Joppa he found no ship, for the vessel on which he intended taking passage had sailed two days before his arrival; but God caused a contrary wind to arise and the ship was driven back to port. In his joy Jonah paid his passage money in advance, contrary to the usual custom, which did not require payment until the conclusion of the voyage. According to some, he paid even the full value of the ship, amounting to 4,000 gold denarii. When the storm arose the kind-hearted sailors, evidently respecting the rich passenger, first lowered Jonah only far enough for the water to reach his knees. Seeing that the storm subsided, they drew him back into the ship, whereupon the sea at once arose again. The sailors repeated the operation several times with the same result, each time lowering him deeper and deeper, until finally they threw him into the sea.

The fish which swallowed Jonah was created in the very beginning of the world for that special purpose. Therefore this fish had so large a mouth and throat that Jonah found it as easy to pass into its belly as he would have found it to enter the portals of a very large synagogue. It had eyes which were as large as windows and lamps lit up its interior. According to another opinion, a great pearl suspended in the entrails of the fish enabled Jonah to see all that was in the sea and in the abyss. The fish informed Jonah that he was to be devoured by Leviathan. Jonah asked to be taken to the mon-

ster, when he would save both his own life and that of the fish. Meeting Leviathan, he exhibited the "seal of Abraham," whereupon the monster shot away a distance of two days. To reward him for this service the fish showed Jonah all the wondrous things in the ocean (e. g., the path of the Israelites across the Red Sea; the pillars upon which the earth rests); thus he spent three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, but would not pray. God then resolved to put him into another fish where he would be less comfortable. Cramped for room and otherwise made miserable, Jonah finally prayed, acknowledging the futility of his efforts to escape from God (Psalm cxxxix).—From volume 8 of Jewish Encyclopedia, just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

## MAILS IN TIME OF WAR.

Puzzling Questions Raised by Recent Acts of Russia.

The present war bids fair to lead to some fuller understanding concerning the status of the mails in time of war, says the New York Tribune.

Russia and Japan are both apparently acting upon the theory that all mails consigned to a belligerent port are subject to seizure as contraband of war, or at least to detention and search. Japan has contented herself with the seizure of mails sent out from Port Arthur. Russia has gone much farther than that in stopping British and German ships in the Red Sea and taking from them in bulk all mail sacks marked for Japan.

The status of the mails in time of war has been the subject of much controversy, but has not been clearly defined in treaties or in works on international law. Hostile dispatches, military orders and the like, excepting the messages of ambassadors, have been recognized as contraband and, of course, subject to seizure. Not only is the transportation of them equivalent to the carrying of contraband goods, but the fraudulent transportation of them is regarded as a peculiarly hostile act, subjecting the offending vessel to the severest penalty of confiscation. Such is the argument of Sir William Scott. But a regular mail-carrying vessel, which receives such dispatches in the ordinary course of mail carrying, in ignorance of their character, is not, according to Hautefeuille, subject to penalty. The principles apply, of course, only to hostile dispatches. Ordinary mails of commercial, personal or other non-belligerent character should certainly enjoy a different status and would seem to be entitled to exemption from seizure when under a neutral flag.

Mr. Seward long ago expressed the American view of the case when he said that "there is no recognized sanction of the principle that a bona fide, authenticated and sealed public mail of a friendly or neutral power, found on a commercial vessel navigating between two neutral ports, can be violated lawfully, either by a naval officer or a prize court, merely because the vessel on which it is found is searched and seized as contraband."

## A Monkey's Intelligence.

An extraordinary instance of the intelligence of a monkey in the Royal Park, Melbourne, Australia, has been chronicled. A monkey in a large cage was trying to reach a nut which had been thrown down on the gravel path. Putting its arm through the bars and stretching as far as possible, it found that the nut was just beyond its reach. There was straw on the floor of the cage, and, going to the back, where it evidently expected to find the straw less damaged, it tested straw after straw, disassembling them one by one, not thinking them strong enough for the purpose. At last it found a satisfactory one, returned with it to the front of the cage, and very quickly, with this aid, hooked the nut close enough to be picked up.

Old people sometimes complain, because they are left alone so much, but the truth is that they would be bored to death if the young people tried to entertain them.