

Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

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



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The northsiders guarded their traps. It was believed that with the approach of night the southsiders would steal upon the traps in squads and attempt their destruction. The trouble had been too long brewing to give up after one slight engagement. The fishermen on both sides felt that a principle was involved and they were there to settle it by night. The gillnetters declared that the traps were gradually destroying the run of fish while the trappers claimed that the gillnets were doing greater harm to the industry than the traps. The men had spent their lives fishing, the support of their families depended upon it, and it was truly a vital issue with them.

The run of fish was getting lighter every year and whatever the fault might be it was evident that the industry would soon become a thing of the past. It was natural that both sides should strike hard now as each respectively considered that the other was the cause of the dying industry.

The shore people had communicated with the men on the water several times during the day. The women had prepared meals and sent them out by the boys of the village to a number of the men. But the fishermen were badly scattered and many of them went without meals.

Sankala had made many inquiries for Dan Lapham but he had not been seen since the departure of the boats from the north shore.

He had led the way and given directions for the men to follow. But no one who had come ashore could give any tidings of the young fisherman. Sankala had prepared two meals and sent them out by the boys but they were unable to find him.

When night came still there was no tidings from the young fisherman. The girl could endure it no longer. She prepared enough lunch for a siege and slipped away to the beach unobserved. She knew that if Dan had not been killed or captured, he would be found near his trap at the lower end of the bay.

The night was very dark, and a storm was brewing, but she believed that she could make it to his trap before it grew too dangerous.

She tried the fishing boat but her strength was not sufficient to launch it. Then she drew a small skiff to the water's edge. It would not live in a heavy storm, but Sankala knew that if she could reach Dan his strong arms would bring her safely ashore again.

The roar of the surf on the bar was already distinct. An occasional whitecap leaped above the murky horizon to the southwest. Dark, misty clouds obscured the last star. The wind was already moaning in the boughs of the tall trees on the hills.

Sankala shoved the light craft into the water, and, guided by the interval flashes from Cape Disappointment light house, she pulled toward the foot of the rocks where lay the fish trap tended by Dan Lapham.

CHAPTER XV.

Rescued by the Enemy.

An accident had befallen Dan Lapham in the early morning engagement. In the rush for boats before it was still daylight he had taken the first one he came to. He led the way to the place where he expected to find the southsiders, and was followed by the long array of northside fishermen in their boats.

He was far in advance of the other fishermen, expecting to locate the enemy and then await the arrival of his colleagues and assist them in the attack.

Before a single shot was fired and before daylight began to dawn Dan came to grief in a most unexpected manner. The river brought with it all kinds of driftwood from above. The fishermen were constantly on the lookout for this, for large logs, famous for the world over for their length and size, often come down with a speed and force sufficient to crush a river steamer, and the small craft of the fishermen would stand no more show before these than would an egg shell.

But it was not one of these that caused Dan trouble. It is the concealed from which most harm comes in all of the experiences of life. It is the hidden that takes man unawares and dashes his hope to pieces or frustrates his plans at the most unexpected moment. We may battle with the open enemy with hope of success, but the one in ambush takes us at a disadvantage and destroys or is victorious over us before we are even prepared for defense.

Dan was keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. He knew the plans of the southsiders and expected to intercept them before they should divide up into squads. While there was still none in sight he was sending his frail old craft like a cutter through the water. An old snag was slowly beating its way with the current and tide to the ocean. It was one of those heavy, pitchy fir trunks whose weight kept it deep in the water. Only a few inches of a knot, dark as the water itself, projected above the surface, and the thing stood like a rock directly in front of the fisherman's boat.

Unconscious of its presence he sent the old craft against it with a terrific sweep of the oars and the results were

as sudden as a flash. The boat was already running deep in the water from the weight of the sea which it had taken from below, and when its rotten hull struck the snag it was practically torn asunder.

It went down like a rock, and the young fisherman had either of two alternatives. One was to take refuge by clinging to the cause of his disaster and the other was to swim for the island.

But there was no time to waste under such conditions. As soon as he had recovered from the shock which had sent him deep below the surface he arose and swam for the snag which danced about for a moment, after its contact with the boat, like a top.

He clung to this for several moments when he discovered that it was taking a course ranging farther from the island and heading directly for Disappointment rocks. The experienced fisherman knew what this meant. Raising his head as high as he could above the surface of the water he sighted the dark outline of the nearest point on Sand island as marked by the accumulated driftwood, taking Tillamook lighthouse for his guide, and swam in a southwesterly direction.

Dan Lapham was a good swimmer and was strong and experienced, but the water was cold and the current pulled at him like a thing of life. Battling to keep from being drawn to Disappointment rocks and at the same time to gain the nearest point of the island he soon found it telling upon his strength.

Benumbed and exhausted he felt that ease coming over him which is never experienced except under certain conditions. He had heard men rescued from drowning, tell of this sensation. He knew at once what it meant. His strokes grew weaker, and in spite of the fact that a consciousness came over him that he was gradually giving away he felt a certain amount of relief that is said to always come to the perishing man in his last moments—a dizzy, lulling feeling that makes death rather welcome than appalling.

A dull buzzing sound entered his ears. His limbs moved as if in a dream. The water seemed freed all at once from its chill. The darkness gathered more deeply but it was as gentle as the shadows of sleep. The waves rocked him as smoothly as a babe in a cradle.

"Sankala!" he spoke. "Sankala! I cannot be! I cannot leave you. I must not surrender. Arms and legs, you have never failed me. Heart, send forth that blood you owe to Sankala and revive this body to battle the waves and live for the poor, unfortunate orphan girl!"

With a spasmodic effort he arose from his sinking attitude. He shot forth his limbs with forced and awkward motion. It was then that Dan Lapham discovered the weakness of will power compared with the grip of fate. He saw that youth, strength, determination, must all yield to the inevitable.

But the same fate that had carried him to the border of the dark shadow now threw a straw within his reach. A dark solid object grated against his side. He was caught by it and carried along at a slow but steady rate of speed. He reached out his hand and clasped the limb of a tree. One of the fallen monarchs of the upper country had been caught in the flood and was being carried to the ocean.

Lapham dragged himself upon its branches and closed his benumbed hands upon two of them that he might not be swept away. Thus, exhausted and in a semi-conscious condition, he lay upon the drift, which was pursuing its course toward the ocean.

"Steer clear of that drift, mate," exclaimed a man's voice, low and husky.

Five men were seated in a boat. Four of them were lying upon their oars. The fifth was steering the craft. The men were merely using their oars to keep the boat from drifting seaward and the steersman was holding her along side the current. While the men held the oars in their hands long, black guns lay across their laps.

It was the advance guard of the southsiders. They were in waiting for the approach of the northside fishermen. A slight redness above the horizon to the east indicated that morning was approaching. The men had been watching for the approach of the northsiders for several moments. They were the lower guards, who expected to apprehend the fishermen of the traps in the lower bay. A large log with branches extending in many directions had almost run into them. So dark was the night that it had approached them very closely before they saw it. It was this that had called for the command to the steersman.

"There is a man aboard that drift!" exclaimed one of the men. "Tie on to the drift," said the leader.

One of the men grabbed a branch of the drift and the boat and log floated along together.

"The man's dead," remarked one of the fishermen as he came near the object. "Bring him aboard, anyway," said the leader, "and we will bury him on the sand spit."

Then the fishermen raised Dan Lapham from his place on the drift, fairly prying his clinched hands from the

branches of the tree, and laid him in the boat at their feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

Daring the Elements.

"Give him a drop of whisky. He is not dead by any means."

"Raise him up—light in. boys, and rub him! He is one of old Seadog's slaves, but he is human and we will treat him as such."

Thus spoke the men who had rescued Dan Lapham from the floating timber. They worked with him sometime before he was restored to a thorough consciousness. The men knew him well and treated him kindly, though they now regarded him as a legitimate "prisoner of war."

Lapham was favorably known by all of the fishermen and boatmen of the river. His extraordinary strength gave him prominence among the toilers of the river, while his courage and kindness gained for him their respect.

The half-drowned fisherman received the same care and attention as would one of their own number. One shared a dry vest with him; another had an extra rain coat and with this garment and that he was soon warmly clad, and with youth and reviving strength he was soon himself again.

But the scenes were rapidly shifting. Dawn was breaking and the approach of the northsiders had been discovered. The boats began to line up for the capture of the fishermen from the north side who were supposed to be ignorant of the presence of the southsiders.

Dan Lapham was placed in a peculiar position, but one common in war. He was to sit side by side with the enemy and receive the fire of his friends. He knew what his companions in the boat did not know. He knew that the northsiders were armed, and that they would come prepared to do war unto death. He knew that he would soon be subjected to their fire and that they would shoot to kill.

Closer and still closer the northsiders approached. They lined up through the gloom of dawn like so many specks on the river and bay. The southsiders lay upon their oars with guns in hand. To row down upon them and capture them at a given signal was the previously arranged plan.

The keen whistle of a small launch rang out over the water from the head of the southside flotilla and the little fleet moved to the north under the steady strokes of the oarsmen.

"Bing!" rang out a rifle shot from the north side.

"Bing! Bing! Bing!" followed a succession of shots from the same direction.

The southsiders were taken completely by surprise. They had come to capture, not to fight, but now that the trouble was on, it was left to them to fight or to flee. The bitter feeling so long existing between the two stubborn factions would not permit the latter alternative, and as if from common command, the southsiders raised their rifles and poured forth a volley in the direction of their competitors. This was returned by a heavy volley from the north side, and then a desultory firing began all along the line.

The fishermen were not accustomed to the use of fire arms nor this manner of warfare and it was better for them that they were not. After the second volley the members of each contending element began to fall back and the boats scattered in every direction.

But neither side would abandon the struggle. It was the purpose of the southsiders to destroy the traps, while it was the determination of the northsiders to defend them to the last.

At the very first volley from the north a rifle bullet struck the fisherman directly in front of Dan Lapham, the very man who had aided in rescuing their captive. He was wounded in the side and fell into Dan's arms. Dan begged them to pull for the island that the wounded man might receive better care. His request was granted, for the fishermen now were anxious for an excuse to get out of a fight that was so much more real than they had expected.

(To be continued)

Don't Grit Your Teeth.

"No tooth to fill," the dentist said to the man in the chair, "but you are grinding off your teeth more than you ought to. Do you grit your teeth in your sleep?"

And the man said he didn't stay awake long enough to know about that, but were they much ground off?

"More than they ought to be at your age," said the dentist. "You have worn the enamel off from some of them and got down to the dentine."

"What's going to happen?" asked the victim.

"Why, if you keep on grinding them off," said the dentist, "the teeth will hollow out and we'll have to put plugs in them with gold tops to give them new grinding surfaces."

This wasn't a very pleasant prospect so later the man sought to ascertain for himself whether he did grit his teeth unduly. And while he was still unable to stay awake long enough to find out, he did discover that he had a habit at times of grinding his teeth in his waking moments, when he sat back from his work to think of something, for instance. And he made up his mind that he would stop that, anyway, and he hoped that he might thus stop grinding his teeth in his sleep, if he did so grind them. For, fine as they might be, he didn't want any of those nice little gold-capped plugs put in his teeth if he could help it.—New York Sun.

The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The skeleton alone of an average whale weighs twenty-five tons.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

A municipal ordinance prohibiting the maintenance of a dairy within the city limits is held, in St. Louis vs. Fischer (Mo.), 64 L. R. A. 679, not to deprive citizens of property without due process of law, or to abridge their privileges or immunities.

The power of courts, at common law, to order an examination of the person of one alleged to have been injured by the negligence of another, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of the injuries, is denied in Austin & N. W. R. Co. vs. Cluck (Tex.), 64 L. R. A. 494.

A master is held, in Duntley vs. Inman, Poulsen & Co. (Ore.), 59 L. R. A. 785, not to be liable for the death of a servant because he failed to furnish a better belt shifter, where the one furnished was safe and suitable when properly used, and the servant made no objection to using it.

The receipt from one joint tortfeasor of a sum in part satisfaction of the demand, and his release from further liability, are held, in Louisville and E. Mail Company vs. Barnes (Ky.), 64 L. R. A. 574, not to operate to release the other from liability for the residue of the damages inflicted.

The death of a husband, who, with his wife, had occupied a tract of land belonging to him as a homestead, is held, in Cross vs. Benson (Kan.), 64 L. R. A. 560, not to deprive the wife of the right to maintain the homestead, and to continue to occupy it, free from forced sale under process of law for the payment of the husband's debts.

The pendency and dismissal of a former action are held, in Rodmen vs. Missouri Pacific Railroad (Kan.), 59 L. R. A. 704, not to extend the time for bringing an action under a statute which gives a right of action for damages for death by wrongful act, which did not exist at common law, but provides that it shall be commenced within two years.

A person employed to watch the personal property of a company stored upon the real property of another is held, in Holler vs. Ross (N. J. Err. & App.), 59 L. R. A. 943, not to be acting within the line of his duty where he shoots a person trespassing upon the realty, because that person refuses to go off the premises or to halt or throw up his hands at his command.

A statute providing that insurance policies shall not be avoided for the falsity of representations or warranties unless made with intent to deceive or increasing the risk of loss is held in Continental Fire Insurance Company vs. Whitaker (Tenn.), 64 L. R. A. 451, to be within the police power; and it is held to be immaterial that it applies only to policies issued by old-line companies and not to those issued on the assessment plan.

The right of the Probate Court, in its discretion, to allow an administrator a reasonable amount to compensate for the services of a real-estate broker who succeeded in securing for the property belonging to the estate a materially greater amount than was bid for it at the attempted auction sale, is sustained in Re Willard's estate (Cal.), 64 L. R. A. 554. The other authorities on liability of estate for commissions of broker or agent who sells property are collated in a note to this case.

Must Never Show Emotion.

We Anglo-Saxons are apt to pride ourselves upon being unemotional. Max Adler tells a tale of a boy who was sent out by his father to fetch in some wood. The boy took the opportunity of disappearing and did not show his face again beneath the paternal roof for over twenty years. Then one evening a smiling, well-dressed stranger entered to the old couple and announced himself as their long-lost child.

"Well, you haven't hurried yourself," grumbled the old man, "and blame me if now you haven't forgotten the wood."

I was lunching with an Englishman in a London restaurant one day. A man entered and took his seat at a table near by, and, glancing round and meeting my friend's eye, smiled and nodded.

"Excuse me a minute," said my friend; "I must just speak to my brother, haven't seen him for over five years."

He finished his soup and leisurely wiped his mustache before strolling across and shaking hands. They talked for a while, then my friend returned to me.

"Never thought to see him again," observed my friend; "he was one of the garrison at that place in Africa—what's the name of it?—that the mahdi attacked. Only three of them escaped. Always was a lucky beggar, Jim."

"But wouldn't you like to talk to him some more?" I suggested; "I can see you any time about this little business of ours."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered; "we have just fixed it up—shall be dining with him to-morrow."—London M. A. P.

Harder Work, Higher Pay.

Mrs. Blank was trying to decide upon a new cook. "You say you have not had much experience?" she ventured, as she looked doubtfully at the applicant.

"No'm."

"Well, I like your being truthful about it but—it seems to me you're asking rather high wages for an inexperienced person."

"Well, ma'am," returned the applicant, "you see, it's just that much harder for me, not knowing how to do the work, and having it on my mind how I might be making you all ill any minute with a misstep."

MONEY HIDDEN IN BOTTLES.

Queer Freak of Two Brothers Who Owned an English Inn.

An interesting little treasure hunt is causing some excitement in a Staffordshire village, says the London Mail. The treasure hunters are not rushing round with surveyors' chains and pick-axes, but they search very patiently and very persistently in old boots and stockings, pieces of newspapers, behind wall paper and wainscoting and in black bottles. They are searching for the accumulated wealth of one Joseph Attwood, who, with his brother, kept the Vine Inn at Delph, Brierley Hill. Joseph died not long ago, and his brother being unable to transact the business it was transferred.

The brothers Attwood had curious ideas as to the conduct of their business and the employment of capital—ideas which would commend themselves to no self-respecting economist. When the elder brother died there was a hunt for the money which it was known he had saved. In one of the rooms, which had not been opened for fifteen years, £500 in gold was found, stowed away in corners of the room. Hundreds of silver coins were found corked up in gin bottles and beer jars. Half a hundredweight of coppers was found hidden in nooks and crannies, old gloves, stockings, paper bags and envelopes and rolled up in tea lead. Checks which had never been presented; a woman's watch and a very old hunting watch were also discovered.

Altogether £600 has been found in various parts of the house. When the treasure-seekers have torn down the walls, ripped up the floors and searched under the soot in the chimneys, claims will be pegged out in the garden.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Book and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Black Hand.

"Charley had a dreadful time last night," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He says he was a victim of the 'Black Hand.'"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes. He came home without a cent. I don't quite understand the particulars as he explained them. But they pulled a deadly weapon on him that is known as a club fash."—Washington Star.

As It Should Be.

"No," said the dentist, "it would simply be a waste of good money for me to advertise in the newspapers."

"Why do you think so?" queried the persistent solicitor.

"Because," explained the tooth carter, "my work speaks for itself through the mouths of others."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The King of Korea.

Only the King of Korea may rear goats or have round columns and square rafters to his house or wear a coat of brilliant red. Only the King may look upon the faces of the Queen's hundreds of attendant ladies or have any building outside of which there are more than three steps. Four steps would be high treason and would cost their owner a traitor's death.—Clipping.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Startling Area of Coal Fields.

It is estimated by experts that the area of American coal fields, at present open to mining, is more than five times as great as that of the coal fields of England, France, Germany and Belgium; the great coal producing countries of Europe. While practically all the available coal areas of those countries have been opened to mining, ours have scarcely been estimated. When we take into consideration the fact that coal is one of the great motive powers in the manufacturing world, it is evident that this immense wealth of coal will be of such an advantage to the United States as to be beyond any man's calculation.—Success.

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We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell

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you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."

For **Hard Coughs**

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosae Ballou.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman,

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular. "I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

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