

Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

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



CHAPTER XX.

Sankala to the Wheel.

Captain Budlong and the sheriff held a conference with Sankala. The girl had much to tell them that was of interest to their mission.

She had heard all of the plans of the southsiders and had watched for the approach of the boat that she might intercept it and inform the officers of the treachery of the pilot and the purposes of the law breaking gillnetters.

She had heard them, long before midnight, agree to postpone the attack upon the southsiders until daylight on account of the delay of some of their reinforcements and had also heard them state that Gabe Jarvi, the pilot on the boat to bring the soldiers, would keep away from them until they had finished with the northside fishermen.

It had been agreed by Gabe that he would run about the river until daylight, pretending to be hunting for the fishermen, when in fact he would be studiously avoiding them. In the rankness of his treachery he had promised to take the boat as near the bar as he dared to approach where the sea was rough and could upset the stomachs of the citizen soldiers.

Sankala had escaped from the old shack while the men were out on the beach arranging for the attack and had watched for the coming of the boat. She knew that it would go on the south side of the island in order to avoid an encounter with the fishermen who were lined up on the north side, and when she saw the light of the vessel far up the river she launched a boat which was some distance from the plotting fishermen and struck out to intercept the big craft that she might inform the officers. She had been successful, as the reader knows, but a dilemma now confronted the officers that was difficult to solve.

Neither of the officers knew anything about the river and none of the men had the slightest idea about navigation. Sankala told them that the boat was heading straight for the ocean and that they had passed all of the fishermen, who were lined up at the head of the island for the early morning attack.

"This fellow Jarvi is a very mean man," said Sankala. "He is now under bond for the murder of his aged father and is said to be the most brutal of the ignorant Finlanders on the south side of the river. I do not believe he would stop at even running this boat out over the bar where it would surely perish."

"What shall we do?" inquired Captain Budlong of the sheriff.

"Arrest him and put him in irons," replied the county official.

"But who would take care of the boat?" inquired the captain.

The two men went out on deck. Sankala followed them. They could see the breakers now leaping high in the air far away to the front of the vessel, and knew that this was where the river met the waves of the ocean.

"The scoundrel seems to be carrying us straight to our death," said the captain.

"We will go to him and remonstrate," said the sheriff.

"And compel him at the muzzle of a gun to turn the course of the vessel," replied the captain of the militia.

The officers climbed the narrow stairway again and approached the pilot house. Jarvi disregarded their coming in sullenness. He held on to the wheel and kept the nose of the vessel pointing toward the breakers. Sankala had followed the officers and stood behind the smokestack where she availed herself of its warmth and at the same time could listen to the interview with the pilot.

"You have brought us past the fishermen and are taking us toward the ocean," said Captain Budlong.

The pilot ignored him in the accustomed manner of steamboat men.

"We want an explanation," demanded Budlong.

"Yes, and we want it at once," spoke the sheriff, who was a man of personal courage and accustomed to the nature of the rough men at the mouth of the river.

"I am running this boat," replied Jarvi.

"But you are running her in the wrong direction," said the captain.

"You had better run her yourself then, since you know so much about it," retorted the pilot scornfully.

"We understand nothing about steamboating, but we do know that you are going in the wrong direction," replied the sheriff.

"Well, if you know nothing about running a boat you had better go down stairs," said Jarvi.

"We will do nothing of the kind," said Budlong who was also a spirited fellow. "I, as commander of the forces for which this vessel was chartered, demand that you turn back and proceed to the head of the island."

"I can't do it," replied Jarvi.

"Why?" asked the captain.

"I am in the south channel and will now be compelled to round the west point of the island and return on the north side," said the pilot.

"Why did you come so far out of the way?" asked the sheriff.

"Swept into the old south channel by accident and couldn't get out," replied Jarvi, doggedly.

The boat continued to head for the breakers. Jarvi looked coolly out into

the dark ocean, now and then lit up by a dash of spray, while the officers looked on in doubt. They did not believe the man. But still they did not believe that he would take them into a death which would carry him with them.

The point of the island butting out toward the bar was now close at hand. While the breakers from the ocean came nearly to its shores, the men believed that the island could be passed by the flat bottomed river boat.

But Jarvi headed straight on.

"Why do you not turn to the right?" asked Captain Budlong.

"We would run her into the sand," replied the pilot.

"But you are running her into the breakers," replied the sheriff.

"It is better for her there," coolly replied the treacherous man at the wheel.

The boat began to rock and leap like a wild animal which found itself suddenly in the clutches of an enemy. It was but a shell, only intended for the smooth waters of the river, and could not be expected to live on the ocean and especially on the river bar, one of the roughest places known to seamen. The men down stairs fell about the deck like drunkards and while some became deathly sick, others were alarmed.

Sankala could conceal her fears no longer. "That man," she said, "is taking us to our doom. The boat cannot live in this sea. He could have passed the point of the island without coming into the breakers. The water is deep there."

She had come from her place of concealment and spoke with all the earnestness of a woman, and the coolness of a man.

Jarvi looked around at her with a ghostly smile of contempt, but did not budge the wheel.

"Consider yourself a prisoner," said Captain Budlong.

"All right," replied the pilot. Then he released the wheel and walked out of the pilot house. The boat leaped and reeled. The propelling wheel alternately rose above and sank deep into the water revolving as uselessly as a flatter-mill. The vessel was left to the mercy of the breakers.

The last extremity had been reached. The sheriff drew his revolver, and, pointing it at Jarvi, said:

"Go back to that wheel and take us out of this or I shall shoot you like a dog!"

"All right," replied Jarvi in a contemptuous voice.

Then the man started as if he would enter the door of the pilot house, but he turned quickly and leaped into the foaming breakers below.

Sankala, keenly alive to the impending crisis, bare headed and bare armed sprang to the wheel. She glanced down into the angry sea, and hurriedly examined the shore line to the north; then with distended muscles she bore down on the lever that governed the rudder, and rang the engineer to turn on the steam.

CHAPTER XXI.

Old Seadog Wounded.

"Is that a boat or light on shore?"

"It is a boat, you see she is to the right of Chinook Point and there is a wide channel of river there."

"She may bring the soldiers."

"I hope to God she will. Those fellows are reinforcing their strength and we can't hold out much longer against them."

Thus spoke Old Seadog. A hand to hand fight had just taken place on the water and while the encounter was a draw the northsiders knew that their strength was being exhausted while that of their enemy was being increased by force of numbers.

The only hope of the northsiders was the arrival of the state troops. The militia was not ordered out for the purpose of taking part in the fight, if it could be avoided, but to patrol the river and prevent bloodshed.

The state maintained the right of its citizens to fish to the middle of the stream wherever that might be determined to be, and claimed the right to protect their life and property north of that point.

It was a question of boundary line and as is usual where there are disputes about such matters, each side constantly encroached on the rights of the other. The first bloodshed had brought out the worst element of the southside and they determined to drive back or destroy, even to the line of the north shore.

The boat came slowly down the river. The belligerent fishermen watched it with intense interest on both sides.

"I hope to God she brings the soldiers," repeated Old Seadog as it came nearer and nearer. "Gabe Jarvi will take care of them," casually remarked a southside leader to his companion.

It did contain the soldiers, and the reader already knows of its movements, and the treachery of its pilot.

After the boat passed away to the south of the island, the northsiders relaxed into a feeling almost hopeless.

The night was cool and calm, but an unusual darkness settled down upon the waters. The stars shown out and gave forth shadows that darkened the surface of the water. A black veil hung above it like a mantle. The contending fishermen lay upon their oars and arms. The first blush of

dawn would bring the southsiders up on their enemy. The northsiders were counseling one another to stand firm to the end. If they could only stay the destruction of their traps until the arrival of the soldiers they feared no further trouble.

With the first flash of the red in the east the southsiders moved out to the north. They did not apprehend any danger of interference from the soldiers. They let that to Gabe Jarvi. Their purpose was to make the fight final this morning. They knew that they possessed the numbers and should they succeed in destroying the northsiders' traps and return to their homes on the southside the victory they had so long sought would be complete. When once at their homes the enormity of their crime would be lost sight of in a measure and the future would find them masters of the river.

When the traps were once destroyed it would be difficult to rebuild them, and through the prejudice they expected to create against the traps, they hoped to interest their own state and the United States congress against the construction of fishtraps in the Columbia river. They had already sent a long petition to their congressman, not only showing that the traps were destructive to the fish industry but were also detrimental and hazardous to navigation.

Axes, drags, arms and dynamite had been provided by the southsiders. They did not wish upon the whole to resort to bloodshed. They came, however, determined to win. They expected to do this through intimidation and overwhelming numbers.

But there were those among them who are always found in a mob organization, that preferred bloodshed to any other feature of the fight between the two factions.

The southsiders moved along like so many shadows to the attack. A couple of launches used for towing in the fishing boats on other occasions had been secured, and sailboats had been converted into rowboats for the morning attack. These were manned by large forces and formed a line for the main encounter.

Old Seadog had assembled his men near the center of the largest group of traps and took active command at this point. It meant more for him than for all the other northsiders combined and he interested himself accordingly.

He possessed an iron nerve and this was wrought up to the highest tension. It was the critical point of the long struggle and should he lose, thousands of dollars worth of property would pass from his hands. With his traps destroyed his cannery would be useless; with traps and cannery both out of use the men would be out of employment and could not pay their bills at his store; neither could they pay their rent. The traps were the life of the town and the town was owned by Seadog.

His dark flotilla rose and fell with the swells of the bay like a school of whales lying at rest, and old Seadog was as silent and watchful as the bull leader of such an aggregation. He was as rugged as a water dog and feared the waves no more than did old Neptune, who ruled them.

The suspense was finally relieved. In the shadows of the slowly approaching morn could be seen the boats of the southsiders stretching up and down the river like a great black wave. Their numbers looked as ominous as did their dark line of advance.

"Men, to your arms and oars!" hissed old Seadog. And this command was taken up and passed down the line.

The arms consisted principally of long poles. These had been cut for the double purpose of keeping back the boats of the enemy and at the same time to be used as cudgels in case of resistance and hand to hand conflict.

While it was a justifiable case for employing firearms, the fishermen found that they were not accustomed to their use and they realized further that the less bloodshed on the occasion the better it would be for their cause in the long run. This was the sentiment on both sides though many had brought along rifles and revolvers to use in the direst extremities.

(To be continued)

Opal Fossil of a Shark.

Since they were first discovered the famous opal fields at White Cliffs, N. S. W., have yielded many curious fossils, particularly those of prehistoric marine life. But the latest discovery is a most extraordinary one, and will prove of the deepest interest to the scientific world.

It is that of a fossilized, or rather opalized, member of the shark family, which was found on block No. 6, at a depth of thirty-five feet from the surface. The Sydney press says that the specimen measures 3 feet 6 inches from the snout to the tip of the tail. The body is in seven sections, the circumference of the largest of which (the head and shoulder portion) is eighteen inches; each section is six inches in length.

The deeply indented eye-sockets show plainly, "and thin veins of purple opal encircle the fish from tip to tip." At the mouth these veins make an oblong and clearly defined course, though the continuity is occasionally broken. No particulars as to weight are given, but as the fossil has been sent to London these and other matters of interest will soon be determined. It was purchased from the finders by an opal buyer.

Worse and Worse.

"My wife and I went to call on the Dumbleys last night. I can't imagine anything more tiresome than spending an evening with them."

"You can't? Wait till they come to spend an evening with you."—Philadelphia Press.

It is generally more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.—Carlyle.

NEW WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

If Government Owned Telegraphs, Short Letters Could be Sent Cheaply.

In electricity there is nothing more interesting than its application to steam railways. Engineers of high standing believe that the day is near at hand when most of the larger railways will dispense with steam locomotives and employ electrical motive power, either by motors fed from third rails or overhead conductors, or by electric locomotives. However this may be, electricity is already coming into use on steam railways. The New York Central is spending forty million dollars for electrification of its metropolitan terminal, partly for the purpose of dispensing with smoke and coal gas in the tunnels, and partly to obtain higher speed of trains.

It is easy even for a layman to understand the superiority of electricity as a motive power in urban and suburban transportation. With a locomotive traction is secured from the weight of the driving wheels. With the multiple-unit system the weight of every car in the train may, if desired, be put upon the drivers. In service with frequent stops, speed is secured by a high rate of acceleration, and a rapid acceleration requires power and weight. In New York's new subway a train of eight cars will carry motors which may, at any desired moment, exert a tractive force equal to that of a half dozen large steam locomotives.

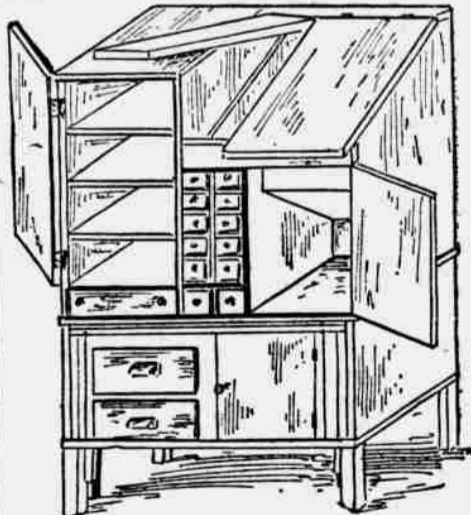
Of great promise is the motor which uses an alternating current without sub-station transformers. If it proves entirely successful, it will introduce a large economy in all electrical railway operation. The application of electrical railway devices to all sorts of industrialism affords material for a book all by itself, ranging, as it does, from the great electrical locomotive and the huge overhead crane to the broiling of a beefsteak or curling of my lady's hair by means of the magic current.

In almost every workshop electrical tools may be found. In these, and in compressed-air appliances, may be found the greatest advance in shop-mechanics during the decade. There is a new automatic or mechanical telegraph sender, transmitting messages forty times as fast as a human operator. In fact, it is well known that science and invention have, during the last ten years, made telegraphy so easy and cheap that, if we had in this country a government or postal telegraph instead of semi-public companies, short letters could be sent by wire almost as cheaply as by post.

Unless I read incorrectly the signs of the times, postal telegraphy is imminent in America; it is demanded by progress, and progress cannot be denied. The automatic telephone is coming rapidly into use, and promises to carry the convenience of telephonic communication to hundreds of thousands who cannot now afford it. The rural telephone is growing at an amazing rate, too, and already scores of thousands of American farmers have the 'phone in their houses.—Walter Wellman, in Success.

CONVENIENT KITCHEN CABINET.

So many household articles have to be kept in the kitchen that it is often a problem where to put them where they will be out of sight but at the same time in handy reach when wanted. A cupboard, though it may have many shelves, is seldom sufficient for the purpose for which it is intended, as there are innumerable small articles of food, each of which has to be kept in its original package, that must be put on the lower shelves, so that they can be had with the least amount of trouble. A very useful and convenient cabinet to be placed in the



COMPARTMENTS FOR EVERYTHING.

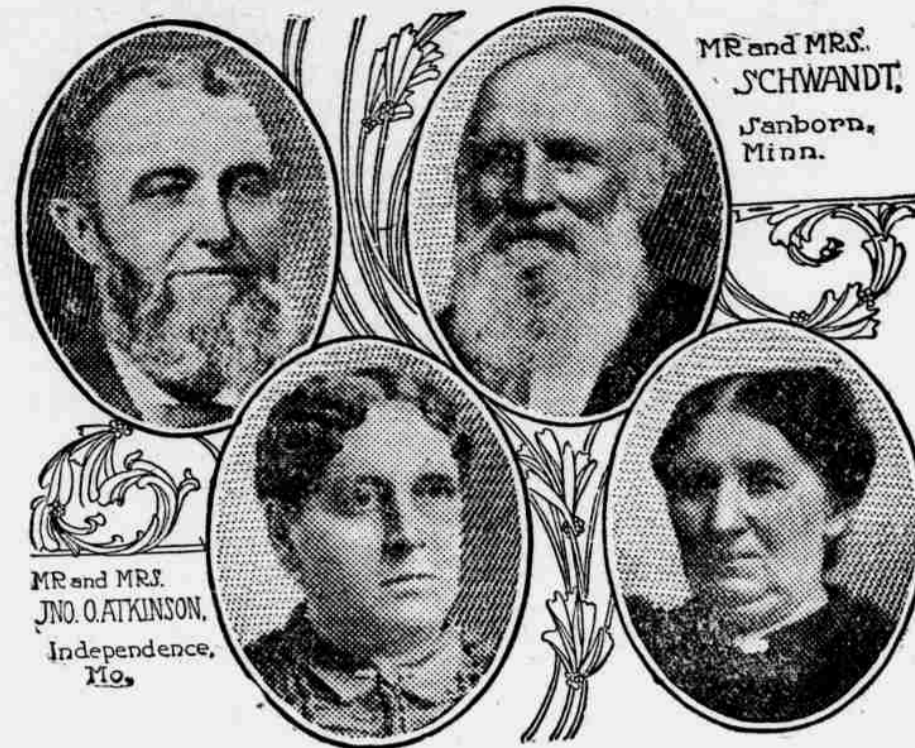
kitchen, the invention of a Missouri man, is shown in the illustration. It is made in two sections, the upper section being divided into four principal compartments by means of three vertical partitions. One of these compartments is again divided in a series of subcompartments by horizontal partitions, while the two center sections are formed into very small drawers for storing spices, salt or cereals, etc. The lower section of the cabinet is also divided into drawers and compartments of any suitable size and for any purpose that may be desired. By an ingenious device of the inventor the drawers for the storage of cereals are fitted with an attachment for pouring out the quantity required. A slidable table is also fitted between the sections. It is obvious that this cabinet would be of great benefit to the housewife, as it would not take up very much space, while everything needed would be together. Another advantage would be the impossibility of bugs of any kind getting into the food.

Lovell T. Brenzler, of Kansas City, Mo., is the patentee.

After an undertaker gets through with a man there is never any likelihood of him coming to life again.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Pe-ru-na in the Home for Catarrhal Diseases.



MR and MRS. JNO. O. ATKINSON, Independence, Mo.

MR and MRS. SCHWANDT, Janborn, Minn.

Under date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter: "My wife has been a sufferer from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years. Her case has baffled the skill of some of the most noted physcians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing. She was also passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life.

"In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going.

I commenced to use Peruna and continued its use for about a year and it has completely cured me. Your remedies do all that you claim for them and even more."—John O. Atkinson.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. I am still cured of catarrh."—John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo., Box 272.

Mrs. Alla Schwandt, Janborn, Minn., writes:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism and catarrh for twenty-five years. Could not sleep day or night. After having used Peruna I can sleep and nothing bothers me now. If I ever am affected with any kind of sickness Peruna will be the medicine I shall use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Peruna."

Mrs. Alla Schwandt.

Why Old People Are Especially Liable to Systemic Catarrh.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safeguard. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised that entirely meets these cases. Nothing but an effective systemic remedy can cure them.

A reward of \$10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonials are genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. During many years' advertising we have never used, in part or in whole, a single spurious testimonial. Every one of our testimonials are genuine and in the words of the one whose name is appended.

Good Rules for All.

A cap worn at a rakish angle is no sure sign of a riotous disposition, but some persons think it is. The better way is to take no chances, and if one is willing to regulate his cap—and other things—by good authority, he may profitably heed these rules, which the President of a New England railroad company has issued to his trainmen:

Don't wear your cap over your ear. Don't wear your cap down over your eyes. Don't wear your cap on the back of your head. Don't wear your cap askew.

Wear it firm and square on the top of your head. Keep your shoes polished like a mirror.

Wear a linen collar, and keep it clean. Wear a dark necktie. Create your trousers. Brush your clothes.

Wear a glad smile, and live up to it.

Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has been erected by a well-known American cattle company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length, and separates exactly for its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling an easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it.

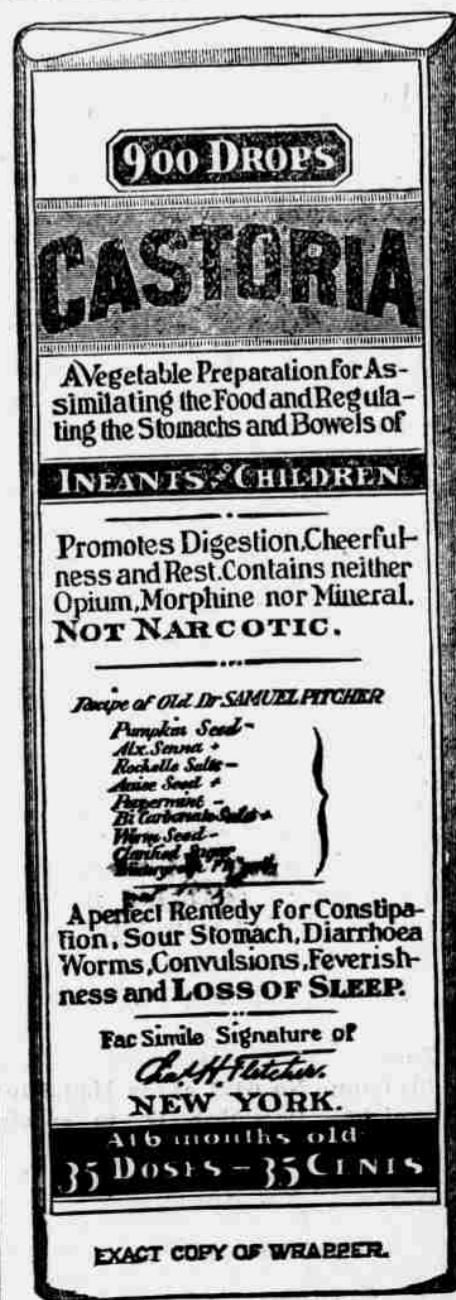
Worse Than Traveling Alone.

"You say that you came from Denver alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, isn't it the truth," roared the lawyer, "that your husband came with you?"

"Sure, but I didn't think that it would be competent and relevant to say that I was worse than alone."—Detroit Free Press.



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