

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

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CHAPTER III—Continued.
Left master of the situation, old Seadog pursued his investigations. The ship had drifted 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 moved 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 crates will have disintegrated 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 of the crew. "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.

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 mostly engaged. With a surprising quickness he had opened the chest and torn from it the register roll. Then he crossed 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. 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, hunched 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 his 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 any 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 cow'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 mother's breast.

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

"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 woman 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, 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. Her 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)

LIVES WITHOUT SLEEP.

Man in New Jersey Has Been Awake for Ten Years.

"How is that some persons want much sleep, some can do on little, while there are still others who can get along without any sleep at all?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Now here is a problem, a solution of which might prove of vast benefit to humankind. I am reminded of the importance of the subject by a case which my attention was recently called in New Jersey. Albert Herpin, of Trenton, born in France, a hostler, declares that he has not slept a wink for ten years, and his statement, according to the New York Herald's correspondent, is borne out by the physicians who have at different times treated him for insomnia.

THE FADED TINTYPE.

Beneath the weight of many years his aged back was bent, but from his gentle big blue eyes there shone a light that lent a radiance to his old face, and as a seat he took. He glanced about him with a smile—then sought his pocketbook. And everyone who gazed his way wished that his camera they might pay for that one cheery look.

His clothes, though old and worn, were clean and patched with loving care. His trembling hands in home-made gloves; the well-combed fringe of hair beneath his almost furless cap—all told of some one who loved this old man as much as when life's partnership was new. A moment more and he unwound the string with which his purse was bound and brought his wealth to view.

A scrap of cloth, a pencil sharp, a key, and next a dime—And then he stopped—in happy thought he seemed lost for a time; A faded tintype, that was all—a sweet old woman's face, And yet he kissed it softly ere he put it back in place. And then he knew what made his life so happy—just a faithful wife Gave him his old age's grace.

Caught by the Camera

LESTER DRAKES detective camera first created the idea of photography in my mind. Before that I hadn't the slightest inclination toward the art whatever, but when Lester purchased his neat little pocket-box, and went around merely pressing a button, and getting pictures by no other means, I immediately decided that I, too, must have a camera.

Lester's was not an expensive one. His father had found it in one of the photographic establishments in Philadelphia, and being of a slightly scientific turn of mind, had purchased it and brought it home to Lester, who fitted up a corner of the cellar as a dark room, and straightway launched himself as an amateur photographer.

Lester's first attempts, revealed by the chemical development, were surprisingly good, and inspired a strong feeling of envy in the breasts of those of his comrades whose fathers were blind to the oft-repeated advantages and delights of amateur picture taking.

Even more expediting, he straightway became the idol of all the girls at school, whose zest in posing for him was only equalled by the grotesqueness of some of their postures.

I brooded long and deep over this unpleasant condition of affairs, and finally arrived at the conclusion that I would have a camera at any cost.

Lester was kind enough to initiate me into the mysteries of his dark room, and to allow me to examine the interior of his camera by night light. With the knowledge thus gained, I resolved to manufacture one myself. It would be as handsome as Lester's perhaps. I thought, but it might do just as good work. So I made the attempt, using the lenses from an old microscope which I owned, but in vain. The instrument never reached the second stage of its construction.

The contrast between Lester's clean, smoothly-covered box, and what I now mine would appear, even if I could finally complete it was too great, and I abandoned it in despair.

of the house to take the next train back to town. Lester and I talked about it all the afternoon, and felt ourselves quite heroes for having the temerity to stand before a real bank robber.

Fifty prints were immediately struck off from the negative and these were given to detectives, who secured the country in every direction. After a two days' search these men were successful, and found Parker in the same woods where Lester and I had first surprised him. He had sought to avoid capture by avoiding railroads, and hiding himself until the first excitement of the robbery had passed away.

The sequel of the incident was the most agreeable and the most astonishing of all. One day, a month subsequent, when Parker had been safely housed in the penitentiary, my father came home and with a mysterious smile upon his face, handed me an envelope. Upon being opened, the discovery was made that Howard Denton and Lester Drake were authorized to draw upon the First National Bank for a hundred dollars apiece as a slight recognition of their part in apprehending Ell Parker, the perpetrator of the recent robbery upon that institution.

"I am still an ardent disciple of amateur photography. Who wouldn't be under such circumstances?" Golden Days.

WHEN STAMPS WERE NEW.
Postmasters Had Trouble in Getting People to Stick Them On.

"When postage stamps first came into use," said a veteran postal clerk to a reporter of the Galveston Tribune, "the public didn't know how to handle them. You remember now, when tea and coffee first appeared among us, the people tried the tea leaves and the coffee berries, and served them with salt and pepper? Well, the people treated their stamps as absurdly in 1854.

"Some folks would put the stamps inside their letters, or in a damp state the stamps were liable to rub off and thereby cause the letters to be treated as unpaid. Do not pin on the stamps."

"Still," said the clerk, "the public didn't understand. Think of it—it didn't understand the simple matter of sticking a postage stamp on a letter. So we got out a third bulletin."

The third bulletin, in big, impatient letters, said:

"The simplest and most effectual method of causing stamps to adhere firmly is, first, to moisten well the outside of the stamps and afterward the gummed side slightly, taking care not to remove the gum."

The clerk said that a philatelist had offered him \$12 apiece for these three queer bulletins.

A Japanese War Charm.
The custom of the Sen Nin Riiki is one that has risen in Japan during the present war. Ever since the war began, at all times of the day, and even night, small groups of women can be seen gathering in the streets; one or more of the women will have a piece of cotton cloth with one thousand marks or dots stamped upon it. "Sen" is the Japanese word for one thousand, "Nin" is the word for human being—either man or woman. "Riiki" is, in the Japanese language, strength. In combination the words mean "the strength of one thousand people."

CASHES OF FUN

Guest—I want a good porterhouse steak. Waiter—Gents what order porterhouse steak are required to make a deposit, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Swatter—I see you are mentioned in one of the books just published. Primly—Indeed! What book? Swatter—The directory.—Chicago News.

Gabber—You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever initiate. He can take off anybody. Miss Duncun (wearily)—I wish he was here now.—Tit-bits.

Stringer—Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast? Nibbles—Sure I do. Stringer—Give it to the floor.—Chicago News.

At the Art Exhibition: First Judge—Doubtless is a prolific painter, but I don't know how you estimate his work? Second Judge—By the quart.—Lilo.

Another hateful thing: "How did you like our new diet?" she asked. "Oh, was that a diet? I thought you were only quarreling!"—Youkers Stationer.

Roosevelt and Parker outdusted each other. You are so stupid. Bella—Yes, indeed; do you suppose it would take me weeks to write a letter of acceptance?—Exchanging.

Customer—The last fish I had from you didn't seem very fresh. Fish Dealer—Well, mind, you can't expect fresh fish to come out of salt water!—New Yorker.

First Physician—So the operation was just in the nick of time? Second Physician—Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it.—Harper's Bazar.

At the seaside: She—Oh, George, what lovely waves! He—Very nice, but poor things, they're just like me—we both arrive at the shore in splendid style—and go back broke.—Judy.

Visitor at Pullin Bay—What do you do in here all summer? Native—Load and fish. Visitor—And what do you do in the winter? Native—We don't fish.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.