

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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CHAPTER IX. Trouble Brewing.

Seadog owned a large store. It was a sort of commissary where all the fishermen were compelled to trade, either directly or indirectly. Those employed by Seadog had to trade with him and the others had to trade with him also, because he had platted with him all the lots which he sold to the effect that the grantees should not deal in certain merchandise. This item covered about everything. Even spirits, venous and malt liquors were prohibited. Still there were nearly half a dozen saloons in the place, but Seadog had contracts by which he received, directly or indirectly, the larger part of the profits. He also owned the local cannery. Chinamen were worked in the place. They lived at a mess house where existence on rice and spoiled fish was easy, and they worked for Seadog for a few cents a day. He had smuggled them overland across the Canadian boundary and they believed they were compelled to remain in his employ; and they were in a measure, for Seadog was not known to have leaked them over to the authorities without risk to himself. He might have sent some of his hirelings to the government prison, but he did not mind this. Men were cheap and money valuable.

Old Seadog also owned miles of fish traps. The ragged lines of piling forming wings and hearts extended up and down the bay and to the middle of the river from Disappointment to McGowan's, about a dozen miles. Still another thought to have contained Dan Lapham, turned turtle off Chinook Point, and old Ringwood and Sankala shot behind Disappointment Rocks. It is the worst morning of the season."

"It is an ill wind that blows no one good!" remarked old Seadog.

CHAPTER X. Bitter Prospects.

The storm had continued throughout the day and arose at night with renewed force. It was a common thing to have weeks of storms at this season of the year and the sun rarely ever showed itself. But every storm was the "worst" and the oldest ind' dual would verify the fact.

It only goes to show how quickly people forget even the unpleasant things of life. A month of rain and sleet and snow last year, which at the time was declared unbearable, is forgotten in the spring sunshine and when another winter storm comes, although mild compared with former ones, it is a record-breaker while it lasts and the complaint is long and loud.

But such is the way of weak, frivolous humanity. It was sunshine yesterday; it is storming today and tomorrow will be whatever the temperament suggests. It amounts to nothing anyway; forever complaining, forgiving, expecting, being disappointed, and disappointing others; yesterday's friend is today's enemy; in the deepest poverty and distress yesterday, rich and happy today.

After all the mind is the weather vane in life's short span of time and the tongue the thermometer. Whatever the mind conceives is so, and the tongue indicates the state of the mind. Life is storm or sunshine just as the mind makes it, and the wagging tongue records the impression.

But whether in reality it be the mildest or most severe storm in the history of the fishing village on the north bank of the Columbia, in the mind of one it was the darkest hour of her life. The wind blew louder, the rainfall on the roof was more rasping and the night had closed in with greater darkness. The fire flickered more gloomily and the shadows flitted about more ghostly.

The cupboard seemed scented, the furniture rougher, the bed clothing lighter, the floor was more bare and even the good natured house cat seemed gloomier as the rain and wind raged outside and beat upon the cabin as if it were cursed and doomed forever.

Popular Science.

From experiments in Belgium, Leon Thomas gives reassurance to dwellers a few miles away from stores of high explosives. Various quantities of dynamite up to a ton were exploded, and the destructive effects were confined to radii of fifty to four hundred feet, leading to the conclusion that the greatest store of explosives that could be collected would not endanger life or substantial buildings beyond one hundred to five hundred yards. Further away up to three thousand yards, an explosion would give a return shock, with no more serious injury than broken windows and dislodged tiles.

The novel theory that the difference in the color of people's eyes is a protective adaptation to surroundings comes from Professor Wallace, of Kimberley, South Africa. Natives of regions where blue light is predominant—Swedes, Norwegians and sailors, for instance—have blue eyes, while near the equator, or in sandy lands like South Africa, where intense yellow light is experienced, the eyes take a rich dark yellow hue, as those of the Kafirs and Malays, Italians and Spaniards. Generally speaking, the Scotch have blue, the English gray and the French dark eyes.

In the new process of D. Engels, carbon for hardening iron and steel is obtained from carbides and cyanides. A mixture of sodium carbide and sodium sulphate, for example, is applied to the cold metal, and then heated to redness with it, the reaction being so rapid that an eight-inch steel plate is made to resist the best tempered steel tools on one side, while the other side remains wholly soft.

Last year's hydrophobic statistics at the Berlin Institute show that of 281 persons inoculated at once on being bitten by a mad dog, 14 1/2 per cent died; of those treated medicinally, 6 per cent, and of those not treated 11 per cent.

With the aid of \$10,000 granted by the Carnegie Institution the Yerkes Observatory has sent an expedition to Mount Wilson near Pasadena, Cal., for special investigations of the sun, under the personal direction of Professor George E. Hale. A horizontal reflecting telescope of 145 feet focal length is to be employed to produce an image of the sun 16 inches in diameter, which will be investigated with a spectroheliograph of 30 feet focus length. The spectroheliograph is an instrument with which it is possible to study the solar surface in light of certain selected wave-lengths, the other light being shut out. This photograph of the sun taken with the light emanating only from the calcium vapor in the atmosphere presents a very different aspect from that of a photograph taken with the light of the hydrogen vapor.

An interesting parallel is drawn in a report to the Department of Agriculture between the different varieties of rubber-trees grown in the tropics and those of maple-trees in this country. Out of about 1,000 varieties of trees, all of which produce more or less rubber sap, only 40 or 50 have been found whose product is commercially valuable. When a would-be cultivator of rubber goes to a tropical country and sets out a plantation of rubber-trees, which the natives know do not belong to the right variety, he causes amused comment, such as would be excited by a South American who came to the United States and bored holes in soft maples with the expectation of obtaining sugar sap. Rubber-culture requires great expert knowledge. Experience has shown that excellent rubber trees transplanted from their native habitat to other regions having apparently identical soil and climate may flourish in growth yet lose their producing power.

SHOULD FOOD BE SALTED?
French Scientists Say There Is No Necessity for the Condiment.
This is no new question, but apparently it is not settled yet. In an exhaustive discussion of it, M. Rene Lauffer concludes that while salt is absolutely necessary to the animal organism, enough of it for our needs is present naturally in our ordinary articles of food, so that the addition of it as a condiment is superfluous. Tales of disease caused by lack of salt he dismisses as untrustworthy. Says M. Lauffer: "The desire for salt is certainly universal. It seems to have been used everywhere at all times and in all civilizations. The same salt seasons to the miserable portion of the Soudanese negro and the choice dishes of European palates. . . . The need of salt is not limited to man; many animals seek it with avidity. . . . No general prediction, so imperfect a desire should not be regarded as a simple incident, that is certain; but do they correspond to an unavoidable necessity?"

It is not curious that the chloride of sodium should be the only salt that we take from nature to add to those contained in our food itself? Other mineral substances play a much more important part in the constitution of the tissues, the salts of lime and the phosphate of soda, for instance. . . . When we use these by themselves it is as medicine. "The taste for salt is not innate or instinctive; it is acquired. The mother's milk contains very little salt. Cow's milk has at least four times as much, but even this amount the adult who should live on milk alone—say, three quarts a day—would take more chloride than he needs. "Man in a state of nature does not eat his food in a state of nature. He leads a pastoral and nomadic life and does not add salt to what they eat. . . . The same is true of animals. Dogs and cats do not like salt. Even the domestic herbivores get along very well if salt is not added to their food."

M. Lauffer discredits all tales of illness from the discontinuance of salt. The French soldiers who were said to have suffered from lack of salt in the siege of Metz did so, he says, simply because they required it to hide the taste of the spoiled meat that they were forced to eat. The story of the

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Some of the Odd Things One Might Find on Such a Voyage.
How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months if you went with the speed of an express train, or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions, a large telescope gives up a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 800 miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the North Pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thawing it out if frozen will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.

But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliancy of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The desert of Sahara would look like a barren landscape in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree, or brook, or lake—nothing but a vast, stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our Western prairies and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night your earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference: It will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.—St. Nicholas

GERMAN OFFICERS AS SPIES.
Always Busy Acquiring Information of Military Value.
How many know that every German naval officer who is ostensibly taking a holiday in the United States is in reality a spy? That is the plain English word that best fits the case, though, of course, even the Germans do not call their officers in foreign countries by that name. The reason is that the German naval officer is never off duty when on a holiday he is expected to go to foreign countries, where he must endeavor to visit arsenals, inspect military installations and acquire as much information as possible, backed up by rough maps and sketches, all of which he sends back to the German admiralty. Hence, when a German naval officer "visits" the United States his "visits" to Fort Wadsworth and to our navy yards and shipyards are not entirely disinterested.

Every officer in the German navy is taught to sketch from memory, and according to his skill in drawing, he is marked out for promotion. When the German training ship Charlotte, with the crown prince aboard, "visits" the United States, on her cruise around the world, certain it is that the officers will go astore and make "memory sketches" which will afterward be made into maps. Thus, should Germany ever be at war with the United States the fact that we have hospitably afforded opportunities for sketching our fortified positions will prove of immense advantage—to the Germans.

For every German experience in such matters is recorded, as I have said, for future use, and thus "holiday" experiences are utilized for checking, correcting and enlarging German naval maps and charts of places not only in the United States, but in all parts of the world. It is interesting to the German army, the same "memory sketches" and the same making of maps are expected of all officers "off duty," particularly in the United States and England.—Leslie's Weekly.

This Is About the Way They Read.
Hawitt—People don't want much nowadays.
Jewett—Not when you see an advertisement like this: "Wanted—In an office, a young man who can make himself generally useful. Must understand single and double entry book-keeping, stenography and typewriting, and be able, when required, to sell coal. He must own his own automobile, and be a married man. He must also have \$500 to invest in the business. A permanent position to the right party. Salary, \$6 a week."—Woman's Home Companion.

NAME OF THE MONTH.

The passing of Henry C. Payne, Postmaster General, takes from public life a prominent figure. For nearly twenty-five years General Payne, whose home was in Millwaukee, was a living exhibition of the power of mind over matter. He refused several offers of cabinet positions before he was induced to meet at the council board of President Roosevelt.

Mr. C. Payne. He succeeded well in a financial way, though much of his work in finance and politics was under conditions which would have driven most men to seek refuge in travel. Probably no man since Samuel J. Tilden has been so handicapped. Neither of these men ever knew what it was to be physically robust, to follow the devices and desires of his own heart, without at first taking counsel of his physicians.

Lieut. I. H. Chandler, U. S. N., man-of-war the torpedo boat in clearly in southern waters lately that Secretary Moody has sent him to the Orient to observe the movements of the Mikado's destroyers—if permitted so to do.

Prince Svyatoslav Mirski, the new Russian Minister of the Interior, who succeeds the murdered Von Plshva, has been successively Governor of Pennsylvania, Marshal of the Nobility of the Province of Kharkoff and Kharkoff, and Assistant Minister of the Interior under M. Sipiaguine, who also was assassinated. The prince is 47 years of age, and began his career as a soldier, but later entered the civil service. He is said to possess a horror of religious persecution. His father was a famous general during the reign of Alexander II. The prince's wife is a great admirer of Count Tolstoy.

Mrs. Stephen H. Elkins, wife of the present Senator from West Virginia and daughter of a former Senator from the same State, is an accomplished woman. Clever as she undoubtedly is, it must tax her mental resources to maintain a proper and sympathetic appearance of interest in the conflicting political ambitions of her immediate family.

Associate Justice Henry Clay Phelps, of Lee, Mass., who unconsciously made himself famous by imposing a fine on a British diplomat named Gurney, is not inflated exactly over the important figure he cut in international affairs. Judge Phelps, as every one in Lee calls him, is at the head of an important industry and also conducts a hotel, away C. Phelps, were astute. He is about 60 years of age and is a man of considerable means. He comes of old New England stock and holds law and religion above all things.

Dr. Norman Bridge, who declared before the Chicago Medical Society that tuberculosis is not inherited and can be prevented, is widely known as a writer on medical subjects. He was born at Windsor, Vt., in 1844, but was educated in the West at the University of Michigan and Chicago Medical College. He was professor of pathology at the Chicago Woman's Medical College and for a long time was lecturer, professor and trustee of Rush Medical College, Dr. Bridge now lives in Los Angeles, Cal.

Dr. Quitman Kobuke, president of the New Orleans board of health, is in Texas to determine by experiment the feasibility of fighting the mosquito as a germ carrier.

Right Reduction. Pennington's vacation was anything but satisfactory. It turned out to be a sort of bargain-counter affair. Inkerton—Too cheap, eh? Pennington—Oh, no; but I tipped the scales at 150 when I went away and at 148 when I returned.

Kind Men Avoid. Gunner—Yes, first she called herself Mary, then May, and now it's Mrs. She's always changing her first name. Guyer—Well, such a silly girl will never have the chance to change her last name.

Silver Service. "Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway. "I want you." "Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I am at your service, sir."