TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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

CHAPTER XI.

Dan Lapham.

...ot, Nelse."

...it is Mark's play!"

...o, no one will play. It is every-...drink. Men we will drink to ...memory of Dan Lapham!"

"Dan Dan is dead, Joe?"

"Without any doubt" said a man who ...not entered the place, the rain ...ing from his hat and clothing. ...ched the bay and river about ...ks, but no trace of the boy could ...r. We recovered his boat, which ...d under the wharf at the life sav-...station late in the afternoon, but ...a trace of Dan, poor Dan, the re-...."

...fishermen had gathered at Hay-...'s to spend the night after the storm ...were seated at the tables as usual ...cards for the drinks.

...had been interrupted by Joe ..., who had just arrived from the ...life saving station. Joe was a utility ...about the bay. He was town ...when such an officer was need-...He was an extra at the life sta-..., a fisherman, carpenter, bartender, ..., deliveryman, or whatever he was ...upon to do.

...had been called to the life saving ...that day and had worked ...against the storm. He had wit-...all of the disasters and came in ...report them.

...Lapham was one of the most ...men in the village. He was ..., strong, even-tempered, could ...a boat with superior skill to any ...man, talked but little and was as ...as a lion. He knew not the ...ing of fear. He was a born com-...on land or sea. He was a fav-...partner in the games and a good ..., He was missed tonight for ...first time in many weeks and the ...at Hayden's arose to a man at the ...tion of Joe Golden to drink to his ...

...men resumed their games, but ...did not drop the name of Dan ...from their conversation. ...one would speak of some good ...of the boy and then another would ...an incident in which Dan was ...All of the fishermen knew ...nothing good and none spoke ill ...young man, who single handed ...a boat and tended a trap for ...than a year.

"...one has ever been missed as we ...miss Dan," said old Hayden, ...broken his role and called ...present to drink at his ex-..."Here's to Dan Lapham's ...memory!" said the veteran ...as the crowd arose and drank ...

...Hayden was wasting his ...breath as sacrificing it to the ...of a dead man was concerned ...fishermen, while growing gen-...over the memory of one they con-...dead, were extolling the vir-...of a man who was living at that ...

...Dan, however, was not at that ...dead and his position was not ..., but Dan Lapham still lived ...planning to live a great deal ...

...was at that hour clinging to the ...near the dead line at the lower ...of the bay. His benumbed feet ...upon the slight shelving that ...just above the waters' edge ...every moment, while his fingers ...deeply clinched in crevasses above. ...climbed to the highest point ...could be reached, but he also re-...that the tide had reached its ...

...had dragged himself ahead of it ...half-drowned serpent throughout ...afternoon and he now welcomed ...that it was time for the water ...

...he reached his trap that morn-...found that he had missed San-...and Ringwold on the way. He ...that the young girl would be ...against the strong undertow ...out to render such assist-...night be within his power. ...back toward the shore dropping ...and lower into the bay, for he ...the receding waters would ...him that way.

...had barely dawned when he saw ...of his companions being car-...Disappointment rocks at a ...of speed. He cut across ...point of discovery with all of ...to intercept them. But ...strong and vigorous young ...estimated his skill. He was ...in the undertow like the grip of ...and carried as mercilessly ...the breakers as were his friends ...would have rescued.

...was not even granted the ...of following the course their ...taken. He had crossed the ...line of the receding undercur-...and his boat was dragged away to-...Chinook rocks. He could no ...battle against the inevitable, ...would influence the boat to some ...in the course it took to ruin. ...rocks were preferable to the ...breakers and the ocean ..., and he steered the best he ...for them.

...was one chance in a thousand of ...death there, by clinging to ...that would destroy him, but ...in the breakers, no earthly ...was left. They had never yet ...a victim alive in all the ...of disasters at the mouth of the ..., But fortune had favored ..., as the reader already knows, ...his escape was still by no means ..., As the boat had approached ..., Lapham watched like a pan-...preparing to leap. The white ...dashed upon the rocks with angry ..., and the water seethed and ...about the place like the boiling ...caldron. The prospect was ...enough as death itself, but Lap-...sat straight in his boat, oar in ..., his eyes piercing the precincts of ...breakers and his muscles standing ...knots. It was a case of a power-...man looking death in the face, a man equal to the fearful emergency.

The boat was heading straight for the base of the group of rocks. To the left of the center the boulders divided some six feet above the water line. Lapham saw this at a glance and knew that if he could reach this point he would be safe for a time.

Quicker than words he hurled his oars forward with all of his strength. He blocked the way of his craft and spun it around like a top. Then he threw her sidewise to the rebounding waters which filled her almost to the top. But the heavy undercurrent upon which he rode struck the rocks deep down toward the bed of the bay and rose up like a living thing. Lapham found himself opposite the coveted opening in the rocks and leaped. He caught his footing and crawled to a place of temporary safety.

His boat was let down as rapidly as it had been hoisted up by the swell and he saw it no more. His position was such that he could not see what was going on around him. His vision only covered a narrow line of the water to the east and west but along this line he saw nothing but white caps and surging waters.

Throughout the evening he had climbed inch by inch up the slick side of the smooth boulders, clinging here and there to bumps and slight projecting bits like a lizard, as the tide rose and drove him before it. The storm raged throughout the day and the rain beat down upon him in torrents, drenching him to the skin.

The lifesavers had seen him strike the rocks through the early morning mist and spray and had seen him no more.

But at the hour when Joe Golden had reported his death and his friends were drinking to his memory, Dan Lapham was still clinging to the rocks. He had ascended as far as he could, however, and the water was lifting at his uncertain footing, while his benumbed fingers clung, blood-stained, to the narrow crevices in the boulders.

But the tide had reached its highest point and throughout the remainder of the night, the waters would return to the ocean's depths.

If Dan Lapham's strength would hold out, there might be hope for him yet.

CHAPTER XII.

Dan Lapham Makes a Discovery.

The storm went out with the tide. The wind lulled with every receding wave. Inch by inch Dan Lapham descended the rocks. It would be a relief once more to secure good footing where he could stand or sit with ease. He had clung to the side of the upright boulders until his fingers were worn to the quick. His toes ached under the continual strain and the bones of his body seemed torn from the flesh so long had he been in contact with the rocks.

When once the tide was out he found himself upon a large nest of rocks. This he knew would be the case for he was acquainted with the bay and river as one is acquainted with his home and the landmarks about the place.

At high tide Chinook rocks were submerged, save that one spur near the center of the group extended above the high water mark. It was to this that Dan had clung throughout the day.

Finding himself again able to walk about he began to plan for escape. He had hopes that he might hail some early morning fisherman by picking a conspicuous place on the rocks from which point he could view the river and bay, but he was anxious to leave his place of imprisonment earlier if possible.

He peered into the water at the foot of the rocks and examined every nook and corner, with the hope that he might find his boat or some other craft that might have drifted to the place and lodged.

A few lights in the village to the north showed that some of the inhabitants were yet awake. He noticed one light with which he and all the fishermen were familiar. It was a light in an isolated cabin far up the beach.

This light tonight was a source of mystery to Dan. It shone from the cabin of Ringwold and Sankala. He had seen them going to their doom that morning. He did not believe any earthly power could save them. His final conclusion was that they had left the light burning in the early hour of morning when they went out into the storm or that their bodies had been recovered by the life savers and neighbors who were sitting up with the dead.

Poor Sankala! Dan sat down upon the rocks and reflected. He thought of the frail girl whom he had so often assisted in fishing her net while her aged companion sat helpless in the boat. He thought of how cheerful the little one worked day after day to sustain her protector. He thought of the self-denial, of the bravery and kind heart of the girl and then he saw the innocent confiding blue eyes as they had so often thanked him when he rendered her assistance at the traps, and a big tear stole into the eyes of the young athlete. In the very darkness he was handsome. His black hair hung about his head in graceful wavy curls. His broad shoulders were erect and his arms and neck exhibited strength and beauty. He had not a superior in physique, courage, self control or popularity in the village.

"Poor Sankala!" he murmured. "I neglected the child. I never really helped her as I should. She was deserving. She was frail. I am strong. But why did I not think of this in time?"

He cast one longing glance at the light in the cabin and then turned to look about for a means of escape. The water now rested calm and black about him. It was only off toward the bar that he could hear the roaring of the waves and see an occasional white cap leap up between him and the horizon beyond. The storm was gradually skulking away toward the center of the great deep.

Sand Island lay off to the south. Lapham could see the long white streak in the water. He remembered that its nearest point to the Chinook rocks could be reached in ordinary times within a quarter of a mile. But every storm changed this distance more or less and he could not decipher the exact situation in the darkness.

He was too active to remain a prisoner on the rocks during the entire night and yet he did not feel wholly safe in attempting to swim. He knew that a quarter of a mile in calm water was no task, but the waves might have doubled or even trebled this distance between the rocks and the island. They cut the sand like a monster steam shovel on such occasions, and the distance was now a matter of speculation. Still the chances were as favorable for a fill-in and a reduction of the distance, and the hardy fisherman was inclined to make the attempt.

There were many chances in his favor for escape when once upon Sand island. Numerous fishermen left their boats there through the night, and even though these were swept away by the storm there was a probability that others had lodged upon the beach. There was always wreckage of all sorts found on Sand island after a storm, and usually there were many boats.

The water was cold, it was true, but Dan was also cold. He had remained cramped upon the rocks until any kind of action would be a relief to one so accustomed to exercise. He descended to the waters' edge and peered out over the surface toward the stretch of sand. Selecting what he thought was the nearest point of the island, he took a mountain peak far to the southeast as a guide, and eased himself into the water.

There is no danger along this shore to a man in the water except the elements themselves. The man eating shark so much feared in southern waters never makes his appearance at this point. It is only the extreme low temperature of the water that endangers the lives of those who are subjected to it and of this Dan was not ignorant. He knew that he could swim an unlimited distance should the water not cause his limbs to cramp.

But the distance was made without incident. The shores of the island had not been materially changed, and when the young fisherman rose up in the shallow water at the approach of the island and waded ashore, he felt that his troubles were coming to an end.

But he was destined to be surprised. He little suspected what was to be encountered farther up the island.

His first thought was to find a boat. He started along the north shore of the sand spit looking closely for boats, either on the beach or on the sands. The island was a mile in length and a quarter to a half mile in width.

He had reached the east point of the island without success and was about to round the point for the purpose of examining the south shore. But he suddenly stopped in astonishment. He saw a splash in the water to the south and then he heard a number of muffled oars. It was now after midnight and he did not understand such a proceeding from that quarter. The young fisherman immediately secreted himself among the driftwood so abundant on this island and awaited developments. It was too early for fishermen to begin to stir and the boats were not coming from the right direction anyway.

He did not have long to wait. Dark objects soon appeared moving cautiously on the water in every direction from the south. Small boats fairly dotted the river and there was a silence in the muffling of the oars and the upright figures in the craft that was ominous.

Every boat contained four or more persons and as they began to land on the south shore of the island Dan discovered that the men were armed.

The problem was now simple to Dan Lapham. It was the advance guard of the southside fishermen. The clash was now at hand. The war had long been threatened between the southside and northside fishermen and the southsiders had taken the initiatory steps.

The men drew their boats upon the sand and waited, as it were, upon their guns. Dan's eyes and ears were open. He was not long in learning their locations. They formed a circle obscured from view by the drift wood, a few yards south of Dan's place of concealment.

He gathered from their conversation, carried on in low but distinct tones, that the northsiders would arrive about daylight, and that their purpose was to capture their opponents, take them back and land them on their own shore; then hurry their boats to sea, scuttle them, destroying their traps during the day.

"We will stop these men from destroying the salmon run!" said the leader emphatically, which sentiment was quietly applauded by his followers.

Dan Lapham had no time to lose. While the men were completing their arrangemets for the early morning attack, the young northsider silently stole from his hiding place, drew one of their boats which had been anchored at the north point of the island, out into the deep water, and rowed away to the north without so much as creating the noise of a ripple upon the bay.

He took the light in Sankala's cabin for a guide, and he found it a true one.

(To be continued)

The Royal Color.

Purple has always been considered the royal color. The ill-fated Charles I. was, however, at his own desire, crowned in a robe of white. Although he was seriously reminded that of the two exceptions to this rule, Richard II. and Henry VI. who wore white satin robes at their coronations; both had come to a violent end, one at Pontefract castle and one in the Tower, Charles I. was resolute in his decision, and, when, twenty-three years afterward, almost to a day, his body was conveyed to its grave through a heavy snowstorm, the superstitious could not help remarking that the third "white king" had suffered a violent death.

Choice Selection.

"I learn that the Van Ruxtons allow their chickens to diet on their neighbors' flowers. Do they keep it secret?"

"Well, I should think not. If you dine with them the suave Mr. Van Ruxton will ask if you prefer violet-fed fowl or 'chicken de roses.'"

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.—Cotton.

COCOANUT CALLED A FRUIT.

More Than 40,000,000 Annually Imported Into the United States.

The mooted question whether the cocoanut is officially regarded as a "nut" or a "fruit" has been settled in a report on cocoanuts recently made by the Department of Agriculture. Although known as a nut, the department characterizes it as "a tropical fruit." The report says in part:

"With the exception of a few hundred dollars' worth grown annually in Florida no cocoanuts are produced in continental United States. A tropical fruit, grown almost exclusively on islands and in tropical countries bordering upon the sea, there is little territory in the United States proper adapted to its cultivation. The large quantities of cocoanuts and their products consumed in this country are practically all imported.

"With the acquisition of territory after the close of the Spanish-American war there came into the possession of the United States a number of islands upon which cocoanut production is a considerable economic factor. In the Philippines it not only plays an important part in the domestic economy of the people, but the exportation of copra (dried meat of the cocoanut) constitutes one of the largest items of their export trade, returning to the archipelago from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 a year. In the small island of Tutuila of the Samoan group copra is the chief article of export, upward of 500 tons being shipped out annually. In Porto Rico the area in cocoanuts in 1899, according to the census, was 5,447 acres. From none of these possessions, however, does the United States now obtain any important part of its heavy imports of cocoanuts and their products.

"These nuts and their products are imported into the United States principally in three forms, as cocoanuts in the shell, as copra, broken meat, desiccated and not desiccated, and as cocoanut oil. Of these by far the most important, as measured by value, is cocoanut oil, the deliveries from customhouses and warehouses for consumption in the United States in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, having been 40,074,800 pounds, valued at $2,404,412. These were the heaviest imports of cocoanut oil ever made into the United States, the previous high record having been in 1894-1895, when the quantity delivered for consumption amounted to 31,722,014 pounds, valued at $1,540,208. The principal uses to which this oil is put in the United States is in blending with other oils in the manufacture of soap, in confectionery, medicinal preparations, food compounds, for the preparation of textiles and for other purposes.

"Next in importance to cocoanut oil are the imports of cocoanuts in the shell, of which the deliveries for consumption in the fiscal year 1902-1903 amounted in value to $968,226. As to the quantities of nuts in the shell imported there is no official record, but a rough estimate based upon the total value of the imports and the average price of cocoanuts annually imported into the United States ranges from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. As is well known, these nuts are consumed in the United States chiefly in the raw state and in the manufacture of confectionery, prepared foods, etc."

OUR RELIGIOUS BODIES.

Only 30,000,000 Are Members of Churches.

Dr. Walter Laidlaw, long a distinguished authority upon church statistics, has published an elaborate estimate of the present strength of religious bodies in the United States, which is interesting because it brings down nearly to date work which the census bureau attempted in a vague and tentative way four years ago.

In a rough division of the people of the United States according to their religious views and connections, Dr. Laidlaw classes about 30,000,000 out of 82,000,000 as church members. Of these 30,000,000 the Roman Catholics number more than one-third. It is calculated that since 1890 the Catholics in the United States have increased about 60 per cent, or over 4,000,000. Considerable of this increase was due to immigration. In the same fourteen years the growth of the population cannot have been more than 30 or, at the most, 35 per cent.

The Roman Catholics constitute about 15 per cent of the entire population of the United States. In some great cities and States they are far stronger than that proportion would indicate. Nearly or quite one-third of the population of New York City are Catholics and the percentage is almost as great in Cleveland. It must be still higher in Boston, where the French-Canadian element is large and fast increasing.

According to Dr. Laidlaw the Protestant Church members have increased 35 per cent since 1890, thus gaining at least as fast as the gross population of the United States. Of the larger general divisions of the Protestants, the Methodist churches, of all kinds, are credited with nearly 6,200,000 communicants. The Baptists number over 4,725,000 and the Lutherans about 2,205,000. There are some 2,050,000 Presbyterians, including among them the Dutch Reformed and Reformed churches, because of their close similarity in organization and beliefs. Dr. Laidlaw credits the Protestant Episcopal Church with 782,545 members and the Congregationalists are estimated at 659,704.

The Jews are estimated at more than 1,200,000. New York City is their greatest stronghold. The Mormons are counted as less than 350,000 and the Christian Scientists seem much underestimated at 60,000. There are believed to be 3,000 members of various communistic societies. The Unitarians and Universalists are estimated at about 125,000.

Pay of Cuban Carpenters.

Carpenters at Havana, Cuba, and vicinity receive $2.50 to $3.50 a day. They are paid in Spanish gold and the day's work consists of ten hours.

One get-up-and-git man is better than a dozen of the-wait-for-something-to-turn-up brand.

Before hitching your wagon to a star look to the strength of your harness.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Looking for Easy Jobs.

A NAGED colored man was recently arrested in Washington and pronounced insane after a medical examination. One of the chief proofs of his insanity was his stubborn insistence that the government owed him a living and that he was entitled by right to a position in one of the Federal Departments.

The occurrence furnishes a fit text for the pen of the humorist. Yet as a matter of fact is it not true that a very large number of white men who are young, vigorous and presumably capable of making a place for themselves in the world are likewise possessed of this particular form of lunacy? How many Senators and Congressmen, if they should speak out frankly, could furnish some interesting revelations regarding the extent and persistency of the importunity to which they have been subjected by people who were convinced that they ought to have a government job—and who frankly based their preference for this sort of employment on their belief that it was about the easiest that could be found anywhere?

There is, of course, nothing dishonorable in seeking a subordinate position under the government. In some branches of the public service, owing to the gradual introduction of the merit system, there is more chance than formerly for promotion based on fitness and capacity. But it is undoubtedly true that the belief that work for the government is usually "an easy job," inspires the bulk of the applicants who annoy members of both houses of Congress with their appeals. Yet is this the way to win genuine success? Is a task that is "easy" the kind which the average healthy young person should look for?

Men who have risen to eminence in trade, industry and professional life have not wasted their time in hunting up places where they would have little to do with comparatively small prospect of advancement. They have resolutely looked for openings which were accompanied by hard labor and plenty of it; and when they have secured such an opening they have usually proved that they had the right stuff in them by buckling down with energy to do their best.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why "Little" Japan?

THERE is one illusion about Japan which seems to survive evidence and to work most serious political mischief. The Continental Powers, and Russia more especially, cannot get rid of the belief that the Island Empire, however brave or astute or lucky its children may be, is, after all, but a "little" State, which in a very short time must "bleed to death." It is not very easy to trace the origin of this belief, unless it be the habit of expecting great size in all Asiatic Empires, or of comparing the area of Japan with that of China, or of Russia itself. So compared, Japan is, of course, a little place, which looks on the maps almost insignificant. Compared, however, in a more sensible way, with the other Island Empire which has so long been one of the Great Powers of the world, Japan is by no means small. Its total area, without counting Formosa, is by twenty-seven thousand square miles greater than that of the British Isles, and as large a proportion of it is fertile and thickly populated. That population, again, is forty-four millions, or three millions greater than that of Britain, six millions greater than that of France, and almost equal to that of Austria-Hungary. If the word "little," again, refers to strength for war, that strength is in many respects superior to our own. We could probably destroy the Japanese fleet, but the Japanese fleet has destroyed that of Russia, and could, if allowance is made for position, maintain a contest with that of France or Germany which would not be absolutely hopeless.

As regards soldiers, Japan has a conscription, and the conscription obviously works. Within the last six months the country has sent out six armies, each nearly equal to either of the forces that contended at Waterloo. We thought we had done a great thing when we sent eighty thousand men to India in 1857, and an extraordinary one when we transported two hundred thousand men to South Africa in 1900. But Japan has transported more than four hundred thousand men across the sea, and defied the Russians at Lia Yang and Port Arthur with armies greater in the aggregate than that which Napoleon III. mobilized for the invasion of Germany. Of the quality of these forces it is unnecessary to speak. Sailors and soldiers alike are, in discipline, in speed of marching, and in endurance of fatigue, the equals of any that Europe has produced; while in their reckless contempt of death they display a special quality which, as great Russian officers admit, sometimes appals and demoralizes their own stubbornly brave men. Where in all this is the evidence of the "littleness" upon which their press declares to be a guarantee of their own ultimate victory?—London Spectator.

Love and Work.

IDEALISM as an interpretation of life, a vision of ultimate ends and conditions, has always won to itself the ardent, the poetic, and the high-minded—the great company of seekers after light and love in every generation, who rebel against the hardness and injustice of the world, hate its noise and brutality, its fierce competitions and its stolid indifference to the defeated. Even in the presence of the great purpose which runs through the visible order of things and the society in which men have arranged themselves, and which has come to light, as one of the most spiritual men of the day has said, just in time to save some of the best men and women from despair, it is hard for the sensitive and aspiring and tender-hearted to bear the sorrows of the world and to sit with a cheerful spirit while so many losses ravage the homes that are dear to them and despoil the best fortunes of men. There are hosts of men and women who go through life with a noble discontent in their hearts, a sense of loneliness and isolation in their souls; they are homesick for a world in which men help instead of smite, bind up instead of wound, are quick to recognize the good instead of eager to find the evil, stand ready in all crises to rebuild the fallen, are patient of spirit with the weak, love the sinner while they loathe the sin, are kindly in speech because kindly in thought, are indifferent to external conditions because conditions are the happenings of life while the soul is its great and enduring reality, are bound together in a vast conspiracy to cheer, to aid, to give heart and hope, to make the highways of life bloom with spontaneous kindness, and to make the lonely world a warm, hospitable, many-windowed home for all who pass this way on the journey of life. * * *

Men are made happy, not by the things which surround them nor by the things which they take to themselves, but by the noble putting forth of the soul in love and work; the two great activities which are never divorced in the harmonious and balanced life, the two languages in which every true Idealist makes confession of his faith and gives evidence of its reality. For love is the ultimate expression of faith, and without works faith is a vain shadow.—The Outlook.

Criminal Frequency of Railroad Wrecks.

THE frequency and frightful fatality of railroad accidents in this country must sooner or later bring about determined governmental action for the protection of the traveling public. There is not another country in the world where as unnecessarily large a proportion of railroad passengers lose life or limb.

The fact that so many American railroads are composed of but a single track is a partial explanation of this awful slaughter, but it does not account for everything. In England, where accidents of serious proportions are so comparatively few, railroad precautions for the safety of the public are prescribed, and supervised, by the Board of Trade, and the wholesomeness of this regulation was recognized by a bill which was introduced in Congress last winter, providing for a similar supervision of our roads by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is already a useful body, but it would be of larger use if this new power were given to it. The railroad influence blocked the bill just mentioned at the last session, but this fact should not deter the vigorous revival of the measure.—Pittsburg Press.

MINING ARSENIC.

A Virginia farmer, up among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, cleared a new field and pastured his cows there. Before long the animals sickened and one died. Thinking that perhaps the spring which bubbled from the rocks in apparent purity might be the cause, the farmer caused its waters to be analyzed. It was found that they contained arsenic in such quantities as to render them dangerous to man and beast. This discovery, says the Boston Herald, led to an industry, unique, not only in the United States, but in the western hemisphere; that is, the mining of arsenic ores and the manufacture of white arsenic, for the supply of which America has hitherto depended entirely upon foreign markets.

Arsenic is mined in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany and England. Its uses are many. As a poison it has been known from very early times. The peasant women of Austria consume large quantities of it, having faith in its virtues as a beautifier, and the men of the same region are addicted to its use in the mistaken belief that it increases their bodily strength and endurance.

Arsenic is a useful mineral. It is used in the manufacture of glass, white metal, Paris green and a great variety of paints; in printing calico, in making toilet soap, cosmetics and complexion powders; in the manufacture of fireworks and as a constituent of many alloys. For these and similar purposes between five and six thousand tons are imported into the United States every year. The average value of white arsenic may be placed at about eighty-five dollars a ton.

It was only about a year ago that the arsenic ore was discovered in Virginia; then the mountain top round the present mining town of Brinton was an almost unbroken wilderness. The story of its transformation into a busy industrial community is a good illustration of the pluck and indomitable will to which America owes its industrial supremacy. The mine is located at the summit of a mountain, three thousand feet above the sea-level. The physical difficulties that had to be overcome were enormous.

The ore body averages twenty-five to thirty per cent pure arsenic. It is found in fissure veins, cropping out at the surface and extending into the earth for an unknown distance. Twenty distinct veins have been discovered, outcropping for a distance of seven miles, so that the deposits are extensive enough to supply the world's demands for an indefinite period.

From the time when the ore enters the crushers until the finished product reaches the casks it is untouched by human hands. It is carried along from point to point by automatic arrangements through each process of manufacture. The impalpable dust and poisonous gases generated are so dangerous that the atmosphere of the plant has to be kept pure by artificial means. As a further precaution the works are provided with hot and cold baths, of which the men are required to make use as soon as their daily task is completed.

At the present time the output is three tons of white arsenic a day. When one stops to think of them, these figures contain some startling possibilities. The output for four days would furnish a fatal dose for every man, woman and child in the United States. In a few weeks the plant could turn out enough arsenic to wipe out the entire population of the globe.

RESEMBLANCES.

Cousin Who Was Always Discovering Them Was Misunderstood.

The "new cousin," as little brother called her because this was her first visit to the Barclays, had not made herself popular. One might have gathered the reason from the talk that went on at the tea table the evening when she, Lena Martin, was temporarily the guest of other cousins in an adjoining town. Horace Barclay, the young law student, began it.

"I'm wondering," he said, whimsically, "whether Lena is busy at this moment pointing out to Jim Barclay how many little ways he has that remind her of me. She's told me a good many times, you know, how much I resemble Jim in appearance and character, and since he looks like a convict and hasn't any character, I———"

"It doesn't so much matter about Jim and you, "Marian, his elder sister, broke in, hot with her private grievance. "You're men, and nobody thinks about men's looks. But Lena keeps telling me how like I am to that old miniature of great-grandma—and I've detested that picture ever since I can remember. I don't think it's the least like any of our family."

"Lena says I look like a little girl she knew that died," the younger sister, Rose, murmured, plaintively.

"She told me that chicken-coop I built was just like one she saw in the Tribune!" growled Roy. "That's worsen anything she told you others, 'cause I didn't copy that chicken-coop. I built it out of my own head."

"Can't tell her a story but it's like something she heard years ago!" Marian sputtered again. "Can't play anything but it reminds here of a piece her music teacher used to play. To hear her talk, you'd think she'd read or heard or seen everything in the world, or something just like it except for the name."

"Mamma," little brother interjected, in real alarm, "because she's our cousin, do we have to be just like her?"

"No, dear," the mother answered, gently. "But I want you all to realize that Lena's fault originated in pure kindness of heart.

"She means well, but her habit of trying to trace resemblances is a dangerous one because we all cherish our own individuality. There are not many persons we really wish to resemble, I think, and when Lena finds likenesses offhand, of course she is liable to identify us with people we don't admire.

"I have never heard your cousin say anything that was not intended to compliment us or to show an interest in the things that interested us. Do justice to her good intention. Don't imitate her methods; do take pattern by her generous motive."—Youth's Companion.

"The Thin Red Line."

Somebody told Mr. Jenks that red flannel worn next to the skin would cure the rheumatism from which he suffered. So he purchased several sets of red flannel undergarments. The clerk assured him that the firm guaranteed the goods in every particular. About two weeks later, says the New York Times, Mr. Jenks revisited the shop, sought out the proprietor and told his woful story.

"The goods are the best in the house," declared the proprietor. "Of course," he said, in the reasonable tone used on unreasonable persons, "of course the shirts may have shrunk or faded a little——"

"Shrunk! Faded!" bellowed Mr. Jenks. "What do you think my wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on?"

The proprietor looked bored.

"Well, sir," said the aggrieved Jenks, "she looked at me a minute, and then said, 'What is that little red line round your neck, John? It isn't the baby's string of coral beads, is it?'"

Useless Trouble.

She—Do you suppose, Mr. Pickering, that you could teach me to swim?

He—Certainly. But I'll have to put my arms around you.

She—But what's the use of getting all wet for that?

Most men are pretty deliberate when about their work, much as we say about Americans being overworked.