

Toilers of the Columbia

By PAUL DE LANEY

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



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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

The run of fish was getting lighter every year and whatever the fault might be it was evident that the industry would soon become a thing of the past. It was natural that both sides should strike hard now as each respectively considered that the other was the cause of the dying industry. The shore people had communicated with the men on the water several times during the day. The women had prepared meals and sent them out by the boys of the village to a number of the men. But the fishermen were badly scattered and many of them went without meals.

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

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

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

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

She tried the fishing boat but her strength was not sufficient to launch it. Then she drew a small skiff to the water's edge. It would not live in a heavy storm, but Sankala knew that if she could get to the trap she would bring her safely ashore again. The roar of the surf on the bar was already distinct. An occasional whitecap leaped above the murky horizon to the southwest. Dark, misty clouds obscured the last star. The wind was already moaning in the boughs of the tall trees on the hills.

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

CHAPTER XV.

Rescued by the Enemy.

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

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

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

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

Dan was keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. He knew the plans of the southers and expected to intercept them before they should divide up into squads. While there was still some light he was sending his frail old craft like a cutter through the water. An old snag was slowly beating its way with the current and tide to the ocean. It was one of those heavy, pithy fir trunks whose weight kept it deep in the water. Only a few inches of a knot, dark as the water itself, projected above the surface, and the thing stood like a rock directly in front of the fisherman's boat. Unconscious of its presence it sent the old craft against it with a terrific sweep of the oars and the results were as sudden as a flash. The boat was already running deep in the water from the weight of the sea which it had taken from below, and when its rotten hull struck the snag it was practically torn asunder.

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

But there was no time to waste under such conditions. As soon as he had recovered from the shock which had sent him deep below the surface he

was soon himself again. But the scenes were rapidly shifting. Dan was breaking and the approach of the northers had been discovered. The boats began to line up for the capture of the fishermen from the north side who were supposed to be ignorant of the presence of the southers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE POWER OF WILL.

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

The latest development of the power of the will is shown by doctors. Two French physicians have just written a book describing their treatment of disease by merely strengthening the will of their patients and giving them the desire and determination to get better. This treatment is entirely free from any suspicion of hypnotism or faith healing. Quite the contrary. In cases made by hypnotic suggestion the patient's will is entirely suspended while the more energetic one of the operator reigns supreme, and so far from the actions done while in the sleep strengthening the mind and requiring brain waste as well as bodily indulgence, it is well known that the effect of hypnotic treatment is often mentally infirm.

There are few things more comforting in illness than a good talk over its symptoms and its inconveniences. And

neighboring States had long been cutting successive crops of the hard woods which sprout rapidly from the stump, thus practicing more or less rudely what the forester calls the "pure coppice" method of management. The superior market for chestnut, combined with its rapid growth, gave it, on the whole, the leading place in the esteem of these wood-land owners, who, by winter cutting, were able to turn to good

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At the Seance.

Widower—Is that my wife?
Medium—It certainly is.
Widower—Lord help me! And to think that I put ten tons of granite over her!—Atlanta Constitution.

The young idea isn't taught how to shoot in cooking schools, yet the result is often just as fatal.

Even a pessimist will "smile" occasionally—if you invite him to do so.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE SELFISHNESS OF WOMEN IN PUBLIC.

By John A. Rowland.

Self-allegation is usually claimed by women as her special virtue, yet it is the opinion of the average business man that no woman knows where her rights cease and where those of others begin.

In crowded street cars women generally refuse to move down to the middle of the car unless the conductor literally compels them. Nine times out of ten a woman hangs to the strap nearest the door, thus making every newcomer crowd past her. Often on the elevated trains during the rush hours men are compelled to step on women's dresses or else kick them out of the way. Under these circumstances I sometimes hear men say, "Don't move, I can push by," probably because they have learned by experience that it would do no good to ask the women to move down. When I see women doing the same thing in elevators—refusing to step back in the van, I wonder how they can be willing to appear so selfish.

Who crowds in ahead of a line of men waiting to purchase theater tickets. Never any one but a woman. She is such a hurry, and, of course, just one person crowding in could not make much difference. At the bank who attempts to get to the paying teller's window ahead of a long line of waiting men? But what can men do when a woman refuses to wait her turn? They must either suffer in silence, depend on the vigilance of the attendant, or, if they venture to remonstrate in person, draw down upon themselves the wrath and scorn of the woman interfered with.

Walking three or four abreast on a crowded street is a form of selfishness one seldom sees, but one often sees groups of women blocking up doors and passages ways. Passing a prominent office building one day recently I saw three young women standing in the entrance, grouped in such a way that the passage was completely blocked. A man approached the entrance, they did not move. He hesitated a moment, said "Pardon me," and crowded through the group as best he might. One of the girls looked after him scornfully. "Well," she exclaimed, "aren't the rudest things!" The man heard, but it was not the part of a gentleman to reply.

Another form of woman's selfishness in public places is typified by a trailing skirt on a downtown street. Most women admit the inconvenience to themselves of wearing a too long skirt downtown, but I never heard a woman speak of the inconvenience to which she puts other people by wearing such a garment. If she holds up her skirt she discommodates herself; if she lets it drag she discommodates others, who must walk around it to avoid stepping on it.

THE CZAR'S GREAT PALACES.

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

How Millions Are Squandered by the Potentate of the Russias. The Czar of Russia owns 100 palaces and chateaux, scattered about his vast empire, and each one of them is marvelously furnished and marvelously filled with servants. Something like 25,000 butlers, grooms, footmen, valets, chefs, coachmen, gardeners, etc.,

VEGETARIAN SWIMMERS.

They Triumph Over Meat Eaters in Canadian Contest. In a long-distance swimming race recently across Toronto Bay from Yonge street wharf to the swimming club on the island lagoon, says the Toronto Star, there was fought a battle between vegetarians and meat eaters. The course was about two miles in length and H. F. Strickland, of Toronto, a vegetarian, made the journey in the record time of fifty minutes. George H. Corson, another vegetarian, made the course in fifty-two minutes.

Remember the Gas.

The wedding was to occur soon, and she was telling her mother about her plans. "When Fred is out late at night," she said, "I shall not scold him. I shall try to be reasonable. I think I shall go so far as to keep a light burning for him to make him cheery when he returns."

Her mother was silent. "Don't you think it would be a good idea to keep the light burning?" she persisted. "Well, it might do very well for the first month or so. But after you have said a few gas bills you'll probably conclude that it will be just as well to put the matches where he can find them and turn the light out."

Growth of European Population.

Few persons have any idea of the extraordinary manner in which the population of Europe has increased during the last century. According to statisticians this population has more than doubled itself from 1880 to 1900. To this increase the Latin nations of the west and southwest contributed the least and the greatest growth was in the east, where the people have not yet become thoroughly saturated with the ideas of modern civilization.

Anxious to Know.

Mr. Graybeard—You say you have been using the "Housewife's Never Fail Cookbook" for twenty years. I am delighted to hear that. I am the author of that book. Have you tried many of the recipes?
Mrs. Homebody—Nearly all.
Mr. Graybeard—Glorious! You are just the person I've been wanting to meet. Did any of them work?

Estimated cost of the Panama canal.

\$200,000,000.

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

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

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

The Finds Pleasures and Playthings in the Woods Around Her Home.

Across the commons from us there stands a little brown house, where nothing thrives but poverty and weeds and happiness. Year after year the garden falls and the flowers die, but the weeds grow tall and straight and strong, and bring joy to the Little Girl. The Little Girl is a strange little girl. All the drowsy summer afternoons she lies in the shade of the great ragweds, and dreams and plays. To her the ragweds are not ragweds; they are tall, glorious trees, wherein dwell wondrous songsters; a ladybird is a redbird and a wandering fly a nightingale. At her head in a break in the ragweds grows a tall buttonwood. To the Little Girl its rich, golden blossom is as beautiful as the choicest rose. In the center is a wonderful bed of stamens—and the sepals and petals are a gayly painted feast. Or, sometimes, the Little Girl turns them upside down, and for there stands an ancient dame in green kirtle and crumpled yellow petticoats. The seed-pod is no less wonderful to her. Many a time she has pondered over its wondrous molding, and the blending shades of green, light at the top and shading down into dark, almost black. This, Inverted, the Little Girl uses as a potato masher for her little potatoes—but in her heart there is no lack of reverence.

At her feet, in company with the "tickle-grass," the bull nettle and nightshade grow side by side. To the Little Girl the berries of the latter two are the most beautiful of all the weeds. Big brothers have forbidden her to touch them, but she does not understand, and the green-golden berries of the bellweed furnish oranges daily for the dolly's table. The strange structure of the nightshade berries she cannot understand; the thin transparent green walls through which the tiny seeds can be seen puzzle her.

"I guess they were made that way so that they could look up and see the stars," she confided to me one day. She meant the pure white, star-shaped blossoms with their protruding little yellow eyes, and I could but agree.

A vigorous growth of smartweed with the delicate pink and red white blossoms fringes her playhouse—some of the plants at least two feet high. These the Little Girl does not value so much; she plucks them to pieces, part by part, to see how many different colors of pink she can find, and then, in a fit of contrition, drops the poor mangled blossoms into the pan of cool water placed in the weeds for the chickens.

But far in the heart of the great weed patch there is a rich growth of goldenrod, and this, unscathed by the name of weed, is dearest of all the blossoms in the Little Girl's eyes. This she never plucks, but often, from my window, I see her bend over and press its sprays to her cheeks. Her big brothers have never penetrated, even in their wildest games of hide-and-go-seek; only the Little Girl, seeing with finer eyes, knows the heart of gold in the refuse. And so an inference, subtle and strange as the fragrance of the goldenrod, hangs over the Little Girl and her treasures.—St. Nicholas.

The United States lighthouse service costs \$4,500,000 a year.

There are no poorhouses in Serbia. Even the poorest people own property.

Greece has as many people as Michigan and as many acres as West Virginia.

The House of Representatives costs \$5,000,000 a year and the Senate \$1,400,000.

A new kind of lightning, vortex lightning, has been photographed in Switzerland.

The Magyars rule Austria-Hungary, although they number but six or seven million in a total of forty-three millions.

The secretary of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain expects the kite to be the base of the future instrument of aerial navigation, the aeroplane.

The Agricultural Department has 107,000 voluntary crop observers. Cotton is reported on seven times a year, wheat eight times, corn and oats each six times.

The number of irrigating ditches and canals in operation in the United States exceeds twenty thousand, and their combined length is not less than fifty thousand miles.

A piece of camphor gum is a very good indicator of what the weather is going to be. If when the camphor is exposed to the air the gum remains dry, the weather will be fresh and dry, but if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp it is a sign of rain.

We learn that there are over two thousand miles of streets, covering nearly ten thousand acres, in London, and that along these streets are 115 miles of tramways. There are eighty-seven miles of main intercepting sewers under the control of the borough councils. These carry the drainage of houses inhabited by over five millions of people.

The monkey lives in the forests of nine-tenths of Africa, from the mountains of the Atlas ranges in the north to the Orange River of the south; and is also seen in great numbers and variety throughout India, Burma and Cochin China, the islands of the Indian archipelago and parts of southern China and Japan. Strange to say, he draws the line at New Guinea and the neighboring tropical coasts of northern Australia, where he is conspicuous for his absence, though the conditions there seem to be favorable for his prosperity.

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CZAR'S WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

are housed in the hundred residences, and their total salaries amount to the enormous sum of 20,000,000 francs or \$500,000.

In the many stables are 5,000 horses, while the heads of cattle may be placed at 50,000; the number of dogs, inhabitants of the Czar's kennels, are innumerable. Naturally the Czar is not familiar with all his palaces and chateaux. Out of the 100, indeed, there are no less than 62 upon which he has never set eyes and which he never will see. But the servants are there, and everything is ever in readiness in case the Czar should take it into his head to look just once upon his truly magnificent abodes.

CHESTNUTS IN WOODLOTS.

How Growth of Tree May Be Improved Explained by Bureau of Forestry.

Throughout the Northeastern States from Massachusetts to Maryland, and as far west as Indiana, chestnut holds an important place as a timber tree. Commercially, it is chiefly in demand for ties, telegraph and telephone poles and posts, for all of which purposes, as well as for some constructional uses, it is especially adapted by its peculiar power to resist decay in contact with the soil. It is also largely used for fuel and general farm purposes. In Maryland alone, according to the twelfth census, its annual market yield of lumber, railroad ties and telegraph and telephone poles amounts to over \$100,000, besides large supplies of material for local consumption.

It happens that chestnut is especially fitted for management in farmers' wood lots. Before scientific forestry began it is especially in the United States, and when forest preservation was not uncommonly talked about as a sentimental fad, the thrifty owners of the small tracts of woodland which cover so much of Southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania and



HOW ONE COUNTY SECURED GOOD ROADS.

By John Parson.

Hillsborough County, Florida, affords an interesting example of modern methods of road building. Until the last year this county had only fourteen miles of hard surfaced road outside of its cities and villages, although it had a population of 80,000 and contained over 1,800 square miles. Outside of these fourteen miles, nearly all of which was immediately adjacent to the city of Tampa, practically the only roads were meandering roads through the woods. A few of the most enterprising of the citizens discovered that here and there through the county were occasional deposits of rock, and an energetic campaign for good roads was begun. An issue of \$400,000 of county bonds was issued. From the proceeds of these bonds \$34,000 was devoted to the purchase of first-class road machinery, including eight miles of twenty-five pound steel rails, with sufficient five foot ties; a sixteen ton narrow gauge locomotive, and ten dump cars of four ton capacity. The machinery included a ten ton steel roller, three road graders, a rock crusher of eighty tons capacity, a steam drill, large pump, and hose for washing and tearing down the overburden of sand covering the rock pits; twenty horse power boiler, and a thirty horse power boiler and engine on wheels. Several rock pits in different parts of the county were bought for a trifling sum and the work was begun.

It has been determined that the cost of clearing a roadway forty feet wide runs from \$50 to \$150 per mile, and that the complete cost of a mile of road from the time the surveyor begins his work until the last surface application has been rolled is as low as \$1,500 where the rock pit is near by, and ranges from that to \$3,000 in the case of roads eight to ten miles away from the pit. The frequency of these pits has made it possible for the officials to plan for the construction of over 150 miles of road from the proceeds of \$400,000 of bonds, after paying for their road machinery, and the best of all is the fact that they are actually "good roads," as hard and smooth as any well macadamized city street. With a magnificent harbor and roads running in every direction, it is expected that within two years every part of Hillsborough County will be so closely connected with the port by the best of roads as to increase the aggregate value of farm lands far more than the amount of bonds issued.

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