



TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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

CHAPTER XXV.

"Sankala, Will You Become My Wife?"

It was the second morning after the double funeral. The fishermen generally were downcast. It is true that the trouble regarding the fisheries had been settled, but the property rights of the northside industry had assumed the form of a wilderness of legal entanglement.

By his deathbed confession Seadog had placed the ownership of the fisheries largely in Sankala, and the town site upon which the homes were built practically belonged to Dan Lapham. The Seadogs were expected to fight for a share in these and a long drawn out course of litigations was expected, with possibly the closing of the cannery and the suspension of fishing until the matter should be settled.

Where men are only adapted to one calling they become mere children when thrown out of the single rut into which they have drifted.

Barring the legal complications which had arisen from Seadog's death, however, the fishermen had cause to rejoice. The man had always been a tyrant. He had borne down upon them with a merciless hand. Under no change of masters could they expect anything but better conditions.

The men who had been wounded in the encounter between the two factions of fishermen were all recovered, the fish were increasing daily and the shortage in the run in other waters had raised the market. To lift the gloom which hung over the village, only required a settlement of the legal complications and a permission for the men to return to their work.

Old Bumbo, the lawyer, was the only stumbling block in the way. He advised that Sankala close down the traps and turn every Seadog living out into the world empty-handed. He would have had Dan Lapham enforce his title to the townsite and become a landlord as merciless as those painted in fiction. Bumbo had lived from hand to mouth by petty litigation for years, had endured the insults of the Seadogs who had no respect for the man who made his scanty living by his wits, and between him and the Seadogs there was an antipathy bitter as a southerner's blood. Bumbo would have revolutionized things in the northside fishing industry.

But Sankala was as broad minded and magnanimous as she was brave. She sent for Captain Budlong. She knew that he would be wily and wield an influence over the Seadogs. She had first laid her plans before Dan Lapham, who approved them in every detail! The two requested a conference with the Seadogs and asked Captain Budlong to join them.

The meeting took place at Bumbo's office. The lawyer was gruff and vindictive. But the young girl spoke so kindly and so intelligently that all present felt a disposition to come to terms.

"I do not believe in going to law if it can be avoided," said Sankala. "Finding myself possessed of the right to so much property is a great surprise to me. I sometimes feel that I ought not to bother with it, but poor Ringwold has suffered so much, and worked so long to obtain it for me that I feel that it would be an injustice to his memory not to assert my rights in a measure."

"While it would appear from the confession of the late Mr. Seadog that the bulk of the property could be won out through the courts, I am opposed to taking this course. I am willing to a division which should be satisfactory to all persons interested. Dan—Mr. Lapham, expresses himself in the same spirit with me."

"That is correct," said the young fisherman.

"Old Bumbo was indignant. He walked the floor like a caged animal. He took Sankala aside and remonstrated, but it was all without avail.

The Seadogs were completely surprised. After the terrible confession of the elder member of the family they felt that all was lost. They expected no money from the representative of the outraged Saarela and under Sankala's charitable views of the matter they immediately melted into a friendliness that was surprising for a Seadog. Even the humiliated Hazel looked kindly upon the girl hero of the late conflict between the fishermen.

The fact that Seadog had made good use of his ill-gotten gains and that his manner of handling them had resulted to the best interests of the rightful heirs, led Captain Budlong to suggest that an equal division be made of the fishing properties and other interests between the Seadogs and Sankala, and that a like settlement be made with Dan as to the town site property.

Sankala and Dan consented to this without hesitation, and the Seadogs considered it a settlement much to their advantage.

Now only required the formality of the courts to transfer titles to property and legalize the acts of Sankala and Dan, who were under age, consummating the agreement and old Bumbo was ordered to prepare the papers.

The Seadogs had returned to their home contented. Captain Budlong had joined Sankala and Dan in the parlor of the village hotel where Bumbo had been staying since Ringwold's death.

Dan Lapham rose to his feet and walked to where Sankala was sitting. He looked down into her face and said:

"Now, Sankala, that it is all over, may I here in the presence of Captain Budlong, ask you to become my wife?"

"Dan, Dan," replied the girl in a tone of slight reproof, "let us be sensible. I have been talking with Captain Budlong about matters, and he is willing to consider a business proposition."

Upon this statement made by Sankala, Dan Lapham cast glances at his military friend not of as kindly a nature as of yore.

"You are young, Dan," continued Sankala. "So am I. The captain is also young but of age and has had ex-

perience in the world. I feel like trusting him. Why not you and I secure an education before either of us thinks of marrying. Captain Budlong can be made our guardian and will look after our interests while we are in school. Be sensible, Dan, this is the best course."

Sankala's word was law with Dan and Dan was sensible.

Captain Budlong returned with his command to state headquarters and made a full report. They were duly commended for their services and maintained out.

Fishing was amicably resumed at the mouth of the Columbia. Captain Budlong assumed the role of guardian and business manager for Sankala Saarela and Dan Lapham. The fishing villages was again prosperous and Sankala and Dan each entered a city academy at the beginning of the fall term.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After Twenty Years.

A steamboat was gliding down the Columbia. It was crowded with passengers, gaily dressed in summer attire.

Children were running about the deck playing and shouting. A band dispersed music in the large dining room. Lovers were talking silly, just as they always do on steamboats. Men were playing cards and drawing at their cigars in the smoking room. Local passengers were pointing out the important landmarks along the river and relating the history of the same to tourists from the East.

It was just twenty years after the war between the southside and northside fishermen at the mouth of the river. Time had wrought its great changes here as at other points in the great Pacific Northwest. Popular summer resorts had been built up on the beach of the ocean on the south and north sides of the river. Great crowds flocked to these points every year. The rivalry of the older times still existed. It was not over the fishing industry now for that was established through the process of hatcheries aided by the two states, and had become one of the stable institutions of the country.

The people now claimed supremacy in advancement and superiority of summer resorts. "Seaside" on the south claimed it was the best on the coast. "Long Beach" on the north claimed it was the "Long Beach" of the Pacific.

The boat was steaming for the north side resort. It was the pride of its owners and the idol of its crew. It cut the water like a knife and rode the waves with the stateliness of a queen.

In beautiful golden letters it bore the name "Sankala."

The boat had just rounded the upper point of Sand Island. A middle aged man and woman were seated side by side on the upper deck looking out on the water. They were calmly conversing about the different landmarks along the island and north shore.

"Do you remember that place?" inquired the man as the boat glided by the ruins of an old fish trap.

"Yes," replied the woman, "that was about where I was when the south-siders shot me."

"You are right," replied the man. "We were off here to the left when I seized his gun. It was too late to save you from the wound, but you know it is a hobby of mine to claim that I saved your life."

The couple went on discussing matters familiarly as the boat steamed across the river to the north shore.

"Do you see that man and woman?" inquired a citizen to a tourist whom he had met on the boat. "Well, they have a history in this portion of the world. This boat is named for the woman. Her maiden name was Sankala Saarela. Her present name is Lapham. That is her husband sitting by her side. They own large properties on the beach but make their home in the city. They have a summer home on the beach and come down every year. This is their first trip this season."

"That town over there, together with the waterworks and electric light plant belongs to them. They are the owners of the railroad. There is a small company of them. But they are immensely wealthy. Lapham is the president of the world. This boat is named for the woman. Her maiden name was Sankala Saarela. Her present name is Lapham. That is her husband sitting by her side. They own large properties on the beach but make their home in the city. They have a summer home on the beach and come down every year. This is their first trip this season."

"Mrs. Lapham was washed ashore from a wreck at this very point when a small baby. The story is very romantic. An old man was also saved from the wreck. It turned out that he was bringing the child's mother and father here from Russia to recover a fortune from a rich man by the name of Seadog who then owned this place. The mother and father were drowned off that sand island out there and the old man reared the child."

"A year ago between the north side and south side fishermen when the girl was nearly twenty years old she and her mother and father here from Russia to recover a fortune from a rich man by the name of Seadog who then owned this place. The mother and father were drowned off that sand island out there and the old man reared the child."

"The fact that Seadog had made good use of his ill-gotten gains and that his manner of handling them had resulted to the best interests of the rightful heirs, led Captain Budlong to suggest that an equal division be made of the fishing properties and other interests between the Seadogs and Sankala, and that a like settlement be made with Dan as to the town site property."

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perience in the world, and said:

"Come, Ringwold, my son, and be ready to go ashore."

As the boat swung around against the what a man and his wife were there to welcome them.

"Dear Hazel is as pretty as ever," said Mrs. Lapham.

"And Budlong still retains his soldierly bearing," replied her husband.

THE END.

A LIVELY LITTLE BEAR.

Always Happy and Good-Natured When Having His Own Way.

One evening the stage driver set down on my lawn a wooden box, from which proceeded curious noises. "Uhh! Uhh! Uhh! Wow! Wow! Scratch, scratch, scratch! Wow! Uh-huh-huh!" These were a few of the sounds which were pouring out of the cracks in the box, and as we went up to investigate we saw a large card, on which was written: "Please water me and give me something to eat, but do not give me sweets or sweets, as it makes me sick. I like milk. I am for Ernest Harold Baynes. The Haven Cottage, Newport, N. H." This was all very interesting so far as it went, but no clew to the contents of the box, so with a hammer and chisel I pried off the cover, and out popped the little black head of a baby bear.

"Oh, the little bear!" cried a lady who was present, at the same time springing forward and catching up the cub in her arms.

The little bear, however, had been pepped up for more than forty-eight hours, and moreover he was literally as hungry as a bear and in no humor for being petted. So he promptly bit the lady, tore a long rent in her dress with his hind paws, and she quickly dropped him, having learned one of the most important rules in the study of animals: "Never take liberties with any creature until you know something of its habits." This rule applies in the case of skunks.

A bowl of crackers and milk met with his instant approval, and without waiting for it to be set before him, he stood up on his hind legs, seized the rim of the basin with his paws and bolted himself into it. Then it was set on the ground, whereupon he lay down, threw his fore paws around it, and fairly buried his little face in the food.

Except when he is hungry "Jimmy" is not cross; he simply wants to have his own way, and then he is as happy and good-natured as can be. But having his own way means getting into all sorts of mischief, and while his antics are often very amusing they are sometimes very embarrassing. He is particularly fond of ladies and girls, and he seldom sees one without running up to her and clasping her about the skirts with his fore paws and biting at her in a playful manner. If she happens to be nervous, and runs away, "Jimmy" is after her at his best pace, and never fails to catch her unless she takes refuge inside the house.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Kherians of India the marriage ceremony is very funny. Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the center of the forehead, the priest draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of their nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose, bad luck is sure to follow.

The fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and groom mark each other's forehead with a henna or "sinjar" (vermillion).

The Changeable Man.

"Mr. Vane says he won't see you," said that gentleman's clerk.

"When did you ask him?" inquired Mr. Borroughs.

"Why, only a minute ago, of course."

"Well, ask him again, won't you. He may have changed his mind since then."—Philadelphia Press.

How It Happened.

Washington, Sr.—What, you young rascal, do you mean to stand up there and say that you cut that cherry tree?

Washington, Jr.—Yes, dad. But you didn't mean to tell the truth, but you didn't give me time to hatch out a suitable excuse.

"You are right," replied the man.

"We were off here to the left when I seized his gun. It was too late to save you from the wound, but you know it is a hobby of mine to claim that I saved your life."

The couple went on discussing matters familiarly as the boat steamed across the river to the north shore.

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THE END.

The happiness and misery of men de-

pends no less on tamer than fortune.—Rocheboeuf.

The boat at this juncture blew its whistle for the landing. The woman who had been the subject of the passenger's story called to a handsome lad,

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHITE BLOOD CELLS THE BODY'S DEFENSE.

By Dr. Andrew Wilson.

Our white blood cells are a sanitary police force, ever on the alert to arrest disease microbes. The practical mind concerns itself with the question of what may be done to strengthen the hands of these our microscopic defenders, which, of course, are numbered by millions in each individual body. We all know that a high standard of the general health represents a condition which must be favorable to the vitality of our white blood cells. Again, in many cases, we can prevent, by sanitary care, the entrance of microbes into the body, and we