

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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 entanglements.

By his deathbed confession Seadog had placed the ownership of the fisheries largely in Sankala, and the town sits upon which the houses 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 litigation 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.

Harring 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 the 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 pained in fiction. Bumbo had lived from hand to mouth by petty litigation for years, had endured the insults of the toilers 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 Southern feud. Bumbo would have revolutionized things in the northside fishing industry.

But Sankala was as broad minded and magnanimous as she was brave. She went for Captain Bodlong. She knew that her own life was to be influenced 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 Bodlong to join them.

In his early teens, and said:
"Come, Ringgold, my son, and be ready to go ashore."
As the boat swung around against the wharf a man and his wife were there to welcome them.

"Dear Hassel is as pretty as ever," said Mrs. Lapham.
"And Bodlong still retains his soldierly bearing," replied her husband.

THE END.
A LITTLE 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. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Wooo! Woooo! Scratch, scratch, scratch! Wooo! Uh-h-h-h-h!" 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 fruit or sweets, as it makes me sick. I like milk. I am for Ernest Harold Baynes, The Haven Cottage, Newport, N. H." T. was a very interesting story for as it went, but no clue 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 dear!" cried a lady who was present, at the same time springing forward and catching up the cub in her arms.
"The little dear," however, had been peeped 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 hoisted himself into it. Then it was set 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. Not 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 nuzzling at her in a playful manner. If she happens to be nervous, and runs away, "Jimmy" is after her at his best paces, and never fails to catch her unless she takes refuge inside the house.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.
Among the Kherria 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, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose, bad luck is sure to follow. Their 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 with "stindur" (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, I didn't mean to tell the truth, but you didn't give me time to hatch out a suitable yarn.

He Coughed.
"No, boss," said the husky beggar, "I never asked nobody for money before."
"You didn't," replied the fat little man. "I don't believe you."
"Fact, my game has always been to seek a mug with a lead pipe 'till we get 'at I want, and dat's w'at I'll do ter you, if yer don't cough up."—Philadelphia Press.

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-producing microbes. The practical mind conceives 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 to the body, and we can destroy them by means of disinfectants. These measures are, however, of limited extent. They represent rather extraneous aids than means calculated to increase the vigor of our defending army.

Nature helps us in part by causing the development in the striated body of principles known as "antitoxins," which, resulting from the multiplication of germs themselves, ultimately cause their death. The white blood cells, in addition to their powers of destroying microbes by investing and surrounding them, appear, in their turn, to produce certain chemical principles to which the name "antibins" has been given. If we can increase this power on the part of the white blood cells of resisting germ attack it is obvious another and powerful weapon would be placed in our hands in the war against disease.

Suppose that to the blood of an animal some stimulating substance or other has been added. This is the stage of preparation. A few hours later let us imagine that inoculation with microbes of well known character is performed. In place of succumbing to a dose sufficient to produce serious results in an unprotected animal, it is found that it actually resists the inoculation of an amount of germs exceeding by forty or fifty times the amount capable of rendering it seriously affected. This alone is an important discovery, for it shows that the natural defense of the living body against disease attack is capable of being strengthened. If the further application of this principle be carried out, we may well find ourselves face to face with one of the most valuable researches of our day in respect of its power of routing the invaders of our frames that are responsible for so much pain, misery and risk of premature death.

CHURCH MIGHT PROFITABLY ADOPT LODGE PLANS.
BY E. H. MANN.
In my church work I have been where we have had our full share of poor members whom the deacons looked after faithfully according to their lights and traditions. But some there were who, it seemed to me, while not unduly sensitive, and evidently needy, utterly refused to receive aid from the church because it was regarded as a charity and not as a right. And this view the recipients of aid seemed to fall in with by degrees, and lost their self-respect. Instead of being helped and comforted, they were crushed.

A young couple who had been in our town several weeks, we heard, had fallen into trouble. The husband, an interesting young man of very good address, had been suddenly taken ill. When I visited his lodgings, which were commodious and with pleasant surroundings, I found two other young men present chattering up the couple. They had never seen the newcomers before, but this was rather hard to realize, for they seemed like members of one family. This was my first acquaintance with the workings of a lodge. The young men were lodge representatives. I learned from the patient subsequently how delightfully he had been nursed and entertained without cost, incurring

THE RICH MAN.
He had a gem of wondrous light
Whose ray would pierce the darkest night.
"Experience" his jewel.
He purchased it with blood and tears,
The sacrifice of wasted years,
And with privations cruel.
Before his mortal race was run
He tried to give it to his son;
"I was scornfully rejected;
He tried to give it to the world,
But every lip derisive curled
And none the gift respected.

THE SIGNAL CODE.
RALTON HALL lies in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, a dozen miles or more from Deerfield, Mass. Shaded by elms and garlanded by woodbine, which clamber unrestrained over pillared portico and spreading gambrel roof, the stately old house presents an attractive picture. Meadows and tobacco fields for miles down the valley fill the foreground, the meadow view which the quaint, many-paned windows command, while the blue beginnings of the Berkshire rise in the distance, to fringe with rugged sky line the broad, historic valley.

Fertile and peaceful as is now the scene, many are the tales of the Indian, King Philip and his warriors, who once roamed up and down its entire length. And upon a neighboring hill of trap rock, which rises abruptly from the plain and is called by courtesy a mountain, is the famous overhanging rock known as King Philip's seat.

LENGTHY SERMONS.

Five or Six Hours at a Stretch and Division Up to "Eighty-sixthly."
No English congregation would have listened to such sermons as used to be popular in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. There is indeed a story told of a dissenting preacher named Lobb in the seventeenth century who, when South went to hear him, "being mounted up in the pulpit and naming his text, made nothing of splitting it up into twenty-six divisions, upon which separately he very carefully undertook to expatiate in their order. Thereupon the doctor rose up, and, joggling the friend who sits him company, said, 'Let us go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find this man will make night work of it.'"

But Mr. Lobb himself was humane in the pulpit as compared to a certain Mr. Thomas Boston, to whose sermons Sir Archibald Geikie has drawn attention in his "Scottish Humanities." Mr. Thomas Boston, who wrote a book called "Fruitfulness of Ultime," was minister of the gospel at Ettrick. In a sermon on "Fear and Hope, Objects of the Divine Complacency," from the text Psalm cxviii, 11, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, and in those that hope in his mercy," Mr. Boston, after an introduction in four sections, deduced six doctrines, each subdivided into from three to eight heads, but the last doctrine required another sermon which contained a practical improvement of "the whole," arranged under eighty-six heads. A sermon on Matthew xii, 28, was subdivided into seventy-six heads." On this text, indeed, Mr. Boston preached four such sermons.

It is more than doubtful whether any brains or hearts south of the Tweed could have stood the strain of such discourses. But a Scotch preacher, not in the present degenerate age, has been known to preach from five to six hours at a stretch, and sometimes when one preacher had finished his sermon another would begin and there would be a succession of preachers delivering sermon upon sermon until the unhappy congregations were kept listening to "the word" for as many as ten hours without a break.—Bishop Wilson in the Nineteenth Century.

PROPER WAY TO WALK.

A Physical Instructor Gives Advice on the Subject.
The way to walk straight is not to think of the shoulders at all, says a physical instructor. Hang your arms loosely at your sides and hold yourself erect by moderate tension of the back and abdominal muscles and the muscles of the neck. Then your shoulders will have to hang right.

Don't "throw out" your chest. The chest that is lodged properly by deep breathing is bound to be thrown out, and thrown out not like that of a stuffed figure, but naturally, because it can't help it.

Don't walk with a stiff neck. Hold your head erect the way an animal does. Watch a deer. Its neck is always in motion, yet it is always held beautifully. Your head poised on a stiff neck is no good for either balancing or looking around you. Poised confidently on strong but pliant neck muscles, it becomes what a head should be.

Many classes of men who do much walking, such as Indians, guides and trappers, walk with their bodies inclined forward a little bit. But they don't round their shoulders or stoop their heads. They incline forward from the hips. This throws their weight a little ahead and gives the leg muscles the chance to exert all their power in the best directions. But the upper body is never bent by the man. It simply is held forward from the hips at a very slight, barely perceptible angle.

Even if correct posture in walking had nothing to do with other forms of athletics it would be invaluable in itself. The man who walks right is going to keep his organs—heart, kidneys, liver and lungs—in splendid form. But, besides all this, it helps wonderfully in all outdoor sports.