

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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

CHAPTER IX. Trouble Brewing.

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

Old Seadog also owned miles of fish traps. The ragged lines of piling forming wings and hearts extended up and down the bay and to the middle of the river from Disappointment to McGowan's, about a dozen miles. It is true that a few men had taken advantage of their rights under the law and had secured locations and had constructed traps, but it was necessary to guard these like treasures. If they were left alone the "stoims" tore up the piling and Seadog's traps were constructed in front and on the side of them so that even the luckless fish found their way to the fishermen's traps by the sheerest accident.

One by one they had succumbed and sold to Seadog at his own price, except the few who preferred to work and barely live than become the slaves of any man.

It was on the fatal morning upon which Sankala and Ringwold dared the storm. Old Seadog was up early, as was his custom. He superintended all of his own business. He felt nothing of importance to others. It was to this fact that he attributed his success, and he admonished his sons to follow in his footsteps.

The storm was raging and the man of wealth did not care to stir abroad so early. He grew confidential with Mrs. Seadog. He did this occasionally, but it was only when matters arose that closely affected his business interests. He was by no means a faithful husband to her, as many of the fishermen knew, but he had great confidence in her good judgment, and sought her advice in the matters that weighed upon him heavily.

He was still seated at the table. Daylight had not yet begun to dawn. The storm was raging. The mist and rain fell upon the roof with a rasping sound. The other members of the family had left the dining room. Mrs. Seadog did her own dishes. She did this from choice because she had been brought up to work.

"Let the work go for awhile, wife, and set down," said the husband.

Mrs. Seadog obeyed the request readily. She knew something was coming. She had already seen it in her husband's eyes and in his actions. But what woman does not like to be taken into the confidence of her husband?

"Do you know, wife, I am in more trouble than a trap full of fish," said old Seadog when his wife was seated.

"I thought the foolish prejudice against old Ringwold and Sankala was something to worry about, but now the troubles are multiplying like sun fish."

"The title to the townsite is threatened. The gill netters are preparing for devilment and even the government had a secret service man here a few days ago trying to associate me with the unlawful importation of the pig tails who work in my cannery."

"I do not understand all of this, or even a part of it," said the anxious wife. "I thought you had a deed to the townsite property. The gillnetters I thought had recognized your measurement of the river, and as to the importation of the Chinamen, I supposed the half-breed and his son-in-law were responsible for that."

"But you can't count on anything these days," continued the fisherman king. "When old Lapham made the deed to his homestead that night just before he died in a drunken fit, there were several present. But all of them are dead from drowning or otherwise, except one of the witnesses that signed the instrument. He has got foolish religious ideas in his head and is trying to make trouble. I had my book-keeper give him \$100 and send him to the Sound, and that may quiet him. But the transaction is beginning to cost me something. Bumbo, the lawyer who drew up the deed, was standing in with the other fellow in a way and I had to employ him yesterday by the year. He doesn't cost much, it

is true, but it all counts in the end when you are not certain they consider themselves paid in full.

"But I only have to keep this matter off about three years more. Dan Lapham is the only heir. He is now nineteen. If he neglects to take action for a year after he comes of age he loses all his rights under the statute of limitations."

"How about the gillnetters, husband?" inquired Mrs. Seadog.

"Well, fish are getting scarce on their side of the river. They are scarce everywhere, for that matter. But since the government jetty was built on that side, the fish run in larger schools on this side. The gillnetters claim that I am across the line. They are threatening to destroy my traps and swamp my boats."

"I sent one of my trusted men among them, who joined their union and he informs me that they are planning to make a night raid in a few days. I have had a conference with the governor of the state and he is holding the militia in readiness to come on notice from the sheriff. I shall furnish them a boat at a good rental in which they will patrol the river and keep the south-siders back."

"The only trouble, though, is that the state may take up the matter, and induce the United States government to make a survey. This will cost me a number of traps or a neat sum to the surveyors. These two are matters of magnitude, but the Chinese importation trouble will be easily handled. I will send the half-breed and his daughter's husband to the pen and that will stop them."

"And Dan Lapham—well, he is a daring devil. You know he tends a trap alone. Although he can swim like a trout, the single boatmen are lost sooner or later."

The conversation had lasted until long after daylight. The husband and wife were suddenly interrupted by one of their sons.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked as he entered hurriedly, and then without waiting for a reply, he added:

"One fishing boat went down near the sand spit and two fishermen were lost. Another was seen entering the breakers at Pacific Rocks. Still another, thought to have contained Dan Lapham, turned turtle off Chinook Point, and old Ringwold and Sankala shot behind Disappointment Rocks. It is the worst morning of the season."

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

CHAPTER X. Bitter Prospects.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sankala was usually of a light heart and spirit, but her nature was all crushed tonight. She sat beside the bed which was drawn near the fire. She gazed into the flames with tear-stained eyes. She would look into the future, but there was nothing to see. Then the terrible episodes of the day flashed through her mind like a succession of night-mares or hideous dreams.

But she did not forget her duty. As regular as the clock would she turn and change the damp cloths upon Ringwold's head and examine the hot smothering-iron at his feet. The cloths were kept cold and the irons were kept hot.

Ringwold barely breathed. The ex-

citement of the day had about cut the last thread that held his feeble old life. When the life savers rescued them the boat had its nose against Destruction Rocks, which point no boat had ever reached before and been saved. Ringwold knew nothing of the rescue. His last conscious moments were to see himself and Sankala going to destruction. When he saw the inevitable and the struggling frail child battling with the mountains of sea the feeble old man collapsed in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

The long hours of exposure had told on him and it was already whispered about the village that tonight was Ringwold's last night on earth. But the fishermen had become accustomed to his sinking spells and Sankala was left alone with him.

Sankala had not been afraid. She was not afraid now. It was not because she was less refined than other girls or naturally braver than other girls. It was because she had been schooled against fear. Her life had been her schooling and it had been one in which all of the hardships had been taught in practical lessons. Not performed and rehearsed for the occasion, but lessons that came with the routine of every day life.

When a mere babe she had been cast ashore like so much driftwood. And all of her young life she had been buffeted about on the bay and river in a small fishing boat like a cockle-shell. She had become so interlinked with danger that it seemed her constant companion and she only thought of it as such.

"That kid was as calm when we drew her from the jaws of death as if she were rowing a boat on a summer's day," had remarked one of the life savers.

"The first thing she did was to bend over the old man and begin rubbing his hands," said another.

It was not Sankala's bad seamanship or lack of skill that led her across the danger line, but it was her lack of strength. The trap they tended lay to the west nearer the bar than others and while rounding the rocks to reach the trap the undertow, unusually strong from the all night storm, caught her and carried her boat away by sheer force.

She was meditating over the day's exciting episodes and the condition of her companion. Young as she was, she knew that Ringwold could not last much longer. They were reduced to the direst straits. Fishing was poor and wages were poorer. Ringwold was no longer useful. He was more of a hindrance as a co-worker. His companion-ship was all that was left her.

They now only earned a scant living and should Ringwold become bed-ridden she did not know what she would do. He had not confided fully to her the secret of her life and the mysteries of the documents concealed under the hearth. Would these help her? She made up her mind that should Ringwold recover again she would breach the subject to him.

It was not so much for her own self that she was prompted, but she wished to ease the old man's life in his last days. He had made a great struggle for her and she wished to repay him in some way.

While meditating over her troubles, there came a loud, heavy knock at the door. It sounded like the rap of doom. She could not tell why, but she trembled. Sankala was not in the habit of experiencing such sensations. She went to the door and opened it.

"Come in!" she said in a hollow tone.

It was old Seadog! What could bring him at such an hour of the night. Then old Seadog always sent for his employes instead of calling upon them.

"Will you be seated?" asked the girl.

"No. Have but a minute. How is Ringwold?"

"I cannot tell," replied Sankala. "He is quite feeble, but he has been getting very quiet of late. He is getting very old, you know."

"Yes," replied Seadog. "He is getting too old and feeble to work. He has become worthless to me. I came to tell you that I have had your trap provided for. He should be taken to the poor farm—and, I presume that is the best place for you, Sankala—you know you would like to be by the old man's side his remaining days. I will look after the arrangements tomorrow."

Thus spoke old Seadog. Then he turned and walked out into the gloom without saying good-night.

(To be continued)

Storm Cannons.

The storm cannons now in use along the southern side of the Alps, where damage from hailstorms during harvest time is imminent, look like a huge megaphone, such as boat-crew coaches use, and they are set, with their little mouths gaping skyward, beside little houses that look like sentry boxes. When they are fired they boom like "sure enough" cannons, and send reverberating, echoing, boom-booms carrying about among the hillsides; but instead of a ball or shell, or other similar projectile, they emit a ring of smoke which grows larger and larger as it ascends, until at last, before it breaks, it is big enough to surround a ten-acre field. What the effect of a smoke ring upon a mischievously intent cloud is I cannot exactly say, but instead of hail, only rain falls when the guns are used, and damage to crops is prevented.

Disgracing Herself.

Mrs. Smartset—For mercy's sake, don't let me hear you talk about books in society again.

Cultured Daughter—Dear me! Why not? Mrs. Smartset—Strangers will think you have been a cash girl in a book store.

OLD FAVORITES

The Man with the Hoe.
Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair.
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made
and gave
To have dominion over sea and land:
To trace the stars and search the heavens
for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World.
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?
—Edwin Markham.

The Rosary.
The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
To kiss the cross,
—Robert Cameron Rogers.

FRUIT IS PACKED IN PEAT.
French Company in Mexico Solves a Most Difficult Problem.
What is considered a highly important discovery has just been made in the matter of the shipment of fruits. It is believed that a solution has finally been found of the problem of transporting delicate tropical fruits long distances.

The experiments have been made by a French company, under the auspices of the French government. The shipments have been made from Guiana and the island of Guadeloupe, in the Lesser Antilles, to France, and the outcome is declared most satisfactory.

The success of the new system means much for Mexico, as it would blaze a way for a new branch of industry that must be a source of great riches to the country.

The secret of the new process is the envelopment of the fruit in a particular kind of peat or turf, that, namely, which is known as yellow Dutch peat. Pineapples, bananas, mangoes, papayas and other delicate fruits have been taken when in perfectly ripe condition, enveloped in the fibrous substance, and, after several weeks spent in transportation, have arrived at their destination in a perfectly fresh and sound condition.

Peat, as is known, is vegetable matter more or less decomposed, which passes by insensible degrees into lignite. The less perfectly decomposed peat is generally of a brown color, that which is perfectly decomposed is often black. Now, moist peat, it has for some time been known, possesses a decided and powerful antiseptic property. This is ascribed to the presence of gallic acid and tannin. It is manifested not only in the perfect preservation of ancient trees and of leaves, fruits and the like, but sometimes even of animal bodies. Thus in

some instances human bodies have been found perfectly preserved in peat, after the lapse of centuries.

For the new method of shipping fruits light brown and consequently only imperfectly decomposed, peat is taken in a certain state of moisture, and the fruit is hermetically inclosed therein. A certain degree of humidity is maintained until the fruit is ready for unpacking.

It is said that no offensive odor is communicated to the fruit, but it must be remembered that the full details of the process have not been made known by the French shippers, and it is possible that there may be some ulterior treatment of the turf that prevents the fruit from being robbed of any of its delicious savor.

A successful outcome in this matter would be of exceeding moment. The gourmets of Europe and of the United States who have never left their home country are unaware of the true flavor of the finest tropical fruits. No way had hitherto been found for shipping these fruits with their full richness of taste. In order that they may not arrive in a state of putrefaction after a journey they have to be picked not only immature, but before the pulp has reached its full development, and when the fruit is still fibry, and no artificial means is known whereby a fruit plucked in this condition can ever be brought to a condition of real maturity. Without maturity the full flavor does not exist.
—Mexican Herald.

SELF-SUPPORTING OLD WOMEN.

Gray-Haired Grandmothers Who Find Work for Their Feeble Hands.

The little grandmother in clean, stiff white apron, and gray hair so smooth that it seemed to be actually stretched across her old brow, was more offended than pleased to be told that she was attractive because she was old-fashioned. But old-fashioned she certainly was, and attractive, too, sitting in the sunlight of a window where a few brave red geraniums were growing, as she wound ball after ball of strips of cloth for rag carpets. In the same corner of a part of the building in the West Side district of New York where the Charity Organization Society provides employment for indigent women sat half a dozen others, none of them as quaint nor as "spick and span" as the little grandmother, but all of them just as busy with the raw material for rag carpets.

And out of this charity work, designed to furnish an opportunity for earning a little money to woman not strong enough for harder labor, has grown quite an industry—the making of rugs. It is a curious anomaly that women who are among the poorest and most helpless in the whole city are important in the making of an article that is constantly in demand by the dealers of the very highest class who handle this sort of goods.

Remarkably pretty and very serviceable are the rugs which are made by these old women of the West Side, but I must give credit for that to Mrs. Hinsdale, who is manager of this part of the establishment. The rugs made here are of the sort that are desired for the floors of summer cottages, or for rooms which are fitted with furniture of the mission style. They are woven as rag carpets are, but are more carefully designed and made of better material. The old women have only a part in the making of the rugs, as the cutting of the cloth and the dyeing and weaving are done outside.
—Leslie's Weekly.

Faithfulness.

The bulldog's tenacity of grip is proverbial, but he also possesses a grip of quite another sort, one which enables him to stick to his orders in spite of untoward circumstances. The Atlantic Constitution gives an example of a dog's faithfulness. "Stub's" master had gone away for the night and had left the dog to guard his apartments.

In the evening the house caught fire, and before the fire engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog and tried to coax or drive him from the room, but Stub held his post. His would-be rescuers did all they could to take him out, but he would not budge. Warning growls showed that he would use his teeth if the men resorted to force, and finally, in their efforts to save the dog, the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he reached his home the roof had fallen in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and Stub, who had defied fire and water and all human inducements, bounded out of the house, and the next instant was licking the hand which caressed him.

Sell in the Family.

Tom and Frank were the only male youngsters in the family. Tom, the elder of the two, one day brought home an ugly, repulsive-looking dog, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household.

At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded Tom to take the dog back where he found it, or give it away to some one, and offered him twopence for his trouble.

Tom marched off with the animal, and returned in half an hour's time munching the last of the toffee he had bought with the money which his sister had given him.

"Well, Tom, what have you done with that ugly brute?" was the query.

"Gave it to Frank," replied Tom, with his mouth full.

There are too many big mouths, and they are overworked.

Ayer's

What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone this looking old.

Hair Vigor

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it."
Mrs. E. J. VANDERBILT, Mechanicville, N. Y.

25¢ a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Dark Hair

How Celluloid Is Made.

Celluloid, the chemical compound which bears so close a resemblance to ivory, is a mixture of collodion and camphor, invented in 1855 by Percecine, of Birmingham, whose name for a time it bore. The process of manufacture is as follows: Cigarette paper is soaked in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids until it becomes nitro-cellulose. After thorough washing, to free it from the acids, this cellulose is dried, mixed with a certain quantity of camphor, and coloring matter if required, and then passed through a roller mill. It is next formed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure and afterward broken up by toothed rollers and soaked for some hours in alcohol. A further pressure and a hot rolling process finish it, and results in ivory-like sheets half an inch thick.

Black Snakes.

It is true that the rattlesnake and the black snake are mortal enemies, and the black snake is the victor in their battles, breaking the neck of his adversary before the rattler has time to strike. The black snakes of this country are as harmless as frogs. On many of the large plantations in the South they are tamed and kept as a protection from their enemy, as the warm climate prevents keeping the houses closed so as to keep them out.

Not Up to Date.

"Mamma," said the pretty fluffy-haired girl, "I think I ought to go to cooking school, don't you?"

"It isn't necessary, my dear," replied the mother, "I can teach you to cook."

"But that would never do, mamma," protested the fair daughter, "you only know how to cook the ordinary things that people really eat."

Former Senator Henry G. Davis and his son-in-law, Senator Stephen B. Elkins, have contributed \$100,000 to the Davis and Elkins College, just opened, at Elkins, W. Va.

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.—J. F. Davis.

Emperor William will not learn to play golf nor will he permit his ministers to play. Prince Henry plays a good deal.

Secretary of the Navy Morton is a good sailor. He never gets seasick.

The best biography—the life that writes charity in the largest letters.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

The hide of a cow makes twice as much leather as that of a horse.

OFFENSIVE CATARRH

I suffered for a long time with a bad case of Catarrh, and took a great deal of medicine without any benefit.

I had a continual headache, my cheeks had grown purple, my nose was always stopped up, my breath had a sickening and disgusting odor, and I coughed incessantly. I heard of your S. S. S. and wrote you. I commenced to use it, and after taking several bottles I was cured and have never since had the slightest symptom of the disease. MISS MARY L. STORM, Cor. 7th & Felix Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 29, 1903.

I had Nasal Catarrh for years for which I used S. S. S. with very gratifying results. I tried local applications for some time, and getting no permanent relief I came to the conclusion that the seat of the trouble was in the blood. Knowing S. S. S. to be a good blood medicine I began its use, and after using it for some little while it did away entirely with the offensive mucus in the nostrils, and I did not have to hawk and spit, especially in the morning, to dislodge the catarrhal matter. 1627 South St. FRED H. PRESSY.

The filthy secretions and foul mucus that are continually dropping back into the throat, find their way into the stomach and are absorbed into the blood. Catarrh then becomes constitutional, and the only way to get rid of it is through the blood. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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Best Food Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.
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