

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The island was soon reached and the man taken ashore. The morning was crisp and cold and a fire of drift wood was kindled for the comfort of the wounded man and his companions. As the day lagged away the man grew worse. Dan was his most attentive nurse. In the afternoon he persuaded his companions that it would be better to take the wounded man to his home. They agreed upon this but they did not know what to do with their prisoner. On the southside they could not hold him, and if they left him on the island he might be compelled to remain for several days without assistance. They wanted him to accompany them to their homes, but Dan had matters of more importance demanding his attention on the north side. He told them to leave him on the island and he would take his chances on reaching shore.

The fishermen pulled out with their wounded companion, reluctantly leaving Dan behind.

Throughout the day Lapham walked up and down the island viewing his friends and enemies as they lay on their oars in threatening attitudes. He managed, however, to keep concealed behind the driftwood from his enemies, while he was too far away to be distinguished by his friends.

He had searched the island from one end to the other for a boat, but the southsiders had intended making this a sort of prison had they carried out their original plans and had removed every semblance of craft from the place.

Besides the island had always been a sort of neutral ground and since the quarrel had begun, neither side attempted to occupy it and all fishing apparatus and supplies had been taken away by the respective owners.

As night came on, Dan became more anxious to reach the north shore. He wondered how many of his friends had fallen under the fire of the southsiders, and wondered more how Sankala was faring.

Old Seadog was too much absorbed in the trouble at hand to carry out his plan of taking Sankala and Ringwold to the county poor farm, but he knew the girl was worrying her young life away over the outlook for the future and possibly by this time, so far as he knew, she was grieving by the bedside of the deceased Ringwold.

The impatient young fisherman could remain an exile no longer. He constructed a raft from planks and timbers which had lodged on the shores of the island and with pieces of planks used as poles and paddles he started for the main shore.

Before his work had been completed, however, night had long since fallen over the waters and a storm was brewing.

The same sound from the clash of the wave and current on the bar greeted his ears at that moment that made the frail Sankala tremble with fear as she left the north shore to search for him that she might give him the food she had prepared for him and of which she thought he must by this time be in such dire need.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Where is Sankala?"

"Hello, lookout!"

"Hello, captain!"

"How does it look to the southwest?"

"Black and foreboding, captain."

"I feared so. Watch close the river and bay. They are covered with those fool fishermen tonight. The light of morning will find plenty of work for us to do."

Thus spoke the captain of the life saving station to the man on the lookout.

Night had already closed in and the captain of the life saving station knew a storm was coming. He was at the station below the rocks and could not see out on the ocean. He had called to the man stationed on the hill to verify the evidence of the storm. The instruments at the station indicated a storm, but the rising, surging, slashing, cracking breakers on the rocks gave a more formidable warning to the experienced life saver.

It is the same old story at the mouth of the Columbia. From fall until spring, throughout the long winter months, the storms rage with unceasing fury. Three days of storm and one of dim sunshine is a liberal statement in favor of the king of day. At this point Neptune rules unchallenged through the winter, but when summer comes he is superseded by old Sol, who wields his scepter with a more charitable hand and makes this little stretch of coast the most attractive spot in the great Pacific Northwest. Thousands of pleasure seekers visit this coast each summer to view the grandeur and beauties of nature, but flee before advancing winter, when gloom and darkness settle over the place like the pall of death.

Men inured to hardships and disasters learn to scorn them. It is this class that suffers most from them. They become emboldened to stand in the teeth of death, yes, even to enter its jaws, while the more timid fly for safety, and escape its fangs. Day after day the courageous go down, while the cowards live to tell of the chivalrous deeds of the brave.

A terrific storm was rising to sweep the river and bay. The black horizon

to the southwest told this. The roaring clash of waters on the bar spoke it in so many sounds. The moaning winds in the boughs of the tall trees on the hills sung it in dismal notes. The angry surges on the beach hissed out like the warning of an adder. The gloomy mist which surrounded old Cape Disappointment lighthouse hung like a pall over the river and bay.

Yet the water was dotted with the boats of the heedless fishermen. They had seen the signs a thousand times and had never known them to fail. They knew that no frail craft could be reasonably expected to survive such a storm as was indicated tonight. It was the night after the battle between the fishermen. It was the night upon which Sankala had started out to sea to find Dan Lapham. It was the night upon which Dan Lapham left Sand Island upon a raft of driftwood for the north shore.

This was a typical night storm at the mouth of the Columbia. The people of the village had been on the alert, kindling beacon fires and walking the beach to render aid to their friends on the bay.

The morning broke forth with many stories of hardships, disaster and death. The fishermen on either side had been slow to yield their position. In spite of the fact that they were warned in many ways of the approaching storm, they stood in the teeth of danger from force of habit. The southsiders were determined to destroy the objectionable traps and the northsiders were firm in standing by the defense of their property.

But all had eventually been compelled to yield to the elements. The northsiders had been driven one by one to the north shore, while the southsiders had been compelled to take refuge on the island. They had not the time to make it to the shore.

Fishermen on both sides, it is true, had remained too long. They had been caught in the angry sea and dragged like captives toward the bar. The dawn had found the life savers active. It was the same old story. They succeeded in rescuing some of the men from a watery grave. A few had gone over the bar never to return. Some of these had been swept away long before the life savers could see their way to go to the rescue.

The wind did not lull until well up in the day. The southsiders nestled along the shores of Sand Island, like so many water bound animals. The northsiders rushed up and down the bank looking for missing ones and preparing to return to the defense of their traps so soon as the waves should subside.

Women were wringing their hands over the loss of their dear ones and children were crying for fathers they would never see again. The loss of life was so common among the fishermen that only those actually bereaved bore sad hearts on such occasions. The sudden making of widows and orphans had been going on for years, for every storm claimed its victims. A heavy wave, a swamped boat, a lost fisherman, told a common story. It was expected. Those who battled with death knew that they must eventually lose.

"Where is Sankala?" was asked of the fishermen as they arrived ashore throughout the night.

"Where is Sankala?" asked Dan Lapham when he had visited her cabin and found it vacant.

"Where is Sankala?" was the question passed from lip to lip throughout the day.

Dan Lapham had steered his crude raft straight for the north shore. He had been buffeted by the waves, it is true, and had been carried far to the south, but fortune favored him and he had butted into the boats of his friends who had taken him ashore. But not one of all the men returning had seen Sankala. They were indignant that she should have been permitted to leave the village.

"We have no time for grieving over the lost," said old Seadog, walking up and down the beach like an angry lion. "See, the men on the island are in action and will soon be upon our traps. To your boats, men, to your boats! We must protect those traps with our lives!"

It was late in the afternoon. The storm had again subsided. The men on the island decided to take advantage of the northsiders while they were ashore and destroy their traps.

The northsiders were quick to see this and hustling their arms and ammunition aboard they leaped into the boats along the beach and rowed with all their might to the defense of their cause.

The southsiders also started out briskly to meet them to the traps. The latter had a slight advantage in distance but their opponents were refreshed by a warm meal and many of them had secured a few hours sleep.

The small fleet on either side was divided into squadrons as if by common arrangement, and while one squad made for the defense of a group of traps along the line which stretched up and down the river channel on the bay side, a squad from the other side started for the same point to destroy them.

In the meantime reinforcements were gathering on the south shore, for the southsiders outnumbered the men on

the north, and war to a finish was now more imminent than ever.

"Will those soldiers never arrive?" was the question old Seadog asked himself as he directed his men to battle for the traps.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sankala Listens to the Plotters.

Sankala had a hard battle with the surf but she reached the traps formerly tended by Dan Lapham before the storm was at its height. Dan, of course, was not near the place. The wind was already raging and the whitecaps were multiplying at a rapid rate and leaping higher and higher.

At her back the sea was boiling like a caldron while to the south it was not so much disturbed. Her home lay across the raging sea while Sand Island lay to the south. It was this great upheaval of sand and the driftwood upon its surface that broke the storm to some extent and yet left a means of escape for Sankala.

But she would not have returned to her home at this time had the sea been as calm as an inland lake. She had started out on a mission and this would she complete with a woman's determination. She was looking for Dan Lapham. Her strong and handsome young friend had aided her in fishing the traps when her aged companion was unable to assist. He had also, on that very morning, left her money with which to buy necessary supplies; he had promised her that Ringwold should not go to the poor house; and above all there was an undefined feeling in her heart for the young man which only comes to a woman once in a lifetime.

Sankala did not understand this and would have blushed had it been explained. It was the same old story which has caused the joys, sorrows, disappointments and happiness since the days of Adam and Eve.

While clinging to the piling which held the netting of Lapham's fishtrap, to steady her boat, Sankala could see that the water was rapidly rising and that each food dashed higher above the mark made by the former wave. The billows grew darker and more sullen while the whitecaps looked like great animals leaping at random in the direction of the bar.

Before it was too late she turned her boat toward the island, where she landed without accident. But she was just in time, for old Neptune's work farther out at sea was telling and great waves from the mighty deep came rolling over the bay, converting it into a mad, seething thing of destruction.

The rain began to fall in torrents. The wind blew with such force as to send the cold drops like heavy shots in a slanting course through the air. These struck the thinly clad girl with a force that made her shiver with pain and cold.

When cast upon her own resources in time of danger, woman is said to be superior to man in courage and endurance. Before she resigns herself to fate, she employs every means in her power to thwart its disasters. If she cannot turn its course, she goes with it as a companion. Death is thus made less bitter and an example is given to the world.

Sankala dragged her boat as far as she could and then tied the long line attached to its prow to a limb of a tree which had been cast far upon the sands. She began to look about her for a shelter. She remembered an old fisherman's camp farther up the island, and taking the provisions which she had prepared for Dan, she made her way to the shack.

(To be continued)

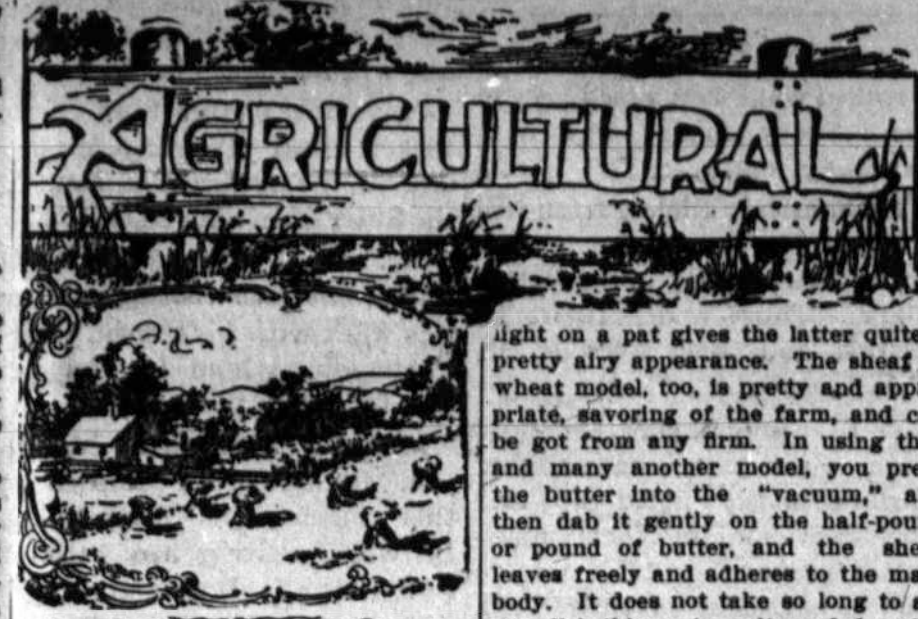
Effect of Army Routine.
Visitors to army headquarters on Governor's Island often notice that officers have a habit of referring to the written or printed record for the most trifling questions of fact. They never rely upon memory for even unimportant matters of routine which civilians would no more think of forgetting than a hardened commuter would think of forgetting the time of his morning train to the city. Ask an officer in the adjutant general's or quartermaster's department, for instance, where the First Battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry is and he will consult his records before answering, even when a letter to the commanding officer of the battalion is lying addressed on his desk.

The other day a visitor to the island asked an officer high in command what time the parade of troops took place next morning. The man in khaki looked at his printed copy of the general orders before answering: "Ten o'clock." Yet the parade had been going on every day for months right under his office windows.

"It is a habit that grows upon us with the routine of garrison work," he said. "If I tried to remember where one company in the department of the east is quartered I might as well try to remember them all. If I carried in my memory the time for parade I might as well try to learn the general orders by heart. Experience teaches army men never to burden their memories with facts and figures that they know they can find on the instant by turning to the record."—New York Press.

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.

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, said to be the greatest living botanist, has passed his eighty-seventh birthday.



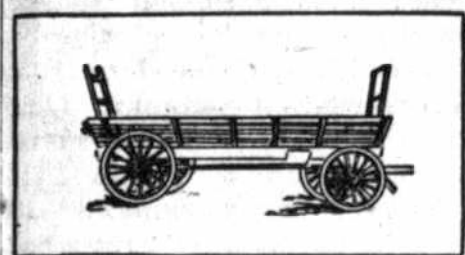
Pop Corn.

In earlier times pop corn was very commonly grown in small quantities on many farms and in gardens for home consumption, for it has long been a favorite food, or food accessory, with Americans. In recent years there has been a tendency to depend on the larger growers for pop corn, and this crop is now raised in some regions to a very large extent, says a bulletin. For instance, a large grower in Iowa is reported to have 1,000 acres annually planted to pop corn, and in some regions of Nebraska; notably on the north and middle loops, pop corn is practically the only crop grown, 100 bushels to the acre, it is said, being an ordinary yield. Fine pop corn is also grown on a large scale in some regions of Michigan.

As regards the culture of pop corn, it may be said in brief that it is much the same as for sweet corn. When grown on a large scale, it is drilled in, and it is not planted in checks. It is usually harvested by hand and marketed on the cob or shelled. It is difficult to estimate the cost of production, owing to the limited data available, but, according to a Nebraska writer, it can probably be grown and placed on the market for \$12 to \$15 an acre. Several years ago pop corn sold in Nebraska for \$1.50 per 100 pounds, but for last year's crop (1908) only 90 cents per 100 pounds was offered. Assuming that the yield is eighty bushels to the acre, the latter price would give a return of something like \$25 to the acre. A prominent Iowa grower of pop corn states that in his experience the price has been as low as 50 cents, and as high as \$4 per 100 pounds.—Exchange.

Inexpensive Hay Rack.
The style of hay and grain rack here illustrated is in common use in many parts of the East and Middle States. The two-bed pieces of spruce 3x6 inches in size are either 14 or 16 feet long. Five crosspieces 2x6 spruce, or 2x4 hardwood, 3 feet 6 inches long, connect the bed pieces. The side pieces which hold the rack, ten in number, five on a side, are 2 inches thick, 4 feet 2 inches long, and taper from 3 inches wide at one end to 1½ inches at the other. A plank 2x12 runs through the middle of the rack, and these side pieces fit under this, and inside the bed pieces, as shown.

Four boards six inches wide are placed on each side to form the rack. The first board rests on the crosspieces, the other three being equal distance apart. Two pieces 2x4, 7 feet 9 inches long, are used, one at



ONE OF THE HAY RACKS.

each end of the rack, and are bolted to the side arms just beneath the top board. The ladders are made of hardwood and are 6 feet 9 inches long, with two cross pieces. The side arms should be of oak, or other hardwood, but the boards may be of spruce or pine. The ladders are bolted near the ends of the bed pieces, and rest against the cross pieces at the end. By removing the four bolts, which hold the end pieces, the rack may be knocked down flat to save room in storage.

Good Pig Trough.

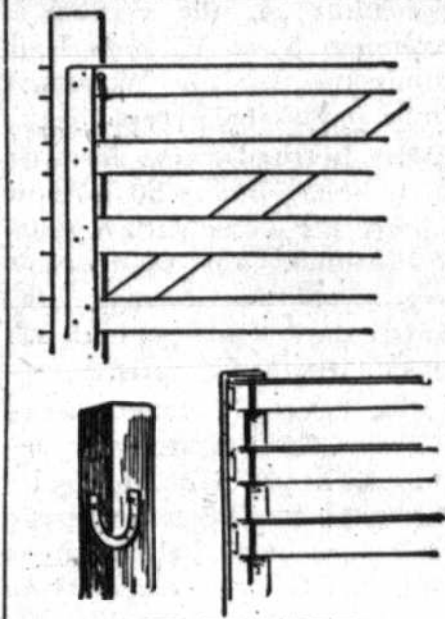
A convenient pig trough is thus arranged: A V-shaped trough is fastened under the fence. A wide board is run to the fence on hinges so as to hang over outer edge of the trough, but cannot be pushed any further out. To the inner side of the board triangular pieces are nailed from the outside of the board for partitions. The partitions need not fit to the bottom of the trough. The only use of partitions is to keep the pig from getting into the trough sideways. A lever four foot long, standing perpendicular, has one end nailed to the board swung over the trough. A brace is fastened to the fence near the top of the lever for the purpose of holding the hinged board over the inner edge of the trough. Now for the operation. With the lever force the hinged board over the inner edge of the trough. If the trough needs cleaning you can do so without being bothered with the hogs and pigs crowded around. With partitions nailed in the trough it is almost impossible to clean the trough as it should be done. After cleaning, pour the slop, and then release the lever, and the pigs are ready to go to drinking.

Ornamental Butter.

The simple act of squeezing a piece of butter as big as an average apple through a strainer, and dropping it

light on a pat gives the latter quite a pretty airy appearance. The sheaf of wheat model, too, is pretty and appropriate, savoring of the farm, and can be got from any firm. In using this, and many another model, you press the butter into the "vacuum," and then dab it gently on the half-pound or pound of butter, and the sheaf leaves freely and adheres to the main body. It does not take so long to accomplish this as to write and describe it, if the model is wetted with cold water and salted before used. Then roses, lilies and other pretty flowers are represented, and made to adorn butter for our stores and shows.

Making a Handy Gate.
The average farm gate is hard to manage and is usually oreaking down. The illustration shows a way of fastening such a gate in a simple manner. Take a horseshoe and fasten it to the gatepost, so that about one-third of it will project, as shown in the detail



at lower left of cut. This provides the latch, and when the gate is to be closed simply raise it so that the top bar will come over the horseshoe, as indicated in the upper portion of the cut. On the lower right of the cut is shown a way of fastening the boards by bending and nailing a long strip of strap iron over the ends of the boards, instead of using the upright board, as usual. The advantage is that the gate is not so heavy as when the upright board is used, which is a consideration with the average farm gate.

Measuring Hay in a Stack or Mow.
To find the number of cubic feet in a square stack, multiply the length by the breadth in feet, and the result by the height to the eaves in feet, added to one-third the height of the roof. The number of cubic feet should be divided by the number of cubic feet in one ton of the hay. The following example will make the problem clear: To find the weight of a stack of heavy hay twenty feet long by twelve feet wide, eight feet high to the eaves, and three feet high from eaves to the peak, multiply twelve by twenty, which gives 240; now multiply this by nine (eight added to one-third of three), which gives 2,160; divide this by 350, which gives 6.17 tons in the stack.

Frog Farm in Ontario.
One has been in operation for over twenty years. The waters are simply stocked with mature frogs. No attempt is made to confine the frogs until near the time for shipping; then they are taken alive at night and confined in small pens, which are drained when the frogs are wanted for market. No food is given on this farm, and yearly yields of five thousand pounds of the best frog legs are produced. Probably some such system as this is at present about the only practical way of breeding frogs.

Poultry Pickings.
Underfeeding is expensive. Disinfectants are better than disinfectants.

A dark comb is an indication of a congested state of the system. The chicken coops should be large airy and proof against rain.

There is more profit in marketing fowls early than at any other time. A boiled egg which is done will dry quickly on the shell when taken from the kettle.

When the hens are laying abundant lime should be kept before them at all times.

So far as is possible, feed the chickens early in the morning and late in the evening.

Wooden floors close to the ground attract the damp from the earth, and are always moist.

The eggs from hens by themselves will keep good three times as long as those that are fertile. The dust heap aids materially to cleanse the feathers and skin from vermin and impurities.

Sawdust, shavings and excelsior are objectionable for nest material. Use straw or leaves.

The hens will thrive much better without the presence of the cocks than with them as soon as the hatching is over.

Tobacco stems covered with straw are an excellent preventive of insect breeding, especially when the hens are sitting.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

Mental anguish and suffering are held, in Cowan vs. Western Union Telegraph Company (Iowa), 64 L. R. A. 545, to be sufficient to sustain an action for breach of contract promptly to transmit and deliver a telegram.

The fact that a municipality takes its water supply from a lake is held, in People vs. Hulbert (Mich.), 64 L. R. A. 265, not to justify the denial, through the police power, of the right of an upper riparian owner to bathe in the lake.

A watch is held, in Rains vs. Maxwell House Co. (Tenn.), 64 L. R. A. 470, to be within the operation of a statute providing that, if a guest at a hotel neglects to deposit jewels in the safe or other place provided by the hotelkeeper for their custody, they shall be at his own risk.

Prohibiting the use of a room in a tenement or dwelling house for the manufacture of men's clothing, except by the immediate members of the family living there, and then only under permit from a public official, is held, in State vs. Hyman (Md.), 64 L. R. A. 637, to be within the police power.

The act of the officers of a municipal corporation, who, in attempting to guard the public health, remove a smallpox patient to a pesthouse so overcrowded and ill adapted to its purpose that he dies from the consequent exposure, is held, in Twyman vs. Frankfort (Ky.), 64 L. R. A. 572, not to render the municipality liable.

Employment for a year is held, in Sullivan vs. Detroit Y. & A. A. Railway Company (Mich.), 64 L. R. A. 673, to be a fulfillment of a contract to give an attorney permanent employment in consideration of service rendered in the formation of a corporation, since the contract is indefinite and determinable at the will of either party.

The use of land for the erection and maintenance by railway companies of hotels and eating stations along their roads for the accommodation of their employes and passengers, is held, in Abraham vs. Oregon & C. R. Company (Ore.), 64 L. R. A. 391, to be a legitimate railroad purpose only when they are reasonably necessary for the convenience of such persons.

Employees of a mining partnership, who are charged with the care and management of its property, are held, in Markley vs. Snow (Pa.), 64 L. R. A. 685, not to act within the scope of their employment in causing, long after the commission of the crime, the arrest for the purpose of vindictive law, of one who is suspected of having set fire to a building belonging to the partnership, so as to render the partnership liable for malicious prosecution in case the arrest proves to have been without jurisdiction.

BOY A SIGHTLESS WONDER.

Does His Share of Farm Work and Bikes at Full Speed.

Stephen Mellinger, of Denver, Pa., does things remarkable in one who moves, as he does, in continual darkness. When Mellinger, now 18 years of age, was 2 years old he blinded himself incurably with a hatchet. He has so adapted himself to his condition that he acts virtually as if in the possession of his eyesight. His misfortune has not been allowed to interfere in the least with his usefulness. His senses of touch and hearing are very keen. He works in the field. He sows, uses the rake and spade, helps harvest the crops, milks, climbs trees and, what is still more remarkable, drives spirited horses and rides a bicycle.

The boy is as bright and cheerful as any of his associates. He is able to harness a horse unaided and to drive several miles to the village where the household supplies are obtained. Every morning it is his duty to hitch a horse to a milk wagon and drive a mile to Denver village. In this drive he is compelled to cross railroad tracks at two points. Spirited horses are his delight and two belonging to his father which are too wild for the average man to handle with safety are used by him without a thought of danger. It is unwise for other persons than he to approach these animals.

The young man does not work, ride or walk in a hesitating manner, after the usual fashion of the blind. He takes a fast horse out on the road and gallops at full speed, turning out for vehicles and other horses and rounding sharp corners without pulling up. On his wheel he rides as if possessed of full sight and can be seen alone miles from his home.—Leaflet's Weekly.

Men Were Posted.

The bridegroom of a newly married pair journeying to the city by train, one day recently, was a railroad man. Congratulations were whistled to him from every locomotive passed in the fifty mile run. Those on the sidings made the most din, but the engineers on the trains in motion were also posted, and whistled as they sped by.

One of the party who gave the newly wedded pair a send-off by pouring rice over them told the other passengers in the car what to expect. Every one seemed to enjoy the tooting from the locomotives more than the blushing bride and groom.

It All Depends.

"Your children seem to be very well behaved," remarked the friend. "They're not my children, then," replied Henpeck. "My wife only admits they're 'our children' when they're bad; when they're good they're 'her children'."—Philadelphia Press.

Many a man is honest because he never had a good chance to prove himself otherwise.