

# TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

She found it vacant and entered. The banks were poorly furnished, and would have been pronounced unfit for use by girls reared under different conditions from those which had surrounded Sankala's life, but she was accustomed to the fishermen and their ways, and viewed things as they viewed them.

There was a crude fireplace and some dry driftwood, but the girl knew that the southsiders were in close proximity and would probably be driven ashore and she feared to kindle a fire which would give warning of her presence. She rolled herself in the dingy bed-clothing of the most decent appearing bunk and attempted to go to sleep. She expected to awaken before dawn when she hoped the storm would have subsided and she might find Dan about the island.

How long she had lain there she had not the time to verify, but she was awakened from a half dozing state by voices from the outside. These rose above the storm which beat upon the frail structure with an appalling noise. As they approached nearer and nearer she knew that she was about to have visitors.

Sankala had often visited the old shack and knew of a little loft in the cook room of the structure where fishermen often stored their nets. Taking two of the old quilts with her she went into the adjoining room and climbed into the loft.

The southsiders began to enter the place from all directions. They had been driven ashore by the storm and naturally took refuge in the camp. They soon had a crackling fire in the fireplace, and began discussing the day's events in loud voices. Sankala was thus enabled to learn what had taken place on their side of the fight. But what she wished to know above all other things was not spoken. The name of Dan Lapham was not mentioned.

The storm continued throughout the entire night. The men talked, sang and swore. Some tried to sleep, while others planned for the following day.

Morning dawned upon the storm at its height. It was nearly midday before it subsided. The sea did not become calm enough for the small fishing boats until late in the afternoon. It was then that the men began to leave the place for another attack upon the traps.

Sankala had heard their plans. They thought they could reach the traps and destroy them before the northsiders could come to their defense. It was then the second afternoon since the war had begun, and the southsiders began their attack. The northsiders were on the alert and seeing the movement of the enemy came like an avalanche to meet them.

Sankala was compelled to remain in concealment, though she could see what was going on through a crack in the dilapidated roof. She saw the men scatter on both sides and realized the plan of attack, and the manner of defense. The southsiders had divided into squads, as they had planned to destroy the traps at one fell swoop, while the northsiders divided their purpose and met them accordingly.

Strain her eyes as she would the girl could not distinguish one from another among her friends. They were so far away that they looked like specks upon the water.

The sun went down upon the contestants with honors divided almost equally. They had practically abandoned their fire arms, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with their cars. There was murder in the hearts of only a few on either side, and but few shots were exchanged. The casualties were light in the afternoon engagement.

As darkness closed in, Sankala was about to come from her hiding place and attempt an escape from the island. But she heard a number of the southsiders returning to the shack, and soon learned from their talk that they had been strongly reinforced, and that others were coming.

The news of the number wounded in the former days' engagement had reached the south shore and the fishermen rose up in their fury, joined by many outside friends, and swore that they would come in sufficient numbers to sweep the river and bay of the northsiders fishermen and their traps.

Sankala learned that they intended to renew the attack at midnight, at which time their reinforcements would arrive in larger boats, armed to complete the work, and that it was their determination to win at any cost of property or life.

How to give the warning to her friends, was the question. The plotters remained in the shack while runners were sent in different directions to organize the men for the midnight advance.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A Traitor at the Helm.

The train pulled into Kalama shortly after dark. It was a special chartered by the state. The sheriff of Pacific county was there to meet it and had been waiting many hours. Matters managed by state are always delayed.

Kalama is on the banks of the Columbia river and also on the line of

railroad that crosses from north to south.

An old fashioned boat was tied up at the decaying and tottering wharf. A dark form sat in the pilot house looking out at the crowd as it emerged from the train. A danger light hung from the port side, and at the approach of the train, dark smoke, intermingled with bright red sparks, shot skyward from the smoke-stack.

"Contemptible tin-soldiers!" muttered the man in the pilot house. "Fine lot of dudes come here to shoot down our fishermen. But they will not shoot them tonight."

Then he turned the pilot wheel back and forth to see that the rudder was in working order. The boat gave a lurch and trembled as if frightened at being disturbed while swinging so quietly to its moorings.

"I will give these assassins a trip for their money tonight," muttered the man at the wheel in meditative tones. "When they find the fishermen they will be so sick of the sea that they will do well to handle themselves let alone a gun."

A company of the state national guard filed off the train at the command of their officer, Captain Budlong. The sheriff of the county led the way to the boat. The soldiers had come under indefinite orders as to time and brought along a sufficient amount of baggage for a siege. Most of the men were clerks in stores, and some of wealthy men who had joined the guard for a good time and they were poorly drilled. It required more than an hour to get their baggage aboard the boat. The man in the pilot house watched them patiently. He did not care how long they were kept there. He was out for delay and would just as lief have it at one point as another.

The pilot of a Columbia river boat is universally called "captain." He is acquainted with the river as one is acquainted with his own neighborhood. He knows every snag in the river and every point, as is required of a river pilot.

When the soldiers were aboard it was found that they only contained the pilot, engineer and one deck-hand. There was no one to instruct the officers as to the point at which the fishermen were assembled.

"This is strange," remarked the sheriff to Captain Budlong. "I expected a man here to give us the information as we should proceed. We will go aloft and inquire of the captain."

The boat was now pulling at its moorings. The steam was up and the captain was trying the wheel. It was a stern-wheeler and the great, wet thing turned over like a sea monster as the long arms from the engine-room played on the crank at its axis.

The sheriff and military commander ascended the little iron stairway which led to the roof of the boat and approached the pilot house.

"Sorry, gentlemen, but you can't enter," said the pilot.

"But this is the commander of the militia and he wishes to direct the course of the boat when the scene of the trouble is reached," said the sheriff.

"The government regulations prohibit all persons except the captain from riding in the pilot house," said the pilot. "Besides, there is no necessity for it. I know where the fishermen are and will take you to them. They are a harmless, hard-working set of fellows like myself and will give you no trouble. They will disperse as soon as they see us coming."

Why have the owners of the boat which we have chartered through the state sent a southsider as a pilot?" inquired the sheriff.

"Because there is not a man on the north side of the river whom the owners would risk with the boat," was the quick reply.

The secretary of state had wired a company at Portland to supply the militia with a boat to convey it to the seat of the trouble between the fishermen of the two states and which the northsiders state chartered for an indefinite time. The steamboat men all lived on the south side of the river, the seaports all being on that side. In sending out a boat under an emergency the company had picked up a pilot who was related to and more or less identified with the southsiders fishermen.

He knew of the proposed midnight attack of his friends upon the northsiders and did not intend to reach the actual scene of conflict in time for interference on the part of the militia. He had intentionally left the representative of the northsiders fishermen, who was to have accompanied the expedition as a sort of scout, on the south shore and was prepared to evade a collision with the belligerents until his friends should have the opportunity to do all the damage they desired.

The officers knew that under the government regulations they had no right to enter the pilot house and after instructing the pilot to convey them immediately to the seat of the trouble they retired to the upper deck.

The boat steamed down the river like a thing of life. The water was calm and the craft moved with the current without effort. Only the twitching of the wheel that propelled

the vessel broke the silence of the night.

When once out into the river the pilot gradually turned the nose of the craft in a southwesterly direction. The Columbia widens her channel as she approaches the ocean until she reaches the width of over fifteen miles. It appeared as a wide sea to the officers and soldiers and the flickering lights on the north and south shores looked like so many stars lining the distant horizon.

An hour after midnight had been reached. The officers had ascended to the pilot house and asked impatient questions.

"I cannot be responsible for the delayed train," replied the pilot. "My boat is doing her best and will get you there as soon as possible."

He was now to the south of the eastern point of Sand island. He had discovered the dark outline of the boats of his friends lying in the shadow of the island shore. To the south he saw another line of dark shadows which he knew was the flotilla of reinforcements. He could not account for this except an unforeseen delay which often attends the organization of forces.

One thing he did know, and that was that he would never take the soldiers where they could interfere with his friends so long as he could avoid it.

Suddenly a fishing boat was discovered in front of the vessel. The occupant of the little craft was waving an orange frantically overhead to attract the pilot. He signalled the engineer to reverse the lever and the wheel began to pull back against the current which was taking the boat rapidly toward the ocean.

The officers down stairs rushed upon deck to ascertain the cause of the boat coming to a halt. They soon discovered the figure in the fishing boat and went to the point where the small craft was about to collide with the larger boat.

With an ease brought about by years of experience on the water the figure in the small boat guided the little craft alongside the larger vessel and the two came together without scarcely a jar.

A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the large vessel and the form leapt the fishing boat and glided up the frail stairway like a shadow.

"Why, it's a woman—a girl!" said Captain Budlong as she stepped on the deck.

"Yes, it is Sankala!" said the sheriff as he recognized the girl.

(To be continued.)

### The Girth of Man Increasing.

An excellent illustration of the value of records has been afforded lately regarding the question of physical degeneracy. A firm in the north of England has compared the measurements for clothing made two generations ago with those of to-day, the results going to show that chest and hip measurements are now three inches on the average more than they were sixty years ago. The same conclusion is reached by the experience of the ready-made clothiers. These facts, whatever may be their generality, do not quite dispose of the question of degeneracy. They are what we should expect from the more abundant and cheaper food of the people, their better housing and improved sanitary surroundings; but the testimony regarding the unfitness of recruits and progressive lack of stamina in town, and especially manufacturing, populations cannot be disregarded. The girth of man may be increasing, but like a fattening hog, is not corpulency bringing clumsiness?

### Lament of Laziness.

Two darlings lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wiah Ah had a hundred watermelions!" Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-yah-h! Dat would suttenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hund' watermelions would yo' gib me fifty?" "No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelions." "Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five?" "No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me youse powwful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' good-fer-look'n niggah, er yo' yo' yo' fer-look'n lazy dat yo' caln't wish fo' yo' own watermelions?"

### 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 Parkesine, 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.

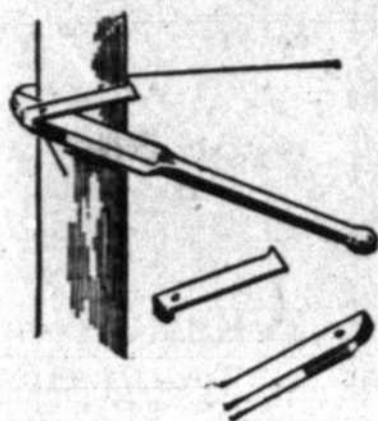
### For Compulsory Athletics.

Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant, speaking before the League for Political Education, at New York, said that the coming New Yorker would be 6 feet 3 inches high and have the chest measurement of a prize fighter. Judging from the increased standard of morality and intellectuality in our universities since athletics became universal and popular, Dr. Grant says that physical training should be an important part of the public school system. He had noticed that 25 per cent of the national guardsmen were too poor physically to pass the doctor.



### Handy Wire Stretcher.

On most farms there is more or less wire to be handled either in the way of putting up dividing fences or trellises for grape vines. A poorly stretched wire is always making trouble, but there is no need of having this annoyance when the tool illustrated may be easily made with the help of a blacksmith, and at small cost. The handle is two feet long of one and one-half inch stuff, but hard wood must be used. On the heavy end of the handle, which should be formed as shown, fasten a piece of strip iron with screws to prevent the wire from cutting into the wood. The short strip shown just above the detail drawing of the handle end in the cut, is a piece of iron seven inches long, one-half inch thick and seven-eighths of an inch wide; one end is bent over seven-eighths of an inch and a hole is bored in the flat side one inch from the bend. This piece of iron is then bolted on to the handle as



GOOD WIRE STRETCHER.

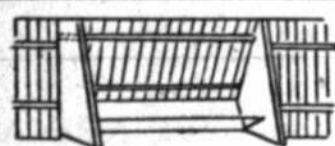
shown so that it will swing easily and the tool is complete. It is readily made and works to perfection.—Indianapolis News.

### Select Your Seed Corn.

The farmer who has a uniformly good corn crop is generally the man who looks after his seed himself. He does not buy from any dealer whose circular happens to fall into his hands and plant the seed without testing. The careful farmer picks out his seed from the best of his own corn or that of his neighbor, sees that it is properly dried and cared for during the winter and tests it before planting in the spring. The careless farmer does not do these things and then kicks because his crop is a failure. He ought to have a man to apply some good lousy kicks to his person. The seedmen are not always to blame. Some of them are honest. The farmer should test his seed for himself, and if it be good give the seedman his due; if on the other hand, it be bad, let him dispose of it the best he can. A falling that growers have is to delay securing their seed until too little time is left to obtain an adequate knowledge of its real value. I cannot too strongly urge corn growers to see to it now that well-matured ears of a desirable type and the product of a variety noted for successive large yields be secured for next year's seeding.—Clinton M. Schultz.

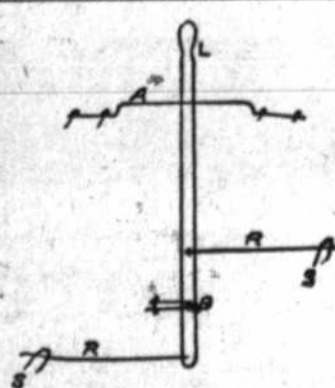
### Good Pig Pen and Trough.

We like the two compartments in a pig pen, one for sleeping and one for feeding, says a writer in Ohio Farmer. Place the trough across the end of



PIG PEN AND TROUGH.

feeding room, next to feed alley, with a swinging partition, so you can push it back to put swill in or clean out, and the pigs cannot interfere. A cement floor is all right. We prefer a solid wood trough, V-shaped, and secured so that pigs cannot loosen it by their rooting. A few years ago we gave the following illustrations of an improved hog trough. Fig. 1 shows the swinging partition or gate pushed back, leaving the trough outside, for putting in feed. Fig. 2 shows the latch and lever to be attached to swinging gate or partition, by bolt, B. The rods R, R, run through staples, S. A is a guard in which the lever L slides. Push lever to left and the door swings



LEVER FOR MOVING THE GATE.

back, leaving trough where it can be cleaned and feed placed in it; then swing the door back by pulling lever to the right.

### Care of Farm Machinery.

The man who leaves his farm machinery out in the wet is looked upon as being shiftless these days. It hurts his credit with the merchants and the banker. Too many farmers neglect to oil the polished parts of plows, spades, sickles, etc., and when he again wants

to use them he finds, to his annoyance and cost, that they do not work well, are sometimes out of order, and need slight repairs. Valuable time must then be spent to put the machinery in proper working condition. A few hours spent on rainy autumn days, or whenever outside work cannot be carried on, might have saved him time which, in the busy season, means money.

### Shorthorns in America.

The number of Shorthorns in this country is estimated to be 250,000, but I think there are not more than 100,000, all told. People fail to take account of such periods as 1886-1896, when the pure-bred cattle business was at low ebb. Hundreds of breeders, finding the business of breeding unprofitable, sold their stock as grade cattle, and let them go for beef purposes. Whole herds in Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois were disposed of in that manner, and all efforts to keep accounts of pedigrees was abandoned. Thus many were lost to record altogether. Another thing to be taken into consideration in regard to the supply of Shorthorn cattle in this country is the fact that the life of an active, pure-bred Shorthorn bull, when allowed to run with grade herds, is very short, usually not over four years. After that time he generally goes to market fat, and his career as a producer ends then and there. It is merely a guess, and a mighty vague one at that, to estimate the number of Shorthorns in this country.—W. A. Harris.

### Patronize Your Neighbor.

Many farm seeds are raised by farmers. It is well to purchase seed from neighbors who are careful to eliminate any weed pest. In every locality there is one farmer who takes a great deal of pains with his home-grown seed. He fans the chaff from his wheat, cuts the plants from his clover field and is vigilant in destroying weeds that try to grow in unused places. Such neighbors are public benefactors, and it is the duty of nearby farmers to patronize them, and be willing to give a premium above the market price for seeds. Again, responsible growers of bluegrass and other seeds advertise their seeds and guarantee their purity. As a rule, a surer plan of getting clean seed is to purchase from a grower of rather than a dealer in farm seeds.—W. B. Anderson, in Indianapolis News.

### Best Feed None Too Good.

When cows are tested, for records they are not fed on straw and fodder or with the view of saving in the food, but on the contrary, the best foods that can be obtained are not considered too good or costly. Grain, clover, pasturage, linseed meal and roots assist, each to afford a variety of change, to promote the appetite and to induce the cow to eat as much as she can digest, hence such cows have great digestive capacity, and can utilize large quantities of food. The fact that they are well bred is simply an evidence that they are from families that have been noted for good records. It is the food that makes the milk and butter, but an ordinary cow does not possess the capacity of consuming and converting large quantities of food into milk and butter compared with one that is pure bred.

### Points in Sheep Raising.

A small, fat sheep will always bring better prices than a large, poor one. Overstocking is usually injurious to the sheep and ruinous to the farmer. Dryness is one of the requirements in the production of the finest grades of wool. Sheep are naturally gregarious. When one is seen by itself something is evidently wrong. With sheep, rather more than with any other class of stock, care must be taken not to overfeed. In connection to fatten sheep, the feeding should not be crowded at first, but gradually increase the amount of the ration.

### Poultry Pickings.

New blood should be introduced frequently. Crowding is a foe to thrift and productiveness. Injurious effects are often produced by inbreeding. A hen, to be profitable, should lay a dollar's worth of eggs in a year. A little salt given in the soft food of fowls is very acceptable to them.

Supplying lime, charcoal, gravel and crushed bone will assist in feather-making.

In supplying water to little chickens arrange so that they cannot get their feet wet.

It is quite an item in handling a flock of poultry to have them as gentle as possible.

As a rule, it is not profitable to keep hens over two years old, unless they are valuable stock.

While in arranging the poultry house warmth is an essential there, fresh air is equally important.

Raw corn meal is not a good feed for little chickens from the fact that it heats and swells after eating.

Top and side ventilation, arranged so as not to blow directly on the roosts, is just the thing for summer.

Never select a cock with a drooping or "ewe neck," and also avoid one that falls to have a good, strong, wide-spreading tail.

Many a case of indigestion may be traced to a heavy feed in the morning, and the next meal taken from the leavings of breakfast after being trampled over.

It is pretty hard to give a growing cockerel or pullet enough corn to make it lay on fat, especially when running out, as so much of the food goes to the production of bone, feathers and muscles.

### HE FOOLS HIS CHICKENS.

A Novel Way to Break a Hen from Sitting.

Timothy Varney, who lives thirty miles east of Le Sueur and keeps about 200 hens, has been greatly troubled, as have most people who keep hens, by the persistent desire manifested by the fowls to sit in season and out, on eggs, stones or doorknobs or anything else that comes handy, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. But he has got hold of a plan now which he has quietly tried this season, with perfect success, and which he warrants will cure the worst light brahma cluck that ever vexed the heart of man of all desire to sit, and all in less than three hours.

The cure consists of a cheap watch, with a loud and clear tick to it, inclosed in a case that is white and shaped like an egg. When a hen manifests a desire to sit out of season he gently places this bogus egg under her sheltering breast and the egg does the rest. It ticks cheerfully away and soon the hen begins to show signs of uneasiness, and starts the noisy egg around with her bill, thinking, perhaps, that it is already time for it to hatch and there is a chicken in it wanting to get out. She grows more and more nervous as the noise keeps up, and soon jumps off the nest and runs around awhile to cool off, but returns again to her self-imposed duty. It gets worse and worse with her, and she wiggles about and cackles, ruffles her feathers and looks wild, until at last, with a frenzied squawk, she abandons the nest for good and all. That incubating fever is broken up completely.

Mr. Varney finds use for half a dozen of these noisy eggs, and claims that they pay for their cost over and over during the year, by keeping the hens at the business of laying and not permitting them to waste the golden hours in useless incubating.

### SPRUNG FROM SAID SOURCE.

Whale and Lion Said to Be of Identical Origin.

As everyone knows, or ought to know, the whale is not a fish, but mammal, and zoologists have long pondered and disputed about its family tree. In Eocene times the ancestors of mammals were beginning to take shape somewhat like those of to-day and to lose the grotesqueness inherited from their reptilian progenitors. To be sure, animals were very different from those of to-day. Horses were no larger than dogs and had five toes, while cattle-like tinoceras, twice the size of an ox, with six horns, tusk-like teeth and five toes, cropped the heritage of Wyoming. Along with these peculiar plant feeders there dwelt some very primitive flesh eaters, to which Professor Cape gave the name of creodonts.

The scene shifts to modern times. Professor Fraas of Stuttgart, Germany, is delving in the rocks near Cairo, Egypt. He is getting out huge jaws bones that have been petrified. The jaw bones are those of whales and the rocks near Cairo were, in Eocene times, the seashore. The professor has studied his whale jaws and compared their teeth with other fossil teeth. Now he tells us in a recent Abhandlung that these teeth of ancient whales are like those of the ancient carnivorous creodonts. From this he argues that in Eocene or earlier times some primitive flesh eater took to an aquatic life. From these old times to the present whales have been becoming more fishlike.

It is hard to believe that the ravenous lion and inoffensive and toothless whale of to-day had a common ancestor, yet they both have the same tastes for blood, only the whale swallows his food whole.

### Modern Bread Poor.

I was informed a few weeks ago by a gentleman who owns large flour mills that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extreme that many millers are putting in expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour, says a correspondent of the London Times.

This is being done by ozone and nitrous acid, the object being to make an artificially white bread and to enable grain to be used which would otherwise give a darker color to the flour.

The development of the grading process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned rollers have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure.

The germ and other most nutritive constituents of the wheat are thus to a great extent abstracted and the valuable character of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being as formerly the "staff of life," has become to a great degree an indigestible non-nutritive food, and that it is responsible, among other causes, for the want of bone and for the dental troubles in the children of the present generation.

It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compensates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of phosphates; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man, if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided and that "seconds" flour, now almost unobtainable, should only be used either for bread or pastry.

When a woman looks in a mirror she is never able to see herself as other women see her.

More women weep over onions than over love affairs.