

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ringgold and Seadog.

"Where is Hazel, wife?"
"She has gone to the ball."
"Did Captain Budlong go?"
"Yes, he went with our Hazel."
"It is good. They would make a fine match, wife. I would like to see Hazel marry well. I would like to see her marry a common fisherman. Wife, I am not feeling well tonight. I fear that the young militia surgeon does not know the truth. I believe that blood poisoning is setting in."

Thus spoke old Seadog to his wife. Strong as was the constitution of the powerful man it had begun to yield and he was first to detect it. His blood burned in its channels. A weakening, nervous sensation took possession of him. At times he could not distinguish the real from the imaginary. Seadog was a very sick man.

Several times that night he had sunk into spasmodic slumber. He could hear the dashing of the waves, the creaking of the oars in their locks, the shouts of the fishermen and the crack of rifles. Then he would start with a groan as the hot blood burned itself against the fevered particles which were gradually decaying about the wound in his body. Then the poisoned life-fluid would rush forth to the heart furnace for purification, when it would be sent out more sluggish than ever to feed a burning system.

The heart beats increased, the fever rose higher and higher. Old Seadog felt his senses failing. The real became more fanciful and the imaginary became more realistic. He finally fell into delirium. It was then that his tongue spoke words that sounded strange to his wife's ears.

"Yes, Nelson Saarela, I won out over you! I swore falsely, but I won! You were sent to Siberia and I gained the czar's favor. I also won in the contest with the czar and brought the money to America where I have invested it well. You were druggist to the czar, but the apprentice in the great establishment drew the winning card. I came near to losing it though. Those hateful southsiders! But Sankala! She is a brave girl. This burning in my side! Some one is prodding me with a hot iron! Help, help!"

"Husband! Husband!" cried Mrs. Seadog. She seized her companion's hands and rubbed them violently.

"What has happened?" inquired the sick man.

"You have grown worse. You said such strange things."

"What did I say? I fear my condition, wife."

"You spoke of Nelson Saarela and a will."

"Nelson Saarela! I have not uttered the name for 20 years. A gloom settled about the room that caused the man to ask why the light was so dim. A deadness in his limbs caused him to suspect that he was growing worse. The sullen flow of his blood told him that unless a change came his hours were few for this earth."

"Wife, send for old Ringgold. After all he knows more about medicine than all of the doctors in this country. Send for old Ringgold and he shall tell me whether or not I am receiving proper treatment."

One of the boys was sent to request the aged man to come. It was the first time in his life of nearly 20 years in the village that he had been invited to the Seadog home.

When left alone again the sick man inquired of his wife:

"Did you say I mentioned Nelson Saarela and a will?"

"Yes, and you said something about Siberia and America and money," replied Mrs. Seadog.

The old man looked about the room in bewilderment for a few moments and then dropped into a semi-conscious state. His tongue began to give utterance to strange things again.

He spoke of the ship which had stranded upon the island nearly twenty years before, the one which had brought Sankala and old Ringgold to the country. He spoke of some papers which he had found aboard the wreck. "I know he was lost. It is too late now to do him justice."

He continued in this strain until the arrival of Ringgold. The feeble old druggist was conducted to the bedside of the sick man, and sat upon the bed from sheer exhaustion. In the faint gloom of the light he looked more like a ghost than a human being. His long gray hair and beard concealed his features. But his sharp, keen eyes glistened with unusual brightness.

The old man placed his trembling fingers upon Seadog's wrist. Then he moved his hand to the sick man's breast and placed it over his heart. A fateful smile lit up his face as he felt the fluttering and spasmodic beating of the organ.

He drew a hypodermic syringe from his pocket and filled it with a fluid. Then he injected it into Seadog's arm. Several minutes of silence followed. Ringgold kept his seat on the side of the bed. He finally broke the silence. "Bring the lamp," he said.

While young Seadog held the lamp and the wife looked on with anxiety, Ringgold shook the sick man. He pushed back the eyelids and exposed the pupils which were greatly enlarged.

"He died in Siberia and his brother

went down at sea!" muttered Seadog.

Another smile lit up the countenance of Ringgold. He placed his hand over the heart of Seadog again. He played with the man as would a cat play with a mouse. But the feeble little fellow looked more like the mouse and the prostrate form of the wealthy fisherman resembled that of a giant, in comparison.

"Old Ringgold has his eyes, but he is not the man. No, he is not the man!" spoke out Seadog in plain words.

Again the grizzled old man smiled almost to a stage villain's chuckle. Mrs. Seadog turned pale. Young Seadog was mystified.

Ringgold slowly bent his body until he could place his mouth near Seadog's ear. He spoke in an ordinary tone of voice:

"Charlie, you neglected to sweep out this morning!"

Seadog opened his eyes as if by magic. He gazed into the face of Ringgold for a moment and then exclaimed:

"Nelson Saarela, druggist to the czar!"

"Yes, and back from Siberia and on to America that he might compel Charles Seadog to render an accounting!" fairly hissed the old man.

The meeting was too much for the strength of either. Seadog fell into a silent relapse and old Ringgold dropped across his body in a hysterical fit.

It was then that young Seadog called to a neighbor and sent him to the ball room for aid.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Fins. Accounting.

With the dawning of morning there were many rumors afloat in the village. The story of Ringgold's relapse, the sending for old Ringgold, and the dying condition of the two men had reached the public ear. Stories of mysterious disclosures were also being told and the people were wrought up to unusual excitement.

It was known that Captain Budlong had remained at the place all night; that Sankala was there and that the militia surgeon had been kept busy and that about daylight old Bumbo, the lawyer, had been sent for.

Sankala and Dan Lapham had also been seen to visit the Ringgold cabin, and they had taken a large bundle of papers to the Seadog home.

The interior of the Seadog house presented an interesting picture. On a bed lay old Seadog calm and weak. He was breathing easily and his physical suffering had been lulled by heroic scientific treatment. But the agony which racked his brain was indescribable. It is only those who have suffered with a guilty conscience while looking death in the face that could properly sympathize with Charles Seadog.

On another bed in the same room lay the aged Ringgold. He had undergone a complete change. The feeble old form which had for so many years responded to the appeals of life and raised itself up as though coming from the grave, had reclined to rise no more. His work was over. His mission was about performed. Yet his brain was as clear as a bell; his eyes as bright as youth.

Seadog's family hovered about him. The surgeon stood at his bedside. Bumbo, the lawyer, sat at a table near by.

Sankala held her aged protector's hand. Dan Lapham stood at the foot of Ringgold's bed. Captain Budlong was at the door to answer the questions of the curious.

"Tell the whole truth, Charles, tell it all. I have proved to you that Sankala is his child. She is entitled to his interest in the property. Do fair by her upon your soul!"

So spoke old Ringgold, feebly but encouragingly to Seadog.

"After my return from Siberia I looked up the boy. I had located you long before. When I got the papers arranged I persuaded him to come with me to America, but he had marrying on the brain and would not come until the ceremony was performed and his young bride was ready to come," continued Ringgold. "We were all poor in finances and had to take the old sailboat. The voyage was a long one and the child, Sankala, was born on board the vessel. The surgeon of the craft made out a birth certificate and Bumbo has it there. I took it from the hands of the child's mother as the ship went down and have kept it ever since."

"She is the only heir and entitled to his share of the property. The other papers will show what this is. I received the final documents yesterday. Bumbo has them. To justice, Seadog, do justice, upon your soul, tell it all!"

Seadog's very moments were numbered. The wound which he had received in the last encounter with the southside fishermen had developed a case of blood poisoning and no power on earth now could save him. Of this, he was fully informed. While the fact that he was about to face the final tribunal where man is called upon to give an accounting, may have had something to do with softening Seadog's heart, he was confronted with the evidence of his wrongs on earth and of the just rights of others.

He told the story of how he had wronged Sankala's father; how he had willfully caused Ringgold's exile to Siberia and how he had fled to America

with his ill-gotten gains. Of his accumulations here, his auditors already knew. He had learned of the sailing of Sankala's father and mother from the old country and had found their names on the ship's register, and knowing that they were dead, and having no knowledge of the birth of Sankala, thought all trouble from that source had ended.

When he had completed his story, which was reduced to writing by Bumbo, he was completely exhausted, but the merciless attorney insisted on a further statement.

"Seadog, you are in your right senses, are you not?"

"Yes," came the reply feebly.

"You realize that the end is approaching?"

"I do," replied the dying man.

"You make this statement as your dying declaration," insisted the technical limb of the law.

"I do."

"Well, one moment more, Seadog. There is still more left undone. You might as well make a clean breast of it while you are at it. You remember the deed Dan Lapham's father signed? Well, I have the evidence ready to bring action to have it set aside. You know the old man was drunk and didn't know what he was doing? You know there was no money paid and no consideration for deeding the property to you upon which this town is built? You remember all of this, do you not, Seadog? Make a clean breast of it, tell it all, upon your soul, Seadog! I have secured the pardon of the half-breed from the pen and he is ready to testify to it all. It is true, is it, not Seadog, upon your soul, upon your soul!"

"Yes," came a faint voice.

"Then sign your statement here, your dying declaration, sign it here, Seadog, as you value your chances of pardon in the next world."

Seadog touched the pen already thrust into his limp hand by the persistent attorney, who also wrote his name and called upon the captain and surgeon to witness the signature.

"God be praised!" The faint voice of Ringgold was heard, as he made a superhuman effort to raise himself, and clasping Sankala in his arms, he whispered: "My mission is performed and justice done at last."

The deathly silence of the room was only broken by the sobs of the grief-stricken girl, as old Ringgold passed into the sleep that knows no waking.

Within another hour Charles Seadog's soul had also departed from the body, and such a spirit of gloom hung over the little fishing village as had never visited it before.

(To be continued)

Sample of His Voice.

"This is a marvelous age we live in," said a theatrical manager, "and its marvelousness was brought home to me forcibly last week."

"I had written to a French tenor and asked him what he would take to come over here and sing next season. His reply consisted of a letter and two cylinders."

"I will come for five hundred dollars a week," the letter said, "and I forward in another package samples of my voice and of my acting."

"The larger cylinder was a phonographic record of one of the man's solos. The smaller one was a moving picture film of him singing the solo."

"I took the two cylinders to a dealer, and one we put in a phonograph, the other in a moving picture machine. Then we darkened the room, and we started the machine and the phonograph simultaneously. By Jove, sir, the actor might have been present personally. There he was on the screen, walking up and down the stage and gesticulating, and there was his voice issuing in sonorous notes from the big phonograph horn. I got from it as satisfactory an idea of the man's talent as I could have got if he had visited me."

Better Precedent.

The Punkville Debating Society was in regular session, and G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That man's every act is the result of a selfish motive."

"I go further than that, Mr. President," he said. "About three-fourths of the things a man does are because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—"

Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.

"The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't parliamentary," Mr. President, vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but by gum, it's congressional!"

Wanted a Pleasant Expression.

Mr. Grumps—Good morning. Do you take pictures by the instantaneous process?

Photographer—Yes, sir.

Mr. Grumps—Well, this is Mrs. Grumps, my wife, you know. I want her picture taken.

Photographer—Certainly. But are you particular about having it instantaneous?

Mr. Grumps—Of course. When you get things ready, tell her to look pleasant, and then snap off the machine before the expression fades away. You've got to be quicker than lightning.

A Street Car Napoleon.

Old Gentleman—Tell me, my friend, why you are so ugly to passengers.

Brutal Conductor—So they'll hate the street car company you employ me. See?

"No, not exactly."

"Why, when they hate the company, they'll just laugh to themselves when they see me cheating the company by not paying up fares. See?"



example: When the weather is cold, give the birds a lot of warm milk in the morning, putting it in a trough. The next night feed them a warm mash, but mix the bran with milk instead of water. This is an excellent way to use the sour milk or milk that is too thick to feed alone. Another time cook a lot of small potatoes, chop them fine and mix with the sour milk, then feed warm-creamed potatoes in a way. One has no idea how laying hens enjoy such variety and what a decided difference it makes in the egg production.

Three Acres and a Cow. The term "three acres and a cow," which was at one time quite prominent in English farm discussions, was originally suggested as a remedy for the lack of employment among mechanics and laborers. The idea was that if each workman could secure possession of a small place, he would become, in a measure, independent during a period of hard times. The actual suggestion was three and one-quarter acres, the one-fourth acre to be devoted to an orchard in which the cow could graze occasionally. The rest of the land he desired to devote as follows: Potatoes, one-half acre; turnips, one-fourth acre; winter vetch, one-half acre; spring vetch, one-fourth acre; barley, wheat or oats, three-fourths acre; clover and grass, three-fourths acre. He estimated that the product of this land would be worth about \$100, and would keep the occupier above actual want.

The Butter Kye. A yellowish tinge in the skin is considered a point of great importance in Jersey cattle. How much foundation there may be for it has never been satisfactorily determined, but there is an impression among certain breeders that the presence of an orange circle around the eye is indicative of the ability of the cow possessing it to not only produce a great yield of butter, but to give butter of good quality and the highest flavor.

Cheep Step Ladder. The illustration shows a cheap, handy stepladder. It need cost but very little. It is just 5 feet high and is most convenient in the house during cleaning time and out of doors at all times. During the fruit picking season it is almost indispensable. The ladder proper is made of 1x6 boards with the steps of the same material. The two opposite legs are 2x2, properly braced. The board on the top should be of good inch boards with at least two cleats underneath.

General Farm Notes. Be systematic in the training of young horses. Sheep to thrive well require frequent change of food. Marketing the products in the best possible condition is where the profits are made.

A yard or lawn always looks barren without some choice ornamental trees or shrubs. The wisest course is to convert cheap grain into meat before shipping it to market.

A furrow plowed through a wet place in the wheat field will often save an acre of wheat.

In planting out an orchard this fall do not plant more than can be matured and cared for.

The dairy cow should always be fed either ground or soft feed and never be given whole grains.

A sheep adapted to every section and to every breeder's surroundings cannot be grown in the same animal. The best method of improving the soil is not to plow too great a proportion nor pasture too closely.

The horse that contracts bad habits readily is generally one that can be taught the most useful traits with the least trouble.

Poultry Notes. A good egg will sink in water. Sitting hens should not be fed while on the nest.

Growing chicks should be protected from the sun. The nest must occasionally be renewed and kept clean.

Road dust, with fine sifted ashes, makes a good dust bath. Cleanliness and vigilance are the best preventives of disease.

Poultry in orchards destroy insects and keep the trees in a good condition. Water is as important as food and should be supplied clean and fresh.

Gravel should always be supplied to fowls being fattened in confinement. Lime is a purifier and should be used often as a wash to coops, perches and nest boxes.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water warmed will remove fly specks from varnished wood work or furniture.

There is no economy in buying poor or musty grain. Aside from the fact that it lacks nutriment, it is often the cause of sickness, especially among the young stock. Better pay a good price and get good sound grain. It is cheaper in the end.

Feeding Milk to Poultry. Farmers who have more or less skim milk and a generous supply of sour milk can feed both profitably to laying hens during the winter. Milk should be given as other things are fed, with a view to having as much variety as possible. While the fowls rarely tire of the milk, it generally brings the best results if the preparation of it is somewhat varied. For

about the cork. When filled, the fountain will let the water down into the drinking cup as fast as the fowls or chickens drink it and there will be no fouling of the water.

Big-Boned Steers Not Best. There was a time, though it was many years ago, when the big-boned steer that weighed 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, was looked for by the buyers of beef, but now the animal that is sought by the butchers is one that weighs from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

We have long since found out that the cheapest meat is made on young animals, and the money thus invested is soonest ready to be turned over. Not only is the money tied up longest in old animals, but the cost of producing meat on them is so great that our best beef feeders are no longer attempting to do that. The method now is to keep the animals growing right along from birth to the period when they weigh what the market demands.

Steers are now ready for the market at 2 years old or under. If all the animals shipped to the stock yards were of this kind there would not be much complaint about poor returns in stock breeding and beef-making. A good many farmers are still trying to make profitable beef on old steers. But the young steer is the only animal that gives us any promise of a profit—Exchange.

Plan for Farm Barn. The illustration shows a plan for a farm barn. It is a simple, practical design for a small farm. The barn is 20 feet wide and 30 feet long. It has a central aisle and two side aisles. There are stalls on both sides of the central aisle. The barn is built of wood and has a gabled roof. The plan is shown in a perspective view.

Ammonia in Manure. Land plaster or gypsum has undoubted value in holding the ammonia or nitrogen in stable manure, although some scientists dispute this. Still kainit is so much better for this purpose than the gypsum that it is a wonder any of the latter is used. It is true kainit is more expensive in first cost, but then it not only holds the ammonia better than the gypsum, but it adds to it a desirable plant food which gypsum does not.

If one must, for any reason, store the stable manure for some portion of the winter, the bulk of its value will be maintained if stored in pits with cement bottoms, so that the liquid portions are retained, and the mass treated with kainit occasionally during the winter. The cost is small compared with the increased value of the manure. Try it this winter and you will become a convert to the practice.

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MEXICAN WAR VETERANS.

Twenty-two of Them Are Still on the Army Retired List.

It is interesting to note that of the officers who took part in the Mexican war there are still twenty-two on the retired list of the army at the present time, says the New York Post. Of this number seven are West Point graduates, and the other fifteen were either appointed from civil life or served in the ranks during that conflict and later were given commissions.

Capt. Napoleon J. T. Dana has the honor of being the oldest graduate of the Military Academy now on the retired list, having entered that institution in 1838. He is followed by Maj.-Gen. Thomas J. Wood, who entered in 1841; Brig.-Gen. James Oakes and Marcus D. L. Simpson, and Lieut.-Col. Henry D. Heender, who entered in 1842; Maj.-Gen. Orlando B. Willcox and Brig.-Gen. Horatio G. Gibson, who began their service in 1843. All of these officers served with credit in the Mexican war, and received an advance in grade this year for civil-war service, with the exception of Capt. Dana, who resigned from the service in 1855 as a captain in the quartermaster's department, and who, through Congressional legislation, was reappointed an assistant quartermaster with the rank of captain, August 2, 1894. Nine days later he was placed on the retired list, and therefore does not receive any benefit from the law passed this spring. He also served throughout the civil war in the volunteer service, receiving the rank of major-general.

Maj.-Gen. Lawrence F. Graham is the oldest officer in point of service on the retired list of the army, having been appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Dragoons, October 16, 1837, that is, no less than sixty-seven years ago. He is closely followed by Maj.-Gen. Daniel H. Rucker, who was appointed a second lieutenant in the First Dragoons fifteen days later. Gen. Rucker is older in years than Gen. Graham, having been born in 1811, and the latter in 1815. Then follow Lieut.-Col. Thomas J. Eckerson, who was a private from 1838 until 1853, when he was appointed military storekeeper quartermaster, with the rank of captain; Maj.-Gen. Robert Murray and Brig.-Gen. John F. Head, surgeons, 1846; Maj.-Gen. Richard C. Drum, who was a private in the volunteers in 1846, and who was appointed a second lieutenant of infantry in 1847; Col. Edward Collins, who was a private from 1846 to 1861, when he was commissioned a first lieutenant of infantry; Col. John Green, who was a private from 1846 to 1855, when he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Dragoons; Maj. William Fletcher, who was a private in the volunteers and regulars from 1846 until 1861, being appointed a second lieutenant of infantry in that year; Col. George B. Dandy, who was a private in 1847 and 1848, then a cadet at West Point until 1852, again a private from 1854 until 1857, when he was appointed a second lieutenant of artillery; Brig.-Gen. Ellisha I. Baily, surgeon, 1847; Lieut.-Col. Albert B. Kauffman, who was a private from 1847 until 1863, being then appointed a captain of volunteers and made a first lieutenant of cavalry in 1866; Maj. John Miller, who was a private in the volunteers and regulars from 1847 until 1862, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry; Brig.-Gen. John E. Summers and John Campbell, surgeons, 1848.

All of the officers were on duty during the Mexican war. Col. Kauffman served sixteen years in the ranks before being commissioned. It is seldom nowadays that an enlisted man who succeeds in getting a commission has served over five years in the ranks.

HONEYMOONS IN OKLAHOMA.

Mutual Editor Says They Are Almost Unknown in His Section.

The honeymoon, as the term usually implies, is about as scarce in this section as snowballs in August, says the Mutual (O. T.) Enterprise. We do not mean to convey that our people never get married, for weddings are getting of such common occurrence that the boys forget to serenade the contracting parties any longer.

When one of our young couples gets married they do not spend a month honeymooning, as is the custom in the East, but they settle down to the routine of life with the one harmonious purpose of building up a comfortable and happy home. Instead of "spoiling" around over the country, attracting the attention of everybody, looking sickeningly lovable and calling each other all kinds of sweet little "chestnuts," the newly married may be found at work the next day following the nuptials. It may be the bride will put out a big washing, while the other half will be found plowing corn and carrying water simultaneously.

And this is not a result of a lack of respect for the nuptial relationship, but the opposite. The average benedict here is highly respectful of his marriage relation. No one is more cautious to recognize the rights and wishes of his wife than he. Always upon leaving home he takes the precaution to kiss her good-by, under penalty of turning prematurely bald or inviting some other calamity equally as undesirable. This is evidence of his devotion, but the wife is no less attentive and on the whole few of our married couples have ever found it necessary to dissolve partnership.

But the period known as the "honeymoon" has dropped out. It is a dead letter in this part of Oklahoma and some of us older folks are mighty glad of it.