

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

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

CHAPTER XXV.

"Sankala, Will You Become My Wife?"

It was the second morning after the double funeral. The fishermen generally were downcast. It is true that the trouble regarding the fisheries had been settled, but the property rights of the northside industry had assumed the form of a wilderness of legal entanglement.

By his deathbed confession Seadog had placed the ownership of the fisheries largely in Sankala, and the town site upon which the homes were built practically belonged to Dan Lapham. The Seadogs were expected to fight for a share in these and a long drawn out course of litigations was expected, with possibly the closing of the cannery and the suspension of fishing until the matter should be settled.

Where men are only adapted to one calling they become mere children when thrown out of the single rut into which they have drifted.

Barring the legal complications which had arisen from Seadog's death, however, the fishermen had cause to rejoice. The man had always been a tyrant. He had borne down upon them with a merciless hand. Under no change of masters could they expect anything but better conditions.

The men who had been wounded in the encounter between the two factions of fishermen were all recovered, the fish were increasing daily and the shortage in the run in other waters had raised the market. To lift the gloom which hung over the village, only required a settlement of the legal complications and a permission for the men to return to their work.

Old Bumbo, the lawyer, was the only stumbling block in the way. He advised that Sankala close down the traps and turn every Seadog living out into the world empty-handed. He would have had Dan Lapham enforce his title to the townsite and become a landlord as merciless as those painted in fiction. Bumbo had lived from hand to mouth by petty litigation for years, had endured the insults of the toilers who had no respect for the man who made his scanty living by his wits, and between him and the Seadogs there was an antipathy bitter as a Southern feud. Bumbo would have revolutionized things in the northside fishing industry.

But Sankala was as broad minded and magnanimous as she was brave. She sent for Captain Budlong. She knew that he would be able to wield an influence over the Seadogs. She had first laid her plans before Dan Lapham, who approved them in every detail. The two requested a conference with the Seadogs and asked Captain Budlong to join them.

The meeting took place at Bumbo's office. The lawyer was gruff and vindictive. But the young girl spoke so kindly and so intelligently that all present felt a disposition to come to terms.

"I do not believe in going to law if it can be avoided," said Sankala. "Finding myself possessed of the right to so much property is a great surprise to me. I sometimes feel that I ought not to bother with it, but poor Ringwood has suffered so much and worked so long to obtain it for me that I feel that it would be an injustice to his memory not to assert my rights in a measure."

"While it would appear from the confession of the late Mr. Seadog that the bulk of the property could be won out through the courts, I am opposed to taking this course. I am willing to a division which should be satisfactory to all persons interested. Dan—Mr. Lapham, expresses himself in the same spirit with me."

"That is correct," said the young fisherman.

"Old Bumbo was indignant. He walked the floor like a caged animal. He took Sankala aside and remonstrated, but it was all without avail."

The Seadogs were completely surprised. After the terrible confession of the elder member of the family they felt that all was lost. They expected no money from the representative of the outraged Saarela and under Sankala's charitable views of the matter they immediately melted into a friendliness that was surprising for a Seadog. Even the humiliated Hazel looked kindly upon the girl hero of the late conflict between the fishermen.

The fact that Seadog had made good use of his ill-gotten gains and that his manner of handling them had resulted to the best interests of the rightful heirs, led Captain Budlong to suggest that an equal division be made of the fishing properties and other interests between the Seadogs and Sankala, and that a like settlement be made with Dan as to the town site property.

Sankala and Dan consented to this without hesitation, and the Seadogs considered it a settlement much to their advantage.

It now only required the formality of the courts to transfer titles to property and legalize the acts of Sankala and Dan, who were under age, consummating the agreement and old Bumbo was ordered to prepare the papers.

The Seadogs had returned to their home contented. Captain Budlong had joined Sankala and Dan in the parlor of the village hotel where Sankala had been staying since Ringwood's death.

Dan Lapham rose to his feet and walked to where Sankala was sitting.

He looked down into her face and said:

"Now, Sankala, that it is all over, may I here in the presence of Captain Budlong, ask you to become my wife?"

"Dan, Dan," replied the girl in a tone of slight reproach, "let us be sensible. I have been talking with Captain Budlong about matters, and he is willing to consider a business proposition."

Upon this statement made by Sankala, Dan Lapham cast glances at his military friend not of as kindly a nature as of yore.

"You are young, Dan," continued Sankala. "So am I. The captain is also young but of age and has had experience in the world. I feel like trusting him. Why not you and I secure an education before either of us thinks of marrying. Captain Budlong can be made our guardian and will look after our interests while we are in school. Be sensible, Dan, this is the best course."

Sankala's word was law with Dan and Dan was sensible.

Captain Budlong returned with his command to state headquarters and made a full report. They were duly commended for their services and mustered out.

Fishing was amicably resumed at the mouth of the Columbia. Captain Budlong assumed the role of guardian and business manager for Sankala Saarela and Dan Lapham. The fishing village was again prosperous and Sankala and Dan each entered a city academy at the beginning of the fall term.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After Twenty Years.

A steamboat was gliding down the Columbia. It was crowded with passengers, gaily dressed in summer attire.

Children were running about the deck playing and shouting. A band dispersed music in the large dining room. Lovers were talking idly, just as they always do on steamboats. Men were playing cards and drawing at their cigars in the smoking room. Local passengers were pointing out the important landmarks along the river and relating the history of the same to tourists from the East.

It was just twenty years after the war between the southside and northside fishermen at the mouth of the river. Time had wrought its great changes here as at other points in the great Pacific Northwest. Popular summer resorts had been built up on the beach of the ocean on the south and north sides of the river. Great crowds flocked to these points every year. The rivalry of the olden times still existed. It was not over the fishing industry now for that was established through the process of hatcheries aided by the two states, and had become one of the stable institutions of the country.

The people now claimed supremacy in advancement and superiority of summer resorts. "Seaside" on the south claimed it was the best on the coast. "Long Beach" on the north claimed it was the "Long Beach" of the Pacific.

The boat was steaming for the north side resort. It was the pride of its owners and the idol of its crew. It cut the water like a knife and rode the waves with the stateliness of a queen.

In beautiful golden letters it bore the name "Sankala."

The boat had just rounded the upper point of Sand Island. A middle-aged man and woman were seated side by side on the upper deck looking out on the water. They were casually conversing about the different landmarks along the island and north shore.

"Do you remember that place?" inquired the man as the boat glided by the ruins of an old fish trap.

"Yes," replied the woman, "that was about where I was when the southsiders shot me."

"You are right," replied the man. "We were off here to the left when I seized his gun. It was too late to save you from the wound, but you know it is a hobby of mine to claim that I saved your life."

The couple went on discussing matters familiarly as the boat steamed across the river to the north shore.

"Do you see that man and woman?" inquired a citizen to a tourist whom he had met on the boat. "Well, they have a history in this portion of the world. This boat is named for the woman. Her maiden name was Sankala Saarela. Her present name is Lapham. That is her husband sitting by her side. They own large properties on the beach but make their home in the city. They have a summer home on the beach and come down every year. This is their first trip this season."

"That town over there, together with the waterworks and electric light plant belongs to them. They also own the beach railroad. There is a small company of them. But they are immensely wealthy. Lapham is the president of the company and a fellow by the name of Budlong is the secretary and treasurer."

"Mrs. Lapham was washed ashore from a wreck at this very point when a small baby. The story is very romantic. An old man named Seadog was from the wreck. It turned out that he was bringing the child's mother and father here from Russia to recover a fortune from a rich man by the name of Seadog who then owned this place. The mother and father were drowned off that sand island out there and the

old man reared the child.

"A war arose between the north side and south side fishermen when the girl was nearly twenty years old and she being familiar with the river life took part with the northsiders and during the excitement, when a boat load of soldiers had arrived and treacherous pilot had jumped overboard in a storm, seized the wheel and took the soldiers to the rescue of her friends, and though she was wounded while guiding the boat did not make it known until after the riot had been quelled.

"As a remarkable coincidence old man Seadog was wounded in the same fight and died from the effects of his wound, but not until he had made restitution of the property coming to the girl."

"It was a case of a girl making a woman of herself and also making a man of a common fisherman. When the girl came into her property she compelled her suitor, her present husband, to wait until she could obtain an education and to also obtain one himself before she would marry him."

The boat at this juncture blew its whistle for the landing. The woman who had been the subject of the passenger's story called to a handsome lad in his early teens, and said:

"Come, Ringwood, my son, and be ready to go ashore."

As the boat swung around against the wharf a man and his wife were there to welcome them.

"Dear Hazel is as pretty as ever," said Mrs. Lapham.

"And Budlong still retains his soldierly bearing," replied her husband.

THE END.

A LIVELY LITTLE BEAR.

Always Happy and Good-Natured When Having His Own Way.

One evening the stage driver set down on my lawn a wooden box, from which proceeded curious noises. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Wow! Wow! Scratch, scratch, scratch! Wow! Uh-h-h-h-h!" These were a few of the sounds which were pouring out of the cracks in the box, and as we went up to investigate we saw a large card, on which was written: "Please water me and give me something to eat, but do not give me fruit or sweets, as it makes me sick. I like milk. I am for Ernest Harold Baynes. The Haven Cottage, Newport, N. H." This was all very interesting so far as it went, but no clew to the contents of the box, so with a hammer and chisel I pried off the cover, and out popped the little black head of a baby bear.

"Oh, the little bear!" cried a lady who was present, at the same time springing forward and catching up the cub in her arms.

"The little bear," however, had been penned up for more than forty-eight hours, and moreover he was literally as hungry as a bear and in no humor for being petted. So he promptly bit the lady, tore a long rent in her dress with his hind paws, and she quickly dropped him, having learned one of the most important rules in the study of animals: "Never take liberties with any creature until you know something of its habits." This rule applies in the case of skunks. A bowl of crackers and milk met with his instant approval, and without waiting for it to be set before him, he stood up on his hind legs, seized the rim of the basin with his paws and hoisted himself into it. Then it was set on the ground, whereupon he lay down, threw his fore paws around it, and fairly buried his little face in the food.

Except when he is hungry "Jimmy" is not cross; he simply wants to have his own way, and then he is as happy and good-natured as can be. But having his own way means getting into all sorts of mischief, and while his antics are often very amusing, they are sometimes very embarrassing. He is particularly fond of ladies and girls, and he seldom sees one without running up to her and clasping her about the skirts with his fore paws and biting at her in a playful manner. If she happens to be nervous, and runs away, "Jimmy" is after her at his best pace, and never fails to catch her unless she takes refuge inside the house.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Kherrias of India the marriage ceremony is very funny. Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the center of the forehead, the priest draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of their nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose, bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and groom mark each other's forehead with with "sindur" (vermillion).

The Changeable Man.

"Mr. Vane says he won't see you," said that gentleman's clerk.

"When did you ask him?" Inquired Mr. Borroughs.

"Why, only a minute ago, of course."

"Well, ask him again, won't you. He may have changed his mind since then."—Philadelphia Press.

How It Happened.

Washington, Sr.—What, you young rascal, do you mean to stand up there and say that you cut that cherry tree? Washington, Jr.—Yes, and I didn't mean to tell the truth, but you didn't give me time to hatch out a suitable yarn.

The happiness and misery of men depend no less on temper than fortune.—Rochefoucauld



A Combination Building.

Here is a plan for a combined corn crib, granary and wagon shed as given in the Ohio Farmer. It is 32x20 and 10 feet high to eaves, and has a tight floor, which is reached by means of a movable platform, D. The building is set up on short wooden posts, B, standing on a flat stone, C, and a galvanized iron pan inverted over the top, A. This makes it rat and mouse proof. If the platform D is pulled away from the building when not in use, the plan is shown in the second picture. The grain bins are arranged with sliding boards in front, same as in any granary. The attic can be used for storing tools or anything else desired. In that case there should be a window in each gable end. The center or driving floor makes a good wagon and buggy shed. The platform D can be made stationary by covering the lower part of the door, and the door sill, with sheet iron and extending the sheet iron strip out toward corner of building a foot or so on each side. Such an approach can be provided at each end, so that the team can be driven through the building. Instead of posts and inverted pans, it is cheaper to set the building on 8-inch sewer pipe 2



COMBINATION FARM BUILDING.

feet long. Rats and mice can't climb the glazed pipe.



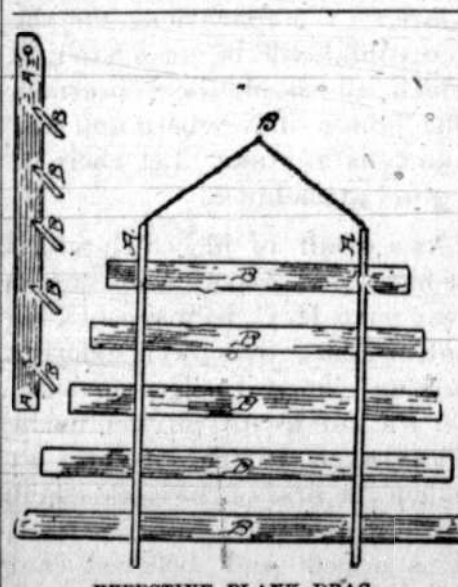
FLOOR PLAN.

Hogs for Next Season.

Hardly two men will agree in all respects as to what constitutes the best sow for breeding purposes, although the most successful hog raisers are coming around to the belief that the medium animal gives the best returns, so that the old idea that the brood sow should be of large size is being abandoned. Size determined on, then other characteristics should be sought. If the sow has had one litter it is easy to know if she is fitted to continue the work. If she was not a good mother, if she did not have the proper amount of milk (provided she was properly fed) then she will not prove a profitable mother for other seasons. When the sow is bred for the first time, then one is taking some chances, but it ought not to be hard, after the first year, to get together a fine lot of sows simply by remembering how they acted in previous years.

Home-Made Plank Drag.

I have a home-made plank leveler and clod crusher which I think an improvement upon those made by overlapping planks, writes a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker. It does exceedingly good work, leveling so a field may be made as even as a floor. Mine is about eight feet wide and six



EFFECTIVE PLANK DRAG.

feet long. I have tried to show how it is made in the cut. Two planks are set on edge, and a series of planks notched into their lower edges, sloping backward at an angle of about 45 degrees. I have tried to present a view of one plank on edge, showing how the cross planks are inserted. I make the forward cross planks shorter than those in rear, as it leaves smoother work made thus. Board may be nailed on top to stand upon when it is desired to do extra heavy scraping.

Leaves Fed to Cattle.

The use of leaves for cattle fodder is seriously urged by a French writer. He says that the idea is an old one, such food having been fed to cattle in ancient times. The Roman farmers, he says, used to feed green leaves during eight months of the year, and also in winter when fodder was scarce, they soaked dry leaves in water to soften them before feeding to the cat-

tle. The abundance of fodder in this country is not likely to force farmers to any such expedient, and dairy farmers have a well-founded suspicion that the flavor of milk is affected when cattle browse on various kinds of foliage.

Prices for Horses Are High.

All the large horse markets report high prices this year. The demand was never better in all parts of the country, particularly for the best animals. Some very fine drafters have sold for as much as \$500 to \$600 in the Chicago market. These, of course, are exceptional prices, and have certainly been very remunerative to the growers.

In the financial depression that followed 1893 values dropped to so low a figure that breeders restricted their operations to such an extent that breeding stock went away down below the numbers kept in previous years. In fact in some localities that were more or less distinguished for their industry, it went almost entirely out of existence.

Fortunately with the revival of prices a marked revival is manifesting itself in breeding. Of course, there is a possibility that breeding may be overdone, but the probability that such will be the case is not very strong. The depletion of this class of horses has been so great that unless depression should come and should be severe those who are rearing draft horses may expect to find a good market for them providing they have been properly reared.

Wherein the Silo Pays.

To permit the corn to stand in the field and be frost-bitten is to render it practically useless and valueless, but with the silo it is possible not only to save it but to have for the animals a food supply that is extremely valuable.

If one has a silo and the kernels on the corn ears have begun to harden the crop is ready for the silo, ears and stalks. There are so many kinds of silos that are valuable that it is not possible to describe the best one nor the methods employed in filling one. The better way is to visit a silo near one and see how the structure is built and how the work is done and follow along the lines of success. Next thing to a silo is the plan of cutting the corn stover or shredding it so that the animals can get all there is to get of the nourishing part of the corn.

Grain Led by Cotton.

The exports of grain and flour from the United States for the ten months ending October were less than one-half in value of those of the corresponding period in 1903 or 1902, and only one-third as much as those of the corresponding period of 1901 or 1899. Yet the total volume of exports for the ten months was \$90,000,000 greater than for the same period of last year, indicating that the shortage of grain products was more than offset in other ways. Manufactured goods seem to have made up the bulk of increase, the gain being over \$50,000,000 as compared with last year. Shipments of raw cotton also show a gain of \$22,000,000, suggesting that for the time, at least, cotton, rather than wheat, is king of the agricultural export trade.

Stealing Fruit.

Any person who willfully enters without the consent of the owner or occupant, any orchard, fruit garden, vineyard, or ground whereon is cultivated any fruit, with intent to take, injure or destroy anything there growing or grown; or cuts down, destroys or injures any shrub, tree or vine growing within and on such orchard, garden, vineyard, or upon any such ground, or any building, frame or erection thereon, is punishable by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or a fine not exceeding \$250, or both.—Green's Fruit Grower.

Farm Fences.

The legal fence should be of wire with a rail at the top so as not to obstruct snow, or to be affected by winds. The neighborhood could get along without any fences if suitable laws were passed. The coming age will know no farm fences. If the farmers could lay by all they spend on fences they would get rich. Farm fences and common pastures will both die a natural death soon. Both belong to a pioneer period which we have outgrown.

Poultry Pickings.

No success can be achieved with poultry without cleanliness! It's a poor plan to wash eggs for keeping. Don't do it, unless eggs are to be used right away.

Whatever you do, unless you fatten for market, don't give an exclusive corn diet, and better not even then.

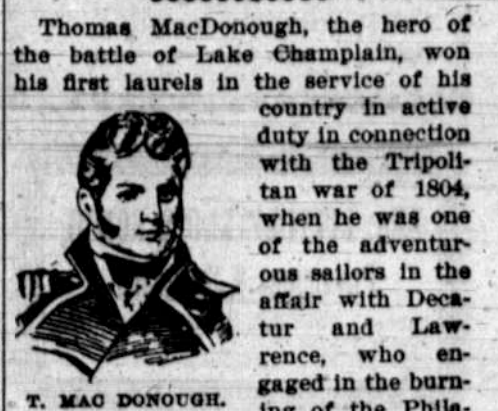
For sweeping the hen houses, perches, etc., what better do you want than an old broom which the good woman has cast aside as too much worn?

In poultry feeding there are innumerable ways that may lead to success. In fact, the combinations of foodstuffs that can be made are almost without limit. But when mixing feeds, mix common sense with the other ingredients.

Barns, outbuildings, back porches, etc., are poor places for poultry. Have the poultry house or houses, even on farms, in a sheltered place at some distance from house or barn, or so located that the hens will not be liable to make a nuisance of themselves.

To cure the chick upon whose throat gape worms have got a firm foothold, various methods of treatment are recommended. One is to remove the worms by means of a small feather, scribbled to near the gape, then dipped in turpentine and sweet oil, and inserted carefully into the windpipe, twisting it and finally removing it again together with the gape worms that were loosened from the windpipe in the process.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism



T. MAC DONOUGH.

Thomas MacDonough, the hero of the battle of Lake Champlain, won his first laurels in the service of his country in active duty in connection with the Tripoli-tan war of 1804, when he was one of the adventurous sailors in the affair with Decatur and Lawrence, who engaged in the burning of the Philadelphia in the harbor. It was for his valiant service in the discharge of his duty in the Mediterranean that MacDonough was entrusted with the defenses of Lake Champlain in the war of 1812.

The British force on the lake outnumbered the American both in guns and vessels. On the 11th of August, 1814, in the battle of Plattsburg, MacDonough distinguished himself not only for his success of command, but also for personal bravery in the face of overwhelming odds.

In the battle off Cumberland Head his vessel, the Saratoga, met and defeated an English vessel of double tonnage and number of guns. Most men would have believed that without a single gun on one side engaged, a fourth of his men cut down, and the ship already a wreck, enough injury had been done to make submission inevitable. But MacDonough found a means to secure a victory in the desperate condition of his own ship.

The result of MacDonough's valor was the clearing of this lake region of the British forces, which led much to end the war. With Perry and Decatur and Porter, MacDonough is deserving of all the honor that a grateful country can render to her loyal sons.

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

Capital and Special Training Required of Them There.

To the young man whose eyes are turning toward Mexico as a country presenting great opportunities for acquiring wealth without capital or special training the information embodied in a recent report of our consul at Mexico City should be timely and valuable.

Much that is in this consular report has been said before, but it will bear frequent reiteration, because of the singular tendencies of Americans to regard Mexico as a promising land for the pioneer. The type of pioneer who opened up the Western country for settlement is likely to fail in Mexico, for the reason that the country is already fairly well settled, and development of its resources calls for capital and special technical training.

The consular report warns Americans of the dangers and losses attending an indiscriminate emigration, such as blazed the way for civilization in our Western country. There is room only for men with capital or technical knowledge, or both. If one is not possessed of expert technical knowledge or ability in the industries that flourish in Mexico, one must be able to secure the services of men who are thus equipped. Capital will not extract wealth from the natural resources of Mexico unless it can command the services of the trained mining engineer, the trained architect, the trained veterinarian, the skilled agriculturist. In addition to technical skill, or the ability to employ it, the report urges a speaking knowledge of the Spanish language, without which the chances of success, it declares, are exceedingly small.

The report warns young men against taking any stock in the stories about the "easy-going methods of Mexico." The strain of the climate and the tussle with the elements severely tax the energy and strength. For the man of great physical energy, who knows how to take care of himself, and who possesses capital or technical ability, there are great opportunities for making money in Mexico.—Opportunity.

A Family of Clergymen.

The Clare family of Abbotstown, Adams county, probably holds the record in Pennsylvania for the largest number of clergymen in one family. At the meeting of the West Pennsylvania Lutheran synod Martin L. Clare was licensed to preach, making the fourth member of that family to enter the ministry, the others being Rev. R. L. Clare, pastor of the Lutheran Congregational at East Berlin and Abbotstown; Rev. Harry Clare of Philadelphia and Rev. Robert Clare of New York.

It Is All O.K.

"What's the matter?" Inquired Ascum. "What are you searching your pockets for?"

"I tied a knot in my handkerchief this morning," said the absent-minded man, "to remind me of something I was to get for my wife. And now I can't find the handkerchief!"—Philadelphia Press.

Innuendo.

Ferdie—I think that fellow Harry Leer is a nincompoop. He's going to give a dinah to a lot of educated monkeys.

Percy—Well, what are you more about? Didn't he invite you?—Pittsburg Post.

In a swell cafe there's many a tip 'twixt the cup and the lip.