

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA
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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 Ringwoold 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 Ringwoold.

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 but 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 sceptre 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 enter in the teeth of death, yea, even to stand in the 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 south 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 catch 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 Ringwoold 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 flood 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 not 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.

WOMEN AND FASHION

Beauty by Housework.
A writer whose useful mission is to tell women how they can make the most of themselves physically has been counting up the development exercises that one does, or might, take while busy with her housework. For example, she enlarges her chest and arms by using a carpet-sweeper, strengthens her back and broadens her shoulders by making beds, and improves the shape of her wrists and hands by kneading dough.

She might round her hips and perfect her waist line by using her feet instead of her hands as opportunity offers, as when shutting the oven door. Ironing tends to make her arms round and firm; but that end would be more surely attained if occasionally, while she waited for the iron to cool, she would straighten her back and hold the iron at arm's length, using it as a dumb-bell. A proper carriage of the body is desirable, anyway, and few kinds of work really necessitate postures that invite cramped lungs and rounded shoulders.

The hardest work, "that which makes one breathe heavily," brings its special benefit, provided one breathes deeply and breathes pure air. But to supplement all such physical means of grace, says our adviser, a woman

them than has been required for the style which is displaced. The puff gradually descended from the shoulder. It stopped at the elbow a season or two; then it slipped down to the wrist, and when it was in danger of dropping to the ground the dressmakers rescued it and have stuck it up on the shoulder again. Those thrifty women who keep their old gowns may now take the gowns of 1894 out of the closet and again be in the height of fashion.

A Woman's Secret of Keeping Young.
Some one asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was 80 years old, and her energy was waning; but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interest. This was her answer: "I knew how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to my hand congenial. I retained the illusions of my youth, and did not believe 'every man a liar' and every woman spiteful. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in

contact with, and sympathized with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do to others as I would be done by, and you see me in consequence reaping the fruits of happiness, and a peaceful old age."

Box-Plated Blouse.
The blouse waist has come to be an essential to style as well as comfort, and takes fresh variations with each coming season. This one is peculiarly attractive, and is laid in full length box plaits, with additional tucks at the front, which extend to yoke depth and provide fullness below that point. The model is made of reseda velvelling, trimmed with black banding and combined with a yoke of ecru lace, but all materials of a sufficient light weight to be adapted to box plaits are equally appropriate. The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted, as preferred, fronts and back, and is closed invisibly at the left of the front beneath the box plait. The sleeves are the new ones, with deep cuffs, above which they are full and ample. The chemistette is made a part of the right front, and can be of lace chiffon lined, or of heavier material, as may be preferred.



STYLISH GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.



1. The costume to the left of the sketch above is of chamadeon taffeta, on the blue and brown shades, trimmed with circles of blue velvet edged with brown and white silk braid. The jacket has a girde of silk velvet, with loops and ends at the back. With this is worn a brown velvet hat with a white feather sweeping across the crown and over the hair in the back.

2. This smart coat suit is of a heavy novelty cloth on the petunia shades, the lapels being faced with white broadcloth and petunia velvet. A ladder pattern in petunia silk braid is inserted in the

sleeves and skirt and also runs down the three-quarter coat. A soft heaver hat, with wings across the front, completes a most effective toilette.

3. Silk warp Henrietta cloth of the most delicate mauve tint composes this reception gown. This is elaborately trimmed with applique lace and chiffon roses and scroll designs of chenille.

4. A fine broadcloth of light brown has velvet and braided lapels thrown back to display a fawn-color vest. The full sleeves have stiff scalloped cuffs edged with fawn color, and the skirt has shirred pieces of the material let in at

each gore. A marquisse hat of brown felt, trimmed with velvet and ombre plumes, is worn with this costume.

5. A graceful gown of pale blue messaline has double strips of Irish put down either side of the vest, which is also of lace. The sleeves and skirt are elaborately decorated with quilings and narrow sources of the messaline, while a yoke effect is given on the shoulders by tucked epaulettes of the same material. A pale blue shirred taffeta hat, turned up on the left and held there by blue and white plumes, is worn with this dainty toilette.

admitted to the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

Mrs. Roosevelt has a much more general supervision of the White House than any former mistress of the mansion.

Florence Lewes, the young woman who has outshone the best marksmen of England, will come to the United States and try her skill.

The Empress of Russia, while a believer in woman suffrage, is not what is known as a strong minded woman. She is thoroughly domestic.

Caroline L. O. Ransome, of Washington, is the first woman from whom the United States government purchased a painting for the walls of the capitol.

"Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absher" is the name of a girl who married James Gill of Toledo, Ohio, the other day.

Hints for Housefurnishing.
To have a pretty home avoid glaring contrasts of color.

If the wall papers are figured, choose plain carpets or draperies.

See that bookcases have glass doors or curtains to preserve the books.

Remember that the kitchen outfit is not the cheapest part of the furnishing.

Do not despise any old pieces of furniture. If they cannot be used now, they may come into fashion again in the future.

Purchase a few good articles of furniture rather than a host of cheap things, which will neither look well nor wear well after the first month.

Have a general sitting room where the entire family can congregate cozily in the evening, and, if possible, have an open fire and good reading lamps there, and a comfortable lounge in one corner.

Danger in Kisses.
"I think it is absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Mrs. Lilly-top. "What possible disease could be spread by the simple act?"

"Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.—Tit-Bits.



BOX-PLAILED BLOUSE.