

TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

She found it vacant and entered. The bunks 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 a little of the life of 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 northsiders 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 oars. 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 northside 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 ploters 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 luggage 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 it 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 big 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 northside 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 southside 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 northside 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 swishing of the wheel that propelled

HE FOOLS HIS CHICKENS.

A Novel Way to Break a Hen from Setting.

Timothy Varney, who lives three 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

clock 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 stirs 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 SAME 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 today 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 Cope 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 Abhandlungen 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 those 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 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 unprocurable, 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.

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 poorly physically to pass the doctor.

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?

Limit of Lastness.

Two darkeys lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-hi! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelions!"

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-yah! 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 powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, are yo' so good-fer-nuf an lazy dat yo' calsh'n'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 nitrocellulose. 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.

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