

# TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

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 litigation 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 more 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 belong 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 was also saved 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 his lawn a wooden box, from which proceeded curious noises. "Uhl! Uhl! Uhl! Wow! Wow! Scratch, scratch, scratch! Wow! Uh-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 clue 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 dear," cried a lady who was present, at the same time springing forward and catching up the cub in her arms.

"The little dear," 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 hit 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 biling 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 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 "sindur" (vermillion).

## The Changeable Man.

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

"Who 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, dad. 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

## ATTEMPT A BREAK

Seven Convicts at Folsom Make Dash for Liberty.

THREE ARE KILLED BY GUARDS

Four Are Fatally Wounded and One Slightly—Two Guards Hurt by Bullets of Comrades.

Folsom, Cal., Dec. 31.—A break that was clever in plan and bold in execution took place at the penitentiary here this afternoon. The guards obeyed the standing orders of the warden to shoot regardless of the danger to free men, and as a result seven of nine convicts, who had planned to get away, were almost riddled with bullets, three being now dead and three in a critical condition.

The break was similar in general plan to that of last July, but the fact that it was made within the range of the guns of seven reliable guards, all dead shots, and one of those within 50 feet, makes it more bold and desperate.

The convicts who engaged in the break were all employed on the rock crusher, where 325 of the most desperate prisoners were at work. Captain Murphy was acting as general overseer about the rock crusher, and four other attaches, L. Daley, M. Hogan, Charles Taylor and Charles Jolly, were employed as "pushers" to keep the men at work.

A large sledge hammer was thrown into the crusher, causing the ponderous machinery to come to a standstill. This attracted Captain Murphy, Charles Jolly and Taylor to the place immediately. Thereupon the desperate convicts rushed to seize Murphy, Jolly and Taylor. They succeeded only in catching the two first mentioned. During this time the scene of trouble was under cover, and the guards on the outside could not see the struggling men, although they soon had an intimation that something was wrong. Five of the gang surrounded Captain Murphy and two others had Jolly. The convicts had knives in position for immediate execution, should the guards attempt to free themselves. The convicts were very bold as they approached Guard Harris, who stood ready to act according to the standing orders to shoot regardless of consequences.

When within 40 feet of the outside guards, one of the convicts gave the command: "Hand out your gun, or we will stab Murphy to the heart."

Instead of handing out his rifle, Harris sent a bullet into the fellow's body, and he fell to the ground. In quick succession Harris fired at each of the remaining convicts, who were trying to shield themselves behind Murphy and Jolly.

In the meantime bullets from other posts were flying thickly about, many of them striking the convicts.

Captain Murphy was struck by one of them, a slight wound being inflicted in the leg, and Jolly was struck in the neck, the bullet coming out through the cheek and inflicting a very serious wound, though probably not a critical one. Two of the convicts, named Campbell and Ford, intended joining the others, but their courage failed them when the shooting began.

## Santa Claus to World.

New York, Jan. 2.—The United States played Santa Claus to the world, according to reports secured from the money order division of the New York postoffice. From December 1 to December 24, the night before Christmas, no less than 334,084 international money orders were forwarded to other lands from this city, and these orders called for \$4,667,692. The remittances were the largest in the history of the postoffice. The figures show an unusual distribution, too.

## Moors Commit Outrage.

New York, Jan. 2.—In a garden of a British subject, only one mile from Tangier, a bold murder has been committed by Moorish robbers, according to the Herald correspondent of Tangier. The Moors entered the garden and carried away four cows belonging to the British owner, after murdering a Spaniard working on the place. One of the robbers was severely wounded by the wife of the Spaniard. It is rumored from Tetuan that the garrison there has deserted and fled from the town. Two months' pay was due them.

## Storm Destroys Jetty.

Astoria, Or., Dec. 31.—Five thousand feet of jetty superstructure was carried away in an 80-mile-an-hour gale off the mouth of the river yesterday morning, leaving only 500 feet of the outer end remaining. To repair this work, together with the portion that was carried away by previous storms, will take several months, so that it is unlikely that there will be any extension of the jetty until late next summer, if at all during the coming year.

## Tried to Reach Vladivostok.

Shanghai, Jan. 2.—According to private advices from Sasebo received here today Commander Pelem, of the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Rastoropya and another officer of that vessel have been identified among those on board the captured British steamer Nigrota.

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| 7:00      | 8:00    | At Portland Ar   | 11:10   | 9:45 |
| 8:05      | 9:05    | ...Goble...      | 10:05   | 8:35 |
| 8:20      | 9:15    | ...Rainier...    | 9:02    | 8:20 |
| 8:38      | 9:35    | ...Pyramid...    | 9:35    | 8:00 |
| 8:44      | 9:40    | ...Mayger...     | 9:27    | 7:54 |
| 8:50      | 9:50    | ...Quincy...     | 9:17    | 7:44 |
| 8:58      | 10:00   | ...Clatskanie... | 9:08    | 7:38 |
| 9:08      | 10:10   | ...Marshland...  | 9:02    | 7:28 |
| 9:19      | 10:21   | ...Westport...   | 8:58    | 7:17 |
| 9:27      | 10:30   | ...Clifton...    | 8:53    | 7:02 |
| 10:00     | 10:57   | ...Knappa...     | 8:15    | 6:42 |
| 10:08     | 11:08   | ...Svenson...    | 8:07    | 6:32 |
| 10:20     | 11:15   | ...John Day...   | 7:55    | 6:20 |
| 10:30     | 11:30   | At Astoria Lv    | 7:45    | 6:10 |

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