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Vice President, L. E. LAUGHLIN.  
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### McMINNVILLE Truck and Dray Co.

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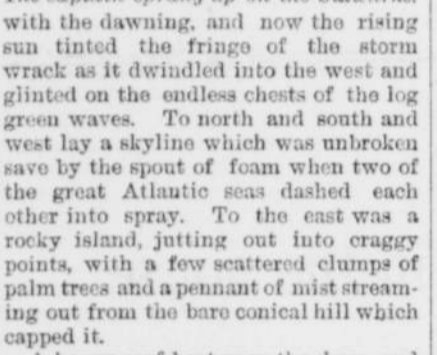
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895. Contains a full list of the best varieties of all the principal crops raised in the Pacific Northwest. Published by W. M. FERRY & CO., Portland, Ore.

### THE SLAPPING SAL

By CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)

It was in the days when France's power was already broken upon the seas and when more of her three-deckers lay rotting in the Medway than were to be found in Brest harbor. But her frigates and corvettes still scoured the ocean, closely followed ever by those of her rival. At the upper end of the earth these dainty vessels, with sweet names of girls or of flowers, mauled and shattered each other for the honor of the four francs of bounty that flapped from their gaffs. It had blown hard in the night, but the wind had dropped



The captain sprang up on the bulwarks, with the dawn, and now the rising sun tinted the fringe of the storm wrack as it drifted into the west and glinted on the endless chests of the log green waves. To north and south and west lay a skyline which was unbroken save by the spout of foam when two of the great Atlantic sea-monsters each other into spray. To the east was a rocky island, jutting out into crazy points, with a few scattered clumps of palm trees and a pennant of mist streaming out from the bare conical hill which capped it.

A heavy surf beat upon the shore, and as she came round a part of smoke whiffed out from her quarter. It was a pure piece of bravado, for the British ship scarce rarer half way. Then with a jaunty swing the little ship came into the wind again and shot round a fresh curve of the winding channel.

"The water shoals rapidly, sir," reported the second lieutenant. "There's six fathoms by the chart." "Four by the lead, sir." "When we clear this point, we shall see the light. Ha, I thought I might lay her to, Mr. Wharton. Now we have got her at our mercy." The frigate was quite out of sight of the sea now at the head of this river-like estuary. As she came round the point, the two shores were seen to converge at a point about a mile distant. In the angle, as near shore as she could get, the frigate was lying, with her broadside toward her pursuer and a wisp of black clouds streaming from her mizen. The lean lieutenant, who had reappeared upon deck with a cat's paw, stepped to the gun, and with a wisp of black clouds streaming from her mizen. The lean lieutenant, who had reappeared upon deck with a cat's paw, stepped to the gun, and with a wisp of black clouds streaming from her mizen.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" yelled the captain. "Clear away for action there. Cast loose those main deck guns. Brace back the yards, Mr. Smeaton, and stand by to go about when she has way enough." Round the curve of the estuary was coming a huge vessel. Her great yellow bowsprit and white winged figurehead were jutting out from the cluster of palm trees, while high above them towered three immense masts, with the trollop flag floating superbly from the mizzen. Round she came, the deep blue water creaming under her forefoot, until her long, curving, black side, her line of shining copper beneath and of snow white hammocks above and the thick clusters of men who peered over her bulwarks were all in full view.

Her lower yards were slung, her ports tumbled down, her long guns and crashed down upon the port guns, and the British frigate had headed, so that the lookout men of the Gloire upon the shore had seen the cul-de-sac into which the British frigate had headed, so that Captain de Milon had observed the Leda as Captain Johnson had the Slapping Sal.

"Is it the Slapping Sal, sir?" "I have no doubt of it, Mr. Wharton." "They don't seem to like the looks of us, sir. They've cut their cable and are clapping on sail." "It was evident that the brig meant struggling for her freedom. One little patch of canvas fluttered out above another, and her people could be seen working like madmen in the rigging. She made no attempt to pass her antagonist, but headed up the estuary. The captain rubbed his hands. "She's making for shoal water, Mr. Wharton, and we shall have to cut her out, sir. She's a footy little brig, but I should have thought a fore and after would have been more handy." "Ah, indeed, sir." "Yes, sir. I heard of it at Manila. A bad business, sir. Captain and two mates murdered. This Hudson, or Hairy Hudson, as they call him, led the mutiny. He's a Londoner, sir, but a cruel villain as ever walked."

"His next walk will be to Execution dock, Mr. Wharton. She seems heavily manned. I wish I could take 500 topmen out of her, but they would be enough to corrupt the crew of the ark, Mr. Wharton."

Both officers were looking through their glass at the brig, which was now lieutenant showed his teeth in a grin, while the captain flushed to a deeper red. "That's Hairy Hudson on the after-ail, sir. The low, imperious blackguard! He'll play some other antics before we are done with him. Could you reach him with the long 18, Mr. Smeaton?" "Another cable length will do it, sir." The brig yawed as she spoke, and as she came round a part of smoke whiffed out from her quarter. It was a pure piece of bravado, for the British ship scarce rarer half way. Then with a jaunty swing the little ship came into the wind again and shot round a fresh curve of the winding channel.

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But the splendid discipline of the British service was at its best in such a crisis. The boats flew back, their crews clustered aboard, they were swung up at the davits and the fall ropes made fast. Hammocks were brought up and stored, bulwarks sent down, ports and muzzles opened, the fires put out in the galley, and the drums beat to quarters. Swarms of men set the headstalls and brought the frigate round, while the gun crews threw off their jackets and shirts, tightened their belts and ran

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If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only.

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upon their 18 pounders, peering through the open portholes at the Frenchman. The wind was very light. Hardly a ripple showed itself upon the clear blue water, but the sails blew gently on the breeze came over the wooded banks. The Frenchman had gone about also, and both ships were now heading slowly for the sea under fore and aft canvas, the Gloire 1,000 yards in advance. She lined up to cross the Leda's bows, but the British ship came round also, and the two ripples slowly on in such a silence that the ringing of the ramrods as the French marines drove home their charges changed quietly upon the ear.

"Not much sea room, Mr. Wharton," remarked the captain. "I have fought actions in less, sir." "We must keep our distance and trust to our gunnery. She is very heavily manned, and if she got alongside we might find ourselves in trouble." "I see the shakos of soldiers aboard of her, two companies of light infantry from Martinique. Now we have her! Hard a-port and let her have it as we cross her stern!" The keen eye of the little commander caught the shakos of light infantry from Martinique. Now we have her! Hard a-port and let her have it as we cross her stern!

"The heavy tropical air, with so faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick bank round the two vessels from which the muzzles of the Frenchman's guns could see anything of his enemy save the throbs of fire in the darkness, and the guns were sponged and trained and fired into a dense wall of vapor. On the poop and the forecastle the muzzles in two little red lines, were pouring in their volleys, but neither they nor the seamen gunners could see what effect their fire was having. Nor indeed could they tell how the Frenchman was proceeding, for standing at a gun one could but lazily see that upon the right and left. But above the roar of the cannon came the sharper sound of the piping and the crashing of rivets, and the occasional heavy thud as spar or block came hurtling onto the deck. The lieutenant paced up and down behind his cockpit hat and peered eagerly out.

"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the lieutenant looked him, then suddenly restrained himself and said, "What have we lost, Mr. Wharton?" "Our main top-sail yard and our gaff, sir." "Where's the flag?" "Overboard, sir." "They'll think we've struck. Lash a boat's ensign on the starboard arm of the mizzen cross-jackyard." "Yes, sir." A round shot dashed the bimurcle to pieces between them. A second knocked two muzzles into a bloody, palpitating mass. For a moment the smoke rose, and the English captain saw that his adversary's heavier metal was producing a horrible effect. The Leda was a shattered wreck. Her deck was strewn with corpses. Several of her portholes were jammed into one, and one of her 18 pounder guns had been thrown right back onto her breech and pointed straight up to the sky. The thin line of muzzles still loaded and fired, but half long guns were silent, and their crews were piled thickly round them.

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"Spread yourselves along the ridge, every man of you, and cover them as they enter the gulch!" shouted the leader. "But a shot until I give the word. Scatter!" The assemblage dispersed like a startled village of prairie dogs, squatting behind every available bush and rock

"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward. The leader alone trotted quietly to the head of the gulch. The nine cavalrymen came smartly up in two, a young officer leading. The single figure of Major Overstone opposed them with a command to halt. Looking up the young officer drew rein, said a word to his file leader, and the four files closed in a compact square, motionless, on the road. The young officer's unworried hand hung quietly at his thigh. The men's unslung carbines rested easily on their saddles. Yet at that moment every man of them knew that they were covered by a hundred rifles and shotguns leveled from every bush, and that they were caught helplessly in a trap.

"The leaves of forest trees grow more beautiful in their age just before they drop off and die, and few people know their example. Yet it was a Frenchman of a great mind who said if he could show his age for a permanent residence upon earth it would be as an old man." —Boston Transcript.

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### SIMMONS' REGULATOR

"As old as the hills" and never excelled. "Tried and proven" is the verdict of millions. Simmons' Liver Regulator is the only Liver and Kidney medicine to which you can pin your faith for a cure. A mild laxative, and purely vegetable, acting directly on the Liver and Kidneys. Try it. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into tea.

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42-EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z Stamp in red on wrapper.

half cylinders and spruce bark. But the interior gave certain indications of the distinction as well as the peculiar experiences of its occupant. In place of the usual bunk or berth with cot, the wall stood a small folding camp bedstead, and upon a rude deal table that held a tin washbasin and pail lay two ivory handled brushes, combs and other elegant toilet articles, evidently the contents of the major's dressing bag. A handsome leather trunk occupied one corner, with a richly caparisoned silver mounted Mexican saddle, a mahogany case of dueling pistols, a leather hatbox locked and strapped, and a gorgeous gold and quartz handled ebony "presentation" walking stick. There was a certain dramatic suggestion in this revelation of the sudden and hurried transition from a life of ostentatious luxury to one of hidden toil and privation and a further significance in the slow and gradual destination and degradation of these elegant souvenirs. A pair of silver boot hooks had been used for raking the hearth and lifting the coffee kettle. The ivory of the brushes was stained with coffee. The cut glass bottles had lost their stoppers and had been utilized for vinegar and salt. A silver framed hand mirror hung against the blackened wall. For the major's occupancy was the sequel of a hurried flight from his luxurious hotel at Sacramento—a transfer that he believed was only temporary until the affair blew over and he could return in safety to browbeat his accusers, as was his wont. But this had not been so easy as he had imagined. His pursuers were bitter, and his enforced seclusion had been prolonged week by week until the traces which ended in the shooting of the sheriff had apparently closed the door upon his return to civ-

lization forever. Only here was his life and person secure. For Wynyard's Bar had quickly succumbed to the domination of his reckless courage, and the eminence of his late fugitive had been respected among spendthrifts, gamblers and gentlemen whose performances had never risen above a stage-coach robbery or a single assassination. Even criticism of his late adventures had been delicately withheld.

He was leaning over his open trunk—which the camp popularly supposed to contain state bonds and securities of fabulous amount—when he had taken some letters from it when a figure darkened the doorway. He looked up, laying his papers carelessly aside. Within Wynyard's Bar property was sacred.

"It was the late fugitive," thought some hours had already elapsed since his arrival in camp and he had presumably refreshed himself invariably, his outward appearance was still disheveled and dandy. Brier and milkweed clung to his frayed blouse and trousers. What could be seen of the skin of his face and hands under its stains and begriming was of a dirty yellow. His light eyes had all the brightness without the restlessness of the mongrel race. They still stared out from the white canvas, the still open trunk before the major, and then rested deliberately on the major himself.

"Well, Dawson," said Major Overstone abruptly, "what brought you here?" "Same as brought you, I reckon," responded the man almost as abruptly. "The major knew something of the kind. If you do, up you go on the first tree. That's rule 1."

"I see. You ain't pertickler about waiting for the sheriff here, you fellows." The major glanced at him quickly. He seemed to be quite unconscious of any irony in his remark and continued grimly, "And what's rule 2?" "I reckon you needn't trouble yourself beyond No. 1," returned the major, with dry significance. Nevertheless he opened a rude cupboard in the corner