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ATTACKS ON PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

A plea for legislation that would permit the infliction of the death penalty on persons who make murderous attacks on public officials while in the performance of their duty is made by a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Another point he makes is that the press in dealing with attempted murderers of public officials should make no mention whatever of the criminal, thus dealing a blow to the egotism of those who believe in the dominant character of the perpetrator of well-aimed every attempt upon the lives of those in authority. He goes back to the assassination of Mayor Gaynor to show proof of this, citing that Gaynor's assailant expressed disappointment when a day passes without his name figuring in the headlines of the newspapers, and that his one plaint in prison is not of the fate that is in store for him or of his imaginary wrongs of the past, but only of the loss of his spectacles, which prevents him from ascertaining, in the fine print of the press, what is being written about him.

RESEMBLES 1890.

The year 1910, in its political aspects, is similar in many ways to that of 1890, just twenty years ago. Then, as now, the people seemed to be undergoing a state of great unrest, and yet there was no reason for it then any more than there is now. The country was extraordinarily prosperous in 1890; there was full employment everywhere, and we enjoyed the highest wages up to that period. In response to a general demand the tariff was revised and a new law called the McKinley tariff went into effect about the first of October. There was no reason whatever why prices should be raised, but the people took the McKinley law as an excuse and raised the prices on everything that went into common every day use, and the campaign of that year was practically carried on under the cry of McKinley high prices, and the democrats elected a majority in the house of representatives in the fifty-second congress.

In spite of claims to the contrary, the McKinley law at once proved successful in every way and the years 1891 and 1892 were among the most prosperous in our history; in fact, a large portion of President Harrison's annual message of 1892 was given up to a statement of the splendid industrial results of the year, but the state of unrest was still on, and in November, 1892, the people elected a democratic president and with him a democratic senate and house of representatives. Then came the awful years of 1893, '94 and '95, accompanied as they were by financial panic, industrial depression and general ruin throughout the country, which was stopped only by the election of McKinley in 1896, and with him a republican senate and house of representatives.

It is true that the Payne tariff law had been in operation much longer preceding the congressional election of this year than was the McKinley law twenty years ago, and yet, in spite of the splendid results that have followed the Payne law in the way of revenue and industrial activity, still the people are restless, and the high prices of the year attributable in no way to the tariff give a chance to keep the people stirred up with the contention that a change would mean better conditions all around.

It is not believed, however, that the experience of 1890 will be repeated. While it is true that we have periodic seasons of unrest and occasional desires for a political change, yet the lesson which we learned during the years following the democratic victory of twenty years ago should be a warning to the people. It would be well for the voters of the country to consider most seriously the historical aspects of the case and to see if they wish to repeat the experiences of that period. The younger generation should be told of that period and the danger that would undoubtedly follow a repetition of those conditions.

There were times of \$1 a day wage for labor and 11 cent oats, 12 cent corn and 40 cent wheat for the farmer. No special legislation should be needed to fetter the press. Until forty years ago capital punishment was provided in England for certain offenses other than murder and too atrocious to permit more than passing reference. Without any legal restriction the British newspapers with one accord forebore any description of the crime or of the court proceedings. Sometimes even the name of the man was left unmentioned; the reports as published merely mentioning that the court had been called upon to deal with a crime punishable under a certain act of parliament, and that capital sentence had been pronounced.

In France there is a statute punishing with death, attacks with murderous intent upon public officials when engaged in the performance of their duty. It has been more honored in the breach than in the observance in the past—but is now about to be reinforced by the government, at the instance of Prime Minister Briand, owing to the large number of members of the Parisian police who have been either killed or maimed for life by the Apache toughs who infest the French capital.

It is a pity that some such law could not be enacted in this country. After the assassination of President McKinley it may be recalled that an endeavor was made to secure the enactment of a national law providing death for the attempt upon the life of any chief magistrate of the United States. The measure failed to secure enactment on the plea that the attempted assassination of the president was no more serious than a murderous attack upon an ordinary citizen.

But an attempt upon the life of the president is a crime not against an individual but against the nation, and should be punished as such by special national law just as the counterfeiting of money, postal frauds, and smuggling.

The law should be extended to safeguard in a similar fashion the members of the cabinet and the officials of the federal government and in the same way each state should take steps

to secure legislation of a similar character, a legislation possessed by the French public on the ground, first of all, that public officials, especially when in the performance of their duty, are exposed to risks of a far more serious character than ordinary citizens at the hands of criminals and cranks; and secondly, because murderous outrages of this kind are offenses not against the individual but against the commonwealth.

As the matter stands now, and assuming that Mayor Gaynor recovers, his assailant will escape with a more or less brief loss of liberty. It is a measure of light and even if the mayor succumbed to his injuries his murderer would be sent to the electric chair. Probably some plea would be put forward to the effect that he was not altogether responsible for his actions, and he would escape with a period of detention in a lunatic asylum, from which he might subsequently be turned loose upon the community as "cured."

The penalties at present imposed upon offenders of his stripe might be made more light and the means of evading them too numerous to constitute any deterrent to the crime.

Ignoring the perpetrators of these crimes by dealing only with their brutal deed and not with their personality, might have an influence in deterring misguided cranks from assaults on public officials. Considering such attacks as crimes against the nation or state and not against the individual, and fixing the punishment for such crimes as death, might still move to safeguard the lives of men in high position. But there is another influence that plays a part in these tragedies—the indiscriminate attacks made upon public men by the yellow press. Correct this abuse of power by the publishers of these sensational journals and there will be fewer attacks made by criminals and cranks on men in public life.

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The... SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH, Copyright, 1909, By Harper & Brothers

(CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.)

Once more the captain shouted: "What do you want?"

"One of your passengers—Emerson. Heave to. You're passing us."

"That's bloody hard luck, Mr. Emerson; I can't help myself," the captain declared. But again Boyd blocked him as he started for the telegraph.

"I won't stand it, sir. It's a conspiracy to ruin me."

"But, my dear young man—"

"Don't touch that instrument!"

From the launch came cries of growing vehemence, and a startled murmur of voices rose from somewhere in the darkness of the deck beneath.

"Stand aside," Peasley ordered, gruffly; but the other held his ground, saying quietly:

"I warn you. I am desperate."

"Shall I stop her, sir?" the quartermaster asked from the shadows of the wheel house.

"No!" Emerson commanded, sharply, and in the glow from the blinding light he saw he had drawn his revolver, while on the instant up from the void beneath heaved the massive figure of Big George Balt, a behemoth, more colossal and threatening than ever in the dim light. Rumbling curses as he came, he leaped up the pilot house steps, wrenched open the door, and with one sweep of his hairy paw flung the helmsman from his post, panting:

"Keep her going, Cap', or I'll run them down!"

"We stood by you, old man," Emerson urged; "you stand by us. They can't make you stop. They can't come aboard."

The launch was abreast of them now, and skimming along so close that one might have tossed a biscuit aboard of her. For an instant Captain Peasley hesitated; then Emerson saw the ends of his bristly mustache rise above an expansive grin as he winked portentously. But his voice was convincingly loud and wrathful as he replied:

"What do you mean, sir? I'll have my blooming ship libelled for this."

"I'll make good your losses," Emerson volunteered, quickly, realizing that other ears were open.

"Why? It's mutiny, sir."

"Exactly! You can say you went out under duress."

"I never heard of such a thing," stormed the skipper. Then, more quietly: "But I don't seem to have any choice in the matter; do I?"

"None whatever."

"Tell them to go to hell!" growled Balt from the open window above their heads.

A blasphemous outcry floated up from the launch, while heads protruded from the deck house openings, the faces white in the slanting glare. "Why don't you heave to?" demanded a voice.

Peasley stepped to the end of the bridge and called down: "I can't stop my good man, they won't allow it, y'know. You'll have to bloody well come aboard yourself." Then, obedient to his command, the searchlight traced an arc through the darkness and died out, leaving the little craft in darkness, save for its dim lantern.

Unseen by the amazed quartermaster, who was started out of speech by the sound of his own voice, the captain's shoulder and whispered his thanks, while the Britisher grumbled under his breath:

"Bill! Me! Won't that labor crowd be hot? They nearly bashed in my head with that iron spike. Four hundred pounds! My word!"

The sputter of the craft alongside was now punctuated by such a volley of curses that he raised his voice again: "Belay that clatter, will you? There's a lady aboard."

The police launch sheered off, and the sound of her exhaust grew rapidly fainter and fainter. But not until it had wholly ceased did Big George give over his post at the wheel. Even then he went down the ladder reluctantly, and without a word of thanks, of explanation or of apology. With him had been but a part of the day's work. He saw neither sentiment nor humor in the episode. The clang of the deep-throated ship's bell spoke the hour, and, taking Cherry's arm, Boyd helped her to the deck.

"Now let's eat something," said she.

"Yes," he agreed, relief and triumph in his tone, "and drink something, too."

"We'll drink to the health of 'Fingerless' Fraser."

"To the health of 'Fingerless' Fraser."

ments of the business is given by the proprietor as 300.

The boxes are made at the factory, but the labels are imported from Europe. The output of cigars at the close of 1909 was 50,000 to 60,000 per day, gradually increasing as the Chinese became more proficient in the work.

Ottumwa increased her lead yesterday, even if she did not lead.

It looks as if Senator Cossou had better take a hand in the Des Moines city government.

The United States might just as well take charge of Central America sooner or later. It has got to come.

The dispatches say that Miss Elkins may be queen of Greece. The job went pay very much if Turkey gets after that country again.

The Cossou law at least does give, more men an opportunity to become

ser," he echoed. "We will drink that standing."

A week later, after an uneventful voyage across a sea of glass, The Bedford Castle made up through a swirling, tide-rip and into the fog-bound harbor of Unalaska. The soaring "goonies" that had followed them from Flattery had dropped astern at the first sight of the volcanic headlands, and now countless thousands of seaparrots fled from the ship's path, scattering away in comic terror, dragging their fat bodies across the sea as a boy skips a flat rock. It had been Captain Peasley's hope, here at the gateway of the Misty Sea, to learn something about the lay of the big icefields to the northward, but he was disappointed for the season was yet too young for the revenue cutters, and the local hunters knew nothing. Forced to rely on luck and his own skill, he steamed out again the next day, this time doubling back to the eastward and laying a cautious course along the second leg of the journey.

Once through the ragged barrier that separates the North Pacific from her sister sea, the dank breath of the Arctic swept them fairly. The breeze that wafted out from the north brought with it the chill of limitless ice-fields, and the first night found them hove to among the outposts of that shifting desert of death which debouches out of Behring Straits with the first approach of autumn, to retreat again only at the coming of reluctant summer. From the crow's-nest the lookout stared down upon a white expanse that stretched beyond the Arctic. At dawn they began their careful search, feeling their way eastward through the open lanes and tortuous passages that separated the fets, now laying-to for the northward set of the fields to clear a path before them, now stealing through some narrow lead that opened into freer waters.

The Bedford Castle was a steel hull whose sides, opposed to the jaws of the ponderous masses, would have been crushed like an egg-shell in a vise. Unlike a wooden ship, the gentler contact would have sprung her plates, while any considerable collision would have pierced her as if she had been built of paper. Appreciating to the full the peril of his slow advance, Captain Peasley did all the navigating in person; but eventually they were hemmed in so closely for a day and night they could do nothing but drift with the pack. In time, however, they retreated to follow the outer limits farther eastward, until they were balked again.

Opposed to them were the forces of Nature, and they were wholly dependent upon her fickle favor. It might be a day, a week, a month, before she would let them through, and even when the barrier began to yield, another ship, a league distant, might profit by an opening which to them was barred. For a long, dull period the voyagers lay as helpless as if in a dry dock, while wandering herds of seals barked at them or bands of walrus ceased their fishing and crept upon the ice-pans to observe these invaders of their peace. When an opportunity at last presented itself, they threaded their way southward, there to try another approach, and another, and another, until the first of May had come and gone, leaving them but little closer to their goal than when they first hove-to. Late one evening they discerned a faint glimmer of sea-ice against the next morning's light showed a three-masted steamship fast in the ice a few miles to the westward.

"That's the Juliet," Big George informed his companions, "one of the North American Packers' Association tenders."

"She was loading when we left Seattle," Boyd remarked.

"It is Willis Marsh's ship, so he says," said Emerson, "supplemented Cherry. She's a wooden ship, and built for this business. If we don't look out, he'll beat us in, after all."

"What good will that do him?" Clyde questioned. "The fish don't bite—I mean run—for sixty days yet."

Emerson and Balt merely shrugged.

To Cherry Malotte this had been a voyage of dreams, for once away from land, Boyd had come to know him more intimately and to feel that he was growing to a truer understanding of herself. She realized beyond all doubt that for him there was but one woman in all the world, yet the mere pleasure of being near him was an antidote for her secret distress. Womanlike, she took what was offered her and strove unceasingly for more.

Two days after sighting the Juliet, they raised another ship, one of the sailing fleet they knew to be hovering in the offing, and then on the fifth of the month the capricious current opened a way for them. Slowly at first they pushed on between the fies into a vast area of slush ice, thence to a stretch as open and placid as a country mill-pond. The lookout pointed a path out of this, into which they steamed, coming at length to clear water, with the low shores of the mainland twenty miles away.

At sundown they anchored in the wide estuary of the Kalvik river, the noisy rumble of their chains breaking the silence that for months had lain like a smother upon the port. The In-

dian village gave sign of life only in thin, asure wisps of smoke that rose from the dirt roofs; the cannery buildings stood as naked and uninviting as when Boyd had last seen them. The Greek cross crowning the little white church was gilded by the evening sun. Through the glasses Cherry espied a figure in the door of her house which she declared was Constantine, but with commendable caution the big breed forebore to join the fleet of Clyde with them, she and Boyd were soon on their way to land, leaving George to begin discharging his cargo. The long voyage that had maddened the fishermen was at last at an end, and they were eager to begin their tasks.

A three-mile pluck brought the ship's boat to Cherry's landing, where Constantine and Chakawana met them, the latter hysterical with joy, the former showing his delight in a rare display of white teeth and a flow of unintelligible English. Even the sledge-dogs, now fat from idleness, greeted their mistress with a fierce clamor that dismayed Alton Clyde, to whom all was utterly new and strange.

"Glory be!" he exclaimed. "They're nothing but wolves. Won't they bite? And the houses—ain't it a bit? Why, it looks like a stage setting. Oh, say, I'm for this! I'm getting rough and primitive and brutal already!"

When they passed from the store, with its shelves sadly naked now, to the cozy living quarters behind, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. Leaving Chakawana and her mistress to chatter and clack in their parlors, he inspected the premises inside and out, peering into all sorts of corners, collecting souvenirs, and making friends with the returning crew.

Cherry would not return to the ship, but Emerson and Clyde re-embarked and were rowed down to the cannery site, abreast of which lay the Bedford Castle, where they lingered until the creeping twilight forced them to the boat again. When they reached the ship the cool Arctic night had descended, but its quiet was broken by the halting rumble of steam-winchcs, the creak of tackle, the creak of rigging, and the sounds of a great activity. Baring his head to the breeze, Boyd filled his lungs full of the bracing air, sweet with the flavor of spring, vowing secretly that no music that he had ever heard was the equal of this. He turned his face to the southward and smiled, while his thoughts sped a message of love and hope into the darkness.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein 'Fingerless' Fraser Returns.

Big George had lost no time and already the tow-boats were overboard, while a raft of timber was taking form alongside the ship. As soon as it was completed, it was loaded with crates and boxes and paraphernalia of all sorts, then towed ashore as the tide served. Another took its place, and another and another. All that night the torches flared and decks drummed in a ceaseless activity. In the morning Boyd sent a squad of fishermen ashore to clear the ground for his buildings, and all day new rafts of lumber and material helped to increase the pile at the water's edge.

His early training as an engineer now stood him in good stead, for a thousand details demanded expert supervision; but he was as completely at home at this work as Bill George in his own part of the undertaking and it was not long before order began to emerge from what seemed a hopeless chaos. Never did men have more willing hands to do their bidding than did he and George; and when a week later The Juliet, with Willis Marsh on board, came to anchor, the bunk-houses were up and peopled, while the new site had become a beehive of activity.

The mouth of the Kalvik river is several miles wide, yet it contains but a small anchorage suitable for deep-draught ships, the rest of the harbor being underlaid with mud-bars and tide flats over which none but small boats may pass; and as the canneries are distributed up and down the stream for a considerable distance, it is necessary to transport all supplies to and from the ship by means of tugs and lighters. Owing to the narrowness of the channel, The Juliet came to her moorings not far from The Bedford Castle.

Marsh, already furious at the trick the ice had played him, this forced proximity to his rival brought home with added irony the fact that he had been forestalled, while it emphasized his knowledge that henceforth the conflict would be carried on at closer quarters. It would be a contest between two men, both determined to win by fair means or foul.

Emerson was a dream-dazzled youth, striving like a knight-errant for the love of a lady, and the glory of conquest; but he was also a born fighter, and in every emergency he had shown himself as able as his experienced opponent.

As Marsh looked about and saw how much Boyd's well directed energy was accomplishing, he was conscious of a slight disheartenment. Still, he was on his own ground, he had the advantage of superior force, and though he was humiliated by his failure to throttle the hostile enterprise in its beginning, he was by no means at the end of his expedients. He was curious to see his rival in action, and he decided to visit him and test his temper.

It was on the afternoon following his arrival that Marsh, after a tour of inspection, landed from his launch and strolled up to where Boyd Emerson was at work. He was greeted courteously, if a bit coolly, and found, as on their last meeting, that his own bearing was reflected exactly in that of Boyd. Both men, beneath the scant politeness of their outward manner, were aware that the time for ceremony had passed. Here in the Northland they faced each other at last as man to man.

"I see you have a number of my old fishermen," Marsh observed.

"Yes, we were fortunate in getting such good ones."

"You were fortunate in many ways. In fact you are a very lucky young man."

"Indeed! How?"

"Well, don't you think you were lucky to beat that strike?"

"It wasn't altogether luck. However,

I do consider myself fortunate in escaping at the last moment," Boyd laughed easily. "By the way, what happened to the man they mistook for me?"

"Let him go, I believe. I didn't pay much attention to the matter." Marsh had been using his eyes to good advantage, and seeing the work even better in hand than he had supposed, he moved by irritation and the desire to goad his opponent to say more than he intended. "I rather think you will have a lot to explain, one of these days," he said, with deliberate menace.

"With fifty thousand cases of salmon aboard The Bedford Castle I will explain anything. Meanwhile the police may go to the devil!" The cool assurance of the young man's tone roused the would-be tormentor like a personal affront.

"You got away from Seattle, but there is a commissioner at Dutch Harbor, also a deputy marshal, who may have better success with a warrant than those policemen had." The Trust manager could not keep down the angry tremor in his voice, and the other, perceiving it, replied in a manner designed to inflame him still more: "Yes, I have heard of those officers. I understand they are both in your employ."

"I hear you have bought them."

"Do you mean to insinuate—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything. Listen! We are where we can talk plainly, Marsh, and I am tired of all this subterfuge. You did what you could to stop me, you even tried to have me killed—"

"You dare to—"

"But I guess it never occurred to you that I may be just as desperate as you are."

The men stared at each other with hostile eyes, but the accusation had come so suddenly and with such boldness as to rob Marsh of words. Emerson went on in the same level voice: "I broke through in spite of you, and I'm on the job. If you want to cry quits, I'm willing; but, by God, I won't be balked, and if any of your hired marshals try to take me before I put up my catch I'll put him away. Understand?"

Willis Marsh recalled involuntarily before the sudden ferocity that blazed up in the speaker's face. "You are insane," he cried.

"Am I?" Emerson laughed harshly.

"Well, I'm just crazy enough to do what I say. I don't think you're the kind that wants hand-to-hand trouble, so let's each attend to his own affairs. I'm doing well, thank you, and I think I can get along better. If you don't come back here until I send for you. Something might fall on you."

Marsh's full red lips went pallid with rage as he said, "Then it is to be war, eh?"

"Suit yourself," Boyd pointed to the shore. "Your boatman is waiting for you."

As Marsh made his way to the water's edge he stumbled like a blind man; his lips were bleeding where his small sharp teeth had bitten them, and he panted like a hysterical woman.

During the next fortnight the sailing ships began to assemble, standing in under a great spread of canvas to berth close alongside the two steamships; for, once the ice had moved north, there was no further obstacle to their coming, and the harbor was soon livened with puffing tugs, unwieldy lighters, and fleets of smaller work. Where but a short time before the brooding silence had been undisturbed save for the plaint of the wild-dogs and the lazy voices of the natives, a noisy army was now at work. The bustle of a great preparation arose; languid smoke-wreaths began to unfurl above the stacks of the canneries; the stamp and clang of tin-machines re-echoed; hammer and sickle maintained a never-ceasing hubbub. Down at the new plant scows were being launched while yet the pitch was warm on their seams; buildings were rising rapidly, and a crew had gone up the river to get out a raft of plies.

On the morning after the arrival of the last ship, Emerson and his companions were treated to a genuine surprise. Cherry had gone down to the site as usual—she could not let a day go by without visiting the place—and Clyde, after a tardy breakfast, had descended to the shore. They were watching Big George direct the launching of a scow, when all of a sudden they heard a familiar voice behind them cry, cheerfully:

"Hello, white folks! Here we are, all together again."

They turned to behold a villainous-looking man beaming benignly upon them. He was dirty, his clothes were in rags, and through a riotous bristle of beard that hid his thin features a many-faceted glint showed on either cheek. It was undeniably 'Fingerless' Fraser, but how changed, how altered from that radiant flower of indolence they had known! He was pallid, emaciated and bedraggled; his attitude showed hunger and abuse, and his bony joints seemed about to pierce through their tattered covering. As they stood speechless with amazement, he made his identification complete by protruding his tongue from the corner of his mouth and gravely closing one eye in a wink of exceeding wisdom.

"Fraser!" they cried in chorus, then fell upon him noisily, shaking his grimy hands and slapping his back until he coughed weakly. Summoned by their shouts, Big George broke in upon the incoherent greeting, and at sight of his late comrade began to laugh hoarsely.

"Glad to see you, old man!" he cried. "But how did you get here?"

Fraser drew himself up with injured dignity, then spoke in dramatic accents. "I worked my way!" He showed the whites of his eyes tragically.

"You look like you'd walked in from Kansas," George declared.

"Yes sir, I worked! Me!"

"How? Where?"

"On that bloody wind-jammer." He stretched a long arm toward the harbor in a theatrical gesture.

"But the police?" queried Boyd.