

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

Blazed Trail Stories

... AND ...

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE RIVERMAN.

I first met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The saw-dust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-titled by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their waists or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "staged" off to leave a gap between the knees and heels spiced "corked boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their hair, round like tilted rakishly askew. They were all slightly alike, those eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-consciousness I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of the blue eyes suddenly met mine full, and a ironical voice

"Say, but you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

"The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here in my hand; or if I needed help he was willing to offer it."

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for?"

"He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birding match," he explained briefly.

"Come on."

"I joined him and together we followed the crowd to the river, where we roosted like comrades on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the tilted booms.

"Drive's just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down had night."

"Fourth July celebration. This little town will scratch for the tall timber about midnight when the boys go in to take her apart."

"A half-dozen men with peevish rolled a white-pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rolling back and forth, three or four feet from the boom pile."

"That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong in the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, he knew just what in the attitude of the crowd, the crowd uttered a gasp of surprise."

"A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dickey Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. He's hell and repeat. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging balloon arms. Per his most striking feature was a mop of reddish-brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish-brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he peered erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The log gave, the feet came, the straight simple waist boded not by a chair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blue spray a foot into the air. Then suddenly slap! slap! the heavy caulk stamped a

reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spared through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"Hell, that's nothing!" my companion reproved me, "anybody can biff a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he started a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike-pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one second their committed so, hit the log from left to right. The spec grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log.

He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean biffed!" commented my friend. One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top of the pike set for them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd by now getting impatient and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the boat, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated.

"Jimmy Powers?"

And then by chameleoned bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy!" "Don't be a high banker!" "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and sweating, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom pile, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood hunched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening.

Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick tried a clever rapid stroke from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he counterbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous manoeuvre had opened the combat both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smothered and foamy foam. The decided spot, spot, I could not make out the different leads, flints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I still retain a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly motionless above

the waist, but vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarter-deck as champion biffer for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my corner seat, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his tattered foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He wrinkled, and I could see that his laughing boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern, and that his eyes were dim with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the toes and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiringly.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "I jammed his spikes into me! Stopped on my foot and tripped me, the Jimmy Powers certainly could swear."

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried. "That ain't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you! All you had to do was to say something!"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a dam fool—no! I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself!"

He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, but I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

"That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town square. At each especially vicious crash, pondering if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick."

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he; "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there now or less."

(To be continued.)

If you wish to make an enemy of a man treat him with contempt. He will forgive abuse, he may forgive a sound thrashing, but once ridiculed him in public and he is your enemy for life.

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CHILDREN'S JERSEYS, MISSES AND YOUNG LADIES' JERSEYS, made from all wool yarns, good bright colors, and very stylish in appearance. Priced \$1.00, \$1.10 and \$1.50.

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WHITE CONEY FUR COLLARS FOR CHILDREN AT 65c., \$1.10 and \$1.75.

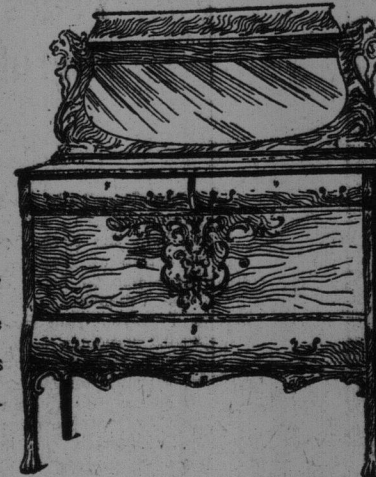
WHITE THIBET COLLARS FOR CHILDREN, very dainty and serviceable because they can be cleaned. Prices start at \$1.70, from that up to \$5.00.

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M. R. A.'s ANNUAL OCTOBER FURNITURE CLEARANCE COMMENCES AT 8 O'CLOCK ON MONDAY MORNING

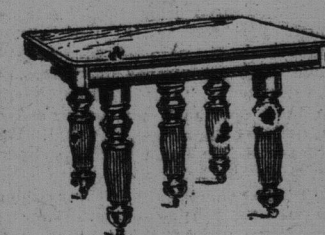
BUYERS WILL SAVE FROM 20c. TO 45c. ON EVERY DOLLAR

It is Helpful To Business To Have A Clearance Once In A While, particularly in the line of furniture; therefore we plan holding a bargain time once a year. Each season factories stop making certain patterns of chairs, tables etc., and under such circumstances it is always desirable to "close out" these particular lines, not because they are unsalable, but because no more of them can be purchased. Then again odd pieces accumulate, sets are broken and the furniture man soon finds his premises littered with "remnants."

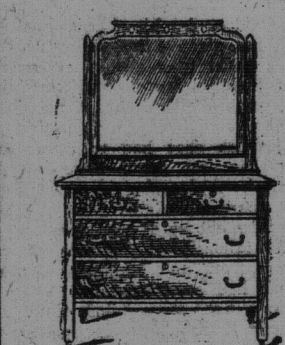


Sale Furniture Will Be Found On The Second Floor of our Market Square building. It will be plainly ticketed, so that visitors can inspect and compare the goods and their prices. Every item in the reduction list is worthy of much more money than will be asked, but there must be some particular inducement to the people in order to clear our floors of these fragments of a very large stock. Those who call earliest will undoubtedly share the cream of the fine array.

EIGHTEEN BARGAIN GROUPS AWAIT YOUR PLEASURE



Attractive Bureaus—in quartered oak, weathered oak, oak finish, elm and mahogany veneer. Fine British plate bevelled mirrors and other reliable glass. Commodious drawers, good patterns and brass trimmings.



Cheffoniers—in oak, elm, mahogany veneer and bird's eye maple. Several choice patterns. Drawers of various sizes and good mirrors. Tall and showy. A fine item of furniture for men's use particularly.

A Few Metal Beds—There will doubtless be a rush for these beds because of the all-round usefulness of such. White enamel and brass trimmings. Various sizes.

Separate Commodes—All the leading materials, such as elm, oak, white enamel wood, mahogany veneer, etc. Lowest prices on these. To use in a room with metal bed.

Dressing Tables—Exclusively patterned and made of solid mahogany, and mahogany finish. A nice little assortment, all having the best of B. B. plate mirrors. Excellent for gift purposes.

Oak Buffets—With British bevelled plate mirrors, shaped. Excellent value, as the patterns are out of the common. Drawers for linen, cutlery etc. Rich and conspicuous.

Some Dining Tables—Here's a regular utility line of furniture that is always welcomed at a bargain sale. In oak and oak finish. Extension to eight feet. Solid in effect and finely finished.

Bargain Dining Set—Of Antwerp oak, which is the same as the dark weathered oak only that this is highly polished. Extension table, buffet, five chairs and an arm chair. Very low figure.

Odd Parlor Chairs—Some are upholstered in silk, and all of them are quite new in design. Dark and light woods, with fantastic patterning. Strong and serviceable, too.

Rich Parlor Suites—Three and five pieces, and newly upholstered in figured tapestry. Substantial and ornamental, with sofa, chairs, including rocker. Real snags for somebody.

Tasty Tabourettes—Nothing contributes more towards making a home attractive and up-to-date than such little pieces of furniture as tabourettes. We have a large variety in this sale. All woods.

Rattan Furniture—The usefulness and wearability of rattan goods fosters a continual demand. The chairs we are going to sell so cheaply are broken lines, odds and ends.

Rockers Galore—The homelike little sewing rocking chair, the prim parlor rocker, the slumber rocker, the nursing rocker. All kinds in all woods. Fine finishes and well built.

Parlor Cabinets—In fixing up the house for winter you will possibly find need for just such a finishing touch as a cabinet in the drawing room. We have several very pretty ones.

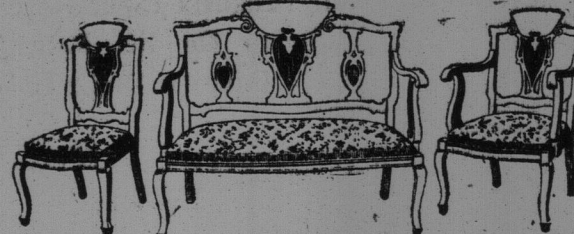
Morris Rockers—A chance to get a bargain in very truth, for Morris rockers are a luxury. As their name explains they are simply comfortable Morris chairs on rockers. Upholstered.

Music Cabinets—In mahogany finish of fine quality. Attractive designs and the acme of convenience. The compartments are specially arranged for sheet music.

Oval Mantel Mirrors—With heavy gilt frames. Luxurious designs, quite out of the ordinary in general effect. The best of mirror plate. Only a couple of these.

Writing Desks—If you contemplate presenting a friend or one of the household with a desk at Christmas time, here is an opportunity to buy cheaply. The best of oak and oak finishes.

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MARKET SQUARE

J. M. Johnson of this city will be a prominent seller at the November sale at Madison Square garden. He will dispose of thirty of his gilt edge stock. Among others are the following: Baron Silver, Oakley Baron, The Sovereign, Caldira, Chasana, Linda, Helps, Levisa, Denning, Lizzie Gerow, Malgona, Optional, Kalola, My Phair, Thomas Benton, La-kisa, Linda Baron, Ermine Reed and Star Lilly.—Calais Times.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, swelling and protruding piles. Rep testimonials from the press and from your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all druggists or Send to: Dr. Chase & Co., Toronto.

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, Oct. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. James Gilchrist and family of Norton are the guests of Mrs. William Taylor, Upper Sheffield.

James Jewett of Lakeville Corner arrived home from St. John Wednesday. Mr. Jewett has been stationed in the city market, selling produce for the farmers of Sheffield and Lakeville Corner.

Mr. Monahan of Oronoto is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffith.

C. S. Bridges and two brothers, John and Wallace, left this week for the Little River stream in search of big game.

John Allen of Scotchtown was in Sheffield Wednesday.

John Lannigan, formerly of Sheffield, but now of Fredericton, is visiting friends here.

Westley Upton and family of McQuipet Lake have removed their household effects to the home of Abe Bridges.

Mr. Currie of Nashua is in Sheffield the first of the week buying up beef cattle.

Genoa, Oct. 20.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are journeying to India for a six months tour, arrived here today and went on board the British battleship Renown. They were given a most cordial reception. The Prince telegraphed King Victoria Emmanuel recalling the bonds of friendship uniting the British and Italian royal families and their respective countries. The princess sent a telegram to Queen Helena, expressing regret at learning that her majesty was somewhat indisposed. The prince and

princess will sail on the Renown tomorrow morning.

Hon. William Pugsley came home yesterday from Ottawa.

Frank P. Vaughan, electrical engineer and contractor.

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