

Blazed Trail Stories

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE TWO CARTRIDGES

This happened at the time Billy Knapp drove stage between Pierre and Deadwood. I think you can still see the stage in Buffalo Bill's show. Last confusion arose, and the reader be inclined to credit Billy with more years than are his due, it might be well also to mention that the period was some time after the summer he and Alfred and Jim Buckley had made their famous march with the only wagon-train that dared set out, and some time before Billy took to mining. Jim had already moved to Montana.

The journey from Pierre to Deadwood amounted to something. All day long the trail led up and down long grassy slopes, and across swamping, intervening flats. While climbing the slopes, you could never get your experience to convince you that you were not, on topping the hill, about to overlook the entire country for miles around. This never happened; you saw no farther than the next roll of the prairie. While hurrying down the slopes, you saw the intervening flat as interminably broad and hot and breathless, or interminably broad and top and full of arctic winds, according to the season of the year. Once in a dog's age you came to a straggling fringe of cottonwood-trees, indicating a creek bottom. The latter was either quite dry or in a raging flood. Close under the hill hid two buildings, half logs half mud. There the horses were changed by strange men with steel glints in their eyes, like those you see under the brows of a north-country tug-boat captain. Passengers could then eat flap-jacks, architecturally warranted to hold together against the most vigorous attack of gastric juices, and drink green tea that tasted of tannin and really demanded for its proper accommodation porcelain-lined insides. It was not an inspiring trip.

Of course, Billy did not accompany the stage all of the way; only the last hundred miles; but the passengers did, and

by the time they reached Billy they were usually heartily sick of their undertaking. Once a tenderfoot came through in the fall of the year, simply for the love of adventure. He got it.

"Driver," said he to Billy, as the brakes set for another plunge, "were you ever held up?"

Billy had been deluged with questions like this for the last two hours. Usually he looked straight in front of him, spat accurately between the tail of the wheel-horse and the white-tree, and answered in monosyllables. The tenderfoot did not know that asking questions was not the way to induce Billy to talk.

"Held up?" replied Billy, with scorn. "Young feller, I is held up thirty-seven times in the last year."

"Thunderation!" exclaimed the tenderfoot. "What do you do? Do you have much trouble getting away? Have you had much fighting?"

"Fight nothin'. I ain't hired to fight. I'm hired to drive stage."

"And you just let them go through you?" cried the tenderfoot.

Billy was staring at the contempt in the stranger's face.

"Go through nothin'," he explained. "They ain't touchin' me none whatever. Put her down for argument that I'm damn fool enough to sprinkle lead 'round some, and that I gets away. What happens? Next time I drive stage some of these yere agents muscuss me from behind a bush. What do I come in? Nary bit!"

The tenderfoot, struck by the logic of this reasoning, felt silent. After an interval the sun set in a film of yellow light; then the afterglow followed; and finally the stars pricked out the true immensity of the prairie.

"Hes the feller hired to fight," observed the shadowy Billy, jerking his thumb backward.

The tenderfoot now understood the silent, grim man who, unapproachable and solitary, had alone occupied the seat on top of the stage. Looking with more

curiosity, the tenderfoot observed a shot-gun with abnormally short barrels, slung in two brass clips along the back of the seat in front of the messenger. The usual revolver, too, were secured, instead of by the regulation holsters, in brass clips riveted to the belt, so that in case of necessity they could be snatched free with one forward sweep of the arm. The man met his gaze keenly.

"Them Hills ain't for now," vouchsafed Billy, as a cold breeze from the west lifted the limp brim of his hat, and a faint cloud drew with uneasy and silent rapidity across the stars.

The tenderfoot had turned again to look at the messenger, who interested him exceedingly, when the stage came to a stop so violent as almost to throw him from his seat. He recovered his balance with difficulty. Billy, his foot braced against the brake, was engaged in leisurely winding the reins around it.

"Hands up, I say!" cried a sharp voice from the darkness ahead.

"Meanin' you," observed Billy to the tenderfoot, at the same time thrusting his own over his head and settling down comfortably on the small of his back. "Time!" he called, facetiously, to the darkness.

As though at the signal the night split with the roar of buckshot, and splintered with the answering crackle of a six-shooter three times repeated. The screech of the brake had deceived the messenger as to the whereabouts of the voice. He had jumped to the ground on the wrong side of the stage, thus finding himself without protection against his opponent, who, firing at the flash of the shot-gun, had taken him by surprise.

The road-agent stepped confidently forward. "Bully," said he, pleasantly, "jest pick me that box."

Billy climbed over the seat and dropped a heavy iron-bound case to the ground. "Danged if I thinks anybody kin git Buck, that," he remarked, in thoughtful reference to the messenger.

"Now, drive on," commanded the road-agent.

Three hours later Billy and the sobered tenderfoot pulled into Deadwood. Ten minutes taught the camp what had occurred.

"Now, it must be premised that Deadwood had recently chosen a sheriff. He did not look much like a sheriff. He was small and weak and had a most childlike as to expression of countenance. But when I tell you that his name was Alfred, you will know that it was right. To him the community looked for initiative. It expected him to organize a posse, which would, of course, consist of every man in the place not otherwise generally employed and to enter upon instant pursuit. He did not.

"How many is they?" he asked of Billy.

"One lonesome one," replied the stage-driver.

"I lays her a lone hand," announced Alfred.

You see, Alfred knew well enough his own defense. He never could make nine when anybody else was near, but always instinctively took the second law. Then when the other scheme had fallen in ruins, he would construct a most excellent excrement from the work of it. In the case under consideration he preferred

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to arrange his own campaign, and therefore to work alone.

By that time men knew Alfred. They made no mistake.

"Sawin," observed one of the chronic visitors of the saloon door. There are always two or three of such in every Western gathering.

"One of you boys saddle my bronco," suddenly requested Alfred, and began to examine his firearms by the light of the saloon lamp.

"You ain't aimin' to set out tonight?" they asked, incredulously.

"I am. The show will make a good trail, but she'll be covered come mornin'."

(To be continued.)

DR. MCINERNEY AND DR. ADDY

St. John, N. B., Nov. 9th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir—I enclose a letter in this evening's edition of your paper signed G. A. B. Addy, in which the doctor sets my name very freely, and which letter the doctor styles his expiring effort. I am sorry to understand that our Goliath of pathology and research should prove himself such a "quitter." In the opening paragraph of his letter, the doctor begs to disclaim responsibility for the explanation in tracing the cases of typhoid on Douglas Avenue that was heralded throughout the city and country by the press—what explanation was intimately associated with his name. At the point of the bayonet, he takes back the statement one week after it appears, allowing certain people to stand before the public, at least far as he is concerned, all this time, as the direct cause of importing the first case, and the ending cause of the other cases that followed in that locality. This clearly proves that he is either wanting in the necessary courage to stand by his statement, or lacking in courtesy and manliness in making his disclaimer before this date.

In the second paragraph, this edifying health officer goes on in a patronizing way and states that he would not consider doctor, nurse or any inmate of a house responsible for allowing the typhoid germs to get into the general sewerage system. What an astounding statement for our Provincial Bacteriologist to make. If there be a possibility of destroying the germs of any infective disease, by the process of modern disinfection, I claim, and any right thinking person will agree, that the doctor and nurses in attendance on a case of this nature would be just in allowing the live germs from the dejected to escape into the drain pipes or sewer. Do I understand the doctor to make the statement that, with the many germs we have at our command today, that these germs cannot be destroyed? If they can, and they certainly can be annihilated, would it not be negligent and culpable not to do so? Surely our Provincial Bacteriologist, clothed in all his knowledge of germs, and his great authority, will not dare to gainay this statement.

Now, Mr. Editor, in reference to the sewer itself, in the doctor's letter we find statements and insinuations that stamp him a past grand master in deception. I found no fault with him or anybody else in my letter for condemning the well. In fact, in my last letter, I warned people against using water from that or any other well that was exposed to surface drainage. The inspection I found fault with, Mr. Editor, in order to carry out the little story, was the statement of this very modern and veridical Sherlock Holmes that the sewer, which was rotten from end to end. What an eagle eye our Provincial Bacteriologist must possess! A gigantic intellect he must have developed in the past few years! In as far as his own opinion of his own intellect is concerned, would the gentleman kindly accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. This inspection, Mr. Editor, was all done in less than five minutes! Let me say to the gentleman just now, that I have reliable information from one who inspected this particular sewer—a man whose duty it is to inspect sewers—that the sewer is all right.

The doctor is also kind enough to quote the reasons I gave as the probable cause of many cases of typhoid this autumn. You may look from the chief, Mr. Editor, but the man who misquotes another's statements is beyond redemption. The doctor quotes me as saying "the dryness of the season and the noxious gases" were the cause of the typhoid. I said nothing like kind. The doctor either fails to digest the king's English, or attempts to deceive the public by making this quotation. It has always been my desire to credit the doctor with honesty of purpose and a love of justice and fair play; but after the foregoing quotation I am forced to withdraw this flattering mantle from his shoulders. What I did say, and what I am prepared to stand by, feeling secure in being upheld by the best medical authorities in the world, was: "The dryness of the season and the seeping green pumping up noxious germs" were the probable causes of typhoid this autumn. In connection with this the doctor goes on to dilate on modern teaching and modern literature. I am pleased to know that even in his own opinion, of five years, my friend poses as a connoisseur in literature and knowledge but I have yet to learn that his collegiate standing would furnish him any such guarantee.

I now come, Mr. Editor, to the last point in the doctor's letter, viz. the period of incubation of typhoid fever, where my microbe-mad friend searches in many volumes for the very extreme period, which, in the opinion of the microbe-maniacs, the typhoid germ may exist in the system before giving evidence of its presence. The doctor quotes our mutual friend Oiler. He quotes from the edition of 1903. My friend is not so modern even as he would lead people to believe. I have before me tonight the edition of 1905, in which sixth edition, Oiler does not state his opinion. He gives the opinion of the "Clinical Society"—not his own opinion—that the period of incubation lasts from "eight to fourteen days." I have also before me tonight an edition

of Oiler, wherein he gives as his own opinion the period of incubation to be "a week to ten days." The opinion was given at a time when he spoke from the fullness of his own knowledge with this disease in the city of Montreal, and where his opportunities for studying it in all its different phases were of the very best.

I have also before me tonight, Mr. Editor, Albert H. Buck's Medical Science, another modern authority, that my friend loves to exploit; but he does not quote him honestly. He makes Buck state "one to four weeks." Instead of that Buck states "one to three weeks."

In the last edition of Burney Yee's work, whose opinions are based on the results of actual practice, the period of incubation is given as a week to ten days. It is the opinion of the actual practitioner that I prefer to respect; it is the opinion of the man intimately associated with the disease that I prefer to follow, rather than the microbe-maniac who would often lead you away into the mazy mazes of his own imagination.

Might we not also be permitted to give our own little experience with this disease, and the opinions of quite a few of our fellow practitioners with whom we have consulted? Those with whom I have spoken agree with my own little experience that ten days is a good and fair average. In giving my opinion that the period of incubation of typhoid was seven to ten days, I considered it a good safe statement. I did not explicitly say that the stated period might not vary one way or the other. There are well authenticated cases of typhoid on record where the disease set in with violence at the very moment almost of exposure to the infection. These would be cases with embedded system. The strong and robust might resist the ravages of the germ for a very much longer time.

I thank you, Mr. Editor, in anticipation for your valuable space.

Sincerely yours,
J. F. MCINERNEY.

G. T. P.'S. NEW QUARTERS

The work of preparing rooms in the highway buildings for New Brunswick Pacific survey offices for New Brunswick has commenced and it is expected that by the end of the week all of the new furniture and equipment will be in the staff consisting of C. O. Foss, assistant district engineer; Mr. Collins of the engineering department; Mr. West, purchasing agent for the district; Mr. Harry, draughtsman, and Miss Burdell, stenographer, arrived from Fredericton yesterday, and by next week all expected to be busy there with their respective duties.

Five large light airy rooms on the top floor facing Princess and Prince William streets constitute the offices, and the members of the staff have expressed their thorough satisfaction with the location, and space available for work. It is the intention to change two of the smaller rooms into a night office, where the draughting work will be done.

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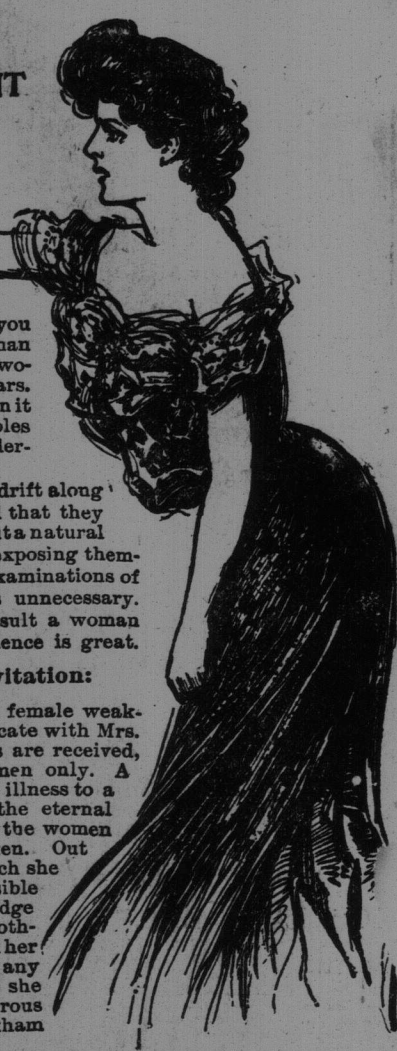
Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. — Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. My pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovaritis and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it. If I can possibly help it, please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me." Mrs. Mary Dumas, 10th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P.O., Washington, D.C. Second letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.



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