

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The United States Treasury Department has just made an important ruling relative to the entering of fish free of duty, which prescribes among other items that "fish taken by the citizens of another country and purchased by the owner, master or agent of an American vessel, whether or not landed on shore prior to being taken aboard such vessel, are not entitled to free entry as a product of an American fishery. Fish taken from the water by members of the crew of an American vessel (who may be either American citizens or foreigners), or by foreign fishermen in the presence of such vessel and under the supervision of its master or crew, and in pursuance of an employment for that purpose, whether with foreign boats, nets, gear and tackle or with boats, nets, etc., provided for such purpose by the fishing vessel, and brought by such vessel to a port of this country, or transhipped to another vessel, will be entitled to free entry.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED)

One young man interested George in spite of himself. He passed and repassed several times, and stared at George with an expression that combined interest and insolence. When he strode by and stared, Kyle chuckled. George guessed the identity of this young man in the bolted corduroy coat before his attendant-tormentor saw fit to fully enlighten him. Kyle was relishing the first rehearsal of the little drama he had planned.

"Blinn," he called, at length, when young Wiggin was at some distance, and the call therefore attracted attention, "you'd better come over here and be introduced. This is the feller, and he says he's going to show you a few city tricks in the girl-catching line that will make your performances up this way look like a June pelt after the moths have been into it."

Young Wiggin came forward promptly. It was plain that he was heated by liquor, though his gait was steady. He was excited enough by what he had drunk to be a victim to Kyle's malicious meddling.

"There's such a thing as joking on the wrong subject," he declared hotly. He addressed himself to the two of them.

"I am not joking, Mr. Wiggin — I take that to be your name," interposed George, with dignity. "Kyle is making all the talk. You'll kindly leave me out."

"If you want to pick this thing up," cried Wiggin, now turning on George to the exclusion of the real culprit, "go ahead and pick. But you'll find it's got a hot end to it."

It was plain that Kyle had done some artistic provoking. Young Wiggin was ready to fight at the first word from the one whom he thought his rival.

"You may make a fool of your own self over gossip, but you can't make one of me," said George, keeping his temper.

"If you hadn't been meddling some kind of cheap talk," insisted the other, "Kyle wouldn't have had anything to start on. I don't stand for any gossip about me. There's been too much of it along this border already. This is a good time to put a stop to it."

"Begin with those who have gossiped about you," advised George, coldly and contemptuously. "As far as I'm concerned, I never heard of you till a few hours ago."

This did not please Blinn. It rolled him over. It was dismissing him as a nobody.

"Because you're a Montreal dude, don't you think that anybody else amounts to anything else in the world? Now, you can't come up here and sneer at people! I'm going to close your mouth for you, and close it, now."

"That's the kind of talk, Blinn," shouted one of the bystanders. "You've sure got a reputation up and down the border, even if they don't know you where the nantam come from. Back it up, now!"

There was a good-sized crowd by this time. Others came running, summoned by the magic word "Fight!" They grouped themselves in a hollow square, hemming in the two principals. The celebrity with which this was done showed that fist duels in the north country were prized, respected, and were common.

"I was just thinkin' that that band music was libbe to smooth out tempers and spoil the fightin', to-day," confided a burly woodsman to his neighbor in the press; "and that wouldn't have suited Cornelius. But them two young chaps seem to be husky enough to start 'er off in good shape."

"Now, back up what you've said about me," demanded Wiggin. "And there's only one way of backing it up."

The crowd had massed around so quickly that George could not retreat without fighting his way through the press. But he had no quarrel with this young fire eater. He had no appetite for fight. His desire at that moment was rather to fight the meddlesome Bill Kyle. The grin on that worthy's face stirred fury in his victim. To the astonishment of the crowd George turned his back on Wiggin, who already had his fists up, and walked over to Kyle.

"I'll not stand for this. You tell that man, there, that you've put up this job, or I'll settle this thing with you, Kyle, here and now. You've gone too far."

"Oh, go get a reputation!" chuckled the imperturbable boss. "Begin with a man of your own size. I'm starting you right, son."

"Look-a-here," cried Wiggin, rushing to them, "don't you insult a friend of mine. You rattled your gossip to the wrong man, young feller. Bill Kyle told me. Now, don't

to giving him your im-

kept his hands at his side of the flourishing flats of his

in the prize-fight class, he said. "When I have any reason for fighting with you, I'll do so. Just now, I don't propose to be a spectacle of to entertain these drunken cattle."

It was righteous resentment, but it turned them all against him. The lookers were used to seeing any man fight when he was provoked to it. This stranger seemed to be shirking. And his insult capped the climax. A man swore, and ran at George from behind, jolting both hands against his shoulders. The blow drove him forward toward Wiggin, and that young man did not wait for more definite challenge. He did not even give his opponent a fair chance. George's hands were still at his side. Wiggin struck him in the face and he went down. A roar from the crowd greeted the act, but it was not applause.

"A dirty trick, Wiggin," shouted Kyle, first to resent it. "And now I hope he'll do you." There was no mistaking the sentiment of the crowd. They were woodsmen, and fair.

A chorus of protest showed that they turned against Wiggin in an instant.

Several men leaped to George, and raised him to his feet. His face was bleeding, and they wiped away the blood, giving him profane encouragement at the same time.

"I've a mind to give you a wallop, myself, for that," Kyle went on. "If you was that afraid he'd lick you fair, you ought to have stayed out of the fight. And now I hope he'll get the best of you."

Drink and these reproaches drove out of Wiggin what little self-restraint he had left.

He cursed the lot of them. "This feller," he growled, "came up here bragging all along the way that he'd do me and have Clare Corran away from me."

"You lie, you drunken pup," George wrenched away from the hands that supported him. He was still dizzy from the blow, but his righteous anger now cleared his brain and steadied his nerves. As the other had become frantic, he became master of himself, though his face was rigid and gray with passion; the blood was a scarlet smear against the whiteness of his skin.

"I know what I'm talking about," screamed Wiggin. "It's my girl he's up here after, because she's got money, now."

Men in the crowd were crying protest. In that section, it was not well for any man to bandy Clare Corran's name in public brawl.

It was a mob that had grown till it filled the street. All the throngs had returned from the cemetery. They crowded on the outskirts. A man for whom they made way came thrusting through. He was tall and gaunt, a figure of angles. Even the gray beard on his cheeks was cut in the form of a carpenter's square.

"It's Jenson Wiggin — Blinn's old man," was the mutter that flowed him through the crowd. "I guess he'll callate the youngsters is talkin' too devilish much, just now."

In the wake of the old man followed Clare Corran on her big horse. She had caught a word on the outskirts of the crowd.

Hass came off to her as she passed. But she was too indignant to respond.

"Blinn!" cried his father, over the heads of the crowd, trying to get to him. "What do you mean by disgracing yourself in this fashion?"

But his son did not turn his head. Neither he nor George saw the girl, though she was lifted above the throng on her horse. The two like gladiators in the arena, had eyes only for each other.

"Every one along this border knows how I stand toward Clare Corran," insisted Wiggin. "There's no Montreal dude coming along here and take her! You've got one sample of —"

A man stood between the two, wondering which had better let them get together. George settled his doubts. He seized the man, and tossed him far against the bulwarked bystanders. He faced Wiggin, breast to breast, and eye to eye.

Silence fell on them all. They wanted to hear what this stranger with his blood-marked face had to say to the man who had struck the foul blow. George broke in on the threat.

"You cheap coward! I never saw you before to-day — but you are a coward. I'm not talking about how you struck me. I'll settle that with you, later. I'll do it without making a public show of it. But just now I want to say to you that if you insult a woman's name by bringing it into this quarrel again I'll drive your blatherskite tongue down your throat. And I'll do it now."

In his rage, Wiggin might have provoked the decisive combat there, and then by persisting in his charges, but an interruption occurred that checked even his speech, much more

to giving him your im-

Clare Corran leaped her horse through the ring of humanity that hemmed the foes, and rode between them.

"I heard my name, here," she said simply and icily. It was a tone that lashed both the combatants. She gazed first at one and then at the other. It was "the same look for both — indignant reproof."

Shame, sudden and almost unexplainable, choked George when he strove to speak. He did not wholly understand his embarrassment.

"You were the one that spoke it," she went on, turning at last to Wiggin. "Come, sir, tell me — by what right are you shouting my name in your street brawls?"

Wiggin hesitated, sullen and apprehensive.

"Excuse me, Miss Clare," said Bill Kyle, stepping forward, his hat in his hand. "I'm disinterested in this thing. He refused to be frozen by Harry George's accusing stare. "The stranger, here, name of George — Great Trust Co.'s new man up this way — ain't to blame. I'm fair, and I want to see fair usage. But, for some reason, Blinn seems to think the stranger is tryin' to cut him with you, and —"

But George broke in, his ire breaking bounds.

"I am a stranger here, Miss Corran, as this man says. And, as a stranger, it seems to me that I have not nothing but fools and prize fighters, so far. This man attacked me without cause."

"His you when you wa'n't lookin'," cried a man in the crowd. "If Wiggin is your beau, Miss Clare, you'll have to be ashamed of him, after this!"

Sudden passion painted the scarlet on her cheeks. But, before she could speak, George came close to her.

"It is shameful — shameful!" he protested. "I beg you to believe that I'm not responsible for this insult to you."

"You needn't try to let it off on me," shouted young Wiggin.

"You was the one that claimed she was your gal," cried the rabbler. "And 'fother feller was tryin' to shut you up!"

"There was uproar, but she checked it by raising her hand. The spirit of command was in her.

"I heard enough, myself, to understand where the fault lies." She did not raise her voice. But in the hush, she was heard to the farther limits of the crowd. Jenson Wiggin had squirmed through the press, and was trying to speak to her.

"Blinn was excited, Miss Clare," he pleaded. "He didn't mean all that."

But she ignored the father. She fixed her gaze on the son.

"This ain't the first time you have bandied my name in public, Blinn Wiggin. You have been making a boast of me along the border. Don't you dare to speak, now? I know what I am talking about. I have not said anything, before; but I tell you to your face, now, that a boast from you is an insult to an honest girl. I know about you. I have your father, now, to protect me from insult. I haven't brother or lover to take my part."

Tears sparkled in her eyes, but her voice did not break.

"I can protect myself, though. And for you or any other car that lies about me, I have —"

Before Wiggin or the rest of them realized what she was about to do, she lifted her whip, and brought it down across his upturned face. He bowed his head, a wail blossoming across his pale cheek from eye to eye. Then she whirled her horse, and galloped away, men tumbling out of her course.

"By the jumped-up beawax, old Corran didn't take all his grit to tophet with him," declared a voice in the crowd.

George drove himself forward toward Wiggin, elbowing men to right and left. He was no longer in the mood of one lacking subject for quarrel. His fingers itched to get at the adversary who had brought him into such shameful situation. He was not thinking about the blow whose badge he wore on his face. Even in the whirl of his thoughts, he realized that he had now become the champion of the girl who had been insulted, and who had been forced to be her own protector.

Jenson Wiggin saw him coming, and flung himself on his son, pushing him farther into the crowd.

"Keep him off! Keep him off!" cried the father. "Hold 'em apart. There mustn't be trouble here. It will disgrace us to have trouble."

"That car has got an account to settle with me," raged Harry, struggling with the men who seized him. The commands of the magistrate of the village had summoned volunteers.

"I'm sure there must be a misunderstanding, Mr. George — do I get the name right — Mr. George, I believe? Of the Great Trust Co.?" He was apologetic. And, underneath the eagerness of his appeal as mediator, there was something that stirred the wonder of the

young man, excited as he was, it was as though Wiggin were trying to convey a hint to him; trying to signify that there was a mutual understanding.

"I shall see you again as soon as possible," the old man went on. "We can arrange the matter. I'm sure we can." Again, he spoke with significance. He reached down, and took George's hand and shook it. Then he turned away. His son had begun to cry threats and further insults.

"I have just this much to say to you, sir," said George. "The hot blood of his youth rose in him. He wanted to declare himself before them all. He took one step toward young Wiggin, and wagged a montory forefinger. "The trouble between us will be squared when the time comes. But you keep the woman out of it: you yapping hound!"

He forced his way through the crowd, got a pitcher of cool water in the tavern washroom, and went to his room. He had got a look at his face in a mirror in the office. He suddenly realized that he was not a pleasant object for the eye to rest upon.

VI

By what he saw from his window and what he heard after night fell, George decided that the "funeral parade" was far from closing the obsequies of Cornelius Corran. That part of the programme had merely started the event off in good shape.

In the evening, there were fireworks. The banns played with a drunken persistency and a lack of harmony that nearly drove the young man frantic. Roar and rattle were broken in upon by the howls of fighters.

It was plain that a wild night was to be devoted to the memory of the lord of Toban.

George drew down the ragged shade of his window. He tried to occupy his mind with a cheap novel that he had picked up in the office on his way back to his room from supper.

A discreet tap on his door startled him. He opened the door, thinking Romeo Bragg had come to consult about a start in the morning.

Jenson Wiggin stopped in, and closed the door behind him.

"I watched my chance to come up," he said. "I'm sure no one saw me. It's a busy gang of ruffians out there, Mr. George."

The young man accounted for this air of mystery by the ready supposition that the father of Blinn Wiggin would not like to be seen in company with his son's sworn foe.

The gaunt old man eased himself upon a chair, scrutinizing his host keenly.

"I'm sorry you got mixed up with your son in that way. But you came to town at a bad time. Too much liquor about a start in the morning. It if he'd been sober, but I know you won't blame me! It's a matter entirely outside of business, oh, Mr. George? A young fool's performance mustn't get in the way of more serious things."

His shrewd eyes were bring the young man. He asked like one who was treading carefully up to the door of a subject, waiting to be assured that he might enter.

"I'll not let your son interfere with my business, you can be certain of that! You advise him to keep away from me."

"I'm done with him," protested the old man. "It's just as though he wasn't my son at all! I haven't been able to do anything with him. He had his chance, and he's fouled it away! You've got, yes, and you've got around it, after this, tells you that I'm playing to arrange the thing through any hitch-up between Blinn and the girl, you're in a position to know better, eh? I've got that much reason for being glad that the thing did happen, had as it was. But they can't fool you, after this — you saw enough to know that's all off. He had his chance. He fooled it away, I say!"

George stared at him, understanding only a part.

"So you see we can do business, I haven't got any interests anywhere else."

He sat and looked at the young man for several minutes; he seemed to be waiting for him to speak.

"You're not suspicious of me, after what you saw, are you?" inquired Wiggin. "You can see my interests don't lie that way, now?"

It was on George's tongue to declare that he had not the least idea what all this meant, but he suddenly decided to meet craft with craft. He had discovered that ingenuousness did not work well in this north country. Every man's hand seemed raised against him. He resolved that he would take a hand in the game of guile himself, for self-protection, if for nothing else.

[To be continued]

No preacher can make a success at gaining for men and angling for fattery at the same time.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists 75 c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Germans Wants War to Kill Socialism

New York, Jan. 29.—In a special from Berlin, the New York American this morning quotes Die Post, the organ of the German war party, as arguing the Emperor to end the fatherland's enervating era of peace and lead it forward to new deeds and new goals. "Only the diversion of a great war," says Die Post, "can secure the best powers of the nation, and submerge the inferior qualities which find expression in the socialist election victories. Germans have never thrived while enjoying easeless peace. The German nation never yet refused loyalty to follow the kings and emperors, especially along paths that led to height. Even though four millions misguided citizens voted for the party which would depose the Kaiser and destroy the monarchy, the kernel of the nation remains true to the sovereign. Let him be in no doubt on that score. Let him know the shadow will disappear as surely as fog before the sun, the moment he calls upon his people for great political deeds. That it may happen soon is our wish on the Kaiser's birthday."

Goodbye, "Hello Girl."

It is a simple principle, although working through a complicated mechanism that constitutes the new telephone system being introduced in England for making telephone connection without the intervention of "central." It is called the Strowger system and as described on the pamphlet this device for the elimination of the "hello girl" is reaching any subscriber among thousands, is as follows:

Suppose you want to call No. 6427 for instance. You place your finger in the 6 hole of the little dial at the base of the phone and rotate the dial to the right until your finger comes to the metal stop shown. Next you put your finger in the 4 hole and do the same thing and repeat the process for all four digits. This automatically makes connection with the distant subscriber and rings his bell with one further bother.

As to the mechanism, when you place your finger in the 6 hole, for example, and turn the dial, this sends a corresponding number of impulses along the wire to the central station and there actuates an electromagnet accordingly so that contact is made with the 6,400 group of connections. The next turn of the dial makes contact in the same way with the 400 group the next with the 70 group, and the last one picks out the second station in that group, thus giving you direct connection with No. 6427 by a process of selection and re-selection.

With this system it is said to be only necessary to have the usual single or double line wire, whereas in some of the automatic systems a large number of wires have to be employed. However, it is a question whether when the additional cost of the complicated apparatus for the automatic system is taken into account it will make any saving over the prevailing system.

Before marrying an inebricate to reform him, a girl should learn the zenic art of chasing soiled linen up and down a wash board.

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People with gilt-edge collateral often require ready cash and will pay good interest for it. Put your money to work.