

STACKPOLE'S STUMP FENCE

Old Cyrus's Lucky Escape from the Recoil of His Own Hate.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

(N. Y. Evening Post.)

"I don't see but what you'll just have to submit, Cyrus," said Col. Bowker. "The law seems to be pretty clear on the subject. When the State grants a railroad a charter, and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take, at a fair appraised value, any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price. That covers the facts in this case. You refuse to sell the company a strip on the south side of your orchard. The State says to the company, 'We give you the right to appropriate that land at our appraisal.' It's no use for the owner to protest. The law can do nothing for him. If there was a ghost of a chance to fight, Cyrus, I'd be glad to do what I could for you. But a lawyer can't do anything when there's no law on his side."

Col. Bowker tipped his chair back and threw one leg over the corner of his littered table. An old man, trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety arm-chair on the other side of the table. His chin quivered and his thin lips kept opening and shutting, as the senior village lawyer spoke.

"Then, if the law can't do anything for me, I'll do it for myself!" cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair. "I'll see if a man can be robbed of what's be'n his'n for fifty year, and be'n in the family for more'n a hundred!"

"I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus, said the Colonel, blandly. "It's a case where the welfare of the many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see. The law provides no recourse for the individual in such a case."

"I got done with the law, I tell ye!" shouted the old man, fiercely. "I'm dependin' on myself now. I said, if the law couldn't help me, I'd help myself. I'll see if they can run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permission. A man's propert'y's his own. The ain't no law that kin knock that fact out o' the Ten Commandments."

Col. Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door. "Better be cautious, Cyrus," he said, as the old man plunged down the steps. "Don't do anything in a hurry. Take time to think it over. And remember that I am always ready to advise you on any point that may come up."

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a blind rage. He was one of those old men who are as set as the everlasting hills, and the fact that everything seemed to be arrayed against his will, in this instance, only served to make his resolve the stronger. He was bound and determined that the new railroad should not pass through his orchard. There was no particular reason why it should be denied this right of way, except that Cyrus had taken a notion not to allow it. The trees in the orchard had been set out by his father's father, and their knotted and wrinkled trunks and limbs had long since passed the age of fruit bearing. They only served to cumber the ground. But Cyrus would not cut them down and plant new ones. They were a part of the old order of things, and Cyrus as a Conservative of the conservatives. A peck of bitter, worm-eaten windfalls from the old trees was more to his liking than a bushel of sound and tooth-some fruit from younger and more vigorous stock. That the port modern railroad should desecrate his venerable orchard was not to be endured. It was against the old man's grain; and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Col. Bowker's law office and about the time the railroad men came to grade and prepare the roadbed across the orchard. The work was all done while the old man was groaning and fuming in bed; and by the time he got about again the ties and rails were laid through the orchard. Then the first train came along, roaring triumphantly and vomiting black smoke over what remained of the ancient apple-trees.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints. The regular passenger train schedule had been in operation just a day, when he began to do for himself what the law could not, or would not, do for him. At three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, his wife having driven to the village, Cyrus hitched up a yoke of oxen began to drag stumps from the stump fence on the north side of the orchard to the railroad bed. He chose the largest and soundest and toughest stump he could find and by six o'clock had a formidable fence built across the railroad on the exact boundary of his orchard. The roots of the stumps bristled in the direction from which the next train would approach—the train from Wilmington, due to pass at eight o'clock in the evening. Should a locomotive strike these formidable roots, the butt of the stump would only be driven firmer into the

ground. Something would have to stop or smash, and Cyrus felt confident that it would not be the stump.

It was several minutes past six when the horn blew for supper. Cyrus was glad of the extra time, and glad that his field of operations was hidden from the house by a rise of land. When he came slowly up from the orchard with the tired oxen, his wife met him at the back door.

"Here's a letter for you," she said, "Supper's a leetle mite late, but the old mare limps so I couldn't get home as soon 's I planned. Better read the letter 'fore ye set down to eat, hadn't ye?"

"No," answered Cyrus, limping to the barn with the oxen. "It'll keep until arter I've had a cup o' tea, I reckon."

Cyrus Stackpole ate his supper deliberately, and then sank into the old padded rocker by the window and opened his letter. Hardly had he commenced to read it when, a startling cry, he sprang to his feet again and ran stumbling to the barn. Her husband's cry and sudden leap caused Mrs. Stackpole to drop a lot of plates she was carrying to the sink; but not even the terrific crash of broken crockery elicited the slightest attention from Cyrus. The letter had fluttered from the old man's hand to the floor as he ran, and Mrs. Stackpole stooped and picked it up with shaking fingers. Something in that letter, she knew, had caused her husband's sudden dismay.

She turned first to the signature. It was from Frank!—their own dear boy, from whom they had not heard for two years, and whom they had about given up for dead, since he disappeared in the Alaskan gold-fields.

"Dear Father and Mother," he wrote, "I am coming home at last—a rich man! Have been out of the world, practically, since I wrote you last—living in a hut, 200 miles beyond civilization. Will tell you all when I see you. Look for me next Tuesday evening. I learn that you have a new railroad now, and I can reach you by train the same evening I get to Wilmington. God bless you both! Lovingly, FRANK."

What was there in that blessed letter that could have caused her husband such distress? Mrs. Stackpole wiped the tears of joy from her eyes and sped out to the barn.

"Cyrus!" she cried. "What on airth air you doing?"

Cyrus was hurriedly replacing the yoke on the necks of the weary oxen. His hands trembled. His face was overspread with an ashen gray pallor.

"Git out of the way!" he shouted, as he lashed the oxen from the barn, the long chain that dangled from the yoke clattering behind. He caught a lantern from a nail and hurried after the startled and bewildered beasts.

"Where air you going, Cyrus?" demanded his wife, following the distracted old man, as he led the oxen over the crest of the hill to the orchard bars. Cyrus made no reply, and his wife followed him. Then she saw the bristling stump fence across the railroad, and the whole dreadful truth flashed upon her. Cyrus had built a fence to stop or wreck the next train, and that was the very train that Frank had written he should take from Wilmington!

The village station was a mile beyond the Stackpole farm. The train would not have even begun to slow down when it passed through the orchard. It was already getting dusk. It would be pitch dark by the time the train came along.

Cyrus Stackpole never looked at his wife, but worked with a feverish haste; and she did not interrupt him, for she knew that every moment was precious. The oxen strained mightily at the great stumps, but they were so crowded together and interlocked that it was hard to get them off the track. Cyrus had performed his defiant task unfortunately well.

"Light the lantern!" cried the panting old man, at last. His wife took the match he flung her and kindled the slight flame in the dusty globe. Cyrus bent and adjusted the chain anew by the candle's feeble light. Then the oxen strained together once more, but the biggest stump of all would not move. The long, tough roots were wedged between and under the rails.

"God!" groaned the old man. It was the shortest of prayers, but it was a prayer and



"Tornado" Threshing Machines,

With Direct Gear Horse Power.

Horse Hoes with Steel and Cast Wings.

"Syracuse" Steel Frame Cultivators with Extra Teeth.

Horse Rakes—New Land 20 teeth

"Ithica" 24 teeth

"Tiger" 26 teeth

Call at works or write before placing your orders.

CONNELL BROS., LIMITED, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

not an imprecation.

"Hark!" cried the trembling old wife. From far off through the darkness came a faint rumbling sound. It was the evening train from Wilmington!

"Cyrus!" exclaimed the woman. "Red light 'll stop 'em—I've heard so. Hain't we got anything to make a red light with? Quick!"

Cyrus disgorged the contents of all his pockets at one sweep. Among them was an old-fashioned red bandanna handkerchief. His wife seized it with a cry of joy, and, catching up the lantern, hastened down the track toward the approaching train. She turned up the wick of the lantern, until it smoked furiously. Then she wrapped the red handkerchief around the globe, held the lantern up in both hands, and slowly swayed it to and fro.

The train was almost upon her before the engineer saw the faint red signal. But the air-brakes did their magic work, and the engine stopped within twenty feet of the last huge, bristling stump of Cyrus Stackpole's fence across the railroad track. Frank Stackpole was one of the first passengers to leap from the intercepted train.

"What in thunder—why! father's old orchard!" he exclaimed. "And here's—mother!" He caught a tottering, gray-haired figure in his strong arms. Mrs. Stackpole, like all heroines, had first accomplished her deed, and then fainted away!

The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole. His big, black-bearded, healthy son may have had something to do with that, and he may not. Very likely, the unrestricted and undisputed right of way through the old man's orchard was an inducement. At any rate, the matter was dropped; and Cyrus Stackpole proved to be so subdued in spirit that, only two days after his stump fence disappeared from the track, he rode through his own orchard on one of the detested trains, on his way to Wilmington with his son, to buy a brand new suit of clothes and "see the sights."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S
CATARH CURE ... 25c.
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Brought Down to Present.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," quoted the man that clings to proverbs.

"My dear sir," rejoined the modernist, "it is no longer a question of pens and swords. The debate now is as to whether the type-setting machine is mightier than the maxim gun."

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

SEMPLE'S - CASH - STORE

You can get all kinds of

Tinware and Granite Ware,
Shelf Hardware, Scythes,
Snaths, Rakes, Forks,
Scythe Stones, Paris Green.

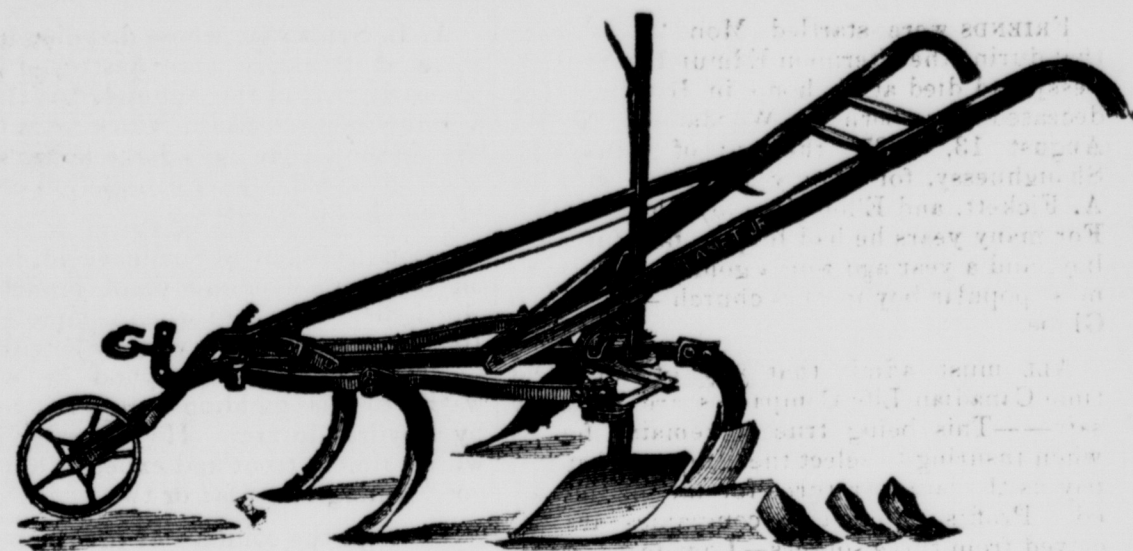
You can get your

Bicycle Repaired.

Repairs of all kinds in the Tinware Line.

SEMPLE'S,

EAST FLORENCEVILLE.



CULTIVATORS.

Cultivators with Long Hillers

do do Side do
do do Flow do

ALL STEEL.

BALMAIN BROS.

Woodstock,

Hartland, Florenceville, Bath, Perth, Grand Falls, Aroostook.

May 22, 1901.

Stem
Wind.

A WATCH FREE.

Stem
Set.

To introduce DR. PICKARD'S TONIC PILLS for making blood for pale people, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Nervous Debility, etc., we will give free a Beautiful Open Face Watch, stem wind, stem set. The regular price of these pills is 50c. per box, or 7 boxes for \$3.00. Send this amount and you will receive 7 boxes of the best tonic pills on the market, and this beautiful time piece, or write for particulars.

The Dr. Pickard Pill Co.

11 and 13 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

This is a genuine offer.

AS TO

A girl to work in Photo-Engraving

Apply at

We will make as large a variety of

Carriages this year as we did last, and

we have added some new devices by

which our vehicles will be more com-

fortable, handy and durable. You

make a great mistake if you buy with-

out looking through our shop and

warerooms. Give us an idea of what

you want and we will get you up any

sort of special job

From the lowest to the highest

they call "Black Top" in bulk at 25c. per pound

price but the same quality in small quantities

at 30c. per pound. We also have a large stock of

oil and grease for sale at low prices.

We are also agents for the

T. H. ESTABROOKS, Tea Importer and Blender

13-14 North Wharf, St. John N.B.