

## THE MAN WHO COULD SHOOT

A TALE OF THE OLD DAYS OF THE WILD WEST.

"Talkin' about marshals of tough towns. I often think of Taylor, who was at Baxter Springs, Kan., in the early days," said an old timer as he shifted his chair and began his story. "In those days Baxter Springs was the jumpin'-off place. It lay close to the Indian Territory line, beyond which was nothin' but cattle and cowboys and hell as far as the Rio Grande. Twice a year the cattle were driven from that vast region to the railroad at Baxter Springs for shipment to market. Twice a year this gave the cowboys an opportunity to touch civilization, drink up its whiskey, go against faro and monte and shoot the town full of holes.

The class of citizens necessary for the entertainment of these visitors was so small part of the population of Baxter Springs, in spite of the fact that many of them in the course of a year were killed off, chewed up and used to decorate lone trees on the prairie. The push got so strong sometimes that it was necessary to do these things. I remember once a mass meetin' was called on matters of public importance. Among a few it was known that a vigilance committee was to be organized. Seven prominent citizens had been marked. These men came to the meetin' and were doin' more talkin' than anybody when suddenly they were seized, hauled to the edge of the town and swung up in a row on the limb of a big cotton tree. It was sudden, but it had its effect.

"Baxter Springs was built of low, shacklin' frame houses, with a saloon every other door, glittering with red lights at night that were an invitation to danger as well as dissipation. It always seemed to me that any man who asked to be marshal of Baxter Springs had grown tired of living, but shrank from killing himself with his own hand. In nine cases out of ten, it was about the same as suicide to get the place. The marshal was a mark for every bad man that came up the trail. It was a cowboy's ambition to shoot a town marshal. Many times the marshal was tough himself, but this only added to the excitement of the fights. He was regarded as the representative of that element of society which the tough citizen scorned and which he had gone into uninhabited regions to escape.

"Baxter Springs had tried all kinds of marshals, big and little, sluggers and shooters, but practically all of them had shown defects. The last marshal had just been killed when Taylor was first heard of. Where he came from no one ever knew. He drifted into town from somewhere out West. He was never known by any other name than just plain Taylor. He was a quiet, inoffensive-looking chap, with light dusty-colored hair and a thin flaxen mustache that barely covered his lip. He was slenderly built, but nearly six feet tall. He had cold blue eyes without a glint or sparkle to soften their expression. Taylor was so quiet and boyish in appearance that at first his request for the appointment was laughed at as a joke, as the place was one or more responsibility than that of mayor. The only recommendation he offered was that he had had some experience in Arizona. In some way which I never understood Taylor got the place.

"By the very nature of life at Baxter Springs Taylor was compelled to begin making a record the moment he put on his star. Every bully in town primed himself to take Taylor down the line. Taylor had only two trust-worthy friends—his pistol and his physical strength. His strength was remarkable. He was not muscular, but his sinews were like steel. He could take a man by the collar and flounce him all over the street.

"The bully of bullies was a farmer named Dave Ramsey, a giant in both sized and strength. Dave always wore a red flannel shirt, open at the neck and showing his hairy chest; a big slouching sombrero, and his trousers, without suspenders, stuffed into his high-heeled boots. His face was covered with a thick of black whiskers. Peaceful when sober, he was a Cheyenne with a scalping knife in each hand when tanked up with booze. It was his custom to go on the warpath once a week. He had fought over every foot of ground in Baxter Springs. No marshal had ever been able to take him single-handed or make him knock under with a bluff gun play.

"Dave showed up on schedule time a few days after Taylor went into office, and came down the street spoutin' brimstone. Everybody was on hand to see the fun. Taylor walked up to Ramsey just as easy as buyin' chips in faro and told him to stop his war dance and go home. Ramsey leered at Taylor a moment and then roared with laughter, wantin' to know 'where that tow-headed kid

blew in from.' Ramsey made a few side steps and bantered Taylor to fight. Taylor jumped like a streak of lightning, and down they went, with Taylor on top. Baxter Springs has seen lots of fights, but nothin' like that one. Taylor just plugged Ramsey until Ramsey couldn't talk and then threw him into his waggon bodily and told him to sail for home, and he went. His defeat and the guyin' of friends worried Ramsey. He decided to try it again and came to town and began tankin'. Taylor didn't wait for any invitation this time, but just mauled the life out of him, dragged him down the street and threw him into the calaboose. Friends passed whiskey and wedges into the calaboose and Dave steamed up and broke open the door. Taylor heard of it and as Dave stepped into the street, predictin' that he would destroy the world, Taylor walked up and said meekly as a lamb:

"See here, Ramsey, I'm tired of you; now you've got just ten seconds to get back in there or I'll kill you."

"Dave looked at Taylor's gun and then at his eyes, and began to wilt. He saw death starin' him in the face. Suddenly he turned and walked in. That was the last of the worst bully of Baxter Springs. He cut the town off his map when he went spreein'."

"This gave Taylor standin' among the fighters and his reputation spread. Gentlemen handy with their guns began to show up for a whirl with the new marshal of Baxter Springs. Taylor killed 'em right and left and at the drop of the hat, coolly, calmly, as if drivin' nails in a board never betrayin' the least excitement and goin' about the streets and into the dives as if he was the only man in town. He walked into saloons filled with drunken cowboys and always brought out his man. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't talk about law and order or bein' respectable and all that; he simply said that he was drawin' his salary for keepin' the peace, and he intended to do it if every coyote on the trail from Baxter Springs to Texas came to town in a bunch.

"Did any of you cow punchers ever know Can Rector of Texas? You don't know much about the cow business if you didn't. Can Rector counted his money in piles them days. He used to drive a train load of steers into Baxter Springs, sell 'em and see how fast he could spend the money. Can was the meanest cuss when drunk that ever ki-yied in a dance hall. He always carried his shootin' irons, and was known as a killer. He pulled into town with his outfit one day and was soon tryin' to stampede everything in sight. He got tangled up with a yep in a saloon and shootin' began. Can chased the yep down the street, firin' at every jump, but missin' all the time. The yep was scared till his teeth rattled. He dodged into a livery stable before Can could get a bead on him and the proprietor shut him up in a whip closet so small that the fellow could hardly breathe.

"Where's the Plute that came in heah?" yelled Can. "I'm gwine to kill him."

"He just sailed through and went out the back way," said the proprietor, and Can kept goin'.

"Somebody told Can that Taylor would nail him if he kept on cuttin' up, and Can took it to heart. He said publicly on the street, 'I've got just one job to do before I pull my freight out of this heah town—I'm gwine to kill that marshal of yours.' Taylor heard of it. Can was in a saloon with his cowboys, tryin' to push the roof off. Taylor was warned not to go in, as there were too many for him and there would be a killin' in which he would be the dead man.

"Don't you worry about that," said Taylor. "I always believe that Taylor suspected that Can was a coward. Anyway, he pushes open the door and walks in. Can was leanin' on the bar, drinkin' and cussin'."

"Hello, Can Rector, I hear that you've been talkin' about killin' me before you left town," says Taylor.

"Can straightened out and seein' Taylor's eyes, staggered a moment and answered, 'The man that said that, suh, is a dam liah, suh.'"

"Well, I didn't know," replied Taylor, layin' his hand on his gun, 'I just thought I'd call around and see you about it.' Can left town that day, knowin' that he would get killed if he stayed.

"How did Taylor wind up? Just the same as any man that makes a business of carryin' a gun. Now, I'm not sayin' anything about the lady, but there was a woman in the case somewhere deep down. The affair got to the shootin' stage when Taylor passed a saloon one day and a feller hops out with a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot and bangs away at him close up. Kill him? Never touched a hair on his head. The feller started to run, but Taylor pulls his gun and bored a hole in him as big as an auger. Right there was the beginning of the end for Taylor. "None of you fellers ever saw a pirate, of

course, but there was a man livin' at Baxter Springs in them days that looked just like one. His name was Boyd. By the cards gettin' stacked in some way he had been elected mayor. This man Boyd was a fright. He was six feet tall, straight as a cottonwood, with a face as red as fire from drink. His hair and long droopin' mustache were always dyed blue black. Pushed down into this fiery face were two small blue eyes. He wore the finest broadcloth clothes, with a frock coat that struck his knees. Around his neck and reaching to his waistcoat pocket was a long gold chain as big as your thumb. All this riggin' was topped off with a tall black slouch hat. Nothin' was known about his antecedents but he always acted mysterious. His reputation was that he had killed scads of men. Gamblin' and drinkin' and killin' was his occupation. He carried two or three guns and had a habit of keepin' his hands in his pockets. The woman's story was whispered around and there was bettin' that there would be a funeral.

"Boyd nearly killed a man in a fight one day and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. Taylor was to serve it. Some of us kept our eyes peeled toward where Boyd sittin' in a chair on the sidewalk leanin' back against the front of a store. He had a pet gun, a big ivory-handled six-shooter, which was generally in sight. Boyd had both hands in his pockets when Taylor walked up. He listened to the readin' of the warrant without makin' a kick and said that he would go along. As Boyd got to his feet Taylor said: "Sorry, but I'll have to have that gun," pointing to the six-shooter.

"Certainly with pleasure," answered Boyd, handin' over the weapon.

"Both men were watching each other like hawks. Quick as a flash Boyd jerked back his long coat and a pistol went off. He had fired from his trousers' pocket with a deringer. As Taylor fell he pulled his own gun, but death had him and his finger was too weak to press the trigger. That was the end of the only marshal that ever put the brakes on Baxter Springs. What about the woman? Well, that's another story."

## Life on the Rail

Mr Geo Cummings, Barrie, Ont., one of the best known engineers on the G T R, writes: "For years I suffered from kidney disease brought on by railroad life. The doctors called it 'railroad kidney,' but could give me no permanent relief. A friend recommended Dr Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills saying they had cured him. A few boxes of this grand medicine completely cured me, putting an end to the dreadful pains in the back and greatly strengthening the kidneys. I am a well man today, thanks to Dr Chase. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box."

It is expected that there will be an interesting discussion upon poultry raising at the meeting of the Farmers' and Dairymen's Association at Fredericton on the 23rd, 24th and 25th inst. illustrated by live birds in the fattening crates and with birds properly dressed and packed for the English market. As the chickens that were sent over from New Brunswick last month realized 15 and 16 cents per pound it is a question that will interest many of our people.

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## NOTICE OF SALE.

To Kate C. Watson, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel A. Watson, of the same place, watch maker, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, made between the said Kate C. Watson and Samuel A. Watson, her husband, of the first part, and the undersigned George Inch of the second part, duly registered in Carleton County Records in Book Y. 3, pages 741, 742 and 743, on the first day of September A. D., 1898, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the post office in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, the SECOND day of FEBRUARY, next at twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that piece of land situate in said town of Woodstock on Main street, bounded as follows: On the north by land owned by Lewis P. Fisher, on the west and south by land owned by the heirs of the late George H. Connell, more fully described in a deed from G. Fred. Watson to said Kate C. Watson as on the west side of Grover and Main streets bounded as follows: Commencing at the south east angle of land now owned and occupied by Lewis P. Fisher, thence running westerly along the southerly side line of Lewis P. Fisher's and a distance of one hundred and sixty-seven feet: thence at right angles running southerly a distance of eighty-eight feet six inches: thence easterly parallel with the southerly side line of said Lewis P. Fisher's land a distance of one hundred and forty-three feet or till it strikes Grover street: thence north east along the west side of Grover and Main streets to the south east angle of Lewis P. Fisher's land aforesaid, and place of beginning, being lot number nineteen in a plan by Abram G. Stone, Deputy Land Surveyor in 1891, and being part of a tract of land conveyed by Isabel M. Allan, M. Louise Allan and Mary M. Allan to Isabel C. A. Connell and Heber B. Connell, surviving administrators and administrator of the late George Connell on the 28th day of February A. D. 1896, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of December, A. D., 1900.

H. H. PICKETT, Solicitor for Mortgage.

GEORGE INCH, Mortgagee.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC

In effect October 21st 1900.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct., M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.  
8.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Presque M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.  
11.33 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.  
1.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
2.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M. intermediate points.  
4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Bangor, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.  
7.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, (at Freight Yard) from McAdam Junction.  
11.33 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.  
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.  
4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.  
5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.  
7.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.  
9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Portland, Bangor, etc.  
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

## EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the NINTH DAY of MARCH next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday the eighteenth day of December A. D. 1900, in a certain cause therein pending, between Eliza J. Tibbitts, Plaintiff, and Allen W. Tibbitts and Fanny Tibbitts his wife and George W. Boyer, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly nominated and selected by the Clerk in Equity as the Referee under the said Decretal Order, the lands and premises mentioned and directed to be sold by the said Decretal Order, and therein described as follows:—

All that certain tract of land situate in the Parish of Peel in the County of Carleton, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post standing at the north-western angle of lot number two hundred and fifty one purchased by David N. Raymond in Block A. west of Coldstream, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, south eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east one hundred chains to a post, thence north eighteen degrees east ten chains and forty-two links to another post, thence north eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes west one hundred and four chains to another post and thence south three degrees and fifteen minutes west ten chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number two hundred and fifty-two in the rear of granted lands fronting on Coldstream, and being the same land granted by the Crown to one Charles Tibbitts on the eighteenth day of January A. D. 1869.

Dated the twenty-ninth day of December A. D. 1900.

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY, Referee in Equity.  
D. McLEOD VINCE, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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