

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

"Wiggin, I have more right in these woods than you have," proceeded the Corran manager. He walked straight up to the young desperado. Wiggin held his ground, swinging his gun in front of him, relying on it for protection. "You're mixing into a thing that's none of your business."

"I've got charge of seeing that you're put out," stated Wiggin. "That makes it my business, all right!"

"Then, you're a cheap, hired thug, as I said you were. Put down your gun and put up your fists. I've got an account with you." It was angry youth declaring itself.

But Wiggin was not there for fair combat. "You step back," he growled, and started to raise his gun.

Harry's training in athletics had been in the way of quickness of attack and dexterity. He caught Wiggin's forearm with the wrench that makes the strongest yell with the agony of twisted muscle and snapping bone. The rifle fell.

"Stand back, you hellions!" roared Bragg. "This is a man's fight. Keep back away from it, or here's fifty pounds of dynamite that goes into that camp fire." The fire was between Wiggin's men and the combatants. There is something devilishly deterrent in a sack of dynamite. At that moment, Bragg wore an expression that backed up what he threatened.

Even in the stress of the conflict, Harry wondered whimsically whether he was to find nothing except fist-cuffs in that dreadful north country! He had been forced from one battle to another with grim iteration. His opponent came on to his feet. The wrench had sent him to his knees. He made toward his gun with a coward's desperation, but George beat him back, and he fell with his face bleeding.

"There's the mark I've kept waiting for you," cried Harry. "Wear that in the place of the one Clare Corran gave you."

It was a taunt that stung so wickedly that Wiggin struggled up, and came at his adversary once more.

Woodsmen enjoy a fight. Even Wiggin's men stood back, curiosity as well as that brandished sack of dynamite governing them.

But in spite of his strength, the untrained bully stood no show against the man who had already half-mastered him.

He went down again, and Bragg yelled in delight.

But he fell across his gun that lay unmarked in the m6le6e. His hand clutched it, he rolled over, and, half-reclining, fired it as George was rushing up him. The bullet struck one of the young man's upraised arms, and he went down with a groan.

"You've killed him! You're all in it! I'll testify against you in court!" shrieked Bragg, and the men fled in terror. From where they had stood, after retreating at sight of the sack of dynamite, it looked as though Wiggin had killed his man. Bloodshed, evidently, was more than they had reckon on. They had come merely to intimidate.

Bragg leaped upon Wiggin, and wrested the rifle from him, and kicked him into unconsciousness. Then, he ran to George. He ripped the sleeve from his arm, and bandaged it with the fragments of cloth. "It's broke, son, it's broke," he gasped; "but, thank the good Lord, you ain't dead!"

"Give 'em the dynamite — give 'em the dynamite," muttered Harry. "Don't wait. They want fight. Give it to 'em."

Bragg helped to raise him to his feet.

"You bet, I'll give it to 'em! Can't you lean on a couple of the boys, Mr. George? I don't want to leave you here. They'll come back."

Harry's faintness had gone, under stress of his excitement. He went away with them. They left Wiggin lying where he had fallen.

With a man to bear him company, George took his position on a hill that towered above the camp of the timber looters. He did not see what took place. But his ears told him. Bragg scattered his men, and ordered them to await the signal of a rifle shot. The devastation was simultaneous all along the line. The awful roar of the detonations came up to Harry where he lay, and the earth rocked under him. Then, one by one, gasping, running, his men rejoined him, Bragg closing the retreat.

"We'll wait till morning before we move," puffed the intrepid lieutenant. "And I reckon that then we'll find we've got the place to ourselves."

His prediction was true. Those who scouted in the early dawn reported

that the camps were empty.

"I figger that a part of them got out when they thought Wiggins had killed you," stated Bragg, on his return. "And when the dynamite split the night wide open, the rest of 'em probably thought there was a lance that was fairer than this. There's nothing left standin' but the main camp, and that log hauler is the sickest piece of machinery since Nelson left scrap iron in Trafalgar Bay. We're goin' to put you to bed in the camp, Mr. George, and send for a doctor. You needn't worry. Old Romeo is on guard from this time on."

His patient tried to protest that he was able to walk, but he staggered when they raised him. An hour later, he was unconscious in his bunk, and a messenger was running toward Corran-cache with the memory of Bragg's oaths and brandished fists to spur him.

XI.

During that day and the next, the old guide left Harry only to scurry to his outposts and issue profane orders to shoot an enemy on sight.

"The boy's sick," he told them. "I'm afraid he's all in. Oh, won't that doctor ever get here?"

Such ministrations as he understood he gave the young man, lying there in his fever. Bragg hardly ate. He did not sleep. He cursed continually under his breath; he knew no other way of relieving his feelings.

When the doctor did arrive, he was accompanied by a retinue that made Bragg open eyes and mouth. Clare Corran led them on her black horse. She was first into the camp.

"He dont know nothin'," whispered Bragg, at her elbow. "He ain't knowed a thing for days. But, sure, Miss Clare, he is a bully fighter. I ain't much of a hand to pray, but I tell you I've offered up a few bushels of petitions for that youngster."

She was on her knees beside him when the doctor hurried in. Governor Harriss was with him, scrubbing his thin hands, murmuring anxious regrets.

Of the tale of that following fight with death, Clare Corran was the heroine.

When, after many days, Harry opened his eyes upon a world that he dimly, weakly knew as reality after his dreams, the doctor told him of the battle the girl had waged for his sake.

"She went right down into the valley of death with you, Mr. George. I did what I could; but you can feel certain that her arms drew you back. Medicines can do a lot, but a woman can do more than medicines. I'm going home, now. She wants to do the rest."

During the days of his convalescence, he lay gazing at her, trying to frame the thanks that he owed. He wondered at his inability to say them. Once or twice, he tried weakly to utter some of his thoughts, but she checked him with a smile.

At last, he understood why he could not thank her as his soul prompted. He wanted to go down on his knees and pour out to her the love of his heart. He knew himself, now. He had seen what unselfish devotion really meant. He knew what courage signified. He realized that there is a soul-consuming love that differs from the mere attraction of man to woman. But he could not go down on his knees to her. He had to shut his teeth upon his lips. Mary Laroche had his pledge.

One day, the lawyer sought them out in the woods, led by Governor Harriss, who had constituted himself their postman and messenger.

Romeo Bragg was still commander of the guard, vigilant and determined, though the enemy did not reappear.

"I have secured the injunctions," the lawyer told them. "Something happened to make them mighty supple. They did not come into court to fight us."

Clare told him of what had occurred on Number Eleven. He had not heard till then.

"That did it," he assured them. "They found they had picked up too hot a proposition. They're as ready to hush it as you are. And with the law behind us now, you're safe. I'll hurry home, and clinch things."

Governor Harriss had laid the mail on George's couch, and, after the lawyer had gone, he opened his letters. There was one from Mary, but he did not open that while Clare was there. She glanced at the envelope, understanding, and went out. Grief stabbed his heart when he saw that her lips were quivering. He sat a while, tears blurring his eyes, and then opened the letter.

The next moment, he was on his feet in spite of his weakness. He took another look at the contents of the envelope, and then, with a choking

cry, he followed her.

She had sat down under the big pine that shaded the camp. Her worry for his welfare showed itself in the cry she gave when she saw him, and perceived the expression on his face.

"You should not try to walk, yet," she chided. But he hurried to her, and pushed the letter into her hands.

"A wedding card!" she gasped. "What does it mean?" She looked into his face, and suspected.

"It's not — it's not the —" "It's the girl," he said. "Read it — read the letter. I could not. I could not wait. I could not see."

Controlling herself — turning his face from him, she read:

"Dear Harry: You will understand and forgive me, maybe. But if you cannot forgive me, remember that I thought I loved you once. You left me and I —"

Harry tore the letter from the girl's hand, and crumpled it in his fist. She stared at him, startled and wondering.

Continued next week.

FORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE

(Crowded out last week.)

Winter is here once more. This locality having had two heavy snow storms.

Farmers are still busy shipping their potatoes. It looks as if there will not be many carloads in the spring.

Don Upton returned this week from Saskatoon.

Mrs. Arthur Stevens and Miss Ethel Armstrong drove to Andover on Thursday, returning the same day.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evening there were three successful dances in Hackers Theatre under management of Kickapoo Indian Show Company, their orchestra furnishing delightful music.

The young people are looking forward to the annual dance to be held here Nov. 30th., under the auspices of the Eastern Star Lodge.

W. S. Davidson and Chas. Stevens were among those attending the Shriners Lodge in Houlton last week.

Wendell Tedlie, of C. P. R. spent Sunday here, the guest of G. E. LeTarte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clapham passed through here this week. They will make their home at Mable Grove, this winter.

Miss Gertrude Giberson, Plaster Rock, who has been the guest of Miss Sherwood, returned home this week.

Big Mackerel Hauls on Cape Breton Coast

The Gloucester seiners George Parker and Diana have taken mackerel off the Cape Breton coast, the former having made one splendid haul and two or three smaller ones, while the latter had not been so fortunate and up to late last week had not done very well.

On Friday night, about ten miles off the harbor, both the Parker and Diana struck fish, the former making a haul of one hundred barrels. Schooner Diana got around a big school and had two hundred barrels. Schooner Diana got around when the twine burst and only eighteen barrels were saved. Since Friday night, the George Parker has made several more fair hauls.

The Gloucester schooner Kineo recently shipped, from Shelburne for Boston, four thousand pounds of fresh halibut.

St. Croix Courier.

INDIGESTION

Dyspepsia Means Slow Starvation.

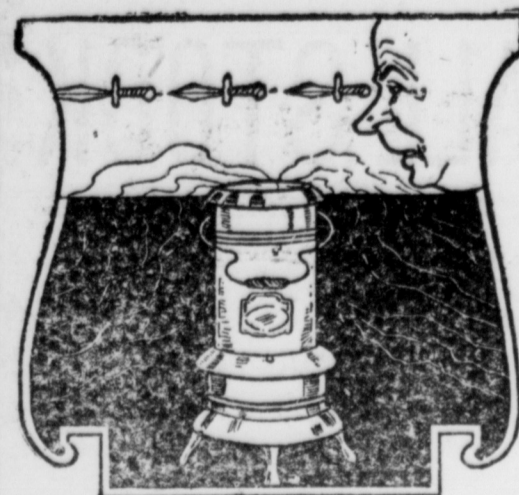
By the testimony of actual cures—by the words of those who have proved the merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, you can satisfy yourself that indigestion and dyspepsia are curable.

"Four years ago I got into a condition of low health—suffered all possible torture with acute indigestion, wind on the stomach, and dizzy headaches. The very smell of food often was sufficient to make me violently ill. Energy was gradually fading away, I no longer had any desire for work or for the company of other people, and was in the depths of despair. Worse martyrdom brain and body could not suffer, and live. I used so many remedies without success that I was in poor hopes of getting relief when I started on Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In a month I noticed a slight improvement, and kept right on using one pill every second night. In a month I was another man, looked ruddy, strong, hearty, and I felt as if I had been made anew. Four years have gone by, and I still rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills and attribute to their power my present condition of robust health."

(Signed) H. P. ECKFORD.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or the Cattarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont. 13

If You Have an Eye to Hardware You Had Better See What We Have Here



Heating stoves are very necessary articles for the winter and here we have a variety of them in all sizes. Oil stoves, too that are even handier still. Get your winter Hardware now before you actually need it. All kinds of Hardware in the best qualities at lowest prices.

CLARKE & JOHNSTON.

Hardware - Connell Street - Woodstock

Uncle Sam is Neighborly

Washington, Nov. 17.—The United States will lend the Dominion of Canada the assistance of American government experts and mechanical appliances in building the new bridge across the St. Lawrence river at Quebec.

As a precaution against a repetition of the terrible disaster of a few years ago, when the bridge collapsed, Canada asked the department of commerce and labor for the loan of a device possessed by the bureau of standards by which the security of a bridge can be tested during the stages of its construction. Secretary Nagel to-day granted the petition and authorized experts to go along with the apparatus.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Swiss Earthquake Was Very Severe.

Berne, Switzerland, Nov. 18.—Reports received during the day indicate that earthquake shock was the most severe that Switzerland has experienced in fifty years. It traversed the country from Geneva to Constance, and was most violent in the Central Alps. Several towns were plunged into darkness by the disarrangement of the electric lighting systems, and in some places the people spent the night outdoors, fearing that the mountains would fall on them. Observatory instruments were damaged. Many houses were partially wrecked. At St. Gall several persons were slightly injured by falling chimneys.

A milk "trust" has been formed in St. Andrews and the price pushed up to seven cents per quart.

Moving Picture Business May Be Hampered

Washington, Nov. 13.—Moving picture show promoters received a blow when the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the moving pictures based on the scenes of a copyrighted book, may constitute an infringement of the copyright on the book or the reserved rights to dramatize.

The court's decision was announced in a contest over the copyright of General Wallace's Ben Hur. The copyright was owned by Harper & Brothers. This company granted to Klaw & Erlanger the sole right producing a dramatization of the story.

It appears that the Kalem Company employed a writer to read the story and write a description of certain portions of it and from this a moving picture film was produced. The federal courts in New York held that the Kalem Company was a contributory infringer, not of the copyrighted book or drama, but of the author's exclusive right to dramatize his writings and publicly to perform that dramatization. The Kalem Co. was enjoined from continuing to produce or sell the films.

The Supreme Court to-day affirmed this action, in an opinion by Justice Holmes.

Owing to the decision of the United States government to fortify the Panama Canal the defences on the Island of Jamaica are being improved. The forts commanding the outer channels to Port Royal and Kingston will be remodelled and more guns placed and the island made one of the most strongly fortified of the British possessions.

RACE NEWS MONOPOLY

Organized gambling, a trust in race track news, is rapidly spreading over the United States, with its wires in every poolroom where bets are placed on running horses. The facts have come out through a quarrel between the two men back of it and a fight for control of the race news from the Butte track.

Mont Tennes, known everywhere as the kingpin gambler of the central west, tells how he eliminated Tim Murphy from his organization, his expose following some unkind words from Murphy. Charges of graft are handed about freely. The pair organized their race news bureau a couple of years ago with a \$5000 roll. Murphy took the eastern end and Tennes sent out his results from Chicago to pool-rooms and saloons all over the west. The game developed rapidly, with an increase of gambling on running races, and Tennes had practically a monopoly of the field.

Boys! Girls!

See what you can get free for a little of your spare time.

As we told you a few weeks ago—we are after two thousand NEW SUBSCRIBERS—We have not got them yet—We have got a part of them—and until we get the full number of two thousand New Subscribers to THE DISPATCH we are going to give every boy or girl that gets us.....

- 3 Subscribers, a Boy's Watch
- 5 Subscribers, a Ladies' Wristlet Watch
- 6 Subscribers, a Goldfilled Expansion Bracelet or, a .22 cal Stevens-Maynard Jr. Rifle

THE DISPATCH is one of the best papers published in Carleton County and new subscriptions are coming daily.

Call at the Office, or write us, and we will tell you all about how to get New Subscribers—Start now as this offer only holds until we get the two thousand New Subscribers.

The terms are one dollar a year in advance.