

Private read. Room

## A PUGILISTIC BLUFF.

### HOW A SPARE, QUIET MAN BESTED A GIANT IN A FIGHT.

#### A Quarrel Over the Wire That Had to Be Settled by a Personal Encounter—The Transformation of Clark and His Office and How It Worked.

Returning from a month's hunting in the Teton mountains, three of us who had come in over that trail 30 days before were immensely glad to see the little red station building at Beaver as it lay away down there in the basin, looking in the vastness of space like some kind of tired bug. We were glad, for Clark, the telegraph operator and station agent, had proved himself to be a worthy citizen during the two days we had waited there on our way in—two of us—for the third of the hunting trip. Clark was a spare, peaceful looking man of about 30, who seemed to delight in doing good turns to his fellows, and he was the last man on earth to suspect of nursing combative tendencies. We were therefore vastly surprised when on our return trip the door of the little red depot opened and a fierce looking creature stepped out to welcome us.

The unrecognized man had his hair clipped close to his skull; his mustache was shaved off to a stubble; a thick sweat-er in defiance of the heat of the day climbed up to his chin. With one hand he held the rope which ended in the form of a vile looking bull pup. The strange man was smoking a very short and stubby cigar. Altogether he looked tough, very tough, pugilistically tough.

"Hello!" he yelled. Then we knew it was Clark.

Clark's own transformation was immense, but greater was that of his office. In the days of our lounging there waiting for Hawkins we had been enabled to strike a rather fair inventory of the furnishings, and we knew them all, from coal box to water cooler and oil can. Now, however, there was a great metamorphosis.

"Why, what does all this mean?" Johnson inquired.

"Them?" said Clark. "The boxing gloves and punching bag and Indian clubs?"

"And the pictures? When did you take up the prizefighting business? Who are all these bruisers you have hanging on the wall?"

"Well," said Clark, "I'm blessed if I know. I wrote to a man in Pocatello and sent him \$15 and told him to ship the worth of it in secondhand things that had to do with prizefighting. As a fact, I don't know a blessed thing about fighting, prize or any other kind, but them make a daisy bluff, don't you think?"

"I should say so. Why, any one coming in here would take you, in that outfit and with these surroundings, to be the champion middleweight of the universe."

"That's what I thought," said Clark.

"You see, I'm waiting for a man." Then he explained. Three weeks before he had had trouble over the telegraph line with the new operator down the road at Canyon, and the debate over the wire had ended on Clark's part by telling the other operator that he was several kinds of a liar and on the part of the Canyon man of promising to drop in about the end of the month and beat the life out of Clark. "And he's a big stiff, with arms like flour barrels, I have heard," said the agent. "So I decided that as a thin, peaceable man like me couldn't lick him one way I'd try it another. He thinks I'm just what I am, a common scrub rail-road operator. All right. When he gets off No. 71 here and walks up the platform and sees a man like me looking like the fellow who is going to whip Corbett, and when he sees these sporty furnishings and pictures, and especially when he lights on the pup—well, I kind of think he'll decide he ain't got any business in my neighborhood after all. Notice the padded roundness of this sweater."

We were loafing at Macey's general store when No. 71 rolled up from the southward the next morning. We walked idly over to the station, talking on the way of Clark's queer plan of impressing and blinding the enemy, when suddenly Johnson cried "By George, who's that walking up the platform? It's the man from Canyon. Well, the slaughter of the innocent is about to begin."

The Canyon operator, a big thowed villain, opened the door of the telegraph room and looked fiercely in Clark wasn't there, but his sporting garnitures were. The man stared at them in some surprise and then started toward a chair, doubtless intending to sit down and wait. We were at the window and saw it all. Clark stepped cheerily in from the lounge room, sweater, stub cigar, bristling head and all. The pup followed.

"What do you want?" Clark called loudly. "Can't a man take a 20 mile run to keep in training without some big dub coming in and occupying his office? Have you monkeyed with any of this athletic apparatus? If I thought you had, I'd pick you up and throw you out over the trucks and into the ditch just as I throw the heavy III Chicken out of the ring in San Francisco three years ago. Get out of here, you big tramp! What? You don't move? Take that!" And he landed a crack along the Canyon man's head.

# A Matter of Clothes

There is a saying that "the coat doesn't make the man." But in our humble opinion it goes a long way towards it though. The transformation made by well fitting apparel is most marvellous. It represents the difference between clothes that wear and clothes that do not; between good clothes and poor clothes. We keep the good kind only, but that doesn't mean that the prices are not low. You can easily realize that by a glance at these offerings

## Men's Clothing.

50 heavy blue black Ulsters, storm collar, tweed lining, worth \$5.50, now \$3.95.

50 all wool fibre lined Waterproof Ulsters, shades, worth \$6.75, now \$4.50.

150 Ulsters, mixed shades and qualities at a big dis.

24 blue beaver Overcoats, very fine; d. b. worth \$12.50 and \$13. for 9.

Men's Pants. 75c. \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50

These are no old shop worn out of season goods, but just the goods the season demands—and the prices—well, we will let them speak for themselves

## Youths' and Boys' Clothing

50 youths' Overcoats, mixed shades and qualities, from \$2.90 to \$7.00.

Children's Overcoats and Ulsters. Such a variety of prices we cannot enumerate them, but we promise they are the best values ever shown in Charlottetown

Youths' Ulsters, heavy all wool chamois fibre lined storm collar, worth \$5 50, now \$3 50

Boys' Knicker Pants, 45c

Girls' heavy blue serge Reefers, \$1 50

# McKay Woolen Company

## LEADERS OF VALUE

The visitor dropped on his chair in fright and crouched on the floor.

"Say! Quit that, mister!" he cried. "I don't mean any harm to you. I come up here to lick a ham operator named Clark."

"Oh! You did! Well, got up. I'm Clark!"

"You?" gasped the other. "Why, I didn't know—you—were a fighter, or—say!" as an idea came to him. "Is this town Granite?"

"No. It's Beaver."

"That's it! That's it! There, now, don't hit me. It's all a mistake. My man Clark works at Granite. I'm awfully sorry, mister, and if you'll be kind enough to accept my apologies and let me go out so I can catch No. 71 and ride up to Granite I'll promise you'll hear of a fight that'll remind you of your old ring days. Thank you." And he bolted for the train, which was now leaving the station.

He really did go to Granite, the next station north, but instead of making any hostile demonstration at the agent, a man named McPherson, he bought a ticket and took the passenger train back to his own town, Canyon. The conductor said that when the train was passing Beaver the big man from Canyon hid under a seat.

The next day Clark sold his pugilistic effects to the proprietor of a newly started saloon. "I hate to see 'em go somehow," he said to Johnson. "for they did their part nobly, especially the pup. I think it was the sight of the pup that added the last straw to the bluff that bluffed him," meaning the man from Canyon.

Hawkins, however, insisted that it was Clark's own short cropped hair and tough, stubby mustache curving scornfully over the butt of a cigar—Chicago Record.

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The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power.

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## IF 11 INCHES MAKE ONE FOOT,

95 Feet Make 100.  
900 Feet Make 1000.

and it requires 18000 feet to build a certain house

How much, 12 inches per foot, and like measure, would it take to build the same house? And what saving would there be if lumber were purchased at \$10 per M, latter measure in preference to \$8 per M of the first?

We sell all kinds of lumber by the latter table at reasonable prices.

TELEPHONE 181

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Empty bottles wanted, cheapest cash price paid for all kind of empty bottles.

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## LESSON FROM THE OYSTER.

Many a Pearl of Wisdom to Be Gleaned From His Life.

The oyster is pre-eminently a creature of leisure, and he consequently has much time at his disposal for thinking and reflection, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, we are obliged to accept the deduction that he employs that time profitably, though he may keep his wisdom to himself and employ it for his own use. He certainly has reduced light house-keeping to a fine art. He lives right in the water; hence the question of water supply and drainage is one that he never has to concern himself about.

He manages also that the water shall bring him his food; consequently matters of commerce, of supply and demand, the prices of commodities and other questions which worry other members of the animal creation, whether they are quadrupeds or bipeds or whether they walk on the earth, fly through the air or swim in the water, do not concern him. As for his house, as soon as he settles down, after a very brief period of wandering and sowing his wild oats, he builds it himself right out of the material brought to him by the accommodating water, and thereafter he lives a life of ease.

He knows perfectly well that things will come his way. He doesn't even bother with having legs and eyes, for he has no need of transportation. He does not need to see in order that he may gather his food, and he finds no necessity for idly gaping about, and thus uselessly exciting his nervous organization. He sits down under his roof, if not under his own vine and fig tree, and enjoys a life of quiet and dignity. He has enemies, but he does nothing to stir them up, since he eschews all religious and political controversies, and he thus manages to retain the good will of all the denizens of the land and sea. There are many lessons indeed to be gleaned from the life of the oyster that we might learn and follow with profit.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Something to Learn.

As Mr. Ruffedge sat down after having elbowed his way back from a between acts trip, he happened to see some Japanese students sitting farther in front.

"A great many Japanese come over to this country to get civilized, don't they?" he remarked. "I suppose it takes them a good while to get used to our ways."

"I suppose so," said Miss Cayenne. "And I don't think those young men have been here very long."

"Why?"

"I haven't seen one of them climbing over the people between him and the aisle every time the curtain went down."—Washington Star

His Gift to Eddie.

Little Willie—Papa, is it more blessed to give than to receive?

Papa—That's what the Bible tells us, and the Bible must be right.

Little Willie—Then I ought to get a credit mark for giving Eddie Warner the measles, oughtn't I?—Chicago News.

Andrew Lang tells of an authoress he knew who saw a novel sort of ghost—namely, the characters in her novels. She once saw "the principal character of one of her novels glide through the door straight up to her. It was about the size of a large doll."

## STOMACH STUFFING.

Some Common Sense Reasons Why You Should Not Be Greedy.

What special pleasure is there, after all, in overloading the stomach? It certainly is not a sensible thing to do, and yet the so called greedy people often form this habit simply because they do not take the trouble to reason out the certain results. We see almost daily reports of death attributed to heart failure. Did you ever stop to think what it is that the heart fails to do?

The heart is said to be the most perfect organ of the animal economy and one that never shirks its duty. It is "stomach stuffing," and not "heart failure," that causes the trouble in many instances. The heart goes right on doing its duty throughout our lives without one second's rest, night or day, sometimes without the intermission of a single pulsation for 100 years or more.

At every beat it propels two ounces of blood through its structure. At 75 pulsations per minute, 9 pounds of blood is sucked in and pumped out; every hour, 540 pounds; every day, 12,960 pounds; every year, 4,730,400 pounds; every 100 years, 473,040,000 pounds, and all performed without one moment's rest; verily, a good record.

Now the heart has the very meanest neighbor that ever an organ had—namely, the stomach—especially if it be the stomach of a greedy person. This organ is a drunkard, a glutton, a trespasser and almost everything that is bad. It ought to be walled in and compelled to keep on its own grounds.


The stomach lies directly under the heart, with only the diaphragm between, and when it fills with gas it is like a small balloon and lifts up until it interferes directly with the heart's action. The stomach itself never generates gas, but when filled with undigested food fermentation takes place and gas is formed, and the interference depends upon the amount of gas in the stomach.

To overcome this obstruction the heart has to exert itself in proportion to the interference, more blood is sent to the brain, and the following symptoms are the result: A dizzy head, a flushed face, a loss of sight, spots and blurs before the eyes, flashes of light, zigzag lines or chains, often followed by the most severe headache. These symptoms are usually relieved when the gas is expelled from the stomach.

Now when this upward pressure upon the heart becomes excessive, there are more dangerous symptoms. A larger quantity of blood is sent to the brain, and if blood clot in the brain result the patient dies of apoplexy. When a sick person or an old one or one with weak digestion sleeps, digestion is nearly or quite suspended, but fermentation goes on in the overloaded stomach and gas is generated.

A man is found dead in bed, and the medical attendant pronounces it the result of heart failure, and such is the certificate of burial given. Now that man was out and partook of a late supper; ate roast beef, turkey, lobster, oysters, mince pie, plum pudding, ice cream, cake, an orange, nuts and raisins and drank three or four cups of coffee, or perhaps several glasses of beer or wine. He went home at midnight, retired, and died of heart failure before 9 the next morning. What did the heart fail to do?

A more truthful verdict would have been: Death from a habit of greediness formed in youth, ending in an exaggerated case of stomach stuffing.—Philadelphia Times.



WHAT SHAKSPERE SAID

was nearly always about right. He knew more of human nature than most men of his time, and the present time too. He never gave better advice to mankind than when he wrote, "Throw Physic to the Dogs." Some people are physicking themselves all the time for ills that are principally imaginary. Little disorders of the system, caused by irregular living, poor blood, a sluggish liver, can be twisted to suit some patent nostrum and increase the wealth of some juggler with health. What is really wanted is only a system regulator—a pure, simple, but efficacious tonic. Such a preparation is

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

A teaspoonful taken every morning before breakfast, keeps the blood pure and the system in such tone as to be able to withstand disease. Its use in many cases has prevented serious illness.

Eminent physicians and prominent persons have testified to the benefit they have derived from its use. Our free booklet, "An Invitation to Health," tells all about it.

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