"I ain't goin' back on nobody." she

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\* "JACK, WHERE BE YOU?"

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES,

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PART L

There is a brutal pastime in vogue among the lumbermen of Maine and New Hampshire, so intimately connected with the tragic story which l am about to relate, that I shall begin describing it. This game, known as "Jack, where be you?" is especially popular during the long winter evenings, when the gang is assembled in camp after the day's work is finished. To the spectators it has the keen interest of the prize fight or the veritable duel. To the participants it is a rather serious affair, or would seem so to more civilized men. But hard heads enjoy hard knocks, and volunteers are easily found.

A ring is formed; the contestants kneel on the floor, facing each other, and are securely blindfolded. Each holds in his right hand a stout leather strap, made formidable by the heavy iron buckle at the end. The left hand which may slide about freely, but must be kept on or near the floor, grasps one end of another strap; this is drawn taut between the combatants and must never be dropped. When all ready, one-the man who has been lucky enough to win the toss-"Jack where be you?" Whereupon the other must immediately answer: "Here I be." The first then strikes at the point where he fandes him to be with the buckle end of his strap, swinging it with all his force. If he hits his man he may strike again, and so on, till he misses, but as soon as he fails to score, the other may call on him with the same ominous challenge: "Jack, where be you?" This continues through a series of

rounds-ordinarily until one of the two is disabled, for a man to be knocked senseless by a heavy blow from the weighted strap is nothing uncommon and serious injuries are occasionally inflicted. But there is just where the fun comes in-at least in the eyes of the lumberman. His whole life is made up of peril and hardship; so support is lively enough to tickle his tough palate unless hotly spiced with pain and hazard. So "Jack, where be you?" is a favorite amusement.

It was near Arctic Falls, in the interminable wilderness of northern Maine; that the tragedy occurred. I was very familiar with the region as liberty to join the laugh and resume the a boy, and many times heard the story | flirtation-for she was something of a repeated with all the vivid detail natural to those for whom memory serves as substitute for imagination.

The place is rugged and picturesque beyond compare. The savage little beauty was of the chromo sort which bamlet lies in the valley of the Anti-millhands and lumbermen could appresegunticook, where the plunging stream has cut through the solid gran-Ite to a deep gorge, in which the drives of logs clog and gather in bristling jams, while the dammed-up waters rise behind in tumult, and surge with new fury through the tangled obstruction. Imagine the peril of those who go down into the roaring chasm to tug and pry at the foot of this gigantic



SOME POOR BROKEN WRETCH LIES GROVELING.

dead-fall, until, as some trigger-like combination is loosened, the whole mass shudders and gives way, and a thunderous avalanche of foam and logs plunges down the steep sluiceway.

Many are the victims that this merciless wooden juggernaut has claimed. Each year, on the white beach at the foot of the rapids, are found red-shirted forms, mangled and distorted, cast up there by a swirling eddy. They are pulled out from among the murderous logs that are driven up on the same sands, and are cartded away to the nearest graveyard, ten miles distant. For there are no graves at Arctic Fallsthere is not soil enough: the hard granite floor is uncarpeted with sod. Neither are there any wells-what use to drive shafts down in the flinty rock? And the rivulets that race down from the overhanging hills have all cut through the thin film of mold, and speed over beds of smooth black stone. On the main street of the village the heavy wagons far along a naked ledge of rock; in the forest the great roots of the trees stand out like talons, griping for a foothold and the mountains that wall in the barren scene show seamy slopes so bare and precipitou that a loosened bowlder will fly down like a cannon ball until it crashes in the thicket below. Arctic Falls fills many graves, but provides none; savage and pitiless, it casts out its dead unburied.

And the mills, they are as merciless as the torrent that drives them. The there, both feeling particularly ugly flerce shrick of the fanged saw ever mingles with the bellowing of the waters. Night and day they run at racehorse speed in serried gangs that rip through half-a-dozen logs at once. Great dripping tree-trunks rush in a ceaseless stream up the steep incline, are tossed about like straws by the massive machinery, and fall in a hear of slab and plank before you could walk their length. The throbbing air is heavy with the odor of spray and the aromatic fragrance of fresh rended pine. Jagged edgings, like giant toothpicks. heap up in mountainous stacks, which are burned each night; and the red flames light a scene worthy of the In-Woe to the foot that slips or the hand that falters in such a place. Scarcely a week passes without some ghastly accident. The signs are all about you; faces frightful with livid- illhealed mutilations; men stumping about amid the pitfalls of the mill on rude wooden legs; men feeding the ra-venous saws, that have already tasted their flesh, with an iron hook where the hand should be. You enter a hovel, and in a dingy corner some poor broken wretch lies groveling, groaning, cursing, praying for death. Things happen too horrible for words.

Aretic Falls.

And who are they that dwell in this In an instant the suggestion had outroofless cavern among the hills—who endure this life of perfi, toil, and torture? They are—or were, for time changes all things, and the tribes of men licks?" cried Jim.

ome and go-they were, in the day when I knew the place, of New England origin, with a sprinkling of Canadian French. They were not, on the whole, a sad-hearted, nor yet a bad-hearted people. Their religion was chiefly of the "revival" type. There was plenty of good fellowship, though fierce disputes were frequent; and they lived with the dare-devil abandon of men who felt that tomorrow might see them writhing in torment, here or elsewhere-for most of them sincerely expected to go to hell at last. But they seemed to think they could stand it. Life at Arctic Falls was

certainly good preparation. The wives and daughters of these men were the natural products of their ennment-sturdy, coarse-fibered, but sound-hearted, self-respecting and respected. Lafe was a battle, and they fought it out and held their own. They were rather more religious than were



YOU GOT X KNOCK-DOWN CUFF FOR YOUR PAINS.

the men, but not much more tenderhearted. Nevertheless wooing and wedlock went on here as in other places, and sawmill society, though brutal, was not corrupt.

The belle of the place was Sally Har den. She was big, bold and rosy, rough as her company, but sound to the core. Presume an inch too far, and you go a knock down cuff for your pains, but there was no malice in it; you were at flirt withal. Great coils of copper-red hair turbaned her head. Red hair was a taunt in the sawmill settlement, but she led the dance none the less; her ciate. She wore heavy, gold-plaited jewslry, and an excess of inexpensive rings; but all this seemed to suit her style and you would hardly have wished her to change it. Her dresses were of trying and often positively painful hues, but really, she could carry off a big dose of bad taste with success.

She had many admirers, but only two Jim Jones and Nick Burdo, were seriously in question. Jim was a robust, florid youth, six feet in height and almost as handsome as Sally herself. His devil take the loser. Fetch on yer face was slightly scarred-for he never knives, ye bloody cusses." shirked a fight-but, as yet, hardships and dissipation had made but little im-

and endurance of a wolf. His fights about their left wrists. They faced one were rarely fist fights. Though doubt-less of Canadian origin, his command of murderous weapon. The chain was United States probably owe \$2,500,000. languake surpassed that of any other drawn taut. Jim won the toss, man in the settlement. His glib and specious tongue was apt to gain its point, yet even while it persuaded it seemed somehow to arouse distrust. The scene is laid. Now comes the tragedy.

PART II.

It was on the Fourth of July. The mills were shut down and the day had been celebrated with drunkenness and riot to an extent unusual even at Arctic Falls. Already there had been sev-

eral fights. That evening a dance was held. In the woods, close by the big, ramshackle boarding house of the princi-pal mill, a floor had been laid, and a multitude of lanterns, both white and red, were hung upon the waving branches over and around it. venders of ice cream, candy and drinks were doing a great business. The men were all flushed with whisky, and many of the women had not altogether confined themselves to lemonade though two large washtubs full of this rather poisonous beverage stood ready for their use. The dance was uproprious. The men threw in jigs and double shuffles that almost beat holes in the planks of the floor, and now and then gave yells like Comanches, They were having a glorious time. and more the music raved in tuneless discords, and strove to make up in violence what it lacked in melody; while the hoarse, drunken voice of the leader bawled out impossible combinations for the dance. Who cared? The wilder the discord the greater the fun. Sally was there, of course. Indeed, her father-who was running the nearby boarding house-was director of the dance. And the rivals were



FIGHT FAIR, OR I SHAN'T PROM-

ISE NOBODY." -for Sally had chosen to show them scant courtesy that day.

And now that last dance was reached. Both claimed it, and both

claimed a promise-perhaps with jushere too horrible for words.

What wonder that men grow hard and reckless! Life and limb are cheap at cried. "Have it out atween you." "I don't care how you settle it." she Both started; it was a rash word.

A little circle had formed in the

"That won't do." said Nick. "I'll fight ye all right, ye cussed whelp, but she's got to marry the one that licks." The sentiment was echoed back from the crowd. "She's fooled with ye long enough, fellers. Make her come to

It was not seriously meant, but it caught the fancy of the mob. There was a roar of approbation.

A huge form came shouldering the throng. It was Harden. He staggered a little: no man present had drunk more whisky that night, yet he was plainly the soberest as well as the biggest of

them all, and their master. "What's the row?" he demanded. The matter was explained.

"Drawed on Jim, did he? Well, boys settled, and this here's a good way. Jim, can ye strap the hide clean off'n the sneakin' cuss?'

For answer Jim unbuckled his heavy leather belt, and swung it above his head until it shrieked like a buzz saw. Nick sneered, but paled a little; and his crafty brain was busy.

"Say we have it out in a game 'Jack," he said, "do ye promise?" Sally bowed her head.

"Whichever one licks?" Sally was terrified. The storm had ourst; the elements had the upper hand. Her answer was taken out of her mouth. 'Well, I'm ready whenever ye can get that blasted coward to stand up to me." sneered Nick.

A blow full in the face was the answer. Nick's pistol leaped out as the head of a serpent springs from coll. Sally's quick hand struck up the muzzle, yet the bullet sheared through Jim's curly ocks, and the powder blackened his

"How dare you?" screamed the girl. Fight air, or I shan't promise nooody. I won't have no pistol shootin'. Spose yer wants us ter hev it out in game o' Jack, where be ye,' or some such devilish nonsense," growled Nick. "Ye must fight fair," she cried, "and there mustn't be no pistol shooting'

now nor after" "I'll see fair play," said Harden. 'Now, Sall, you clear out. Go to yer room an' stay there.

She went, weeping. Harden was bos everywhere. He handled men as the machinery handled the logs. The rest of the women were packed off with her. The dance was over.

A ring was formed, and straps thrown on the floor for the combatants to make choice. "Them things ain't no use," cried

Nick, contemptuously. "If I'm licked I'll shoot him later on, an' if he's licked he'll lay fer me. Ye can't hender us. Give us knives, so's't we can settle it right new. We can play 'Jack' just the same with knives." The maddened crowd took it up. The

gladiatorial passion was rising. "That's right," they yelled. "Give 'em knives an' let 'em settle it." Harden and a few others protested:

'We can't have no knifin'," they urged; but the mob only clamored the more and the frenzy grew. Jim was silent.

"D-- it, give up the knives," he said, at last. "Let's have it out." Harden had taken snother drink-to steady his nerves for his responsible duties as umpire. He no longer staggered, but the whisky and excitement

fired his brain; and at Jim's word his dare-devil temper broke loose. "Let her rip, then," he shouted, "and

Two huge meat knives were brought from the kitchen. The duelists sat and thus accomplish a swindle on so pression on him. He was strong and down on the floor, and whetted them great a scale as to make the achieve to a razor edge on their boot legs. Their ment illustrious. By the proposed Nick was more feared than liked. He eyes were then securely bandaged. In measure, one-fifth of the enormous agwas some years older than Jim, tall, place of the connecting strap, the ends gregate of public and private debts dark and sinewy, with the flerceness of a dog-chain were firmly fastened can be WIPED OUT WITH A were rarely fist fights. Though doubt- another on all fours, each grasping his "All ready-go in," shouted the un

> "Jack, where be you?" called Jim. "Here I be," hissed Nick. He jerked

the chain, but did not change his posi-Jim, who counted on a spring, struck to the left and missed: but his heavy

blade split the flooring and buried itself to the hilt. "Nick next." said the umpire. "Watch

out, Jim," yelled the crowd. Again the deadly formula was uttered. Jim sprang backward to the imit of the chain, jerking Nick's left hand along the floor. Yet as the steel descended with venomous swish, the point drew a stinging line down Jim's cheek: it reddened, and bright drops

"Strike again," cried the umpire. Nick made a quick, catlike stroke in he same direction; but Jim had doubled, and was close by his side. The men cheered.

"Now, Jim." Jim twitched the chain, then struck. Nick slipped from under the well-aimed blow, but the keen edge clipped the tip of a finger from the hand that rested on the floor. He instantly closed his fist, but the betraying blood cozed out through his clenched knuckles and stained the boards

"None o' that," growled the umpire. 'Show up fair. Jim again." Jim listened, then struck with all his force. Nick sprang full against his opponent's chest. Jim's arm crossed Nick's body, and the over-reaching

lade shattered itself on a tough knot in the floor. "Don't give him another," cried Nick as he heard the jingle of the broken blade, "He's no right to another knife." But the umpire ruled otherwise. A new knife was brought and sharpened.

"Jack, where be you?" "Here I be." The chain was slackened. Nick sheeled and struck close behind him. A roar went up from the crowd; then a groan, mingled with cries of rage. For Jim lay prone in a pool of blood. The savage blow had fallen on the back of

It was Nick'sturn, however,

als neck, and the spine was severed. The game was finished. "All up," cried Harden, hoarsely, 'Jim's done for, you infernal hell-cat.' Nick tore the bandage from his eyes, and staggered to his feet. The mob lurched forward with raving threats. "Keep back, d-- you." thundered "Twas a fair blow, and' ye

would have it so, ye murderin' devils. Fetch out Sall." He was still boss of the gang. They were cowed and obeyed him. After all, it was his own business and they would not interfere. They might get their chance later.

The girl was led in. The crowd was very quiet now. She gazed on the bloody floor, "Jim dead?" she said vacantly. She knelt beside the body, then with a shrick flung herself upon

it, moaning.

"None o' that," said her father, sternly. "Taint no use. He's dead."

He pulled her to her feet. She stood dabbled with blood, shaking in every limb.

"Well, I reckon ye belong to me," said Nick, brutally. "Come on."
She cast a long look at the prostrate form. "I wish it was Jim," she said.

"You ain't goin' back on a feller ED IN THE HISTORY OF OUR NA-

answered, "but I wish it was Jim." "Come along, then," he said, glancing around uneasily. "Don't ye see I can't She looked at her father.

"They fit out fair," he said, slowly, "an' ye give yer word. I hain't nothin' to sav. The girl shuddered.

"But tonight you git home. Shet up, Nick, blast ye. Ef ye want her, come -tomorrer an' ask fer her, an' I'll see ye git yer rights. Shet up, I say. Go 'long, Sall."

Tomorrow dawned. The tragic grove was deserted. Some of the lantern still flickered with a dingy gleam. And ye're right. It's time this thing was in their midst, just over the bloody floor, stiff and cold and drenched with



NICK WHEELED AND STRUCK

dew, dangled a sprawling figure. It was riddled with bullets, and blood was dripping from it in sullen clots upor the stark form that lay beneath. Thus it chanced that Nick never claimed his bride.

And Sall? They did not find her in her room that morning. But they found her two days later, on the white beach below the gorge; and one more corpse was carted down the rough road to the distant graveyard.

### GARFIELD ON THE FREE SILVER MOVEMENT.

From the Cleveland Leader, In the works of James Abram Gar field, vol. xi, page 240, is a speech delivered by him before the house of representatives, July 13, 1876. It was on a proposition to virtually adopt the free coinage of silver, at such a ratio, or proportion, that sixteen ounces of silver should be made by law equal in value to one ounce of gold, when each was coined. At that time the amount of silver required to make a silver dollar had not the market value of a dollar-the same as is the case, to a muc! greater extent, today. The proposition was the issue that now exists between the Democratic and Republican

parties on the money question, In opposing the free coinage of silver, President Garfield used the following impressive words: "Mr. Speaker: can hardly conceive a situation in which the house could be brought more directly face to face with what seems to present, on the one hand public honor, and on the other, the DEEPEST PUBLIC DISGRACE.

"It has happened in the fluctuation of hese metals that there is now a notable opportunity to cheat seven millions of men by adopting the baser metal as the standard of payment SPONGE. This nation owes \$2,100, 000, possibly more. At the present mo ment the relation of debtor and creditor in the United States involves near ly \$5,000,000,000. It is proposed by the amendment of the gentleman from Indiana that, at one fell stroke, onefifth of all this enormous sum shall be wiped off, REPUDIATED, and that the process shall be called HONEST LEGISLATION. Since I HAVE BEEN IN PUBLIC LIFE, I HAVE NEVER KNOWN ANY PROPOSITION THAT CONTAINED SO MANY ELEMENTS OF VAST RASCALITY, OF COLOS-SAL SWINDLING, AS THIS.

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TION. WILL FOLLOW

Was President Garfield right? Is our democratic form of popular government finally to be found wanting in the balance? Are we, as people incompetent to profit or learn by past experience, and shall a popular craze sweep all before it and carry our nation down in ruin through na tional repudiation and the deepest public dishonor? Is the prophecy made by the great English historian, Macauley, forty years ago, about to be fulfilled? His words were:

"The day will come in the United States when the multitude, distressed by hard times, will be called upon to choose a legislature. On one side is statesman, preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. "On the other are demagogues rant

ing about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers. I seriously apprehend that the people of the United State will in some such season of adversity do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that they will act like people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed corn, and thus make the next year, a year, no of scarcity, but of absolute famine There will be, I FEAR, SPOLIATION THE SPOLIATION WILL IN-CREASE THE DISTRESS. THE

SPOLIATION.

"When a society has once entered on this downward progress THERE IS NOTHING TO STOP IT. EITHER CIVILIZATION OR LIBERTY MUST PERISH. Either some Caesar or Naoleon will seize the reins of government, with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals, who ravaged Rome, came from without, while your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

Story of Justice Gray.

The Washington Times tells the following story of Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme court. He had gone down into Delaware to hold court, and was me by a deputy marshal. The fees are no large down in that section, and the dep uty marshals are not the richest mer around. So this deputy met the justice and was ready to walk over into town. "Where is your carriage?" asked Justice Gray. "Well, Mr. Justice, you see our fees are small, and if I hired a carriage I would have nothing left." "You get the carriage." said the justice, "there is an account to which it can be charged.. Write to the marshal in Baltimore and he'll tell

you what to do."

So Justice Gray rode over to the town, and the deputy marshal wrote to his su perior. Shortly after the return of Justice Gray to the city he received a letter from the deputy marshal, saying the carriag billwas all right. "The marshal tells me, he wrote, "to charge it up to the accoun of transportation of prisoners,"

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