

## BAD AND BED.

Said A: "When I stand between  
The letters B and D,  
I'm in the midst of all that's Bad,  
As you may plainly see.

"How strange," said merry, laughing E,  
"When I between them am,  
I'm tucked up comfortably in Bed,  
And happy as a clam."

"It's quality within ourselves,"  
Then mused the letter A,  
"And not the place we occupy  
That makes us sad or gay."

—St. Nicholas.

## THE SENTRY'S SHOT.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He was asleep at his post of duty. The clump of laurel in which the soldier lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward 1,000 feet to the tops of the pines. The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, and his home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had arisen from the breakfast table and said, quietly: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it." The father looked at the son a moment in silence and replied: "Go, Carter, and whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle. His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war, and was looking upon a noble work of art, reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past, of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger, and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head, and looked in the direction of his concealed foe—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart. Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers?

Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, he turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion. The duty of the soldier was plain; the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer; he must be sent to his account. But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the depths of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers to water their beasts in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man

and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sight of his rifle. But this time the aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly, but not rigidly, closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; spirit had said to body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

An officer of the Federal force, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, and made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp rugged line against the sky. At some distance away to his right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half of the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight! Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that dies without an echo—and all was still.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse it was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. It is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other signs of emotion.

"See here, Druse," the sergeant said, after a silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.—By Ambrose Pierce.

## A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

Consumption, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shilo's Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

## The Latest "Cure" for Inebriety.

According to the National Temperance Advocate, the discussion, in several State Legislatures in America, of the passage of laws compelling the administration of a proprietary secret "cure" to drunkards in State institutions at a cost of £5 per head to the State is rendered unnecessary by the discovery of a new, open, and cheap "cure." The directions for the preparation and application of this cure are thus given by the Buffalo Courier, which furnishes the experience of "a prominent citizen of Dunkirk," who narrates the immediate disappearance of a drink crave that had not been diminished two months after taking the pledge of abstinence: "Get a bowl of ice-water and a raw potato, peel and cut down one end of the potato to a size convenient to take in the mouth; dip the potato in the ice-water, and suck it every time you think you must have whisky."

## THE ILLS OF WOMEN.

Constipation, causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation. Sold by Garden Bros.

Are Religious Journals Less Influential?  
Yes and No.

It has been asserted recently by one of the most reputable daily newspapers in New York City that "the influence of the religious press is waning." The influence of a certain type of religious newspaper is waning. A paper that is unattractive typographically; that is brought together by an indiscriminate use of scissors and paste and the insertion of sermons in the guise of editorials; that has neither original editorials nor contributions; that is dogmatic instead of judicial in its tone; that exists to satisfy either vanity of the editor or the self-complacency of his friends whom he praises; that makes the Kingdom of God coterminous with the church—particular or universal—the influence of such a paper is waning, and deserves to be. But no fair-minded critic of the religious press of today as compared with that of a decade or two ago, can soberly assert that it has deteriorated or that its influence is waning.—Review of Reviews.

## Its Saving Power.

Rev. J. Franklin Parsons, Carthage, Ont., writes: "The package of K. D. C. and Pills which you sent me some time ago has done me a wonderful amount of good. I have advertised it well and many have confessed of its saving power." Test these wonderful remedies, free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

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Best of all FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which will be mailed FREE. Orders filled promptly. Address  
L. E. ALEXANDER Box No. 6, Hartland, N. H.

## The Uses of the Sunflower.

Not every one who sees a common sunflower realizes that it is a flower of quite as much practical as poetical utility. Up to the present time in this country we have not given much attention to the systematic culture of the sunflower, but in China and also in Russia the plant is raised for its seeds at the rate of nearly half a million pounds a year. In India, also, great importance is attached to the plant, and the seeds are harvested for food for farm animals and for poultry. It is an excellent and cheap food, and is just as effective as more expensive grain. Sunflower oil is now in increasing demand. Most of the oil comes from Russia, and in its crude state is used by painters for inside work. For varnishing, however, it does not equal linseed oil. It takes about one bushel of seed to make a gallon of oil. Epicures will be interested in learning that sunflower oil in its refined state is now actively competing with olive oil. Nor is this all the practical history of the sunflower. After the oil is extracted from the seeds, the residue is made into cakes for cattle food. Of course these cakes are not so nutritious as food made from fresh seeds, but yet they are of value. In India many natives depend on a kind of bread made from sunflower seeds. When stripped of their leaves and heads, the stalks are dried and are used for fuel. Nor is this all. From the leaves of the sunflower cheap cigars are made, and few realize to what an extent the leaves are used for this purpose. As to the fiber of the stalks, the Chinese have long treated it like flax and woven it in silk fabrics. From the blossoms of the sunflower a yellow dye is made. Thus the plant has hardly more uses than the sunflower, which most of us have hitherto been accustomed to think fit only for ornamental purposes.

For immediate relief after eating use K. D. C.

To the Electors of  
Carleton County.

## GENTLEMEN—

On the 16th of October next you will be called upon to elect three men to represent this county in the Local Legislature of New Brunswick.

I have been requested to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate for your suffrages, and I now place my services at your disposal.

While I acted as your representative for many years the interests of the people and wants of the County were carefully guarded, which should be a guarantee for the future.

If elected I shall exercise my best judgment in supporting or opposing the present administration, at all times supporting what is in the interests of Carleton County to do so.

The time between this and election is so short it will be impossible for me to visit the electors as I would wish, and I will take the opportunity at the Hustings to explain my views more fully on the public questions of the day.

Your obedient servant,  
GEO. W. WHITE.  
Centreville, September 28th, 1895.

To The Electors of The  
County of Carleton.

## GENTLEMEN—

Solicited by many of your numbers, the undersigned respectfully offer themselves as candidates for the representation of the county at the coming election of members for the House of Assembly.

If elected, we pledge ourselves that our first consideration shall be the welfare of this county, while prepared to support the government in any measure which, in our opinion, promises to be of benefit to the province.

We believe the policy of the present government has been such as to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the people, and we feel assured that the same policy will be maintained by them in the future, should they be sustained in the present election.

The Agricultural Legislation promoted by the present government is of a character, we believe, to recommend it to the hearty approval of our farmers.

Personally acquainted with, and concerned in the Agricultural, Commercial and Industrial interests of the county, it is to our interests, equally with yours, to further in every way their advancement, and to the accomplishment of this end we promise to exercise our best efforts.

Gentlemen, electors, we respectfully and confidently ask your support.

J. T. ALLAN DIBBLEE,  
C. L. SMITH,  
H. H. MCCAIN.  
Woodstock, Sept. 30, 1895.

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PLUMBERS,  
Steam, Gas and Water Fitters.

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Prices moderate. Work warranted.

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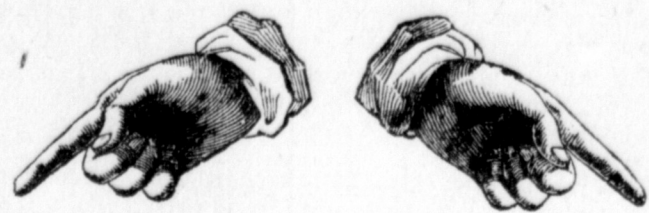
## See!

Dishes, Dinner Sets, Tea  
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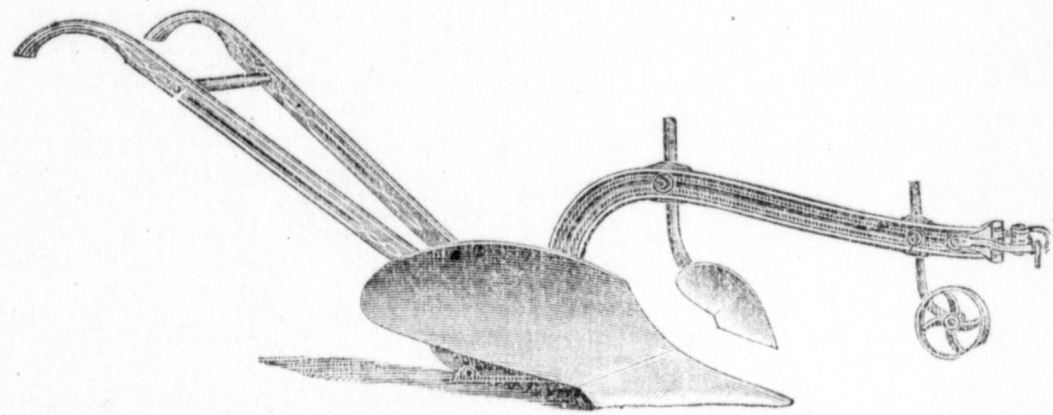
## Only 24! Don't Get Left!

The way a number of people did who put off ordering a Crown Mower until the 10th July and found them all sold.

Thanking those of our customers who obtained their Crowns, for their patronage, we wish to call their attention, as well as those who got left, to the fact that we have only 24 Little Giant Threshers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is advisable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The reputation our threshers have attained has placed them so far above all competitors that they have become the Standard Threshers of the Maritime Provinces, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the numerous points wherein they excel. They are well known to thresh fast, save grain, and clean it in first-class shape. We guarantee them to be the most durable machines in the market, costing less than \$5.00 per year for repairs. Send at once for descriptive circular and order form to

SMALL & FISHER CO.  
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## SYRACUSE STEEL PLOW!



We have sold about 50 of these Plows, and they have given THE BEST SATISFACTION. Try one.

We are manufacturing our well-known

## NO. 1 CHILLED &amp; HUSSEY PLOWS

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The Most Rapid and Powerful

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We have on hand a few

Little Giant Threshing Machines,  
With Straw Beater.

Impossible to Waste Grain with this machine. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

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GOING  
TO BE

Married or Engaged?

This is a very delicate question, but one that all young men have to decide sooner or later. We don't expect you to answer it in as public a manner as it is asked, but if you are seriously considering the matter, we would respectfully invite you to come in and look over our excellent assortment of Engagement and Wedding Rings. They are an entirely new stock and comprise all the very latest designs. We can supply you with a Marriage License as well. We have also a large and well assorted stock of Wedding Presents in Gold, Silver and Glass. We don't ask for outrageous profits. We are after your trade and will use you right.

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TO THE PUBLIC

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