

## AS TWILIGHT FALLS.

Metinks I hear in music low  
The meadow brooklet's rippling theme,  
As twilight falls;  
And now, with lovers' footsteps slow,  
We wander by the winding stream,  
Where, 'neath the pale moon's crescent beam,  
The earth and heaven silent seem,  
The earth and heaven softly blow  
Sweet songs of love that come and go,  
As twilight falls.

The night-hawk's melancholy scream  
Disturbs the tranquil afterglow,  
As twilight falls;  
And with the day's departing gleam  
Fond pictures fainter grow  
While tears in silent yearning flow,  
Thus do I wake to find and know  
That but a vision of a dream,  
That for a moment I redeem,  
As twilight falls.

—Clifford Howard, in Washington Post.

## AT THE STAKE.

In the spring and early summer of 1890 a large body of Creek Indians on the war path did some atrocious deeds in that part of Georgia through which they had to march on their way to join the Seminoles in Florida. It was in Stewart County that two or three bloody fights and massacres took place. The village of Roanoke was taken and burned, a steamboat on the Chetahochie River was ambushed and all on board were killed, and then came the battle of Shepard's plantation a desperate fight almost hand to hand, in which many good citizens lost their lives and many an Indian felt the shock of those little leaden pellets sent with such unerring aim from the rifles of their natural enemies, the conquering whites.

At that time a boy by the name of Gabriel Ball was on his way from the town of Lumpkin to his house 15 miles distant. One record states that he was nearly at his journey's end and was crossing a creek when some savages fired upon him from a thicket, killing his horse and severely wounding him. Another account makes it that he was in sight of his father's home at the time of the attack and that the Indians shot from behind a worm fence. The main fact is he was wounded and captured, as were also his father and two brothers, who soon managed to escape and join the little command of Capt. Zarnany, leaving Gabriel to fare as best he might at the hands of the Creeks, a situation which cannot at present be fully understood in all its horror. Gabriel, however, was not ignorant of the fate likely to claim him. Some bloody scalps hung at the belts of the monster who had him in hand. On these scalps he saw the crisp locks of men and the long hair of women, while not a few showed the glossy, silken tufts of children. One was snow white, the scalp lock of an old man.

Gabriel's wound was in the flesh of his right ankle, through which a small bullet had passed; but he was forced by his captors to march rapidly a long distance, without food or water, with his wrists painfully bound together behind him. He was kicked and beaten whenever he lagged, and one Indian to whom he seemed to belong by right of some agreement with the rest of the party, frequently fingered his long reddish hair and made hideous signs to indicate that he was presently to be scalped.

In a swamp beside a sluggish little stream, the savages came up with another party commanded by a chief who immediately ordered a halt. A stake was driven into the ground and left projecting about six feet above the surface. To this Gabriel's captor, after many curious superstitious formalities, tied him in a standing position and began building a heap of selected brushwood and pine knots around him. There could be no doubt; this meant torture by fire. A kettle of what the Indians called "black drink," a mysterious war tattle was prepared and cups of it were passed from lip to lip. Meantime the Indian who claimed Gabriel as his own proceeded to take off the lad's scalp by cutting with a sharp knife a circle three inches in diameter through the skin on the crown of his head and deftly removing the circumscribed tuft. This was done so cleverly and quickly that Gabriel did not suffer as much as might be imagined. Moreover his exhaustion and the thought of his being burned alive doubtless took away his sensitiveness to what otherwise would have been an almost unbearable operation.

The savages to the number of 85 now formed a ring around the stake and began a hideous dance, while the one who had done the scalping set about kindling a fire under the agitated heap. The wood was wet, for there had been a drizzling rain, and it took a long while to get it to burning. Nor was it the Indian's purpose to have a quick roast of his victim. The pleasure to be had out of a scene like this depended upon a long, slow, inch by inch process of torture.

Gabriel must have been a boy of heroic fortitude; he did not cry, or groan; but stolidly bore the terrible agony of body and mind which it was impossible to escape. He saw the fire crawl and sputter, making its way through the circle of fuel, he saw the Indians dancing and flourishing their weapons, heard their strange, monotonous incantations, their atlike foot-falls on the damp earth. If mere dread could have killed him he would have died; but neither this nor the added pain of wounds, hunger, thirst and overexertion could extinguish the pluck and vital energy

of such a boy. He set his jaws and bore it all for what to him seemed hours and hours, while that savage dance grew wilder and wilder and the fire gradually conquered the water-soaked wood. He began at length to feel the heat; whiffs of hot smoke struck him in the face and strangled him and stung his eyes. Then short spurts of flame leaped around his legs, almost touching them, and tinges of heat made his flesh creep. He suddenly realized the full meaning of his situation and made frantic efforts to break away; but the buckskin thongs held fast. He yelled, screamed, wrenched his arms and legs all in vain. No, not in vain. As if in answer to his voice, a hundred rifles sent their sharp crackling through the woods, and a hundred bullets came whizzing into the circle of fire dish dancers. There was a sudden crush and confusion. Five or six Indians leaped into the air and fell flat, others bent themselves in pain and went limping aimlessly along; all the rest raised the war cry and sprang for their guns. Once more the circle of crackling rifles hurled its leaden bullets into the Indian camp. And now fate put Gabriel to a further test. A ball from the attacking party hit him in the shoulder. Meantime the fire was steadily nearing him.

But now the white men charged all together with a great yelling, and they kept up a rapid shooting as they came. The Indians scattered and ran in every direction, each one intent on saving himself. Many were killed and wounded in the widely scattered running fight which followed. Yet the rout of the savages had no effect whatever on the fire at Gabriel's feet. It was eating its way, persistently, steadily; it appeared to be intelligently working to overcome its refractory fuel.

Gabriel was choked with smoke, so that when he screamed it was a strange noise, his throat and tongue were parched and swollen. He saw the forms of white men spring swiftly past him. Loud orders in his own language reached his ears; but no one noticed his cries or turned to see what the fire at his knees was doing. Probably it was not as long as he imagined, the stress was so great; indeed it must have been but a few minutes that he had to wait; but they were moments of condensed agony.

Two or three men at last came near; they gazed a moment in amazement, then kicked away the burning wood; they cut the thongs. Gabriel did not faint or go into convulsions, as one so often does when the awful tension of such a trial relaxes.

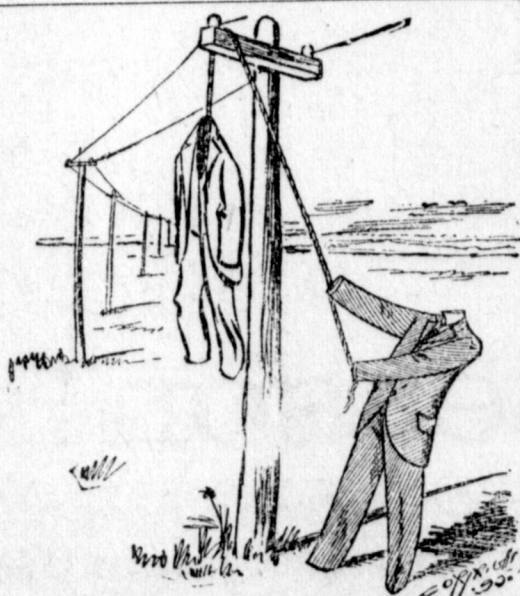
"Give me some water," he said, in a choking voice. And he stood up until they gave

## A Protest

Will be entered if any one can show a finer and more Complete Line of Groceries and Dry Goods etc. I have everything that can be found in a first-class General Store, and my prices are as low as any in the trade. Call and see.

J. C. MILMORE,

Main Street.



## Hang Clothing That Doesn't Fit.

That's what every man says, yet some eep right on patronizing the same tailor. No excuse for it whatever, when a man knows about this store. Bad fit is a capital offence, and a man that tolerates it aids and abets in the crime. Learn to say "no" when a tailor tries to wrap you up a suit that makes you look like the wild man of Borneo. Just take a wal around to our store and get exactly what you want, at a lower price. Latest New York Fashion Reports regularly received.

R. B. JONES,  
MANCHESTER HOUSE

## Its No Joke

Corner (Connell) Streets.  
(Main)

J. FRED. DICKINSON,

The Money Saver  
on Boots and Shoes.

him a drink. He was red with blood from the wound in his shoulder.

He was very ill for a long time after he was taken home. The wounds in his shoulder, his scalp, and ankle came near killing him; but, in spite of all, he got well and lived to manhood. What became of him I do not know. The last heard of him he was in western Northern Carolina, near the Georgia line. That was just before the great war broke out; he may still be living; if so I should be glad to hear from him; for no pluckier boy than Gabriel Ball ever lost his scalp or stood the test of bullet wounds and burning at the stake.

## Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. Sold by Garden Bros.

## Homicidal Honors.

The afternoon is fitting swiftly by, the chirp of the sparrows is growing dull, the sun is sinking aslant the roofs of the opposite houses, the evening is creeping on apace as a young and richly dressed woman trips lightly up the broad steps of the county jail, and, after a brief interchange of words with the turnkey, disappears through the ponderous doors.

She carried in her hand a basket of delicious fruit, surmounted by a daintily arranged bouquet of sweet-swalling flowers.

Pausing in front of one of the cells, she peers through the steel lattice at the shadowy outlines of the occupant. "See, my good man," she says, the sweet voice vibrating strangely upon the silence of the corridor. "See, I have brought you some fruit and flowers, and I want to talk to you—I want you to tell me all ab'—"

"Madame," the prisoner emerges from a corner of his gloomy cell and stands near the door—"you will find the wife murderer three cells below here; I am only a burglar."—(From Life)

## Wore Greased Gloves Seven Years.

John Siron, mason, Aultsville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore greased gloves. He writes: "I used a quarter of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum now." Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, allays itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 60c. per box.

## Report on Sewers.

A full report of the work on the sewers has been made by Donald Munro, the superintendent. By the terms under which tenders were called for 11,950 lineal feet was proposed to be laid. Actually, 6895 feet have been laid. 56 manholes were called for, 35 have been laid; 8 flush tanks, none laid. 678 feet of storm sewers, with four inch basins have been also laid, and 60 feet of six inch sewer pipe, not in the list. The total cost was \$10,415.12, of which \$4633.63 was paid in wages. Work was begun at the old ferry outlet on Oct. 7th, and at the Davis outlet on the 11th. The work was going on eight weeks, with five days delay on account of bad weather. Mr. Munro submits the following statement of expenditure, deducting unforeseen and the ordinary accounts.

Labor of workmen	\$4633.63
Material purchased	5223.54
Cost of plans for whole system	250.00
Cost of rights of way	250.00
Ad. for tenders	57.95
<b>Total</b>	<b>10,415.12</b>

Pipe and castings on hand, tools and lumber 4% allowed for wear and tear, oil in hand and sold to fire dept., rocks sold to Colten, men working on Broadway and at waterworks, make a total of \$1157.65. Then, deducting the cost of plans, right of way, advertising and storm sewers, amounting to \$1019.62, and the \$1157.65, the net cost of the sewers was \$8,237.85, while Mr. Kinsey's estimate was \$8,201.65.

The pleasant and beneficial effects of **McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup** Make it the best Worm Remedy for Children.

The times are hard or "hard times". The purchasing power of a dollar just now with me is about TWO. The pinch is to get the dollar, and it's this pinch that augments the dollar's power. The point is, these times, to find where the dollar wraps up the most

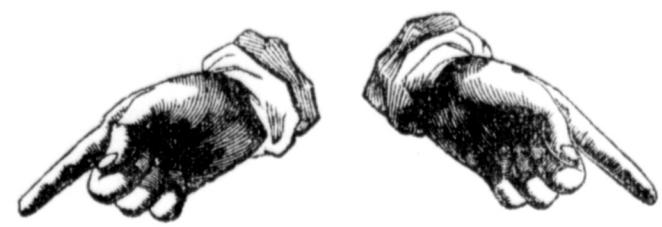
## SHOE

Visitors to any store are not asked to believe, but are shown goods to convince them that we are leading the trade in

## SHOES.

It's not what I say, but what my shoes are, that loosens the strings of the public purse. It's just now I wish to call your attention to my stock of Felt Footwear—nothing so warm, so easy and comfortable for Fall and Winter wear, All Felt, sizes 6 to 11, our price \$2.50 to \$3, worth 50c. to a \$1 more; Men's Dongolas with Felt Stockings, sizes, 6 to 12, the \$4 kind at \$2.50 and \$3, they're yours if you want 'em. If you don't like the trade you can get your money back for asking.

J. FRED. DICKINSON,

The Money Saver  
on Boots and Shoes.

## 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.  
Woodstock, N. B.

To the Government and Opposition Voters and Others in the Counties of Carleton, York and Victoria, whom it may concern:

## Chestnut &amp; Hipwell

Desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the first year of their business in their factory at Upper Woodstock. They are better able than ever to give satisfaction in every branch of their Carriage and Sleigh department. They have 50 PUNGS. They will not be undersold and they guarantee every Pung. Having secured the services of the best all round artist in the province, their painting of necessity can't be equalled. They have carefully picked every piece of stock in the make up of their work, and have brought a large and varied assortment of Trimmings at bottom prices. They ask the public to call and inspect. It is a pleasure to show their goods, as they have the satisfaction of knowing that they can't be beat in the province. Any orders left at A. Henderson's will be carefully attended to.

Take your Pungs there at once and have them neatly Repaired and Painted. School Desk, Settes, Lodge and Church Furniture made by us. Fine cabinet work a specialty.

**JOHN CHESTNUT. DAVID HIPWELL.**  
UPPER WOODSTOCK.  
Telephone in Connection.  
PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

## Great Slaughter.

I intend to make my New Stock of

Fall and Winter Dry Goods,  
Ready-Made Clothing, Furs, Hats and Caps, Etc.

Move rapidly if Low Prices will do it. Right up in Style. Right up in Assortment. Just what will please you. Come and see. No trouble to show goods at

## B. B. Manzer's.

Witherby—I want to look at some patterns in wall paper. Surprised Clerk—We don't keep wall paper. We deal in corrugated iron. Witherby—That's all right. I'm repapering my nursery.

A Baby's Life Saved.  
"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. Sold by Garden Bros.

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