

TWO.

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's hair.
The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit-smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful, uplifted face.
The other's face, like marble-carved Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.
Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently said:
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou thy
lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not.
I pondered long, "O, Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wiser Death to choose; and
yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied!"
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.
Within his brother's hand he placed my hand.
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in underbreath,
"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand,
He with the thorns is Life, and I am Death."
—Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Magazine
for November.

IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

I am an old man now, yet the remembrance
of that one terrible night has still power
to thrill me as nothing else ever had. Per-
haps this dreary February evening, with the
wind moaning round the window, so like that
other fifty years ago, has set me thinking.
I have come up early to my cosy study to find
a roaring fire and warm slippers, have sub-
sided into my well-worn but comfortable arm-
chair, and sit musing on the days of long
ago, when I held my first curacy at D—, a
mining district. I was full of hopes and as-
pirations, with unbounding confidence in my-
self, in my robust health and never-tiring
energy, thinking of the usual egotism of
youth. My rector was well advanced in
years, a scholar and a man of culture, rich
and generous, ever ready to give material
help as well as advice in time of trouble. I
think we were both favorites with our par-
ishioners; they knew and appreciated the
fact that "Parson" was never applied to in
vain in time of real distress, while my mus-
cular Christianity and athletic abilities were
qualities they could all understand and did
not underrate.

We had a very severe winter, and during
one bitterly cold night, late in December,
a particularly brutal murder was perpetrated.
An old man had given shelter to a passing
tramp, and the next morning was found dead
in his cottage. By the footprints in the
snow the tramp was traced and taken red-
handed, wearing clothes belonging to the
poor old man who had acted so generously
toward him. He was tried, found guilty, and
condemned to be hanged. The prisons then
were very different from those of to-day.
There was no resident chaplain, but several
of the surrounding clergymen visited him,
myself being among the number.

One evening I was told some one wished
to speak with me, and found it was the gaol-
er from the prison. With many apologies,
and in a most roundabout fashion, he said
the murderer, who was most despondent, had
petitioned he might not be left alone his last
night, and asked if I would spend it with
him. As I have said, I was young and
enthusiastic, so I acceded immediately. By
the time of starting, however, my feelings had
somewhat cooled, and certainly the night was
not calculated to raise any flagging spirits.
Bitterly cold, through a drizzling rain and
sleet, and with the wind howling dismally,
I trudged the two miles until I reached the
prison, when I was at once conducted to the
cell.

The condemned man took no notice of my
arrival, but sat on his low pallet apparently
indifferent to, or only semi-conscious of, his
surroundings. Both without and within
everything was inexpressible dreary, and I
must confess to a feeling of depression as the
gaoler, after a few words of ordinary con-
versation, said "Good night," and turned the
ponderous key in the door. For some
time not a sound was heard, then I turned
to address my wretched companion, but the
words were frozen on my lips; his glassy
eyes, ashen lips, and look of deepest abject
terror I never, never shall forget; even now,
after all this lapse of years, they haunt me!
He was quite a young man, tall and power-
fully made, with nothing repugnant about
him; yet something compelled me to keep
my eyes from his face, the look of silent
agony was so intense.

I sat upon the bed beside him speaking as
simply as I could of the Master who was able
and willing to forgive our sins if we only re-
pent, and ready to pardon even at the
eleventh hour. Suddenly he grasped my
hands convulsively, was seized with trem-
bling lips chattered, and with the tears stream-
ing down his face, I heard his voice for the
first time, as in agonized tones he exclaimed:
"Oh, save me! Save me from being killed!
I cannot, I will not die! Oh, sir, do save me!
Can you, will you save me? What is the
good of coming to preach to me, to mock me,
if you won't try and save me? That is how
you can do me good, for I want a longer
time for repentance, I want to live to be a
better man—I won't die!"

He became so violent that I had to exert
all my strength to hold him, and again and
again, yet as kindly as I could, I bade him
prepare for death. For a moment there was
silence, then, with a sound almost like the
yell of an evil animal, he broke away from
me and threw himself upon the floor in a
paroxysm of rage and fear. Gently I tried
to raise him; his features had the hue of death,
apparently had lost consciousness—alas! but
for a moment only—and then he seemed en-
dowed with superhuman strength; raising
himself with one bound, he rushed frantically
from side to side of the cell, finally to throw
himself upon me. No man likes to confess
that another is his superior in muscular
power, and, too, being quite unprepared for
the sudden attack, he had me at a great dis-
advantage, shaking me backward and for-
ward with the fury of delirium. I was
strong and had measured my strength with

many, but never with such a man as this.
The moment we closed I should be conquered.
His arms were like bars of iron, and, more-
over, he was some two inches taller than I.
The contest between us was long and terrible,
the poor insane wretch holding with the grasp
and tenacity of a maniac; to my practice as
an athlete I probably owe my life, for by
bringing science to bear against untrained
strength, I succeeded in parrying some of
his most ferocious onslaughts. But as the
moments passed, I was only too certain I
could not hold out much longer, and when at
last he finally lifted me from my feet and
dashed me to the stone floor, I lost conscious-
ness, remembering nothing more, until some
weeks afterwards I opened my eyes in a
spotlessly clean room full of morning sun-
shine, to find a pleasant-faced woman bend-
ing over me with a medicine glass in her
hand, and my astonishment and wonder were
great when she told me I had lain for many
weeks in their cottage Hospital between life
and death.

I subsequently learnt that the gaoler going
his hourly rounds was surprised at the com-
plete silence in the cell, and upon entering
discovered me on the ground insensible, the
prisoner quietly seated on his bed, and offer-
ing no resistance when they put him in irons.
He continued in a state of silence and depres-
sion, until in an utterly dazed and exhausted
condition he was carried by two officials to
meet his doom.

FOR DYSEPESIA.

And Liver Complaint you have a printed
guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer.
It never fails to cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

The Old Lady was Positive.

A gentleman thought of having a telephone
put into his house so as to enable him to
hold sweet converse with his wife, but his
aged mother protested earnestly against it.
"Robert," she said, "if you bring one of
those dreadful things in here, I'll never
close my eyes for fear it may break out and
sweep us all into eternity, and us not a bit
the wiser." He tried to persuade her
that it was an innocuous instrument; but she
said, "No, no, look at the thousands and
millions and of poor Hindoos it killed last
autumn." "Why," exclaimed he, "that
wasn't a telephone—that was a typhoon."
But the old lady lowered her glasses, and
looking at him over the rims thereof, said
that he could not fool her; that she might
not know much, perhaps, but she did know
that the typhoon was the President of
Japan." The gentleman has given it up as a
hopeless case.

Dyspepsia, the root of innumerable evils, is
readily cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

**BLUENOSE SLEIGH
BUFFALO ROBES.**
Warmest and Best in the Market.
MANUFACTURED BY
Wm. Peters,
240 Union Street, St. John.
For sale by F. L. Atherton, Wood-
stock, and F. G. & H. Burt, Centreville,
Carleton County.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership existing between Drs. Colter
and Hand from 6th of April, 1891, to the 17th of
April, 1895, has been dissolved by mutual agree-
ment. All parties having claims against the said
firm will present the same for payment. All par-
ties indebted to the said firm are requested to make
immediate payment.
N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
W. N. HAND, M. D.
Woodstock, N. B., October 30th, 1895.

BOARDERS WANTED.

TWO OR THREE GENTLEMEN CAN HAVE
pleasant furnished rooms, with or without
board, on Main street, near the Wilbur House. En-
quire at this office.



Hang Clothing That Doesn't Fit.

That's what every man says, yet
some keep 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 in
a suit that makes you look like the
wild man of Borneo. Just take
a walk around to our store and
get exactly what you want, at a
lower price. Latest New York
Fashion Reports regularly re-
ceived.

**R. B. JONES,
MANCHESTER HOUSE**

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fort Fairfield, Me.

Nov. 21—The Stevens new electric light
system is now in full way, so far as lighting
the stores goes, and is far superior to the
old Caribou system which gave but poor sat-
isfaction in comparison. The street lamps
are not all up yet but will be ready at an
early date, and then the Fort will have as
good a light as there is going.

All through last week the streets were in a
terrible condition, but Friday's rain and the
present cool weather have helped them
wonderfully.

A. B. Sparrow of Shirley, Mass., has re-
cently published a very neat and convenient
directory of the three towns, Fort Fairfield,
Presque Isle and Caribou.

On Wednesday evening last about thirty
of the young folks of the town assembled at
Oddfellows hall and greatly enjoyed the first
meeting of the whist club. Miss Lou Perry
won the ladies first prize, and Mr. Reynolds
was the successful gentleman. The name of
the club is to be "Golden Rod Club."

Thomas B. Thistle, merchant tailor of
Hartland was here Thursday last on business.
Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs.
W. H. Clarke because of the death of Miss
Agnes their sixteen year old only daughter.
The non Partisan W. C. T. U. of F. F.
gave an elaborate supper in Music Hall on
Thursday evening it was well attended and
quite a sum realized.

Beecher Churchill, a pushing young man,
has recently finished his fine new block on
Main street and moved his harness making
business in one part of it, while Knight &
Co., grocers, occupy the other part. This
building adds greatly to the appearance of
the street.

The C. C. A. intend holding a grand apron
sale and supper in Music Hall on this Tues-
day evening.

Wednesday evening last the Catholics had
a basket social in Hacker's Hall. Those
present spent a very pleasant evening; the
bidding was spirited some of the baskets
bringing \$5.00; a total of \$60.00 was made.

Eimer E. Strickland aged 34 years died of
typhoid fever last Tuesday evening.

F. E. Griffith manager of Wren's Drug
store, Presque Isle, was seen in town on
Sunday.

Miss Ida Caldwell, Bristol, spent Sunday
at home.

Dr. E. B. Jewett, Woodstock, spent Sun-
day at the Fort.

Some home talent intend giving the public
a rare treat on Thanksgiving evening, the
28th. They have formed themselves into a
company called the "Silver Star Comedy
Company," and will present the "Rag Pick-
er's Child," by Justin Adams. H. M. Good-
hue is manager, and rehearsals are being held
nearly every evening preparing for the event.
Clarence Burpee has returned from Bangor.
Mr. Malcolm, of Malcolm & Ross, con-
tractors on the B. & A. was here Sunday.

Potatoes are still down to 50 cents per bbl,
and a further reduction of 5 cents is feared
on account of a rise in the freight rates.

H. C. Holmes and Jas. Partridge spent
Sunday at Caribou.

North Richmond.

Nov. 25—It is pleasant to learn that John
Watson has recovered from his recent illness.

Alexander Strong, Bloomfield, has been
spending a few days in the settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. E. London made a short visit
here, recently.

The Richmond correspondent of THE DIS-
PATCH struck for Oakville lately to get a
glimpse of some of the pretty women which
the correspondent of that place says are to be
seen there. The result of the investigation
will be given to the public at an early date.

Allison Carr and Arch Connell, Woodstock,
and Aubrey Henderson, Debec, spent Sun-
day before last here.

George Frazer and some other of our young
men have gone to the woods, leaving a num-
ber of the girls inconsolable.

Mr. Eph. Gartley, while coming up his
cellar stairs recently, slipped and fell, sprain-
ing his ankle and his shoulder.

George E. Bell is building a fine new
house. He has the outside finished, and is
now engaged on the cellar wall. He will
move in, in the spring.

Kidney Facts.

In Jan., 1892 my son was taken with Kidney dis-
ease. Though attended by three physicians, and
change of climate he grew worse and by 33 had
fallen from 195 lbs. to 95 lbs. In 10 days from start-
ing to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills we were
able to move him home. In 4 months he gained 50
pounds and was fully restored to health by the use
of this medicine. Jno. S. Hastings, 23 St. Paul St.,
Montreal.

INTERESTING TO HORSEMEN.—W. S.
Gould, Spragues Mills, Me., who paid THE
DISPATCH a visit recently says he will run a
circuit of races next spring, commencing at
Patten, Me, June 25th, then at Woodstock
July 1st, at Caribou July 4th, Presque Isle
July 8th, Bristol C. C. July 12th, Danforth,
Me, July 16th. At each of these meetings
four stake races will be trotted, which will
involve \$1000 in prizes. Mr. Gould has
closed a contract with Mr. Nelson whereby
the celebrated stallion Nelson will trot an
exhibition mile at each of these places.

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.

Matrimonial Event.

The marriage of Miss McDonald, neice of
Rev. Canon Roberts, and Rev. A.B. Murray,
rector of Stanley, is to be celebrated at St.
Ann's church in Fredericton, December 11th.

The pleasant and
beneficial effects of

**McLean's
Vegetable Worm
Syrup** Make it the best Worm Rem-
edy for Children.

**JOHN J. HUGHES,
Plumber & Hot Water Fitter**

Estimates furnished on jobs. Lead and Iron Pipe
kept in stock, also Sinks and Plumbers' Supplies.
Charges reasonable. All work warranted. Orders
left at Hamilton's Tin Shop, Cor. of Elm and Main
street, will receive prompt attention.



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 Thresh-
ers for sale this season, and that if they wish to purchase, it is ad-
visable that their orders be placed as soon as possible. The repu-
tation 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 de-
scribe 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 mar-
ket, 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.
NEW DRESS GOODS

In All Qualities, and All Patterns.

Our stock is particularly fine in the Very Fashionable
Mixed Tweed Effects.
Ladies' Jacket Cloths, Ladies' Coats, Ladies' and Gents'
Underwear. PRICES DOWN.

McManus Bros.
Public Notice.

Fall has arrived but we are here first with
one of the Best Assorted Stock of
Boots and Shoes
Suitable for the severe weather of our
country, we also Keep Rubber Goods
and Gaiters of All Descriptions.

Custom Work and Repairing DONE BY SKILLED WORKMEN.
Call and see us and we will use you right.

BOYER BROS., Red Store.
TO LET.—The Cellar under our store.

LOOK HERE!
—WE HAVE OUR—
**New Stock of Dry Goods,
FURS, & C.**

ON HAND. The goods are of the best and prices the lowest.
Call and examine.

G. W. Vanwart,
20 King Street.

GOOD ROADS

Call for Good Wagons, bad roads
need Strong ones. Both qualities
can be supplied by us. Call and
examine our work. We are glad to
show our goods.

Wagons and Carriages Made and Repaired.
School Desks, Settees, Church and Lodge Room FURNITURE
A SPECIALTY.
Planing, Sawing, and other custom machine work done.
Furniture sold in the White to those preferring it.

JOHN CHESTNUT. DAVID HIPWELL.
UPPER WOODSTOCK.
Telephone in Connection.

