

ASHANTEE, 1896.

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling)
THE START.

Prempeh, Prempeh, we're off to Comassee;
We'll just drop in one afternoon and have a cup of
tea,
So mind you have the table spread, in case we
ask for more,
For we're hungry men in the old West Yorks and
the Special Service Corps.

(Chorus): It is tramp, tramp, tramp,
Along the Great North Track;
Every nigger with a parcel
All the way from Cape Coast Castle;
We all of us are going,
But we cannot all come back.

For malarial in the jungle, and for fever, and such
flam,
The British Constitution does not give a single
d-n!
The ordinary Tommy might curl up upon the floor
But not the boys of the old West Yorks and the
Special Service Corps!

(Chorus): So it's tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.
So Prempeh, Prempeh, darlint, you had better be
polite;
Give Scott and Maxwell all they want, save some
excuse to fight;
For your kingdom of Ashantee you will never see
it more.
If you aggravate the old West Yorks and the
Special Service Corps!

(Chorus): Who go tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.
But if you feel you really must and want to make
a stand,
Why, then, we'll have a game of cards and we will
take a hand;
Though we fancy that your warriors will find that
life's a bore,
If they try to bluff the old West Yorks and the
Special Service Corps!

(Cho.): Hear their tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THE RETURN.

Well, we've had our little beanfeast and our Sun-
day school process;
And there ain't a blooming vacancy in any bloom-
ing mess!
If that's the latest version of a "bloody little war"
Why, "give us 'Belts'!" say the old West Yorks
and the Special Service Corps!

(Chorus): It was tramp, tramp, tramp,
Along the Great North Track;
Every nigger with a par, el,
Out and in from Cape Coast Castle;
And we all of us went out there—
And we all of us came back!

—Ex.

WITHIN AN INCH OF DEATH.

The windows of the restaurant were open,
and the cool fragrant air of the spring night
was struggling with the smoke laden atmos-
phere of the room. A glance out of doors
showed the azure sky and the brilliant full
moon, whose glimmering bluish rays shone
through the young leafage of the blossoming
trees, which swayed gently to and fro before
the windows in the light breeze. But noth-
ing was more remote from the minds of our
circle, which met every evening at a certain
table for social intercourse, than poetical ideas.

The club, of which I was one, consisted
principally of worthy citizens, who had a far
greater liking for bright gaslight than for dim
moonlight, and who appreciated the charms
of a good supper much more than the spell of
the loveliest spring night. The topic of our
conversation was prosaic town gossip, which,
as usual, gradually merged into foolish talk
about politics or discussions concerning the
government, the theatre, high taxes and
similar subjects. By a connection of ideas
which I do not now recall, the question had
arisen whether it was credible that a person's
hair could suddenly turn gray from violent
mental excitement. Part of the company re-
ceived the anecdotes current about such cases
with slight doubts, while others most pitiless-
ly derided persons who were simple enough
to believe such nursery tales.

Just as the conversation became most ani-
mated a man of unusual height and herculean
frame, whom we had not previously noticed,
rose from a side table and approached us.
His intelligent features, which bore the stamp
of resolution, seemed spiritualized by the
large, kindly blue eyes. But the most strik-
ing peculiarity in his appearance was the snow
white hair and the gray beard framing his
face, which, at the utmost, indicated an age
of only 35 years.

"Pardon me if I enter into your conversa-

tion," he said, bowing courteously. "You
are speaking of a subject which greatly inter-
ests me. I myself am a living proof that
terrible mental agitation really does exert the
physical influence which you all doubt."

His words awakened the utmost interest.
We made room for him at our table, and,
after he had taken his seat, unanimously
urged him to tell us what had caused the
whiteness of his hair.

The stranger feigned no undue modesty,
but yielded to our entreaties and related the
following story:

"If you have ever paid any attention to
American affairs, the name of Auburn cannot
be unfamiliar, it has about the same signifi-
cance in the United States as Spielberg has
in Austria. You must not imagine Auburn
as an immense gloomy prison, a single large
building, but rather a whole colony of crim-
inals, a metropolis of the miserable outcasts
of society. Enclosed by enormous walls,
which rise menacingly to a considerable
height above the plain, are a great number
of single structures, houses which contain the
cells of the prisoners, the residences of the
wardens, barracks, hospitals and workshops,
all desolate and dreary, with here and there
a bit of turf, a row of trees, a bed of flowers,
like an innocent memory of childhood among
the evil thoughts of a criminal.

"Circumstances which I will not weary
you by recounting, had led me after com-
pleting my education in my native city, Ham-
burg, to America, and after a brief time in
New York I found myself prison surgeon in
Auburn, which, as perhaps you know, is in
the state of New York.

"I had charge of a part of the prison, which
contained the worst criminals, men, or, rather,
human hyenas, to whom blood had ceased to
be a very special liquid, as Mephistopheles
terms it. Two, who were condemned to life-
long imprisonment in the institution, and
were distinguished among the others by great
bodily strength, craftiness and intelligence,
had, in consequence of repeated bold and
cunning attempts to escape, been placed
under more rigid oversight than the rest. I
had incurred their special hate because I had
once caused the discovery of several iron
tools, which— heaven knows how obtained—
they had concealed under their clothing, and
on another occasion discovered that they were
shamming, when, on the plea of illness, they
desired to be placed in the hospital, probably
because they hoped to find the conditions
there more favorable for their plans of escape.
The scoundrels were separated and heavily
chained, but nevertheless one morning one,
and a few days later the other vanished,
chains and all, without leaving a trace. About
a fortnight afterward I went to Cayuga
Bridge on some private business.

"It was noon when I reached the end of
my ride, and I gazed with delight at the sun-
lit landscape before my eyes. Cayuga Lake,
one of those which, like Lake Erie, from the
network of inland lakes in New York, lay
before me in its peculiar loveliness. Between
rugged, rocky shores, confronting each other
like sullen foes, the long, narrow sheet of
silver extended its clear surface as if striving
to reconcile the two enemies who had stared
defiantly at each other for centuries. Across
the lake, which is about 40 miles long, and,
at this point, a mile wide, the railway trains
run on an immense wooden bridge, a marvel
of American enterprise, which has a station
at Cayuga Bridge, an insignificant village.

"My business was soon completed, and to-
ward evening I set out on my way home.
Are you familiar with the pleasure of a ride
on a summer evening? Cayuga Bridge is
surrounded by extensive oak forests, through
which I had to ride a considerable distance.
The high, lofty trunks cast long shadows,
and the tops rustled so softly that one rather
felt than heard them. As I passed beneath
those wooded giants, sweet memories of my
far off home stole into my heart. Absorbed
in thought, I loosened the bridle of my horse,
which trotted slowly forward. I admired
the bewitching blending of colors produced
by the rays of the setting sun, as they shone
through the dense, dark-green foliage and
seemed to kindle the edges of the leaves.
Suddenly I was roused from my dreams by a
rustling in the underbrush on both sides of
the road. I seized my pistol and turned
quickly, but at the same moment received a
terrible blow, which deprived me of my
senses. True, I opened my eyes once more,

and fancied I saw distinctly, as if in a dream,
one of the escaped criminals bending over
me, then darkness shrouded my mind.

"It must have been late at night when
consciousness returned. I opened my eyes,
and saw above me in the deep blue sky a
radiant moon. A dull, heavy sensation in
the back of my head made me try to put my
hand to the aching spot, but I discovered
that I was bound hand and foot. Gradually
I collected my thoughts, remembered the
attack by highwaymen, and a terrible fore-
boding, which made my heart stop beating,
darted through my brain. I felt that I was
laid across two sharp parallel projections,
which pressed against me most painfully, and,
listening intently, I heard far below me a
faint splashing noise. There was no doubt—
I was lying across the rails of the Cayuga
Bridge, bound, unable to move, with the
terrible certain prospect of being cut in three
pieces by the next train.

"I almost lost consciousness again. But I
soon recovered my composure. Then I
tugged desperately at my bonds till they al-
most cut my muscles, shrieked, and at last
wept like a child. I tried to roll myself into a
different position, and remembered that an
incautious movement would hurl me into the
silent waves of the Cayuga—bound hand and
foot, motionless as a stone.

"I shuddered and lay still. But not long
The light of the large, to me fearfully, moon,
the plashing of the water below, the wind
blowing softly, then the deathlike silence
again, merely interrupted even by the distant
note of a bird—all became unendurable, and
inspired me with unspeakable terror. And
the rails! The rails! My senses tortured
me. I could not escape them. The wooden
beams of the bridge trembled almost
imperceptibly from the washing of the water.
I imagined I felt the approach of the train,
and my hair bristled; the wind sighed a
little louder I fancied I heard the dull pant-
ing of the engine, and my heart stood still,
only to throb the next instant with such
dreadful speed that the pulsations were
almost audible.

"There are some things, gentleman, which
are totally incomprehensible to me, one of
them is how I survived that night. One
thought stood distinctly before my mind.
I must endeavour to work myself into another
position—if possible, get into the space
between the rails—if I was not, perhaps the
next morning, to become the victim of the
most agonizing death.

"And I succeeded! I strained every
muscle, every sinew to the point of breaking.
I wretched, I twisted, I panted, my head
seemed bursting, and, after tremendous exer-
tion, which appeared to me to last an eternity,
though perhaps it was only moments, I found
myself in the hollow between the rails.

"Was I safe? I had no time to consider
or rejoice in my new hope, for all my vital
powers were concentrated in the single sense
of hearing. In the far distance, I distinguish-
ed, at first vaguely, and then more and more
distinctly, the regular, monotonous, dull,
noise which is produced by the engine of a
moving locomotive. The awful silence of
the night merged minute by minute into the
still more awful, confused, jarring sounds,
the rattling and groaning, rumbling and
panting of the locomotive, which was rush-
ing forward at the mad speed of American
trains. A thousand feet more, five hundred—
and all the terrors of the infernal regions
assailed me, but not a muscle moved. I lay
as if turned to stone; I tried to shriek, but
even did not hear my own voice; how should
it reach those on the train.

"Now, for an infinitely brief space of time,
I fancied I saw a bright light, a blast of hot
air fanned me, then suddenly darkness
shrouded me. I heard a thundering roar as
though the very heavens were falling.
"Close, very close, barely an inch above,
the monster dashed over me—I was safe.
Still, half unconscious, I heard a deafening
rumbling and clattering, and saw shadowy
masses flit by; there was another moment of
mortal dread—the hook of a chain which
hung lower than the rest caught me, dragged
me along a few feet and finally tore a large
piece from the breast of my coat, releasing
me—then every object danced around me,
the moon, the bridge and the high bank
whirled in a giddy maze above and below me
and my senses failed me.

"When I regained my consciousness I
found myself in my bed, with familiar faces
around me. To make the story short, I had
been picked up the morning after that terrible
night by a signal man, recognized and taken
to Auburn. A violent fever kept me for a
fortnight within the shadow of death, but
my strong constitution conquered. When,
after my recovery, I looked in the glass for
the first time, I saw what traces those
moments had left upon me."

The physician paused. His pallid face, the
expression of horror in his eyes, the perspi-
ration which stood in large drops upon his
brow, showed how vivid must be his re-
membrances of the scene, and how greatly
the narration had exhausted him.

Gradually the breathless anxiety with
which we had listened, passed away and
cheerfulness returned. Then we paced to
and fro in the moonlight, in the garden be-
hind the tavern, listening to the doctor's tales
of less harrowing experiences in the young
land of liberty, wonders and adventure.

A Forty-Year Old Grievance Removed.

In Bath, Ont., Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are a
standard remedy. Joseph Gardner, of this town,
suffered for 40 years with indigestion and its ever
present accompaniments—constipation and head-
ache. K. & L. Pills are only remedy that gave him
relief. 25c. a box, of all druggists. One pill a dose.

Liberal Candidate.

Col. Tucker has been nominated by the
liberals of St. John, as a candidate in the
coming general election, in the place of C.
W. Weldon, deceased. John V. Ellis editor
of the Globe is the other candidate.

A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and
gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by
Garden Bros.

It is stated that the late Mrs. Morton, who
died recently at Kirkwood, Mo., and who was
an elder sister of ex-President Hayes, never
forgave her distinguished brother for
taking the side of the Government during
the civil war, her sympathies having been
all with the South.

FOUND!

After a long and tedious struggle with the win-
try elements, the festive youth of the golden hair at
last found his way into Dalling's Jewellery Store
where he says they are almost giving goods away.
And it is a fact. We have got some of the handsom-
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sonable prices.

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Birch, Ash, Pine,
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I will pay cash.

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Women weaken in the spring.
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