

## THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

SEPTEMBER 29, 1897.

## A WAIF OF LARAMIE PLAINS

The Pacific overland, west-bound, pulled out of the station at Medicine Bow and straightened for a run across the Laramie Plains of Rawlins. Down through the gap where the North Platte breaks the barrier of the Rockies the north wind came sweeping, bearing before it great drifts of snow, that eddied and swirled about the cabs of the two locomotives, but with no sign as yet of banking up on the track.

In the smoking room of the last sleeper of the train little Dickey Culver dozed as the night fell, rousing himself now and again to look out with a great weariness upon the white waste. Dickey had arrived at the dignity of a vacation, and had taken it in a trip to Chicago.

The porter came in presently, touched a button and lighted the incandescent lights. That shut out the sight of the sweeping drifts of the blizzard, but could not shut out the moaning of the wind nor the beating of the ice particles against the windows.

"It's a beastly night, porter," Dickey said, in sheer desperation for somebody to talk to. "Dat's right, boss. Hit's the wust run I've had this fall."

He went out feeling the same human craving for company in the storm that Dickey did, but finding it more to his liking in the porter of the next car forward. Then Dickey dozed again.

He was the only passenger in the car, as it chanced, and winter travel over the Pacific railway is dreary business, even when there is plenty of company. Presently he shook himself together, and lighted a cigar. Then he looked out into the darkness. There was a curve in the track just there, and he saw the two brave engines beating their way into the teeth of the wind, like a great serpent of fire, defiled before him.

The axles creaked and strained, the wailing of the storm's voices was unceasing, but the engines, beat their way forward steadily. They seemed almost to bound into the darkness, to advance by a succession of leaps, and in the train behind them the passengers were preparing for bed as naturally as though they had been safe in their own widely-scattered homes—all but Dickey Calver alone in the last sleeper. He smoked his cigar and looked out into the darkness.

Overcome presently by nervousness, he rose from his lounging chair in the smoker, and walked to the rear door of the car. He could see no more than from the window of the smoker, but it rested him to get a new aspect of the darkness. The wind was wailing here too, and the rattle of the ice against the glass was even more startling. It seemed almost to strike him in the face.

As he stood there he chanced to glance down at the snow drifted into the rear vestibule of the car—and then with an exclamation he threw open the door. It was as though hundreds of little knives were cutting the flesh off his face, but he had seen that in his downward glance which made him careless of bodily pain. The little curly head of a child was there, buried in the snow, and he could see even through the fierce blast of the wind a ragged form huddled close against the door. The form almost fell into his arms, but their was a tearing of the frozen garments loose from the floor on the platform as he drew the child in and quickly shut the door. He lifted the child in his arms, stepped back into the smoking compartment, and rang the bell for the porter. The form was that of a little girl, possibly six years old, with tear-drops frozen upon her face, and it was so still and white that as the light fell upon it Dickey thought he had taken it out of the blizzard only to give it into the hands of the undertaker at the next station.

He rang the bell repeatedly, and the porter came. Perhaps he thought it was time "his gentleman" was going to bed—or possibly the other porters were too busy putting their gentlemen to bed for further gossip. At all events he came, and there was a series of sharp orders given, and presently Dickey had plenty of company. There was even a physician in the train, who, having no office hours while he was travelling came along with the conductor and the brakeman and a few curious and a few merciful passengers, to give what help he could. The physician's practise lying in a cold country, he knew precisely what to do in this emergency, and he gladly released the principle responsibility to his more experienced hands while he told over and over again, for the benefit of the curious passengers, how he chanced to see the little one lying on the rear platform.

The physician worked steadily over the child for perhaps ten, or perhaps twenty minutes. "She'll do now," he said at last; "let her sleep."

The porter, under Dickey's directions, and with his dusky palm crossed with silver made up an extra berth in the car, in which the child was laid. She was sleeping the warm sleep of childhood, wrapped in blankets, and with Dickey's heavy overcoat thrown across her feet. The doctor and the curious

passengers had returned to their own berths, and the conductor and his men had gone back to their work of seeing to the safety of the train, after assuring the conductor of the last car that he would be held to no responsibility for the passenger he carried without a ticket or berth check.

In the last sleeper Dick Culver sat and smoked, while the child slept peacefully in the luxury of a double lower berth, and from the state room came a steady snore of the porter.

Dickey did not even doze in the night, for that was his day, and he was puzzling over how that child came to be upon the platform. Certainly she had not been there when the train had left Medicine Bow, for he had stood upon the platform himself and watched the station out of sight—and it had been broad day then. The train had stopped nowhere, and yet how absurd it was to suppose that the child had been put there while the cars were in motion. How could she have been—and who could have done it? Even a Wyoming blizzard, strong as it was, did not bear little girls about on its wings and deposit them upon platforms of the sleeping cars for passengers to pick up.

It was in early gray of daylight, and the storm had spent its force, when the child awoke.

"I want my mamma," the little one said, smiling up into his face—the sweet smile of childhood just awakened.

Here is a dilemma. "Where is your mamma, little one? Dickey had a man's blundering capacity for saying the wrong thing.

"Why," she said, "don't you know? We were going to my papa in California, and we rode a long way, and we had no more money, and the man would not let us ride. Then we walked and I was tired. It was cold, too. My mamma put me on the steps and told me to be good, but the dark came and it was cold, and so I opened the door. Then I could not open the other door, and so I cried and went to sleep."

"And where did mamma go, little one?" "Why, don't you know? She said she was coming too."

Dickey dropped the curtain of the berth and went into the forward car to look for the conductor. One of the curious passengers of the night before, an early riser, stopped him as he went along, and presently a good woman, the curious passenger's wife, went back into the last sleeper, and came out with the child in her arms. The matter was well known to all the women in the train by this time, and, as women will, from mysterious recesses of hand-bags and satchels, they drew enough material to make the child presentable in no time at all. She was a pretty child enough, with dimpled cheeks and blue eyes, and golden hair, and she told her story, all she knew of it, over and over again to whomsoever asked her; but there was a quiver in the warm red lips now when she asked for mamma.

Dickey had in the meantime found the conductor. The train stopped at Green River anyway, and that was only a few miles further on.

When the station was reached Dickey and the trainmen jumped down from the rear platform of the last sleeper and peered under the trucks. What with snow and cinders, they could see nothing at first, but presently the brakeman uttered a curse, and crawled under the car. The others followed. There, on top of the trucks, wedged in so hard and fast that it was amazing how she had ever got into such a position, was the body of a woman. Of course it was frozen stiff. Nothing that lives can survive the blizzard that sweeps across the Laramie plains. And upon the body was no scrap of paper giving the faintest clue to her name.

Dickey told the boys about it at the Green Shades on the first night after he came home. They were drinking hot punches at the time—Dickey and Fessenden and the third assistant—and the third assistant called for another and shivered, and swore in his beard that he would adopt the little girl. "Why, no," said Dickey, "you cannot do that exactly, either. She came to California to find her father, and I suppose that she shall find him."

"But how?"

"That, my dear fellow, is a story not yet told."

## A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE BEFORE YOU DIE.

When you dye at home your chief view is economy. Home dyeing economy means the very best results from a minimum of expense, time and trouble.

Your objects and desires are fully realized only when the Diamond Dyes are used for your work. If you are one of the careless unfortunates who simply take a package of dye of the color required from your dealer, you will in nine cases out of ten suffer loss and great disappointment, as many merchants will hand you some common dye ruinous to your goods, dangerous to handle and worthless as far as coloring power is concerned, and on which a very large profit is made. If you secure the Diamond Dyes your success is sure and certain.

Diamond Dyes have a long record of triumphs in home dyeing work; they have been used and tested in every land, and have become friends and family necessities. Happy women everywhere dye with Diamond Dyes.

## THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, including Flouncing Silks.**

## TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

**These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.**

**G. W. VANWART, KING ST.**

**WOODSTOCK.**

## TO HALIFAX.

At Tompkinsville the war ship lay,  
With milk white sides and decks of snow;  
The captain's coat was all gold and blue,  
The collar and cuffs were a spotless hue,  
But trouble was on her brow.

My ship is all that a sailor could wish,  
Her armor is thick and her guns are true;  
With powder and ball I am well supplied,  
My officers all are faithful and tried,  
And nothing can beat my crew.

But all this praise is of no avail,  
For a fatal defect is here;  
My ship needs docking and must be scraped,  
And this before her course is shaped  
On another cruise this year.

And this is the answer I got from Long:  
"The truth I'm ashamed to tell,  
We have no dock that can hold your ship,  
She's too long and too deep for the Brooklyn slip,  
And so you can go to—Halifax!"  
—New York Sun.

## IT HOLDS THE KEY.

Insignificant Beginnings—But they Steal on one as a Thief in the Night, and Before one has time to Wonder what ails him he is in the Firm Grasp of Disease—South American Kidney Cure will Break the Bonds and Liberate, no matter how strong the cords.

The thousands of cases that have been helped, and cured by the great South American Kidney Cure is the best recommend of its curative qualities. The remedy is a specific for all kidney troubles. The formula is compounded on the very latest scientific discoveries in the medical world. There are thousands today who do truthfully say "I am living because I used South American Kidney Cure." It relieves in six hours. Sold by Garden Bros.

How little can we know of the mighty Future and what it holds for us! When years ago, as modest little lads, we sat at the scarred desks in the country school, how little did we guess that we should grow up and fail to become famous!

## HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL.

The great pain cure. Used externally cures rheumatism, swellings, sprains, bruises, stiffness, pain and soreness of every description. Internally used it cures croup, colds, sore throat, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, quinsy, etc. Price 25c., all druggists.

## YOU WOULD BE

## WANTING A PHOTOGRAPH?

Come to my studio in weather dark or bright, and I will have pleasure making a Picture for you. I will pose you well, give you the choicest paper, mount and finish, and generally satisfy you.

**BEN. R. WATSON,**  
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.

## TOWN TREASURER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the

## ASSESSMENT LIST

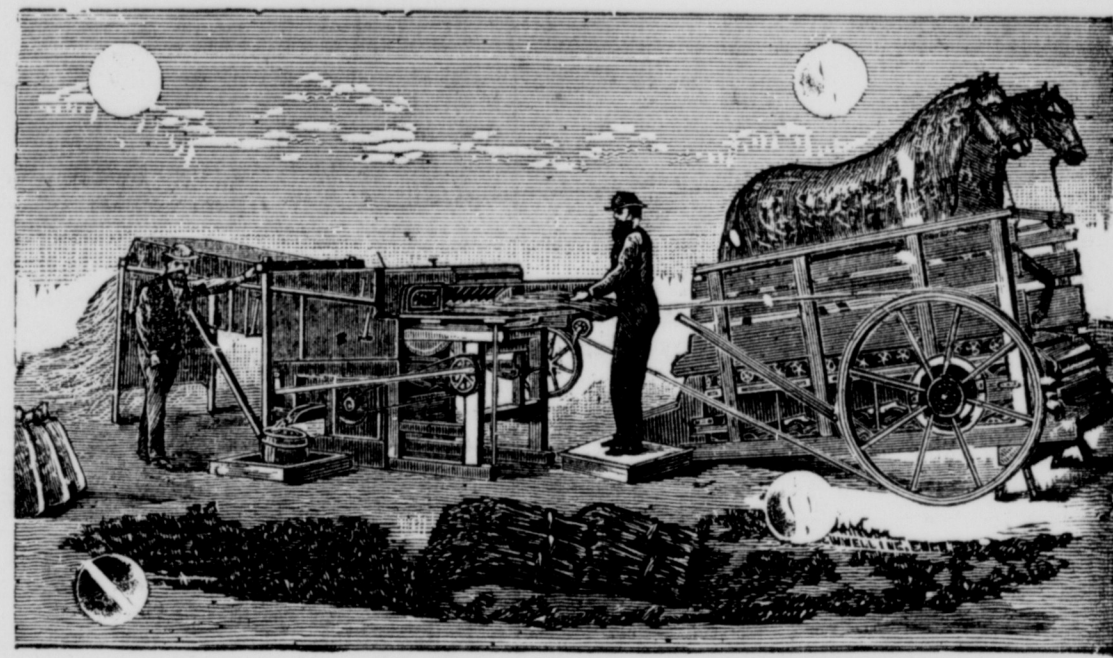
For the Town of Woodstock for the present year remains in my hands as Collector and Receiver of Taxes, and that all persons who have not paid their Taxes are defaulters, and unless payment be made by them respectively on or before the first day of October next payment will be enforced without delay.

Dated this 18th day of Sept. A. D. 1897.  
W. FISHER, Town Treasurer,  
And Collector and Receiver of Town Taxes.

## QUEEN VICTORIA

Could not have completed 60 years of reign unless she had used on her table the best meals prepared in the most skillful manner. This is what I am doing to ensure long life to my patrons. I give them the best in the market, and I serve it to them in the most acceptable manner. Orders left at the Brunswick House will be promptly attended to.

Brunswick House, **PHILIP KEEFE,**  
Woodstock.



1867.

1897.

## AFTER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

We have completed and under construction the best lot of THRESHERS in the Dominion of Canada. Parties who contemplate purchasing this season had better leave us their orders as early as possible. We find the average cost of keeping twelve machines in repair (including teeth) for seven years, has been under \$3.00 each per year. With the present prices for oats, farmers' cannot afford to purchase inferior Threshers that will cost \$50 or \$60 a year to keep in repair. The best are the cheapest, and that is the kind we make.

We also keep in stock in addition to our No. 11, No. 10 and No. 6 CAST PLOWS, the Justly Celebrated STEEL PLOW No. 21, that took the medal in Chicago in 1893. This is proving itself to be "THE PLOW" for this county. Come and see it.

In connection with our already complete line of CYL. PARLOR, and numerous patterns of COOK STOVES, we are introducing a new Cook Stove, the "HONOR BRIGHT". We would like your opinion of it.

Don't forget that this is the proper time to procure a FURNACE. We have them in stock.

**SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.**

**Woodstock, N. B.**

PORTER & GIBSON,  
HIGH CLASS  
TAILORS

Importers of the Latest English and Scotch Novelties.

Bicycling & Sporting Costumes a Specialty.

Opera House Block, Queen Street.

## THE YEAR OF JUIBLEE!

A Nice Carriage is needed, and as Preferential Trade has been inaugurated, we desire your preference in buying a

## CARRIAGE.

Our Wheel Stock was bought last fall, and has been in the dry house all winter. The Wheels are all boiled in oil before the tires are placed.

We have all the Sensible Designs in stock, and as personal supervision is given to all departments, which are under skilled workmen, we guarantee the character of our work. One of the proprietors will always be found at the factory to take orders, give advice and quote prices, and will have great pleasure in showing goods.

REPAIRING and PAINTING done promptly by skilled mechanics.

**CHESTNUT & HIPWELL,**

Opposite Small & Fisher Co.,

**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**