

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

SEPTEMBER 22, 1897.

THE ODD NUMBER.

The short November afternoon was darkening, and the snow, falling steadily, melted as it fell, making the slush still deeper.

On one of the street corners of a big city stood a girl playing a violin; the wild, sweet notes pierced the air and died away, and the girl held her chilled hands out to receive the pennies offered her. Then she walked on, only pausing to look through the brilliantly lighted shop windows at the rich furs.

For some moments she stood, then drawing her old shawl closer, hurried on. Over the bridge she passed and up the dark street, entering one of the houses in a long row of tenements.

The great bare room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and rusty stove, and the fumes of oil struck the girl unpleasantly as she threw open the door. By the window sat a man busily mending an old violin, while near him was a bench strewn with tools.

"Here, father," she said coming over and throwing some pennies on the bench; "I stayed out until I was chilled through, and that is all I could get."

"You hussy! It's because you won't work that you can't get. You're as lazy and proud as your mother was—she'd rather freeze to death than ask a penny."

The girl stood by the stove, with one foot resting on the fender. It was her apparent indifference that roused the anger of the man. He spread the coppers in his hand and counted them.

"A shilling, you lazy, good-for-nothing! How are we going to pay the rent with that?"

The girl neither answered nor showed that she had heard. When she had partly dried her feet she went to the cupboard, and bringing some brown bread and cheese set them on the table. She then wheeled her father's chair to the board, and sat down to the cheerless supper. She broke off bits of bread, and ate as though unconscious of what she was doing.

"You'd be glad enough to see your father turned out, wouldn't you? Rent coming due, and nothing to pay it with." He waited for a reply, but the girl had nothing to say.

"Three days more, then nothing to do but freeze and starve to death," he continued, watching closely to see the effect. The face opposite remained unchanged.

"Say, Sal," here the surly tone changed into a coaxing whine. "Bill Bradden was around today again, and he says he'd be willing and glad to marry you. Now, Bradden's got money enough to take us both in, and a good home for your poor old—"

The dark eyes slowly raised to his—great, glowing eyes, burning with rage and scorn.

"I'd starve before I would marry that Bill Bradden. I'd rather starve, anyway, than live out this—this—what is called life."

"We'll see, my girl," was the reply, spoken so quickly as to sound ominous. "You'll marry Bill Bradden, or you'll leave home."

"Home!" and the girl laughed a miserable little laugh.

Nothing in the determined expression of the girl betrayed the agitation in her mind as she quietly rose and cleared away the dishes, piling the crusts and bits of cheese in the bowl for their breakfast. Suddenly a figure passed the window. In an instant the girl had sprung to the door and bolted it.

A loud rap sounded. She went on putting away the supper things. The vigorous pounding continued.

"Sal! Let me in."

She did not answer, but slowly lighted the candle, and, passing the window, at which the man stood peering in, went upstairs. She listened at the pipe-hole, and heard her father open the door to admit the visitor.

"That girl of yours is a rare one. The minute she sees me coming she runs and bolts the door in my face. It doesn't look very encouraging, oh, Garrick?"

"Just you have patience, Bradden. The girl's got to have some of the stubbornness knocked out of her, that's all."

"But, say, old fellow, about the cash. It's agreed and written down in black and white that you are to hand it over the night you marry her?"

"That's a bargain. The girl's a prize, and I'm willing to pay well for her. Clip her wings, Garrick, that it will be straight sailing."

"Let me see—this is the twelfth. Three days more, and then—Say, Bradden, what do you say to doing the thing up tomorrow night? She'll be just as willing then as she would be a year from now. Shall we go ahead?"

Then they laughed together, and shook hands. Sal strained her ears, but could hear nothing more than the clink of glasses.

"Oh, how cold it is," she half moaned. "Inside—inside I am freezing—my heart is turning to stone, and my blood is like water, but my brain is not yet numb—I can think." She heard the door open and Bradden go out. Creeping noiselessly down the stairs she laid the bundle down and put on her bonnet and shawl, then walked over and look-

ed long at the unconscious face of her father as he lay in a heavy stupor in his chair with head fallen on his breast.

"I have done the best I could by you, father. I have tried and failed. I won't stay and be made marry that man. No! not not even to save the roof over your own head!"

The girl opened the window a trifle, picked up her bundle and violin, and, blowing out the light, left the house.

Paul Oldfield sat reading before the fire in his little back parlor. The blaze lightened and shadowed the walls lined with books—old, musty looking books which had lain for years, waiting to be claimed; the little room was oddly furnished in quaint pieces, also waiting to be claimed, for Paul Oldfield was a pawnbroker, as his father had been before him.

The door opened, jingling the bell on its wire. The pawnbroker drew aside the curtain and entered the shop. Before the counter stood Sal Garrick.

"You can sell my things," she said. I can't redeem them, and you needn't save them any longer." As she spoke she looked at a bracelet and a bunch of brown curls in the case.

"I can keep them a while longer, Miss Garrick. Just today a woman wanted the curls, but I told her the time was not up. If—if you could pay the interest—"

He watched the girl's face as she gazed steadily at her treasures. She slowly raised her eyes; they were glistening with tears.

"It's no use, Mr. Oldfield. I can't do it. Mother will know I tried to keep them, but couldn't."

"Anything I can do for you, Miss Garrick?"

"Well—yes. I don't suppose you ever loan money on people, do you?"

The broker was surprised and puzzled.

"It is this," she went on. "I must have money to keep father from being turned into the street. I can't make enough by playing to pay up the back rent, and I thought I could pawn myself!"

"Why, yes, I could loan money on you, though I have never done it before. How much do you need?"

"Two pounds. Oh, Mr. Oldfield, I will play on the streets night and day to pay the interest and redeem myself."

"Take your time about paying it, Miss Garrick; I am not in any hurry," he said, making out the ticket and handing it to her.

It was midnight when he locked the shop and put out the lights, after first taking a bracelet and a bunch of curls from the case, and laying them carefully in a box.

Sal Garrick grasped the money in one hand and her violin and bundle in the other as she almost ran along the streets. Going home, she slipped the packet through the partly opened window and heard it fall on the floor, then went on.

She had walked a long distance when she entered a lodging-house and paid the price of a bed. The adjoining room was well filled with cots, and Sal Garrick looked cautiously about at the sleepers before taking a paper from her pocket. It was a pawn ticket. By the light of the candle she read:

"International Loan Office,
"No. 205
"Received the following goods, the person of Sal Garrick, who will be subject to the conditions herein contained as security for £2 (2).
"To be paid in one month from this date with 10 per cent, per month addition for interest, and in default of payment thereof, the undersigned is authorized to sell the same at any public auction.—Paul Oldfield, 6 Penn-street."

"No. 205," she murmured, "Always the odd number. All my life I have been the odd one. The world didn't want me, and has no place for me."

It was Christmas night. Paul Oldfield sat by the fire, idly watching the bright coals and thinking, thinking, always thinking. He was thinking of the wistful, earnest face of Sal Garrick; of the poverty and unhappiness crowded into that young life. He was thinking of his own life; solitary, lonely, almost melancholy in the monotony of its days.

Just then the bell rang. He went into the shop and found Sal Garrick gazing intently into the case.

"You have sold them, then?" Her voice trembled in spite of her effort to hide her disappointment.

"Miss Garrick, I couldn't—"

"Mr. Oldfield," she interrupted, "the loan is due—overdue. I have sent the little I could pick up to father and there is none left for interest. Take this—take it!" she demanded, shoving the violin on the counter. "I won't need it any more."

The broker started as he saw the expression in her eyes—wild, desperate, determined. He took the girl's hand and drew her towards him.

"The loan is up," he said, slowly. "In default of payment thereof the broker is authorized to take into his possession that which is deposited, to protect and love as he has never loved in all his empty, lonely life. Sal, will you marry me?"

She thrust the pawn-ticket in his hand. "It's the odd number that's not redeemed"

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.

—take it," she said, wearily, and Paul Oldfield kissed her beautiful, upturned face and held her in his arms, saying, "Mine, by consent and right of law."



CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. PRICE, 35c. Beware of Imitations.

Biggs—How is your wife, old fellow. I heard she was indisposed?
Biggs—Oh, she can't complain.
Biggs—Dear me, is she as bad as that.

"Did you ever try to learn the bicycle, Capt. Barnacles?"
"Do you think," roared the old sailor, "that I would be found aboard a craft that had its rudder in front?"

The Grim Reaper Foiled.

The Marvellous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound Conquer and Banish a Lady's Troubles.

Five Doctors Were Unable to Help the Sufferer.

Twelve years of misery and agony from female, kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly perplexed and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont.

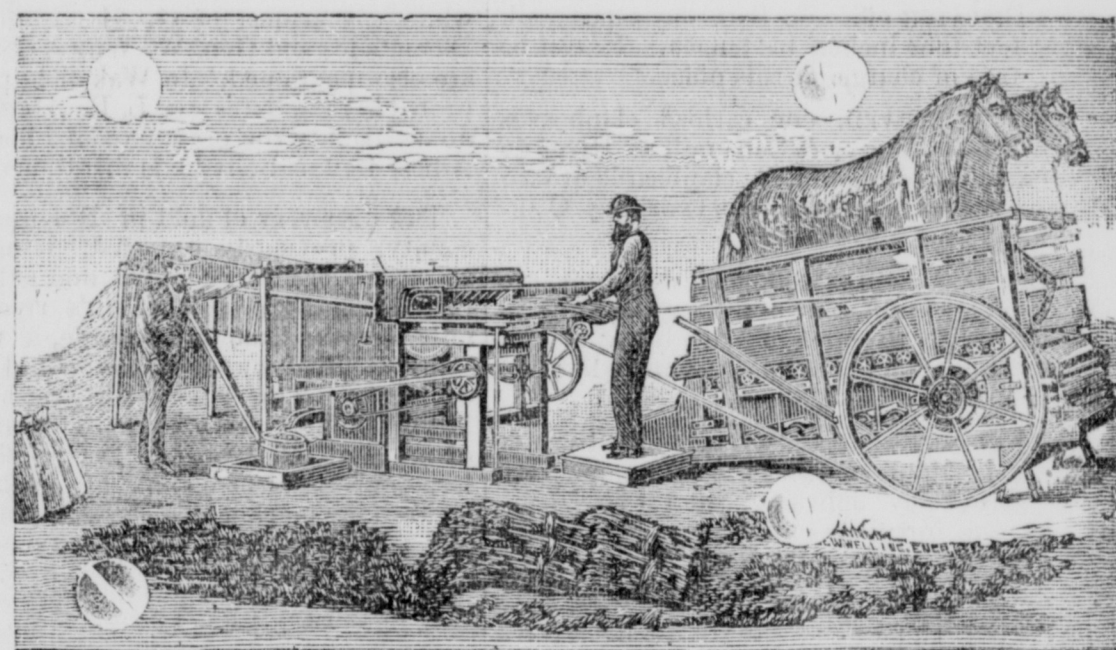
"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results.

"My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines.
"I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

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, Woodstock. **PHILIP KEEFE.**



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. A1., 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.

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Woodstock, N. B.

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Importers of the Latest English and Scotch Novelties.

Bicycling & Sporting Costumes a Specialty.

Opera House Block, Queen Street.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE!

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.,

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