

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

OCTOBER 20, 1897.

A MIRAGE OF MIDNIGHT.

It was nearly midnight, the ironing was done, and the clothes lay heaped on the table in snowy piles still hot from the iron. Ann Quinn drew a chair up to the little kitchen window that overlooked the river, and sat down with a sigh of pain, for her back ached. She rested her chin on her hand and stared through the faint tracery of familiar objects on the glass of the water beyond, lying dark and glassy under the stars. Presently as she sat there the red rim of the moon raised itself up behind some trees on the opposite shore. Ann Quinn watched it rising with a meditative look.

"It's terrible red; them little branches looks like they was drawn on it with a pen. I wonder what that black thing in the water is?" she broke off as a feeler of moonlight slipped across the river to where something black bobbed stiffly in the current. She shaded her eyes from the lamp and pressed her face close to the glass.

"Looks like a man," she muttered.

As she spoke the thing wheeled about and began drifting towards the stone breakwater beneath the window. Slowly it drew near, the little moonsparks dancing in its wake. It floated into the shadow, and she strained her eyes in vain to follow it.

"I'll go to bed," she said, giving one more look into the darkness.

She did not go, though, for suddenly she saw a lean hand thrust over the breakwater, then another, and the next moment the figure of a man crawled out on the stone below her.

Ann Quinn started back, her heart thumping like a steam dredger, for she heard the quick splash of wet feet coming up the steps, and she saw a face pressed against the window that she had just quitted—a drawn face, yellow-pale as the handkerchief knotted about its throat.

"Let me in, Ann Quinn!" said the lips, though she heard no voice. "Let me in!"

She stood staring, her broad cheeks whiter than the plates on the dresser behind her, but she did not move. The man waited a moment, then he pushed up the sash and swung himself into the room.

The lamp blinked and guttered in the draught, and a door slammed. Ann Quinn quivered from head to foot as a man stood looking at her with famished eyes.

"A lifetime, a whole lifetime," he whispered at last, and his voice sounded cold and empty as the echo in a vault.

"Go away!" cried Ann Quinn, "and take your wet hands off my ironing!"

The man moved, and started at the piles of clothes on the table.

"Did you do that?" he asked, in a low voice, "and are you tired?"

"Yes, I did it, an' I am tired," she replied, stealing her way stealthily towards the door.

As she moved, her terror lent a new, cat-like grace to her awkward body; she looked almost like another woman in the swaying light—a woman with narrow, wicked eyes and lithe motions. The man stepped quickly before the door and stood there, his clothes flooding the black river water on her clean floor.

"And all this time you have worked, while I have had more, a thousand times more, than I could use! And we have lived near each other here in the same city, and never knew it." He covered his face with his hands and groaned. "Our sin—what was it that we should reap such lonely years or punishment?" Then he moved towards her, his arms outstretched: "My love, my lost love! give me one kiss, my first since that other grave closed over us!"

Ann Quinn gulped, and her hair rose softly. "If you touch me I'll kill you!" she said, hoarsely, catching a knife up from the shelf behind her. The man seemed not to hear her; he grasped her in his arms, and crushed his mouth on hers, and his lips were wet and cold.

Ann Quinn leaped away from him, and buried the knife in his heart. He looked into the terrified eyes and a shadow fell on his face.

"See," he said mournfully, "you have stabbed me—again, but this time it is too late."

She looked, and there was no blood gushing from that great slash, only the drip, drip, of the black water. Then she covered her face and prayed, for she saw that the man was dead.

There was a long silence, broken by the chime of the clock in the house behind them. The man shivered.

"An hour more, dear God, only an hour more!" he pleaded, and he wrung his hands, crying hurriedly:

"How can I say it all? How can I make her understand?"

He seized Ann Quinn's arm, and shook her fiercely.

"Remember, woman! Try to remember! Have I forgotten? Have I not lived alone—waiting—and you never came?"

She brushed her rough hand over her eyes, something stirred her torpid brain. As the summer lightning, threading the sky, will show a pearly perspective of unseen cloud mass, then flash out, leaving the same blind night it found, so the soul of Ann Quinn opened for an instant, beyond her work-ridden world, only to close again as quickly. The man caught her look and asked, his voice tense and quivering:

"Those faded lilies of the valley, there in that cup, why did you keep them only from the flowers you threw away this morning?"

"They—they—smelt good," answered the woman, troubled, bewildered.

"Only that?"

"Yes, only that."

"Have you never dreamt of someone you loved, someone apart from this miserable squalor I find you in?"

The blood flushed to her sallow face.

"What business is that of yours anyway, I say!" she added weakly, giving him a push and catching at the table to save herself from falling.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "have you never missed me, who was more to you those few short years ago than life or honor?"

"Ann Quinn looked into his eyes and laughed. There was no mirth in that laugh, though, and he shielded himself as if she had struck him. Then he spoke again.

"Listen," he said. "Tonight in a far land my soul will be born anew; until then the veil is lifted. But we will cheat God and Love and Law! You and I—together. Soon my eyes will be blinded, and I shall not know you except by this. Take it and keep it always over your heart; and though you be old and bent, and though you be a little child, still I shall know you."

He thrust his hand into his breast and drew out a leather case. He opened it, and pushed something towards her. She looked it was a faded spray of lily of the valley. Then he reached into his pocket and threw a canvas bag down on the table.

"Take these," he said; "there is enough here to keep you from this drudgery"—he pointed to the ironing—"and now I must be gone—the river calls me."

They stood looking at each other in silence. The light swam before Ann Quinn's eyes, and everything blurred but that white face staring into hers. Nearer it came, even nearer, and she felt her muscles quiver in resistance, then grow lax; there was a pause, a gasping breath, and she had thrown herself into his arms. The cold ooze from his wet hair trailed on her neck; closer and closer they swayed together, locked in each other's arms; then, with a stranger, thin cry, like the wail of a new-born child, the man tore himself away and leaped from the window into the night beyond. There was a heavy splash and silence.

The wind had blown out the lamp. Ann Quinn groped her way to the table, dazed and stupid. She struck a match; it sputtered and went out. Then she crawled away into a corner, her wild eyes fixed on the open window. The moon swam high, and the river ran molten silver beneath it. The little stars set, and the grey scroll of morning unrolled across the night. Still she sat there, her eyes fixed on the empty window space.

Suddenly she stood up, and she felt old and dizzy and lame. She reached out and picked up the canvas bag the man had given her. She shook it, and there rolled out on the table a great handful of unset rubies. Ann Quinn stood staring at them until the first sunbeam came sifting through the darkness, lighting them into a thousand crimson sparkles.

There was a rap at the door, and she thrust the jewels from sight. It was only the milkman, and he looked at the woman's face in disappointment.

"So you've heard news already?" he asked.

"What news?"

"Why, didn't you know they found the body of Ellis Price, the millionaire, drowned not a hundred yards from this very spot?"

"No," said Ann Quinn.

"Yes, and they think he must have been murdered. He left home to go to the bank with some rubies he had for his niece's wedding, and they weren't on the body anywhere."

"Murdered—murdered? What would they do if they found—someone with those rubies?" Ann Quinn asked thickly.

"Why, hang him as high as he'd swing," answered the milkman.

Ten minutes later Ann Quinn stole down to the riverside. She reached over and dropped a handful of stones into the water—they were cherry stones. She screamed as she saw them fall.

"I'm bewitched—saints protect me." She wasn't that. She was only half awake.

Special Advice to Ladies' who Contemplant Coloring Cotton Goods.

If a merchant or any one else tells you that package dyes prepared for all wool goods will color cotton goods equally well, do not believe him. A person making such an assertion knows little about dyes and dyeing work.

Vegetable fibres require special dyes. Such dyes are not made by the makers of imitation and common package dyes. Special dyes for vegetable fibres, such as cotton and mixed goods, are made only by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, and every color is simply perfection.

These special Diamond Dye cotton colors are great chemical discoveries, and confined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The colors are sixteen in number, are immensely popular with carpet, rug and mat makers everywhere. Cotton goods dyed with these Diamond Dye Cotton colors never fade in the sun or washing.

If you are about to dye cotton goods, or desire to color rags for carpets and mats, be sure and ask your merchant for Fast Diamond Dyes for cotton and mixed goods. He should keep the full variety—sixteen useful colors.

INDIVIDUALS AS WELL AS NATIONS.

She Knew Her Duty and Bravely Met It.

The square-jawed woman with pinkish hair laid her umbrella on the editor's desk and took her seat on a pile of damp proofs.

"Did a man," she said, "a man with a grayish goatee and a sneakin' manner hand in a marriage notice this mornin' for publication?"

"He did," said the editor: "here it is. Mr. Samson Peters to Mrs. Huldah Hoskins. Is that all right?"

"The names is all right. It says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar, don't it?"

"It does."

"I thought so. I'm Mrs. Hoskins. That is, I was last night. I s'pose I'll have to be Mrs. Peters now. I want the style of that marriage notice changed."

"In what way," asked the editor.

"I'll give you my reasons first. You see I've got some money and own a farm and

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.

C. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

two cotton gins. Anybody can see I don't need no husband. That Samson Peters is triflin', lazy, and no account generally. He ain't got no family, nor friends, and ain't wuth shucks. He ain't no more fit to take care of hisself than a babe. He'll be a dead expense on my hands, fur he'll never pay fur his salt, and he owes more'n \$80 that I'll have to pay. But I don't keer how no 'count a man gits, some woman or other's bound to git him. That sassy widow Albright's been on his trail for four months, and one of the Simpson gals makin' eyes at him every Wednesday night at prayer meetin'. He's a mighty pore, humble kind of creetur to take in, but I knows my duty when it comes up before me. That widow and the Simpson gal can't never git to crow over me. You jest scratch out where it says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar and say that Mrs. Huldah Hoskins annexed Samson Peters last night at 9 o'clock p. m.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor.—Please inform your readers, that if written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and many vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night losses and weak shrunken parts. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank heaven I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell and want no money, but being a firm believer in the universal brotherhood of man, I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happiness. I promise you perfect secrecy. Address with stamp, W. F. DIBBLEE & SON, Agents' Supplies, P.O. Box 59, St. Henri, Que.

Happy season of childhood! Kind nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance, and for thy nursing hast provided a soft swathing of love and infinite hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced round by sweetest dreams.

Skin Eruptions Cured for 35 Cents—Relief in a Day.

Eczema, tetter, salt rheum, barber's itch—all itching and burning skin diseases vanish where Dr. Agnew's Ointment is used. It relieves in a day and cures quickly. No case of piles which an application will not comfort in a few minutes. If you have used high-priced ointments without benefit, try Dr. Agnew's Ointment at 35 cents and be cured.

"Do you think, Professor," said the musically ambitious girl, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to scream with in case of fire."

Coming.

This is a great opportunity for those suffering with defective eyesight to have their eyes properly examined, and advised as to requisite glasses. The eye expert for the world renowned Lemaire Optical Company, of London, Paris, and New York, will be at the store of Garden Bros., sole agents for Woodstock Oct. 8 and 9. Consultation and examination free.

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SPORTING GOODS.

Winchester and Marlin Rifles,

Single and Double Barrel Breech and

Muzzle Loading Guns,

Loaded and Unloaded Shells,

Cartridges, Primers, Wads,

Gun Cases, Hunting Coats,

Powder, Shot and Caps.

Our goods are first-class and our prices are right. We have the finest assortment of RIFLES and GUNS that have ever been offered for sale here.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

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 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.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

The Toothsome

OYSTER is again in town, and we have him in his brightest and most entrancing form. If you have not yet learned to like an oyster, we can give you BAKED BEANS, HAM and EGGS, or any of the good things of life you may desire.

Permanent and Transient Boarders ACCOMMODATED.

THE VENDOME,

Opp. Opera House.

MRS. R. B. GIBSON,

Queen St.,

WOODSTOCK.