

A DELECTABLE LAND.

Over the hills and far away
There are dreadful dragons that knights may
slay—

Great snorting dragons with brazen scales,
And wings of leather, and coiling tails,
But if you're the proper kind of knight,
With a suit of mail and a sword that's bright
You may whip those dragons and win the day,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
There are ogres living in castles grey,
With a horn to blow and the drawbridge down
And the ogres bellow and stamp and frown,
But it doesn't do to be frightened—no!
You must face them boldly and strike a blow,
And then you marry the Princess May,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
There are fairy monarchs in grand array,
With gnomes and pixies and brownies, too;
And my! the marvellous things they do!
But though they startle you just a bit,
They will help a lad who is sharp of wit,
And it's fun to watch when they dance and
play—

Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
You may have an excellent time, I say.
There are golden islands and magic springs,
And jabberwockies—and heaps of things!
You can't be dull in a land like that,
With enchanted boots and a talking cat,
So is it a wonder you long to stray
Over the hills and far away?

—Felix Leigh, in St. Nicholas.

THE ORDER OF ST. STANILAUS.

Archibald Forbes' Own Description of the
Way he Won This Much-Coveted Rus-
sian Decoration.

The Russo-Turkish campaign had been in progress for several months before I had the honor of being presented to the Emperor Alexander, II. That fell out in this wise. Imperial headquarters were in the Bulgarian village of Gorni Studen when the fighting began in the Schipka Pass up the Balkans. General Ignatieff gave me a timely hint, and I started immediately for the scene of action. As we rode along through the beautiful valleys that trend up into the Balkans, we met the hordes of wretched Bulgarian fugitives who had fled across the mountain chain from the fell retribution of the Turks. The whole country seemed one great picnic; but it was an indescribably mournful picnic. My artist-companion revelled in the picturesqueness of the vivid colors of the women's dresses; but he had no heart to depict the bivouacs in their profound misery.

We reached the fire-swept pass of the Schipka on the afternoon of August the 23, just as the Russian fortunes were trembling in the balance. There had been almost continuous fighting ever since the morning of the 21st. The two Russian commanders stood on the parapet of the St. Nicholas redoubt, on the loftiest and most exposed peak of the position. Their glasses were scanning the visible glimpses of the steep brown road leading up from the Iantra Valley, through stunted corpses of sombre green and yet more sombre dark rock. Stoliotoff cries aloud in a sudden access of excitement, grips his brother commander hard by the arm, and points down the pass. The head of a long black column is plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the road. "Now God be thanked!" exclaims Darozinski solemnly. He was a dead man thirty hours later. Both commanders crossed themselves with bare heads. The troops spring to their feet; they descried the long black serpent coiling up the tortuous brown road. Through the green corpses a glint of sunshine flashes, banishes the sombreness and dances on the glittering bayonets. Such a gush of Russian cheers whirled and eddied among the mountain-tops, that the Turkish warcries were drowned in the welcome which the Russian soldiers sent to their comrades hurrying to help them. As the head of the column came nearer, it was discerned that it consisted of mounted men. Had Pačetsky then, men asked one another, sent cavalry to cope with infantry among the precipices of the Balkans? The column halted, and from its bosom a mountain battery came into action against the Turkish position on one of the ridges. The riders dismounted, formed up, and then marched swiftly until within easy range of the Turks, when they broke and scattered, and straightway from behind every stone and bush spurted white jets of powder-smoke. The column was a battalion of a crack rifle brigade, and the brigade was not three kilometres behind. Radetsky, down in the valley, had dismounted a Cossack regiment, and taken over its ponies for behoof of the leading rifle battalion, at whose head he himself had pushed on.

It was a very bloody day, and on that exposed backbone of bare rock, commanded on either side by the Turkish fire, no man's life was worth five minutes' purchase. I was burning to get to the telegraph wire—the more eager because it seemed to me that during the day the Russians had so prospered that, although the struggle was sore to last for some time, they would be able at least to hold their own. I asked the general what was his estimate of the situation. Radetsky was oracular. "The T. S.," said he, "will now doubt renew their back tomorrow with fresh troops, and will probably do so for a good many mornings. But," he added grimly, "I am a tough man, and, with God's help, come Turk, come devil,

I shall hold on here till I am killed or ordered away." That pronouncement was good enough for me. It was already full dark when, having bidden farewell to the friendly general and to my comrade Villiers, who had determined to remain on the Schipka, I started off on the journey to Bucharest, where the nearest telegraph office was, a distance of about a hundred and seventy miles. All night long I rode hard, having posted relays of horses, and on the morning of the 25th, having neither eaten, drunk, nor rested since the morning of the previous day, I rode into the Imperial headquarters in Gorni Studen. The first man I met was General Ignatieff, who called out—"Where from now?" "From the Schipka," was my reply. "I left there late last night," "The devil you did!" exclaimed Ignatieff. "You've beaten all our messengers by hours. Yours must be the last news; and you must see the Emperor and tell it him."

Now I had not been exactly brought up among emperors, but I have at least some sense of propriety, and I knew that a man ought to wait on an emperor in his Sunday clothes, strange to me, for three months; and I was conscious that my aspect was eminently disreputable. I had been wearing clothes originally white for over a fortnight night and day. The black of my saddle had come off on to them with great liberality; and they were spotted with the blood of poor general Dragomiroff, whom wounded, I had helped to carry into a place of comparative safety. I had not washed for three days, and I altogether felt a humiliatingly dilapidated representative of that great empire on which the sun never sets. But Ignatieff insisted that in the circumstances the Emperor would by no means stand on ceremony. He went inside and awakened his Imperial Majesty, who had been asleep; and he presently ushered me through the Cossack guard into the dingy alcove which formed the hall of audience. The Imperial quarters were a dismantled Turkish house, the balcony of which, where the Emperor stood, was enclosed with common canvas curtains. There was not even a carpet on the rugged boards. A glimpse into the bedroom whence his Majesty had emerged showed a tiny cabin with mud walls, and a camp bed standing on a mud floor. The Emperor received me with great kindness, shaking hands, and paying a compliment to my hard riding. He was gaunt, worn, and haggard, his voice broken by nervousness and by the asthma that afflicted him. I ventured to suggest that I could make him understand the episodes of the fighting much better if I had a sheet of paper on which to draw a plan. The Emperor said at once: "Ignatieff, go and fetch paper and pencil." Ignatieff went; and his Majesty and myself were alone together, standing opposite each other, with a little green biazé table dividing us. Presently Ignatieff returned with a sheet of foolscap on which I rapidly sketched the positions, explaining the details as I proceeded. The Emperor caught up the salient points with the quickness of a trained military intelligence. "Mr. Forbes," said he—he spoke in English—"you have been a soldier?" "Yes, your Majesty," was my reply. "In the Artillery or Engineers, doubtless?" "No, sir," said I, "in the cavalry of the Line." The Emperor remarked: "I was not aware that your cavalry officers were conversant with military draughtsmanship." I replied that I had served as a private trooper, not as an officer; thereby, I fear, conveying to his Majesty the impression that the honest British dragoon is habitually skilled in plan-making. When I had finished telling what I knew, the Emperor said with great graciousness: "Mr. Forbes, I have had reported to me your conduct on the disastrous days before Plevna, in succouring wounded Russian soldiers under heavy fire. As the head of the State, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct by bestowing on you the order of St. Stanislaus with the crossed sword a decoration never conferred save for personal bravery!"

Dr. Shields, an eminent physician of Tennessee, says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood-medicine on earth, and I know of many wonderful cures effected by its use." Physicians all over the land have made similar statements.

A Boy Surgeon.

An infant surgeon is the phenomenon that has set the medical profession of New Orleans and Vicksburg talking. Less than 5 years old, little Will Gwin knows the name of every bone in the human body, knows the location of the various organs and talks learnedly of the most intricate surgical operations. He knows more anatomy than most medical students. And not only this, but he can wield the scalp as deftly as many surgeons.

The boy's father is a physician, and the little one almost always accompanies him on surgical cases. He has frequently seen the human body dissected, and has watched the gleaming knife at their gruesome work with intense interest.

Frequently he has been with his father when called to attend persons mangled by the electric railways in New Orleans, and has exhibited a boy's keen interest also novel an experience. Once when the injured man had been placed under the influence of chloroform, the boy looked up at his father and said: "Papa, does God make chloroform so that people can be fixed not to feel the knife when the doctor uses it?" Again the little fellow placed his hand in one of the gaping wounds and told the doctor his idea of the injury that had been inflicted.

REMARKABLE CASES

Chronic Invalids Rescued from Their Sick Beds After Giving Up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N.S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allan, eczema for three years. Cured, Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robt. Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meyersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto—Miss Hattie Delaney, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Nearly every day little Will visits the New Orleans Charity Hospital. The other day, while watching Dr. Souchon operate at the hospital for abscess of the liver, one of the assistants got in front of him. The boy said: "Papa, asked that gentleman to please move. I can't see what the doctor is doing."

Dr. Howell B. Gwin, the boy's father, explains how it happens that the child comes to know so much about anatomy. Dr. Gwin says: "In romping with my boy on my bed, I used to amuse him by calling out some difficult name of a bone in the body and taunting him with not being able to repeat it. He very readily caught the words and, strangely enough retained them without any effort."

"He then began to associate the name of the bone with the location, and it was not long before he knew a great deal of anatomy. He knew the bones and could describe their location, and he did not learn it parrot fashion. It matters not where the bone is located, he knows its name. It makes no difference what it is called, he can show or describe the bone's location."

"Not long ago he happened in the office of a medical friend of mine who was much interested in the lad's curious acquirement. More in jest than seriously he picked up a piece of a human skull lying on the table and asked the boy what it was. It was separated from its adjoining parts in a manner that the boy had never before seen. He studied it a moment, and then told its scientific name correctly, much to the astonishment of the doctor."

Not so very long ago this youngest of physicians paid a visit to New York, and thoroughly inspected the larger hospitals here, paying particular attention to the cases of interest in the surgical wards. He also took a look at the hospitals of Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis and of other cities.

The boy's extraordinary ability is without doubt hereditary. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have all made names for themselves as surgeons.

Money! Make It Yourself!

I have never seen anything in the papers about the People's Wind Mill; we call it the people's because the inventor never patented it, but let everybody use it free. Any farmer can make a mill himself and all the material complete will not cost over \$10. It is a splendid mill, will pump the deepest wells, and will last longer than any mill I ever had. Any person can get diagrams and complete directions free, as I did, by sending 18 two-cent stamps to pay postage, etc., to Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.; he sells pumps also, and when you get your wind mill going would be glad to sell you a pump if you need it. It is useless to pay \$50 or \$60 for a wind mill when you can get one just as good for \$10. I think there could be big money made putting these mills up through the country as everybody would like them.

A READER.

"I feel," said the clock that had ceased to tick, "like the victim of a bicycle collision." "How is that?" asked the watch. "Run down."—Philadelphia North American.

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1897

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It is the united action of the brain and the eye that forms the action of close observation. We must think about what we see if it is to be a permanent impression. When the mind is vacant the eyes are robbed of half their value.

My idea is just ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward, He would have given him an eye in the back of his head. Let us look always towards the dawn, the bosom time, the hour of the new birth.—Victor Hugo.