

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

APRIL 28, 1897.

TO VICTIS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, un-
With each swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—
its psalm for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the held of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's trust,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?
—W. W. STOREY.

IN THE TURKISH ROOM.

The Hungarian band was playing a waltz; very few of the people dining in the Waldorf garden were aware of it; it was simply one more of the subtle ingredients, like a dash of maraschino in a sauce, that go to make dining something more than the satisfying of appetite.

The waltz was a familiar one, yet a nameless thing to hundreds of people who had danced to it, whistled it, hummed it but knew not whence it came or even how to designate it, though it had become a part of their own being in the impressions it had wrought upon them.

Mrs. Wilfred James, dining at one table with Cary King and her aunt and cousins, the Duncans, with whom she was stopping at the hotel, was wofully conscious of it. Mr. Wilfred James, dining several tables away, half shut from view by a big palm, was entirely oblivious to it, and yet these two people had been as radiantly happy some three years before, floating about to its bewitching music, as it is given to mortals to be. They had been separated now for six months. It had been a case of great beauty and love of admiration on one side, and of unreasoning jealousy on the other, with a large admixture of family interference to keep things seething.

She had not yet grown quite used to meeting him about; her heart yet had an uncomfortable way of flunking an instant when she would first catch sight of him. Tonight she had seen him the moment she had entered the dining room, and at a glance had taken in who the two men were with him. Since that moment she had devoted herself to being as entertaining as she knew how to be to her own little party, and had not looked over in his direction until they began to waltz. It was exquisitely played and it saddened her; how could it fail to do so? She remembered quite well how often they had danced together to it before she had even known that he cared, and afterwards when she was perfectly happy. She glanced half involuntarily at him; fortunately Cary was telling a long story to her aunt. She could see only one of Wilfred's broad shoulders, and but one side of his head with its crinkly fair hair which had been the despair of them both; for him because it would curl in spite of all he could do to prevent it, and for her because her own would not.

He was a distinguished looking man, of superb physique and strong cut features. She could never be ashamed that she had once cared for him and that he—how he had loved her and how glad she had been for her beauty because he was so proud of it. She stole another glance at him and gave a little exclamation of dismay which she crushed with a cough. Cary King broke off his story to turn anxiously to her, "You have not caught fresh cold have you?"

She colored under his keen glance and nervously assured him that she had not. For the flash of an instant more he kept his eyes unquestioningly on her, wondering why the blood had rushed so suddenly to her face, hoping madly that at last she was beginning to care, and then went on with his story.

The waiter at the other table had been refilling the glasses with Burgundy, handling it as tenderly as an infant in its little wicker cradle. Now Burgundy was absolutely forbidden to Mr. Wilfred James on account of his gouty tendencies; but at the moment his wife had glanced in his direction she had seen him deliberately waiting for his glass to be filled, and a second look had found him

calmly sipping it, she well knew with what satisfaction. She also knew in what torture he would regret it. Only thirty, he had inherited this painful legacy from his grandfather, who had also bestowed on him his fortune, and, in return for both, Wilfred's feelings toward that relative were not of un-mixed gratitude.

During the three years of their married life his gout had been almost vanished by the simple outdoor life he had led, and which she, sharing his love of sports, had enjoyed with him. Port and Burgundy, and entrees and pates, were "not dreamed of in their philosophy" and now—her eyes suddenly filled with tears and her hand shook a little as she tried to chip off a bit of the misty pink ice on her plate, while she thought how actually foolhardy he had become without her.

When they had finished she had to pass quite close to him in going out but she kept on brightly talking to Cary beside her, and Wilfred and the two men with him were elaborately unconscious of her presence.

She rarely passed through a room, however, without a little murmur of admiration following her. This was very noticeable tonight. She wore a perfectly plain black velvet frock which set off well the grace of her slender figure, and the dazzling beauty of her skin and abundant fair hair. Wilfred heard it and it cut him, but he gave no sign that he was conscious of it.

After dinner they lingered awhile in the Turkish room; the aunt and cousins commenting on the people wandering up and down the corridor and through the rooms; while Cary talked commonplaces to her with his tongue and unutterable things with his eyes. She wearied of this after a while and went over to one of the little carved desks to write a note that she wished to send that evening. When she had finished she sat with it still before her, leaning her head on her hand in thought. Wilfred had just come into the hall. As she caught sight of him she impulsively drew another sheet of paper from the desk, tore it in half, wrote three lines and folded the half into a narrow slip; then she went back to the others, taking a seat beside her aunt on a red canopied divan near the corridor.

"Don't you want to take in an act or two of the play?" Cary asked, leaning over her. Wilfred was standing in the doorway talking with some friends. For a moment she caught his eyes upon her, then she looked smilingly up at Cary. "I should love to," she answered, "if Aunt Mary likes." Aunt Mary liked and so they all rose to go. Wilfred was still standing in the doorway, and Mrs. Duncan, having become aware of it, majestically led their exit through the opposite one; Mrs. Wilfred, before following, however, cast one more guilty look in his direction and thrust the bit of paper she still held, between the upholstered arm and seat of the divan.

A cold shiver undulated down Wilfred's spine, as he watched the "departure—the Duncans in front, and Cary once again beside his wife, who had waited while he went back to pick up her gloves, which she had dropped beside the divan.

Wilfred rubbed his hand confusedly across his brow. He could not take in what was being said to him. Anger, jealousy, a sense of humiliation, even pity, surged through him. Pity that she had so degenerated in the short time they had been apart, as to stoop to what he believed he had seen with his own eyes, and the cad had not even had the sense to find the note she had left there.

He excused himself, pleading illness, and went out into the night. He crossed the avenue with no thought of where he was going; a cabman pulled up his horse sharply to keep from running him down and he did not even know it. "Now that, O Ethel, Ethel—" he groaned. He had not tried to fool himself into the belief that he no longer cared, though he had grown somewhat used to the pain of being without her; but that she should feel no longer bound to honor him, that she should stoop from the gentle dignity that he had always loved in her, to an intrigue, however innocent it might prove, with another man, was more terrible to him than any sorrow he had yet known.

As he grew calmer the thought occurred to him that the note was still in the room where she had left it? What if some one discovered it? He turned, hurried along and re-entered the hotel. The Turkish room was almost deserted. He was composed enough to walk slowly through it; two people were conversing in one of the deep window recesses, and the maid was shaking up pillows and straightening the chairs. He sank down on the divan as if waiting for someone, then he leaned wearily back and slipped his hand beneath the upholstered cushion. He was shaking with nervous tension and his fingers trembled weakly as they found the folded bit of paper they were seeking.

He pushed it forward, then his palm crushed over it and his heart contracted as at last he drew it out in his clenched hand. The room for a moment swam dizzily before him and there seemed something fiendish in the red glow that pervaded it.

His first impulse was to tear the paper into bits. He had not come for it to spy upon her only to save her from herself. What folly had she written? Perhaps none, perhaps it was merely a bit of paper with some message upon it that had been handed to her.

He despised himself for this sophistry; he was trying to fool himself into the belief that he had a right to look at it. He had seen her at the desk, seen her smile at Cary a moment before she had slipped it into the divan and afterwards cast a frightened look in his direction. But what if it were nothing, and he was suffering all this torture unnecessarily? She was still his wife, he had a right to know—she must know if he were doing her an injustice. He opened the paper and looked:

"Dear Billie:—I saw you drinking Burgundy tonight. Have you gone mad? Please don't do it again."

He could have laughed for joy but he did not, and instead two great tears blurred the little paper in his hand. She was tender and good as she had always been; always, even when jealousy had made a devil of him and her family's interference had converted him into a fiend.

He gazed triumphantly around. Never before had the room appeared so exquisitely beautiful. Its soft red glow warmed his heart with hope, the delicate arabesques upon the walls were like the tender verdure of the spring, holding a promise of joy. In front of him was the bust of a saucy Arab girl with her back to him. She seemed to be flouting him. Well she had a right to—everyone had—for a born fool. Guarding the divan on either side were two bronze Moors upholding lighted candelabra. They had guarded it well—that scrap of paper, that had made him so wretched and now so happy. He read it again. It was just like her. She always called him Billie when she was trying to persuade him into anything. He folded it tenderly and put it in his breast pocket. Should he write her a letter? No, the Duncans might see it, and then there would be more comment and interference. A bright idea struck him. She would surely come and look to see if he had found the note; he would put another in its place.

"Dear Ethel:—I will give up Burgundy if you will write me another line."

She found it the next morning. She laughed a little and put it in her glove. She was going out but she stopped a moment to write an answer.

"Dear Billie:—Of course, I cannot be indifferent to your taking care of yourself, so please do for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

He found it that night in the divan but had no glimpse of her.

"Dear Ethel:—What is the use of taking care of one's self with nothing in life worth looking forward to?"

It frightened her a little when she found this note. She did not know quite where she was drifting now after all the desperate misery before and following their separation, but there was something deliciously absurd in the whole affair at present—this surreptitious writing to her own husband with a divan for a letter box and her aunt and cousins for dragons, such deadly dull dragons to be tied to as she found them.

She did not answer this last note but when she wandered into the Turkish room the next morning she found another awaiting her.

"Dear Ethel:—This will be a good-bye. I cannot stand it any longer. I am going to sail for the south of France on Saturday."

She had taken the note into her own room to read after drawing it from its hiding place and she slipped down quite weak into a chair and tried to study herself and think just what it meant to her.

Billie in the South of France and she dragging dismally around with her aunt; in a false position, every act criticized and nothing better to hope for in the future. Billie thousands of miles away, perhaps ill and she would not know it; perhaps falling in love with—she sprang up; she could not stand it. Oh! if he would only ask her to go with him, if she were only sure he wanted her. So she wrote:

"Dear Billie:—I want to say good-bye to you. I cannot have you go away without that."

It was Thursday. She found his answer that same night.

"Dear Ethel:—Try me once more and come with me."

She sent the following to his club, she was so afraid to trust it to the divan.

"Dear Billie:—I will come, but I shall have to run away from Aunt Mary. I don't dare to face her. Tell me how I can come to you."

He sent his answer by a messenger from the club.

"Dear Ethel:—Take your relatives, all of them, to the theatre this evening, have your maid pack your trunks, and I will see that they go aboard tonight. The steamer sails at ten, but if you will not mind an early breakfast, I will be at the hotel in the Turkish room at seven. Oh, Ethel, my darling, we will start all new again, and I shall try to make up for all the misery of the past. Your husband, WILFRED."

She did not know until she received this letter how homesick she had been.

When she found him waiting for her at seven he was the only one in the room. He was looking out of one of the windows but he heard her step and turned quickly to meet her.

She put out her hand but he only took it to draw her near and kiss her. "Are you all ready?"

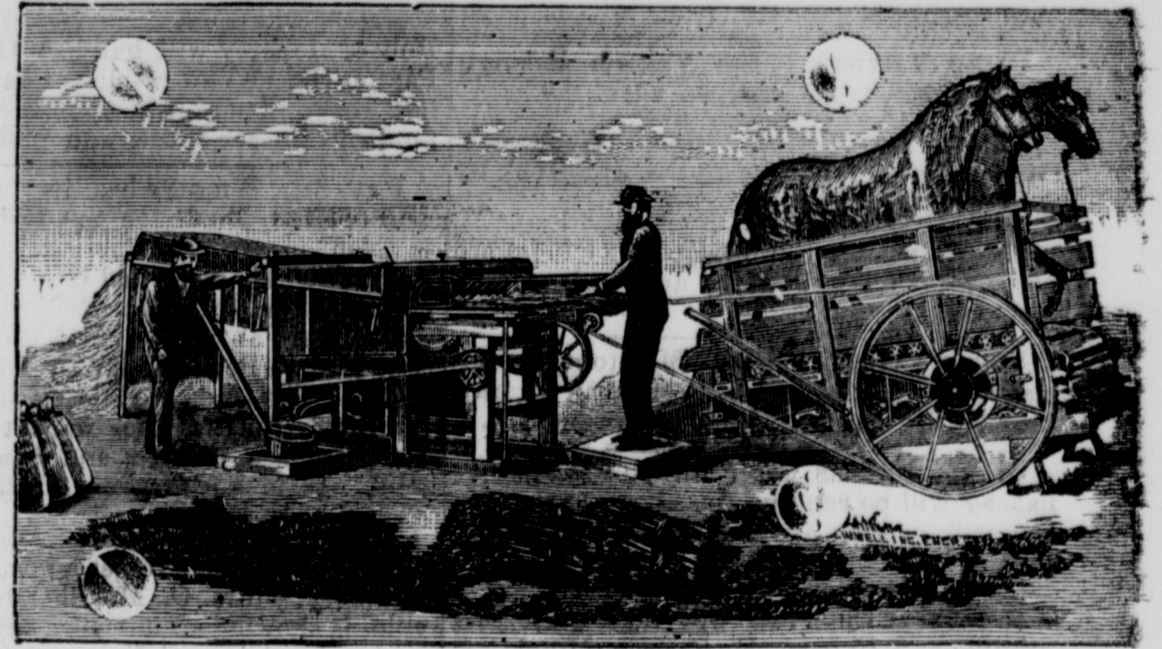
She nodded; she could not speak; her lips quivered a little, and yet she laughed as he hurried her into his cab at the door.

"I feel as if I were doing something dreadful," she said at last. "I have written to Aunt explaining as best I could but I am afraid she will not understand."

"She won't have to," he answered gaily. They were rattling down the avenue by this time. "I understand though—I know what an everlasting fool I have been. I understand what I came very near losing." He kissed her again. "O Ethel, Ethel, I am only thankful that I understood in time."

Mrs. Duncan left town for Lakewood that day. She was quite upset by her niece's inconsiderate conduct toward her. She volunteered the information to several friends that Ethel had suddenly decided to go abroad for the winter, but nothing further, and those who had heard that Mr. and Mrs. James were crossing on the same steamer wondered audibly if it were an unpleasant accident or if their families had brought about a reconciliation.—May D. Hatch.

What the People Say.



Mactaquay, York Co., N. B., April 29, 1895
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.
Scotch Settlement,
Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.
North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1895.

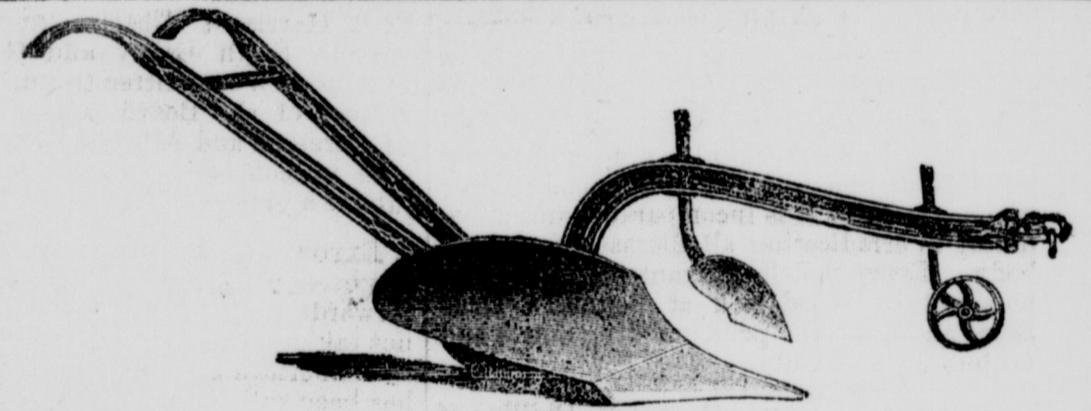
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully, DAVID DELUCRY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,
Woodstock, N. B.



Steel Plows

—AND—

Harrowes

SPRING TOOTH HARROWS
18 TEETH,
Double Ribbed Frame
PRICE \$9.00.

—AT—

Connell Bros.

Cheapest and Best.

You Have to Live

In your house; what's the matter with making it a home? I can show you a larger and more varied stock of Parlor Furniture than any dealer in town, and I have more arriving. If you want Furniture for a Bedroom, Sitting Room, Smoking Room or Kitchen, I can give it to you. I have everything you could possibly want.

That Picture

That has been fading out and gathering dust for some time will be a total wreck in a short time if you don't send it to me to be framed. I have a stock of beautiful Picture Mouldings. Come in and pick.

MARCY.

CONNELL STREET.

Prayer cultivates the field of your soul, because by prayer the grace of God renders fruitful the seed of your life. You must refer your life, and every action of your life to God.

Many a man I have seen who, in his haste to fly from the fiends without him, has forgotten to close the door of his heart against worse fiends who were ready to harbor within him.