

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 1, 1904.



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, MRS. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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ASSAN'S TRIUMPH

A LEGEND OF BAGDAD

BY KURT MATULL.

Through the centre of Bagdad, the capital of the mighty Caliph, rich in legendary lore, flowed the River Tigris. The dazzling rays of the evening sun, scintillating like diamonds of a thousand colors, played upon the ripples of the rapid flowing water. Thick rosebushes hung over the river banks, scattering myriads of leaves upon the wavelets. Romping in elfish glee, the little water sprites chased the green intruders, and their laughter was like the music of countless silver bells.

On the broad marble terraces leading from the city down to the water's edge the people of Bagdad sat luxuriating in the evening's cool after the hot glow of the day. Softly upon their ears fell the laughter of the water, mingled with the strains of dulcet music from secret trysting places amid the rosebushes—songs of love and longing sung to the accompaniment of guitar and lute. Across the river, the mighty castle of the Caliph reared above the water, its great marble walls gleaming like the plumage of a proud white swan.

At one end of the castle a projecting tower rose, strong and massive, from out a little garden. On the battlement blooming rosebushes crowned the tower with a floral helmet, and, creeping downward, clothed it in a gown of royal purple. Among the branches there sounded a nightingale's languishing, "Bul-bul-tee-tee teo teere-e-e."

At the window, Assan, the favorite son of the Caliph, stood listening to the voices of the evening deep in thought. Upon the bosom of the river he saw drifting wreaths of flowers and branches of olive and myrtle—night gifts to the river from Bagdad's beautiful women—night gifts that slender hands had cast upon the water, and wistful eyes had watched as they glided onward attended by the bestowers' petition that the lordly Tigris would be pleased to grant them that for which their hearts most longed.

Assan knew full well all these prayerful wishes, gliding carelessly upon the water down to meet the ocean. And he laughed—laughed so loudly that the nightingale in the tendrils of the roses ceased in afright her music. At the sudden stillness, Assan checked his laughter and addressed the invisible songster:

"Thou art silent, my sweet one! Thou canst not understand that the wishes that go with the wreaths and branches there upon the water are chains to make slaves of freemen."

"To make slaves of freeman, Assan?" It was the silvery voice of a maiden that suddenly and gently echoed the words of the son of the Caliph. And while she yet was speaking two arms, slender and graceful, were entwined about his neck.

"Heart's light! Thou star of Bagdad! My Marghyla!" And Assan joyously caught in his strong arms the youthful partner of his bosom.

"Yes, it is I, my Assan. Roses two I bring thee, as a gift for our lordly Tigris.

See! the dark one is for you, and the white one—is for me. And, see! together I have bound them with a band of silk. To the waters I shall throw them, my Assan—our offering to the mighty river that our wish may be brought to fulfillment."

"Our wish?" murmured the son of the Caliph, and his voice was as the sound of sighing.

Questioningly then looked Marghyla into the eyes of her beloved.

But Assan stood as a statue, and his silence was full of portent.

"Bind thy roses!" at last cried Assan; "but bind them fast with an iron chain—or chain of gold, if the metal be heavy! Thy silken band is far too fragile!"

"No, light of my soul," said Marghyla; "neither by golden chains or iron bands shall love, true love, be bound. A glance of an eye, a touch of a hand, a breath of a kiss—that shall bind love for ever and for aye. My thread of silk, O Assan!—so thin it is, it is like a cobweb—is to me only as a symbol."

Saying which, the maiden stretched her white hands far out the window, and let the roses drop into the river. Then once more she spoke to her beloved:

"Assan, O Assan, my beloved one! What has kept thee these last three days from the garden, there to talk with me as was once thy habit? Why hast thou secluded thyself here in the tower?"

Over the brow of Assan furrows formed and deepened. Gently the maiden stroked his forehead, as if she would smooth out the wrinkles.

"Is it not well with thee, my Assan?"

"It is not," he answered, "and none can help me. Thou sayest love is bound by the breath of a kiss in fetters stronger than iron chains. Ah! that is why, O Marghyla! no one can help me."

"And I hold thee? Oh! Assan, tell me what evil I do thee."

"Evil!"—and the son of Caliph laughed loudly—"I wish thou wouldst do me evil."

"Assan!"

"Forbear, my beloved! Thou knowest not my thoughts, and thou canst not help me. Look! far to the East, where rules the mighty Emperor of the Franks!—there the land resounds with the clash of arms and the noise of the combat. Horses stamp! Swords flash! Javelins fly! Joyously floats on the breeze the war cry of our heroes: 'Allah il Allah! Gold gleams the crescent above the trampling steeds! There is might and freedom; but here weakness and slavery! Ah! would I were there with my brothers, battling and sweeping on to victory! He, and only he, that has fought for his life and gained his life through victory, knows what it is to live! Victory! Ah! it is victory that makes us free, and enables us to live out our lives in proud happiness, at peace with ourselves and the world! Give me but one victory—one victory—and I shall be content!'"

"And hast thou truly gained no victory, Assan?"

Wistfully the maiden looked at her lover, but her tender meaning he understood not, and he answered:

"No; none!"

"And is it—do I keep thee from—thy victory?"

"Yes, my beloved."

For a few minutes silence. Then the tear-choked voice of the maiden:

"I will hold thee not, O Assan! I will send thee to thy happiness with a thousand blessings and good wishes."

Impatiently the son of the Caliph shrugged his shoulders.

"I know! I know!"

Like the sighing of the night breeze in the forest was the voice of the maiden in her anguish;

"A-n-d?"

Rudely broke in the voice of Assan:

"So long as my eyes see thee; so long as my lips caress thine; so long as my words find an echo within thy heart—so long, O Marghyla! am I held from going forth to my victory. And yet within me the hot blood surges, and within me there are struggles, fights, battles; and I long, oh! I long to stand as a man among men! By Allah! I will gain what I wish! I will not live as a pleasure-bound slave! I hate myself in these chains that keep me from my victory! Oh! I hate myself!"

With folded arms, the son of the Caliph gazed down upon the Tigris, and saw not that into his beloved's eyes pearls came gleaming—pearls more precious than precious stones. He saw only himself in battle, rushing on to victory against the enemy, and her words he heard not:

"Farewell, O Assan! Go thou to fight against the Frankish Emperor! I shall prepare the way for thy first victory."

Softly, softly she stole from the room, and with her went the last rays of the dying sun. All the sparkling diamonds of the river's ripples were gone, and over the land fell the dark blue veil of night. It was still, deeply still, over Bagdad. Not a barge upon the bosom of the river. The people were gone from the terraces. Lonely through the darkness came the nightingale's languishing "Bul-bul-tee-tee-teere-e-e."

Yet long stood Assan in the high-arched window, darkly gazing over the water, on

which floated the silvery ribbon of the rising moon. Suddenly, from the little garden at the foot of the tower, he heard a voice gently calling: "Assan, O Assan!"

The voice was mingled with the nightingale's "Tee-tee-tee-teere-e-e." Far out of the window leaned Assan, and saw his beloved, Marghyla, clothed in her white silken draperies, standing close to the brink of the river.

"Why disturbst thou me?" cried Assan. "See! Assan," called back his beloved; "the chains of the slave are for thee broken! Go thou now and be happy!"

Slowly, her arms stretched toward him, Marghyla fell back into the water.

Like a statue of marble stood Assan. But, now that he saw his beloved drifting away on the flood of the river toward the Castle of Eternal Forgetfulness, the demon's bonds about his heart were loosened.

"Marghyla!" cried Assan.

In afright the nightingale cried out.

Lightly the lover sprang through the window and clambered swiftly down the rosebushes till he stood at the brink of the river. Into the water plunged the son of the Caliph. A desperate struggle was his. But he brought his beloved to safety. Under the rosebushes in the garden Assan laid down his burden, and as the maiden opened her eyes and looked up into his, she saw them shining in victory—she heard his ecstatic "Thou!"

But Marghyla turned from him, saying: "Why wast thou me, O Assan!"

With his strong arms he lifted her gently, and gathered her to his bosom; and earnestly made answer.

"In saving thee, I have saved myself. Thou hast made me see that in thee have I triumphed. Instead of chains thou hast given me freedom. Blind I was, but cleared is my vision. Love is a victory; from self it frees us. It raiseth us above all impulses of evil. Marghyla!"

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9.05 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M Jet, and intermediate points.

11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. River du Loup and Quoboc.

12.30 P MIXED—Week Days—for Fredericton, M ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

2.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct. M Plaster Rock and intermediate points.

5.59 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, M Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East. Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West. Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jet to Boston.

ARRIVALS.

11.12 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton etc., via Gibson Branch.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.

1.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock and intermediate points.

5.50 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

7.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct. M.

11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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