

Seeming Defeat.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The woodland silence, one time stirred
By the soft pathos of some passing bird,
Is not the same it was before,
The spot where once, unseen, a flower
Has held its fragile chalice to the shower
Is different forevermore.

Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

O thou that breathest year, by year
Music that falls unheeded on the ear—
Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!
Thou that with tints of earth and skies
Fillest thy canvas for unseeing eyes
Thou hast not labored fruitlessly,
Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

IN THE CISTERN.

The cloudless August sky seemed literally to throb with heat. Dust lay thick everywhere, powdering every blade of grass so that the cattle wandered disconsolately about in the search for something green. In the clump of trees about the farmhouse cicadas shrilled ceaselessly, until the sound beat upon the tired brain with maddening insistence.

Down below the great barn, in the full glare of the sun, four masons were busy repairing the brick rim of the huge cistern where the water for the cattle was stored. Mr. Davis, the owner of the farm, had set them to work early in the morning, and after giving the few simple directions necessary, had retreated to the comparatively cool interior of the farmhouse. It was almost noon now, and the tired laborers were looking forward to a siesta under the trees where the cicadas held revel.

"Faith," exclaimed Pat Carney, laying down his trowel to wipe the sweat from his forehead, "it's so hot me appetite's clean gone! And it has to be pretty warm when that can happen, let me tell ye!"

Jim Bruxton, who was sitting with his legs dangling over the inner edge of the cistern, applied a dab of mortar to a crack and straightened his back with an effort. His face was dark red to the roots of his thin, sandy hair, and even the whites of his eyes were suffused.

"We ought to get double wages for a job like this," he said, thickly, shooting a glance at young Archie Davis, who had come down from the house to watch the masons. "I wouldn't make a beast work in such weather."

Carney looked at him critically. "What's the matter with ye, Jim?" he inquired. "Your voice's got a croak like a raven's. Better lay off a spell."

"I'm all right," said Bruxton, doggedly. "Guess I'm as tough as the rest of you," and he slapped some mortar against the bricks.

Even from where they worked, the sharp chorus of the cicadas beat in the men's ears. The feverish rhythm of it irritated Bruxton. He tried not to listen to it, but his pulse would jump to its tune in spite of himself.

"Hang 'em!" he growled. "They give me a pain in the head. It's like hearing the heat as well as feeling it."

He straightened up again and pushed back his battered felt hat. Then a strange thing happened. He could not bring his arm down again. It remained clinging to his hat brim, with the life all gone out of it. The whole arm was like a stick of wood.

He made a violent effort to move it. A burning wave rushed into his head, and the dusty green stretches and the hazy horizon turned black. Before Pat, who worked beside him, had an inkling of his condition, he swayed and toppled over into the interior of the cistern. Thirty feet from the rim he struck the water with a reverberating splash.

"Hi, boys, look alive!" bawled Pat. "Jim's had a heat-stroke and fallen in."

The other men dropped their implements and peered over the low, circular wall.

"He's moving!" exclaimed big Steve.

"The water's brought him to. How deep is it?"

"Most ten feet," said young Archie, who was pale to the lips.

Steve turned on him in a flash.

"Run for the bar!" he said, "and tell the men! Quick, now!"

He jumped from the wall as he spoke, and caught up a frayed rope that had once been used to lower the water-buckets. He fastened one end of it about his waist and passed the other to Carney. The emotional Irishman shook so that he could hardly hold it.

"What are you going to do, Steve?" he managed to ask.

"Going down after Jim. Here, Joe, catch hold with Pat!"

He swung his over the rim and prepared to let himself go.

"It won't hold ye, Steve!" wailed Carney.

"It's rotten. There'll be two of ye drowned."

"Well, two's company," said Steve.

"Can you swim?" asked Joe.

"Like lead. Let her run, boys!"

They lowered him down, hand over hand, the old ropes creaking. As Steve's legs entered the water Jim, struggling feebly, made a clutch at him.

"Hold easy!" said Steve, and threw a strong arm about his waist.

There was small need of the command, for Jim lost what little consciousness he had left the moment he believed himself safe. He collapsed, a dead weight, in Steve's grasp, and under the sudden strain the rope slipped

through the men's fingers until Jim's face was in the water.

"Haul on her a bit or you'll drown him!" shouted Steve.

Inch by inch the two sweating men hauled in the rope.

"Maybe we can raise 'em!" panted Carney. "The Lord knows what the kid'll do, and there's Jim needing help bad."

The rope groaned. Down below Steve wound his legs round it, and clutched it with his left hand in a grip of steel. Powerful as he was, the double strain of supporting his own and Jim's body taxed his strength fearfully. And it was equally severe upon the rope. He could feel the worn strands writhe apart under his fingers as he slowly ascended.

He had just begun to notice the light of the sun brightening the bricks when, with a spiteful snap, the rope broke! In a moment he was soused in the icy water, with the inert Jim dragging him under.

Still clutching his burden, he rose to the top and splashed his way to the wall, but his hand slipped from its shiny surface as from glass. There was not a cranny between the bricks nor a jutting corner to lend the help needed. He was like a frog in an aquarium, only he lacked the frog's ability to keep afloat.

It seemed the height of irony that he should be fighting to save himself from the very element which was so rare and precious a thing in this drought-seared country.

He was aware of voices rumbling about him and looking up for an instant, he saw the men leaning over the rim, in a vain effort to lower the rope within his reach. As he felt him-self sinking, he drew in a deep breath, resolving to husband his strength as much as he could.

His head had hardly gone under before his feet touched bottom. The depth was barely seven feet. A light kick started him up again.

He made a thrusting motion with his free arm that carried him to a different part of the wall, and again his hand swept it hurriedly. Under the glutinous moss that coated the bricks he felt a projecting ridge. It was so high up he could just reach it, and so shallow that only the tips of his big fingers could rest upon it.

He could hold to it, however, if he had his own weight alone to support; but with Jim's body to bear up, the feat would be impossible. Already the chill of the water and the fear of it had appreciably lessened his strength.

Could he save either Jim or himself if he let go? Was it better that one of them should live? And Jim—the poor fellow had passed the worst of it now. Death would come unattended by any pain or terror to him in his unconscious state. He would simply sink into a deeper sleep.

The cowardly thought passed in a moment from Steve's mind, and he knew that if one was to be saved it must be Jim. Jim had a wife and three children—little yellow-haired youngsters whom the bachelor Steve had often tossed in his big arms. Mary, the eldest, called him "Uncle" Steve. She had a pretty little habit of waylaying him on his way to his dreary boarding house, to present him with a bunch of dusty flowers, wilted from the clasp of her small, hot palm. He remembered that there was a nosegay of her buttercups in his cracked shaving mug now.

He looked up for the second time, and on his broad, plain face there was almost a smile. Steve did not see his two frightened companions waving to him encouragingly. His gaze took in more than the disk of blue sky overhead.

His stiffened fingers relaxed their hold. Down he sank into the quiet water. As his feet reached the bottom, he raised Jim with a mighty effort upon his bent shoulders. Then, with his face to the wall, he set his jaw and waited.

His heart beat furiously, like a machine thudding off the seconds. His lungs seemed to cry aloud for another draft of air, and as the pain of suffocation gripped him, his body shook from head to foot. With an iron will-power he held his passion. His only fear was that when the end came he would forget Jim.

When his bursting lungs forced him to open his mouth, the inward rush of water, although for a moment choking, brought with it a feeling almost of relief. The sharp, dizzy sensation, the desire to strike out wildly and reach the precious air nearly overwhelmed him; but it was gone with surprising quickness, and was followed by a heavy numbness. The roaring in his ears died away to a dull, distant murmur. Something snapped at the base of his brain, and consciousness mercifully left him.

Fright had lent Archie wings. Fortunately two of the farm-hands happened to be in the barn, and Mr. Davis himself, aroused from a nap by Archie's calls for help, arrived in time to hear the hurried account of the accident.

They caught up a couple of long ropes used in the horse barn and ran down to the cistern, where Carney greeted them in a voice hushed to an unusual lowness of pitch.

"He's standing with the water over his head, and Jim's on his shoulders," he said. "Ye'll have to be quick, gentlemen."

One of the farm-hands, an expert rigger,



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"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club.

—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

fastened a rope round his waist, and taking the other in his hand, was on the wall in a minute. Four pairs of strong hands seized the rope and lowered him swiftly. When his feet struck the water the rigger passed the free rope dexterously under Jim's arms and knotted it.

"Hold hard, two of you," he shouted, and the rest raised on the other rope!

Steve had just lost consciousness. As the weight of Jim's body was lifted from his shoulders, his own rose slowly, and his white, blank face shone above the surface. He was sinking again when the rigger made a swift, successful clutch at his collar, and arrested the downward motion just in time.

As soon as Jim had been drawn up, the rope was sent down again, and the rigger made it fast to Steve. Slowly and carefully they drew the big, limp body up into the warm sunlight.

When Steve struggled back from the border he had so nearly crossed, he found himself lying on the barn floor, staring mistily up at the dusty rafters. A little group of sympathetic men stood round him. Jim, pale and weak, was reclining against a mound of hay.

"We got there in the nick of time for you," said Mr. Davis, smiling at him. "You're a brave fellow. Jim owes his life to you."

Carney, in a mixture of bewilderment and joy, scratched his head vigorously.

"And to think of a quiet man like Steve doing that!" he exclaimed. "Sure, he never told anybody he had any sand in him! If a man don't tell ye what he can do, how's a body to know?"

Which only shows that there are some standpoints from which one cannot see every thing.—Youth's Companion.

To Cure a Cold in a Day

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Washing Cut Glass.

Most attractive is the new and beautiful rock-crystal, which combines an effect of richness and plainness that must appeal to all lovers of beauty in table ware. This is shown in both plain and engraved and in all shapes.

Too much care cannot be given to the washing of heavily cut glass. It should never be put into very hot water, and the housekeepers who cherish the idea that glass cannot be made brilliant without the use of water barely off the boil will have to reconstruct their theories or lose their glass. The piece should be put through two waters, but neither of them should be more than moderately warm. A little ammonia added to it will brighten the glass. This is necessary in cleansing the inside of glass, jugs and bottles, and those which are too small to admit of the entrance of the hand or a long handled brush may be washed with water to which chopped white potato has been added. Small shot are sometimes used for the same purpose, but the chopped potato answers just as well and is more likely to be at hand.—[Harper's Bazar.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

The Harm Noise.

The family Doctor says that noise is an undoubted factor in impairing the tone of the nerve centres. Whether we are conscious of it or not, it hurts the brain and has a deafening, bewildering effect on the mental processes. It tries the brain and tends to produce cerebral hyperemia. To live in a noisy atmosphere is to shorten one's days. Irritability, neurasthenia, insomnia are common effects. The tympanum or drum membrane of the ear is injured, the circulation of the cerebro-spinal fluid is disturbed, and the nerve cells themselves suffer as though subjected to mechanical violence.

Mrs. Young (proudly): "The landlord was here today; I gave him the quarter's rent and showed him the baby."

Young (who was kept awake last night): "It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the quarter's rent."

The Father: "Ef I give ye some money ter spend while ye be in Londyn, ye won't go to no music-halls or gamblin' places, or drink champagne with it, will ye?"

Son: No, dad."

The Father: "Well, then, here's a shilling, an' mind ye keep yer word."

A Useful List of Books for Children.

A strong bond for holding a family together is the habit of reading aloud for an hour or two several evenings during the week. Information should not be the object of such reading, but culture in one of its finest forms will be gained if the best books are chosen. Boys and girls who have been studying the greater part of the day should either read or have read to them books interesting, amusing or pathetic. Books of travel, well written, biographies of interesting persons, historical and literary essays by men of letters all afford delightful reading. Among the best books for children are the following: "Gulliver's Travels," "Alice in Wonderland," "Hawthorne's Wonder Book," "The Arabian Nights," "The Water Babies," "Tanglewood Tales," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "The Jungle Book," "Aesop's Fables," "Uncle Remus," "Pillgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson" and the Waverley Novels.—From an article on Reading for Children, by Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, in the March Delineator.

"That man your automobile bowled over says he has the number of your machine."

"What did he say it was?"

"Sixty six."

"It's ninety-nine. He was standing on his head at the time he saw it."

You'd Best Believe

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NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Stephen B. Appleby, are requested to make payment to the undersigned executrix and all persons having claims against the said estate are required to file the same, duly attested, within thirty days from this date.

Dated this 20th day of January, 1904.
HARRIETT E. APPLEBY,
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