

The Country Schoolhouse.

The little country schoolhouse—you remember it; of course you do! Within the angle snugly set, Where two long yellow highways met, And saplings planted here and there About the yard, and boxed with care As if to typify, in turn, The youngsters caught and caged, to learn.

Around, the rolling pastures spread, With Woodland patches garlanded, From which the breezes gladly bore Sly invitations to the door. Across the sills the bees' soft hum Was mingled with the muffled hum, And from their covert in the vale In plaintive pleading piped the quail.

With basket and with pail equipped, Clear-eyed, tan-checked, and berry-lipped, Athwart the pastures, down the road, They trudged to learning's poor abode; The pink sunbonnet, broad-brimmed straw; The bare brown feet that knew no law Of fashion's last; the bundled forms That laughed aloud at cold and storms.

What tales the scarred desks might relate Of triumphs gained with book and late! What lore the claspboards loose possess Of feats at noontime and recess! And doomed how oft the panes to see, Back up the road, and o'er the lea, Haste boy and girl, new worlds to find, The little schoolhouse left behind.

O little country school! In vain May critics hold you in disdain. The greatest lessons that you taught Were not by chalk and pencil wrought. As ope'd your door on fields and sky, So, likewise, just as wide and high, You opened to the eyes of youth The principles of love and truth.

Edwin L. Sabin in "Youth's Companion."

RED MOUNTAIN NUPTIALS.

BY JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

When the westbound stage drew up at Crawford's that April afternoon a solitary passenger alighted—a tall, strong featured young man who carried himself with an air of determination. Billy Crawford, lounging in the doorway of the barroom, languidly smoking a stubby clay pipe, looked at the arrival critically. He noted the man's face, of the chalky whiteness of unpolished marble, the dark rings under his eyes and the gaunt hollows in his cheeks, which made the cheek bones glaringly apparent.

Billy had seen many such arrivals before. Generally, though, they lacked the combative-ness this man's bearing seemed to suggest. They were prone to wear a tired, hopeless, often frightened, look. Generally, too, they went back in a few months by the stage again—in a long box on the trunk rack behind.

Billy was mentally figuring how long it would be before this one went back in such fashion, when the young man strode briskly by the steps and accosted him.

"Are you the proprietor here?"

Billy "reckoned he was."

"Accommodate me here?" The young man shot out his questions with no waste of words.

"How long?" said Billy, removing his evil smelling pipe.

"As long as I like the place," said the other. "Maybe all summer, maybe a year, maybe longer."

Billy thought to himself, "Maybe four or five months at the most," but he said, "Guess so," replaced his pipe, and, picking up the bulging suitcase, led his guest within.

From behind the closed blinds in the second story of the little red shack—a stage station which Billy Crawford had christened the "Red Mountain inn"—some one else had watched the arrival of the stage, and that some one was Araminta Crawford, Billy's daughter. She saw the determined looking man, with his almost defiant air and his pale, sunken cheeks. As her father was showing the way upstairs she heard the man's spasmodic cough, and her heart was filled with sudden pity at the thought of his coming to that deserted corner of the world to die, for despite the reputation of the climate of the Red Mountain district as a healer of damaged breathing apparatus Araminta had seen the long boxes on the trunk rack too often to put much faith in it.

At supper time the young man was the sole guest in the smoky dining room. Araminta was waitress as well as cook. When she came into the dining room the guest fixed his eyes upon her. She was good to look upon—dark, well formed, with a fullness of figure and an unstudied ease which youth and life in the open air had given her.

Crawford came into the dining room for a moment to inquire concerning his guest's comfort. He indicated his daughter with a wave of his hand.

"My daughter, Minta, Mr.—er—er—Mr."

"Deming," the guest supplemented, turning to the girl. From that moment Jack Deming dated the beginning of his recovery.

In the days that followed Deming saw much of the girl. He found her frank, unaffected, good hearted, yet with a keenness of mind which accorded ill with the narrowness of her surroundings. Her father and the men that came into the inn were gross and coarse. Aside from the old negro woman who assisted about the place, there was not a woman within thirty miles. Yet the girl was womanly, quiet and possessed of a native refinement and a simple frankness which Deming found irresistibly charming.

The weeks flew past, and Deming improved. He was much in Minta's company, and the more he saw of the girl the deeper grew his interest in her. He showed her his di-

ploma from Yale and told her of his life in the world outside, while she listened eagerly for every detail. They walked together, they fished in the stream at the back of the inn, they set up a target and tried his rifles, and the girl proved to be a far better shot than he. Meanwhile his lungs mended, and he developed a very common form of heart trouble, of which Minta was the cause.

There could be but one ending to it all. One October night Deming sought Crawford, who was smoking sleepily in the deserted barroom. Deming made known his intentions, and Crawford came suddenly from his somnolent mood and swore roundly.

"No," said Crawford, "Minta marry a consumptive—a tenderfoot consumptive? No, sir; she is going marry the son of old Jones, who runs the stage route. That was arranged years ago. He's got money to burn and nothing the matter with his lungs."

Deming turned angrily on his heel and left the room. Outside in the moonlight he met Minta, who laughed when he told her of the interview, whispered a few words into his ear and then ran swiftly into the house.

Late next afternoon, when the stage drew up at Crawford's, Deming stood on the porch saying goodbye to Billy.

"No hard feelin', I hope?" Billy was saying.

"None at all, I assure you," Deming replied, with a twinkle in his eye, for behind Crawford's back he saw Ed Dempsey, the stage driver, helping a woman into the coach.

Twenty minutes later, after the coach had rattled off toward Red Mountain Billy called his daughter.

"Minta!" he bellowed through the house.

"Minta! Where in tarnation is that girl?"

"I done seen her gittin' into de stage, sub," said the colored girl.

Far up on the stage road, which winds about Red Mountain, you can look down a bluff and see the road twisting along below. Deming and Minta, looking down the bluff, caught sight of a solitary horseman riding madly along the rocky path. Deming leaned out the window.

"Crawford's coming up the trail," he shouted. "It's \$50 in your pocket, Ed, if you land us at Madison Flats ahead of him."

Dempsey let out his team until the coach rocked and swayed, and the only other passenger, a thin, nervous man, clutched the seat and gasped.

Then they heard Ed shouting to the team. The pace slackened as he set brakes hard. Instinctively Deming opened the door and pushed Minta before him. At the same moment there was a crash, the coach toppled over, and he found himself pinned beneath the other passenger, who could not move.

Minta scrambled from the dirt by the roadside unhurt, and Dempsey cut loose and pacified the struggling team. Then together they ran to the coach. Neither man within was hurt, but both were pinned down in the coach.

An inspiration came to Ed Dempsey. He put his face close to the wrecked coach.

"Say, in that!" he called. "Are you the new minister for Cedar Creek?"

"I am," was the response.

"Well," said Ed, "I reckon you've got your first job right here. You're layin' across the groom, an' the bride's here by me, an' her daddy, madder 'n a wet hen, is comin' up the trail like thunder on a cyclone. Git together, everybody."

The imprisoned clergyman rose to the occasion.

"Can you manage to clasp each other's hands?" he asked simply.

Then with the bride on her knees in the dirt clasping the hand of the groom, across whom lay the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was performed.

As it finished Billy Crawford galloped up.

"What in thunder does this mean?" he gasped.

"It means," said Dempsey, "that you are just in time to help me git that doggoned coach off'n your son-in-law, John Deming, and the Rev. Mr. Whitten, who performed the ceremony somewhat informal-like about five minutes ago."

A Glimpse of Tennyson

Wilfrid Ward in "Problems and Persons" tells this, illustrating Tennyson's mixture of bashfulness and dogmatism:

If a stranger had come to see him the shyness and abstraction might last longer. I remember once going to Farrington with a friend—a true worshiper of his genius—and after the first words of greeting he seemed to be entirely in the clouds until, after long waiting, we hit upon a device to arouse him. A picture by Edward Lear hung in the room, and under it were four lines from "The Palace of Art."

One seemed all dark and red, a tract of sand, And some one pacing there alone, Who paced forever in a glimmering land, Lit with a low, large moon.

We were looking at the picture, and I said to my companion, "Read the lines." She read them, giving them a kind of metrical jingle. In a moment Tennyson, who had been standing alone at the other side of the room, stepped rapidly across, seized her arm and said, "Don't read them like that," and went on with his deep, sonorous voice to read, or, rather, chant, them himself with the roll which was so well known to his friends.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman,

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Colingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular."

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

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

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

She Knew the Reason.

He was smoking and musing over the ways of the world. "Odd, isn't it," he said at last—"how few people attain their ideals in this world!"

"In what way?" inquired his wife suspiciously, for she was not a woman to be caught off her guard.

"Well," he replied slowly, I was thinking of Wilmer when I spoke. He had an ideal woman that he was always talking about when he was in college. She was tall and stately in his dreams, and he seemed to have no place in his heart for a small woman, and yet—

"And yet?"

"Why, he finally married a little thing who hardly comes to his shoulder. I wonder why it was?"

"Perhaps, Fred," she said very slowly and distinctly, "he is like the majority of other men and was afraid to take any one of his size."

He changed the subject.—New York Times.

An Irishman, taking home a goose for his Sunday's dinner, went into a public-house for a drink, and, placing his goose upon a table, was proceeding to satisfy his thirst, when a seedy looking fellow, seizing the goose, made off with it. Pat at once started after him, and caught him by the neck.

"What did you do that for?" "Sure," said the man, "I took it for a lark." "Did ye?" returned Pat; "an' faith, ye would make a bad judge for a bird show."

Suppose We Reason

together a minute about that Carpet and things in the Furniture line you were thinking of getting. You know what you want.

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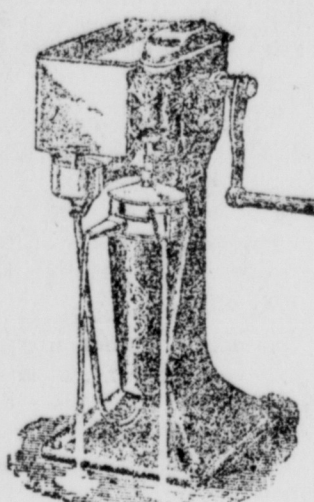
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NOTICE.

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,
Woodstock.

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