

THE FALLEN CROSS

(AMERICA.)

The place was solitary; few places in England are so far from the sounds of modern life. The time was late autumn and the plot of grass was ringed in by close grass bushes, whose golden petals caught the sunlight and seemed to hold it fast, while they played with it, and yielded up their mellow fragrance joyously. The stranger pulled out a knife and with its long blade cut a few bunches of heath and threw them on the tarf to make a seat. He pulled out an old tobacco pouch and filled his pipe, searching the distance as he did so.

"Marning zur."

He started involuntarily. What a fool he was, he thought, before looking up and answering. "Good morning." He held up his pouch; the other took it without speaking and sat down a few feet away from him. Instinctively the stranger knew, and the rough moorman knew the other to be simpatico. The moorman was the first to break the silence.

"I ben watchin' yew," he said. "baint like other folks, I seed.'

"What do you mean? Why am I not lik other folks?"

"Well, you're more quite like; maist volks that coms upo' the moor , pears more like zanies than Kirstains; runs about the hollas, same as eef um was mazed; so I didn't spak tu'ee till I owned you vint like to they. Can't abide zanies, no more cud Veyther; Veyther cudn't. "Tain't vitty, a saith. "Us moor volk never doth."

"It's clean contrary to the spirit of the moor," began the other, but the old moorman let him get no further.

"Sperrits, zur! yew'm right. Contrar' to the sperrits it be, the sperrits doan't like it. sn' us doan't like to zee um crassed. Sune as I see yew, I owed yew warn't one o' they vis tors as us calls um, right sart of a luke to on, and so a hath, I zaid. Now these yer vis'tors didn't niver aught to be 'lowed upo the mor; so many drashels, us says."

The stranger was wise in his generation. and let the old man speak his mind without Interruption.

"These zummer vis'tors cooms here w'in the days be long and vine, an' the weather is all made vor play, an' they doant believe in sperrits, but us volk that lives here in the winter time and often hears the witches on their broomsitcks shrieking to one another, and the sperrits calling out aloud while they

"After what Veyther see in thiccy plaace a go'th to Passon an' telleth um what a zeed. An old-fashioned, high learnt sart of a man, 'e wor an' knawed a lot about them old bygone days, an' papishers, an' sich, an a tell'th Veyther, thicy cross used to stan' about here all vitty; just a purpose for to kape the sperrits in their place like; an' when Veyther says to um, "Shall us put up in place again?' Passon vetches down a girt Bible an' rades to un out of it about a chap as meddled with the ack; 'pears as if he'd no right to, but was aveared sumthin' mun happen to un. And the Almighty was angered at an interferin' wheer a had no call, an' struck un daid."

"It must have been a dreadful thing that your father saw," said the stranger.

But it is not everyone who cares for Dev onshire dialect, and so the stranger must tell the story as he heard it, and as he can best remember it.

"Twas in January, look sir, and the weather was mortal rough, but father he mever cared for weather, being born and bred on the moor. Now father, had a few colts lying out same as they do all winteras calls ponies colts, you know, sir, if they live to be a hundred-and father was thinking they might be better for a bit o' meat, and so he started in fair weather to go and look for them, him and the dog. He was riding one colt and had another beside him with a bundle of hay and a bit of corn tied pack-saddle fashion, as every one did in those days. Father remembered the first cart ever came into our parish.

"Well, father found his colts and had his own bite and sup, and was just satting forth to go back to his home again, when he felt so he used to say all of a sudden a chill come all over him and the mist rose up all around know, sir. him so thick he coudn't see the colt alongside.

"Now father being born and bred on the moor he didn't make much of it at first, but THE RESERVE OF

to be beat. How did he know that, sir? Why, because he passed the same bit of fuzz by some rough ground and rock twice in 15 minutes.

"Father knew the meaning of that, so he got off and made to sit out, hoping the mist might go as sudden as it came.

"But what made father a bit skeery like was the way the old Ship-that's the dog, you know, began to cry on. His tail was close to his haunches, and his eyes had sort of scarred look in them and he began to whine. Father didn't like it, out there alone, so he gave the dog something to whine for, but the dog didn't take not a bit of notice, only went on whining, and looking more and more scared. And then the colts, that's the ponies, sir, they began to crowd into each other and want to get close up to father, as if they knowed he was different to them.

"Father got up and talked to them comfortable like, and moved them a few yards and set down again; and so it happened.

* * Father always said the Almighty knew him to be a God-fearing man, if he did have to let his pony take him home on market nights now and again, so father happened to sit down on the very same stone we're looking at now. Yes, it were broken then, been broken for hundreds of years most like, been the same ever since any one could mind.

"Now, just as father touched that there old cross he heard a scream, an' the dog he went off into a fit, and the ponies was mad with fear. An' then father seen it.

"Out of the mist there came a roaring heard, and father could see hundreds of little fires in the mist, and he was frightened so he coulden't speak, for the fires was living eyes.

"And there came up such wisht sounds out of the darkness, would make the tears run down his face whenever he tells of it: sounds like the river makes in flood when you'm a good way off, you know, sir; a wailing and sobbing as could melt a heart of iron, and then mayhap fearsome screams making him think of souls in agony.

"What Father said was strangest of all to him was the 'pearance of the moor when the blackness parted for a moment.

"Twere all alive, and it were alive with

"The bushes waved and nodded like creatures fighting, and the fire run along the ground like poison snakes, so as you would think the earth and the air and everything else was nought but hate.

"And all around that piece of stone the fires ran and danced, and Father said-You see, where the turf has grown between the pieces of broken stone and made a space of half a foot or thereabouts-well, father said the sperrits come passing to and fro over that, and round and round, making fierce signs and noises, as if they wanted to lay their hands on him and couldn't. And then the lightening came in great long forks and the thunder crashed jouder and louder and the sperrits screamed and yelled at father to

"One time, worst of all, it 'peared as if he were in the black mouth of hell, and had bin there thousands and thousands of years, and the next moment 'twere as if earth and sky were all afire and the blazes of it such as no man's eyes could look upon.

"And father did a funny thing, as you

"He learnt it out of a foreigner, one of they chaps we took prisoner in the war long ago and the gov'ment sent out of the way down to these parts. Father never done is before, but he'd seen this mate of his do it many a time when he said his prayers.

"Perhaps yon've seen some of our folk do it, sir, he just touched his forehead with his finger, and then his chest right and left and again, and with it he said, 'Lord ha' mercy on us,' same as he'd seen his mate do.

"And father said soon as he done that he could see a lane cut out of the mist like, and the walls of it were all afire, and at the end of it there was a creature flying for its life, and the hair of its head looked like snakes coiling everywlere,

"Then, Lord ha' mercy, he see the sperrits what had been trying to drive him from that bit of stone turn round sudden screaming that fwful, you wouldn't never believe. sir, and make as if for to chase that other fearful thing; and as they chased they struck at one another with wings and claws.

1'Next, there come a bigger flash than ever, and a roar of sound like all the mivers and all seas in one; so the mist closed up again, and all was black.

"No, sir, mother found father lying on that great stone with his eyes open, but he didn't see nothing. So mother dashed water on him and he come to, but he was that weak mother had to help him to climb up into the saddle, and led the colt home esself. You see she tied father's legs, for

he couldn't sit steady.
"The dog, sir? Oh! he was dead as anything with his teeth bared and showing over his lips; clean scart to death; and the ponies they were never seen again. Run of and got lost in a bog most like; smothered, you

"Us has often heard strange things on the moor, and they doan't like to be crossed. "Howsomever, I do wish the right folk would come along and put their crosses in is waren's long before he saw he was going to leave them lying there."

Tight Collars and Headache.

A Vienna doctor has discovered that one of the most frequent causes of headaches is the tight and high collar. He has been experimenting with various patients and he finds that these who suffer from headaches very often are almost always those who are in the habit of wearing high collars.

His attention was drawn one day to the high neckband of a woman patient who was subject to violent pains in the head and dizziness. He persuaded her to lay aside this form of neckwear with the result that the compression of the neck ceased and she

Struck by this result, the doctor has paid particular attention to the collars worn by his headache patients and in almost all cases the change to lower and easier neckbands gave a beneficial result. The doctor declares that nobody with any tendency to headache should wear a high collar.

Nothing in the way of a Cough is quite so annoying as a tickling, teasing, wheezingbronchial Cough. The quickest relief comes perhaps from a prescripton known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And besides, it is so thoroughly harmless that mothers give it with perfect safety even to the youngest babes. The tender leaves of a simple mountain shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy it's remarkable curative effect. It is truly a most certain and trustworthy prescription. Sold by All Dealers.

Comfort Hunters.

Coming into the railway coach one night with coat on arm, lugging a valise and panting and perspiring, my very stout friend said: "I tell you I'm not suffering with comfort tonight, sure."

Sunday morning my neighbor was calling to neighbors to learn whether they were going to order ice, hailing ice-waggons to see whether they had any extra, and over at my house 'phoning the ice company. All for a little ice to put in drinking water, when his well water is pleasantly cool. He worked himself into a state of red-hotness trying to

The Judge's wife said: "Last summer was one of the most pleasant I ever spent. And I didn't leave home at all. Everything was so comfortable. I could have just what I wanted, and have it just as I wanted it. I didn't have to keep dressed up all the time. I tell you there is no place like home for

It makes me prickle with discomfort to note some of the comfort hunters. Trunke and traps, boxes and bags, children and chattels, strings and things. Then flies and fleas, chiggers and chaps, bugs and ants and gnats and ticks and trials. And so-called beds and baths and cooks; trips and tips and crooks; "fools and fellows and follies. There's no place like home."

Comfort hunters like happiness-hunters, rarely find what they seek. Both are subjective, not objective, within, not without.

Of course, take a vacation, if you canprovided you have a vocation. Rest, if tired. But comfort is right here, as well as over there. Quit hunting comfort, worrying over comfort. Simple be sensible; make the best of your situation; just begin to be comfortable in spite of things, or the lack of them. -Cumberland Presbyterian.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the liseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube is restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous sur-

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

What Makes Beef Tough

What makes beef tough or tender? It is not the breed or the way the animal is raised from calfhood nor the character of the feed given nor the exercise. Any meat is made juicy and tender, when the animal is taken in thin flesh, fed for a quick finish and then killed at once.

The handling of the animal at butchering time has a great deal to do with the quality of the meat. Keeping the animal as quiet as possible without feed but plenty of water for twenty-four hours previously dressing as quickly as possible, especially removing the entrailes and paunch, wiping off all bloodstains with a dry cloth, and then cooling in pure air to remove all animal heat is the way to do

Butter Paper for sale at this office

. Marriage Licenses and Weading Rains at Cape & 61850N'S. . Jewellers. Woodstock.

Baker--Osborne.

In St. Stephen's church, Millstream (N B) Wednesday last, Miss Martha A. C. Osborne A. B., late principal of the St. Andrews grammar school, daughter of the late Jas. E. Osborne of Milltown, and William L. Baker, B. A., manager of the Bank of New Bruns-Baker of Randolph & Baker, St. John, were married by Father Doyle, assisted by Father McLaughlin.

Mendelsshn's wedding march was played by Mrs. Alice M. Osborne, mother of the bride, and selections were sung by Miss Milltown and Rev. Miles Howland of Hali-

The bride's costume was one of brussels net trimmed with baby Irish and knot of cream velvet. She wore a bridal veil of cream and carried a shower boquet of cream roses. Her sister, Miss Veronica Osborne, was bridesmaid. The groom was supported by Frank L. Graham, of L'verpool, N. S., Edmund Osborne, of Woodstock, and G. Shaughnessy, of St. Stephen, were ushers,

Breakfast followed the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Baker, left for a trip through Canada. The groom's gift was a pendant of pearls and amethysts, while the bridesmaid received a sunburst of pearls, the groomsmen a diamond stickpin, the ushers pearl stickpins and the altar boys pocket manuals.

and the bride was escorted to the altar by

Patrick F. Casey, her god father.

Had Tried All Kinds.

A noted heavyweight pugilist, who for a time in the heyday of his fame occupied the chair of sporting editor of a certain journal, gloomily remarked to a friend one day:

"Say, Jim, I don't mind standin' up in the ring an' givin' an' takin' a few hot punches in the ribs or wherever they happen to land, but this here pickin' up pen an' slingin' off a column or so of literatoor every day or two is what makes me feel tired. I believe I'll hafter resign."

"No use resigning, John, old boy," ad vised the friend. A job Nke yours isn't picked up every day. To make it easier for you I would suggest your getting an aman-

"Oh, thunder! What's the use?" exclaimed the great editor wearily. "I've tried a common steel pen, a stylergraff, a newfangled fountain pen, a patent ink pencil an' half a dozen other writin' contraptions, an' it ain't at all likely that an amanuensis'li work any better'n the rest of 'em. No: I reckon I'll hafter quit."

What's In A Name?

When a man marries, it is just as legal for him to take his wife's name as for her to take his. Thus, if Mr. Johnson marries Miss Robinson, they may legally call themselves Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, if they please, says the Chattanooga Times.

So Chief Justice William B. Crew, of the Ohio supreme court, declared. The chief justice was discussing the case of a young woman of Irondale, Ohio, who refused to wed a man because she did not like his name, and the court would not let him change it. The young woman and the learned judge at Irondale had a colloquy something like this:

"His name is Beefsteak, and, although he is tender and true, I cannot wed a man by that name. How does Mrs Be efsteak sound, your Honor?"

"Beefsteak is an honest and substanial name," said the judge. "I see no reason to change it. I suppose if his name was Lobster, or Truffles, or Pate-de-Fois-Gras, you would consider that aristocratic and marry him. 'By-the-by, what is your name,

"Lamb."

How to Make a Noise.

Harry, the highlander, was bent on being a successful Scot. He was bent on making a splash. Och, aye! But he was going to make those daft gowks (Scottish for "silly idiots") in England sit up.

But how was Harry to achieve his aim? He sought advice of a great friend-a Scotsman who had already made his mark in shipbuilding circles.

"Tell me," pressee Highland Harry. "hoo can I mak a noise in the world?"

The famous Scotsman gazed at him steadily for a few moments and then, laying a hand on the inquirer's shoulder, bellowed:

"Hoot, mon!"

Christening the Twins

In an English village a miner's wife pre sented him with twins. As the usual time the twins had to be christened, and George, his wife and his friends proceeded to the church to fix the names of the children. The minister asked the father the names of the twins, and he quite proudly replied; "Steak and Kidney, sor!"

"Come, come!" replied the minister,

'These are odd names for your children!" "What 'd'ye mean, Geordie?" cried his wife. "It's Kate and Sidney."

"Aye, it is sor. As thout it was like summut to eat!" shouted George promptly.

Advance Advertising Car No. 3 is Here.

George Roddy and His Men Will Brighten Things For the Coming of the "Greater Norris & Rowe" Circus.

For the past menth, agents of the Norris wick at North Head, and son of Francis & Rowe circus have been dropping off here. A week ago the no. 1 car was here, the no. 2 car is off on an extended excursion trip, and the no. 3 car is in town today with the well known car manager, Geo. Roddy, in charge, with a big corps of bill posters. These men will go over the work performed by preced-Olive Maher of Milltown, Chas. Kelly of ing agents, and from now until the arrival of the circus agents representing the show will be dropping into town every day. The local bill poster, and those owning livery rigs, will be kept busy today, for Mr. Roddy and his men get up before breakfast, and accomplish a world of work during the day. From information at hand, it is assured that Norris & Rowe will be the only big show out this way until Fall. There have been many important changes and interesting events happening with the Norris & Rowe circus since last year. They have all new big tents to cover the big show, menagerie, side-show, horse tents, dressing tent, etc. The old seats have given way to opera chair with high backs and foot-rests, and it is now possible to obtain reserved seats in advance. The present tour is the most important in the history of the show for it marks the twentieth year of Norris & Rowe's Circus, so the "Jubilee Souvenir Tour," as it will be known, is marked by the giving of the handsome presents descriptive of the

> Norris & Rowe have been unusually successful in engaging acts this year, and only those artists of acknowledged ability and established reputation have been engaged, so the management is sure they are making no false statement when they announce they have a better and bigger show than they have ever brought to this section, Woodstock Thursday, Aug 26th.

A Big One.

(Fliegende Blaetter.)

"Waiter, get me a newspaper so I can hide my yawns; this concert is so stupid."

"Yes, miss: I'll bring the largest I can

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