

The Carleton Sentinel

Vol. 11, No. 1.

Regular meeting of the Woodstock W. C. T. U., on Thursday, at 7 o'clock, p.m., in their Hall—on Thursday of every month being the Union Prayer Meeting. Women cordially invited to attend. The first of the year in W. C. T. U. Hall every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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[Editors & Proprietors.]

WHOLE NO.—2319.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

XLIII.—37.

Poetry.

(For the Carleton Sentinel.)
The Heart's Treasure.
(To a Friend)

In the depths of the ocean
There treasure is hid,
Which the sight of the human
May never behold.

In the heart of the human
There's a treasure more rare:
The great gift of Jesus—
His love living there.

I have sought for this treasure,
And have found it with thee;
Oh, guard it most tenderly!
For strength it will be.

And on life's weary journey,
Should you faint and grow sad,
Think then of thy heart's treasure,
My friend, and be glad.

St. John's, Monmouth, N. B.
J. S.

Select Tale.

HOW!

Click, click, click.
"Some one in the composing-room
setting type, evidently. Just my luck!"

"Tired and nervous, unable to sleep or
eat. I had started out for a walk.
Unconsciously I had turned toward the
office, and, letting myself in, had gone to
the editorial room, hoping to be able to
read and write."

A strange, restless feeling had been
over all day, and now at midnight,
when I was hoping for quiet and forget-
fulness, it was aggravating to hear that
annoying click, click of the type-setter.

Who can be fool enough to work at mid-
night, when it is not necessary? I
wondered.

For a few moments all was quiet, and
I leaned back in my chair, forgetting all
my surroundings in a dream of the past.

Again in the small, crowded compos-
ing room of a country office, I stand by
the type-setter.

"One young lady," I heard the per-
turb of the ill at her throat. Again I
see the blushing tinting her face as she
begins to speak; then, as she goes on,
forgetting herself in her eagerness, the
color fades away, leaving her white as the
dead.

All this I note, and again the sting of
words so earnestly spoken cuts into my heart.

"And so you are going away again,"
the voice says. "Well, I don't think you
are yourself well. You might make a
good deal of yourself if you would only
try. You have much more ability than
the people you meet every day. I don't
think you ought to go tramping about
from place to place, throwing away your
youth, your strength, and your ability.
I don't think you ought to drink the way
you do, if you will excuse me for saying
so. You say you have no friends; I am
sure you must know that you are not
lacking the right kind of friends. Get
them. You think the end will be? Oh,
yes! I know it is none of my business,
but if you were my brother—"

Then the proprietor comes in with my
pay envelope in his hand and I smile a
beaming "Thank you" to the brave little
thing that turns away to hide the tears.
It is all true, feeling angry and hurt, all
the same.

How long ago it was!
Click, click, click.
How unprovokedly that sharp, metallic
sound breaks in on this bitter old memory!

"I'll close the door and shut it out, for
the memory has a fascination for me to-
night."

With my hand on the door I glance in.
The room is still—as only so large a
room can be when the life and activity
are gone and only inanimate things re-
main.

It is comparatively light for an electric
lamp shines just outside. Copy, held in
place by the guides, gleams white on some
of the cases, and Live forms are con-
fronted by "Dead" in bold letters. On one case
is a gallery with the last line half hid.

And the little girl in that comely office
I look toward the case from which the
sound of type had come.

It stands full in the light—no copy
on it, no one before it, only the stick and
rule laid over the space box!

With a smile I go back to my chair
and my memories.

Again I live over the bitter moments
that followed those cutting words, feel
the need of the fiery dagger to help me
forget them, feel the tug of the bitter
impulse to try again, and finally
turn from the very door of the saloon to
go to my room, lock the door and think.

Even so far away as this night seems,
the sweet stands in large drops on my
face as I live over that struggle. I did
not know then as I do now, that that
was the first step, and that the victory
was won that night, though there were
many hard struggles and many disap-
pointments before I became one of the
partners in the great house where I sat
and the little girl in that comely office.
Who is she?

"Click, click!"
Again that sound.

It must be the watchman. I wonder
dreadfully if he is trying to learn the busi-
ness.

Yes, where is she? So often I ask my-
self the question as I peer into the faces
of the passers by. Always the sweet
scent of lilacs brings these haunting
memories to me, brings back the bitter
of the day I returned to the little
office, hoping to look on her sweet, brave
face again, hoping to tell her of the cour-
age her words had given me, and hoping,
perhaps, if her life were still unchanged,
to tell her the struggle and ask her
help in victory.

Alas for so bright a dream! Her
mother had died and she had gone with
an uncle, no one knew where. Since
then she is only a memory, but one that
is always urging me to do my best.

"Click, click!"
Surely the watchman should be in the
press-room now. Is he neglecting his
duty? This time I go out into the room,
only to find the same silence, the same
weight lying—everything exactly the
same. But is it? The stick on that
case is empty. Now there are three
lines in it. Holding it to the light, I
read:

Loe, Laura—In this city, Jan. 25,
of heart failure. Funeral services at the
residence, 612 Post street, at 3:30 p.m.
Interment at the Masonic cemetery.

Dazed and stunned, I read it over and
over again. The words convey no mean-
ing. What is it? A death notice? Yes,
it must be, but how? Laura Lee—my

Laura—my sweet-faced helper—who
had saved me from the life of a
miserable tramp by her womanly pity
and the bravery with which she had put
aside all her shyness to tell those
sharper truths. Laura dead and that day
buried, and in this city? What does it
mean?

How came those words in that stick?
Again I read them over, and then go,
almost against my will, to my desk, take
up the Morning Call and turn to the
death.

There it is, word for word.
My brain begins to reel, and I suffer.
Never until now have I known how
strong was my hope of finding her at
last.

I bow my head on the desk and groan
in agony. "Dead! dead! dead! To have
been so near to her—and to have lived less
than a block from her—and to have been
so dead! The odor of lilacs comes to
me, and again I see the little eastern office
and hear the type drop into the stick—
click, click."

Am I mad? Surely there are no lilacs
on Montgomery street at midnight; but
surely, that sound is not a dream.
"Click, click, click, click, click."

Almost before the sound dies away I
stand before the case and read:
"Come quickly, Laura."

Mad! I have been, but certainly I had
no power to resist the force that took me
to the telephone, made me order a car-
riage and wait impatiently for it to come.

Was it I who gave the order? "To the
Masonic Cemetery?" At least the order
was given, to the order of attachment of
the driver. The door banged and we were
off.

At the gate, still impelled by a force I
could not withstand, I knocked at the
door of the pretty little cottage and seek-
ed for the sexton.

After what seemed to me an endless
time, he came to the door, very cross and
very sleepy. Still without knowing
why or why I began to question him.

"Was there a burial here to-day?"
"Yes, two of them."

"One a young lady?"
"Yes."

"Will you show me her grave?"
"No; not this morning."

With that he shut the door in my face.
At that moment, his son, a young man
with a frank and honest face, came to
the door. I don't know what words or
signs I used, but after a moment he told
me she had been placed in the vault and
he would get the key and guide me there.

Mad by this time I certainly was;
but even now I can close my eyes and
see the road leading from the cottage to
the vault; can smell the odor of the
eucalyptus trees that border the fountain.
I found the corner of the vault, and
felt the impulse to pluck a marguerite
as we pass a great clump of the snowy
blossoms. I even remember of wonder-
ing, vaguely, how one can bear to have
even a bronze statue, bearing the face
of a loved one, stand in the open air.

Just as we came in sight of the vault
the awful hush was suddenly broken by
the sound of breaking glass, and of some-
thing falling among the fragments on the
stone floor.

The hackman, who had driven along
behind us, stopped his horse suddenly,
while my companion said: "My God!"
and stood still; and I rushed on to the
grave.

Laura—Miss Lee—don't be frighten-
ed. We will be there in a moment."

I spoke as calmly as possible, but my
voice did not sound like my own.

A groan was the only answer, and I
went in with my heart still for fear and dread
of what I might find.

It was perfectly dark inside, and I
called for one of the carriage lamps, but
before I came I was conscious of the
faint gleam of the light from the glass
panels. Placing my hand on the side,
I felt it clasped by a hand as cold as
death, and in another second a pair of
arms were around my neck and a voice—
her voice—was saying:

"O, Laura, I knew you would come!
Then the weight fell dead in my arms.
When the sexton's son came in he
found us thus, Laura, half in my arms,
half in the coffin, and apparently dead."

I carried her to the carriage and took
her away, still unconscious of a dear old
lady friend, who cared for her till mor-
ning and then sent her her relatives.

And often now as we sit alone by the
fire in the evening, my wife asks how
the type came to be in that stick and
how it was possible for me to smell lilacs
on Montgomery street in January?

But these questions are not likely to
be answered.

Laura only remembers that for hours
before she could move she was conscious
of being cold and cramped, and felt as
though she could not breathe.

Then she had dreamed of the old
office where she had learned her trade,
and of the tramp who had worked next
her. In her dream she felt setting type
while talking to him of the error of his
ways. As he turned to go she threw
her arms to beg for him to remain.
Then she heard my voice and fainted.

And—yes she does now admit that
when the tramp left the office he took
her heart with him—Bessie Gordon.

How Various Nations Sleep.

In the tropics men sleep in hammocks
or upon mats of grass.

The East Indian unrolls his light, por-
phyry charpoy or mattress, which in the
morning is again rolled together and
carried away by him.

The Japanese lie upon matting with
a stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck
rest.

The Chinese use low bedssteads, often
elaborately carved, and supporting only
mats or coverlets.

A peculiarity of the German bed is its
shortness; besides that it frequently
consists, in part, of a large down pillow
or upper mattress, which spreads over
the person, and usually answers the pur-
pose of all the other ordinary bedclothing
combined.

In England the old four poster bed-
stead is still the pride of the nation, but
the iron or brass bedstead is fast be-
coming universal. The English beds are
the largest beds of the world.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had
their beds supported on frames, but not
flat like ours. The Egyptians had a
couch of a peculiar shape, more like an
old-fashioned easy chair with hollow back
and seat.

The opportunity to do mischief is met
with a hundred times a day; that to do
good once a year.—Voltaire.

R. B. PORTER & CO.

—CONTINUATION OF OUR—

Great Cheap Sale

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

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We have one of the Largest, Best and Most Fashionable Stocks in Woodstock to select from.

Before Making Your Selections be sure and inspect our Stock and Prices which will

Speak more forcibly than any comments we can make.

BARGAINS!—BARGAINS!—BARGAINS!

Please remember the address.

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JOHNSON'S

ANODYNE

LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It.

Every Sufferer

Every Mother

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Local & Foreign Items.

The manufacture of false teeth for horses

The other night, at Breckenridge, Col.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 29.—A tame bear

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The Evils of Alcohol.

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