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Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.]

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LITERATURE.

A LAND OF GLADNESS.

(FROM THE CENTURY FOR FEBRUARY.)

How softly flow, among Sonoma's hills, How softly now, among Sonoma's inns, The ice-cold springs, the merry-hearted rills; Fragrance of pine my wandering fancy thrills, Till, even through the city's noise-built walls, I hear the chant of sudden waterfalls; Once more, through cedar boughs the blackbird

and sorrer. Maybe you didn't know land could be benefited by paying a small came up; they were huntin for Bessie. Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers

which seemed to me a good man nuff; black hole, carelessly crossed by rotten every hole, and wistfully across the but wimmen is queer, and mother boards, and a big pile of earth, was all plains. Our dog, Smarty, ran after us, looked high for Clarissy.

'I'm so hungry! cried poor little round eyes filling with tears.

'Bless his little heart? said grandfather, recovering himself and patting my cheek softly. Here you be, jest off a long journey and me a keeping yer in the cold and meandering on as if thar did ver come ? he asked, unharnessing his horses.

, then a gentle By rail to Dman gave us a ride here in his fine carriage. We came in the train with his daughter Miss Bessie Little. He girl, a son mor'n a gal, Charley. But owns a big ranch near here.

A fine young lady broke in grandfather. She was like a darter to yer granma and though she lived miles away she was over night and day, a galloping cross the plains on 'a black horse as is a thoroughbred, and a fine specimen of horseflesh as is seen in these yere parts. She kin ride, too, an aint afraid of nothin. Mother set a sight by her.

We were now at the house a neat little one story cottage, containing four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near, and a well close by the door. There was a on horseback. He tossed me a lettercozy kitchen a sitting room and two I've hated yellow envelopes ever since bedrooms; one the spare room grand- -for grandpa, who was down in the father said proudly. It looked neat and field with his team ; it was such a sunny precise but as cold and damp as the March day, it gave him new life for his tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully work. swept and dusted and kept everything I could not bear to take it, so I put where his wife had placed, even her Georgie's sunbonnet on him and pinned work basket, with a needle sticking the letter to to his frock, and with a big in the half-finished gingham sleeve,

George and I took the spare room and I built a fire and aired the bedding. the stock.

years gone and never got frenly, which Grandfather's money, gave out before I could not leave home, but Geoagie was because yer ma married yer pa, the well was finished, and the wide, deep, and I walked over the ranch, looking in

that was left of his labor and his fortune. and a silly old turkey-gobbler, my pet

a Mr. Davieson, of D-, and to this man and Gobble flew over the wire fence and our ranch was mortgaged.

spring came on. He brightened up a specks, tearing up the hill by the well. little when I showed him my account keep it, —and I proved to him how much money I had made with the hens and the butter; but he sighed a moment after. (IFC I had had been a moment after.) (IFC I ferable we'd a been. Your sich a smart

Davieson's a haid man; dunno as termorre'll find us with a roof to cover us, an''tis a fine property too, now the irregatin' ditch crosses it.

He seemed to take little interest in the farmwork. He would harness the horse, plow a few furrows, and then stand in a helpless attitude, looking toward D-. He would wander down to the road to ask passers if they had a letter ed down. It was dark, but I fancied I for him, and then would sit outside the saw something white away do vn. Just kitchen door, his face on his hands. Georgie, playing near by, would try to comfort him in his loving baby way.

One day, however, a man came up

cookie in his hand, sent him down to 'danpa.

They came back later, hand in hand, In a few days I grew competent to the same old horses following. Grandtake charge of the house, put things father hurried past me into his chamber. where she had placed them, and cook and shut the door. His face was ashthe simple meals-these were very colored, his eyes bloodshot. I waited a simple for grandfather was poor. Two long time; I feared he might be dead so I old horses two cows and a calf comprised rapped on the door. He openedit; he was dvessed in his worn black broadcloth suit, with his cld-fashioned high collar. that sagacious bird was already winging and hopping his way homeward. I left Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 252; I dont hev no luck with poultry, suit, with his cld-fashioned high collar. Charley he said. He called me Charley I remembered then it was the first time for Charline was too new frangled and I had ever seen him wear a white shirt. Charley was the name of his dead son. He had an old beaver hat in his hand, Mother used to raise a sight but after and was absently brushing the nap with 'It's come, dear. That! I m goin ter D-, I ll try if he wont wait till fall. I ll ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the work hard. Maybe the crops will do cabin on her coal black horse. She was summat, 'I ll sell the stock - those old a sweet faced girl, blue-eyed and yellow- horses were so dear to him! 'No, don t haired and rode beautifully. She made kiss me, dear; it ud break me down, I ve

The whole neighborhood was searched. Not only was his money sunk in the and the pride of the poultry yard, joined Georgie his lips quivering and his hole, but also large sums borrowed from in the procession, Smarty chased him rushed down the hill, through a valley Grannfather grew gloomy and sad as across the road, and I saw the two, mere

"He'll kill Gobble! I shouted, seizbook,-Miss Bessie showed me how to ing Georgie's hand, and we rushed after want no today, but all yesterdays. How keep it, -and I proved to him how much them, Georgie crying at the top of his

hed the race with a heavy burden. At the foot of the hill was the well, and here Gobble stood, scolding ard shaking L. J. J. Steeves. Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper. Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wedness there Gobble stood, scolding and shaking his red neck, while Smarty scemed to have forgotten his very existence, but was running around the well, uttering chart quick haves. his red neck, while Smarty seemed to short, quick barks.

The planks around and over the well were gone, and the earth about it was plowed as if there had been a struggle, I dropped Georgie's hand and rushed down. I pushed Smarty away, and lookthen a faint voice from the depths of the earth shouted :

Held! help!

I'm Charley Boyd. Who's here? Shout again !

Bessie Little. My horse fell; he dead, away down. I'm clinging to a plank in the side. I can't hold on much longer. My arms are breaking !

What could I do !

Bessie, I shouted, hold on a little while : I'm going for help!

I've been unconscious. I'm faint. I shall die, Don't leave me. The dirt falling brought me to life.

I'll leaveGeorgie here. Here, Georgie, your dirl is in that hole; sit there and talk to her. Don't you cry.

Georgie's lip trembled, but he minded Georgie's lip trembled, but he minded bravely, pleading the dog should stay, but I was afraid to trust him. Gobble tay wif Dorgie, he said pitiously ; but tay wif Dorgie, he said, pitionsly; but

Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

Vol. II., No. 3. \$1.00 per Annum

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webben, Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.

Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thurm day; John P. Bell.

Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday A. Y. Paterson. Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Weden nesday; J. S. B. DeVebber.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J

DeVeber. Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G

Gruar.

Gruar. Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50°; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman. Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 50; Tuesday; L, R. Moore, Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Sattin day; W. N. Bucknam. Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Sattin day; George S. Wilson. Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddorn, Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; K. Goodwin.

Goodwin.

Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.

Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesdays

Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday, Henry Finch.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betta, Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-day; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-day: Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 184 Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164 Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191 Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 Monday; Wm. Roxborough,
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday John Waring.

John Waring. Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace

Armour Victoria Mills, West, Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs

H. Wather.

There are wild cliffs on Mendocino's shore, And well I know the sea-weed on the floor Of hidden caves, and many a marvel more. Pacific's heart hath legends wise and old; Go thou, and wait in voices manifold When storms are loose, to hear the story told,

Again I see gray mountains purely clad With gleaming snow, vast peaks forever clad-Such heights as these the elder singers had. Again one hails the sunlight's burst of foam On Lassen's peaks, on Shasta's snowy dome, Where lilies bloom beneath the glacier's home.

But best the redwood shade, the peace it brings, Where fancies rise as crystal mountain springs Beneath tall trees; and dear each bird that sings In rainless summers ; dear the ferns which grow By cool Navarro, where sea breezes blow And white azaleas touch the river's flow.

BYER'S FOLLY.

A PRIZE STORY.

"What did yer sey yer name was ?" We stood outside the wire fence, George and I, and looked at the old man who leaned on his plow, surveying us,

'I'm Charline Boyd ; this is Georgie, my little brother. We've come all the way from Kansas City. We're your own grandchildren. Mother's dead. Father sent us here; he's gone to Arizona to work in a mine.' He looked dazed.

Wal, it do beat all? An you sich a big grass just as though he was not stuffed gal and him her living pictur, an I not at home. knowing she war gone ! Come in, dears ; the gate's beyond, but ye kin crawl bristled, his eyes shot fire, he looked in came over the hill. "Is she here? Have under the wires. There. Now lemme all points of the compass, and then, with you seen her?" look at yer. Laws, child, don't try to a fierce howl he tore madly around the kiss me; my face ain't none too clean.' house.

man with long, curling white hair. found a ready market for my eggs and and hasn't returned yet, nor has she getting late; it's your last chance!' His teeth were gone, but otherwise he chickens, and for the butter I learned to been seen. We hoped she was here." seemed unlike old men, for he was make; and she showed me how to 'lay straight and tall, his arms brawny and butter down' for winter use. strong. His clothing was neat, but neglected-looking, the buttons hanging knew every task of a farmer's wife's ex- night. with little tears widening into large istence; and perhaps it was best, for rents. I was only fourteen, but mother there was a young man living near her said Gray; "they may have taken her." had taught me to do a grown woman's father's ranch who took tea every Sunday work ; beside, Georgie was 5, and such a evening with her. baby made me feel older.

'Where's grandma ? I asked.

she went they began dyin an what his sleve. didnt die was eat by cavotes.

The last day of my first week on the herself at home, petted Georgie, and I just found out I m a weak old man. shy as I was, found myself confiding to never felt it before. her all my troubles and hopes. She sympathized with me and helped me, him. cutting a frock for Georgie and a basque for me, and when she rode off, she promised to come often.

The next day a wagon came from her into the wagon. He seemed dazed and home and in it was a fine rooster and six half-blinded by his misfortune. Oh, if she had outgrown and that fitted me.

were at night, especially when one of the house and Georgie and the poultry. whild the two shaggy horses attached to it languidly hung their heads as if in-tions

black eyes.

from the saddle and the black horse fell rode off. "Clarissy dead, an you her children ! eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffalo

She intimated the cayote's cry; the dog

He was a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old Through Miss Bessie's kindness I

three low hills, or mounds. Behind one following the trail. For answer he pointed his thumb at in a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills That night was more dreadful than myself. I was in a perfect snarl. a mound away at the end of the level and facing the plains, was a well ninety the first, and the dog seemed frenzied field, where a rude wooden cross was feet deep, called, I regret to say 'Byer's over the cayotes who yelled till morning, thing grew black, and I knew nothing. folly. Poor grandfather had had the and I cried myself into hysterics and 'She's thar. She went a year ago. well dug, hoping to obtain the water to frightened poor little Georgie, who sat bending over me, trying to force brandy I've lived alone sence, an it's the irrigate his land. He could not see up in bed and screamed the 'kiyos were in my mouth. blessin of providence you children is ahead to the time when a company of eating up his dirl." He always called come. Oftentimes I've feared I might capitalists would intersect the region Miss Bessie his "dirl." grow desprat outer sheer lonesomeness with irrigating ditches, and each man's The next morning a number of people

He staggered to the barn. 1 followed

I mayn t be back for two days or so. Will you be afeered?

No, I said, but I was. I helped him fully when he was gone driving the cows pet or comfort him. How dreary the howls of the cavotes and milking them, and taking care of

The next day a band of Indians-10 well. tions. Miss Bessie rode up one day, and at her heels was an overgrown shepherd puppy, with big paws and jolly little black eves. b drink of milk. There were four squaws 'Here's a cayote exterminator, grand- among them, with kind, bright eyes; one father Byers, 'she said, as she jumped gave me a necklace of beads as they I burried the crowbar half-way, then I

Shortly afterwards Mr. Little, and shouted. Tom Gray rode up in haste, their horses white with foam.

"Bessy!" shouted Mr. Little, as he

"Not for a week," I said. "Has any- hunting for you." thing happened?"

'She went to ride yesterday afternoon, 'She hasn't been."

They looked white and scared. Mr.

'There was a band of Indians, here,' I told them of the Indians' visit, and thought it improbable, as they seemed About two miles from our ranch were so kindly disposed; but they rode off my ter to the sides; the earth is soft.'

and hopping his way homeward. I left Bessie answering Georgie's scared Hal-loo! If she could keep conscious till I got back! How I thanked grandpa for his careful habits. I knew just where the Gareful habits. I knew just where the Internut Kidge, King's Co.; Havelock, 252; Thes-day; D. Jonah. Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis. Deer Island, Char, Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd. careful habits. I knew just where the careful habits. I knew just where the new clothesline was, the crowbar and the hatchet. We were eight miles from any ranch, and I must act as if there was no ranch, and I must act as if there was no Frederioton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. one in the world to help her.

saw Georgie from the top of the hill. He had crawled to the edge of the well and was singing a little baby song I had and was singing a little baby song I had and was singing a little baby song I had taught him. His cheeks were red and feverish, and his voice hoarse. 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson. 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.

'Bessie, I shouted.

fainting. I made him sing.

All right. Georgie kept me from inting. I made him sing. Dit dirl out! dit dirl out! Georgie creamed, clinging to my skirts. I ushed him away: there was no time to screamed, clinging to nev skirts. hens, and a big bundle of clothing that I could help him! I did the work faith- pushed him away; there was no time to

> Run to the road, Georgia, that way; now halloo for help. Yes, take the dog. Tell everybody your dirl is in Byer's

> scooping the earth out with my hands, and shouting every few momets to Bessie. tried my weight; it did not move. I

shouted.

couldn't help me. Oh, go for help!'

diverse in the second bar. I can't find anybody. They're all

getting late; it's your last chance!' There was a ghastly stillness for a few moments. I wound the line around the bar and around my waist. 'Look out!' she screamed, I heard the beam go rattling down, and a fearful 284 ; Wednesday ; N. R: Ritchie. 284 ; Wednesday ; N. R: Ritchie. 284 ; Wednesday ; N. R: Ritchie.

Though she nover had to work, she Little seemed to have grown aged in a beam go rattling down, and a fearful knew every task of a farmer's wife's ex- night. would cut me in two. For a moment I thought I was going over. Happily, the ridge of earth was a protection. The rope loosened.

"Houl easy l'she cried. 'I can catch

I wound the rope around the bar and myself. I was in a perfect snarl. Suddenly the rope grew loose, there was no weight. Was she lost? Every-thing grew black, and I knew nothing. When I came to, there were two men bending over me, trying to force brandy in my mouth. 'Where's Bessie?' God be thanked she answered me herself! She had

she answered me herself! She had

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Pitts.

How I got back I never knew. I Kouchibouguac, Kent Co. ; Union, 258; D. W.

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G. Barnes.

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Lewisville, Moneton; Lewisville, 200; Pitestay;
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Dubec Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V.

Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V,

Herbert Gray. Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.: Coverdale Tuesday; F. A. Steevee