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Tracts and Leaflets

Prepared especially for the Temperance Literature Committees of the various Grand Divisions and Subordinate Divisions.

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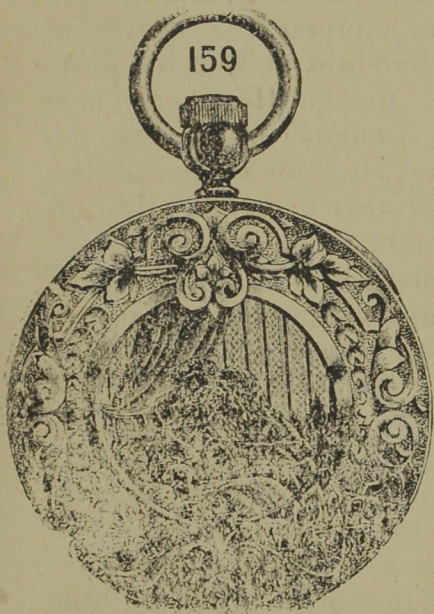
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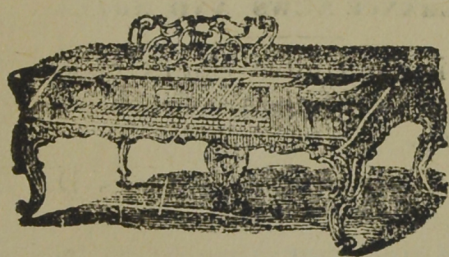
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I am going to sow it with wild oats Next year with wild oats. And so on for the next ten years. And then, by that time, I guess I will be tired sowing wild oats, and so I will get some choice wheat, and sow my field with it."

No farmer is so left to himself as to do anything like that. Ten years of wild oats cropping would utterly ruin it for wheat, or indeed for almost any purpose. And the wild oats of a foolish youth will ruin a life for any true and great life-purpose.

John the Baptist lived till he was thirty-one or so; but he lived long enough to fulfil his mission, and make for himself a name. Our Lord did his great world-work before He was thirty-five. Oh! what would have become of the world, the generations of men down through all time, if he had forgotten what we has made for, and turned aside to waste His years in pleasure? But He did not. And so many others did not, and now they are with Him on His throne, bright stars shining forever. But alas! how different with multitudes of others, and their light has gone out in utter night, and their laughter has turned to be the wailing of a lost soul.

"The time is short!"—too short to waste in folly, neglect, procrastination. If you are going to be anything or do anything, you must not sleep, you must not put off. You must look alive; you must be up and doing with all your might. Now or never! All hangs on this awful now that is in your hands. Let it go, and all is gone. What, then, are you doing with it? Fooling it away? Turning it into gold? Dreaming? Nay, rather repenting of your sins, crying to God for mercy, believing in Jesus, laying hold of eternal life. Blessed now, if thus occupied!

"The time is short!"—Do not waste it then, in vain regrets, in tears over what cannot now be helped, in the shadow of a great sorrow? Dry your tears, and hope. Bear on. Be brave. The struggle will soon be over. The darkness will soon be past. The friends death has torn from you, and the grave has buried, you will soon see again. It is only a little while till you will be yonder where they are. Let those that weep to-day, weep as though they wept not.

"The time is short!"—Ah! my young hearer, you saw how true that is as yesterday you stood beside Charles Brodie's grave, and flung in your evergreen, and saw the earth shovelled in upon his precious dust. He was as young as you are to-night, and life meant as much to him as to you. A bright future opened up before him, and beckoned him on. It is true disease had taken a deeper hold of him than he knew. Still he hoped. He was brave, cheerful, hopeful. He murmured not when so much of him had to be shorn off. He ever looked at the bright side of the calamity that fell across his young life. He said: "I will get over all this, I will live. I will be happy and useful." And so hopeful was he himself, that we hoped with him and we did not see how weak he was. Ah! the time was short with him, but we did not know it, and he did not know it, and in a moment the curtain fell, and we were without the veil, and he within.

But though the call came so suddenly we cannot weep as those who have no hope. We look up to the bright world beyond, and we want to believe he is with Jesus. He hoped for life, but a grander life is his than he hoped for. He wanted to see more of God, and now he sees it for, all is good where he is. He seems to look down to where we are, and he seems to say to us: "Weep not for me!" Oh let his short life teach us, his sudden call alarm us, all that was best about him inspire us! Sooner than we know it may be ours to die. We say, "I will be so cautious, so watchful!" Ah! learn this lesson:—"The time is short."

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

AMEN.

TREES IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

Trees neatly always develop best in full sunlight states Professor Fernow of the United States Forestry Department, but their capacity for developing under shade varies greatly. The yew will thrive in the densest shade, while a few years' overtopping kills the larch; the beech will grow with considerable energy in partial shade, where the oak would only just keep alive, and the birch would die. In moist places all species are less sensitive to the withdrawal of light. In open spaces maples, elms, sycamores, and others grow well and make good shade trees; in a dense forest they thin out and have but scanty foliage. Conifers, such as spruces and firs, which preserve the foliage of several years, have, perhaps, the greatest capacity of growing under shade and keeping their foliage in spite of the withdrawal of light. The whole question of the influence of sunlight on trees, important as it is, has been but little studied in the United States, and experiments and observations are to be made in regard to it.

THEIR LOVERS.

"But married woman, dear," she said,
"Are not exempt from scenes like these.
True lovers vex you, heart and head,
And quarrel on capricious pleas;
And I though long a wife, am yet
By such sweet, charming ills beset.

"You think 'tis wicked, weak and wrong
To let temptation lure me so?
Ah, woman's heart is none too strong.
My child, 'tis scarce three days ago
That, sitting where you sit now,
I heard a lover's prayer and vow.

"And—yes; he was a married man!
At first I would not listen. Then
He drew quite near me, and began
To plead and pray. I snubbed him when
He caught my hand? Well, no, dear May;
I did not draw it quite away.

"I should have done so? But, you see
He kissed me, and—that made me cry.
We'd quarrelled terribly, and he
Was dying to make up; and I
I said he was my lover? True;
But then—he was my husband, too."

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

A MYSTERIOUS FIND.

The Tragic Fate of a Party of Western Emigrants.

The Indians of the West were never so fierce and vindictive as after the close of the civil war. Beginning with the spring of 1866, there was a rush of emigrants into the new States and Territories, and about this time came reports of gold and silver in several localities. The Government pushed troops into new districts, established additional posts, and the red man saw the handwriting on the wall. He realized that he would be overrun unless the movement could be checked, and the various tribes buried their differences for the time being and united all their energies on the one object of driving the white man back. The number of emigrants, land brokers, prospectors and scouts killed between May, 1868, and the campaign which closed with Custer's death will never be known. It was impossible for any one to secure figures. Men were butchered singly, in pairs, and by fives and tens along a frontier a thousand miles in length, and not one case in ten was ever recorded in the public prints. It was the beginning of the end, and five years ago the power of the red man was broken, and he was compelled to yield to the inevitable.

I was sent to Fort Laramie, in Wyoming Territory, early in the summer of 1865, having accepted the position of Government scout, and I held that position all through the troubles of the next four years. It may be inferred, therefore, that I had my full share of close calls and narrow escapes. As soon as fresh troops arrived at that and other forts, and the work of subduing the Indians began in earnest, every redskin who could handle a gun was put into the field. Indeed, boys no more than twelve years of age, armed with bows and arrows, had the opportunity to show their mettle, and I knew of several fights in which the younger squaws took part. It was a case of do or die with the Indian, and he sacrificed his pride and his legends that he might hold his own against the white soldiers. I carried dispatches between Julesburg and Laramie, and between Laramie and Fort Fetterman, and outside of this accompanied detached bodies on expeditions or scouted on my own account. There was never a day of rest, and never a day when one felt sure that he would live to see the sun go down. Soldiers were killed within a mile of the gates of the fort, and the place was so constantly under surveillance that it was hardly possible to get in or out without being fired upon.

The strangest adventure of the whole war befel me in July, 1868, and there was a mystery connected with it which has not been solved to this day. I had been out with a detached command of 160 cavalry, which had scouted along the north fork of the Platte east from Laramie to the Copper mountains. These mountains are the beginning of the Black Hills chain. On the east side of the mountains we turned to the north, rode for two days, and the cavalry then made a halt for a day and retired to Julesburg. The object was to cover as much territory as possible and give the Indians to understand that we were aggressive. I had to report to the commander of Fort Laramie, and instead of returning and ascending the Platte, I decided to try for a pass through the Copper mountains, my fellow scouts having told me that several existed. I left the cavalry camp soon after dark, it being about twenty miles east of the mountains. We had been dogged by Indians for two days, and I made my start at night to throw them off the scent. I had a jet black horse, speedy and intelligent, and the risk was not so great, providing I did not run into a small band by accident.

For the first two miles out of camp I walked my horse, both of us watching and listening. His senses were sharper than mine, and all of a sudden he came to a dead halt and pointed his nose to the west, like a dog flushing a bird. That meant danger. He had been trained down fine before I got him, and was to be depended on as much as if he could speak. I was no sooner off his back than he lay down, and I had scarcely crouched beside him when three Indians, mounted on ponies and heading to the east, passed us to the right on a walk. The nearest one was not over ten feet away, and I plainly scented the tobacco from his pipe. The ground was broken, with masses of rock outcropping here and there, and it would have taken sharp eyes to detect us even at that short distance. I heard them mumble and mutter as they passed on, and not until ten minutes after the footsteps of the ponies had died away in the distance did we rise and proceed. Had my horse been on the gallop, or had he been ten seconds later in discovering the redskins, I might not have got away.

Half an hour after daylight, having met with no further adventure, I was at the base of the mountains, striking the range seventeen miles from its southern end, and at a place which has since been named Crook's Pass. I had little fear of finding Indians in the mountains, unless it was a body passing through the gap. As soon as I was secure from the prairie I made a fire, got ready my coffee, and rested for two hours. Then I set out to reach the other side of the range, where I would either stay by until night or push on for Laramie, according as the signs indicated. The pass for the first half mile was fair enough for a wagon. After that it was scarcely possible for a saddle-horse to make his way. It was difficult to tell which was the main pass and which the branches, and when about half way over the mountain I came to a spot where I was completely stuck. The pass I had been following was now split into three, each one seeming to be the main pass, and as there was nothing to guide me, I had to take one of them at a venture. If

it was not the right one, I must return and take another. I went to the left, and, after going a few rods, found the pass or cut overgrown with bushes, and badly choked up by a fall of rock. The cut was from twelve to twenty feet wide, twisting about like a creek, but gradually leading upward. The height of the bank on each side was from fifty to two hundred feet, and the mountain was so densely wooded that the path was in semi-darkness.

"I got my horse over the obstructions which blocked the way and proceeded on for half a mile without finding any great change in the general character of the pass. Then it suddenly swerved to the left and debouched into a cove of about two acres in extent, which nature had so walled in that the most agile Indian would have been put to his trumps to find a spot where the wall could be scaled. It would have been more in keeping with nature and the surroundings had the cove been full of water, as small lakes of that kind are frequently found in the mountains, but it was not only solid earth, but so fertile that the sweet grass was knee high and there were flowers without number. Before setting foot on the grass I saw that this was the end of the pass I had followed, and that I must return. I decided to let the horse graze for awhile, however, and it was only after I had turned him loose that I caught sight of what appeared to be six emigrant wagons standing against the further wall. I was not sure of their character until I had made half the distance, and it was only when I got close up that I discovered why they looked so queer. Their canvas tops had turned black and rotted away, and were now in rags and streaming out in the breeze. The wood-work of the wagons had turned gray, the tires of the wheels had rusted until the iron was almost eaten away, and when I took hold of the hind wheel of one of the vehicles and gave it a shake the spokes fell and the wagon came crashing down amid a cloud of dust.

There was something so gruesome and mysterious in my find that I wanted to run away. I should have been no more surprised to find a steamboat resting there. No emigrant had yet dared penetrate so far into the Indian country in that direction, and it was far away from the overland trail to California. The presence of those wagons meant a tragedy, and I was loth to begin an investigation. I walked about the cove seeking to brace my courage, and a few yards beyond the wagons I came upon a heap of bones which I knew to have belonged to horses or cattle. A bit further on a huge fire-place had been constructed of loose stones against the face of a cliff, and the smoke had blackened the wall for a distance of forty feet from the ground. There was no sign of the presence of any human being. It had been a long time since the last fire was built, as the grass was growing among the ashes and embers. The key to the mystery must be hidden in the wagons, and I returned to overhaul them. You can hardly realize the ionesome look of those vehicles. They were standing one behind the other as closely as they could be drawn, and the sight of them was proof that years had gone by since they were parked there. I should say that it would take at least ten years to bring about such decay as I saw in them. They were large and heavy, made of the best materials, and yet a shake would have brought any of them to the ground.

I began with the first wagon, and I can easily recall the contents of each. The first wagon was piled full of harnesses, or the remains of them. Time and decay had left little except the buckles, and they were badly rusted. I should say the heap contained the harnesses of at least a dozen teams. In the second wagon were a chest, two iron kettles, a jug and a heap of mold which probably represented clothing. I hauled the chest out and kicked it apart, but the contents had gone to mold, except in the case of fifty Mexican silver dollars, which had probably been in a buckskin bag. The third wagon also held a chest, but I found nothing of value in it. I found in this wagon the rusted remains of several picks and shovels and heaps of mold which represented either clothing or provisions. The fourth wagon was empty. The fifth contained picks and shovels and a rough wooden box. From this box I rescued a small one made of tin, and I broke that open to find \$40 in State bank bills, a rude map evidently representing the Copper mountains and neighborhood, and four five-dollar American gold pieces.

The fifth wagon had evidently been stored with provisions, but I found nothing but mold. In the sixth were three chests, two shovels, three picks, the barrel of a rifle, a rusty axe, and a keg which had held whisky. In one of the three big boxes I found a silver tobacco box containing sixty dollars in Mexican gold and a note or description. It had been written on heavy paper and with good ink, but some of the words had faded entirely away and others had to be guessed. The following is the copy I made of it upon my return to Fort Laramie:

*** there will *** about twenty,
and in *** you should take precautions
*** Have Captain Jim see that ***
powder and lead *** three months or
more *** same general direction ***
about due north from *** must act for
*** shall expect *** from man I send.
The letter was unsigned, and so much of it was illegible that we could only guess at the general tenor. There had been a private expedition from Kansas years before. The party had sought shelter in the mountain valley. They had killed a portion if not all their live stock for food. Then the men had departed, but never one had returned to civilization to tell the tale. All may have been wiped out in the main pass or at the base of the mountain, or some may have died in the cave. Had the Indians ever found the wagons they would have plundered and burned them. The fact that they had not only deepened the mystery. I had notice of the discovery published far and wide in the West, and on two occasions guided parties to the cove that further examination might be made, but to this day the fate of those people is a mystery.—N. Y. Sun.

How to Light a Cigar.

To give some people good cigars is but casting pearls before swine. They don't know how to light them. The best "Havana" that is "imported" from New York will yield but a vile, unsatisfactory smoke if lighted so as to not burn in a clear ring all around and evenly. The outside, or wrapper, is of the best tobacco; the next, the "binder," is of a poorer grade, while the bulk of the cigar, the "filler," is the poorest. They are assorted with the intent that they be burned together. When this is done the result is a delicate and gratifying smoke. Light even a poor cigar thoroughly, keep the cinder moderately close, so it will not break off right at the fire, and on any word as a connoisseur you will enjoy it.