

TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

Vol. II., No. 5.
\$1.00 per Annum.

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,
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 calls.

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,
while the two shaggy horses attached to
it languidly hung their heads as if in-
tending a furtive nap.

'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.
'Clarissy dead, an you her children?
Wal, it do beat all! An you sich a big
gal and him her living picture, an I not
knowing she war gone! Come in, dears;
the gate's beyond, but ye kin crawl
under the wires. There, now lemme
look at yer. Laws, child, don't try to
kiss me; my face ain't none too clean.'

He was a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old
man with long, curling white hair.
His teeth were gone, but otherwise he
seemed unlike old men, for he was
straight and tall, his arms brawny and
strong. His clothing was neat, but
neglected-looking, the buttons hanging
with little tears widening into large
rents. I was only fourteen, but mother
had taught me to do a grown woman's
work; beside, Georgie was 5, and such a
baby made me feel older.

'Where's grandma? I asked.
For answer he pointed his thumb at
a mound away at the end of the level
field, where a rude wooden cross was
planted.

'She's thar. She went a year ago.
I've lived alone sence, an it's the
blessin of providence you children is
come. Oftentimes I've feared I might
grow desprat outer sheer lonesomeness

and sorer. Maybe you didn't know
but Clarissy and mother quarreled in
years gone and never got frenly, which
was because yer ma married yer pa,
which seemed to me a good man nuff;
but wimmen is queer, and mother
looked high for Clarissy.

'I'm so hungry!' cried poor little
Georgie his lips quivering and his
round eyes filling with tears.

'Bless his little heart!' said grand-
father, 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
want no today, but all yesterdays. How
did yer come? he asked, unharnessing
his horses.

By rail to D—, then a gentle
man gave us a ride here in his fine
carriage. We came in the train with
his daughter Miss Bessie Little. He
owns a big ranch near here.

A fine young lady broke in grand-
father. She was like a darter to yer
gramma 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
cozy kitchen a sitting room and two
bedrooms; one the spare room grand-
father said proudly. It looked neat and
precise but as cold and damp as the
tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully
swept and dusted and kept everything
where his wife had placed, even her
work basket, with a needle sticking in
the half-finished gingham sleeve.

George and I took the spare room
and I built a fire and aired the bedding.
In a few days I grew competent to
take charge of the house, put things
where she had placed them, and cook
the simple meals—these were very
simple for grandfather was poor. Two
old horses two cows and a calf comprised
the stock.

I dont hev no luck with poultry,
Charley he said. He called me Charley
for Charline was too new frangled, and
Charley was the name of his dead son.
Mother used to raise a sight but after
she went they began dyin an what
didnt die was eat by cavotes.

The last day of my first week on the
ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the
cabin on her coal black horse. She was
a sweet faced girl, blue-eyed and yellow-
haired and rode beautifully. She made
herself at home, petted Georgie, and I
shy as I was, found myself confiding to
her all my troubles and hopes. She
sympathized with me and helped me,
cutting a frock for Georgie and a basque
for me, and when she rode off, she prom-
ised to come often.

The next day a wagon came from her
home and in it was a fine rooster and six
hens, and a big bundle of clothing that
she had outgrown and that fitted me.

How dreary the howls of the cayotes
were at night, especially when one of
their number was killed! They would
seem to unite in a chorus of maledic-
tions.

Miss Bessie rode up one day, and at
her heels was an overgrown shepherd
puppy, with big paws and jolly little
black eyes.

'Here's a cayote exterminator, grand-
father Byers, she said, as she jumped
from the saddle and the black horse fell
eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffalo
grass just as though he was not stuffed
at home.

She intimated the cayote's cry; the dog
bristled, his eyes shot fire, he looked in
all points of the compass, and then, with
a fierce howl he tore madly around the
house.

Through Miss Bessie's kindness I
found a ready market for my eggs and
chickens, and for the butter I learned to
make; and she showed me how to 'lay
butter down' for winter use.

Though she never had to work, she
knew every task of a farmer's wife's ex-
istence; and perhaps it was best, for
there was a young man living near her
father's ranch who took tea every Sunday
evening with her.

About two miles from our ranch were
three low hills, or mounds. Behind one
in a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills
and facing the plains, was a well ninety
feet deep, called, I regret to say 'Byer's
folly. Poor grandfather had had the
well dug, hoping to obtain the water to
irrigate his land. He could not see
ahead to the time when a company of
capitalists would intersect the region
with irrigating ditches, and each man's

land could be benefited by paying a small
annual water tax.

Grandfather's money gave out before
the well was finished, and the wide, deep,
black hole, carelessly crossed by rotten
boards, and a big pile of earth, was all
that was left of his labor and his fortune.

Not only was his money sunk in the
hole, but also large sums borrowed from
a Mr. Davieson, of D—, and to this man
our ranch was mortgaged.

Grandfather grew gloomy and sad as
spring came on. He brightened up a
little when I showed him my account
book,—Miss Bessie showed me how to
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.

'Ef I hadn't a' done that, how com-
ferable we'd a' been. Your sich a smart
girl, a son mo'n a gal, Charley. But
Davieson's a hard man; dunno as ter-
morre'll find us with a roof to cover us,
an 'tis a fine property too, now the irri-
gatin' 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
for him, and then would sit outside the
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
on horseback. He tossed me a letter—
I've hated yellow envelopes ever since—
for grandpa, who was down in the
field with his team; it was such a sunny
March day, it gave him new life for his
work.

I could not bear to take it, so I put
Georgie's sunbonnet on him and pinned
the letter to his frock, and with a big
cookie in his hand, sent him down to
danpa.

They came back later, hand in hand,
the same old horses following. Grand-
father hurried past me into his chamber,
and shut the door. His face was ash-
colored, his eyes bloodshot. I waited a
long time; I feared he might be dead so I
rapped on the door. He opened it; he was
dressed in his worn black broadcloth
suit, with his old-fashioned high collar.
I remembered then it was the first time
I had ever seen him wear a white shirt.
He had an old beaver hat in his hand,
and was absently brushing the nap with
his sleeve.

'It's come, dear. That! I'm goin ter
D—, I'll try if he wont wait till fall. I'll
work hard. Maybe the crops will do
summat, I'll sell the stock—those old
horses were so dear to him! 'No, don't
kiss me, dear; it'd break me down, I've
just found out I'm a weak old man. I
never felt it before.

He staggered to the barn. I followed
him.

I may n't be back for two days or so.
Will you be afeered?

No, I said, but I was. I helped him
into the wagon. He seemed dazed and
half-blinded by his misfortune. Oh, if
I could help him! I did the work faith-
fully when he was gone driving the cows
and milking them, and taking care of
the house and Georgie and the poultry.

The next day a band of Indians—10
or 12—rode up to the cabin. I was
frightened, but met them as coolly as it
I had plenty to protect me. Georgie, in
wild alarm, hid under the bed. The In-
dians seemed kind, and only wanted a
drink of milk. There were four squaws
among them, with kind, bright eyes; one
gave me a necklace of beads as they
rode off.

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

'Bessy!' shouted Mr. Little, as he
came over the hill. 'Is she here? Have
you seen her?'

'Not for a week,' I said. 'Has any-
thing happened?'

'She went to ride yesterday afternoon,
and hasn't returned yet, nor has she
been seen. We hoped she was here.'

'She hasn't been.'

They looked white and scared. Mr.
Little seemed to have grown aged in a
night.

There was a band of Indians, here,
said Gray; 'they may have taken her.'

I told them of the Indians' visit, and
thought it improbable, as they seemed
so kindly disposed; but they rode off
following the trail.

The next morning a number of people

came up; they were huntin for Bessie.
The whole neighborhood was searched.

I could not leave home, but Geoagie
and I walked over the ranch, looking in
every hole, and wistfully across the
plains. Our dog, Smarty, ran after us,
and a silly old turkey-gobbler, my pet
and the pride of the poultry yard, joined
in the procession, Smarty chased him
and Gobble flew over the wire fence and
rushed down the hill, through a valley
across the road, and I saw the two, mere
specks, tearing up the hill by the well.

'He'll kill Gobble!' I shouted, seiz-
ing Georgie's hand, and we rushed after
them, Georgie crying at the top of his
lungs and being winded at every stop.
At last I took him on my back, and fin-
ished the race with a heavy burden.

At the foot of the hill was the well, and
there Gobble stood, scolding and shaking
his red neck, while Smarty seemed to
have forgotten his very existence, but
was running around the well, uttering
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 look-
ed down. It was dark, but I fancied I
saw something white away down. Just
then 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 fall-
ing brought me to life.

I'll leave Georgie here. Here, Geor-
gie, your dir is in that hole; sit there
and talk to her. Don't you cry.

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
that sagacious bird was already winging
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
new clothesline was, the crowbar and the
hatchet. We were eight miles from any
ranch, and I must act as if there was no
one in the world to help her.

How I got back I never knew. I
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
taught him. His cheeks were red and
feverish, and his voice hoarse.

'Bessie, I shouted.
All right. Georgie kept me from
fainting. I made him sing.

Dit dir! out! dit dir! out! Georgie
screamed, clinging to my skirts. I
pushed him away; there was no time to
pet or comfort him.

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

I know his white, tear-wet face would
bring the most unbelieving stranger, and
I watched his chubby form, in the bright
plaid dress, and the panting dog disap-
pear over the hill. All the while I was
digging a deep hole with the hatchet, and
scoping the earth out with my hands,
and shouting every few momets to Bessie.
I buried the crowbar half-way, then I
tried my weight; it did not move. I
shouted.

'Put this noose around your waist!' I
shouted.

'I dare not,' she answered, faintly, 'You
couldn't help me. Oh, go for help!'

'You must. The end's fast to a crow-
bar. I can't find anybody. They're all
hunting for you.'

'I can't,' she cried, piteously.

'Then I'll leave you!' I shouted. 'It's
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 rattling down, and a fearful
strain tightened the cord. I thought it
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.

'Hold on!' she cried. 'I can catch
my feet in the sides; the earth is soft.'

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

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers
Night of Meeting, and name of
Deputies.

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

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

Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday
A. Y. Paterson.

Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wed-
nesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.

Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J.
DeVeber.

Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G.
Stothart.

St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thurs-
day; Robt. Wills.

Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday;
J. J. Steeves.

Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday;
J. C. Harper.

Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednes-
day; A. Haines.

Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday;
B. S. Bailey.

Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-
Gruar.

Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50;
Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.

Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51;
Tuesday; L. R. Moore.

Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Satur-
day; W. N. Bucknam.

Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Satur-
day; George S. Wilson.

Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddon.

Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R.
Goodwin.

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

Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday;
Henry Finch.

Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Bessie
Donglastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tues-
day; J. Henderson.

Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thurs-
day; Jacob I. Keirstead.

Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Saturday; James E. Coy.

Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed,
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 166
Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.

Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 181
Saturday; C. A. Beck.

South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207
Monday; Wm. Roxborough.

Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday
John Waring.

Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace
Armour.

Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thurs-
day; A. J. Main.

Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wed-
nesday; J. W. Mann.

Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday;
H. Wather.

Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 252;
Friday; E. Keith.

Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tues-
day; D. Jonah.

Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253;
Saturday; R. Lewis.

Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Satur-
day; A. T. Lloyd.

Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday;
C. W. Weyman.

Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256;
Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.

Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H.
Pitts.

Konchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W.
Garrison.

River Charlie, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday;
J. H. Galbraith.

Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose,
260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr.