

Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 4.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1876.

NO. 36.

Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

By **SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.**

Advertisements Rates.
Our Term—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12 1/2 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
One Square (two inches)—First insertion, \$1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, \$3.50; six months, 5.00; twelve months \$10.00.
Half Column—First insertion, \$4.50; each continuation, \$1.00; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50; twelve months, \$7.00.
A Column—First insertion, \$9.00; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$2.00; two months, \$3.00; three months, \$4.00; six months, \$7.00; twelve months, \$14.00.
Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

JOB WORK.

At the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

Pamphlets, Circulars, Programmes, Bill-Heads, Dodgers, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters, Tickets, &c., &c., &c.
Call and inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Portiers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gaiters, Ostrichs, Points, and Veils, &c., &c.* dyed on reasonable terms. *Blank Gowns a specialty.*

VINCENT & McFATE,
PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAVING received about \$5,000.00 worth of the finest quality of Oil-Tanned Larran Leather from Wm. Peters, one of the leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick, we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of:

LARRANS AND SHOE PACS,
And believing this stock to be far superior to any imported from the United States, we will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada. Also having received one of the LATEST IMPROVED TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of \$1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' SLIP-PIERS of all kinds.

GLASS! GLASS!
1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, (stocky) White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of all kinds,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 25 Gormain St., St. John, N. B.

BLAKESLE & WHITENACK,
SEP 30 1876

PRINTERS' BLANKS!
A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them. **SANCTON & PIPER.**

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS!
25 Cts. per Quire.

Merchants and Manufacturers should send us an order for

Shipping Tags!
A large stock on hand.

Just Printed
Hymns for Social Service.
\$1.00 per hundred. Send for sample copy. **SANCTON & PIPER.**

ESTABLISHED 1831.
EDWD. ALBRO & CO.

**Ship Chandlers,
IRON & HARDWARE**

MECHANICS,
207 Lower Water St.,
Head of Queen's Wharf, South of Mitchell's Wharf,
Halifax, N. S.,

HARDWARE

Ship Chandlery,

Consists of—
Canvas, Oakum, Comp-

Paints,
Duck, D.P.M. White Lead, Colored

Wire Rope, Cordage, Portable

Forges,
Anchors, Chain Cables, Boiler

Tubes, Saws,
Ropes, Tar, Pitch, Turpentine,

Steel, Copper,
Dead Lights, Binnacle Heads

and Lamps,
Augers, Anvils, Bellows, Vices,

Terne Plates, Tin Plates,
Lead, (Sheet & Pig), Lead Pipe,

Grain and Ingot Tin, Bar,
Bolt, Hoop & Sheet Iron, Zinc,

Muntz Metal bars,
Roofing Felt, Lined Oil, Lubri-

cating Oils,
Cables, Nets, Lines, Twines, Fish

Hooks,
Cutlery, Axes, Hatchets, Galvan-

ized & Copper boat Nails,
Olive Oil, Varnishes, Oil and

Wrought Nails & Spikes,
Shelf Hardware

In Endless Variety.
The above Stock is receiving continual additions of NEW GOODS by successive Steam Ships from Europe and the United States.
Oct. 15, 1876. 131 640

Three Trips a Week.
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!
STEAMER "SCUD"
For Digby and Annapolis.
Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

On and after MONDAY, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 5 o'clock. Returning on same days.
FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$3.00; do do do 2nd class, \$2.50; do do do Annapolis, 2.00; do do do Digby, 1.50.
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (not clear) 7.50.
Return tickets to Chignecto and delegates (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.
SMALL & HATHAWAY,
11 Dock Street,
St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

NOTICE.
AT THE "BEE-HIVE"
Will be found the usual variety of CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, &c., for Spring and Summer Wear, All of which will be made up at the USUAL LOW PRICES.
Also a full assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, of the Newest Styles and most Economical Prices.
114 WATER, CORNER JACOB, STREET HALIFAX, N. S.
JAS. K. MUNNIS.

ADAM YOUNG,
38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.
and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B.,
Manufacturer of

**Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,
Ranges, Furnaces, &c.**

Marbled Slate Mantle Pieces,
Register Grates.
A large assortment of the above Goods, always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.
August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

W. H. OLIVE,
Custom House, Forwarding,
COMMISSION,
Railroad and Steamboat Agent.
Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
May 3rd, 1876. y

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,
Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.
No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.
May 22 '73 y

CARD.
Jno. B. Mills,
Barrister, &c., &c.,
Bona Vista House,
ANNOAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER,
Barristers-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER,
Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. ly

ROYAL HOTEL.
(Formerly STUBBS)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.
sept 73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Pater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
sept 30 y

**Great Bargains
DRESS GOODS.**

A LOT OF
SUMMER DRESS GOODS!
Now Being Offered at Cost, by
W. C. BARBOUR,
18 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS DEARNESS,
Manufacturer of
**Monuments, Grave-Stones
TABLE TOPS, &c.**
South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.
June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Net, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarves; Mantles of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea Cloths; Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Veilings; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Field Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

**NOW LANDING,
200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU**
Tea; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Glass Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixie's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard, Spice, etc.; 5 tons Brandrup's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 bbls. Currants; 100 bbls. Dried Apples; 50 bbls. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by
GEO. S. DEFOREST,
St. John, N. B., May 2, '76.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly "THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS,
Wholesale Merchants,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department
93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of **Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,** from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.
—ALSO—
AMERICAN GOODS, such as Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.
Canadian and Domestic Goods.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT,
34 & 36 Water St.

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.
August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

Just Opened!
Moir's Musical Warehouse,
WILMOT, ANNOAPOLIS CO., N. S.

IN STOCK:
A variety of New Mathushek **PIANO FORTES AND ORGANS,** Also, second-hand do. Expected by next Steamer a supply of **PIANO FORTES** from the celebrated firm of SMITH BROS. & Co., of Liverpool, U. S. Also, Fisher Piano Fortes from N. Y.

The subscriber is not under heavy taxes or onerous conditions that he can sell musical instruments at lower prices than any City Dealer or Travelling Agent.
GEORGE MOIR,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Piano Fortes and Organs.
Sept. 19th, '76. 3m n24

MacFarlane & Adams
Forwarding & Commission
MERCHANTS.
Agents for
Canada Paper Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Oct. 10th, '76. 6m n27

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.
BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE special attention to our large and varied stock of **CATERING GOODS** and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and ruffs in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, tulle, and satins, umbrellas and parasols, jet and silk buttons, trimmings, &c. &c. &c.
3 and 4 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!
OF THE
Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at **BANKRUPT PRICES!** and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the **IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,** Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring **CHEAP DRY GOODS** at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and all are sold at **COST PRICES.**
MAGEE BROTHERS,
St. John, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

ELM HOUSE.

MRS. DANIEL STARRATT,
(Formerly of the American House)
has removed to the premises formerly occupied by Wesley Phinney, and is now prepared to accommodate

Transient or Permanent Boarders as heretofore.
GOOD STABLES FOR HORSES.
MRS. DANIEL STARRATT,
Lawrencetown, Sept. 12th '76. 3m n23

Just Received.
1 BBL. SCOTCH WHISKY,
SIMPSON'S SPECIAL SPIRIT,
POWDERED TURMERIC,
BORAX, SALTPEPER,
Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbur's Cod Liver Oil and Linn's Kidney's Linniment, C. Brewer's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, &c. &c. &c. sental Oil of Bergamot.
Cor. King and Gormain Street,
St. John, N. B., May, '76.

NOTICE!
ALL parties having any legal demands against the Estate of the late Albert Stuart Desbriay, will please present the same duly attested to either of the Executors within 12 months. All parties indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

LEAVITT BISHOP,
EDMUND BENT,
Executors.
Bridgetown, Oct. 10th, '76. n27

Poetry.
IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Sill sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sunnyc grow,
And blackberry vines are running,
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rapa official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.
The charcoal freon on its walls,
Its door's own light betraying
The fact that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!
Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' low fretting.
It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.
For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon his face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing:
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I but saw above you kneeling,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—"because" you see, I love you!"
Still, memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!
He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
Lament their part above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

Select Literature.
The Better Way.

One evening, as the twilight was dusk
ing into deeper shades, Farmer Welton
stood in his dooryard with a gun in his
hands, and saw a dog coming out of his
shed. It was not his dog, for his was
of a light color, while this was surely
black.
The shed allotted to was open in front,
with double doors, for the passage of carts,
and the shed was of a continuous struc-
ture connecting the barn with the house.
Around back of this shed was the sheep-
fold.
There had been trouble upon Farmer
Welton's place. Dogs had been killing
his sheep—and the very best of that.
That he had declared in his wrath,
that he would shoot the first stray dog
he found prowling about his premises.
This evening, by chance, he had been car-
rying his gun from the house to the barn,
when the canine intruder appeared. Aye,
and in the barn he had been taking
the skin from a valuable sheep that had
been killed and mangled with ghastly fer-
ocity.
So when he saw the strange dog coming
through his shed, he brought his gun to
his shoulder, and with a quick, sure aim,
fired. The dog gave a leap, and with
whirling around in a circle two or three
times, he bounded off in a tangent,
yelping painfully, and was soon lost to
sight.
"Hallo! What's in pay now, Welton?"
"Ah—is that you, Frost?"
"Yes. You been shooting something,
have you?"
"I've shot a dog, I think."
"Yes—a. I see him scootin' off. It was
Brackett's reekon."
Before the farmer could make any fur-
ther remark, his wife called to him from
the porch and he went in.
Very shortly afterward a boy and a girl
came out through the shed as the dog
had come. Down back of Welton's
farm distant half a mile or so, was a great
mill, with quite a settlement around it,
and the people having occasion to go on
from that section to the farm of the
hill could cut out of a long distance by cross-
ing Welton's lot. The boy and girl were
children of Mr. Brackett. When they
reached home they were met by a scene
of confusion. Old Carlo, the great old
Newfoundland dog—the loving and the
loved—the true and the faithful—
had come home stung through the head,
and was dying. The children threw them-
selves on their shaggy mate and wept and
moaned on in agony.
Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog
breathed his last. One of the older boys
stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had
grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw
what had happened.
"Who did this?" he asked groaning.
"John Welton did it," said Tom Frost
coming up at that moment. "He's been
killing sheep, and I guess he's got kind of
waddy."
"But my dog never killed a sheep—
never! He's been reared to care for sheep.
How came he down there?"
"He went over to the mill with Sis and
me," and the younger boy, sobbing as he
spoke; "and he was running on ahead of
us towards home. I heard a gun just
before we got to Mr. Welton's, but oh I
did not think he could have shot poor
Carlo!"
Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself.
To say he was angry would not express it.
He had loved that dog—it had been the
chief pet of his household for years.
Literally boiling with hot wrath and in-
dignation, he started for Welton's.

John Welton and Brackett had been
neighbors from their earliest days, and
they had been friends too. Between the
two families there had been a bond of love
and good will, and a spirit of fraternal
kindness and regard had marked their
intercourse. Both the farmers were hard-
working men, with strong feelings, and
positive characteristics. They belonged
to the same religious society and sym-
pathized.

And neighbor Brackett thinks, even
now, that you shot the dog knowing that
it was his?"
"I suppose so."
"If you had told him in the beginning,
do you think he would have held his an-
ger?"
"This was a hard question for John Wel-
ton, but he answered it manfully.
"Truly, parson. I do not think he
would."
"Were you ever more unhappy in your
life than you have been since this trouble
came?"
"I think not."
"And if possible neighbor Brackett is
more unhappy than you."
"Do you think so?"
"Yes. He is the most angry and re-
vengeful!"
A brief pause, and then the parson re-
sumed:
"Brother Welton, with you are needed
and few words. You are more a man than
Brother Brackett. Do you not believe he
has a good heart?"
"Yes."
"I wish you could show how true and
good your heart is."
"Parson!"
"I wish you could show him that you
possess true Christian courage."
"I wish you had the courage to meet
and conquer him."
"How would you have me to do it?"
"First, conquer yourself. You are not
offended?"
"No. Go on."
And thereupon the good clergyman
drew up his chair and laid his hand upon
his friend's arm and told him just what he
would have to do. He spoke earnestly,
and with tears in his eyes.
"Brother Welton, have you the heart
and courage to do so?"
The farmer arose and took two or three
turns across the floor and finally said:
"I will do it!"

On the following day toward the middle
of the forenoon, Peter Brackett stood in
the doorway with his head bent. He was
thinking whether he should harness his
horse and be off before dinner, or whether
he would wait until the afternoon. He
could not even put his mind to ordinary
chances.
"I wonder," he said to himself—
"the trial will come off! I suppose Welton
will be thinking whether he should harness
his horse and be off before dinner, or whether
he would wait until the afternoon. He
could not even put his mind to ordinary
chances."
His meditations were interrupted by
approaching steps, and on looking up he
beheld neighbor Peter.
"Good morning, Peter."
Brackett gasped, and finally answer-
ed:
"Good morning, though rather crusty-
ly."
Welton went on, frankly and pleasant-
ly:
"You will go to the village to-day?"
"I suppose so."
"I have been summoned by Justice
Garfield to be there, also, but really, Peter,
I don't want to go. One of us will be
enough. Garfield is a fair one, and when he
knows the facts he will do what is right.
Now you can state them as well as I can
and whatever his decision is, I will abide
by it. You can tell him that I shot your
dog, and that your dog had done me no
harm."
"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo
never harmed you—that he never troubled
your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with start-
led surprise.
"It was not his nature to do harm to
anything. I am sure he would sooner
have saved one of my sheep than have killed
it."
"Then what did you shoot him for?"
"That is what I am coming at, Peter.
You will tell the justice that I had lost
several of my sheep—killed by dogs—that
I had just taken the skin from a
mangled carcass that had been so killed,
and mangled—that I was on my way
from my house, with my gun in hand,
when I saw a dog come out from my shed.
My first thought was that he had come
from my sheepfold. It was almost dark,
and I could not see plainly. Tell the
justice that I had no idea it was your dog.
I never dreamed I had fired that cruel
shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told
me!"
"How? You didn't know it was my
dog?"
"Peter, have you thought so hard of me
as to think that I could so knowingly and
willingly have harmed that grand old
dog? I would sooner have shot one of my
oxen."
"But you didn't tell me at first. Why
didn't you?"
"Because you came up so—so sudden,
and I was so—"
"Oh, please!" cried Brackett, with a
stamp of his foot. "Why don't you spit
it out as it was? Say I came down on you
so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance
to think. I was a blamed fool, that's what
I was!"
"And I was another Peter; if I hadn't
been I should have told you the truth at
once instead of faring up. But we will
understand it now. You can see the jus-
tice."
"Justice be hanged! John, hang it
all! What's the use? There, let us end
it so!"
From her window Mrs. Brackett had
seen the two men come together, and she
trembled for the result. By-and-by she
saw her husband, as though flushed and
excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was
he going to strike his neighbor? She was
ready to cry out with affright, the cry
being almost upon her lips, when she
beheld a scene that called forth re-
joicing instead. And this was what she
saw:
She saw these two strong men grasp
one another by the hand and she saw
big bright tears rolling down their
cheeks, and she knew that the fearful
strife had passed, and that the warm
sunshine of love and tranquility would come
again.

On Tuesday evening Parson Surly
called upon Mr. Welton. The good man
had been called upon to face the law.
At first he was awestricken, then he was
wroth. He told himself that he would
fight it to the bitter end. And now he
tried to nurse his wrath, and became more
unhappy than before.
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led in politics. They had warm discus-
sions, but never yet a direct falling out.
Of the two Weltons the most intellectu-
al, and perhaps a little more tinged with
pride than was his neighbor. But they
were both hearty men, enjoying life for the
good it gave them.
Mr. Welton entered the kitchen and
stood the empty gun up behind the door.
"What's the matter, John?" his wife
asked as she saw his troubled face.
"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he
replied regretfully. "I fear I have shot
Brackett's dog."
"Oh, John!"
"But I didn't know whose dog it was,
I saw him coming out from the shed—it was
too dark to see more than it was a dog. I
only thought of the sheep I had lost and I
fired."
"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs.
Brackett and the children will feel. They
set everything by old Carlo. But you can
explain it."
"Yes, I can explain it."
Half an hour later Mr. Welton was
going to his barn with a lighted lantern in
his hand. He was taking of the record
unfortunate occurrence, and was solely
worried and perplexed. What would his
neighbor say? He hoped there might be
no trouble. He was reflecting thus when
Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming
up quickly and stopping with an angry
stamp of the foot.
"John Welton you have shot my dog!"
The words were blurted forth hotly.
"How dare you do it?"
"I dare shoot any dog that comes
prowling about my buildings especially
when I have had my sheep killed by
them."
"But my dog never troubled your sheep,
and you know it."
"How should I know it?"
"You know that he never did harm to a
sheep. It wasn't in his nature. It was a
mean, cowardly act, you shall suffer for
it."
"Brackett, you don't know to whom you
are talking