A CLEAR HEAD.

"One year ago I was induced to try AYER'S PILLS as a remedy for Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache, from which I had long been a great sufferer. Commencing with a dose of five Pills, I found their action easy, and obtained prompt relief. In continuing their use, a single Pill taken after dinner, daily, has been all the medicine I have required. AYER'S PILLS have kept my system regular and my head clear, and benefited me more than all the medicines ever before tried. Every person similarly afflicted should know their value. 102 State St., Chicago, June 6, 1882. M. V. WATSON."

For all diseases of the stomach and bowels, try AYER'S PILLS.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

We have recently published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address

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BRIDGETOWN

FOUNDRY COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

THE above Foundry Co., having just opened its new premises, on the site formerly occupied by Craig's Foundry, lately destroyed by fire, is now prepared

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS,

HAY CUTTERS,

MILL and Other Castings.

All work attended to promptly. Charges reasonable.

W. A. CRAIG,

MANAGER.

Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

1885. 1885.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works,

ARE prepared to compete with any similar concern in the Province, both in workmanship or price.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS.

—IN—

Marble, Freestone & Granite,

of all descriptions manufactured to order at short notice.

ALSO:

Furniture Tops!

Call and inspect work.

OLDHAM WHITMAN.

Bridgetown, Jan. 12th, 85*

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO.

VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1886. NO. 51.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Best Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Hoarseness, Influenza, Stinging Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Cleanses the Blood. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic." Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Does one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure Hog Cholera. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circular free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Good Workmanship.

Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

A. E. SULIS.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

Can be obtained from the

N. S. P. B Building Society and Savings Fund,

On real Estate Security, payable in Monthly instalments extending over a period of about eleven years.

For particulars apply to

J. M. OWEN,

Agent for County of Annapolis.

Annapolis 27th Feb 1883.y

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber being desirous of giving more attention to his

GROCERY and PROVISION TRADE,

has decided to sell his valuable FARM, situated in Beaconsfield, three and a-half miles from Bridgetown, and directly under the North Mountain.

The property comprises about 300 acres of splendid land, 25 or 30 under cultivation, and 200 abounding in valuable Hard and Soft Timber.

There is also between 200 and 300 healthy and bearing Fruit Trees, in Apple, Plum, Pear, &c.

A good House, Barn, and other Outbuildings, together with pure and never-failing water privileges are among the inducements.

For full particulars apply to the subscriber.

T. J. EAGLESON.

Bridgetown Oct. 9, 1883. tf

Hard Coal!

NOW IN WAREHOUSE:

20 TONS HARD COAL,

STOVE SIZES,

For Sale Cheap,

APPLY TO

Geo. E. Corbitt,

Annapolis, Nov. 3, '85. tf Agent.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing

and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonial, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N.Y. Mention this paper.

F. C. HARRIS,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Commission Merchant and Real Estate Agent

Special rates for sales of Real Estate and Farm Stock.

Bridgetown, March 26th, 1884. n50

AUCTION SALES!

The subscriber will attend

AUCTION SALES

throughout Wilmot Township, as Auctioneer. TERMS.—$2.00 per day.

F. L. MURPHY,

Licensed Auctioneer.

South Farmington, Jan 19th, '86 41tf.

NOTICE.

Pictures and Framing in variety, Christmas Cards, And Fancy Goods.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond Sewing Machine

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown Dec. 1885.

Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock BLOOD PURIFIER!

—CURES—

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SICK HEAD ACHE, HUMORS, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS,

—AND—

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Read some of the hundreds of Testimonials:

WEYMOUTH, Sept. 14th, '85.

DR. NORTON.—Dear Sir,—For twenty five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles am entirely cured, as I have not had the least symptom of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of dyspepsia and liver complaint.

Yours truly, MRS. JOHN GRANT.

Mr. James Dunn, of Annapolis, writes:—

I have been troubled with Jaundice and Liver Complaint for several years accompanied with Sick Headache, am now real well by using your Burdock Blood Purifier.

STILL THEY COME.

NEWPORT, Feb. 9th, 1886.

DR. NORTON.—Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted with Fever Sores on both my legs for six or seven years. From my knees down to my feet, were fearful running sores. I tried the doctors in Windsor and Newport, and they failed to do me any good. I was all the time getting worse. At last they advised me to have my legs amputated. A friend of yours informed me of your wonderful medicine, and I concluded to try it. I have used seven bottles of Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and now my sores are entirely cured. Such medicine should be known all over the world. It is worth its weight in gold.

Yours truly, MARTIN BLACKBURN.

NEW GERMANY, Feb. 26th, 1886.

J. B. NORTON,—Dear Sir.—In reply to your card of the 16th, I wish to inform you I have two bottles yet on hand, and have to say one bottle has done me more good than a cart load of Warner's Safe Cure. It has acted like a charm with me and my family. I think you should be encouraged, as in my opinion it is the best in the market. Send along some more, and there is no doubt as soon as the people find out the value of it, there will be a large sale. Anyone who is suffering with Liver or Kidney Complaint it will cure at once. I cannot speak too highly of it.

Yours, etc. E. MORGAN.

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver, Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Ass Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denison, was sick with Dysentery for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liniment and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicines known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney, Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

All of these medicines are for sale by dealers in general, from Windsor to Yarmouth and all orders may be sent to

J. B. NORTON,

BRIDGETOWN.

FOR BOSTON,

—VIA—

"PALACE STEAMERS"

—OF THE—

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.,

Spring Arrangement.

One of the Steamers of this line leaves St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, at 8.00 a. m., every

TUESDAY & THURSDAY.

S. S. "SECRET,"

leaves Annapolis and Digby, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, p. m., for St. John, connecting with the International S. S. Co. as above.

For tickets and further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to

R. A. CARDER,

Agt., Annapolis, N. S.

J. B. COYLE, JR., Gen. Manager.

E. A. WALDRON, Gen Pass. Agent.

Portland, Maine, '86. n47tf

BOOTS & SHOES

—AND—

DRY GOODS,

—AT—

COST

—FOR—

30 DAYS,

—FOR—

CASH,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS,

NICTAUX FALLS.

Call and see for yourselves.

Nictaux Falls, Feb. 2nd, '85. 37 1 y

NEW

Furniture Store!

I WISH to inform the public in general, that I have opened a FURNITURE STORE, at

SOUTH FARMINGTON,

where they will find a full line of FURNITURE at BOTTOM PRICES. By strict attention to business and low prices, I hope to receive a part of the public patronage. Call and inspect before buying elsewhere. Produce taken in exchange at CASH PRICES,

F. L. MURPHY,

So. Farmington, Wilmot.

STOVES! STOVES!

Norwood, Elevated Oven, "Wood."
Niagara, " " "
Waterloo, " " "
Milton Cook, Square Oven, "
Elmwood, Parlor Cook, "

—ALSO—

HOLLOW WARE

for the above, to sell Singly or in Sets, apart from the Stoves. The above are made by the Milton Foundry, Yarmouth, N. S. For sale at FOUNDRY PRICES, by

F. L. MURPHY.

Jan. 19th, 1886. 41 3m.

Mussel Mud.

FOR SALE BY

The Annapolis Mussel Mud Co.

IT has proven to be one of the best Fertilizers in the Market, on account of its various qualities.

1st. It has the largest amount of ammonia.

2nd. It has the proper quantity of Lime.

3rd. The Salt retained in it is just sufficient to raise good crops.

4th. It has the body that once applied to grass or uncultivated land will last for years.

The Company will deliver it at any stations on the W. & A. Ry., at a low figure. Apply to

GEO. E. CORBITT,

Manager.

Annapolis, Nov. 30th, 1885. tf.

JUST ARRIVED

ON CONSIGNMENT!

100 Bbls. Choice Family Flour,
100 " Corn Meal.
260 Bags Extra Quality Fine Shorts, about 125 lbs in Bag.
10 Barrels Paraffine Oil.
20 3 gallon Tins.
50 2 lb Tins Lard.
50 5 lb. Tins Lard.
20 Boxes Soap, different Qualities, from 3 cents per lb up to 7 cents.

The above goods will be sold low, as I am directed to sell them immediately.

Geo. E. Corbitt,

AGENT.

Annapolis, Feb. 9th, '85. no44tf.

TRUE VALUE

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

As compared with two other brands the *strength, only*, of which have been published, carefully *omitting cost*.

1 tin "Royal" costs 60 cts. gives 2,033 cub. in. of Gas, or 34 inches for a cent.

1 tin "Princess" costs 50 cts., gives 2,406 cub. ins. of Gas, or 48 inches for a cent.

2 packets **Cooks Friend** cost 50 cts., give 3064 cub. ins. of Gas, or 60 inches for a cent.

Cooks Friend is therefore 25 per cent. *better value* than Princess, and 75 per cent. *better* than Royal.

The *purity* and *healthfulness* of **Cooks Friend** are unquestionable.

Cooks Friend may be had from storekeepers generally.

AUCTIONEER'S NOTICE!

THE undersigned has obtained license to sell Real Estate and Personal Property in Annapolis County. Having had considerable experience in the business, is confident of giving satisfaction. Will attend sales in any part of the county.

TERMS.—Easy.

E. Y. MESSENGER.

South Farmington, Feb. 2nd '86. 43 3m.

Poetry.

The Home.

OUR HOME-MAKING.

Where the mountains slope to the west-ward,
And their purple chalices hold
The new-made wine of the sunset,—
Crimson and amber and gold,—

In this one wide-open door way,
With the elm-boughs overhead,—
The house all garnished behind her,
And the plentiful table spread,—

She has stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb,
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time!

Again in her doorway opened,
And the house is garnished and sweet;
But she silently waits for our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting:
Not where she has met us before;
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,
And a lily is on her breast;
Her hands are folded together,
And the word on her lips is 'rest.'

And yet it looks like a welcome,
For her work is compassed and done;
All things are seemly and ready,
And her summer is just begun.

It is we who may not cross over,
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach, as we leave her there.

But we cannot think of her idle;
She must be a home-maker still.
God giveth that work to the angels
Who fittest the task fulfill.

And somewhere yet, in the hilltops
Of the country that hath no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.

—*Mrs. Whitney.*

Select Literature.

Byer's Folly.

A PRIZE STORY.

'What did yer say 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 intending a future 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 pictur, 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; besides, George 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 since, and it's the blessin' of Providence you children is come. Oftentimes I've feared I might grow desprit outer sheer lonesomeness and sorrer. Maybe you didn't know but Clarissy and mother quarreled in years gone and never got friendly, which was because yer ma married yer pa, which seemed to me a good man nuff; but wimmun 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 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 want no today, but all yesterdays. How did yer come?' he asked, unharnessing his horses.

'By rail to D——, then a gentleman gave us a ride to 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 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 horsefleh as is seen in these yere parts. She kin ride, too, and ain't afraid of nothin'. Mother set a sight by her.'

We were now at the house, a neat little one story cottage, containg four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near, and a well close by the door. There was a cosy kitchen a sitting room and two bedrooms; one the spare room grandfather 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 them, 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 don't hev no luck with poultry, Charley,' he said. He called me Charley for Charline was too new fangled, and Charley was the name of his dead son. 'Mother used to raise a sight but after she went they began doin' and what didn't die was eat by cayotes.'

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 promised 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 maledictions.

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

'Here's a cayote exterminator, grandfather 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.

Though she never had to work, she knew every task of a farmer's wife's existence; and perhaps it was best, for there was a young man living near her father's ranch who took tea every Sunday night 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 benefitted by paying a small annual water tax.

Grandfather's money gave out before the well was finished, and the wide, deep, black hole was 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 comfortable we'd a been. You sich a smart girl, a son mor'n a gal, Charley. But Davieson's a hard man; dunno as termorre'll find us with a roof to cover us, an' 'tis a fine property too, now the irrigatin' ditch crosses it.

He seemed to take little interest in the farmwork. He would harness the horses 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 in his hands. George, 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. Grandfather 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 then 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 won't 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 ud break me down, I've just found out I am a weak old man. I never felt it before.'

He staggered to the barn. I followed him.

'I mayn'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 faithfully 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 cooley as if I had plenty to protect me. Georgie, in wild alarm, hid under the bed. The Indians 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.

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

'Not for a week,' I said. 'Has anything 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.

That night was more dreadful than the first, and the dog seemed frenzied over the cayotes who yelled till morning, and I cried myself into hysterics and frightened poor little Georgie, who sat up in bed and screamed the 'kiyos were eating up his dirl.' He always called Miss Bessie his 'dirl.'

The next morning a number of people came up; they were hunting for Bessie. The whole neighborhood was searched.

I could not leave home, but Georgie 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, seizing 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 finished 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 pushed Smarty away, and looked 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:

'Help! help!'

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

'Bessie Little. My horse fell; he's dead, away down. I'm climbing 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 leave Georgie 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 bravely, pleading the dog should stay, but I was afraid to trust him. 'Gobble tay wif dorgie,' he said, piteously; but that sagacious bird was already winging and hopping his way homeward. I left Bessie answering Georgie's scared halloo.

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 dirl out! dit dirl 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 dirl is in Byer's well.'

I knew 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 disappear over the hill. All the while I was digging a deep hole with the hatchet, and scooping the earth out with my hands, and shouting every few moments 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 crowbar, 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 go 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.

'Haul easy!' 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? everything 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 climbed up the last few yards by the broken timbers. The earth was torn up around me, my hands were raw and bleeding, and I bear the marks of the rope on my body to this day.

Just then we heard a shouting, and Mr. Little and Mr. Gray rode up, and the latter wasn't ashamed to kiss Bessie just as her father did, and before all the people.

George was up on the lap of Mr. Little, and Smarty lay down at my feet, worn out. A party of the searchers met the poor baby and dog and caught at the fearful meaning in the baby's incoherent words, dashed up to the well, and found us both on the brink.

They could not believe it was I who had rescued her till they saw my hands and the rope and the crowbar still firm in the earth.

Grandpa was there, and kissed me and cried over me as if I too had been down the well.

Miss Bessie had lost her way in the dark after a long ride across the plains and her horse had stumbled over the planks and fallen through and broken his spine. Miss Bessie's habit had caught on a projecting beam and she clung two nights and nearly two days. Yet with all the horrors of the situation, she was only 15 feet down.

When Mr. Little learned that our ranch was mortgaged he went to Mr. Davieson paid the money and gave the farm back to grandfather. He made me a present of a sum of money, and Mr. Gray gave Georgie a like present.

In the two years since that time, our ranch has come to be one of the most prosperous in the country. We have a fine herd of cattle and an immense poultry yard, and grandfather hires a man to help him, while I have a Swede girl to work in the house.

Miss Bessie is Mrs. Gray now, and still is my friend. She never rides alone and is less daring than she used to be.

I am happy to say no one ever reproached grandfather for his carelessness in leaving the well so poorly protected. He suffered enough for it and it is filled in now.

Though Mrs. Gray never says anything, yet I think she often mourns for the noble black horse who with his shoes on, saddle and bridle, found a burial on the plains—the plains where he had so often roamed with his fearless young mistress under the blue Colorado skies in the shadows of the Rockies.

For the Monitor.

Reform.

I am convinced that there is at this time abundant scope and urgent need for reform in the social, political and religious institutions of our County.

In this age of rush and push for the "Almighty dollar" men are loosing that free, friendly intercourse that bound our forefathers together for the common good of all. That there is less of sociability and more of selfishness in society at large I think no one will deny; that the lack of this social element is tending to alienate the interests of man in his fellow man, and destroy or sap the foundation of society at large is a patent fact. Whence arises this state of things? is there not a growing feeling of want of confidence among men that has something to do with it? Does not the fact, so often recorded to the shame of many a man that should be above such meanness, "That it is extremely difficult to get apples packed in Annapolis County that are fit to open in any market" have a telling influence upon society at large. Would not the publishing of every man's name who is known to perpetrate so vile a swindle have an effect upon them for good and help to restore confidence among men. We need this reform for the good of our County and Province at large; therefore, it would be better that the few should be thus exposed rather than the whole should suffer, as suffer we must, until such a blot is removed.

I am persuaded that the friendly chit-chat indulged in by our ancestors, when mother would quietly drop in to see how neighbor was and have a social cup of tea, and father after the day's toil was ended would call over for her, had a mighty influence in cementing society in the early days. With all deference to the starch and polish of the present age with its glorious formality and love of gossip, I believe it would be better for us to "enquire for the old paths," and walk in them too.

Politically speaking, I am sure all will agree with me when I say there is urgent need of reform. While I cannot lay claim to being a politician, yet one has to rub against those who are. If we are to judge by figures, and it has been said "That figures won't lie if figures are right," then there is at the present time a most outrageous waste of the public funds by those who have charge of our treasuries. Look for instance at the time spent by some of our windy representatives in our one horse parliament, every hour costing the province some forty or fifty dollars and the speech of some hours' duration is scarce worth the paper it is printed on; even this is a trifle compared with the lavish waste of funds by our Dominion authorities, which is recorded day after day by those competent to deal with such matters. Would it not be well to employ a skilful physician to let off a little of the surplus gas which has to find vent in long labored, useless speeches! How many of them would we have if it were not for the four or five dollars per day?

Religiously speaking there is surely abundant scope for reform. Are our ministers as devoted as the early fathers? Are they following as closely as they should the footsteps of the great teacher? Are they examples to the flock fulfilling the command given by Paul to the Ephesian Elders. "Take heed therefore unto yourselves and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God," Acts 20. 28.

What is the food often set before the flock but a miserable musty hash. What heed is paid to the spiritual needs of many of the flock? Not a word of christian advice, not a visit in years, to enquire after their welfare. The sick, the poor, the needy, the fatherless and widows are too often neglected by those whose mission it is to go about doing good.

How much petty envy and jealousy often exists between ministers and members of the different denominations, who profess to be brethren, and working for the christianizing of the world.

Why I once heard of a town in which the vanes on the churches pointed in opposite directions in a strong gale. It may be a fair representation of the state of things existing inside!

I am pleased to note, however, that there is a growing feeling for union among evangelical churches. We may before the the close of the present century have the fulfillment of that beautiful prayer, John 17, 21, 23.

Where should this reform begin but in the church of God; which being purified will act as leaven, permeating society at large, until we shall become, "a peculiar people zealous of good works." VOX.