Weekly Monitor.

VOL 7. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879. NO. 16

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ 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, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

Chaloner's Drug Store,

DIGBY, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding bottles with Extra fittings, &c., &c., The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the genuine bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. All other kinds of Dye Stuffs on hand. He also claims Poor Mans's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antibilious Medicine—Eureka Liniment, called by one who used it "the best Liniment in the world—Furniture renovaters—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Garden seeds in season

Address, J. CHALONER, Druggist,

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Co-partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of SANCTON & PIPER, Printers and Publishers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the senior partner, JNO. E. SANCTON, retiring from the late firm. The business will in the future be conducted by HENRY S. PIPER, who assumes all liabilities against and for the late firm.

JOHN E. SANCTON.
HENRY S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 20th, 1879.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of BERIAH VANBUSKIRK, late of Meadowvale, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HARRIET VANBUSKIRK, Admtrx.
ARTHUR M. SPINNEY, Admrs.

Meadowvale, May 17th, '79. 13t19

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

N. F. MARSHALL,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Flour, MEAL, Molasses

SUGAR, TEA,

OIL, FISH,

Lumber, &c., &c.

☞ TERMS CASH.

BRICK. BRICK.

50,000 Superior pressed Brick,
50,000 " common "

enquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber,

n42 y N. F. MARSHALL.

CARD.

N. H. Phinney,

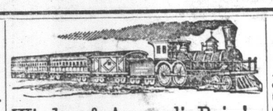
INSTRUCTOR OF

Vocal and Instrumental Music,

AND DEALER IN

Musical Instruments,
Piano Stools,
Music Books, &c.

Lawrencetown, April 7th, '79. 51tf



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

1ST JULY, 1879.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Wed. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Saturday. †
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave	9 45	12 00	5 45
			P. M.	
7	Hantsport	10 07	12 28	6 17
15	Grand Pre	10 30	1 00	6 44
18	Wolfville	10 40	1 15	6 56
20	Port Williams	10 46	1 25	7 04
25	Kentville—arrive	11 00	1 45	7 20
	Do—leave	11 15	2 20	
34	Waterville	11 38	2 58	
37	Berwick	11 46	3 12	
42	Aylesford	12 00	3 34	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 18	4 12	
53	*Wilmot	12 26	4 27	
56	Middleton	12 35	4 44	
62	Lawrencetown	12 51	5 06	
65	*Paradise	1 00	5 18	
70	Bridgetown	1 13	5 38	
78	*Roundhill	1 32	6 05	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	6 30	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed., and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs., and Saturday.	Express Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	6 15	2 40
6	*Round Hill	.....	6 40	2 56
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 05	3 15
19	*Paradise	.....	7 24	3 27
22	Lawrencetown	.....	7 39	3 35
28	Middleton	.....	8 05	3 52
31	*Wilmot	.....	8 19	4 02
35	Kingston	.....	8 35	4 10
42	Aylesford	.....	9 0[illegible]	4 30
47	Berwick	.....	9 25	4 44
50	Waterville	.....	9 43	4 52
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	10 20	5 15
	Do—leave	7 30	11 05	5 25
64	Port Williams	7 50	11 28	5 39
66	Wolfville	7 57	11 40	5 45
69	Grand Pre	8 10	11 54	5 55
77			P. M.	
84	Hantsport	8 36	12 28	6 18
	Windsor—arrive	9 00	1 00	6 40

N. B.— Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down, they will stop at Stations marked thus.*

Steamer Empress leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8, a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, on arrival of Express Train.

International Steamers leave St. John every Thursday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 7.45a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager

Kentville, 27th June, '79.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

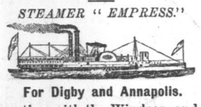
SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

Summer Arrangement.

STEAMER "EMPRESS."



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer *Empress* will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, and return every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening.

FARE—St. John to Digby ..... $1.50.
do do do Annapolis ..... 2.00.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class... $5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50

Return Tickets—St. John to Halifax and return, 1st class 7.50

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT,
Union Line Office,
1 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., July 3rd, '79.

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable 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 [illegible] one, and is constantly increasing, [illegible] way in which the *Star* has outstripped [illegible] competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEO[illegible]

LAWYER'S BLANK[illegible]

Neatly and cheaply [illegible] office of this paper.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Samuel Tufts, late of New Albany, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

FRED LEAVITT,
Administrator.

Lawrencetown, N. S., December 21, 1878.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required: we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address

jy30y TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

WE will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO.,
13i t 19 Marshall, Mich.

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2 50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

FURNITURE!

THE subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public in general that he has in his warerooms a choice lot of

PARLOR FURNITURE

in all the Latest Styles, which he offers

In Suits, from : : $48 to $80
Sofas, from : : : 19 to 22
Italian Marble Top Tables, from $6.50 to $16.00
alnut Tables, from 8.00 to 10.50

Marble Top Walnut Bedroom Suites,

LOUNGES, RECLINING CHAIRS,

Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs,

SIDE BOARDS,

CANE SEAT CHAIR, MIRRORS, &C.

all of which will be sold low.

Undertaking in all its branches.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, April 9th, '79 51tf

NOTICE!

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the REV. W. G. PARKER, late of Middleton, Annapolis Co., deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

J. MELBOURNE PARKER, Admstr.
LOIS N. PARKER, Administratrix.

Clementsport, N. S., Feb. 12th 1879. 26it18

SEED BARLEY!

HAVE in store 200 bushels

PRIME SEED BARLEY

which we will clear out at a

LOW FIGURE.

Bessonett & Wilson.

Middleton, April 16th, 1879. 52tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. JAMES PRIMROSE,
Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended in all its branches.

Lawrencetown, April 9th, '79. 51tf

Bill Heads in all sizes and [illegible] executed at this office [illegible] rates.

Poetry.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

That moss covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it a source of exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet would tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in his well.

Select Literature.

A Moment of Peril.

It was a most benighted place—quite 'the end of the world.' The nearest log hut was but five miles away, and the nearest settlement—the Old Red Ranch, as it was called—thirty. The Forest family had pitched on it quite by accident when they immigrated from the old country, ten years before.

Mr. Forest had purchased a vast tract of uncultivated land on the Red River, and had settled there, like the patriarchs of old, with his wife and children, his menservants and maid-servants, his flocks, herds, and everything that was his.

Since then everything had prospered with him.

Wide ranges of prairie land, magnificent sweeps of forest and wood, green hills and fertile dales belonged to him. He was literally and truly monarch of all he surveyed.

His family consisted of his wife, three grown-up sons, and one daughter, Nancie, a sweet, mischievous, dark-eyed damsel of eighteen, whose capabilities for flirting and mischief were as fully developed as any town belle's.

The Northcotes—distant relatives of the Forests—were the owners of the Red Ranch settlement, a place one degree more civilized than Forest Hill, inasmuch as it boasted of one shop and a post-office.

Young Fred Northcote, the eldest son, was one of Miss Nancie's most devoted slaves, and, as such, was tyrannized over quite unmercifully. The young fellow was always finding his way over to Forest Hill on some pretext or other. He had spoken his wishes plainly enough long before, but Miss Nancie was a flirt. She would not say 'yes,' but she did not say 'no;' and meanwhile Fred was kept in suspense, chafing and impatient enough, and yet bound hand and foot to his wilful, charming lady-love and perhaps, manlike, loving her all the more for her caprice.

It was a brilliant morning in April—Summer weather in the far west, the sun already blazing down fiercely and promising a tropical noon day.

Mr. Forest and Young Fred Northcote, who had been spending a day or two at Forest Hill, were standing together before the picturesque porch of the long, low farm house.

Fred was a brown-faced, blue-eyed young fellow, strong and athletic. He looked very handsome in his careless backwood's costume of knickerbockers and gaiters, striped blue and white shirt, light loose jacket, and broad hat shading his manly frank face, with its soft moustache, and bright, keen eyes. A black horse of great beauty, deep-chested, strong-limbed, was standing beside him, pawing the ground, and tossing his handsome head under his young master's caressing hand.

Hotspur was an English horse, almost thoroughbred; for fifty miles around there was not his equal for speed or endurance, nor, in Fred's opinion, for beauty either.

Mr. Forest was speaking.

'Tell your father, Fred, that I cannot talk once more.

answer for that timber-merchant, Dobson. He asked me to make inquiries about him, and report says he is a slippery customer, and to be trusted no further than you see him.'

'All right, sir—I'll tell him,' returned Fred, who was on the point of taking his departure homeward; 'and I'll come back on Thursday and tell you the result,' he added as an afterthought.

'Very well, lad, we shall be glad to see you. By-the-by, I hear the prairie has been on fire away to the North Forks. The wind sets right from there, and it is just the weather for fires.'

'No fear,' laughed the young fellow, as he put one foot in the stirrup; 'I've run many a race with fire before now. Good-by, sir, prairie till Thursday.'

'Cousin Fred, cousin Fred, I want to go to the Red Ranch! You must wait for me!' cried a pretty imperious voice, just as Fred's horse had made a step forward; and a tall, slight girl came running down the veranda steps, her nut-brown hair shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, a bright color in her fair, arch face.

Fred was down instantly, his face assuming an expression of surprise.

Not half an hour before he and Nancy had had high words, and that she should voluntarily seek his escort now was something unaccountable.

'It is too hot, child,' interposed her father. 'Thirty miles in this blazing sun—it would half kill you.'

'Oh, no, it would not,' urged Nancy, her dark eyes soft and wilful. 'It will not hurt me. Let me go, daddy—do. I can ride Miss Mollie, and'—with a mischievous look at the young man—'Fred will take care of me.'

Mr. Forest raised one or two more objections, but Nancy, a spoiled pet and darling—overruled them all, and finally, as she always did, got her own way; and in half an hour the two were riding together through the maple wood which clothed the rising ground all about Forest Hill.

Nancy and her chesnut, Miss Mollie, were a picture to look at.

The girl was a perfect rider, and in her close-fitting habit of light gray cloth, the only thing suitable for the country, with its touch of scarlet ribbon at the throat, and her broad-brimmed straw hat, looked her best, and knew it too.

'This is an unexpected honor,' began Fred, as they quitted the shade of the trees and entered on the dry, crisp grass of the open prairie.

'Do not flatter yourself,' returned Miss Nancie, with a toss of her bright, young head. 'It suited my convenience to come. I expect to find some letters at the settlement which I wish to get for myself.'

'Sixty miles is a long way to ride for letters which I could have brought with me on Thursday,' remarked Fred, with a somewhat incredulous smile. 'I do not suppose they are of such vital importance.'

'I have no wish to make you my postman,' retorted Miss Nancie; 'and it is not of the slightest importance what you suppose or do not suppose.'

'Probably not,' allowed Fred, trying to look cool. 'You take good care no one shall have a very exalted opinion of himself; or his opinions either, where you are, Nancie.'

'Of course,' returned Nancy, calmly. 'So I am glad your penetration has discovered that I came to please myself, not you.'

Fred disdained to answer, except a most unnecessary cut of the whip to Hotspur's glossy flank.

The quarrel between the two had been in progress some days. Arising originally in a most trivial dispute about a rosebud which Nancy had bestowed on one of her admirers, and it had gone on from bad to worse, till the two were at drawn daggers.

Frod unwisely thought the storm had blown over when Nancy insisted on riding with him to the Red Ranch; but he soon found out his mistake.

One or two attempts at reconciliation were promptly nipped in the bud. Nancy was as perverse and contradictory as she well could be, and at last Fred, too, grew resentful, and, ceasing to try to win her with fair words, relapsed into silence in his turn.

In this unsocial style the two pressed on mile after mile, till the sun was high in the heavens and half their journey was over.

The track—it could scarcely be called a road—was simply a narrow path beaten through the tall gramma-grass and reeds of the prairie, which rose on either hand five or six feet high, all matted and tangled together with wild pea vines and creepers; it was burnt quite crisp and brown by the heat of the sun, and was as dry as tinder. As they brushed it in passing, the twigs and canes snapped at a touch.

Right ahead, fifteen miles away, rising blue above the undulations of the prairie, was a steep bluff, the terminus of a range of low hills, offshoots of the Rocky Mountains. This bluff was their landmark and guide, for a mile or two behind it was the Red Ranch settlement or Northcotos, as it was often called.

At last Fred grew tired of keeping up even a show of resentment and began to

'How well Miss Mollie goes to-day!'

'She always does,' returned Nancy, a shade more graciously than before.

She was tired of keeping silent so long.

'All the same, I would not back her against Hotspur.'

'No, because Hotspur would be beaten,' asserted Nancie, confidently.

'Will you try?' he asked.

'No, I won't. It is too hot to race. How can you suggest such a thing in this blazing sun?'

'Hot or not, it strikes me it is what you will have to do,' he remarked, very coolly.

'What do you mean?' she asked, raising a pair of dark incredulous eyes.

'Look there,' and raising his whip, Fred pointed to the right, behind them, whence a leaden-hued cloud was spreading over the sky. 'What does that look like?'

Nancy turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and as she looked her face blanched to an awful whiteness.

'Fire! The prairie is on fire!' she cried, fearfully. 'Oh, Fred, what shall we do?' Involuntarily she drew up her horse and gazed anxiously around.

The ominous, leaden-gray cloud was sweeping down upon them—already it had crept down behind them. Below the haze a faint line of dull red was just visible.

'Yes, the prairie is on fire sure enough,' the young man said. 'Don't be frightened, Nancy; we must run for it, that's all. What a mercy our horses are to be depended on!'

He had thrown himself off Hotspur as he spoke, and began to tighten the saddle-girths and straps of both horses—a precaution necessary enough in the race before them.

'Will we be in time?' asked Nancy, in a low voice, as he stooped by her side.

'Yes,' he answered, confidently; and she could not see the anxiety on his brown face as he slipped the buckle into place.

In two or three moments he had remounted. As he gathered the reins in his hands, he gave a glance at Nancy. She was seated in her saddle gazing straight before her.

'Are you frightened, Nancy?' he asked, anxiously.

She turned her dark, clear eyes to him. Her face was pale, but there was no sign of weakness about the steady, brave mouth.

'No, I am not frightened,' she answerd, gravely, smiling back into his anxious face. 'But I know the danger.'

'And now we can escape,' he said, reassuringly. 'Now for it.'

In another moment they were flying along. There was no need to urge Hotspur and Miss Mollie—they scented the danger and could scarcely be restrained.

The bluff showed blue in the distance, fifteen miles away—they had to gain it before they would be safe; and between them were fifteen miles of rough, entangled track, and behind them a waste of hot, dry tinder, which caught with lightning-like rapidity. The odds against them seemed awful.

A faint tremulous wind presently overtook them.

Scarcely daring to look back, they pressed on, their horses straining every nerve. Five miles are passed, six, seven.

They were getting on well, but the fire behind was getting on better.

They had reached a belt of low trees—a conspicuous landmark in the prairie. Just eight miles before them! Heavens, it seemed like a journey across the world! And the awful tugging at their hearts—the horrible dread! Already a low, sullen roar was heard behind them. The wind was increasing every moment; birds flew by with hoarse shrieks, and a horrible gloom was settling around them.

The dull, rushing roar of the fire increased every moment behind them, while the snapping of the canebrakes, and the crackling of the dry gramma-grass were distinctly audible. Still they were getting on. Seven, six, five. The fire was gaining on them with awful rapidity, but the cliff was rising clear and distinct before them.

Suddenly without a moment's warning Nancy's horse stumbled in a hole, pitched heavily forward and fell on her knees.

Fred threw himself off Hotspur in a moment, and, before Nancy could free her foot from the stirrup, was at her side.

'What is it?' cried Nancy. 'Is she—' And, though her voice was steady, she trembled violently.

'One of her legs are broken,' he replied. 'You must ride behind me. Quick, Nancy, there is no time to lose!'—mounting Hotspur, and holding out his hand to help her mount. 'Quick, your hand!'

'O, Fred, I cannot leave her to burn to death!' cried Nancy, bending over Miss Mollie, who looked up at her mistress with agonized eyes, and uttered a low moan of intense, painful suffering.

Fred drew a pistol from his holster.

'There is no other way,' he said, quietly as he fired.

The chestnut's pretty head fell prone on the rank grass, a shudder passed over her graceful limbs, and she lay dead before them.

With a great sob Nancy turned silently from her favorite, and gave her hand to Fred.

In another moment they were flying over the plain. Alas, with how small a chance now! The gallant horse, strive as he might, made but little headway with his double burden.

There was only a few miles more. Already the air was scorching. The smoke and vapor enveloped them in suflocating clouds, hiding the bluff from their view, and choking them with their stifling breath.

'Is there a chance?' whispered Nancy, looking fearfully behind as the horse strained onwards.

'Yes, if we can hold out for ten minutes more,' he answered.

'Heaven help us!' she cried, closing her eyes, as a furious blast of wind brought a breath of fierce heat against her cheek.

He drew his arm closely around her, taking one small hand in an eager, covetous grasp.

Only two miles now. Ten little minutes of time, and they would be safe.

But Hotspur was failing. He sprang forward now with convulsive bounds, his gallant limbs trembled beneath him; every breath was a short gasping sob.

Another mile—half a mile! O Heaven have mercy! The scorching breath of the fire was upon them; they were in a whirlwind of dense, suffocating smoke.

The horse stumbled at every step—he gasped and moaned like a human soul in eternity. Covered with foam and trembling convulsively, he struggled on.

Little flames and eddies of fire, heralds of the horror behind, crept among the tangled prairie grass.

Fred turned on the saddle and tried to draw Nancy's head down to his breast, but, when he would have hidden her eyes from sight, she lifted them, clearly and unflinchingly to his.

'Don't Fred—I can face death with open eyes,' she said; and catching hold of his hand, she pulled it gently away. As she did so a shower of sparks, borne on the fierce wind, fell over them.

'O, my darling, to think this should be the end!' he cried, despairingly, knowing how very near it was now.

'No, no,' she cried, 'it is not the end! See—we are close to the bluff! O, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!' and she pointed to the towering rock, which a rift in the smoke disclosed, rising right before them not fifty yards away. On, Hotspur—on, good horse—one more struggle—on, on!' she shouted, encouragingly.

Cheered by her voice and hand, the brave horse gathered all his strength for one tremendous effort and bounded forward with frantic leaps. But it was an expiring struggle. Ere ten yards was passed he fell to the ground, gasping and panting, his brave spirit overcome at last.

Fred dragged Nancy away, and seizing her hand, began running toward the bluff so near now—so near, and yet one look back she gave. The fire was a fearful sight. The fierce heat scorched their faces, sparks of burnt grass, cane and splinters of wood fell in showers about them. The stifling, choking smoke half-suffocating them, paralyzing every nerve. On, on, with frantic, flying feet—safety in front, death behind—and such a death.

'Leave me, Fred,' gasped Nancy, faintly, 'I can go no farther. Tell them at home—my love—kiss me once, Fred, and ——.' She dropped to the ground with a choking sob.

With a wild cry he caught her up in his arms, and staggered on.

They were close to the bluff now. A dozen steps and he gained the foot of the ascent. Stumbling, struggling, panting, he pressed on up the face of the steep rock.

The fire rushed after him, sending out long tongues of flame as if to grasp its prey; it licked up the scanty herbage, and raged and roared in fierce fury.

But a few yards more.

'O, Heaven, have mercy!' Staggering, dizzy, almost frantic, he struggled on, step after step, step after step. Once more! 'Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven—safety at last!'

It was a terribly narrow escape. So close had been the fire, so deadly the peril, that it seemed as if only a miracle had saved them.

Half an hour afterward, when they had recovered sufficient strength to struggle onward to the Red Ranch, they began to realize the extremity of danger they had been reduced. Their clothes looked like tinder, and hung on them in shreds and patches.

Nancy's face was deadly white from a vivid red scar down one side of her cheek and neck, where a scorching flame had caught it.

Fred's right arm was completely disabled; his hands and face were a deep crimson in hue. The fire had scorched him terribly.

As they crept slowly along, Fred looked wistfully into Nancy's face.

'Did you mean it, Nancy?' he asked, gently.

'Mean what?' she said, her eyes drooping shyly before his.

'What you said a-while ago. Will you kiss me, Nancy, my own dear love?'

'Yes,' she whispered, turning her face to his.

☞ A large copper box has been discovered at Stewart's Point, N. B., in which was the skeleton of a man, with a tomahawk, sword and other articles. A copper pot was also found with four skulls in it. The body is supposed to be that of an Indian chief.