

The brigand pulled the very letter Mr. Adams had given me out of his pocket and asked the Indian if Marian was the victim, and he said "Ugh." Then he began walking up and down with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, he whistled and stamped his foot and the awfullest thing came in. It looked like a gorilla covered with long white hair, and its teeth filed to a point and claws with long nails.

Then he says, "Bring hither the perpetrator of this vile deed of the letter. Revenge, blood, blood."

Then the awful thing came over to the table and lifted up the cloth and made a dive at me. I was perfectly paralyzed with fright. I couldn't move. At last I made a jump and hollered as loud as I could. I heard chains rattling and I kept on with my eyes shut: "Murder! thieves! help!"

I heard a terrible noise in the hall just like tons of coal rolling down stairs and lots of people talking, and Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Golden, and Mr. Curtis came running in.

They pulled me from under the table and told me to open my eyes and stop the noise, that I had only been dreaming; and when I saw Marian I threw my arms round her and hugged her I was so glad she wasn't dead.

And she said no person was to ask me questions until morning, and she tucked me in bed and kissed me.

Christmas morning the stockings were full, even if I didn't see who put the things there. And at breakfast Anna told how, just as Mr. Curtis was undoing the door chain for her, they heard piercing cries of murder: Mr. and Mrs. Golden came running too. When they got into the hall there was Aunt Matilda in her night gown and extra frilled night-cap, on the upper landing with toes sticking through the rails shaking that police rattle-loud enough to wake the dead, and murder! help! coming from within the parlor.

I was so glad that Kate was behind, for, if Mr. Saltonstall had heard the row, you could not have kept him from coming in and he would never have got over the frilled cap.

Aunt Matilda was so tickled about Mr. Saltonstall's attentions to Kate that she didn't say very much, only about the pie.

Then Kate said she could put two and two together—could mince pie and dime novels—but why Marian for a victim? Come J. Annie, explain? I hadn't the least notion of telling it to her, but that morning I made up my mind to tell Mr. Adams.

On the way to church I went up close and tried to speak to him, but he was with another man and never let on. Church seemed awful long and I sat and made faces at Kittie Findlay, until she laughed out. Aunt's eagle eye was on me then, for we were all at church but Marian.

Coming out the aisle I pressed close to Mr. Adams and gave him a nudge and when we came into the vestibule I whispered, "That letter you gave me last summer for Marian, I lost it in the mill-pond."

He turned red, then white. "Heavens! Do you mean to say she never got it?"

And I said "Yes," very low.

He came out and made a straight wake for our house. I ran down the back lane and got there first, and showed him into the parlor where Marian was. Then I shut the door and sat down in the hall, although I did want to see if he proposed like they do in stories.

When Aunt Matilda came she was for walking straight over me into the room. I told her to keep off; there was a mad dog in there and she ought to remember "cave canem."

At dinner I told the whole story. It was then that they all blamed me, and Aunt Matilda said there were no "extenuating circumstances," but I felt that good I didn't care a snap what they said.

They allowed me to go with them to the concert in the evening.

My! didn't Marian sing? Mr. Saltonstall said, "Quite as good as anyone he heard abroad." It was there that Billy Brown gave me a piece of tobacco. I chewed it and it made me horribly sick. Aunt Matilda looked at my tongue. It was queer looking, and she said it was a symptom of diphtheria. I never let on, but I had to pay for deceiving her. She is keeping me all alone in this bare room.

I see Mr. Adams coming in. He is going to marry Marian next month and take me to live with them; he says I need looking after.

I feel better and I'm done writing, so I will slip out and see if Billy is sick.

I don't know whether I'll try the tobacco again or not. I promised my Sunday-school teacher last Sunday when she gave me the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." So I 'spose I'll have to try the tobacco, as she said I must act according to the motto. C. R. F.

THE MARITIME PATRON,

AND ORGAN OF THE

Maritime Provincial Grange—Patrons of Husbandry.

"In Essentials Unity—In Non-essentials Liberty—In All Things Charity."

[All communications intended for this column should be sent to the editor of the Maritime Patron, EDWIN S. CREEP, M. D.; Newport.]

The quaint old proverb: "If wishes were horses beggars might ride," comes to mind to-day and mingles with the hearty Christmas greetings—the "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" wishes that beam from every face, that come so readily and heartily from every lip, and echo on the Christmas air and through the Christmas hearts of all whom we meet.

But wishes are not horses, luckily for the beggars and those who would have both beggars and steeds to support; nor are Merry Christmas and Happy New Year wishes potent for their own fulfillment or more than "the

compliments of the season." Were it otherwise, could these kindly wishes work their own fulfillment, what a merry Christmas would to-morrow be, and how happy would everyone be during the year of grace 1887. For surely in this wide world, wherever Santa Claus comes; from heggar to ruder, there is no one so poor, there is no one so isolated by rank or wealth as not to receive the good wishes of the season.

There will be very many glad hearts and merry homes to-morrow, and gift-belen Christmas trees and stockings, and there will be during the coming year much more of joy and gladness and happiness than of grief or unhappiness. But should we be scouted for spoiling Christmas mirth if we remind you, dear reader, that there are also homes from which grief will drive joy and gladness—will sit at the Christmas board, mingle with the circle around the Christmas fire and meet the guests at the door? There are other homes, if that dear sweet name may be applied to such abodes, where poverty and want cry, not for Christmas trees and presents, not for empty impatient wishes, but for food and clothing and warmth. Shall we sin against your Christmas, dear reader, if we remind you that, though grief may have its course, we may and should fulfill our good wishes by carrying food and clothing and comfort and mirth to homes where poverty would otherwise reign even on Christmas day.

In another sense besides that in which it was spoken is it true that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance," and in this other sense the saying will have many illustrations on the morrow. Let us find our happiness not in adding to abundance, but in relieving want, in brightening and making merry people and homes and Christmases.

May the "good tidings of great joy" brought midst glorious light and the burden of that first Christmas anthem sung by the angel choir eighteen hundred and eighty six years ago, soon be fulfilled in "great joy" and in "peace on earth and good will."

Good friends we wish you a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Continued from last week.)

Constitutional control and direct effort. Laws may encourage zeal and promote efficiency instead of interfering with it, and may be so framed as to be selective of the best material for legislative and executive work but they cannot create zeal, wisdom or efficiency. Just as a machine may be devised and constructed so as to perform its work in the best manner and with the least possible loss of power, yet cannot create but only apply power.

In the future the Maritime Provincial Grange will alone be responsible for the efficiency or inefficiency of the order in its jurisdiction so far as efficiency or inefficiency are under the control of the legislative body and its executive officers.

Our order undertakes most important work—the work of educating its members and improving their condition intellectually, morally, socially and professionally—and of promoting the best interests of agriculturo generally. This work cannot be efficiently done, it will not be done at all, and had better not be attempted, except by the best possible machinery, wisely, patiently, perseveringly, and zealously directed.

The funds at the disposal of the Maritime Provincial Grange, if not amply sufficient for the efficient prosecution of the work of the order, will at least be greatly increased by retaining the tax hitherto paid to the Dominion Grange and by charter fees from new granges.

The Executive Committee of the Maritime Provincial Grange particularly request that the annual sessions of our Division Granges be held as early in January as possible, that all reports be made and dues and taxes paid promptly, and that Division Granges select as delegates the very best material to compose the Maritime Provincial Grange, to which will be intrusted the responsibility of designing the machinery of the order in its jurisdiction, and of making the laws that shall control and direct the working of that machinery.

The present time is a most important crisis in the history of the order. Let us each, as good and true patrons of husbandry, realize the responsibility resting upon us individually. Let nothing be hoped for or said or done at this crisis with selfish motives, but let the good of our noble order and the accomplishment of its object inspire all our minds and actions.

The regular annual session of the Maritime Provincial Grange will be held at Truro commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, 26th day of January next. The session will probably occupy at least three days. The Executive Committee of the M. P. G. will hold sessions on Monday evening 24th, and Tuesday 25th prox. at the same place. The usual arrangements will be made for reduced fares on the Intercolonial and Windsor and Annapolis Railways.

Patrons attending sessions coming by railway will purchase first-class tickets at their nearest station and receive from the secretary a certificate entitling them to free or reduced fare tickets for returning.

Upper Newport Grange, No. 619, mourns the loss of a worthy and much esteemed charter member, Brother George McKay, who on Thursday afternoon, 16th inst., was "called to lay down his implements on earth." Bro. McKay leaves a wife and four children with whom, and a large circle of relatives and friends, we most sincerely sympathize.

Morinos are the best sheep on poor land where pasturage is scanty, but where there is good grazing the mutton breeds are preferable. If the breeds are adapted to the pastures, and the proper conditions necessary so, each breed considered, the profit will be greater. Not only the amount of food in the pasture but the climate and quality of the grasses composing the pastures affect the sheep.