

CORAL'S WEDDING-DAY.

It was Coral Hyde's wedding anniversary—her first—and it was Christmas Day as well—a sort of dual festival.

The old housekeeper on the western shore of the Pacific laughed at the assiduity with which she sought wild redberries and feathery fringes of silk-white clematis to deck her little one storied cabin in the Redwood Forests.

"It's all nonsense," said one. "The berries lose their color right away, and the clematis seed-pods burst all apart, and make such a litter as never was! Mrs. Hyde'll get sick of such sort of things before she's been married as long as we have!"

"Besides," added another, "this California country ain't like down East. Not but what it's a good place to a tie in, and very snugly among these hills, but one somehow misses the frost and snow. Christmas don't fairly seem like Christmas here!"

"Christmas is Christmas everywhere," said Coral, with the pretty poiveness that belonged to her nature. "And it is my wedding day, too!"

So she gathered wild mosses and branches of black-berry mistletoe and the scarlet mountain-berries that glowed as if they were touched with fire, and made her little house beautiful. And she hung up a snow-scene—evergreens all mantled with white and a cabin drifted up, all save the shine of one window across the stately river—on the wall, and worked a "Merry Christmas," in shaded woods to put before the mantel.

"Alexis shall see that the dear old festival is not forgotten," said she. "But it seems so strange to stand here on Christmas Eve and see the roses all in bloom and the maraschino and macaroon-trees all clothed in their superb, in gaula-like foliage and the blue birds darting in and out of the wood!"

Coral had come all the way from Maine to share the fortune of her sturdy young lover. It would be scarcely true to say that she did not, at times, pine for her eastern home, and think longingly of the mullein-studded pasture and bilberry swamps along the Androscoggin River. But she had determined to make her home where her husband was, and in a great measure she had succeeded.

And so she decked the house for Christmas and took out all the little presents she had secretly contrived for Alexis, passing them in careful review to make sure that not a stitch had been omitted, no finishing-touch left out. And then she locked at the turkey, all stuffed and skewered for the morrow's oven; the bowl of ruby-red cranberry sauce; theainty mince-pies, which she herself had chopped and seasoned according to her mother's recipe; the solid "New England" pudding baked in the tin-pan, with plums and lumps of oleaginous nut and blanched almonds scattered along its crust.

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lattered window to tie the shoe-strings of a neglected little Atwell, who was running about with a very dirty face and a stooping little, looking for a nail to hang it on, by Santa Claus should by any possibility ignore his wants. And I've come to spend Christmas with you, Mrs. Atwell."

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad of it," whined the untidy marion, shuffling across the floor to frighten the cat away from the cream-pot. "I suppose it is pleasanter in Santa Cruz than out in this wilderness. I don't blame the men-folks or stopping there, although it is trying to wait until midnight for one's groceries and things; and Atwell is always half an hour behind every one else. I wish to goodness they'd shut up their tinny liquor stores. Not that Atwell ever drinks too much but it's so handy to set round and read the papers and talk politics. Abel, if you don't bring in that fowl it'll never get picked in this world, and you'll eat pork fried apples for your Christmas dinner to-morrow."

So Mrs. Atwell droned on, while Coral sat stoning raisins for the pudding, which was as yet in its chaotic elements on different cupboard shelves, and thinking, with a certain angry satisfaction, how bewildered and probably how vexed and angry she would be when she came home and found the door fastened to the house door, no light to greet him, no wifely smiles to welcome him. "Very well," she kept repeating to herself. "Then he need not have stopped in Santa Cruz with Clytie Vail! Let him spend his Christmas where he pleases! I am so dupe! It is wishes to be free, I shall claim a like privilege."

The chicken was captured at last, and duly decapitated. The pudding had finally been compounded by Coral, and the old clock on the kitchen window-sill struck eleven. "In another hour it will be Christmas Day," thought Coral with a little sigh. "Oh, I never—never expect-d to feel so wick-d awful on a Christmas Eve as I feel now! Oh, what evil shape am I growing into—what hideous evil is transforming all my life!"

"There comes Atwell now," whined his wife, and the house is all topsy-turvy—and the children a not abled! What will he say?" But Mrs. Atwell probably was used to this disjointed state of things, for he only nodded good-naturedly to the two women as he came in, while the swarm of children, taking courage, began to question him whether he had seen Santa Claus. "By the way," said Mrs. Atwell, "the accident, Mrs. Hyde'll be said to Coral, as soon as there was a little peace. 'Accident?' she gasped.

"We ain't heard nothing. We never hear nothing," said Mrs. Atwell, in her injured speech about the face and hands. "On Broad Gauge Road," said Atwell, "just 'other side of Santa Cruz. Oh, don't look so scared," as Coral grew white and staggered against the wall. "Mr. Hyde ain't hurt; but one of the rails got warped, somehow, and the train went off the track, and ever so many were hurt. And the passenger-car too, and everyone would ha' been burned to death if it hadn't been for your husband Mrs. Hyde. He flung his overcoat over the burning panel and put it out; but he got pretty badly scorched about the face and hands."

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"Home!" said Coral, who had caught up her shawl, and was hurriedly wrapping it around her. "Home, of course. Where else should I go?" "Well, I ain't no use in being in such a mortal hurry," said Mrs. Atwell; "he can't be back store two o'clock. I tell ye he's stoppin' to have his hands dressed at the drug-store. He—"

"But I must be there to meet him when he does come!" cried Coral, breathlessly. "Don't keep me! I tell you I am going home!" "Well, I never!" said Mrs. Atwell, looking helplessly after the flying figure as it vanished into the purple glow of the California midnight. "And she said she was going to spend Christmas with me!"

But Coral Hyde never stayed her footsteps along the dim, marion-staked road until she stood once more in her own little house where the holly and clematis and radiant redberries were all heaped on the floor where she had flung them two hours before in the paroxysm of her jealous passion. With frantic heart she lighted up the lamps and drew aside the curtains to make the little house smile its brightest Christmas welcome; and then she put up all the wreaths and festoons just as they had been before, and made haste to prepare the little supper to do fitting honor to Alexis and to this first anniversary of their wedding-day.

And then she knelt down and prayed a prayer of mingled thankfulness and remorseful petition. "Because I have been so wicked, so envious, because I have judged so harshly," she whispered.

The distant bells of Santa Cruz were chiming their Christmas sweetness when at last Alexis came home, striding cheerfully up the path and whistling as he advanced. "A merry Christmas, my darling! A merry wedding-day!" he called out as she ran, sobbing, into his arms.

But Coral could only answer: "Oh, Alexis! Oh, my love!" And he never knew of her over-fit jealousy and passion. "Because," she reasoned to herself, "I would not have him know, my dear husband, that I ever could have been base enough to doubt him!"

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CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, 99 ST. PATRICK ST. COMMENCING REPT. 31st the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Sarnia, Port Hope, and Toronto on Monday and Thursday mornings of each week.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the train, which will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Platon and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....12.30 Express for Sarnia.....16.40 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.10 Suburban Express for Robshaw.....20.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sarnia.....8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Halifax.....12.30 Express from Platon and Camp Hillton.....16.30 Suburban Express from Robshaw.....21.25 Accommodation from Moncton.....21.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lévis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 8th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Fast Train Service. PORTLAND, BOSTON, &c. LEAVE ST. JOHN, N. B., Standard Time, at 6.30 a.m., YANKEE—Week days for New York, arriving in New York 12.30 p.m., connecting for New York, South and West. 4.10 p.m. for and arriving in Sarnia 11.10 p.m., Portland 3.45 a.m., Boston 7.35 a.m., connecting for New York, South and West. Pullman Sleeper St. John to Boston. For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, etc., apply at Alexis, Campbell's Corner, also at station. D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Leave St. John at 8.00 a.m., arrive Digby 11.00 a.m., Liverpool 1.00 p.m., Boston 3.00 p.m., New York 5.00 p.m. Leave Digby at 1.00 p.m., arrive Boston 4.00 p.m., New York 6.00 p.m. Daily (Sunday excepted). Pullman palace parlor Buffet Cars run daily (Sunday excepted) each way on Express trains. State Rooms and Parlor Cars seats can be obtained on application to City Agent. For close connections with trains at Digby, St. John and at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Parlor on steamers, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston. COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making due allowance for Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Dominion Coach Lines, and steamers for South Shore P.N., on Friday morning.

Stmr. CITY OF ST. JOHN. Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Dartmouth, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leave Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every Monday Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening. Steamer "ALPHA" Leave St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock p.m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from the President and Managing Director, W. A. CHASE, C. P. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf Boston Yarmouth N. S. June, 30rd 1896.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. TWO TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON. COMMENCING REPT. 31st the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Sarnia, Port Hope, and Toronto on Monday and Thursday mornings of each week. Returning leave Boston 6.00 a.m., arrive St. John 11.00 a.m., and Port Hope 4.00 p.m. Connections made at Sarnia with steamer for St. Andrew, Colaba and St. Stephen. C. E. LANGHEER, Agent.

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MARRIED.

Moncton, Nov. 27, to the wife of Enoch Rushton, a daughter. Richibucto, Nov. 20, the wife of Nicholas Chevrat, a daughter. Mill Village, Nov. 10, to the wife of Alonso Wallace, a son. Parrish, Nov. 15, to the wife of Capt. John Brown, a daughter. Annapolis, Nov. 18, to the wife of Chas. M. Spurr, a daughter. West Beccora, Nov. 2, to the wife of Laurie J. Amro, a son. Lower Grandville, Nov. 11, to the wife of Lorenza C. Smith, a daughter. Dalhousie West, Nov. 10, to the wife of Charles Beckler, a son. Freeport, Nov. 18, to the wife of Benjamin Campbell, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of George H. Crosswell, a daughter. Ed Brook, Nov. 14, to the wife of Captain Hiram Forbes, a daughter. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of J. Nathan B. Holden, a daughter. Parrish, Nov. 18, to the wife of James McCormack, a daughter. Urbisla, Hants Co., N. S., Nov. 21, to the wife of G. B. Aloney, a daughter. Hughesville, Ekaterinopol, Russia, Oct. 25 to the wife of A. S. White of Nova Scotia, a son.

Tusker, Nov. 21, W. Hughes to Mrs. Adelaide Mood. Baner, Me., Nov. 25, Thomas J. O'Leary to Annie E. Curran. Wainwright, Nov. 25, David B. Herd, to Annie McKinnon. Albert, Nov. 11, by Rev. C. Comben, Zenas Turner Cole, Nov. 19, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Mildred Jadis to Emma Lord. Milford, Nov. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Jacob O. White to Annie McCrene. Campbellton, Nov. 16, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Charles I. Shaw to Janie Wilson. Boston, Nov. 19, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, John H. Dodge to Elizabeth McQueen. St. Charles, Nov. 23, by Rev. Fr. Venser Blair James to Miss Logan. Oak Bay, Nov. 12, by Rev. Isaac Howie, George Gosse to Isabella McLeod. North Sydney, Nov. 21, by Rev. T. C. Jack, George Proctor to Isabella McLeod. Kingston, Nov. 18, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Cavan L. Murray to Emma Ward. Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Thomas L. Waterfield to Ella Face. Glace Bay, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Neil McLeod to Katie Patterson. Greenfield, Nov. 17, by Rev. C. G. Burgess, J. B. Macadam to Clara E. Hunt. Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Luchlan D. Caldwell to Sarah McQueen. Boston, Nov. 25, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Archie L. Cameron to Mary McKee. Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Ois H. Caldwell to Sarah McQueen. Boston, Nov. 25, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Archie L. Cameron to Mary McKee. New Glasgow, Nov. 12, by Rev. W. J. Croft, Joseph C. Horne to Sarah M. Baynell. Newton, Nov. 11, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Howard E. Keith to Agnes S. Good. Oak Bay, Nov. 12, by Rev. W. J. D. Thomas, Charles E. Johnson to Alice A. Herish. Calia, Nov. 18, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Henry J. Mowat to Mary McMillan. Saxe, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Richard Cole, Nov. 19, by Rev. W. J. Croft, Joseph C. Horne to Sarah M. Baynell. Antigonish, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John Cummins to Ada M. Pace. Barrington, N. S., Nov. 25, by Rev. C. Huestis, H. B. Eldridge to Ida M. C. M. North Cambridge, Nov. 9, by Rev. Edward Abbott, James L. Hinton to Ada M. Pace. Apple River, Nov. 25, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Stewart McLean to Edith Fowler. St. John, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. W. Berrie, John W. Connors to Grace D. Malloch. Chipman, N. B., Nov. 18, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Robert H. Leveson to Letta Archibald. Cook Harbor, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. H. Scott, David F. Girdwood to Mary Armstrong. Newport, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. T. W. Johnston, William H. Howie to Elizabeth Barnes. Grand River, C. B., Nov. 17, by Rev. M. McLeod, Alexander P. McKay to Edith McPhail. Inver, Nov. 11, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Zina A. Silver to William Davidson. Merrivale, C. B., Nov. 16, by Rev. G. W. Lyons, Robert H. Leveson to Letta Archibald. Upper, N. S., Nov. 19, by Rev. H. H. Thomas, Edward H. Cushing to Marie Churchil. Boston, Nov. 4, by Rev. R. Kidder, Dr. Elmore Lowson to Isabel to Janet L. Bacon. Upper, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. W. W. Thompson, John Henry to Annie F. Her. Calia, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Norman Ferguson to Flora McLean.

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