

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

JOSEPH'S BROTHER.

They didn't call him Tom, or Jack, or Harry, but always spoke of him as "Joseph's brother." And it was just as singular that they didn't call him "Joe" instead of "Joseph" when speaking of the man.

The two had a wagon in the band dragging itself towards the Black Hills day by day and mile by mile. They passed by themselves, scarcely spoke to each other, and their lives and their actions were a sort of mystery to the rest, who were a jolly set, drinking, carousing, fighting and playing cards, and wishing for a brush with the Indians. Some said that Joseph was a fugitive from justice, and that he wouldn't fraternize with them for fear of betraying himself when interrogated. Others thought he felt too proud to mix with society, and between the two theories he had nearly all the men thinking ill of him before the wagon trail was four days' travel from Cheyenne.

"He keeps his brother hidden away in the wagon as if a little sunshine would kill the boy," growled one of a dozen gold hunters sitting around their camp fire in the twilight.

"Perhaps he thinks our language isn't high-toned enough—blast his eyes!" exclaimed another.

"Ain't we all bound to the same place, all sharing the same dangers, one as good as another?" demanded a broad-shouldered fellow from San Antonio.

"Yes! yes!" they shouted.

"Then don't it look low-down mean for this 'ere man Joseph to edge away from us as if we were pizen? If he's so mighty redneck and high-toned, why didn't he come out here in a balloon?"

There was a laugh from the circle and the Texan went on.

"I don't pretend to be an angel, but I know manners as well as the next. I believe that man Joseph is a regular starch ready to wilt down as soon as I pint my finger at him, and I am going over to his wagon to pull his nose!"

"That's the game, Jack!" Go in, old fellow, Bah for the man from Texas!" yelled the gold hunters, as they sprang to their feet.

"Come right along and see the fun," continued the Texan, as he led the way to Joseph's wagon.

The vehicle formed one in the circle, and at a small fire a few feet from the hind wheels sat Joseph and his brother eating their frugal supper. As the crowd came near, the boy sprang up and climbed into the covered wagon, while Joseph slowly rose up at them anxiously and inquiringly.

"See here, Mr. Joseph, what is your other name?" began the Texan, as he halted before the lone man. "We have come to the conclusion that you and that booby brother of yours don't like our style. Are we correct?"

"I have nothing against any of you," quietly replied Joseph. "The journey thus far has been very pleasant and agreeable to us."

"But you hang off—you don't speak to us," persisted Jack.

"I am sorry if I have incurred any man's ill will. I feel friendly towards you all."

"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered the Texan, feeling that he was losing ground. "It is my opinion you're a sneak."

Joseph's face turned white, and the men saw a dangerous gleam in his eyes. He seemed about to speak or make some movement, when a soft voice from the wagon called out:

"Joseph! Joseph!"

A soft light came into the man's face. The Texan noticed it and slipping Joseph's face, blurted out:

"If ye a ain't a coward, ye'll resent that, sure!"

A boyish figure sprang from the wagon and stood beside the lone man. A small hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear.

"Bear it for my sake."

There was a full minute, in which no one moved. Joseph's face looked ghostly white in the gloom, and they could see him tremble.

"He's a coward, just as I thought," said the Texan as he turned away. The others followed him, some feeling ashamed and others surprised or gratified, and by and by the word reached every wagon that Joseph and Joseph's brother were cowards.

Next morning when the wagon train was ready to move, the captain passed near Joseph's wagon on purpose to say:

"If there are any cowards in this train, they needn't travel with us any further."

It was a cruel thrust. Joseph was harnessing his horse, and his brother was stowing away the cooking utensils.

The strange man's face grew white again, and his hand went down for the revolver, but just then a voice called out:

"Don't mind it, Joseph; we'll go on alone!"

The train moved off without them, some of the gold hunters taunting and joking, and others fearful that the two would be butchered by the Indians before the day was over. When the white topped wagons got so far away that they seemed no larger than his hand, Joseph moved along the trail, his face stern and so busy with his thoughts that he did not hear the consoling words:

"Never mind, Joseph, we are trying to do right."

Canadian News.

The colored woman, Jemima Lane, has been discharged.

St. John is happy in the possession of the dancing bear.

The women of New Edinburgh voted upon a municipal by-law recently.

There is a hitch between the Ottawa Government and Auditor General.

Gen. Warrag has opened a registry office for United States citizens in St. John.

A new dredge for St. John harbor service was launched from J. F. Olive's shipyard on Saturday.

The St. John Opera House Company has filed a memorandum of incorporation. The shares are put at \$20 and the capital stock at \$50,000.

Ross offers to row Hanlan five races on five successive days. Hanlan wants now to wait until he sees how many others wish to row him.

On Sydney street, St. John, on Sunday night a man named McCarthy asked another named McKay what it was. McKay took out his watch; McCarthy snatched it, knocked McKay down and ran away. He was afterwards arrested.

We understand that a considerable number of shares of the Maritime Bank have changed hands since the disposal of the Albert Railway bonds, the sale of which was lately announced in our columns. As the purchasers are men of means and influence likely to strengthen the proprietary and thus bring at once increased business, and increased confidence in the bank this sale is considered a desirable thing in the Bank's interest. The price is said to have been \$50 per share. Besides the shares taken up in this city, some have been bought by Sackville and Fredericton capitalists. The Bank has decided to open a branch in Fredericton at once, probably on Monday first, indeed, no doubt, to do so by the fact not only that the shareholders there have solicited this but guaranteed to give the Bank business and make the branch profitable and successful. The banks appear to be opening agencies all over the Province. We trust this step on the part of one of our own Province banks will meet with success.—Globe.

Now let the Canadian beaver rise up on his tail and howl, squeak, scream, growl, or sing, whichever is the habit of that quadruped when excited. An irreverent American paper has dared to make fun of our navy. It is the *Detroit Post and Tribune* which says—

It is hardly a vain boast of the Canadians that if they could only manage to float their one gunboat safely around to Boston harbor they could take the city. The simple and accurate American paper has dared to nations the superiority of ironclads and doing much to revolutionize naval architecture in the course of our civil war, we have allowed our marine force to sink into insignificance. Our whole immense stretch of sea coast is virtually unprotected, and we depend for safety more upon the good will of our neighbors than upon our own capacity to repel invasion.

"Gunboat," quotha! "We would have you to know that the *Charybdis* is something more than a gunboat. She is a—well we forgot what, but it is something awfully big, and if she only had her guns and machinery in her and was not so rotten she would be as great a terror to the foe as she is now to our own harbors.—*Toronto Globe*.

A PRINCE DODGE.—A Conservative paper, wincing under the displeasure of the British Government at the Costigan resolutions, intimates that Mr. Blake and not Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet should have received the castigation. That is rather a cowardly dodge, and won't work in this case. Sir John puts the seal of his approval upon the resolutions, not only by voting for them, but by taking their author into his Cabinet. It is too late for his organs to cry like a blubbering schoolboy, "He didn't do it; say what he didn't mean to. It was that naughty Blake." The admirors of Sir John and his colleagues had much better encourage him to take his punishment like a man, and tell the British Government respectfully that Canada has a profound interest in the Irish question both by virtue of her position as an integral part of the British empire and by reason of the large number of Irishmen whom she counts amongst her population, and that she claims a right to express her opinions. Were Mr. Blake responsible for the legislation of the country he would be found willing and able to defend the resolutions, not as they are, but as he would have had them. But to attempt to fasten upon him the blame for resolutions proposed by one who was a faithful supporter and has since been made a member of the Administration is cowardly.—*Exchange*.

Not long since a smart, seven-year-old son of one of our preachers, after service was over at the family had returned home from church, said: "Papa, do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son. I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching."

"But to-day, did you notice me at all?"

"Yes, I did, son, several times," said the father. "Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?" "No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?" "I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop; you were spinning it too long."

A WELL-INFORMED LADY.—"So Garibaldi is dead," said a ——— avenue lady. "I remember his name perfectly because he invented those Garibaldi waisers we used to wear a few years ago. Some relation to Worth, wasn't he?"

A Landlord's Corporation.

The "Landlords' Corporation of Ireland," which has just been started, is composed of Irish landlords of both sides in politics. The first and chief object of the Incorporation is to enable landlords to know what to do with their lands, in the face of the opposition of the Land League. The main object, therefore, of the Land Corporation may be said to be to counteract the effects of the Land League as regards the possession and cultivation of farms. The plan of operation has been worked up by Mr. Kavanagh. The proposed capital is £750,000, with a guarantee fund of £125,000, divided into shares of £100 each. This guarantee fund has already been subscribed. The Corporation will deal with farms from which the tenants have been evicted for the non-payment of their rent in obedience to the dictates of the Land League. In the case of grazing lands, which have been left waste by the action of the Land League, advances will be made by the Corporation to the landlords at a fair rate of interest to enable them to stock the lands and manage them themselves, the lands being given as a collateral security. When, however, in the case of either grazing or tillage farms, the landlord cannot manage them himself, the company will take them on a short lease at a low rent.

THE SOLE MEANS OF RELIEF.

It has been pretty well established that the only means for the relief of a crowded population is emigration; and here I think I ought to point out to your readers that I believe the interests of your country are not brought forward and kept prominently in the front as they should be. The attractions of Canada, the advantages it offers to labor and capital, its delightful climate, the fertility of its soil, the freedom of its institutions, the career it offers to an ambitious man—of all these things the class of people in this country whom it is desirable for you to secure as emigrants are generally ignorant. Now I find that the colonies of Victoria, New Zealand, New South Wales, and even South Australia and Queensland, have regular correspondents belonging to leading papers, so that their progress, their revenue, and expenditure are always kept prominently before our eyes. I do not see as this is the case with the Dominion. I am quite sure that what is wanted here for the advancement of your interests is continual correspondence with those papers which go among the agricultural classes.

There is a great class of agricultural laborers, blacksmiths, and people generally connected with farming pursuits. To reach these you want the continual cropping of news by a weekly correspondent in the papers which they mostly see.—*Toronto Globe*.

A STRANGE PARTNERSHIP.—A California paper tells some curious stories of a cow and dog owned by a lady of Sierra in that state. It says that the two animals stick closer than brothers. When the cow, which we will call Damon, is out on the hills or in the stable, Fythias, the dog can be found lounging about always within sight. They go out on the hills together at sunrise and return together at sunset. A few days since Damon concluded to rusticate for a few days, and left for parts unknown in company with her comrade. After a long search they were found in a neighborhood of Camp-tonville, about sixteen miles from Forest City. During their ramblings of nearly a week the dog had not tasted of food. A couple of weeks since, while the couple were sauntering up Main street, on their return from a day's jaunt, several vicious dogs ran out and attacked Fythias. But with the aid of his friend he was equal to the emergency. Damon took in the situation at a glance, and "braced up" for a long and bloody battle. She was compelled to use her heels, having no horns. She used them to advantage, too. The canines were soon dispersed.

We had hoped that, with the disgusting details of the boiling of Guiteau's body and the blinding of his bones preparatory to putting them on wires for museum purposes, we would have an end of the wretch, but it seems not. The spiritualist mediums have got hold of him in the other world. Through a Brooklyn medium he has given the information that he is happy. He was well received by his fellow spirits. He met Garfield, who forgave him. Through a New York medium he announced that he was in torment. "I hope to get out soon," he added. "There is a beautiful place just beyond here, and by progression I hope to get there." He said that Garfield, who had reached "the beautiful place" and "is very happy," will assist in extricating him from his present undesirable position.—*Free Press*.

NAMING THE KANGAROO.—When Capt. Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore one of whom held a dead animal in his hand. The captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding on receiving it, that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name.

"What do you call this 'ere animal?" asked the sailor of a naked savage.

The latter shook his head and said "Kangaroo," which means in the Australian language, "I don't understand."

When the sailor returned to the ship the captain asked, "Well, and what's the name of the animal?"

The sailor replied, "Please, sir, the black gentleman says it is a 'kangaroo.'" The beast has kept that name ever since.

"Test of true love."—Is there anything I can do to satisfy you that the affection I have confessed for you is real—any further proof that I can give of my sincerity and devotion?" exclaimed the youth, passionately. The face of the marble-hearted maiden lighted up with a Machiavellian smile as she answered: "Yes, there is, Gilbert; join the next Arctic expedition."

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor, Fredericton December 5 1881.