

### St. Thomas Reporter.

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#### ONE BASHFUL BRIDE.

WHO FLIES FROM THE ALTAR TO  
HER MOTHER'S HOME.

AN ASTONISHED BRIDEGROOM AND HIS DE-  
SERVED FRIENDS—TEARS AND PERSU-  
ASION—THE CEREMONY COMPLET-  
ED IN THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

The Rev. Father Schwaiken, of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Baldwin avenue, Jersey City, on Sunday afternoon last had arrived at that most interesting portion of the marriage ceremony where the declaration of the words, "Let those whom God has joined together, etc." would have made two hearts that "were in unison beat as one," when suddenly and without the slightest preliminary warning, the bride, a sprightly and vivacious brunette named Katie Minough, to the astonishment of her friends, the chaperon of the bridegroom, and the amazement of the Rev. Father, broke away from the circle by which she was surrounded, and ere the bridegroom or her friends had any idea of what she was about to do, rushed swiftly down the main aisle of the church, through the half closed portals, down the broad stone steps that "give on to the church," and reaching the curbstone, fled like a fawn along the avenue to the corner where it is crossed by Newark avenue. Reaching that avenue Miss Minough, without slackening her speed, ran up it until she reached the "Five Corners," when she struck into Summit avenue, along which she also ran at a break-neck pace, never stopping until in like manner she had turned down St. Paul's avenue—where her parents reside—and passing through the garden gate of her own residence, gasping and panting for breath, entered her mother's presence, and to her bewilderment sank exhausted into an easy chair and burst into

#### AN AGONY OF TEARS.

This at least is what those living in the neighborhood who have taken a great interest in the young lady's private affairs, apparently in the best of good faith, positively assert. Five minutes after Miss Minough had returned to her home in the unexpected manner already mentioned, the bridegroom, James John Martin, a young and handsome looking man, made his appearance at the corner of St. Paul's and Summit avenues. He had his hat in his hand and his hair wildly disheveled, as was that of a number of young men, his friends, who followed him, all looking more or less exhausted, their faces flushed, their foreheads running with perspiration, and all wearing a look of unconcealed dismay. Arrived at the Minough mansion, the party disappeared, and in a few minutes were followed by several of Miss Minough's friends, who, all panting and breathless, likewise hurried to the brides home, and were lost to view as the front door closed upon them. Little more than three years ago Miss Katie Minough, then a young lady still in her teens, met James John Martin. Mr. Martin was a mechanic of well known and appreciated skill, and been in the navy, and just previous to being introduced to Miss Minough had returned from

#### A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

in a well-known clipper ship, on which he held the responsible position of ship's carpenter. The acquaintance thus began between Miss Minough and Mr. Martin proved other than a passing one, and within a very few months after they first met the young couple became engaged, and Mr. Martin, giving up all idea of going again to sea, obtained employment in Jersey City, and was constantly in the company of his intended. Both being prudent young people they determined not to commence housekeeping until in a position to have a thoroughly comfortable home. During the last six months everything has been in readiness, the home furnished and the bridegroom "ready and willing," but

#### THE BRIDE WAS BASHFUL

and diffident, and whenever John would bid her name the nay, would coyly beg him "just to wait a little longer." Three weeks ago Miss Minough was induced to "name the name," and Dr. Seton, of St. Joseph's Church, having been duly notified, proclaimed the bans, and on Sunday the Rev. Father Schwaiken was in the act of completing the interesting ceremony when Miss Minough's wild flight, for the time being, prevented its completion.

Found by the anxious bridegroom and their friends at her father's house, Miss Minough refused to give any explanation of her conduct; she admitted that she was

as much in love with her intended as ever and had no desire to break off the match. For a time, though, she was inexorable, refusing to return to St. Joseph's church to have the ceremony completed. Her intended husband, as well as her own father and mother and all friends urged her to overcome her silly fears, but pleaded long in vain. Finally, after some three hours' persuasion she consented, the bridal procession was again formed, and hedged by a phalanx of anxious friends, the bride and bridegroom again made their way to the church, where Father Schwaiken

COMPLETED THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, taking it up at the exact place where the interruption had occurred. Meantime the residents of the neighborhood, who by some mysterious means had become cognizant of all that was going on, resolved to outvie all former attempts of the kind that ever occurred on the Hill, and give the young couple a serenade that should live in the memories of all. Accordingly all the old tin and iron pots, pans and kettles that could be procured were stealthily stowed away in the family mansion of the Corrigan's, near neighbors of the Minough's. Fish horns and penny whistles, concertinas, and trumpets were also fished out from hidden corners and all was made ready. Soon thereafter the victims of the bridal party hove in sight, and following their lead the rest of the party were soon all safely housed in the Minough mansion. This was between half-past eight and nine o'clock in the evening.

#### BIRTH AND REVELRY

Immediately were heard from within the closely closed doors, and the crowd of neighbors precluded from joining in the festivities within no longer could control their desires to signify the pleasure at the auspicious proceedings of the interrupted ceremony. A crowd between three and four hundred, therefore, with full band accompaniment already alluded to, marched in solid procession down St. Paul's avenue to the Minoughs' residence, and ignoring the wooden fence that protected the closely kept turf and garden from vulgar tread, walked right over it, levelling it to the earth, swarmed over the garden rapped at the front door, and finding their knock unheeded overcome the difficulty by quietly forcing it in; and then unmindful of the dismay their unexpected obstruction wrought, and grotesque method of wishing the newly married pair happiness occasioned, with

FISH HORNS, TIN POTS, PANS, KETTLES and trumpets, began a serenade of so unique a character as to defy further or more complete description. While this was going on another portion of the serenading party had formed themselves into a committee of investigation, and swarmed over the house from top to bottom, inspecting the trousseau, the new furniture, the bride's apartments, (which are on the floor above those occupied by her parents, and everything the house contained.

So bent upon festivities were these kindly friends that no amount of importuning could induce them to retire until in despair old Mr. Minough himself sought the third precinct station house, and stating the circumstances of the case to Sergeant McNulty, who was behind the desk, received the assistance of a couple of officers who returned with him. The crowd, which was immensely good natured, then at once retired, without a single arrest having to be made, and the friends of the young couple retiring about the same hour they were left to themselves.

As far as could be ascertained by a general canvass among the neighbors the facts given above are true in every particular.

#### A REVENGEFUL CAMEL.

We find this Eastern story illustrating the camel's malignity and passion—notwithstanding his patience and good service when well treated:

On one occasion a camel-driver had insulted the animal in his charge. The driver, from the expression of his eye, saw that there was mischief in it, and kept a sharp watch for some days.

One night before he retired to rest, he left his cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent. During the night the camel approached the cloak, and believing that its master was fast asleep under it, lay down and rolled itself backwards and forwards over the cloak; the saddle broke under its weight, and the camel was evidently much pleased at what he thought was the cracking and breaking of its master's bones.

After a time it rose, and looking with contentment on the havoc it had caused, retired from the spot. Next morning, the driver, who had heard all that the camel had done, presented himself to the animal. The disappointed camel was in such a rage on seeing its master safe and well that it died.

#### A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

One day last week a man riding in East Toledo, O., skipped from his family and brought up in Detroit. His wife got a clue to his whereabouts and came on after him, and yesterday she had an interview with him at the Central Station, where he had been run in for the purpose. She had no tears to shed. On the contrary, her hair had a fighting bang, and as soon as she could get her breath she began:

"So, you miserable little apology for a human being, you skipped out, did you?" No reply.

"After I had washed and scrubbed and sewed for nearly twenty years to support you, you got tired of your family, did you? Our style of living wasn't tony enough to suit you, and you wanted a diamond pin and a cane!"

"Say, Lucy, I'm sorry," he mumbled. "Well, I ain't!" she snapped. "No air! On the contrary I'm glad of it! You've chewed tobacco and drank whiskey and whittled shingles and loafed on the corners at my expense just as long as you ever will!"

"What do you want of me, then?" "Want of you? Why, I want to clear my character! All our neighbours say that you run away from me, and some pity me and some laugh. You run away from me! Why, you low-down corner loafer, you couldn't run away from anything but a spade or an axe. I followed you to get this matter straight. I've got to live there and I'm not going to be either pitied or laughed at!"

"What do you want?" he asked. "Here's what I want!" she said, as she seized his collar and twisted him around. "Now you take that—and that—and that—and I'll have those officers sign a paper that I found you and kicked you out to take care of yourself! Now you get! Don't ever write me, don't ever dare to come back to me! Even if I here that you ever tell anybody that you were married to me I'll buy a shot-gun and hunt for you!"

The husband sneaked out doors and down the street, and the wife, having the "docs" in her pocket, walked the other way, muttering to herself:

"Skipped out! Run away from his family! Well, his old shirts will make a mop worth twice the value of his whole body! Now, I want to see some one grin in the face of this testimonial that I raised him, right of his heels!"

#### BLIND WITH RAGE.

An accident which has just occurred in a workshop in Paris lends a curious significance to the common phrase, "Blind with rage." An overseer of the works, whose character was in most respects highly esteemed by the artisans under him and who was known to be good-natured enough at heart, had unfortunately a very hot temper. It is reported that a day or two ago, on finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, he fell into such a fury as to strike the man in the face—an outrage which on the continent is regarded with a much more exaggerated horror than would be the case in this country. Almost in the very act of striking, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him, with offers of assistance but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eye had burst, and that the blood had inundated the interior cavities of the eyeballs.

A dog was seen tugging furiously at something floating in a stream at Ithaca, but the weight was too heavy for him. A man ran to help him, and found that the object was a baby, which had just fallen into the water, and was still alive.

A woman slipped out of the house one hot night, at London, Ont., and took a comforting bath in the cistern; but, on trying to quit the water, found that she could not climb out. For hours she was a shivering prisoner, but was finally rescued.

McDonald was spending his honeymoon in Denver. He was using his knife in a fight with Anderson, when his wife interfered to prevent him from committing a murder. He instantly turned upon her, accused her of sympathizing with his adversary, and stabbed her dangerously.

A traveler was badly hurt in a railroad accident—two ribs broken and other injuries. He went to the office of the company to complain. "What!" cried the office clerk, "you want to make a row about so small a matter? Not a month ago twelve of our passengers were killed, and we didn't even hear a word of complaint from any of them!"

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