POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

LOSING AND WINNING.

"Ha! ha! ha!—it'll be such a joke!"—and Richard Strout gave himself an approving wink as he stood before the glass in admiring comtemplation of a complicated bow knot, accomplished at the expense of vast mental effort and the crash and ruin of half a dozen cravats.

It was the evening of Mrs. Dazlitt's ball. All Antequam—at least all the fashion of it—would be there, and Mr. Richard Strout had gotten himself up with special reference to outshining even his own brilliant self. He was to be the escort of Miss Coryphe Wellmet the tip top beauty of Antequam and only daughter of a rich retired banker, who might succumb any day to a benignly providential stroke of apoplexy.

In the race in which the stake was the lady and her fortune, Richard Strout was sure he held the inside track. It was plain, to his eyes, that she was deeply smitten—how could she help it for that matter? wasn't he, the aforesaid Richard, simply irresistable? He hadn't just popped the question yet, but there was plenty of time for that; he would do it in due season, and when he did he had no misgivings as to what would be the answer. Having the fish already hooked, like a true Waltonian he would enjoy playing i awhile.

But what was the joke Mr. Strout was contemplating jointly with the wonderful bow of his cravat? Let him unfold 't to Miss Coryphe himself as they meet in her father's front parlor preparatory to starting to the ball.

"See here, Corie," he said touching her elbow with a finger most miraculously gloved; "I've got a little job for you."

"What is it, most noble Dick?"

"To tame a bear."

"Must I begin now?" she asked with a roguish look which seemed to intimate that the subject to be operated on might not be a thousand miles away.

"Ha! ha! ha! laughed Richard, not quite heartily—"present company, you know, is excepted. The particular grizzy on which I would exercise your docile powers, is not here but will be at the ball to-night. You've heard me mention Bruce Danbridge," he began.

"The bore and bookworm?"

"Yes."

"And woman hater!"

"Exactly—how well you remember!"

"A man too bashful to kiss his own mother, I think I've heard you say. Well what of dread specimen of yours?"

"He's visiting some friends here in Antequam, and as I said, will be at Mrs. Dazlitt,s ball to-night."

"And he's your——"

"Bear," added Richard—"you've hit it straight."

"Now, Corie," he contined, "I've laid a wager with Charlie Bruce, an old college mate of Bruce Dandridge's and mine, that if Bruce can be introduced to you, he'll fall in love and propose to you in a fortnight. Won't you help me win?"

"You don't want me to court him, do you?" Coryphe replied, "you know it isn't leap year."

"No; but if you'll let yourself on to play the agreeable, I think I'll stand a chance. I know it is heavy odds, but it proves my confidence in your charms."

"Well, trot out your monster and let me see him," said Coryphe, buttoning the dozenth button on her right glove, which completed her preparations for departure.

Mrs. Dazlitt's spacious parlors were already crammed when the fair Coryphe entered with her bean. The belle of Antequam never appeared to better advantage; and Richard Strout's heart swelled with pride at the consuming envy gleaming from the circle of masculine eyes of which he and his beautiful companion were the centre.

"I see him now," whispered Richard, when they had paid their devoirs to the mistress of the mansion; let me bring him at once, that no time may be lost."

"Miss Wellmett, Mr. Dandridge," said Richard, returniug and presenting a tall and singularly handsome gentleman, who colored deeply, but in spite of his confusion, he did say the right thing without a bit of awkardness.

Richard slipped away and left the two together. A set was forming for a dance, Bruce Dandridge could do no less than ask the lady to join him in the set.

"I fear, Miss Wellmett, you will find me an indifferent partner," he apologized; "should I make mistakes I must trust to you to set them right."

He did make several mistakes at first, but Coryphe corrected them so pleasantly that his embarassment was trifling, and soon quite wore off: and, after a few turns, his mathematical head so completely mastered the figure that none would have known but he had taken a "double first" at Monsieur Caricole's Academy.

The quadrille over, Mr. Dandridge led Coryphe to a seat and engaged her in a conversation in which both seemed deeply intersted.

"Isn't she doing beautifully?" said Dick, to himself, looking from a distance, and noting the encouraging looks with which Coryphe drew Bruce out, and the brilliant light that shone in the latter's eyes as they met those of his listener.

They had another dance and another talk together longer than the first.

"By George it's going on swimmingly!" Dick mentally ejaculated. "I must manage to have him see her home. At this rate I shall win far inside of time!"

Approaching and casting a meaning look at Coryphe:

"Would you mind if I went home and left you in Mr. Danridge's care?" he asked. "I—I've been taken with a racking headache. I'm sure, I owe Bruce here no apology for affording him a real pleasure."

Mr. Strout was excused, and, as it almost seemed to him, with thanks.

Next day, when he called to hrar Coryphe's report of progress, he was gratified to find that Bruce Danridge had preceded him. It nearly looked as if his own coming had disturbed a *tete-a-tete*.

Mr. Strout couldn't help rubbing his hands in silent glee. He made but a brief stay. He was far too shrewd to mar his chance by trenching on the rnle that "two's company."

"Isn't she a trump?" he cried, as he walked home exultiug.

And day after day, as Richard renewed his visits he found Coryphe and Bruce together. It almost seemed as if it was the same tete-a-tete continued.

"Won't Charlie Bruce and Bruce Dandridge," he chuckled, "look a pair of noodles when the one hears his money gingling in my pocket, and I've married Coryphe under the other's nose?"

But business called Richard Strout to the city for a few days. He sent a note to Coryphe, telling her "to keep it up lively," hinting that on his return he should have a secret of his own to disclose, the nature of which she had probably long ago surmised.

Dick and Charlie Bruce had agreed that their wager should be left to Coryphe's decision, for reasons of delicacy, to be communicated secretly; and Dick went away convinced that good news would await his return.

Three days sufficed for his business in the city, and Dick was taking a parting stroll down Broadway to kill the hour till train time.

He stopped suddenly. From the door of a hotel a lady and gentleman came out and were about entering a carriage having a pile of trunks on top.

"Hello, Dick!" cried Bruce Dandridge, on whose arm hung Coryphe, blushing like a rose, "sorry my wife and I didn't see you sooner."

"Your wi——" Dick couldn't finish the word.

"Yes; it was a quiet little affair, you know—no cards—no fuss—and now we are on our way to the steamer for a quiet little wedding trip to Europe. But, by-by, old fellow, time's up.

What it was that Dick muttered, we won't pretend to say. If it was a congratulation it stuck in his throat. Coryphe waved her hand from the carriage window, and Dick turned away with a humbled malediction on the sex.

He had won his bet, but lost the prize he most coveted.

Last January a lumbermen was mysteriously murdered in a Wisconsin forest. He worked with a single companion. This person disappeared immediately after the deed, and was regarded as guilty of it, but could nowhere be found. Not even a trace of the fugitive was discovered, and the search was at length given up. A few days ago the widow of the murdered man fell dangerously ill at Neilsville, the nearest village to the place where he had been shot, and, in expectation of death, she confessed that she was his slayer. He had compelled her to dress as a man and work with him in the woods. Worn out by the heavy labour, and driven desperate by his cruelty, she murdered him. Then she hurried home, put on her own clothing, and nobody identified her as the fellow who had been her husband's assistant.

The region at Fort Concho, Texas visited by the flood two weeks ago, has been thoroughly searched and fifty-three white bodies recovered and recognized and a large number, mostly Mexican herders, have also been recovered. The losses have been immense. The relief subscriptions already amount to $10,000. A violent storm at San Antonia, Texas, last night, caused the river to rise eight feet, and carried away a number of bridges in the surrounding country.

Lady visitor—"Your boy looks very bad, Mrs. Jones; what's the matter?"

Mrs. Jones—"Yes, ma'am, he is very bad; an' what's more, the doctors has made him worse. I'm sure we poor people need to pray with all our hearts. 'From false doctrin' good Lord deliver us.' I never saw its meaning before."

"What shall my song be to-night?" said Miss Tibbs at the tea table. "We are going to have a musicale. I think I shall try 'Within a mile of Edinboro.'" "Seems so me," said Jones, the undaunted, "I would try something I could come within less than a mile of." Miss T. says she think Lieutenant Jones is just horrid.

James Dunmanma, a convict on trial at Providence for a murderous assault on a fellow-convict, yesterday attempted to imitate Guiteau's behavionr in court by denouncing his counsel and the witnesses, and assuming the conduct of his own defence. Dr. Schwyer, of the Insane Asylum, testified that he did not regard prisoner insane, and he was ingeniously cross-examined by the culprit.

An Irish Crime.

THE "MOONLIGHTERS'" METHOD OF MURDER.

John Leahy, farmer residing at Scarteen, within a few miles of Killarney, was yesterday morning murdered by a "Moonlight" party, and the facts that have come to light place the crime among the most heartless and atrocious of those perpetrated in the name of the land agitation. Leahy was an aged man, and had a large and respectable family. He was formerly employed as a driver or rent warner on the estate of Lord Kenmare, but had given up that position in order to turn his attention to the cultivation of the several farms which he and members of his family possessed. It does not appear that in the discharge of his duties as rent warner he became an object of popular enemity or dislike; on the contrary, those who knew him describe him as a good-natured sort of nan, never inclined to harshness or unfair dealing. The special facilities which his connection with the Kenmare Estate Office afforded him of acquiring farms exposed him to the charge of land grabbing, which jealous nei hbours were not slow to level against him. However, the chief cause of the ill-feeling which is supposed to have led up to the murder is attributed to the following circumstance:—Some weeks ago, a farm of about 60 acres at a place called Lackabrane, held by Lord Hadley from Lord Kenmare, was put up for auction at a sheriff's sale and was purchased by a man named Daniel Crouin, of Gortatlea. who was returning from South Africa, where he had amassed a considerable amount of wealth. After he was declared the purchaser. the sale was for some reason annulled and the farm given to a man named John Cronin. The latter is the son-in-law of Leahy, who was popularly believed to be the prime mover in the transaction; and this circumstance was sufficient in the present temper of the country people to provoke their anger and resentment. Leahy, the victim of the present crime, was in Killarney yesterday, and returned home at eight o'clock. There was in the house his son John, his daughter Hanora, and his wife, together with the three male servants. His son shortly afterwards left the house to visit his brother-in-law, Daniel Daley, who resided a mile away. The household went to bed, leaving the door unlocked till the return of the young man. The husband and wife were sleeping on the ground floor off the kitchen, and the daughter and servants upstairs. Mrs. Leahy, while awake, awaiting the return of her son, heard a person enter the kitchen and in a peremptory manner order her husband to get out of bed. In a few moments men entered the room and dragged Leahy out of bed. Mrs. Leahy estimates the number of marauders at between 12 and 15. They were fully armed, but undisguised. One man, who appeared to be the leader, ordered her husband to be placed on his knees in the kitchen, and addressing his followers, called on "No. 1" to fire. Despite the frantic efforts of the wife, who placed herself between the doomed man and the assassins, the order was obeyed, and Leahy was badly wounded. The captain then called on "No. 10" to advance, and another shot was fired. "No. 14" was then summoned, and his was the last shot fired, though a bayonet thrust was made at the prostrate old man. Miss Leahy, leaning over the staircase, asked the men to desist, but the person in command only replied with a brutal threat against her own life. When the assassins finished their work they searched for young Leahy. Fortunately he had not returned from his brother-in-law's house, and they took their departure. The servant men who were witnesses of the shocking outrage never interfered to prevent the violence, and when Mrs. Leahy requested them to go to Daniel Daly's house for her son they refused, and she herself went away in the dark across the fields, and brought assistance. When the medical man and the priest arrived Leahy was dead. This morning Captain Plunkett visited the place, and five young men, principally farmer's sons, were arrested.

A gentleman in a neighboring town who had sugered two years with chronic diarrhœa and was so reduced that he could not walk, was cured and restored to sound health by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. This Liniment is wo.th its weight in gold.

The blighting effects of impure blood are sad to behold in those we behold day by day. This ought not and need not be so. *Parson's Purgative Pills* make *new* rich blood; taken for twelve weeks will change the blood in the entire system.

Anecdote of Stonewall Jackson: At a council of officers, early in the war, it was remarked that Major —— was wounded and would be unable to do the duty assigned him. "Wounded," said Jackson, "if that be so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of duty."

While four thousand persons were at a Methodist camp meeting at Graham, N C a boy of 14, who had been unable since his birth to utter a sound, suddenly mounted the platform and made a profession of religion, speaking in a clear voice. The occurrence created a sensation.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the tart reply."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending *their own* bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 A. M., and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sunday excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 A. M., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 P. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.—Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Caribou, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over night at Grand Falls.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.

The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 7.30 P. M.; and arrives at 7.35 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

THE POST OFFICE.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M. The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows—Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 6.30 A.M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W.U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 A.M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P.M.

THE CITY OFFICES

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary.
Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Steadman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McGoldrick.
Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. P., R. H. Mackey; R. S., A. G. Jarvis.
Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Philips.
Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday or each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Atherton; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard, M. D.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 165.—W. J. Crewdson, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, $3,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486—Regent. G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from $500 to $5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 26—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y.M.C.A. Rooms. Insures from $500 to $5,000.

Fredericton Historical Society.—George E Fenety, President; A. Archer, Secretary.
Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October in each year.

Hiram Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, Secretary.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77, Reg. G. R. A. Chapter of Scotland.—G. D. Lugrin, P. Z.; R. M. Pinder, H.; N. Campbell. J.; A. F. Street, P. P., Scribe E.
Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary.
Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No 13, I O O F—J D Fowler, N G; J F Richards, Rec Secretary.
Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Friday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—H. S Carman. Master; Geo. S. Parker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

Notice to Sportsmen.

GUNS, ETC.

JUST received per Steamship "Hibernia," via Halifax, 2 cases London Guns.

Double barrel Breech-Loading Guns:
Single " " " "
Double " Muzzle " " small bore;
" " " " large bore;
Single " Duck Guns;
" " Ordinary Guns;
" " small bore Partridge Guns.

Also on hand a full line of Revolvers, Loading Tools for Breech-Loading Guns, Powder, Shot, Caps, Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Game Bags, Cartridge Belts, Gun Covers, etc., etc., for sale by

JAMES S. NEILL.

F'ton, Aug 9

STONE CROCKS.

ANOTHER large lot of Stone Crocks, Churns, Water Tanks, Bean Pots, Spitoons, Pickles, Jugs, etc., just received at

LEMONT'S Variety Store.

August 3

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the HERALD will be issued on

EVERYTHURSDAY

at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a *quarto*, that is, an eight page paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x46 inches in size. It will be

LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON,

and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces. It will be emphatically

THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE PROVINCE

Something that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of competent correspondents have been secured who are to send any late news by telegram.

NO OTHER WEELY PAPER IN THE PROVINCE GIVES TELEGRAPHIC NEWS REGULARLY ON THE DAY OF PUBLICATION:

The HERALD will do this, because its aim is to be

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

I believe a first-class family paper will pay, and I am going to try the experiment.

The WEEKLY HERALD will always contain a good story, will tell all about the news of the religious world, will give the CHURCH APPOINTMENTS for the next Sunday and the ensuing week, and have an

Agricultural Department,

in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being an agricultural *news*paper.

New Features will be Introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.

REMEMBER the HERALD is the only paper in Fredericton which has upon its staff

A CITY EDITOR, WHOSE TIME WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS.

IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON having a CORPS OF CORRESPONDENTS who are instructed to send in

LATE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

IT IS THE ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON ESPOUSING THE LIBERAL CAUSE IN POLITICS.

THE WEEKLY HERALD will NOT be simply a REPRINT, but will contain much matter which will appear in no other paper.

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To Subscribers to the EVENING HERALD, or tri-weekly edition, the weekly edition will be sent for FIFTY CENTS.

☞All subscriptions before January 1st good until December 1st, 1882.

CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.