

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

"Oh, pshaw! You can manage it if you've a mind to."

"I don't see any way of making one dollar ten, unless I steal the other nine," said Arthur Glenham to his companion, Frank Weed.

"Can't you borrow it of somebody?" persisted Frank.

"I wonder who'd lend me so much money as that? Nine dollars is a big pile of money."

"I know 'twould be just so," growled Frank. "If you'd only save up your money as the rest of us have, you wouldn't have all this trouble."

"I couldn't save what I never had," replied Arthur. "I only get six dollars a week," he continued. "Five of it goes to my mother, and when I have any spending money, it's for little outside jobs. I haven't had any of those lately. If I had, they wouldn't amount to ten dollars."

"I'll tell you what, Arthur," put in Frank again this time as if he had reached the solution of the matter, "don't give your mother any more money this week, and that will be five, and the one you've got six. I guess you can squeeze through on six dollars."

"But my mother depends on the five dollars for her Thanksgiving dinner," replied Arthur.

"Well, what of that? You won't be there to eat it."

This was evidently a very startling proposition, and Arthur flushed to the roots of his hair, but he said simply:

"What excuse would I give for not taking her the money as usual?"

"Oh! tell her that the boss went away; and there was nobody to pay out any money, or you lost it, or something. Why, Ed. Perry does that every once in a while, and his mother always believes it."

"Ed. Perry is going with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we couldn't get along without Ed. He's the jolliest fellow in the world."

"I am not going home now," said Arthur a moment after, and you had better not wait for me."

"All right. I'll see you to-morrow. We'll get a splendid dinner at the hotel, and enjoy ourselves a thousand times better than if we poked around home. I've engaged the fastest team in Dalton's stable, and we ought to start by eight o'clock sharp."

Now Arthur had not had a vacation for a long time, and in spite of every argument which conscience suggested, he did not want to go with the boys on this trip which they had planned for Thanksgiving Day. No thought of cheating his mother, or failing to produce the regular five dollars ever occurred to him. There was something else in his mind, however, which he had been turning over all through his talk with Frank. There was a way of obtaining five dollars without anyone's ever being the wiser. He could borrow it from the petty cash drawer, of which he had the full charge in the large manufacturing establishment where he was employed. He could return it twenty-five and fifty cents at a time, until it was paid. "That certainly wouldn't be stealing," he argued. "But what would you call it?" enquired conscience. Arthur found it exceedingly hard to give the transaction a satisfactory name and so he sat by his high desk and thought it over. The more he thought the weaker he grew, and finally the young man slipped down from his chair, slipped his hand into the drawer, and took out a five dollar bill. This he slipped into his pocket and the slippery transaction was finished. He had just taken down his hat to leave, when the door opened, and the porter entered to clean up the office.

"What are you doing here so late, Master Arthur?" enquired the old man.

"Oh, seeing that everything was all right," replied Arthur, avoiding the porter's eyes as he spoke.

"It's a grand good thing to leave every thing all right," said the porter; and it's a grand good thing to know that the Lord always helps us when we try to do right ourselves. Where are you going Thanksgiving, Master Arthur?"

"I had the old man been secreted somewhere and witnessed the thieving transaction?" Arthur asked himself with a very red face. That seemed impossible, but was it so?

John French, the porter, was a very religious man, and was called by the boys in the place "a shouting Methodist." There was usually a little contempt in their manner of speaking of the old man, but let anything be the matter with one of their number, and the "shouting Methodist" was always the first one called upon.

"I was thinking about going away with the boys," replied Arthur, wishing the five dollar bill back in the drawer with all his heart.

"But that'll cost something," replied John; "and I s'pose your mother can't spare you much?"

"No, John."

"Maybe you're calculating on borrowing it of somebody, Master Arthur?"

"Well, what if I am?"

"Only that borrowing, unless you know just how and when you're going to pay it, is pretty nigh as bad as stealing. I'll tell you what to do, Master Arthur. Just ask the Lord! He will tell you. I never pagents paying five cents a week and getting \$25 if the child dies, 'to cover funeral expenses."

the right one, always the right one, Master Arthur."

Oh! how that five dollar bill burned in Arthur's pocket! His feet seemed glued to the floor, and his heart thumped so hard against his breast that it frightened him. The old man took up his broom and waited respectfully for the young man to leave the room before he began sweeping. Then, as Arthur made no motion to go, he said, "Something's the matter with you, my boy. Can old John do anything for you, or is it the Lord's business, Master Arthur?"

"I meant to pay it back again," said Arthur, taking the bill from his pocket; "but it would have taken me a long time, John; and as the old man drew near to see what his companion held in his hand, he continued: "It's a five dollar bill and I took it from the cash drawer. I suppose you'll hate me now, John; but it's all up, and I can't help it."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" said John, "for the work He has done. I hate you, Master Arthur! Give me your hand, my boy, and let us thank the Lord for this great escape."

"Nothing would have saved me, John," said Arthur, with tears in his voice as well as his eyes, "if you hadn't come in just as you did."

"Proud and happy am I to be the Lord's instrument in such a work," said the old man. "He sent me, Master Arthur, and now let us praise His holy name."

After that prayer Arthur rose strengthened and refreshed, full of thankfulness and a purpose to do right.

"Have you got the money, Arthur?" enquired Frank the morning.

"No, Frank," was the quiet reply; "I have concluded to stay at home on Thanksgiving."

"All right," replied Frank. "After this we boys'll know that you don't want anything of us, and the whole crowd'll steer clear of you."

Nothing could be better than this surely and Arthur Glenham was glad when the boys acted upon their leader's suggestion, and let him alone.—*Zion's Herald.*

Characteristics of the Spider.

The worst thing about this poor insect is, that it is so thoroughly ugly. In its nature has sacrificed everything to the formation of the industrial machine necessary for supplying its wants. Of a circular form, furnished with eight legs, and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the pre-eminence of an enormous abdomen. Ignoble trait! in which the inattentive and superficial observer will see nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock; but as he fills his pocket with nothing but his own substance, he can only increase it at his own expense by means of a rigid sobriety. True type of the artisan! "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps, get something to eat to-morrow; but if my manufacture be stopped, everything is lost and my stomach must fast for ever." In character the spider is watchful and cunning; in disposition timid, uneasy and nervous, and in disposition with a more sensitive nature than is possessed by any other insect. These characteristics are the natural result of its miserable condition, which is a state of constant, passive, weary waiting. To be forever watching the ceaseless, joyous, careless dances of the fly, which pays no more attention to the greedy desires of its enemy as the gentle whippers of "Come here, little one, come this way," is to be in a state of constant torment, to be continually undergoing a succession of hopes and mortifications. The fatal question, "Shall I get any dinner?" is continually presenting itself to the dweller in the web, followed by the still more sinister reflection, "If I have no dinner to-day, then no more thread, and still less hope of dining to-morrow." The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny, whilst the female loves them so tenderly that if she cannot save them in circumstances of peril she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones she does not share with her mate. Sometimes, after having attempted in vain to prevent him from devouring their offspring the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself good for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.—*Michelle.*

A woman bathed in red flannel costume at Rye Beach the other day, and a cow in a neighboring field made a drive for her, and for a time there was more surf than Neptune had provided. They had to kill the cow in order to get the woman safely back to her bath house. That was the alternative of killing the woman to get the cow back to her grass.

A little boy had his long curls cut off the other day, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all his friends. Going with his family into the country, soon after his arrival he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying, "Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me; they all say, 'Cut-out-cut-your-hair-out!'"

A St. Louis company issues insurance policies on the lives of infants; the parents paying five cents a week and getting \$25 if the child dies, 'to cover funeral expenses."

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 3.30 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 8.15 a. m., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 p. m. daily, Sunday excepted.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.—Trains leave Gloucester (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 a. m. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Carleton, 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, Sunday 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 Backer 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 12.30; the Auditor's office box at 12.35; Queen Hotel at 1.35; Backer House at 12.40; Brayley House at 12.50; Long's Hotel at 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office at 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 4.40 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.—President, 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. Horsman, 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. T.—W. P., R. H. Mackay; R. S. A. G. Jarvis. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips. Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of 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. Crowdon, 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, \$2,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 488.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Wainwright.

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 Wednesday of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—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. Peck, President; J. G. Loggie, 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.; J. G. Loggie, Secretary. Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77.—Reg. G. E. A. Archibald, W. M.; H. N. Campbell, J. J. A. F. Street, P. P., Scribe E. Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. & A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. Meets 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 in the Lodge Room, Edgewood'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.

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881