

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"You will have a beautiful day, my dear," said Mrs. Hope, as she looked admiringly first at her son Dick, who was driving up to the door in his new buggy, and then at her daughter-in-law, Mary Hope, whose honeymoon was at its full.

"I am so glad!" said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here; not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

"That reminds me, Dick," his father said, "you'd better take the road round by Drake's."

"And lose a good half hour," said Dick, "that's a long way round, father," said the eldest Mrs. Hope.

"You take my advice," said husband, "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow, you'll find it safest."

Dick, who was adjusting a strap, looked off east and west, smiled in a satisfied way, and observed, "I don't see any signs of a storm."

"No!" said his father; "but no one knows anything about the wind here. I'll never forget the sweep I had twenty years ago coming over Pringle's Flat."

"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least trifle anxious as she turned to her husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why, it blew my wagon as far as from her to the barn, blew the hopes off their feet, tore up trees, and lodged me against a rock and saved my life."

"It must have been terrible," said Mary Hope.

"Don't let him frighten you," said Dick smilingly; "lightning never strikes twice in the same place. I'm all right, you see. The only time I was blown away was when I went East for you. Are you all ready now? Basket in, Mother?"

Mrs. Hope nodded gaily. Dick lifted the reins lightly, and away the new buggy with its occupants sped over the prairie.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick suddenly, pointing ahead.

"Surely we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"Scarcely. How far is that ahead?"

"It is a mile, Dick."

Dick laughed loudly. "It's nearer four." "I don't understand it."

"That's what the smart hunters from the East say when they shoot and miss their game. It's the atmosphere, Mary."

"It's a small place," said his wife, "as little looked forward to Pringle's Flat, lying a little below them. Beyond it there was a ribbon of molten gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. And that is the river."

"Well, be there in twenty minutes," said Dick Hope, "when I want to introduce you to some of the nicest people in this end of the State."

The people Dick referred to received the young people in a manner that made Mary Hope's cheek glow with gratification. Her husband was a man universally admired. There was something about Dick and his wife that made people turn to look at them. When they drove away, a score of friends waved good wishes and tossed kisses after them.

"Now for Dan's Rock," said Dick, as he gave his mare the rein and cast a backward glance at Pringle's Flat.

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"Pretty!" said his wife. "Why, Dick, it's lovely! See the light on the church windows; it looks as though it were really on fire. The houses are so pretty, too, the streets so wide, and there is such an air of peace and comfort about it!"

"I'm glad you like it. That reminds me do you see that house above the church, to the left?"

"It looks charming—the prettiest house there."

"Glad you like it."

"Why, Dick?"

"It's yours. I bought it before I went east for you. We'll look inside of it when we return, if we have time."

That was Dick Hope's way.

The drive to Dan's Rock occupied an hour.

"Now for a trial of your strength," said Dick, as he tied his horse to a tree at the base of the great rock and assisted his wife to the ground where they were to lunch.

"Must I climb up there, Dick?" said Mrs. Hope.

"That's the programme—what we came out for to-day. You've heard so much of the view from Dan's Rock that you want to see for yourself. Did you know you remind me now of Parthenia fetching water from the spring?"

"Parthenia tamed her husband, didn't she, Dick? I'm glad your mother saved me the trouble."

That was a lunch Mary Hope often recalled in after years.

Then they slowly mounted the massive heap called Dan's Rock. Such a view! A sweep of forty miles in one direction, east, and almost as grand a view to the west.

Dick sat down and handed his wife the glasses as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Do you see that hill away off to the left there?"

"Hain't it a curious shape?"

"That's where the wind comes from. They manufacture it up there."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"There's a valley back there that extends full forty miles northwest, where you come to prairie-land like ours back of Pringle's Flat, only there is ten times more of it. The wind rolls down the valley and plays the very dice with things on the river about the Point. Sometimes it rains, and then you'd think the heavens were empty; all the water in the valley where it narrows there like the neck of a bottle, and then—look out for trouble. I saw it once; that is all I want to see."

"It is so awful, Dick?"

"And now it looks like—the plains of Egypt. I can't conceive of anything disturbing the perfect peace of this beautiful scene. See that cloud away off there, Dick."

"About the size of a man's hand. Do you know it is time we were going now?"

"It's the grandest day of my life, Dick. I would not have missed it for anything."

He gave her his hand and helped her down the rough places. Once in a while Mary would stop to gather bits of moss and flowers as momentous of a red-letter day. At least an hour was consumed in the descent. Then they got in the buggy and turned homeward, but not on the road leading past Drake's.

"We want to see all that can be seen, don't we?" said Dick.

"By all means," answered his wife, as she tied her hat loosely and prepared to enjoy the drive home. "But didn't your father tell you to go home by Drake's?"

"The other is the better road."

"You know best, Dick."

Dick's mare went at a snapping pace. "Look at Pringle's Flat, Dick."

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"There is not a leaf stirring, one would think. It looks so restful over there."

"It does look unusually quiet, now I notice it. But then this sun is terrible. See if you can see our house over there, Mary."

There was a long silence, then the young wife gleefully pointed out the house, and there was another long silence which was broken by Mrs. Hope saying suddenly.

"What is that curious sound I hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"There! Do you hear it now?"

Dick listened intently. His wife was right; her ears were keener than his. There was something in the air.

At that instant, Mary's hand clutched his arm convulsively as she cried out:—"Oh, Dick, what is that back of us?"

She was looking back with horror-stricken eyes and pale cheeks.

Dick turned. A cloud like a black wall was rushing down on them. It seemed to Dick's eyes as black as ink. An awful fear possessed him. There was a hush, a stillness in the air, as chilling as the terrible cloud behind them.

"Go long!" he exclaimed desperately, cutting the mare fiercely with his whip. But one thought animated Dick Hope, as he clasped his wife with his right arm, while he held fast to the reins with his left hand, shutting his teeth like a vise. That thought was, "Pray God we reach the river bottom."

The earth groaned under their feet. A sound like the rush and roar and scream of a million locomotives deafened them. Dick Hope instinctively turned and clasped his young wife in his arms. He did not see the mare; he saw nothing but his wife's face, and something in it struck terror to his heart. His own was as ashy gray at that moment as his young wife's when she turned her last appealing look upon him and moved her lips. His one prayer was that they might die together. It seemed to them that all the sound in the air and earth was condensed, gathered into one awful shriek. Earth and sky were obliterated. Dick Hope felt himself lifted up and flung like a flake through the air.

When he recovered his senses he was lying where he had prayed to be—in the river bottom, where his wife close beside him. The tornado, like a raging beast, had simply taken them up in its teeth, so to speak, tossed them aside, and pursued its path. Where they were lying the water was so shoal that it scarcely covered them.

Mary Hope slowly opened her eyes and looked at her husband. Then she put her hands slowly up to her face and covered it.

Dick saw the tears coursing down her cheeks.

"Don't!—don't! Mary!" he said.

"I can't help it. I am not crying with pain or grief; it's because you are living—because we are both spared."

"Dick's strength returned to him. He stood up and looked about him. Until that moment he did not know that he was naked. He pressed his eyes with his hand and looked down upon himself like one wandering out of a dream. He looked at his wife, still sitting with her face covered with her hands.

"Mary, we are almost naked. There is nothing on me, and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his head. "I don't see—any sign of—the—buggy or horse." Then he cast his glance at the bluff back of them.

"Come let us go up on the bank."

He had to carry her.

"It is the horrible fright, dear Dick. I'll soon get over it," she said, when he set her down gently on the level ground.

"Mary, look over there. Do you see

anything? My eyes are so full of sand, so sore, that I can't make it out quite. Everything looks blurred."

She did not answer him. It was not because her eyes were not clear. As she looked wonderingly, her hand, that had never relinquished her husband's from the moment he seated her on the prairie, clasped him convulsively. Then she uttered a loud cry.

"I—I expected as much," said Dick, speaking more to himself than to his wife. "Nothing man ever made could stand before that storm."

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, sobbingly, "there is nothing left of the town—not a house. I can only see a heap here and there—something like fallen chimneys and smoke, and fire."

"That's the end of Pringle's Flat, Mary."

Among all those who witnessed the awe-inspiring tornado that swept Pringle's Flat, until not one stone stood upon another, killing, maiming, all living creatures in its path, none have such vivid recollections as Dick Hope and his wife. When they refer to their experience on that terrible day, they speak in a low tone, reverently as though standing in the presence of the dead.

Coal. Coal. SEASON OF 1882.

WE have about completed arrangements for large shipments of Coal during the present season. We shall have arriving immediately on opening of navigation.

150 Chaldrons Joggins Coal.
This Coal gave very general satisfaction last season. We have reference from many families in the city.

Our Hard Coal has always been of the very best description—**WILKESBARRA.**

We will have landing:
200 tons Broken; 200 tons Egg; 150 tons Sifted and Chestnut.

We also propose to keep on hand a supply of **BLACKSMITH COALS**, in both "Joggins" and "Grand Lake."

Our prices will be the very lowest in the market, and terms will be easy to good customers.

Grand Lake House Coal; Hard Coal, in Egg, Sifted and Chestnut Sizes.

We never advance on prices owing to scarcity. All orders will receive prompt attention, good measure and full weight guaranteed.

JOHN RICHARDS & SON,
GRINDSTONES, GRINDSTONES.

JUST received One ton Grindstones. For sale by **Z. R. EVERETT.**

RUBBER BELTING.
Just received. A lot of American Rubber Belting, all sizes from 12 inches down. For sale low by **Z. R. EVERETT.**

620 CHAIRS, PER FORIATED SEATS.
NOW opening, this number of Chairs, all kinds, from Upper Canada. At **LEMONTS.**

MATTRESSES.
Just received: 100 Wool and Excelsior Mattresses; 125 Bedsteads; 17 Women Wire Mattresses; 25 Ash and Walnut Wash and Fine Painted Bedroom sets. At **LEMONTS' House Furnishing Store.**

VARNISH, VARNISH.
JUST received, direct from the manufacturer, 2 cases Varnish, Rubbing, Body and Gearing. For sale by **Z. R. EVERETT.**

HOISE POKES.
A DOZ Hoise Pokes. A nice article and cheap. For sale by **JAMES S. NEILL.**

Cook Ranges and Stoves.
Just received from Hamilton, Ontario 24 Cook Ranges and Stoves; 1 doz. Tea Kettles, assorted; 6 doz. Pots, assorted. For sale low by **JAMES S. NEILL.**

MATTRESSES.
A LARGE lot of Wool, Excelsior and Husk Mattresses at **LEMONTS' Variety Store.**

BALCON FLY TRAPS.
at **JAMES S. NEILL'S.**

PARIS GREEN AND LONDON PURPLE.
Just received:
200 pure Paris Green; 1 barrel London Purple. For sale by **JAMES S. NEILL.**

JUST OPENED AT S. F. SHUTE'S,
2 cases containing the following:
GERMAN WORK AND LUNCH BASKETS,
Japanese Bamboo Baskets,
PHILADONE'S RAZORS,
Scissors, Pocket Knives,
Nickle Paper Weights,
Ash Pans, Nut Picks
Fruit Knives, Cigar Lighters and Ventilated Armchairs

A Nice Lot of **WALKING STICKS.**
Long Handled **JAPANESE FANS** for Covering.

Also, a splendid line of **BRIAR PIPES.**
REMEMBER THE PLACE:
S. F. SHUTE'S,
Sharkey's Block, Queen Street, Fredericton, March 29.

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, Sundays 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, 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 (Sundays 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 7.30 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 5 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 1.25; 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, H. Holdship; the Metropolitan, President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 168.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary.

Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club building.

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. McMorris.

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. Jarris.

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. 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. E. Colthard; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Colthard, M. D.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 168.—W. J. Crowdon, Regent; G. E. Colthard, Secretary.

Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M. Limit of insurance, \$5,000.

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

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Reed, 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. 28.—J. J. Feddall, Leader; G. E. Colthard, 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. Feney, 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. Lugin, P. E.; K. M. Pinder, H.; N. Campbell, J.; A. F. Street, P. P.; Scrie E.

Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

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

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, F. O. O. F.—J. D. Fowler, N. G.; P. P. Richards, Sec. Secretary. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgercombe'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.

Balloon Fly Traps.
MORE Fly Traps. Just received from the Manufacturer, 5 gross Fly Traps. For sale low, wholesale and retail. **JAMES S. NEILL.**

Garden Tools.
IN Stock and for sale low, Garden Tools of all kinds. **Z. R. EVERETT.**

CROCKERYWARE.
Just received:
17 CRATES full of Crockeryware; 1 each Table China. Cheap wholesale and retail. **JUNE 15, LEMONT'S House Furnishing Store.**

IMPERIAL WRINGERS.
JUST received, 2 cases Imperial Wringers. For sale cheaper than the cheapest. **Z. R. EVERETT.**

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the Herald will be issued on

EVERY THURSDAY

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 WEEKLY 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 newspaper.

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

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881